



A History Of Camp Michigania

By

Glen Williams

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*Lucky, lucky me
The beauty of God's green earth
Wherever I go*

FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am most appreciative of the suggestion and subsequent support from Bob Forman that I write these pages and share the history of our marvelous facility.

Jack Shuler was of immense help, not only in his capacity as chairman of the Camp Committee for the first nine years, but for meticulously editing the portions about the earlier years of Camp's history.

My Alumni Association staff colleague, Christine Luskin, handled most all the dirty work in editing this entire volume. This little volume could neither have been written nor published without her skill and humor. Michelle Henry and Steve Rosoff also added their editing capabilities.

The super-secretarial skills of Judy Nowak cannot go unmentioned; her day-to-day assistance, especially in the patience department, was immeasurable.

My warmest thanks go to all the past directors of Camp Michigania for their contributions. I must admit, however, it was a bit of a chore to obtain pages from a couple of them.

I give special appreciation to all the campers, not only to those few who contributed a major portion of these written pages, but all those unnamed and unheralded (at least in this book) who have made Camp such a magic place and an integral part of so many happy family vacations. For those who have answered my request for written contributions, I am thoroughly indebted to you. In my reading of your letters, there were many smiles, giggles, and yes, even a tear or two as you recounted your antics and adventures.

For those of you who are not mentioned in this volume, as I peruse rosters of each of the weeks of Camp, I find names of individuals and families who continue to “light up my life.” It has been your loyalty to Camp Michiganiana, your continued friendship and your ever-present support to our programs which I shall cherish forever and which has made this book a joy to write and produce.

Camp has inspired my Haiku verse.

Glen R. Williams
December 1993

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*Listen child of mine
Once more the white pine whispers
Retelling legends*

PRE-CAMP HISTORY

In all probability, Chippewa (Objibwa) Indians stood on the hills or shorelines overlooking Lake Muqua (Bear Lake) and contemplated the magnificent view as our many campers have done over the years. While it's known that they enjoyed the beauty of nature as we do today, theirs was also a much more pragmatic outlook.

Then, as now, many species of fish inhabited the waters, and the woods and fields provided for much wildlife upon which the Native Americans depended for food, clothing and equipment. Deer, bear, elk, otter, beaver, muskrat, mink, squirrel, pigeons and partridge were plentiful.

The Indians did not stay in one place on the land, nor did they have the view of ownership which the white settlers later had. Theirs was a nomadic life, dictated by the climate—two seasons at least. During the colder months, they hunted and trapped in their favorite territory, while during the warmer months, many tribes migrated and congregated at Cross Village, just north of Harbor Springs. Some of their families came from near Benton Harbor, from across

the lake in Wisconsin or from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

The women planted beans, corn and squash, and dried the fish the men had caught in Lake Michigan or in the many inland lakes. It was a time of warmth, stories, reacquaintances, dances and family harmony.

Our own little piece of property, Camp Michigania, comprises the entire Section 3 of Bay Township, Charlevoix County. Although we have less than the 640 acres normally found in a section of land, the remainder of Section 3 is considered to be on the bottom of Walloon Lake!

In 1871, the United States government gave Section 3 and other lands to the Grand Rapids & Ironton Railroad Company. This was a common practice throughout the U.S., the government giving land to the railroad companies in exchange for the construction of a railroad in order to open the territories. The companies could dispose of these lands in any manner they chose in order to raise capital to construct the railroad. By the way, one section of land per township was also set aside for education, at least in the new state of Michigan.

Interestingly enough, although the land deal was consummated on March 28, 1871, it was not recorded until April 8, 1896. The G.R. & I. R. R. Co. held onto the land until March 1887 at which time they sold the SW quarter section, the area we now call the "Back 40," plus a small parcel immediately north of that, next to our western boundary, to W. L. Curtiss.

The G. R. & I. R. R. Co sold the remaining 3/4s or so of Section 3 to A. W. Olds. That area comprised the mile of shoreline and 3/4s of the NW 1/4. Mr. Olds sold his land to A. W. Olds, et. al., in September 1892, but that group only held on to it for six weeks before

selling it to the Kelsey Lumber Company (see below). It was Mr. Olds who put up the sawmill on the shores of the lake, near the present site of cabin South 8. That sale date and other details were lost when the records burned.

I believe (but could not verify) that Mr. Olds also constructed the tramway which went from the sawmill on Walloon Lake to Horton Bay, more or less paralleling Sumner Road. The tramway stayed in the valleys, rather than attacking the hills straight on. Neighbors living next to the tramway took turns (using horses, mules or oxen) pulling the loaded trams up their specific hill or down to the next piece of property. It was not uncommon for brakes on the trams to give way on the downhill run, injuring both men and teams.

In the meantime the 1/4 section + exchanged hands several times, sometimes for as much as \$3,000, sometimes for as little as \$1.00, as deals were made back and forth.

Mr. Curtiss, having bought the 1/4 section + in April 1887, sold it to a Mr. Salisbury in July of that same year, who in turn, sold it to the L. A. Kelsey Lumber Company in November 1887. This purchase by Kelsey meant that the entire Section 3 was now under a single owner once again.

Kelsey Lumber owned the property less than two years before it was sold to the Joshua Harper Lumber Company in August 13, 1894.

Harper Lumber Company was the biggest land owner (Section 3) in the county and paid some \$57.65 in real and personal taxes. Camp Michigania, by the way, paid approximately the same amount in taxes (\$1,500) our first year operating Camp in 1963 as the entire Bay Township paid nearly 100 years ago, when the first taxes were levied.

Joshua Harper had an option agreement with Deuel & Backus in August of 1906, but the deal fell through. Joshua Harper sold the property to Clare Harper in December 1908, who sold it back to him in March of 1909. Joshua Harper sold it once more to Clare Harper on December 9, 1909. Then Clare Harper had an option deal with Deuel & Backus, which also fell through. Does all this sound a little shady to you?

Clare Harper held onto the property until April 28, 1914 when he sold it to Donald Chew.

Donald Chew sold the major portion of Section 3 to Henry Ekert in 1923, but between 1910 and 1936, smaller parcels were owned for a time by the heirs of Chew. Family names in the history of the title are Belt, Koboski and Palma.

Our Section 3, like the rest of the State of Michigan, was logged over twice, first by men seeking the “cork” pine, (white pine, which floated so high in the water, it gained that nickname) and second for the maple, ash, oak and other hardwoods. It is said that the white pines of Michigan rebuilt the city of Chicago after its disastrous fire, and the hardwoods furnished their homes. Much of the latter wood was transported to Grand Rapids to supply its famous furniture factories.

Lumber was also a cash crop for smaller landholders and farmers. When they weren't farming, in the winter, these hardy men could be found in the woodlots on their property. The best timber sold for \$3.00 a thousand board feet as standing timber.

At the turn of the century, “our” farm was like just about any other northern Michigan farm. Each farm family had to grow a variety of crops and keep a variety of stock in order to survive. The old apple

orchard is still in evidence between the 0-2 Nursery and the North Center tennis courts.

The red (maintenance) barn and farmhouse (office/store/infirmarium building) were virtually the same buildings we have at camp today. The lower level of the barn at one time housed the stock, but now has a ceiling and insulation which covers the huge hand-hewn timbers supporting the structure. The farmhouse still has high ceilings throughout, and a “Michigan” basement, approached by very steep & narrow steps.

On the other hand, the chicken coop has undergone numerous remodeling and today is called the Director's House. The well house and milk house were probably constructed over the cement slab directly outside the farmhouse, where the benches exist today.

The farmers raised hay, oats, field & sweet corn, potatoes, tomatoes and the normal truck garden crops. They had horses (some preferred oxen or mules), cows, sheep, chickens, a few ducks or geese and grew the feed for their poultry and stock, as well.

In addition to the domesticated stock and crops, northern Michigan farmers also “harvested” wild animals, fowl, fish and crops very similar to Native American living on the land before them.

Many of the trees in South Camp today have been there prior to the 20th Century and are called “Pasture Trees” since cattle and other stock would seek their shelter under the foliage on especially hot days. The lower leaves and limbs would be browsed away forcing the tree to grow its remaining lower limbs even farther out from the main trunk and providing more shade.

The farmers would raise the crops or do what was necessary to gain a profit from their properties. A case in point are the Castle & Lake Cottage. The Lake Cottage was rented to summer people who came from “down state.” It's been said the “Castle” was also used for this purpose, but others have said this particular building was also used for a restaurant & bar, and perhaps even a house of ill repute. No evidence exists to support either claim.

Three places on the lake also catered to summer people (Affectionately called “Fudgies” nowadays): Indian Gardens, near the foot; The Bear Lake Inn, on the east side of the west arm; and “our place” all accepted folks who made the trip from down state via railroad to Walloon Lake Village and thence by the “Tourist,” a local lake steamer, which plied the waters of Walloon, taking people and goods to any one of several “ports” along the shoreline.

Dr. Hemingway and his family, including son Ernest, made similar journeys each summer from Chicago, but that is an entirely different story.

I'm going to digress from my tale at this point to talk about an early neighbor, Dwight Sumner, whose father Warren, was one of the first settlers to arrive in Bay Township (1883).

It was Henry Ekert for whom Dwight Sumner worked as a young boy in the early '20s. Dwight relates that among other things, he picked pickles on the Ekert farm. It was their export crop. The pickles were put on wagons and transported to Horton Bay, from which they could be shipped anywhere on the Great Lakes, and beyond. I suspect most of them found their way to Chicago.

Dwight and his brother, Philo, went to school in a one-room schoolhouse which stood on the property

which Don and Donna Roberts now own, just outside the camp gate, on the south side of Camp Sherwood Road. Dwight tells of walking to school, following a path from Sumner Road on the south, up and down hills and through the swamp along our western border. At times there were upwards of 50 children enrolled in the school.

He told me the following story: One day the school bully was picking on a smaller youngster when Dwight intervened and a fight ensued. Dwight pushed the bully's head through a window in the school and was forced to take a note home to his father.

Warren Sumner was a hard, hard man who brooked no foolishness. For instance, as Dwight tells it, if he found out there was a picnic on the last day of school, he wouldn't let his children go to school. "If they weren't going to work in school, they should stay home and work on the farm."

At any rate, Dwight stood trembling in front of his father while he read the note. "Who was the boy you shoved through the window?" his father asked. So Dwight told him.

"Which window was it?" my Dad asked.

"The one in the cloakroom," Dwight replied.

"Which window in the cloakroom?" his Dad asked.

"The one back by the wall," Dwight answered.

"Hmph, I shoved his Dad through that same window!"

On June 12, 1936, Camp Sherwood (Mr. E. Victor Tomlinson, Director) purchased portions of the property from heirs of the Belt and Chew families. In 1944, the Greenwood Club (Mr. & Mrs. E. Victor Tomlinson, co-owners) bought other portions from

Bertha Chew and from the Koboski and Palma families. The property was then almost completely consolidated as we know it today.

Electricity did not come to Bay Township until April 1938, so the farm, lumber mill and camp operations were all without that “magic stuff” in those years prior.

In 1946, the final piece of Section 3 was purchased by E. Victor Tomlinson from the Koboski family, and Camp Sherwood - Huntingdon Camp was born as one of the finest brother/sister camps in the country. I am sure it was a lifelong dream of Mr. Tomlinson to own and operate such a pair of camps and he devoted his life to maintaining that reputation.

Many of the children of Detroit Athletic Club (DAC) members attended Camp Sherwood and Huntingdon Camp and it apparently came to be known as the DAC camp. I can neither confirm or deny this, but if true, I assume it was because Mr. Tomlinson was athletic director for the DAC for many, many years.

The Camp Sherwood literature advertises that Mr. Tomlinson organized and directed the camp since 1925. The Huntingdon Camp literature states the same thing, adding that he organized the girls' camp in 1937.

In 1946 E. Victor Tomlinson purchased the property owned by the Greenwood Club and in 1962, he sold a portion of that land to Huntingdon Camp.

On December 7, 1962 (the birthday of Camp Committee chairman, Jack Shuler), the Alumni Association of The University of Michigan purchased land from E. Victor Tomlinson, from Huntingdon Camp and from Camp Sherwood, consolidating Section 3 under a single owner once more, and a whole new era of camping was born for U-M alumni.

It is my understanding that part of the purchase agreement indicated that the property was to remain as a camp into perpetuity, but I can find no verification. Mr. & Mrs. Tomlinson wanted the Alumni Association to purchase the Camp because they liked what we had in mind and would protect their beloved property from subdividers.

Much of this information garnered from the Register of Deeds office, County of Charlevoix, in Charlevoix, and I recommend two booklets about Horton Bay and Bay Township, written by William H. Ohle: "One Hundred Years in Horton Bay 1876-1976," and "People, Places and Happenings, in Northern Michigan." There is a wealth of information in each. The former is not currently in print, but each is available for perusal in the Boyne City Public Library. Mr. Ohle still resides in Horton Bay.

*Tangled vapor trails
Crossing over a full moon
Cosmic cryptograms*

CAMP MICHIGANIA

Beginning with the first mention (Development Committee Report, June 9, 1960) of the potential family camping program, the “project” had always been referred to as the Alumni Family Camp, and in fact, the T-shirts with that particular name and emblem are real collectors items these days.

However, a less generic name for the camp was desired, one which would identify it with The University of Michigan, would reflect the pioneering spirit of our early days, and would be an easily recognizable name. A simple, small matter of sponsoring a contest and judging the entries appeared in order. In fact, it was only one of a myriad of details accomplished by Bill Stegath in the few short months from the time of purchase in December to the June opening for the first families. (More about those accomplishments later.) A significant first prize to attract entries was appropriately a free week for two adults at the Alumni Family Camp.

Michigan alumni indeed respond to calls for assistance, and to contests, so many entries were received for the Camp Committee to sort through. Two

identical entries satisfied the criteria and the Camp Committee was especially taken with the name, Michigania, since it was a part of the original name of the University, Catholepistemiad of Michigania.

One winner, Carroll Williams, '47 Law, was residing in the Benton Harbor/St. Joseph area in 1962. Now he and his wife, Dorothy, are retired and currently residing in Las Cruces, New Mexico

The other winner was Laura West, '54 Lit, '56 MSW, from Toledo. She and her husband, Byron ("By") are each active participants in the U-M Alumnae and Alumni Clubs of Toledo, respectively. "By" West was an associate and eventually a partner in Sanborn, Steketee, Otis & Evans, the architectural firm which, through Burrie Otis and Jack Steketee, donated a great deal of time, energy, and assistance to the camp during its fledgling years.

*Frosty, foggy morn
Each weed a hoary old crone
Magic fairyland*

CAMP COMMITTEE

An alternate title for this chapter heading should probably read Camp Committees, since the composition of the group changed somewhat over the years. Like the Camps Council that followed, it was a volunteer group that put in many hours doing its homework in preparation for attending the meetings. The many, many days of preparation in the field, included visiting other camps, researching and gathering information, and physically assisting in the opening of The Alumni Family Camp.

A person cannot fully appreciate the efforts of these original committee members until you have read through the several years of minutes from the Board of Directors, Development Committee, or the Camp Committee meetings. Even then perhaps one cannot fully grasp the love and dedication shown by the original four members: Jack Shuler, Marion McPherson Fead, Donald Quaife, and Cornelia Kennedy. They were each members of the national Board of Directors, so their loyalty to The University of Michigan and the Alumni Association had already been proven.

Jack Shuler, then General Attorney for Michigan Bell, was still the chairman of the Camp Committee when I was hired as Camp Director and Field Secretary. For nine years, he was the leading force in all decisions, whether it was visiting potential sites, reporting to the Board of Directors, editing the first brochures, or hiring me. His reports to the Development Committee and thence to the Board of Directors are truly indicative of the passion with which he accepted and carried out the responsibilities of Chairman of the Camp Committee. As a Past-President of the Alumni Association, his highly respected opinions are still sought after today.

I remember working with Jack and others on the wording of the 1963 brochure in his downtown Detroit office, after which he mentioned a salary that he thought the camp director would never exceed. The amount is not important at this time (although it was very, very low); I mention this only to illustrate his total involvement with the camp. He was personally responsible for the Gift-In-Kind donation of the Michigan Bell cafeteria equipment, much of which is still in use today. ARA-Slater was the catering firm servicing the Michigan Bell telephone offices at that time and our first contact with them was through Jack.

Each person on the Camp Committee in those days was intimately involved in the decision-making process and, just as importantly, physically involved in the plan itself. (See “Memorial Day Work Weekend” chapter.)

Wyeth Allen, Harold Dorr, and Wilbur Nelson provided excellent advice to the fledgling committee. Jack Tirrell and Rod Grambeau met with the committee on numerous occasions in its formative years. Joining the original four Camp Committee

members early on were Burrie Otis, Marge Sell, Harold Maurer, Frank Ortman, Burt Shifman, and Howard “Brick” Mersereau. Soon to follow were Lou Winklehaus, Bill Dull, Eli Robinson, and Donn Resnick, as well as a host of others.

Camps Council was a later development with regulated terms of office and representation on the Board of Directors.

It was Jack Shuler who drew up the original Constitution & By-Laws for Camps Council and shepherded it through a two-year debate before it was finally accepted by the national Board of Directors.

*Silent sentinels
Stately pines at the camp gate
Welcoming my friends*

THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORS

The Executive Directors of the Alumni Association have from the beginning been the primary forces behind the family camping project.

JOHN E. TIRRELL

The late John E. Tirrell brought this new concept for alumni programming to the attention of the Development Committee and the national Board of Directors in 1960. He had a great impact on the Alumni Association, its staff and programs. Jack was General Secretary from 1958-1962. (The title Executive Director came later.) Jack was also affectionately known to his staff members by his initials, "JET."

In his short tenure at the helm, Tirrell started not only the family camping program, but alumni travel, Student Governors (the forerunner of the Student Alumni Council), group insurance, and alumni living. Only the latter did not come to fruition. He was also responsible for the early attempts to train alumni in the recruitment of students and to utilize alumni in a "grass roots" approach to legislative action.

After he left Ann Arbor, he returned many times to visit and to see how his “brain children” were progressing. He often said he was smart enough to appoint Jack Shuler chair of the Camp Committee and then get the hell out of the way!

ROBERT O. MORGAN

Bob Morgan was a Michigan man through and through and would do about anything to further the cause of The University of Michigan via Alumni Association activities. (I have to say nice things about him; he hired me!)

Seriously, each of us carried the highest respect for the late Robert O. Morgan and the active support he gave to the family camping program. The early years required extensive fund-raising, so he was often on the road to various U-M club and district functions spreading the word about camp and its virtues.

ROBERT G. FORMAN

From the earliest times, after accepting his appointment to the Alumni Association, Bob took a tremendous leadership role, utilizing an active, hands-on approach to the family camping program. He developed Camp Michigania-East, Camp Michigania-West, Camp Michigania-Gold, and Camp Michigania-Switzerland, now called the Swiss Alpine Adventure or Swiss Camp for short.

He made himself available to all campers not only in his lectures throughout the summers, but also added his own numerous personal abilities in private conversations, cocktail parties, regattas, and volleyball. He also developed a special rapport with the program staff.

Under Forman's tutelage, the Campaign for the Advancement of Michigania Programs (C.A.M.P.) was established, resulting in the entire re-building of South Camp and construction of the new Alumnae Council Education Center. After talking about it from the earliest years of Camp Michigania, our family campers can now take advantage of year-around programming.

*Come and hold my hand
Saunter down a wooded path
Share my solitude*

THE PIONEERS

Starting with the germ of an idea taken from a successful family camping program at the University of California-Berkeley, Jack Tirrell pushed, pleaded, cajoled, and eventually convinced the Board of Directors to form a Camp Committee and investigate the potential for the first “family camp project.”

In August 1961, the Alumni Association rented the facilities at the U-M Biological Station (UMBS) on Douglas Lake. The “pioneer” campers have many, many memories of corrugated steel sheds, the volleyball court (their beloved quadrilateral-lithoplane), a story-teller, and other intriguing tales. (Some of these anecdotes are told in the chapter entitled “The Campers.”) Evidently, the director of UMBS at that time was very concerned about damage those highly non-scientific campers might do to upset the ecological balance, such as swatting too many mosquitoes or scaring ground squirrels or some such.

These first campers also had the great enthusiasm for the concept of family camping which prompted the national Board of Directors, under the helm of Jack Tirrell and then-president Frank Ortman, to look into

renting a facility for 1962 and into the potential purchase of an existing camp.

The UMBS was not available for 1962, so the Camp Committee had a more difficult assignment than first anticipated. There were camps, vacant land, and camping programs all over northern Michigan to investigate and compare.

Thanks to the enthusiasm of the pioneer family campers, the good word spread about the family camping program and there were too many reservations to occupy one camp. Therefore, two camps were rented for the 1962 “season.” (There were many special problems that befell the camp administration from that situation.)

Camp Charlevoix, a private boys camp located on Lake Charlevoix, was utilized for two, one-week sessions, while Camp Sherwood-Huntingdon Camp was rented for a 10-day period. It was while at the Sherwood/Huntingdon facility that the Alumni Association learned that the property was available for purchase.

One other particular piece of property which looked especially good was the Sampson property, located right next to the UMBS on Douglas Lake. In fact, option money was placed on the property.

There was some delay while the Camp Committee and the national Board of Directors debated the merits of each.

In the meantime, the “pioneers” enjoyed their venture into family camping, the faculty forums, the low-key competition in volleyball, the camaraderie, and everything else in which the future Camp Michigania campers were to delight. These “pioneers” wrote letters and made telephone calls to members of the Camp Committee, the Development Committee,

and members of the national Board of Directors. They also alerted their alumni friends to the joys of family camping.

Armed with this support and ammunition, the Board of Directors—upon the recommendation of the Development Committee and the Camp Committee—decided to purchase Camp Sherwood-Huntingdon Camp.

*Lacey wisps of clouds
Ideas above my head
Ubiquitous thoughts*

A BONDING EXPERIENCE

I have touched upon several times the hard work and dedication with which our Board of Directors and early Camp Committee members accomplished their tasks.

One of two major projects was floating a bond issue to members-only of the Alumni Association. It took some tremendous salespersons to convince young and old alike to buy a stake in the future of family camping for the Alumni Association.

The total price for Camp Sherwood-Huntingdon Camp was \$200,000, but a \$50,000 down payment was needed to cement the deal. Bonds were offered in \$500 and \$1,000 denominations, and thanks to the efforts of many board members and camp committee members, enough were sold to convince the national Board of Directors that the remaining amount could be obtained from interest accrued in the Class Officers Fund. An additional amount was obtained from the Alumni Association 1963 European tour profits to make the down payment. By the way, this was the first U-M Alumni Travel Program.

One cannot mention the total cost of Camp in 1962 without comparing that figure with its worth

today. Since we have over a mile of frontage on Walloon Lake, multiply those approximately 6,000 feet of shoreline by a conservative \$1,000 per frontage foot. If your multiplication is similar to mine, you'll have an answer of \$6,000,000.00! We can all be thankful for the insight and dedication shown by our volunteers on the board and the committee.

A second major factor in the opening of Camp Michigania in June of 1963 was the tremendous amount of free labor and Gift-in-Kind materials. The free labor is discussed in the next chapter.

The Gift-in-Kinds were major donations of fiberglass insulation, Masonite, plywood, other lumber materials, paint, kitchen and cafeteria equipment, electrical wire and fixtures, bathroom fixtures, beds, and many other items, including bolts of muslin for curtains.

Allan McCarthy (Director of Development), James K. Miller (Annual Giving) and Herb Nichols (Gifts-In-Kinds) all undertook major roles in obtaining major gifts, annual gifts, and Gifts-In-Kind for the new Alumni Family Camp.

University of Michigan alumni and alumnae were everywhere, located in executive and administrative positions in many major corporations. Money and materials became available to Camp as soon as the needs were known.

Burrie Otis, of Sanborn, Steketee, Otis & Evans, an architectural firm from Toledo, played an important and impressive part in drawing the plans to remodel all these buildings, from open-plan children's' cabins, to cabins housing two and three family units.

It wasn't that easy to accomplish all that had to be done in the six short months from when Camp was

purchased, to the first Saturday when camper families began to arrive.

Thankfully, our first week did not entirely fill Camp. While campers occupied South Camp during that time, our Maintenance crew put the finishing touches on remodeling and painting North Camp.

But regardless of what other kinds of things these men and women of Michigan have done for their alma mater and Camp Michigania, they all have had a hand in the development of one of the finest programs an alumni association ever developed and presented to its alumni. They each became a part of Camp and what it has stood for these past three decades.

*Nocturnal envoys
Fireflies and wishing stars
Wink their messages*

MEMORIAL DAY WORK WEEKEND

The Memorial Day Volunteer Work Weekend has been an institution since May 1963. There was so much to do that first weekend, it was a major job just to decide which projects we could or would do and which others would be done by the Maintenance staff.

There was one room literally filled with track and other athletic equipment on the boys' side of camp which needed to be sorted and cleaned or cleared out: high jump standards, hurdles, playground balls, footballs, basketballs, softballs, baseballs, and bats of all sizes and descriptions. There were also literally dozens of bows, hundreds of arrows, and associated archery equipment. After all, it was Camp Sherwood, founded upon the Robin Hood legend. There was an equal mess of equipment on the girls' side of camp.

It didn't take long to decide that maybe eight canoes, of the twenty-three included in the Camp purchase, were worthy of our attention, along with an equal percentage of the wooden rowboats. Ten wooden sailboats were the most we could salvage. Fiberglass and aluminum were boating materials well into our future. In the meantime, Bill Stegash, Don Quaipe,

Harold Maurer, and I were completely blue after the first hour from sanding layers of blue paint from the canvas canoes.

Elsewhere, Donn Resnick, (not yet on the committee) and his family, were practically re-wiring the entire Camp. His wife Edi, was busy with Ginny, Bill Stegath's wife, my wife, Linn, and a half dozen others making curtains for windows that never, ever had any. We had donated for that purpose two bolts of unbleached muslin for those first curtains.

The format of bringing your own food, service ware, tools, and enthusiasm has been maintained throughout the 31 years this particular "celebration" has been functioning.

Depending upon the weather, anywhere from 50 to 150 persons gather for four days to scrape, paint, roof, build, plant, sew and iron, while living and cooking in primitive conditions. (Not until 1993 have some of the cabins had heat.) Although all members of the family paint, there are some who would rather not. Those particular folks have "specialized" in screen repair, sewing curtains, working on new construction, planting flowers or filling the fire extinguishers.

The weather during these years has run the complete gamut from bright, almost hot summery afternoons, to frost and blizzards. It was snowing so hard one Sunday morning, it washed the newly-applied, still-wet paint off during the noon hour!

Painting of the cabins and of the docks have been major projects every year. Putting new roofs on selected camp buildings was an equally major project each spring. In the last dozen years or so, we have been able to construct a new project during the weekend, such as: the Dining Hall deck, the Dining Hall gazebo,

and building porches and ramps on a number of cabins, to name a few.

I cannot write or think of paint without also thinking of the following anecdote. There was a major decision early on by the Camp Committee to switch to an earth-colored paint, one which wouldn't show shiny, bright and white all the way down the lake to Walloon Lake Village.

The Camp Committee wrestled with the problem through several discussions. We were in complete agreement that the buildings needed painting, but should neither be blue, with yellow trim nor white with green trim. But that was as far as it went; there were polarized opinions in pulling several different directions. At one particular meeting, Burrie Otis brought in several paint samples, in various shades of browns, grays and greens. A decision seemed highly unlikely that meeting too. However, we were informed that a paint company had in stock some 100 gallons of paint which their machines had mis-filled by a minus 1/2 cup. The paint was useless to anyone else, especially in those quantities. Additionally, the regular price was \$20/gallon, available to us at \$5/gallon. You can readily guess why the paint color, *Tudor Brown*, was chosen for our Camp buildings.

There were many decisions pushed upon us early on in our camping years, but one I remember clearly was the decision to replace the septic field which serviced the Dining Hall. It was located where the current volleyball court is and during the first year would often flood, overflowing to the marsh below and bring a particular "rose garden" odor to the area. It was obvious we had to do something immediately. (The volleyball court at that time was located on the grassy area west of the swimming area.)

We could put in pumps, level a couple of hills and prepare a huge septic field for around \$7,500, or we could put in pumps and construct a lagoon system of sewage disposal, for about \$35,000. The former could be guaranteed for seven years while the latter could be guaranteed for 25 years.

Our total camp budget at that time was only a few times more than the latter amount and we certainly couldn't expect our campers to pay off that huge amount, along with the bonds, bond interest and the mortgage, plus of course, the day-to-day operation of the camp.

There was a great deal of heat, tension, frustration and polarized opinions expressed in the several meetings it took me to obtain all the information I could and present it to the Camp Committee before the vote.

There were sub-committee meetings, visitations, telephone calls, letters, and field trips by members of the committee as well as by me in our efforts to present factual material for either point of view.

During the third or fourth meeting and after a lengthy discussion had once more heated to the boiling point, "Brick" Mersereau, with a chuckle, said, "It seems to me that since we can't afford either one of them, I think we ought to go with the best!"

That comment broke the tension and we voted for the lagoon system. Some money was made available from the General Fund of the Alumni Association and the remainder was advanced from the University and after nearly 30 years the lagoon system is still working. How it got the name of Lake Forman is an entirely different story.

I've strayed from the original subject of this chapter, the Memorial Day Work Weekend. Some

families arrive early and stay later, some arrive late and leave early. Prior staff, current staff and other young friends put in an appearance for at least several hours each day, so it is not just a party situation for them; they do work on behalf of Camp.

This weekend, for some families, is as strong a part of their family tradition as their regular summer week. They simply have two sets of camp friends with whom they are able to reunion each year.

*Crystal summer morn
Aroma from last night's rain
Clean after the storm*

GOOD NEIGHBORS

Good neighbors and the relationships established with them are and were as important to those of us associated with Camp, as they are to the individual readers of these words.

We have as our good neighbors some of the descendents of the original Bay Township settlers: Sumner, Skornia, Leist and Johnecheck come immediately to mind.

We often have called upon them for some special kinds of support and they in turn have called upon us at Camp for assistance as well. We have called upon them as friends, employees and/or professional consultants, further cementing the feelings of neighborliness.

Later arrivals to our neighborhood—Dick Katz for one—have also made themselves available to us when we needed them.

For several summers, we proclaimed a “Good Neighbors Night” and invited them to a Thursday night “Steamboat Buffet” dinner and often included other local persons such as the mailman, contractors and retailers from Boyne City and Petoskey..

I am confident our continued good relationships with our neighbors will last for many decades to come.

*Whispering softly
Balmy southern winds promise
Summer is coming*

THE MAINTENANCE STAFF

The history of Camp Michigania could not possibly be completed without a paragraph or two about the Maintenance staff, the skill they bring to their positions and the good humor with which they tackle each task, regardless of its complexity.

Ron Powers headed a two-man crew for many years shouldering the tremendous burden of changing a children's camp to a family camp operation. The kitchen, especially, presented a major challenge because a complete changeover was necessary from what had been a family-style service to a cafeteria-style dining.

There was little money available in the budget for many of the undertakings and each project, more often than not, was approached on a crisis basis. Thankfully, money and materials were made available to Camp from generous alumni and friends. Painting, electric, plumbing, and automotive problems often arose all at once and were handled as best they could in priority order. It is a credit to the creative endeavors of the Maintenance crew that Camp was able to continue to operate.

For nearly two decades Don Roberts has ably headed the Maintenance staff, aided by Larry “Herm” Bergman and Lyle Taylor. The first project that Don directed was the construction of five new cabins in South Camp which quickly became known as “Western Walloon Estates.” They began construction shortly after Labor Day and had all five cabins closed in by Halloween.

At about that same time, money was set aside in the budget as a sinking fund for maintenance and with those dollars Camp was soon able to purchase heavy duty mowers and a diesel tractor with front loader, back hoe and wood-splitting components. Funds were also available for new wells, roofing materials and power tools.

With few exceptions, there is no construction or repair which these three men cannot or will not attempt. I applaud their combined abilities to change an entire truck engine as easily as they put in a new septic system, or provide sound-proofing to the “Long Barn,” or sand and paint or varnish every desk, chair and chest in Camp.

Perhaps one month, during the winter time, a visitor will find the Maintenance Barn turned into a complete automotive repair shop where every vehicle in Camp is brought in for an annual check-up and regular maintenance. Oil changes, lube jobs, brakes, points, plugs, belts, hoses and even clutches are changed. The next month, that same visitor, on a return trip will find every screen door and screen window in Camp brought into the Maintenance Barn for repair and paint.

The repairs they have accomplished on the Butterflies, Rebels and other sailboats are nothing short of miraculous. No matter what the campers and

staff are able to tear, bend or break during the summer, Don, Herm and Lyle are able to repair or replace during the winter.

During our early years a fourth Maintenance person was occasionally hired for special assistance, painting for instance, but for about the last two decades a “Maintenance Kid” has been hired, during the summer only, for the mowing, hauling trash, plunging toilets, moving cribs, and providing assistance to the full-time staff on projects of more major dimensions. Most of these younger Maintenance staff members have been college students, with a bent for hard work and multiple abilities. From the vantage point of longevity, it has been a most rewarding experience for me to watch them go on to richer employment opportunities: chemical engineers, computer experts, retail management and even a well-known camp director!

During World War II, the U.S. Navy Construction Battalions (CB's) had a slogan, “The difficult we do right away, the impossible takes a little longer.” I think our Camp Maintenance Staff works under that same banner and they are to be warmly congratulated and sincerely thanked for their conscientious attention to all the Camp and camper needs.

*Sunlit silver falls
Braided lace over black rocks
I hear a rainbow*

COMMUNITY IMPACT

Herm Meyers, from Meyer's Hardware in Petoskey, used to say, "It doesn't matter to me if you spend money in my store or not, but sooner or later, the dollars you spend in Petoskey will come through my cash register." It's known that money is circulated within the community three times.

Camp doesn't have the largest payroll in Charlevoix County, but we do employ a sizeable work force. You may be interested to learn that currently about 90 persons are on the payroll each year, what with 45 on program and administrative staff, and another 45 on kitchen and maintenance staff. At one time Camp was the second largest payer of real estate taxes in the county, behind Medusa Cement. We started out paying \$1,500 annually, but today as this is being written, the taxes for calendar 1993 will be in the neighborhood of \$85,000. That's a sizeable amount for an otherwise agricultural and recreational township.

The Alumni Association made an important decision upon purchasing the property, and that was to be a "good neighbor" and pay real estate taxes. That decision has weighed heavily upon each camp director

as the amount has grown and continues to grow with each year.

Payroll and real estate taxes are only two of the five major facets of Camp Michigania finances which circulate throughout the local area. You must also consider the huge amount of maintenance and capital supplies purchased by the camp from local hardware, lumberyards and many other business concerns. Our major remodeling project has been a boon to local contractors and their employees. Our leasing contract for the horses is not a small amount and finally, the money spent “in town” by both staff and campers has a great impact.

*Saturday is gray
For this morning we must part
No joy this day*

THE CAMPERS

And of course, there are the campers: of all ages, sizes, shapes and colors, stages of matrimony, numbers of children and ideas about what a family camp should be. That marvelous heterogeneous group of enthusiastic and energetic humanity who pour into Camp at one end of the week and hobble home at the other, bruised and battered, but bubbling for next year's encounter! One of the more difficult chores I had in compiling the *Michigania Memories* which follow was to choose only three or four families per week to write a short piece about their feelings.

From the very first week of the very first year, a three generation "reunion" was a matter of course. There has always been a grandma or a grandpa, if not both, watching their grandchildren with great pride as they learned a new skill or overcame a particular hurdle that social and physical life at Camp might present.

Often it was the alumni grandparents, hosting several grown children with their offspring, who found *Michigania* to be an ideal place for a reunion—no meals to prepare, no dishes to wash—just one, long,

continuous opportunity to talk and become reacquainted. They drink coffee for an hour after each meal. They watch the 5-6's at the flagpole in the morning and then meander to an observation point to watch other camp activities: the gazebo in Center Camp, the dining deck, the bench down at Boating, the beach, and even the railing up at Riding.

We have had several families who have had four generations of campers attend Camp over the years, but to the best of my knowledge, there has been only one family to have all four generations reunion with us at one time—that of T.W. “Doc” Zeigler, and wife, Carol Packard, plus his son Woodie, wife Norma, and their children Tim, Maryclare & Brian. Tim and Maryclare were each staff members as well. Maryclare has four children whom she and her husband, Greg, have been bringing to Camp. In fact, Greg & Maryclare met at Camp when each was on camp staff and were married shortly after their graduations. Although Brian had not been on camp staff, he still attends camp with his wife, Christine, and their children.

The Zeiglers have also been long time participants in the traditional Memorial Day Work Weekend (see respective chapter). More often than not Tim and his family have been able to join them at that time.

The Greg & Dorothy Contrucci family and the Dick & Marion “Skip” Gross family are the only families to have attended Camp Michiganiana for 31 consecutive summers. I am sure they will continue to be a big part of the third and fourth week campers, respectively, for many years to come.

*Rising mists boiling
Rose-tinted in the sunrise
Decorate the lake*

MICHIGANIA MEMORIES

On these next pages are presented some views of campers. These “Michigania Memories” are not presented in any particular order, class year, number of years at camp, age, alphabetical order, receipt of material or anything else. They are simply fond and cherished memories of camp.

* * * * *

Michigania-Walloon is described in the brochure for the Campaign for the Advancement of Michigania Programs as follows:

For more than a quarter-century, Camp Michigania-Walloon has been a truly extraordinary summertime destination for hundreds of University of Michigan alumni and their families. Located in northern Michigan on the shores of Walloon Lake, Michigania is a place where families laugh, children grow, and lifelong friendships begin. It is the home of one of our finest traditions—Michigan alumni

coming together to share the best of the outdoors, and the best of themselves.

There is a camaraderie about Camp, an atmosphere of togetherness that breaks down the barriers of everyday life. It is a unique experience, to have people from all walks of life gather on the basis of one common bond—The University of Michigan.

As the Pickus family thinks back on its 26 consecutive years at Walloon, this quotation takes on even greater meaning. Our family literally grew up at Camp, since we have been there for more years than all of our children have lived. They matured at Camp, developing friendships which will continue into the future. The experiences that bound them together as children, and, for two of them, as staff members, bind them together as young adults as well. In the shared moments of watching the children reach out to each other, whole families have developed similar ties that have carried over into the “outer world.”

Camp certainly “is the home of one of our finest traditions.” The transmission of information, beliefs, and customs of Michigania has resulted in three generations of campers frequently attending together. Young families have grown up at Camp, the children have left the nest leaving only their parents as “empty nesters,” and eventually, have come back with children of their own thus completing the cycle. Numerous family reunions have occurred during our sessions at Camp, further perpetuating this fine Michigan tradition.

In the true Michigan tradition, alumni and their families have been exposed to the broader University family. Faculty forums have not only been informative,

educational, and amusing, but they have further personalized the University which, on occasion, may seem to be impersonal. One can never forget Al Slote, Guy Palazzola, Jim Standifer, Al Bailey, Hazen Schumacher, Jerry Hanlon, and Sylvia Hacker, et al, certainly for the message each delivered, but more importantly, for the diversity, the enrichment, and the bringing to life of our University.

When we remember that the only common denominator among all the campers is that at some time one or more members of Camp families have attended the University of Michigan, it makes us pause in wonder, because each year the Christmas card list expands, and the annual first week tailgate reunion held during football season grows larger. We have learned to see people for whom they are without the distinctions that age, jobs, or even geography can mask.

While one could continue as to what Michigania has been, like other Michigan traditions, it continues in a nonstatic fashion. We can only look forward to the extended season programming possibilities at the beautiful Walloon facilities to continue to establish “lifelong friendships” in a “unique experience” as “one of our finest traditions” expands so that there will be “new program opportunities for Michigan alumni and their families during an extended season to enable many others to experience the unique beauty...” of Michigania-Walloon.

Nancy & “Pete” Pickus '53 AB

* * * * *

In 1979 I was a single parent of a five and seven year-old. Having braved a few almost disastrous vacations alone with my children, I was delighted to hear about the University of Michigan alumni family camp from my friend, Robin Jacoby (who had been a faculty speaker the previous summer). I had no idea what to expect when we got into the Fourth Week, thanks to a last minute cancellation, but packed up the kids, with a very few belongings and headed up North, balancing a map on my lap.

We were delighted to meet new friends, loved the sailing and swimming but I had no idea how dirty my kids clothes would get and on Wednesday, out of necessity, I ventured into the South Camp laundry. Just as I started my laundry, a man staggered in, weighted down, it turned out, with the dirty clothes of four children. I kept stuffing the washing machine, when the man asked if I could please, “show him how to work the washing machine.” I assumed this poor guy had been sent to do laundry by his wife, I showed him the correct machine and left. The next thing I knew he was following me around camp. I asked where his wife was? He explained he was recently divorced. And with this, a lovely romance began. Friday night after Keg n' Koke we talked for hours on the bench near the flag pole.

Harvey Wax and I started “dating” back home the next week. It took four and a half years and four more summers at camp for me to convince him to marry me and move from Southfield to Ann Arbor. But in January 1984, we married, blended our families (his four children and my two) and became the Jewish “Brady Bunch.” That summer our wedding was recreated as a skit at Keg n' Koke by our Ann Arbor

friends, using a spinnaker as a hoopa (the traditional Jewish wedding canopy) and Jack Birchfield as the Rabbi.

We are, to the best of our knowledge, one of the only Camp Michigania camper romances. We are still Fourth Week campers, our daughter, Lisa Franklin was on staff for three summers, and with all our kids gone we now “import” our nephews from California to come to camp with us.

Robin Wax '75 AM

* * * * *

Thanks for the opportunity to share our reminiscences about our Camp Michigania. It's a long trek from Englewood, New Jersey to Camp Michigania via Ann Arbor. The first time we saw Walloon Lake, as we drove down the camp road, we all shouted simultaneously in amazement, awe, and delight, as if on cue. We haven't stopped shouting.

We've been to camp for about 20 years, starting with our two sons, now we come by ourselves, and we are looking forward to coming with grandchildren (the first one was born at the end of December 1993).

About ten years ago, we attended East Camp at Brant Lake, a couple of weeks after being at Walloon. While the format is the same and we had a great time, there's something about Walloon that can't be transplanted. That's why we've been motoring from New Jersey to Walloon Lake for the past 20 years.

Our kids started out with their own “clubhouse” in the loft of one of the replaced cabins.

Our son, Ron, received a “special” award for swimming into a boat.

Our younger son, Josh, would “delight” his mother and the other ladies when he would bring the snakes he caught to the beach.

One summer our son, Ron, had a summer job in New York City and couldn't join us at Camp Michigania. However, we brought home a gallon container of Walloon Lake water. When we greeted each other, we said, “Since you couldn't come to Walloon Lake, we brought Walloon Lake to you.” Then, we anointed his head with the water from Walloon Lake.

We jokingly, but lovingly, refer to Walloon Lake as “Lake Meh-chai-eh” (literal Yiddish translation, a pleasure and then some). There's something therapeutic about its water because when you're in The Lake, all your aches, pains, and woes disappear and it's a “meh-chai-eh!”

Several unusual experiences occurred during the adult hayrides. Once, we were startled by a ferocious greeting from a roaring “gorilla” (big-foot) who pounced out of the woods. Another time, we were greeted by some “mooning” teenagers.

My favorite spot for relaxation, “recharging the batteries,” and to “soak” in the view to last all year is to sit on one of the benches overlooking the lake, on the hill by the dining hall. Whenever someone wants to sit on one of these benches, I ask, “Did you get permission from me to look at “my” lake?”

I'm sure we all feel this way about our special place—Walloon Lake—Camp Michigania!

All the best in your new milestone. We'll just say...

Au Revoir, Ciao, S'long for awhile,

Herm '51 MSE, Rox and all the Liebermans

* * * * *

My first experience at Camp Michigania occurred long before I had any say on where our family would vacation. Thanks to the vision of a Finance Committee which included my paternal grandfather, Hugh C. Armstrong '26, my family has enjoyed the wonders of Walloon for four generations.

As a young girl, I remember many years of camping with my parents, Jack and Ellen Armstrong and brother, Tom. During those summers at Camp, I gained a great deal of self confidence, in part because of the warm nurturing atmosphere. My growing confidence enabled me to explore many diverse avenues: A heightened interest and respect for nature, the 6:00 a.m. bird walk, the care of horses, the safe use of weapons like guns and arrows, and an appreciation of water safety both for boating and swimming. I believe the key to our camp's success lies in the way each area integrated important instruction with fun activities, even if the weather didn't cooperate.

At the heart of my summer experiences though is the link that connects us--our love for the University. I only began to understand this common thread as a high school student setting my sights on The University of Michigan. Growing up surrounded by maize and blue and having learned "Hail to the Victors" at a very early age, it seemed only natural to follow the lead of my father and grandfather and apply to the "U of M." My love of music made my decision for an undergraduate degree easy.

During my Ann Arbor days I continued to have many wonderful experiences on Walloon Lake, as well as reflecting upon great staff memories with my

longtime Michigania friend and college roommate, Jean McPherson.

However, it wasn't until I was married that I realized a new introduction needed to be made. How could I accurately explain Camp to my husband, Doug? How could he understand my love of Michigania? No words seemed adequate to describe the intangibles which make Michigania so special: The beautiful view as you crest the entrance to Camp and first see Walloon Lake, the memories and feelings of a youth spent vacationing at Camp, and the people who become more like family than mere friends. Without hesitation, I suggested we give it a try—and I am delighted to report that our three daughters are sharing with us our best week of the year at Camp Michigania.

Betsy Armstrong Pride '77 BMus

* * * * *

We've been thinking a lot about the history of Camp Michigania to which you've committed yourself. Wow!

As you well know, it has been a three decade love affair for us, too. And like any great love, when I think about it, I smile.

From the first day we arrived we were smitten...Don Usher, the riding counselor, resplendent in cowboy attire atop a beautiful Pinto, whooping in front of our car to lead us from Welcome Hill to our cabin...none of us can ever forget that scene...or the one to follow, namely the inside of the cabin...iron beds...mattresses two inches thick...no curtains on the windows...no showers...cold water only...no privacy. But shortly thereafter, we saw Lake Walloon and met

the other families as adventurous as we were and met the staff and we've been "bonded" to Family Camp ever since.

All wrapped together in this package are memories of Bill Stegath and his wisdom in organizing for the future routines of campers and staff, and you Glen, charming young and old with your spirit and creativity, caring and warmth. I, we, don't think it would have "flown" without you two.

We've come a long way from the volleyball court in front of the "Nest" and all the meetings and group activities under it...and the brainstorming sessions on what direction Family Camp should take...and the first regatta with a very sad Michigania fleet of a few patched up wooden tubs and a sailfish borrowed from someone on the kitchen staff.

The regattas have been a source of great fun and laughter for the Gross clan, from going the wrong way at the starting flag to trying to sail a submarine...that was the year Skip thought the Interlake had an automatic bailer and the boat was on a great tack to make the first buoy, shipping quite a bit of water while heeling. "Be calm," she assured her crew, "the water will empty automatically," but it didn't, and they sat knee deep in water as the entire fleet passed them by...this after being the lead boat. Fun and funny stuff.

Dick recalls the time he went to Douglas Lake with Jack Birchfield on some mission, and they found a snake. They carefully put it in a sack and tied it, so they could give it to the Nature counselor back at Walloon. When they arrived, there was no snake in the bag or in the wagon, that they could find...a desperate search and there was the snake staring up at them from the spare tire well. How did it get out of the bag? How

did it get in the well? One of the more memorable mysteries of Michigan.

But nothing can compare to the wonderful “extended family” we've enjoyed all these years, the pure pleasure at seeing each other year after year, of watching children grow and develop...even come back as counselors...of weddings and grandchildren and of the new generations getting as much enjoyment at Camp as we did and do. It's a special enchanted place...just ask the Leprechauns under the bridge leading to North Camp.

And lastly, it's such a special place for the Grosses. It's reunion time in July...truly the high point of the year for our grandchildren...they wouldn't miss it for anything! Nor would we. I can't imagine another place where the children feel so free and the parents feel so comfortable letting them enjoy their freedom. You've all done a terrific job!

Dick '50 AB & Marion “Skip” Gross

* * * * *

Sue and I were interested in the concept of Family Camp so we responded eagerly to the announcement of two, one-week sessions to be held at the University of Michigan biological station on Douglas Lake in 1961. We were among the first week's campers, living in the corrugated steel huts which had been decorated with graffiti of sorts, names and classes of civil engineering students going back, at that time, some 45 years. One of the things I remembered vividly was the biological station director, who was a biology professor, concerned about whether we would be killing too many mosquitoes and insects and upset the

biological and ecological balance. Rod Grambeau was the camp director.

The big sport was volleyball played outside the mess hall. Another interesting activity, not only for children but for parents, was a wonderful storyteller. I remember a great many of the campers who were there the first week. One in particular occupied the next cabin to us. Although I have forgotten his name, he was a lawyer from New York City who had brought along some fishing equipment, gone fishing in Douglas Lake and was apprehended by the game warden who appropriated his rod and reel and gave him a ticket to appear before the local justice of the peace. My Wall Street lawyer neighbor had a great deal of difficulty with the justice of the peace's procedure and spoke with me because he knew I was a judge at that time. The justice of the peace's decision was? The rod and reel were to be returned, but with a substantial fine.

The following year the Alumni Association rented Camps Huntingdon and Sherwood as well as Camp Charlevoix. It's my recollection that there was a 10-day session at Camps Huntingdon and Sherwood which our family attended and two, one-week sessions at Camp Charlevoix. There was even a volleyball competition between the two camps and there may have been a softball competition as well. I recall an organized camp visitation by the campers at each camp, to the other.

Jack Tirrell was the General Secretary of the Alumni Association at that time and was very anxious to have the input of the campers, and there was a great deal of enthusiasm for more family-style camping.

After the completion of Family Camp at the end of the second summer, I was asked by Jack Tirrell to sit with the members of the Alumni Association's

special committee on family camping headed by Jack Shuler. The other members, as I recall them, were Donald Quaife of Dearborn, an attorney with Ford Motor Company; Marian Fead, of Ann Arbor; Marjorie Sell, of Farmington Hills; who I believe was on that committee for a period of time, and at some point, Burrie Otis, from Toledo, became part of the committee. Jack Tirrell sat in on all meetings, and Frank Ortman, then President of the Alumni Association, sat in on many of those meetings.

A decision was made to buy a camp and the campers' evaluations showed that the Camp Sherwood, Huntingdon Camp was preferred. Mr. Tomlinson, who owned the camps, had an interest in seeing it preserved for camp purposes rather than selling the land off for some other use. I believe Judge Cornelia Kennedy was one of the negotiators. He agreed to sell on a \$200,000, ten- year land contract. In order to raise funds for the down payment on the land contract, 10 year bonds were sold, many of which were purchased by campers and other alumni. Subsequently, the topic of most of the early meetings of the Camp Committee were about the improvements that had to be made.

I had a friend who was in the plumbing supply business in Detroit who supplied all kinds of odds and ends of good quality plumbing fixtures, colors that were no longer current so that some of the cabins had apple green toilets and pink sinks for example. In addition, Donn Resnick, who was an electrical contractor and an electrical engineer by training and a neighbor of mine, undertook the task of seeing that many of the improvements in the electric power were installed. Donn recruited me and we spent a number of weekends installing small hot water heaters for the sinks in each of the cabins, changing the lighting,

particularly in the dining hall and then, what was to me the most monumental task of all, which I think took place the following year, was bringing new electrical power service to North Camp, which involved erection of a new pole when the electric company brought a 220 volt line to that pole and then we had to take it from there.

The purchase from Mr. Tomlinson included the horses. He had Morgan horses that were very valuable. We sold those horses and rented horses from the then Township Supervisor, Charlie Leist.

We also had a contest for a camp name and although I was one of the judges who selected the name "Michigania," I can't recall the other entries. The directorship of the camp in the third year is vague, although Bill Stegath's name seems right. That is until you, Glen, were hired as director.

One of my fondest memories of the early years was a winter Camp Committee meeting at Camp. We stayed in the Lake Cottage which was the only heated building available. It was truly a winter wonderland which now can be appreciated by more people with our new facilities.

Burton R. Shifman '51 MBA

* * * * *

Welcome Hill...South Gap...the view from the Dining Hall porch...all are paint points in the canvas that's Michigania. So is a postcard the store used to sell: a snapshot of Cabin 8 North when its number was still 6. A fuzzy recollection of our first arrival at Camp also contributes to the canvas.

We had planned to go the same week as some friends. Somebody's schedule was wrong and we arrived a week late. The Camp expected us but our friends had left. That was no problem; the Camp was full of friendly people, many of whom had come prepared for almost any weather. Spring? Assuredly! Summer? Of course! Autumn? Indeed! But not winter. We joined the long line of people waiting to buy sweatshirts from the camp store. When we'd all been outfitted and the store overstock had been sold, the weather magically turned warm—like what we've remembered for every week since. (Note to the editor: I'll keep this as accurate as possible. But if I remember nothing but sunshine, sorry, that's the way it is. The rain must have fallen Third Week.)

That first Fourth Week ended as they did for the next few years, with breakfast and with fellow camper, Henry Schiffer, shaking hands with everyone in the dining hall line and saying, "See you next year." A beautiful touch. The night before, we'd been told at the Keg 'n Koke that the couple in charge of the kitchen, the Begoles, were leaving the next day for their new assignment: the dining room for the Green Bay Packers training camp.

Henry Schiffer...the Begoles...how about Harold Hohler? As baker, he ruined more good resolutions than January 2 ever thought of. How many mornings did we go through the breakfast line muttering, "I won't! I won't! I swear, I won't!" only to confront Harold's most recent assault on my will power. When he retired, the campers signed a map of Walloon Lake as a certificate to accompany the maize-and-blue toilet seat we gave him. After his retirement, dieting was much easier but breakfasts were far less enticing.

More recently, a young man named Larry decorated the chow line counter with little animals carved from fresh vegetables and fruits. We approached the line every noon wondering what the day's attractive embellishment would be.

We wondered briefly about the future of the Camp in the mid-70s when our youngest, Fritz, was youngest camper not once, but twice. Once in 1974. That was fine. The next time was 1976. When the youngest camper was well over two years old, I wondered how numerous the next generation would be.

The Nature Center always held attractions, even before the gurus, and even before rock polishing (though before the grinding wheels came, I thought it was the best-kept secret in camp). The walks that introduce the fauna, flora, and terrain of the campgrounds remain fresh and interesting, no matter how many times I traverse them.

(Glen: don't you dare cut this part.) Much of the credit for the excellence of the program belongs to some people named Williams, Glen and Craig. They may not have put the birds, the trees or the flowers in place, but they have sure made learning about them enjoyable. I must take back something about putting the flowers in place; every summer, I check the north side of Welcome Hill to see how the sweet peas are doing—Glen & Linn Williams planted seeds there years ago.

I've taken and enjoyed Introduction to Ornithology 101 (call it the bird walk if you choose) any number of times and become excellent at spotting LBBs (little blue, brown, or black birds - choose one) but not at distinguishing them at more than five feet.

They're not very cooperative about letting me get within identifying range.

I can't remember any great events that dominate my recollections of Camp, obviously. But a constellation of little ones provide soft warm fuzzies: the Gania Gossip we received in the winter of 70-71 carried an almost apologetic announcement that the adult fee had increased to \$85; the extra five would help balance the Camp budget. One time when the elder children's apparent attitudes convinced me they'd lost interest, one of them told me he'd decided to go to The University of Michigan so he and his family could vacation at Michigania.

One memory makes me question my right to my diploma. After taking more than an average number of sailing lessons, I was finally licensed to handle a Butterfly. Thrilled beyond measure, I prepared to take off alone. I rigged it. I pushed it away from the shore. I got it under control—somewhat. And I attempted to board—from the leeward side. I got wet only to my sternum. After realizing that I'd done **ONLY** one thing wrong, but that it had led to my immersion, I tried again. This time, I got it underway just as the book suggested might happen. By golly! The laws of physics didn't vacate just to discommode me at 8:30 on a Wednesday morning! I later learned that by sitting back in the Hornblower position near the rudder, I'd nearly made it impossible to sail higher than a beam reach. If we learn from mistakes, I'm a sailing encyclopedia.

I thought that by keeping this very personal, I could make it brief. At the expense of a ton of recollections, I may succeed. But I can't resist a few more: I heard Bump Elliott talk about Michigan football at a faculty lecture before Bo had coached a

single victorious team; I heard Frank Beaver give the first of what must be dozens of enjoyable Michiganiana lectures on the art and history of film; and the head of the Art Department made me enjoy trying to learn sketching in 1971. Tom Toon, Al Wilton, David August, Gordon McAlpine, Sylvia Hacker, Jim Smith, and Frank Grace all made me wish I could hear them again, as did any number of others whose names I might mangle worse than I fear I've mangled some of these.

Some things are gone: the Castle, which once doubled as the residence for the speakers and the 0-2 Nursery: what I called the drinking trough, a small structure near the Castle but on the west side of the path to North Camp; bridge lights that have to be turned off—I made that the task of our youngest family member if the lights were still on at breakfast time. Some will be missed more than others - registering in the bright sunshine on Welcome Hill and the view from Vesper Hill (the hill's still there, but getting harder to climb) come to mind.

As long as the Camp is there, and I can reach it, summer will be incomplete without the anticipation, the preparation, the drive, the exhilaration on spotting the first big “M” on the outskirts of Boyne City (the kids used to compete to be first spotter) the mounting excitement that reached hissing stage with the right turn on Sumner Road, the heart-stopping hills of Camp Daggett Road, the gate, the “M” Rock (when we reach it, we are there, officially), and then the S-curve and the view of the lake. As I write, it's only September, and I'm getting impatient already..

Bob Kramp '55 M, '75 PhD

* * * * *

Our love affair of Michigania on Walloon Lake began the 11th week in 1972 and has continued for the past 22 seasons. Our son, Brian, and daughter, Julie, do not consider any year complete until they've attended camp Ninth Week. Each of us has made numerous friendships that extend throughout the entire year. Our cabin mates and our family have such a sensational relationship and we look forward to our annual reunion. We extend this genuine, fun-loving spirit at our annual Camp Michigania tail gate prior to a fall football game and at other times of the year. To know Camp Michigania is to experience it--words are really inadequate.

Our debut at Camp began on a cold, rainy Saturday in 1972. By the end of that week, Fred had his first sailing experience on Chuck Sweet's buccaneer—he was “hooked on sailing”. Brian, just four years old, discovered the Nature Center (his second home that year) and a marvelous freedom. I attempted every activity available and came home thoroughly exhausted but exhilarated. We vowed to make this an annual tradition and soon learned the art of getting in to camp the week of our first choice. Our daughter, Julie, made her first appearance at Camp two years later and was voted “Miss Sunshine” in the 0 to 2 nursery. Other toddlers cried when they saw the nursery—not Julie—she cried if she could not spend all her time there.

Throughout our entire 22 years at Camp we have gone from being 100 percent involved in everything to a more recent leisurely approach. Our collected memories recall such experiences as the 1978 sail-off among the Butterflies in which Fred was THE

“Skipper of the Week” and his wife (me) came in last—Fred was Captain of the clean-up crew of Keg 'n Koke that year; the early Keg 'n Koke parties provided thousands of peanuts, along with the traditional beverages and the clean-up crews had more work. As a Buckeye, I always found myself on clean up duty but it was all in great fun. I remember one All Lake regatta in which one camper-owned boat sank and the only two visible things were the top of his mast and his floating sombrero. We enjoyed the few seasons during which the Camp had three mahogany Walloons for which you needed an Admiral to skipper—what luxury. A reluctant Boating staff one time relenting to my suggestion of christening a new rebel “BUCKEYE BLUES.” I believe that fall Michigan did defeat the Buckeyes in football and we did sing the blues.

I recall a few exciting sailing regattas during the 1970's when Bob Forman was at Camp. He not only was an excellent sailor but a fierce competitor and often victorious. We soon learned it could be detrimental to one's boat and health to get in the path of Bob and his catamaran! Just kidding Bob!

Other things recalled were the hot air balloon that landed on Welcome Hill many years ago. Remember the era of funnelators (the delight of teens and the dismay of adults?) Often the flagpole provided amusement when an occasional pair of Jockey shorts was raised to make a statement. The Arts and Crafts area provided us with crafts galore. These were often used for holiday gifts--remember the enameled ash trays, tile and grout covered boxes, leather belts, tie-dyed T-shirts, beaded necklaces, etc.

One year it rained the entire week and little was left to buy or work on in Arts & Crafts. To entertain the children all week one of the Valenstein brothers

(Paul) in Boating played the piano for sing-a-longs and musical chairs every day.

Cabin life in early years provided sand in the sheets, lovely lofts, squeaky beds, economy-size bathrooms (sometimes across the hall) erratic hot and cold showers up the hill, an occasional bat in the attic, etc., but somehow it just added to the endearing atmosphere of Michigania. One year our family got South Ad A. We thought we had died and gone to heaven as it was spacious and had its own shower, even if sporadic.

Our fondest memories include family gatherings on cold, rainy nights around the central fireplaces in the older cabins, lying upon blankets on the tennis courts and star gazing, remembering Don Dugger's remarkable talent for keeping every one in stitches with his version of Gate Keeper Brown, last night parties at the gazebos, watching our son and daughter delight with their first camping experiences in riding, boating, riflery, etc. and Family Olympics in which Brian and I won the three-legged race three years running. From age nine through thirteen, Julie lived at the horse barn and actually enjoyed cleaning out the stalls. She always knew she had arrived at Camp when she caught her first glimpse of a favorite horse in Camp.

I realize that I have rambled on too long, Glen, but Camp Michigania is a very strong tradition in our family. All of our family and Toledo friends realize what it means to us, but no one can actually understand what it is all about until they have spent as many years there as so many of our friends and we have. Just this summer Fred and I had the thrill of our life when we went, for the first time, on the Swiss Alpine Adventure trip with Michigan Alumni. What a breath-taking

experience. I sometimes feel that I am more a Michigander than a Buckeye.

Delightfully submitted,
Fred '59 MD, Sandy Bowdle (and the rest of
the crew)

* * * * *

Our family has had the privilege of attending Camp Michigania for 31 consecutive years and every year has been a memorable one. For us the excitement and anticipation of going to Camp begins around Christmas time when someone always brings up the subject of sending in our application. After the turn of the year when we send the application form in and receive confirmation of receipt, the balance of the winter holds no fear for us. We all look forward to going to Camp and participating in all those wonderful activities.

The first recollection of Camp that is still well remembered is the cold nights (and cold water!) and trying to keep warm. But we always managed to keep warm for there were always enough extra blankets to go around and keeping warm was part of the fun of Camp.

I remember very well the first time my son and I decided to try canoeing. Or was it I who decided that we should go canoeing? The canoes were drawn up on shore and I pushed the canoe out into about six inches of water and stepped into the canoe. As I did so the canoe sought to gain its new center of gravity, and as the canoe rolled to do this, it took away my center of gravity and sent me flat on my back in six inches of water. Well, my son looked at me as if to say, I thought

you knew better than to step into a canoe that way? But the lesson paid off, for today he is an accomplished canoeist and can give me lessons.

Sailing was always something special to look forward to and especially the excitement of the regattas. But the sailing that took place in preparation of regattas was equally exciting. For a couple of years there was a sailboat called the Pelican. The Pelican was built like a rowboat with a sail and had very high sides. When the sailboat keeled over and the edge of the side started to take on water, there was no way to keep her from going over; one afternoon this happened five times! That afternoon sail was a workout but most enjoyable.

But the most memorable sailing remembrance is trying to cross the finish line in a regatta. I was sailing with two so-called experienced sailors, Bob Coe and a chap named Santini. The wind had practically died out and we had only a few yards to go to cross the finish line, but with my expertise and their help, we managed to cross the finish line going backwards!

We always looked forward to evening lectures. One year the speaker was Raymond Tanter and I happened to be sitting next to the projector he was using to present his subject. Raymond was an advisor to a U. S. President and to the Secretary of State, and to be asked to insert material into the projector for him during his talk made me feel very close to the inner workings of Washington politics! I remember a speaker who was a famous running back for the Detroit Lions football team during the days of Bobby Layne. I had always wondered what the players discussed in the huddle, and so I asked the speaker whether or not there was input from the players as to what or how the next

play would be executed. The answer, of course, was NO! The play always came in from the bench.

One of our daughters visited us a few days ago and recollections of Camp came up for discussion. Surprisingly, her remembrance was of a visit to Camp for a day and spending the evening lying on the grass on Welcome Hill with friends, and looking up at a star-filled sky. That story, in turn, brought back memories of similar evenings and star lectures with Glen Williams and also seeing the Aurora Borealis.

In 1993 we came to Camp after a visit to Mackinac Island and a day at the Grand Hotel. The view from the porch of the Grand over the Straits of Mackinac is truly beautiful, but the view from the deck of the new Educational Center over Walloon Lake is much more so. Camp Michigania has come a long way from the facilities of our first visit thirty-one years ago when a bountiful supply of blankets was most welcome in our drafty cabins.

Greg '48 MBA & Dorothy Contrucci

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1978 was the first year we made the trip to Camp Michigania. We were living in Apple Valley, Minnesota, so we decided to take two days to make the trip with one year-old Scott and three year-old Andrea. We had heard a lot about Camp and were looking forward to spending a week together and joining our close friends, the Andersons, who were coming from Toronto, Ontario.

There were several reasons why we started going to camp. First, it provided an opportunity for all of us to have a vacation and do what each one of us

wanted to do. Andrea and Scott could meet new kids and be exposed to all sorts of new activities and events. Maureen and I could do things with the kids or do our own thing without having to worry about what they were doing. There was a tremendous confidence that they were safe, in good hands and that they were having a good time. Secondly, it provided a chance for us to spend time with Gill and Jim Anderson and their children, Stephen and Heather. Because we lived so far from one another, it was important to all of us that our children have the opportunity to grow up together, even if only for one week in the summer.

Why did we keep coming year after year for fifteen years? (Incidentally, we did miss one year when we moved to Hanover, New Hampshire, but we all agreed it was a mistake and that we would not miss another one.) There are many reasons why Camp Michigania became more and more important to our family and a part of our lives. It was a place that enabled all of us to grow up individually and as a family. We have all met and developed new relationships with people that we probably would not have, had it not been for camp.

A unique aspect of that place is how it seems able to adapt to our changing interests year after year, so that each summer is a new experience. The flexible camp program fits every age and interest. It seems just like yesterday that we were watching the kids meet at the flag pole and go off holding hands to their morning programs. How excited we were when they were finally given an “H” on their name tags so they could come home alone.

The Faculty Forums over the years have been interesting and usually timely. Sometime the topics and subjects enhanced an understanding of an issue

that was worthwhile. In almost all cases the presentations were intellectually stimulating and of value.

There are many highlights and far too many memories to list them all. Some of the things on the list my family would want included are: Getting a bulls eye in riflery or archery, winning the teen sailing regatta two years in a row, crossing the finish line in the Red Baron, doing arts and crafts, astronomy talks on Welcome Hill with Glen Williams, doing absolutely nothing, the ropes course, reading a good book, conversations on the porch, and a quiet walk through the Nature Trails.

We have all been enriched and have grown together as a family because of our camp experience. As our children have grown up, we look forward to participating through the extended season educational programs. Camp is such a beautiful setting that now can be enjoyed throughout the year. I'm finishing my second tour as a member of the Camps Council and have had the privilege of serving as Chairman for three years. Camp Michigania has been an important part of my adult life and I'm grateful that we decided to make the long trip from Minnesota to Michigan in 1978.

John Pugsley '64 AB

* * * * *

Since 1964 we have saved precious pieces of memories to place into our Camp Michigania kaleidoscope:

- as a young family of four

- as a bereaved family bringing along our recently widowed mother—all of us finding emotional healing
- as camp counselors: daughters Christine and Diane
- as empty nesters
- as new grandparents of teenagers who joined our family along with their father - our new son-in-law

We have always been thrilled by the first glimpse of that beautiful turquoise jewel - Walloon Lake, known as Bear Lake in the dusty pages of history.

On our first trip as Jeanette looked about the newly acquired Camp, she exclaimed, “What's holding up those electric lines . . . or the poles?” Rewiring was one of the first major undertakings.

Remember the Friday in 1964 when Glen Williams had all North campers and South campers line up at each end of the Camp and then march forward toward the Dining Room - all the while picking up the litter we had so casually dropped during that hot July week. As a family we have taken that lesson to heart!

In those very early years the sole Camp-owned sailboat inherited from previous years was an aged, blue, wooden, flat-bottom tub. This relic was sailed by valiant crews in Regattas featuring sleek owner-owned sailboats. However, the odds were evened a bit by the use of canoe paddles at appropriate times.

This was the era when we spent an entire week in daily rain and unseasonably cold weather, forcing several unprepared families with small children to

head for nearby motels or home. It was a memorable week of creative determination and a daily Dining Room carnival. It was also a time of no laundry facilities, even at Boyne City, cold water everywhere except for the infamous South Camp Shower which served all campers North and South. You were considered lucky if you got one minute of lukewarm water!

In later years our daughters, Christine and Diane became counselors. “Unforgettable” experiences included sleeping on the dock, or in a gently rocking rowboat, or on Welcome Hill where the Northern Lights sometimes presented their spectacular show. They and some of the other counselors have reflected on their experiences involving Camp staff and the 3000 campers who wandered through the Camp by the end of the season. They thought that maybe The University of Michigan should have awarded them credit hours in psychology and sociology.

When we acquired teenage grandchildren along with their father, our new son-in-law, we offered to bring the kids to Camp with us. We figured on an adventure of some sort. Upon entering the rustic cabin room we were to share, our new grandson inquired about a television. When we replied that TV's for campers were non-existent and they would be too busy anyway, he and his sister exchanged quick glances of dismay, which we translated to mean, “What did we let ourselves in for with these newly acquired grandparents?” Well, the days flew by while bonding, adjustments, and happy times took place. Later they were to tell their father that it had been the best vacation of their lives. The next summer our daughter and son-in-law tagged along with the teenagers and Grandma and Grandpa. We will testify that Camp

Michigan's greatest gift offered is the marvelous feeling for children and adults of SECURITY and FREEDOM—to roam, to explore, to play, to rest, to sleep—all within reasonable and comforting limits. As you well know, one of omnipresent signs to make everyone feel secure and comfortable is the HUGE BOWL of PEANUT BUTTER—present at ALL meals.

We consider our name tags to be potent talismans. Several years ago we took a walk into the woods at high noon and became totally lost. A sighting from a meadow hilltop revealed an unfamiliar lake area and no familiar landmarks. After spotting a distant farm, we wearily trudged through brambles and marsh and finally arrived at the backyard of a farm house. There we were confronted by a very wary farm couple who did not smile until they spotted the Camp Michigan tags around our necks. After a friendly chat, they cheerfully drove us back to Camp. A long term friendship evolved and Jeanette found a great source of historical information about the Camp, lake, and surrounding communities. Those name tags affect other locals and community businesses who become very helpful and sociable. Try it! Just keep the Camp Michigan logo side in view.

To the founding pioneers for their vision, faith, determination, and hard work;

To the generous family who sold the Camp to the Alumni Association of The University of Michigan;

To the Alumni Association for its faith in its members and its willingness to begin a great venture;

To all the hardworking counselors for their skills, enthusiasm, and patience;

To the directors, past and present, whose leadership, endurance, dedication, and pleasantness created a great appreciation of Camp by campers and staff alike;

To their spouses and family who supported their spouse while having less than their usual family life;

To the director of grounds and his crew for their year around efforts to improve, and yet preserve, and to that same group who have patched up our buildings, designed and built other ones to offer us comfort;

To members of the Camp Committee for their unstinting stewardship and loyalty;

To the unsung heroines and heroes of the Memorial Day Gang whose arduous annual work session provides the Camp with its running start for a successful summer;

“Thanks for the Memories!”

You made our kaleidoscope of Camp memories possible. “Thank you so much.”

Lyle Albright '43 BSECH, '44 MS, '50 PhD

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For the past thirteen years, Camp Michigania-Walloon has been our primary vacation spot. It's a beautiful part of Michigan where we can escape from the sometimes hectic pace of Ann Arbor. At Michigania we greet old friends and meet new ones. Our specialties are social tennis, social sailing, and social socializing. To expand our horizons, we always do one new thing each year, and this has included the steak ride, bird hike, ropes course, and star gazing on Welcome Hill with Glen. Many of the “one new thing”

activities become “not to be missed” events in subsequent years. Eighth week is our normal week, but we have found that Seventh is a very suitable alternative. On the way to Camp the family will compete to see who can spot the “M” signs first, and we always take a family picture by the rock as we exit, perhaps trying to delay the trip home for as long as possible.

A major highlight has been the Friday night Keg n' Koke party where we enjoy the entertainment and try to contribute some of our own. Along with several friends we are part of the “Not Ready for Camptime Players” that presents song parodies and skits. The objectives are to have fun and be topical. We come to Camp completely unprepared and look for inspiration from the happenings of the week, or by what is taking place in the outside world. Song parodies have included “Hello Counselors, Hello Campers” (to the tune of “Hello Mother, Hello Father”), “Gania, Michigania” (to the Flintstones Theme), and the “Ballad of the Gold M.”

The skits are hard to describe—you have to be there. This year's featured John White as that famous anthropologist, Dr. Michigania Jones, in a Jurassic Park takeoff. Chuck Wilkins was a hit as a very old (but funny) mosquito, and the cast included a family of stone-age campers. Other titles have included Michigan Feud and the Little Camper that Could. Skit themes have ranged from food (chicken, of course) to cholesterol, name tags, liability concerns, and a few PG subjects.

The first ten years we enjoyed Michigania with our kids, Amy and Bill, but have recently attended camp as “empty cabiners” as the “kids” are now adults. We're hoping to go at least one more year and are

already looking forward to a week in August as our “summer place.”

Clifford '65 MBA &
Ingrid Sheldon '70 AM

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To understand our love for Camp Michigania one should know our family camping history. Marty and Anne have been both campers and staffers. Our three daughters enjoyed Girl Scout and church camps, and two of them were on staff at Camp Michigania. Camping for us as adults is a special way to recapture the joys of days gone by in a place we love so dearly.

There is no better place than Walloon for Anne to indulge her passion for photography, from breathtaking sunrises to sunset reflections by canoe. She captures “Kodak Moments” with great joy.

A Tenth Week escapade still gives Rox Greenberg, Jacquie Thiel and Anne a chuckle! During a “Fun Regatta” they stole three markers as they rounded each one (they were dead last!!), wrapped them in a spare sail under the deck, and smuggled them to Dan Greenberg on land. That evening the “girls” were most surprised to receive “Pirate of the Year” awards from the ever-patient Boating staff. Of such foolishness are memories made.

When on staff, our daughter, Pam, heard a peculiar noise one evening while babysitting in a South Camp cabin. Hurrying to the cabin door, she saw a furry body pushing a stroller with a half eaten apple in it off the porch and down the steps. She thought the children should see this unusual sight, so they all watched a large and hungry raccoon happily munching

the apple. What a tale for the kids to tell Mom and Dad!

One summer there was concern about a bear coming into camp, so a barrel trap was set in the woods. Our daughter, Robin, was on babysitting patrol one night when they heard the trap close with a loud bang. But alas, the bear trap had not caught a bear—it caught a duck!

When Camp Hilltop, which was in the West Arm and which Marty had attended as a camper in 1939, closed in the late-1970s, it was our pleasure to purchase the war canoe he had ridden in as a camper and donate it to Camp Michigania. We plotted with the Boating staff (without the knowledge of Camp Director Jack Birchfield) to paddle the canoe from the West Arm through the narrows to the boating beach at dinner time. We dressed in Indian “attire,” and as we approached the beach began to chant, “WE WANT FOOD!” Campers on the hill got Jack from the dining hall, and we offered to trade him our canoe for dinner. It was hilarious! That winter Don Roberts and his maintenance crew did a masterful repair job, and the canoe has been enjoyed by young campers ever since. Not many campers anywhere have an opportunity to ride in a more than 50-year-old wooden war canoe. Let's hope this heritage remains at Camp Michigania for many years to come.

Our first Friday night Awards Ceremony was a real treat. We had no idea what to expect there at the fire ring on the foot of Welcome Hill. As the final award that night, Camp Director Scott Fleming (Greg's father) personally presented Marty with an award as “The Camper Who Enjoyed Camp the Most.” No award was ever more truly deserved. As a highly enthused first year camper, Marty had participated in

every activity available—and loved them all! The breadth of programs available to all who want them is still as impressive as that first year. That is one of the magic secrets of Camp Michigania. May it ever be thus.

Memories Which Get Us Through the Winter Blahs:

The thrill of the first glimpse of Walloon
from Welcome Hill. (Still has goose
bumps raising as it was 21 years ago.)

Fireplace evenings in old South Cabin 3 with
Roths and Cains.

Sailing with Thiels in their Flying Scott,
“All's Well”.

Rehearsing for “Keg n' Koke”.

Parties in South Gazebo and “Happy Hours”
on many porches.

Planked whitefish at Juilleret's in Harbor
Springs with the gang.

Reading on the beach.

Canoeing to Lily Pad Bay and canoe lunch
rides.

Hiking the Lake Trail and the “Back 40.”

Petoskey Stone hunts and the miracle of
polishing.

Seeing loons on Walloon, turkeys in the
woods and deer all over the place.

A full moon rising over Walloon.

The outstanding early morning bird hikes
and late night star talks with former
Camp Director, author and “Mr.
Michigania” Glen Williams.

The thrill of Ensign rides in a heavy
northwest blow with water pouring

over the leeward rail. (It won't
capsize, honest. We know from
experience!)

The more dubious thrill of capsizing in a smaller
sailboat and being rescued by the always-alert Boating
staff in their Whalers.

The many friendships formed which promise to be
lifelong.

The physical improvements to Camp which have been
achieved without changing the Camp's basic
appearance or charm.

Need we say more?

Oh, yes—Getting our letter saying “YOU'RE IN”!

Marty and Anne Kelly

* * * * *

I believe I first went to Camp Michigania about
1970. I loved Camp, especially the competition. I
competed in archery and swimming, but sailboat
racing in the “Butterflies” was my favorite. I had sailed
and raced in Chesapeake Bay, so I expected to do very
well.

In those days, they had what was known as the
“Skipper of the Week” award. Everyone raced in one
of three races. The top three finishers in each heat then
raced a “Butterfly” in a sail-off. The winner was
“Skipper of the Week”.

The first year that I raced in the sail-off, I only
finished fourth. I consoled myself by saying that it was
not a fair race, as it had a “downwind” start. All
sailboat races should start “upwind.” But horrors, the
race was won by a “Buckeye,” who somehow had
gotten into camp. After the race he told me that he had

won two years in a row. Then and there I set some lofty goals for the next year for myself.

Goals:

1. Place first, second, or third in archery
2. Place first, second, or third in number of quarter-miles in swimming.
3. Qualify for the sail-off
4. Show that “Buckeye” who was the better racing sailor, when given an “upwind” start.

I swear I thought of my goals every day for a solid year. Most of all I dreamed of beating that “Buckeye.”

The next year finally came. Thank goodness the “Buckeye” was back too. By Friday morning, it looked like my goals could all be met. I shot archery. Did pretty good. Then qualified for the sail-off. Everyday I swam a quarter mile. That should have been good enough for third place. Friday came and I went down to swim a quarter mile, only to discover that others had done a lot of swimming. I was way back in the standings. I had to catch up. I must have swum 3/4 of a mile, or a mile. All I remember was that I was so exhausted that I could hardly move. I was too exhausted to even get into a “Butterfly.” I never did race that “Buckeye.” I never did find out who was the better man. I was not the only one taking aim at the “Buckeye.” He was beaten by a Michigan man.

Probably, one of the happiest moments of my life occurred years later. I did win the “Skipper of the Week” award. Then the following year I won “Skipper of the Week” at Camp Michigania East.

John B. Hazelworth '47 '49 MS

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In 1958 our daughter checked out Camp Huntingdon, found it good, and predicted great things for the region. Her prediction came to beautiful flower!

Our week at Camp Michigania has become very important to our family. What started out as a delightful vacation for the children and adults has become, in addition, an eagerly anticipated annual family reunion.

For the past 53 years Virginia and I have used a family picture as part of our Christmas card greeting. (We send it only to those who don't object to that type of thing--chacun á son goût--we think of it as depicting the tangible things we have contributed to this world.) In 1970 we made our informal portrait in Camp Michigania's baseball field, and there were 11 in the group. At home the portraits had become more and more of a chore for the posers: at Camp Michigania it was a lark! For the past 13 years the beautiful Michigania background has been an annual feature. As the size of the group increased (19 now) we found it easier to arrange the generations on the "monkey bars" (with a tip of the hat to Darwin and his ideas).

There are more interesting and varied pursuits and opportunities available to Camp than any one individual can encompass. It's a toss-up whether the young children, the post-adolescents, or the adults enjoy it more, but we're all making plans for next year. So far our group has returned the kindness by supplying only one counselor, Susan Lang, Nursery in 1986, more are planning on (or hoping for) that honor.

Fred '62 AM and Virginia Lang

* * * * *

Our daughter, Karen, puts it succinctly, “I loved every minute we were there. Most of all, I remember Glen. He **was** camp!”

As for other miscellaneous thoughts, I recall with some degree of disgust (even after more than 30 years) the urine stained mattresses, saggy cots, and the wasps' nest under North Camp 4 that first year. The cabins had potential and were much roomier than the little sheds at “Bug Camp” where our then four year-old son learned to say “quadrilateral lithoplane” and cheered for his parents during the heated volleyball games that became a camp tradition. Lake Forman no longer has a sign on it, but those of us who remember its creation smile and are thankful for its existence. As a family, we entered the remodeling of camp with enthusiasm. I remember sewing curtains while Donn wired the cabins. My kids remember sword fighting with loaded paint brushes during the pre-camp fix-up periods.

We grew to love South 4 and asked to stay there every year. Before the trees grew, we could open the front window and see the expanse of Walloon Lake with the beautiful mahogany sailboats racing in the distance--a more beautiful picture to me than any TV could provide. The nights were often so cold in late August that I took to stashing a small electric heater in the attic of the cabin so that I wouldn't have to bring it back every year when I wanted to warm up our quarters. One year during pre-camp we were assigned to the log cabin. It was an honor and a real treat because it had a fireplace and its own bathroom.

Many things have had to change since those early days. There are no more fireworks on July fourth. My son remembers shooting off rockets on Welcome Hill under the supervision of the then head of the Aeronautical Engineering Department, Wilbur Nelson. Mothers used to weave baskets at the lake shore while we watched our kids splashing each other. A group of us used to swim across the lake and back with our children accompanied only by a couple of rowboats. The “kids” recall the odd assortment of wooden boats and canoes. One sailboat seemed to sail sideways during a race. (Ed. Note: It was the Pelican.) One year we almost “bought” a horse because all five of us rode daily. There were some hairy returns to the horse barn in the dark at full tilt when Don and “Silver” Usher held sway over the riding area. Safety concerns and insurance have changed all of that.

Despite a period when our children were grown and scattered across the country and we didn't come to Camp, Camp Michigania has always held a very special place in our hearts. We've met so many wonderful people from all over. We have learned new skills, been exposed to new ideas, and have watched with joy as our children have been bringing their own offspring to the shores of Walloon Lake for the past four summers. We know that they will continue to carry on the support and loyalty to one of the best activities that the Alumni Association has ever undertaken.

Edie '48, '75 AM and Donn Resnick and family

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Living in western Canada, we have had few opportunities to expose our sons Ewen and Fraser to the culture of The University of Michigan community. In fact, their only exposure to things “Michigan” was seeing our U of M sweatshirts and listening to us cheer during Rose Bowl games on TV.

However, when Ewen turned five and Fraser three, we felt it was time to re-establish our links with the U of M, so we signed up for our first summer at Camp Michigania. Ewen was enjoying being with the other 5 year-olds and Fraser with the 3-4s, but we had no idea how much the boys were learning at camp until Tuesday. That day at lunch Ewen said, very seriously, “The University of Michigan is a special place isn't it, and the people who go there are special too?” Norm and I quickly confirmed that he was 100 per-cent correct. We were delighted to hear that the unique pride which comes from being a part of the Michigan community had been passed on so quickly to a young camper at Camp Michigania.

Each year since then we have added new friends at camp, to the point where now the words Camp Michigania conjure up images of a series of people rather than the superb fleet of sailboats, or even the beautiful view of Lake Walloon from the flagpole on Wednesday evening. Camp Michigania is a space in which friendships develop that would not get started elsewhere in so short a time. Maybe the sense of belongingness we all feel on returning to Camp Michigania fosters a greater openness than would be possible elsewhere. Who knows, maybe the time spent in line for meals is part of it too.

Camp's atmosphere of acceptance (of all things U of M related) has allowed all of us to try out new things we would be more leery of attempting at home -

trapshooting, swimming across the lake, raising assorted spinnakers, making plaster sculptures, using chocolate, rather than white milk, on granola for breakfast, planning 10 p.m. cookie raids on the faculty forum and of course becoming “entertainers” at various Ken n' Koke parties. We've even stooped to waking up a roomful of sleeping teenage boys (as well as the rest of North Camp) for breakfast with a rousing piece of bagpipe music. Even several years later, reminders of this bagpipe reveille bring forth threats of vengeance.

From the Cameron Family
Norman '71 PhD, Beverly '67 AB, '92 PhD,
Ewen and Fraser

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Our first year as experimental campers was at the Douglas Lake Biology Station. The quadrilateral-lithoplane was the popular center of activities during the day, while at night the place to meet was down the path with the young ones. It was a good experience for all.

The second year at Camp Charlevoix was a place to go while the Camp Committee looked for a permanent location. Jack Shuler, Marion Fead, Harold Maurer and Burrie Otis scoured the northern reaches. Camp Sherwood was selected and the full committee approved their choice wondering how they would be able to meet their financial obligation.

The pre-season Memorial Day week-end of cleaning up the Camp was as much fun as work. At home there were curtains to be made and sheets to be repaired. Many people contributed in order to be ready

for the first year of full operation. To be realistic is was just the beginning of years of work and contribution by loyal alumni campers.

Now that we have returned with our children and grandchildren, Camp Michigania has progressed beyond our fondest dreams, the new cabins and the Education Center make it a gathering place for all seasons.

This past January our grandson, Matt Sell, was comparing notes with his classmates about the camps they were going to during the coming summer. One to a tennis camp, one to a baseball camp, etc. and Matt said that the one he went to had all those activities and more which he promptly listed. Their comment to him was that they would rather go to his camp.

Marjorie Sell '39 AB

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We have been coming to Camp Michigania for twenty five years. We are still excited about it! We watch for the "M" signs, the Camp entrance, the painted rock and our first glimpse of Walloon Lake with child-like anticipation. We know this is a special place for family and for fellow campers who have become solid friends over the years.

Our children were seven, five, and three our first year at Camp. There were opportunities for all our interests and being new, we tried almost everything! We had great fun and we shared activities together as a family. Each year we looked forward to Riding, Archery and Riflery, the beach and of course, the food! We made new friends and greeted old ones. We added

“Grandpa” and our godchild, Heather, to the camper list.

Camp Michigania became a real part of our lives. Once a year was not enough. We began to come for Work Weekend over Memorial Day holiday. It was a whole new experience at Camp. When a place is special to you, painting, fixing and beautifying it becomes an act of love and fun time, not a chore. Making curtains for all the cabins, planting flowers, fixing screen doors, roofing cabins, painting everything Tudor brown and building decks and porches were jobs that made “our Camp” a better place. It was not all work, we cooked together and danced to the player piano. We sat in front of the fire and shared Kentucky Fried Chicken on the last day. We braved freezing cold, rain, heat and some gorgeous spring days. It was worth it! Even the littlest child knew that this was a special place.

We have many fond memories of Camp. We watched the stars and the full eclipse of the moon on top of Welcome Hill or laying on blankets on the tennis courts. We experienced the changing colors of Walloon Lake and the sudden thunderstorm that toppled the flagpole and “turtled” all the sailboats. We shared the adult lounge with most of the Camp when it rained the entire week. We have laughed and cried and shared with “staph” and campers. We've stayed awake through Faculty Forums and enjoyed the beauty of the nature around us.

Eleven years ago we moved to Alabama. We continue to come to Camp twice a year.

Our children are grown. They have been campers and “staphers” and their love for Camp has continued. Our daughter met her husband on staph. (He an Ohio State Buckeye. We thought she was safe

from the dangers of the outside world!) Now our children bring their spouses and their children to share the activities and excitement they experienced over the years. A new love for Camp is developing. In 1992, twenty members of our family, four generations, shared Ninth Week in this special place.

There is a sameness we look forward to each year. There is change which we must adjust to. The sights and sounds, the changing colors of the lake, the “staph” and campers and especially the GO BLUE SPIRIT is still here at Camp Michigania, our special place. It keeps drawing us back!

T.W. “Woodie” '61 BSEEE, Norma Zeigler
and family

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Our first week was way back over 20 years ago during a fourth of July week. Then somehow we were assigned Ninth Week and have been coming “the sailing week” ever since. The best Bob and I can recall “sailing week” just evolved as many of us that week kept arriving with our boats behind us !!! We have “Thistled” over 25 years but I don't think we ever have had as much fun as our “racing” days at camp...the Michigania Classics...the All Lake Regattas. In the early years we sailed against some other Thistlers...The Elams, the Holzaepfels and the La Crosses. (I, in fact, lost a front tooth when my boom swung over my head and pulled the main sheet out of my mouth while rounding a mark trying to beat Jim La Crosse!)

Our son, Jeff, also took up sailing avidly and came so very close to winning the Junior National Championship in Chicago. He did, however, win

“Skipper of the Week” as a teenager and was allowed to attend the Keg 'n Koke party just long enough to accept his award. I think soon after that the “Sun Regatta” came about!

In addition we've enjoyed many hours on the tennis courts. I have always looked forward to our annual women's doubles with Nancy Renner—believe we've won a few over the years!

I could go on and on enumerating the many wonderful experiences we have been so fortunate to enjoy. What kept us coming back were the friends we made, the variety of programs, and faculty forums, and the staff—The Formans, the Birchfields, the Flemings all, and you, and your family, Glen.

Not only am I proud of my university, I am also grateful to the Alumni Association for providing me with a lifetime of enrichment.

We look forward to many more years at Camp Michigania.

Carol Eiber '58 BSN

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Jerry and I and our three children (Bruce, 8; Beth, 7; and Dan, 5) drove into Camp in our station wagon with a Sears Sportyak tied on top, only to be met by Thomet, the assistant camp director, who jeered and jabbed at our “worthless” sailing craft. “A camper brought one of “those” to camp several weeks ago and nobody could sail it. Have fun!” (Incidentally, Thomet & Jerry had been sparring ping pong foes at West Quad some years earlier.)

Being eager campers, we all changed to swim suits, ran to the Camp beach, checked out for our B/S

tests, and enjoyed the beautiful lake the remainder of the afternoon. That was to be a fortuitous move, as Sunday noon the rains came-ALL WEEK, night and day, except Wednesday afternoon, when it dried up enough to have the picnic outdoors, and late Friday morning.

Wednesday evening the camp counselors performed a miracle. They transformed the dining hall into a FAIR! Campers were given tickets to participate in the various booths: pie throwing, balloon popping, ball throwing events, while an adults- only WESTERN SALOON wooed the mothers and fathers to its card-playing tables. The “dealers” were counselors and lawyer/camper John Grayson dressed in an off the shoulder formal gown.

The fair was the brainchild of Miles Stern, then Boating Director, and executed by Glen Williams and the program staff, who was afraid that Camp would be deserted by midweek due to the continuous (daily and nightly) rain that drenched all camp, campers and limited activities. There being no Laundromat in camp; by Wednesday dry or clean clothes were a rarity. All living units were strung with clothes lines full of dripping socks, shirts, etc. Sweatshirts were being worn wrong side out for the “cleanest” side to show.

Arts & Crafts and Nature were crammed. Riflery was open sporadically, during light precipitation. Cartoon movies, card games, and socializing were options at the dining hall; ping pong & teen lounge were popular at the old barn!

All week we had heard from Bob Forman and Thomet that the ultimate event of camp week was the Michigania Classic Regatta of Thursday afternoon. Having the only privately-owned boat at Camp, Jerry was the only person sailing ALL week - in the high

winds and rain(!) except the few, brief times that sailing was open. Surprisingly the rains did let up enough to allow this event to occur. With no vision of victory, Jerry entered the race with the Sportyak - a seven-foot, lee-boarded, plastic boat with a whopping thirty-two square feet of red plastic sail. The starting line was directly in front of the Boat House and Jerry got a fine start. But, lo and behold, not 20 feet into this 1st leg of the triangle in front of the entire gallery of spectators, the 19-foot Lightning mercilessly thundered into the Sportyak. This, of course, resulted in the penultimate event of the camp week, i.e., the race disqualification of the Lightning and its skipper, BOB FORMAN! Jerry with the Sportyak came in 2nd!!

Friday noon the sun “came out” for the first time ALL WEEK! The beach and all activities were jammed. As the Patterson family drove out of Camp Saturday morning, our Bruce asked, “Can we come back next year??” We have been returning ever since!

Jerrold '54 MS, '58 MD, '62 MDRes and
Liz Patterson

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Camp Michigania is first and foremost a family affair.

The sense of family at Michigania begins with spouses and their children and evolves to the extended family of your own special week. Life-long friendships have grown with campers sharing joys and sorrows while watching their children mature. The strength of these family ties extends far beyond 400 acres on Walloon.

Since the early 70's the Greenberg family of Farmington Hills has been blessed with two Michigan families, Tenth Week and Memorial Day Work Weekend. Each of those, as with every week throughout the summer, has its own devotees, its regular subscribers, its unique character and the wonderful Michigan memories we all treasure so dearly.

Among the many Memorial Weekend families in the 70's were the Montgomerys, the Von Bernthals and the Remingtons. Mike Montgomery (Director of Education for Michigan Bell) on piano, Hans Von Bernthal (a stockbroker) on coronet, and the late Dick Remington (then Dean of the University's Public Health School) on tuba, formed a jazz band which played many clubs in the Ann Arbor-Detroit area.

Many Michigan campers have read the dedication plaque on the piano in the North Lounge that has served so well for so many Keg n' Koke evenings. The piano was contributed to Camp in memory of Mike's father, Tom, a Past-Director of The Alumni Association. (Ed. Note: It was Tom Montgomery, then a Director on the national Board of Directors of the Alumni Association, who made the original motion for the purchase of the camp property.) Each Work Weekend it was a joy to see Mike take apart the piano and lovingly clean each individual key.

For an hour or so each Sunday night after the family dinner Memorial Weekend, the Montgomery-Von Bernthal-Remington Jazz Band entertained in the North Lounge.

Montgomery's son, Rob, and Jon Greenberg, then both about age ten, were studying trumpet and always looked forward to the concert. They would look on in awe as the jazz band went through its catchy

numbers. During a conversation at the end of one concert, Mike Montgomery told the boys to bring their trumpets the next Memorial Day Weekend.

You can imagine the boys great delight, the following year, with trumpets in hand, when they were invited to sit in while Montgomery-Von Bernthal and Remington accompanied their halting duet of “The Victors” and the one other song both boys knew. It wasn't Carnegie Hall, but that incident stayed with those two boys and the audience for some time to come. It was a magic moment that inspired all with the great sense of care for one another typical of Camp Michigania families.

As proud as the Greenbergs and the Montgomerys were of their two boys that day, they couldn't have been prouder several years later when they saw the two of them on the football field as members of the U of M Marching Band.

The trumpet duet of so many Memorial Days ago came full circle during the Keg n' Koke Tenth Week, 1993, when Jon Greenberg, now a mature musician and member of a local band teamed with Burt Stratton (harmonica), Howard Husock (guitar) and Charlie Loesel (guitar) for a delightful set of polished, professional jazz.

All of us have similar wonderful memories of this week or that, but we're especially graced with two special Camp Michigania families, Tenth Week and Memorial Day Work Weekend.

Dan '54 AB and Rox Greenberg

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Camp Michigania has been a part of our family for 26 years. Teri was six years-old when we made our first trip to Camp. Susan was three and Jolynn one. Actually, Jolynn perfected her walking ability in the beach sand of Walloon. The next year I came alone with the girls as Joe was at Ohio State specializing in Periodontia. What a week that was! I was in Cabin South 10...could I have been any further from the dining hall???? Everyone came to my aid...and we were all hooked. Where else could we find such a safe and caring atmosphere for our family?

The next year Dr. Joe came alone with the girls...I had just had J.B. on May 6th. Again, all went well as fellow campers were so caring. This kept happening as eventually God blessed us the "7" Schneiders...all born in April, May or June...but regardless...Camp was always a must!!!!

Each year we'd pull up on "Welcome Hill" sometimes with a motor home since we outgrew all else...we'd all get our tags, hug everyone and the kids would be gone!!!! Everyone running to their favorite site...checking on their friends, the boats, the horses, the trails, the cabins...what fun!!!!

We've had many Schneider kids on staph...they have many great memories and still try to visit Camp when we're there for our Fourth Week happening.

There have been lots of changes in 26 years...we're especially going to miss the gatherings at the shower house...and of course, "Welcome Hill." We will never miss the "old" 0-2 nursery. We could never get any of our babies to stay there. We had North 2A and they saw us every time we tried to walk pass the nursery...beach towels to hide behind were never long enough.

We have always been a great volleyball week...the men beat the staph frequently. But the women...well...a couple years ago, Laurie Gross thought they needed some help. She recruited our John to dress up like a girl camper so he could play. He might have gotten away with it if Laurie hadn't gotten carried away with the makeup...campers just don't wear makeup! Everyone had their picture taken with the cute "very shapely" new camper before "he" disappeared to reappear for the men's volleyball game.

Just happened to think of another thing we'll miss with the construction of new South 5...BATS!!!! We always had a resident bat in South 5A!!!! Year after year, Joe and I would hide under the covers as it would fly through the unit. This would only happen the first night. Needless to say, the second night all cracks were sealed with tissue. Rumor has it that some campers refused to stay in South 5A because of the Bat...what sissies!!!!

Erin "our seventh" is now 16...we're considering Camp Switzerland since we've been there before and want to take Erin but Erin loves Camp Michigania so much and I doubt that we can fit in both so you know where we'll be!!!!

Joseph '59 DDS and Marilyn Schneider

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We tried to think of something extra-special for you, but there isn't any, because every year is extra-special.

However if we had to pick one week it would be our first First-Week. I had been a member of the Alumni Association since graduating. As such I

received the annual mailing of the Camp brochure. I always thought that when Mary and I had children, Camp Michigania would be worth a try. So when the second child turned one, it seemed a good time to give it a shot. When I got the brochure that year I promptly sent it in. In the meantime I happened to mention our plans to a fellow U of M grad and co-worker Joe Bird. He began extolling the virtues of Camp and advised as to how, when he was growing up, his family had vacationed there and in fact he was himself a former staffer (or is it stapher)? He couldn't say enough about the place and he was even more excited than I was.

Well, with Mr. Bird as my source, when we got the application for camp, I immediately went to him for advice as to the week to choose for our preference. He cautioned about First Week weather, and how unpredictable (meaning cold) it could be and how the lake didn't really warm up until later, so naturally we picked our weeks for the mid-summer, sent our application in and then waited, and waited, and waited, and WAITED! When late-May rolled around and we hadn't heard, I called the Association and spoke to Jack Birchfield about our status. He advised us that we were on the waiting list for the respective weeks. I inquired as to what weeks were available and he informed me that First Week had plenty of space. I thought "No wonder" given the advance weather report from Joe. Mary and I talked it over and decided that a sure vacation was better than a "maybe" vacation so we took the plunge.

The weather couldn't have been better that year (1983). The days were sunny and in the 80's; the nights cool enough to sleep like Rip Van Winkle, the breezes steady for sailing and the lake just right to refresh for swimming. In other words, perfect! Mary and I

couldn't understand what Joe had been talking about. (In the years to follow, boy, did we learn!) Well, we were hooked. We have been back every year since. We, of course, loved the weather that first year, but the real pleasure was the people. It is a sheer joy to be able to spend a week with the families who have now become our friends. Each year at the campers' introductions, I point out that First-Week weather may not be the nicest, but the people surely are. And you know what? I'm always right!

Sincerely,
First-Week Campers '83-'93:
Robert Fortunate '71 AB,
Mary Fortunate
Elizabeth Fortunate
Edward Fortunate
Kathleen Fortunate

* * * * *

For the first several years of U of M Family Camp, our family attended regularly, starting as pioneer campers at Douglas Lake "Bug" Camp—the quadrilateral lithoplane, the story man, the trampoline, so many good things, and the tired metal housing. The second year at Camp Charlevoix, the Shakespearean scholar performed as an ad hoc electrician to cope with the eccentricities presented by an overtaxed electrical system and a midnight flashlight was a survival necessity.

The second-year program, with rental of the Detroit Athletic Club boys' camp and girls' camp on Walloon Lake, opened the right question to the right people at the right time: whether or not the Alumni Association should buy those two adjoining camps.

We are proud to have been among the bondholders to aid toward the initial purchase. After the decision to buy, proposed names were considered and lo, Camp Michigania came to be.

Camp Michigania, where children disappear from dawn to dusk; where activities include archery, arts and crafts, bird hikes (pretty early), riding, riflery, trapshooting, swimming, sailing, tennis, volleyball, physical activities of every kind; where one may attend lectures on non-required subjects: the acculturation of Uzbekistan, programming your PC to lace and tie one shoe; where lifestyle progresses year by year: paneled interiors, hot water from every cabin sink, even some living units containing showers, and the just-completed Education Conference Center; where staff gives 100% seven days a week.

In 1964, Flo's parents, Gordon and Louise Kingsbury, classes of 1911 and 1912 respectively, attended Camp with us. In 1992, we ourselves were grandparents present at Camp with our three sons and families (Bruce from Michigan, Stuart from Oregon, Bob from California), including our five grandchildren.

Once in the 1970s, just the two of us came and stayed in North Camp 13. Our children were in the process of college education and growing up. We enjoyed the week but missed the larger individual family unit we had previously experienced. In 1993, Bruce and his children came with us. 1994? Perhaps we can all come back again.

Douglas O. Froelich '44
Florence K. Froelich '48

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Camp Michigania. Hard to think of summer in the Fink family without thinking of Fourth of July week on Walloon Lake. The parade. Children's painted faces. The flag raising. Twenty-one gun salutes. The picnic. Ants. But most of all, family. Ours and the rest of the campers, most of whom we see one week every year. Kind of like time-lapse photography—a year older with each passing week.

It's been this way almost as long as we can remember. And for our kids, literally that long. We can mark the stages of their lives by looking at those time-lapse photos in the album.

Annette and I began coming to Camp in 1973. The two of us have never missed a year. Twenty-one summer weeks in all, to date. That first year we packed plenty of disposable diapers in the trunk. Marc was just two, and won the “most improved camper award” in the 0 to 2 nursery that year, when he managed to stop crying on the very last day.

The tears now come at the thought of leaving Camp at the end of the week, for Marc. It's become the favorite spot in the world for our now 23-year-old U of M senior. And no wonder why this boy has always been pure maize and blue, and aspired from childhood to attend the Ann Arbor campus. Camp Michigania provided that not-so-subtle, but oh-so-pleasant brainwashing.

Sheri was almost five when she first looked at that deep blue lake. It was love at first sight. She, too, marks the stages of growing up by reference to summers at Camp Michigania, including the one on “staph” as AC director. When Sheri later worked two summers as counselor at the same children's camp near Zermatt, Switzerland that U of M rents, she raved

about its beauty. But the next summer, back on Walloon Lake, she observed that even Switzerland's scenic beauty couldn't compare. For Sheri, too, Camp is the most beautiful spot on earth. Having graduated from U of M and now in the process of completing her medical education at Stanford in Palo Alto, California, Sheri still travels back, if only for a few days out of each summer week, to join her family at that beloved spot that holds such wonderful memories.

Rounding out the family experience for more than the last dozen years, have been Annette's parents, Phil and Elma Rader. These octogenarians still wouldn't miss bird walks and camp activities. Phil takes special pride in the fact that his 1933 U of M dental degree makes him a shoo-in for the "youngest at heart" award.

There are literally too many wonderful memories for too little space. Suffice it to say life would be much different, and far less pleasant, without Camp Michigania. And, God willing, maybe one day Annette and I will be the grandparents who accompany another generation to march in the Fourth of July parade to the flag pole.

Herschel Fink

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There are many bests about Camp Michigania. Seeing Lake Walloon from Welcome Hill the first time we came is indelibly entered into our memories. The view was breath-taking, but it was the ensuing experiences that make the view so important. Luann and I first saw Camp from some slides the Gross family was kind enough to show us. You see, when

Luann was a child, Laurie, a class mate in school, would relate stories about this wonderful fantasy land up north. Luann was always very excited to hear Laurie's tales and when the opportunity first came, soon after Luann graduated from U of M, Luann joined the Alumni Association just to be able to go to Camp Michigania. The pictures we saw were of camp thirty years earlier and when we arrived the lake was just as beautiful, the skies just as sunny, the cabins just as buggy.

Our first year it was just the two of us. We were placed in North 10 which Laurie called the honeymoon cabin. Both of us were child campers so with that experience in mind we began our Camp Michigania tour. Each night when we returned to our cabin we would tell each other of the wonderful time we had, the great people we had met, the new discoveries and accomplishments we achieved and how sore our muscles were. My goal was to have my lanyard covered with colors and filled in completely. I tried everything. It was terrific. Since that first year we have been to camp for 13 consecutive years, all as second-week campers. A place to renew past friendships and add new friends to the list that are endeared to our hearts. The staff included. It has been stated that after one or two years of Camp, seeing the same people and renewing old friendships, it is like you have been best friends for many years. Sharing experiences about Camp when seeing other campers away from Camp is always a highlight. The warmth and love is the most common theme shared at these times.

Recently, my brother and his wife, who have never been to Camp Michigania but have heard about its virtues from us, were traveling from Cape Cod to

Martha's Vineyard on a ferry. They were sitting near a couple discussing a wonderful place in Michigan with much excitement in their voices. My brother approached them saying that he over heard their conversation and was wondering if the place they were talking about was Camp Michigania. They said yes and they shared some splendid stories about their experiences with my brother and his wife. Now my brother is anxious to visit this place himself.

For several years, two Second Week traditions have developed. The first is a softball challenge between the staff and the campers. This started our first year (1981) and the tradition has been on going. The highlight for me is the camaraderie developed between the staff and the campers. The fun, the competition, the thrill of team victory or joking after a team defeat. Then at the Keg n' Koke, the roasting that goes on all in jest about the victorious side, the unusual events and the special times. The second is the gathering of Second Week campers for a picnic prior to a Saturday football game in Ann Arbor. Many of us gather and share and reminisce our stories.

Our children have grown up at Camp Michigania. As we look at pictures of the cookout night, campfire night or Family Olympics, we realize the fun, excitement and memories that camp has provided for us. When during the year, what with our and our children's busy schedules, do we get to spend relaxing, peaceful, enjoyable, stress free time. Watching them explore the woods and animals at Nature or learning skills in Boating or Swimming or experiencing riding a horse or shooting a bow and arrow. Or better yet, experiencing these simultaneously with them. One year during Lead Line our daughter, Amy was sun beaten and exhausted. The years when

getting from the cabin to Riding meant dad had to be the horse to get her there and back. I was walking amidst the muck and mire of horse product and my wife was outside the rail with her camera. My daughter was so exhausted that with all of the excitement of her first Lead Line ride, while waiting in line we noticed that she was getting sleepy. As she mounted the horse her head started to bob. I played games with her to keep her awake, but before I could dodge the next pile of excrement, I looked back as my wife screamed, “Bill, Amy is asleep and will fall off.” We laughed, took a few pictures and had a great time. We have now seen our children go from the nursery, to getting an “H” on their lanyards, to making their own lanyards, to being able to negotiate money for purchasing candy at the store, to getting their gold “M’s,” bulls eye in Archery, fish in Swimming and soon, skipper on the waters of Lake Walloon.

Having a place like Camp is something our family talks about all year long. We dearly cherish camp and its memories. From the day after our camping week ends, through football and basketball and hockey seasons, we are always being asked when does Camp start next year. We found that our entire summer is based first on our plan to attend Camp Michigania.

Bill '67 JD, Luann, Amy and Rachel Garber

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When we try to think of a special time at Camp Michigania it summons up an overdose of remembered bliss. Was it the night when we were coming up from Faculty Forum and looked over our shoulders to see a

breath-taking display of Northern Lights? We had seen them before and have seen them since, but never like this—billowing waves of celestial light.

We ran to South Camp 3 and woke Jason and Kaela up for a once-in-a-lifetime vision. The light rippled across the northern sky like lace curtains being pushed by an electric fan. The kids groused about “what’s the big deal?” but they have never forgotten it.

It is no coincidence that the things that first come to mind involve the kids. Jason remembers the year he was 12 years-old and the only pre-teen in camp and the Teen Director let him join the older kids, who fully accepted him. He also remembers the two years that the Teen Director (Tim Zeigler) came up with a complete sound and light show and let him run the lights for the teen dance.

Kaela remembers the years when she was a “young teen” and the older teens included her in when they went out to the Sand Pit to sing and listen to the guitar after the regular teen program broke up. The acceptance effect at Camp Michigania, which makes it so great for adults, was reflected in the kids. One year we rented a small power boat, which we were going to use for water skiing. But it was used mostly by our kids and their friends to take lunch trips over to the now-demised Keyhole Pizza in Walloon Village.

Some nights our kids would bring three or four of their friends to spend the night sleeping on sleeping bags on our floor. We were invited into their late-night talk sessions. “Were you alive in the 60’s?” one kid asked. When we told them that we lived next to Lincoln Park where the hippies huddled for the 1968 convention and its spin-off pyrotechnics. It was as if we were talking about the Jurassic Age.

Now, we've become Empty Nesters, but the blow has usually been softened when our kids went on staff. Several of our friends stopped coming when their kids grew up and were dispersed by jobs. It's their loss. Undistracted by kids, we have been able to make new friends and cement old friendships. We have been at the camp for 21 years: Judy got up in freezing Eleventh Week nights to nurse Kaela at 3 a.m. We walked the cabin floor with Jason when he had a 104' temperature. We argued with them about curfews and pretended we were asleep when they and their friends trooped in at 2 a.m. In some ways we miss that, but it's nice to not have to deal with it.

Having said all that, we can hardly wait to come to Camp some day with our kids and our grandchildren. Then we can do Lead Line all over again and run in the sack race and the three-legged races at the Family Olympics and cheer them on at the Water Carnival.

Judith '61 AB and Morry Roth

* * * * *

*Curving windswept drifts
Graceful lines from windows viewed
Marshmallow topping?*

U-M ADMINISTRATION

Many of the administrators, regents and staff have visited or attended camp. There have been several regents of The University of Michigan who have camped or visited with us. Regent Irene Murphy came many years in a row with her granddaughter. Regent Tom Roach, and his wife Sally, have also visited camp much to the delight of any and all who had a contact with them. Bob Nederlander and family were regular campers *and* regular winners in the mixed doubles tournament!

I think that former U-M President Robben Fleming has been the only president to visit Camp. I remember presenting Sally and Bob Fleming with their name tags (blue lanyard, of course) and as I put it around his neck, I said something like, "I now confer upon you the title of camper par excellence." President Fleming immediately quipped, "This is the first time, I've ever been hooded from the front."

The deans and associate deans of the various schools, colleges and campuses are represented to a great extent as presenters at Faculty Forums, along with the department heads and directors of many campus units.

As for athletic representation, each head football coach has visited and made presentations, much to the delight of the campers and over the decades, many assistant football coaches have as well, including Jack Harbaugh who brought little son, Jimmy, who got dirty playing football with a bunch of other kids—and he still is!

*Among other things
Cooler air brings an end to
Mosquito music!*

THE DIRECTORS

There have only been eight directors over these 31 years, some serving for a couple of years and some providing extended service. I have asked each to prepare some written remarks which appear on the following pages.

Rod Grambeau (1961 & 1962)

In the beginning there was John E. Tirrell, General Secretary of the Alumni Association, more affectionately known as Jack; Frank Ortman, President of the Board of Directors; and Jack Shuler, a Board member who, with other members, had a vision. That vision began with the Alumni Family Camp at Douglas Lake and has developed into the present Camp Michiganiana and the other many outstanding Family Camp experiences offered by The Alumni Association of The University of Michigan.

Jack Tirrell, then General Secretary, acting as business agent for the Board of Directors, hired me as Camp Director with responsibility for developing a program for the one-week camps, securing a competent staff to guide the program, and to manage the actual camp operations.

The 16 member staff for the first camp was selected from University of Michigan Physical Education Faculty, faculty from Ann Arbor High School and University of Michigan graduate students. They were assisted by valuable staff from the Alumni Association and support staff from the University of Michigan Biological Station at Douglas Lake.

One of the memories that remains with me as I recall this experience of some 31 years ago, was the spirit and cooperation of the staff and especially the Pioneer Alumni Campers. The living quarters were not designed for families and it was necessary to adhere to ecological regulations required in a biological camp setting, but these campers accepted the drawbacks and had a wonderful time! They were true *pioneers*!

Directing the Camp in the second year proved to be an even greater challenge as the camps were operated simultaneously at two different sites which required two staffs. One camp was held at Camp Charlevoix on Lake Charlevoix and the other camp was held at Camp Sherwood - Huntingdon Camp at Walloon Lake. Much of my time was spent commuting between the two camps for routine program decisions, but also in "putting out fires" like threatened strikes by the cooks at one camp and the cowboys in charge of the riding program at the other camp. Fortunately, these problems were successfully solved.

Another experience I recall was tramping through knee deep snow at Camp Sherwood - Huntingdon Camp with Jack Shuler in February, following the close of the second year of camping. The purpose of the knee deep hike was to make a final inspection of the camp site prior to Jack's recommending to the Board of Directors that they make an offer for Camp Sherwood - Huntingdon Camp

to Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, a wonderful elderly couple who owned the Camp and who had many years of camping experience with boys and girls. They accepted the offer and I truly believe that they, too, had a future vision for their Camp.

I greatly enjoyed working with Jack Tirrell, Jack Shuler, and Frank Ortman, as well as members of the Board of Directors and members of the Alumni Association staff involved with the Camp program. My hat is off to these people and in particular to Jack Tirrell for his leadership, foresight, and tireless devotion to the Alumni Family Camping Program.

The tradition established by Jack has continued and grown stronger thanks to the leadership provided by Bob Forman, the devotion of the staff directly responsible for the camping program and to the many University of Michigan alumni who have participated.

Dr. Rodney J. Grambeau

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Bill Stegath (1963 & 1971)

My first visit to what was to become Camp Michigania was in January, 1963 on a cold, brilliant winter's day with a mantle of new snow sparkling in the sun. The snow was so deep on Camp Daggett Road, it took two tries to get up the big hill from Sumner Road to Camp Sherwood Road. The Camp road had been plowed by Ron Powers, then camp caretaker, and as I rounded the final corner looking toward Walloon Lake, the view was breath-taking. What a special piece of property! But my exhilaration was tempered by the realization that in six short months, Camp Sherwood/Huntingdon Camp would

have to be converted from a children's camp to a facility for families, and all of us were neophytes for such an undertaking. That night, more snow fell and through the next day, too, prevented further examination except for the barn and kitchen and dining facilities.

Later, in February when the entire Camp was inventoried for tax purposes, including all beds, mattresses, boats, maintenance gear, etc., it was necessary to use snow-shoes to get to the buildings...on some, we had to scoop away the snow from the door-knobs to open the door! It was on this later occasion that Herb Nichols of the U-M Development office was so helpful in identifying some of the needs that were to be on our "Gifts-in-Kind" list. So my first indelible memory is of that first winter.

Now, thirty years later, many more alumni will have the opportunity to see the Camp in it's winter glory from comfortable facilities, and not have to be towed back out to the main roads as was I when the blizzard ended! Since then, there have been uncountable memorable moments. Here, then are a few vignettes from that kaleidoscope.

The crash program of remodeling all the cabins for family use was under Ron Power's guidance with the able help of Herm Bergman, a task that was completed in South Camp for the First Week and the North Camp for full camp beginning the Second Week. We are all indebted to Burrie Otis and By West of the Sanborn, Steketee, Otis and Evans architectural firm of Toledo, for measuring all the buildings and making new drawings for each unit. Gifts of material, time and equipment were forthcoming from many, but a few deserve special mention: the Masonite Corporation, for paneling; the Red Mill Lumber

Company of Traverse City, for lumber and insulation; electrical supplies from Donn Resnick who spent long weekends with his family rewiring all the buildings; and plumbing fixtures provided by Burt Shifman. A major gift of kitchen equipment was provided by Michigan Bell through the good services of Jack Shuler, then General Counsel for that corporation and Chairman of the Camp Committee. Jack arranged also for the services of the Slater School and College Food Services to staff the kitchen, a decision of major importance. That company, known now as ARA, has provided sterling service since the Camp began. John Graham was the first kitchen manager, and he brought not only excellent culinary credentials but was also an amateur magician and hypnotist who provided good fun for staff and campers on a number of occasions.

Three situations stand out from the many things happening during those busy days: the curtain caper, the crib gaffe and the sailboat saga.

Somehow or other, privacy needs were overlooked in the cabins and there were umpteen windows that required curtains with only a few days to go before opening. What to do? My wife, Ginny, recruited a sewing corps from staff wives and some work-weekend visitors, commandeered some sewing machines and put them to work on material provided at the last minute by Howard "Brick" Mersereau of the Simplicity Pattern Company of Niles. "Brick," a member of the Camp Committee, arranged for a roll of muslin to be trucked overnight to the Camp. The local supply of curtain rods and fixtures in Boyne City and Petoskey was bought out and a curtain-hanging bee took place the night before camp opened and privacy was assured!

Plans for crib mattresses and cribs for the nursery went awry at the last minute, and the week before Camp opened, we scoured northern Michigan for enough to accommodate some 20 infants. It's not every day that one walks into a furniture store in Petoskey or Charlevoix to buy up their total stock of cribs! I can still remember the look of surprise on their faces when we told them what we needed! But a well-equipped nursery with competent staff, which fortunately was available that first year, were critical to the Camp's success—we learned immediately that in reality this was to be a young mother's haven for a week!

The sailboat saga still brings a chuckle to mind despite the frustration caused at the time. With all the remodeling of cabins and kitchen going on, not much time was available to get the canoes and sailboats in shape. There were eight or nine canoes and four Old Town, lap-strake wooden sailboats. Getting them ready was the charge of the Camp Committee and other friends of the cause, and the Memorial Day Weekend (and more) was devoted to scraping, sanding, priming and painting them yellow and blue. (Yellow hulls would be easy to see if capsized; a decision that proved wise during our first experience of an over-turned canoe!) After long hours of preparation, including caulking the sailboats, all was ready for launch the day before Camp opening. We especially wanted the sailboats to be moored along the waterfront to provide a "classy camp" look, and indeed, they did add a lot when they were deployed off-shore. Lo and behold, however, the dawn brought groans of despair for in place of four colorful blue and yellow sailboats were four varnished sticks emerging from the water: all had sunk overnight despite the caulking and new paint!

And unfortunately, there was not enough time, with all the other things to do, to get them all afloat. But the episode had its plusses, too. For it dramatized the need for new boats that could be cared for easily and in sufficient numbers to accommodate the lively interest in sailing, which in my mind, to this day, has been one of the great stories of the Camp: the opportunity for so many people of all ages to learn to sail safely. (Regatta memories abound...too many to relate in these pages.)

While comfortable quarters and good equipment are critical, truly two other areas are of extreme importance to the success of a Camp: food service and programming. The former was exceptional that first year, and during the rainy weeks, kept up the moral of both staff and campers. The programming, under the able direction of Glen Williams, provided a schedule of activities and participation by both children and adults that has remained imaginative and vital to this day. But all of the above would be futile without the energy and enthusiasm of the youthful staff which, in the first year particularly, was simply outstanding for their willingness to participate in a great experiment.

A word about Jack Shuler, Chairman of the Camp Committee, is necessary. He was really the mainspring of the enterprise. One simply cannot overestimate the value of his contribution. He and the other members of the Camp Committee were incredibly dedicated people and I value highly the memories of our association.

A final memory—opening day included a touch of showmanship with the riding staff providing escort to the cabins on their horses. When the first family arrived at Welcome Hill, there was an enormous “whooping and hollering” from the stable area and up

the hill they charged led by Don Usher, the director of the riding staff, in full cowboy regalia, including gun, which he drew from his holster and fired skyward as he reached the top of the hill! I shall never forget the wide-eyed stares of that family as the shots echoed through the hills of Walloon! What a stirring beginning to a magnificent adventure! It was a privilege to be a part of it.

William B. Stegath, '42 BA, '49 MA, '61 PhD

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Glen A. Thomet 1969 & 1970

Unfortunately, Glen was not able to fill our requests to write a page or two describing his many adventures during his tenure as camp director.

Glen & Sherry Thomet currently reside in Eugene, Oregon.

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Jack Birchfield 1973-1979 and 1981-1986

I first became aware of a place called Camp Michigania while I was teaching in Ann Arbor with Glen Thomet. Glen had been hired by the Alumni Association as the program director in 1965. After a couple of years of listening to Glen talk about Walloon Lake, Anne and I decided to accept his invitation to visit the Camp in 1968.

We arrived at Camp around 4:30 pm on a Tuesday, found Glen and Sherry and were immediately invited to a cocktail party in progress on the porch of the "Castle." The people at the party were very friendly and we enjoyed listening to their stories about their camp week. We were about halfway through our first gin and tonic when a bell started ringing. Everyone put down their glasses and started running across the softball field toward Center Camp. I thought there must be an emergency of some sort, but it turned out to be the dinner bell, so we joined the race to the Dining Hall.

We inched through the dinner line, took what we could eat, and ate what we took, bussed our dishes (although I don't think we got our silverware in the right pans) and were back outside within fifteen minutes.

Glen then took us for a tour in the blue Camp jeep with the yellow fringe on top: Center Camp, North Camp, South Camp, “Back 40,” Nature Center, Riding area, Archery range, A/C building, Swimming area, camper cabins, shower houses, Welcome Hill and the view of Walloon Lake, and back to the office. Total elapsed time—fifteen minutes!

As we drove out of Camp on the winding dusty road, headed for Petoskey and the Perry Davis Hotel, we figured that not only were they on something called “camp time” they must also run on a Reveille quick time march schedule.

The next time Camp was seriously discussed was when we had Glen and Sherry over for dinner during the early part of that winter. After the table had been cleared and Anne was back from the kitchen with coffee, Glen asked her what she thought about Camp Michigania.

Anne, a city girl, who thought that roughing it was a hotel without room service, responded with the never-to-be-forgotten words: “Congratulations on being named Camp Director, but I think Michigania must be where the elephants go to die!”

“Well, I’m not sure how to tell you this,” Glen replied, “but Jack has just agreed to be my program director for next summer.”

Our next visit to Camp was during the 1969 Memorial Day Work Weekend. It was again late in the day when we arrived at the Camp entrance. The weeds along the dusty road into Camp were waist high, the grass in Center Camp was knee high as we continued down toward the Lake Cottage which was to be our home during the summer. There was not another soul around. We heard later that everyone had gone over to the Argonne Restaurant for dinner. A few snow flakes

swirled around as we unloaded the car and we wondered why we hadn't packed some warmer coats. While Anne made the bed, I somehow got the 1890 fuel oil stove going and we settled in for the night. Between Anne's whimpering, and the sound of the wind blowing through the cracks in the wall, I was certain I could hear the mournful trumpet of a dying pachyderm.

In the morning we awakened to a beautiful sunrise and a warm breeze off the lake. As the sun warmed the sand and dried the dew on the high grass, men, women, and children, who had also survived the night, began making their way up to the Dining Hall to prepare their own breakfast.

It wasn't long before the sound of hammers, saws, and shouts of directions, echoed around the Camp. As I walked around, not really looking for a job, I saw people on the roof of a cabin putting on new shingles, people repairing and painting docks, planting flowers, cutting the grass, repairing screens, and painting cabins. As I talked with these people I found that they were doctors, lawyers, and merchant, chiefs who usually hired someone to do this work at their own homes. It was amazing at the amount of work that was done by this group of volunteers during this weekend.

I had a good feeling knowing that these were the same people I would be working for during the camping season. I knew there must be something special about this place and the people who kept coming back year after year. This notion was sealed at about 5 p.m. one day, when Marion Fead Pratt, pulled up in her car at a cabin where several of us were working, opened the car's trunk, took out a few

goodies and said, “Gentlemen, I believe it is the cocktail hour.”

As I look back on the eighteen summers spent at Camp Michigania I realize what a great experience this was for me and my family. I don't miss the number of hours put in during a camp day or being awakened in the middle of the night to chase a porcupine off a nervous camper's cabin. What I do miss is seeing the happy and expectant faces of families as they get out of their cars on Saturday afternoon on Welcome Hill. I miss the intellectual stimulation from the Faculty Forum speakers and just being around Michigan graduates. I miss the friends we made and the fun we had during this wonderful period in our family's life.

I am sure that you can believe me when I say, that in the twenty-five years of our going up to Camp Michigania, neither Anne nor I have seen or heard even a mildly sick elephant.

Jack Birchfield '69 AM

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Robert G. Forman (1965--)

I was a young assistant director of University Relations and Development. New to the University of Michigan, I had been invited to visit Camp Michigania - Walloon in its first full year of operation. My host was Bill Stegath, who was serving as Camp Director. As I drove down the camp road, through the woods, and then out on what we've come to know as “Welcome Hill,” I was absolutely overwhelmed by the beauty of the lake, woods, and surrounding hills. I knew at first glance that this was a special place and

nothing that I've seen in the intervening 31 years has changed my mind.

For nearly three decades now, as Executive Director of the Alumni Association, I have both visited and worked at Camp Michigania. We've been blessed with excellent Camp directors, a superb staff, and a group of alumni and alumnae and their families who have put their own special imprint on this extraordinary place. I've watched young children showing proud parents what they made in arts and crafts, or the bulls eye they shot in archery. I've seen mothers and fathers in three-legged races, hugging their children and explaining that "winning is not everything." I've experienced what thousands of others have—the delightful opportunities to walk in the North Camp woods, to sit and meditate at the lakefront and to join the boisterous fellowship at the Friday night "Keg n' Koke" parties.

Thirty years have allowed me to watch the cyclical nature of generations—children of alumni and alumnae becoming graduates themselves and bringing their own children back to Camp Michigania. Having been exposed for so long to the Camp Michigania environment, it would be very difficult to single out any particular anecdotes as being more special or more relevant to the nature of the place than any other. However, a few such happenings come to mind, different in nature, but perhaps speaking to the true spirit of Michigania.

I remember the fervor in the audience during a talk I had given during the Vietnam war, attempting to demonstrate various aspects of this very emotional and agonizing situation.

I recall how the divisiveness of the situation was ameliorated when staff members released two live

chickens in the meeting room, one with a “HAWK” sign around its neck and the other a “DOVE.” One of the staff perpetrators was Patricia Beach Forman, “Pebbles” as she was then known.

I remember on one occasion thinking it would be fun to surprise the adult hayride by arranging that their campfire for the roasting of “S’mores” might be lit by a bolt of light coming down from the heavens. Thus, one evening, while the adults were out on the hay wagon, I engaged a young staff member to assist me in this enterprise. He climbed a 60-foot tall pine and we strung a wire from the top of the pine to the base of a fire pit. We then took a roll of toilet paper and soaked it in kerosene. He sat poised at the top of the tree, ready to light the paper and slide it down the wire on my command.

My command was to be the use of the word “hoya” three times; and on the third utterance, he was to light the paper and send it flaming down the wire and where at which point there would be a great flash of fire and the bonfire would be ignited.

The participants on the hayride got off the hay wagon and walked slowly to the fire pit, looking forward to toasting their marshmallows, graham crackers, and chocolate. I intercepted them by telling them that I was going to use an old Native-American chant to enlist the support of the fire gods to light the fire. As I started to explain, I put one foot over the wire leading from the tree into the fire pit. Stopping there momentarily, I meant to say for the first time the word “hoya.” Inadvertently, I said it not only once but three times and before I could get my legs over the outstretched wire, there came a huge ball of fire from the top of the tree, trailing 5 or 6 feet of flames, racing downward to the fire pit and passing through the

vortex of my legs. It crashed into the pit, causing an enormous burst of fire, burning the inside of my jeans, and making things very uncomfortable for me.

The adults watching were absolutely astounded, not having the vaguest idea what any of this was about and looking at me as if I had completely lost my senses, which of course at that moment, I had. Without any further explanation, I dejectedly walked away from the fire and started to walk back to Center Camp. Presumably, the S'mores were as good as ever, even though the adults must have wondered what in the world Bob Forman was trying to do.

As a postscript, I should note that it was only when I was in bed later that evening that I began to wonder whether the young man was still up on top of the pine tree, wondering how he might get down in the darkness. I drove the Camp Jeep back to the fire pit location and to my surprise and continued embarrassment, the young man was still up in the tree, terrified at the prospect of having to climb down in total darkness.

I'm sure each person has their Michigania stories, all unique to him or her—all made very special by the nature of that wonderful place.

We now have the opportunity to provide programming on a year around basis. The stories can still be told around the roaring fireplaces in the Alumnae Council Education Center, just as well as they were told around the campfires on Welcome Hill, or for that matter, back at the fire pit, where the adult campers make "S'mores."

Bob Forman '59 MPA

* * * * *

J. Scott Fleming 1978 and 1979

My career was more than half over before I joined the staff of the Alumni Association and experienced Camp Michigania. Like most people, my life was changed forever - for the better.

I was most fortunate to serve as assistant director for three years (1973-75) and as director in 1978 and 1979. During Fifth Week of my first summer, Director Jack Birchfield told me I could have a day off - I don't believe the thought had occurred to either of us before. It was a beautiful day for a family trip to the Sleeping Bear Dunes. As I walked over to the Dining Hall for breakfast, I noticed the horses grazing peacefully on the side of Welcome Hill, and I marveled at the pastoral scene. A few seconds later it dawned on me that the horses didn't belong on Welcome Hill! Knowing that the Riding staff would be in the dining hall after having fed the horses, I hustled in to tell them we had a slight problem.

The reaction of the staff was immediate, particularly one staff member who happened to own a motorcycle that was stored in the barn. Perhaps he had seen a Marlboro commercial about rounding up the wild mustangs on a motorcycle. Apparently the horses hadn't seen that commercial, because when they saw him approaching them on his motorcycle, they took off on a dead run down the Camp road. He stopped, but it was too late; twenty-five horses disappeared from sight.

By the time we gathered bridles, halters, belts, and ropes and drove out to the end of the Camp road at the corner of Camp Sherwood Rd. and Zenith Heights Road, there was not a horse to be seen. What we did see was the lady who lived in the farmhouse on the

corner. She was standing at the side of the road in her housecoat, with a sleepy, pajama-clad child on each side of her. As we came near, she raised her left hand, pointed down Zenith Heights Road, and said just four words: "They went that way."

Well, we found them another quarter mile down the road, grazing in an open field and a garden. About an hour later, everything was back to normal except that the horses were too exhausted to have riding classes that morning. So much for days off!

Directing Michigania is a very intense and demanding job, but the intrinsic reward of knowing that one has contributed to the evolution of such a program lasts a lifetime. I am twice blessed, for not only do I have my own reward, I also have the special privilege of watching my son, Greg, direct Michigania. Nothing could make me more proud.

I remember a number of Camp Committee members very well, and it is difficult to identify only a couple of them. When I think of Barbara Grayson and the late Burrie Otis, perhaps I am recalling two of those who I felt made significant, philosophical contributions to the development of Camp Michigania on a long-term basis.

J. Scott Fleming '68 PhD

*Coming down the hill
In company formation
Sweet peas on the march*

FIRESIDE FACULTY FORUMS

From the very first week of the very first year, the Fireside Faculty Forums have been an integral part of the Camp Michigania program, providing continuing education, information, and controversy to adult campers and, not surprisingly, feed back to faculty, staff and administrators who stepped before the assembled alumni.

During those first years, we alternated between the North Dining Hall and the Center Lounge. The center room, was at that time one very large room. The knotty pine paneling was especially beautiful. There were fireplaces at both ends which provided us some semblance of heat, on especially cold nights. (It was also the site of our first Keg n' Koke—what a party that was) Only in recent years has it been divided to provide an Adult Lounge (which is probably the worst misnomer of any room or building in Camp).

In the beginning years, our faculty representatives were only from academic units. There were two faculty members, each of whom gave two lectures. The basic format was an hour's lecture beginning at 9:00 p.m., then a coffee break, and then a question and answer period until 11:00 p.m. The faculty guest hosted a

coffee hour the next morning to delve a little deeper into the subject matter at hand with a small intimate group. This is the format similar to what is followed today.

We broke with that tradition for a number of years and invited to camp a third person, usually a director of a campus unit whom we knew to be articulate, entertaining and/or with a particular message of interest to our alumni campers. In this manner we were able to invite Hazen Schumacher (the first time), George Cavender, Elizabeth Davenport, Frank Huntley, et al.

Over the course of these decades, I think that every unit, department, School and College and campus has been represented by speakers at Camp. It would be an impossible task to name and write anecdotal information on each of them. Below are listed a few who come immediately to mind. I have neither listed nor ranked them in any particular order.

William Haber

The late Bill Haber was an economics professor of great renown; “Labor With Haber” was a difficult but very popular class. He became Dean of the Literary College and then, following his “retirement,” was appointed as special advisor to the President and Executive Officers because of his exceptional personal abilities, particularly those in mediation. He is the only faculty person to my knowledge who received a spontaneous standing ovation from a completely packed North Lounge. We were all completely entranced by his delivery and especially his anecdotes which were liberally sprinkled throughout his talks.

B. James George

“You are now all citizens of a new State of Michigania. We will be gathered in these next two sessions to hammer out the rights of men & women in divorce cases and then during our next meeting, we will hammer out the rights of children in these same divorce cases.” These were the opening sentences from Law Professor George. There was tremendous participation from the audiences both nights as we held wide-ranging discussions. Jim, in the next year, was called upon as an expert witness to the Michigan legislature on divorce law and many of the ideas we argued about in camp were to find a place as a part of the state of Michigan statutes.

Frank Huntley

Frank was one of the “3rd Person” lecturers who on his particular evening presented a talk entitled, “Sir Thomas Browne, M.D., author, humanist, botanist, lexicographer, atheist.” There weren't too many campers who were drawn to this particular lecture by this title, but at his coffee hour the next morning, Dr. Huntley had an Standing-Room-Only crowd of about 100. His lecture was probably one of the more theatrical and entertaining (as well as informative) appearances ever presented by a faculty member. We all benefited greatly from his background in Shakespearean theatre.

Andrew Watson

“This camp has the sexiest kids I've ever seen!” With that opening statement, Andy immediately had the attention of every person in a packed audience. The Standing-Room-Only crowd knew he would be talking about sex that night, but we didn't know what

to expect after that opening. He went on to explain that our kids, as a group, were hugged, kissed, patted and loved more than any other he had ever seen.

Frank Beaver

Frank delivered a multi-media presentation on the history of films and film-making. Like many others, he is a extremely knowledgeable professor who presents his material in a most humorous, informative, interesting and charming way. He has become a mainstay in the U-M Club circuit, the Alumnae Club circuit, Continuing Alumni Education and our travel tour programs.

James Pollack

I guess the late-Dr. Pollack really thought he was headed for the “boonies,” in that he arrived wearing a safari suit which would have done justice to the most daring of African explorers. He asked that the seating arrangements of the North Lounge be changed from a longer, lecture-style to that of a semi-circle, facing the fireplace and he himself pulled an overstuffed chair from the other room to a precise spot next to the fire; “There, that ought to do quite nicely.” We were all completely enthralled with his description of the German elections held immediately following World War II because “The General” (Eisenhower) ordered them within an impossible deadline of six weeks and no one would or could say 'No' to him.

Allan Whiting

Campers were delighted to hear Alan Whiting's remarks one evening at camp and the next morning, President Nixon requested his presence in Washington D.C. for conferences about China at noon

and a prominent place on the evening TV news which we watched together in the North Lounge.

John Dempsey

Professor Dempsey was from the campus of U-M Dearborn and came to us in the year of the Goldwater/Johnson presidential elections. No election was more hotly contested or feelings more polarized. We were using the Center Lounge at the time, before it had been halved for the Adult Lounge. John made a few opening remarks and then stood with his back to the wall, at about the entrance to the cafeteria line, and just watched and listened to various campers standing, shaking their fists at one another and shouting all sorts of things back and forth. I think he enjoyed those lectures more than we did.

Sylvia Hacker

Sylvia is an utterly charming women who fills the hall each time she speaks at camp, regardless of the week. Her Standing-Room-Only audience is always filled with teens and Camp Staff in addition to attentive parents. That fact alone is enough to provide a tip that she is a special person, speaking about a special subject, sex, in an honest and forthright manner. She too, has informed and entertained at numerous camp settings, Continuing Alumni Education and the U-M and the Alumnae Club circuits.

Guy Palazzola

Guy was with us the very first week of the very first year (1963) and soon became a regular at Michigania-East, Michigania-West, Michigania-Switzerland and a favorite on the U-M Club circuit.

His first talk was his famous still life and the second lecture was a slide lecture on the “History of Art. “ We set up for this second lecture on a stage, which was at that time under the “Nest.” It was so very cold, we drove to North Camp and brought back a truck load of blankets and handed them out to the hardy souls who appeared for the talk. Luckily for them, it was our first week of Camp, we only had half a Camp and plenty of blankets.

Dr. “Z”

The only faculty person who shall remain unidentified. He almost put himself to sleep during his talk. In our wisdom in choosing faculty speakers we thought a pediatrician, with his own young family, would be a “natural” as a speaker to an audience of parents in our family camp setting. After my introduction, he began his remarks by assuming a position leaning against the front of a desk. When I came back from checking with the Babysitting Patrol, he was seated behind the desk with one chin in hand; when I left to set up the snack, he was seated with chin in two hands. When I came back the next time he was still seated, but had his head cradled in his arms, flat on the desk. The entire audience was sound asleep. I often wondered what would have happened had I not interrupted this mass comatose state with a call for the coffee break. Needless to say, there were no takers for discussion following the break.

Bob Forman

Over the course of one summer, Bob presented a series of “3rd person” Faculty Forums each week. He spoke about the Vietnam War; causes and cures. Because he was in Camp nearly full time and

was known for his pranks and jokes on campers and staff alike, he often was the butt of jokes at the times he was the most vulnerable—namely, when he was in front of a distinguished audience with no chance for rebuttal.

Our lecturer at that time was a music stand; we would sometimes (just often enough) stand at the back of the room with a sign saying his zipper was down. It was with great delight, we watched him squirm and trying to hide behind the 1/2” stem of the music stand. One such sign said, “Ho Chi Ming has struck again; it's down again.”

After break one night, he came back to the room to find a pair of chickens in a small cage behind the lectern. Each had a sign around it's neck, one saying “Hawk” and the other “Dove.” Quick as ever, Bob said, “One obviously is a Rhode Island *Red* and the other a Plymouth *Rock*.”

*Pearly tiara
Guarded by the evening star
Arrayed on velvet*

INTRODUCTIONS

Introductions are introductions are introductions—if you are a lucky camper, you arrive a little tardy, right after the introduction is made and can settle into the speaker's topic of the evening, right?

Perhaps so. For the most part, we make a few general announcements about the weather, Keg n' Koke or some such and then we will read a half dozen pertinent facts from the several pages of Curriculum Vitae, about the speaker.

There are some speakers, however, who just naturally draw particular attention to themselves and furthermore richly deserve any special attention we can give them in the way of introductions.

Hazen Schumacher

Hazen Schumacher is such a person. Hazen started as a “3rd person” speaker, but his style of lecturing, the content of his talks and his “off-stage” antics all made him, and his family, a “natural” to have with us and to thoroughly enjoy for a full week. For starters, the first night, his glass of water contained a garnish of baloney! On the second night, I made my

introductions, left the podium and walked to the back of the room, where I whispered to the folks in the back row that his glass of “water” was actually pure gin, “Pass it forward.” Before long, all the audience knew.

On that particular evening, Hazen was presenting his ever-popular “Jazz Revisited” and utilized a record player, a cassette tape player and the piano on which his glass of “water” stood. Hazen's mobile style of lecturing could be likened to Woody Woodpecker, being all over the front of the room, in the enthusiasm of his presentation and the use his equipment. Each time he even moved toward the piano, the audience all leaned forward and practically willed him to take that first drink. He did not(!) at least not until break time.

Now, dear readers, you have to know I was not the perpetrator of this heinous crime, but to this day, I still get blamed for the deed, while in actuality, mine was only the innocent role of messenger.

Thomas Roach, Regent

Regent Thomas Roach received, and rightly so, the most elaborate of presentations of a water glass. Tom, and his wife Sally, are held in the highest esteem by every staff member of the Alumni Association. I didn't know him all that well at that time, and I wasn't too sure how he would react to the following scenario.

I made a normal introduction and finished with, “Ladies and Gentlemen, Regent Thomas Roach! —Oh, I'm sorry, Tom, did you want some ice water?”

“Yes, that would be nice,” was his reply.

At which I loudly called “Ice Water for Regent! Thomas! Roach!” Tom could only stand in amazement as off stage, a trumpet played the beginnings of the Olympic theme. After the music died away, two tanned, male “slaves” wearing only white

towels solemnly strode in carrying flaming torches and stood on either side of the podium. Next came a toga-robed woman scattering petals and leaves dramatically dancing her way to stand next to one of the torch bearers. Finally, one of our lovely female staff members walked gracefully into the room. She was wearing a wine-colored, full-length velvet gown and a purple full-length cape; her blond hair fell down her back, almost to the waist. She carried a small pillow, on which was Tom's ice water. Somewhere in my personal archives, I have a photograph of Tom with his mouth wide open in complete astonishment.

“Bump” Elliott

Chalmers W. “Bump” Elliott, head football coach, at The University of Michigan, would be speaking to a jam-packed house that night. “Bump” had a four- or five-page curriculum vitae. I didn't read the whole thing, just a few highlights, since everyone was anxious to hear from the man himself.

After making that short introduction, I announced, “Ladies and Gentleman, The Head Football Coach at The University of Michigan, Bump Elliott.”

There was tremendous applause which Bump acknowledged as he walked to the podium. “Thank you, thank

” At that moment, he realized, I had walked off with all his notes and material, and he was facing an empty podium and a room full of intent and expectant listeners! (The material was returned before any undue embarrassment could descend upon him.)

John Flowers,

There was one faculty person who was not introduced at either of his forums that week. John Flowers was an Associate Dean at the School of

Music. Much to the surprise and delight of his audience, John, and his wife, Lanny, began to play a piano-flute duet before the first campers arrived which lasted until about 9:20 p.m. At which time he stood, told us about the pieces they had been playing, and then went immediately into each of his presentations.

*Little fallen leaf
Whither your downstream journey
Red runaway barge*

KEG N' KOKE (It's been a great "train ride")

Camp weeks have not always concluded with the ever-popular Keg n' Koke Parties. For the first several years, a number of adult campers drove to the other side of Little Traverse Bay, to the grounds of The Harbor Inn, where an old locomotive, a car and caboose stood.

In the car there was a small bar, a piano and seating for maybe 20. We managed to crowd in about 50 celebrants each Friday night. The piano player could play just about any song which was requested and even adjusted the key as we wavered through a song. He was a member of the Michigan Men's Glee Club, had a marvelous tenor voice and would, upon request, sing what he called some "esoteric Irish ballads."

There was a ladder on the side of the train and some of us, on occasion (we'd make up an occasion), would climb on top of the car, where with very little impetus, we could rock the entire car and its contents, namely those persons at the bar and around the piano.

This was all good fun until a railroad lantern broke loose from the ceiling and hit one of our visiting

Alumni Association staff members on the head, resulting in 20 stitches. Even though all the other lanterns and other railroad memorabilia were soon firmly nailed in place, we still moderated our Friday night activities.

The main reason we curtailed our “Train Parties” is that some of the campers who did not participate felt left out of these off-site celebrations.

Nevertheless, Bob Forman came up with the idea of hosting our own Friday night party. We'd buy a keg or two, add soft drinks, get some peanuts and charge enough to cover the costs.

And so our Keg n' Kokes were launched. That first one was pretty scary and we weren't too sure during that first one if there would ever be a second!

We had a piano, but no piano player, but we did have a record player and tapes. We also had drinks, peanuts and people! All was nice and comparatively quiet for the first hour; we made the rounds of all the tables, we sang some Michigan songs, talked about the past week, talked about next year and generally behaved ourselves.

Then SHE GOT UP ON A TABLE and began to dance!

She was wearing white hip huggers and a pink halter top with a bare midriff. The husband sat with his head in his hands, either ill or totally embarrassed. Needless to say it was quite intriguing to at least half her audience. No one thought to turn off the tape machine.

Bob Forman, Glen Thomet and I looked at one another and wondered what the hell we had begun, and WHY we ever began it!

Our savior arrived in the form of Dave Strack, former basketball coach and one of the faculty

lecturers that week. Dave also got up on a table, put a sweater around his waist, placed an old lamp shade on his and began to imitate her. That broke the ice, we all had a good laugh and the rest is history.

There were peanut shells all over the floor and it wasn't long before someone (I'll never tell on J.P.) took a bowl full of the empty shells and dumped them on Jack Renner's head. Peanuts, as well as the shells, began to fly. Someone added ice cubes to the foray, so it really made a mess.

Not too many weeks passed before we began to call upon campers to clean up the mess. It followed that the "Skipper of the Week" (winner of the Sail Off) should also be named "Skipper" of the clean up crew. Those drawings in the early days were not rigged; the clean up crew was simply appointed ahead of time due to their antics during the week and announced as a drawing at Keg n' Koke. On occasion, winners of other competitions: archery, riflery, tennis, ping pong, etc. were either named Skipper of the clean-up crew or added to the clean-up crew.

Two years followed before we found and bought a popcorn machine and the peanut mess was gone, although not forgotten. For several years there were a few diehard campers, during one particular week, (I'll never tell on J.P.) who brought their own peanuts to eat and share the shells with Jack Renner and other associates!

Our Friday night Keg n' Koke Parties these past two and a half decades have been simply marvelous showplaces for camper talent, wit, showmanship, athletic ability, and humor. Parodies on songs (popular, golden oldies, Christmas carols, show tunes and others) relating to Camp Michigania, have been a mainstay. The "Petoskey Stone Gurus" from Fourth

Week have done all of the above, and more, in their efforts to raise stone polishing to new heights.

Michigania-East, -West and -Gold have all followed this traditional week ending party.

Our faculty speakers have borne, with good spirit, the brunt of camper satire and wit almost every week. I think there have been some campers harboring grudges for decades who have been just waiting to get back at some professor or another. Thankfully, humorous slings and arrows are least harmful and good fun for all. More often than not, the faculty members themselves join in the fray, even to the point of providing parodies on their own talks. The administrative and program staff stands in complete awe from week to week when we watch the original skits, songs and poems come forth.

Some weeks retain the same “producer” every year while others appoint or elect one before they leave on Friday night and others don't quite manage to obtain a producer and the Camp Director is pressed into service.

I know for a fact that some campers begin to work on next year's songs, skits and poems as soon as they arrive home from their week at Camp.

*Through the boughs
Golden orb flirting with me
Lady in the moon*

AU NATUREL

Skinny Dipping is a practice that has been carried on by staff and campers alike throughout the decades of camp. It is soothing, enjoyable and most often accomplished by the participants with a “bare minimum” of fuss and attention. It is my understanding that all areas of the waterfront (Swimming and Boating) and shoreline has hosted these cooling, late-night forays.

The practice is usually limited to singletons or maybe a couple, so the following story which includes a cast of a couple dozen or so is worth repeating.

It was August and it was hot, muggy and sticky! At Keg n' Koke, I learned that a couple from Indiana, and who stayed both our Ninth and Tenth Weeks, traditionally went skinny dipping, following Keg n' Koke of the Ninth week. It sounded like a great idea to me and as I circulated through the dining room, I alerted a number of other couples that we'd be heading for the beach to go skinny dipping after the party was over.

When we arrived, all was quiet and the dozen or so people who had gathered soon walked or jumped into the water and proceeded to cool off.

You can't skinny dip with your swim suit on, so after about 5 minutes, I swam to the end of the big dock, doffed my suit and put it up on the dock.

At which time, the entire porch of the Nest was lighted with flashlights, search lights and the spotlight which was at that time on the corner of the building. Whoops, shouts of "We got you, Glen!" and laughter from a dozen or so members of the staff poured down upon those of us in the water. Mass screams erupted from the campers; more shouting came from the staff; and general panic was the norm..

Luckily, I wasn't too far from the end of the dock, so I could put my suit back on and frankly, I was laughing so hard, I couldn't tell you what the others were doing—or how fast!

It seems that there were a couple of staff members sitting and talking quietly under the Nest when one of our campers, a single lady, came down the hill from South Camp, wearing a towel on her arm and that's all! The rest of us were either slow in coming to the beach or involved in cleaning up the Dining Room.

At any rate, there was plenty of time for those two staffers to round up a group of others and hide along the porch until the proper time to pop up with flashlights in hand.

And since the staff had never come back to tease or bug me about this incident, I'll not relate any tales about "Mr. Toad's Wild Ride!" or equally entrancing escapades.

I don't think collectively the camp directors will ever know what all has taken place during their respective tenures.

And along that same vein of thought, let it be written that there is mutual agreement between any number of participants (campers, staff and

administration), that some stories, anecdotes and happenings are best left untold and unwritten; we have just managed to giggle about them over the years as the stories become enhanced by time and fading memories.

*Crows cacophony
Suddenly sleepless morning
Discussing flight plans*

**CAMP STAFF
or
CAMP STAPH
(Nepotism lives!)**

The program staff, sometimes affectionately called “staph” has always been a delight. The term “staph” might well have come during the earlier years when competition on the volleyball court was at its highest point. Their combined youthful (and getting younger) enthusiasm, dedication, warmth, good humor and expertise has been a source of great pride for the Camp administration and complimentary remarks from campers' families.

The basic camp program has changed little in 30 years: instruction by age group in the morning, all areas open in the afternoon, and family activities in the evening, followed by the Faculty Forums. But it is the individual staff member who makes it happen by adding his/her own enthusiasm and personality. The Camp program would suffer greatly without their added creativity, wholesomeness and heartiness.

There have been hundreds of young campers who have grown up at Camp, always with the vision of someday attaining the glorified status of staff member.

We have been most fortunate to have young persons on our staff who earn those kinds of kudos. Obviously the selection process and prior camper status has something to do with it, but in all honesty, few, if any, of the young people who prefer the streets and sidewalks for their summer vacation apply for summer positions in the outdoors.

Stegath, Birchfield, Williams, Roberts, Fleming, Forman; do these names sound familiar? They are the last names of 14 staff members whose fathers and/or mothers worked at Camp Michigania. They, too, grew up at Camp with the same aspirations for staff status as others in their age groups. They quickly grew from “Staff Brats” to knowledgeable young people who had an added investment in the Michigania process.

Many staff members have returned to Camp, following graduation and marriage, with their young families, assuring Camp Michigania a continuing population in the years to come. It has been a special pleasure for me these past two years to welcome back, every week of the summer, anywhere from three to seven prior staff members who are returning as campers.

Happily, a few staff members have met their future mates at camp. “Boat-dock John” and “Itty-Bit” alias John and Elizabeth Goodreau who were first year (1963) staffers who eventually were married. As noted elsewhere, Greg and Maryclare Roche, along with their family, are long-time repeat campers. Most recently, Steve and Valerie (Evans) Shifman have returned with their youngster.

It came as a surprise, although it should not have the great depth of feeling which prior staff members have for Camp Michigania. In the several decades of camp's operation, I have been privileged to be associated with several different "generations" of staff members. They nearly all carry their love and respect for camp, and their myriad lingering associations, "on their sleeves" and are very open in their discussions about those association.

*Grey and lingering
Morning mists across the lake
Hiding ancient gods*

STAFF PARTIES

Since the legal age for drinking was 18 years for a number of years during my tenure, we had some memorable staff parties, which included program, administrative and maintenance members. There's no doubt that we in the administration at that time, had a much easier time of it than Greg Fleming has now, with a mixed group of minors and majors. The amount of free time in the evening, invitations from campers and the relaxed atmosphere of camp makes the consumption of alcoholic beverages very tempting to under-age staffers. I think we were most fortunate to have the opportunity to drink along side our younger staffers and to keep an eye on their consumption and reactions.

The legal system allowed me to host the area directors with cocktails each week while we discussed the upcoming week, special events and/or any problems common to us all. I was also able to host a different program area each week, a practice I've continued these past couple of years, although it was strictly with soft drinks

In those early years although not true, it seemed as though a different program area hosting a special party

each week. The consumption of alcoholic beverages was looked upon with a less disapproving eye in those days than now.

The “Float Boat Party,” hosted by the boating staff was always memorable because it's venue was quite different from that any other. It was especially memorable the year the boating staff dressed in 3-piece suits, white shirts and ties to welcome us aboard. (Of course they were still bare-footed!) Often other float boats would come and join us, tying up along side; motorboats from all over the lake also joined us and there were continuous procession of camp motorboats moving back and forth, making their “Potty Runs.”

In all honesty, I could only be coaxed into attending one such party, but I've certainly heard enough tales from other participants. And with equal candor, I probably would have attended others, but I seemed to have evening responsibilities each time. Maybe after my first venture, it was planned that way!

The staff week initiation party; the “M*A*S*H” party which took place in “The Swamp” in the Castle; the FUBAR party which ended up with costumed participants going into the BRI (Boyne River Inn); the “Macho Man, Sleazy Chick” party held in the basement of what was then Roberts' house; the elegant hors d'oeuvres served by the arts and crafts staff; and THE party hosted by the Riding staff; all bring a flood of fond memories about these and many more.

Nowadays, in addition to Christmas and Peanut parties (see below), the Corn Roast and the Staff Outing are two parties which the current staff greatly enjoy.

Christmas in Camp was always a special time for the entire staff, occurring on either the 24th or 25th of July, according to which would fit better into the

weekly schedule. It wasn't that we celebrated Christmas and the birth of Jesus as such, but rather to celebrate the spirit of giving. Interestingly, I can remember only a few of the gifts I've received over the years, but I can recall each gift and for whom I made it, year by year, which is the whole idea—give something of yourself, to another person.

The parameters for the Christmas Party were simple: draw the name of a fellow staffer and within two weeks, hand-make a gift for him or her.

Oh my! the thought and effort which went into these gifts. The lights stayed on all hours of the night, in the Maintenance Barn and at Arts and Crafts, while we thought, measured, cut, sanded, glued, nailed, painted, varnished, cussed and sometimes started all over again. Wet paint is a tacky way to give a present! (Pun intended!)

Often a live tree, provided by the Maintenance staff, was used, and today a number of these trees form a ring around the “Great Walloon Electric Company,” which is staff quarters near the 0-2 Nursery. Each program area would be responsible for five tree ornaments—which resulted in some truly creative tree ornaments and beautiful trees year after year.

At the party, I would read the section on Giving from “The Prophet,” by Kahlil Gibran, and then light the main candle on a stylized Menorah. We would then call upon senior staff and/or area directors to light their candle from the main one and provide a few sentences about giving: Giving of your talents, giving of your time, giving of yourself, giving when you don't feel like it, etc.

The first person would announce the name of his or her recipient, give a warm hug and watch as the gift was unwrapped to “Ooh's” and “Aah's” and applause,

and after the second person opened the gift, he or she would announce the name of the person for whom the next gift was made, and so on until all had given and all had received.

The gifts seem to get bigger and better each year. There are some lovely creations, some comical ones and some intricate ones. I'm sure any number of them have been and will be treasured for years to come.

I recently learned that the Menorah used for several years, now resides as a loving keepsake in a prior member's home.

Annually, the Peanut Party is the culmination of Peanut Week. The party is held on the last Friday or Saturday of the season before some staff members have to depart for college classes.

We drew a peanut and inside was a fellow staffer's name. We were that person's "Shell" and we were to protect and do nice things for our "Peanut."

Some small gifts were purchased to supplement the handmade gifts (sometimes) or the other things we did for our Peanuts. These might take the form of car washing, body massage, sailboat rides on Miss Julia (the Ensign), personal and original poetry, wild flower bouquets, breakfast trays in bed, steak dinners on Wednesday nights, etc. Some were as simple as a candy bar left in a peanut's mail box to the elaborate scenario described below. (Identities have been kept secret to protect some and because I can't remember all of the participants.)

Dining at The Pier, a quality restaurant in Harbor Springs, was the highlight of many a staff person's summer, so when a pair of Peanuts received an invitation to dine at The Pier, and to be ready for their chauffeur at the Nest at 5:30 p.m., it was a special treat indeed. So each appeared at the appointed time, he, in

his summer best, a 3-piece suit, and she in her best cocktail-length finery.

They immediately knew something was amiss when the Camp fire truck groaned into view and then proceeded to take them to the boating area.

A beautiful table awaited them and although a Camp sheet served as a table cloth, there were candles, roses and wine glasses filled with chilled Rose. Tuxedoed waiters served their meal (char-broiled steak) while a harpist played classical pieces. They couldn't have been better served at the real Pier!

Until.....

The harpist switched tunes—to that of a popular beer commercial and at the moment, out of the water right beside them, appeared a male figure, clad in full SCUBA regalia, carrying a tray on which was a six-pack of their favorite beer!

Both the Peanuts and Shells will remember that incident with great delight for many years to come, along with the rest of us who knew what was to happen and watched the drama unfold from the hill in front of the dining hall.

(The ideas for both Christmas and Peanut Week came from Chippewa Trails Camp, a private girls' camp where I worked during the summers of 1953 & 1954.)

*Loon calling again
A lonesome quest at midnight
My kindred spirit*

NOT ALL FUN AND GAMES

Indeed not all of my tenure at Camp Michigania was filled with fun and games. There was always the budget to worry about. In the early years, we worked very hard to pay for current Camp expenses, pay off the bonds and bond interest and pay the mortgage and interest, and still come out with a balanced, not-for-profit budget.

There was one summer that the first 6 weeks of camp, including Staff Week, we had a broken bone each week. During Staff Week, it was a staffer who suffered a compressed fracture of a spinal vertebra which left her, after she finally got out of the hospital, in a special corset for half the summer, working in the heat of arts and crafts. Thankfully, that staffer, and all the campers with broken bones later that summer, returned for other years.

In the fall of 1964, we organized a “Tree Planting Party” hoping that volunteers would journey north for the weekend to plant trees and shrubs similar to the Memorial Day Work Weekend. Indeed, we had about 35 alumni appear to work with a landscape architect, Versile Fraleigh, under whose direction we transplanted some 350 trees and shrubs. We built wind

screens, sight screens, softened foundation walls and planted replacements in the shade of some of the larger trees. It was a back-breaking weekend which we viewed with great satisfaction at its conclusion.

The winter of 1964-65 was one of the coldest, driest winters of record. There was no rainfall in the spring/summer of 1965 from early-April until late-July. Three trees survived; those were in the shade of larger trees and had received water from transpiration.

Then there was a week when we found out at 9:30 on a Saturday morning, that three additional families were coming into an already full Camp. It was too late for last minute telephone calls to the families residing in Connecticut and Ohio, respectively, and my telephone call to the family in Midland, Michigan found they had their car already packed and the kids were in the car ready to roll. There was no way I could stand the wrath of the parents or face the disappointment of their three kids. It was touch and go, but with a bit of last minute struggling with beds and chests, we put one family in the north end of the Arts and Crafts Building, another in the Recreation Room of what was then the South Ad Building and I displaced my sister and brother-in-law from their South Camp Cabin, into the Guest Room and took their two kids in with us for the week.

That was the same day our camp secretary quit; the food slicer broke down (we traditionally had roast, sliced beef for Saturday night dinners); we lost the entire maintenance crew to the farmer from whom we were to buy hay "NOW!" or he would sell to someone else; but the final straw was at 7:30 that evening when I learned one of our faculty speakers had cancelled because he decided not "to come that far up north."

There were some staff shenanigans and occasional teen pranks which went a little too far, but all-in-all, the camp and campers overcame it all and we continued to operate a successful camping program.

*Little messenger -
Chickadee at my shoulder
Bringing pleasant thoughts*

THE FUTURE

From the days of our single cots, cold water, bare-stud walls, wooden sailboats and canvas canoes, Camp Michigania has developed into an entity far beyond what Jack Tirrell and the early pioneers could envision.

Within these few pages, you have read many references to the love and dedication which has been shown by the national Board of Directors, the Camp Committee and Camps Council, by the Executive Directors and the Camp Directors, by the campers, their families and the Camp staff (administrative, maintenance, program and kitchen). To paraphrase Aldo Leopold in his A Sand County Almanac "...participation breeds stewardship and if you own a piece of something, you will take better care of it."

Each of the individuals within the groups named above indeed owns a piece of Camp Michigania and will protect and nurture it.

I have no doubts that the Camp will continue to grow and develop on into perpetuity—or at least for another millennium or two.

Under the helm of Greg Fleming, our “Camp” now has a whole new direction to follow. It even has a new name: Michigania.

Following the fund raising program, C.A.M.P., the subsequent rebuilding of South Camp and the construction of the Alumnae Council Education Center, year-round programming began its inaugural season in the fall of 1993 and will allow literally thousands more Michigan faculty, staff, students, administrators and alumni, along with their families, to enjoy the serene beauty of the hills, woods and shorelines of Walloon Lake.

I wish them good fortune and many fond memories.