

R Poole 10/22/2000

#16

South End of Camp Director

After several years of camp, + widely varied responsibilities, one season found me in Cabin 1, and doing photography, crafts, tripping and general refrigeration at the far end of camp. It seemed only natural that I would sleep in a variety of my fiefdoms, with various critters joining me at times. (Mice, bugs, birds)

I believe the title was NOT self assumed, but rather bestowed on me by various campers, who were allowed cooler privileges (better than toilet tanks) for services rendered - car wash, camping equipment maintenance, avoidance of Paul W. (just kidding, Paul)

Manny would visit at times, but only briefly - things ran well, why rock the boat? (Like the time the rowboat blew up into the trees outside, but that's another story - probably Warren's)

My best memories are of darkroom developing in less than ideal conditions, the multitude of creatures at the nature center (+ the calf never dying, despite our neglect), the Hartman Creek campouts + counselor only beverages after lights out, the big old blue piece of shit bus, Crystal River trips, campfires, stars, + the knowledge that I might make some small difference in the life of an individual or two. Thanks guys.

203 words - I've always been more succinct than
you verbally grandiose camp hounds wannabes. But
the sound of a cold one popping open was ~~always~~
worth a thousand words, much better than anything I had to say.

I have great memories of kids who remembered me,
visits to Chicago land, the friendly 1984 blue &
white war, the 1978 first year of "my God, what have
I gotten myself into?" turning out not so bad,
the off season visits & ^(abuse?) use of facilities, experience
gained, SRANI & mushin camps, pissing off Mooney, ^{making Mooney}
Madison trips & the big blue icechest I ^{happy}
sit on as I write these words (have to move
soon to get a beer, and maybe start a fire, and
enjoy...) where will the trail end?

which I won, caused
Knew how to play the
game by then

Good luck Paul

PD

336

thousand words? Yeah right, my ass

342