

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
by any other name would smell as sweet." (Juliet to Romeo)
Read about "Hagan Nicknames" in the February 2017 Hagan Newsletter



Hagan Newsletter

February / 2017



Kitty Reinbold Goldsmith ("Skipper"), 3rd from the left, wrote on the back of this photo, "Crazy Counselors 1937." Skipper happens to be the mom of Marigold, (Mary Goldsmith Westhuis).

Hagan Nicknames

Mary Goldsmith Westhuis (Marigold)

Hagan 1960-1970; Miller Hagan 1971-1974

Lest you think you were not blessed (or teased) with a camp nickname, just stop in your boots-to-breakfast and think again. Does the name Hag come to mind? We are all Hags! *Tall ones, short ones, fat and thin, whatcha gonna do when the summer begins?* We packed our footlockers, left family, neighbors and school friends behind and followed the *everlasting call to the best camp of all* where our Hag identity allowed us to be anyone we wanted to be - mostly ourselves.



Given the multitude of campers and counselors who chose the Delaware River over a municipal swimming pool, the following list offers just a sampling of nicknames.

- **Tay** - Jeanne Taylor
- **Skipper** - Kitty Reinbold Goldsmith
- **Son**
- **Ketch**
- **Mac** - Ruth McLaughlin
- **Sis** - Esther M. Weinrich
- **Stef** - Betty Stefany MacAdam
- **Pretz** - Pat Sloan Haven
- **Zeke** - Elizabeth Ziegler Hand
- **Dutch** - Dottie Dutcher Logan
- **Fouse** - Barbara Fessler
- **Griggs** - Jane Grigger
- **Binky** - Judy Weinmann Van Naerssen
- **Kunk** - Jane Kunkle
- **Patch**
- **MartFart** - Martha Conboy
- **Bruce** - Karen Maier
- **Asskiss** - Nancy Atkiss Haring
- **Jigs**
- **Dusty** - Janet Glasson
- **Morg** - Marilyn Morgan
- **Rosie** - Rosemary Wenzler Milgate
- **Peaches** - Helen Newton
- **Genius** - Gloria Ryan
- **Peanuts** - Carol Hundertmark Peters
- **Skeeter** - Sophia Haun Shain
- **Sisty** - Emily Bischoff
- **Honey Bowel** - Bunnie Howel
- **Robyn** - Pamela Ruth Sabine
- **Gundels** - Linda Gundelscheimer Krapish
- **Manu** - Karen Kulp
- **Schubie** - Diane Schubert Cooke
- **Boop**
- **Marigold** - Mary Goldsmith Westhuis
- **Kirsch** - Kathy Kirschner
- **Frizz** - Kathy O'Brien Yacone
- **Posie** - Lois Bosek Clymer



Floppy/Anne Marhefka Lehr

My memory is fuzzy about walking to Jr. 3. I do remember my mother

Poncho/Susan Davit Maxwell

Nancy Hartman gave me the nickname Poncho in '66 when I was a JC. I was on

Shake & Bake/Lyn Valenteen

Marzoni and Jennifer Wood

Arant -

Shake & Bake

leaving quickly. I began to cry, and my counselor sat me on her bed and brushed my long brown hair into two pigtails. She told me I looked like a puppy with floppy ears. From then on she called me Floppy.



"Floppy and Chopper "

Chopper/Susan Rozelle

"We had soft, delicious dinner rolls one Sunday or Special Day. I took mine and put it into my mouth WHOLE, and began chomping away, and someone from another table called out 'look at that chopper', and everyone at my table began chanting it, which continued long after we left the dining hall and into the next morning!"



"Wat Dot"

Unit Duty. Nancy and a few other counselors came back so we could leave. I picked up my poncho that we had been sitting on and started to walk away. Nancy stepped on it and jerked me back. She did it one more time, then I started running and she broke into the "Zorro" song -- "Out of the night when the full moon is bright came a poncho known as Davit."

Cricket/Patty Mochel

Patty wore her red tie so proudly and so often that fellow campers remembered her by the cricket that the Arts & Crafts staff stenciled onto red ties.

WatDot/Dotty Watson

Westgate "The nickname evolved from Dotty Watson, DotWat, Watty Dotson, WatDot."



"Cricket"

were from Arkansas. Brought up on meat and



potatoes, perhaps PA Dutch Hags related to fried chicken when they heard the southern accent.

Snad/Sandy Thompson

The name Snad Thompson showed up as a typo on the counselor roster at the beginning of camp. No one ever called this counselor by her real name again.

Jupiter/Mary Jane Hartman Reber

According to Mary Jane's sister, Nancy, "Mary Jane and a fellow camper were in a play about planets at Hagan. Mary Jane played the part of Jupiter and the other girl was Mars. The names stuck, but the other camper didn't continue at Hagan very long, so Jupiter was the only planet around!"



"Jupiter"

Not only did Hags rename campers and counselors, they also gave nicknames to camp structures: the Rat Trap, Great Hall, Korn Kribbe, Shack/Barn, Stables, Pill Box, the Waldorf and Palace, Bee-Hive, Rugged Nook, Coop, Shantytown, Penthouse, Hitler's Tomb, also known as Bloody Mary's Tomb, and Great Hall (where we drank bug juice and ate from monkey dishes).

Nicknames in the form of acronyms described ---

Job titles: DP, JC, CIT

Assignments: OD, UD

Departments: A&C, B&C

The time zone during which camp operated: EDT

A food item always included in a bag lunch: PB&J

And while we're on the subject of toilet paper, let's not forget a popular nickname that prevailed throughout the history of Camp Hagan -- John. Every cabin could count a John among its inhabitants. Because of John's elevated status, his name was preceded by the article "the", as with queens, kings, presidents and the Pope.

So perhaps you ended up with a nickname that has something to do with a raincoat, or a planet, or how fast you can eat a bun. Or maybe you arrived at camp named Susie and departed with the same name. Just remember, by answering that everlasting call, we have all been tagged with the best moniker of all.

Whether your nickname is Griggs,
Schubie, Kunk or Jigs,
Peanuts, Pretz or Wag,
A Hag is a Hag is a Hag.

Have you registered for the September 12-14, 2017 Hagan reunion?
[Click here for details.](#)

Camper Profile

**Robin Fidler Brancato – Hagan 1946–
1953;
1955–1956; 1961**

If I could find a certain black-and-white photo, probably taken with a Brownie Reflex camera, it would show me in an oversize uniform, straggly-haired, sitting on the steps of Junior 4. I would have been deathly homesick - a Hagan tale oft told by those of us who eventually couldn't bear to leave. Of course I would have been hiding my misery from my counselor, Midge Gross, as I struggled for those Honor Council ideals of courage, self-control, and independence. The happy ending is that this sad kid in 1946 went on to spend most summers at Hagan until assuming the directorship in 1961.



Other photos, lost or buried, from those early years would include shots of: beautiful counselor Carol Jones, who left Cabin Devotions each night, to play taps for the whole camp; great role-model Jan Mueller urging us on, on a



Friday, as we carried beds and scrubbed floors; Zeke Ziegler and Dotty Dutcher, senior unit counselors -- sympathetic, energetic, smart; Pansy and others, inspiring skill and will in athletic competition; aquatic staff member Ginny Steele, whose crawl

stroke was enviably perfect; twinkly-eyed Janie Endres, with her baritone uke, introducing us to a risqué song; iconic Directress Sis Wenrich. Nothing could go wrong in the world if Sis was in charge.

Imagine also blurry images of camper friends: canoeing down from Port Jervis; brother-sister hikes to the Minnie Camp; Zeke, Inge Woermann, and Trudy Hagedorn as May Queens; trunks lined up in the parking lot on final day. By my CIT and counselor years there would have been Polaroids in color, now washed out-shots of: the truck taking us to a Stroudsburg day off and the Korn Kribbe, where my CITS and I performed *Peter Pan*.

Although I grew up in Wyomissing, Pennsylvania, where there were wonderful amenities for kids-playground, swimming pool, free tennis lessons-camp offered all that and more, twenty-four hours a day. I started out as a two-week camper, then a month, then the season. Meanwhile my brother Rick, four years younger, began attending Camp Miller. My sister Jan, born in 1950,



Some of the 1951 CITs - Marlen Marcus, ?, Trudy Hagedorn, Robin, Linda Brandt. Two of Hagan's future Directors are in this photo.

was predisposed to be a Haganite. I had lobbied for her name after having Jan Mueller as a counselor.

I had already sealed a bond with Hagan before my father's work necessitated a family move, so, uprooted in my early teens, homesick for Wyomissing, how could I have endured without the consolation of summer at camp? By this time my friendships extended beyond the end of August. I couldn't wait to get letters from Marlen Marcus and Mimi Rau. One of my first trips to New York City was a CIT reunion. Little did I know that one day I'd be living above the Hudson, looking daily at Manhattan.



1956 - Robin and her sister, Jan

P., graduated from there, and worked another summer as a waitress, in order to make enough to fund a three-month trip to Europe. My traveling companion was my college friend, Ingrid Wagner Reed, whom I had first met -- guess where? At Hagan in '46.

After a memorable Europe-on-\$5-a-Day experience, Ingrid and I set out for New York City. In those days you could give yourself a week to get a job and actually get one. We shared an apartment with another friend. I took a position as a copy editor of textbooks, but, on my first day, realized that teaching would much more fun. So I enrolled in graduate school at night, met my future husband John, left publishing, and went with John, as counselors, to a camp that *wasn't* Hagan. We made up for it by getting married, each finding teaching jobs, and spending the next summer-'61 -- as co-directors of Camp Hagan.

Fast forward to the '60's. We're living in Teaneck, N.J. with our two young sons, Chris and Greg. John gets a Fulbright grant so that we spend two wonderful years in Modena, Italy. We return and are both happily teaching in local high schools. Life is rewarding except that - forgot to mention this - I always wanted to be a writer. But how can you write a novel in the midst of teaching full time and raising two kids? By sending them to Miller in the summer of '74 and writing quickly while they're there.

My first book, *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*, was

I was a camper from 1946 until 1950; a CIT in 1951; a JC in 1952; and counselor of Intermediate 8 in 1953. In the summer of '54 I unwillingly went for the money. Counselors at that point earned \$100 for the season. In order to contribute to my college fees, I quadrupled a camp salary by working as a nurses' aide in the daytime and moonlighting in a department store. In 1955 I was delighted to be asked by Janie Endres to become Head of Aquatics. In preparation, on freezing February evenings during my second year at Penn, I took the Red Cross Water Safety Instructor course, never suspecting that "my" waterfront would end up floating down the river in the disastrous flood of 1955.

After heading the CIT unit in '56, I took a leave from Hagan until 1961. In the intervening years I worked one summer in an office at the U of



Listen as Robin recalls a Hagan memory about just mown grass



**My favorite pensione in
Fiesole, near Florence**

published by Alfred Knopf in '75, followed by seven other young adult novels. One of them, *Blinded by the Light*, became a movie made for TV. In the '80's and 90's I was lucky enough to be able to alternate between teaching and writing, and in retirement I wrote two nonfiction books, also for teenagers. Although none of these is specifically about camp, countless camp people, thoughts, and experiences found their way into my work.

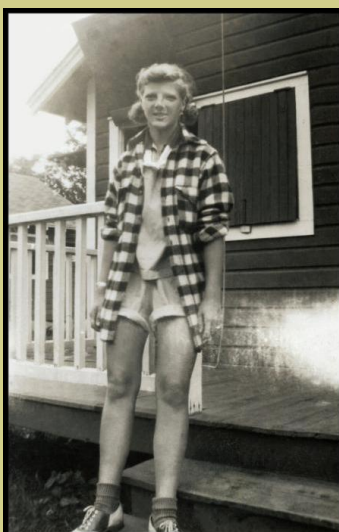
In recent years I've been enjoying my favorite activities. I teach in a program for retired people-- among the best students I've ever had. I participate in two book groups and two tennis games, walk as much as possible, swim every day in the summer, spend time in the family house in Sag Harbor, NY, see a lot of plays, take trips, and hang out with my children and five grandchildren. I've remained connected to several camp friends and look forward to the September '17 reunion and to Alice Royer Roy's forthcoming book about camp.

It's going to be hard to end on a note here that isn't sloppy sentimental. The world today is unrecognizable compared to the safe, predictable Hagan environment we cherished -- and still cherish -- but a picture of me, now, I hope will show someone who's not yearning for a simpler time. I like to think that those Hagan rules, skills, and principles, even the ones we sometimes joke about, have given us wherewithal to face whatever lies ahead.

A New "Old Hagan" Photo Gallery

from Jan Mueller, Hagan 1943-1951

[Click here to see Jan's Hagan Scrapbook](#)



Jan with her Hagan "H"
and Aquatic Pin (2016)

Jan by Cabin
circa 1946



Jan as Counselor of
Jr. 4 1947

News & Updates

- For details about the 2017 Hagan reunion, go to the CampHagan.com website.
- To register with The Shawnee Inn, make sure you call them directly and say you are part of the Hagan event. Do not register via Expedia, etc, as you will not get the Hagan rate. **[For information on how to register for the reunion, click here.](#)**
- Are you part of the "Then & Now" Photo Gallery on the Hagan website? Email your photos to Sandy Dempsey at HaganGathering@gmail.com

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