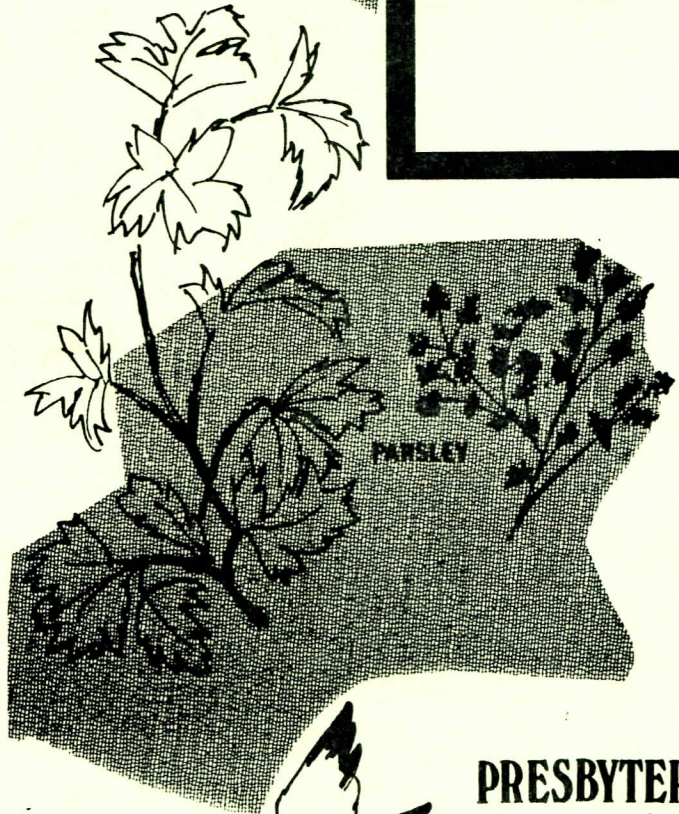


SAND DUNES, ROPE HIKES, and PARSLEY



PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS
Saugatuck, Michigan
(1966-90)



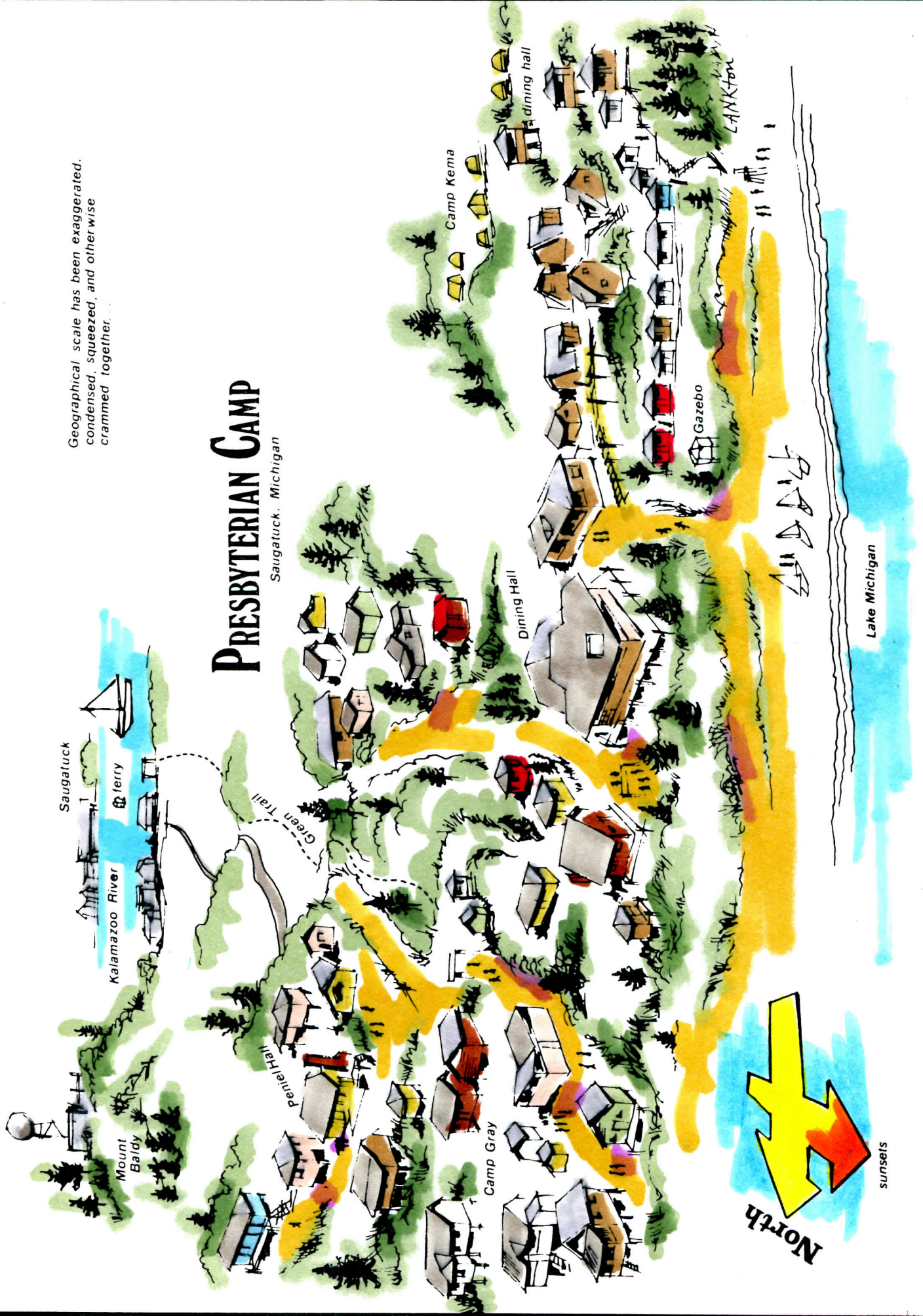
Lankton _____



Geographical scale has been exaggerated, condensed, squeezed, and otherwise crammed together.

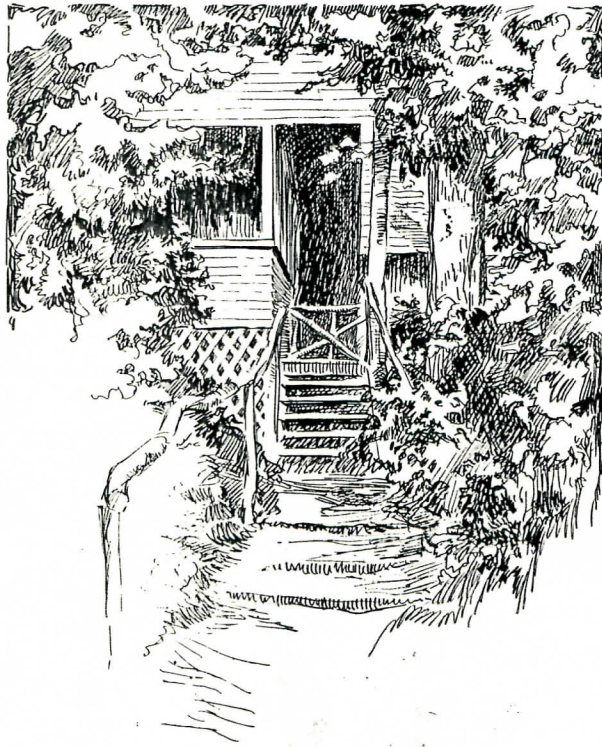
PRESBYTERIAN CAMP

Saugatuck, Michigan



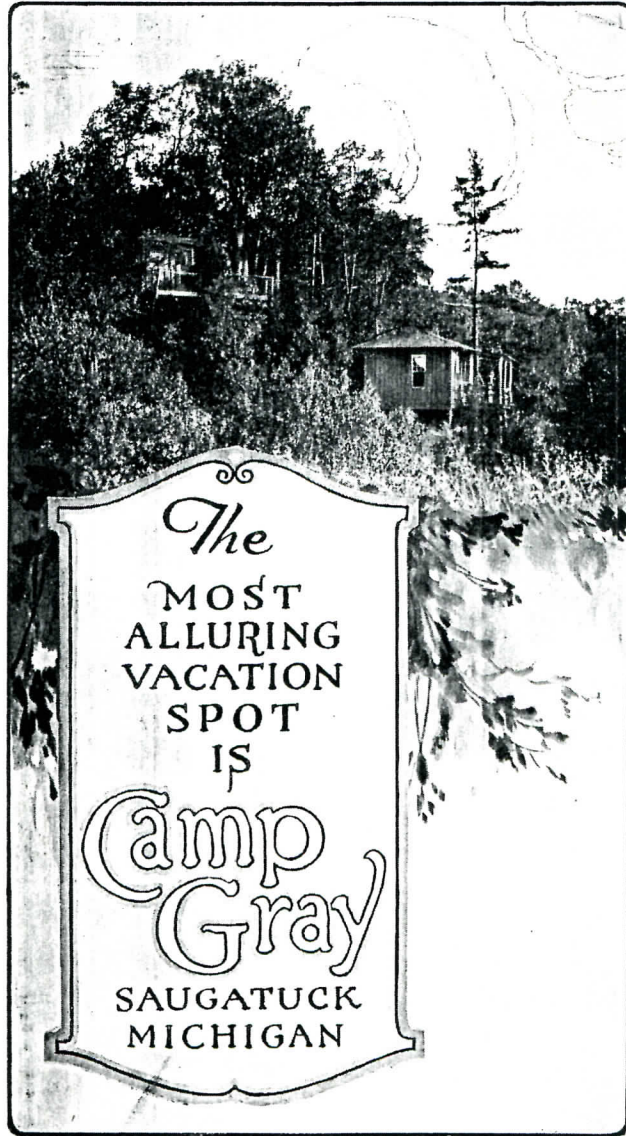
CONTENTS

FORWARD to the INTRODUCTION to the PREFACE	4
Introduction to Summer Staff Stories	5
Preface to the Staff Recollections	5
"RECOLLECTIONS of SUMMER CAMP" Bill Lankton	6
Ted Shaw Jr Ground Boy - Bus Boy - Night Watchman	19
"Upon Returning to Saugatuck" Reverend Edward D. Slusser	20
"Flow" Dorothy Miller Shaw	21
Ruth Dixon "Dixie" Elder	22
"The Wife Of..." Lynn Lankton	23
"A Dear Little Lady"	24
Mark Alan Lankton	25
"Saugatuck, Oh Saugatuck" Juele Blankenburg	26
"Summer Camp Lore (And Then Some)" by Bruce Fox	28
Ken Reid	30
"Saugatuck Reflections" Rev. J. Laing Burns Jr.	32
"Camp Delight" by Rich Kissinger	32
Jim Sluyter	32
"Dixie's Feet and Purple Ribbons" By Cath Lankton	34
Ingrid Valey	35
"The Thoughts and Ruminations of a Former Staff Member" Wayne Elseth	37
Shirley Singer	42
"When Are You Going to Get a Real Job?" Dave Burland	43
"Saugatuck" Kim Ratz	44
Dorothy Hume	44
"Soggytuck Memories" Jim Shields I	47
"Lankton Diaries (from 1899-1990), or All I Really Used to Know, I Learned at Camp"	
Jim Shields II	50
Beth Singer Hosp	53
"Memories of Camp" Tracy Blankenburg Paul	53
"Lankton" by Rich Kissinger	54
"Recollections of Camp" David White I	54
Dave White II	54
"HMS Presbyterian Camps" (1979)	55
Kathy Telder Floch	56
Robin Williams Voigt	58
"A Letter" Carol Rohl	59
Barbara VanDer Griend	61
"Lessons on Leadership" Rob Singer	63
"Everything I Don't Know Today, I Learned at Presby Camp" Bob Dana	64
"The Evening Lakeview Dropped, or They Call the Wind Steve, Steve" Steve Stratakos	67
"Camp Memories" Carrie Koehnlne	69
"Lasting Camp Impressions" Eric Blankenburg	70
"You're Really Going Back There Again?" Roger Roth	71
"My Memories" Karen Singer Petkewicz	73
Margaret "Peggy" Elder Fuguitt	73
"My Life and Times at Presbyterian Camp" Bonnie Schwolow Graham	75
Kimberly J. Panzer	77
Robin Sullivan	78
Keith Smith	80
Staff Addresses	80



Harbor Rest

from EARLY CAMP BROCHURE



FORWARD to the INTRODUCTION to the PREFACE

While it may be true that I thought up this "Project", it is also true that it would have been immeasurably duller without all of you folks who contributed with your remembrances. But, I guess that it's also true that we wouldn't have had as complete a story as we do if I hadn't "badgered, bothered, and brow-beat" you into writing. But whatever way it was, I thank you all.

I must tell you, though, that all of our writing "would have been in vain" without the expert help of Wayne Elseth. He had contacts with modern computer equipment, and a desire to make the project succeed. (I think that Wayne, Ted Shaw, and Dave Burland probably had the earliest camper contact with camp.)

Wayne read through all the stories, worked through numerous re-writings with me, prepared the photographs, and got it ready for print (and all through the mail.) But I have it "from a high White House source" that it was actually Susan Kissinger Elseth that thought up, with a stroke of genius, the Triple Column Format that works so well. So, if you're pleased with this booklet, drop Wayne & Sue a postcard, and say so (that's one reason for including the names & addresses of contributors at the end of the book.)

Read on with Wonder, Amazement, and Awe (and, we hope, with many Laughs) about what a group of Un-Homogenized, Un-Repentant, but complete Originals did in the space of a few years in a few acres of sand, woods, and water.

Thanks for most everything,

Bill Lankton
December 1991

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Introduction to Summer Staff Stories

The camp now known as "Presbyterian Camps" is the direct outgrowth of the work of Reverend George Gray, a Methodist minister who lived in Chicago, Illinois. After the close of the Columbian Exposition of 1893, Gray, as a "city missionary", opened a settlement house called "Forward Movement". In the summer of 1899 the camp in Saugatuck, called "Forward Movement Park", was opened. He was its first "superintendent", and held that position until his death in 1913. The camp remained Methodist until 1921, when it was purchased by the Presbytery of Chicago.

The camp has been administered by various "superintendents" and "directors" until the present day. Mr. R.A. Walker was Superintendent for seventeen years (1926-43). In 1958 the first Director was called: the Reverend Richard McCarthy (1958-64). The next Director was the Reverend William Lankton, with the longest tenure (1966-90): twenty four years. The Reverend Joe Hill of North Carolina was chosen the new Director in November, 1990.

Throughout the years the camp has been known by a variety of names. In 1916, after the death of George Gray, the camp name was changed to "Camp Gray". In 1924 the north end of the cabin area, used for settlement house campers, was known as Camp Gra-Chee-Bo (an ingeniously corny re-arrangement of "Camp Gray/Church Extension Board"). In 1934 the southern area, used by "guests/vacationers" was changed to "Westminster Lodge", and the northern area, used by neighborhood house campers, became "Camp Gray". In 1956 the whole camp was known informally as "Presbyterian Park". In 1957 when the Department of Camps was formed, it became "Presbyterian Camp". The northern area is still called Camp Gray, while the southern area is called Westminster Woods. In 1962 a new outpost camping area (con-

sisting primarily of tents), in the center of the property, was called Camp Adahi. It has now been dismantled. In 1964 an outpost camp (consisting mostly of hogans and covered wagons) at the southwest corner, called Camp Kema, was built.

In 1899 one of the first buildings constructed was the dining hall, called Swift Villa. It was the center of camp activity until it burned to the ground in 1954. Existing buildings were used as temporary dining halls: Elms cabin for Westminster Lodge, and Long Beach cabin for Camp Gray. In 1965 construction was begun on a new dining hall on the site of Swift Villa. At the present time it is referred to only as the "new dining hall". It's hardly a strange title; the all-weather cabins, built in 1970 in the Elms cabin area, are still called "the new cabins". In 1978 a new, two-story, all-weather Director's cabin was built. After the Peniel Nook corner of the camp was returned to the Board in 1979, four work groups in 1980 completely remodeled Peniel Hall into a dining hall for Camp Gray. In 1987, a timberframe workshop group built a cabin for the Assistant Maintenance Supervisor.

Geographical Location of the Dining Hall:

42°39.30 North latitude

86°13.90 West longitude

WILLIAM LANKTON, 1991.

Preface to the Staff Recollections

During the twenty odd years that I was the Director of the Presbyterian Camps (and some years were certainly "odder" than others), the largest concentration of campers at camp was during the summer months of June, July, and August. It was during that period that we needed to employ a group of "permanent summer staff".

They were in addition to the larger number of volunteer staff who worked as counselors with their own groups; usually for a week at a time.

The permanent summer staff members were usually high school or college-age persons. They came for a variety of assignments. For the most part, the areas of need

"THEY GRABBED US BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK, PICKED US UP, KICKED US IN THE SEAT OF THE PANTS, SHOOK US OFF, AND SENT US ON THE RIGHT ROAD."

were: Food Service, Maintenance, Crafts, Waterfront, and First Aid. Each summer's combination of staff and campers was so different from the years before it, and the growth of understanding about the operation of the camp was so complicated, that no succeeding summers were ever alike. The stories that follow will bear that out.

I used to say that "sooner or later I would learn about everything that happened at camp". That was probably no more true than the belief of some campers who thought that I could "see in the dark" because I could walk any of the trails at night without a flashlight (the trick was to learn the trails in the daylight). A lot of things happened that I didn't want to know about. But, the nice thing is that once anything is a couple of years old it becomes "history" and loses any judgmental attachment.

There are at least two reasons that the following accounts of former staff members are important. One of them has to do with the observations we share as adults. All of these things happened when they were growing up. Hearing their descriptions of those occurrences helps to put a more sympathetic coloring to "what happened". The second reason is that it helps us see each other as a more intelligent and

caring person than we might have believed when we were going through the actual experiences.

These stories would not have been possible if I had not had training and encouragement from the camping professionals from the national office of the denomination's Board of Christian Education. They made it possible for four men to conduct regional training camps throughout the country during the 1950-60's. I attended a number of them while I was a pastor in two churches. They were led by Reverend Maurice (T-Bone) Bone, Reverend William Merriam (Juniors), Fritz Messinger (Junior Highs), and Reverend Dale Brubaker (Senior Highs). There is no possible way to over-state the influence for good that they brought to a whole generation of men and women as camp leaders in the church. They grabbed us by the scruff of the neck, picked us up, kicked us in the seat of the pants, shook us off, and

attended them in Ohio, while I was pastor of a church in Michigan. I nominate them as true "Elders of the Tribe". I have a photo of Bill Merriam at a "regional camp" in Ohio (1959) frying puff balls on a cook-out. I have pictures of Dale Brubaker at the Senior High Leadership conference in Radnor, Pennsylvania (1964). The next year our family met the Brubakers in Idaho. Dale and his daughter, Lee Ann, my son Mark and I, and Wayne Wardwell went on a trail hike in the Sawtooth Mountains.



Bill Merriam - 1959

tricks on Little Folks. I didn't care for Ghost Stories for campers, even though I knew that a side of them wanted to be scared. I knew how easy it would have been to keep inner-city campers in their hogans, tents, or cabins if I had said, "Yes, there are bears". But, I always told every group on their first day that there was nothing to be afraid of. But, I also said that the most dangerous form of life was right there in their group: human life.

I didn't play tricks, but I usually tried to offer them a "challenge" appropriate for their age. One summer when I was the Director in Camp Gray with Juniors, I put a climbing rope in the big Hemlock tree next to Sandpiper cabin. For that day, all they had to do was climb up and touch the branch (even with the eaves). Not one of the boys could do it, but every one of the girls could do it with ease. As you'd expect, the boys were furious, but by the end of the day they had figured it out. And they all did it.

I have read all the material from and about George Gray, and I greatly admired what he did. He once wrote that no matter how well he was prepared, someone would come along and "catch" him in a new way. He was sued a couple of times, and involved in

"RECOLLECTIONS of SUMMER CAMP"

Bill Lankton

(1966-90)

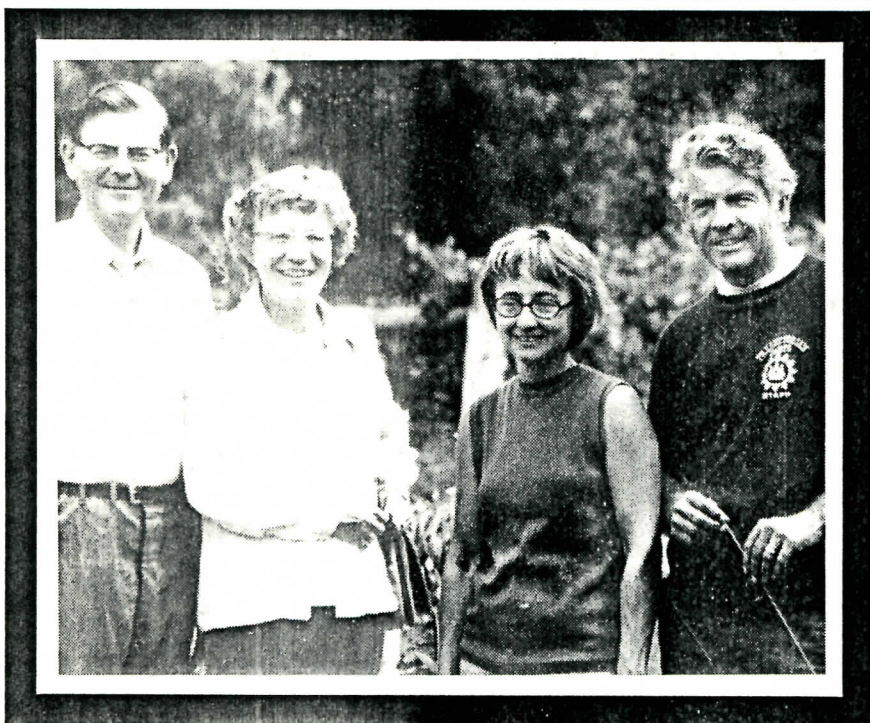
In the Business World the "customer is always right", but in the Woods at camp (Natural World) the customer is not always right. There are limits to what campers can do, limits past which they cannot go without danger or damage. Poison Ivy is an obvious example. Our insistence on the care of the dunes, our limit of campfires, living lower on the consumer scale were our ways of preserving & respecting our little piece of Nature. The "story" of Summer Staff is often an account centering on "limits" and "freedoms".

I never believed in "playing tricks" on campers — life is hard enough for them as it is without Big Folks playing



Dale Brubaker - 1965

sent us on the right road. My first meeting with T-Bone was at the Presbyterian Camp near Rapid City, South Dakota in 1955. It was my first "regional camp training" experience. I was pastor of a church in western Wyoming at the time. Later I



Paul & Rowena Walker Markham, Lynn & Bill Lankton - 1975

a scandal, all of which he was the innocent party. He was a good example of survival. I have talked with **Rowena Walker Markham** (daughter of R.A. Walker, Manager of camp from 1926-43). She and her husband **Paul** (he was also on Summer Staff, 1942, and married the boss's daughter) have lived there. I have talked with **Ted and Dottie Shaw** about their times on the Summer Staff (1941-43). The obvious differences are that each new generation takes, or is given, more freedom than the ones before them.

I gave the staff a great deal of freedom. But, along with it I tried to support and defend them against complaints by Family Campers, Directors, or other assorted characters who defied their authority. I would guess that it happened mostly on the waterfront: swimming and boating.

I loved the Summer Staff, but sometimes they "got to me". I would say, "Why do they keep doing those things?"

And Lynn, my wife would say, "This is a new group, and they don't know your way, yet." Every summer it seemed as if we'd have to go over the same things again. At times it seemed as if only the names changed; we'd get the same characters again. But I did learn to love them. And, I still do.

I'm a "morning person" and I like to be with folks who are raring to go in the morning. One summer I tried to get a staff table with those who would engage in "scintillating table conversation", and not be morose with their noses in the cereal bowl. The most fun for me was to sit next to **Ken Reid**, and trade puns, jokes, repartee, and witty remarks at any meal.

This is a break in the narrative, but it illustrates how important it is to "take the Long View". On Wednesday, December 5, 1990 Lynn and I were at Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago to attend a reception for the author of a new book on the history of



(back row) Steve Stratakos, Kenny, Michael, Winston, Carl. (front row) Marcus, Michael. Camp Kema - 1978

that church. As we were coming out the side door I noticed a young Afro-American man coming our way, and I said, "I think I know him". As he passed I said, "Were you ever at Camp Gray? I'm Bill the Director". Lynn says his face lit up, and he said, "Yes, I was for about ten years. But, I can't believe it's you!" He is doing very well, as are others he mentioned. As soon as he said, "I'm Winston Banks", I knew him. I have pictures of him and his group. His counselor in Gray (1971) was Pat Rogers. He was in Gray (1977) with Sue Andreoni Albrecht and Judy Nichols. With his group in Camp Kema (1978) the counselor is Steve Stratakos, and with them are Judy Nichols and Sarita Vinson.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS

One picture from 1967 shows most of the elements connected with being a leader at camp. The setting is Camp Gray near where Sandpiper cabin will be built. I have a large blackboard on a wooden easel. The Senior High Teen campers are comfortably seated in a semi-circle. The weather is mild with little direct sunlight. But, off in the corner of the picture one boy is seated on the ground with his back to me asleep. A perfect example of the "Honor System" — the administration has the "honor", and the group has the "system". I do have great affection for the Summer Staff even though they have often come to camp in their collective "awkward stages". But, one of the wonderful side-effects of this Project is to discover that the succeeding stages have been better, and that now we can relate as adults.

I have enjoyed those activities with Staff which required stamina, daring, and ingenuity (I'd usually settle for one). And the camp setting made it possible to do those things as no other place could do. Example: I directed a Senior High group in Camp Kema (1973). A girl injured her foot and had difficulty walking. We had planned a

hike to Mt. Baldy. I didn't want to separate her from the group's activity. So, I rigged up a "sedan chair" (page 36) with two tent poles tied to a chair, and the group carried her up and back. Her counselor was Ingrid Valey.

Every year I tried to get staff members to try some kind of craft project. Most popular were silk-screening, tie-dyeing, paper making, and working on the lathe. The only wooden lamp that was finished, was by Sarita Vinson. Paper making was introduced by Dottie Shaw, and enlarged by Peter Lenzo and Alan Deaton. Mark Lankton introduced woodworking with the shaving horses for three-legged stools. I "know" that someone has a "polywog pacifier"; that in someone's back room is a "weed pot"; and, I have it on good authority that somewhere there is the unfinished hull of a wooden sailing ship, but not even God knows where (but I do. "E.B. call home!").

One summer three scruffy young men drove up to the Dining Hall. It was during the "drug culture" days. As I came up to see them I was carrying a weed pot, and I said to them, "Can I help you?" One of them said, "What's that, man?". When I said, "It's a weed pot", they were overcome with some admiration. And, the driver just drove off shaking his head as he said, "Wow!".

I loved camp when the activities were "active", when the weather was "doing something", and when the seasons were the way they were supposed to be — lots of snow and ice in winter, lots of color in autumn, and plenty of flowers in the spring. And, I loved staff when they could run, climb, and make jokes with me. But, I was ready to forget all that if they would just learn the procedures first, and then be creative. The staff members who drove me crazy (a short trip I admit) were the ones who wanted to tell us a "new" way to do things in their first year.

If there was any source of strength,

insight, or determination that led to success in the camp's operation while I was Director, I would have to give special praise to what I call a:

TEAM of STRONG-WILLED WOMEN

Ruth "Dixie" Elder — She functioned in almost every staff and committee position except Director and Head Cook. Though she was the Director of many camp groups over many years. She died in 1988. Her granddaughters were also on Summer Staff: Peggy and Sarah.

Juele Blankenburg — She was a staff member with Family Camps, Craft Director, and "bombing" consultant (in the evenings at camp she would drive around the Saugatuck, Douglas, Holland, and New Richmond areas exploring: bombing, new places to see, with Lynn Lankton as her "Dr. Watson"). Three of her children were on Staff: Bart, Tracy, and Eric.

Joan Shaw — She was a camper in the 1940's. Was a one week, volunteer counselor for the Senior High Conference in Westminster Woods the same summer (1953) Bill Lankton was on that staff, but neither of them knew of it until many years later. She was a member of the Camp Board, and its Moderator (1969-76). She died in 1981.

Shirley Singer — She was on the staff as the Camp Nurse, but functioned in every position possible: kitchen, waterfront, shoveling gravel, electrician. Her children were on Staff: Beth, Rob, Karen, and Bill.

Lynn Lankton — She was obliged to become the "winter weekend cook" (1969), when winter camping began. Then, after two summer cooks quit in mid-season she became the Head Cook

(1973). On occasion she was "staff barber". In 1980 she was a member of the national Camp Nutrition Conference. It was sponsored by the Presbyterian Church Camp and Conference Associates (PCCCA). They meet annually at one of the campsites. They met at Saugatuck in 1977 and 1989. She has been associated with the Food Service and Nutrition planning of a number of Presbyterian camps. She retired in 1990. Her children have been on Staff: Mark, Cathy, and Greer.

GAMES I HAVE ENJOYED WITH STAFF

Bocce Ball — I've forgotten where or when I got the game. I had never played it before coming to camp. It was played near the back dock of the Dining Hall, and was popular with all the staff. Some sources suggest that it was either the **Lenzo brothers** or **Steve Stratakos** who introduced the game at camp.

"Flying Saucer" — (I never liked the name "frisbee"). While I was still a

pastor in Holly, Michigan I carried one in my briefcase. I favored the "fast back" version. Camp had a great three-cornered field around the playground: First-Aid cabin, to Dining Hall, to Program Center.

Volley Ball — I had played on a ministerial team in Holly, and "captained" a church team in Park Forest. So, I like the game, but I didn't like playing in the sand. For a couple of years our staff played the staff of the Oxbow Art School (**Dave Burland** and **Steve Lenzo**). Least satisfying form of it for me was the Family Camp/Staff games. They actually thought that staff was anxious to play them. Some years we did, some we didn't.

Manipulation — a good sociable card game I used with staff, adults, and the Board of Managers. The name drives church people crazy, but they love it.

HOW SOME THINGS GOT STARTED

In 1969 **Juele Blankenburg** and

Louise Starkey, leaders in a Family Camp, devised a plan to revitalize the Lake Front cabins. They developed the focus and direction. The next year they worked on a "demonstration cabin". And from then on **Jim Starkey** and **Dave Allaby** were the "front men" as leaders of what became the annual Memorial Day Work Weekend. It expanded to an autumn weekend as well. Allaby died in 1990.

After Lytton Hall was dismantled (1973) another plan was developed to convert the "nothing room" in the middle of the basement of the Dining Hall into a "nautical room". Wood from the walls and floor of Lytton were sanded and varnished (**Juele Blankenburg**, **John Morrison**, and **Mark Lankton**) and installed as the walls of the basement room. **Dixie Elder** secured the carpeting, and **Bill Lankton** made the first stained-glass window. It was later replaced by a window made by **Donna Read**, Craft Director. A stained-glass window was made and installed in Elms Lodge by **Bob Dana** (1977).

The CAMP and the VILLAGE

Lee Voigt and **Mark Lankton** worked together on three major projects which involved persons outside the general clientele. In 1985 they were leading participants in the Kidstuff Park project at the Douglas Elementary School (**Cloey**, Mark's daughter, worked on it as a student). They both taught an Adult Education class in Snowshoe Making (even without snow). In 1986 they built the timber-frame Woodworking Shed (now on the hill above the First-Aid cabin). Then, in 1987 they hosted the Timber-frame Workshop. Thirty volunteers (including two former staff members: **Rob Singer** and **Roger Roth**) from 18 states and Canada built what can now be called the "old Voigt place".



(back row) **Mark Lankton**, **Ken White**, **Doug Enck**, **?**, **Greg Burns**, **Alan Atz**, (front row) **Dave Burland**, **Scott Srednick**, **Steve Lenzo**, **Randy Thayer** - 1971

**A FEW THINGS I LEARNED
BEING DIRECTOR**

A. How to bend my own rules, without *actually* breaking them.

RULE: No Swimming without a Life Guard.

1. **Joe Herula** and **Peter Toledo**, old-time Family Campers, would always be down at the beach before breakfast for a morning dip. I never confronted them about it. I just never went to the beach then.

2. Staff would have night beach parties, with swimming after dark. I just announced again, "No swimming after dark".

B. If we can see it, we can move it, or climb it.

THEORY: Large objects can be moved by hand, with the use of ropes. (I was greatly influenced by the example of early American, colonial life, and their practical use of hand tools).

1. A large tree trunk was washed ashore at Westminster Woods beach (1974). With the use of ropes this staff carried it up the stairs: **Bruce Fox, Carol Rohl, Mark Lankton, Jim Shields, Robin Williams Voigt, Jim Sluyter, Paula Ericson Egelson.**

2. Another tree trunk was washed ashore at "staff beach" (1976). I showed a group of about twenty people how it could be moved up the dune to the Dining Hall, with the use of ropes. They did it. They included: **Tim Reif, Carol Rohl, Robin Williams Voigt, and Mark Lankton.**

3. Hexagonal cabin (Humming Bird) on the hillside above Sandpiper cabin in Camp Gray. Staff moved it down the hill (1976) by hand, put it on a two-wheeled trailer, hitched it to the Jeep, and **Dave Burland** drove it to its present location below the Craft Shop. This group held it on the trailer — **Sue Andreoni Albrecht, Eric Blankenburg, Bob Dana, Kathy Telder Flock, Jim Shields, Beth Singer, Gordon Scales, Love Breyfogle Burland, and Sarita Vinson.**

4. "Ted Shaw" cabin, near Camp Adahi, moved in 1977 by **Bob Dana** and **Mark Lankton** using the same two-wheeled trailer. Shaw was the "night watchman" on the summer staff in the 1940's.

5. Tiny cabin in Camp Peniel moved in 1979. **Wayne Elseth** put the two-wheeled trailer on end next to the cabin, tied them together, lowered them both, hitched them to the Jeep — and drove off "into the sunset".

6. Itasca Senior High Work group (1981) carried a large telephone pole with ropes, in Camp Gray. Leaders were: **Donna Read, Bruce and Judy Jensen.**

THEORY: Best tree climbing was where we could go up one, down the other (But since those early days **Mark Lankton** and **Lee Voigt** have made it so much more sophisticated with the use of modern climbing equipment.) It was used by **Alan Deaton** in 1988. It has made it two different kinds of climbing.

As I remember it, the ones who enjoyed it most were: **Dave Burland, Wayne Elseth, Bonnie Schwolow Graham, Mark Lankton, Alan Deaton, Brad Reed, Dave White, and Jim Shields.** We did use ropes and carabiners for rappelling out of a tall Hemlock tree near the base of Devil's Slide (1982). (Most unforgettable moment: seeing **Mark Lankton** fall out of a tree, up along the ridge opposite Kema, and watching him catch a limb on the way down. I was in a neighboring tree so couldn't help, and didn't need to.)

THEORY: When to run, and when to "Inquire about the camper's health". Campers usually enjoyed running through the woods full tilt. As the leader I had to care for their safety, and also help them push themselves beyond their own "limits" of strength or nerve without hurting themselves. I could run full speed through the woods



**Jim Shields (left), Paula Ericson Egelson,
Robin Williams Voigt, Carol Rohl - 1974**

because I wore hiking boots and long pants, and knew the trails. I would run until I was out of breath, and then I would stop and ask how they were doing. I would keep talking until I was ready, and then I'd take off unexpectedly. If I momentarily miss-stepped on a Rope Hike, I'd stop, walk back to see how everyone was doing, until I found the trail. And, off we'd go. The leader could *never* let the campers think that he'd "lost his way"—they'd never forget it.

ROPE HIKES

(Used with campers and staff to get to Mt. Baldy at night without a flashlight.) The leader holds the end of a rope (I tied a bowline loop and put it over my shoulder), and everyone else hangs on to it. I've pulled many groups up those hills, even though it was only supposed to guide them. It was probably the most popular, all-year round, outdoor activity. I usually insisted that everyone come with me during the daylight first. I do admit to guarding it to keep it from any kind of "hazing" or initiation. Some summer days I went up and down the Baldy trail three times in twenty-four hours. And, on some summer nights the trail below Devil's Slide was absolutely pitch-dark. Those were the best nights.

BBB ("Baldy Before Breakfast")

A device I used for new campers and staff to add "spice", excitement, and surprise to their camping experience. It was actually a harmless exercise which sounded unusual and daring. With staff I would give them an envelope "inviting" them to meet me at 6:00 AM at the Camp Gray sign, or just below Skipper's Cabin. I would usually have a cup of orange juice for them, and then we'd start out for Baldy. One year I stored oars and life jackets in a hollow tree along the Green Trail. When we got to that point I told them to look in that tree. They were as-

tounded. We picked up the gear, and went on down to the river, where we got out the rowboats and had boat races across the river and back.

POT LUCK, HERE and THERE, THEN and NOW

Steve Stratatkos tells the story of the "earthquake of Lakeview Cabin" when he almost rescued **Sarita Vinson** (1977). They were both present when a work group of Senior Highs dismantled the cabin in 1983. I worked with the group. We removed all the wall boards until all that remained was the floor, framework of the walls, and the roof. Then we put a heavy rope around the framework. Steve and Sarita posed on the roof for pictures. Steve stayed on the roof with a life jacket, and hung on to a rope from the hill. All the group pulled on the heavy rope, and the building just settled into the hillside with Steve on top.

The "CAMP DUMP" IS NOT the SAME as the "DUMP RUN"

Out in the woods, between the Green Trail and Vine Street, was the "Camp Dump", probably used until the 1940's, and now known only to a few of the summer staff. We used to poke around in it looking for unbroken glass bottles (of the pre-screw-on-top era). I found a few stubby, brown beer bottle types. They were embossed "Malt Marrow" and "Chicago". I never could get any information on them. The only real treasure was a flat-sided, light green bottle embossed "Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root & Kidney Liver". A few years later I found the advertisement for it in a bottle book, which dated it in the 1890's. The only other "treasure" I found was the round, brass burner from a "magic lantern".

The "dump run" was something else again. In the early years we were obliged to take our garbage and trash to the village "dump". We loaded the truck with 55 gallon drums of garbage,

and drove to the dump (the site changed two or three times during the years). One person drove the truck, a second one sat inside, the third person guarded the load. At the dump we tried to empty the barrels from the truck without having our shoes touch the ground. One day I drove out the Out Gate alone with a load of barrels. Just as I started up the hill of the Oval Beach Road the back barrel fell off — what can words say? Do sandwiches ever fall jelly-side up? The clean-up job was all mine. In 1985 we advanced to having our own Dumpster near the Shop, with "regular" pick-ups. And, in 1990 they added a second one just for cardboard.

FOOD SERVICE

Usually most of the staff "paid their dues" and "learned a trade" by serving on the Food Service staff. A 1974 picture shows **Bruce Fox** frying pancakes with just a white kitchen apron in sight. A 1975 picture shows **Sue Andreoni Albrecht, Kathy Telder Flock, Cathy Lankton, and Shirley Singer** making pretzels. Summer staff also helped **Lynn Lankton** bake loaves of bread to be given to churches of the Presbytery for World Communion Sunday in October (1981-84, 86).

Dixie Elder came as a summer staff member, and specialized in cook-outs with campers. She would set up a wooden tripod with a Number 10 can to make fried doughnuts, or other snacks. She and **Lynn** also fried **Elderberry Blossom Fritters**.

TWO COOKS QUIT In MID-SEASON

During the middle of the summer of 1970 the Head Cook quit. After she left we found enough prepared meals in the Walk-in for three or four days.

At the end of the summer of 1971 that Head Cook quit. **Dave Burland** and **Bill Lankton** were there alone. **Lynn Lankton** had returned to the city to get the children ready for school.

Bill called her on the phone for instructions on how to prepare pork chops. The campers never knew what happened.

STAFF EVACUATION (1975)

We had a few days without campers. The staff planned an "Evacuation" with "Everyone out of camp for twenty-four hours ANYWAY you wish". Sue Andreoni Albrecht, Cathy Lankton, Lisa Lenzo, and Carol Rohl left on bicycles. Tim Reif left by kayak. Mark Lankton left with the black and white camp dog. He put life jackets on them both, swam the Kalamazoo River, and walked to Holland. He hitched a ride back on a sailboat. Robin Williams Voigt and others went by canoe.

THE SLOW ADVANCE of CHANGE

Campers who come for a weekend, or even a week, tend to think that things are the same year after year. Family Campers have expressed surprise that there were other groups than theirs. And, sometimes staff thinks that their second summer will be just like the first. The real test depends on the way the combination of staff members relate to each other. But, for those who doubt the reality of "evolution" in the changes of thoughts and procedures here are two easy examples.

From a Locked Kitchen to an Open Kitchen

First stage: for the first few summers we locked the kitchen for both campers and staff. One night I heard a noise in the kitchen, and went to investigate. I found a male staff member in the back kitchen restroom. When I asked why he was there, he said, "I had to go to the bathroom". Fair enough. But to get there he HAD to climb in the serving window. And, we had a thousand useable trees easier to get to. I knew he was in there to get food.

Second stage: We added the availability of a staff refrigerator in the back hall. Third stage: the more practical and friendly system of having the Walk-In Cooler available, with the understanding that anyone eating food prepared for campers would probably be eating their "last meal" before the firing squad.

Sand Candles

This was a staple activity for the Craft program while wax was easily available. Pictures of 1970 show Linda Kuhn, Craft Director, making sand candles on the beach with campers. It meant building a fire to melt the wax. In 1974 John Morrison, Craft Director, was also making sand candles on the beach. Later we changed by bringing the sand up to the Craft Shop in pans or buckets, and heated the wax on a stove. We also did Sand Castings this way. We found that it gave us better control.

"ICICLES on YOUR NOSE"

During the winter of 1975-76, Carol Rohl and Dorothy Hume "wintered" in Cherokee cabin (an unheated, un-

insulated, un-caulked summer cabin). Pictures of that year show it to have been a "hard winter" with cold weather, much snow, and large ice ridges on the lake. During the twelve thousand winters at this site the wind roars across some seventy miles of Lake Michigan for days at a time. This winter there were rumors of polar bears and walrus.

The Holy Grail for me would have been to have found George Gray's Diary. Gray started the camp in 1899 at the age of 65, and stayed for fourteen years. I never had any evidence that such a thing existed, but I talked to staff about finding it, whenever we dug a hole, or looked into a dark corner. I thought maybe we'd find it, but we never did. It's still out there.

THE ULTIMATE HIKE (my title)

We began at the Life Guard chair at Camp Gray, went north along the beach to the Kalamazoo River. We turned eastward past Firewater Cove (Beer Bay" to staff), then on around the shore through the Oxbow swamp/creek. Here we expected to wade across (maybe waist-deep), and on south to the boat landing next to the Saugatuck Ferry.



Mark Lankton & Steve Lenzo on Rabbit River - 1972

Only a few of the staff did it. Dave Burland and Wayne Elseth did a quick version of it in 1972 (details later).

BOATING WITH THE STAFF (rowboats, canoes, and sailboats)

Staff Orientation in the early years (when they all came about the same time in the summer) often included a "canoe trip" down the infamous Rabbit River. We put in just below the falls in Hamilton, and came out two or three different places downstream; sometimes as far as the boat landing on our property next to the Saugatuck Ferry. In 1969, pictures show Tom Miller floating downstream behind his canoe, while Cathy Lankton is sitting on a tree stump in the middle of the river with no canoe. But, 1972 was the "upset year", with all the following in the water: Steve Lenzo, John Morrison, Marla Farrar, Rick Ward, Cathy Lankton, and Mark Lankton. The Rabbit River is a narrow winding creek with lots of deadfall. It was almost impossible to make the whole trip without having to pull your canoe over a tree trunk or branch. I loved to make the trip, and would bring a saw with me to clean out a route.

PRESBYTERIAN MYSTERY SHIP (1979)

During a summer storm on the lake a large wooden ship's keel and parts of its ribs was washed on shore near Camp Gray. I notified the Editor of the Saugatuck Commercial-Record. He came out and took a photo of it, which appeared in the paper with the above title. In the picture is: Roger Roth, Jim Shields, Dave White, and Bill Lankton. Later I took off all the large iron bolts, and part of the wood. I would tell people that it was the remains of Cadillac's ship, the Griffin (lost in the lake in 1680). By Thanksgiving another storm pulled it back into the lake, and it was never seen by us again.



Peggy Killam, Alice Herula Valaskovic, Barb VanDer Griend, Carry Koehline - 1977

FIRE AT CAMP

The worst fire was the destruction of Swift Villa (Dining Hall) in 1954. But, during my time as Director, there were three fires in the dunes. The first was between Oxbow Lake and the Kalamazoo River. It happened during the night, and required the services of the fire department. The next week (7/15/71) I wrote a letter to the Editor of the Commercial-Record describing the actions of our staff. Mark Lankton, Randy Thayer, and Scott Srednick ran along the beach to help. They had no tools, so soaked their pants in the water to beat out the flames. They came back with only their underwear; smoky, dirty, but unharmed. The second was just below the Lake Front Cabin, Rose I. It was quickly put out with one of the camp fire extinguishers (7/15/80). And, the third (1987) was between Beachview cabin, on staff hill, and Sandpiper cabin, in Camp Gray. It required the fire department. By the next summer all the grass had grown

back, and the only evidence of the fire was in the burned branches of the trees.

WILDLIFE (from the ridiculous to the sublime)

A 1977 picture shows Peggy Killam, Alice Herula Valaskovic, Barbara Van Der Griend, and Carrie Koehline in front of the Dining Hall. They are holding a large, silver Coho salmon "fresh" off the beach. Carrie and Peggy think it's great fun, but Alice give a whole new meaning to the expression of "Yech!".

For two years a mother Wood Duck made her nest in the cavity of a large Beech tree next to the Stable. After they hatched she would "call" the chicks, they would jump out of the tree, and bounce on the ground. Then she led them through the woods to the river. A 1976 picture shows Tracy Blankenburg Paul holding one of the chicks.

AUTOMOTIVE NEWS

Roger Roth purchased the camp Jeep after we had supposedly worn it out. He used the end of the 1984 season to repair, refurbish, and re-design it into top shape. Later reports indicated that he was able to drive it all over the country; and we'd had trouble just getting it up to Kema. But, then other folks had trouble getting up to Kema, too.

At the end of a work week with Senior Highs at Kema in 1977, I asked staff members to drive the Green Chevrolet truck up for a garbage/trash pickup. Dave White, Jim Shields, and Steve Stratakos had worked with me for that week. And, coming up the hill one of them drove it right off the road at the Showerhouse. My pictures show that it took the auto-jack and the "come-along" to get it back on the road.

TOUCHING ALL BASES

A 1977 picture shows Susan Kissinger Elseth as a camper in Camp Kema. Her counselor is Dorothy

Hume. Sue came back as a summer staff member, where she met Wayne Elseth. They were married in 1983. Sue's father is Rich Kissinger, the poet of Family Camp. In a 1987 picture Dottie Shaw teaches soft-shoe dancing to a group of adults from Family Camp in the Pole Barn. It shows Rich and Donna Kissinger, and Bill Lankton.

FROM CANOE PADDLES to THERMAL UNITS

All staff have doubled from one job to another in the same day, throughout the summer. An example from 1985 shows John Read, Waterfront Director, carrying canoe paddles and leading campers to the river, and giving instructions at the river. And, then later he is serving meals to those campers at Camp Gray's Peniel Hall.

STAFF MEMBER JUGGLES to the TOP

Robin Sullivan taught the staff to juggle (1984), as in three-balls-in-the-air-at-once. I did pretty well with two. Staff began using pool balls, but they

(the balls) quickly got chips and crackers like the moon, so we don't play pool any more. We had a used pool table for one summer in the upper cabin in Camp Peniel. It was a good idea, but few staff used it.

"RUNNERS to the FRONT"

(A phrase I used on hikes to Mt. Baldy on the lower trail). The real runners organized a "staff run" from Holland back to camp (1979). They were: Ann Bailey, Tracy Blankenburg Paul, Wayne Elseth, Sandy Jobe, Carrie Koehline, Jim Shields, Rob Singer, Kathy Stogell, and Sarah Sutton (page 38). Staff also ran in the Saugatuck Half Marathon (1980): Peggy Elder Fuguitt, Wayne Elseth, Jim Shields, and Dave White; and (1984): Cathy and Mark Lankton.

"MEMORABLE CAMP PICTURES" (from my slide collection) - Bill Lankton

1. Cook-out at Camp Kema (1967). Junior Highs gathered around campfire near the covered wagons. Two of the campers: Wayne Elseth and Mark Lankton.

2. Game Night in the Recreation Hall in Camp Gray (1969). Junior High Kathy Telder Flock, blindfolded is reaching out to tag another camper in the circle (the game was called "rattlesnake").

3. Mark Lankton on his motorcycle (1973). Behind him with a helmet, and two arm's full of electrical supplies is Shirley Singer, Camp Nurse.

4. Dave White in the Kema Dining Hall (1978) leaning over the twelve foot ice cream sundae, built for his birthday.

5. Jim Sluyter's worn-out gym shoes at the end of summer (1971). I've used this picture at almost every slide show of camp (page 33).



Wayne Elseth (standing at left), Mark Lankton (kneeling at right) cookout at Camp Kema - 1967

6. **Ken and Eve Reid** in a canoe (1970) in the swampy part of the Kalamazoo River just beyond the Saugatuck bridge. Area is full of water lilies, pickerel weed, and a slimy, yellow-green water algae (page 30).

7. **Dave Burland** sitting on top of a telephone pole for the Tire Wall. He is reaching for a hammer I tossed up to him (1975). He caught it.

8. Series of pictures showing **Eric Blankenburg** (1979) demonstrating the correct operation of the Hobart Dishwasher. New one was installed in 1989.

9. Nice series of pictures showing the Dedication of the Kiln, below the Craft Shop (1974). Many staff assisted **John Morrison** and **Mark Lankton**, by carrying logs, pulling on ropes and wires, and by holding their breath. **Bruce Fox, Dorothy Hume, Bart Blankenburg, Kathy Telder Flock, Cathy Lankton, Carol Rohl, Beth Singer, Robin Williams Voigt, Jim Shields, Rob Singer, Paula Ericson Egelson, and Jim Sluyter.**

10. Saugatuck Canoe Race (1968) on the Kalamazoo River. The camp entered two canoes with **Jim Cerney, Waterfront Director, Don Augustine, Mike Mills, Rocky Nichols, and Bill Lankton.** We got a 5th place trophy.

11. **Rob Singer** sitting on the end of a shovel handle reading his mail, on top of a pile of gravel, by the Dining Hall.

12. In 1980 some of the staff helped on building the new bridge by carrying buckets of concrete for the footings: **Eric Blankenburg, Marcia Howell, Peggy Elder Fuguitt.** With the SWIM Family Camp. Then in 1981 other staff installed the railings on the bridge: **Anthony Lenzo, Karen Singer Petkewicz, Roger Roth, Arnold Betz, and Ludwig Betz.**

13. Oxbow Art School-Presby Camp Volley Ball game picture shows: **Dave Burland, Mark Lankton, Doug Enck, Greg Burns, Alan Atz, Scott Srednick, Steve Lenzo, Ken White, and Randy Thayer** (1971).

TRIVIA (Things that didn't fit in anywhere else)

"Quiescently Frozen Confection"

For a few years one of the desserts that campers loved came from the Rivulet Hurst Dairy. It was a popsicle-type handful in a wrapper. Its description actually meant that it was made from lumpid sugar water.

During the 1970's the camp was given a truck load of free candy. It was O'Henry bars (without the wrappers), and came in five pound boxes. It was stored in the garage of the Director in Park Forest. They were transported to camp in the camp truck, and then stored in the Dining Hall Walk-In Cooler. We gave it out to campers for every dessert occasion. It was christened "monkey grunt".

In 1977 some concrete work was done in Camp Gray. One project was a cover for the septic tank just below the High Ridge cabin. When we made the frame and poured the cement we carved a name in it. It became the "Tom Miller Memorial Septic Tank Cover". Tom was once a summer camp staff member, and also was on the Board.

TED SHAW'S VIDEO RECORD (Staff activities recorded by Ted Shaw)

During the summer of 1988 the internationally know, professional pianist **Art Hodes** and his wife **Jan** stayed in the Director's cabin for the week of Family Camp 2. The grand piano in the basement of the Dining Hall was specially tuned for him to practice on daily. Everyone was told "not to touch it", but staff member **Katrina Wills**

(who had been using it for practice) did not hear it. Art came down while she was using it, and asked her to leave. With great reluctance he later told me; I got the two of them together, and it was resolved. At his next practice, when I asked him to play for the staff, he asked **Katrina** to play with him. He taught her a quick accompaniment and they played a duet. **Cherie Lodl, Robin Sullivan, Deirdre Sartorius, Alan Deaton, Heather Major, Mellisa Zymboly, Brad Reed, and Roger Roth** are shown watching.

Another "piano spectacular" took place the same summer. We had an upright piano which was no longer useable. We needed to dispose of it. So, we loaded it on the truck and drove it up between the Shop and Garage. I backed the truck up toward the Stable. Then, I tied a large rope around the piano to the Maple tree. On the truck bed were **Peter Lenzo, Alan Deaton, and Brad Reed.** When everything was ready I drove the truck out from under the piano, which crashed to the ground, but remained standing. The three "musicians" jumped off the truck and picked at the remains like vultures on the Plains of the Serengeti. They were hunched over it, picking out its insides.

The Craft staff of **Peter Lenzo** and **Alan Deaton** taught the making of ceramic face masks to a Senior High group. Then the two of them fired the clay and mounted them together. They attached them to a tree out near the old Camp Adahi area, and the Meadow.

Dottie Shaw taught soft-shoe dancing to the staff (1988). **Kim Panzer** appears in the front row. **John Reed** is not far behind her.

The ending of the 1987 Staff Rabbit River Canoe trip also appears on Ted's video. **Peter Lenzo** and **Alan Deaton** are shown gliding over the last tree trunk; an easy job even if both of them had to balance on the tree. Then the canoe with the most unlikely trio of

Meridee Watt, Katrina Kulseng-Hanson, and Jodie Grabs. They actually did rather well, but all approached it like new recruits in Basic Training. The weather was damp and overcast, but most of the wetness came from the river itself. Everyone tried to stay dry, but before long the "realists" knew it was impossible to avoid getting wet. The ones who came to enjoy it, did. The others pouted.

CAMP VEHICLES (Not all land travel was by foot)

The oldest vehicle I personally saw is shown in a photo of me standing next to a horse-drawn cart with a canvas top. The inscription on the side reads: "G.F. Swift, Barnstable, Mass." It belonged to the Swift that founded the Swift Meat Packing company in Chicago. The first building at camp was called "Swift Villa" (dining hall), built in 1899, it was dedicated to his memory by his wife. In 1924 camp had a team of horses: Tom & Jerry. The most memorable black and white photo (1925) shows a box-shaped, open van with campers hanging out of it; the kind of antique every car-lover would like to have. I sent it to be printed in a book on the history of camping.

Since that time many trucks, vans, and buses have been used. Movies taken in 1939 show a dark bus and a wooden-sided station wagon that were used to pick up campers at the Fennville train station.

When I came to camp as the Director in 1966 they had a red Chevrolet van. It appears in these photos:

- **Dave Burland and Linda Slater** as campers at the end of an overnight canoe trip (1966).
- **Ken Reid and Tom Miller** counselors with Junior Highs at Camp Adahi (1969).
- **Dave Burland and Jim Sluyter** as counselors at the end of another overnight Senior High canoe trip. It rained all night (1972).
- **Ingrid Valey and Marla Farrar** as counselors on the 1st. Senior High Boating Camp (1973). **Lisa Parenti** was a camper. She came back in 1978 as a counselor with Junior campers in Camp Gray.

We have had a green Truck (1973-79). We got a new blue Chevrolet

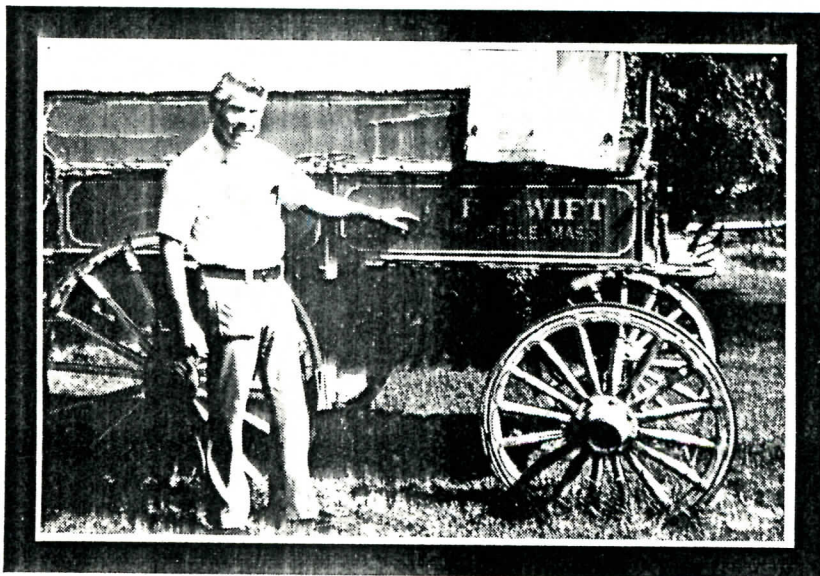
truck (1979), a new blue Chevrolet pickup truck with a top (1982), and a new hinged snowplow for the big truck (1987). The Jeep appeared in pictures from 1975-79, but was still with us when Roger Roth revitalized it.

MORE to the STORY (Ultimate Hike)

During the 1972 summer season we sponsored a Senior High Craft Camp in Camp Gray. It involved mostly city campers, and for some reason (now forgotten) they became very upset and vocal near the end of the week. Things came to a climax when a couple of the boys took a canoe and headed northward along the lake. We heard about it after dinner. **Dave Burland** and **Wayne Elseth** hiked up the beach, and on around up the Kalamazoo River. By the time they got to the Oxbow swamp/creek it was dark. They were spotted by a River Patrol boat and given a ride the rest of the way. Wayne later reported that when nothing was found the Sheriff's deputy just chuckled, shook his head, and said, "Those Presby boys will do the darnedest things". The canoe was found in Oxbow Lake, but only because some girls in the group told us where to look. While they were out looking for campers and canoes, **Juele Blankenburg** and **Bill Lankton** were with the campers in Long Beach dining hall being harangued by them.

CLOWNING WITH THE STAFF (1982)

This summer I led some of the staff in clowning (with make-up and costumes) for use with the Family Camps. Staff who tried it were: **Cindy Dresback Robinson, Linda Griffith, Katie Hillman, Stephen Leininger, Karen Singer Petkewicz, Klm Radowski, and Bill Lankton.**



Bill Lankton & G.F. Swift wagon - 1973



Rev. Laing Burns - 1975

**SPECIAL HONORS TO
CHICAGO PRESBYTERY
PASTORS**

Rev. J. Laing Burns, pastor of the North Riverside Church until his retirement, spent parts of summers and weekends as a counselor or director. He first appeared in pictures for the West Suburban week in 1971. In 1973 he attended one of the Pastor's Retreats that were sponsored by the Christian Education and Camp board leadership. He was a leader in the summer of 1974, and on the staff with me for the Camp Kema week (1975). In 1978 he was a leader with Mission Council #5 winter retreat. He was the Director of a week at Family Camp in 1990.

The Rev. Lorenz (Larry) and Heather DeVries (Calvary Church, Park Forest, Illinois) were the Directors of one of the Presbytery Family Camps for more years than any other leaders (1970-1989). People flocked to come back each year, even though the DeVries' ended each week by saying, "This was a great week, and a great group, but what will we ever be able to do to top this?" But, they always did. Larry attended a Retreat for summer directors (1970), and was a leader at a

weekend retreat for Calvary (1971). Their continued support of the camp program was shown in many financial gifts from the church, and many summer staff persons who came from the church.

They are: Beverly Dunlap, Deanna Dresback Miller, Leslie Nuss, Lisa Parenti, Cindy Dresback Robinson, Roger Roth, Keith Smith, Robin Sullivan, Ginger Copple, Alice Ramsey, Dave Ruby, and Gina Ward.

These persons gave special support to me and to the program: Ruth Slater (Mrs. Wm) of the North Riverside Church. She was working in the Presbytery Office for camping when I came in 1966, and remained until retirement in 1983. John Sonderegger (First Church, Arlington Heights) Became a member of the Board in 1962. He was there during the many "restructuring efforts" of the Presbytery. And every time they re-organized, they kept the existing officers. And, so he remained on the Board until 1981. All that time he was the Board's "expert" on budget and finance. James Lifton (Norwood Park Church) He came to camp while in High School, and returned to the Board after service in the Army. In 1977-78 he was the Moderator of the Board. He now lives in Park Ridge.



Rev. Larry & Heather DeVries - 1982

TEN YEARS of SERVICE on the STAFF

On the weekend of May 24, 1987 Mark Lankton was honored (page 25) for ten years of service as the Resident Manager. He began as a camper, and then worked on the Summer Staff on the "maintenance crew" (1968). He was also a counselor and the Waterfront Director (1973-74).

SUMMER STAFF WHO LATER BECAME MEMBERS of the BOARD of MANAGERS

Tom Miller

Rev. James Shields

Alice Herula Valaskovic

WE'RE as GOOD as the EXPERTS

During my time as Director the property boundaries have been surveyed at least twice. Before the first one, Dave

"IT WAS AN EXPERIENCE RIGHT OUT OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, BUT IT WAS GREAT!"

Burland and I decided to find the north boundary of camp for ourselves, and without cost or expense. On a dark day when the leaves had fallen, we gathered three kerosene lanterns. Dave climbed to the top of a tree at our boundary near the Oval Beach parking lot. Then I climbed another tree above the one marker, at the foot of the Mount Baldy trail near the Oval Beach Road. We took the third one, lined it up with the first two, and worked our way eastward to the bottom of Devil's Slide. At each tree we placed a colored marker. It was an experience right out of Edgar Allen Poe, but it was great!

THINGS I WOULDN'T WANT to have COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN

In the early 1970's I created a "simulation game" for Junior High or older campers. It was to help them gain experience with the four typical lifestyles available during the times of Jesus: Roman Soldiers, Pharisees, Zealots, and Christians. It was called "BC/AD" and was played for two days, during the campers' waking hours. Every camper received a booklet explaining their "role characteristics", and every group got their assignments at each mealtime. The game was first used in Camp Kema (1971) with Junior Highs from Calvary Church, Park Forest. One of the campers was Lisa Parenti.

I used the game again the same summer with a group of Niners. And, this time one of the campers was Scott Srednick. His mother, Donna, had been active in Family Camp, and later on the staff (1970), and two of his sisters were on the staff: Karen (1969) and Terry (1970). The staff who assisted me with the game were: Ken Reid, Pat Rogers, Dave Burland, Tom Newhof, Mike Baker, and Kathy Mattio.

During one of the lunch meals Dave Burland's group of "Zealots" were banished, and their table put under the floor of the dining hall. During the meal they pounded on the floor, but when the "Roman Soldiers" came scrambling out of the dining hall, they had all run out into the woods.

I have pictures of the Mission Council #8 Junior High Camp (1974) in Camp Gray when I used the game again. Rev. John DeVries, of the Lansing Church, was a counselor. Summer Staff members Carol Rohl and Cath Lankton were also counselors with this group.

Even though the game never got much publicity, nor was used very often, I always thought that it was a creative and ingenious way to give campers a personal experience of the times when Jesus lived.

NICE THINGS to REMEMBER

I have a photo taken on the back dock of the main Dining Hall when Steve Stratakos first displayed the 8' x 8' quilt he made of Mark Lankton using early-American hand tools. Al Maslowski is looking on. Steve also has quilts hanging in the DuSable Museum in Chicago, and the Brookfield Zoo.

ALMOST a LIFETIME at CAMP

When Shirley Singer came to the Summer Staff as the Nurse (1972) she brought little Bill Singer. A picture from that summer shows Shirley and Virginia Rehm carrying him in a milk carton. In 1973 he is smiling at the camera, while holding a camp songbook. The next summer he is all bundled up with a wrap-around cap and a life jacket. In 1975 I am kneeling down to talk with him, but it looks like I'm checking to see if his diapers are wet. Later he came as a camper, and then in 1987 as a Summer Staff.

WEDDINGS of STAFF MEMBERS

Two weddings of staff members took place on the same day (12/18/82). Linda Kuhn-King was married in Wisconsin. Jim Shields was married in Chicago. Staff who attended the second were: Bill and Lynn Lankton, Dave White, Carrie Koehline, Kathy Stodgell, Shirley Singer, Bill Singer, and Sarita Vinson.

Wayne Elseth and Susan Kissinger met as staff members at camp and were married in 1983 in Lansing, Illinois.

Dave Burland and Love Breyfogle also met at camp as staff members and

were married in Lansing, Illinois.

Dave and Karen White were married November 15, 1986, in Hastings Michigan. Lynn Lankton, Mark Lankton, and Cloey attended (page 54).

Lee Voigt and Robin Williams were married at camp (9/27/87). Bill and Lynn Lankton, and Mark Lankton attended.

Mark Lankton and Deirdre Sartorius were married at camp (2/14/89). Bill Lankton performed the ceremony. Lynn Lankton, Lee and Robin Voigt, Dave and Karen White and Linda Inderbitzin attended.

I also assisted in the ordination of Jim Shields at the Itasca Church (1985). Staff who attended were: Bill and Lynn Lankton, Dave White, Carrie Koehline, Sarah Sutton, Shirley Singer, Bill Singer, Dorothy Hume, Robin Williams Voigt.

PRESBYTERY YOUTH RETREAT

In the autumn of 1983 a large youth retreat weekend was held at camp. Two persons who attended later became staff members: Liz Russell of the Lincoln Park Church, and Sharon Waller of the Northminster Church of Evanston. Liz Russell appeared in pictures of the painting of the ceiling of Sandy Cove cabin with Robin Sullivan (1984).

HE CURRENTLY RESIDES IN PARK FOREST ILLINOIS WITH HIS WIFE LYNN.

**Ted Shaw Jr.
Ground Boy -
Bus Boy - Night
Watchman**

(1940-42,44,85—)

Camp Gray, Westminster Woods, Presbyterian Camps, or whatever you call it has very deep meaning for me. My first stay was in 1932, and I would not remember very much of it had it not been for my father's movies. The one real memory, outside the movie-memory bank, occurred in 1936. I was greatly disappointed to find that sometime between 1932 and 1936 the "Forces That Be" had put a paved road (Oval Beach Road) right through the middle of what I perceived as Camp property. This meant that Mount Baldhead was outside of the camp. A very limiting fact to an eleven year old who had long planned an assault on those sand hills.

The summers of 1936-39 provided only two week stays with my Fourth Church friends. But in 1940 I signed on as a Ground Boy with the Westminster Lodge Staff. Ground Boys ran errands, moved furniture, painted cabins (and the landscape), toted luggage, and just did what needed to be done to serve the guests. We served the guests, but were discouraged from fraternizing. This was okay. We were a group apart anyway.

Those who came only for a few days could not form the relationships that we who were there for a whole summer did. Since we were more or less barred from the camp store ("Ye Tumble Inn"), our place to go was the Ferry Store. It was just barely off camp property. The ten dollars a month we earned did not allow for any heavy spending, but one



Lynn Lankton, Sarah Sutton, Carrie Koehline, Robin Williams Voigt, Shirley Singer, Dorothy Hume, Bill Lankton - 1985

SPEAKING of MARRIED

John and Donna Read of the Itasca Church were both on the summer staff for three years (1985-87). John was the Waterfront Director, and Donna was the Craft Director.

ORDINATIONS of STAFF MEMBERS

I assisted in the ordination of Linda Kuhn-King at her home church of North Riverside (Rev. J. Laing Burns, pastor) (1980).

BORN IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN (1925), THE REVEREND G. WILLIAM LANKTON GRADUATED FROM CASS TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL (1943). AFTER SERVING IN THE ARMY AIR CORPS (1943-46) HE ATTENDED THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER, OHIO (1948-50), AND GRADUATED FROM WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY, DETROIT (1951). HE MET LYNN WUNDER AT COLLEGE AND THEY WERE MARRIED IN ROCHESTER NEW YORK IN 1951. GRADUATING FROM THE MCCORMICK SEMINARY, CHICAGO (1954) HE SERVED AS PASTOR OF THE MOUNTAINVIEW WYOMING (1954-57) AND HOLLY MICHIGAN (1957-66) CHURCHES. A STAFF MEMBER OF THE PRESBYTERY OF CHICAGO (1966-90) HE SERVED AS DIRECTOR OF PRESBYTERIAN CAMP, SAUGATUCK MICHIGAN, PROBABLY CLEANING OUT HIS FIRST SEPTIC TANK IN 1967. HIS CHILDREN, MARK (SAUGATUCK, MICHIGAN), CATHY (JAMESTOWN, COLORADO), AND GREER (NEW YORK, NY) ALL HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH CAMPING ACTIVITIES. AN AVID TREE CLIMBER, PART-TIME ARTIST, AND NATURE LOVER,

could get a Coca Cola for a nickel, and cigarettes were very cheap. That was the only time I smoked, and it was partly peer pressure and partly the fact that smoking was outlawed on camp property.

The summer of 1941 I was a Ground Boy again, but in 1942 I had advanced to the Bus Boy job. Camp had only one Bus Boy, and the job paid \$12.00 a month. Duties were to return clean dishes to the shelves, and clean up after the waitresses. One particular incident drew me into the Dining Room after a waitress had spilled a plate of food. The mashed potatoes and chicken leg were easy to pick up, but I chased peas all over the place. Then I returned to the kitchen, the Dietitian grabbed the

"THE CHOCOLATE FUDGE ON THE SUNDAE HAPPENED IN 1985"

piece of chicken and said, "Those are counted". I guess it was washed and went out on another plate. I'll never know for sure.

Dishes were moved from the dish driers to the shelves on a two-tiered coaster wagon. You know how a coaster wagon can become very unstable when the wheels are turned sharply. Well, that happened and the loudest, and most embarrassing noise of spilled dishes echoed through the kitchen. So far as I remember, none were broken, but I had a lot of explaining to do to the manager (Mr. R.A. Walker) because he heard the noise all the way over in the Camp Office.

In 1943, a war year, I tried to do my part by working in a place that made 20 mm cartridge cases. However, there were a few weekends that I could get away and take the bus to camp. Although I wasn't aware of it then, those visits were to influence the rest of my

life. Being a former staff member, allowed the privilege to be on the inside track with the present day staff members, many of whom had returned from the previous year. There was one new girl that was particularly attractive. She roomed with with my friend, Neil Haynie from the 1942 staff, so we got to see a lot of each other in the short periods that I could get to camp. There was not a lot of what one would call "dating" when one was on the staff. It just happened that groups would do things together. Well, the summer came and went as summers do, and the attractive girl (whose name was Dottie Miller) continued her work as a professional dancer. She traveled to many exciting places, and wrote interesting letters— so we began to correspond. By the time the 1944 season staff was being assembled, my job of making cartridges began to peter-out, and I was ready to sign on. Mr. Torrell (new Manager) needed a Night Watchman, and I thought that it would be a great way to spend the summer. Besides, it paid \$25.00 per month. Also, it looked as if Dottie would be back for at least part of the summer. We were seen together quite a bit in 1944. You might say, we dated.



**Ted Shaw Jr.
- 1985**

In 1946 we were married, and through the years have raised four children, and eight grandchildren (all who have fallen in love with the Camp).
Had it all ended there, you might call

it a satisfying but rather ordinary event.

The *Chocolate Fudge on the Sundae* happened in 1985, when, in a conversation with Bill & Lynn Lankton, we expressed the thought that the "ULTIMATE RETIREMENT" would be for us to return to Camp Staff. They thought that could be arranged, and it was.

We have enjoyed four wonderful summers, and are looking forward to another one next year.

TED SHAW JR. WAS BORN IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (1925). GRADUATING FROM LANE TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL IN 1942, HE WORKED AT ECKO PRODUCTS UNTIL 1944. HE GRADUATED FROM WRIGHT JUNIOR COLLEGE IN 1945, AND NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY 1959. HAVING MET DOTTIE MILLER IN 1943 AT WESTMINSTER LODGE, THEY WERE MARRIED IN 1946. INVOLVED IN THE FAMILY BUSINESS (KIMBERKORK COMPANY) FROM 1935 THROUGH 1978, HE ALSO WORKED AT A.B. DICK COMPANY 1950-86. TED AND DOTTIE HAVE FOUR CHILDREN: JOHN (NEW JERSEY), CAROL (OKLAHOMA), BARBARA (INDIANA), AND JANINE (FLORIDA).

"Upon Returning to Saugatuck" Reverend Edward D. Slusser (1985-90)

Singing Sands
have you
been performing
verses and refrains
for others
while I've
been away?
or did
you shelve
your old solos
in conservatory
dunes
for my return?

And
Dancing Grasses
have you
been stretching
to plie'
and bowing
to masses
of others
while I've
been away?

Or did
you pose
your repertoire
in statuesque
stillness
until my return?

And
Metronomic Waves
have you
been beating
and scripting
life's simple
score
in hardened
sand on
shore
for others
while I've
been away?
or did
you mark
the sun
and moon
up to my return?

And
Mellow Maestro
have you
been flashing
and moaning
melodious warnings
to the line
for others
while I've
been away
or did
you damp
your cadence
with jetty
felt
for
my return?
No matter
I don't mind your rehearsing while I'm away.

April 1, 1983.

REVEREND EDWARD D. SLUSSER BORN: CHICAGO
EDUCATION: GLENBARD WEST HS, GLEN ELLYN,
ILLINOIS NORTHERN UNIVERSITY, DEKALB, ILLI-
NOIS PRINCETON SEMINARY, NEW JERSEY (1971)
CHURCHES: ASST. PASTOR, LAWRENCEVILLE, NJ
PASTOR, SULLIVAN, INDIANA BELLWOOD, ILLINOIS
OMRO, WISCONSIN FAMILY: WIFE JAN CHILDREN:
JASON, JENNIE, JONATHAN, MATTHEW, EMILY FAM-
ILY CAMP DIRECTOR 1985-90.

"Flow" Dorothy Miller Shaw

(1943,85—)

Waves wash and subside,
Come again and go,
And the secrets of life
I just seem to know.

And each gain of sand,
So cool and so warm,
Flows with the waves
And lives out the storm.

Here I feel one
With the sand and the sea.
This is my Church
And forever shall be.
Dottie Shaw 1979

This is a simple verse that expresses my thoughts of Community and Transcendancy at Presbyterian Camps. We have brought our family together here for many years, and now have the privilege of spending our summers in this atmosphere again. Here I can live each hour, each day for itself, playing with nature and sloughing off pretense. And, if I can pass on what I have learned, all to the good. I am also given the pleasure of cleaning, painting, drying dishes, etc; a pleasure because I don't have to do any of those things, yet I know they are helpful and appre-



Dottie & Ted Shaw Jr.

ciated. It is like the story of the Shoemaker & the Elves. What a privilege to be one of the Elves, and even to be found out sometimes and to be thanked.

In 1942, while experiencing the "glamorous" life of show business (it was fun, but not an easy way for a shy, inexperienced, teetotaler to grow up). I received letters from my best friend, Cornelia Haynie, about life on the staff at Westminster Lodge. The next sum-

mer I "chucked it all" to sign on as a dish-washer at the Lodge.

We went up to camp on the train (Pere Marquette). My room, with sev-

"WE WERE ENTITLED TO ONE DAY OFF DURING THE SUMMER. ON MY DAY OFF, I WENT UP MT. BALDY TO SEE THE SUN RISE."

eral others, was to be the front room on the third floor of the lodge (Swift Villa). The bathrooms were on the second floor porch. They were used by the second floor "guests" as well as by girls of the staff. Some of the staff girls lived in Stoughton Hall, way up on the top of a nearby hill. The staff boys had their own dorm where the playground is now (Boy's Hall).

With Mrs. Boening, I dried the heavy, white, shiny dishes three times a day. We were entitled to one day off during the summer. On my day off, I went up Mt. Baldy to see the sun rise. The next summer Ted (Shaw) and I canoed to New Richmond and back. On Sundays, we often walked through the woods to Shorewood Chapel for services. The staff was expected to attend the Sunday night sing in Lytton Hall led by Mr. Walker (Camp Manager). We played on the beach, fighting for the ball with the boys, rented bikes in town, washed and ironed our own clothes in the camp laundry room, went to Ye Tumble Inn (under the Lodge) for candy, ice cream, and mail. Occasionally we walked to town (no one on staff had cars) to shop, or on weekends, to dance at the Big Pavilion at 10¢ a dance, or just listen to the big bands. Campy (ferry operator) would take us across on the car ferry or, if only a few people, a rowboat.

What I remembered most, was that I belonged. I had a sense of community that I never felt in school or dancing. I fit in; I wasn't different because I didn't drink either. Alcoholic drinks were not present in camp, and if anyone went to town for it, I was not aware of it. What a shame that present-day staff doesn't have that self assurance any more.

Of course, camp influenced my life a good deal more than I would ever have dreamed. Ted came into my life. He was that boy who was on the staff the year before, and who came up several weekends to visit. The first time I saw him as he talked with those he knew. On looking back, one could say that it was "love at first sight". Pressure from home, and also a job offer to dance at the Edgewater Beach Hotel both conspired to pull me away from camp. It was a traumatic time. I simply could not leave. The sense of community was so invigorating; and besides, Ted was going to visit again. And, I didn't want to miss his return. Yes, the next time he came, I met him and he came again two more times.

We saw each other only once that winter because I left Chicago to join a dance group. When I found out Ted was going to be on staff the next summer, I turned in my resignation and applied again at camp. When my replacement finally arrived in July, I hurried home and up to camp. I was grateful that I was accepted in the middle of the summer. Another trauma! My folks had to move to Pennsylvania, and I was asked to pack up. I couldn't leave camp, so they moved away from me. Thank goodness ours wasn't just another summer romance. At least I can look back and say, "I was working out my destiny; it was meant to be".

DOROTHY MILLER SHAW WAS BORN AUGUST 18, 1925 (OF ENGLISH PARENTS) GRADUATED: BASS GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1938 HARPER HIGH SCHOOL 1942 DANCED IN FAIR SHOWS (SUMMERS OF 1941-42) GAVE UP COLLEGE & DANCE TO WORK AT WESTMINSTER LODGE (SUMMER 1943) (MET TED SHAW JR.) SHE THEN TRAVELED EAST & SOUTH WITH THE MANNION DANCERS (AUTUMN OF 1943 TO

SPRING 1945, BUT QUIT DANCE WORK TO RETURN TO WESTMINSTER LODGE). SHE MARRIED TED SHAW JR. (FORMER STAFF MEMBER) JUNE 1946 AND THEY "HONEYMOONED" ON EMERSON HILL IN DAYDREAM CABIN AT WESTMINSTER LODGE. TED AND DOTTIE HAVE FOUR CHILDREN: JOHN (NEW JERSEY), CAROL (OKLAHOMA), BARBARA (INDIANA), AND JANINE (FLORIDA). SHE RETURNED TO DANCE AS A TEACHER (AVOCATION) 1973 AND HAS ORGANIZED "THE TIME STEPPERS", A PERFORMING GROUP OF TAP DANCERS (1985), AND STILL ENJOYS TAPPING. SUMMER VOLUNTEER WORK: STAFF OF PRESBYTERIAN CAMP (1987-1990 AND BEYOND!)

Ruth Dixon "Dixie" Elder

(1901-88)

Dixie was born in Danville, Illinois where her father was a lawyer, but they moved to the Chicago area when she was a child. He loved the "out-of-



Dixie Elder - 1986

doors", and his occupation gave him a flexible schedule where he could be outside. Every Saturday he and Dixie took the Elevated Train to the end of the line, and spent the day "exploring".

Dixie went to camp at the age of twelve as a Campfire Girl. When she was seventeen she wrote the national office, asking to be a leader. They hired her to work in a camp in South Haven, Michigan. She and a friend wanted to hike to the camp, so they started a training program to "get themselves ready". When the time came, they took the train to Gary, Indiana and hiked along the beach. She remained at the camp for two summers as the Waterfront Director.

During High School she took up swimming. Later she competed in swimming races with the Illinois Athletic Federation, until the AAU admitted women. At one of the Awards Dinners she attended, Johnny Weissmuller was introduced.

While she was a freshman at the University of Chicago she entered the Women's Life Saving Corps. Eight persons passed the test, including Dixie. Commodore Longfellow (at 300 pounds) was the "victim" they practiced on. He was the "father of lifesaving" for the Red Cross. Dixie is listed in the Swimming Hall of Fame in Boca Raton, Florida.

Dixie met her husband on a "blind date" on April Fool's Day. He was a student in Chemistry at the University of Illinois. They were married in 1925, and lived in Urbana, Illinois. They were married for 51 years. Later they went to Oberlin College to teach for two years. While there she became active in Girl Scouts, but when they moved to Syracuse, New York she went back to the Campfire Girls. The leader of the CFG, Lester Scott, was a personal friend of her father. She began summer camping as a leader while here.

After the tragedy of Pearl Harbor occurred (1941) her husband was contacted by the Federal Govt to reorganize the Patent Office in Washington DC. Dixie and the children soon moved

there. She wanted "something to do", so went to work for the Corps of Engineers (on the experience of a college course in mapmaking).

From Washington they moved to LaGrange, Illinois. She became involved in the church's Junior Camp at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin (1943). While there she met Eleanor Ells (who had also been at the Saugatuck camp with her husband) who introduced her to the American Camping Association.

From 1948-50 she was the Waterfront Director at the Druce Lake Camp. In 1956 the Moderator of the Presbytery of Chicago asked her to become the Moderator of a committee to study church camping in the Presbytery. She was on the church Session, but said that any proposal made by a woman at Presbytery was doomed. The Moderator asked her to make the report anyway. Swift Villa (the dining hall at camp) had burned down in 1954. She was on the Search Committee to find a new site. She had not been to Saugatuck yet.

The Search Committee had settled on another site when Dixie went to visit Saugatuck. She looked around and thought, "someone is crazy to sell this". The Committee's recommendation was changed to "keep the site". The Presbytery agreed, and Glen Wallace was called to make a study. He designed the new Dining Hall, which was built in 1966. Before that happened the decision was made to sell the Druce Lake Camp.

For many years she directed Junior Camps in Camp Gray. She was one of the leaders to develop Camp Adahi and Camp Kema. She was a member of the Board of Managers, and also its Moderator. She was also a member of the permanent summer staff for a few years before her death on May 6, 1988.

WRITTEN BY: BILL LANKTON.

"The Wife Of..." Lynn Lankton

(1966-90)

Where does one start in relating a period of one's life when so much has gone before that contributes to what is happening. The title isn't correct because I have never been, in thought or action, just "the wife of..."; but much of my life has gone in a certain direction because I was "the wife of..."

We arrived at Presbyterian Camps on June 17th, 1966, just two days after I stopped teaching Kindergarten in Holly, Michigan (where I was "the wife of..." the Presbyterian minister). The teaching was my "security blanket" to help me survive should anything dreadful befall "the husband of...". We had visited camp on a mid May week-end with our children and were undaunted by the idea that the cabin we were to live in (Mayflower) had no roof. An earlier tornado had come through leaving it less than livable. But the adventure of being at a camp eclipsed all sanity and we sat on the ground near the uncompleted dining hall and dreamed our dreams.

My impressions of the first summer consist of images of sitting on the beach, baking in our little kitchen with some of the summer staff (just for fun), and making our cabin livable. There were children to watch, curtains to sew, walls to wash, windows to clean, dirt to be hauled (by bucketfuls from the woods so that grass would grow in the sand - just ask three kids what they remember about that), hills to hike, a beach to walk, the lake to swim in, people to get to know, and dreams to expand. One of the prime bits of advice was that I was not expected to do a thing - not from "the husband of..." but from "the powers that be". I'm not sure when reality set in, *but set in it did* and there appeared to be many ways that "the wife of..." could assist.

Perhaps I should have taken the story of the camel putting her nose into the tent more to heart. As I started to "help out" it wasn't long before I found myself well inside that tent. The job that Bill was supposed to cover seemed much too broad for any one person and I began to pick up the things that I liked to do, and which I knew were not high on his list.

**"THE ADVENTURE OF
BEING AT A CAMP
ECLIPSED ALL SANITY
AND WE SAT ON THE
GROUND NEAR THE
UNCOMPLETED DIN-
ING HALL AND
DREAMED OUR
DREAMS"**

First, *keep the books!* Any organization that is licensed by the state has a myriad of forms that must be filled out. Do we really care how much milk was drunk by children and how much milk was drunk by adults? You may think not, but the state does. Any business that is serving the public must keep records of who has registered, who has come, and who has paid. And any business that is governed by a board must have reports gathered to show what has happened at that special site. As the years went on the reports required grew and grew.

After a couple of years, the kitchen jumped high on the list for attention. How could you start winter camping when you had no cook, and how could you hire a cook when you had very small, and very few groups coming. The tent gets bigger - then came the summer of 1970 when the cook quit the first of August. The camp was full (over 200), a dignitary from the Australian Church was visiting with the Presbytery Executive, and there was dinner to cook and serve. My career

was in full swing.

There are people that stand high in my mind, and kept the "tent" up. I like to picture them as the "tent poles" - the support of my life at camp. Dixie Elder was one of these special people. She always seemed to understand what was going on. There were many times when I felt I had "had it". Dixie always



Lynn Lankton - 1982

seemed to be nearby ready to say "Lynn, I don't know how you've stood it this long". She always made me feel human again, just when I was beginning to wonder if I had turned into same sort of monster. She was a great model and taught me much. One of her good tricks was reviving limp spinach back to full crispy goodness by soaking it in warm water. It works wonders - so well that I've even had people ask me how I found such good produce! I've always said, when I grow up I want to be like Dixie.

Another "tent pole" in my life is Juele Blankenburg. Juele was also at camp the first summer I came. She was "the wife of..." the director of one of the Presbytery sponsored Family Camps. Later on she and her children

came and spent a few summers with us. She was the Craft Director, but for me, she was and is a friend. We worked and played together. One of her questions was "Can I come and play in your kitchen?" It was usually on the pretense of needing to get away from "people" for awhile, but for me it was a saving grace. I became starved for "adult companionship" and Juele filled this need well, and still does. We had fun working together and she made the kitchen a more joyous place to be. We spent many pleasant evenings exploring around the area in her car - her term for this was "bombing".

The kitchen was hard work and there were many who helped to support "the tent". Each year there were "special people" or a "special person" that I was glad I had worked with. But because good stories usually have three characters, I've picked out three assistant cooks to represent the spirit of them all.

The first is Alice Herula Valaskovic. Alice was at camp as a counselor the summer that we arrived. She came back later as Assistant Cook for a few summers, and even spent a month one summer with her husband working in the kitchen. She was still helping out on one of our last big weeks when we hosted the PCCCA before our retirement. It was fun working with Alice.

The second is Sarita Vinson (known also as the survivor of the cabin slide). Sarita came as a young 16 year old...but a mature human being who was a delight to work with. She spent seven summers with us and each one was better than the last. A very put-together lady that I was lucky to work with. She also reappeared to help when we hosted PCCCA.

The third is Linda Inderbitzin who worked as assistant cook for my last four years at camp. She pulled me through as my energy began to sag. I deeply appreciate her hard work, open-

ness and loyalty. At the present time (1991) she is still carrying on.

Out of all this experience grew a cookbook, THE WHOLE MEAL COOKBOOK. I wrote this with Beverly Philipps, who is the Hunger Action Enabler for the Presbytery. It was published in July 1991 with the help of "the husband of..." who did the illustrations and one of the chapters.

There are advantages to being "the wife of..." when the relationship allows for full participation and expression. There is a growing intertwining of life's goals and an understanding of the other's life. Not many couples have the opportunity to work together, to know each other's co-workers, and also have their children take an active part in their work. Our story was long enough to include a granddaughter (Cloey) who loved to help in the kitchen by squishing tomatoes for spaghetti sauce. "The wife of..." grew to be "The family of..."

LYNN LANKTON BORN: ROCHESTER, N.Y. 1930, EDUCATION: MONROE HS, ROCHESTER, NY 1947, WOOSTER COLLEGE, WOOSTER OHIO 1951, PESTALOTZI FROEBEL, CHICAGO 1967, LIVED: MOUNTAINVIEW, WYO 1954-57, HOLLY, MICHIGAN 1957-66, (TAUGHT KINDERGARTEN 1965-66), PARK FOREST, ILLINOIS 1966-PRESENT, FAMILY: WILLIAM (HUSBAND) (CHILDREN) MARK, CATHY, GREER.

"A Dear Little Lady"

There's a dear little lady named Lynn
Whose friendship's a bonus to win.
And in things culinary
Her skills never vary,
The meals served by her are supreme.

When work in the kitchen is done,
And the cool of the evening's begun,
Then her arms open wide
Gathering Cloey inside
And the art of the cook turns to love.
WRITTEN BY DIXIE ELDER FOR LYNN LANKTON'S
BIRTHDAY (6/15/84)

Mark Alan Lankton

(1968—)

I came to work full-time at Presbyterian Camps after a year at Evergreen State College. The job of Resident Manager had opened and I thought it would be fun to do it for a while. Camp has been like "A Tale of Two Cities" for me. I have had the best of times and the worst. I've worked with many different people of different ages and backgrounds, and I've been here long enough to watch staff members go on to "life" and I've been amazed and proud of them and some of them didn't survive. Some are still here for me in different ways.

"ONE TIME AS WE TALKED SHE SAID TO ME, 'YOU KNOW THE WHOLE WORLD IS CRAZY, EXCEPT FOR YOU AND ME'."

Dixie Elder is here for me. She seemed to know the answer to all the questions but she still kept asking. There are many stories I remember of her. Two will do.

I used to run in the morning before breakfast and I would end up at the Dining Hall around 7:30. Campers and Staff for the most part (kitchen staff excepted) would still be in their cabins but Dixie would be out puttering around weeding, feeding the box turtles, checking out the latest nature find. I would catch my breath and we would share the quiet. I'd tell her about the deer I had seen or the clouds over the Lake and she'd tell me what she'd seen on one of her walks with the campers. It was an easy way to begin the day. One time as we talked she said to me, "You know the whole world is crazy, except



Mark Lankton, Deirdre Sartorius - 1988

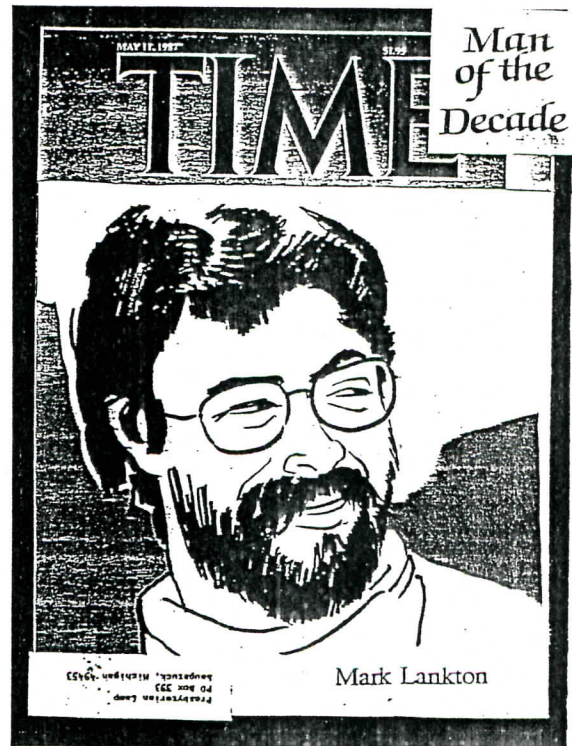
needed the top to be level. We took lots and lots of measurements, we sure acted like we knew what we were doing. As we walked to the shop Tom asked me if I had a plan. I said I didn't have a clue and he looked relieved and said he didn't either. We vowed that we'd work it out together and we did. I felt from then on that he would always be "on my side". One of the things I've been most grateful for is the chance to try anything that interested me. I've never felt that I couldn't do something because it wasn't in my job description. The Board of Managers have been supportive, and my parents have been too. Not just as parents but as employers.

MARK ALAN LANKTON BORN: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 1953 LIVED: MOUNTAIN VIEW, WYOMING HOLLY, MICHIGAN PARK FOREST, ILLINOIS EDUCATION: RICH CENTRAL HS, OLYMPIA FIELDS, ILL. 1972 SOUTHERN ILL. UNIV. CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO GRAND VALLEY COLLEGE, ALLENDALE, MICH. EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE, OLYMPIA, WASH. MARRIED: DEIRDRE SARTORIUS 1989 DAUGHTER: CLOEY BETONY.

you and me."

One of Dixie's last summers here she had booked passage on a ship to Alaska. She was going to sleep on deck so the last week at camp she slept on a lawn chair to get ready for her trip.

Tom Reimers was on the Camp Board for many years. I enjoyed working with him because he always had fun working. I think the time that put us on equal terms was the time he and I worked on renovating the Lakefront showerhouse. Some people were re-plumbing, some rewiring, and Tom and I got the job of building a base for the shower stall. The floor sloped in all directions and we



1987 - Ten Years as Resident Manager

"Saugatuck, Oh Saugatuck" Juele Blankenburg (1962-78)

The first line of the old Saugatuck Blues sung by all of us as we headed south, down the Gerald R. Ford Expressway (I-196) back to the Larger World. The larger world, so sharply in juxtaposition to sand under foot, sunsets unseen elsewhere, the lullaby of the waves on the lake, corporate life, and service directly expressed.

The writing of this is kicking up memories that tend to overwhelm me. I remember—

Waiting for the new Director to come. We had just been through many discussions about selling the camp property in order to support inner-city churches. Druce Lake Camp had been found wanting, and was on the block (Druce Lake Camp was sold in November 1964). Oh, this new Director had to be good, he had to upgrade the facility, increase attendance and, build a program. But, will he "adore" Camp Adahi? Will he build a strong Camp? Will he be "safe" on the political trail? Will he save Saugatuck?

The summer we drove into camp (1966) and saw a rather handsome, wavy-haired man, who was our contemporary, standing against the fence in camping boots and shorts, frowning—you knew at a glance, this had to be the new Director. You seemed very conservative, **Bill**; fairly cynical, and totally determined. It was only when I met **Lynn** that I came to believe that there was more to you than the facade at the fence. Through the years, I have served at Saugatuck in many ways. For example, as a Family Camp Director's wife a totally thankless job, which starts weeks prior to camp, goes on full-blast

while you're there, and when your camp leaves you hear your husband saying, "Thank you", to the praise given for "his" successful and satisfying leadership. Oh well, some real positive things, however, did come from the particular Family Camp that I "wifed".

Having lived in those rather grim cabins, and deciding that "roughing it" does not have to be ugly, A plan was devised. The folks from Family Camp

"TO THIS DAY, I WILL TESTIFY THAT ANY STEP NOT TAKEN WOULD LEAD TO A WEEK OF UNMITIGATED COMPLAINT AND DISASTER."

gave back to Saugatuck, some of the energy that was gathered during the previous summer in terms of a "clean up, dress up" venture. This effort was graced by the determination of two very strong, well organized, and capable women: **Louise Starkey** and me (1969). Oh, what a grand time we had seeing to it: that the plan was made, the materials collected, and everything scheduled just right. My dears, your faces showed astonishment when we announced that we would get up to camp early, so that we could paint a "demonstration cabin" so others would have a model to work from, in terms of both paint style and quality of work.

It seems unlikely that superstition guided my rituals of How to Start a Family Camp. Perhaps, it was some intuitive application of group psychology, but "rituals" they were, and carefully followed. The most public were the review of housing preparations, and the folderol of the first meal. To this day, I will testify that any step not taken would lead to a week of unmitigated complaint and disaster. I began

by re-washing the silverware and drying it, so as to omit water spotting. Then folding napkins—ala fancy restaurants—and laying out everything on the table quite precisely with a posy in the middle. This was a pre-amble (truly "an amble") to a happy week. The other part of the ritual was my commitment to "calm" the preschoolers at meals, all accomplished by a very low-key program, and large pre-meal snacks. Thin apple slices smeared with peanut butter was very satisfying for the children.

It was the posy in the middle of the table, however, that led to some high adventure after dishes and before snacks. It led to that glorious practice of "Bombing" (the capture of instant freedom by the exercise of the internal combustion engine: the automobile). The very stuff of Bombing is pleasure, the joy of tires and springs, upholstered seats, fresh air blowing in your hair, and the possibility of "bounty". The gleanings from the natural bounty along the roadside. I never see a Sweet Pea or Queen Anne's Lace flower without the urge to create a center piece for the table. I remember that Chicory is fickle and won't hold a bloom. Even Yucca and Prickly Pear Cactus... Grape leaves... Wild Daisies... or the sturdy Black-Eyed Susan... all hold special story-places in my memory.

High adventure was also found by me and **Jim Shields** in less savory environs... (the Saugatuck Dump) a wonderful, but much-maligned five point deer head retrieved, and lovingly refurbished... a variety of glass pieces, dug up from their resting place right on the property (by the Ladies of one of the Family Camps). You entered the Camp Dump from the river road (at one time this was the main entrance to camp). A 1920's Ponds cold cream jar with a lead lid still sits smartly on my bookcase as evidence of home-grown archaeology.

For me the urge to help people ap-

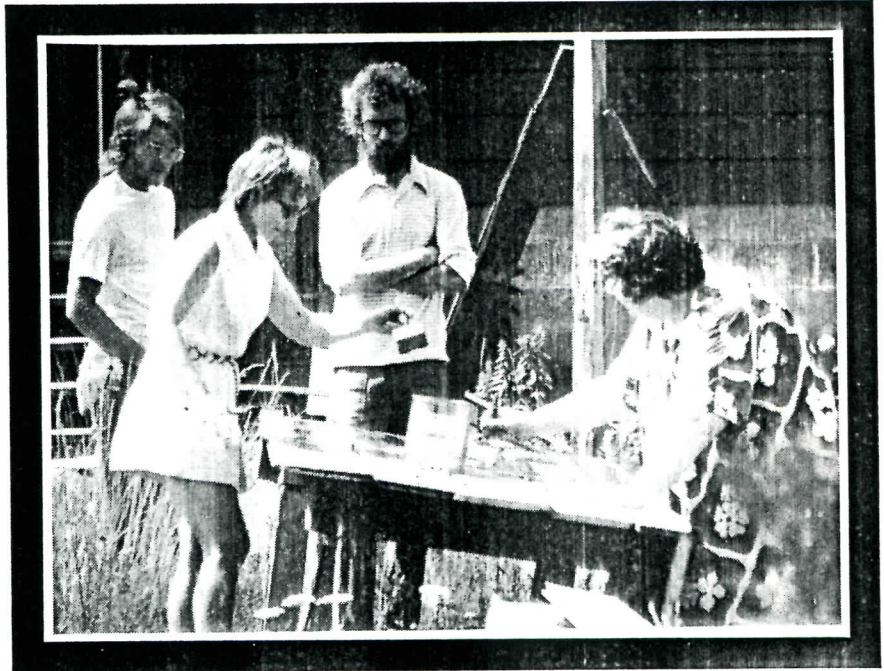
preciate the products of their own handiwork became a passion. Over the winter I would simplify craft tasks into a logical series of steps that I hoped would give completing a project a better chance at success. I would worry about the staff. But, if it weren't for **John Morrison** leading me along the way, I would have failed even more often. John was an energetic genius of organization, who understood limits. He understood, as I did, that those limitations involved the commitment of time, energy, and funds available. The project was pre-eminent.

Lord, where else but at Saugatuck would anyone have believed that having a Kiln involved, not only the ability to read, but also the dedication needed for us to build so complex a creature (1974). We sat around the whole night adjusting burners, as we celebrated each other's technical skills, and only raised a "hallelujah" when we fired those glorious glazes, but rarely addressed that "Act of Faith" often needed when the Kiln worked right.

I remember the year that I shared the summer with regular trips to the city...getting dressed each Tuesday like a city woman for the trip...and my amazement that **Lynn's** language was far more sophisticated than mine. I knew, **Lynn**, from your Scrabble games, that you were "bright and cunning", but till then I had no idea that you were "wise and citified". The bond between us remains one of my treasures. Wow! What roads we have walked. Crafts Camp for Fourth Church (1972) in Camp Gray. Remember our good fortune, we got out alive? Oh me, up to that week I believed everything Saul Alinsky ever taught about confrontation. I do believe, however, that we did exercise all the "people skills" we had or could muster...did those bright dreams of a "power tools camp" end only in sawdust? We saw transformation that week, oh yes! Walking sticks into war clubs, the Gray Shower House into a swamp (remem-

ber "flushing instructions"?), the Dining Hall into a kangaroo court for our trial, submerged canoe, and on and on.

were going on under our noses; all the storms weathered into that safe harbor: Saugatuck.



Mark Lankton, Lynn Lankton, John Morrison, Juele Blankenburg - 1976

And, the buildings, no building was safe from stewardship. When I think of re-doing, improving, upgrading—painting ceilings black, walls white...building, painting...changing, painting...reshaping, painting... planting. As any human endeavor more productive? Oh certainly, though I was a player, who learned the value of "inclusion", of the individual, the merit of real work. All gifts to and from the Spirit at work in Saugatuck.

It is difficult to remember Saugatuck in "short form", for each memory brings another one to the surface. For all the Blankenburg children; how different their understanding of life would be without Saugatuck; their stories are spoken at every family gathering. The kitchen stories could fill pages, not to mention the things that I never knew

I think of all the people we have come to know, to see them grow, and even now, to watch them from afar. For me Saugatuck was a place where I could express what ever creativity I could muster, in all kinds of material, in all kinds of ways, among all kinds of people. Just seeing the differences among people, and trying to say what I remember as significant, is close to impossible. But, it certainly was powerful to be fully accepted, to have a chance for serendipity, and the possibility to be the "norm" rather than the exception. And all this in the face of the Director's dictum to "just smile and nod your head". I have not mentioned the great numbers of young and old, and their "goings on"...the family groups of SWIM, the singles of the young folks led by **Reverend Conway Ramseyer**, or the rebellious staff

members of the early 1970's, and, of course, Dixie Elder, Juele Blankenburg and Dwain McClendon.

During 1989 Juele was called for Jury Duty (26th & California). While waiting to be called, she met Dwain McClendon. Dwain had been on the Summer Staff (1976-77) while Juele was there. He had first come up to camp as a camper from Seventh Church, Chicago. They recognized each other, and talked about camp (working in the kitchen, string games, walking in the woods). Now he is married, and has a daughter. He works for the UPS.

JUELE BLANKENBURG WAS BORN IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 1932. HER FIRST VISIT TO CAMP WAS CAMP GRAY 1936, AND HER FIRST STAFF EXPERIENCE WAS FAMILY CAMP 1962. SHE WAS THE CRAFT DIRECTOR 1976-78. GRADUATING FROM THE ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (BS DEGREE), NATIONAL LOUIS-UNIVERSITY (EVANSTON, ILLINOIS) MS IN EDUCATION, AND APPALACHIAN STATE UNIVERSITY (BOONE, NC) CAS. MANAGER INSTITUTIONAL & SUPPORT SERVICES OAKTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ILLINOIS.

"Summer Camp Lore (And Then Some)" by Bruce Fox

(1969,74-75)

I think it's great that Bill Lankton has decided to record some of Presbyterian Camp history and I mean to get my own 2 cents in. This is folklore in the making.

From this point forward, the current Director and Camp Board Members might want to take a deep breath and relax (or if they are so inclined a little something in their tea).

A BEAR In the CABIN

Don't I wish that I had a story about a bear to tell, but in actual fact the wildest thing on two or four legs resided among the Waterfront staff. All those wet towels hanging out in front

of Jim and Mark's door had little to do with life saving.

Bill Lankton most likely can recount stories of wild animals and beasts of the four-legged kind as he spent a good part of his time wandering in the woods and hanging around in the upper parts of trees.

If you were to ask him why he spent all this time lingering in the forest you would probably be given one of the following answers: "I'm looking for signs of the earliest known settlers of these parts." Anyone new to the staff might accept this answer, seeing how Bill Lankton

likes to impress them with his own lore of the region.

If you seem especially green Bill might tell you that he is simply clearing the way for this evening's rope hike, the real story of which has never been revealed. The official explanation for the origin of the Rope Ritual (as it shall be know from here on) is of course a sham. The Rope Ritual, for any who have not experienced it, is the scenic forest escapade involving Bill, a lengthy hemp rope, and anywhere from twenty-five to three or four-hundred unwitting campers. We all well know by now (those of us who will admit it) that Lynn had been secretly suspicious of Bill's late night wanderings. One night Lynn discovered Bill exiting through their back door with 75 feet of rope coiled around his shoulder Lynn reported a rustling noise halfway up the hill and the sound of hoof beats, but no clear sighting of anything or anyone. To justify this nocturnal wan-

derings Bill began the Rope Ritual. This bit of lore is being perpetuated by his son Mark, and has in fact become an embedded ritual in the parlance of the anthropologist.

BOY'S HALL

Boy's Hall was the official residence of the young men brought to the sacred shores of Camp to maintain its grounds and toil in the kitchen and, occasionally, tax the Director's nerves. As far as the boys were concerned, crossing the threshold of Boy's Hall located just beyond the suspension bridge of truth and goodness as we fondly referred to



Bruce Fox - 1969

it (or within 100 decibels of the Dining Hall), gave these young men license to carouse wantonly through the night, or until Bill dropped by to tuck them in. In the end, though, Bill relied on the Old Camp Spirit which dictates that if something has been repaired at least a 100 times (minimum) it may be torn down (which is also a good way to keep a platoon of boys busy for a summer). Bill applied the Camp Spirit rule to Boy's Hall, which was relatively small anyway with eight or so souls packed into two rooms; at least two boys had to sleep standing up—which is the reason why some may recall a few mornings that looked as if I'd stayed up a little late reading the Bible. Surely these lodgings violated at least 50 zoning laws. Boy's Hall, let me say, was tailor made for the proverbial politician's humble origins.

Lynn took charge of the kitchen about this time, having discovered that peanut butter and powdered milk were available in bulk from the federal gov-

ernment. Bill had worked feverishly for weeks in an attempt to find a way to apply a mixture of peanut butter and powdered milk to canoes, to no avail—Lynn had a better idea. I don't want to say that peanut butter appeared in everything for the next six summers, but as I recollect, I did see at least two semi-trailer trucks wending their way up the camp road (and I do mean wending).

I would like to maintain my credibility here so I'm going to give the real lowdown on the *Government's peanut butter*. The peanut butter wasn't exactly used by Bill for mending the seams of canoes; it was more delicate than that and I wanted to save Bill some embarrassment. Lynn, reportedly, would heat a number 10 can on the stove in the kitchen, and when it reached the point of boiling, she would rush it over to the director's cabin and there Bill would be waiting with his hair freshly washed. Lynn would plaster Bill's head with near scalding peanut butter, covering it carefully with a shower cap so that Bill could leave it on for the duration of the night—all this apparently for the purpose of maintaining his lush, swarthy head of hair. And who can argue with success!

Now that the credibility of this letter has been re-established it's time to move on to other things—such as, who really ran the camp. As everyone knows who spent any time there on staff at all, they will tell you that camp was really run from the kitchen, which means that Lynn was giving the orders. Whenever anyone calls Camp, who answers the telephone? Lynn, or one of the kitchen staff. Who had the pull to get all that government surplus milk and peanut butter? Lynn did, of course. What were the three major events of any day that took place ON TIME? Breakfast, lunch, dinner. Which gives us pause to think. What did Bill do? Anyone who knows Bill also knows of his greatest passion—sand, or so he would have you believe. If you look closer at the situa-

tion it becomes immediately apparent that Bill was interested in more than sand. He wasn't lying when he said that erosion would cause the camp to fall into the lake. In addition Bill would have lost all his capability for producing—you guessed it—Sassafras Root.

He simply had this far-fetched scheme for beginning an herb farm, along the lines of "Celestial Seasonings," having read one of those ads at the back of Camp Director Magazine which cried out for big money in the "natural herb farming business." The Camp acreage, with its sandy soil and natural shade, was ideally suited to the production of Sassafras root. The major problem, which no one foresaw, was a sassafras glut which occurred during the 1970's and the eventual monopoly by a few large corporations, all of which was lost in the back pages of the Wall Street Journal to all but a few acute observers.

I don't really want to go on here for selfish reasons (I'm planning a big expose, tentatively titled, *Living at Camp, Moss Between your Toes and Sand in Your Shorts: Confessions of a Former Camp Counselor*, which is being negotiated by my agent at this time and close to a deal). Rest assured that the rest of the lurid facts will be laid out in an appropriately, well-reasoned, meticulously researched book which is sure to hit 700 or more pages and weigh in at \$29.95.

Besides Bill wanted this to be clean and I don't want to be accused of muckraking (especially when I'm not getting paid for it). I am thankful that I spent those summers at Camp (more than Bill would like to recall, I'm sure), because if there is one thing that I learned at Camp it is how to exaggerate, subtly, and you need only guess who I learned it from.

LOOKING to the FUTURE

Let's start some lore before anyone else has the opportunity. I might suggest that instead of crafts they employ an out-of-work stockbroker and begin working on their portfolios. Instead of "some'ores": canapes & sushi. They

"IF THERE IS ONE THING THAT I LEARNED AT CAMP IT IS HOW TO EXAGGERATE, SUBTLY, AND YOU NEED ONLY GUESS WHO I LEARNED IT FROM."

could employ latest defense technology, utilizing laser guidance systems for rope hikes. I imagine camp as being more sedate—no more out-house rolling expeditions, but 100's of happy campers relaxing on the beach with their laptop computers.

The BIG QUESTION

Are there any Liberal Religious Youth (LRY) remaining? They were the highlight of the summer of 1969. The LRY—beach party communion, loin-cloth strolls through town. We appreciated their non-conformity; especially as reflected on our Director's wryly contorted face.

I would like to propose a few traditions which the Camp Board might like to continue. It's what everybody expects from an aging camp employee.

BREAKFAST In BED for the CAMP DIRECTOR

It was difficult getting those boiled eggs to come out just the way Bill liked them, likewise the juniper berry marmalade, and the bread which Bill insisted be browned delicately over a hardwood campfire.

CAMPER CHAIN GANG

We had everyone convinced that the remote outpost known affectionately as "Kema" was in actual fact a code word among savvy staff members for this excellent source of cheap labor. These campers provided us with 12-14 hours of dependable labor and were thankful to be given bug juice and peanut butter at the end of a long day!

OLD COUNSELOR RETIREMENT PLAN

Now that I'm out in the real world I am sorry that I didn't participate in the retirement plan offered by Bill Lankton when I began my first summer at camp (i.e. signing over my paychecks in return for millions upon reaching the age of 65).

And before I end this letter I would like to titillate your imagination with all you camp lore enthusiasts with a few of the subjects I have left untouched so far.

Does everyone remember Russell Fear's excursion into the dunes one night, the purpose of which was to frighten a group of campers on the beach. Russ, however, encountered a skunk and could be found in the shower for the next few hours.

How about AHMED, the camper of many names, who returned to haunt us. Or AHMED sets fire to the trash barrel in front of the Pharmacy with Sparklers. Or AHMED and company return from a town trip with 7 cartons of cigarettes. AHMED, again, attempts to leave camp with a suitcase stuffed to the gills with other campers clothes. (I can recall at least a half-dozen other AHMED stories. Just give me a call).

Crafts Camp. (I don't need to say any more)

Boarding the S.S. Keewatin with a group of campers from a rowboat .

Canoeing on Lake Michigan with Bill on a windy day.

There is one final image which I would like to leave you with. Imagine Bill Lankton in a tree (that's easy), with a chain saw (that's easy too). Imagine Bill sawing the limb on which he's standing. Well, it happened. If you don't believe me, ask Mark.

BRUCE FOX BEGAN HIS CAREER AT CAMP ON THE WATERFRONT. CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF HE IS NOT WORKING AS A FRONT MAN FOR IDI AMIN, BUT AS A LIBRARIAN IN CHICAGO, OF ALL PLACES. HE'S MARRIED TO LINDA AND IS RAISING TWO CAMPERS. BRUCE HAS SPENT MANY YEARS IN SCHOOL, NEARLY ACHIEVING NIRVANA. BORN: FLINT, MICHIGAN, 1951. EDUCATION: HOLLY HS, HOLLY, MICHIGAN, OAKLAND COLLEGE, ROCHESTER, MICHIGAN, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR MA/ALS. FAMILY: LINDA (WIFE), MARRIED 1980, CHILDREN: STEFAN, CHRISTIAN. WORKS: CHICAGO LIBRARY.

Ken Reid

(1969-72)

What is it about Presbyterian Camps, nestled in the dunes of Lake Michigan, that leaves such an indelible mark on the psyche of those of us who have been there? I have asked this question, on countless occasions, to myself and to others without a satisfactory answer.

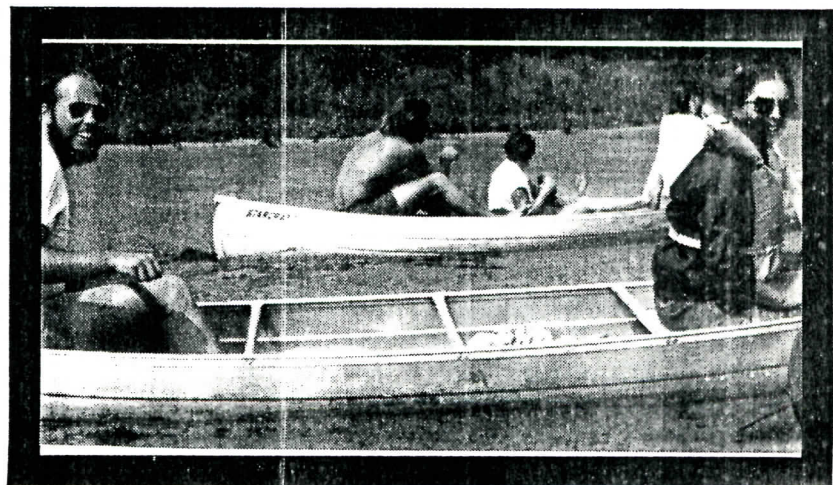
I know for myself, that I feel a dis-

tinctive sense of attachment to this extraordinary spot. This attachment goes beyond my comprehension. I recall the four summers between 1979 and 1983 spent at Camp with special warmth and joy; but more significant, the sense of this time and place being pivotal in my spiritual and emotional journey.

I can vividly remember my first encounter with Presby. It was February of 1979 while on a day trip to Saugatuck. My wife Eve, her brother Walter Soellner (who eventually was to work as the crafts director) and I drove from Kalamazoo to see Lake Michigan in the winter. This was a particularly monumental day for us in that we were leaving Heather, our one month old infant with a baby sitter for the first time.

Driving on the Oval Beach road, the beauty of the dunes and forest was mesmerizing. It was like traveling in an enchanted forest with the brilliant sunlight filtering through the snow-covered evergreens and beeches. Rounding a corner on the slippery road we were faced with a sign announcing Presbyterian Camps.

Now in my earlier years I had been a



Ken & Eve Reid

camper and counselor at camps in Michigan and Maine—but never in a landscape as lovely as this. I quickly wrote the name down on a piece of paper. How delightful it would be, I thought to myself, to spend a summer in such a place. Being a college professor with my summers off, the idea was not totally unrealistic. The following week I applied for a job and was subsequently hired by Bill Lankton to serve as program director.

Similar to more conventional camps, the permanent staff consisted of several separate crews, each with a specialized role. There was waterfront, kitchen, maintenance, and the counseling staff. Each crew had its own personality, often a reflection of the senior person in charge. As program director, a title I never quite understood, I was responsible for the counselors, a mix of high school and college students.

A fundamental requirement for anyone working as counselor was the ability to be adaptable and flexible. Counselors were often on duty 24 hours a day, most of which was spent with their campers. Because of the peculiar nature of the program they could be in the cabins of Camp Gray one week and the covered wagons of Kema or the tents of Adahi the following week.

Another requirement was the strength and endurance to work with very complicated children in a setting that provided limited structure. The campers, a majority of them black, were unfamiliar with life in the outdoors. Most arrived Sunday afternoon in school buses, some thrilled and others terrorized.

Common to all were the feelings of anxiety and anticipation. The open space, absence of locks on cabin doors, and no doubt the preponderance of white faces all contributed to their stress. The coping skills that helped these children survive the inner city of

Chicago were inadequate in this new, unknown world of forest, dunes, and water. "Are you sure there are no...(grizzly bears, rattle snakes, alligator, etc.?)" they frequently asked.

Six days later when the yellow buses returned to take the campers home to Chicago there were tears of sadness and promises of everlasting friendships with the counselors. As the buses moved out of sight on the Camp road, the counselors, suffering the effects of battle fatigue from being surrogate parent, therapist, and peace maker, collapsed on the grass. Within an hour however, they were off to town to wash clothes, eat pizza and ice cream, and do what ever else they had been craving all week. The following day the buses returned with a whole new set of campers and the cycle was repeated.

My daughter Heather spent the first four summers of her life living in High Ridge, one of the old cabins in Camp Gray. During walks on the beach and hikes up to Baldy I would put her in a pack and carry her on my back. As she grew up, she too developed a sense of reverence for Presby. In 1988, at the age of eighteen, Heather returned to camp as a permanent staff member to work as a life guard.

To this day, the first week of August triggers a sense of apprehension for me. This is directly related to a phenomena that occurred annually at Camp. It seemed that during this week there was a major crisis that disrupted camp life and unhelmed the senior staff. One summer the professional cook suddenly quit and the Camp was without someone to manage the kitchen. Fortunately, Lynn Lankton, with yeoman assistance from the kitchen staff, assumed food preparation for the hundreds of campers and staff. Not only was the transition smooth, the food was tastier than ever. Another August 1st, some of the maintenance boys were involved in an alter-

cation with several hikers on Mt. Baldy, and two of our lads landed in the Alleghan jail.

During the summers of 1980, 1981, and 1982 Presbyterian Camps served as a training site for Western Michigan University undergraduate social work students. These college seniors received field work credit for their work as cabin counselors. Titled the Saugatuck Project the goal was to provide the students with training in working with suburban and inner city youth. A by-product for the Camp was the upgrading of the counseling staff.

One evening each week a seminar was held for the student/counselors to integrate human development and small group theory with the actual experiences they were having in the cabin situation. In retrospect, the students gained an understanding of the human condition much different than their classmates who had opted for more traditional agencies. On a daily basis they experienced the comedy and tragedy of the children's lives and observed, first hand, the results of poverty and racism. Many of those enrolled in the Project eventually went on for advanced degrees in the helping professions.

As I pass the half century mark in my life I think of the summer months spent at Camp with nostalgia and yearning. I miss night rope hikes to Baldy, searching for wampum on the beach, eating burnt marshmallow on graham crackers, drinking bug juice (with real bugs), and singing grace before each meal. We now own a cottage less than a mile from Camp and I visit several times each year — but it is not the same.

When I return to Camp I'm always greeted graciously by the permanent staff. But, like the hundreds of other who visit each year I'm one more tourist; an outsider who comes for a short time, then departs. This is to be expected. Thomas Wolfe was correct

when he wrote, you can't go home again. For those of us who have shared the experience of Presbyterian Camps, we can return to the spot, but we can't go home again. Still, I know that for myself I will always carry some very precious memories, friendships, and experiences from this extraordinary spot nestled in the dunes of Lake Michigan.

KENNETH REID WAS BORN IN FLINT, MICHIGAN. HAVING ATTENDED FLINT CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, FLINT COMMUNITY COLLEGE, MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY, AND WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY (MSW), HE SERVED ON THE STAFF OF MENNINGER CLINIC, KANSAS AND THE STAFF OF WESTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY. HE CURRENTLY RESIDES IN KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN ALONG WITH HIS WIFE, EVE, AND THEIR CHILDREN HEATHER AND DAVID.

"Saugatuck Reflections" Rev. J. Laing Burns Jr.

During the mid-1970's several churches in Mission Council #5 (near western suburbs) banded together and held Post-Christmas Retreats at Presbyterian Camp. Those churches were: North Riverside, Riverside, La Grange, Berkeley-Hillside, and Bellwood. The leaders from those churches were: J. Laing Burns Jr, Rev. Herbert Eggleston, Loretta Gratiias-Bremer, Rev. Ed. Slusser, and Doug Worhnan (Seminary student). Many others also gave gracious help and support to what became a very popular winter retreat. On the average about 30 High School students attended, plus their leaders. We had great support from Bill and Lynn Lankton, but especially from Mark Lankton.

The program included Bible Study, lots of outdoor winter activities, and optional pursuits of free time.

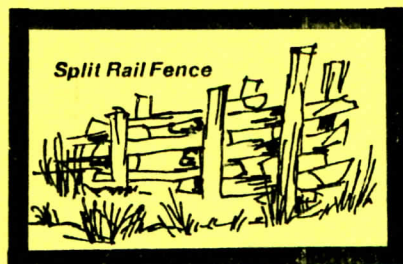
The Riverside Church provided the use of their bus, while I followed behind in my station wagon, as the re-

serve unit. Returning home one year, during an off-shore show squall, the bus *suddenly vanished*. I was following with my wife, and a very sick camper, in my car and never did see the bus again until it arrived later in the day at the Riverside Presbyterian Church. The reason for the disappearance of the bus, just before the squall hit, was that the driver, Herb Eggleston, had turned off to get gas.

Most of those churches had a strong High School-age youth group during the mid-70's. But, shortly after that there was a sharp decline in the number of youth. So, the Post-Christmas retreats became a memory. At the North Riverside Church my group had all graduated from High School, and so I re-focused my work with elementary children who were beginning to increase in numbers. At that time I was the Chairperson of the Mission Council, and so had a special interest in those retreats.

One of the highlights of those annual retreats was the great campfire that **Mark Lankton** made for us. We'd stand around the fire, at night, and sing Christmas carol, after Christmas carol, until the fire burned down. So may the spirit of Saugatuck go on.

LAING BURNS WAS BORN ROCKFERRY, BIRKENHEAD, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND (CAME TO USA AT AGE 3 IN NEW JERSEY. HE GRADUATED FROM WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS AND McCORMICK SEMINARY, CHICAGO 1947. CHURCHES: ASST. PASTOR, COVENANT CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO. PASTOR: SHARONVILLE, OHIO. PARKSIDE CHURCH, MADISON, WISCONSIN (18 YEARS), (CIVILIAN CHAPLAIN AT TRUOX FIELD). NORTH RIVERSIDE CHURCH, ILLINOIS (18 YEARS). HE IS MARRIED TO DOROTHY. THEY HAVE TWO SONS: JIM AND GREG (GREG ON SUMMER STAFF). RETIRED: 1987. CURRENTLY STATED SUPPLY AT WILLOW SPRINGS CHURCH, ILLINOIS.



"Camp Delight" by Rich Kissinger

God lives at Saugatuck—right on the beach
Not way off somewhere, slightly out of reach.

Just leave the highway—don't go into town,
Then left then right—the road goes up and down.

Go up the hill, turn left and there you are—
The only thing at risk is your new car
As gaze diverts to flashing nymphs of light
Which leap from leaf to leaf in silent flight
And disappear in crevices of night.

Emerging from woods into the clear
His many-mansioned houses soon appear.
They wade the shifting shore for you and me
On skinny legs with pants rolled to the knee.

The lake unceases furrowed brows of care
And little creatures frolic everywhere.

Ambrosia gushes forth from dining hall
And fills the inner-spaces of us all.

But night is when we know that God is home,
When candles flicker brightly in his dome.
We know he's in his heaven them, alright—
And so are we right here in camp delight!
©C.R. KISSINGER, 1985

USED BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.
C.R. KISSINGER IS A POET, WRITER, AND PROUD
FATHER OF THREE CHILDREN. HE SUCCEMBED TO
THE LURE OF PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS MANY YEARS
AGO.

Jim Sluyter

(1971-72, 74)

Archimedes, inventor of the lever, said that, given a place to stand, he could move the world. At Presbyterian Camp the guiding principle was this: given a willing staff and a rope, **Bill Lankton** could move anything *in* the world. Thus, it was that with simple tools (that rope) and sheer force of will (and numbers), things, mostly big wooden things, got moved from place to place. I don't remember many of the things that we moved about, though moving a large driftwood timber off the beach to the front of the dining hall comes to mind. I do remember we moved things with some regularity. I've tried, in several settings since camp days, to apply this principle, but always worked with a staff with access

to a tractor. And the tractor always got to do the work. And tractors never experience that sense of shared accomplishment that comes from a coordinated group effort.

On our little homestead in Northern Michigan it is this memory of moving things that most often seems to come to mind, and which my wife Marilyn would most like me to forget. For our days are largely spent, as a friend puts it, "moving matter". "Never go anywhere empty handed", another friend advises. Our problem here, as Marilyn is so fond of pointing out, is that we are only a staff of two.

It was on a camp setting that I learned that, if hungry, cold, and miserable enough, a person can eat just about anything. I discovered that on an ill-fated canoe/sailing trip to the Augustinian Seminary on the beach north of the Kalamazoo River. The trip to the Seminary was always an adventure, though it was necessary to negotiate some miles of open Lake Michigan waters. The lake had to stay calm enough for two days in a row (for an overnight at the Seminary beach house).

Of my many trips, only once did we "lose the gamble". The wind came up unexpectedly, with great gusto, after we left camp (I was in the sailboat group). After beating our way northward to the Saugatuck channel we saw that the canoeing group had pulled up on the beach; wisely staying off the Lake. The North wind had turned cold, and the canoers had built a fire anticipating our arrival. The most dangerous part of sailing on Lake Michigan in high winds is always the run back to shore through the breakers. One of our boats turned "turtle" (upside down) in the waves and was, as I recall, dismantled. When we finally dragged ourselves, our gear, and the wreckage up on the beach, cold and hungry, the first thing presented to us was pickled herring. It may be a delicacy to some, but to me it is something I've considered

before, and since found to be unfit to eat. But at that particular moment it was *great*.

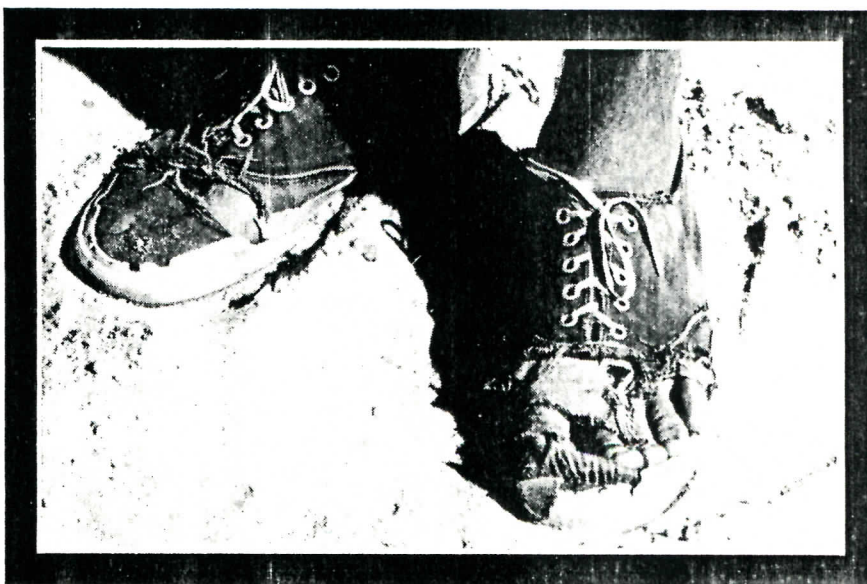
Big waves and sailing always remind me of another trip into the Big Lake. This time it was an "off-duty" sail that Mark Lankton and I took on my fifteen foot boat, the "Teezer". Carol Rohl, watching from shore, later described our run out through the breakers as looking like a "toy boat on the waves". Once through the breakers, we were committed, though the waves were much bigger than we'd thought. It was one of the fastest and most exciting sails ever, but we feared the run back to shore. We even considered trying for the Saugatuck harbor, but black storm clouds on the horizon changed our minds. So, we made the attempt, but found ourselves in impossibly high waves and a strong current. Soon we had a broken mast and lines all about us. It was difficult just swimming to shore. Someone who saw us struggling with the boat claimed to have called the Coast Guard only to be told that they couldn't get to us in such weather. We were a humbled crew as we dragged up an shore. The "Teezer" was always top-heavy after that. We

had fixed that broken mast with a piece of scrap lead pipe.

Confronting our fears was common enough at Presbyterian Camp. It could

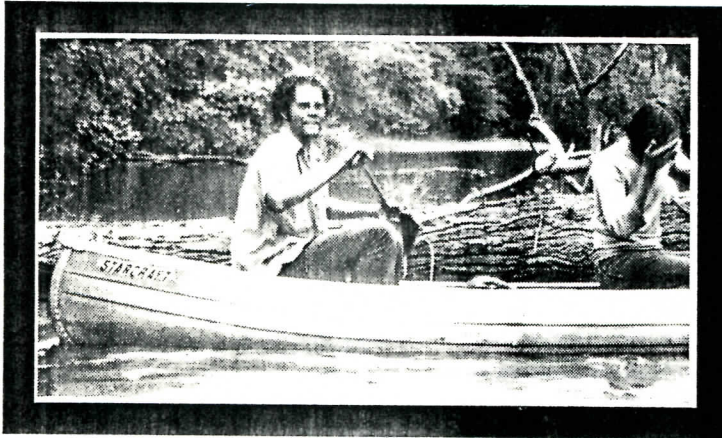
"WHEN WE FINALLY DRAGGED OURSELVES, OUR GEAR, AND THE WRECKAGE UP ON THE BEACH, COLD AND HUNGRY, THE FIRST THING PRESENTED TO US WAS PICKLED HERRING."

be leading your first camp song session as a shy person, or having a Chicago project-wise camper pull a knife on you, or dealing with one's respect for heights. Bill had enjoyed climbing trees, but it had become too tame for him. The new Challenge? Climb up one tree, cross over to another, and then down the second one. Dave Burland had joined in the fun, and together they recruited me. Now, I've long enjoyed climbing trees, and still do, but I tend to cling to the trunk as a



Jim Sluyter's Shoes - 1971

defense against my attitude toward altitude. On my only "cross-over" attempt that made any impression, I was at the top of the forest (with knees literally shaking) working my nerve up to do some serious confrontation of



Jim Sluyter - 1971

fear. To cross over to the second tree you needed to let go of the first tree, step across on a thin branch, and grab a convenient branch just a heartbeat away on the next tree. I managed that step and climbed safely down, clinging once again to that comforting trunk. Dave, an old hand at this by now, went next. Just as he grabbed that "convenient branch", the thin one he was on broke. It fell, for what seemed a long time, before hitting the ground, and left him hanging there. *That* branch held and then he, too, climbed safely down. But, I think that *he* was clinging to the trunk, too.

Many memories drift just out of my reach, ready to surface in response to one cue or another. I'm often amazed at the number of times camp experiences pop up in conversation or memory. Little things, like the kid that peed out the cabin window one night, because he was afraid to go out in the dark. But, he forgot about the screen. Durable lessons, like the one-match campfire, and feeling the path with your feet so you don't need a flashlight

at night. The people I loved, and most generally lost track of. The joy of appreciating flowers, mushrooms, trees, and birds without needing to put a name on each one. But, also the joy of learning the name of a new flower, m u s h - room, tree, or bird. The woods at Presbyterian Camp became a benchmark which we used in our search for land; a high standard indeed. And, the camp experience became a

benchmark against which I've judged much of my life since; also a high standard.

JIM SLUYTER WAS BORN: GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN 1949 EDUCATION: GRAND VALLEY STATE COLLEGE 1968-9, WESTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY 1969-71, MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY 1975-7 CAMP STAFF: "FIELD WORK" COUNSELOR WSU 1971, WATERFRONT 1972, BOATING DIRECTOR 1974 EMPLOYED BY MISSOURI STATE PARKS, AND, COLUMBIA CITY PARKS 1977-87 CURRENTLY LIVES IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN, WHERE HE AND WIFE, MARILYN, BUILT THEIR OWN HOME. HE MAKES STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN HOME STUDIO.

"Dixie's Feet and Purple Ribbons" By Cath Lankton (1971-73, 75-77, 79)

It has taken me a long time to decide on just one Saugatuck memory. I have 25 years of memories to sort through, starting when I was 10 years old in 1966. That was the year my dad took the job of Camp Director.

The western coast of Michigan will always be special to me. Even now, each time June rolls around ... no mat-

ter where I'm living ... I start to get this longing for water, sand, and hardwood forests. Several years I have ignored this craving, though the last few summers I've made the trek back to the shores of Lake Michigan to visit my brother and his family.

While thinking about this project of Dad's, one image kept coming back as I mulled over the past ... and one person. A woman, that to me as a kid, had been there as long as the sand and lake ...Dixie Elder.

One of the first memories I have of Dixie is swimming lessons at Lake Oxbow. I was not immediately impressed with camp, having just moved from my only memory of home. My parents had taken me away from my friends to the middle of nowhere. I was pissed. And not only that, they wanted me to take swimming lessons from this ancient person. I was determined not to enjoy this experience one bit!

Soon after breakfast ... which consisted of sugar and butter on white bread (before the days I at least pretended to eat healthy), Dixie and I would head out to Oxbow which was hundreds of miles away. Not only do I have to swim at this hour of the morning, but I have to hike to get there. This lady is nuts.

Out the "out road" we'd go, to Camp Gray. The sugar buzz would wear off right as we approached the Gray Johns. (Maybe it wasn't the sugar that gave me this sick feeling, possibly it was the smell of the Gray Johns ... or even the color of the Gray Johns! Gray John Green will turn anyone's stomach.) Past Long Beach, out to the end of the pavement of the Oval. Seemed like the parking lot stretched out for miles. And even at the end or that there was still the hike through the dunes to the lake! I'm going to die before I even reach the water. Why did my dad accept this job?

Finally we reached Oxbow. And as soon as we did, Dixie would drop her belongings in the sand and wade out into the water, up to the lifesaving patch on her V-necked blue swimsuit ... and wait. For me. To slowly, slowly, slowly get used to the water. Swimming lessons from the woman of steel. Hours later, after turning several shades of blue, I would wade out to where she was. And the lessons would begin.

"THE IMAGE OF THOSE FEET ALWAYS SEEMED TO CALM ME."

One of the first things I learned from her was to float on my stomach for 10 seconds. Or "10 chimpanzees" as Dixie called them. (To this day I still count off the seconds in chimpanzees. Not that I go around counting off the seconds on a daily basis, but when the need arises ... those little chimps line up in my brain.)



Cath Lankton on Rabbit River - 1972

For the floating exercise, my face would go into the water, my feet and butt would attempt to float on the surface. And my eyes would lock in on those feet of Dixie's firmly planted on the bottom of the lake. The image of

those feet always seemed to calm me. Those feet were the only connection I had with the world above this liquid. Those feet were my security. Those feet were not going to get me out of doing this, but they would alert the hands above the surface if I started to sink to the bottom. Those same feet could walk across the hot sand on the way home without burning. Those feet took Dixie on her nature walks through the woods to gather Elderberry blossoms for fritters. Those feet were tough. I hope my feet take me as many places.

After 36 times of trying to keep my butt from sinking, I made it to "10 chimpanzees". And ... I got a ribbon! I no longer remember the color I received for floating on my stomach, but I will always remember the feeling! It didn't matter that it was just a spool of cheap ribbon material cut in the shape of an arrow, attached to your suit with a tiny gold colored pin. This was special, this woman made you feel like you had really done something.

Dixie, thanks for the ribbons. Thanks for making me realize early on that life is made up of tiny steps. Each one deserving of acknowledgment and recognition. I only wish the ribbons were still being passed out at the end of each

new accomplishment, because some days it's hard to tell yourself you've learned anything at all.

May my feet hold up as long as yours did.

CATH LANKTON BORN: EVANSTON, WYOMING 1956 HAS LIVED IN: MOUNTAIN VIEW, WYOMING; HOLLY, MICHIGAN; PARK FOREST, ILLINOIS. EDUCATION: RICH CENTRAL HS, OLYMPIA FIELD ILLINOIS; WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, SALT LAKE CITY UTAH; GODDARD COLLEGE, VERMONT; GRAND VALLEY STATE COLLEGE, ALLENDALE MICHIGAN. CAMP STAFF: 1971-73, 75-77, 79) NOW LIVES: JAMESTOWN, COLORADO. WORKS LIBRARY, BOULDER, COLORADO.

Ingrid Valey

(1971-73)

But, back in the summer of '71, I found myself "well done" working in the kitchen of Camp #1, near Saugatuck.

The kitchen was hot and the days were long with "Betty" the head cook. Why didn't I take swimming lessons? I longed to be a lifeguard!

But, in the summer of '72, we had the "pinchin' crew" with Dave, Cissy, and Marty, too. Now, we knew what to do!

Wow! We had fun! Dave Burland, the head cook, created such an enjoyable atmosphere. We joked and laughed all the time. We called ourselves the "pinchin' crew" because when Cissy, Marty and I were leaning over the kitchen counter to see if anyone needed more servings of food, Dave would run by and give us a pinch and we were sure to let out a screech. The folks in the dining hall wondered what was going on in the kitchen! Ahhh... the art of turning a tough job into an enjoyable one. Now, that's a skill! Thanks, Dave.

In the summer of '73, I was a "head cook" (who, me?) Up at 5, can't really see in Saugatuck.

The summer of '73 was even better.

Ingrid Valey

Members of the kitchen crew took turns being the "head cook" (with Lynn's perfectly planned menus and guidance, of course). Now, this was for me! I remember making my lists (oh, how I love to make lists...) and calculating when certain foods would need to be prepared, cooked, and served in the main dining hall or sent to the outpost camps. I loved it! It was better than *Games* magazine. "The kitchen" was a

Lake Michigan - what a challenge! - what a memory! Thanks Bill.

Yes, what I learned at camp did help me later on. When I stop and think about my three summers at camp as a staff member and the various jobs and groups I have been involved with since then, I see four qualities which I find important

refreshing and wonderful! We are friends for life. Thanks, Cissy.

Now, just a few questions for you, **Bill**:

1. Why did you dump the coffee grounds outside the dining hall?

2. In 24 years as Director of the camp, did you ever have to repeat a color of the staff sweatshirts?

3 Did you ever run out of peanut butter?

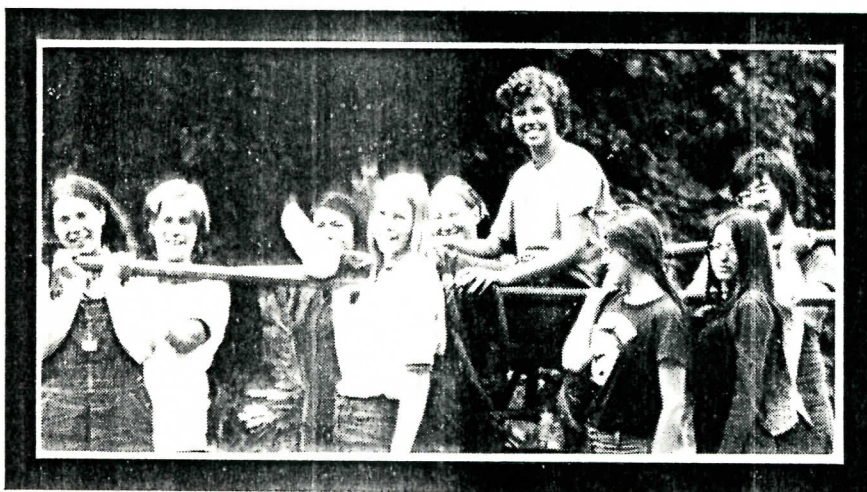
4. Do you remember when I broke my nose?

After returning from our seven month stay in Australia, I am pleased to report that the Kookaburra does laugh in the old gum tree - especially during mating season! Our family stayed in the Grampian Mountains in Victoria, Australia for a few days in October '91 and the cackling of the Kookaburras was very loud.

Now in the summer of '91 I'm still having lots of fun chasing kids - I'm on the run in New Jersey!

Thanks, Bill!

INGRID LENORE VALEY (MAIDEN AND MARRIED NAME) 1954 BORN IN DAYTON, OHIO. GREW UP ON SOUTHWEST SIDE OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. 1972 GRADUATED FROM CHICAGO CHRISTIAN HIGH SCHOOL. 1972-1973 ATTENDED HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN. 1974 SUMMER WORK AT SHADOWCLIFF YOUTH HOSTEL, GRAND LAKE, COLORADO, 1977 GRADUATED FROM COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY, FORT COLLINS, COLORADO WITH A B.F.A. IN FIBERS AND CERTIFICATION TO TEACH K-12 ART. STUDENT TAUGHT IN ENGLAND ON A U.S. AIR FORCE BASE. 1977-1980 TAUGHT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ART IN COLORADO. 1979 MARRIED RONALD A. COSS, PH.D. (SCIENTIST-CANCER RESEARCH). 1980-1981 WORKED AT MAR- IDADI WEST SILK SCREEN COMPANY IN COLORADO. 1982 MOVED TO PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA AREA. 1983-1985 REGISTRAR, MOORE COLLEGE OF ART, PHILADELPHIA. 1984 FIRST SON: NICHOLAS PIETER VALEY COSS, 1987 SECOND SON: ELLIOTT BENJAMIN VALEY COSS, 1988-PRESENT TEACHER AT PERKINS CENTER FOR THE ARTS, MOORESTOWN, NEW JERSEY. ART AND CREATIVE THINKING. 1990-1991 LIVED FOR SEVEN MONTHS IN AUSTRALIA (RON'S SABBATICAL). PRESENT ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER: 205 PARRY DRIVE, MOORESTOWN, N.J. 08057, (609) 231-4436.



Ingrid Valey (left) & Sedan Chair for Camper - 1973

fun puzzle to solve and the correct answer was a group of content campers! Little did I realize, at that time, that organizing and planning would stick with me - I later worked in college administration at an art college as a Registrar! Thanks, Lynn.

Also, in the summer of '73, we were able to work in other areas of the camp besides our original assignment. I left the kitchen for the "outside world" and worked as a counselor and a maintenance person. This was a refreshing change for me, and I think the food tasted better when we all had a chance to prepare it. Ahh...creative thinking! Thanks, **Bill**.

Staff fun: **Bill** guiding the staff in canoes out on some high waves on

I welcome these in my life:

1. *Creative Thinking* - Is someone trying to come up with a better way? **Bill**, you had a lot of good ideas for the camp - from changing the staff jobs, to your "Lankton toys" and beyond. I especially liked the "Lankton toy" we called the "no-pest strip" which campers would flock to outside of the dining hall the wall of tires held together by knotted rope.

2. *Teamwork* - we really are in this together!

3. *Sense of purpose and commitment* to a project.

4. *Sense of humor!* Cissy, what a sense of humor! Your quick wit was

"The Thoughts and Ruminations of a Former Staff Member"

Wayne Elseth

(1972-73, 78-81)

PRELUDE

MY FIRST TIME

Memories fade so quickly. Details become confused. Getting up at 4:00 AM to be at the Robert Taylor Homes in time to meet the bus. Endless singing of "99 Bottles Of Beer On The Wall". A bus driver with a demeanor that could knock a buzzard off of a medieval corpse wagon. Fun. New friends. Travelling down the camp entrance road on a yellow school bus so wide the edges seemed to hang over the edge of the road. Staring down into the looming abyss just waiting for the bus to roll over. Screeching brakes quickly followed by a lovingly gruff "Can I Help You?" Deja Vu of getting off of a bus at some future time and again placing myself under the care of another gruff presence. Age-group camping lives on.

CAMP GRAY was first. Old camp history slides have been dug up verifying that my ears really do stick out that far when wearing short hair. Wondering just what the heck an ersatz oatmeal stand-in called "Ralston" was anyway. CAMP KEMA followed shortly. Outpost camp eating. That deja Vu feeling appeared again when viewing the parsley garnish on the main dish. Climbing trees. Swimming. Trips to Lake Oxbow for supervised swimming classes with Dixie Elder. Sleeping in the covered wagons. Being awakened at 3:00 AM by the covered wagon wildly shaking just prior to a fellow camper violently throwing-up the truly great tasting home made peach ice cream all over the ceiling and his fel-

low wagon-mates. Canoe trips out the Kalamazoo River and up to the seminary for an overnight stay. Ah, those were the days.

CHORUS

The big decision was made to become a staff member. Wondrous vistas would now be revealed to me.

LAKE OXBOW

It's there. In the middle. Sunken treasure. You can stand on the bow of the wooden flower ship that sank in the channel all those long years ago if you are a bit on the tall side. All of the good stuff like the brass fittings are long gone. If you don your face mask, you can explore further. There are at least three distinct layers of increasingly colder water temperature as you go deeper. By the time you hit the third one, you can't see your hand in front of your face from all of the algae and other floating stuff in the water. It's still there.

HOBART

Ah, the magic of that most essential number: One Hundred and Eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The key to clean plates and continued approval from the Department of Health. All of the essentials of teamwork is contained in the job of dishwasher at camp. Two people working as one. The hum and flow of the spray nozzle, the gaping door leading to the innards of Hobart. The learned ability to time your movements to open the door just exactly as the rinse cycle was completing, ensuring you didn't get too wet, but were able to cut that extra half-second off of your day. Then the dreaded arrival of the outpost camp dishes came, dimming the light at the end of the tunnel. But you toiled on.

There are major advantages to being on dishes. It is a break from the normal routine. Your day is compartmented into discrete chunks with definite start

and end times. A job well-done is easy to identify, sometimes too easily. Oatmeal is the most difficult. A close cousin, mashed potatoes, however, was easy to rinse off. If you both were really a team, both pitched in to get the pots and pans done quickly.

PARSLEY

From the American Heritage Dictionary: *Parsley. n. A cultivated herb, Petroselinum Crispum, having much-divided, curled leaves that are used as a garnish and for seasoning.*

"OATMEAL IS THE MOST DIFFICULT. A CLOSE COUSIN IS MASHED POTATOES."

It is not until you are a veteran staff member that you fully understand the intricacies of the proper usage of parsley. Used improperly it can be a dangerous weapon. Community groups have suggested the registration of concealable parsley. Used within narrow guidelines it can be a garnish and seasoning unsurpassed by the likes of radishes, red colored apple rings, or even paprika.

Lynn's firm hand provides the neophyte guidance in the proper application of this revered herb. Baked cod almondine, yes. Mashed potatoes, yes. Green beans, no. The light touch reveals the true essence of this lost art.

CAN OPENER

The can opener. A central player in the functioning of the kitchen. Additionally, a central player in it's potential down fall. Kur-thump, grind, grind, grind.....ping! Don't let the lid fall into the can.

I bet you didn't even think about the little bit of food that got slopped on the can opener blade, did you? It's a

favorite place for the health inspector to check. It took us a time or two to get everyone trained to send the can opener to the dishwashers (see section on Hobart) on a regular basis, and especially when we had warning that the inspector was on his way up.

SWINGING VOLLEYBALL

Camp is a great place to explore. If you want, you can discover trails to get around the property that stay off of the dunes but still are unique (at least for you). Staff hill is connected to Camp Gray via a path along the front of the hill paralleling the beach. It is a quiet way to move from place to place. Perhaps too quiet.

Swinging Singles. The words strike terror into the veteran staffer's heart. Images of group hugs, massage tents on the beach, and body painting writhe before the eyes. These images can go even further. I know. I have them.

The Singles had their typical rollicking, fun-filled week. Two couples had asked permission to stay for a few days extra in Camp Gray. No problem.

Saturday after-the-group-leaves-cleanup was over. My brainstorm hits: I'll take the shortcut to Camp Gray for a change of pace. No problem. Begin the trudge up staff hill, down past Look-out and Outlook and onto the sand path. A muffled scream of excitement wafts over the hill. A stealthy, quiet approach seems appropriate. Kur-thump. Laughter. Kur-thump. More laughter. Kur-thump. *Volleyball!!* A peek around Hummingbird verifies even more than it was intended to verify.

It's certain. No doubt in my mind at all. Finis. Certain parts of the human body are just not properly designed for nude volleyball at all. Case closed.



WAR HERO

One summer Mark Wunder, Lynn's brother, came for a visit. Looking for someone to talk to about his life. A true example of personal sacrifice for others. The injury made him live in his own world, reliving the important

ball point. Saved it. Crash. Thud. Snap. Another small tree bit the dust. Dave Burland was the living embodiment of the concept of camp spirit: energy, dedication. Going full-out in *everything*, not just every-so-often.



Sandy Jobe, Sarah Sutton, Kathy Stodgel, Carry Koehline, Tracy Blankenburg Paul, Annie Bailey, Jim Shields, Rob Singer, Wayne Elseth - 1979

events of so long ago. Some had difficulty talking with him. I enjoyed it. Showing me his experiences, his world, his life. Vistas of travelling around Northern Africa in a jeep unfolded before my eyes. The famous names: North Africa, Oran, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, southern France, and on up into Germany. The events. The people. Excitement. Suspense. The sights. His experiences. He showed me strength and love. He is a hero.

GOOD FRIENDS

You never really expect it to happen. I mean, having to work with a crazy person for an *entire* summer! He first appeared as an apparition, flying through the air to get that last volley-

Cabin cleaning, dishes, maintenance, canoeing, fun, all were given that same "damn-the-torpedos, full speed ahead", shift down into overdrive, kind of push. Trying to keep up with Bill Lankton was hard enough. Trying to keep up with both Dave *and* Bill was torture. Somehow he turned into my best friend. I even talked him into being my best man for my wedding. You never really expect it to happen.

The HOLLAND to SAUGATUCK RUN

The fitness craze struck. Later on the commercial interests would sponsor a 13-mile mini-marathon in the city of Saugatuck. However, we were there first. Training began with runs down

Lake Shore drive. Working up to seven miles at a clip. "Hitting the wall." It's not like anything you ever felt before. Everything feels absolutely *perfect*. So perfect that you close your eyes, stick out the palms of your hands because *they can see the road*, and you run on. You run in a straight line too. Your palms can see just fine (page 38).

It's a cool morning, especially in gym shorts. We are all wearing the t-shirts we made in the craft shop. I decided to put the imprint on my back since my ego said that this would be the only way others would be able to read it during the race. We ran. We helped each other, cheered for each other. We hurt. We had fun. We all finished.

RAPELLING

The National Geographic television specials make it look so fun and easy. Strap on a helmet and some equipment and jump off of a mountain. Saugatuck mountains are hard to find. We used the stable roof. Like so many things in life, the first part is the most difficult. Getting over the edge of the roof while dangling from a rope is not only scary, but it is physically demanding. There is about three feet of travel where you have no support, nothing to lean against in order to get started. It's just you, your leg muscles, and the rope. Then comes the fun part. Give a push out, let go of the rope, and slide down in leaps and bounds. Neat.

PRESBY/HAWAIIAN CANOES

Wind. Rain. Thunder. Waves on the lake four feet and higher. What better thing to do than get in a canoe, make sure the rear end of the canoe goes out first, and paddle out into Lake Michigan, turn around to face the beach and paddle back in riding the waves! When the concept is first explained, visions of the opening scenes of Hawaii Five-O come to mind. Big, tall, handsome, well-tanned individuals riding the canoe on a twelve foot wave

into the beach without getting wet.

The reality soon sinks in. Getting off of the beach is the hardest part. You are attempting to canoe in a wind and rain storm. You try to push the canoe out as far as you can to get away from the breaking waves. But this works against you. You now have to figure out how to get in the darn thing in water over your head with waves more than

"YOU TRY TO PUSH THE CANOE OUT AS FAR AS YOU CAN TO GET AWAY FROM THE BREAKING WAVES. BUT THIS WORKS AGAINST YOU. YOU NOW HAVE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET IN THE DARN THING IN WATER OVER YOUR HEAD WITH WAVES MORE THAN FOUR FEET HIGH CRASHING ALL AROUND YOU."

four feet high crashing all around you. The magnitude of the true force available to Mother Nature is never more clear as when she picks up a canoe almost full of water, and smashes it down on the camp director's head and shoulders. It took three of us to get him to the beach. Close call indeed.

When it works, it works great. In later years we tried it with the Sunfish sailboats. A boom or two was snapped in the process. One time after a storm there was a story book perfect, silver-lining, cloud and sun evening. Strong but steady winds. Waves greater than seven feet, with a few topping ten or so, with very large troughs in between each wave. Jim Shields and I took out

two sunfish. This trip had enough material in it for an entire lifetime of "I was flying in my dreams". When you hit the top of the wave the sailboat became airborne for a short time. It felt like what current-day sailboarding must feel like. Really exhilarating. We zipped down past the public beach and back to the south property line by Camp Kema with no effort. One of a kind memories, obtainable nowhere else.

INTERMISSION

But time moves inexorably on. High school graduation nears. The threat of entering the "real world" looms on the horizon. The summer ends. A short stay with the telephone company in a clean, dry, indoor job with a good future. Boredom. The United States Marine Corps enters the scene, along with the immediate cessation of the clean, dry, indoor experiences.

VISIONS FROM MY FIRST TIME

Getting up a 4:00 AM to have the recruiter drive me to the Armed Forces Examination Station. Driving by the Robert Taylor homes on the way. They still looked the same. Listening to other recruits brag how they were going to *drink* 99 beers on the airplane. Sincere self-knoweldge that this 18-year old was going to be an *exception* to the corpse wagon. It was the end of Viet Nam, but we didn't know that. Fun. New Friends. The flight to San Diego. Getting on the olive drab bus. Screeching brakes quickly followed by an overly gruff "Fall-in on the yellow footprints!" Completion of the *deja vu* cycle. Life goes on.



INTERLUDE

The hair quickly grows back. Some say there is a "rebound effect", requiring an attempt at shoulder-length hair. I'm not sure.

PORK SNOOTS

The State Of Michigan has a Federal Government sponsored surplus food program that we were allowed to participate in. Depending on how many "little darlings" tramp through camp every year we are permitted to get lots

to hold green beans or corn from your supermarket. Mixed into other foods, you would give the hard working chef a well deserved complement. Consumed alone, images of WWII C-rations and pet food come to mind. With too much time on their hands one afternoon, inquiring minds wanted to know the ingredients comprising Pork Meat Product. Meat. Ok, not bad. Meat by-products. So far it sounds like Alpo, but still it's healthy. Then you read the parenthetical explanation of exactly what meat by-products include:

" . . . p o r k
s n o o t s . "

Whoah there! Maybe this is the reason for the snout-sized tin can? How should they be dished out? One suggested method was to take the index and middle fingers, the ones you use to make a "peace-sign", and insert them into the nostrils rumored to be facing the top of the can. Pops 'em right out.

There were a

large number of camp staff that year who decided to give a sincere try to the various vegetarian dishes offered.

PENIEL DINING HALL

I still don't understand why Norm on the PBS show "This Old House" never seems to use chain saws to remodel their buildings. Or camp vehicles and canoe trailers to move buildings to new foundations. Or suburban Chicago high school freshman girls to demolish buildings. Or move tree stumps using only rope and good looks.

Norm must just think too small.

The Peniel area was only relatively recently brought into the Presbyterian Camp fold, after much wrangling and discussions at the highest levels. The dining hall was in desperate need of a face lift and a redesign of its entry system to permit a more efficient flow of people in and out. Solution? Simple. Fire up the chain saws and cut the front off and stick a new one on. Just to make the project interesting, use a crew of suburban high school kids. It works. It was fun. Everyone learned how to build buildings, and how to build themselves.

The DUMP RUN

It's really interesting how folks who are normally very prim and proper enjoy the dump run. Perhaps it's that sweet smell of Eau de' Garbage. It certainly provides a break from the normal day's activities. Jump in the pickup truck, run around to the four corners of the property, and collect 55 gallon drums of trash. Old trash. Wet trash. Smelly trash. It's all there, waiting. Gloves never seem to help. They leak no matter what you do. There is always that bag where the oatmeal from numerous days has accumulated (see section on Hobart). The bag rips.

They moved the dump. It filled up. That was not something you normally thought about in those days before the ecological folks heightened our awareness of such things. The ride there was still fun though.

ROPE HIKE

The rope hike. Total darkness. Getting lost in the wilds of Michigan. Complete trust in your leader is essential. My leader was Bill. During my



**Bob Singer, Glen & Betty Graham,
Wayne & Susan Kissinger Elseth -
1989**

of interesting kinds of food. Rolled oats. Lard. Flour. Various kinds of cheese. Dry milk. Dry buttermilk. Orange juice. Real butter. And the dreaded Pork Meat Product.

They say you shouldn't read the ingredients of modern-day products. I think they are correct. Knowledge is power. Information is dangerous. Ingredients are downright frightening.

Pork Meat Product comes in a tin can about the same size as the can used

camper days, that trek to and from Camp Kema was the highlight of the week. Now, on staff, it remained so.

Initially, I was tail-end charlie, making sure no one got lost, and providing a second check on where the trail was if the leader accidentally went off on a false trail. "Feel the trail with your feet". It sounds trite now even though it is really the way you do it. Somehow your senses sharpen when your eyes have no clues to go by. It works. Mt. Baldhead, or Baldy to the inner circle,

"THE BOTTOM IS DARK. REALLY DARK. HAUNTED-HOUSE SCARY DARK."

had more than just one trail down from Devil's Slide. All except for the main one were false trails though. Being permitted to lead a walk was like succeeding in a rite of passage.

Leading the way *up* is simple. "Poison ivy on the right." "Watch the roots in through here." "Sharp drop-off to the left." Rest for a while in Devils Kitchen. Point out a few star constellations. Round 'em up and head 'em out. Setup a few folks at the bottom of Devil's Run and space the kids out so they don't trample each other on the pitch dark dash to the bottom. Rest for a while. Hook up to the rope and begin again.

The bottom is dark. Really dark. Haunted-house scary dark. Cues from your eyes are almost universally wrong, leading you to run off the path. "Feel the path with your feet, grasshopper". "Use the force, Luke". These sayings have true meaning. A useful trick is to walk left and right a few small half-steps every other forward step. You can really feel the difference between a hard packed sandy trail and loose leaves and sticker bushes. About one-quarter of the way down, you reach a

valley area where the slope of the ground tries to fool you into going left, off the trail. If you are going to get lost, here is where it will happen. About half way down, you reach the hard area full of roots that slopes down to your left. Here memory helps navigation almost as much as your feet. The trick is to keep going on a straight angle. You don't want to finish higher or lower in elevation than where you started. The lights from the road appear very soon.

There was sadness mixed in with my pride of succeeding at leading a rope hike. Watching Bill return to his house instead of coming with the group was difficult. Replacement of such a man is impossible.

POSTLUDE

The summers ended. School completed. Jobs applied for. One was accepted. Susan, who had also been entrapped by the charms of camp life, decided that yes she would marry me. We moved to Maryland where we live today.

Or LIFE GOES ON

The camp years really do start to run together for me. But determining the exact year an event happened seems to be less important than knowing and understanding the love and dedication that made it all possible.

There are many theories of leadership, and what qualities are required for a leader. Camp life helps clear up

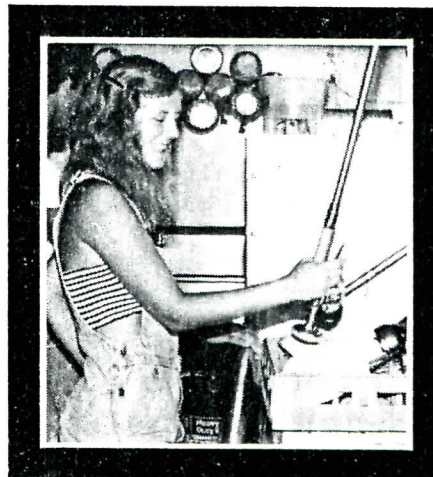
some of the uncertainty and fog surrounding this definition. Honesty. Straight shooting. Willingness to do the job you are being asked to do himself, and probably having already done it for so long he knows all the best tricks to do it right. Honor. Dedication. Belief in your own values, but honest respect for the values of others. Willingness to show your happiness, love, and anger to others.

It is an experience that is deeply felt and irreproducible. It's always so hard to explain to people who haven't experienced firsthand the Presbyterian Camp Staff life why living in the sand, and working your butt off for an entire summer for folks you mostly never saw before, can be so rewarding and fun. It provides you with a lifetime of friends. It is love.

WAYNE E. ELSETH, BORN IN CHICAGO IN 1955, WAS A CAMPER IN THE 60's, A STAFF MEMBER IN THE

70's, AND AGAIN IN THE 80's. HE GRADUATED FROM EVERGREEN PARK COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL IN ILLINOIS, WENT INTO THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS IN LATE 1973, WENT TO SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY AT CARBONDALE FROM 1978 TO 1983 MAJORING IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, GOT MARRIED TO SUSAN KISSINGER, AND MOVED TO MARYLAND, SETTLING ABOUT HALF-WAY BETWEEN BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON, D.C., ALONG WITH SUSAN AND THEIR FAITHFUL COMPANION SANDY THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER. HE THEN ATTENDED THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY FOR HIS MSEE WHILE WORKING FOR A COMPANY CALLED TRW,

WHERE HE WORKS NOW. HE STILL BELIEVES THAT THE CONCEPT OF A SOMEWHAT CONSERVATIVE, REPUBLICAN, PRESBY CAMP STAFF MEMBER IS NOT AN OXYMORON.



Susan Kissinger Elseth & Hobart - 1980

Shirley Singer

(1972-75,77)

These are my beginning thoughts about Camp Nursing. I was visiting a YMCA camp in Indiana, from which I had received a contract. It had come about because a church deacon-friend of mine was a local YMCA Director, and the organization needed volunteers for the summer. Our family had visited the YMCA camp on Spring Break from school. My husband, Bob, had worked at the camp in Saugatuck, and wanted me to see Camp Gray. The Resident Manager, Norm Tyler, greeted us on a bright, cold morning with his huge dog who was chewing basket balls. The campsite was wonder-full for me, even as we only viewed it from the car.

Dr. Clare Tallman (pastor at the Elmhurst Church) influenced me into working at Camp. During the summer of 1972, after a two-week caravan out West, with forty Junior High kids and the pastor, I picked up my own three little kids and headed for camp. I brought them in my "Flower Car" (Corvair with floral bath decals over the rust spots). On the way there I had three (3) flat tires on that car.

On that first day of my camp life, I learned a lot about perseverance and persisting. I arrived after dinner as it was getting dark, to find an unswept cabin. I was exhausted, but knew I wouldn't cry about it; but I still hate spiders. Bill, your humor helped me through many moments.

Things I recall with delight are: 1. The silly Mrs. Golden who wanted a helicopter to fly her to Chicago because she hurt her back. 2. My sailing "experience" on one large boat, and almost drowning with my three kids. 3. The wonderful Rabbit River trips, though I liked the occasional rowboat outings to view the herons, waterlilies, etc. 4. The wonderful double chocolate sodas. 5. Nights at the Red Barn

Theater. 6. Wagon rides with the staff along the Lake Shore Drive. 7. The times when I drove the camp truck to the Dump! 8. Square dancing with Family Camp 2 led by Larry & Heather DeVries. 9. The many nights we viewed the slide shows of the staff & campers. 10. Spending time to become acquainted with "Hanne" from Germany (she was with the staff for one summer), and the youth from Jamaica. 11. The opportunity to learn Macrame, using the lathe in the Shop,

"WONDERFUL RABBIT RIVER TRIPS ... DOUBLE CHOCOLATE SODAS ... TIMES WHEN I DROVE THE CAMP TRUCK TO THE DUMP!"

learning to use the electrical and plumbing tools.

And, oh yes, learning to put a new roof on a cabin. After all, I didn't want the rain falling on my face at night. I remember digging under my cabin to replace the pipes because they were full of sand.

I remember borrowing Bruce and Judy Jensen's cat to sleep overnight in my cabin to catch the mice. It didn't work out as I expected; the cat slept on my throat, while the mouse buried the cat food in the bottom drawer of my son, Bill's dresser, right by his diapers. NOTE: I didn't give up the third summer either.

Although it is not pleasant to recall, I do have warm feelings about our bringing that little boy's body back to Chicago after he drowned (1977). It was another step forward for me, and I know it was also for others such as Jim Shields, Mark Lankton, Bill Lank-

ton. I recall how hard Lynn Lankton and I worked to clean and care for things, and how you (Bill) tolerated our walks at night to see what we had done that day—"Ah, great!" you'd say. I recall, as Nurse, caring for Ingrid Valley after her bicycle accident (page 36).

My son, Rob, reminded me that I should mention how special it was that each member of the Singer family, not only worked at camp, but also loved and treasured their involvement with the people we met there. My husband, Bob, is still active counseling young people in Sunday School in our Church.

My finest reflection of Camp life is the continued growth of adapting, accepting, and enjoying each new challenge. For me Nursing was the "avenue of travel" in that growth.

My daughter, Beth, is a natural teacher and mother. She shares all her Nature Stories with her kids. One is the Puff Adder from Camp Gray, the Raccoon in the cage at the dining hall, the snakes and spiders she found along the Rabbit River, the baby ducks from the Ferry, the white mouse we kept in the bathtub of the First Aid Cabin, and the family pet we brought to camp that never stopped barking. Beth admits she did a lot of cooking at camp, and enjoyed it. She remembers slicing her finger tip on the new meat slicer. She recalls being "cured" from saying "yes" to every favor asked. She had ended up cleaning all the ovens by herself because she forgot to ask what the "favor" was, before agreeing to do it.

My memories of Rob at camp were the days that he and Greer were dancing, making puppets, camping on the beach, and dressing-up in costumes. He still enjoys life; living as he loves to, interacting with people (his vocation is as a Social Worker). I remember him having many female friends to write to after each summer session. And, as a matter of fact, both brothers

(Rob and Bill) treasured their female acquaintances from each summer.

Another story about Rob surfaced when I was told that he had purchased some costume clothing for a fun event during the Timber Frame Workshop he attended at Camp as an adult (1987).

My youngest daughter, Karen, amazed me when she left home to work at camp. She had often complained about living at camp with her mother, when she was a little girl. She adored Dixie Elder who taught her the beauty and love of the simple things in Nature. Karen always mentions her "camp birthdays" as a special memory. And she treasures the different ways that Lynn always made them seem special for her.

I'm not sure if my son, "little Bill" feels that Elmhurst or Saugetuck is his home. He took his first steps at camp. And, as he tells me now, he took same giant steps at camp. His honest re-

spect for fellow human beings in every aspect of life is one "giant step" that we as parents are pleased to recognize. So, we extend our thanks to Big Bill, Mark, and Lee.

SHIRLEY SINGER WAS BORN IN ADDISON, ILLINOIS. GRADUATING FROM DOWNERS GROVE HIGH SCHOOL, SHE ATTENDED NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY NURSE'S TRAINING, COOK COUNTY, FOR POST GRADUATE WORK, ELMHURST COLLEGE: BSN, AND LOYOLA UNIVERSITY. SHE MARRIED ROBERT SINGER IN 1955, AND THEY HAVE FOUR CHILDREN BETH, ROB, KAREN, AND BILL.

"When Are You Going to Get a Real Job?"

Dave Burland

(1971-72, 74-76)

I first started going to camp in 1960, when I attended Druce Lake Camp (Lake Villa, Illinois). I progressed through the system of camping in the Presbytery of Chicago: Camp Gray (2 years), Camp Adahi (one year), Camp Kema (one year), and Westminster Woods (2 years). During this time I



Mark Lankton, Shirley Singer - 1973

was a volunteer staff member for a week, when I heard about a college credit program through Western Michigan University (Ken Reid, on the faculty of that school was the leader). I was a counselor at Presbyterian Camp in that program during the summer of 1971.

At the end of the summer I "hung around" camp; having nothing better to do, and helped Bill Lankton handle

a couple of weekend groups. After the Friday night meal the cook quit. Bill and I immediately looked over the menu (this was before parsley), and decided that we could handle the rest of it. Lynn had taken the children home to start school. One of the biggest smiles and joyous feelings I ever saw from Bill occurred when he had mixed, spread, and baked his first ever sheet cake. It turned out well, and he even iced it.

At the close of the weekend Bill called Lynn on the phone. She was surprised to hear that we had not called her back to help out. I must have done all right because I was hired as the Head Cook the following summer.

My story should actually be titled "When Are You Going to Get a Real Job?" Working with Bill from 1966 to 1972 I felt like myself, and that I was worthwhile. When it came time to finish college, and get a "Real Job" I ended up becoming the full-time Caretaker at Presbyterian Camps. My real education began then, and has continued to this day. But, I am still looking for my first Real Job. I have now worked at six different camps around the country.

I have many memories of my times at Presbyterian Camps. Most of them are important and meaningful to me, but lose something when I talk about them.

I thank the camp, and all the staff over the years for the experiences I have gathered there. I am thankful for the friendships that I made, including my wife. Mostly I am thankful to Bill for helping to guide me in this profession.

People I remember through the years: Ken Reid, Jim Sluyter, Norm Tyler and the grunt crews, Linda Kuhn, Carol Rohl, Dorothy Hume, Dave White, Jim Shields, Pearl, Shaft, Kim Ratz (who wrote the song, "Sau-

gatuck”), Shirley Singer & family, Lynn Lankton, Gordon Barthlomew (of Gordon Foods), Ted Lindberg,



Dave Burland - 1975

Swim Family Camp, Blankenburg family, Rev. Jim Eby, Rev. Dick Rogers, Wendy Law Machlitt, Robin Williams-Voigt, Wayne Elseth, Cissy Rehm, Ingrid Valey, and the volley ball champs of Oxbow.

DAVE BURLAND BORN: PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA 1951 EDUCATION: LYONS TOWNSHIP HS, LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY, LOGAN, UTAH FAMILY: LOVE BREYFOGLE BURLAND (WIFE) BRYCE & REID (CHILDREN) CURRENTLY WORKING: RESIDENT MANAGER/RENTAL COORDINATOR AT A PRIVATE, RELIGIOUS CAMP IN WEBSTER, WISCONSIN.

“Saugatuck”

Kim Ratz

(1972)

1. This year in the summer of '72, I found myself something to do working in a camp right near a zoo called Saugatuck.

It's got species never seen before 'cept they're not locked up behind a door, of this "no where else can you see more" but Saugatuck.

Refrain: Well, Saugatuck, Saugatuck, what the hell are you? I've been rackin' my mind tryin' to find something to do.

Well, Saugatuck, Saugatuck, I ain't never seen nothing like this before. Another three weeks - can't take much more of this funky town called Saugatuck.

2. It's got big, fat, rich, old men. Come drivin' in with money to spend. Everyone with money is their friend in Saugatuck.

Refrain

3. But this town's got their hippies, too. Seems the only thing they've found to do is stand around and look at you in front of the Saugatuck Drug Store.

But their trip ain't the type for me. Gotta find something better, yes sir-ee, before I flip right out of my tree in Saugatuck.

Refrain

4. This towns got Venetian Night. Everything that happens is really a sight. It's all so weird, it's really a riot, dear Saugatuck.

Everybody goes out and gets real wiped while the coppers just sit there and get real hyped. The whole crazy thing is just out of sight. Oh, ya, Saugatuck.

Refrain

BY KIM RATZ - CAMP STAFF MEMBER

Dorothy Hume

(1974-78)

I am not really sure what made me want to be a member of the camp staff. I suppose it was a number of things. Camp meant so much to my youth group. I watched my peers literally transform from stressed-out high school kids to lively exuberant human beings by just mentioning the word “Camp”!

I suppose another reason was that camp meant the world to my friend Bruce Jensen who was my youth minister at the time. Bruce had been on staff in the 60's. Bruce is the type of person who made the task of cleaning out a septic tank somewhat inviting. (Me? Brainwashed? Nah!) He always had a way of making the most gruesome tasks somewhat bearable.

Another reason I decided to go to camp was that I wasn't really sure which direction I was going to take once I graduated from high school. I was hoping this would be some sort of a guiding light. Whatever my reasons were, I decided to take a stab at it and became a staff member.

I arrived at camp with the Singer family. Shirley was the camp nurse and her daughter Beth was also a staff member along with her brother Rob. Beth and I were going to spend the summer in “Outlook” along with Cath Lankton. Upon arriving in Outlook, I asked Beth why on earth was the cabin painted dark brown. Cath and Beth's reasoning was that this way we would be able to sleep in in the mornings. I later learned as every staff member did, that this was ridiculous because sleeping in and missing breakfast was...well lets put it this way... we all made it to breakfast on time in the morning and we did enjoy it!!

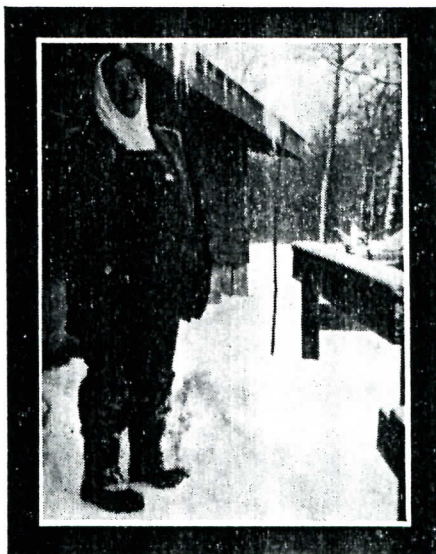
Outlook didn't have a closet or anything. We had 2 dressers for the 3 of us. Beth and I decided we needed a nail or something to use as a coat rack to hang some clothes on. We felt a few nails would be both sufficient and effective. Beth sent me down to the dining hall and to ask for Dave Burland who was the resident manager at the time. I met up with Dave and asked him if I could have 3 nails (one for each of us). He asked me “what kind? I said “just a nail. A nail is a nail isn't it?” Well it didn't take long for Dave to pick up my vast knowledge of nails or my cockiness. He took me down to the shop where there was a banquet size table full of different types of nails. Ok, so I was a little green...or maybe even a little wet behind the ears. I felt adequately stupid. However, I learned my first lesson...and rather abruptly I might add.

As Dave and I were returning to the dining hall, Bill Lankton asked Dave, myself and the other two rookies (Dave

White and Jim Shields) to jump into the truck. He had a project for us and wanted us to accompany him. The key word here is he wanted us to "jump" into the truck. With Dave Burland behind the wheel, the truck started pulling away. Bill Lankton started running after the truck and jumped into the bed as if this were a normal way to enter the vehicle. Dave White and Jim Shields started running after this big green metal machine. I say mean because the vehicle didn't cooperate with them on this particular occasion. Remember the saying "eat my dust?" Well picture Jim and Dave leaping like superman and landing face down in the dirt! I was beginning to think that this was a prerequisite to working at camp. However with everyone laughing at Jim and Dave and making sure they were both okay, I scampered onto the bed of the truck and hoped no one noticed. This was probably the time when Bill Lankton decided to let Jim and Dave be drivers of camp vehicles. See Bill realizes there is a certain image you have to uphold at camp and staff members can't be seen falling out of the truck. Therefore Bill probably figured that Jim and Dave need to be placed in a safer spot... something that was enclosed...like behind the wheel in the cab maybe?!?! Something is not quite right here because throughout the next few seasons there were many times staff felt that Dave and Jim couldn't quite distinguish where the road was, therefore they made their own path. Lets face it... we all know that neither Jim or Dave were pursuing careers in cartography!

I was one of those fortunate people to spend the entire year up at camp. It was the Bi-Centennial year...1975-1976. Carol Rohl, Mark Lankton, Lisa Lenzo and myself. Carol and I weathered it out in "Cherokee that year. We were very excited at the prospect of living at camp year round. Mark was the Resident Manager for the winter and Lisa was helping Lynn Lankton with planning and preparing the

meals for the winter groups. Carol and I were extras so to speak. We lived in Cherokee because the winterized cabins needed to be open for the campers and for us to live there during the week and move out on weekends... well you can guess, it just wasn't practical. We winterized Cherokee as much as possible. Plastic on the windows and door. We brought in a space heater and put a few rugs on the floor. The final touch was a thermometer so we could see how cold we really were! Carol was very fortunate. She had a down sleeping bag, down slippers, down coat, down down DOWN!!! I on the other hand was a bit less fortunate. I had wool army blankets and a cloth sleeping bag with flannel pajamas. Needless to say, *I was cold!!* I am also a very determined person and I was very determined to beat the cold!



Dorothy Hume - 1976

One damp evening in early November, I was so cold that I was trembling. I proceeded to put on just about every article of clothing that I owned. Carol was sitting up in bed happy as a lark reading a book. My bed was squeaking I was shaking so hard. Now, I was thinking...What in the world ever possessed me to think that I could do this?

This is definitely *not* fun, and will I ever be warm again? Carol and I were discussing this problem when we both remembered reading an article on Hypothermia in one of Bill Lankton's collections of books and magazines.

"PICTURE JIM AND DAVE LEAPING LIKE SUPERMAN AND LANDING FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT!"

You see my problem was that I had too many layers of clothing on. (Lets face it 42 layers or so is a bit much.) My problem was that my feet and arm pits were sweating which lowered by core temperature. So, I dug my way out of bed, stripped down and climbed back in bed. I shook for approximately 10 more minutes or so and then I was nice and warm. I didn't have any other problem with the cold the rest of the year. Our little thermometer in Cherokee bottomed out at -5° and we remained at that reading a large portion of the winter. Carol or I were never sick that winter and most of the time I was able to be out of doors with nothing more than a chamois shirt and turtleneck on. However when we went down to the lake it felt like we were in the Arctic and naturally the parkas were donned.

Living up at camp was very good for me. It also had its hard times but I realize it gave me the opportunity to discover a little bit more about myself, my ideals and what was important to me and my life. I had lots of time on my hands and therefore I tended to analyze things all the time. I remember the month of January was a particularly hard time. I was somewhat depressed. My folks never wanted me to spend the winter at camp. They were very concerned about my well being. Camp is a big place and only the four of us were

living there. Mark and Lisa were gone most of the day attending classes in Grand Rapids, Carol had taken a few side trips throughout the year, so I was alone a lot. My parents at that time thought I was trying to "escape from reality." All of us who have been on staff know how absurd a statement like that is. It was my job to assure them that this was not the case. We all know that learning how to repair toilets, light hot water heaters, change furnace filters, repair minor electrical problems, fix leaky faucets, lay water pipes, build and repair screens decks, roofs, skylights, change flat tires, learn to sail, canoe, make holy water, learning how to climb a tree, drive a stick shift, use a chain saw, and chopping wood is very much reality. These are basic skills that I am very grateful I know. I learned the power of positive thinking and that there isn't anything you can't do up at camp.

I believe that one of Bill Lankton's many goals for staff members was that he didn't want you to be afraid of trying something new. He wanted you to be able to overcome your fear. You

couldn't ask for a more supportive individual, both morally and physically. All you had to do is try and he would be sure that there would be an accomplishment in it for you afterward. I believe the saying is... You will try this... You will enjoy it... and I would have to say that 95% of the time you did!!!

I guess I would have to say the most memorable time I had that winter would be the times I shared with the Lanktons. I looked forward to the weekends when Lynn and Bill came up. Every Friday we would play a few games of scrabble while we were waiting for the weekend groups to arrive. On Saturday, Bill, Mark, Carol and I would take the groups out on a rope hike on the lake. The lake in the winter is hard to describe. The minute we hit the beach our eyelashes and eyebrows would freeze up due to the wind and mist. You literally felt like you were in the arctic. We hiked out on the ice quite a distance and the kids loved it. Lisa had made Mark a coat out of army blankets which made a big hit with the kids. They called Mark "Jeremiah John-

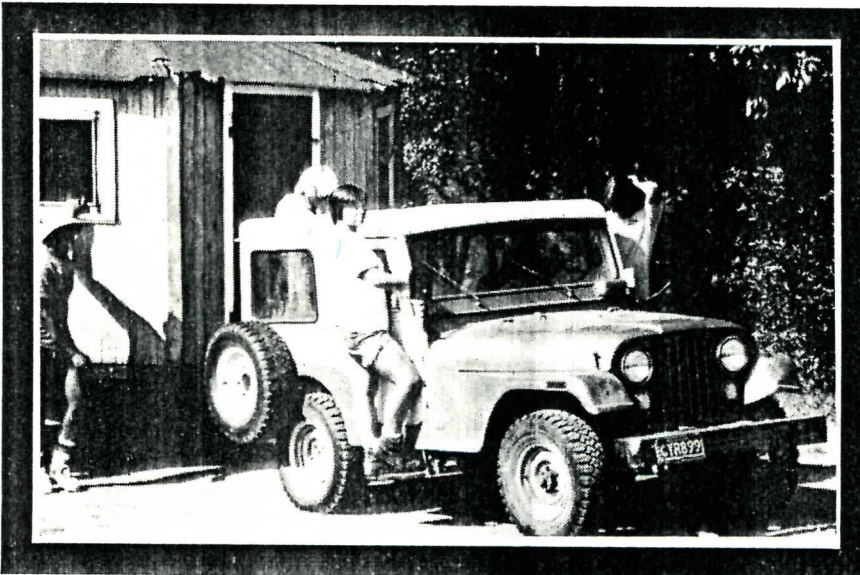
son". One thing that impressed us was that sound travels incredible distances in the winter. Bill had a group out on the lake one day and I was walking over from Cherokee to the dining hall

"OUR LITTLE THERMOMETER IN CHEROKEE BOTTOMED OUR AT -5° AND WE REMAINED AT THAT READING A LARGE PORTION OF THE WINTER."

when I could hear the kids conversations as if they were standing next to me. The winter I was at camp, the lake formed two large ridges with a flat surface of ice between them. In February Mark and Lisa took a sail boat out between the two ridges and tried their hand at sailing in the icy waters. We also took a canoe out there as well. Despite the fact that the ice had melted in the center, it was still quite cold, especially in an aluminum canoe!!

When we had a free weekend (no campers), Bill and I would go exploring. We researched where the old "dump" was when the camp was called "Camp Gray". We started digging and came up with all kinds of surprises. We found china from England, all sorts of neat little bottles. Milk bottles, medicine bottles, and all different colors of glass. We also found an old iron made of cast iron. We found women's shoes that laced all the way up the ankle. There was some silverware as well. Then we started digging up some bones... Bill assured me it wasn't George Gray, but cattle bones of some sort.

On another occasion Bill and I went out on the dune near Harbour Rest looking for signs of the "log cabin" that use to be on camp property in the



Dorothy Hume & Love Breyfogle Burland - 1976

late 1800's or early 1900's I believe. We found four original studs, and then we found pieces of the stone fireplace with mortar and all. I really enjoyed going out on our "digs". To be able to piece together some of the history of a place I love so much was exciting as hell for me!!

I suppose if I had to pick the one thing that I learned to implement the most in my life would be the ability to improvise and the power of positive thinking. Murphy's Law "everything that can go wrong, will" hit quite often at camp. Even the most thought out plans fall apart sometimes. **Bill Lankton** and **Dave Burland** showed me time and time again that it's no big deal...it's not the end of the world. We all have good heads on our shoulders and use your common sense and improvise. It all works out. When it does, you feel even more satisfied. That is the one thing I really enjoyed about camp, every day was different, things did go wrong, hardly anything was "run of the mill, and you were never stuck in a rut or a boring routine. Staff jobs were rotated. One of the reasons was to keep everyone interested, and the other I believe, was to keep everyone appreciative of each others tasks. I currently work for the fire department as a 911 operator and an Emergency Medical Technician. I believe the reason why I love my job so much is that I have the ability to improvise and deal with anything that is thrown at me. Nothing is routine in the fire service and I love that. Just as I love the spontaneity of the needs of the camp and staff. Being able to accomplish a task that was well thought out and running smoothly is great. But accomplishing something with a wrench in it is even more gratifying. My feeling is if there are no obstacles in life, how do you feel yourself grow? **Bill Lankton** and **Dave Burland** taught me how to improvise and to have a positive attitude and you can accomplish great things.

DOROTHY HUME. BORN: ELMHURST ILLINOIS. EDUCATION: YORK COMMUNITY HS 1974. CAMP: "WINTERED" AT CAMP 1975-76. PROFESSION: EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN 1986—EMERGENCY RESCUE TECHNICIAN, 911 OPERATOR ("TRI-STATE FIRE' PROTECTION), DARIEN, ILLINOIS.

"Soggytuck Memories" Jim Shields I (1974-81)

REFLECTIONS from the WATERFRONT

It's hard to get much sympathy for how hard you work when you do your job sitting down. Particularly, when you do most of your sitting down at the beach in the sun on lovely days. Sitting. Like "The Thinker." Sitting, like the other office-bound lumps who had, as one noted Camp personality observed, transformed Chicago from the City of Big Shoulders to the City of Big Buns. Sitting, like Yertle the Turtle, that marvelous he, who was king of the pond and of all he could see.

We on Waterfront sat. Up in the chairs at West Woods and at Gray, high above the maddening flies, the alewife aroma, and the sand fights. We sat, with sandy bottoms and soggy shoes in the sterns of leaky canoes that plied the Kazoo river up to Beer Bay (Firewater Cove, as the more delicate Presbyterians called it), hoping that the Liquid Aluminum patches would hold. We sat, sliding, slipping, across the deck of a Sunfish, having the same conversation with campers each trip out into the Lake, across the width of the camps beachfront, and back in ("Yes it's a great place to work. This is my Xth summer. Yes, I go to college. Yeah, I mostly come back for the food. Sorry you didn't duck low enough on that last jibe.") We sat, in disgrace, in patience, and in fear of legal action as row boats navigated by juniors circled precariously near the multi-thousand dollar boats of the Singapore Yacht

Club. We sat while we worked.

But our days started otherwise. Frequently we did our part serving meals in the outpost kitchens. This meant showing up at the kitchen at the unbelievable early hour of 7:30, (alarm needed to be set for 7:20) so that we could sit in the back of the truck, trying to keep the food from tipping over on our way to Gray, or especially Kema. There we could look forward to greeting sleep deprived counselors as they stumbled around and attempted to unravel the mysteries of the coffee pot engineering. Worse than sleepy counselors were the perky counselors, who were filled with gladness for a new dawn, and eager for the opportunity to inflict their joy on fourth graders. These type were thankfully rarer, particularly after Wednesday. Anyway, after serving the food, gulping down your own, cleaning up, and reloading the truck, we then rushed back to unload the truck so that we could again sit, this time on the back dock, waiting for a good idea to strike about what should be done next.

"THE PARTICULAR EXERCISES WERE CHOSEN DEPENDING ON THE INTERESTS OF THOSE INVOLVED. SOMETIMES, AEROBIC BLUEBERRY PICKING WOULD BE FASHIONABLE."

Serving had its special challenges. There were games of strength: How many milk cartons full of stuff could you carry at one time? Two? Three? Two in each hand (not if the silverware was heavy or there were 9 half-gallon milk cartons. And whatever became of Seymore Safely?) There were games

of dexterity —could you line up the orange juice cups and fill them without ever stopping the flow of juice from the pitcher and without leaving a puddle of OJ on the tray? There were games of intellect: Sure everyone knows “b,b,pb,j,” but what is “c, m, m, p?” And there were challenges to one’s aesthetic sensibilities - on which food does that parsley really look best today, the roast beef, the mashed potatoes, or the butter?

Upon returning from serving, the central activity of the morning was usually the same: trying to look busy while everyone else really was. Sometimes this meant helping out in the kitchen. Sometimes this meant helping maintenance with a special project, frequently involving moving a large object. Thankfully, more often than not, there were three other major types of activities — going to get the mail, fixing stuff, or preparing yourself physically for the task that you might have to perform in case you ever had to change from the sitting position while doing your job.

Getting the mail was the funnest, as it involved getting a sneak preview about who was getting the most mail and from whom and speculating about why that might be, and as it involved going to town, picking up a newspaper, and usually the miscellaneous errand, either official or unofficial.

Early in the year, fixing stuff was an important task. It involved finding out where the equipment had in fact been stored, wrestling things that only moved gracefully on water out of small, land-locked spaces (the Sunfish were miraculously shoehorned into a small room on the side of the office), and checking out the readiness of the material; which life jackets didn’t float anymore, which canoes didn’t float anymore, which Sunfish hulls floated but with a list. The next task was to patch and paste with thread and cloth, applying the appropriate hardening gels to

make everything seaworthy again. And if you were lucky, you got to travel to a mysterious little marina on Lake Macatawa (I believe it was called Jessick’s) where you pulled up in front of a house with a bunch of boats in the yard, went down into the basement (if they happened to be open when you got there), past the miscellaneous used steering wheels hanging on the walls, past the other random scavenged parts hanging from the rafters (horns, lights, cables), and found in the mishmash of stuff exactly what you needed. You usually needed to ask for help, and the people that worked there knew exactly what you needed even if you didn’t know the name of it. The older couple that owned it and ran it lived upstairs, and they would let the phone ring and

"GIVEN A ROPE AND A CLOROX BOTTLE OR AN OLD LIFE JACKET, DIXIE COULD MAKE A TOOL UNLIKE ANY OTHER APPEARING IN THE RED CROSS BOOK."

ring and ring until it gave up if they didn’t want to answer it because they were doing something else. In that marina, I found satisfaction dealing with a place out of the past, that had survived the sacrifice of quaint authenticity that had overcome Koenig’s and the Post Office, where they had no scanners, no bar codes, no inventory control system that was apparent, no name tags with chain store logos on them. They didn’t care if you knew their names or not. It was high touch, low tech all the way.

High touch, low tech was the ethic which seduced us. In truth, many of the repairs were almost labors of love. Much care was given to the careful

sanding and varnishing of paddles, daggerboards, rudders, and tillers and to the mending of sails. For these represented our attempts to be craftsmanly. And because it seemed honest to earn your pleasure (we were, after all, Presbyterians). Every year I would repeat the axiom Jimmy Sluyter had told me: “When you own a boat, you spend 50% of your time working on the hull, 35% working on the rigging, and 15% actually sailing the boat.” Actually, “repeating” is too strong a term. Jimmy said something like that to me, but I could never remember the precise ratios. I think I captured the spirit, though. Certainly, the process enhanced your appreciation of a well varnished paddle. In fact, after going through the repairs, one lost all sympathy for those who dug the canoe paddles into the gravel on the road as they walked down to the river. Those people somehow usually ended up sitting in the bottom of one of the leakiest canoes.

The other thing that needed to be fixed from time to time that was not a labor of love was the beach. The alwives came in heaviest in June, and gradually tapered off so that by August, there were few crunchy ones left on the beach. But when they came, the usual ritual was to rake the beach and prepare the mass graves. Eventually, one was able to do this without audibly making gagging noises, but still the days to do this were chosen out of awareness of when fish almondine was served for dinner. Worse were the deteriorating, maggot festering carp carcasses that would occasionally show up. It was a dirty job and somebody had to do it, but it was sure a shame we couldn’t just go get the mail.

Finally, there was the ritual of Waterfront Exercise, a physical training regimen designed a) to keep us ready for the possibility that we might have to do something other than sit, and b) to keep us looking busy. Distances were measured in precise, if not peculiar ways. “To the pier and back” was a

good running distance. In fact, "to the pier" usually sufficed, until Peggy Elder, who ran cross-country at Wooster arrived on the staff. Then she might also choose to go "to the Douglas beach house and back," a previously undreamed of distance. "Chair to chair" (from West Woods to Gray) became the standard swimming distance, except for those intrepid souls who would go "chair to chair to chair." The particular exercises were chosen depending on the interests of those involved. Sometimes, aerobic blueberry picking would be fashionable. But between running on sand, swimming in cold and wavy water, and dragging ever heavier sunfish hulls up out of the water to be stored overnight, we burned enough calories to justify the occasional Boston Shake.

Sometimes we would guard in the morning, but usually for not longer than 45 minutes. This was heavy bible study time, and besides, it was a bit chilly. After lunch we would usually guard in pairs and 2:00 - 4:30 was the usual time frame. The occasional after dinner swim would also take place on the hot evenings. These were very long days. Sitting on the beach on a hot afternoon did make one "fried," and only after you had done it did you understand why other guards tended to be stuporous and were not generally allowed to operate heavy machinery at dinner time.

It has taken me a while to come to grips with the lasting impact of life-guarding on Lake Michigan, but I believe I have been able to identify several aspects of the legacy. *One* is the temptation to jump out of any sitting position onto the ground from a height of 6-8 feet, or else risk living with the sense that you are a weenie. A *second* is a resigned sense of learned helplessness from being responsible for keeping forty people at a time from drowning that you can not see the moment they go more than 6 inches below the surface of the water. Despite the claims

of the state inspectors, we knew that clorox bottles on ropes did not make the Lake a safer place. A *third* is the inability to go swimming anyplace, and sit on the side and not watch and count. *Fourth*, we now have the experience of reading descriptions of the high risk groups for skin cancer, and saying "I did all of those things." *Fifth*, our lifelong reservoir of tolerance for people who throw rocks and sand has been prematurely exhausted. *Sixth* is the despondency that comes from realizing that unless we go artificial, we will never be that blonde again (by the way, using lemon juice in your hair as Kathy Stodgell did was considered "going artificial"). And finally, the saying from an engaged colleague of mine, who one day enjoyed the pedestrian traffic on the beach with these words: "Just because you're on a diet doesn't mean you can't look at the menu."

Though the Lake itself was not predictable, one did eventually gain some understanding of things about the water in the Lake. Though many campers may not believe it, the camp is on the warmest waters in Lake Michigan (the prevailing southwesterly breezes blow the warmer water on top over to Saugatuck). The water would be brisk many days early in the season until July. And they could turn arctic anytime a breeze blew from the east. In August, we were more likely to get my favorite days — the sharp crisp northerly which produced clear blue skies and big waves. The only negative aspect of northerly breezes was that the yucky waters flushing out of the Kalamazoo rivers ended up on our beaches. You smelled a little different after getting out of the water those days.

No account of the Camp Waterfront would be complete without mentioning Dixie Elder, the most remarkable, wrinkled person with whom I ever taught lifesaving. Dixie's energy, intelligence, and resourcefulness established her as a character known

throughout the town. I worked on the Waterfront staff for 6 years, and yet no matter how many times I went to take a group to swim in Ox Bow, the only topic of conversation I ever had with the "guard" who sat at the entrance to the Lake was about when Dixie was coming up next. Dixie had endurance, not only to be as active as she was at the age that she was, but also in terms of tolerance of pain. Or perhaps it was that her internal thermostat was set to "polar bear." But I remember regularly taking "warm up" breaks while she continued on teaching, much to the chilly horror of the class. Dixie was also the patron saint of homemade water safety devices. Given a rope and a clorox bottle or an old life jacket, Dixie could make a tool unlike any other appearing in the Red Cross book.

Although Dixie was omnipresent, it should be noted that the Director and the Head of Food Service were omnipresent from the beach. I believe I can count on one hand the number of times I saw either in the Lake. I can only guess that it was because such a place did not seem conducive to real work. Too much sitting, I suppose.

In all honesty it was too conducive to play and fun. On wavy days, the staff used to drag a few canoes up from the river and play in the big waves. We used to do that with the sailboats, too, depending on how many spars we had already bent that summer. The other sailboat game was "flip the rudder," and I remember one particular evening when the Hoosier Pirates of Dave White and I managed to attack a vessel, flip it's rudder, watch it capsize, then steal "the girl," played willingly by Carrie Koeline. I can think of no other series of accidents which has yielded me such pleasure.

Though I know there are other opinions, many of us on Waterfront believed that the woods were not the best part of camp. For many of us, the place where the dunes met the water was a

place real beauty, fancy and passion. But that's another story. Nonetheless, it was the best place to sit.

JIM SHIELDS WAS BORN IN CHICAGO IN 1958. HIS PARENTS PROMPTLY MOVED OUT OF THE AREA. HE FIRST CAME TO CAMP IN 1963, WHEN HIS FAMILY ATTENDED AN INNER-CITY MINISTER'S CAMP. HE NEXT RETURNED IN 1974, TO BEGIN WORK AS A MEMBER OF THE WATERFRONT STAFF. HE WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL AT NORTH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL IN INDIANAPOLIS, COLLEGE AT GUILFORD COLLEGE IN GREENSBORO, N.C., AND SEMINARY AT MCCORMICK IN CHICAGO. HE IS NOW MARRIED WITH TWO GIRLS, AND WORKING AT THE CENTER FOR CREATIVE LEADERSHIP IN GREENSBORO, WHERE HE MANAGES SEVERAL PROGRAMS AND PRODUCTS WHICH ARE GEARED TO HELP INDIVIDUALS AND ORGANIZATIONS BE MORE INNOVATIVE. HE STILL MOSTLY SITS WHILE HE WORKS.

"Lankton Diaries (from 1899-1990), or All I Really Used to Know, I Learned at Camp" Jim Shields II

(1974-81)

Half of my breathing days. That's how long, I recently realized, the thread of my life has been woven, knotted, tangled, and ensnared in the warp and woof (you can fight among yourselves over which is which) of the Lanktons. Half of my life, built on the foundations of eight summers at camp—eight summers of hard work, hard play, hard women, and hard peanut butter. In searching for a framework which could give some structure to *recollections* of such a scope, I stumbled onto a notion the way many great ideas come to average people: I stole it. Being above pride, however, I now humbly offer these reflections on the life and times we shared.

Lesson #1: SWEEP YOUR SHEETS WEEKLY, WHETHER THEY NEED IT OR NOT

During my first summer at camp,

someone famous said, "Sand is a way of life at Presbyterian Camp". And, lo and behold, it was true. A new experience for many first year "staffers" is the evolution of a science project on erosion in their bedclothes. After a few weeks of rolling in grit, it occurs to you that it will take more than "Downy" to solve the problem. And, so you learn a new hygienic technique to cope with your environment.

Although parents or spouses are not terribly impressed with "sheet sleeping", they are impressed with other things you learn about domestic cleanliness. Such as, knowing that germicidal liquid is green, and glass cleaner is purple, (or, is it germicidal is purple, and...?) Even now, I draw a sitting ovation whenever I clean a bathroom the "Lynn Lankton way". The only drawback is that there seems to be only a limited "window of teachable moments for the acquisition of that skill. When a typical Chicagoan is 4 years old, he can learn to speak Japanese without difficulty, but by the time he is 14, he can barely speak American English. Unfortunately, it's a tragedy that my wife has passed through that "teachable moment" stage on toilet polishing, and remains—even to this day—uninterested in acquiring that skill. Ah me, life is filled with mystery.

Finally, on "hygiene". I do realize that there can be "too much of a good thing". I recall that during my brief tenure as a medical professional at camp, it was my pleasure to identify a malady that was the case of cleanliness gone wrong. I discovered that the dishwasher was not adequately rinsing off all the soap from the dishes, and that the staff was being afflicted by the plague of "Hobart Heigh-Ho". And, although it did have a detrimental effect on staff perseverance, once the cause was identified, it did stem the tide of staff revolution. But, until the culprit was identified, the Food Service's "high fiber diet" had been receiving critical reviews. Once the

dishwasher was repaired, the staff was able to go about its regular business.

Lesson 2: NEVER WRITE ANYTHING TOO PRIVATE ON A POSTCARD

Camp is a small place. A very small place. And, there are few secrets. But, once you learn the "truth" about the mail-carrying process, you realize that there are even less secrets than you had deluded yourself into believing at the beginning. This obviously puts a premium on your judgment; or you end up living your very private life in the public's eye. It seems to me that there should be an important lesson to learn from this, but I doubt that I ever mastered it.

Lesson #3: THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN a COME-ON, and a COME-ALONG

Camp was a place where we dreamed BIG dreams. Truly big dreams. Dreams of moving big things. Truly *big* things. Truly and truly, big things. Impossible *big things*. With a rope and our backs. Like the slaves building the Pyramids, we moved big things. And buildings, and trees that we moved against gravity up the hill from staff beach—6 inches at a time—until it got to its final resting place, across from the Program Center porch.

Then, re-living the experience of human civilization at the dawn of the technological age, our lives were made better by science: the Come-Along (a geared device used to move or lift heavy objects). The great thing about the Come-Along was that it bent, and not us.

There are two great lessons in this experience for me. The first had to do with the most crucial tools one had to have for the most important jobs. The TOP TEN tools at Presbyterian Camp were:

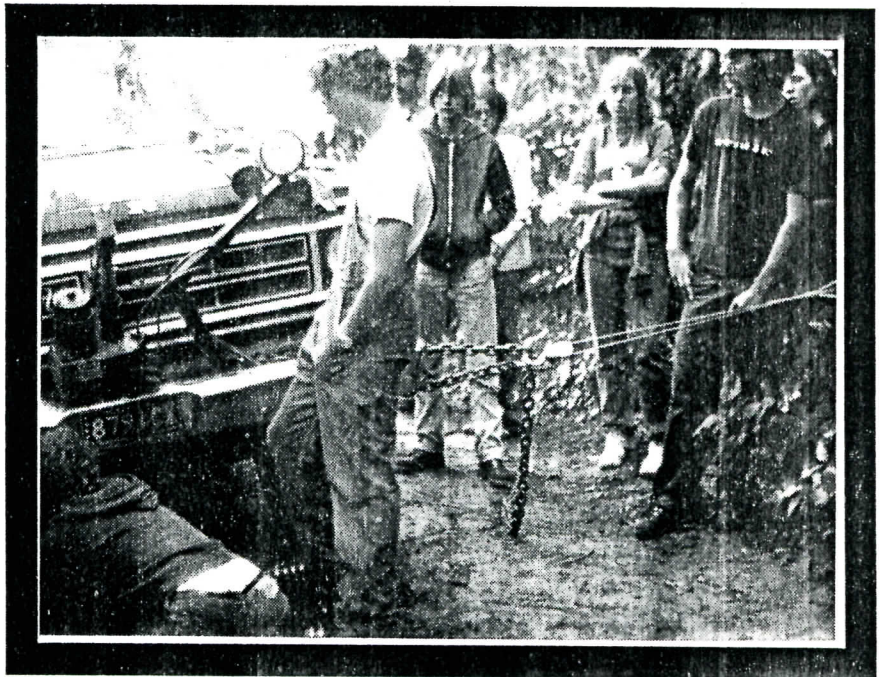
10. A Plunger.

9. A Hammer (in case #10 failed to yield satisfactory results).
8. A Double-Bitted Axe (in case #9 failed to yield...).
7. A Sure-Form file/plane (to fix whatever you repaired with #8).
6. A Cart with big wheels (to transport the item under repair with #7, back to the shop for "serious-ass fixing").
5. A Jeep (to go around camp looking for the tools you need, which should be at the shop, but aren't).
4. A Chain Saw (to "liberate" the Jeep from the forestry plants off the side of the road).
3. A Come-Along (to pull those plants off the Jeep, and to extract the Jeep out of the Wash Out).
2. A Rope (to threaten any passers-by who offer cheerful words of encouragement).
1. A Camp Gray Spoon (for indulging yourself in a reward for a job well-done. Wait 12 hours, and return to #10).

The *second* lesson I learned had to do with learning to "push boundaries", to be able to question assumptions about what was, and was not possible. There are things I would never have tried had it not been for being at camp. For example, I was always attracted *intellectually* to the idea of pollywogs, but I never would have tried to make one on my own. As it turned out, I never actually did finish one. But, there were other things that I did try, enjoyed, and succeeded at. Rappelling, for one, or climbing high into the tops of trees. A number of things; turning wood on the lathe, walking in the woods at night without a flashlight, running in the half-marathon, playing non competitive games, learning to sit still in the woods, or learning to just listen.

There is not one other group of people from my past that I stay so connected to. I think that the "tie that binds" me with those folks is in part due to the bonds we formed as we "pushed bounds", as we took on challenges, enjoyed our freedom, adventured, and grew.

seek out the the truly important people in any organization, and to be nice to them. For example, I quickly learned the value of treating the people in the kitchen with respect. Otherwise, those powerful people would cast a spell on a canoe lunch, rendering the harmless PB&J into the dreaded "choke sandwich". Bosses may come, and bosses may go (and one can live a long time



Steve Stratakos, Jim Shields, Dave White - 1977

Lesson #4: DRESS PRACTICALLY - CREASOTE BROWN Is HARD to SPOT er, TOP

In life, fashion *follows* function. or, at least, it should. But, in that Great Summer Lotto of staff shirt colors, there was no bigger winner than "creosote brown" because of its tremendous versatility, and forgiveness. This great focus on practicality has bred in me an impatience for ribbons of silk that I am often compelled to knot and tighten around the place where I breathe.

In fact, that focus on practicality in apparel and deed, has also led me to

without impressing a boss or high mucky-muck), but a "choke sandwich" lives forever.

Lesson #5: YOU HAVE to MIX BUG JUICE to TASTE

If one had any trust for "instruction writers", all it took was one experience of trying to mix up five gallons of Bug Juice according to the recipe. Instantly, and before the taste buds faint, I was struck by the realization that sometimes I had to go *beyond* the directions. The discovery that Bug Juice has no flavors, only colors, doesn't work either, because the colors seemed to change before my very eyes.

Just as it was with Bug Juice at camp, I discovered that many things in life are better when I mixed them to my own specifications. It was true with entertainment, hanging a moose head on the wall of my cabin, games, food at a cookout (when I made it myself, I learned to keep the sand out of it). There are other events I discovered later in life to which the directions seemed vague and unclear, much like programming the VCR to program when you're *gone*, and raising your children when you're *there*. If it weren't for the Bug Juice dictum, "Aw, just add some and see what happens", it would have been more difficult for many of us to discover that one needs to experiment, that Grace abounds, that there is Forgiveness, and that canned juice is preferable.

**Lesson #6: HOG TIGHT,
HORSE HIGH, BULL STRONG,
and VISUALLY
ACCEPTABLE— STANDARDS
to LIVE BY**

It is important to have Standards in life. Sometimes they may be artificial ("...because the State makes us do things that way"). Sometimes they're arbitrary ("there are three reasons why we do things here..."). But occasionally, and inexplicably, they even make sense.

Standards give a structure to a life that otherwise floats aimlessly in the drift of the Big River. Standards help you get the day started right ("No matter what you do, don't be late for breakfast"). Standards help you decide between difficult choices ("Shall we put up a gazebo in front of Rose 1, or a neon cross in front of Sassafra?") Standards also guide one in the formation of character ("there should be no music in the woods, except that which God makes. Mealtime Graces sung too slowly do not fall into that latter category"). One of the Standards I learned best was that of "craftsmanship". It helped me appreciate the subtleties of

simple design, eloquent execution, committed belief, and understated aesthetic flourishes. I used it whether I was appraising a bridge, a boardwalk, a bulletin board, a bowl, a boat, or a bran muffin. I learned that you do you best when you care about what you're doing. And that quality of craftsmanship, on the macro-scale, is made up of hundreds of things done well, at the micro-scale.

**Lesson #7: DON'T COMPLAIN
IF YOU'RE NOT In the SLIDE
SHOW**

Of all the Sins we could commit at camp (and there were those who committed many), the most heinous was *inactivity*. Whether it was a "feat heroic" or a "foible", the important thing was to not *just sit there*. It may have been bocci ball, frisbee, volleyball, juggling, string tricks, an art project, or a game of hunker howser. It may have been just getting on the back of the truck, or even riding a friend piggyback with the mounted sheriff's department in the 4th of July parade in Saugatuck. The emphasis, even in times of waiting, was on the side of activity (This is in striking contrast with Presbytery meetings, where, even in the periods of activity, the emphasis seemed to be on waiting).

This was one of Dixie Elder's gifts that made her a saint. She was a woman with no time to waste on inactivity. Dixie set the standard for the quality, the creativity, and the resourcefulness of the activity that could be packed into a lifetime. Dixie had a lot of memories, and she made a lot of memories for others. May we all live so fully!

**Lesson #8 WHEN YOU MUST
WORK with OTHER PEOPLE, a
LITTLE MYSTERY GOES a
LONG WAY**

Many times in life, all you need is a little *edge*. If you can establish an advantage—any advantage—you can

turn someone with all the social graces of a bus-driving-graduate of the Chicago Civil Employee Charm School into an obedient and eager "hopper". So, work for that advantage. You climb trees. You avoid using a flashlight at night in the woods. You call something porridge even though it's oatmeal. You whisper "BBB" into someone's ear. You smile and nod your head a lot. And, if you have succeeded, they go home on and Saturday.

**Lesson #9: DON'T WALK on
the DUNES!**

I mean, I'm not retarded. But, what recounting of the commandants I learned at camp would be complete without, at least, mentioning *the rule*. The sensitivity to what I learned came partly from the "wilderness Ethic" at camp. The importance of "low impact living" continues to live with many of us. Once you've seen what magic the sprinkling of coffee grounds can work on a barren patch of sand, once you've started a campfire in a fire pit where someone carefully put out a fire the previous evening, one does experience Grace. Also, once a person gets poison ivy from walking on the dunes, they are more ready to learn to do what they're told! All of us who have experienced the impermanence of things that we perceived to be permanent, know what has come to be referred to as "Sarita's Lakeview Effect", and have grown to appreciate our fragileness in the Great Flux of Life.

**Lesson #10: ONCE YOU'VE
BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH
with SOME PEOPLE, THEY
KEEP SHOWING UP,
ESPECIALLY AROUND MEAL
TIME.**

I have appreciated the hospitality that the Lanktons have shown me, and my family through the years. It has been a special pleasure to watch the next generation of Shields play in the dirt with you (Lauren and Bill). I have

appreciated the support shown to me and my family during our time as members of Chicago Presbytery. Within a week of the Lankton's 1990 visit to North Carolina, I showed up on Dave White's doorstep, mailed a book to Lee and Robin Voigt, and started a postcard to Steve Stratakos in Kenya, Africa (Kema East).

The years I have shared at camp constitute a foundation on which I, and others, continue to build. Perhaps the strength of this foundation comes from the fact that for many of us, these were not years in which we *thought first* about what we were doing, and then chose to behave in a way congruent with those beliefs. Those were years in which we *primarily behaved*, and found out later that those behavior patterns were, in fact, shaping our beliefs, not the other way around. I still carry the marks of that experience, and I'm glad of it.

Beth Singer Hosp

During the summer of my sixteenth year (1972) I spent six weeks in Germany, before attending camp to become a dishwasher. In Germany I visited Johanna Gottschalk ("Hannie") who was a counselor at camp the summer before (1971). That visit, for me, was a truly unique experience because I was able to live as "one of the family" instead of as a tourist.

At camp I remember wonderful trips to Mt. Baldy and back to my cabin without using a flashlight. By the end of my eighth summer I was finally able to use all the paths at night this way—it was strange for me because I am usually frightened by the dark.

One spring break from school I came up to camp with my home church (Elmhurst Presby.) for a work camp, and I remember an "olympic-size" tree climb at the base of Devil's Slide. We

walked across a downed tree, shimied up a second tree, and were "supposed" to slide down a third. It was supposed to be easy, but I did a twenty foot free-fall landing flat on my back onto our leader, Bruce Jensen.

"I DID A TWENTY FOOT FREE-FALL LANDING FLAT ON MY BACK ONTO OUR LEADER."

I built up a lot of confidence while I was at camp. In fact, my summers as a dishwasher won me a position as the "church dishwasher" back home. My work in the kitchen gave me, not only a love of cooking, but a lot of experience as well. I remember one day Mark Lankton and I were supposed to make tossed Salads for lunch. Instead, we cleaned out the walk-in and made trays for fix-your-own-chef-salads. It was great fun!

I have so many pleasant memories, and hope that some day my children can have a similar experience. I have a needlepoint belt I made as one of those summer projects. It was a wonderful idea, and I hope that they still do it.

BETH SINGER HOSP, BORN: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, EDUCATION: YORK COMMUNITY HS, ELMHURST, ILLINOIS (1975), ILLINOIS COLLEGE, JACKSONVILLE, IL. (1979), FAMILY: MIKE (HUSBAND), (CHILDREN) MAKEON & ANALISE, WORKS AS PART TIME PRE-SCHOOL TEACHER IN LONGMONT, COLORADO, LIVES IN DACONO, COLORADO.

"Memories of Camp" Tracy Blankenburg Paul

I believe I can do anything after walking down from Mt Baldy (at night) with no light, with only my feet to keep me on the path.

I still judge the quality of a restaurant by how much, and how well they place the parsley on my plate.

Every Saturday I must clean my bathroom in homage to the johns at Camp Gray, with the hope that they will always pass the "Lynn Lankton" test.

No one in my current life understands the thrill of "going to the dump". Yet, I remember it fondly, it was always fun.

No pile of dishes, even after birthday parties with many small children, looks too big. I only wish, at times, that I had one of those big sprayers.

"NO ONE IN MY CURRENT LIFE UNDERSTANDS THE THRILL OF GOING TO THE DUMP."

Jacob, my 2 year old, knows "Johnny Applesced".

"...camp taught me to cook, to sail, to pound nails, and climb trees. It taught me to trust my self, and to trust others in a way no other experience in my life has. It also taught me about boys, which I know Juele has never appreciated."

TRACY BLANKENBURG PAUL WAS BORN IN PARK RIDGE, ILLINOIS (1960). SHE ATTENDED MAIN SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY, AND OAKTON COLLEGE, NURSING (ADN). SHE CURRENTLY LIVES IN CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS ALONG WITH HER HUSBAND MARK PAUL, AND THEIR CHILDREN JACOB, RACHEL, AND ELLEN.



"Lankton" by Rich Kissinger

Deep in the heart of Dixie
There dwells a place called Lankton.
A magical place she conjured-up
While making sassafras teal

With iron kettle floating
Between a fresh-cut tripod
She mixed-in the right ingredients-
'Tis said "accidentally."

For twenty-years that cauldron
Of tea and sand and water
By alchemy quite unknown to man
Produced a wonder to see.

A reverent place in winter
When people walk on water.
And others appear in spring and fall
And paint assiduously.

But best of all is summer
When staff arrives to labor
Amid all the kids and family camps
- A wondrous place to be.

With Baldhead for a pillow,
Rocked between lake and river,
Lankton spins dreams by day and by night
Which last an eternity.

Toward south the route leads homeward
Where life's grindstone continues.
But Lankton remains in heart and brains
Its fairy-dust sets one free.

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C.R. KISSINGER IS A POET, WRITER, AND PROUD
FATHER OF THREE CHILDREN. HE SUCCEDED TO
THE LURE OF PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS MANY YEARS
AGO.

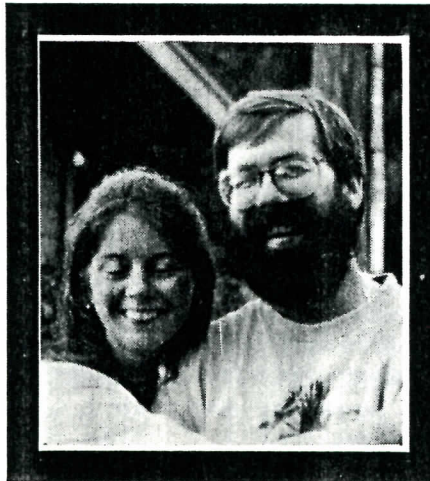
"Recollections of Camp" David White I

(1974-79)

In the summer of 1974, a scrawny, pimply-faced kid from Indiana ventured north to the wilds of Presbyterian Camp. It seemed that there was no hope for this clumsy, unskilled, backward teenager, but under your firm but gentle hand he matured—and today **Jim Shields** is a productive member of society.

Just joking! There's no way I could get through this letter straight. It is hard to let the two of you know, in words, what you have meant in my life. I think that I matured more in my seven years with you than in any other time in my life, before or since.

I learned a great deal about myself, other people, and the natural world working with you. The only way I can describe it is to share a couple of memo-



Dave & Karen White -
1989

ries (I write the way Porky Pig talks).

I remember the first time I ever drove a meal up to Kema. I really wanted to do a good job, but at the first turn, I drove the truck right off the road, spilling the dinner (and **Eric Blankenburg**) all over the place. A crew of people helped get the dinner on up to Kema. When I got back I expected **Lynn** might be a trifle upset. I was ready for the worst. But she put her arm around me and asked, "Did you have a rough time?" in such a caring and comforting manner. I think I am more willing to try new things today because of the gentle way you dealt with me in that instance.

I also remember sanding wooden polywogs, making lamps, working on the lathe in the Shop. **Bill**, I think your

frequent offerings of opportunities to work with wood has kindled my appreciation for all things natural, and encouraged a creative side of me I didn't know I had, but which I now call on every day in my work.

PS: Retirement means never having to say "Get off the Dunes".

DAVID WHITE: BORN: XENIA, OHIO 1957, EDUCATION: SHORTRIDGE HS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., HANOVER COLLEGE, HANOVER, INDIANA 1975-6, HAMLIN COLLEGE, ST PAUL, MINNESOTA 1977-9, AURORA UNIVERSITY, AURORA, ILLINOIS 1986 MS, MARRIED: KAREN BENSON 1986, SON: ISAAC 1991, WORKED AT BATTLE CREEK OUTDOOR EDUCATION CENTER 1984-89, PRESENTLY IN RACINE, WISCONSIN.

Dave White II

(1974-79)

I worked at Presbyterian Camp from 1974 through 1980, and have to admit that the years run together now. I can't honestly tell you what years these incidents took place, though **Bill** probably could. I have gone to work with kids in the out-of-doors for most of my quasi-adult life, in spite of the two stories I'm about to share.

I probably worked in Camp Kema & Camp Gray about half a dozen times over those years. Usually, I worked with kids from the Chicago projects that came under the auspices of Fourth Presbyterian Church's tutoring program. One summer (1977), while counseling Junior Highs in Camp Gray I had a fifth grade. During an afternoon rest period one camper got out farther than he should have, and swallowed some water. The life guard, **Judy Nichols**, brought him in.

He was okay, but the decision was made to take him to the hospital in Douglas to check him out. I don't think he was there long, not even overnight. But, he didn't come back empty-handed. He came back with every plastic, and disposable piece of hospital paraphernalia he could get his hands on. He had a bedpan, pitcher, cups, plastic tubing, syringes (minus

needles), paper gowns—and, most importantly, the “pee jug”.

The “pee jug” was a small plastic vessel for a man to urinate into without getting out of bed. The kids loved the “pee jug” because it had metric marks on the side. The boys would take turns trying to see who could fill it the highest. Even I was invited to take part in the friendly competition (“Boy Dave, I’ll bet you could fill it all the way up”). I declined, knowing that my job was to be a proper role model. Besides, I didn’t want to show off.

On another occasion, I was counseling Senior Highs in Kema for a Presbyterian-wide boating camp. I had five or six boys, and we were living in the Covered Wagons. It was Sunday night, and we’d been sleeping for several hours, when *it happened*.

BANG! Bang! Bang! Someone pounded on the floor right by my head. I looked groggily into the darkness and said, “Who’s there?”

“Who are you?” came the answer.

“I’m Dave,” I mumbled.

“Wild Man Dave?” I knew instantly who they meant, and it wasn’t me. They were thinking of Dave Burland.

“No, the other one,” I said, wishing that someone would refer to me as “Wild Man Dave”. I was just “Dave Who Keeps Driving the Truck Off the Road”.

At any rate, I fumbled for my glasses and went outside to find two young men who were at least as tall, and as old, as me. They said they were supposed to come up with the kids from Fourth Church, but had missed the bus. So, they hitch-hiked up, and here they were. I didn’t know what to do, so I bedded them down in the Kema Dining Hall and started down the hill to get Bill. But, I hadn’t gone far when I

thought about what I was about to do. I was going to wake up Bill Lankton in the middle of the night, and tell him that two guys who plainly were not senior highs had just arrived via hitch-hiking, and were now sleeping on the floor of the Kema Dining Hall. This is would certainly keep until morning.

**"I WAS JUST DAVE
WHO KEEPS DRIVING
THE TRUCK OFF THE
ROAD."**

Bill found *them* before I found him. He got the story from them, and from me, and spent the morning checking it out with Fourth Church. During the after-lunch rest hour, I saw them leave their covered wagon and disappear into the woods. I didn’t follow them.

Bill determined that Fourth Church had never sent these guys to camp, and that it was time for them to leave. He recruited some muscle, Wayne Elseth, I think, and helped the gentlemen into a car, and then onto the bus back to Chicago. He followed them as far as South Haven just to make sure they didn’t jump out of the bus.

This unfortunately, is not the end of the story. On Thursday of that week, we had a terrific late afternoon thunderstorm. When it ended, the kids who were a part of the camp had some free time, while I had some “down time” (or, sound-asleep-time). They came upon a stash of cheap wine (left in the woods by our late-night arrivals). The kids were mostly ninth graders, and the hardest thing they had probably ever drunk was Vernors, but they tried it out. Many of them were sick the next day.

As I’ve said, I have now worked with literally thousands of kids in the out-of-doors at camps and nature cen-

ters throughout the Midwest. And, the fundamentals I learned at Presbyterian Camps have always served me well:

Never turn your back on the kids.

Murphy’s Law is always true.

Never use another man’s “pee jug”.

DAVID WHITE: BORN: XENIA, OHIO 1957, EDUCATION: SHORTRIDGE HS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., HANOVER COLLEGE, HANOVER, INDIANA 1975-6, HAMLIN COLLEGE, ST PAUL, MINNESOTA 1977-9, AURORA UNIVERSITY, AURORA, ILLINOIS 1986 MS, MARRIED: KAREN BENSON 1986, SON: ISAAC 1991, WORKED AT BATTLE CREEK OUTDOOR EDUCATION CENTER 1984-89, PRESENTLY IN RACINE, WISCONSIN

"HMS Presbyterian Camps" (1979)

When I was a lad I was by chance
A Junior camper at Presby Camp
I hopped the tables and I caught the toads
And wore my baseball cap thru the heat and cold.

Chorus
I wore my hat so jauntily
That now I am the Director of the Camp Presby.

As Junior camper I was such a champ
That I came back to a senior high work camp.
I dug the holes and drove the nails
And scampered thru the woods with all the gals.

Chorus
I scampered thru the woods so fervently
That now I am the Director of the Camp Presby.

As Senior camper I made such a name,
That a staff member I soon became.
I scrubbed the toilets, and I planed the doors
And hung out by the staff refrigerator.

Chorus
I hung by the fridge so constantly
That now I am the Director of the Camp Presby.

As a staff member I made such a din,
That I grabbed a wife by the name of Lynn,
We had three kids, Mark, Cathy, Greer
They never found a job so they worked for Lynn.

Chorus
They worked for me interminably
So now I am the Director of the Camp Presby.

I went to college and I got a church,
And threw the parish in an awful lurch.

Kathy Telder Floch

I went to synod meetings in a great big hall,
and never thought of thinking for myself at all.

Chorus

I thought so little they rewarded me
By making me Director of the Camp Presby.

Staff members all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
Take lots of pictures, and show a tough jaw,
And cut down trees with a big chain saw.

Now, cut down trees so carefully
And you may be Director of the Camp Presby.
SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "WHEN I WAS A LAD", FROM
"HMS PINAFORE" BY GILBERT & SULLIVAN. AR-
RANGED, COMPOSED, AND WRITTEN BY JIM SHIELDS
AND DAVID WHITE.

Kathy Telder Floch

(1974-76)

I must have begun this recollection dozens of times in my head and on paper, daunted by the task of untangling the jumble of memories which remain of my three summers at camp (especially considering a 36-year-old brain has to think back 15 years to a time which was none too clear or sequential to begin with. Was Jim Shields taking notes?). What remain for me are impressionistic flashes of recollection that I would be hard pressed to put dates to—they occurred sometime during the summers of 1974, 1975, or 1976! Where to start?

The camp story boils down to one mainly of people, with Bill and Lynn the heart and soul of the gathering of people who) gradually formed a community during the course of a summer. I first met them as a summer camper in the eighth grade in 1968, and their overwhelming legacy to me has been a lasting desire to challenge myself. Lynn ran the kitchen with an organization and deftness which was very efficient, yet she set a tone which encouraged people to try things they'd never imagined themselves doing before. A kitchen had never been high on my list of places to spend time, but I learned that preparing food for others which

was nutritious, well-presented ("Remember to wipe off the edge of the bowl where you stopped while you were filling it up before you serve it."), and tasty took skill, and could be done with creativity and satisfaction. I cannot to this day take out the core of a head of lettuce by pounding it on the counter without thinking of Lynn. My family thanks Lynn for teaching me some rudimentary culinary and bathroom cleaning skills. For I of course still clean the toilet bowl and sink the "Lynn Lankton way".

As for Bill, from him I learned one should work hard and play hard and

harder."), and carving wood ("Rub it on your nose to collect the oil and the wood grain will stand out."). One overriding memory I have is being with a group—sometimes of campers, other times of staff—and climbing the high dune ridge at the very south edge of camp. Bill would try to get us to imagine the Native Americans of two-hundred years ago looking at the same scene of windswept sand and sparkling water in front of us and forest behind us. We would be truly transported. And then Bill would have us survey the horizon where the lake met the sky, and have us note the varying shades of blue to gray that could be



Cath Lankton, Kathy Telder Floch, Shirley
Singer, Wendy Law - 1975

never say "I can't do it." I learned more than I thought I wanted to know about climbing trees, moving buildings, sliding on a rope from tree-to-tree on an inverted Y-shaped stick (high above the ground, I might add), dune erosion, flashlight-less night-hikes to Baldy ("You can feel with your feet when you've left the path because it's packed

found in water and air. Such a love of the Creator's world he passed on, not through words but through his obvious tender care of camp and her beauty. I worked very hard and challenged myself greatly at Bill's urging because his opinion is one I have always respected and valued.

While Bill and Lynn set the tone for camp, each year took on its own special flavor depending on the unique group of staffers who were gathered. Staff week was a good time to begin the coalescing process that would mold us into a team, and especially memorable was the one in 1975. One of our assignments was we all had to leave camp for 24 hours. One group of staffers sailed north up the beach, and I know other groups had various destinations (the long-term memory fails!), but I was in a group (don't ask me whom it included—long-term memory again!) which was to canoe down the Kalamazoo River, stopping riverside with our sleeping bags overnight. We put in some miles above Saugatuck, and our first day of paddling was hot but glorious. We chose for our camping spot a shady, picturesque sight right at the water's edge and enjoyed a campfire supper (I wonder what we ate?!).

We were just congratulating ourselves on our hardiness and self-reliance when the sun went down and the attack of the killer mosquitoes began. It had completely escaped our attention and probably our understanding that we had camped in a very damp, almost jungly spot which was undoubtedly the hatchling nursery that supplied mosquitoes for all of southwest lower Michigan. By the time we realized we'd chosen the wrong spot (putting it mildly) it was pitch dark and too dangerous to take to the river and move on. We stoked the fire and tried putting leaves on it to make it smoke. We sat as close to the fire as we dared without immolating ourselves, but the mosquitoes followed us in. We zipped ourselves into our sleeping bags, but that remedy was only good for several minutes at a time due to the real possibility of heat prostration and suffocation. And you could hear their drone right through the bag, a sound to turn one mad. There were only two real solutions—hopping and dancing around all night (and even them, the mosqui-

toes massed on your body like they did on the arm of the scientist testing bug spray on T.V.), or the latrine. There were two pit toilets with concrete floors nearby, and it shows you the degree of our desperation that several of us took our sleeping bags into the latrine and slept on the floor. Thankfully, they were fairly new and hardly smelled! At the first sigh of daylight we were in our

"I TOLERATED THE SANDY, BURNED, RAW PANCAKES THAT BALLED IN A LUMP IN THE BOTTOM OF MY STOMACH. THIS WAS CAMP, AFTER ALL."

canoes and outta there. We were the first group back in camp by far, and many of us spent the day sleeping, making up for the night we had just spent fending off the mosquito hordes.

Another of my vivid camp memories again centers around a canoe trip, this one taken with a group of campers. Jim Sluyter and I were co-counselors for a group of elementary aged boys (they must have been 9 or 10). Our itinerary was to paddle down the Kalamazoo River from the camp's landing to the channel and then out onto Lake Michigan. We were then to turn north half a mile or so and camp on the beach overnight. These boys were dying to get their hands on the paddles, and if memory serves, the trip out was uneventful, and even relaxing for Jimmy and me as the boys took turns (of course going downstream helped a little also). I remember little of the night we spent, although I'm sure it was filled with sand and bugs and s'mores around a campfire (that kitchen sure knew how to pack for canoe lunches and overnight excursions!). There were even blueberry pancakes for breakfast, which on the face of it

sounds hearty and delicious. However, the biggest drawback of cooking pancakes in a skillet over a campfire flame is that the outside burns while the inside remains runny (which is even more the case when you add blueberries to the mess). But all right, I tolerated the sandy, burned, raw pancakes that balled in a lump in the bottom of my stomach. This was camp, after all.

The real difficulty lay in the fact that overnight the glassy lake had become quite rough and choppy. We put the canoes in the water, and it wasn't long before the 9- and 10-year-old arms gave up battling against the waves. Jimmy and I were left to paddle the boys and equipment back home, as well as the 10-pound ball of pancake in the bottom of our stomachs. Tossed and buffeted by the waves we worked furiously but barely got anywhere. I felt keenly the responsibility of those lives depending on me (a first taste of parenthood). I'm not sure why—perhaps it was because we were long overdue in camp—but help eventually arrived in the form of the camp motorboat, such as it was. We tied our canoes together and then to the boat, and like a string of ducklings following its mother, we made our way back to camp. I don't think I had anything to eat for days, waiting for the pancakes to digest!

There are seemingly a million other stories which wove the fabric which became my "camp experience," and they return to me in flashes and bits and pieces: Dixie Elder teaching me life saving at Ox Bow, learning how to center and ball of clay to make a pot with John Morrison's help, being recruited for a septic tank bucket brigade, going to the dump on a Saturday morning, sailing Sunfishes on sparkling water, playing volleyball where the old dining hall used to be and dredging up silverware and other remnants of a different camp, cleaning cabins, baking in the lifeguard chair, washing mountains of dishes with the

help of the trusty Hobart, sitting on the office porch on a steamy August afternoon surveying the scene, chipmunks in the cabins, furious thunderstorms off the lake where you wondered whether the shuddering cabin was going to fall down or not, swinging in the hammock on the porch of Harbor Rest, gigantic banana splits made in the tin trough. The list is endless, and the rest will have to remain for now in the province of memory.

However, I can't end without at least a nod to the subject of camp romances. Without naming names, I'd have felt that my summer was less than successful if I hadn't been in love at least once. Here was the freedom to test out different kinds of relationships with different types of people, which eventually helped me discover what I needed and wanted in a partner. This testing was not without agony and heartbreak, and sometimes a great deal of it, but isn't this also a component of love? I'd like to think that at least some of the success of 14 years of marriage is attributable in part to what I learned about myself at camp (all that heartache had to be good for something!)

In conclusion, I think something happens after having worked at camp, no matter how many summers you came back: camp never quite leaves your system. Some part of me always remains "at camp," so to speak, ready to be activated by a smell (walking into the musty shed in my back yard and smelling a cabin shut up for too long), or a sight (hiking through the Dunes State Park a couple of miles from my house and bursting from the cover of trees onto a vista of Lake Michigan from a ridge), or an activity (my son whittling earnestly with his Swiss Army knife). The people and place are a part of my fibre.

KATHY TELDER FLOCH WAS BORN: GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN (1955) GRADUATED FROM EVANSTON TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS (1973) MARRIED MICHAEL FLOCH IN EVANSTON, ILLINOIS (1977); CURRENTLY DIRECTOR OF AD-

VERTISING, HOLLAND SENTINEL GRADUATED FROM WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY, DETROIT (1978), B.A. IN ENGLISH ASSOCIATE EDITOR (1979-1982), GALE RESEARCH CO., DETROIT GRADUATED FROM GRAND VALLEY STATE UNIVERSITY, ALLENDALE, MICHIGAN (1991), MASTER IN SOCIAL WORK CURRENTLY HUNTING FOR WORK AS A SCHOOL SOCIAL WORKER CHILDREN: JORDAN, NINE YEARS OLD, A THIRD-GRADER. ANNA, SEVEN YEARS OLD, A FIRST-GRADER. ADDRESS: 112 E. 37TH ST., HOLLAND, MI 49423 (616) 392-6538.

Robin Williams Voigt

(1974-76, 85—)

My experiences at camp were joyful and varied and have stayed with me all these years. I remember coming to camp with excitement, but trepidation also. When we were shown the cabin I was to stay in, I could tell my mother thought it was rather "rustic". It didn't matter to me because I knew this was going to be a fun summer. How could it not be when I had a whole beach to play on. Little did I know I would also learn a lot and enjoy the work as much as the beach.

I worked in the kitchen mostly, but one of the things I liked best about camp was the opportunity to work in all the areas. I

don't know if I ever would have taken a lifesaving class if I hadn't been interested in being a lifeguard at camp. Plus in 1974 women were going through the feminism movement. I was able to become a feminist partly because of the encouragement from Bill Lank-

ton. He had us (the women) doing jobs I never would have dreamed of doing before, (even though my family was pretty equalitarian), such as spray painting the Nautical room ceiling, climbing onto roofs to fix them, helping move buildings and very heavy trees, fixing toilets and so many more. I believe I learned a lot of my organization skills from working in the kitchen with Lynn Lankton and Dave Burland. With all these jobs we were able to have fun doing them. I learned that work can be fun and you can help make it fun. This was definitely desirable when getting future jobs.

When Jim Shields and I counseled the inner city kids we had to be creative and use our resources. I'd never thought of myself as particularly creative but found there are different ways to be creative. I liked Bill's projects he had us do. I never liked doing art projects

before, but was willing to try Bill's. As Jim Shields pointed out, I never finished my pollywog either, but learned to try new things and become successful at some of them.

Riding on the back of the big truck will always be one of my favorite activities. Since the big truck seemed to always be going somewhere in camp you could always get a ride and help out whether serving meals or going to get tools. In the 1970's there were no restrictions about riding

in the back of a truck on highways and public roads so we used to do that for entertainment at camp. I used to love when we'd pile in and ride down Lakeshore Drive to watch the sunset. There were also the excursions to the drive-in movie with many of us hidden under



Robin Williams Voigt, and Eric - 1990

mattresses. It was great to not have TV at camp because we found so many other fun things to do- volleyball, bocce, frisbee, playing the recorder, being in the craft shop, etc.

Staff week was a great highlight of each summer. We'd learn about sassafras tea, cooking food over a fire, canoeing, sailing, craft projects and much more. Then there was always the trip. Two that stand out for me, the canoe trip out on Lake Michigan to the mon-

"HE HAD US (THE WOMEN) DOING JOBS I NEVER WOULD HAVE DREAMED OF DOING BEFORE."

astery and the year we could all take our own mode of transportation to go somewhere. I was with about 5 others who chose to canoe. The canoeing was great, but spending the night by the river turned out to be horrible. The Mosquitoes were so thick we spent part of the night trying to escape them by staying in the latrine! I think the buzzing drove us crazier than the bite. We left by first light. We did have fun and it made a great story afterward. We also found out another group had been attacked by deerflies in the Allegan Woods the entire time. The only person who had an enjoyable time had walked the beach at camp.

I made many friendships at camp and it has been wonderful to still be in close touch with many of them. Presbyterian Camps in Saugatuck is a special place. My three years on summer staff gave me a lot in memories, learning and terrific people!

ROBIN WILLIAMS VOIGT WAS BORN: BALTIMORE, MARYLAND (1955) NOW LIVES AT PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS IN SAUGATUCK, MI GRADUATED FROM LYONS TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL (1973) WORKED AS SUMMER STAFF AT PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS 1974-1976 GRADUATED FROM CARTHAGE COLLEGE B.A. (1977)

COOK AT STRONGHOLD CAMP (OREGON, IL BLACK-HAWK PRESBYTERY SUMMER AND FALL OF 1978) HAD MANY OTHER JOBS BETWEEN COLLEGE UNTIL 1979 WORKED AT LA GRANGE PARK LIBRARY AS HEAD OF CIRCULATION, CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN AND FINALLY ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (1979-1987) GRADUATED ROSARY COLLEGE M.A.L.S. (1986) MARRIED LEE VOIGT 1987 (MET AT PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS, LEE ON PERMANENT STAFF AT PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS, MARRIED AT CAMP) LIVED IN NURSE'S CABIN SEPT-DEC OF 1987 WHILE MARK LANKTON AND LEE FINISHED THE TIMBERFRAME HOUSE THAT HAD BEEN BEGUN BY A GROUP OF PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE U.S. DOING A TIMBERFRAME WORKSHOP THE WEEK BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED MOVED INTO TIMBERFRAME HOUSE TWO DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS. REFERENCE LIBRARIAN AT HERRICK PUBLIC LIBRARY (1987 TO PRESENT) PRESCHOOL TEACHER AT DOUGLAS ELEMENTARY-SCHOOL (1988 TO PRESENT) CHILDREN: ERIC (BORN 1990).

"A Letter" Carol Rohl

(1974-75)

Dear Dorth, Mark and Lisa,

I've been re-reading my journal from the winter of 1975-1976 and your names appear quite often. I kept track of morning and evening temperatures in Cherokee and we had quite a range of weather with several 40°-50° thaws in December, January and February for a few days with warm windy nights and a full moon. Mark and Bill Willits took advantage of one of those and slept in the tree house in Gray. There were some deep cold snaps where it was 6 degrees inside the cabin one December evening. We stanchied the cracks the best we could by spreading rugs and garbage bags on the floor but curtains were still known to wave in the breeze and snow, blown in under the door, did not usually melt! The alternating thaws and freezes would account for the veil of 6 foot long icicles on the front porch of Mark and Lisa's house.

We did have snow that winter. Dorothy Hume and I awoke to pounding on our door early one December morning to find Mark, Lisa, Jenny and Lookin' there with the first 6 inches of snow on the Ground. Bill and Lin Willits showed up now and again to ski-favorite spots being behind Shore-

wood, around Vine St., through Adahi, along the in-road before it was plowed and occasionally along the beach and back through Gray. It was too sandy and windblown to make it to Oxbow on skis. The ice went out a good ways with several 10-12 foot ridges of piled ice, snow and sand. By March we had a few good days of sailing again - once to Beer Bay and back.

I remember snowshoeing a few times when Linda Kuhn, Robin Williams, and Dave White were up for a visit around New Year's Eve. Cathy Lankton kept us company for a couple of weeks in January, too. There was traying and tobogganing on Devils Slide and some wonderful night hikes to Baldy and the tower where the visibility ranged from the lights of the town across the river to only a swirl of snow in a 20 foot circle around the tower.

We did do some work that winter repairing the boardwalk and railings to the "new" cabins and finishing the nautical room. It is apparently the best

"I'LL NEVER FORGET BILL STANDING IN FRONT OF THE OVEN, THAWING HIS BOOTS AND SOFTENING HIS BOWL OF ICE CREAM SIMULTANEOUSLY."

time of year to scrub baseboards, clean light fixtures, wire brush and paint showers and clean carpets, plowing roads and also staying on those roads provided a measure of excitement as well as trying to smooth them out with a bed spring and railroad ties towed behind the jeep. This was also the winter Bill acquired the metal detector and not many areas of the beach or woods went unscanned.

The week fell into a routine of Bill and Lynn's arrival on Friday with the group for the weekend arriving anywhere from suppertime on. We often played cards or Scrabble in the kitchen waiting for the group to arrive. Vernor's Boston coolers were a real treat and I'll never forget Bill's standing in front of the oven, thawing his boots and softening his bowl of ice cream simultaneously, with frequent taste tests (of the ice cream, not the boots.) We usually ate in the kitchen but I remember

February days, to the dining hall with its view of the frozen lake and sun setting farther to the south every day. Dorothy and I had plenty to eat foraging in the walk-in but some wonderful memories were Lisa's dinners at the house, delicious breads, Butler burgers, and butterscotch-coconut pie to name a few. There were some peaceful evenings listening to music and working on our Christmas projects. The Christmas tree was found on the beach, complete with pine cones.

cial records and then walking home via the Green Trail. Lisa and I did inquire about one outside job opportunity briefly as a Santa's helper. It turned out to be helping the head Santa Claus of Grand Rapids build his sleigh and reindeer! It sounded suspicious so we did not pursue it further.

That winter gave me the gift of time - to slow down for the opportunity to live with and enjoy three other people, to read, write and play music, to learn new skills - woodworking, x-country skiing - and to think and make decisions about what was coming next. I learned about sharing space with someone, expressing my feelings and confronting conflicts. I learned about facing myself and motivating myself when working alone. It was a good chance to keep "shoulds" and "coulds" out of my vocabulary and find that there is usually more than one way to do something and they will probably all work. I had written down two quotes from a set of posters in one of the catalogues that came through the dining hall that winter. They sum up pretty well what that winter at Saugatuck living with you, Mark, Lisa and Dorothy, gave me. Thank you.

Open your mind and say "Ah".

Accept me as I am so I may learn what I can become.

* The corollary to this which I just learned *this* winter:

Let's not be so open-minded that our brains fall out.

CAROL ROHL WAS BORN JULY 28, 1953, IN ELKHART, INDIANA. EDUCATION: HOMEWOOD-FLOSSMOOR HIGH SCHOOL, ILLINOIS 1971. CARROLL COLLEGE, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN 1975. CAMP STAFF: 1974-75 (WINTER OF 1975-76). EMPLOYMENT: HURRICANE ISLAND OUTWARD BOUND SCHOOL 1976-82. BRECKENRIDGE SKI CORPORATION, COLORADO 1976-79. OLYMPICS (WINTER AT LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK 1980, SUMMER AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 1984.) FIREWOOD BUSINESS, CAMDEN, MAINE 1981-PRESENT. BUILT OWN HOUSE IN WARREN, MAINE 1982. BEGAN TO PLAY THE FOLK HARP 1986. OVERSEAS TRAVEL: NEW ZEALAND 1981, SAILED TO IRELAND FROM MAINE 1988, EDIN-



Dave Burland, Carol Rohl, Jim Shields, Dave White - 1975

moving a table in by the fireplace for a candlelight dinner or two with the weekend group. When the group and Bill and Lynn left on Sunday, silence and peace descended on camp once again.

There was a balance of time alone and time together. I remember having about 11 different favorite reading/writing spots ranging from in my sleeping bag in Cherokee, to Beachview's porch some warm November and Feb-

We got into town some Monday nights to play Volleyball and Cabbage Crik was at the Hatch in Holland on Tuesday nights. We took turns going for mail in the jeep and making trips to the Hamilton egg factory, I remember a perch dinner or two at the Embassy in Saugatuck and eating camp cookies and apple juice through *Gone With the Wind* at the Holland theater. I had a couple of quiet afternoons in the Saugatuck library reading up on Great Lakes shipwrecks and old Commer-

BURGH, SCOTLAND (HARP FESTIVAL) 1989, SAILED IN HEBRIDES (PLAYED FOLK HARP IN SCOTLAND) 1990.

Barbara VanDer Griend

(1976-78, 80)

Isn't it funny? Ask a person the same question at two different moments in time and you'll probably get two very different answers. (Notice I said probably). There are very few absolutes in this world. If I were asked to write about camp five years ago, even one year ago, I'm sure I would have written something very different. (At least I think I'm sure).

For me, at the tender age of 18, camp was all the obvious things; a time to tread the new waters of independence, a chance to make my own decisions, a place to meet new people, a place to meet people very different from myself (some very, very, others not so very), a chance to explore my own feelings and attitudes about things, a time for learning and growing .

But it was also a very ordinary time, simply another stage in my life, which when connected to all the other stages has brought me to the here and now. And just where the heck am I? Glad you asked. Sometimes I feel as though now I'm ready for camp; I certainly wasn't ready ten years ago. But then isn't that true about everything we do? Are we ever really ready for it? How can we ever really know something until after we experience it ourselves? And by then it's too late, we've already done it. I liken life to putting together a jigsaw puzzle. There are no rules or instructions. By the time you figure out the trick of putting the same colors together into separate piles and tackling each pile independently, it's time to move on to another puzzle with many more pieces and less color distinction.

But with all their ordinary splendor, with all their pain and laughter, my memories of camp are mine. They will always have a place in my heart to cherish and enjoy whenever I feel the need to touch the familiar. And so let us travel back to that time ten or so years ago (wow, that was much easier in reverse) for no other reason than to simply share my memories with you.

It is 6:30 am. Time to get up, brush my teeth and my hair, wash my face, get dressed and *walk* to work. (Such environmentalists we were back then and it was only the 70's the 70's!!!! Oh my gosh, that means I'm gettingold). Enter: the kitchen. Lights on, pots and pans clanging, delicious smells filling the air. (Lynn is already busy at work; only she and God know what time her day started). Head for: *the list*. Silent prayer: (this is a church camp after all) Dear God, please let there be something mindless to do until I wake up - Amen. *Aha!* Found it; item #12 - cut 15 butters. I can do that.

Now let's forget about the fact that I have a college education for the moment. I believe that by the time I was 6 years old I could count to at least 15. This has got to be another one of those inexplicable phenomena like whatever happened to the other sock in the dryer. You put two socks in the dryer, come back 30 minutes later and there's only one sock. You cut 15 squares of butter and by mealtime there are only 14 squares. Where do they go these squares of butter and these pair-less socks? It's too early in the morning to pursue such deep and philosophical thoughts. Just cut another square of butter and let it go.

Now there's probably something you should know about *the list*. In the kitchen *the list* was a sacred document. We would have been lost without it. Imagine: peanut butter without jelly, pancakes without syrup, salads without croutons, toast without butter. Speaking of butter how about this:

there's a quaint little planet somewhere out there in this vast Milky Way, or perhaps another galaxy, where the people have only one leg, therefore one foot, and they crave butter. But no cows live on this planet. So they use their demolecularization guns and zap the socks and the squares of butter, reducing them to invisible atoms and

"I LIKEN LIFE TO PUTTING TOGETHER A JIGSAW PUZZLE. THERE ARE NO RULES OR INSTRUCTIONS. BY THE TIME YOU FIGURE OUT THE TRICK OF PUTTING THE SAME COLORS TOGETHER INTO SEPARATE PILES AND TACKLING EACH PILE INDEPENDENTLY, IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON TO ANOTHER PUZZLE WITH MANY MORE PIECES AND LESS COLOR DISTINCTION."

transferring these atoms back to their planet where they are remolecularized. Forget about it! Just relax! Someone is trying to drive you insane and they're succeeding.

Getting back to *the list*. It has just occurred to me where my enthusiasm for list making originated. I love lists. I write long lists, short lists, fat lists and skinny lists. I write lists of lists. The list is really a very powerful tool. I actually have people believing that I remember their birthdays, anniversaries and special occasions. To be quite honest I have three types of lists: a long-term

list, a short-term list and a temporary list. The temporary list is only for those times when I do not have access to the other two lists. It later gets transferred and then discarded. The long-term list is subdivided into (you guessed it) smaller lists of different categories and is periodically updated. Alas, the question must be asked: Are these the ravings of a lunatic or the confessions of a well-balanced mind?

We always had a great time in the kitchen even when the tensions mounted. Now in the *old days* when terrible things happened they often referred to them as plagues; well in the kitchen we had our share of "plagues" too, only we called them disasters. Take for instance the "jello disaster of 1977". Making jello was truly a most challenging job. It required a skill of dexterity and coordination with a willingness to boldly go where no staff member has ever returned from the same. We would make big batches of jello, suit up with sweaters and gloves, and take the jello with huge, long pans into the walk-in refrigerator. Finding enough flat surface for all the pans was truly an art form. Well one day there was a slight mishap. Needless to say we found little globs of red, yellow, green and orange for the rest of the summer.

Then there was the "egg disaster of 1978" (or the "egg plague" as it would have been known in the *old days*). Imagine one-hundred beady little yolks just staring up at you, taunting you, mocking you, screaming "You'll never fry us sucker!!". They were right of course.

Every now and then Alice (Herula Valaskovic) and I still recall that rare occasion when Lynn took an afternoon off and Alice and I were left in charge to serve lunch. No big deal! Stick the ravioli in some pans, turn on the ovens and stick the pans in the ovens (not necessarily in that order). Simple! As the noon hour approached

the ravioli was still at best lukewarm. But the ovens were on, the flames were lit, there was heat. Ok we need a plan, actually we need several plans; hereafter affectionately referred to as Plans A B & C.

Plan A - turn ovens up to 500 degrees. Plan B - turn clocks back ten minutes. Plan C - all of the above.

"IN THE OLD DAYS WHEN TERRIBLE THINGS HAPPENED THEY OFTEN REFERRED TO THEM AS PLAGUES. IN THE KITCHEN WE HAD OUR SHARE OF 'PLAGUES' TOO, ONLY WE CALLED THEM DISASTERS."

Actually one of my most vivid memories of camp was not just one memory but several. When working in the kitchen I always felt a sense of teamwork and support. We worked hard and did a good job. Even when we messed up we could laugh at ourselves and somehow things would work out. Lynn taught us the importance of planning and organization. I learned how to feed a crowd and what the heck a garbonzo bean is. Since camp days Alice and I have prepared several dinners at church for 75 to 150 people or more. We would have never had the gumption to do this without our experience at camp. (By the way our phone numbers are unlisted).

I recall one summer in particular when I served as the first aid person. Give me your bruises, scrapes and sprains; give me your colds, coughs, sore throats and headaches. I'll even take a neuroses or two. But I tend to shy

away from broken legs, pregnant women, Hepatitis B and saddle sore. (I saw the first three the first week on the job). And I must insist that it was an act absolutely above and beyond the call of duty when Alice (my roommate) and I had our weights shouted across a crowded waiting room (the proper dosage of gamma globulin is determined by body weight) after being exposed to the hepatitis.

Another summer I counseled a group of inner-city kids (aged 9-10) for a week. The first day they arrived Bill gave each of three smaller groups a thermometer. One group was to place their thermometer on the beach, the second group farther up way from the water and the third group in the woods. Everyday each group was to write down the temperature in the morning, afternoon and evening. At the end of the week we'd compare the recordings. I remember thinking what a great project this will be for a group of kids who are in a pretty unfamiliar environment. On the first day by breakfast the beach thermometer did a nose dive into Lake Michigan, by lunch the second thermometer just sort of disappeared, you know like the pair-less socks and the squares of butter, and by dinner the third thermometer somehow found its way under some kid's foot.

I really had a great time with these kids. I have memories of us taking hikes, playing in the lake, singing, making crafts and just talking with each other. It was truly an exhausting week, but one I'll always remember.

And what can I say about friendship? Sarita Vinson and I met my first summer at camp and we became friends very quickly. We've worked together, played together and even shared a cabin or two (one in which Sarita overstayed her welcome; but, unfortunately, this is not my story to tell). Sarita and I don't see very much of each other anymore but we still keep in touch. It is always good to hear a familiar voice

and a familiar story from the past. And on those rare occasions when we do get together, it seems as though hardly any time has passed at all.

My memoirs could hardly be complete without again mentioning Alice. Alice and I have known each other now for about 16 years. We met at our local church. But it was at camp where we really got to know each other. We've been through a lot together. It is having a life-long friend like Alice that helps to sweeten the passage of time.

Alice and I have shared many moments together at camp. Perhaps one of our most memorable ones was our last; we went out with a bang. It was our last day and we had just about finished packing our bags. Alice was balancing her checkbook and I was loading up the car (I guess I got the raw end of that deal) when a rather banged up gentleman came to our cabin seeking First Aid. Looking back, I have to wonder just who got the biggest bang out of the whole situation. But it was Mark Lankton's bang-up remedy of my patient's malady that has kept us freshly amused all these years. And Alice still insists that this was the first and last time her checkbook ever balanced.

I have a whole potpourri of camp memories which include: walks in the woods, talking with friends, picking wild flowers, walks on the beach, sunset drives in the pick-up truck, square dances, trips to Dairy Queen, trips to town, doing laundry at Gleason's, rides across the river on the ferry, hikes up to Mount Baldy, staff meetings, James Taylor, cleaning cabins, playing volleyball, arts and crafts, midnight raids to the walk-in refrigerator, swims in the lake, canoe trips, sandy PB & J sandwiches, campfires, singing in the rain, meat-and-cheese platters, starry skies, moons that shone bright, trillium, Dutchman's britches, warm summer days, cool summer nights, delicious food and storms across the lake. What a lovely way to spend four sum-

mers.

I would like to thank Bill and Lynn for their boundless energy and talent, for their time and their faith. I would also like to thank everyone who touched my life even in the smallest of ways. I think of so many of you. It has been a bittersweet journey back to "camp days". I look forward to reading other stories and learning new perspectives in hopes of further connecting the past with the present for a clearer, brighter tomorrow.

BARBARA VANDER GRIEND WAS BORN: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (1957) GRADUATED: J. F. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL (1975) STAFF MEMBER OF PRESBYTERIAN CAMP, SAUGATUCK, MICHIGAN (1976-1978, 1980) ATTENDED SCHOOL OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY AT WEISS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (1979-1980) GRADUATED: ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (1980) MEDICAL TECHNOLOGIST AT MICHAEL REESE HOSPITAL & MEDICAL CENTER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (1980-1989) COMPLETED COMPUTER CAREER PROGRAM AT DEPAUL UNIVERSITY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (1989) COMPUTER PROGRAMMER ANALYST AT EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (PRESENT).

"Lessons on Leadership" Rob Singer

(1976-79)

As a Clinical Coordinator at a Mental Health Center, supervising staff in a variety of programs, I regularly look back on the memories of Supervisors I have had in the past as I try to figure out how to handle situations on a day to day basis. Several memories from camp have a big impact on me.

In one situation, while on waterfront, I had just asked a camper to leave the water due to his continuing to leave the swimming area when his director got in my face and suggested I was just trying to be a Big Bully lifeguard and that he was going to talk to my boss. This he did, and my boss got us together and told the director that his staff had his full backing and if I told the director to get out of the water he

better do so. I never felt such support and now hope I convey that trust to my staff.

There were numerous situations in which I learned the importance of *role-modeling* so the staff realizes they will never be asked to do anything I won't do or haven't done. If it was simply

**"BEING INCLUDED
WAS MORE IMPOR-
TANT THAN WIN-
NING."**

doing the dishes or cleaning out the toilet, it didn't matter. My favorite example though was tree climbing. There was no way I wouldn't try to climb after watching my boss not only climb up one tree but then jump to another, fall several branches and continue to climb.

Forgiveness was also an important lesson I learned. I and several fellow staff members had done a dumb thing and followed the director (at a distance) as he lead a night hike up Mt. Baldy. At the bottom of Devil's Run we met several campers that had lagged behind with firecrackers. No sooner than several were lit the director was back. After he had sent the campers on, he told us to pack our bags. I will never forget the feeling of guilt and then relief when he didn't send us home the next day.

Developing a sense of "team" will be the last tribute I will talk about, though there are many others. I believe this was best developed by big team projects such as carrying "trees" up from the beach and picking up whole buildings and moving them around the camp. Other methods included transferring from one work area to the other and having everyone included in our volleyball competitions, because be-

ing included was more important than winning.

As an example of how much I believed in my boss I'd like to recall building of the raised platforms for tents in Camp Gray. As we were cutting boards for the flooring I was asked to stand on one end of the board. I did so and as the saw went through the board both I and my end of the board flew through the air to the ground. I only hope that those individuals I presently supervise can look back at their experience with me as a supervisor half as fondly as I look back at my experience at Presbyterian Camps.

ROB SINGER WAS BORN: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (1960). GRADUATED: YORK HIGH SCHOOL (1978), BLACKBURN COLLEGE (1982), AND WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY (1984). MARRIED: LUCY A. MOYLE (1985). EMPLOYMENT: DUNN MENTAL HEALTH CENTER (1984-1988). CATHOLIC SERVICES FOR CHILDREN & YOUTH (1988-89). HUMAN SUPPORT SERVICES (1989-PRESENT). PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS (1976-79). SPENT NUMEROUS SUMMERS BEFORE EMPLOYMENT AS NURSE'S SON.

"Everything I Don't Know Today, I Learned at Presby Camp" Bob Dana

(1976-79)

When I came to Saugatuck in 1976 I knew everything. I was 19 years old, had a semester of college under my belt, and most importantly of all, I arrived in the Lankton family car. Bill & Lynn's daughter, Cath and I met that spring at Goddard College. She was gracious enough to befriend me, and ask her parents to give me a summer job. It was my very good fortune to be associated with the Lankton family as an "insider" for about three years, an association that proved to be one of the most rewarding, and maturing experiences of my life. But that first summer at camp I overplayed my hand a bit.

My first assignment was to go along with Mark Lankton and set up a volleyball court in Camp Peniel. Bill instructed us to go off into the woods and find a couple of Ironwood trees to use for the net posts. No problem. I knew all about cutting down trees, and I could, if pressed, play volleyball. Armed with one of Bill's trusty field guides, we (Mark) were quickly able to locate two likely victims. "You want to use the chain saw, or should I", asked Mark politely. I had absolutely no intention of passing up such a ripe opportunity to demonstrate my woodsman's skills, and took the chain saw confidently in hand. Fifteen or twenty minutes later, Mark diplomatically said something about this particular saw being difficult to start, and offered to give me a hand. I volunteered to field strip the saw and correct the problem, but Mark didn't think that would be necessary. He took the saw, and started it with one or two pulls, and handed it back to me with a shrug and a smile.

They were small trees, and I managed to get them both down without further embarrassment. We dragged them out of the woods, and down the road to the shop. Actually, I think Mark carried his on his shoulder, while I dragged mine. At the shop Mark said something off-handed about "supposing that we should strip off the bark before installing the posts". I had no idea why this was so, but nevertheless agreed enthusiastically. At any rate, I felt on much firmer ground now. Sure, I was already exhausted (it was about 9:30 AM), but we were at the shop. This was my element. I had been working at my father's side in his shop from the age of six. Together we had completely renovated two whole city houses. There was nothing I didn't know about tools. Sure, the shop! Now we're talking! Mark said he was going to find a couple of saw horses, and gave me directions to a peg board on the wall of the shop where I could find a couple of draw knives for stripping the bark.

Now, this may seem odd to the readers of this piece who, like Mark and his father, may have grown up on Eric Sloan and Joshua Slocum, but somehow my father and I had worked our private little urban renewal miracles without the benefit of even a single drawknife. In fact, I had never heard of a drawknife, and couldn't identify one to save my life. I trudged miserably into the shop to take a wild stab at finding those "mysterious" draw things, trusting to luck, and Mark's directions, as to where they were located, and hoping that there were two of them. I figured that I would just grab anything that there were *two of*, in the general vicinity of where Mark said they should be. As luck would have it, there *were* two pairs of things, as he said. I learned later that the pair I grabbed were spokeshaves. Naturally, Mark was gracious about straightening me out. I toyed with the idea of using some lame explanation along the lines of "what we call 'em back East...", but I just didn't have the heart for it anymore. By the time we got the logs stripped, and up to Peniel, it was close enough to lunch time for us to quit for the morning. One would think that by this time I had "unlearned" enough of my, heretofore infallible expertise, to keep my mouth shut, but a spot of lunch, and an hour to recharge the old batteries put me up to another go.

After lunch we brought a couple of shovels, and the volleyball net up to Peniel, and set off to work. We got the posts in the ground, and laid out the net, preparatory to stringing it up. It was at that point that "inspiration" struck! I had already observed that Bill Lankton was a man who was fascinated with ropes, and knot tying (I have no doubt that at least one other contributor has recounted Bill's poem about the "bowline as the King of knots"). Now, I fancied myself as something of a sailor, having done a bit of "crew work" on a racing sloop, and I was anxious to make known my vast knowledge of sailing knots. Here, it

seemed to me, was the perfect opportunity. The boat I had crewed on had used a peculiar type of threepoint harness to control the boom, known as the "Crosby rig". For some perfectly ridiculous reason that escapes me now, I thought that it would be a smashingly good idea to adapt the Crosby rig for the purpose of stretching the volleyball net between the two posts. I got Mark to go back down to the shop with me to find four small blocks to attach the posts.

Now, the reader who is still awake at this point may have noticed that the Crosby rig is a *three* point harness, whereas volleyball nets require attachment at *four* points. This subtle distinction had somehow failed to occur to me at the moment of my inspiration. It did become clear, however, shortly after I began running line back and forth between those posts. Another important difference also occurred to me at that point: the distance between the net posts on a volleyball court is considerably greater than that covered by the Crosby rig on the boat I had crewed on.

I'm not sure how we managed to cart a mile and a half of nylon cord all the way up to Peniel, but we must have, because I used at least that much. We did manage to get the net up in time for the traditional after-dinner volleyball period, and despite some very bewildered looks from the participants, managed to get through a couple of games. Somehow, though, the Peniel volleyball court never really caught on, and, after two or three nights, everyone went back to playing on the old court next to the dining hall. This probably had something to do with the way the players kept getting tangled up in all the nylon cord when ever they got near the net, and had to be pulled out with the Jeep.

By Day Two, with the "volleyball net episode" safely behind me, I had "unlearned" enough to manage a fairly harmonious camp life. I positively

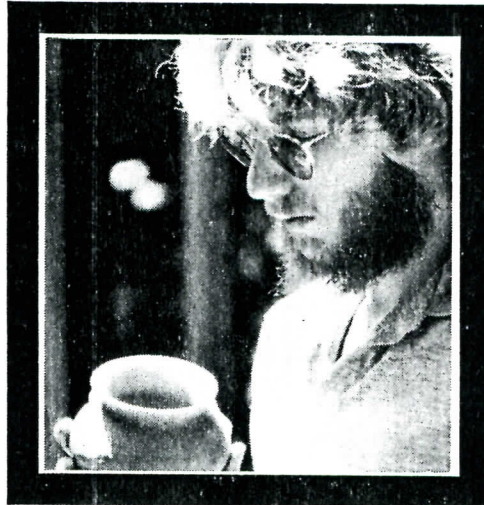
breezed through the rest of June, and all of July, and was making a pretty good run at August. While there were occasional minor episodes when I thought I knew how to do something, and was tempted to forego the "camp way" in favor of some method of my own, these generally passed without major incident. I might, for example, suddenly find myself on my back under one of the lake front cabins with a pipe wrench in my hand, with same questionable brown substance dripping on my forehead. In the old days I probably would have foolishly

thought to myself: "Looks like a bad pipe here. Better get a new one, and maybe a couple of fittings, and see about fixing this up". But I had, fortunately, "unlearned" better than that. By that time in my career as a "camp staffer" I would just say to myself, "Hey, I might be getting myself into a really *big* job here. I better go find the Jeep". "Finding the Jeep" is what all the Old Hands did when faced with the prospect of a really big job, and by God, that was good enough for me.

Finding the Jeep meant finding Bill, since the two were never far apart. Once I found Bill, of course, things really *get moving*. Tough job, huh?" he'd say. "We're like the Marines, the difficult we do immediately, the impossible takes a little longer. Come on". And then I'd get to bounce around in the Jeep for about half an hour, picking up anybody Bill saw who didn't

look like they were doing anything more important than heart surgery. (He once picked up, in this manner, a Bus Driver who had just unloaded a bus load of screaming Junior Campers. Bill got him to help haul a huge log up from down by the old tennis courts to the Dining Hall. This is absolutely true!

The driver was completely perplexed, and had absolutely no idea where we were taking him, except that it seemed to involve some sort of emergency. By the time it was over, the driver was having the time of his life, and wouldn't leave until we all posed together with him for a picture.)



Bob Dana

Once we had twenty or thirty people hanging off the Jeep, and we'd shoot down to the Shop to get the rope, a couple of axes ("Hey, who the heck took my favorite double-bitted ax?"), and the Come-Along, and we'd fly over to the cabin. Three or four hours later we'd have the cabin floor jacked up all nice and level, a new roof on, and a fresh coat of creosote on the boardwalk. "There's nothing to it", Bill would say, "Come on, we're going to be late for dinner". Later that night Mark or Dave White, or somebody would go back over to that cabin with a pair of channel locks, some pipe dope, and fix that leak.

But I digress. As I was starting to say, I was beginning to fit right in at camp, and might have made it all the way through the summer without another catastrophe, if it hadn't been for *that book*.

We all rotated jobs at camp, and I spent part of that August working in crafts. Juele Blankenburg, our regular Craft Director, was away for a week, and Steve Stratakos was acting in her place. One day while Steve and I were straightening up between waves of candle-crazed-campers I found it. Fallen behind a bookshelf, where Providence no doubt had intended it to remain, was a little innocent looking book about how to fire a pottery kiln. As it happened, camp *had* a pottery kiln, and it hadn't been fired all summer.

Now, I know what you are thinking: this guy didn't *actually* try to fire a pottery kiln, did he?" Well, yes, I did. But, you have to understand, I thought it was safe because I was certain that I knew absolutely *nothing* about it. The volleyball net incident had been a completely different thing. In that case, I thought I knew exactly what I was doing, and it turned into a humiliating mess. But, what could be more natural than to turn my hand to something I knew nothing about?

And, really, the book was partly to blame. It made the whole thing sound so simple. Well, never mind. The details are still too painful to dwell on, so I'll just touch on the major points. The bisque firing went just fine—hardly a hitch really. Probably not much more than 40% breakage. Bolstered by this remarkable success, I plunged ahead to the glaze firing as soon as my fellow Staffers had their pots ready (Dave White must have been going through some sort of "botanical phase" at the time because he insisted that he hadn't made a pot at all but, rather, some sort of a jug for collecting vegetables—a "pea jug" I think he called it).

The book said that there are two "phases" to a glaze firing: oxidation phase and the reduction phase. During the oxidation phase, it went diabolically on to say, one leaves the dampers on the gas burners wide open to allow

the maximum amount of oxygen into the kiln. Never mind those occasional sharp popping sounds from within, this was normal. Just let her rip! (Actually I don't think that part was in the book). During the reduction phase one closes the dampers down to decrease the amount of oxygen in the kiln. I'm

"FINDING THE JEEP IS WHAT ALL THE OLD HANDS DID WHEN FACED WITH THE PROSPECT OF A REALLY BIG JOB, AND BY GOD, THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."

quoting verbatim now, "It is not unusual to see a bit of black smoke issuing from between the bricks during reduction". Now, if you are ever tempted to write any kind of how-to book at all, I strongly advise you to avoid phrases like "a bit" or "not unusual". If you don't avoid phrases like these, some *knot-headed summer staff bozo* is just liable to think it's perfectly alright to have *tons* of hideous, thick black smoke billowing out of every crack and chink in the whole damn kiln.

Sometime during the reduction phase Dave White came bursting into the Craft Shop so suddenly that it created a bit of an ugly incident with a vat of hot wax, and one of the afore-mentioned candle-crazed. "Bob," he said, "the kiln, man, the thing's on fire!" No, wait, he actually said, "Oh, sorry kid. Bob, the kiln, man, the thing's on fire".

"What do you mean, Dave?" I asked calmly, knowing exactly what he meant.

"Look at the smoke pouring out of that thing!"

"No, no, Dave, look at this", I said, producing the cursed book. "See, it says right here, 'It is not unusual to see a bit of black smoke issuing from between the bricks during reduction'. Relax, everything's okay. This is the *reduction* phase". (I didn't end with "you knot-headed summer staff bozo", but my tone said it all.) "I don't know, that's an awful lot of smoke, but guess you know what you're doing". His choice of words filled me with an immediate sense of dread, but I shook it off as best I could.

One thing I never really got in three years of camp was religion. This is no knock on Bill Lankton, because if there ever was a religious person in my life who could have taught me anything about it, Bill was the man. Somehow I just never caught any religion at camp, or anywhere else. Ever since kiln-opening-day, however, I knew with absolute certainty that there is a God, and that He has ways of letting you know when you really screw up. The only item that survived that firing was a "cereal bowl" that Wendy Law had made for Dave White—expressly for the purpose of Dave's morning Cocoa Puffs (sexual deviation was not as uncommon at camp as you might think, and this Cocoa Puffs business was just the tip of the iceberg believe me). Wendy was somewhat smitten with Dave, and she was counting on this bowl to turn the tide in her favor. So, you can understand why she was a tad miffed with me when it came out of the kiln a twisted, shriveled cinder. The best way I can describe that poor bowl is as reminiscent of the really black stuff that you can't quite kick off from behind your front tires after an especially hard winter. That at will help you understand why Dave White was just a touch peeved with me when, being too much of a gentleman to hurt Wendy's feelings, he agreed to eat breakfast out of this grotesque object

for the rest of the summer. On the few occasions when I was not able to avoid sitting at Dave's table for the morning meal, the look on his face as he stared into that bowl put me right off my breakfast.

I managed, somehow, to get out of camp with my life that summer and, thus encouraged, returned for two more. I am also one of the "fortunate few" who have had the opportunity to winter at camp, an experience of unmitigated bliss. Of all my camp memories, though, the glorious failures of that first summer will always stand out. For me, the great gift of that summer was being allowed, for the first time in my life, to *fail*. When you are nineteen years old and nothing in your life has ever been hard, it doesn't occur to you that failure is possible. The real difficulty, of course, is that it does not occur to you that failure is *survivable*. Learning that, means freedom from one of the truly monumental fears that all young people must sooner or later come to terms with. Bill and Lynn understood that long before I ever did, of course, and that is just one of a long list of reasons why they made such an impact on so many of us knotheaded summer staff bozos.

Thank you, Lanktons, for your wisdom and the depth of your kindness. And, thank you, *fellow knot-heads*, for your good companionship and your good humor. May all your nets stay taut, and all your kilns fire clean.

ROBERT DANA WAS BORN IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK IN 1957, WHERE HE STILL LIVES WITH HIS WIFE, MARGARET AND HIS DAUGHTER, AMANDA. HE WAS EDUCATED AT THE EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE IN OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON (B.S., 1982) AND THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK (M.P.A., 1989). HE HAS WORKED AS A LABORATORY TECHNICIAN, A LIBRARY AUTOMATION SPECIALIST AND AN URBAN PLANNER. HE IS CURRENTLY COORDINATOR OF GEOGRAPHIC INFORMATION SYSTEMS FOR THE CITY OF ROCHESTER, NEW YORK. HE WORKED AT PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS DURING THE SUMMERS OF 1976, 1977, AND 1979 AND DURING THE WINTER OF 1976-1977.

"The Evening Lakeview Dropped, or They Call the Wind Steve, Steve" Steve Stratakos

(1977-79)

Disasters and their stories, after a period of time, grow from fact to fiction to folk lore faster than you can sing "Johnny Applesced". As the great Bob Hope would say, "I'm here to tell you", and that's just what I'm about to do. I'm telling you the true, bona fide account of the falling of Lakeview cabin. This you can believe because I was there.

The story begins in late August during the final week of summer camp in the year 1977. Anyone who has worked at camp before knows how paper-thin the staff gets towards the end of sum-

mer. Most workers have gone back to school, while the remaining few strays hang on to the end. We "strays" are either too dumb for college, or have already finished. I guess I'm a little bit of both. As my old high school pals would say as we were about to enter our next step toward higher learning, "Steve's not going to college, he's going to art school". Yeah, thanks.

For you readers who have never seen Lakeview, here are a few descriptions which will enhance the total impact unfolding. First, Lakeview was located on what is known as "staff hill", located just north of the new Director's cabin. Lakeview was a very, very long cabin. It could hold over 15 beds, and had a bathroom in its east wing. That bathroom made the Camp Gray Johns look like the Plaza Hotel. On the east wing is where the building touched earth. This earth was the side of a hill with a 45° incline. The cabin jutted out towards the lake, hence its name, and was supported on the west end by 25 foot pillars made up of



Steve Stratakos & Lakeview cabin - 1977

cinder blocks, wood, #10 cans, and chewing gun. Mark Lankton once told me that Jimmy Hoffa's body was buried underneath one of the pillars, but I didn't believe him for a second. Mark has been in the woods too long, falling out of trees.

There were just a few cabins up on staff hill, and even fewer today. Next to Lakeview was Cherokee cabin, and on the very top of the hill, hidden from

"SOME FOLKS SAY THAT IF YOU GO UP TO THE OLD SITE OF LAKEVIEW ON A BREEZY SUMMER EVENING, AND IF YOU REALLY LISTEN HARD, YOU CAN HEAR MY NAME BEING CALLED IN THE WIND, STEVE, STEVE, STEVE".

sight, were Outlook and Lookout. I never knew which was which, and I gather nobody else did. If Bill named those cabins, thank God he never had twins.

It's time to introduce the "heroine" of the story: Sarita Vinson. Sarita's first year on staff was also my first year (1976), that great Bicentennial year when the staff put on a political election skit where I was type-cast as Groucho Marx and won the undying friendship and admiration of Dave White and Jim Shields.

Sarita was staying in Lakeview cabin by herself, and I was in Cherokee cabin also solo. On this "eventful" evening/early morning, I was sleeping as soundly as the Chicago Cubs the past 62 seasons. Snug and warm in my

cozy camp bed (this being my second full summer at camp, I was already used to the bed springs sticking into my back).

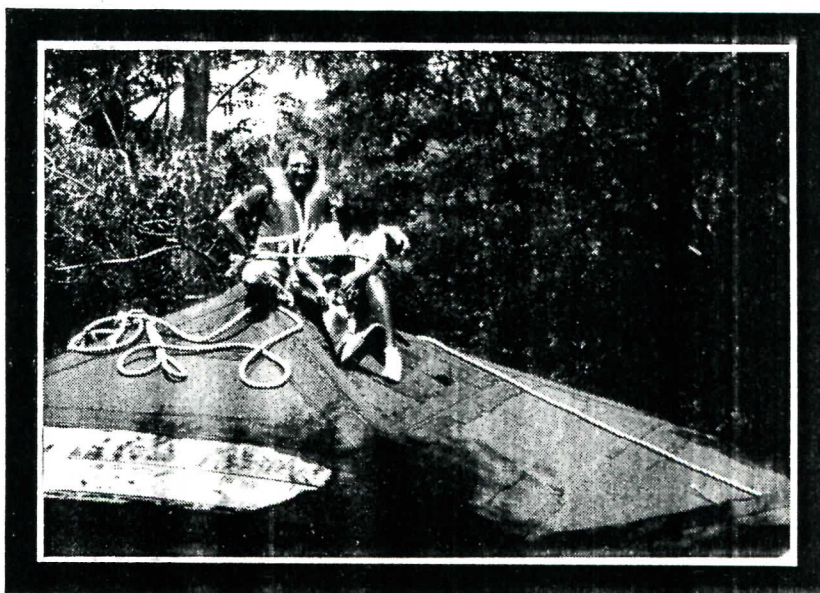
Then it began. I started hearing my name being blown in the wind drifting through my cabin window. I was at the stage of rest where I wasn't sure if it was all a dream or I was really hearing something. For a moment I thought it was the Siren's song of love, and that my prayers were finally answered, but I guess I snapped out of it to realize that it was Sarita's voice.

So, I jumped out of bed and ran out to see what was up? What was "up" was "down". I got to the door of Lakeview, about 15 feet away from mine; the bottom of the door was now chest high. Sarita couldn't get the door opened, but was not in a panic. I told her I'd be right back. I was only dressed in my underwear, and I was not about to rescue a damsel in distress in *that* state. Plus, I didn't have my eye glasses on, and couldn't make heads or tails out of the place.

When I returned I figured out what had happened. The support pillars on the west end had toppled, and Lakeview went careening towards Lake Michigan. That caused the east end of the cabin to rise 5 feet above its porch. We managed to open a window, and I helped Sarita out of the cabin and back to safety.

It was only 3:00 AM so we couldn't go running around camp like a couple of Paul Reveres shouting, "Lakeview has fallen, Lakeview has fallen". So, Sarita went down to another cabin, Mayflower, where she slept like a church-goer during a Sunday sermon. I didn't sleep a peep! I couldn't wait until morning to tell Bill and the rest of the Staff.

Bill always liked hearing this story, so I'm glad now to relive that evening back in 1977. The Evening Lakeview Dropped made quite an impression on me, as did most camp activities. And, some folks say that if you go up to the old site of Lakeview on a breezy summer evening, and if you really listen



Steve Stratakos & Sarita Vinson on Lakeview - 1983

hard, you can hear my name being called in the wind, "Steve, Steve, Steve".

STEVE STRATAKOS WAS BORN IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, IN 1954. A STAFF MEMBER DURING 1976-77 AND 1979-83, STEVE GRADUATED FROM THE SCHOOL OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO IN 1977. STEVE ATTENDED A TEXTILE CLASS WITH GREER LANKTON IN 1976 WHERE HE LEARNED ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS. STEVE PLANS "TO CONTINUE WITH MY QUILTING, AND MAKE MY HOME SOMEWHERE ON THIS CRAZY PLANET". HE SAYS "WHAT I WILL PROBABLY BE REMEMBERED AT CAMP FOR IS SILK-SCREEN T-SHIRTS, OLD CARS, AND GREAT LAUGHS". EDITOR'S NOTE: STEVE HAD A PUBLIC DISPLAY OF HIS QUILTS IN THE CULTURAL CENTER IN DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, AND HAS QUILTS HANGING IN THE DUSABLE MUSEUM AND THE BROOKFIELD ZOO.

"Camp Memories" Carrie Koehnline (1977-79)

I think it was the summer of '79 when my parents and (then fiancée) Chris, drove me up to Presbyterian Camps. I was terrified. The last camp experience I'd had back in the seventh grade had been a disaster; and at least there I'd had my best friend with me. Now I was off on my own in a strange place. I wondered what had possessed me to do such a thing when I was engaged to be married. Chris and I took a long walk up the path and wept and wept, but before I knew it Bill had me jump into the jeep for a blood curdling ride to the shop, and soon we were zipping back to Lakeview where I saw Dave White, Steve Stratakos, and Jim Shields for the first time. I remember that at least one of them was hanging upside down when we entered. I also remember thinking that their sense of humor was a lot different from mine. Bill was friendly, but gruff and crusty and wanting to get to work. And work we did. Soon I was down on the beach pushing logs with the rest of them. And when I look back, it was just exactly the initiation I would like to have had.

I had signed up to work in the kitchen, and Lynn soon had me feeling right at

home. I marveled at the organization with which she ran that kitchen. And although she took it seriously, she made it fun. I particularly liked our escapades out into the wilds to pick forbidden flowers.

Although kitchen was my official place of work, everyone knows that at Presbyterian Camps these things are not cast in stone. So one week I found myself assigned to maintenance. This was a new world for me, but what I was lacking in skill I made up for in enthusiasm. It is something when a white suburban Presbyterian girl finds herself clad in an old gas station shirt and jeans, clutching for dear life onto garbage cans and rusty springs in the back of a bouncing old truck heading for the dump. It was a thrill beyond anything I'd yet experienced. Up to that point my working life had included being a Christmas package wrapper in the back room of Saks Fifth Avenue, and doing baby sitting and temporary office work. The very idea that I could wear what I wanted and hurl myself into trucks, and rip apart decaying cabins with hammers and drive in nails...well it just made the world feel like a different place. After that I had a talk with Bill, and asked if maintenance could be my regular assignment. He was just great about it.

Before coming to Presbyterian Camps I had lived in a lot of different places, but this was the first time I was in a new place alone, away from my family - no one's younger sister or daughter. Up to then I was a fairly shy, low-profile person. But I remember that one of the first nights I was there, that first week when it was mostly veterans, the staff had a sing-along. They started singing James Taylor songs. I knew that I knew all the songs and I knew I had a good singing voice. I remember sitting there actually deciding whether or not to hang back and be shy, or to sing out strong and clear. I chose the latter. From then on I was in - and I found out what it was like to

have lots of intelligent, creative, loving friends all committed to making a contribution to the camp that they loved so much.

When I look back at camp photos from that first year I see a brightness

"IT IS SOMETHING WHEN A WHITE SUBURBAN PRESBYTERIAN GIRL FINDS HERSELF CLAD IN AN OLD GAS STATION SHIRT AND JEANS, CLUTCHING FOR DEAR LIFE ONTO GARBAGE CANS AND RUSTY SPRINGS IN THE BACK OF A BOUNCING OLD TRUCK HEADING FOR THE DUMP."

and an aliveness in my face that had been missing all through my junior high and high school years. I was so solidly happy - and that opened up my heart and mind to a lot of big decisions. I decided not to get married. And for the first time, I realized that I really did want to go away to college. In fact I ended up choosing to go to the Evergreen State College which Mark and Lisa had attended. I have never regretted that decision.

In so many ways, camp felt like the first big springboard - leading me to a whole series of significant places and people and events. I feel like it had a lot to do with the person I am now, leading a fairly unconventional and creative life in Seattle.

It is impossible to think of Presbyterian Camps without thinking of Bill and Lynn - the two strange characters

who used every inch of themselves to shape it and make it work. I will always be grateful for the love, respect, and appreciation they gave to me, and for the chance I had to share in the world they created for three wonderful summers. I wish them both nothing but the best.

CAROLYN (CARRIE) KOEHNLINE WAS BORN IN COLUMBUS, OHIO IN 1958, GRADUATING FROM NILES EAST HIGH SCHOOL, SKOKIE, ILLINOIS IN 1976, THE EVERGREEN STATE UNIVERSITY, OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON IN 1982, AND ANTIOCH UNIVERSITY, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON IN 1988. A CAMP STAFF MEMBER FROM 1977-79, AND AN ACTIVITIES LEADER AT GREAT OPPORTUNITIES ADULT DAYCARE CENTER 1983-86, SHE IS CURRENTLY AN ARTIST, WRITER, STORYTELLER, AND MUSICIAN, LIVING IN SEATTLE AND PAYING THE RENT WITH A SMALL HOUSECLEANING BUSINESS.

"Lasting Camp Impressions" Eric Blankenburg

(1979-80)

Although I was only shown in the camp records officially on staff for the '79 and '80 season, I have years of recollections. Sticking to the summers

on record, two things come to mind. Bill and Lynn.

Lynn and Bill were the folks that introduced me to big kitchens and forests.

In the kitchen, Lynn worked a certain magic. She could produce enough food for the Main Dining Hall as well as enough for the outposts. The fact that it got to the outposts steaming hot or ice cold, whichever was intended, is worth mentioning. But what makes it so memorable was that it always tasted really good. I still get a kick out of pancakes-to-go. I guess the thing that sticks out in my mind is that Lynn was tremendously consistent in her kitchen over the years that I've known her. And with out a doubt every camp she cooked for took the time to tell her as much, too.

Bill asked a question one day, "Can you walk along a path at midnight without a flashlight?"...and do it with 30 flashlight-less kids hanging on a rope behind you? Naturally, Bill's face

beamed with the smug satisfaction that he did this type of thing routinely and anyone who couldn't... well, let's just say that it was probably expected. And sure enough, I had the opportunity to navigate a steep path up Mt. Baldy at midnight with 30 flashlight-less kids hanging off a rope and showed that indeed, it was certainly routine. Let me tell you how Bill told us to hike at night. He was standing near the road on the outside edge of the first curve to Camp Gray just as you leave the Main Dining Hall. He used his foot to tamp the road once and then tamp the grassy edge. He looked up and pushed his glasses up on his nose with his middle finger, and said "The road is hard, the edge is soft." That was that. Moments later, we were off doing something else.

One other day, Bill was driving the pick-up truck by the Main Dining Hall on the way to the shop. I was also going to the shop. Whether it was with Bill or for some other reason, I can't recall. I do remember that we were late getting there. Getting back on track, Bill was driving by and I motioned to him not to stop only to slow, as I would hoist myself aboard as he passed, another routine event. Well, he slowed and I took a few big steps, like the ones you take in high school gym class when you are about to execute the "fozberry flop" over the high jump bar. I caught hold of the truck's side-rail and with a final leap I made it up and over into the truck bed. Not bad, for a first time. The truck slowed to what I can only say now was a disapproving stop. I wondered what was going on as Bill was getting out of the cab. Bill went on to explain that my approach was O.K. but the subsequent follow-through needed some refinement. So we turned the truck around and I was told to drive by the Main Dining Hall in the same manner as he had, not stopping only slowing, so he could hoist himself aboard. While driving by, I was taking copious amounts of notes on his form as he was executing this routine maneuver. I saw



Tracy B. Paul, Steve Stratakos, Roger Roth,
Wayne Elseth, Tony Muraskas, Rob Singer.
(above) Eric Blankenburg, Annie Bailey - 1979

and learned the proper technique. Again, he drove the truck past the Main Dining Hall, slowing but not stopping, so I could hoist myself aboard. This time we didn't stop so I knew I had it right, or at least close enough. And that's why we were late

"SO I PULLED IN MY ARMS, BENT MY KNEES SOMEWHAT AND HIT THE DIRT IN A SEMI-ROLL."

getting down to the shop.

I have one other memory from a moment with Bill that vividly comes to mind. I was heading down the back steps of the Main Dining Hall, the ones near the Staff fridge, and managed to somehow twist my foot or catch my heel on a step. At any rate, it was one of those moves that you know is going to put you on the ground. As the fall started, I tried to take in my surroundings to see if I could grab anyone or anything. No luck. I didn't relish the idea of bounding off the concrete steps, so I leaned and twisted towards the ground on my left. It was a fall that added up to nearly 4 feet high, not much unless it's yours to fall through. I decidedly didn't want to hit the earth with a thud. That image seemed to have a lot of aches associated with it so I pulled in my arms, bent my knees somewhat and hit the dirt in a semi-roll. It turned into a full roll and a half and I ended up out in the lot some distance away from the where I started, much to my surprise. As I was taking stock of my skinned knees and elbows, Bill's voice came into the foreground and all he said was "Nice roll." He must of walked up as I was falling and watched. I think I would have probably written it off to good luck since I wasn't really hurt, but since it was witnessed,

it has a subtle enduring quality. Since then, when I have been faced with difficult situations, I see that fall replayed in my mind and suddenly where I'm at isn't so tough. And every time, Bill is there saying "Nice roll".

And finally, some of the things I have learned from Presbyterian Camps still come into play today. Most often, I've had to rely on tree cutting techniques I learned from working in the woods. There is a friend of my family that lives in a wooded area. The area is covered mostly by tall straight ash, some as tall as 60 ft. Normally, taking out one of these tall ash trees is not a problem, unless a house is nearby. One of the things I learned from working in the woods was felling trees and making them land where you wanted them to. Other times, the tree cutting required that I shinny up one of these trees, chainsaw in hand, and take it apart from the top down. Overall, entirely valuable lessons.

ERIC BLANKENBURG WAS BORN IN PARK RIDGE, ILLINOIS (1962), GRADUATING FROM BOTH GLENBROOK SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL (HSD) AND THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING (BSME), HE NOW WORKS IN THE COMPUTER INDUSTRY. HIS HOBBIES ARE LONG-DISTANCE CYCLING, PROGRAMMING, AND READING.

"You're Really Going Back There Again?" Roger Roth

(1979-81, 84)

Why "Wild Bill"?

I recall my first remarkable experience I shared with Bill Lankton. I was hiking with my friend Thom DeVries and Bill. Thom and I were 14 or 15. We were hunting for trees to climb. Bill spotted this long sparsely limbed tree that had attempted to fall but was hung up on another tree. Bill wanted to climb it. My common sense told me that this might not be wise, but knowing Bill

was adept at these things and not wanting to appear the whimp, I followed Thom up the tree with Bill on my tail. We had shinnied up that tree maybe 35 or 40 ft. When I heard a slight "snap" a second later, the branch holding the tree gave way and we dropped 10 ft. to the next one. We all grasped for our lives, then shinnied back down. That was the day Bill earned his nickname in my book. None of us ever mentioned the incident again.

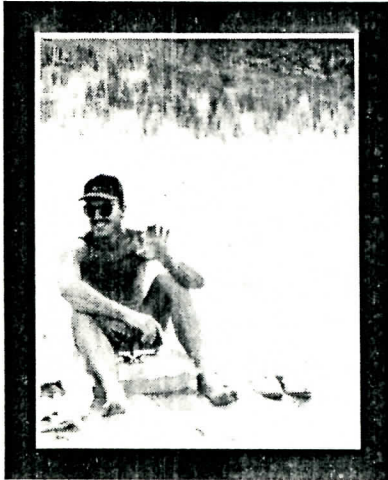
My first visit to camp in winter was during a "blizzard" or what seemed so at the time. I was in high school and up for a weekend retreat. There was already 3 feet of snow on the ground. The station wagons (pre-mini van era) couldn't make it up the "beach way" hill so Mark Lankton drove down in the "Green Meanie" (Chevy truck) and

" 'ARE YOU BUILDING AN IGLOO?' HE SMILED AGAIN AND SAID, 'ESKIMOS BUILD IGLOOS. DO I LOOK LIKE AN ES-KIMO?' WELL, I WASN'T SURE HOW TO REPLY. I HAD NEVER REALLY SEEN AN ES-KIMO."

towed us up.

There was a snow drift in front of the office that reached all the way to the roof and beyond. The first morning was met by clear skies and crisp clean air. A day to remember! I found Mark (Lankton) outside digging in the snow drift. I didn't know Mark then except for who he was and I was sure he didn't know me. I approached him in the snow and he smiled and said "hello". I responded and asked him what he was doing. He said, "What do you think?"

I thought for a moment, feeling a little awkward and asked, "Are you building an igloo?" He smiled again and said, "Eskimos build igloos. Do I look like an Eskimo?" Well, I wasn't sure how to reply. I had never really seen an Eskimo so I couldn't be sure, but before I could say so, he said, "Igloos are made from snow blocks. I'm digging a



Roger Roth - 1988

cave". So I stated, "Then you must be a Neanderthal!" He just looked at me for a moment like he was taken aback by what I had said. I felt a lump start to grow in my throat. Then his eyes started to twinkle and he burst out laughing. We both laughed for a long while and he asked me if I wanted to join him. So I did. That day marked the beginning of an unique friendship that I have treasured for more than 13 years now.

Staff Memoirs

Building the "Garbage House" on the back dock with Mark and **Tony Maraskas** (1979).

Bird watching with Bill.

Smashing the tailgate on the brand new truck (Why me?)

Monkey Boy maintenance crew of two (Mark and Roger).

Mr. Bill's personalized wake up call at 8:10 sharp. (Breakfast is not an option!)

The Motley Crew from High Ridge. (Exiled to Camp Gray (**Eric, Tony, and Roger**). (1979).

Sing along with **Steve Stratakos**. Sitting in the Nautical room trying to remember every song of the Beatles White Album. (1979).

A man and his guitar, **Jimmy (JT) Shields** (1979).

Dave White, the man who broke ground on wearing a hat in the Dining Hall.

Jenny, "the Vehicle Attack Dog" alias a campers "best friend". If she wasn't biting the tread off the front tires of the truck at 30 mph., she was snarling at campers or dragging her hindself around the parking lot by her front paws.

Being a lifeguard isn't as easy as it looks but it beats cleaning the Gray Johns.

Treasure hunting on Gray Beach. Dragging up pieces of a shipwreck. Bill pulled out the books and we studied the history of shipwrecks in the Great Lakes. One thing about **Bill**, if you ever showed the least interest in anything about camp or, any subject for that matter, he was always ready to help you help yourself. He never told you the answer. He showed you how you could find or figure it out, on your own.

The Food Factor. How does a woman plan, cook, and serve 3 healthy meals a day to hundreds of people and yet still be quick with an easy smile and a friendly word (except West Suburban week). The **Lynn Lankton** Factor.

The infamous field trips to Tasty Freeze for "Bostons". What a sight for

the tourists - a big beater blue pickup with a dozen goofy staffers piled in the back laughing and carrying on.

Beat the Hobart - Never leave it idle. I thought I was good until **Anthony Lenzo** came along.

The last day the Jeep left the campgrounds, summer 1979. One morning the maintenance crew of the day got tagged for the mail run. I hopped behind the wheel. Riding shotgun was **Linda Stark**. **Tony Maraskas** was standing in back with hands on the roll bar. As we were cruising down the Beachway hill approaching the stop sign at the bottom, I applied the brakes... Nothing! I felt my adrenaline start to pump as my heart began to race. As I started to pound my foot on the pedal, I think my passengers began to realize our situation. Three kids racing down the Beachway hill in an uncovered jeep with no brakes and no foreseeable way out except perhaps careening through the pizza/boat rental shop, plunging headlong into the Kalamazoo. Well, we didn't stop but we did manage to make the turn across both lanes of traffic into the pizza parking lot, wailing the horn all the way. The Jeep listed so far to the side I thought we were going to slingshot Tony right into the water. You should have seen his face. From that day on the Jeep was a grounds vehicle only.

The Resurrection. I found the Jeep five years later parked outside the stable with no windows or doors, full of leaves and dirt, just rusting away. I peeked inside for nostalgia's sake - keys were in the ignition. Just for a goof, I got the truck and threw the jumper cables on. It started right up. I couldn't believe it. I cleaned it up, replaced a few parts, bought some bondo, and went to work. I drove that Jeep to Connecticut, to California, and back to Connecticut. I've doubled the miles on it since I bought it in 1984, and it is still running strong. As I write, it sits on blocks awaiting a clutch job. I just can't let it

go. Too many memories.

ROGER ROTH WAS BORN: CHICAGO HEIGHTS, IL (1960). GRADUATED: HOMEWOOD-FLOSSMOOR HIGH SCHOOL (1979). GRADUATED: ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY WITH A B.S. IN RECREATION AND PARK ADMINISTRATION (1984). SENIOR INTERNSHIP WITH THE U.S. FOREST SERVICE AS A "WILDERNESS RANGER" IN DILLON, COLORADO (SUMMER/FALL) (1983). SKI BUM IN SUMMIT COUNTY, CO, WINTER/SPRING (83- 84). I HAD 88 SKI DAYS THAT SEASON. LIVED IN SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA FOR A YEAR (84- 85) AND HITCHHIKED TO AND THROUGH ALASKA WITH MARCIA HOWELL. HALF THAT SUMMER WAS SPENT TEACHING NATIVE ALASKAN INDIAN CHILDREN (ATHABASKANS) HOW TO SWIM. MOVED TO CONNECTICUT (1985) STARTED MY OWN BUSINESS "ROTH REMODELING" IN 1986, BUILDING ADDITIONS AND RESTORING OLD COLONIAL HOMES. I'M STILL DEVELOPING THAT BUSINESS. MARRIED REBECCA FARMER IN WESTPORT, CT, (1988) MARK LANKTON WAS AN USHER. FIRST EXPERIENCE AT CAMP WAS IN 1965. I WAS 5 YEARS OLD. AT AGE 7 OR 8 MY FAMILY STARTED COMING TO FAMILY CAMP WITH PARK FOREST. I CAME WITH THAT GROUP NEARLY EVERY YEAR SINCE. I KNEW I WANTED TO BE ON STAFF WHEN I WAS 13. STAFF MEMBER: 79, 80, 81, 84.

"My Memories" Karen Singer Petkewicz

(1980-82)

I remember the fires on the beach and roasting marshmallows. It was a time we all got together to relax, talk, and sing.

I remember how Lynn made a big

**"THE DAY HE SAID
WE WERE GOING TO
CUT DOWN A TREE
AND MAKE A TOOL OF
IT I LAUGHED."**

deal about our birthdays. She made a point of putting a candle in the dessert and singing. There were some years she bought cards and the staff all signed them.

Bill had a great rule about being able to do anything with cooperation. The day he said we were going to cut down a tree and make a tool of it I laughed.

By the end of the day we had done it. I felt proud inside.

Bill would say, "Trust me, I know the way". He always did when we went up Mount Baldy. We would go



**Karen Singer
Petkewicz - 1981**

late at night, and he would never get lost. He also like to use it as a form of morning exercise for some people on the staff.

"Every job is an important job". I really didn't believe that the summer I was a dishwasher. I felt I got a lot of time off, but Bill would explain how we helped the other parts of the staff out.

"Mice" — they are just friends. I remember my first day on staff, and opening my dresser drawer and finding a family of mice. I told Bill, "they go or I go". He went and got rid of them, and put up a mouse trap. The made me feel as if he wanted me to stay.

Lastly, I remember the friendships I had when I was at camp. You would become friends with people on the

staff, and some times see them again the following year. I have remembered a lot of things people said or did when I was at camp, and I feel they will stick with me the rest of my life.

Lynn, I remember that wheat and whole grains are better for you than white bread.

KAREN SINGER PETKEWICZ WAS BORN IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS IN 1962. GRADUATING FROM YORK HIGH SCHOOL IN 1980, KAREN WENT ON TO GRADUATE FROM CONCORDIA COLLEGE, ELMHURST ILLINOIS, IN 1984. SHE MARRIED JEFF PETKEWICZ, AND IS CURRENTLY A TEACHER AT REDEEMER LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Margaret "Peggy" Elder Fuguitt

(1980-84)

"Camp". That single word evokes many stirring memories. I learned much during my summers in Saugatuck. It is surprisingly difficult, however to isolate from the aggregate of these experiences one incident to highlight. My recollections tend to be sum totals of a half-decade of summer days and nights. As I pondered how to separate these seasons, a way of capturing and cataloging my remembrances finally came to me. More than anything else that was true about life at camp, and what most adheres in my memories of camp, is the following; at camp there were routines, but things at camp were never routine.

In all facets of camp life; eating, sleeping, and working, important routine created a civilized and smoothly running operation. The routine served important functions. The routines were what became rote, comfortable and reassuring about summer after summer at camp, yet the anecdotes, and "special" camp memories, arise from the fact that without these routines there were unexpected surprises.

Without a doubt the kitchen and dining hall were the most organized

and routine filled parts of camp life. I marveled from my first day at the intricate planning which Lynn went through in preparing menus and prepping for meals. The routine of breakfast at 8:00, lunch at 12:00 and dinner at 5:30 PM (Chicago Time), put my stomach on a regular time-table from early June to late August. However, while the routine of meal-times never varied, no camp session, was routine in its dining habits once in the dining hall. The contrast between a group of hungry Junior campers, baseball caps

Granola was a breakfast stand-by, nicely complemented by hot cocoa it was welcome on even the coldest of mornings. The couple of weeks, however, in which sesame seeds were mistakenly replaced by uncooked rice was certainly a break from the traditional, and routine, recipe!

Delivering food to outposts was, above all, a carefully orchestrated event with routines about packing, garnishing, and serving carefully written out. Lynn would have been dismayed, I

with muscles strained from the rigors of labor, and leisure activities, I would fall into my creaky cot and sleep soundly until minutes before breakfast. However, for all those routine nights of deep and exhausted slumber, the memories I have of sleeping at camp are not routine at all. I'll never forget the nights spent in fear, and wonderment, watching unimaginable lightening displays flashing across Lake Michigan. Nor will the memories of nights when the light of the full moon shinning on the beach, illuminating my window, would awaken me from deepest slumbers to a surreal vision of sand and surf fade easily.

The nights when the lake was glowing with the moon setting over it sent shivers down my spine are memorable. Of course, the most dramatic memories are those of the windy, stormy nights. Clutching my pillow, swaying in my cabin on stilts, I would think of Sarita and earnestly hope that Beachview would not be toppled that night by the gusty winds. Sleeping was never really routine when one slept in Beachview cabin.

Finally, there were established routines for the Waterfront staff. I cherished these routines because they gave our Job a semblance of structure that wasn't always evident when it seemed that most of our time was spent sitting in the guard chair, sailing with campers, exercising to stay in shape for the rigors of guarding on Lake Michigan, and peeling our sunburned backs and noses. In the ultimate irony, however, our objective was *never* to be routine because the lakefront itself has no predictable routine. We might have planned specific activities only to discover the beach strewn with the latest alewife crop. Lake Michigan was never predictable. One day the lake would entertain campers with warm and wild waves, making our guarding duty a challenge of concentrated counting as we tracked bobbing heads. The next day the lake would revert to a calm



Jim Shields, Wayne Elseth, Peggy Elder Fugitt, Dave White - 1980

planted on wet heads, noisily kneeling on their chairs to reach bread and peanut butter and the singles group conversing intimately for hours over pork tenderloin remains vividly stark.

Delicious, and nutritious, the camp food also had a comfortable routine. Spaghetti with meatballs and homemade bread went nicely with hot fudge sundaes (as long as the hot fudge had not been consumed on the sly). Meatloaf and carrots were followed up nicely by assorted flavors of pie. It was, nevertheless, the times that the carefully planned kitchen menu routine were disturbed that stick in the memory.

imagine, to discover a tray of jello desserts carefully decorated with sprigs of parsley or a tray of breakfast orange Juice merrily sporting a similar garnishment. There were routines, certainly, but things *were* never routine (Especially when members of the Waterfront and Arts and Crafts staff were serving meals).

Sleeping at camp was also an activity in which routine was well established, nevertheless the non-routine nights fill my memory. I recall repeated nights of wearily making my way back to Beachview. Exhausted after a day baking on the guard-chair,

surface with water temperatures so frigid no sane soul would dare to enter (Except of course, the guards on duty who would have to brave the water to straighten the buoys tossed about by the tempestuous waves of the day before).

"AT CAMP THERE WERE ROUTINES, BUT THINGS AT CAMP WERE NEVER ROUTINE."

The most routine-laden part of the waterfront's week was the canoe trips on the Kalamazoo. There were specific directions given to campers about proper paddle usage, the how-to's of life jackets, camp etiquette while walking along the Green Trail, and, most importantly, canoing fundamentals. Despite the cautions, admonitions and caveats shared prior to each canoe trip, canoe trips consistently returned with amazing, never to be duplicated, catalogs of misadventures. Campers managed to navigate the canoe trip on anywhere from 40 minutes to 2 1/2 hours. There were always the canoers who traveled two canoe lengths backwards for each length of forward progress made. Near misses with the ferryboat and other large vessels also helped to break the monotony, and raise the blood pressure, of those supervising these routine maneuvers. Truly about the only routine part of these trips was the cold lunch of PBJ sandwiches and bug juice which awaited us on our lunch break. Even here there was room for the unexpected. The lunches were often inadvertently packed in the wettest canoes or with the hungriest canoers.

Probably the favorite routine of camp were those shared moments at the end of the day, after the work was done and the volleyball games had ended. We'd sit on the beach or on porches joking, telling stories, relaxing, and chatting with each other. Together we'd watch

as the sun slowly sank behind the expanse of Lake Michigan. Cherishing another day of life at camp, we'd marvel at the beauty of the setting and the glowing colors of the sunset. Finally commenting to one another, quietly, that Bill wasn't quite right about sunsets. Camp sunsets weren't the same evening after evening not at all. Nothing, not even the closing minutes of daylight was ever routine or unremarkable at camp.

MARGARET "PEGGY" ELDER FUGITT WAS BORN IN GLOUCESTER, MASS (1961). SHE GRADUATED FROM OBERLIN HIGH SCHOOL (1979) AND FROM THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER (1983). SHE WAS A STAFF MEMBER FROM 1980-84. SHE IS CURRENTLY A TEACHER AT SUGAR CREEK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, VERONA, WISCONSIN AND IS MARRIED TO GRAHAM FUGITT (1986). THEY ARE EXPECTING THEIR FIRST CHILD IN MAY 1991.

"My Life and Times at Presbyterian Camp" Bonnie Schwolow Graham

(1982-84)

My first year at camp began June 5, 1982. Bill greeted my parents and me, then directed us to my summer home - the First Aid Cabin. After getting settled in and saying my good-byes to my parents, I remember sitting on the porch of my new home thinking "Let the adventures begin." (Not realizing that I would be doing the same thing for another two years.)

For some reason, I remember my first meal at camp - Dutch oven pizza. I don't know why I remember. Maybe it was because I was surprised at how it was made and where we ate it. I was told that we were going to have pizza

for dinner at Kema. Now, like any new staffer, I thought Kema was a pizza joint in town. You can imagine the look on my face when Bill took me and a few staffers on a hike through the woods to a place known as Kema. I was even more surprised when I was told that the pizza would be cooked on the ground over a fire. As you all probably guessed, the pizza tasted great. In fact, camp food was nothing like the horror stories I had heard about camp food.

Lynn always made sure that all staffers and campers had three square meals a day. I was always amazed how Lynn was able to prepare all that food for everyone and still take the time to decorate the main course with parsley. I would think that after spending the majority of the day in a hot kitchen that the last thing anybody would want to do was to look for some parsley to make the meal look pretty....not Lynn.

Soon my time came to get my hands wet in the kitchen. I was a bit nervous; after all, what would happen if I "goofed up." But my mind was at ease with Lynn's patience and understanding. It didn't matter how many or how silly my questions were, Lynn always took the time to answer them. Sometimes, Lynn took me by the hand, walked me

"LIKE ANY NEW STAFFER, I THOUGHT KEMA WAS A PIZZA JOINT IN TOWN."

to the walk-in, and pointed out where the sour cream was hiding. All this while holding a fist full of raw meat loaf.

Hiking through camp was an essential activity for new staffers. One such hike was to Mount Baldy. After reaching the top, I was told that the only way

to get to the bottom was running down the famous "Devil's Slide." It was there, as I prepared myself to run down, that I heard my first rule from Bill. "If you fall, close your mouth and roll to the side." Unfortunately, not all campers or staffers paid attention to this very important rule. As a result, they were usually greeted with an unexpected snack of sand.

Now whether you liked it or not,



Bonnie Schwolow Graham & Deanna Desback Miller - 1982

sand was a big part of camp life. Realizing I would never win the war with sand, I had to learn to cope with it. Sure I had to sweep my cabin and bed every day, but after awhile, I kind of got used to walking and sleeping in a little grit. It didn't matter though, it was my cabin.

When the time came to clean out cabins, there was only one way of doing it....Lynn's way. Sweeping out the cabins was a fairly easy job. As long as you remembered to sweep the mattresses and made sure that there was a blanket and pillow for every bed, you would pass the first phase of cabin cleaning. Now cleaning the bathrooms was a little trickier. The trick was to try to remember which color stuff to use.

Was it the green stuff for the sink and toilet and the purple stuff for the mirror? Or was it the purple stuff for the sink and toilet and the green stuff for the mirror" (Or did we use blue stuff?) Since being taught the proper way to clean a bathroom, I have often attempted to pass on my skills to my husband, but he usually is less than thrilled to learn them. Oh well, at least he cleans the bathroom, even if he uses his own technique.

was a spare moment, you could find one or a group of staffers practicing their techniques at juggling. After many hours of practicing, (at least it seemed like that long for me), I decided it was time to show off my skills to the world. O.K. maybe to just the folks in Saugatuck. The place and time was the Saugatuck 4th of July parade. I was prepared in case my act didn't go well. I donned a red nose and a mop wig. After all, I didn't want to look like a fool.

Camp was a beautiful place no matter how you looked at it. We had trees. We had a lake. We had flowers. We had dunes (Thanks to Bill and his "Keep of the dunes" rule). There was nature wherever one would look and thanks to Dixie, campers as well as staffers could learn more about nature at the nature center.

I remember seeing a slide show -one of many- on Nature. One particular slide was that of a salamander. For some reason, I had to get a salamander. So off into the woods I went. I went digging under rocks and logs. It wasn't long before I dug up an old rotten log and I noticed these two little eyes looking at me. I had found my salamander. I brought my new friend to Dixie and like always, Dixie found a temporary home for him. She wrote a short note explaining the salamander and put him on the nature center for everyone to see. My salamander stayed with us for a couple of days before it was time to bring him back to his own home. I don't know why, but that little guy was one of my happiest memories of camp.

One of the things I liked about camp (there were a lot of things), was the fact that it didn't matter what gender you were - everyone worked as a team. My first job at camp was putting a bathroom in at Kalamazoo - with Bill's help of course. It made me feel good that Bill had confidence in me when I was trying to connect two pipes together. (Actually, I wasn't sure ex-

actly what I was doing, but I gave it a try and that's all Bill wanted.)

Being with **Bill** wasn't all work. You could be certain that the day wouldn't go by without the challenge of tree climbing. Tree climbing was a way **Bill** built confidence among staffers. "Can't" was a word that **Bill** didn't like to hear. In fact, I don't think **Bill** had that word in his vocabulary. "I'll give it a try" was what **Bill** liked to hear. Many staffers who thought that tree climbing was next to impossible, were soon up in trees looking down. All this because **Bill** (and his rope) gave us the confidence and encouragement that we staffers needed.

While working at camp, I was able to learn a few **essential rules**. Minor ones, but very essential:

1. When sitting on a lifeguard chair, one should not move around so much. It all happened when I had a hard time getting comfy up there. Well, all my moving around had loosened the chair from the sand. One move too many and down we came, towels, chair, and two lifeguards (**Peggy Elder** was with me.) Neither of us got hurt, so we had a good laugh afterwards. (At least I did.)

2. Don't tell secrets while on the lifeguard chair. I don't know if it was being up high, or the open space, or both, but it seemed like whatever was discussed on those chairs, somehow ended up around camp.

3. Make sure the sail on the sailboat is properly affixed. One day my family came to visit. I decided to show off my sailing skills by taking my dad out for a sail. The sailboat tipped over, which was no problem. All I had to do was tip it back to the upright position and off we go. Unfortunately, the sail came down and trying to get a sail up in the middle of the lake is next to impossible. We eventually made it back to shore and to this day, my dad says I was

trying to drown him. (Sorry, dad.)

4. Hang on tight to the blue truck. At one time or another, all staffers got the chance to experience a ride in the back of the pick-up truck. And we all knew that driving down camp roads wasn't what we would call a smooth ride. There were many times when staffers ended up in a pile at the head of the truck's bed. (O.K. it wasn't *that* bad, but you know what I mean.)

And so end, "My Life and Times at Presbyterian Camp." Who knows, maybe in another 15 or so years, another Graham (Schwolow) generation will be romping in the woods, climbing trees, cooking, riding in the truck, cleaning those bathrooms, and joining the ranks as an "official" staffer.

BONNIE R.R. SCHWOLOW GRAHAM WAS BORN IN PARIS, FRANCE. SHE ATTENDED YORK HIGH SCHOOL IN ELMHURST, ILLINOIS (1980). BONNIE WAS A CAMP STAFF MEMBER DURING 1982-84 WHILE ATTENDING WESTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY, WHERE SHE EARNED HER BACHELOR OF APPLIED SCIENCE DEGREE WITH A MAJOR IN LAW ENFORCEMENT. SINCE 1985 BONNIE HAS BEEN A POLICE OFFICER FOR THE VILLAGE OF NORTH RIVERSIDE, ILLINOIS. MARRIED TO DAVID B. GRAHAM AT THE YORKFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN 1987, THEY ARE THE PROUD PARENTS OF CASEY CHRISTIANE GRAHAM, WHO WAS BORN DECEMBER 13, 1989.

Kimberly J. Panzer

(1986-90)

A famous camp Director once said, "There will be some deadfall..." That was during staff week (1988) the day before our canoe trip down the Rabbit River. **Bill** was preparing us for what we could expect on the journey down the river...some deadfall. The whole trip sounded ominous to me, so I made sure that I paired up with two expert canoers: **Beverly Dunlap** and **Cherie Lodi**.

The day of our expedition dawned rainy and overcast. "Maybe it will be

cancelled", I thought. But, as every staffer knows a little rain will not stop staff week activities. So, we piled into trucks, with our canoes, and headed for the Rabbit River. Upon arrival, we received last minute instructions on how to saw through the fallen logs we'd mostly likely encounter, have to portage, and, most importantly, where we'd meet for lunch.



Kim Panzer - 1987

Bev & Cherie paddled, I trusted them, while I took the easy way out and sat in the middle. I soon discovered that the Rabbit River had lots of twists and turns, as well as LOTS of deadfall! Our strategy for tackling each obstacle, fallen trees of various shapes and sizes, changed throughout the course of our journey. Sometimes, we'd try to canoe under tree branches (or, even *over* the branches); a few times we'd portage.

"THERE WILL BE SOME DEADFALL..."

Sometimes we had to pull our canoe up to the fallen log, get out of the canoe, stand on the log, pull the canoe over the log, then get back into the canoe (ever so carefully) to continue on our way. What a trip! I never laughed so hard in my life! *Some* deadfall— sure **Bill**.

"Why am I reminiscing about this particular canoe trip?" you might ask. Well, one thing that clearly stands out in my mind, a definite camp influence, is the fact that there will be some "deadfall" in whatever I do. Unexpected changes in plans, interruptions in my routine, and sudden roadblocks really don't throw me for a loop anymore, because any "deadfall" I encounter can be overcome with a little patience, some energy, and good ol' fashioned ingenuity. I learned quite a few things at camp, but this experience will be a reminder for what a little positive thinking can do.

KIMBERLY J. PANZER WAS BORN IN OAK PARK, ILLINOIS (1969), SHE GRADUATED FROM PROVISO WEST HIGH SCHOOL (1987), AND BLACKBURN COLLEGE (1991). A MEMBER OF THE CAMP STAFF (1986-90). HER HOME CHURCH IS IN ELMHURST, ILLINOIS.

Robin Sullivan

(1984-86, 88)

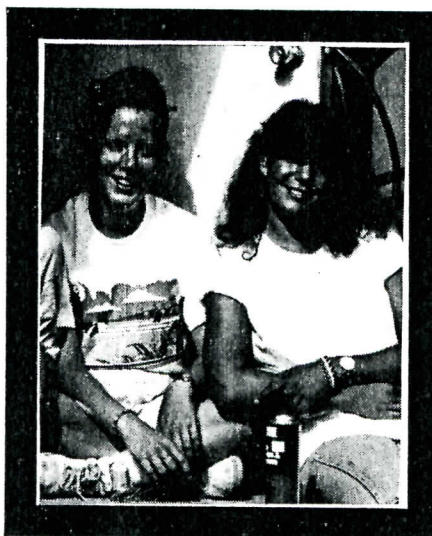
In the beginning, God created *the routine*. Darkness was upon the face of the land when a cry was heard "the pump's out at Peniel!" the light was

"IN THE BEGINNING, GOD CREATED THE ROUTINE. DARKNESS WAS UPON THE FACE OF THE LAND WHEN A CRY WAS HEARD THE PUMP'S OUT AT PENIEL!"

day, and the darkness night, and it was meant that way—the people of the land learned to walk without the tiny lights at night that signified the coming of those who were to follow. And it was good. Let the waters teem with countless living creatures, and the woods as well, and he called them

"The Campers". They came by car, truck, convertible, foot, bike and canoe; and left by such, (unless they stayed to become "The Staff"). And on the sixth (or seventh) day, they left, and others stayed for the ritual of the cabins.

Presbyterian Camp was a beginning for me—a time of transition from high school through college and to adulthood (though some would question that, I'm sure). Who would have thought that my summers spent in Michigan would have almost prepared me better for much of my job now than did my college education??? (Sshh, don't let that get out...) Then #1: I cleaned, you cleaned, we all cleaned—as unavoidable as death, taxes, and sand. Now: My first week of work in my "real world" job I was being oriented onto the Maintenance crew, back



**Robin Sullivan,
Katrina Wills - 1988**

to bathrooms. "Don't forget the little bar of Ivory Soap." "Purple is for mirrors; green is for everything else." But I don't have purple or green here...Oh no! Then #2: "If it weren't for the dishwashers, we'd have nothing to eat off of." Week #2 in field of rehab: I'm

in the kitchen, and bussing after the lunch meal. Oh I missed the Hobart machine (we just had a little teeny, regular Hobart). I missed the routine, the structure, the chaos. I can hear it now..."you've got to have a *system*," and the quoted but not often followed dictum "Never take two steps, when you can take one." And then there's, "What do you mean Outpost isn't back yet?" Like life, we think we have our lives set in order, and along comes these little curveball lessons. I once wrote in a college Sociology class from Chop Wood, Carry Water, "...doing work that has to be done over and over again helps us recognize the natural cycles of growth and decay, of birth and death, and thus become aware of the dynamic order of the universe..." With the right attitude and an efficient system, dishwashing would almost become an art. It was when I was constantly thinking about other things, or how much I wanted to be out of the hot kitchen (or, "is it 4:30 yet") that dishes seemed to take forever. (OK, reality check—some weeks i.e. in mid-July, they did take forever with four outposts)

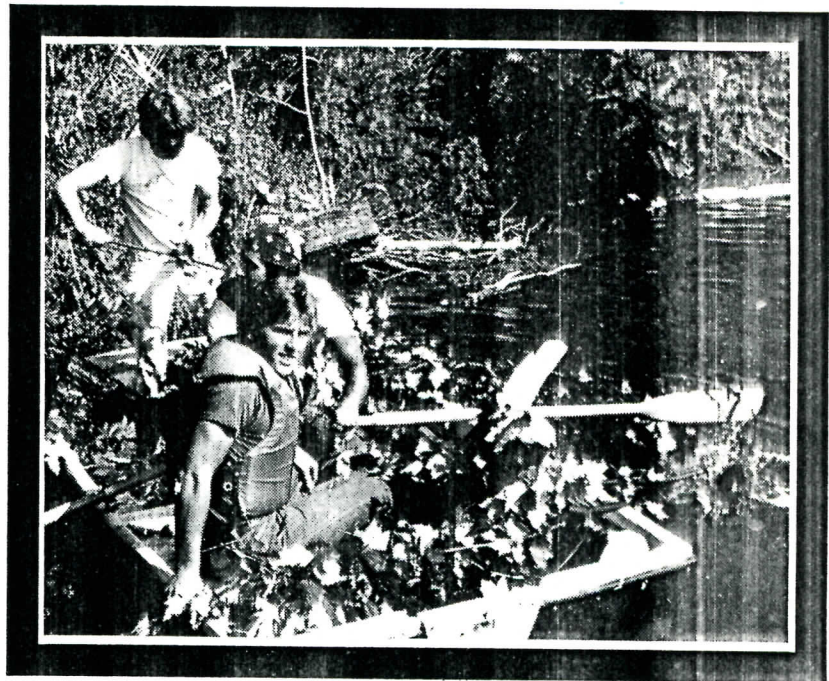
After my second summer, I had gone back to school where I lived in a rooming house with seven other women. One morning I got up to find that the toilet was "...broke...it doesn't work". (Gee, where have I heard this before??) I went over... got a plunger... *amazing!!!* It works!!! (was dead, and now alive, lost and now found, blind but now it sees! ok, ok...) Few weeks later, the same thing happens, but no clog. It's 6:30 AM, bunch of people in panic. I go and flip the top, and jiggle around so it looks like I know what I'm doing (a key skill in life)...Ah, the doohickey chain came loose from the thingamabob handle (pardon my technical plumbing language). I saved it! Along with this skill of at least acting like we know what's going on, comes the other scripture most often quoted when one is deep in the woods and it was found that the needed tool was left back at the

shop, "If you don't have exactly what you need, *improvise*".

Camp activities taught me about rules and routines, balance, synchronicity, the interrelatedness of nature and people, and work and play, though sometimes hard to know which was which...?? The rules/commandments were too numerous to list here, but we all remember our own, including: Meals are 8:00, 12:00 and 5:30; don't spatterpaint on the back porch of the craft shop; *don't walk on the dunes*; and the initial first-year staff of notes that said, "Meet at 6 AM wear tennis shoes, be quiet, and don't be late". We also have Now #3, referred to as the "check is in the mail" dodge or "I'll have to check with my supervisor and get back to you on this.." then known as "Smile and nod and say, ask Mr. Lankton/or Bill.." Or Bill's other favorite trick when questioned, "It's in the Bible." Gee, I never realized God said all that stuff...

I learned that often I did take life too seriously, and how sometimes not to do so, whether that was by singing while climbing out of the cab at the dump being *very* careful to not hit ground, teaching some people how to juggle, Harbor Rest (fill in your own memories here), hot fudge in the kitchen, bocce tournaments in the back road (2nd place with Steve Stratakos I think... Who was that that swept the playing service with a broom?), watching hilarious Harold Lloyd and Red Cross movies, or coming to breakfast one Sunday morning to find the staff tables brilliantly decorated with balloons, and hand-picked Ashleigh Brilliant quotes for each person. Mine either had something to do with chocolate, or "it always helps to prove how right you are if you wave your arms, jump up and down and scream". 'Nuff said.

Transformation of cabins and people could be amazing, whether that was members in the the agency where I



Mark Lankton, Al Maslowski, Keith Smith - 1983

work, or staff and campers in the woods. Sandy Cove became painted showers, other cabins disappeared or were remodeled, Mark and Lee wore ties one night, and I will never forget the sight of Dixie Elder made up at the Harbor Rest "Diamond Jubilee" party in this blue, long flowing dress with a gold head wrap. I remember saying to myself, "Who *is* that?" before I recognized her. Always one to give a little twist, thanks. And last, I learned I could at least attempt to work with my hands, ("Come on Sullivan, *hit* that thing!") and that after many years scrounging banana bread on fish nights, I found I did like fish. It's never too late to change.

Succinctness is not my forte, but I'll try to wrap this up and quit my rambling. I'll end with a snip from the same Sociology paper written a few years back. "...Caring about details is important, whether it be leveling a post, moving all the beds, or arranging grape leaves. Today I have found that I'm more attentive to food in restau-

rants, or how things are constructed. I am also more likely to complement the janitors, maintenance people or kitchen help that I see, or whoever usually doesn't get recognized but whose absence would be felt. Boredom isn't "nothing to do", it's a state of mind."

From Alan Watts, "When we pay attention, whatever we are doing is transformed and becomes part of our spiritual path. We begin to notice details and textures that we never noticed before; everyday life becomes clearer, sharper, and at the same time more spacious." And it was good.

ROBIN SULLIVAN BORN: HARVEY, ILLINOIS 1966, EDUCATION: RICH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL 1894, NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY 1988, NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY 1990 DEAFNESS REHABILITATION, COUNSELING, WORKED AT: PRESBYTERIAN CAMPS SUMMERS '84-'86, '88, PRESENTLY EMPLOYED AS HEARING IMPAIRED PROGRAM, SPECIALIST/REHAB COUNSELOR AT A PSYCHOSOCIAL REHABILITATION, AGENCY ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF CHICAGO.

Keith Smith

(1983)

The summer of 1983 remains vivid in my thoughts...a very important summer in my life. I learned a lot about myself at Saugatuck and a lot about life.

Memories...the thought that sticks in my mind about the weeks up at camp is that **Bill** always seemed to know what everyone was doing every minute of the day or night. Bill was everywhere, or so it seemed. Rules were

"BILL ALWAYS SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT EVERYONE WAS DOING EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY OR NIGHT. BILL WAS EVERYWHERE, OR SO IT SEEMED."

broken, punishments handed down, but in the end Bill had the respect and friendship of everyone.

My life flashed before my eyes one evening when, in the dark, I mistook Bill for a fellow crony (Al Maslowski) and I let fly with a few superlatives. I went into shock when I realized I had just sworn at Bill. A few days later though, he had an old friend up at camp and recounted the story, while we all sat around the table. He thought it was the funniest thing that ever happened.

Bill, do you remember the test you gave three of us on staff on the mechanics of the Hobart dishwasher? I think we got the point, and my work habits improved greatly.

Lynn, you were the source of stability and comfort that summer. You always made us feel at home and cared

for. And, for me, that was very important.

KEITH SMITH WAS BORN BLYTHEVILLE, ARKANSAS
EDUCATION: BS (ENGINEERING) UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS ILLINOIS-CHAMPAIGN 1986. WORKING ON MBA DePAUL, CHICAGO ON CAMP STAFF: 1983
CHURCH: CALVARY, PARK FOREST, ILLINOIS.

Editorial comment— most of the male staff members were in the cabins above Peniel Hall. Keith was in Peck Cabin. Late one night I was walking up the trail toward the top of the hill in the staff cabin area. Just as I passed Peck Cabin Keith burst out of the room yelling some "ripe language" at who he thought was Al. Coming from the brightness of his room into the darkness outside made it impossible to distinguish who was actually standing there. But, once he saw who it was, he stopped dead still for an instant, and then ran back into his room (probably expecting to be fired on the spot). As he said above, to me it was hilarious! W.L.

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Bill and Lynn Lankton Retirement at Camp - 1989

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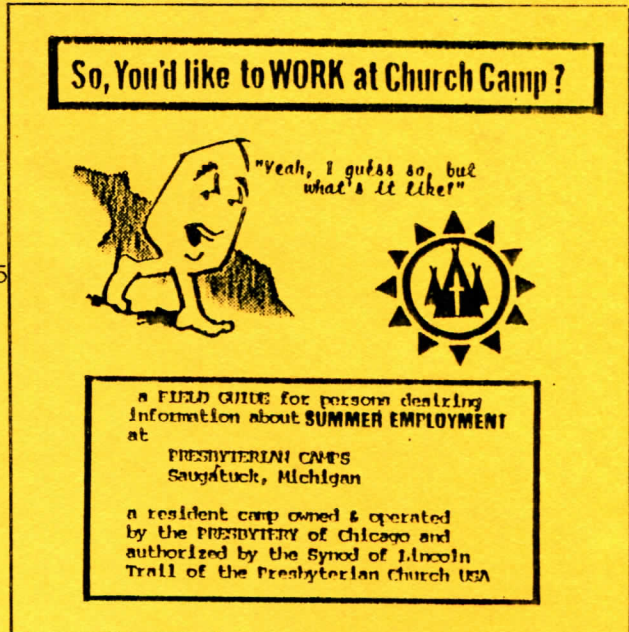
**At our camp the sun
actually does "sink
into the west..."
across Lake Michi-
gan. Some are so
bold as to say that
the water actually
steams when the sun
drops into the lake.**

The End.



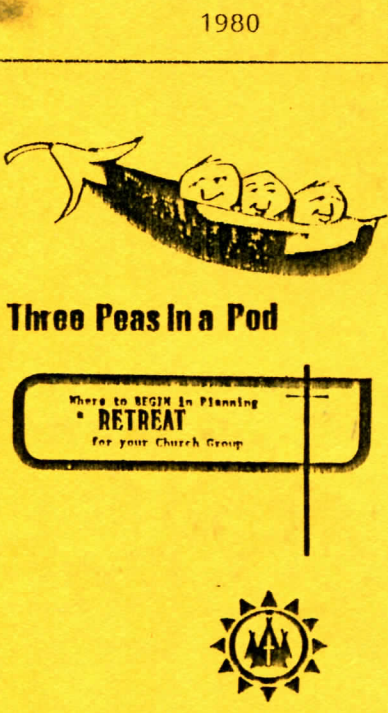


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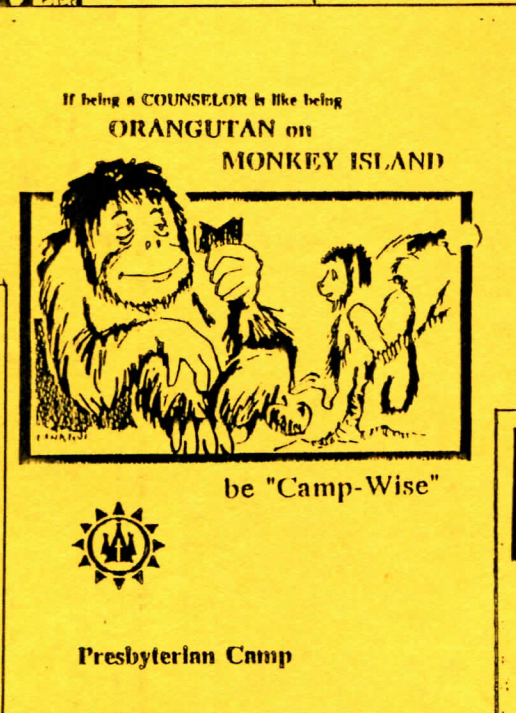


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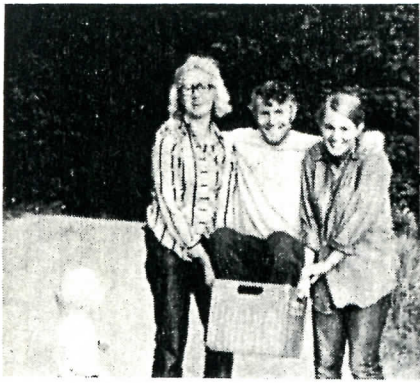
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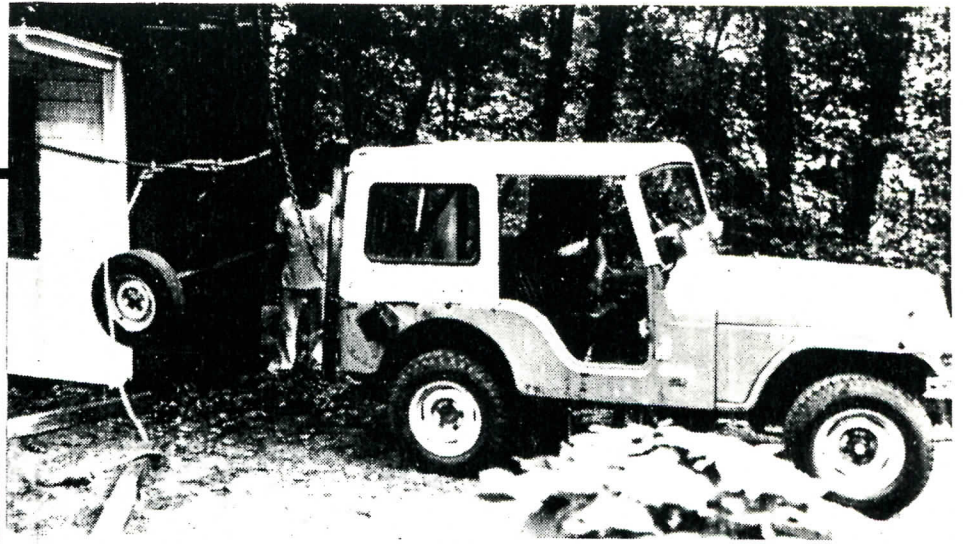
1979



covers of "Field Guides" designed & drawn by Bill Lankton to aid campers, staff, parents, and counselors. It was fun doing it, but there was never a single instance where anyone ever said they were helpful.



Bill Singer, Shirley Singer, Bill L,
Virginia Rehm — 1972



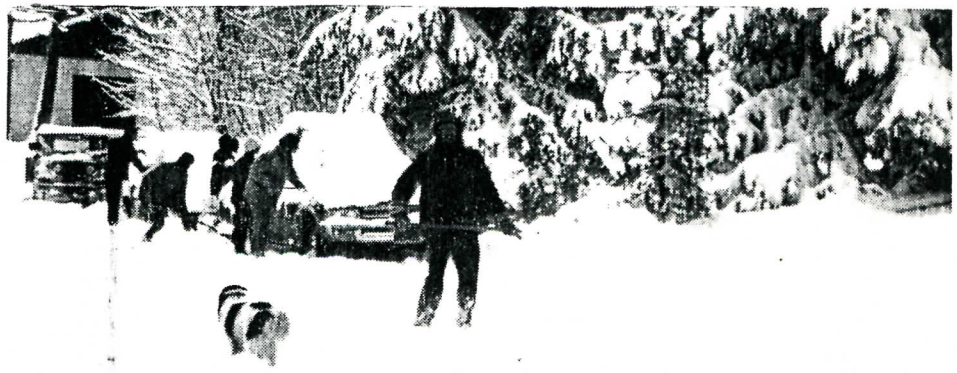
Moving Shed with Canoe Trailer & Jeep (Wayne Elseth, driver) 1980



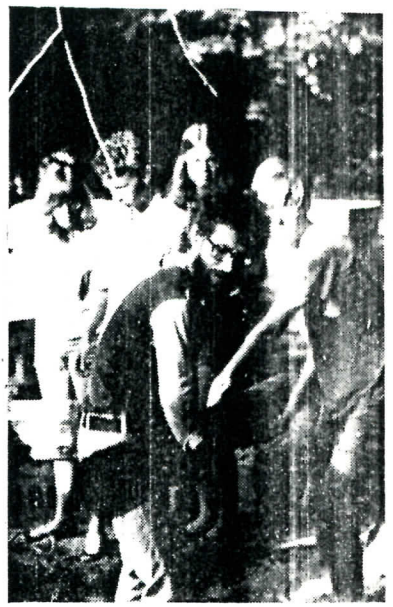
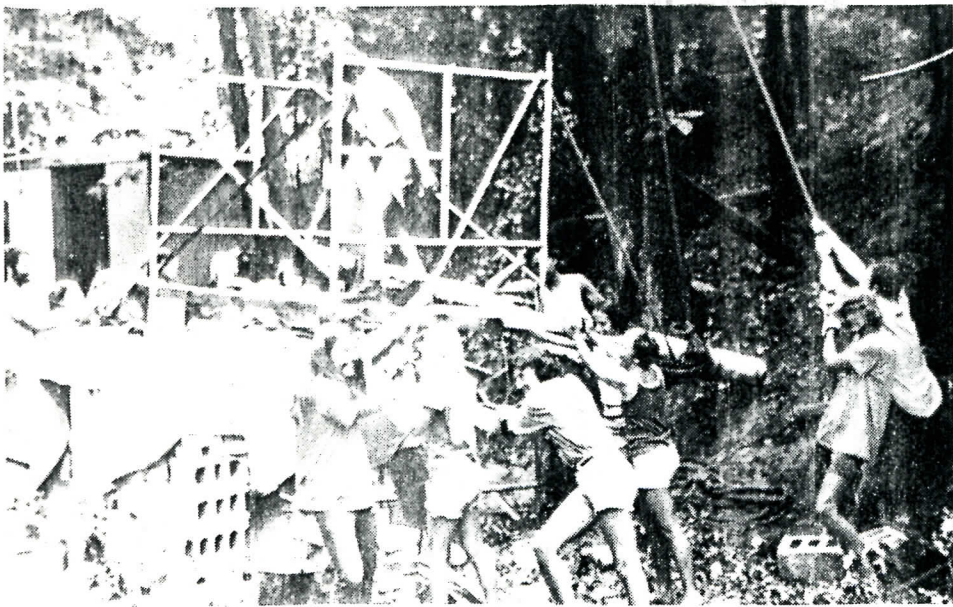
Mark climbing on Lake ice in blanket coat (page 46) 1976



Lynn & Cloey — 1986



Frozen Crystalline Precipitation



How many Staff does it take to build a kiln? — 1974



BOARD of MANAGERS — 1989



RABBIT RIVER — 1972 (Cath Lankton & John Morrison)

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Thank you Lynn and Bill for everything! You have influenced more people towards a good life than you will ever imagine.

Wayne