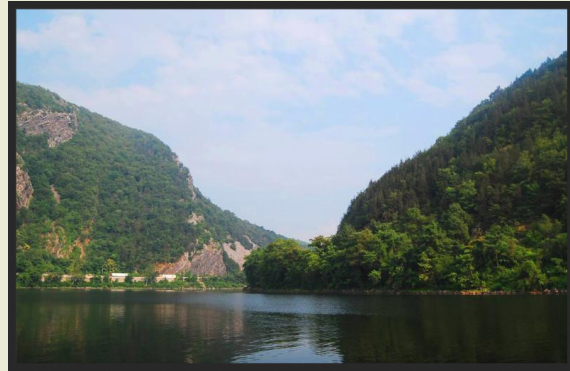




Hagan Newsletter

November 2015

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Pohoqualin

The book, *Pohoqualin* by Francis R. Drake, was given to the Hagan women who toured the Dutot Museum at the September reunion. Pohoqualin was the Lenni Lenape name for Delaware Water Gap. While reading the book, Barb Dando came across the following passage, which she felt strongly resonated as being true to our Hagan experiences.

Excerpt from dedication service, Church of the Mountain August 29, 1854

"For many centuries past, has Jehovah dwelt in the rocky fastnesses of this mountain. Ere there was a human ear to listen, His voice was uttered here in the sighing of the breeze and the thunder of the storms, which even then were wont to writhe in the close grapple of this narrow gorge. Ere one human footstep had invaded the wildness of the place, or the hand of art had applied the drill and blast to the silent rock, God's hand was working here alone-delving out its deep, rugged pathway, for yonder river and clothing those gigantic bluffs and terraces with undying verdure, and the far gleaming brightness of their laurel bloom. Every day since that first dawn whereat the morning stars sang joyfully together, has God been present here, in Nature's broad temple, which is alone adequate to the indwelling of the infinite one; but never, until this day, has He dwelt here in a temple made with hands." -- Rev. F.F. Ellinwood



Rockin' It Out at the Reunion



Karen Beatty (Hagan 1960-1968)

Karen read her Time Capsule story at the ceremony at the River Sanctuary. All Time Capsule stories will be posted to the website in early December.

*"Memories that linger, constant and true,
Memories we'll cherish, Camp Hagan, of you."*

She was more than the verdant acres along the west bank of the Delaware River, more than the clean mountain air above us, more than the hundreds of campers and dozens of staff, and more than the many summer activities we enjoyed. Camp Hagan was a magical place that enriched our lives and our souls. We, her daughters, cherish her memory.

I came to Camp Hagan for the first time in 1960, a two-week camper that first year when I was just 11 years old. Those first two weeks were a welcome respite from family strife and my initial opportunity to learn who I was, as an independent person. Little did I know that Hagan would teach me so much about myself, people, and life during the nine summers that I spent with her. Little did I know, in 1960, how much I would come to love her intangible soul and spirit.

Days and nights at Camp Hagan were filled with structure, physical activity, appreciation for the natural world, experiences of the divine, and the development of friendships. I specifically recall the somewhat militaristic life - complete with uniforms, bugle calls, flag ceremonies, and daily schedules (elements I would disdain in later years when I became a pacifist and war protester) - that unexplainably worked for me at the time. I spent many hours on the Delaware - swimming, boating, canoeing, teaching- which led to a life-long love of water sports. I remember nature hikes in the great outdoors. To this day I still love to know the names of the birds, plants, flowers, insects, and reptiles I encounter on my hikes and walks along the central coast of California where I now live. From morning to night at Camp Hagan we experienced the wonder of the divine during so much time spent in the beauty of the natural world. We felt the presence of God at our beloved evening vesper services among the pine trees at the outdoor chapel. I still feel God's presence mainly when I am outdoors surrounded by the quiet beauty of nature, as I did so many years ago in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. And through all of our daily activities, Hagan engendered and encouraged friendships, the rare kind that last through a lifetime.



Camp Hagan bestowed a distinct honor on me when she chose me to be a CIT, then a JC, a counselor, and finally, a department head. I did not realize then that she was preparing me for my future career as a teacher, as I did not consider becoming a teacher until my senior year of college. My Hagan teachers taught me about planning and conducting lessons, organizing and interacting with younger girls, and how to be a leader. I now know that I was born to be a teacher and that I was gently nourished and encouraged by Hagan in this direction until I understood who I was destined to be. I retired from a successful 41-year teaching career in 2012, having taught preschool, elementary, junior high, and graduate school.

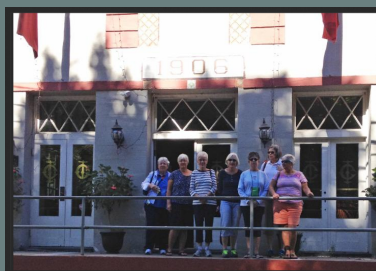
In the end, all of these words cannot fully explain Camp Hagan, for she was so much more than can be put on paper, so much that remains intangible and magical to this day. She will have a place in our hearts forever, where many happy memories reside.
Memories we'll cherish, Camp Hagan, of you.

Photos from the 2015 Hagan Reunion are now on the CampHagan.com website under Photo Galleries

A huge thanks to the following Hagan women who contributed reunion photos -- Anne Dando Oldfield, Barb Dando, Becky Bown Thomas, Dotty Watson Westgate, Jane Grigger, Judi Hartman Brewer, Karen Beatty, Kathy Ranieri Tanner, Lexie Spencer, Martie Davis, Nancy Atkiss Haring, Pat Wagenhals Coffey, Robin Thomas Poponne, Sandy Dempsey, Susan Davit Maxwell. If you have photos that you would like to be posted to the website, please send them to Sandy Dempsey at HaganGathering@gmail.com



Rafters' authors hug it out after putting their book into the Time Capsule



Hagan Campers at the Castle Inn at the Delaware Water Gap



Torch bearer, Martha Conboy, lights the fire of Reverence for Nature



**Robin Thomas Poponne
captured the peacefulness of our
Delaware River**



**Judi Hartman Brewer
helps to "plant" the
Hagan Time Capsule**



**Pat Wagenhals Coffey eyed
a majestic young eagle
enjoying the day**

Pausing to Give Thanks

November seems to highlight all of our senses toward gratitude -- the internal shiver we feel at seeing the colors of autumn, the smell and taste of warm apple cider, family and friends at Thanksgiving. Jane's beautiful Grace at our Tuesday night dinner reflects the gratitude we feel for the small and large things in our lives.

"We are thankful to be together again. We pray that the blessings we have received as campers and staff at Hagan continue to be integrated in our daily lives and our interactions with others -- strength of character; love for the natural world and all of its creatures; and, the many ties to Hagan we share in our hearts and souls. We thank You for time well spent with those who have passed from this life, and ask that You watch over us until we meet again. Blessed be the ties that bind. Amen."



**Jane Magee Mitchell
Hagan 1958-1969**



Camper Profile

Mary (Marigold) Goldsmith Westhuis

Hagan 1960-1970; Miller Hagan 1971-1974

Poison Ivy - 1937

Once upon a time there was an old jalopy named Poison Ivy. It was a second-hand, two-passenger convertible with a rumble seat and a spare spoke tire mounted next to the passenger side door above a wide running board. My Uncle George, a Camp Miller counselor, was particularly fond of

Poison Ivy because it served to transport the latest girl he was dating from Camp Hagan into Stroudsburg for the evening to take in a show at the Sherman Theater or have drinks at the Penn Stroud Hotel.

There was only one hitch. The car wasn't his. Poison Ivy belonged to his older sister Kitty, or Skipper as she was known at camp. She was Camp Hagan's first aquatics director. If George wanted to go for a wild, bumpy ride down River Road in a rumble seat with a Hagan girl, he had to find someone to fill the front passenger seat.

Enter his good buddy Charles, Miller's camp doctor. He and Kitty were opposites of sorts. Her German ancestry, Latin flavored from the French influenced Alsace Lorraine region, allowed her to soak up sun like a sponge. Charles on the other hand, with his chestnut hair and fair skin, got sunburned sitting in the shade. Kitty, one of five children in an artist's family, was outgoing, assertive, fun-loving and artistically talented. Charles, an only child, was quiet, thoughtful and well-mannered - an attentive, sweet guy.

My parents married in 1941. Their Miller Hagan romance produced three second generation campers and lasted sixty-three years.

Neverland - 1960-1970

Attending Camp Hagan was never an option. Any mention of Hagan began with, "When you go to camp...." and ended with, "You'll see." It was not my imagination that feeling anything but devotion for what must be Oz or Neverland was also not an option.

The summer of 1960 at the age of eight, I packed my footlocker according to the camp packing list and threw in a couple of *Bobsey Twins* books before closing the lid. If I made no friends, at least I'd have Freddy and Flossie. My two brothers were five and six years older than me, and I was used to spending time by myself.

The Junior 1 cabin counselor greeted me with the biggest smile ever. Making friends was

easy - instant sisters! Activities were fun, especially swimming, and Great Hall, where we sang our hearts out, may have been my favorite place. (I was not a fussy eater.) My cabin mates wondered how I already knew many of the camp songs. Didn't everyone bounce along in station wagons next to their moms singing *The Cannibal King with a big nose ring...*, *Boom boom ain't it fun to be crazy?...*, *I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence... Tell Me Why* was my favorite, but we saved that for quieter times.

I moved up through the Hagan ranks, as a camper for eight years, then as a CIT, JC and cabin counselor the last season before the Miller boys invaded our territory.

One summer, when I was a senior camper, the CITs performed the musical Peter Pan. For the rest of the camp season we sang our favorite song from the show -- *"If growing up means it would be beneath my dignity to climb a tree, I'll never grow up, never grow up, never grow up. Not me!"*

Most of us thought we'd remain in Neverland forever. If growing up meant we had to leave camp. Well, we just wouldn't grow up!

Boy Meets Girl - 1971 - 1974

But the inevitable happened. One of our first exercises in growing up was accepting the idea that boys would be moving into our camp. (Boys at Hagan? No way!)

We all understood that our time by the river was limited. Why not make the best of it? The Miller men were nothing but nice, and both camps managed to keep the meaningful traditions that made Camp Miller-Hagan a success. It was a peaceful transition. I upheld my mom's tradition as waterfront director the summers of 1973 and 1974.

Then I followed another tradition by meeting my husband at camp. The director hired five counselors from overseas the summer of 1974, and I ended up marrying one of them. No, not immediately. I finished a master's degree the following summer and headed off to The Netherlands for a year. Arrien (the exchange camper) and I returned to the States after he was accepted into a master's program at Penn State. Thus began our hobby of changing households, eighteen at last count.

1980-2012 - On the Road

Arrien and his affiliation with the mining-construction industry moved us from Pennsylvania to New Hampshire and Texas, and then five foreign countries: Mexico, Singapore (twice), Japan, Sweden and Germany. During the twenty years that we circumvented the globe, I worked professionally when possible, held a director's seat on the school board of an international school, and volunteered as an ESL tutor to neighborhood children. With the help of tutors and formal language classes, I picked up

three languages along the way.

My most rewarding endeavor was raising three children, Kate, Drew and Mark (plus one mischievous yellow Lab), and keeping our lives running as smoothly as possible while living abroad. In each country, a lap-swimming pool, tennis courts and a book club supplied me with friends.

One evening toward the end of 2004, my family and I took an unexpected flight from Singapore to the East Coast, destination Allentown, PA where I grew up. My mom had passed away at the age of ninety. She was an interesting, lively and loving camper to the end.

Arrien's last international transfer, 2012, brought us back to the Lehigh Valley where his company's headquarters were located. Talk about a 360!

The Lanyard - 2015

Several years before returning back to The United States, we scoured eastern Pennsylvania for a retirement home. Our intention was to reside within reasonable reach of the New York City area where our children were living and working. We found a place to our liking - plenty of nature and some privacy with a mountain view. On the other side of this mountain, the Mosier Ridge, the Delaware River meanders by. As a crow flies, our house is about three miles from the Camp Hagan site.

When my dad died at the age of 97, we decided to leave the Lehigh Valley and move permanently to the Poconos. During this process, I tried to force boxes of "treasures" on our kids that we had been storing for them. Our son Drew dug through one of his boxes and pulled out a tin can which contained some snapshots, a deck of cards and a black and white lanyard with a whistle.

"Hey look, Grandma's whistle," he said.

"What?!" I exclaimed. I had never seen it before. "Give that to me!" There was a Hagan reunion coming up. It would come in useful for, well, I don't know. I just wanted it!

"No way. She gave it to me. It was my waterfront whistle." Drew was the Aquatics Director at a YMCA camp a half hour north of Bushkill during his college years.

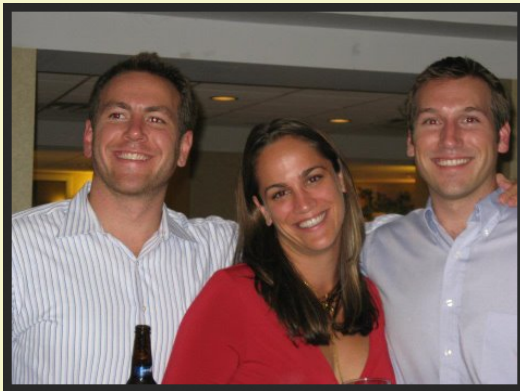
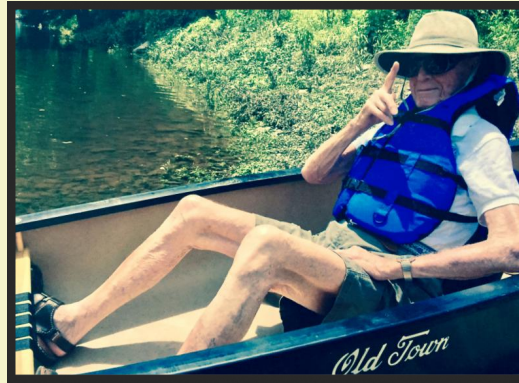
I eyed the large carved pig that we bought on the side of the road in Mexico. Drew wanted that pig in the worse way, but, for sentimental reasons, I couldn't part with it.

"I'll trade you the pig for the lanyard," I said.

"No."

We worked out a deal. He is letting me borrow the lanyard in return for the continued storing of his junk in our basement.

Besides safeguarding a vintage lanyard, I volunteer as a National Parks Trail Steward for the Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area. As a show of appreciation for fifteen idyllic summers down by the river, I hope to help preserve the beautiful river valley that we Hagan girls all know and love.



Upper left - Kitty (Skipper) Reinbold and Charles Goldsmith, A Miller-Hagan romance that lasted 63 years; Upper Right - A 97-year-old Miller camper takes one last trip down the Delaware; Lower left - Drew, Kate, and Mark; Lower Right - Mary and Arrien at Zermatt, Switzerland

News and Updates

- Check out the Hagan 2015 Reunion Photo Gallery on the CampHagan.com website.
- Time Capsule stories will be posted to the website in early December.
- There are two more Hagan Newsletters coming (December and January), and then we will take a break for awhile. The CampHagan.com website will continue to be available to walk down Hagan memory lane.

■ Newsletter Editor: Sandy
Dempsey

