

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. Let us know when you do, so we can add you to the list of those attending.

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

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



You can experience the sound and sight of this beautiful waterfall on the Waterfall Tour on Wednesday afternoon

Two New Options for Wednesday Activities

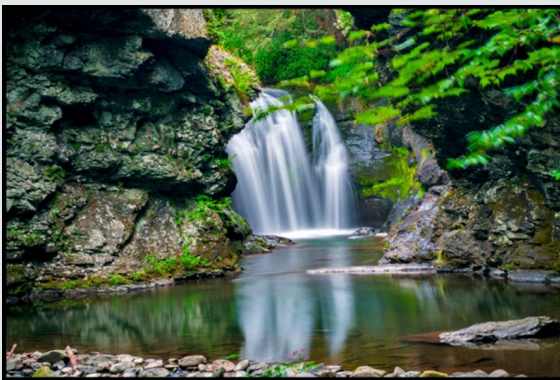
By Barb Dando - Hagan 1962-1967

Guided Waterfall Tour

This two-hour waterfalls tour is an optional activity on Wednesday afternoon, September 11, of our reunion. It includes three of the most easily accessible waterfalls: Marshalls Falls, Resica Falls and Dingmans Falls. They all offer a fairly flat walking surface/boardwalks. This activity level is easy going. The cost is \$10 and transportation is provided by the Shawnee Inn van, leaving from the hotel at 1:30 and arriving back at 3:30.

We all remember our hikes to Winona Falls, Childs Park and Dingman's Falls. Apparently, there are also some hidden gems in the area that were not part of the Hagan agenda. Those wishing to explore the waterfalls will be transported by the Shawnee Inn van to trailheads for some light hiking into the falls.

What is more peaceful than sitting by a waterfall listening to the sound of cascading water? We may even break into song! So, if a morning on the river has not sated your desire for more time in the beautiful Delaware Gap, consider adding some time by a waterfall to your Wednesday afternoon.



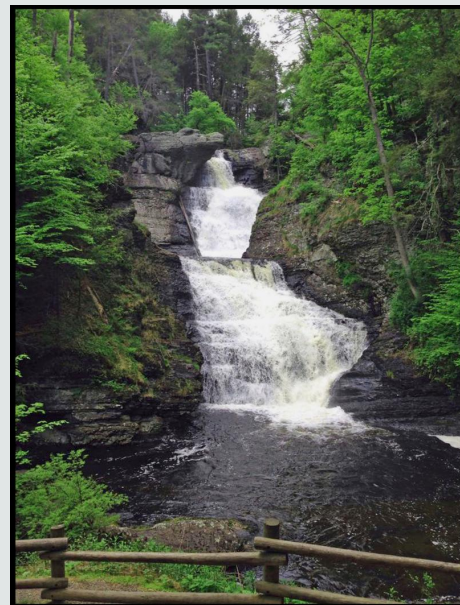
Marshall's Falls, A Spectacular Hidden Pocono Gem – East Stroudsburg, PA

Picture this: A 15-acre woodland with lichen-covered stones and rock formations, punctuated by the two-tiered Marshalls Falls on a meandering Marshalls Creek. This is the same stream that flows over buttermilk falls, near the Wyndham Welcome Center on your way to the Shawnee Inn, and into the Delaware. Locals enjoy taking a few moments to look around at fallen rocks from the Cliffside to inspect for fossils. Trilobites,



Resica Falls - East Stroudsburg, PA

Though this beautiful waterfall is located on private property, access is allowed by the Boy Scouts. There is a picnic area near the falls. It is a very accessible waterfall with an amazing sound experience. The path gets a little rocky the further you go, but it is clearly marked.



**Dingman's Falls
Dingmans Ferry, PA**

This flat boardwalk trail meanders through a beautiful hemlock ravine. Almost immediately after starting the trail, Silverthread Falls can be seen on the right. The cascade gracefully drops 80 feet in a thin ribbon through a narrow geometric chute. The boardwalk winds through rhododendron shrubs and past tall hemlock trees on a brief walk to the waterfall. The boardwalk ends at the base of Dingmans Falls, the second highest waterfall in Pennsylvania. View the falls

ammonites, and bivalve shells can be found with a keen eye.

from the platform or trek the final tenth of a mile via staircase for a birds-eye view from the upper falls.

Archery!!!!



Can You Believe This?

We have hit the jackpot – or should we say, the “Bullseye.” The Shawnee Inn is now offering Archery as a complementary activity. Get ready to put on your armbands and recall your time in the field by the Junior Unit during Athletic class, or “4:15 Free Period” when you were working on one of the archery pins.

We have arranged for our group to have two private sessions of Archery on Wednesday morning and afternoon, September 11. For

those not going on one of the canoe trips, there will be a morning archery session from 10:00 am to noon.

An afternoon session from 1:30 to 3:30 will be available for those involved in morning activities. Folks will have to sign up ahead of time. We will prepare a sign-up sheet, via the Hagan Newsletter, for all activities.

A Shawnee facilitator will provide a refresher on how to shoot and then participants can take turns shooting 5 each at a time and receive helpful tips during the time frame.

This activity is located in a secluded cove near the Gem and Keystone Restaurant (on the property of the Shawnee Inn). Folks will meet in the Shawnee Inn lobby and walk together to the archery venue (an easy walk).

Fun-Raising

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, 50 (or more, if you're fully flush) cent coupon into the Hagan trough to help defray some of the added expenses to hosting the upcoming reunion on September 10-12, 2019.

Some of the reunion expenses we need to cover include fees for our bartenders, since we are serving more than bug juice; the rental of



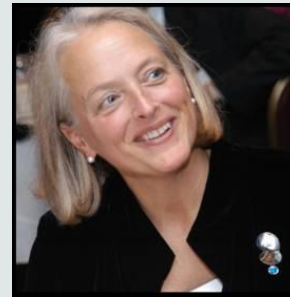
They say it takes a village, or in our case, 18 cabins, to put on a Hagan reunion. We can't wait to celebrate together!

some AV equipment; refreshments for Tuesday afternoon; Shawnee van to transport us to the Hagan altar; and the fee for our own special campfire by the river. All in all, we need to raise around \$1,500.

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. I am volunteering again to be our Treasurer for the reunion. **If you are so inclined, please send a check made out to Nancy Reeves for whatever amount feels right to you. My address is: 31 Franklin Street, Northampton, MA 01060.**

Hagan hugs,
Nancy

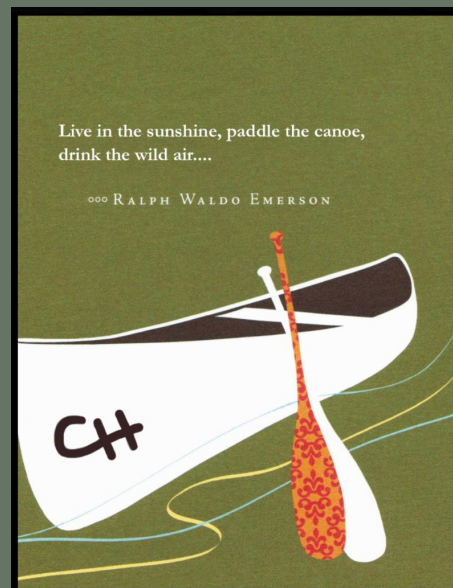
Nancy Rosenquest Reeves (Hagan 1960-1969)
31 Franklin Street
Northampton, MA 01060



How many of these do you remember?

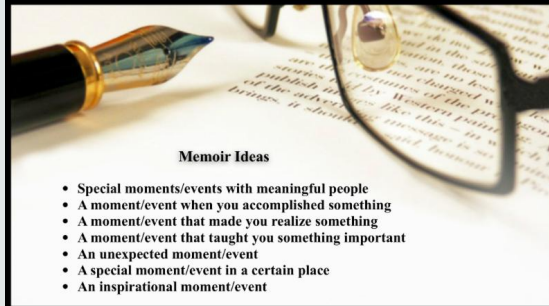
Boating & Canoeing Survey

[Click here to share your memories about Boating and Canoeing!](#)



Camper Memoir

The motel was comfortable enough, fairly basic, but it had a small café where I could eat a late supper (by myself, in a strange place – that was a first!) There were 2 channels on the TV in my



Growing Up West by Karen Blickwede Knowlton (Hagan 1958-1964)

Most people consider one particular place or situation in which they grew up, sometimes rather suddenly (with the death of a parent, for example), and other times over a few weeks or months. While many of my fellow Hags consider Camp Hagan as the place where they became an adult, my experience came later, and in a much different place. My last summer at Hagan was between my sophomore and junior years of high school. It was the first place where I was away from home, though of course tied to my parents by purse strings and legal minority. I went away to college later, leaving Pennsylvania for Connecticut, not terribly far away.

Where I really started to feel I was on my own, though, was during my first of three summers working in Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, starting after my sophomore year of college. It was actually my parents' suggestion – they who never supported my desire to go to college in Colorado (I had fallen in love with the Rockies during a 1961 summer vacation out there with my family)! They had a good friend who had worked at Old Faithful Inn in the 1930s and *loved* it, so they suggested I try to find summer work in a national park that year (1968).

Doing a little research, I found that the jobs most available to summer employees were in the hotels and restaurants in the national parks, which were (and still are) run by concessioners, companies with contracts with the parks to provide guest services. So in the early spring I applied to concessioners in five different parks, from Arizona to Alaska (all western, of course), and it turned out I was much too late in most cases. However, I was offered a contract for mid-June to early September – barely fitting into the dates of my college summer break – in Yellowstone, as a "kitchen helper" (whatever

room, and both were carrying coverage of Bobby Kennedy's funeral. It was a bit depressing, and, facing my first job (and so far from home), I admit I was a bit scared as well as excited.

The next day I caught a bus to Gardiner, where the Yellowstone Park Company headquarters was, and my adventure accelerated. They "processed in" several hundred new employees (called "savages") that day, so many that they had to put us up in a big, usually unused, dorm there that night, before busing us the next day to the various hotels where we were assigned. My roommate that night was from North Dakota, and I realized that that was a place where I never really believed people lived!

Yellowstone Lake turned out to be even more beautiful than I had anticipated, ringed with distant, white-capped mountains and dark pine forests. I fell in love with the tall, thin lodgepole pines, the fresh air and low humidity, the way the lake's moods constantly changed, the incredibly dark starry skies at night, and the sighing of wind in the pine trees that surrounded our dorm. I loved the elk and buffalo and moose and bears – and learned a healthy respect for the danger each imposed. I even grew to like the smell of sulfur emitted from the hot springs. It didn't take long for this magical place to sink deep into my heart.

I made friends from all over the states, especially South Dakota, Washington, Mississippi and Alabama, and a rather large core group of them remain good friends today, over 50 years later. I learned how to run a commercial dishwashing machine (that was the "kitchen helper" assignment) that was on its last legs, cleaning up after 900 or so dinners each night, and the satisfaction of doing a menial job well. And I learned to hitchhike – we did a lot of that to get around, as employees under 21 weren't allowed to have cars in the park.

Working in Yellowstone changed my life. It determined a lot of my adult friendships, led to my choice of retirement home (150 miles from Yellowstone, in southeast Idaho), and opened my heart to many other things I might not have had in my life otherwise. I made a lot of decisions – not all good – myself, that I might not have if I had worked a different job in a

that meant) at Lake Hotel. Second lesson (the first being to apply much earlier than I had): there's a lake in Yellowstone! Oh yes, 110 miles of shoreline, and the largest lake in the U.S. at that high an altitude (just under 8000 feet). So the park was more than just geysers and bears. I accepted the contract, and the deal my parents made me was that they would pay my transportation out there and back, but of course I would be self-supporting while out there. (Not easy, on an hourly wage of \$1.30, from which they deducted not only taxes but \$3.50/day room & board!)

I flew to Bozeman, Montana, and from that point on felt *very* alone. The "taxi" I got was a battered station wagon of perhaps 10-year vintage, driven by an equally weathered man, probably a retired rancher, who evidently saw himself as sort of a surrogate grandfather. He insisted on driving me to the nicer hotel (of 2) in the town of Livingston, as the other one had some unsavory characters, he said. (The cost for this service, a 25-mile drive, was \$25.00.)

place closer to home. By my third (and last) summer working there, I was even ready to take a real leap and buy my first car by myself, which I did, and drove it all the way home to Connecticut after the season was over.



**Karen Blickwede Knowlton at
Lake Yellowstone 2012**

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