

## Hagan Newsletter May/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. 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](#)

## Paint and Sip Margie Bartleson Perry Hagan 1959-1970

Something wonderful happens when Hagan Hags get together and have fun. Add a little paint and a glass of wine or beer, and it should be positively festive. Once again, that reunion committee of ours has come up with a new idea to keep us entertained and reliving our Hagan days. This time, we're trying out "Paint and Sip," an event where you can create a masterpiece to commemorate your time on the Delaware. At the end, you'll have an 8 x 10 acrylic painting to be proud of -- or, at the very least, have fun working on!



So, what's the plan? I'll have sample paintings that I've done of the Delaware for you to choose from as examples, and you can either use one of them to copy, or paint whatever you want! My plan is to help guide you through how to tackle your painting. Tables will be set up at the River Pavilion, and we'll actually have a live view of the Delaware. We think you'll need about two hours. "Paint and Sip" will be open from 1:30 to 4:00. Campers **MUST** sign up ahead of time, so that we are prepared with the right amount of supplies.

We will have on hand all the supplies that you will need to create your work of art. I definitely suggest that you wear clothes that you don't mind getting paint on or bring along an apron or old tee shirt. We'll be working with acrylic paint on an 8 x 10 canvas panel. Acrylic paint is water-based and washes off easily with water when wet, but once it has dried it's a bit harder to remove. Your final tour de force should be done at the end of class and ready to be taken home and hung on the wall!

**No experience necessary. Really!** In fact, I don't have ANY experience leading "Paint and Sip," BUT I was a Hagan Arts and Crafts counselor, and an elementary school teacher, and now I'm a working artist -- so I am willing to give it a try!! How about you? And we'll have Becky Bown Thomas and Judi Hartman Brewer helping.

As adults, we often forget that it is important to be creative and that it is proven to be beneficial to our mind, our spirit and our health. It worked when we were campers, so it should work now!!

**There will be a \$10 Materials Fee.** The sip part (wine and beer) is on the house! Campers should bring cash, or a check made out to Margie Perry.

Do you think you will participate in "Paint and Sip"?

Yes

Select

No

Select

Maybe

Select

## Here's What Campers Remember About Boating and Canoeing



Listen to this 1.5-minute video from Hagan Boating and Canoeing DPs, Sandy Sofranko O'Brien (Hagan 1957-1966) and Susan Davit Maxwell (Hagan 1958-1969) as they discuss memories from their Boating & Canoeing days.

### Boating and Canoeing Feedback from Hagan Campers



Going on canoe trips was one of the greatest memories I have of camp. Being on the river, in nature and with friends singing our hearts out was pure joy. The worst part,

though, was that many of us looked like lobsters that night in Great Hall after baking in the sun all day.

As I was in charge of the whole waterfront, it made for an interesting and exciting summer. Even teaching lifesaving class. I realize now, what a responsibility I had taken on as a teenager. I had taken the instructor's class at our local Y, but not expecting to use the course, as I was scheduled to be in the crafts department. I got a call, from Sis I think, asking if I would take on the waterfront job. I remember my mother's face, when I accepted the job. Someone was looking after all of us that year, 1948. We had a successful summer, great gals on staff, did not lose any boats or canoes, and we all enjoyed, canoe trips, buddy system, hair washing, skinny dipping, all the fun times. May every camper have had the good times on the waterfront, that we had teaching and supervising all on Hagan's river waterfront. Peggy Detwiler Geers

I am happy to still have my boobs...thought they might be imploded while getting into the rowboat after my lifesaving test :)!

I don't remember much about b&c classes, although they were fun. But I do remember canoe trips on the river as CIT's, JC's and on days off as a counselor. Great for getting a tan, swimming, relaxing, chatting and bobbing the canoe while standing on either end, and quite often falling in the water! Shooting the rapids was fun, too. Susie Nelson Elliott

As a camper I remember boating trips. I remember taking a short boating trip to "the rock" for lunch where we went to enjoy our peanut butter and jam sandwich and washed it down with bug juice. I was a season camper for 5 years, so I remember doing this trip frequently. I also remember having to get out of a rain storm during a boating trip. We docked at Camp Ministerium. The camp was closed but was being occupied by a hippie commune. The squatters were friendly, and we waited at the Great Hall until the Camp Hagan truck came to get us. Judy Ziemba Meyer – Hagan 1966-1971

Since I was not a swimmer, boating became my main source of enjoyment on the river. I was mobile without tripping on those stones. I learned to be a skilled navigator while taking in all that breathless beauty of the surrounding mountains. Later, in college, rowing on our pond became my refuge in stressful times.

I remember mainly how much fun it was just to be on the river in a boat! But more specifically, learning port from starboard, which I could never keep straight for some reason, until I was told "there are four letters in the word 'port' and four in the word 'left'". I've managed to remember that to this day! I also remember how much harder it was to row against the current than with it. And Phil Wiest giving me my boating test and her patience as I huffed and puffed my way back into the boat. I actually made it on the first try, but was sure the boat was drifting further and further down river and away from camp. Do I have the upper body strength to get myself back into a boat today? Hmmm..... Lesley Mowlds Undercofler





Hauling junior campers with bag lunches and a jug of bug juice upriver to the slippery limestone rock. Capsizing canoes on purpose. Yelling at the top of our lungs under capsized aluminium canoes. Bobbing. Aka jumping up and down on canoe gunwhales. Canoe over canoe rescues with heavy fiber glass canoes. Coating ourselves with baby oil mixed with iodine for the perfect canoe trip sunburn. Shivering on rainy canoe trips. Singing. Always singing on the river.

Memories: Jr. rowing lunch picnic, SCAREEMING 'I wear my Hagan nightie..', so that the Hagan next door neighbors could hear us. I'm sure New York City heard us too! Thanks once again to the skilled and fun counselors who taught us so much! Lexie Spencer

The most amazing thing that I learned was canoe over canoe rescue. I am not sure if that was part of Senior Lifesaving or part of Boating and Canoeing as a senior camper. What I do remember vividly is having the canoes floating downstream toward the rapids and having very little time in decent water to accomplish this maneuver. As a girl with little arm strength at the time, I was beyond thrilled when I was able to successfully perform a canoe over canoe rescue. Barbara Dando

Canoeing and Boating (in that order) are among my most cherished Hagan memories. I had never done either before. I think boating came first and rowing the clunky rowboats was a bit of a struggle. I loved canoeing and the sense of freedom on the river that I felt - paddling both up and down. The biggest challenge, and one of the most fun activities was bobbing - along with its many dunks in the river and swimming to catch the canoe. Overnight canoe trips were special events, and I remember one canoe trip down river to Miller - where we were given lunch (or perhaps it was supper) and then we and the canoes, I think, were trucked back to Hagan. Phyl Kaspereit Davidson

Overnite canoe trips down the Delaware were the best. "Genius" Rinny Ryan



**The two photos above were from  
Genius' (Rinny Ryan's) Scrapbook**

Canoe trips, rapids. Learning how to steer and turn a row boat around and how to navigate a canoe. The boats were so heavy. Always loved being bear or on the river!

I remember very little about boating and canoeing. Actually I don't think I ever elected to do either. I think you had to be a yellow cap to do canoeing. Probably the only time I ever got to that level so I could canoe was my last year as a camper, when I was season camper. Boating was fun--a couple of us in the boat trying to row in a straight line. I remember getting into the boat was testy.

Camper - learning the strokes for both (I was not familiar with either mode of transportation). Having to be a yellow cap to go in a canoe. Jumping out of a boat/canoe and climbing back in. Hard when you have never done it.

I think I was in Sr #1. Boating felt tricky and seemed a little daunting, i.e. when using both oars to turn. Loved it after I got the knack of it. My first love was the canoe, not so much the craft itself, but the possibilities it afforded me. Treading water for five minutes, long enough to pass a swim test for a yellow cap, and be qualified to go on a canoe trip was essential. I am still in love with that river. All I recall about learning canoeing is the seven or eight (?) different strokes, which have left my mind today. Standing under a capsized canoe with a smaller partner struggling to flip it back over, I was so afraid that we would not pass the test. The rest is paradise, paddling that beautiful waterway from Dingman's to Hagan, from Hagan to the Delaware Water Gap.

I loved canoeing. Boating not so much. I went on an overnight canoe trip when I was in Intermediate 7. I was the youngest camper and was thrilled - and scared. Those boulders in the rapids were huge - I thought. Rowing those boats up to the Rock with campers and bagged lunches was the main thing I remember about boating.

I can remember rowing Junior Unit campers up river to the "rock" for a bag lunch as a CIT and JC. I also remember a canoe trip as CIT's. One trip involved a group of teenaged boys water skiing and offering us a chance to try skiing. We accepted, of course. Going past Shawnee and looking for golf balls was always a must do.



My earliest memory was being rowed up river to "the rock" where we had lunch. Thinking this was very cool, I was bummed to learn I had to wait until I was older to be able to take out a boat or canoe. When I was in Sr.1 and up, I had the chance to learn what gunnels and the painter were. :) Canoeing came later (Sr. 4 and 7). Unfortunately, I never got to go on one of the overnight canoe trips, but I did go on several day-trips down-river. I think that my entire CIT unit went on a canoe trip at some point in the summer - - but that memory is a bit foggy.

I remember my first B&C class, back in the 50's, learning to paddle a canoe while standing on the dock. Eventually, we got into the canoe, and I fell in love. Canoe trips, overnights, rapids, side-swiping rocks (not on purpose), soggy pb&j's, chewing bubble gum to put on leaking cracked ribs (not ours but the canoe's, calling out an Indian salute every time we passed Camp Miller, Ministerium, or other camps. Was it, "Winnie-winnie-cay-cay-uhm-cha-cha-ee-wha-wha"? Loved it all, including kangaroo races. And rowing, ah, to keep that bow going straight. Subsequently, I taught boating and canoeing at other camps, sailed across the Pacific in a 32' sailboat because of the love of the water I gained at Hagan, and taught my children and now my grandchildren all the strokes and techniques of paddling and rowing. Don't remember any particular even-just the combined joy of boating and canoeing. "On the water, in the sun, that's my idea of having fun." Since I only got as far as "red cap," I could never go on a canoe trip. So being able to go on the short canoe trip at the coming reunion is very special. I don't remember any boating trips.....Bummer! Karen East Taylor – Hagan 1951-1963

I still remember some of the rules about canoeing - stay low, and that crossed-arm thing about getting out and back in. (I guess that's not much!) My most vivid memory was when I was taking a canoeing test - I think the counselor was Jeannie Worth - and I dumped her in the water when I tried to get back into the canoe. Needless to say, I had to take the test again another time. :) Karen Blickwede Knowlton

I had never felt more myself than when I was canoeing on the Delaware River. In my mind's eye, a massive vista of clear brown water, broken by the white frothing rapids. Dipping in the paddle, slicing through the water, shouting "Change sides!" But my love for canoeing at Hagan was much more than the joy of moving over the water. All along, I was surrounded by my friends, my sisters. We worked together, pulled together, laughed and screamed; traversed terrifying boulders during a nightmarish rainstorm, were dripping wet, cold and brave, or hot mamas relaxing in our bikinis at Kittatinny. The Delaware was and still is a spiritual lodestone for me, whether I was shooting out over the surface in a canoe, or swimming in its clear waters. Like being able to walk through your childhood home in your mind's eye in your old age, I'm sure I still remember exactly what the river water tastes like when it splashed into my mouth. Patty Mochel





**Kittatinny Beach Post Card, 1950's**

Random thoughts on boating and canoeing: As a camper I actually only remember canoeing. Learning the parts of the canoe, how to walk bent over holding onto the gunwales to change places. Going on canoe trips, mostly to Kittatinny Beach. As a counselor and then DP of Boating and Canoeing, I remember rowing the junior cabins up to "the rock" for lunch of pb&j, baloney and cheese, an apple or orange, 2 cookies, and some jugs of bug juice. I also remember just how heavy the old brown canvas canoes were. One year to replace old oars for the boats, they bought some very inexpensive ones that had a habit of breaking in half as you tried to row against the current. Just try rowing a rowboat with one oar! As DP I had to caulk all the boats and canoes along the keel so they wouldn't leak - didn't do a great job of that. Also had to re-shellac (varnish?) the canoe paddles, and it took forever to dry due to the humid weather that year. Rainy days meant B&C in Great Hall singing songs. Susan Davit Maxwell

I remember liking boating and canoeing. Unfortunately, I don't remember any specific times.

As a camper, I loved jumping out of the canoes in the middle of the Delaware. I remember taking classes with other staff taught by Karen Beatty in 1968 so we could become Red Cross B&C certified instructors. Working for 2 years in B&C with Jane Magee. Sue Davit as DP. Prepping all the canoes for the season pre-camp week. Carrying them all down the gazillion waterfront steps. Ugh! Rowing kids upstream to the rocks for lunch. Lots of PBJ and bologna sandwiches! LOL Rowing junior campers to the island for an overnight. Getting there was easy; rowing them upstream with all their gear...not so much! Taking campers on canoe trips and having to port the canoes by the Shawnee Inn because the water was so shallow. Taking kids on a 2 day canoe trip and picking a spot to camp overnight. Loved those brown canvas canoes. They stayed steady in the wind unlike the aluminum and fiberglass canoes. Building callouses every summer and working all winter to lose them. Gay Staudenmaier Mocerri

Unfortunately, I don't remember anything until the 69 CIT's took a canoe trip all the way down - don't remember the name of the pick-up spot, but it was all the way down - the river. I was in the front of a canoe with Dotty, who knew how to steer. When she said paddle, I paddled! Built up a muscle on my left arm that's still there! I had never been out on the river that way before ... and loved it! Being out on the river and looking back at the land, was so awesome to me! So much so, I went on



any canoe trip I could - reunions, and Dave Veil's - and my husband and I have our own kayaks now! Just love being out there looking back at the land! 99% of the time it's the other way around. Sorry I don't remember more about the classes. Nothing that stands out. Awesome stands out!! ~ Mel

Working hard and laughing happily.

As a young camper, I sat in a row boat as a counselor rowed me up river to sit on the rock to eat a brown-bag lunch of PB&J, bologna, orange or apple. As a CIT and JC assigned to Boating and Canoeing, I rowed junior campers up river so that they could eat a similar brown-bag lunch. As a camper, I remember classes in B&C during which we shared a boat and moved carefully in order to get a short chance at rowing. When we were in a canoe, we all got a chance to paddle. Before we could go out on the river, we had to don life vests and listen to a counselor tell us about the parts of the vessel, various strokes, and safety. Boating and canoeing tests were given on Friday mornings. If we passed, we got an ARC card at council fire. As a JC, I bailed boats and locked and unlocked the painter hooks to the dock. The old canoes were canvass and sometimes a challenge to return to their horses or carry up the stairs for a canoe trip. Molly LeVan



Boating and Canoeing - While I love to be near the river, this was not my favorite class. Too many times I was involved in vessels that capsized. After Camp Hagan, I started tubing on the Delaware and that was much more pleasurable to me. Jeanie Semon

I remember the canoeing classes where we learned things like safety (don't stand in the canoe) and how to paddle using different strokes to keep the canoe straight. I particularly remember the "J" stroke. I also remember learning how important the keel was in the rowboat and the canoe. Many years later after I was married, we met a friend in Jackson Hole, and he had made a canoe with a flat bottom and no keel. It was impossible to paddle straight. Every stroke would turn the bow to the opposite side from the paddle. I remember going on canoe trips and especially enjoying the rapids. I would sit at the bow with my paddle in both hands ready to repel from any rock we might be heading for. Pat Coffey - Hagan 1946-1954

B&C classes taught the parts of a canoe and boat and how to safely use the canoe or boat and how to propel the boat or canoe and get where you wanted to go and all

important, how to get back. Having fun and enjoying the river in many different ways, is unforgettable. The river provided a challenge with its currents, either high or low. Hard rowing up the river and challenging the white water down the river is something you don't get on a lake! Overnights from Milford had us on the river all day getting back in time for dinner and trying to walk with canoe river legs! Kittatinny was a great shorter trip, easier trip than Milford, and if the river was low, we could stop and pick up golf balls as we went under the Shawnee Inn Golf course bridge. I remember going through the white water right before Kittatinny and there was a canoe of boy scouts stuck in the rocks. All the Hagan canoes made it through perfectly, reading the water flow and rocks. Sandy Sofranko O'Brien, B&C DP 1965

## Camper Memoir



What questions should you think about when you write a memoir?

- What do you remember?
- How did you feel?
- What makes this memorable?
- What were you thinking?
- How did it change you?
- How did this affect your life?
- How do you feel about it now?
- How does this affect who you are?

### "The Things We Save" Ruth Clegg Whitsel (Hagan 1947-1956; skipped 49)

I am a potential hoarder. Having brought five sets of dishes to Carol Woods, my retirement community, has led me to that conclusion. I rarely cook. If my mind goes before the rest of me, I hope my family will keep an eye out for creeping accumulation. The reason for my habit of saving everything may have come from all that scrimping and rationing during WWII, but I tend to blame my father for this.

He and I were buddies until I was six years old. Then he pretty much disappeared, rarely coming back into my life. So, I tell myself the reason that I have so much trouble letting go of things must be because I was forced to let go of him.

As a kid I collected everything, photos, stamps, insects, wild flowers, feathers, leaves, and seashells, as well as tadpoles and toads. Was this an early symptom of hoarding?

When I cleaned out the attic in 2008, before

she accidentally dropped her baby sister into the river depicted in the painting. It hung in my grandparents' home as far back as I can remember. As a child, I stared for hours at the river and the quaint old bridge across it.



**This painting is from Esslingen, Germany on the Neckar River, my mother's home town until 11 yrs. old.**

It wasn't easy, but I gave away my grandmother's flow blue dishes, however they didn't go far. My daughter has them. Flow blue is a special hand painting process. I kept one decorative bowl with a lid. It sits on a shelf where I can see it, a memento from so many dinners with family and later, with friends.



we moved from our house in the woods, I discovered sixty-year-old letters from camp, high school and college friends. They had gone from Philadelphia, to Chicago, to Pittsburgh, to our first house in Chapel Hill. I found notebooks from college and grad school. I have amassed pictures which go back into the 1800s, showing faces I don't recognize.

In a trunk filled with clothes from the sixties, called our costume box, lay old clothing for children and grandchildren to enjoy, which they did, many years ago. Eventually, some of the long, knit dresses were retrieved and given second outings on the backs of my daughter and granddaughter when the same styles and fabrics reappeared as the latest fashion.

This brings me to explain my logic which is, "No sooner than you give it away, you need it for something."

My daughter-in-law rolls her eyes and laughs at me. She was raised by "Mrs. Throw Away," her mother, who called anything she didn't like, "Junk," and out into the trash it went. It killed me to watch such useful things being discarded.

My clothes torment me. I am aware of the old saying, "If you haven't worn it in five years (or is it three?), get rid of it." WHO ever said THAT? I have clothes that I can trace back to the 60s and 70s. If I keep them long enough, they will come back in style again, won't they? Of course, some of them will never fit again, but there's always hope.

It's not like I don't try. My intentions are good. I get into my closet planning a huge purge, expecting to fill at least three large, black trash bags for the Thrift Shop. However, as I examine each piece, I rethink the plan, and expect some good usage in the future. Besides, back to my logic, as soon as I chuck it, I will need it, right? I end up with one tall kitchen bag full, maybe, and that's it for another year.

There are things I brought to Carol Woods with me, that are not in the "Consider for giveaway" category. Those are the most important things. They carry memory, meaning and connection to the people I love.

I have an oil painting of the town of Esslingen,

On my walls are silk screens that my best friend from high school sent to me every Christmas until she died in her mid 50s.

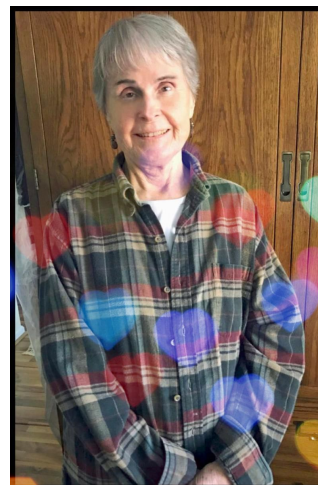
A brass dragon encircles a copper planter from Hong Kong, given to my mother by her closest friend, Thelma. Thelma came from New Zealand with her husband and rented a room in our house during the war. That was where their friendship grew as our tenant's husband spent long months out at sea. Gradually, Thelma became a second mother to me.



My mother's handkerchiefs and antique, beaded bags are tucked away in a drawer somewhere. Every few years they surprise me when I find them, but I can't give them away. It would feel like throwing away my memory of her.

I have gifts from friends, a necklace, a wooden box, a piece of pottery. They may not be so special, but the friendships are, so how do I let go of these tokens of caring?

There is one more thing that I have recently added to my must-keep list, my husband's flannel shirt. I wear it once in a while as I imagine keeping him close.



Ruth Clegg Whitsel

Germany, where my mother was born, and  
where

**Wearing Barry's shirt**

---

**Stay Connected -**  
**Visit the Camp Hagan Website**

**Newsletter Co-Editors: Barb Dando  
and Sandy Dempsey**  
**Email us at [HaganGathering@gmail.com](mailto:HaganGathering@gmail.com)**