

MEMOIRS
By Grace Rogers, Director of Camp Lake Hubert

Dear Campers:

1953 and we are celebrating the twenty-fifth year of the opening of Camp Lake Hubert for Girls. Some of the counselors suggested I write memoirs of these years, and I promised to do so for your sakes, because I believe you will find them interesting. Brownie Cote and I had talked for some time of opening a girls' camp, and after searching the countryside for a suitable spot, we came right back to Lake Hubert. We stood on the bank just above where the summer house now stands, among pine trees, wild flowers, and blueberry bushes, and made plans for the future for the building of a sister camp to Camp Lincoln for Boys.

During the fall of 1927, carpenters went to work, and in the spring, there stood a small attractive lodge with a cabin a short distance away on each side. There was also a pretty, rustic summer house on the beach, which this year gave place to a new one. The large fireplace in the present main dining room was the exact center of the lodge and dining room combined, and around it many a fairy story was told before the blazing fire on a cool evening. The Squirrel and Firefly cabins were the first cabins put up, and our first enrollment numbered twenty-five girls. These same cabins were remodeled and modernized three years ago. At first, my quarters as director, were in the right side of the Firefly cabin. This was divided by a Dutch door, and on the other side of the door was the store and dispensary.

The furniture in our main lodge was made by Bill Rose, the first caretaker here. He was a much travelled man and quite a philosopher and was a weaver of tales, many old campers will remember. His kindly understanding and counsel in the first few years were very valuable to me. "Bill" had been at Camp Lincoln for a long time and knew our policies from experience. He was always willing to carry a mental load for me and "calm the troubled waters." The large window in our cabin looking toward the lodge is a memorial window to him, in my estimation, for when someone suggested remodeling the building for me, he said, "Put a large window there pointing in that direction. Let her get a view of the whole grounds." If Bill is still alive, he is a very old man today. "An orchid to you, Bill Rose, wherever you are!"

Our only means of transportation in that day was a small Ford trailer, and it was used both for passengers and freight. If there had been an emergency call for the doctor, it would have been by giant firecracker on the beach, since telephones were an unknown quantity in this vicinity.

When campers came, they were brought from Minneapolis by train; they called it the "Tonnerville Trolley". Coal was used for fuel, and the children arrived with dirty faces and hands, but this always gave the assurance of a delightful dip in the lake upon arrival. They were brought from Minneapolis to the Lake Hubert depot which was as it is today, a small shelter near the Lake Hubert store. The opening of camp was a big event for the natives,

and they all turned out to greet the dozens of children who were to spend the summer in their vicinity. Staff members from Camp Lincoln came to the depot to meet us: some by sailboat, some by canoe, others by truck, and a few by cars. In this manner too, the campers arrived at their destination, the camps.

The call to meals at the girls' camp the first year was given by the cook wielding a large metal spoon and bringing it down in rhythm on the bottom of a tin dish pan. The sound, I assure you, was just as welcome and just as sweet to our ears, as is that of the big bell we now hear.

All the lights we had for the first year or two were flash lights, even in the center rooms, and when these gave way to the Coleman lantern, there were loud groans of protest from the inmates of the cabins. It was felt that with the change of lights would come civilization. The campers loved "roughing it".

A thirty foot wide golden sand beach bordered the shores of Lake Hubert, and all pit cooking--all reflector oven meals, all barbecues and hamburger fries were held down there. The archery classes, too, were conducted on the sand, and many bedtime stories were told at sunset in view of the glorious orange hues of the sky and to the music of the waves. The only means of cleansing oneself in those long bye-gone days was the lake, and campers and counselors alike took a morning dip before breakfast each day. Perhaps you wonder what became of the beach; here is the explanation. The government built a dam between Clark Lake and Lake Hubert, which supplied our lake with more water and deprived us of the lovely beach and the opportunity for many activities on the shore. At the dedication of the project, the governor of the state gave an address, and the campers from our camp provided the music, which was beautifully rendered.

We did not own our own horses then, but two days a week, they came from Camp Lincoln, as did the sailboats and rifles. There were many beautiful riding trails in former years for there were not as many property owners in this location, as we have now. One trail led all around Bass Lake and was one of the favorites. The riding ring was where the archery ring is today, and our first riding instructor was a man who since has become famous as a writer and who was written up in American Magazine this year, Colonel Andrew Geer, Public Relations, U.S. Marines. After two or three years, your riding instructors were men from West Point Academy, several of whom made newspaper headlines during the war and several who gave their lives for their country. Among these, was Captain Bill Darby who made history by daring exploits, and gave his life for the cause of freedom. Major "Pop" Good was another who gave riding instruction at Camp Lake Hubert and who during the war had much to do with the escape of many of our boys from an internment camp in Germany.

During the war we decided that, since our country needed men, we would have to resort to women riding instructors. The first was an Army Major's wife named Mrs. Cole. Then came Jennie

Orr who is still with us. As riding department head for eleven years, she did a magnificent piece of work. Numerous girls who learned riding with Jennie later went to other camps to be heads of riding departments. The reports we received of them were excellent. Jean Duncan came to be Jennie's chief assistant in the ring, and when we found ourselves without a Counselor Training Director, we turned to Jennie, who is now training young women for counselorship, and Jean stepped up to take Jennie's place in the ring, which we might say, was no mean accomplishment.

Our rifle program was always good, but when "Chief" Wilson and his wife "Willie", came to us, it was not "better" but "best". Under their supervision, many fine shooters were developed, and just this summer a new rifle range was dedicated to "Chief's" memory. Our campers at Camp Lincoln and Camp Lake Hubert have been national champions of rifle teams, and some have won honors in shoulder to shoulder matches with me in different parts of the country.

We were fortunate in having a man like "Uncle" Varney as sailing instructor for many years, and how secure we felt in his care. At this time, Peggy was a small child, but even then was deeply interested in sailboats, and under her father's tutelage became the fine sailor she is today. "Uncle" was not only a sailing instructor, but also supervised the building of many of the sailboats we are using today. These boats are like a memorial to "Uncle" who meant so much to us. Not only that, but the Ark was another of his projects, and was so christened at a formal ceremony by Mrs. Varney, who chose its name.

Ever since I have known Camp Lincoln, it has had a Water Day that was THE outstanding visiting day of the season. Parents came to see the boys' camp and watch special events which included the skills the boys had developed there. Of course, the sister camp in time followed suit. At first, it was a matter of going over to Camp Lincoln for the afternoon, eating a wonderful supper and enjoying entertainment around a large campfire. The campfire was held in the space where the merry-go-round stands now.

Soon came the day when Camp Lake Hubert got the idea of its own Water Day. Hazel Gillespie of the State of Washington who was Water Front Director at the time suggested we crown a queen and decorate floats. We did this and Vera Rogers was the first queen crowned. We were very proud and happy over this event even though the moisture in the air was a little disappointing. There was a typical Oregon mist during the coronation. The throne was built on the platform of the Ark, and the satin for the queen's dress was draped on her body like material on a manikin in a store window. The same piece of satin is used as the queen's train to this day. The attendants' dresses were made from pastel colored crepe paper and were really very attractive. In later years came embellishments. First the formals, then the

queen's platform and parents began to take notice and show an interest so that our audience became larger each season.

At first each cabin chose its own theme and kept it a deep, dark secret. Then came the suggestion thirteen years ago, that we have a general theme for the whole camp and each cabin group carry out its own ideas to correspond with the theme keeping these ideas strictly secret until Water Day.

For years it was the practice to have a May Pole braided in the lake, and the participants swam instead of walked. This gave place to the water ballet which pleases the spectators immensely.

Today, as you know, we really have a very spectacular procession, and one executive from Hollywood told us after seeing it one year that it was fine enough to be used by Pathe. We rather doubted this, but since he was a guest and not a parent, it did make all the work of preparation seem very worthwhile, and it built up our ego somewhat. As we look back over the history of Water Day, we are amazed at the few days in all all those years that have been unfit for such a demonstration. Two in all, I think, and in addition two that were not too pleasant, but we were able to go ahead with the event. Our camps appreciate very much indeed all the thoughtful planning which has gone into these special occasions, for they have meant a great deal of extra work for counselors and campers alike. Now instead of our camp going to Lincoln, the boys come to us to see our events and are highly enthusiastic about it all.

In the evening years ago, the campers dramatized an Indian Pageant entitled "The Legend of Naneka". The pageant was written by Mrs. Gary Heald of Brainerd who for a long time was President of the Historical Society. The story is of Indian life in this location and tells of a baby born to an Indian squaw of the Sioux tribe. From this story we learn of "love and tears, of peace and war," also of many of the customs of Indian people. It tells also of St. Colombo's mission, a compound which stood just a short distance down the highway from the road leading to camp. As we read a paragraph of this classic legend just the other day, a description of this girl grown to womanhood, it was impossible not to think of it as a prophecy.

Here on this ground so close to where Naneka lived, we have young girls living in the out-of-doors each summer and with them women who say in other words what this Indian girl's mother said to her in that day. Let me quote from the pageant for you:

"Be content with simple pleasures
labor for yourselves and others
Hold not in your heart rebellion.

Look back to your day and people
and learn thus many a helpful lesson
Woodcraft, handcraft, the worth of patience
The love of birds and beasts and flowers."

