



## Hagan Newsletter

### December 2015

[Visit CampHagan.com](http://CampHagan.com)



Merry Hagan Christmas. Click on the arrow!

#### The Hokey Pokey Shakespearean Style

O proud left foot, that ventures quick within  
Then soon upon a backward journey lithe.  
Anon, once more the gesture, then begin;  
Command sinistral pedestal to writhe.  
Commence thou then the fervid Hokey-Poke.  
A mad gyration, hips in wanton swirl.  
To spin! A wilde release from heaven's yoke.  
Blessed dervish! Surely canst go, girl.  
The Hoke, the poke-banish now thy doubt  
Verily, I say, 'tis what it is all about.

## What was Hagan Christmas like in 1947?



Phyllis Kaspereit  
Davidson



In 1947, Senior 1 Counselor,  
Phyllis Kaspereit Davidson, wrote



Phyl made her Hagan  
anchor in arts and crafts.

(Hagan 1941-1951)

about Hagan Christmas. Click on  
the arrow to listen to Phyl read  
her original essay.

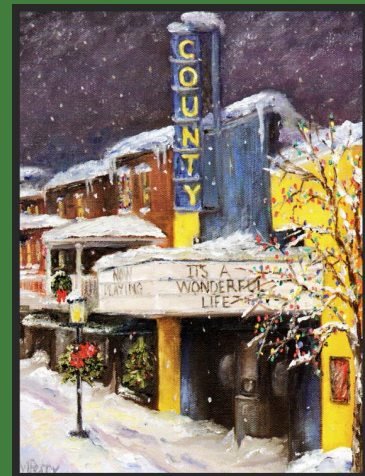
It represented membership  
in the Hagan Aquatic Club

## Time Capsule Stories on Hagan Website

The stories submitted by Hagan campers are a rich tapestry of camp memories. These narratives, poems, and photos capture our unique and special experiences. How is it that we are still connected to each other, to this place, all these many years later? For some of us, that relationship began over 60 years ago. These stories describe the special bond we shared and share, preserve our childhood memories and honor the place on which they happened. Please continue to add stories. Just because the Hagan Time Capsule is in the ground doesn't mean you can't send a story about your time at Hagan. Send it to [HaganGathering@gmail.com](mailto:HaganGathering@gmail.com) at any time, and we will include it with the others on the website. Our stories are important! [Click here to get to the stories](#)



## Camper Sighting



(Left) Artist Margie Bartleson Perry (Hagan 1959-1970) displays her BEAUTIFUL artwork at the 19th Annual George Bramhall Memorial Art Exhibition and Sale in New Hope, PA (11/8/15). Artists donated 40% of their sales to cancer research. Notice the image to the left of Margie. It is a painting she did of the mist on the Delaware River from our September Hagan reunion. Hagan campers Becky Bown Thomas, Jane Grigger, Kathy Ranieri Tanner, and Sandy Dempsey were there to support Margie and the exhibition, which included over 20 artists. (Right) Margie painted the Doylestown Art Cinema for an annual Christmas card.





## **Camper Profile**

**Martha Conboy**

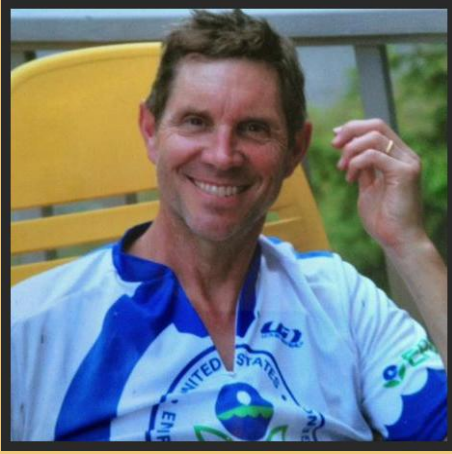
**Hagan 1961-1970; Miller Hagan 1971-1973**

My first summer at Hagan began on one of those pouring rain change days. On the way to Junior One, I remember seeing ponchos with legs and boots but not much else. The shutters were lowered and there was just enough light to unpack and get the bed made. When I was through, my mother stood in the doorway and stared at me. She said I told her, "Go." I've never been one for scenes.

Over the years, I discovered the culture at Hagan to be nothing short of magical. Once you put on that little brown uniform, you were on your own. Those in search of state-of-the-art equipment and pampering need not apply. This system was strictly merit-based. Hagan culture held a kind of disdain for anything and anyone even remotely pretentious. And above all, loyalty and devotion to the place were so entrenched it was practically a cult. The catchphrase "A camp with character" was no lie. ("A camp with tennis courts" would have been.)

For twelve summers I returned and went up the ranks. By the time I'd become a counselor, Hagan had morphed into Miller-Hagan and the end was in sight. I dropped out of college for a year, moved to DC and bumbled around doing odd jobs. Then I enrolled at American University and took up filmmaking. One thing led to another and I ended up working as a freelance film editor for about fifteen years. In the meantime I got married and had two girls. Then onto a fulltime position at National Geographic for twelve years. Now I'm working independently again, producing and writing for TV or websites or whatever.

I've read that our most profound and indelible memories are the product of the experiences we have while coming of age. If that's true, I think one of the reasons Hagan still matters is that it was such a respite from all the other coming of age crap we endured. My early years were hardly unpleasant. But life in a small town, no matter how outwardly appealing, can be deadly. I had no idea what was going to happen to me but I knew that if I stayed in Shillington, PA, surely nothing was going to happen. Hagan helped open my eyes. So I started my journey, based not so much on where I was headed, but by what I knew I wouldn't settle for. It's still a work in progress.



**My husband, Rob Senty, retired this past September after over 40 years of service with the US Environmental Protection Agency.**



**The girls -- Sarah (left) went to UVA on a soccer scholarship, played professionally in DC and Philly and now lives and teaches school in DC. Meg (right) went to VCU for the Sculpture program. Now lives and works in West Philly.**



**Me just outside Shanghai. I was there as a judge for the Shanghai International Film Festival.**

# Christmas, 1944

Dear *Phyl*,

"Think of all the fun that we've had and all the times that we've been so glad"—I wonder whether you've thought of it all as often as I have—Somehow, camp this year was a Spirit we'd like to find, always, among our lovely Hagan hills. And if I could have one wish come true it would be that all of your days would be as full of gladness as those camp days we knew.

Every candle that is lighted and carol that is sung brings me some lovely memory of joy we shared together during those wonderful summer days. Do you remember the starshine as we gathered around the council circle? And who could forget the blue of Hagan sky on the day we hiked the "long trails"! The games and songs and dances and the beautiful story of Hagan Christmas, now told on the mural—all of these are a part of this Christmas season. I'm sure that as you join us all in thought on Christmas Eve you'll remember some glad hours, too.

O come let us worship Him whom we've learned to love. And may Christmas joy be yours!

Love,

*Tay*

This 1944 annual Hagan Christmas letter was sent to Hagan staff Phyllis Kaspereit Davidson from Hagan Directress Jane Taylor (Tay)

## News and Updates

- Time Capsule stories are now posted on the website. [Click here to access them.](#)
- Check out the Hagan 2015 Reunion Photo Gallery on the website.
- There will be one more Hagan Newsletter coming out in 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

