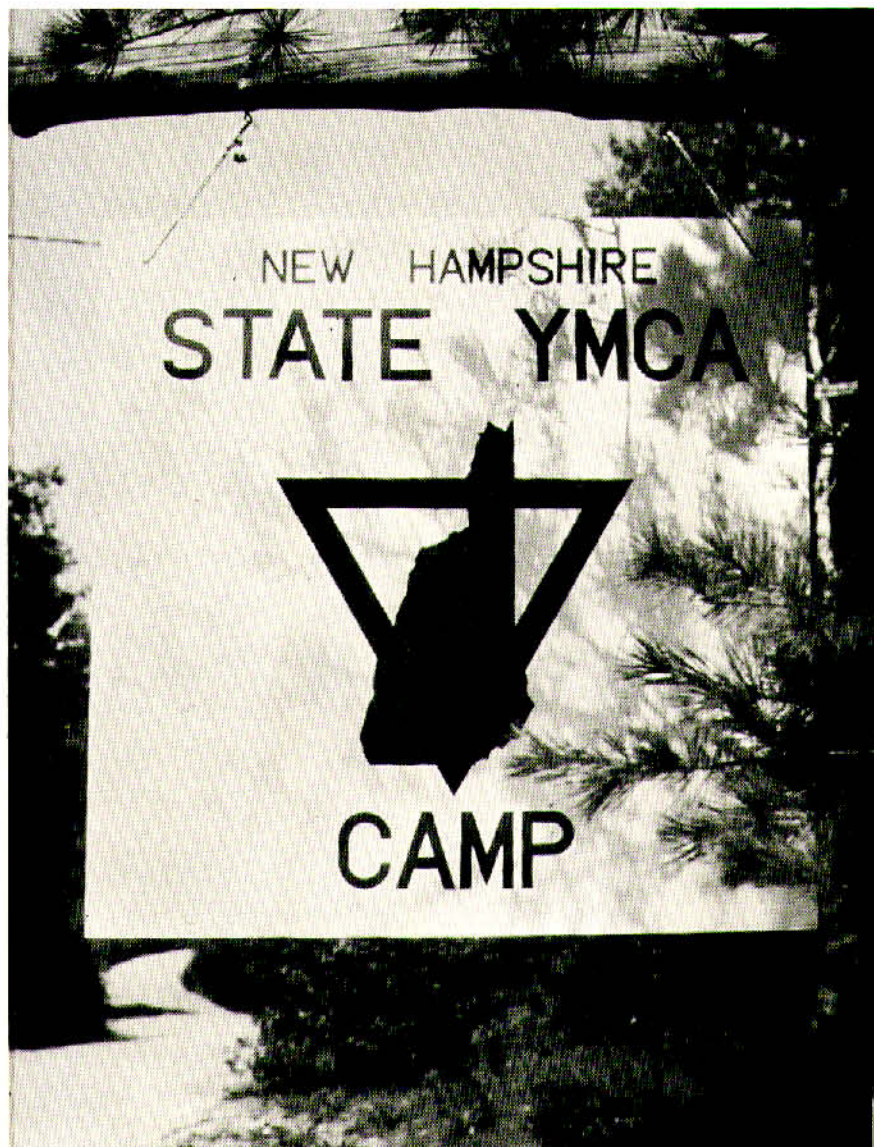


THE ANNUAL



Published By

**CAMP
CONISTON**

Croydon, New Hampshire

No. 4 1968 Edition

THE ANNUAL

AND THE

"CORNER STONE"

Published By

**THE NEW
NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE YMCA**

CAMP CONISTON

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR: Doug Reed

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Sandi Haley

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Mindy Cooper-Smith

Doug Reed

THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW - 1968

The other evening at our final banquet, Roxie had the girls' chorus sing the beautiful song "The Impossible Dream", and a little later Harry Wardell, our State YMCA Executive, directed his remarks to the same theme in describing Camp Coniston as a fulfillment of the impossible dream.

Today as I sit at my desk, all is quiet as camp is over now; and as I lean back and look down past the girls' water-front to the birches and maples in the woods of boys' camp, I begin to see hints of the coming fall with a touch here and there of scarlet and gold. And as I look out on our beautiful Camp Coniston my thoughts, spurred by Mr. Wardell's remarks, return to the winter of 1962-63 when Coniston was indeed an impossible dream.

For several years filled cabins and waiting lists at the old Camp Soangetaha kept reminding us that we needed to be concerned about the future, as there was no room to expand on Rand's Pond; and our existing facilities were just not adequate for modern programming and health and safety standards.

With the encouragement of the Camp Committee, Mr. Wardell and I must have hiked into and around most of the lakes and ponds in western New Hampshire investigating ownership and determining feasibility for camp development. There were about three properties we were interested in when the Dudley family, having heard of our interest in a new camp site, contacted us about their Camp Interlaken in the town of Croydon. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley had for many years operated a successful private girls' camp and now wished to retire. Their commitment to camping, their love of New Hampshire woods and lakes, and their faith in young people were so strong that they couldn't bring themselves to sell the camp in Croydon for anything other than a resident camp for children.

It was when we first saw the Dudley's camp that we became committed to our "Impossible Dream" - the unspoiled lake and forests, the unmatched facilities and buildings - somehow we knew this beautiful part of New Hampshire had to be preserved and maintained and developed for the use and enjoyment of thousands of boys and girls in the years ahead who would want a YMCA camp experience.

At first our dream did seem impossible as we faced the staggering task of negotiations and purchase. Finally in the fall of 1963 terms were agreed upon, and we signed the papers that made the camp ours. And here was a real testimony of faith - we had nothing to pay for the new camp with but the funds realized from the sale of Camp Soangetaha - just that and the belief that New Hampshire friends would respond to the same kind of vision that the Camp Committee had and in their belief in the impossible dream.

In the spring of 1964, the faith was justified as all but \$80,000.00 of the total \$400,000.00 project was raised in the Camp Funds Campaign that was conducted in New Hampshire with special emphasis in our Western District where no city or town had a larger population than 12,000! This accomplishment was unheard of, not only in fund drives in the area, but in the National YMCA movement as well. Not content on resting on their laurels, the Camp Committee continues today in their efforts to raise the rest of the funds so that Coniston's operation can be completely debt free.

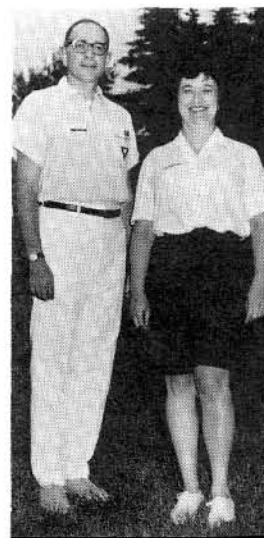
Well, the rest is history too. We opened camp in 1964, and from the very first enjoyed the enthusiasm of campers and dedication of staff that has made Camp Coniston so well-known and highly regarded.

In five years we have come a long way to the kind of camp we want to be, and it might be said that this is the end of our beginning.

As we look ahead to the future of our impossible dream, we see new faces in campers, staff, and yes, a new director; but we know that the vision and courage and loyalty that were such an important part of our beginning will continue down through the years to the further fulfillment of our impossible dream.

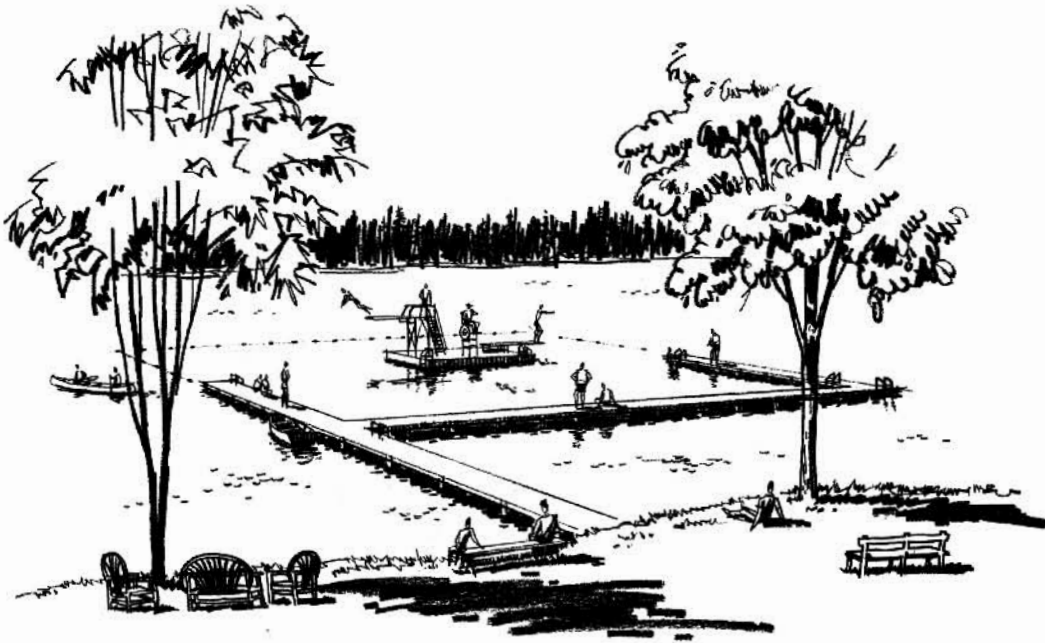
It's late afternoon now; and the sun has long since set behind Willow Peak. The view from my window has dimmed somewhat, but in its place I see the faces of friends - the faces of all of you who have been a part of the Coniston family. The faces are long and round, laughing and smiling - here and there a frown or a tear or two - all of you whose memory I will cherish in the privilege of being your camp Director. Looking to the years ahead, we know that the faces will change (and the figures with them!); and as you do reach out to the future, it would be my hope that part of what you learned here at Camp Coniston was not only how to paddle a canoe or to pass your minnow test or to identify twenty-six different trees, but also to have caught the knowledge that you are an important individual person and that you can accomplish great things as you seek your own "impossible dreams". God bless you always.

Doug and Beryl Reed - 1968

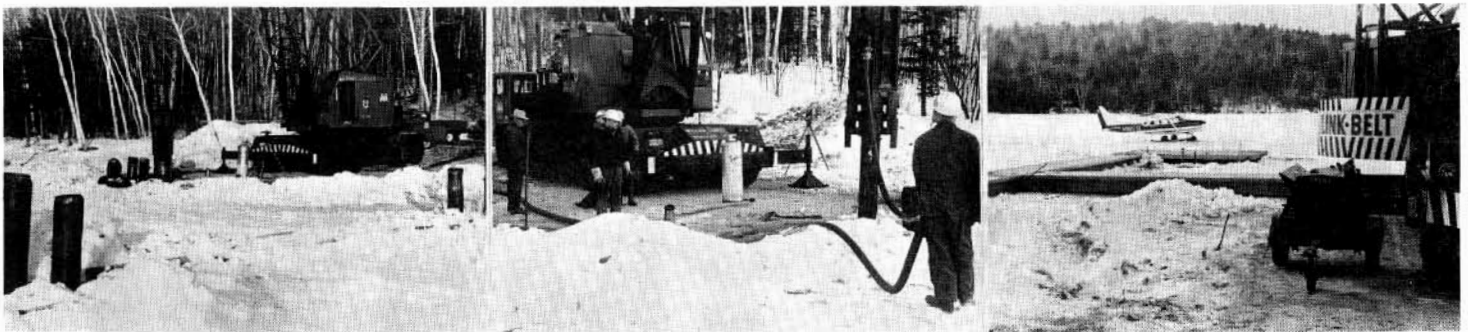


1968's NEW PROJECT -- THE NEW SWIMMING DOCKS

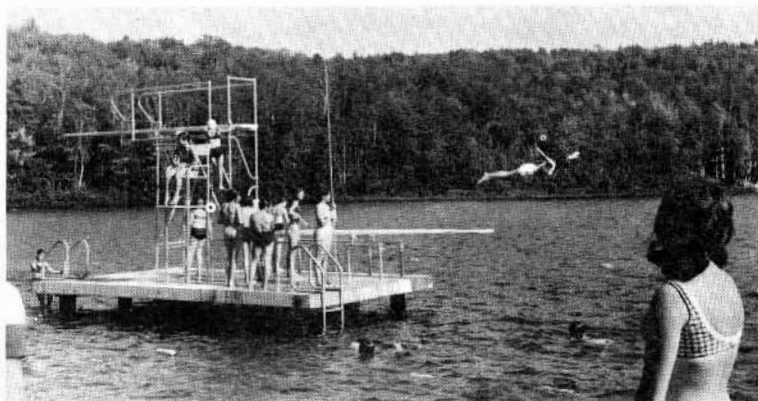
From an artist's sketch.....



The highest priority on the Camp Committee's list of things needed for Camp Coniston for 1968 was the project for new swimming docks for both boys and girls camp. Early last fall the committee decided that the best investment in terms of low maintenance, length of service, and excellence for program were the pre-stressed concrete T-beams set on driven pilings. The construction was started in the winter time and the Miller Construction Co., working through two feet of ice put in the pilings and beams. The final job was completed just before camp and the new docks were put to good use right away.



A second phase of the project, just as important as the construction, was the securing of funds to pay for the project. The Camp Committee stood firm on their belief that it would not be fair to expect campers tuition fees to pay for capital projects and they also believed that the Coniston family and friends could be relied upon to provide this badly needed new facility for camp. Their faith was once again well founded as camper families and friends have subscribed to the dock fund so far in the amount of \$17,982.00 --- just \$2,018.00 to go!!



TO REALITY!!!

THE 1968 COUNSELLING STAFF

BOYS CAMP



Front row, 1 to r: Tom Berry, Tom Sandoe, Nate Carey, Richard Carr, Bill Guinther, Tip Graham.

2nd row, 1 to r: Steve Esser, Cliff Cutler, John Miner, Jimmy McKinney, Larry Dimmick, Jim Minichiello, Wilshire Walkup.

3rd row, 1 to r: Doug Reed, Camp Director, Frank Palmer, Peter Fleming, Werner Lohe, Bill Kebler, Volker Koehler, Whit Springfield, and Dave Leaver, Co-Directors of Boys Camp

GIRLS CAMP



Front row, 1 to r: Pattie Reed, Ellen Satzow, Mary Fisher, Sandi Haley, Virginia Tipton, Kathy Fuller, Ruth Leuthard, Marilyn Muller.

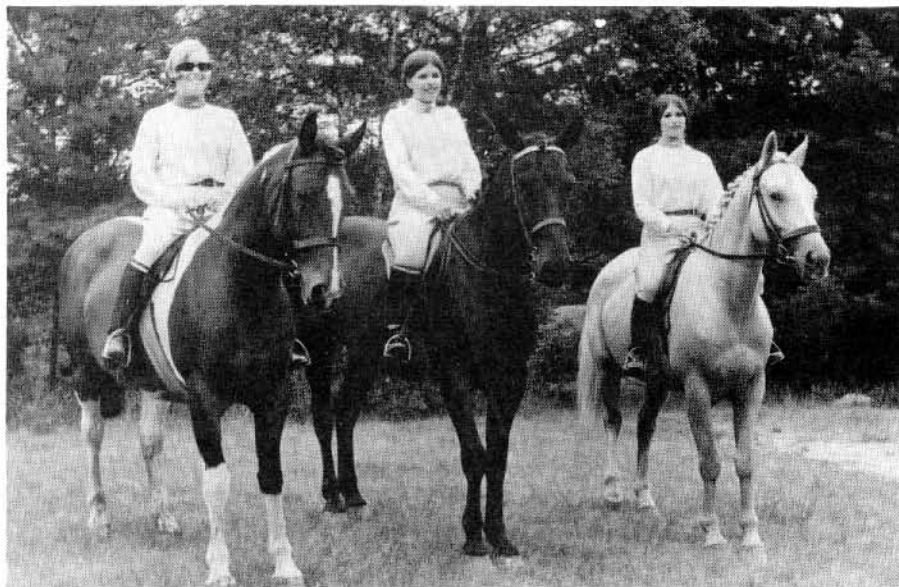
2nd row, 1 to r: Martha Wetmore, Ann Cutler, Jo Broadwell, Betty Ward, Kathy Boley, Gredel Abeken, Marlene Gordon, June Blake, Marny Barber, Otti Mex.

3rd row, 1 to r: Gladys Hawley, Jean Edwards, Muriel Sprague, Anne Wadsworth, Roberta Wernick, Betsy Wirtz, Mindy Cooper-Smith, Shirley Stevens, Debbie Larmie.

4th row, 1 to r: Doug Reed, Camp Director, Sara Gummersall, Linda Jewell, Becky Call, Alison Street, Barbara Smith, Cheryl Potter, Roxie Bowker, Linda Garber, Barbara Jacob, Dan Simonds, Girls Camp Director.

THE RIDING STAFF

Always a popular program, riding was especially successful this year under the leadership of Riding Directors Judy Gandley, Kristal Martin, and Pat Guthrie. The horse show and pageant were the highlight of a year that saw many campers advance in their riding skills and also in their ability to care for horses and tack.



Pat Guthrie, Assistant Riding Instructor, Kristal Martin, Assistant Riding Instructor, and Judy Gandley Riding Director

THE PROGRAM STAFF



Bill Sebert, Program Coordinator; Richard Carr, Aquatics Director; Frank Baldachino, Campcraft Director; Frank D'Agastaro, Arts and Crafts Director; Dennis DeTurk, Sports Director, and Ed Loos, Nature Director.

THE NURSING STAFF

Splinters, sprained ankles, toothaches, earaches, colds, bee stings, physical exams, trips to the hospital, allergy shots, prescriptions, and often times, just a comforting word or a hot cup of coffee shared in the evening. These are just a few of the many things that our nurses Mickey and Helen dealt with daily as they worked together to keep our Coniston family healthy, fit and happy.



Mickey Perkins, director of nursing services for Girls Camp and Helen Jordan, director of nursing services for Boys Camp

THE OFFICE STAFF



Sally Ann Whitney,
Assistant Office Secretary



Mary Polinski
Assistant Office Secretary

Posting store accounts, typing the riding schedules, greeting visitors, answering the telephone, distributing mail, sorting laundry, running errands, turning out ditto stencils by the thousands for schedules, programs, lists, etc., and lending a helping hand here and there. These are just a small list of the activities that keep the office gals busy around the clock; but, it is their concern and help that keeps Coniston running smoothly and efficiently.

THE FOOD SERVICE STAFF

Certainly, one of the great factors in the success of our 1968 season was the work of Head Chef Dick Nevens and his boys in the Kitchen Crew.

The menus were outstanding and excellently prepared (who will ever forget the final banquet in the fourth period?)

Often times in the daily routine of camp life we tend to take the fact that we will have our ravenous appetites satisfied three times a day, right on schedule, no interruptions. But, if we do take a moment to look behind the scenes we see that this only happens because a very dedicated and loyal group of persons are hard at work all day, and every day.

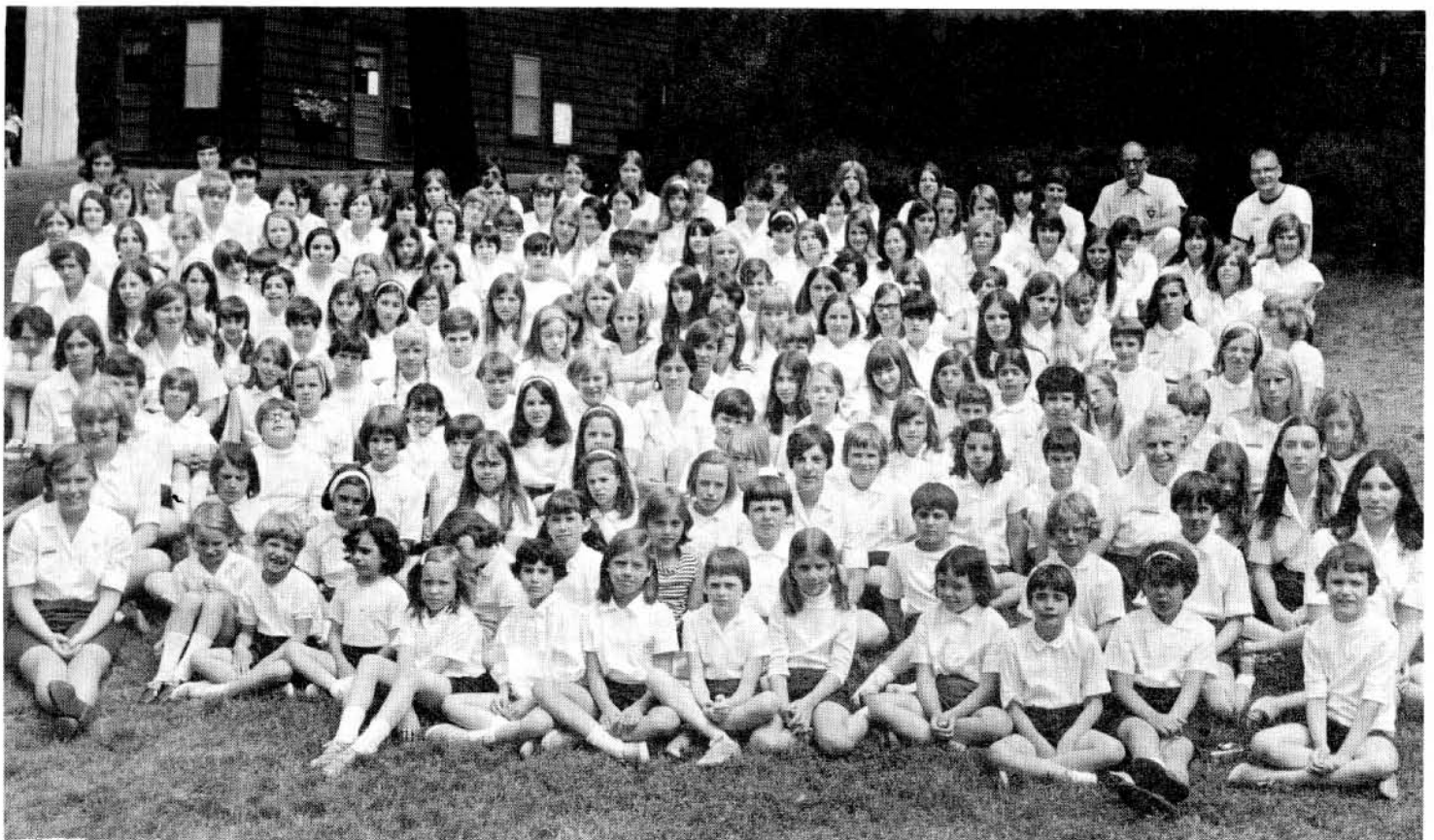
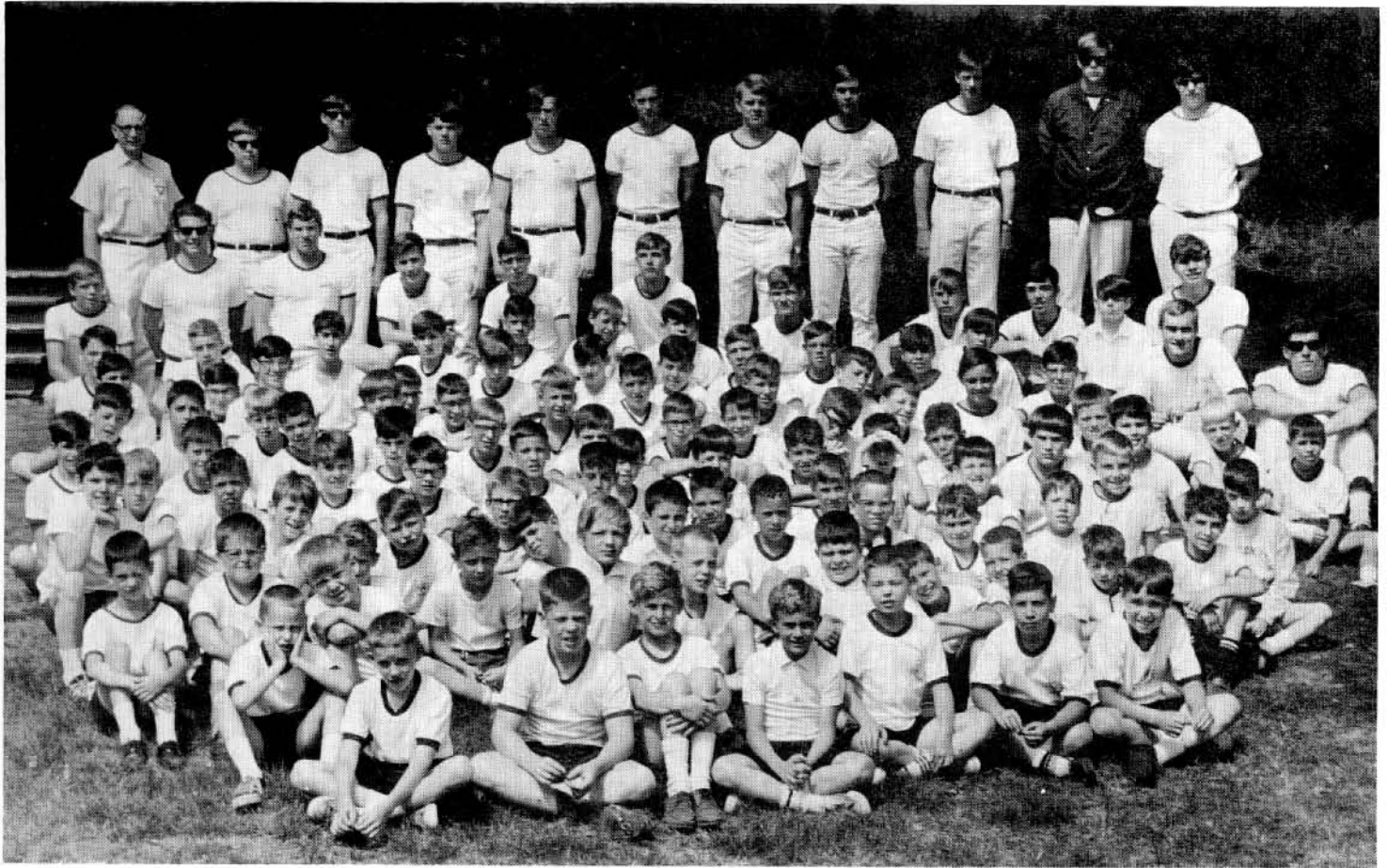
So, a big "Class A Clap" for Dick and the Kitchen Crew!



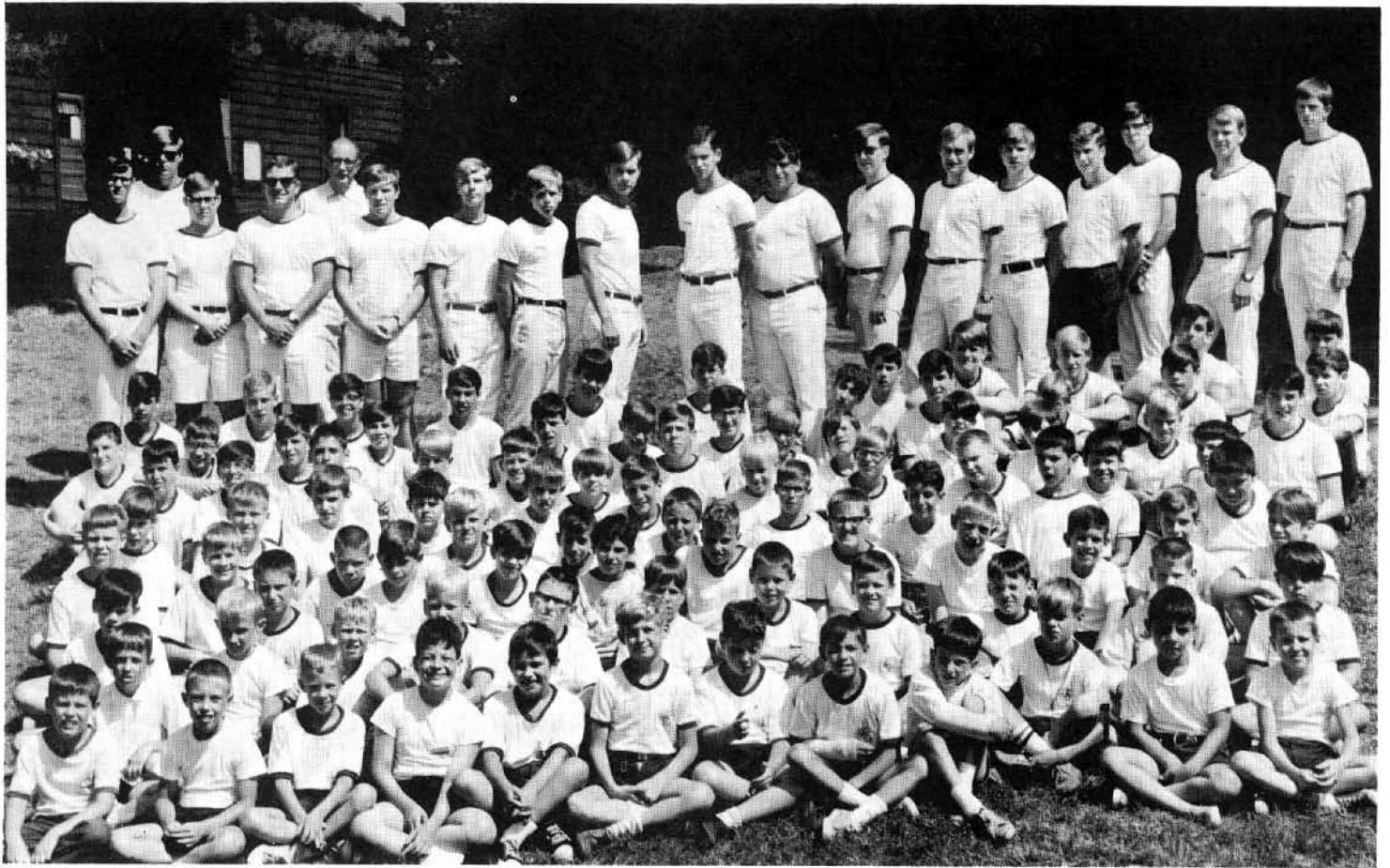
The Kitchen Crew

Front row, 1 to r: Mike Malia, Donald Clough, Kevin White, Terry Wilson, Mike Pullen
2nd row, 1 to r: Bill Sharp, Dick Nevens, Doris Nevens
Missing from the picture are Hariette LaManna, Barry Martin, and Nelson Aldrich.

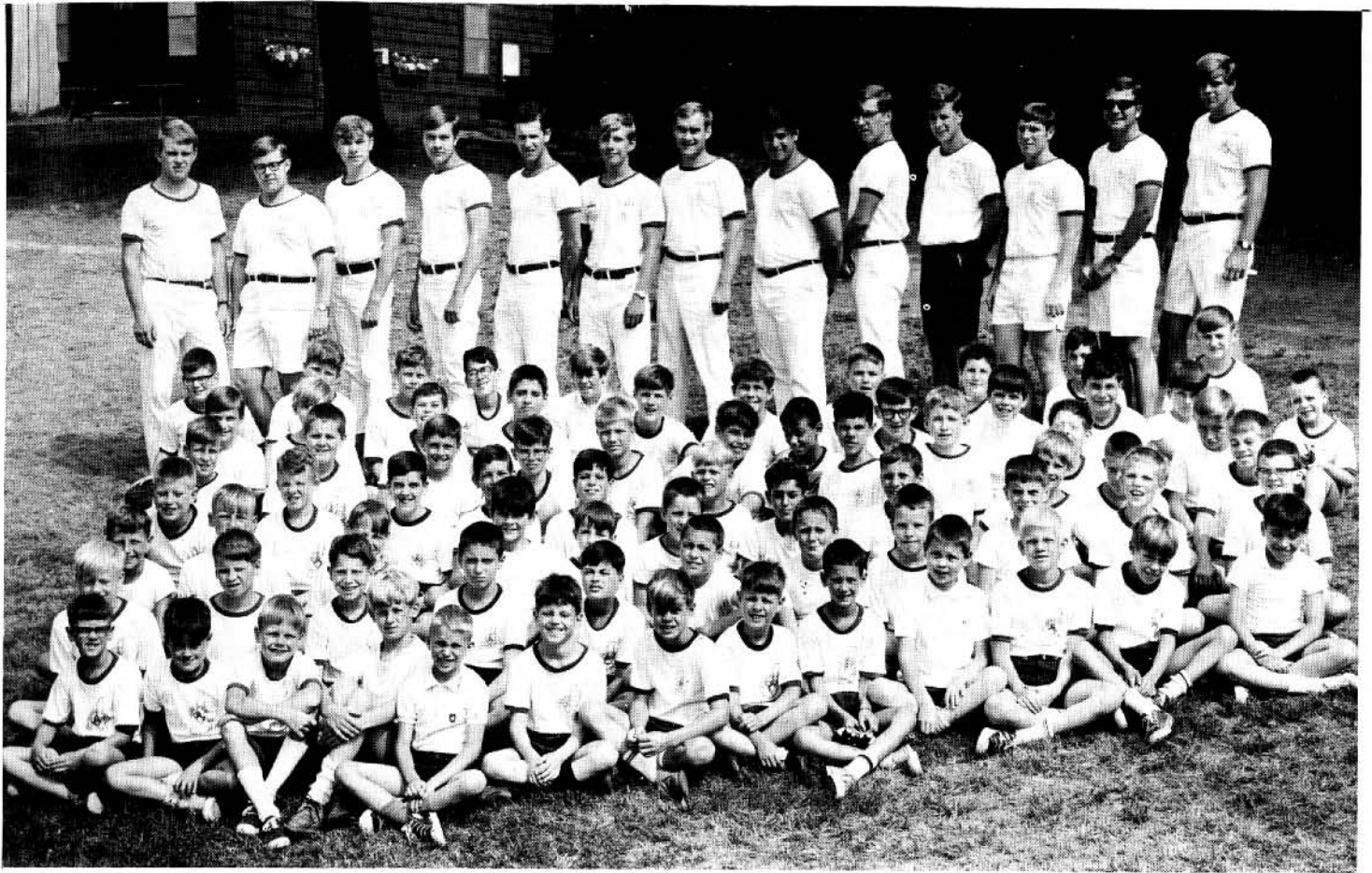
1st Period



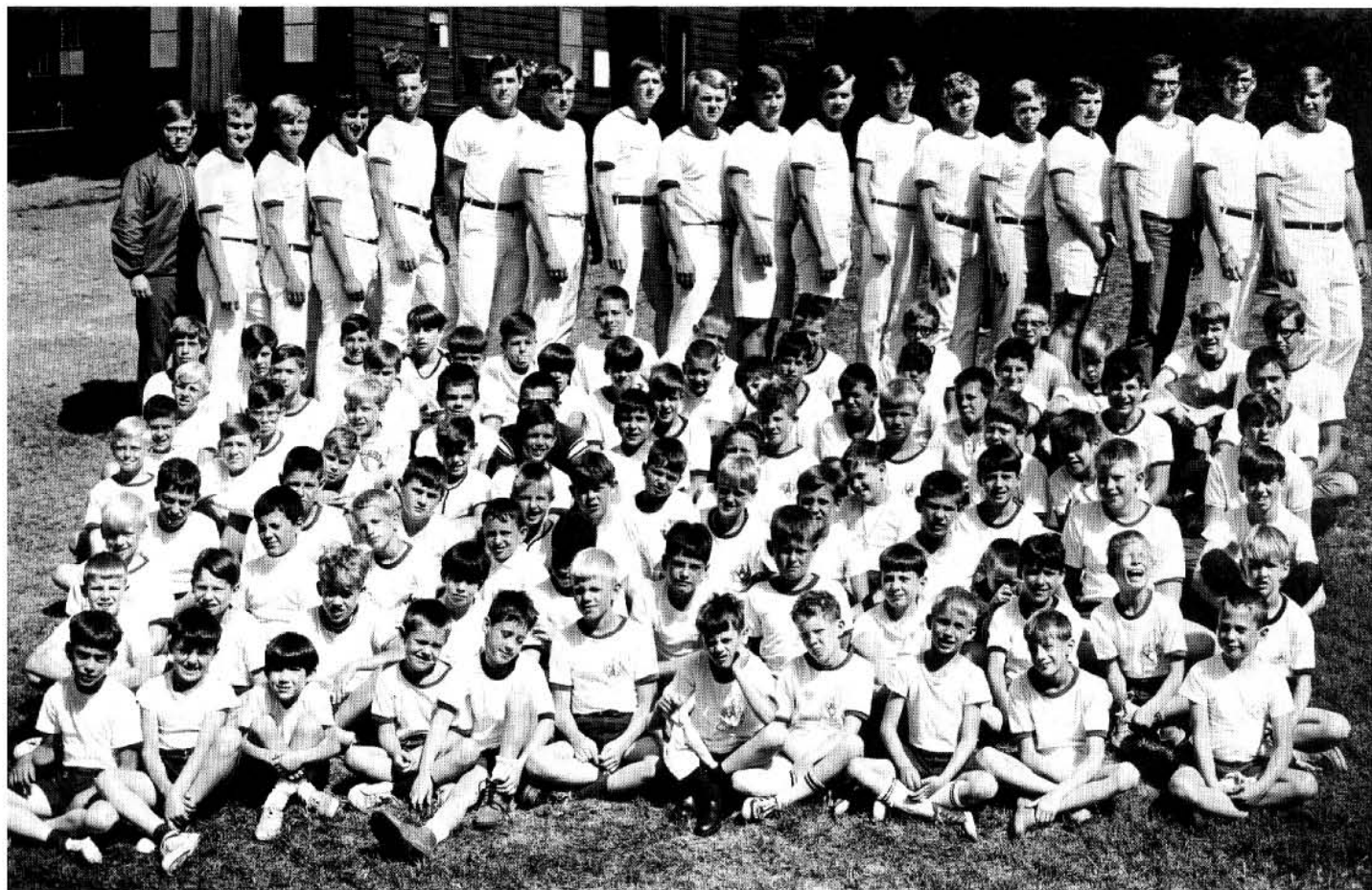
2nd Period



3rd Period



4th Period



“THE

CORNER

STONE”

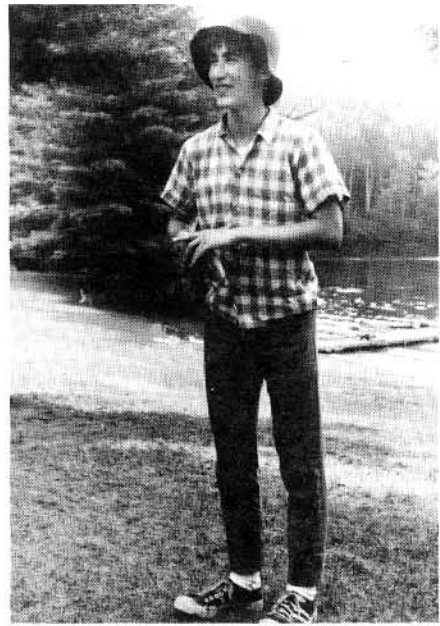


1968 HONOR CAMPERS

At the end of each two weeks each camp with campers and Counseling Staff voting chose the boy and girl who best exemplified the spirit of Coniston. It was always difficult to single out just the few persons in each camp as there were so many who helped make camp so great this year. And yet, the names of the HONOR CAMPERS did come forward as those persons who made particularly significant contributions to the camp and its program as evidenced by their enthusiasm, participation, cooperation and general understanding of Coniston ideals and traditions.

In Girl's Camp, Director Dan Simonds presented each Honor Camper with a "Turks Head" knot symbolic of the intertwining of the qualities that make a good camper.

Boy's Camp Directors Whit Springfield and Dave Leaver presented each Honor Camper with the "Boy's Camp Staff" as symbolic of the best qualities in leadership that were reflected in the Boy's Honor Camper.



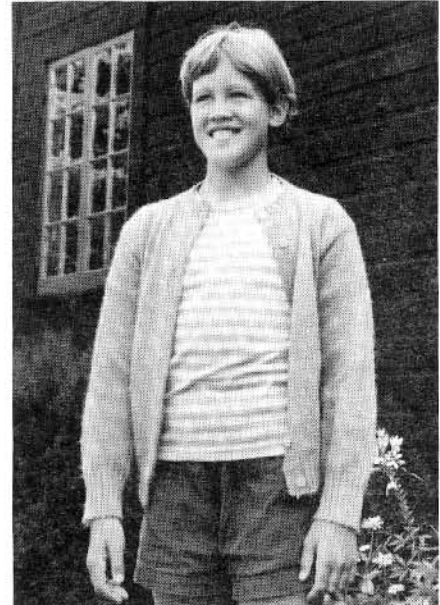
1968 Honor Campers

1st Period: Scott Stevens, Lebanon, N.H.; Lauri Kidder, New London, N.H.; Ann Helgen, Northfield, Minnesota; Martha Ryan, Claremont, N.H.

2nd Period: Mark Brady, New London, N.H.; Jo Beth Dudley, Littleton, N.H.; Linda Smith, Newport, N.H.

3rd Period: Paul Wasserman, Ossining, N.Y.; Margaret Normandin, New Boston, N.H.; Diane Mayo, Concord, N.H.; Miriam Murphy, Carlisle, Mass.

4th Period: Peter Kushner, Norwood, Mass.; Constance Freese, Concord, N.H.; Babbette Lazarus, Ossining, N.Y.; Susan Proctor, Concord, N.H.



PROGRAMS

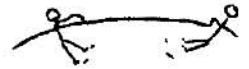


FOURTH OF JULY



Every year people all over the U.S. celebrate July 4 on the 4th. That is, everyone but the people of good ole Camp Coniston. We celebrated it on July 7. Shortly after reveille blew, a band went marching through the girls' camp playing "Yankee Doodle" and waking all the sound sleepers. Then we had water balloon throws, a three-legged race, a potato sack race. While everyone was doing this, Smokey was at the Nature Lodge making some of his homemade ice cream. Last of all we had a beautiful fireworks display. This was a day that was full of fun for everyone.

OLYMPICS



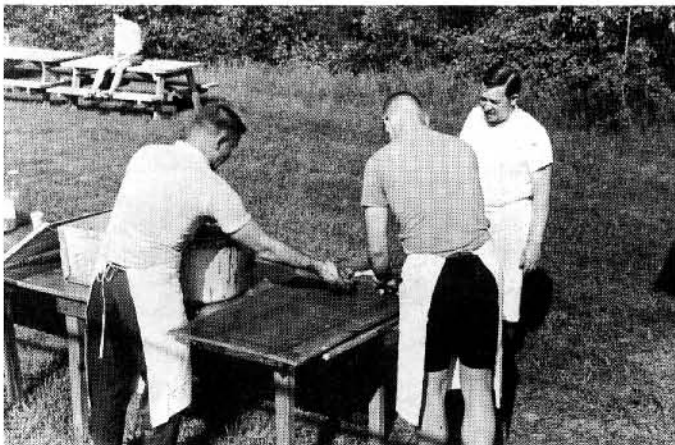
We celebrated our annual Olympics Day at Camp Coniston on July 9. For the third year in a row, the winning team was Germany with a grand total of 61 points. France came in second with 57 points and the U.S.A. third with 51 points. Switzerland was fourth, followed by a tie between Italy and Canada; and, last but not least, was Ireland. There was a great variety of games -- the mile run, jumping rope, 50- and 200-yd. dash, tug of war, and a discus and shotput for senior boys. The winning team got a great big, delicious cake!

RUBY WINS MISS YMCA CONTEST

Saturday, July 20, 1968, Camp Coniston held their annual Miss YMCA Beauty Pageant. The winners went on to compete in the Miss America and Miss Universe Pageants. Fifteen beautiful young ladies (boy counselors dressed as girls) were judged on posture, legs, and talent. First, the five finalists were chosen -- Ruby, Flossy, Surfer Girl, the Bride, and Willimena. The next step was to pick the winner. Ruby (Tip) won with a fantastic rendition of "Tiptoe Through the Tulips". The first runnerup was Flossy (Peter); second was the Bride (Volker); third Surfer Girl (Tom); and fourth Willimena (Wilshire).

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

The 4th of July (actually, our 4th was the 7th...) was a special holiday in Camp with all the traditional programs and trimmings -- the drum and bugle corps parade at reveille complete with broomstick colorguards, relay races, sack races, the big Chicken Barbeque served for the first time at the "Sugar House", and the grande finale of fire-works in the evening: surely a day to be remembered in 1968.



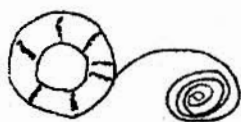
CONISTON OLYMPICS

Each year during the first period the camp divides into nations and compete in the Olympics. The parade of nations with flags flying, the races and contests - all were planned by Smokey DeTurk's sports staff to be a lot of fun. Once again Germany came out on top and won the laurels and the victory cake.



POLAR BEAR

Polar Bear is lots of fun. You rise from the comforts of a warm bed and without hesitation, plunge into the depths of Lake Coniston. When everyone in your cabin has accomplished this feat, you get a big, white Polar Bear plaque to hang on your cabin. We took a survey this year -- results: Out of 179 people questioned, 124 were for, 23 against, and 32 indifferent.



LIFESAVING

Every afternoon at third period, a great groan can be heard throughout the camp. All through the period whistles, gurgurlings, fiendism, and infuriated shouts come floating on the air from the girls' waterfront. What goes on in that class anyway, R.C.? We see kids coming out of the class looking more drowned than saved. We have also noticed that they seem to be learning quite a bit about saving a human life; and if they had to save anybody, they probably could. Oh, well, Hidy-Tidy, Everybody!

Running the Mile,
Is like canoeing down the Nile;

Polar Bear
Is quite a dare;
Siesta can be lots of fun
Because you're never on the run;
I think Camp Coniston is the very best camp
But sometimes it is sort of damp.

Debby Radway

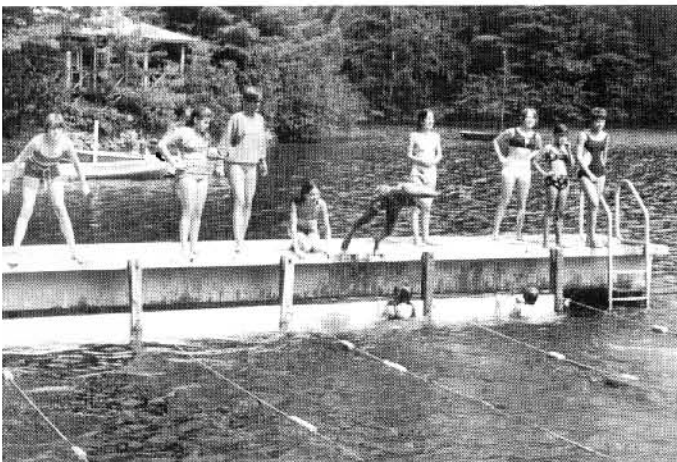
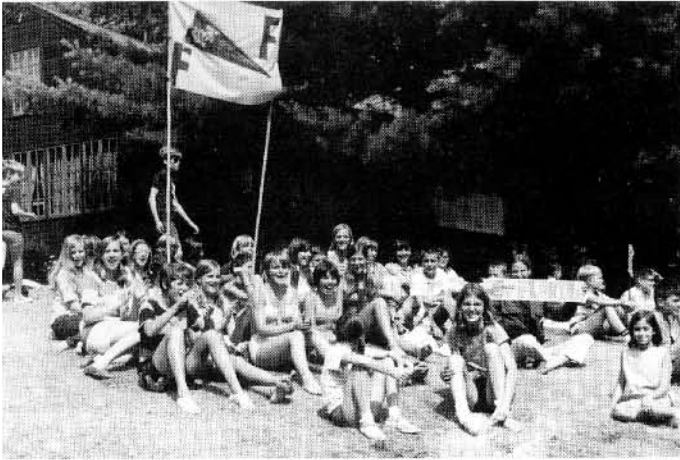
ROADRUNNER

This year the camp started a new activity called Roadrunner. Every morning about 7:00 the ambitious campers and counselors rise to the sound of a Beep-Beep and run a long mile before breakfast. There are awards for Roadrunner cabins, and for the 10, 15, and 25 mile runners. A poll was taken and there were 28 for, 20 against, and 11 indifferent. We all hope to make this new activity a great success.

C.B.



THE AQUATICS MEET



LONG TOM DAY



Long Tom Day was named after a man called "Long" Tom Currier. He was a lumberjack standing about 6 ft., 7 in. Obviously that is how he got his name, "Long" Tom. He was a man who loved the great outdoors -- a hunter, fisherman, an all-around woodsman. Every August we commemorate a day to him. We had a greased pole climb (for a dollar bill), fire building contests, a pole toss for staff, log rolling, and canoe races.

YAD SKRAWKCAB

enO yad ta notsinoC, ew did yreve-
gniht sdrawkcab. ehT pmaC ekow pu
ot spat dna txen tnew ot galf
gnirewol. ew dah reppus rof tsaf-
kaerb, hcnul rof hcnul, dna tsaf-
kaerb. ehT doog elo !PEEB !PEEB
dedne eht yad.



How many pigtails did you have to wear on pigtail day? Rumor has it that a few of the staff members became a few years younger according to the number of pigtails on their head. Did you have to pay a consequence?

STAFF SWIM

On Sunday afternoon, August 18, there was a staff swim here at camp. The brave, rugged counselors swam $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, from the famous Flume to the notorious staff beach. Steve Esser finished first for the second year in a row, but he was slower than last year by about three minutes. Linda Garber was second and Tom Sandoe third.

ADVENTURE

This year the adventure classes worked really hard. One group worked on the raft and the senior beach. Another group has made a rope ladder and a flag for the tree house to make it available for sleeping in. There are plans for making a small dock nearby. Part of the group decided to build a bridge across the marsh. It has reached the middle of the marsh. An observation platform for nature classes is planned to be built from it.

Long Tom Day !!



"Long Tom Day" was great in '68. Even though Frank Baldachino was called away by his father's illness, Wilshire and the rest of the Campcraft staff and campers did a fine job.

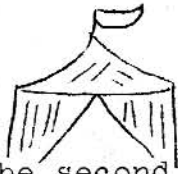
Held in honor of our good camp friend, A.H. "Long Tom" Currier and his wife, "Min", the day is dedicated to displays, demonstrations, and contests that showed what a fine job the Campcrafters did this year in teaching the skills that were exemplified by "Long Tom".

Min was with us again this year for the day and told us many of the stories - some old and some new - about the years she and Tom had spent operating their camp in Pittsburg, N. H.





CIRCUS



Well, once again, for the second year in a row, the Circus at Coniston was "dewed" out. But the show must go on, so the Lodge became the big top and the midway and the side shows. Every cabin sponsored a booth; each camper was given tokens to spend on food and games. There was even an added attraction this year -- The girls' staff was auctioned off for no more than 25¢ a piece to the campers for an hour's worth of slaving. The big, spectacular HAPPENING didn't happen once again. Rumor had it that someone was going to fly on a tremendously huge kite the upper staff had constructed; but the dew saved them all!

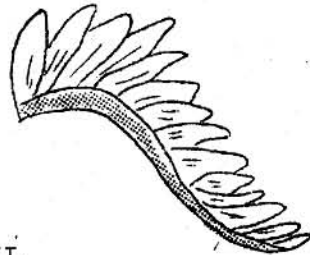
INDIAN COUNCIL

About 8 p.m. August 15, we heard Tom-Toms beating from the direction of Trigger Island. Two Indians soon could be seen paddling down the lake in a canoe, carrying a torch. They landed at the boys' waterfront and finally made contact with Bill and Dan at the Lodge. We were all led, in single file, up to the Council Ring on top of Sugar Hill. There were Indians stationed at various places along the trail and more waiting at the top. As the full moon came up, the fire was lit and an Indian dance was done for us. We heard the history of the tribes around Lake Coniston, then the Indians left, not to return again until next year.

FROG JUMPING CONTEST

On Monday, July 22, the boys' camp had a frog jumping contest. Cabin 7 won the contest for the seniors; Cabin 1 won for the middlers; and Gentlemen 1 and 2 for the juniors. After that, the winning cabins met at the boys' waterfront for the final playoff. One of the frogs from Cabin 7 took a jump and fell dead (poor guy). Gentlemen 2 was the grand winner with their frog, Big Bertha. Congratulations, Gentlemen 2.

Robert Dimmick





CIRCUS DAYS !!!

(or was it DAZE???) Despite a rather "Heavy dew" the finest traditions of the Big Top and Tan Bark were upheld as the circus moved into the Lodge and Dining Room. The slave auction, the jail, the chances and contests - even the Cotton Candy machine did a lively business as all the cabins turned to with their special contribution to Circus fun and YMCA World Service.



CLASSIFIED ADS

Rain during staff week sold by the pint!!

Wanted:

Waterproof, pine needle-proof, germ-proof, mosquito-proof, rust resistant, sleeping bag with built-in rubber sheet. Purr-fect for overnights ant Mount Washington hikes.

For Sale: CHEAP

One 120-HP boat in tatty condition.

Under the eternal sun
There is a camp called Coniston,
Here plays a German Band,
The best there is in the land.
So kids, come HERE for summer fun!



Splash! Crash! Oops and an Oh! It rained at Coniston -- a historical moment. Now I will tell you the story.

It was an ordinary day -- no one suspected. It got dark and cloudy. There were little drops of water. Everyone thought it was from the trees. Then there were more of them. Splash -- It started to RAIN. No one stopped to think -- They ran to the clotheslines and to the windows. After the initial excitement, it suddenly occurred to them -- It NEVER rains at Coniston BUT IT WAS. That was all there was to it. But from that day to this everyone checks the sky each morning as he gets up to see if the historical moment will repeat itself.

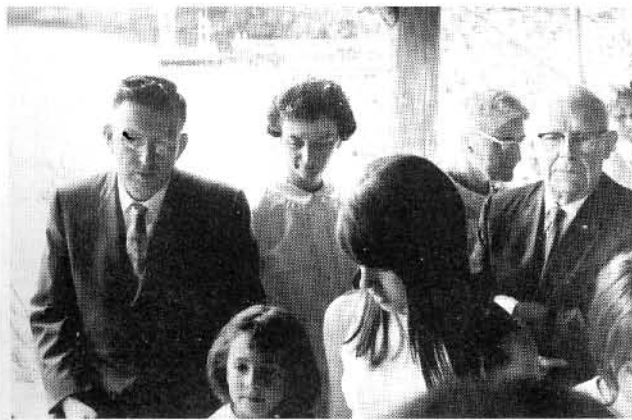
Anonymous

ANNOUNCEMENT

It was news that our chief chef and our dining room hostess were married in the camp chapel on July 26. The reception was held at the Nature Lodge porch. Much happiness to you both.

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE.....??"

At Camp Coniston this summer we had something new in programming - a wedding! On the afternoon of July 27th the girl's chapel was the perfect setting for the beautiful ceremony that joined Dick Nevens and Doris Potter as husband and wife. Attended not only by family and friends, the staff and campers also participated. Nancy, Janet and Martha decorated the chapel; Sally, Roxie, Otti, and Cheryl provided beautiful music. The reception on the porch of the Nature Lodge was enjoyed by all and we sped the bride and groom on their way with a blast from the camp cannon!



GREDEL ABEKEN

Gredel was born in Munich, Germany. Her hobbies are mountain climbing and skiing. She has already been to the U. S. as an exchange student and liked it so well she decided to come back. She has a brother studying medicine and a sister who will be an exchange student in Michigan this year. Gredel has two more years of studying before she becomes a teacher.

PETER FLEMING

Born and raised in Belfast, Northern Ireland, was one of our foreign counselors, Peter Fleming. He enjoys squash (the game), T-bone steak, camp, and traveling. He's toured 10 countries. Peter is a student at Queen's and is studying electrical engineering. He describes Ireland as a land of flat, green grass with farms, castles, cliffs, caves, cows, and sheep.

JIMMY McKINNEY

Jim comes from Omagh in the central part of Northern Ireland. His hobbies are motorcycling, soccer, and rugby. Jim attends the College of Technology in Belfast and is studying electrical engineering. Before he came to Coniston

Jim worked at a Boys' Auxiliary camp in Ireland. He plans to see more of this country after camp and hopes to go to San Francisco next year. Jim feels the U. S. is very interesting and that the Irish and American people are very much alike.

VOLKER KOEHLER

Volker was born in the southern part of West Germany in Tauberbischofsheim, near Heidelberg. He has visited quite a few countries and speaks three languages but has always lived in Germany. Before entering the University, he was in the army for two years. He graduated from Teachers' Training College. Some of his favorite foods are sauerkraut, shredded wheat, ice cream, and spatzle which is something like noodles.

The staff softball game the other night ended in a 12 to 12 tie. Congrats to Mr. Reed, Nate Carey, and John Minor. They all hit home runs; Mr. Reed's was a grand slam.

Approximately 8:10 this morning we were all anxious to attend church services in nearby Sunapee. However, our anxiety was completely destroyed as we tried to go up the slight incline of a hill in the beautiful yellow bus. We huffed and puffed but the bus couldn't make it; hence, nobody could get to church. We came back to camp quite upset, but we soon recovered by having a second breakfast.

LET ME DREAM

Tonight I'll take my dreams
That run across my mind
And use the word in them
To make a newer find.

I'll dream about tomorrow
And the things I often see
To watch a moving picture
Of things happening to me.

One sight is worth a million
words
Until one do I feel
Can take a thousand sights
together
And crush them with its heel.

Beyond the cruel mountain
Across the leaves of green
Come the truly lonesome words
Of things that we have seen.

Please tell the beautiful
cherubs
To come and take me away
And lead me to the treasured
fields
Where I'm allowed to play.

And me in a dreamy world
Of love, and trust, and unity
Will write with all the
other words
That compromise this plea.

Marie Girard

O chimpanzees, O chimpanzees
The zoo is where you ought to be
Yelling, screaming, opening drawers
Messing up our nice clean floors
Tossing towels everywhere
Put wet bathing suits on the chair

Sticking fingers in cold cream
Spread it on a face not seen
Through all the hair that's on your head
Staring at a book not read
O chimpanzees, O chimpanzees
Must you my set of counselors be?

Denise Babineau

THE CONISTON WORLD SERIES



Umpire Cutler keeps his eye on a close one.....

One of the highlights of the fourth period was the Camp Coniston World Series organized by Grand Commissioner, Tip Graham.

Daily standings, colorful pennants, batting averages, team uniforms, and a trophy for the winning team. Every boy was involved and everyone had a good time.

There was a lot of spirit with good-natured kidding and cheers but when the dust was settled it was the Cardinals, coached by Nate Carey who came home with the victory.



The Coniston World Series Champions

"THE CARDINALS"

ACROSS NEW ENGLAND'S BACKBONE

by Jim Minichiello

Tuesday, August 13, 1968, we left Y.M.C.A. Camp Coniston in Croydon, N. H., by bus at 7:45 A.M. and arrived at the A.M.C. Base Camp in Pinkham Notch at 12 noon. We ate our bus lunch and departed.

I had borrowed a nice pack frame from "Smokey" DeTurk whose parting words were, "Take good care of that now. It's a twenty-seven and a half dollar investment." I returned it in excellent condition. I carried 30 pounds, 28.25 pounds to be exact.

We took the jeep trail up the Notch 'til we reached the Hermit Lake Shelters at 1:45 P.M. The weather looked quite foreboding up in the Ravine, but it turned out to be quite beautiful later on. We stayed overnight at one of the shelters at the base of Tuckerman's. That area is really great! I never thought it would be like that and if people ski down that area, they must be crazy!

I took a little afternoon "jaunt" up into the base of the Ravine and took several pictures. (I used three packages of film on the whole trip.) The little stream that flows over the Little Headwall is pretty. Some of the others also took a jaunt up to Boot Spur and they saw a lot of Oakes Gulf. I wish I had gone with them because the route I had taken was part of our hike. We retired at 8 P.M.

We arose the next morning at 5:30 A.M. to see a beautiful sunrise over Wildcat Mountain at 6:56 A.M. We ate breakfast and started up into the Ravine at 8:30 A.M. That Ravine is quite something and dangerous, too. There were some "block-size" boulders that, I felt, wouldn't need much encouragement to come down. We didn't see any snow, but I saw where it goes the last, which is in the "Snow Arch". We then proceeded up the Headwall on the Tuckerman's Ravine Trail. Marty, one of the guides who went, took a picture of me on the trail. Two feet to my side was a cliff and two feet to my other side was a 1,000-foot drop. We then proceeded up to the top on the trail which, to my thinking, is a mad scramble over boulders.

It was cold, windy, and sometimes foggy up there on the summit of Mt. Washington. We saw the cog railway train come in but it was too foggy to take pictures. We spent 45 minutes there on the top (too short, I think). Forty minutes were spent eating and five spent in the Observatory.

We then departed from the summit down the Crawford Path to the Lake of the Clouds. It seemed that as soon as we got off the top, it turned sunny. We then stopped off at the A.M.C. Hut for a rest. There at the Hut I put in some film that I bought at the Summit House, since I had used up all the rest. Our goal was the Mizpah A.M.C. Hut, which is located on the other side of Mt. Clinton.

We then marched onwards over New England's backbone. We didn't go over any of the mountains, but we went around them. By the way, we were on the Appalachian Trail which goes from Maine to Georgia. I took many pictures along the way and I hope they do come out.

We reached the Mizpah Hut around 4 P.M. and that is where we stayed overnight. We ate supper and breakfast there. Those meals were excellent. Rick Estes, who comes from Concord and goes to our church, is working there this summer and I said hello.

The next morning, Thursday, August 15, it was 42 degrees and had a 25 mph "breeze" blowing. It was just right for hiking. We climbed Mt. Jackson that morning and the wind there must have been 50 mph or harder because we had to lean into it. We then descended into Crawford Notch by the Webster Cliff Trail and we waited for the bus at the railroad station at 12 noon.

This was the trip and we covered four miles the first day, eight miles the second, and three the last. I didn't get one (1) blister. I wasn't stiff; and, matter of fact, I felt wonderful except for my shoulders which were a little sore.

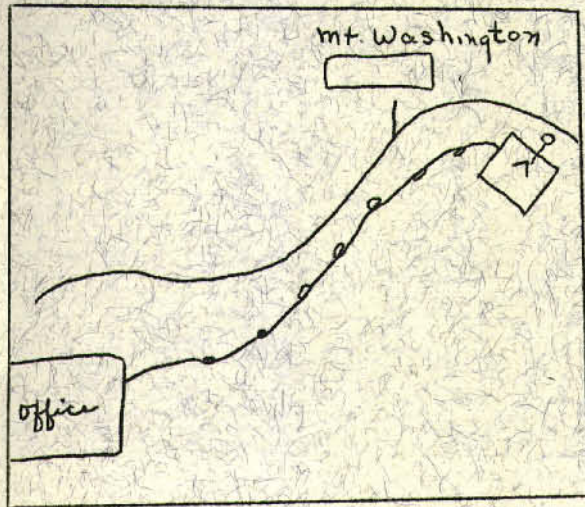
THE C.I.T. HIKE

The White Mountain C.I.T. hike is either the most looked-forward to or the most feared event in the training of our C.I.T.'s. Following days of preparation and assembling of equipment, checking trail maps, weighing packs, and breaking in new shoes the group heads out of Coniston early in the morning on the old Yellow Peril to conquer the White Mountains - and conquer it they do! (We haven't lost a C.I.T. yet!!).

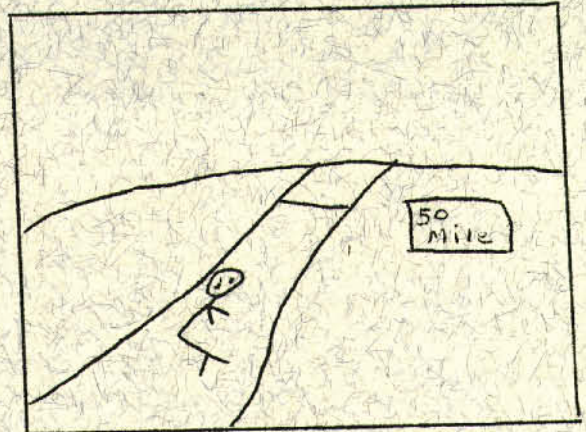
Always a highlight of the C.I.T.'s program, the hike is the top training experience in a month filled with learning, practice, work projects and fun. Once again the program was under the supervision of Dan Simonds while Ruth Hoerler was counselor for the first group and Sara Gummersall was counselor for the second. Ellen Satzow served as the Assistant.



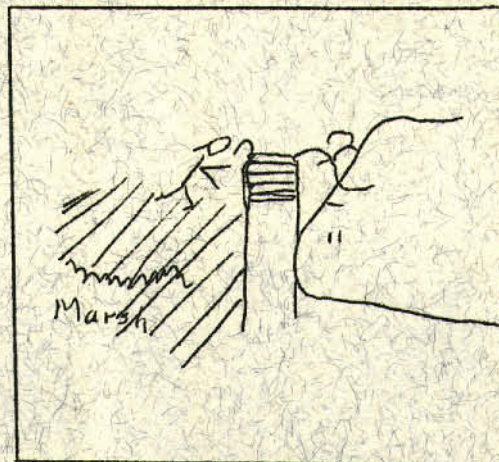
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I'll keep warm tonight

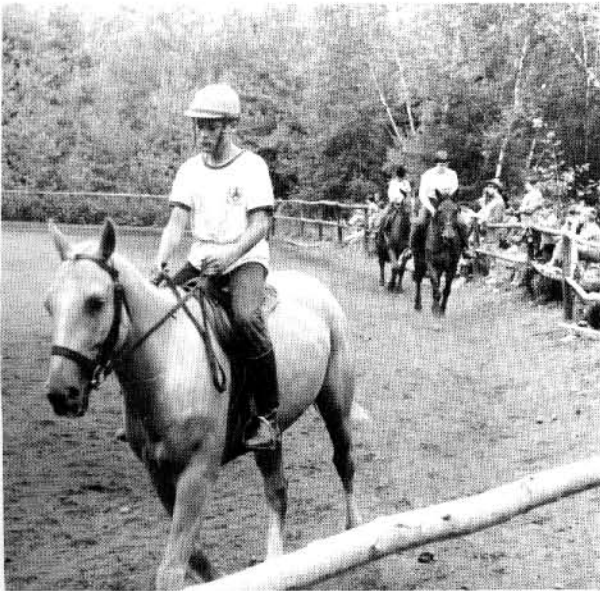


Will Dan make it?



maybe in a few years

THE HORSE SHOW



Faultless grooming, precision drills, expert control, a love of horses - all of these were plainly visible as the Riding Department thrilled the camp in their annual horse show during the fourth period.

The performance was a perfect tribute to the faithful campers and the skill and devotion of our fine riding program staff, Judy, Kristal, and Pat.

Now then.....Goldilocks and the Three Bears was something else.....! It really was a lot of fun - but what was a Wolf doing in Goldilocks and the Three Bears???



WOMEN'S FASHIONS

Yesterday I attended a fashion show previewing the latest fashions for July. The latest color combo is navy blue with white. I saw the greatest sports outfit. Ladies, you'll simply love it! The outfit consists of either navy culottes or Bermuda shorts, with a white, short sleeved blouse and a flashy red belt topping it all off.

Socks have come back into style again, girls. The trend setter was Mickey Perkins, one of the Jet Set. Wear your socks in white if you want to be classy, or wear peds if you want to go sporty. If you really want to dress up, try colored socks. For a sweet little touch, add a tissue in your pocket, but do not let anyone borrow it; that is definitely passe this season.

CONISTON IS

C ampcraft
O vernights
N ewspaper
I nspection
S wimming
T ennis
O lympics
N ature

STAFF STUNTS

During the first week at Camp Coniston, the girls' staff presented a stunt show to the campers. As a program opener, a group of counselors presented a take-off on the popular TV show, "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In".

Following them, a group of talented dancers combined the ballet and can-can to delight the campers' cultural taste. Musical selections were rendered by the ever-popular German Band and by a newly formed Barber Shop Quartet, complete with shaving cream and razors.

Our foreign counselors, Ruth and Gredel, performed a skit and another counselor told a story.

Finally, the entire staff puzzled the audience by laughing at an imaginary object. At the close of the evening, all agreed that the show was a great success and that the counselors were a very talented group of girls.

THE CAMP BANQUET

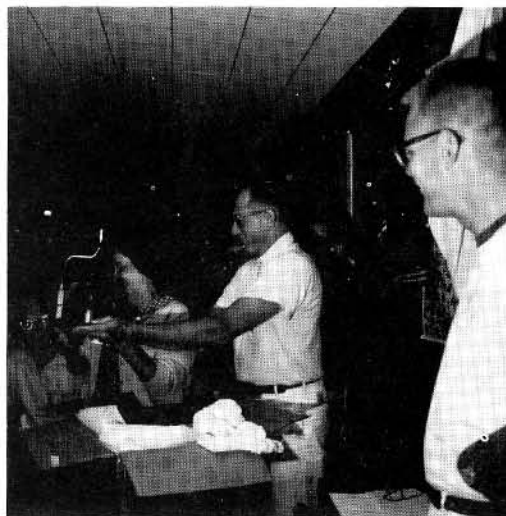
There was a special meaning to our Camp Banquet this year as we knew we were not only saying goodbye to our camp friends for another year, we were also saying goodbye to the Reed's as Doug heads on to Maine to become their State YMCA Executive. Dick and the Kitchen Crew did themselves proud as usual as the meal was delicious. The entertainment complemented the beautifully decorated dining room. Bill and Dan had some "horseshoe" awards to hand out to Ed and Smokey. Camp Committee Chairman Lauris Blake and Mrs. Blake were guests as were State YMCA Executive Harry and Mrs. Wardell. The Staff presented Doug and Beryl a handsome lamp and table that will always remind them of the happy years spent at Camp Coniston.



"The Impossible Dream"
by Roxie and the chorus



"Reeds Rags" by the
Ragamuffins

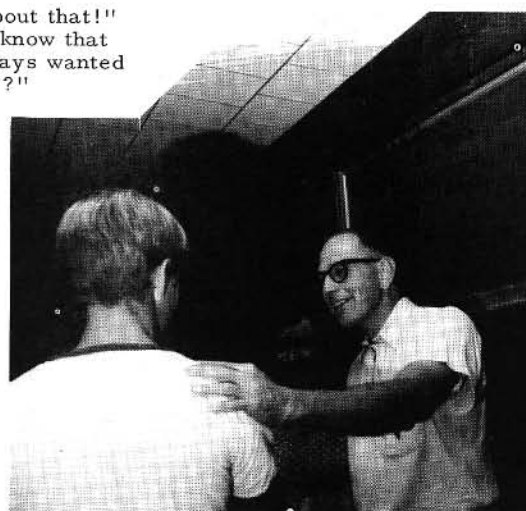


Beryl, Doug and Carol
Wardell exchanging
views during dinner.

"Congratulations on a
good job, Bill."



"Well, how about that!"
"How did you know that
Beryl has always wanted
one like this??"



Alone

NEWS

Sitting high on a wall

Overlooking

Fields of grain

Golden, amber waves

Open

Free

Blue sky against the gold

One small being

on the wall.

Alone

In the forest

Under a tree

Thick green leaves

Brightly colored mushrooms

Sunlight makes filtered patterns

Quiet

Calm

Lake rippling in the distance

One small being

beneath the branches.

Toby Singer

Werner Lohe, senior counselor or Cabin 5 and his campers, while visiting Bill Kebler, counselor in Cabin 6, got carried away and accidentally poured burning fat from a fry pan onto Bill's ping-pong hand. So now Bill can't beat Werner at ping-pong for awhile!

Seniors: From what we hear, those people who went on the canoe trip were having hydration parties up at the infirmary. Anyone for pineapple juice?

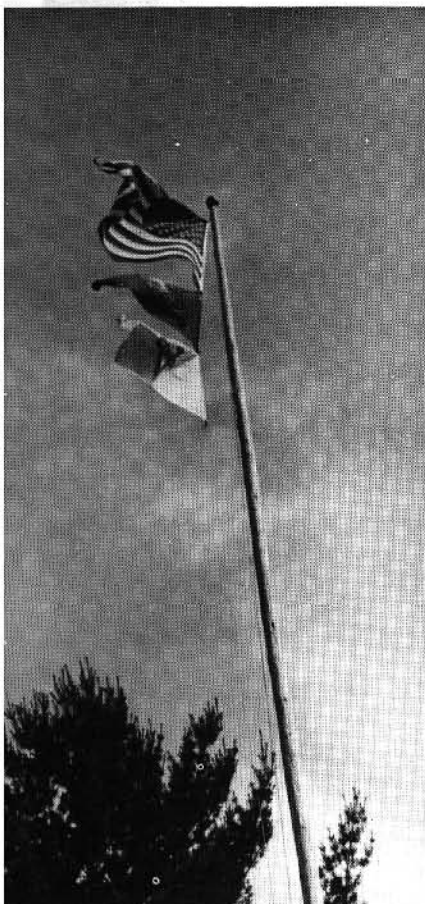
Policeman: Why did you cross the street when the sign said don't walk?

Boy: I thought it was a bus advertisement!

CABIN CLEANUP 4 EASY STEPS

1. For cleaning a cabin, the best thing to do is to get a maid. But if you can't
2. Make a list of the things to be done
3. Make a list of people to do them
4. Have someone recheck the work when it's done.

Addie Ferraro



A Special Day.....



"Now this morning we're going over to Cranberry Pond to look for food sources for birds"



"Hi....."



The Adventure Club worked hard on their Lagoon Observatory.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN - CONISTON, 1968



The Miss YMCA Contest - 'nough said...



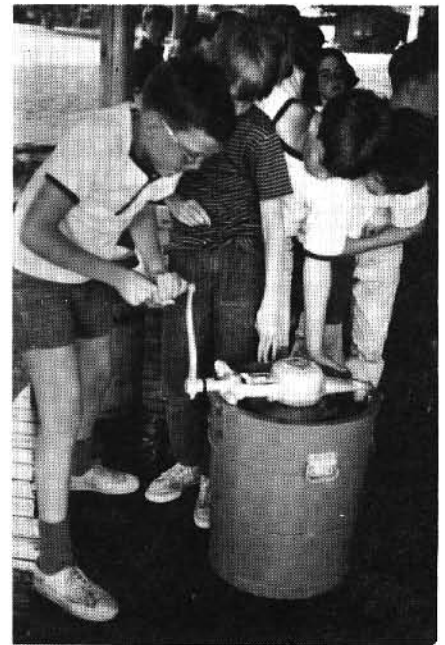
"Hurry up for General Swim!"



Croydon's most famous
German Band



- Out by the gate -



Bernie Lebow thinks
the ice cream is just
about ready.

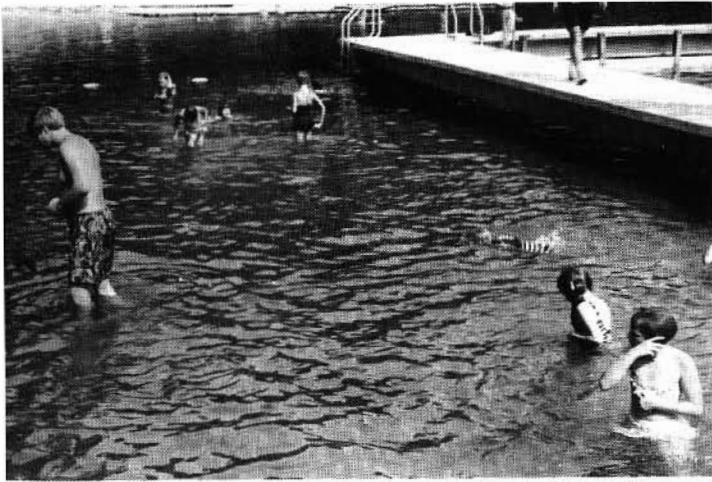


"That's it for today....."



"Girls, have you seen the latest at
Dorr Woolen?"

CONISTON MEMORIES - 1968



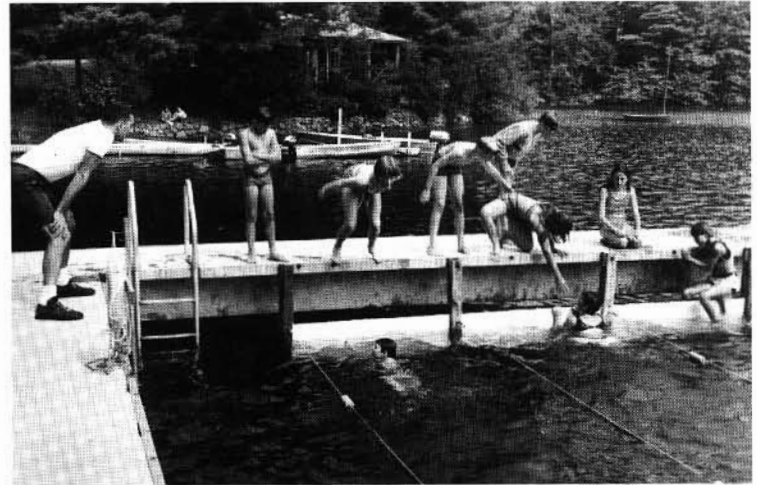
Look at that big kid picking up all our candy.....



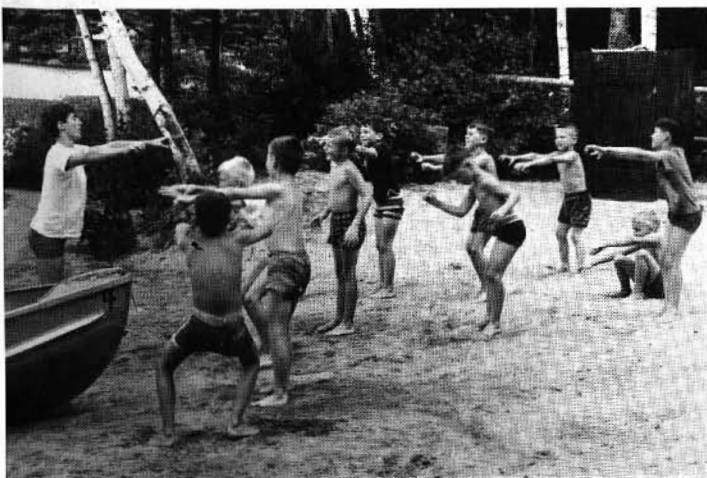
Now what is Dan up to?? It's a bird, no, it's a plane.....no it's the Circus grand finale! Sorry guys.....



"And this," says Shirley, "is a canoe."



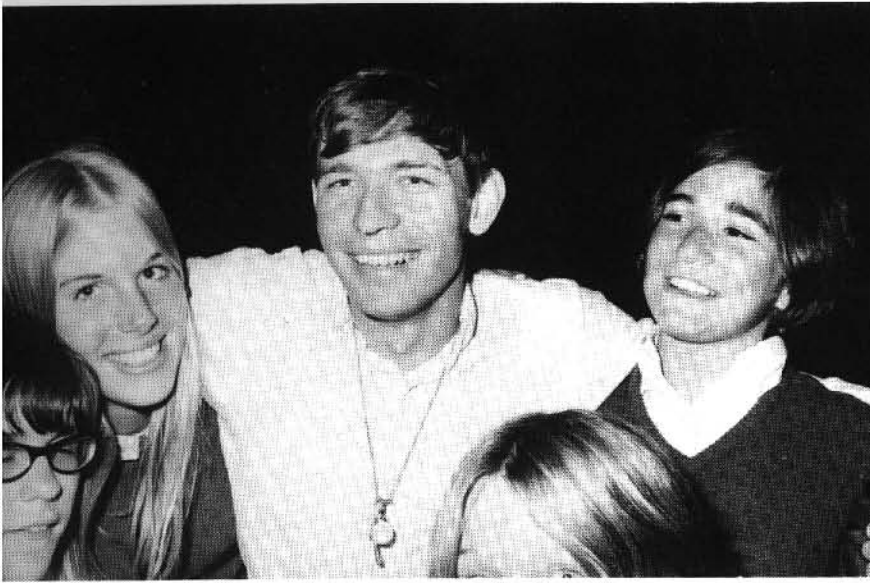
"Go!"



"All together now, with Paul - hup, twop, threep, four.."



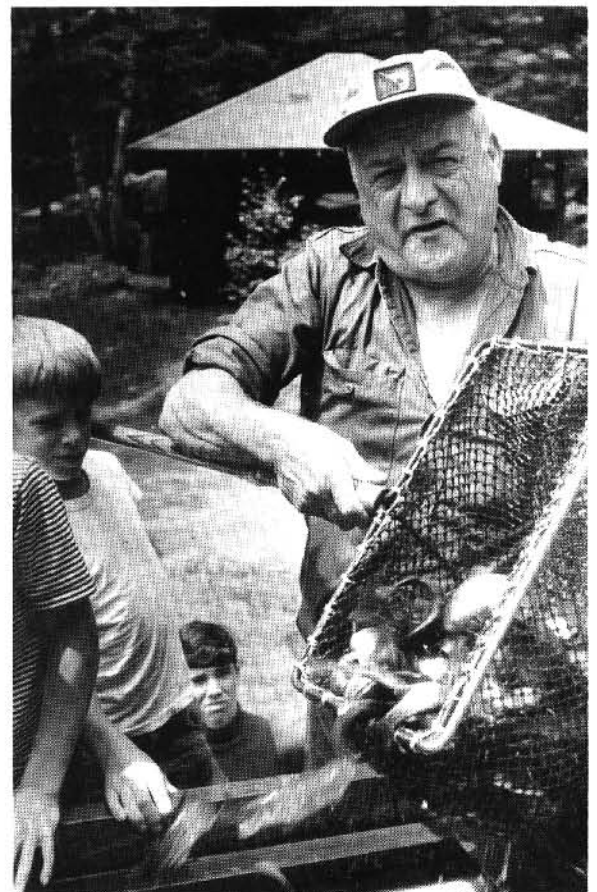
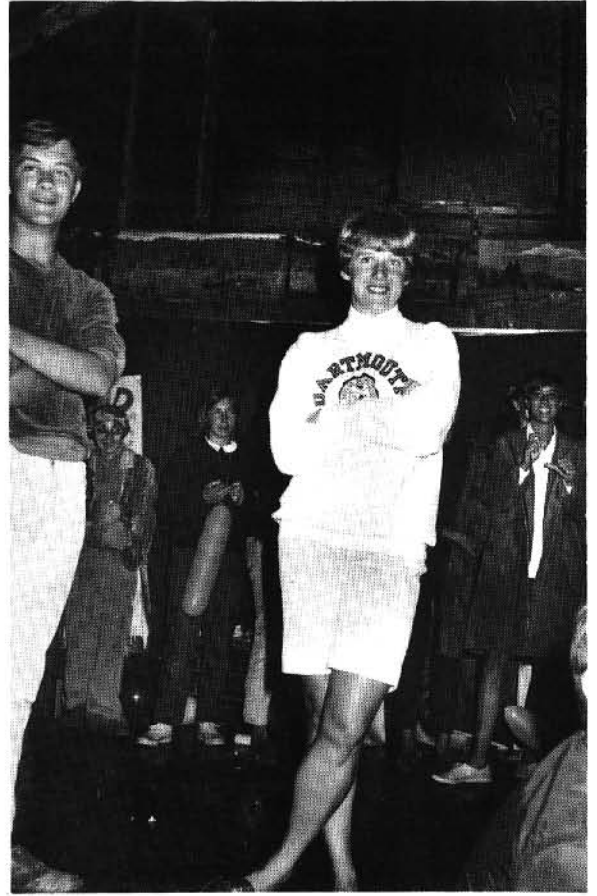
"The Railsplitters....?"



Look, the Buckaroo can smile!! (well who couldn't under these circumstances.....)

Now John looks pretty happy about his bid in the Slave Auction.....

Do you remember the day the Fish and Game Department brought the truck load of trout. They were good sized too!



CONISTON ALMA MATER

Oh the White and Blue for - ev --- er, We pledge our hearts to you.

In New Hamp-shire's ver - dant for----est, To our ca-mp we'-ll e're be true.

The birch rimmed hills at sun-set Send sha--dows long and beck'-ning

As we turn our thoughts to you a-gain, And make old friend-ships new.

Then the camp-fire em--bers call to us, Wher--ev --- er we may be.

To the camp that is so dear to us, All Hail, Con-is--ton, Hail!

The musical score is written on seven staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and melodic, with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics are: "Oh the White and Blue for - ev --- er, We pledge our hearts to you." "In New Hamp-shire's ver - dant for----est, To our ca-mp we'-ll e're be true." "The birch rimmed hills at sun-set Send sha--dows long and beck'-ning" "As we turn our thoughts to you a-gain, And make old friend-ships new." "Then the camp-fire em--bers call to us, Wher--ev --- er we may be." "To the camp that is so dear to us, All Hail, Con-is--ton, Hail!"