

CAMPER PROFILE
ANNE MARHEFKA LEHR (FLOPPY)
HAGAN 1962-1968

“You Are Going To Camp Hagan For Two Weeks In August!”



What did she say? I'm going where? Why? I began to cry.... My mother was not a great communicator and you did not dare ask any questions. When she saw my tears, I was lectured about how ungrateful I was and how many girls are never given an opportunity like this. I was eight years old and afraid of the unknown.

Uniforms and name tags were ordered and a trip to the Army/Navy Store produced a trunk, bedding, towels and a flashlight. I remember handing my mother my Bible to pack.

The drive to Hagan seemed to never end. My mother pointed out Fred Waring's Shawnee Inn and shared about Jackie Gleason playing golf there. The road was bumpy, and suddenly I saw girls sitting on a large concrete block. Friendly faces directed us up the Hagan Road. My memory is fuzzy about walking to Jr. 3. I do remember my mother 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. Needless to say the name stuck, and Hagan became my sanctuary for at least one month annually for the next seven years.

I was born and raised in Easton, Pennsylvania, the daughter of an Otolaryngologist, and my mother was related to the Binney Family (Crayola). My sister, Joannie, also loved Hagan and brother Jack went to Miller. We were all sent to prep schools. I graduated from the Knox School on Long Island in 1971. Then attended and graduated from Centenary Junior College in 1973 and transferred and graduated from American University in 1975. My summer months in college I spent in Avalon, New Jersey waitressing at the Windrift, Golden Inn and Shelter Haven. My internship in college was with the CBS affiliate WTOP working on a TV show called NINE IN THE MORNING. They actually hired me for a few short months, and then back to Easton I went to assist my father in his office. My first marriage ended in divorce, but produced a wonderful son named Kevin. Sadly my second marriage made me a widow, and now I'm in a relationship. I have been a Community Advocate sitting on several boards and received a Philanthropy Award for my work in fundraising.

I love to golf and have been in several leagues through the years. I have never had a Hole-In-One, but I have won the Pot of Gold (cash) in tournaments. I also saw a nesting eagle on the Shawnee Golf Course.

The month of August at Camp Hagan was the best!! Swimming in the Delaware was probably my favorite activity. Mastering different



strokes like the Trudgen was an achievement as was Yellow Cap!! I worked for one tie - I think it was called Red Chevron. I also enjoyed all the other activities - Nature, Arts & Crafts, Pioneering, Religion, Entertainment and sports. I may have forgot a few.... but the piece de resistance was HAGAN CHRISTMAS!!! Making gifts and ornaments, stringing popcorn, dancing around the flagpole, breakfast in pajamas, the CITs on the kitchen roof, a scrumptious Christmas dinner and the CITs singing, TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. So much fun and nothing elaborate --- I wish we could relive those days...

My brother's first time at Camp Miller I signed us up for the Brother/Sister Hike. When we arrived at Camp Ministerium, my brother threw his arms around my waist hysterically crying and begging me not to leave him. A Miller staff member helped me calm my brother down, but in the end, I had to pry him away from me. He was so home sick!!

The dances with Miller were so exciting...street clothes, hair in a flip and makeup. I remember making out with a Miller kitchen boy under the starry sky. So great and so bad!!

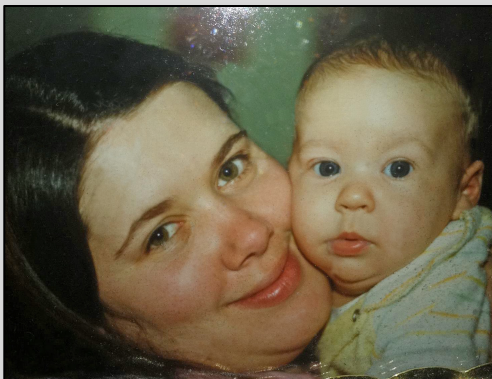
Vespers, campfires and singing brought me a sense of peace...even at the recent reunions I find myself emotional as we remember all the camp songs and our voices still beautiful and harmonizing after all these years. Life at home was chaotic, full of fury and dysfunction. Experiencing structure, respect, stewardship, support and camaraderie at Hagan helped me realize there was another way to live one's life. Nancy Hartman helped me in ways she'll never know. Thank god she was my counselor that year in Intermediate 10 --- always present with a listening ear, advice and a hug.

Through the years and my many journeys, I have crossed paths with Hagan women I have known --- Greta Wagner, Wendy Robertson, Marty Conboy and Judi Hartman, all wonderful women who blessed my life.

I look forward to the reunion in September. Hope to see you all there, and if not, then in spirit!

Warm regards and Hagan hugs,
Floppy (Anne Marhefka Lehr)

Anne and baby Kevin



Anne and Kevin grown up

