

Let's play Jeopardy -- Lanyards, popsicle boxes, enameled cross, wood burned box?



## Hagan Newsletter

April / 2017



### **The new Hagan Arts and Crafts building saw its first summer in 1957**

"We get so caught up in the flurry of our lives that we forget the essential thing about art - that the act of creating is a healing gesture, as sacred as prayer, as essential to the spirit as food is to the body. Our creative work reveals us to ourselves, allows us to transform our experience and imagination into forms that sing back to us in a language that tells us who we are, what we are becoming, what we have loved and feared. This is the alchemy of creation: that as I attempt to transmute a feeling or thought into an artistic form that can be experienced by another, I myself am added to, changed in the process."

- Jan Phillips, visionary thought leader and author of [God Is At Eye Level](#)

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## Reflections on Hagan, Making Art and Life

Lenore (Letty) Townsend Chadwick  
Hagan 1956-1967

My sometime baby sitter from 1949 to 1957, Marilyn Lusson Turner (Hagan 1949-1955), would fill me with Camp Hagan stories at bedtime. As I look back, my father had just died of an illness, and I was searching for defining my new life. Hagan was something different from my usual day to day and offered so many new things to me -- like speedball -- I had to go.



Letty Townsend Chadwick  
Photo by Tom Chadwick

My first stay at Hagan was for the month of August. Camp did not let me down. The highlights were learning new things and being on my own. I loved the uniforms as they made everyone equal, and you got to know the girls for who they really were. The first year I fell in love with camp and the mountains (I was raised at the shore). When mother came to pick me up, I cried because I did not want to go home. I can remember mother saying how silly it would be for me to be there alone with the snow. From then on I was a season camper.

I earned a blue tie finally in Sr. 6. The swimming was always a challenge for me. I think they had the red cap just for me. As the years passed, I developed good friends, and would have them come to the shore for the weekend when camp was not in session. My last year as a camper was in Sr. 8. Then the next summer I had a chance to experience the summer with a church group of kids traveling around Europe to 13 different countries. I thought I would have to wait several years before I could apply to be a counselor at Hagan. I was really surprised when Clyde Barr (of Hagan Co-Directors, Lyn and Clyde) called and offered me the storekeeper position. That was a way into arts and crafts, which I loved. I did miss being a CIT and having that wonderful experience.

Storekeeper meant living in the Waldorf with the assistants from the Rat Trap and Pill Box and the two stewardesses from Great Hall. My most vivid memory is one night we had a bad thunderstorm -- I can remember a number of those -- and Susan Thompson, who worked in the Rat Trap, was washing her hands at the sink. Lightening struck the building and ran through the pipes knocking her to the bed behind her. She was okay and it was then that my life long respect for lightening developed.

Being in charge of and running the canteen was fun, as it was like having your own small business. I loved seeing and talking to the campers as I tore out the coupons in their canteen book. Having it open after taps gave me a chance to visit with staff, but only the snackers.

Within the arts and crafts department, I was in charge of the store, organizing it and setting up the schedule for the CIT's and JC's who were assigned to the store for the week. Once in a while the



**In 2016, Peggy Detweiler Geers, an art major in college, brought to a Hagan lunch a drawing she had done while at camp back in the 1940s. On the left side of the page, note the Hagan altar, CIT tent and Council Fire totem pole.**

DP of Arts and Crafts would let me out of the arts and crafts store to work with the campers, a real treat. I remember spending many rest hours working on the mural.

Being a counselor for two years was next. Those years plus college helped me prepare for department head. As a counselor in Arts and Crafts, we were told what the project was we were teaching for the week, but it was up to us to plan from there. By my second year as counselor, I had some college under my belt and could apply some of the

teaching skills I learned at college, or at least try them out, to see if they worked. I loved working with the campers. Student teaching was not until your senior year at college, and in high school I did not know if teaching was my area. Camp was a good trial run.

I do want to mention some things I remember about being a counselor - Having Jr. 1 we were always scrub cabin except for one week, and waking up bed wetters to use the bathroom was part of the job description. With Sr. 1, the campers were always so excited before the Miller dance, and being located so close to the Stables put a damper on their cutting up after taps.

Sr. 1 was also my best cabin, best two weeks ever was the second session in August (though you are not supposed to have favorites, but every camper was great). It was a wonderful way to end my counselor experience, although I did not know it at the time.



**Letty and her Sr. 1 campers - 1960's**

I do remember the night before Hagan Christmas, the counselors went over after taps to set things up at their tables so they would look nice and to fill the stockings. My





**Letty's wood burned box  
that she made in A&C**

campers had many gifts for people not in our cabin, so it seemed forever to get the gifts and cards where they were supposed to be going. So, at 4 am another counselor (I forget who), both of us dead tired, were walking from Great Hall to the Stables with arms full and overflowing. Of course we had flashlights on. We were singing Christmas songs when we caught a skunk in the light 3-4 feet ahead. We both froze and prayed very hard. I wanted to drop into bed with clothes on -- not taking a dip in tomato juice -- and where do you find tomato juice at 4 am at Hagan? We stood like statues and that skunk kept walking, thank goodness. Christmas was wonderful even with little sleep.

Department Head of Arts and Crafts was a big step up. I remember being thrilled at this honor, as DPs went to camp a week before the other staff. Another week at Hagan and in the mountains, what a treat to look forward to. The yearly mural was stopped because of

the Tocks Island Dam. This brought sad and happy emotions. Happy there was no pressure on having to get it done by a deadline. Sad, because as both a camper and counselor, I had spent a lot of time eating in Great Hall looking at the murals and thinking what I would do different or what type of mural would the Arts and Crafts staff create. It's a good thing there was still the staff and CIT plaques to make and wood burn.

I did not realize it until I was DP of Arts and Crafts, but being storekeeper had given me an idea of what supplies to order and what supplies we used the most during the summer. The arts and crafts projects gave the campers more room to be creative. Three cheers for creative campers! My other favorite group were the campers who did not like arts and crafts, because they felt they were not good in that area. For the ones working on ties, I wanted them to enjoy doing projects for their ties.

It was challenging to suddenly have a staff and decide what to teach the campers. There were skills they should know and fun things to make. We did more fun things. I learned a lot as a counselor and DP of Arts and Crafts, like working with clay and slip, glazing, and firing -- that was all new. I had to change an element in the kiln, but I did it, and the kiln worked. All the copper enameling was a new skill



**Inside the new A&C Building (opened in 1957)  
with Dotty Watson Westgate, Letty and  
Connie Wiegmann Robinson**

to learn, too.

I remember vaguely, as a young camper going to arts and crafts on the Palace's back porch. The view of the river was great, but a bit distracting. Then a whole new building appeared, large and with a beautiful rock fireplace, which we hardly ever used. It had that wall of sliding screen doors facing camp and welcoming campers in. It gave us great breezes on those hot days. I do remember a lot of staff asked to use the building after taps for the large work area and lights.



**A&C on the Back Porch - 1930's**

I loved living in the Barn. It was close to the Arts and Crafts building. I liked the idea it was so compact compared to

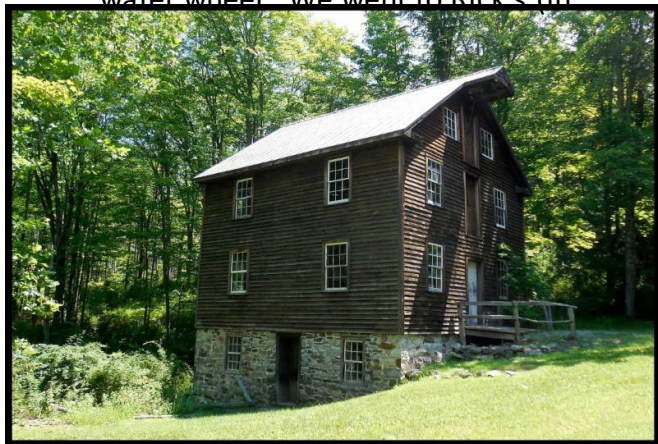


**The Barn 1965 - Letty, Kathy Roberts, Carol Joculetto, Martie Davis**

my work place. You got to really know the other 3 girls you were living with and learned about their departments.

When I was DP of Arts and Crafts, I had my car at camp. It's amazing how popular you become when you have a car. I remember fondly of going to the Old Mill coffee house in Bushkill after taps. I think it is torn down now except for the water wheel. We went to Rick's (in

Bushkill) often after taps. Then once someone talked me into driving up to Port Jervis, NY after taps. Another time, Robin Ruth took us somewhere, and I ran over a skunk. Took awhile to live that one down. Then there was the time we fooled everyone by saying we saw a famous movie star at Shawnee and got his autograph -- think it was Cary Grant. I could not believe it when Clyde announced it to the camp in Great Hall. I do not remember fessing up, but I guess I did. We spent a lot of time eating at Altiers (it was on 209), very good food. Wonder if it's still there.



**The Old Mill, one of the after taps haunts for Hagan staff in the 60's where drinking espresso and eating cheesecake was considered "cool."**

One night after Miller had left us a gift (I think it was the giraffe), we decided to scope out stealing or moving something of theirs to a new place in their camp. We went to Miller and decided it was way too dark to do anything, so that idea was quickly



forgotten. On days off I would take staff members to the shore (Ocean City) and return to Hagan by midnight. We were never late. Wonder why Clyde called me "lead foot!"

I did not like moving on from camp. It seemed to be a safe place I felt good in -- like Peter Pan's "Never, Never Land" minus the bad people. I brought some friends from college to work at Hagan hoping they would find the magic I did, but few if any did. I think the magic starts when you are younger and has time to grow within your heart.



**Camp Miller's John Sofranko with Giraffe gift in Great Hall. John's sister, Sandy Sofranko O'Brien, went to Hagan**

After Hagan, I graduated from Kent State University. My first wedding was in 1968 and my official break from Hagan -- well, almost -- one Hag was a bridesmaid, and some hags attended the wedding. I batiked all the material for the bridesmaids dresses at



**Letty's batiked bridesmaids dresses**

Hagan during rest hour and 4:15 pm. The next summer we ran a youth hostel in Bushkill, PA. Several times I saw Hagan campers on their Bushkill and Bushkill Falls hikes on the local roads.

For four years I taught art at the elementary level to 1,000 students a week. I also worked on my MA at Ball State University and Indiana University both in Indiana. When we moved back to NJ, we became house-parents at a residential school for mentally challenged and emotionally disturbed children. I picked up my teaching license in special education. After a staff meeting, a staff member asked me if I had worked at Camp Hagan, small world.

During this time four brothers came to live at the residential school. We became friends as they did not know where their parents were. After trying for custody of them, we were told we could only have the youngest boy. However, every weekend we would take Jack to be with his brothers and do something as a family. It is now 42 years later and they are still part of the family -- and we have a granddaughter, Anna.

I finished out my teaching career as

the Head of a Resource Center in a public elementary school. I also remarried to Tom, a wonderful man. I did not leave my love for arts and crafts; it just switched into herbs and herbal crafts. In addition to doing craft shows, I taught herbal craft classes at the county park at night and grew and sold herbs.

In 2001 I retired from teaching due to a health issue. Upon retirement I decided I wanted to visit all the National Parks in the U.S., not knowing how many there were.



**Stanley, George, Husband Tom, Jack, Letty and grand-daughter Anna**



**Letty and Tom "on the road again"**

Since 2003 Tom and I have been to 45 states in their natural areas in our tiny RV. We used to travel 8+ weeks a year; now we do not travel as far and go for 6+ weeks a year. Things are winding down for me, but I still do some needlework and crafts. I am active in church, and we plan and have family gatherings almost monthly. I think of

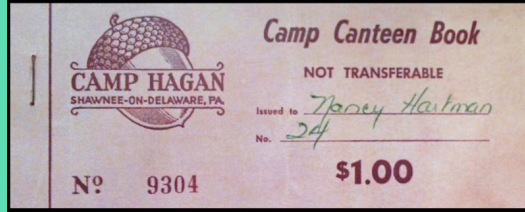
Hagan often, and Hagan still pops up in my life today. I am so glad I went there, as it has made me who I am.

## **"I Get By With a Little Help from My Friends"**

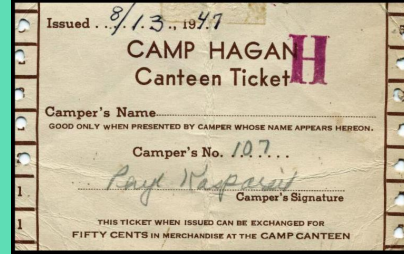
**Nancy Rosenquest Reeves (Hagan 1960–1969) and Sandy Dempsey (Hagan 1958–1967) -- on behalf of the Reunion Planning Team**

Dear Campers,

Do you remember what you did with those extra coupons in your Canteen Book before you packed up your trunk and said farewell to Hagan until the next season? We were hoping that instead of buying that last Nutty Buddy, you might consider throwing that 5, 10, 20, or 50 cent coupon into the Hagan trough to help defray some of the added expenses to hosting the upcoming reunion in September 12-14, 2017?



**Canteen Book 1962**



**Canteen Book 1947**

Some of the reunion expenses we need to cover include materials (labor has been donated) for the Hagan Model Cabin, an 80TH birthday cake that will serve 50-60 people; fees for our bartenders since we are not only serving bug juice; the rental of some of the AV equipment; decorations and table settings; and the fee for our own special campfire by the river. All in all, we need to raise around \$1,800 to \$2,000.

Any denomination of Canteen Coupon will do -- \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 would be most welcome; an average gift of 40 bucks would get us to our goal. If you are so inclined, please send a check made out to Nancy Reeves for whatever amount feels right to you. Nancy has volunteered to be our Development Consultant/Banker for the reunion. Her address is: 31 Franklin Street, Northampton, MA 01060.

They say it takes a village, or in our case, 18 cabins, to put on a Hagan reunion. We can't wait to celebrate Hagan 80TH's together!

Hagan hugs,  
Sandy and Nancy

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## Get Ready for Some A&C!

Anne Dando Oldfield (Hagan 1961-1966) and Barb Dando (Hagan 1961-1967)

The following is excerpted from *The Firelight Girls* by Kaya McLaren.

"Wouldn't it be nice to have a group of friends who would inspire us to get out of our ruts and try new things together?" Ruby asked the group.

"Firelight Girls for grown women? I love it! What would we be called?"

"Well, hmm...Old Firelight Girls...maybe the Hot Coals," replied Ruby.

Although they were joking, Ruby found herself wondering if such an organization might actually take off. Was she the only woman of a certain age who still wanted to return to camp, do activities and sing the songs that she used to sing? Yes, camp for women of a certain age. It would be her fountain of youth. She imagined it, as she remembered all the things she used to love to do. For starters, it had been far, far too many years since she had pulled a prank. Few things made a person feel more alive than running something of someone else's up a flagpole.

Could an organization like this help other women see their lives in a different light



- help them feel proud and, well, simply grateful to be who they were?

"The Embers," Ruby said. That's what we should be called - the Embers. Remember at the end of the summer how after the fire was completely out, we'd take some embers from the big ceremonial campfire ring. We'd put them in a coffee can, and then stick them under the Lodge, and then the following year we'd find them and use them to start the next fire. Yes, we should be called the Embers, because we could pass the flame like that."

In the spirit of preserving campfire embers and creating new memories through sharing arts and crafts, one activity at the September reunion during our Tuesday afternoon time at the River Pavilion will be to create ember jars.

Campers will be provided with Ball jelly jars and a selection of fabrics, paints, ribbons and stickers to use in the creation of a decorative jar that will be used to preserve a few embers from our Wednesday night campfire. The hope is that these jars will come with you to the next Hagan reunion to rekindle the flame of friendship and to relight the campfire.



"To tend our embers is to lay the groundwork for bringing new flames to life. Even the smallest acts of self-nourishment are like breath on the coals, bringing our inner hearths to active possibility once more. Any good fire begins with a well-tended coal."

Written by Asia and posted in *Earth Medicine, Wildcrafting and Collecting*

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## Camper Profile

Susan Davit Maxwell – Hagan 1958–1969

In the summer of 1957, I was 7 turning 8 and watching my sister get her footlocker packed for her first visit to Camp Hagan." Why can't I go?" was what I bothered my parents with. You're too young, I was told. I found out as an adult that I could have gone that year. I asked my mother why they didn't send me, and she admitted that they weren't ready for me to go.



So 1958, I too packed my footlocker and headed off to Hagan. I was in Junior 2. I don't remember many details from that summer, except that I tended to fall asleep during rest hour, and I was a white star in swimming. I hadn't yet plucked up the courage to put my face in the water. I progressed from Junior 2 to 3, then Intermediate 7 & 8, then Senior 3. For all of those years I was only a two-week camper. Then in Senior 5, I convinced my parents to let me stay a month.

In 1964 my parents had the opportunity to go Europe. I had the opportunity to join them, but it meant that I could only go to Hagan for a two-week period. I chose to go to camp for the whole season instead. Who wouldn't?! I spent that summer on the top bunk of Senior 7. By this time I had advanced in my swimming and was classified yellow cap to start the summer. By the end of the summer I made it through blue and green caps. I took Junior Lifesaving that year and surprised myself by passing. I had to "rescue" Robyn Ruth, which was terrifying. I was a bit of a lazy camper as I never once worked on a tie. This was the summer that I met Bonnie Reyher Mellor and Barb Huffman Belon. We clicked and have remained friends for over 50 years.

In 1965 I was accepted as a CIT; then in '66 I was a JC. I think they realized that waterfront was the best place for me, and I was split between swimming and boating and canoeing.



**1966 JCs - Top row: Susan, Karen, JC Head Sandy Taylor. Bottom row: Bonnie, Sue, Nancy, Janie**



**1969 - Karen, Janie and Bonnie came back for a visit with Susan, Sue and Barb**

I spent two years as a counselor, Intermediate 7 of the very leaky roof - I remember many rainy nights trying to move campers' beds around to keep them dry, and Senior 3. My last year at camp was 1969 and I was head of boating and canoeing and lived in the Stables.

I went to Millersville University for elementary education and ended up teaching 35 years in the William Penn School District, an inner ring suburb of Philadelphia. The



summer of 1970 I stayed home to get a job to earn more money than camp could pay, since during student teaching I wouldn't be able to have a campus job. I ended up not making any more money, but met Rich Maxwell and we got married the week after I graduated.



**Rich and Susan**



**Noah and Sarah**

I have two adult children, Sarah who is a mom to Ella and Mimi; and Noah. I divide my time now between being a grandmother, a volunteer in kindergarten, serving in various capacities at my church, being a member of PEO, taking classes at our local Y, and sometimes cleaning the house and making dinner for my husband.

It is so hard to condense what Hagan meant to me growing up and into my adulthood. Many lessons I learned there, either overtly or "covertly" have remained with me. Although the camp is no longer physically there, it will be forever in my heart.

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## Hagan In Memorium

### Emily (Sisty) Bischoff Ferro (1942 – 1996)

We are so sad to report that we learned of the death of Sisty Bischoff. She died in 1996 at the age of 54. Nancy Hartman was trying to find her to encourage Sisty to attend the 2017 reunion. Nancy was led to Sisty's brother who said that she died from cancer at too early an age. Sisty's 1964 CIT's are especially sad as she was beloved by each one. She was an incredible CIT Head - fun loving , caring, and a wonderful role model.



**Sisty Bishoff**



**1964 CITs - Sisty is last on the**

## News & Updates

Information about the 2017 reunion is on the CampHagan.com website.

If by chance our room block at The Shawnee Inn is filled, the following hotels are very near The Shawnee Inn where the reunion takes place.

**If you make a reservation at one of the hotels below, or even if you are staying at other accommodations, it will help us to prepare for a great reunion if you can let us know by emailing us at [HaganGathering@gmail.com](mailto:HaganGathering@gmail.com)**

1. Budget Inn & Suites - just 10 min. from The Shawnee Inn

320 Greentree Drive, East Stroudsburg, PA 18301 - 570.424.5451

2. Staybridge Suites - just 10 min. from The Shawnee Inn

561 Independence Road, East Stroudsburg, PA 18301 - 570.420.2828

3. Bushkill Inn & Conference Center - 15-20 min. from The Shawnee Inn

159 Pocmont Loop, Bushkill, PA 18325 - 570.421.9450

Newsletter Editor: Sandy Dempsey

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