

**The Autobiography
of
Paul and June Hartman**

Paul's Story

The Beginning

In the year 1926, I was born and lived in a little railroad/mining town, Tamaqua, in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. Three years later, in Pittsburgh, PA (unknown to me at the time), my future wife was born. Her family didn't believe in staying in one place for long. She lived in many houses in Sunbury, PA, and finally wound up in Schuylkill Haven, PA.

In January of my senior year in high school, I turned 18. World War II was going on strong at the time. I became a draft dodger because I didn't want to be drafted into the Army. Instead, I joined the Navy. The enlistment officer gave me inactive duty till the first week of February so I would qualify for my diploma. In June, my favorite Aunt went up on the stage to receive my diploma for me while I was in the Navy electrical school. At the same time, June was going through the rigors of high school in Schuylkill Haven. I don't really think it was rigorous for her. I think she even liked it. She got all A's!

After my electrical schooling, I was assigned to the amphibious forces and wound up on an LST (Landing Ship For Tanks). I thought this was great. I didn't realize then, that the amphibious forces were not much more than cannon fodder - given only minimal training to be able to get the ship going, but not really expected to survive many invasions. The Lord took good care of me. The enemy surrendered when they knew I was coming!

If you read the article that Ken Barker wrote some time ago to the Missionary Bulletin about his experience repairing the communication system on the mast of the ship he was on, during rough seas, I could have almost written it for him. One of my most exciting events while in the Navy was after the war, when we were not running in blackout conditions anymore; we were sailing in convoy with other LSTs in a typhoon. The convoy commander sent a signal over to our ship to get the mast light lit. You mean NOW? RIGHT NOW???? In this storm? I couldn't see much more than half of the flat bottom of the LSTs across from us as they went up over the waves and came bouncing down on the next wave. By reason of several circumstances, I was the only one who should do the job. As I climbed the steps on the mast, with a light bulb in my shirt, and tools to take the waterproof fixture apart, I had to hang on to one step while my feet were hanging over the foaming waves. Then I would climb up further as the mast was almost lying down in front of me. I had to wrap my legs around the cross arm while replacing the lamp. At the time, it seemed like fun to me. See what I mean? The Lord was taking care of me.

Meeting June

After the war, I was unemployed for a year, until I was called to work at the ALCOA Plant in Cressona, PA. At the same time, June was studying to be a nurse in Pottsville, PA. In my third year at ALCOA, I was struck in the eye with a piece of steel wire. I wound up in the hospital, and June, a cute student nurse, fed me with a spoon, because eye patients were not even allowed to lift their head to sit up. I didn't mind a bit! An old miner who was injured in a mine cave-in said to me "There's a good one for you." He said, "I asked her why she wanted to work in a place like this?" She said, "God needs help". Ah! I liked that; and she was beautiful too!

Then, at the same time that I was sent to Will's Eye Hospital in Philadelphia, June was sent to Children's Hospital for her final training. She came across Philly, as we called it, every day on the subways to see me. That was just what a bashful guy like me needed: a girl who cared about him. She was capped at her graduation and then got work in the Polio Ward of the Allentown, PA, General Hospital. I bought a brand new, bright Red Oldsmobile 88 and drove down to see her every night. It was 40 miles one way, and that was after driving 20 miles to work and back. Boy, did the mileage rack up fast! Fortunately, she finally was able to get a job in the maternity ward of the hospital where she trained, and that was closer.

Meeting the Lord

One evening, while I was waiting at her house for her to come back from the Windsor Conference, her father entertained me by lying on the living room floor and explaining the Booth Chart to me. Interesting! Very unusual, but interesting. I was brought up as a good Sunday School and Church boy, but not a Bible reader.

The first time I met June's family was at the Lawrence house. When I got there, we sat around the living room and someone passed out the hymnals and we sang hymns for a while. Then they put all the food on the table and we ate all kinds of goodies. I soon found out that this was the usual Saturday night thing to do. June's brother Bill was always a singer. He used to sing the hymn about "Only Believe", among others. June always made sure we would go to Youth for Christ with her friends and cousins. And when I went to meeting with her in the Lawrence home, I was struck with the thought, "These people are actually worshipping the Lord themselves!" Why shouldn't it be that way? I never heard of such a thing before! I heard a lot of Gospel and Bible ministry at that house.

One day, while I was at work, I was feeling very sad about having to go to Philly again for surgery to repair the retina, which had become detached in my eye as a result of the injury. I was at the point of despair because June wouldn't be there this time. I was told that the operation wouldn't be very successful. At that time, they hadn't developed laser surgery yet. As I was almost crying about that, the words from the song kept coming in my mind: "only believe", "only believe." I don't know if I was just saved then, or whether I got assurance of personal salvation, but I've been trusting the Lord ever since. I immediately had the happiest feeling I ever experienced in my life, like the world was lifted from my shoulders.

Engagement and Marriage

I don't remember if I even asked June to marry me, but I bought a diamond and gave it to her on one of our dates. I was too bashful. I left it up to her to tell her parents. We were married on the 12th of May 1951. What an adventure that turned out to be! Fifty-two years with the most beautiful girl I ever met. I thought I would have to do all the loving to keep such a wonderful wife with me all those years; but she turned out to be the most faithful lover. She was always up, making my breakfast and packing my lunch while I was getting ready to go to work. And she always had supper about ready when I got home.

As the children came along, we became a "together family" through the years. We always did things that all of us could do together. My family had a cottage in the Pocono Mountains and we spent weekends and vacations there. We soon learned that if we didn't come home for meeting on Sundays, our children wouldn't learn that this is important.

Believers Bookshelf

About 1967, Holden Shoop got the idea of forming a publishing company, which became the Believers Bookshelf. In the process of incorporating as a non-profit corporation, the directors found that they needed one more person from Pennsylvania to make a five-man board. Somehow, they thought of me. Holden said, "I will be doing all the work. We just need you to be a member of the board." I agreed, on those terms. When I got to the first corporate meeting, they had election of officers. I wound up being elected the treasurer.

I had never studied any business courses. I knew absolutely nothing about bookkeeping. My first few financial reports had every transaction in them, but it didn't make much sense to the others on the board. They said I needed to learn double-entry bookkeeping, whatever that was! Holden arranged for me to spend an afternoon with Watson Duncanson, who was an accountant. Later I had another afternoon with Ron Felton at the Mountainview Bible Camp and he showed me how to make journal accounts and entries. So now I was doing double-entry bookkeeping. Wow! I continued as treasurer till about 1987. By that time the Bookshelf had grown to the point where I thought they needed someone with accounting training, so I turned it over to John and Wanelle Roberts.

The Beginning of Camp Work

Speaking of Mountainview Bible camp, it also started as an exercise of Holden Shoop to have another camp for the assemblies besides Grace and Truth Bible Camp in North Carolina. The Believers Bookshelf became the corporate facility for the camp and I was the treasurer for that, too.

The main building was built as far as the second floor and the roof trusses were ordered and a crew of us volunteers was waiting on a Saturday morning for the truck to deliver them and hoist them up to us so we could nail them down. The truck could not pull the load up the Camp road, so we had to wait for a bulldozer to come and push it up. This made it too late to do the job on Saturday. After much prayerful consideration, it was decided to have the crew stay and do the job on Lord's Day. This was an historical first, I believe. I can remember standing on the high front wall of the second story, helping Frank Fisher nail down the end of the trusses as they were hoisted in place for us.

Camp Work in North Carolina

One weekend, Eugene Vedder ministered at our assembly. After he spoke, he showed some slides of Jamaica. Then, in conversation he mentioned that they were going to run camps at Grace and Truth Bible Camp in North Carolina. He said they still had need of some counselors and other staff. June and I, realizing that we had a vacation coming up the same week, decided to call him up and see if he still needed help. He said they sure do! We thought it would be a nice experience to see what camp work was like. So we packed our family and stuff into the car and our Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ethel and two of their children loaded up their car and came along. Mary Deick also came with them.

When we arrived, we discovered that we were the whole staff, with the exception of a Blackwood boy from Tennessee, who was a counselor. Eugene and Madeline Vedder and Fred Carlson and Mary worked in the kitchen with the help of the women in our group. Fred and Eugene did most of the speaking but Uncle Lloyd and I were speakers also. Up till then, I never even tried to get up to speak in our own assembly. Uncle Lloyd and I had to play football with the boy campers, and we were their counselors and class teachers. This was all new to us!

Then, while the campers had to go to rest period, Fred and Eugene had an electrical job for me to do. It included digging a ditch with a mat ax from the kitchen to the Chapel building (which was the recreation building then) to install a light fixture on a tree to light up the path through the thick woods between the two buildings.

June was the nurse, of course, and teacher, and worked in the kitchen. In those days, the dishes were washed by hand in the deep sink and the water had to be so hot that your skin turned red.

We were all very tired by the time that ten-day camp session was over. Then we had to drive the then twelve-hour drive home. And we had no air-conditioning either! Driving was different in those days. There were no interstate roads yet, and it was dirt road from Rink Dam road into the Camp. In fact, we had to try to balance the car on the top of the ruts, which were too deep for the car wheels to drive in. The car brushed the bushes on the side of the road. The Camp area was almost all thick woods, except for the playing field.

When we got home, we talked about the fun we had at camp. Bill and Nancy decided to go there instead of to the beach. They fell in love with the Camp too, and they eventually became the leaders of the camp until a few years ago.

June and I managed to get to most of the camp sessions for the next forty years. The Lord worked it out for us to get here for several summers when it normally wouldn't have been possible to get the time off. Twice we were here for all the camp sessions while our plant was on long strike. Twice we were here on ten-week vacations from work, which we could not usually take on prime vacation time in the summer. But the orders had slowed down at the plant. So instead of laying off some of the workers, they decided to work off some of the ten-week vacations in the summer. It just so happened that I was eligible to choose that option both times. Impossible? Yes, but not for the Lord.

I retired from work twice and retired from being head maintenance worker at Camp, yet we are still doing work at the camp. I used to ask my brother-in-law, "After you're on social security, when does retirement start?"

It has been a good feeling to be able to serve the Lord with the abilities He has given us. It gave us more satisfaction than trying to get fame and fortune. I recommend it to anyone to think of serving the Lord. He is worthy.

Camp Memories

A narrow dirt road, now Bible Camp Lane, had deep ruts, and shrubbery that rubbed the car as we tried to not get our wheels in the ruts. That was what greeted us when we first arrived at the Camp after driving for twelve hours. There were no interstates in those days. Church Road then was an almost two lane dirt road out to Rink Dam Road. Bowman's Store didn't look much different than it does now. It was a routine walk for the campers, once a week, to get a nickel dip ice cream cone. That same dip is now 50 cents.

When we arrived at Hickory Cove Bible Camp (then Grace and Truth Bible Camp) for the first time, in the summer of 1963, Eugene Vedder and Fred Carlson were waiting for us to help put the bell up on the tower that had recently been erected. That was the main bell for all activities from then on. Eugene still had a hand bell that he would ring as he walked around the dorms to announce lights out time. I wasn't such a good counselor. I didn't know anything about camp work yet, and I thought lights out was time to go to sleep. I needed it! But the boy campers didn't agree. In fact, they complained about me wanting them to go to sleep. They also thought I played football too hard. I thought football was a rough game!

June and I were separated for the first time in our marriage when we got to that first camp season. She operated as nurse and had to sleep in the recreation building with our daughter Gail. The nurse's station consisted of a little wooden cosmetic box full of ointments, etc. In addition to being Camp nurse, June also taught a class at one of the picnic tables and played piano and worked hard in the kitchen for such a little woman. She always said those big pots were awfully heavy and everything was a little out of her reach. She remembers how Eugene wanted everything made from scratch. He brought vegetables from his own garden. Jack Lackey used to furnish the best sweet corn in late June already. Up north, the corn wouldn't even have tassels by that time.

In all the years we have been coming to Camp, the food was excellent, and there was always plenty of it. Eugene was proud of the high marks we would get on our inspections. That was because of the hard work that went into cleaning. That is something that has been maintained through the years. It was considered as part of our testimony for the Lord. He does all things well!

Trees and underbrush covered most of the camp grounds in those early years. The ball field grass was cut with an 18-inch mower, usually by Eugene or one of his Bible Class boys. It was a new experience for us to hear lizards running through the dried leaves along the paths, and also to watch them run across the Chapel room during meetings. I can recall our daughter Gail and Julie Vedder playing with a Rhinoceros Beetle almost the size of a garden turtle. Gail got recognition from her science teacher for the black widow spider she had in her bug collection. Also, the teacher asked Gail if she could keep the Lunar Moth that Gail brought to show to the class. All the bugs grow bigger here in the south.

Once, I found a beetle or spider or something while working on the swimming pool construction. It was so strange that I could not even find it in any of my books. It had a shiny, black shell, and the legs of it wrapped around its bottom side and fit right into cavities in the shell so that it looked like a bird size egg when it was pulled together. When it opened up its legs and walked it looked like a large spider standing on long pointed claws and moved in the slowest motion I ever saw for a bug. I'd still like to find a picture of such a creature in a book and find out something about it.

Cement was very cheap back in those days. There was a maypole in front of what is now the garage. It had about six chains with handles that you could hold onto and try to spin around the pole. The chains were fastened to an old car wheel on top of the pole. The handles made a loud clanging sound when they would hit the pole. Many bumps on the head were felt with those handles. The nurse thought it was a dangerous toy, so it was determined to remove it. Duane Dyson connected his great big bulldozer bucket to it with a strong chain. He tried to pull the post up by the roots. He had the back end of the dozer about four feet in the air and it still wouldn't come up. He finally had to dig it out with the bucket. I hope we will never have to dig the cement glob up sometime. Just the cement ball was a load for the bulldozer.

Eugene was a very energetic young person. When June, as the nurse, mentioned that the campers were getting bitten up with chigger bites and ticks from the underbrush along the path down to the lake, he cut the brush along the path one afternoon, to get rid of the problem. At that time the path went down to the lake straight out from the dining room end door. It was so steep that we all got sore calf muscles from trudging up the hill. Some years later, Fritz Geiger, from Pennsylvania, came to Camp. He directed the job of putting railroad tie steps part way down to the lake, which helped the situation.

Swimming

The swimming area at the lake had a two-story platform built on old lampposts, which made a nifty place for the boys to dive from the ends of the posts. The girls liked to sun themselves on the top deck and watch the boys show off their diving courage. There was a large raft tied with steel cables out in the middle of the cove. Non-swimmers had very little space along the edge to wade in because the bottom dropped off so steeply. The water is very deep just a few feet out. Eugene and Fred, strong swimmers, were the lifeguards on the raft. I was helping to watch the non-swimmers. Little Steve Mooney got out a little too far from shore and I jumped in to save him. I thought he would drown me before I could find footing to push him to shallow water. Yes! Steve is a forty-year camp veteran too.

I remember seeing a water snake swim right across the chest of one of the campers while he was floating on his back. In a later year, when Gary Hubler was a lifeguard, he used a handsaw to get rid of a snake that was coiled on the floatation blocks under the raft. I also recall when Dave Campbell was on the raft. One day, he dropped his glasses in the water. Gary, a very strong swimmer, tried to reach them but couldn't swim deep enough to try to find them. That deep water holds a variety of tools and at least one cell phone that I know about.

It was a bit of a scary time when we used the lake for swimming. When "Splash," Margaret Spence, was the head lifeguard, she would explain the rules to the campers before going down to the water. Then she would have them count off to assign each camper a number. A tag was made with their number on it, and it was supposed to be hung on a "buddy board" as long as they were in the swimming area. If they had permission to leave the area, they would take their tag off the board. Every swimmer had to have a buddy and stay with the buddy all the time. When Splash would blow her whistle a designated number of times, the campers were to hold their buddies hand and raise their hands and count off using the number they were assigned. If any number was not sounded off, she would blow her whistle for everybody to get out of the water and a search was made till the camper was located.

She was always afraid when the campers were in the water. Every camper had to swim out to the raft, one at a time in order to qualify as a swimmer. The non-swimmers had to stay in the shallow water behind a rope with milk cartons tied on it. It was a much-needed blessing when it was decided to build a pool for swimming in 1979.

Camp Buildings

In the early years of Camp, the dorm below the dining room was the boy's dorm. It consisted of the two rooms that are the downstairs rooms, without the bathrooms. The doors were usually kept open so the bugs could get out. There was an outhouse for night use, and the two restrooms in the dining area were shower rooms for the boys. During meal times they were "His" and "Hers" bathrooms.

At the same time, the girl's dorm consisted of the two rooms that are in the very back of the present boy's dorm. They also had an outhouse for night use. The two restrooms by the office were the girls' shower rooms.

There was a narrow path from the road down through the woods. There also was a semblance of a path down to the swimming area, which made a convenient way to get between the boys and girls dorm. One dark night, one of the boys was chasing the girls back to their dorm after an attempted raid on the boy's dorm. He ran smack into a tree trunk and pushed his front teeth in. They somehow got straightened out and I believe he didn't lose any of them. Ouch! I shudder to think of it.

The recreation room was in the building we now call the Chapel, with fireplace and Ping-Pong tables. Chapel services were held in the building we now use as the office. It was a big room, which is now partitioned off for offices and lounge. We used to lose power often in storms. The one night, while chapel was in progress, the lights went out. I pulled the car up so the headlights faced the window and we could continue with the lesson.

Sometimes children say the cutest things. One time, John Vedder was speaking about Adam and Eve. He came to the part where they disobeyed God. An instant roar of laughter broke out when the baby who was sitting on Madeline's lap cried out, "Uh! Oh!"

When Bill Hubler took over as Administrator, he switched chapel services and the recreation room equipment. He also made a switch between the girls and boys dorms. Then he added on the new rooms and showers, which are there now. All of the buildings have had a few problems. One of the biggest was when water pipes in the ceiling would burst and flood the bath area with soggy, wet, powdered insulation when the ceiling came down. Luke Thomas and John Russell found out what a mess that makes when the same thing happened in the kitchen restroom not long ago.

One morning, when there was no camp session going on, Bill checked a building and it was filled with smoke. He went up through the trap door and saw the insulation glowing. He called the fire department and they put the smoldering fire in the rafters out, after tearing down a lot of the ceiling. The fireproofing in the insulation kept it from flaming, but the rafters were heavily charred over one room. Overheated heat tapes on the pipes caused the fire. We don't use heat tapes anymore.

The dining hall had a smaller kitchen in the early days. There was a room where the stove and oven are now. It was usually the cook's bedroom. The door between the kitchen and the refrigerator room was the back door of the kitchen. Larry Stassel and his company added the refrigerator/

freezer room some years later, when the Tampa assembly donated the refrigeration boxes and compressors.

We used to sit on long benches at tables made of plywood with pipe legs that could be removed to set the tables aside to have more floor space. I understand that in earlier days, the legs were removed and the tables stored on the side of the room and the campers slept on the floor in sleeping bags, if they had such things in those days. Those tables and benches were still in use a few years ago.

The dining hall was always the center of the camp activities. It was where registrations were done, and most of the socializing was done there. There was no porch then. It could get pretty noisy at meal times but I remember how Eugene would rise up from his seat and look around at the noisemakers, and it would quiet down...at least for a while. When Splash joined the Camp staff, she introduced a few catchy songs that became standard equipment in the dining room.

Songs we sang included the following:

"Good morning, fellow campers, have you had your dip in the lake?"

"Take your elbows off the table, please".

"Be kind to your web footed friends"

"A peanut sat on a railroad track"

There was a dark path through the woods between the kitchen and the (then) recreation building. There was no lighting on the path the first time we came to Camp. Regina Pearson, our craft director and teacher for many years, requested that a light would be provided because she stayed in the large bedroom in the recreation building. Fred Carlson gave me the job of putting a switch at the back kitchen door and one at the back door of the other building, with a barn light fixture on a tree half way down the path. It required digging a ditch through the woods between the two buildings. Fred taught me how to use a "Mad Ax" as he called it. I never tried to dig through such tough roots, and so many of them! That was my job while the campers were having rest period. I was well warmed up by the time we played football in the afternoon sun. Maybe that's why the boys, high school football players, complained about me playing too hard. Anyway, that's how we coal crackers from Pennsylvania played.

Camp sessions were ten-day camps at the start. We usually had a junior camp and a senior camp. It almost required a two-week vacation for staff people to work at the Camp. When Bill became the leader of the camp, he soon added a family camp. He worked the camp sessions by taking a leave from his machinist job in Pennsylvania. It became evident that he couldn't get enough time off to take care of the Camp so they had to make the decision to move to Taylorsville. He quit his machinist job and moved to Taylorsville and found work as a machinist to support his family, but would be able to run the Camp sessions on vacation or leaves. When he couldn't get enough leave from work anymore, he became a full time Camp Administrator. He and Nancy and her mother, Bernice Cox, worked very hard for many years doing most of the cleaning and maintenance work for the property.

I always marveled at Bill for the way he got things done. He had no previous knowledge of building, but he engineered the enlarging of the two dorms and remodeled the kitchen. He was always good

at getting help when he needed it. He also supervised the building of the Lake house with Gary Hubler's design. Frank Fisher from Pennsylvania was the chief carpenter on that job. A bunch of us helped with building, and I won't try to mention all the names because I might not be able to remember them all. In fact, I was only here for a couple weeks to help.

One day the oil deliveryman was making a delivery in the fuel tank by the road in front of the Chapel. The truck ran away and landed well inside the chapel room. Again Larry Stassel was called and he rebuilt the wall and entrance door, and added a roof over the doorway.

Moving to North Carolina

In 1988, June and I came down from Pennsylvania to help Bill and Nancy with getting the Camp ready for the summer. Art Hart was here building steps down the path from the boy's dorm to the lakefront. My knees were bothering me a lot then, so I helped Art as much as I could handle. Those railroad ties were heavy. While we were working, Art said he thought I should retire and move here so I could help Bill more with the maintenance work. I already had forty years working at the Cressona, PA, Aluminum plant, so I thought it was a pretty good idea.

When we returned home, I began applying for Social Security. Then we decided to let a Realtor give us some idea of what our house would bring on the market. She asked us if we wanted to list it to see if it would attract some interest. Well, in three days it was sold. We made another quick trip to Taylorsville to find a house to live in. Bill knew about the one we live in now. After looking at a number of places, this seemed like the best buy that we could afford. Then we had to go back and start packing.

It was close to the time to be at Camp for the season, so we had to move fast. The movers couldn't locate a truck going in that direction. It was a big test of our faith. Every morning when we read our daily reading, it seemed to be just for us for another day of waiting. It made us sure that we were not making a mistake in moving, but being patient!

The people who were buying our house offered to oversee the loading of our furnishings if we needed to leave for Camp. We took them up on it. We had some good help packing, and the boxes were well marked so that the movers would know just which room to put the stuff in. We left in time to be there for the first camp session. A truck was finally located about a week after we left. Our daughter Gail and a friend of hers came to Taylorsville and cleaned the new house before the furniture arrived. Since we were busy at Camp, we could not start arranging things until Saturdays, between sessions. Much of the Camp staff came to help. June's sister, Ruth came from Pennsylvania and, by the time the camp sessions were over, the house was ready to move in. Brother Bill brought the Camp mower and mowed the weeds down on the whole half-acre lot. There was nothing lost or broken in the move, and we never once thought that we made a mistake moving here.

The first big project during the winter was making the trusses for the new Trading Post building. I designed the building, even though I wasn't a builder. Bill and I worked hard at assembling the trusses in so small a space. The Stassel crew came again to put the building up on the slab that Bill, Roy Witt and I poured and trowled. My knees were bothering me so much that I wasn't much help there. When Art Hart was helping Bill nail down the shingles, he told me I made the roof too steep. He was afraid he would slide off.

Tornadoes and Hurricanes

The year of 1989 was a bad year for the Camp property. In the spring, during the Ladies Weekend, a tornado came across the lake and the hill with the Camp on it was the place where it hit land. The ladies huddled in the hall of the Chapel building when they heard the wind blowing in the trees. Bill and I were out in the playing field working on the volleyball court when we saw tree branches flying across the field. We ran for the dining room where Jack Lackey and the cooks were watching the trees falling behind the kitchen. Elsworth Dougherty ran into the kitchen so fast that he slid in on his bottom. Duane Dyson came to remove the trees with his big bulldozer. We had a lot of firewood after that.

In the fall of that year Hurricane Hugo visited us. We were just about ready for the annual conference, which was to start the next day, when it hit. That was an exciting night. June and I watched the news reports until the lights went out. Bill and Nancy and Roy and Irene Witt went into the recreation building to be in the safest place. Of course, that was the building that received the most damage. A very large tree fell on the roof and broke the trunk over the peak of the roof. It punched numerous holes in the roof, causing a flood inside the bedrooms. And to think that everyone thought June and I should have come out there with them instead of staying in our mobile home!

When the lights went out and we couldn't get any more news, we went to bed. The next morning we found no damage at our house. We headed out to the Camp to see how they made out. Workers were clearing trees off the road on Highway 16. We got as far as the Bible Camp road and had to park the car and climb into the Camp over the fallen trees. When we got to the playing field, we couldn't believe the mess. The grass was hardly visible anywhere. Branches and leaves were everywhere. Cleaning the leaves out of the pool was a tremendous job.

People began coming into the Camp for the conference and found crews of volunteers working on the fallen trees. I can still see the expression on the faces of Regina and Lydia Pearson as they walked in with Helm and Ruth Rink. They thought they were coming to a conference. Helm put on borrowed coveralls over his dress clothes and went right to work. From the kitchen building you could not see the Chapel. Several large trees were lying on the ground and up against the building, but the only damage was the corner of the rain gutter on the porch roof that was bent. While I was trying to untangle the phone wire out of the fallen trees, I disturbed a nest of ground bees. They couldn't quite find me in the branches of the tree but they got Justin Hubler several times while he ran away from them.

Another large tree, that would have crushed the new Trading Post, fell in the other direction and punched a few holes in the pantry roof. Trees fell on the Girl's dorm but did almost no damage. About two hundred trees fell in that storm. Nick Pyle came and used his expertise, as a tree surgeon, to make sure the fallen trees didn't pose a danger for anyone. He did a large part of clearing the trees with the help of a bunch of volunteer workers. A number of young girls also came to help.

Most of the roofs on the buildings were replaced by insurance. The adjuster had been "borrowed" from the Washington D.C. area. He would ask Bill, "How much would it cost to replace this". Bill would say, "So much". He would say, "That's not enough." He told us the insurance companies want

to be sure that they allow enough so that there is not a lot of re-evaluating, which would be more costly.

The power was off for more than a week. Ice was bought wherever it was available, to try to keep the food that had been bought in for the conference. Someone brought ice from as far away as Winston-Salem or Raleigh. Trees were so twisted and damaged that lumber people didn't want them. About five years is as long as the wood would be good for firewood. Nobody wanted any more wood.

There were no injuries to anyone who was removing tree damage as far as I can recall, but June has treated quite a few patients in her years as camp nurse. Two of her most memorable injuries were when Brian Knisely shot a nail into his hand while building the porch on the old mobile home. It never even got infected. Then, another time, Bob Ishom got his fingers in the saw blade. That healed up nicely, too. Then there was the time when Aaron Gardner, from St. Louis hurt his back. He was a huge football lineman in high school at the time. We didn't know how to pick him up or carry him to the nurse. We managed to get him to the emergency room in the hospital and they loosened him up somehow.

June and Others

The young people like June. At the end of one of the camp sessions, Fred Green showed slides of the campers that he took during the week. The kids would yell and scream when they saw certain of their friends in action. When Fred put a picture of June on the screen, the whole room swelled up in a big cheer and clapping and whistling. She must be very gentle when she treats their wounds. The teens like her old time jokes.

Speaking of Bob Ishom, we can remember the time that he and Don Tompson were putting siding on the back of the chapel building. They used one of the yellow dining room tables as a sawhorse. Bill warned them not to get it scratched. You guessed it! They cut a piece off the end of the table.

Experts and amateurs were always compatible at Camp. One Saturday morning, a bunch of volunteers came up from the Charlotte assembly and built the deck at the back of the kitchen. Some of them knew what they were doing, and the rest did what they were told. Another time, they came and put up the garage building in a day. By suppertime, they were nailing down the roof shingles.

In the Drink

I'm not one of the experts, but Steve Detweiler Jr. and I built the boathouse on the deck that Dave England and others built out of the old swimming raft. While I was working on it alone, for some reason, I had to cut two-by-fours, which were too long to get inside the boathouse. I nailed a couple pieces of two-by-fours to the side of the deck over the water to lay the long board on to cut it to size. I had to stand on the brace to cut the board. While I was cutting, the brace twisted down and threw me into the water with the saw running. While I was falling, I threw the saw as far away as I could. I didn't want to go swimming with an electric saw plugged in! Wouldn't you know it, there was a young lady coming down to see what I was building. She enjoyed the show as soon as she knew I was all right.

Another time, one of the paddleboats got a rope tangled in the propeller. I was trying to pull it up on the dock to work on it. It suddenly came real easy and I fell backwards into the water in the boat well. My grandson was on the boathouse deck, laughing at me. Why can't I suffer alone?

One year, Janet Marquardt decided to give lifesaving lessons to provide lifeguards for the pool and the lake area. Some people thought that some of the people who are always at the Camp should complete the course. They picked Bill and myself, even though we were grandfathers. As part of the training we had to run around the playing field several times each day. I never knew the field had such steep hills. The first day I couldn't run all the way to the end of the field. The next day it was a little better. I was teamed up with Bill for practice maneuvers in the pool. Now Bill had it pretty easy. I float like a cork, but Bill floats like a rock. He could put a finger under my chin and pull me wherever he wanted. I could hardly kick hard enough to pull him. Swimming the whole distance of the pool to qualify was all I could do. Then someone figured out the distance and found that we swam twice as far as required. I actually passed. I think they were very badly in need of lifeguards.

Jim Sabino came to Camp one time driving a bright yellow sport car. The boy campers especially were awestruck with that car. When he was trying to impress the class about the Lord's coming, he said, "If the Lord comes today, you can have my car." For a few seconds the boys were delighted. Then they realized the alternative. Jim used to use some interesting graphics in his lectures.

There used to be a cinderblock grill out where the deck behind the kitchen is now. Joe Claar used to grill some great hamburgers on it. I remember one year when Jim Shulte came to cook for family camp. He went out and bought enough steaks for everybody and grilled them as we told him how we liked them. He would poke them with his finger and he could tell whether they were well done, medium, rare or medium rare, by how firm it felt. He never missed.

Now It's June's Turn

"Whatever you do, do it heartily as unto the Lord."

Little did we know when we first came to Camp that we would be here for so many years. Neither did we realize that we would wear so many hats. Here are some of the hats we wore: nurse, cook, dishwasher, cleaner, teacher, piano player, ground maintenance (raking leaves, etc.), and laundry.

In the earlier years, sheets and quilts or blankets were furnished for all staff and campers. There was a washer, but no dryer. We had to hang the sheets outside, by the dozens, on lines from tree to tree.

As the camps grew, we sent the young staff members to the Laundromat in town, filling all the washers and dryers. This happened every Saturday evening, between camp sessions, after cleaning all day. Sometimes we would go with Nancy and Bill, shopping for food and supplies for the next camp session.

Being camp nurse required running up and down the hill to the nurse's station to attend to hurts and ailments, in between all these other activities.

One case that comes to mind is the time when one of the girls saw the stepladder out in the field and decided to climb it and jump off to impress the boys. She turned her ankle and had to be carried to the nurse. The boys liked to haul her around on the wheelbarrow to her classes and to the dining room.

Most of the injuries came from playing games. When the senior campers played Red Rover, the girls would hold together so tightly that their arms pained so much that they would pass out. They were taken to the emergency room and found that there were no fractures, but sprains.

Recently, we had an epidemic of sprained ankles from a game, because the campers were not wearing sneakers, like they should have been. Ace bandages and crutches were in vogue. Gradually the crutches were returned, except one set. The boy camper said he needed them yet. When I saw him at the pool, running without the crutches, I held onto the crutches till they were whistled out of the pool. He came to me and asked for his crutches. I said, "You're healed". He said OK and ran off.

A tall metal cabinet with medical supplies was the nurse's station for many years. It would be moved to wherever the nurse stayed. Finally, in 1974, Roy and Fred Witt and Alfred Jackstadt tiled the floor and mounted cabinets in the room that used to be shared as a laundry and sleeping quarters, besides the nurse's room. Since the maintenance people didn't have a shop either, the room was used for machinery storage during the winter months. A few years ago, another cabinet had to be added to keep all the medications the campers bring with them. It's a tremendous job keeping track of who gets what and when.

It has been a pleasure serving with the campers and staff members with their medical needs, and the fellowship was very enjoyable with friends, new and old, from many states and countries. May God have the glory as people serve Him at camp, and wherever the saints serve Him.