

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

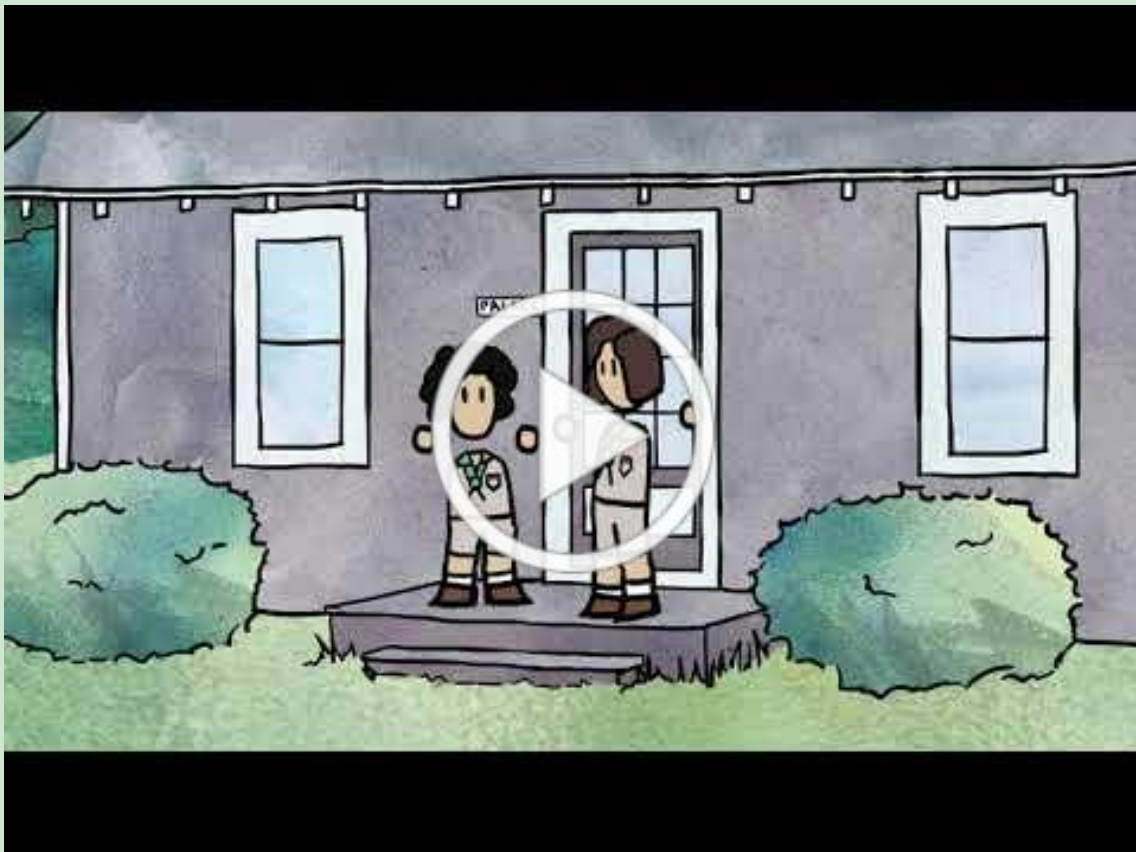
## How to Register for the Reunion

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](#)

## If it's August, It Must Be Hagan Christmas

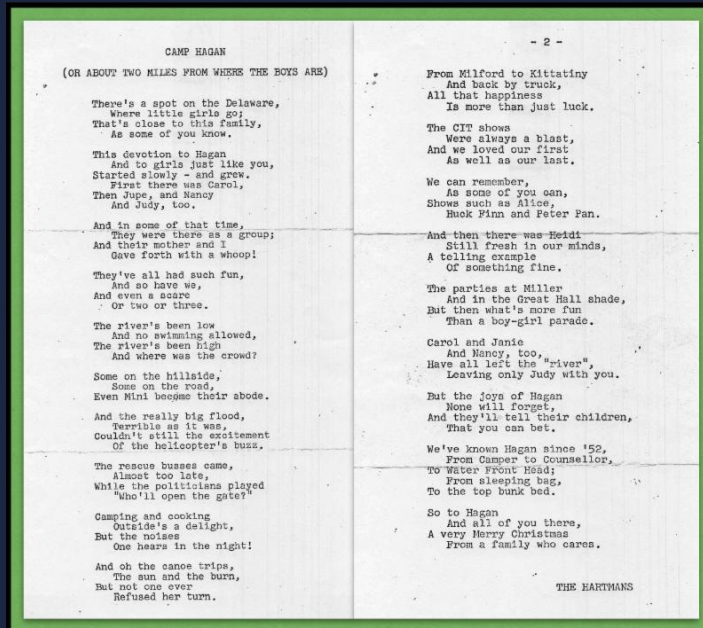


Click on the arrow above and listen to this



1-minute video from Mitzi Mowlds Carafides (Hagan 1955-1965) and Loretta (Lori) LaClair Wachtelhausen (Hagan 1959-1965) as they reflect on the excitement of Hagan Christmas

## A Christmas Poem to the Hartman Girls from Their Father



Mary Jane (Jupiter) Hartman Reber recently found this poem written in 1968 by her father, Ralph Hartman. Above photo is Judi Hartman Brewer and her dad at Hagan. Judi is not sure whether the poem was read at the 1968 Christmas Banquet that summer.

## What to Bring to the Reunion: Your Packing List Past and Present

**Remember getting this in the mail?  
Who sewed on your name tags?**

- > If you were at the 2017 reunion and took home embers from the Council Fire, please bring them with you so we can add all of our embers to this year's Council Fire
- > Flashlight or flashlight app on your phone
- > If you have a Hagan uniform (all or part) that you can still fit into, please bring it and



**Camp Hagan for Girls**  
Shawnee-on-Delaware, Penna.  
2900 Queen Lane, Phila. Penna. 19129

**WHAT TO BRING**

A two-piece uniform in tan trimmed with brown has been adopted as the official Camp Hagan uniform and is to be worn on all occasions. (See order form.)

**I. PERSONAL EQUIPMENT**

1 dress uniform—required of all campers	
4 regular uniforms (as minimum for full season)	
3 regular uniforms (as minimum for two weeks)	
2 swimming suits	1 dungarees
1 dress	1 halter
1 heavy sweater or jacket	1 bathing cap
1 light sweater or jacket	Rain coat
Socks	Rain hat
Underclothes	1 laundry bag
Kiecoex	Coat hangers
1 bathrobe	Sewing kit
Writing material	Flashlight
Bible	Poncho
Warm pajamas	

**II. FOOTWEAR**

Bedroom slippers	Bathing shoes (Keds preferred)
1 pr. serviceable shoes	Rubbers or boots

**III. BEDDING EQUIPMENT**

4 sheets	4 heavy blankets (1 dark one)
2 pillow slips	1 comfortable pillow

**IV. TOILET ARTICLES**

4 bath towels	Soap, mirror, tooth brush
4 wash cloths	Tooth paste, comb, nail file, etc.

**VERY DESIRABLE**

Musical instruments	Costumes
Tennis racket and balls	Camera
Scout knife	Camp cooking utensils
Colored neckerchiefs	Canteen
Sleeping bag	

The above is a comprehensive list of suggestions—we do not recommend that any camper bring everything on the list. "Travel Light"—but protected. Estimate your daughter's requirements in the light of her age, length of stay, comfort and protection and you will be right. Small trunks, wooden chests, or large compartment suit cases are ideal for camp. Please do not send large trunks, they present a storage problem.

Please be sure that every article you bring is distinctly marked with your full name. Check your things as you pack to leave for camp. Recheck when you unpack at camp. Repeat the checkup as you pack to leave for home. Secure your Washproof Name Tapes, bearing your name in indelible letters, from Sterling Name Tape Co., 1322 Station Street, Winsted, Conn. The price is 100 for \$1.50, 150 for \$2.00.

**IMPORTANT: Order early to avoid last minute rush.**

*Fold sheet sharply here, tear off and mail lower part*

Mail to **Sterling Name Tape Company**  
1322 Station Street  
Winsted, Conn. 06098

For each 100 name tapes  
☐ Add 5 cents for First Class Mail

Amount enclosed..... Date.....196.....

Promptly fill this order for Washproof Name Tapes to sew on. Style 16

Quantity..... Name.....

☐ Black ☐ Red ☐ Blue

Send to..... C 1965

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip.....

Write very plainly or PRINT your name. Ten days needed to fill your order. Allow time for delivery of your letter and the name tapes. Remit in any convenient manner.

## WHAT TO BRING TO THE REUNION

- > Rubber boots (JUST KIDDING!)
- > Bug Spray

- impress us all by wearing it at the reunion
- > If you can find it, please bring your Hagan Songbook from the 2017 reunion (green cover). If not, we will have them available
- > Raincoat (even though we won't need it)
- > Your singing voice
- > If you are going on a canoe trip, consider water shoes, sneakers, hat, sunscreen, etc.
- > Hagan memorabilia
- > Binoculars
- > Bathing suit - Anne Dando Oldfield is offering a water aerobics class on Wednesday morning in the Shawnee Inn indoor pool
- > If you are going to the Hagan altar on Wednesday afternoon, consider long pants, socks and sneakers, and perhaps a beach chair if you want to sit
- > Dress is casual at the reunion. Dress for the weather in mid-September. Mornings and evenings are cool; make sure you bring a jacket/sweater. There will be both indoor and outdoor meals and activities. You will have the option of eating breakfast on the veranda of the Shawnee Inn overlooking the river. The Wednesday night buffet and Council Fire will be outside.

## Campers Respond to Conscious Elderhood and Women Rowing North

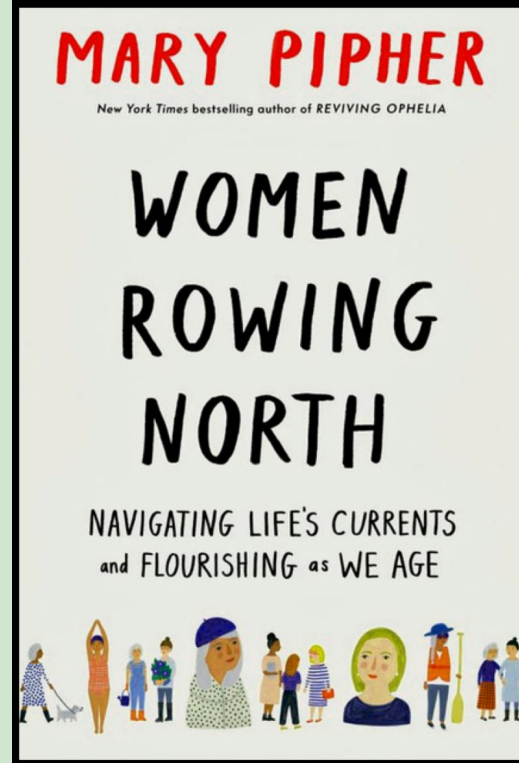
We think this may have been a daunting task. As one camper so beautifully put it, "The darn book club questions - YIKES! - these are heavy-duty questions! I have opened the survey twice and have been flummoxed."

We agree. You are not alone being flummoxed. First of all, we did not give you very much space to respond to these "heavy-duty" questions. And perhaps we all need a bit more time and a different way of sharing to respond.

Thanks so much to the folks that wrote down some of their thoughts. And whether you have



read the book or not, whether you have written something down or not, we have these thoughtful questions that will be here for us to return to whenever we want.



#1 - Happy is not really the word I would choose here. Life is not about being happy. Instead I would use the expression joyfully content. And by that I mean having the faith in God to know that, even when you are suffering, hurting or struggling, these are all part of your growth and becoming who God created you to be, His child. Gratitude and a positive attitude certainly help keep me focused on what is important in life. One of my favorite Bible verses is Phillipians 4:13: "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." I am content to know that Christ is always with me to get me through the tough times and to rejoice and be thankful for the good times. Susie Nelson Elliott

I have reached 91 yrs. of age & still in pretty fair health. I live in a retirement facility (Freedom Pointe) in FL & still drive my car & keep busy. I have had a wonderful life, but in these later years I have lost family members & very close friends. It is a bit lonely even though new people are great. My theory is to keep busy doing whatever it is that you enjoy & volunteer in a service that helps others. It is very gratifying! Good wishes to y'all. Posie Bosek Clymer

These questions are very thought-provoking, and if we have an opportunity to discuss them I look forward to doing so. Yes getting old is a privilege. Just think about someone whose life was short and what they may have missed, may have become and how they may have impacted your life. I have a problem with the word happy. I remember being asked if I was happy by someone who had an important part in my life and how I was stunned. I said yes, but frankly had never thought about it prior or since for that matter. Not to get too preachy, but for me knowing that I am a child of God and thus forgiven, accepted and loved is all the happiness needed. This is wealth--to respond to another question. Concerning being invisible, maybe some women prefer to be invisible except perhaps to those important to them.

#3 - I don't at all think of myself as invisible and can't think of anyone I know well who might feel that way - I may be wrong about that, but I'd be surprised to learn it. There are 3 older women, from various stages of my life, who were very visible and important to me. The first would be my grandmother, who showed me how to be happy with the small things in life and became a role model. The second was my mother-in-law, the most tactful person on earth, who established a policy of non-interference with her grown children and always expressed an opinion diplomatically and with humor, if asked for one. She also set an example for being a good sport and for dealing with grief with grace and dignity, which I hope I've achieved, even if only a little. The third was a friend of my parents who was always interested in me and what I was doing, showing me that life can be interesting at all ages and no matter what you've been



through.

Morning Watch is what I did every morning for the 15 years I was at camp Hagan. It is the gift among so many others that Hagan gave me. I have continued that practice all my life. As I get older it keeps my day together spiritually, and it is a gift I learned at Hagan. Rinny Ryan aka "Genius."

Having grandchildren has been a blessing. Whether cradling a newborn or camping with preteens, the sense of shared experiences, legacies and creating new experiences is magical. Intentionality certainly transcribes what these experiences will be, but input from the young participants is also valued. As far as aging-- more aches and pains, yes. Does that limit what I do in any way--no! Feeling gratitude every day for good health, good friends, and great opportunities. Barbara Dando

Thank you for the thought provoking questions. At this point I have not read the book, so I am responding off the top of my head with the first thoughts that came to mind.

#1. In addition to emotional resilience, positive attitudes, gratitude, and intentionality, I would include forgiveness, and by that I mean forgiveness of self as well as others.

#3. Invisibility - I believe it is more affirming to focus on seeing rather than being seen. If I focus too much on my own visibility, or how I am being seen or perceived by others, I can feel invisible, unnoticed, ignored, unappreciated. If I focus on who, what, and how I see others and the world, I remain visible because I have presence, because I am noticing my part in the whole. I may not be center stage, but I am shining the spotlight, giving the cues, responding from the audience. No one is invisible

Question 1: I agree with Dr. Pipher that the core foundation to happiness (though I prefer to call it contentment) is emotional resilience, positive attitudes, gratitude and intentionality or purpose. I would add hope, inner peace and faith as well. I love the Hagan song, "Peace I Ask of Thee" and think that sums up contentment/happiness at all stages of our lives. Nancy Holbrook Sweeney, Hagan 1954-1964

Peace I ask of thee oh river

Peace, peace, peace

When I learn to live serenely

Cares will cease

From the hills I gather courage

Visions of the day to be

Strength to live and faith to follow

All are given unto thee

Peace I ask of thee oh river

Peace, peace, peace.

You know what is said about death and taxes -- inevitable, right? If one lives long enough, one gets old before one dies. How one lives life is all a matter of attitude, I think. One should embrace being old just as one embraced being a child or a teenager. How one experiences youth and old age should be the same, take the good with the bad, do the best one can, be kind to one's self and to everyone else. Be a camper with character. Molly LeVan

I haven't read the book. The word "intentionality" has a daunting ring to it, because I know that my husband and I were supposed to be more organized than we ever were. Even when I was young I never did the wash, paid the bills or went to the supermarket on the same day each week. A friend once said, "I don't know how you two live." Planning was way beyond our ken. The last third of my life with my husband was largely determined by health issues, or at least it seems that way. We did do a good bit of travelling, and we built a mountain house so that we could renew our affinity with the hills, the rivers and the rising morning mists, but it felt less like planning and more like impulse. Even the biggest decision we made, to move to a retirement community, was made in relative haste. If we had planned ten or more years ahead, like many residents, we would have been living in a spacious cottage rather than our small apartment. I live in a continuing care retirement community, a CCRC. How many times have I heard people say, "I hate those places, old people on walkers wheelchairs, people sick and dying every



week. It's too depressing." That has not been my experience. There is comfort in being with others who are in the last phase of their lives. We understand each other. There is kindness, compassion and humor all around me. I have decided that elderly people are more caring and considerate than we were as our younger selves, and so many of them have brilliant minds. I never expected to find new friends so late in this life. Surrounded by love and understanding, I have a new appreciation of friendship. My husband died in November, 2018. I miss him, but I have so many caring people to support me. Ruth(ie) Clegg Whitsel, Hagan 1947-1956

## Candyland

### Some Sweet Camper Responses to "What Was Your Favorite Candy at the Hagan Canteen?"



Raisinettes, Junior Mints and whatever that taffy on a stick was called... Laffy Taffy? Have no idea why I liked that. My teeth always got stuck in it!

I know that you asked for candy, but can I say, "Nuttty Buddy," please?

Going to the canteen was a very small part of my camping experience. I had very little money to spend. I do remember the very occasional candy bar, and more often postcards and stamps.

Frozen milk duds and Sugardaddies! Yum

It was the salty I craved. Each evening I would savor a small bag of Fritos corn chips, making them last as long as possible. Somehow I missed out on getting "my last 2¢" worth!



Know Thyself:



# The Proust Questionnaire

The **Proust Questionnaire** started as a Late Victorian parlour game, aimed at revealing key aspects of a person's character. While still in his teens, French novelist and essayist, Marcel Proust, answered a similar series of questions with such enthusiasm that, when the manuscript containing his original answers was discovered in 1924, his name became permanently associated with this type of informal interview. The original questionnaire is 35 questions; this one is slightly modified. At the reunion, grab some campers and sit by the river and explore these questions with one another.

## Modified Proust Questionnaire

1. Your earliest memory
2. Talent you wish you had
3. Sound or noise you love
4. Describe yourself in 5 words
5. Occupation you would have chosen
6. Who or what is your greatest influence
7. Three Favorite qualities in a person
8. Favorite pastime
9. Favorite artist or writer
10. Favorite food and drink
11. Turns you on creatively
12. Favorite color
13. Favorite bird
14. When and where you were happiest
15. Smell and sound you love
16. Favorite environment or landscape
17. Book you are reading now
18. Pet Peeve or something you intensely dislike
19. Greatest achievement
20. Your most treasured possession
21. Best quality and worst flaw
22. Your definition of happiness
23. Ideal place to live
24. One wish
25. Aspirations before you die
26. Motto when traveling
27. Five people living or dead you would invite to a dinner party
28. Last thing you fell in love with
29. What a good day looks like
30. What you would like to hear God say when you arrive Home

## Camper Memoir

extra day soon led to a week and then several weeks passed without me seeing them. Soon I forgot about the trade.

Sometime later, Mom wondered if my "good bracelets" were lost because she hadn't seen them in my jewelry box. I had to explain that I lent them to Judy. "Don't worry, Mom, I'll get them back

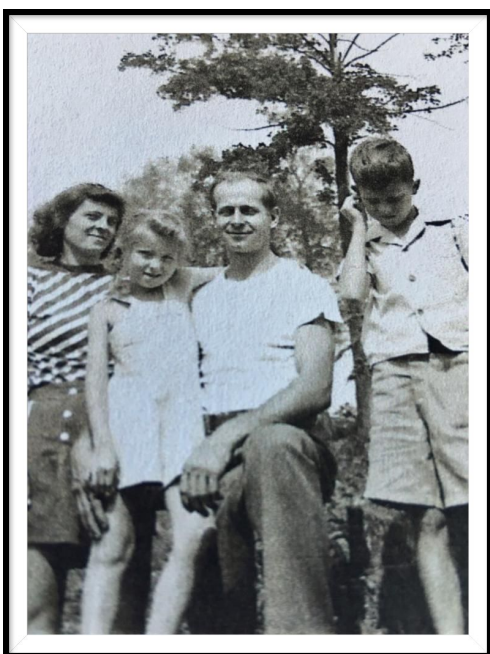




## My Indian Bracelets Lois Biery Kulp (Hagan 1949-1951)

World War II was still raging in 1943. My parents, Paul and Susan Biery, saved every penny they could, not daring to spend on anything frivolous. Mama was especially frugal, more so than Daddy. I recall Aunt Mary telling her younger sister, "Sue, you can't save all your money. For Pete's sake, go buy yourself a new dress already."

Mamma stuck to her thrifty ways, though, to see that the needs of my brother Paul and I came first. Mamma kept house in our tiny apartment on Washington Avenue in Northampton, Pennsylvania while Daddy worked a dangerous job at Bethlehem Steel's blast furnace for the war effort.



1943 - Mama, Lois, Daddy, Paul

soon." I replied.

My mother, who could get pretty steamed up, scolded me for lending them without first asking. Getting louder as she always did when I displeased her, she commanded me, "Go to Judy's house right now and don't come home until you have the bracelets!" Somewhat embarrassed, I meekly confronted Judy, "My mom said I need to have my bracelets back now." I did make sure to put a big emphasis on "now."



1950 - Judy, my brother, Tommy and Lois

She rolled her eyes like I was being a big pain and went to get them from her bedroom. Ready to thank her as she pushed them into my hands, I could only muster a little gasp. The bracelets were oddly distorted. She had bent them out of their usual rounded curves into odd angles trying to make them fit her larger wrists. "I just wanted to make them fit better," she exclaimed as though she had done me a favor.

Going home I tried to brace myself for Mom's inevitable fury. And furious she was when she looked at the damage. She muttered some choice words as she attempted to restore the sterling silver cuffs without ruining them.

Right then and there I learned the hard way to take better care of my things and to be more assertive, too. In spite of the incident, Judy and I remained best of friends. Only now we traded scarves and belts—nothing too precious. Sometimes I even said no to her whims.

Much later in life I came to appreciate the sacrifice Mom made out of love for me. She bought the "frivolous" bracelets when she was conscious of saving every penny to help my father pursue his dream of buying his own meat market. Growing



One day Aunt Mary who lived in the big house across the street offered to sell Mamma two beautiful sterling silver Indian bracelets. She was richer than we were, so she offered them for the reasonable price of twenty-five cents apiece. To us it was still expensive since my Daddy only earned about eighteen dollars per week. Cousin Michael, known as "Shiek", who was stationed in New Mexico with the US Air Force had sent them home for his sisters Marie and Irene. However, the bracelets were too tight for their wrists and Aunt Mary thought they would fit mine.

I watched with anticipation as Mamma examined the shiny silver cuffs embossed with arrows and other Indian motifs, set with deep green turquoise stones. With a little more coaxing from Aunt Mary, Mamma went to fetch her little black leather coin purse and counted out fifty cents in change. I remember jumping up and down with glee as the bracelets clinked together on my six-year-old wrists. How fancy they were and how grown-up I felt!

I loved wearing those bracelets to school. The unusual green of the turquoise was the exact green as my Heinz pickle pin that I pinned to my green striped cotton dress that I wore to second grade and the admiration of my teacher, Miss Cummings.

When I was about twelve, my best friend Judy came up with an idea to trade bracelets during the school day. She said that I could wear one of hers if she could wear both of my Indian ones. Wanting to please my friend, I agreed. At the end of the day, though, she persuaded me to lend them for another day even though I returned hers. That

up I could only see how harsh and critical she seemed to me.

I still keep the Indian bracelets in my jewelry box and often enjoy wearing them. Miraculously they still fit my wrists. They are a reminder of growing up with Mom. A fellow camper at Hagan, Judy Miller Hobbs remained a lifelong friend until she passed away in Tilburon, California about 2005.

Say Hello to Lois at the upcoming Hagan Reunion.



**2019 - Lois Biery Kulp wearing her bracelets**

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