Foley BUGLE

PUBLICATION OF CAMP FOLEY PINE RIVER, MINNESOTA

VOL: 33; NO. 1 Director ROBERT E. SCHMID, Editor JANUARY, 1957

"EARLY BIRDS" EXCEED EXPECTATIONS

Yes, fellows, we went over the top in the number of registrations received in our initial effort at sending out the application blanks before the 1st of February. We expected about 40 early responses, but you did almost twice that well with 77 paid registrations, as of December 31st, the deadline for Early Bird membership. Thanks, fellows and parents, for your enthusiastic support. Here is the complete list of "Early Bird" members. We know that many of you will now want to get your applications in, having seen that your friends have already registered.

Richard Beal, Omaha, Nebraska
Raymond Bolluc, Minneapolis
David Bremner, Louisville, Ky.
William Bremner, Louisville, Ky.
Frank Butler, Mankato, Minn.
Paul Butler, Mankato, Minn.
Lanse Butler, Mankato, Minn.
Pat Carney, Mankato, Minn.
Marcial Castro, Havana, Cuba
Richard Christianson, Jamestown
James Creech, Ah-Gwah-Ching, Minn.
Thomas Creech, Ah-Gwah-Ching, Minn.
David Depew, Minneapolis
Tony Disponet, Magnolia, Minn.
Gerald Dotson, Mankato, Minn.
Dennis Dotson, Mankato, Minn.
John Dotson, Mankato, Minn.
Joseph Dotson, Mankato, Minn.
Don Eckert, Austin, Minn.
Garry Felland, Minneapolis, Minn.
James Fiskette, Duluth, Minn.
James Frasor, Sterling, Ill.
Stan Galuczewski, Coon Rapids, Minn.
William Garvey, Omaha, Nebraska
William Haag, St. Paul
Paul Hagedorn, Rochester, Minn.
John Jehle, Alton, Ill.
Paul Kaup, Montgomery, Minn.
Michael La Mont, Mankato, Minn.
Charles Landman, Winona, Minn.
Thomas Lickteig, Austin, Minn.
Charles Lippi, Luverne, Minn.
Thomas Lippi, Luverne, Minn.
Garry Loh, Valley City, N. D.
Patrick Mc Dermott, Omaha, Nebr.
John Magney, Minneapolis
James Markusen, Minneapolis
James Mehring, West Bend, Wisc.
Thomas Mehring, West Bend, Wisc.
William Milcarek, Sterling, Ill.
Thomas Morris, Chicago, Ill.
Brian Murphy, Marshall, Minn.
Michael Murphy, Marshall, Minn.
Joseph Nardi, Duluth, Minn.
Richard Nardi, Duluth, Minn.
Stephen Nightingale, Washington, DC
James O'Keefe, St. Cloud, Minn.
Michael O'Keefe, Minneapolis
Craig Otten, Grand Forks, N. D.
Don Otten, Grand Forks, N. D.
Patrick Propheter, Sterling, Ill.
Michael propheter, Sterling, Ill.
John Redmond, Sterling, Ill.
Mike Redmond, Sterling, Ill.
Steve Redmond, Sterling, Ill.
Robert Richter, Montgomery, Minn.
Donald Romano, Chicago, Ill.
James Ryan, Kansas City, Mo.
John Ryan, Kansas City, Mo.
William Schumacher, Sterling, Ill.
Joseph Sebesta, Mechanicsville, Io.
Edward Semansky, Trona, California
Mike Semansky, Trona, California
Richard Smith, Willmar, Minn.
Jack Skogland, Houston, Texas
William Spang, Duluth, Minn.
George Streisguth, Minneapolis
Christopher Sullivan, Duluth
Donald Sullivan, Rockford, Ill.
Joseph Tourtelot, River Forest, Ill
Richard Unger, Montevideo, Minn.
James Varco, St. Paul
Richard Varco. St. Paul
John Varco, St. Paul
Robert Varco, St. Paul
Paul Warpeha, Coon Rapids, Minn.
Walter Warpeha, Coon Rapids, Minn.

The special camp event for these boys will be an all day affair scheduled for the second Saturday in each period. To help make it a very special day the campers will be divided so that they will be with their own age groups . Sorry we will have to keep you in suspense a little longer.

NOTE TO PARENTS: IF YOU HAVE MISPLACED THE APPLICATION FORMS SENT TO YOU LAST FALL, DROP US A LINE AND WE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEND ANOTHER SET.

HERE AND THERE by Bob Schmid

Now that the exciting holidays have passed and you are all happily back in school, I thought that you might be interested in hearing some camp news. First of all Vi and I wish to thank all you campers and staff who were so thoughtful to send us a card this Christmas season. We were certainly most happy to hear from you. Incidentally, if, by some chance, you did not receive your camp calendar let me know and I shall be only too happy to send you one.

The camp is now clothed in all its winter splendor and beauty with sparkling snow capping the fields, buildings, trees, and lake. In fact it would have been a perfect year for us to spend the Christmas season at camp as the weather was mild with an eight inch snow covering, making it easy to get around. However, we had to be satisfied with a few hours visit on the 26th of December. Ron Winch was also captivated by the idea of visiting Whitefish during the holidays, so he ventured up there on New Year's Day.

On the return trip from camp we stopped to see the Osbornes at St John's. They certainly are enthusiastically looking forward to camp next summer. By the way, did you Twin City folks see the nice write-up given Bill on the sport page in the St. Paul Pioneer Press just before Christmas and again this month? Bill's coaching record at St. John's University in basketball has been a very good one. The article went on to praise his work, leadership, and devotion to the team and St. John's. Ed Wey commented, "The only thing the article failed to mention was that Bill is the Athletic Director at Camp Foley and that in his spare time he manages to coach the "Johnies".

With the Reunion coming up early this year I hope to see all the Twin City campers and their parents, as well as those who live in nearby Minnesota towns or cities who will find it convenient to come to St. Paul on Sunday, January 27th. I'll be looking for you! Don't forget to check the back page of this Bugle for further information and by all means MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS!

FATHER FOLEY SAYS

When the seeds of Communism were being sown in Russia, Our Blessed Mother was conveying to the world the weapon to counteract that evil.

Her weapon is prayer and sacrifice. This is what she revealed at Fatima, Portugal in 1917, "If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace.

If there is no prayer and sacrifice, then "great errors will spread throughout the world, giving rise to wars and persecutions against the Church. The good will suffer much. Different nations will be destroyed.

WHICH STAFF ARE RETURING?

This is perhaps the most frequently asked question when Bob Schmid sees campers from time to time. It is pretty early to say, but from indications Bob received on Christmas cards, the following are good prospects, but before all is said and done no doubt some will be added and some subtracted: Pink, Bill Osborne, Ron Winch, Ed Wey, Tom Braig, Howard Buckley, Dave Cook, Mike Crowe, Mike Fitzgerald, Jim Freiburger, Don Hall, Dan Moga, Marty Pfab, Bart Schoeneman, Mike Walsh, and John Welshons. Of course the camp infirmary would not be the same without Nurse Mary Lischko . The Benedictine Sisters will again be at their posts in the kitchen. It certainly looks as though this is going to be an exceptional year for staff!!

FREE PICNIC TO BE INNOVATION AT REUNION THIS YEAR

Fun galore, that's the prospect at the big 1957 Reunion at St. Thomas College on Sunday, January 27th, starting at 4:00 P.M. with a splash party in the St. Thomas Pool. Dad can go for a swim too if he wishes or he may relax in the lounge with mother and sister. Sunday evening picnics at camp are traditional, so we have decided to have one right in O'Shaughnessy Hall this year. There will be no cost involved for those attending. The entire event will be held in the one building which will simplify matters. After the picnic a drawing will be conducted for three prizes, the 1st being a $50 credit on tuition. All boys of camp age are eligible for the prizes providing that they have made reservations in advance, so fellows why not act now? Why not bring some of your friends who may be interested in camp to enjoy a wonderful afternoon! Even though they have never attend camp they could win one of the big prizes. Remember, all are welcome, present, past, and future campers, parents, friends, and entire families. Attendance at the party imposes no obligation to register for camp.

After the picnic and drawing ther will be a short fun fest around the old campfire with music and songs to bring back a few memories. In conclusion, we will show the revised camp films which include some thrilling new shots on waterskiing, sailboat racing and many others. The entire program will be completed around 7:00 P.M. or shortly after to afford ample opportunity for the out of town folks to reach home at a reasonable hour.

BOB SCHMID TO TRAVEL

Residents of a few more communities will have the opportunity of seeing the camp films in their own cities. Bob will stop at Rochester, Minn. on the evening of Thursday, February 21, then to Waterloo, Iowa on Friday evening, February 22. On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, February 23, 24, and 25th he will be in Dubuque, Iowa to interview staff prospects at Loras College and on Sunday afternoon, February 24, there will be a showing of the camp films at the Julien Hotel. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, February 26.27, and 28th the camp station wagon will move on to South Bend and the University of Notre Dame to interview additional staff prospects. For Friday or Saturday, March 1 or 2 arrangements are being made for a showing of the camp film in Dayton, Ohio. Sunday and Monday, March 3rd and 4th, Bob will spend some time near Martinsville, Indiana at Bradford Woods, the new national headquarters of the American Camping Association on business then off to St. Louis for some promotion work on Tuesday, March 5th. From March 6th to 9th Bob will attend the regional convention of the American Camping Association, also in St. Louis. Two other cities to be visited later are St. Cloud and Duluth, Minnesota.

MIKE WALSH ATTENDS ROSE BOWL GAME

The headline to this article might not sound too unusual, but the circumstances that go with it are. Thanks to the alertness of Mr. B.C. Sullivan of Rockford, Iowa, father of camper Don Sullivan, a front page story and picture in the Des Moines Register was sent to the camp office. One of the 11 persons on that picture was non other than Counsellor Mike Walsh; the others included his mother and father, five sisters, and three brothers. Yes, the entire Walsh family made the trip to California via train to the Rose Bowl game. Mike is the oldest in the family of nine children, the youngest being three; so you can see it was quite an unusual venture. What does Mr. Walsh have to say about such a project: "The kids sleep in the car when we go anywhere. We took them all out to the coast in a station wagon one time. We have plenty of caretakers in the family. The smaller ones were particularly looking forward to the trip because they have never been on a train. We generally take the family when we go on a trip. We think it is more fun if the whole family goes along. It is hard to leave any at home. If you take one you just about have to take them all." Well, Mike, this should be an interesting story for you to tell at camp next summer!

CAMP FOLEY

PICNIC REUNION

ST. THOMAS COLLEGE, ST. PAUL
SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1957

ALL ARE WELCOME, PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE CAMPERS, PARENTS, FRIENDS, AND ENTIRE FAMILIES. ATTENDANCE AT THE PARTY IMPOSES NO OBLIGATION TO REGISTER FOR CAMP.

EVERYTHING FREE!!

SPLASH PARTY

4:00 - O'SHAUGHNESSY HALL POOL

SUITS AND TOWELS SUPPLIED - DADS MAY GO SWIMMING IF THEY WISH. OBSERVATION GALLERY AND LOUNGE FOR THE NON-SWIMMERS.

PICNIC

5:00 - O'SHAUGHNESSY HALL LOUNGE

RESERVATIONS ARE NECESSARY TO ASSURE PLENTY FOOD FOR ALL.

DRAWING - 5:45

1ST PRIZE - $50 CREDIT ON TUITION

2ND PRIZE - $15 CREDIT IN CANTEEN

3RD PRIZE - $10 CANTEEN CR.

Eligibility for prizes limited to those boys of camp age who have made advance reservations for the reunion.

Prizes are not transferable.

CAMPFIRE & CAMP MOVIES

6:00 TO 7:00

FOR RESERVATIONS

CALL

MIDWAY 9-3071
OR
MIDWAY 4-3723

Not later than Friday, January 25

OR

MAIL

Cupon not later than Wednesday, January 23

Boy's tickets for the drawing may be picked up in the upper lobby of O'Shaughnessy Hall anytime before the picnic begins.

NAME _____

No. children _____ No. adults _____

Names for drawing

_____

_____ _____

_____ _____

Mail to: CAMP FOLEY
BOX 26
ST. PAUL 2, MINN.

Foley BUGLE

PUBLICATION OF CAMP FOLEY PINE RIVER, MINNESOTA

VOL: 33; NO. 2 Director ROBERT E. SCHMID, Editor APRIL, 1957

STAFF NEWS

Herman Pinkelman of Quincy, Ill., better known as "Pink" will continue this summer the fine work he started last season as Program Director. Bill Osborne, the basketball coach at St. John's University, will return for his second year as Unit Director and Athletic Supervisor. Tom Braig of Dubuqe is returning for his 5th year as Trip Director. Dave Cook from St. Cloud, Minnesota will take over as Swimming Director. Mike Crowe of Kansas City, Mo. will again do the honors at the boating dock as Small Crafts Director. Jim Freiburger of Dubuque will again be chief in charge of the Rifle Range. John Welshons from Stillwater, Minn. will have a new assignment this summer in charge of all special events as well as some swimming instruction and perhaps planning and execution of the "Flag Pole" activity. It will be the third year on the staff for Dave, Mike, Jim, and John.

New men on the staff include: John Traxler, Marshall, Minn. and St. John's University, a veteran of some 15 years on the Whitefish Chain, will handle the many local lake trips and have charge of the outboard motor program; three Loras College students: Jim Trosky of Cedar Rapids, Iowa will be rifle assistant; Don Ochs of Charles City, Iowa will instruct in handicraft; and Joe O'Hara of Marshalltown, Iowa will work in Archery and Photography. A Notre Dame newcomer, Dave Willette of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin will instruct in sailing and waterskiing; and Junior Counselor, Jim Brady from Centralia, Ill. will handle Nature and Indian Lore.

Of course Father Foley will be at camp as chaplain, Nurse Mary Lischko of St. Louis will be back for her 5th summer. Mrs. W. J. Osborne from St. Paul, Bill's mother, will take over the camp office and canteen. Our good Benedictine Sisters will again take charge of food preparation for their 6th year.

NINE FORMER CAMPERS TO RETURN ON STAFF THIS YEAR

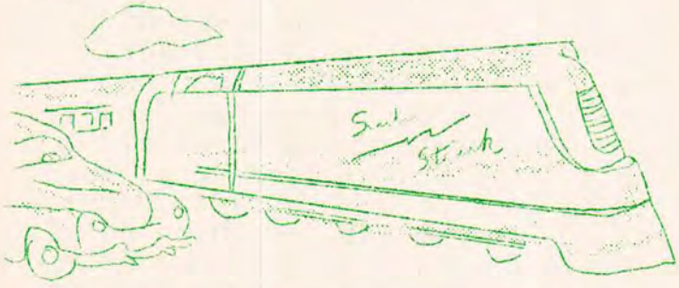
Never before in the history of the camp have so many former campers been on the staff at the same time. Heading this list are three counselors from last year's staff: Howard Buckley, Eau Claire, Wisc. and Marquette University, athletic instructor; Don Hall, St. Cloud and St. John's University, canoeing and boating instructor; and Dan Moga, Minto, N. D. also of St. John's, boating and canoeing instructor. The other six have spent a total of 23 years as campers and 11 years as Counsellors in Training at Camp Foley. They include: Tim Lawler, Rochester, Minn. and Milwaukee School of Engineering, as trip assistant; Fred Weber, Rochester, Minn. and St. John's, assistant swimming and waterskiing instructor; two Notre Dame men, Wally Russell, Mandan, N.D., assistant swimming and athletic instructor; and John Studer, Faribault, Minn., assistant sailing and riflery instructor. Two Junior Counselors to join the staff are: Hank Merry from Minneapolis assisting in swimming and boating, and Jim Power from Faribault assisting in riflery and handicrafts. SCORE: 22 counselors signed; two more to be hired.

SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT

An enterprising fellow in Iowa has come up with a novel use for the old hand-cranked magneto telephones. When he wants fishing worms, he takes the telephone outdoors and grounds the proper terminals. By turning the crank he brings the worms wiggling out of their holes. All of which proves that the early crank gets the worm.

DON'T YOU BE LEFT OUT!!

Registrations have been pouring into the camp office at such a rate that as this paper reaches you we have as many campers now as we had last year near the end of May. What does this mean? It means one thing for certain. The camp is filling up fast and very soon certain age divisions will be closed or the period you wanted to attend will be filled. YOU HAD BETTER GET THAT APPLICATION BLANK IN NOW IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO. MANY BOYS WE KNOW ARE RETURNING TO CAMP HAVE TAKEN THEIR PLACE FOR GRANTED, HOWEVER, THE OFFICIAL 1957 APPLICATION BLANK MUST BE SENT IN TO RESERVE A PLACE. LET'S HEAR FROM YOU! NOW!



STAFF TRAVEL ESCORTS

Two new areas which will definitely have staff escorts to and from camp in the first period are Dayton, Ohio and Sterling, Ill. As usual staff escorts will also travel in the first period with campers from Chicago, Savanna, Ill, Dubuque, Iowa, and Omaha, Nebraska.

It also looks as though the number of campers coming from St. Louis, Quincy, Ill., Muscatine, Iowa, and Waterloo, Iowa will justify a counselor on the St. Louis Rocket Zephyr to bring these boys to camp in the first period.

As soon as daylight saving time schedules are issued parents will be informed of arrangements.

Of course the regular special camp Greyhound buses will run to and from camp each regular period as well as the post-season period.

HERE AND THERE by Bob Schmid

Hi fellows! It has been almost three months since we have had a little chat. These past three months have been mighty busy ones with the Twin City Reunion, showings of the camp film at Rochester, Waterloo, Dubuque, St. Louis, St. Cloud, Duluth, and Dayton, Ohio. Time was also spent interviewing prospective new staff members at St. John's, Loras, and Notre Dame, attending the American Camping Association Convention in St. Louis, and visiting the new national headquarters of the American Camping Association at Bradford Woods near Martinsville, Indiana.

We made many new friends who are most eager to join the Camp Foley family as well as seeing many of the 'seasoned' campers. Thirty-six prospective staff members were interviewed so you can see the big job I had in selecting the replacements on this year's staff. The convention consisted five days of meetings and exhibits of camp supplies and equipment. Perhaps the most inspirational part of the trip was to see the new $80,000 headquarters of the American Camping Association. Its rustic building and setting is most appropriate for an organization dedicated to the purpose "Better Camping for All".

The nice weather has given our family the urge to move to the lake, but there are many things yet to be done in purchasing supplies and equipment before we go northward, nevertheless we are planning definitely move on May 1st to be on hand for the arrival of a semi-trailer load of groceries coming on May 2nd.

WILDWOOD WISDOM

In chopping with an ax, remember that it is the weight of the ax that really chops, and not the force of the swing. Too much power behind a blow destroys your aim. The best way to chop is to swing rhythmically. Do not use force. Before attempting any cutting with an ax, clear away all obstructions such as vines, branches, or brush, for an ax deflected may do a lot of harm.

RECORD TURN OUT AT REUNION

A new record was set at the 1957 Twin City Reunion with 175 enthusiastic persons attending the get-together in January. The number of out of town guests was also unusually large. The event was held at St. Thomas College and started with a splash party in O'Shaughnessy Hall pool for fathers and sons under the supervision of Ron Winch, Dave Cook, and Don Hall.

The hungry campers and parents then went to the O'Shaughnessy Hall lounge where a camp style picnic was served under the able direction of Mrs. Bob Schmid assisted by Mrs. Bill Osborne, John Welshons, and Bob Schueth. Ham sandwiches, potato chips, icecream, home made cookies, milk and coffee was consumed in usual camp quantities.

After the picnic, the door prize drawing was held. First prize of $50 credit on camp tuition went to Tom Condon of Clara City, Minn. It is interesting to note that this prize went to another Clara City camper, Jim Murray, last year. The second prize of $15 credit in the camp canteen went to Dave Felland, a new comer to camp, and another new boy, Pat Ferrin won the third prize of $10 in the camp canteen.

Jim Freiburger who came from Dubuque especially for the event was master of ceremonies. Bob Christensen, a staff member 18 years ago conducted the singing with his banjo. Bill Osborne spoke on athletic sportsmanship. Father Foley welcomed the parents and campers and stressed the wonderful opportunities boys have at camp. Bob Schmid announced the progress for the 1957 camp season as well as displayed the new award jacket. Dave Cook gave the naration on "What is a Camper" included as a part of this Bugle for your enjoyment. Hank Merry displayed his musical talent on the piano in several fast moving tunes.

The enthusiasm of the evening reached its peak as the new camp movies were flashed on the screen with a round of applause and cheers that make everyone wish that they could go to camp the next day.

WHAT IS A CAMPER?

BY DAVE COOK

Sometime between the joy of the last day of the school year and the excitement of returning to a higher grade at the end of the summer, God creates His most mysterious creature. We call him a camper. Campers can be found in every size, weight, and temperament imaginable but they all have the same creed: To run, to play, to laugh, and to have fun every second of every minute of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their counsellor packs them into bed at night.

There seems to be no limit to the composition of a camper - - - He has the appetite of a horse, the slyness of a fox, the lungs of a dictator, and the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the stubborness of a mule, the speed of a jet plane, the curiosity of a cat, the energy of an atomic bomb, and to top it all off, he is guided by God's most unconceivable creation, the mind of a boy.

A camper likes stories, desserts, comic books, woods, games, secret forts, water (in its natural habitat), sleeping in a tent, sailboats, and play in general. He is not much for rest hour, vegetables, the barber, books without pictures, soap, making his bed, long sleeved shirts, or the sight of his counselor at bed time.

In the camper can be seen the future of the world. An olympic diver as he belly flops off the end of the dock, Joe college reading a comic book, a lawyer arguing over an extra dessert, an executive with tears in the corner of a junior size boxing ring.

Nobody else is so early to rise or so late to supper. Nobody else spends so much energy running instead of walking or yelling instead of talking and is still going strong at the end of the day. Who else is such a big boy when you want him to do something or such a little boy when he wants to do something? Who else has so thoroughly shattered the rules of supply and demand? For inspite of how many campers there are or ever will be, each is more important and valuable than anything in the world.

Yes, a camper is a magical creature - - - and when his camping spree has come to an end and his parents arrive at camp wondering if it's all worth while after all, their doubts will certainly be destroyed when he looks up at them with his ever bright eyes and says: "Gee whiz, I don't wanna go home."

FATHER FOLEY SAYS

The Lenten season is a time when we should take inventory of ourselves and get a firmer grip on our cross trying to carry it up steeper hills by acts of penance or the performance of good deeds. In the line of good deeds you can attend daily Mass and Holy Communion, go to stations or other special lenten services; it may be that you choose to give mother and dad extra help around the house; resolve to do a better job in your school work; or show additional acts of kindness to your neighbors and friends. By doing some of these things you will truly have a HAPPY EASTER.

Foley BUGLE

PUBLICATION OF **CAMP FOLEY** PINE RIVER, MINNESOTA

VOL: 33; NO. 3 Director ROBERT E. SCHMID, Editor JUNE, 1957

STAFF TO GREET CAPACITY CAMP

It won't be long now before the north shore of Whitefish Lake will be alive with the shouts and footsteps of Foley Campers. Both the first and second period have long been filled to capacity. All food and supplies have been delivered. The maintenance staff has been busy with the finishing touches on the grounds and buildings. The staff will arrive on June 16 to begin its pre-camp training of a week. Only a few minor projects remain to be done. Incidentally, the lake has already had many swimmers, giving it the official test on Memorial Day week-end. No loud complaints, so I guess it is not too cold for the usual water fun. The camper enthusiasm has been unusually high with many letters coming from the boys and their parents telling how their sons are just counting every day and every hour until they arrive at camp. We hope you are doing the same.

NOTED INDIAN CHIEF TO GIVE SEMINAR

Red Dawn, full-blooded descendant of a Sioux Chieftain, will be at Camp Foley for a day long seminar and evening program on Wed., June 26. He has appeared from coast to coast on radio, TV, and at camps, fairs, and stage programs. Demonstrated in the day seminar will be feather crafts, including headdresses, dancing bustles, complete body and face makeup, boy and girl costume dress, sign language, elementary dance instruction, etc. Red Dawn will have two assistants, White Eagle and Little Jumper to help him in his evening presentation of "Council Fire", an hour and a half program equally entertaining to persons of all ages.

FATHER FOLEY CELEBRATES HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE

On May 14, Immaculate Conception church in Faribault was the scene of a very joyous occasion. It commemorated the 100th year of the parish and Father Foley's 50th year in the priesthood. Archbishop Brady preached the sermon and was guest of honor. We'll look forward to having Father Foley with us for the golden jubilee of the camp in 1975.

4TH OF JULY

All our friends are invited to visit the camp on the evening of the 4th of July for our annual fireworks display. If you happen to drop in at camp during the afternoon and find no campers on the grounds don't be alarmed. They will all be out on a big picnic. CAMPERS ARE NOT PERMITTED TO HAVE ANY FIRE* WORKS IN CAMP.

THREE FORMER STAFF ORDAINED

Three former counsellors were ordained to the holy priesthood June 1st. Fathers Bill Ortman and Frank Nemmers, staff of 1955, were ordained in Iowa and Father Bob Ekman, 1954, 1955, & 1956 staff was elevated to the priesthood in St. Cloud. We do hope that these new apostles of Christ will have the opportunity of visiting us this summer.

WHAT'S NEW?

Three additional Grumman Aluminum 17' canoes.
A new Winchester 69 rifle.
Four new wilderness tents.
A fooging machine to rid the camp of mosquitoes and bugs.
Two new major pieces of kitchen equipment for better food and greater efficiency.
New Camp Foley signs, white backgrounds with green letters to guide you from major roads

ALL CAMP CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD NOW GO TO PINE RIVER UNTIL NOVEMBER 1ST.

1957 CAMP STAFF

ADMINISTRATIVE

Robert E. Schmid, 1910 Beechwood Ave., St. Paul 16, Minn.
Director
Herman Pinkelman, 1727 Adams St., Quincy, Ill.
Program Director
William Osborne, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.
Unit Director and Athletic Supervisor
Mrs. Mary Lischko, 2912 A. Victor, St. Louis 4, Mo.
Registered Nurse
Mrs. W. J. Osborne, 1510 Randolph Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.
Office and Canteen
Miss Mary Rose Schmidt, 215 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
General Assistance
Rev. John P. Foley, Faribault, Minn.
Chaplain

CAMP COUNCIL

Braig, Thomas, 1227 Blackhawk Drive, Dubuque, Iowa
Trip Director
Cook, David, 828 4th Ave. S., St. Cloud, Minn.
Swimming Director
Crowe, Michael, 1144 East 77 Terrace, Kansas City, Mo.
Small Crafts Director
Freiburger, James, R.R. #2, Dubuque, Iowa
Rifle Director

COUNSELLORS

Hall, Donald, 215 13th Ave. N., St. Cloud, Minn.
Canoeing, Swimming, & Scouting
Isbell, Harold, Bellevue, Iowa
Outboard motoring, waterskiing, photography
Jestice, Ronald, 1451 Mc Poland, Dubuque, Iowa
Scouting, Swimming, & Waterskiing
Klevar, Harvey, Route 1, Angleton, Texas
Swimming, Athletics, Handicrafts
Lawler, Tim, 621 Memorial Parkway, Rochester, Minn.
Trip Assistant
Moga, Daniel, Minto, N. D.
Boating, Canoeing, & Handicrafts
Ochs, Donovan, R. R. #1, Charles City, Iowa
Handicraft Instructor
O'Hara, Joseph, 113 N. 3rd St. , Marshalltown, Iowa
Archery & Photography
Russell, Wally, 410 2nd St. N.W., Mandan, N. D.
Swimming & Athletics
Studer, John, 510 4th Ave. S.W., Faribault, Minn.
Sailing, Athletics, & Riflery
Traxler, John, 610 W. Marshall St., Marshall, Minn.
Trip Assistant (Motors), Fishing, Boating
Trosky, James, 231 12th St. N. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Riflery Assistant
Weber, Fred, 1219 7th St. S. W., Rochester, Minn.
Swimming and Waterskiing
Welshons, John, 117 E. Burlington St., Stillwater, Minn.
Special Events and Swimming
Willette, David, 404 W. Central St., Chippewa Falls, Wisc.
Sailing and Waterskiing

JUNIOR COUNSELLORS

Brady, James, 111 N. Maple St., Centralia, Ill.
Nature Lore, Indian Lore, & Camping
Merry, Henry, 5151 Gladstone Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Swimming and Boating
Power, Tim, 721 S. W. 2nd St., Faribault, Minn.
Riflery & Handicrafts

(Activity Assignments Subject to Change for Any Staff Member)

KITCHEN & DINING ROOM STAFF

Seven Sisters of the Order of St. Benedict, St. Joseph, Minn.

Foley BUGLE

PUBLICATION OF CAMP FOLEY PINE RIVER, MINNESOTA

VOL: 33; NO. 4 Director ROBERT E. SCHMID, Editor ~~SEPTEMBER~~ November, 1957

BE AN EARLY BIRD!!

Registration forms for our 1958 season have been mailed, first to all former campers and more recently to the many new camper prospects who are anxiously waiting to spend their first summer on the north shore of Whitefish Lake. The response to date has been most gratifying. Don Sullivan of Rockford, Iowas was the first to register for 1958. We want to set a new record in this, our second year of the EARLY BIRD CLUB.

Last season only those who were members of the Early Bird Club were eligible to take the trip to one of the biggest tourist attractions in the Great Northwest, the Paul Bunyan Center. The boys laughed at huge Paul's remarks and the way he rolled his eyes. The antics of the twin bear cubs doubled up the campers in mirth with their cuffing, slapping, and tumbling. It rather reminded the counsellor-escorts of life back at Camp Foley. Everyone enjoyed the thrilling rides and among the other attractions at the recreation center were a logging camp, old time logging equipment, a frontier fort, teepees, an old carillon and even an organ grinder man with his monkey and tin cup. Many shops were clustered in and among the exhibits and every article in the souvenir stores passed under the critical eyes of the campers. After two and a half hours at Bunyan land the sightseers moved on to Lum Park where a picnic supper was consumed with gusto after the day's tour.

NEXT YEAR THE EARLY BIRD CLUB WILL SWELL ITS RANKS. TO GAIN MEMBERSHIP, SIMPLY MAIL IN YOUR REGISTRATION BLANKS BEFORE JANUARY 1, 1958.

No one knows what exciting surprise will be in store for the Early Birds in 1958, but you can be sure that Bob Schmid will have something worthwhile up his sleeve.

HERE AND THERE by Bob Schmid

Camp is officially closed for the 1957 season, but from the closing date right up to freezing weather and sometimes past it the work goes on taking care of the small details of the office and the bigger ones of the grounds, buildings, and improvements so that we will be ready for you in '58. It looks as though Vi, I, and the family will not be able to leave camp this year until after Christmas. Of course we certainly won't object, in fact we are looking forward to spending the holidays in such a beautiful setting.

To recap our 1957 season, it can easily be said that this was our biggest and most successful season. In so far as safety, health, achievement and just plain fun and enthusiasm this season surpassed all others. Credit certainly should be handed to your counsellors and to you campers for this success.

When you think back on the month you spent at Camp Foley, why not remember to thank your parents again for the sacrifice they made to send you to camp. Also many of the staff are involved in their college studies and some are working hard in the seminaries to prepare themselves for the Holy Priesthood. These young men certainly need and would appreciate your prayers.

With winter, comes school, and with school, comes Christmas vacation --- then before you know it --- the Camp Foley Reunion in January will be at hand -- Easter, and in a flash school is out --- and the 1958 camping season will be here . . . . WILL YOU?

SWIM, SWIM, SWIM

by Dave Cook

What were your thoughts as you read the title of this article? Maybe you thought of the day the red ribbon was torn from your neck never to be worn again because by conquering the length of the crib, which looked at one time endless, you had proven yourself to be a swimmer. Or was it the moment you realized that you had finally mastered the breast stroke after days of endless work? Maybe it was the day you dragged yourself from the water with hardly an ounce of strength left but proud as can be because you had successfully completed your Red Cross Swimmer's test. If you are a counsellor, you probably pictured the "Pinky Board" and the hours you spent bringing to your boys those most valuable and important skills. I suppose many of you though of your first trip to the diving tower, playing water basketball, the fun with the innertubes, your fins, goggles, splash fights, and in general just a wonderful time.

All in all it was a busy summer down on the swim dock. More boys then ever came down the cement steps to test their skills and learn new ones. To many it was glorious victory as they mastered their skills in the blue waters of beautiful Whitefish Lake. Many suffered disappointment but left with the fired determination to prove themselves in the summer of 1958.

With all this in the past now the big white "H" dock, tired as it may be still stands proud because it knows that it is the center of attraction for some of the toughest and finest swimming classes offered anywhere. It saw boys strug le to conquer its 26 year width and gloriously succeed. It saw boys master skills and show endurance they never dreamed possible. It is proud because it knows that not a single one of its fine instructors will ever allow the standards to slip. It knows that their main goal is not issuance of certificates but teaching the finest swimming skills possible.

BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD

by Jim Freiburger

"LOAD AND LOCK YOUR RIFLES . . . ."

This was a familiar sound in 1957 as a record number of awards were won by campers on the Camp Foley rifle range. Chiefs Jim Freiburger, Jim Trosky, and Tim Power were very happy to find that the Foley braves had fired extremely well and had won over 330 awards. Four campers come to mind especially because they won six awards during their stay at camp. They were Bill Garvey, Steve Nightingale, Jerry O'Connor and Chuck Danreiter. John Ryan became the second Foleyite to win the Distinguished Rifleman award. This is the highest award in the Junior National Rifle Association. Bill Modrosic gave up his seafaring ways long enough to shoot the targets required for Expert Rifleman.

Thirty Foley campers participated in shoulder-to-shoulder matches with five other camps. One of the matches was held at Camp Mishawaka near Grand Rapids, the big quadrangular meet at Camp Lincoln on Lake Hubert, and the remaining two matches at Camp Foley.

Surely everyone can look back now and remember how he counted his targets one by one until he had won that coveted medal or shoulder patch. But we can't overlook two big achievements of target riflery. If we all think back, I'm sure that all will agree that today we are better shots than before our shooting experience on the rifle range. Also, now we know how to handle a rifle safely, carefully, and to use the proper types of ammunition.

. . . It certainly has been a good year boys, let's make next year even a better one! !

CAMPING

NO NEW DISCOVERY

By Tom Braig

There are many people every where in the U. S. today who will try to convince you that there is nothing left to discover. But when these people talk of such things they must be sure that there are no Foley campers within ear shot, for Foley campers know the thrill of traveling in unknown wilderness. They have felt the thrill of discovery as the bow of their boat or canoe has rounded a point revealing a landscape just as new and fresh as that discovered by Columbus or Erickson or Marco Polo.

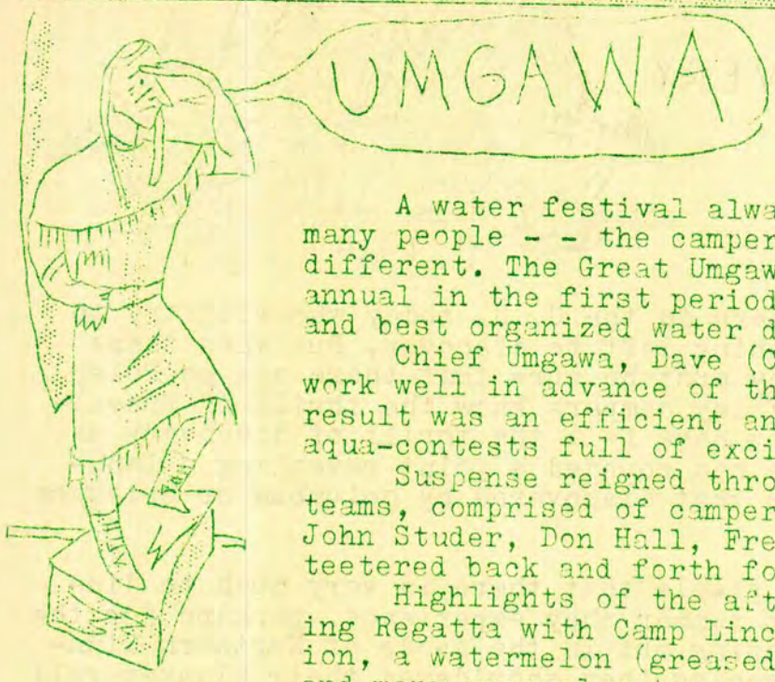
Any Micmacer could tell these people that there is very much to discover - - for during this past summer they experience, perhaps for the first time, the thrill of sleeping out in the woods of Northern Minnesota. One beautiful summer evening they shouldered their blanket-roll and followed their counsellor-guide into the unknown . . . perhaps, to such campsites as 'Mosquitoe Hill' or 'O'Brien's Point'. There, tents were pitched and a fire started. Now for some of those pork-chops or hamburgers. A man must eat big when he is going to sleep out in the wilderness! Later on when the darkness covers the little group, the fire will be built up so that the flames will show each fascinated boy's face as his counsellor narrates a story of the hunters and trappers and Indians who many years before camped on this very same area.

Those people who insist that the time for discovery is long past, would be told in no uncertain terms that the whole of Whitefish Chain is open for discovery and adventure. The Foley dock is, time and again, during the camping season, the scene of trips embarking for points about the lakes. The boat-trips provide the cabin group with the opportunity to gain a camping experience as a unit. Each boy feels the responsibility to contribute his share to make the short trip a success. The campers begin to feel at home in the out-of-doors pitching their tents-as they prepare for a good night's sleep.

The three-day canoe trippers know many lakes of the Whitefish Chain, for they have ' discovered' and explored them. To these boys such names as; Arrowhead, Ox Rusch, Cross, Kimble, Bass, Star and - - - Ossawinnamakee will be familiar.

Perhaps the greatest thrill a Foley camper knows is that day when he finds his name included on the Canadian Canoe Trip roster. Amid the cheers of his fellow campers he, six others and the trip counsellors leave the dining hall during breakfast on a Monday. They travel by station-wagon to Duluth and on to Grand Marais via the beautiful North Shore Drive; finally they travel the famous Gunflint trail to Sea Gull Lodge, and, canoe country at its best. At the lodge they receive their canoes from the outfitter, the gear is loaded in the proper manner and the trippers are off for a week's adventure into the Canadian wilderness. Now they will paddle and portage, they will 'make' and 'break' camp. They will cook and fish and swim. These boys truly learn the "Way of the Wilderness".

A tripper soon learns that the trip can only be a success when the efforts of all are united towards that goal. Cooperation is the key to a successful trip. A triper must also possess a sense of humor. He has to be able to laugh when his first attempt at baking over an open fire fails, or when a big gust of wind turns over the reflector or the rain comes falling down just as he is walking up the steepest hill on a long portage. A boy learns to laugh as "Mother Nature" spoils his plans plans. But he must not become discourage . . . try, try, and try again is the motto of the good tripper. To the Canadian Canoe tripper, the names of such lakes as: Seagull, Sanenaga: Alpine and Trafalgar , Bay are familiar. By Saturday evening when the group returns to camp a great change has taken place. They are much closer to one another now, for they have shared the adventures of the Canadian trip together. They have paddled and portaged together, they have met nature's challenge and have WON TOGETHER.



by John Welshons

A water festival always holds a fascination for many people - - the campers and staff at Foley are no different. The Great Umgawa Water Festival, a Foley annual in the first period, was probably the biggest and best organized water day in the camp history.

Chief Umgawa, Dave (Cookie) Cook, laid the ground work well in advance of the big day, july 14, and the result was an efficient and swift moving series of aqua-contests full of excitement, enthusiasm and skill.

Suspense reigned throughout the day as the four teams, comprised of campers and headed by Sub-chiefs John Studer, Don Hall, Fred Weber, and Wally Russell teetered back and forth for the lead.

Highlights of the afternoon on water were a sailing Regatta with Camp Lincoln, a waterskiing exhibition, a watermelon (greased) scramble, a tug of war and many unusual water races and relays.

At the banquet dinner, a program featuring cabins Pomo, Mandan, Shingwako, and Kadikomeg entertained the campers with songs and skits. A special attraction found Jim Brady and John Ryan, spectacularly clothed in Indian finery and supported by a cast of twelve Indian dancers, performing an intricate and complicated Sioux war dance.

In the evening a program including a counsellor skit on the diving tower, which held the campers enthralled, and a parade of floats, outlined the floating campfire held at the swim dock. A pageant of the Four Winds, and Indian legend, was scheduled to follow the skit. However, the audience became so excited during the counsellor skit, that many leaned too far off the dock trying to escape the clutches of Big Red (John Studer), the hermit and the villain of the skit, that they found themselves knee deep in water. The pageant was therefore necessarily and indefinitely postponed and the campers returned to their cabins to dry off and prepare for taps.

The judging of the floats by Nurse Mary, Mrs. Osborne, and Mrs. Pinkelman determined the edge that gave us a winning team for the overall water day. Fred Weber's group was proclaimed the victor with Don Hall's team coming up with a close second.

"THE SAILING AT CAMP FOLEY, THEY SAY, IS MIGHTY FINE "

by Mike Crowe

In my years in Minnesota's northwoods I have seen many beautiful sights, but there is one often scene at Camp Foley that seems to stand out. You are atop the high bank where the camp overlooks huge Whitefish Lake. There is a brisk wind, blowing over deep blue waves, just capped with white. As you look out over the lake, you may see the white sails of the Foley fleet silhouetted against the pines rising from the shores across the lake. The boats are skimming over the water, with the kelly-green hulls cutting the whitecapped waves. The sails are full and drawing; the boats are heeling, with the skipper and crew high to windward. You see them jibe about sharply, rounding a bouy and gracefully head back towards camp.

The highlights of the sailing season were the Foley-Lincoln Regattas, held each period. As the campers developed in sailing skills they became eligible for the Foley Sailing Team and the friendly competition. There were n ver better days for sailing, nor was there ever keener spirit, but Foley twice took that very close second.

Next year the program will probably be able to develop even further, for there are prospects of another new fiberglass 'x' to add to our growing fleet.

One thing is for certain, Camp Foley sailing is running with the wind.

MEMOIRS OF AN ATHLETIC SHACK (continued)

T.P. (two-punch) Finnegan, Rocking Rich Christianson, Jarring Joe Weivoda, Tough Tom Lictieg, Battling Bob Shandorf and a host of others.

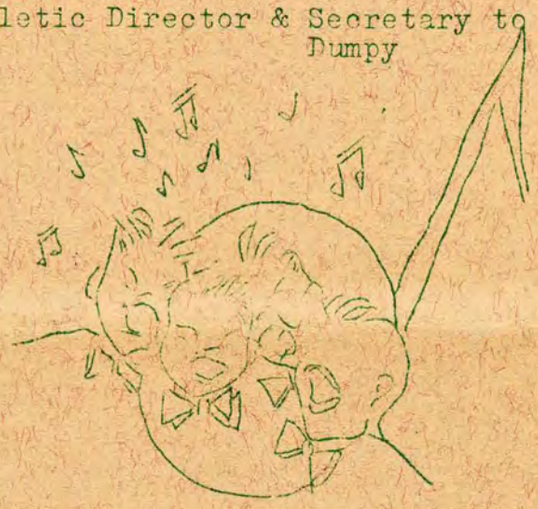
Yes, our two camping sessions were busy time for me, but I got to relax a little during Post Camp. But "hard-luck man", Dave Warner, was still ranging around the tennis courts mowing down all opposition. It was also during this time that our charming nurse, Mary Lischko, was seen on the tennis and badminton courts. No, she wasn't chasing campers this time, but was playing evening games with her son, Mike.

Also, the periods after supper would see some of the counsellors on the basketball courts re-living moments of past glory. Foremost among these will be breathless Bill Osborne, Dan "Sleepy-time" Moga and fresh from the Canadian wilds, Tom Braig and terrible Tim Lawler.

But the summer of 1957 is over, and written only in the records of memory. This year shall live for years to come in the minds of campers and counsellors alike, for it has been a good year. Perhaps, a few of the campers shall never return and attempt to tear me from lock and hasp, but, if I am still around next June, I am sure that I shall see many familiar faces and once again shall feel the pounding of impatient fists upon my battered door.

I am old, but I am proud, for not only do I know that I great group of boys makes up and is Camp Foley, and I am a part of this . . I AM DUMPY, the Athletic Shack . . .

HARVEY KLEVAR
Athletic Director & Secretary to Dumpy



FATHER FOLEY'S BIRTHDAY

The party began with the evening meal. For the occasion the good sisters prepared a banquet menu of chicken and all the trimmings for the one hundred and eighty members of our camp family.

At the close of the meal, Fred Weber emerged from under the piano and the evening's entertainment had started. Fred, acting as Master of Ceremonies, led the Happy Birthday Song and Father's favorite tune, "Grandfather's Clock". Next Fred called attention to the magnificent cake baked by the sisters. The cake was a masterpiece; a detailed replica of our own beautiful Our Lady of the Snows chapel. The cake was complete with steps, windows doors and even a statue in the spire niche. It was almost a shame to cut such a cake, but everyone was able to enjoy a piece.

The first talent offered for the evening was cabins Shingwako and Kadikomeg's singing a throaty version of "Tenting Tonight". Rick Smith and Friend Rich Beal wailed out "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?", followed by Jim Mehring soloing an old Irish love song, "Shule Agra." Two skits were presented by cabins Yakama and Shingwako, and then a piano solo by Dick Watson was artistically performed.

The Grand Finale and the biggest hit of the evening found Jim Mehring dressed as a waitress, Mike Lischko, Pat Lewis, and Steve Nightingale playing the part of the three wolves belted out in true 1890 fashion, the old melodramatic song, "My Mother Was A Lady." This number grought down the house and also brought to an end the Birthyday Celebration for 1957.

Special mention should be made of the wonderful cooperation on the part of both campers and staff. The time of the birthday party fell during the busiest week of the camp season and it took great effort to reserve any rehersal time, but everyone pitched in and worked together in a true camp spirit and a really worthwhile program was presented in Father's honor. Special thanks to Dick Watson for doing all the accompaniment and counsellors Hank Merry and Fred Weber for their time and help.

John Welshons

MEMOIRS OF AN ATHLETIC SHACK

The cool breeze is gently rustling the leaves overhead, Making them cast their shadows upon my face as I sit here thinking; thinking of the summer that has swiftly passed and the crisp autumn which is soon to come. I look about me and see that the leaves are already beginning to cover the athletic courts; the courts which just a few weeks ago were rollicking with the shouts and arguments of the campers.

Yes, the summer camping season passes quickly. It makes me realize that I am getting older and have seen my better days. Already my back begins to creak as the campers jump upon my roof, and my side begins to twinge and tilt under the scratching lead of some camper's pencil, as he attempts to draw pictures upon my walls. Perhaps, things such as these are the cause of Bob Schmid's plans to replace me. But I have had a full life and I am ready to retire to some quiet corner of the camp and rest - - - and think of my past days of glory upon the athletic grounds. Oh, yes, it seems that I haven't yet introduced myself. I am Dumpy, the Athletic Shack. Perhaps, most of you think of me as the old green and white building which sets next to the tennis courts. Yes, that is partly true, but as I look back over the last summer's camping season, I begin to think that I am more than a shack. I am part of the camp!

Just to prove my point let me tell you about some of the things which happened this past year, in my general area. It seemed that every five minutes someone was being called over the loudspeaker, to report to the athletic shack. "Jim Creech, Tom Speier, Tom Mork, Norv Adlestein," it blared, "to the athletic shack, please!" Boy did I feel proud!

It seems that there were always some athletic tournaments being run off. Why, shucks, it was right here in front of my face, on the on the tennis courts that "giant-killer", George Cook, downed the mighty Frank O'Connor to take the Sioux crown. Of course, Frank bounced right back in the second period to capture the title.

But it seems that it was really up to the Iroquois tribe to produce a man who could take all three championships; badminton, tennis, and horseshoes. I am thinking of none other than Warren Dold, the Texas flash with the Rice Owls "T" shirt, who actually did win all three championships. In the second session, however, Mike Murphy of Ishtakaba took both the badminton and the horseshoe tournaments for the Chippewa, while "Jarring Jim" Donovan "brought home the bacon" for Cabin Locosippi by winning the Iroquois tennis and badminton championships.

Some time ago, I believe, during the second session, as I was basking in the warm sun, pulling my creaky boards back together, my shingles were practically blown off by a tremendous roar. I braced my dangling door for the shock. It was a victorious under-dog, Ojibway team returning from a basketball win over very confident Wahpekuta. I think this upset was equaled only by Shingwako of the Sioux Tribe, which tumbled a mighty Kadikomeg from the championship ranks. If I remember correctly, it seems that I heard Dick Watson telling Bill Garvey that this was the only loss suffered by the powerful Kadikomeg team as they steamrollered their way to the tribal crown during both first and second periods.

Although I wasn't actually on the scene at the trackmeets, (My advanced age doesn't allow me to lumber over to the athletic fields) I did hear John O'Connor telling Corky Rassmussen about Bill Goblish's great record of four wins out of five events. Only John Kealy bettered Blasting Bill. Kealy scored wins in five out of five events. John and Corky were very reliable judges since they both were double session men

From the noise and excitement which goes on around here during boxing time, I would be led to say that this "Foley Square Gardens" affair is one of the biggest scheduled events in this part of the country. Perhaps, the reason for this is the fact that every boxer who climbs between the ropes is a champion in his own right. My own opinion is that even if one of them loses his boxing bout, he still remains a champion because it takes a champion to get in and trade blows with a hard-fisted opponent. A few boys who did make a name for themselves all over the Whitefish country were:"Powerful Pat Hays,

(Continued Page 6)

CONFESSIONS OF A CLOTHES BARREL

by Bill Osborne

Man! I've had a busy summer! But to tell you the truth, gang, I'd rather be filled to the brim with lost clothing than lying empty in the now deserted camp. A camp just isn't a camp without campers and it gets mighty lonesome sitting here knowing your clothing won't fill my belly until another summer rolls around. I do have some consolation; each morning I catch a glimpse of Frank as he strokes Jenny about the camp. There was some talk of Jenny's giving up, but I can assure you that she has regained her carnival form and will be ready for next season. It's really a treat to watch that proud old lady purr around these grounds, Actually, fellows, the coughing and spitting she does during the regular season is just her method of getting attention from you.

You know, boys, I've had my best year. Why there wasn't a day when my belly wasn't bursting. I owe thanks to so many of you for providing me with a respectable job. Why, if it weren't for you I might be a garbage can! I've got to watch that guy, Bill Osborne; that goof thinks your clothes should be in your cabins and he won't miss a day without robbing me of your 'stuff'. I fooled him though, I still have eight pair of shoes in here that he hasn't found owners for.

Tommy Morrow was really a great fellow. He lost more things than any other boy in camp. I had his pirk and black sweater twelve times in four weeks. Pat Mc Dermott and Steve Nightingale were terrific the first period as hardly a day went by without some contribution from both of them. But there again, Osborne ruined things. He got Pat and Steve engaged in some kind of contest and they sold out for a canteen. It is really amazing what can be done when campers don't want to lose clothing. I hate to tell you this, but Mc Dermott and Nightingale tied with two articles lost for the second period. The first session they averaged two articles per day.

The counsellors are all right. They make my life more pleasant than many of you careful campers. They managed to drop their share of stuff into my waiting arms. This is somewhat of a secret, but Dan Moga easily walked away with honors in the lost clothing department. As a matter bald fact, he may have been my best provider, campers included. Welshons, Cook, Brady, and Jestice pushed him a little, but the outcome was never in doubt. Certainly hope they don't hire any more like Crowe or Lawler or I'm finished. And you can add your friend and mine, Harvey Klevar, to that list. He isn't satisfied just taking care of his clothing but instead he does his best to see that you don't lose yours. That Texan has to go!!

You may think that being a clothes barrel is a dull job, but I can assure you that my life has its share of spice. Will never forget Osborne's face when he pulled a pair of ladies lace panties from my laughing sides. Man, was he shocked to find that kind of thing in a boy's camp! About that time Vi bounced into the scene to claim the article. It seems that one of the campers en route to athletics from the swim dock passed under the Schmid clothesline and was kind enough to think of me. There is some doubt in Vi's mind as to whether the article in question was on the ground or on the line. Actually I didn't mind, as I'm happy to accept anything from anywhere. Come to think of it; was that a camper or counsellor who dropped those drawers? Oh well, it's not important, I'll ask Trosky about it next year . . .

SKIING ON WHITEFISH by Dave Cook

What is the reason for the fast growth and eager participation in waterskiing? Why did so many boys work their hearts out in order to mmet the stiff requirements set up for participating in this particular sport? Probably one of its biggest popularity points is that it provides , like no other sport, the thrill of speed without its dangers. Though to many it appears to be very difficult, water skiing is comparatively easy and can be enjoyed by young and old alike. It is as simple as this, if you have learned to swim you can learn to ski. It has been praised by doctors as a very healthful sport. The skier pulls with his arms and pushes with his feet, the muscles in his legs, arms and stomach are all exercised. There is no heavy taxation on the heart because the continuous flow of energy is supplied by the boat.

Of course water skiing is a new sport and its challenges for the energetic skier are unlimited. After each new skill or trick has been mastered the skier is already wondering what else he can do. It is probably America's fastest growing water sport outside of outboard motoring, with which it walks side by side.

LOOKING HOMEWARD

MIKE CROWE WABBI BOUND!

The memories of time spent at Camp Foley seems always to lead former staff members back to the land of pines for a visit to renew friendships and to relive, for a time, the many happy hours they spent working among the boys in a setting not easily duplicated anywhere. As a matter of fact, many former staff member from out of state, who are now married have returned to Minnesota to settle and follow their professions.

Three old counsellors, now ordained priests, offered Hold Mass in Our Lady of the Snows Chapel at camp. They were Fathers Bob Ekman, Piet Snyers, and Jim Dawson. Father Dawson who hails from Nebraska purchased a lot a half mile from camp where he plans to build a cabin.

Bud Schlehuber, with us during the 54-55 season, came to camp for a week before begining his duties at Catepillar Co., in Peoria, Ill. Bud worked on activities and specialized on the fishing dock. Of course he and his boys never managed to catch many fish, but then Bud figured they could all work off frustration by digging in the worm corral. There aren't any worms in the corral any more, but the physical activity in digging helped wear off the nervous tension.

Other former staff members to pay us a visit were Drs. Bill and Jim Chervenak who originally came from Pennslyvania and are now practicing medicine and dentistry at a small town near Little Falls, Minn. From the 1956 season we had a visit from Jack Anderson, Dick Charrier, Ron Winch, and Jim Carroll. Ron's brother Brad also stopped for a visit. They all seemed quite satisfied with the way their successors, Dave Cook and Mike Crowe were running things.

Mr. Len Tracy returned to camp to bring his son, Mike, for Post season. Mr. Tracy was camp director from 1938 to 1943. Ed Wey, tripping director for the last five years, returned to take out a Canadian Canoe trip during the first session.

Many old campers have dropped in on us throughout the season and we are always glad to visit with them. If every you happen to be in the Whitefish area be sure to stop out here and let us know that you are around. Also if you find a moment drop us a line and let us know how you're doing in school and if you have seen some of your camper and counsellor friends since you left camp.

DAY IS DONE by Jim Stessman

The last group event of every camp period is the singing of "Taps". At the Award Night ceremonies, after presentations have been made, farewell speeches given, the final story told, and the last songs sung together, the campfire circle draws into a close-knit group around the fire, and meaningful words are added to the now-familiar tune of "Taps".

It is with these powerful words set to the music of the solemn notes of "Taps" that Foley campers and staff recall their experiences at camp. Just before falling asleep each night at camp, we hear the clarion notes of the bugle as it momentarily breaks the stillness of a Whitefish night - - - "Day is done,

Gone the sun
From the hiss, from the lake, from the sky;
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh . . . "

As we fall asleep, our minds are filled with the busy experiences of the day, and at the same time we are looking forward to another eventful day at camp. This year, as we sang "Taps" together on Award Night, we looked back at four fun-packed weeks during which we shared all the adventures recounted in this issue of the FOLEY BUGLE. Just as we did every night as we heard the stirring notes of "Taps", let us look forward to another day . . . to many more days in the years to come . . . of live among the northern pines at Camp Foley.