

Hagan Newsletter February / 2019

Hagan | Hagan | noun
a place of comfort,
to play, connect and remember;
where the heart is.



09.10.19
41° 0' 44" N
75° 6' 39" W

How to Register for the Reunion

To learn the where, when, costs, just click on the link below. It will take you to the Hagan website and give you all the details. The Shawnee Inn fills up quickly, so don't wait too long to book your room.

[Click here to get to the Hagan registration page](#)

[Click here to see a draft list of reunion agenda and activities](#)



Winter and Ice on our Delaware River
Photo by Mary Goldsmith Westhuis

Here's What Campers Remember About 4:15 Free Period



Above, a 1-minute video: Campers Nancy Hartman and Sandy Dempsey, using their walkie-talkie soup cans, discuss what to do during 4:15 Free Period

Below are the responses from the survey that asked Hagan campers what they remembered about 4:15 Free Period. Some campers gave their names; others wished to remain anonymous.

I don't remember what I did as a camper. Probably get the obligatory letter written home on the day we needed it for supper, if it was not already written - Wednesdays, I think. As a counselor, I remember swimming most days. Phyl Kaspereit Davidson

Play ukulele and sing. Write letters. Alice Roy

I'm trying to remember! Was there a free swim at that time? If so, I was likely in the water. I loved to play box hockey, so I probably went there also. I can remember flopping on the bed and reading some days or working on an Arts & Crafts project that I wanted to finish.

Because I was often involved in the production of a musical, I remember using that time for rehearsals in the Korn Kribbe. Some non-CIT musicals that I performed in as a camper were South Pacific, The Wizard of OZ and The Sound of Music. I also choreographed a musical in 1962 but have forgotten its name. As I look back on that time, I am impressed by how ambitious these productions were considering the limited time and resources that we had to pull them together.

I listened to my radio. All the music coming from WABC out of NYC was an eye opener for this small-town girl. There are so many songs from back then that still, to this day, remind me of my Hagan summers!

Sorry I do not remember a lot about free period. Other times I remember quite well. Sports after dinner like volleyball. All trips to Bushkill falls. All overnight canoe trips. May Day. Christmas dances with Miller.

Here goes my cloudy memory. Was there a free swim at 4:15? I am thinking that maybe as a younger camper I swam. Were we able to stay in the cabin during free period? As a senior camper could we just hang out? I am at a loss and hoping this is accurate.

Letter writing was often the main task. As we got older just gabbing with our friends was fun.

On my free period I would either read a book that I brought with me or start the letter home that we had to send every Wednesday. Donna Little Cook

No distinct memories. Probably just hung out in cabin with friends.

Art. Definitely not swimming.

I think I remember reading under a tree outside Senior 8. Also socializing with friends, but nothing more specific than that. (Looooong time ago haha)

Scurrying around, trying to get tie requirements done and signed by the Dept. Head. Writing letters home so that I'd have it ready for when I needed it to get into a meal. Playing box hockey with cabin mates. Barb Huffman de Belon

If the waterfront was open during Free Period, I am sure that's where I was most of the time!

Mostly I remember my last year at Hagan. I was not one of the "motivated" campers, so I spent a lot of free period sitting in the shade reading or writing, or else playing box hockey (often with a Junior or Intermediate camper, who didn't play quite as well as I did.) I probably also spent a few free periods doing some qualifications for a tie. In prior years, I remember doing archery on occasion during free period. I wasn't much into team sports.

Work for my ties.

On the middle Friday, it was writing a letter home so I could get into dinner that night!! Most days, I was just lazy, waiting for the dinner bugle!!

I would read, write letters, hang out with cabin friends.

Played my ukulele back in the cabin or wrote letters.

I tore off my clothes and raced to the shower house in time to get some hot water! I also remember that this was the time that we discussed plans for after taps mischief. For me it was fun to just lounge around the cabin. It was nice not to have something scheduled. I also enjoyed visiting with friends who were in other cabins. Martie Davis

Wrote letters, read, played games.

Sat on beds in the cabin or outside on the grass and talked. Worked on the only tie I succeeded in getting.

What I, as a camper, remember about 4:15: Taking a shower, writing a letter home, vesper choir practice, leaving on a supper or overnight hike, preparing for evening entertainment, hanging out in the cabin, visiting friends in another cabin, putting on socks for dinner, collecting sticks for counsel fire. As a CIT and JC, I sometimes had a caper to perform: supply canteen or cleaning up arts and crafts; going on a hike with a cabin. As a counselor: going to the Stables or Palace for a smoke, changing into dry clothes after a day/afternoon on the waterfront, getting my campers organized for evening entertainment or vesper choir; taking my campers on a supper or overnight hike. I'm sure that there were a whole lot of other things, but my memory is weak. Molly LeVan

Enjoyed down time with friends.

I think I worked on Tie requirements. Slept. Hung out in Great Hall.

My senior 8 year as a camper I helped in canteen with Flossie. We worked both the 4:15 canteen when we didn't have anything else as well as after dinner. My most memorable time there was on a scrub day. Yes, we also helped to scrub there too. While standing on the wet floor I pulled the plug on the cooler. Darn near got electrocuted! When we were older, we mostly took showers, I think. Wednesdays, of course, you had to write the letter home.

Strange as it may seem, I don't remember much about 4:15 Free Period. Is that when we were able

to choose our own activity in the different departments? If so, that is when I remember working on the requirements for the ties we could receive at each period's final campfire and I enjoyed working toward these. I think I received my red and blue chevrons and red and blue ties.

As a young camper in Junior 3 and Intermediate 6, I didn't like free period. I was really struggling with homesickness, and the free time loomed large and lonely for me. Once I was in Intermediate 7 and on up, I loved free period. It was a time to chill out with your friends. I remember going to borrow equipment to play box hockey with friends, or other sports, and couldn't you go to the Art building to do some extra art projects? I actually thrived on an organized schedule so to me, Free Period was part of the schedule!

Finish a craft project or work on an award like archery.

I swam or signed up for every canoe trip I could go on which meant I often wiggled my way on to more than my allotted share. I remember hikes too, especially the one where I got stung by yellow jackets on my legs. I always wanted to earn a kerchief; to this day I remember the trees I learned. However, I never stuck to it. I remember the free time when I got called down to the waterfront because someone was drowning. I had spent the day walking around in my bathing suit under my uniform waiting and nervous for the announcement. Tripping down the stairs, seeing Nancy Hartman thrashing about, the chain on the row boat taking an eternity to come free, rowing out with the current pulling me past, grabbing but unable to get Nancy in the boat, afraid I would fail. Another free time I swam the mile in the river which took forever on the 1/2 mile up. I always did the plays, Bye Bye Birdie with Patti Mochel as Birdie still sings One Last Kiss. Sandra Eble

As a camper I remember sitting in the cabin, reading comic books, or just chatting with the other girls. As staff, I remember being down at the waterfront and either tanning - no SPF available then! - or swimming. I remember sometimes gathering in the Palace to possibly smoke, or just chat with friends.

I remember it as a quiet time to slow down and relax at the end of the daytime activities and before dinner. You could just sit, write letters, read or talk with friends with nothing scheduled. It was one of my favorite times of the day. Sue Nelson Elliot

Camper Memoir



A memoir (from the French *mémoire* meaning memory) is a collection of memories that an individual writes about - moments or events, public or private -- that take place in the person's life. In the simplest sense, memoirs are about the author remembering, reminiscing, and reflecting on experiences from their lives. "Memory is the seamstress that threads our lives together." - Virginia Woolf

A Gardener's Album by Alice Royer Roy

placed it in a park far across the city. We felt as though we were saying goodbye to a friend who was moving away.

My daughter always claimed she couldn't grow anything. The few house plants she tried died, though mainly for lack of water, not something lacking in her DNA. She lived in half of a duplex way out in the country on five acres of Washington woods. One day, walking with her whippet, Ginger, she found an old whiskey half-barrel, its sides dry and fallen in. When I was visiting, we pulled it into a sunny spot, wet it down with the hose, then went to the garden shop to buy good soil and plants. After a few days of soaking, the staves gathered enough water to hold together, and we planted our treasures - Spanish lavender in the center, its butterfly tops brave and jaunty, and bright white bacopa trailing down the sides. Rain fell and the flowers grew. I was pleased to have given my

(Hagan 1945-1956)

When we were about three years old, my friend David and I made mudpies and built houses where my mother had run the hose in the dirt for us. Dave made his with straw, and our parents smiled and said he was going to be an engineer. In fact, that is what he became. And I became a weekend gardener, having discovered early on the joy of playing in the dirt.

My mother had a small cut-flower garden, and around nine and ten years old I learned from her how to make furrows to plant seeds, thin the seedlings (wait – plant seeds and then pull them out?), weed and water, and then arrange a few zinnias, marigolds, snap dragons, phlox in a small bowl for the dining room table. Once I complained about the straight rows, envisioning English gardens pictured in magazines. Mother explained this was a different kind of garden, one which suited her purpose. Though our relationship in years to follow was vexed and difficult, I hold that image, seeing us working comfortably together there.

When I was first married, my then-husband was in the foreign service, and we lived for several years in Korea, in American-style housing, two stories, one apartment up, one down. I lived on the upper level, but each unit had a little swatch of garden by its front door, so I had a bit of dirt to cultivate. Some residents left their plots to the maintenance workers, but many planned their tiny gardens in the cold winter, dug and planted in the spring, and enjoyed through the summer. That's when I first learned to grow the valiant little portulaca. The couple who lived downstairs were avid gardeners, skillful and artistic, and I was in awe of them. They grew anemones!

In different houses I had more or less gardening space to work in. One year my son brought home a pine seedling in a Dixie cup, as he had brought me various injured birds and critters when he was little. Product of a conservation give-away program, the tree lived on the patio of our condo until it had outgrown all available space. We donated it to a tree-planting organization, which

daughter a step into the knowledge and love of gardening begun at my mother's side so long ago.

Living for many years in southern California, I was daunted by the hot dry summers. This transplanted easterner had a lot to learn. Bougainvillea became an unfailing comfort, growing whether it got attention or not. Nearly as easy, the blue plumbago worked its way up hillsides or towered amid trees watered in affluent parts of the city. Desert plants did very well in gardens, but I seem not to be attuned to succulents, so I tried dry-climate/low water use perennials.

Some succeeded, some gave up. All gardening is a work in progress, so far as I can tell, and this was essentially a learning experience.

Now, in my later years, I live half the year (the hot part) in Washington state, where rhodies flower as big as serving bowls. The house I have moved into is surrounded with beautiful gardens, for which I am thankful, though the shrubs and small trees are a bit too sculpted for me, what my friend in North Carolina calls "mushrooms." So for a couple of years I'll just sit back and watch them grow. Still, there are strawberries and blueberries to catch before the birds get their share, and, of course, there's weeding to be done. As long as someone is nearby to help me get up, I happily play in the dirt.



Above - Early morning looking west from backdoor across Puget Sound (now Salish Sea) to snow-capped Olympic Mountains. Frost on the ground. Below - Alice's home/garden in Everett, WA)



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