



Who's Who 2017

James M. Payson UT Avi R. Houston TX Palmer C. St. Louis MO Jack D. Bronxville NY Sean W. Chicago IL Laszlo D. Palo Alto CA Cooper S. Richmond VA **Kyle D.** Perry KS Jason M. Pasadena CA Roberaa A. Columbia Heights MN Guteraa A. Columbia Heights MN Joseph T. Houston TX Derek F. Pasadena CA **Alec W.** Lawrence KS Jack H. Dallas TX Isaac B. San Jose CA Isaiah B. San Jose CA Xander G. Menlo Park CA Finn W. Marquette MI **Griffen K.** Bellaire TX Jake M. Newbury Park CA Ben S. Chicago IL Jake S. Tulsa OK Judson P. Wayzata MN Adam P. Oklahoma City OK Giuseppe D. Pasadena CA Luca D. Pasadena CA Jack P. St. Louis MO Charlie B. Hudson WI Harrison R. Austin TX Stephen V. Doral FL Samuel O. Philadelphia PA **Tien S.** Norman OK Thanh S. Norman OK Collin P. Duluth MN Ian P. Duluth MN Maxx B. Whitefish Bay WI Mario M. Corregidora QT Matias M. Corregidora QT Ben B. Pasadena CA JP B. Pasadena CA Luke B. Pasadena CA Dillon H. San Marino CA Evan H. Fort Collins CO Toño A. Mexico City DF Luke A. San Marino CA Jondall N. Portland ME Jack R. Glenview IL Max M. Edmond OK Alex M. Edmond OK **Quinten M.** Meauon WI Matthias O. San Marino CA Joaquin C. Lake Forest IL AJ R. Ocean Ridge FL Javier C. Lake Forest IL Piet G. Shorewood WI

continued on back cover

Connor L. San Marino CA

Eugenio K. Mexico DF





'Round the Mark

- CLTs made their mark by snatching victory out of the jaws of defeat. As their floatplane awaited repair in Thompson, Manitoba, this intrepid group organized games of frisbee and baseball. Each voyageur claimed a wolf statue in and around Thompson as their own. They even packed up gear and hiked into a waterfall for an overnight trip. That's the power of teamwork and play.
- The Year of the Campfire brought us together and warmed our desire to speak, listen and learn. We enjoyed stories shared from canoe trips. Highlights, together with smiles and laughter, were given at the end of each session around the amazing final campfire.
- A new tradition in the making? We've always enjoyed hosting or going to nearby camps for some friendly competition. This year we had the campers from Kamaji over to compete in sailing, archery and tennis in both sessions. Both Regatta days were picture perfect and a lot of fun.
- We welcome our new caretaker William Hernandez. William comes to Camp Chippewa with many skills and the desire to keep camp looking great and functioning properly and safely. Welcome aboard William! Stay warm this winter.
- 'Rounding the Mark means we say farewell to 2016 and look forward to 2017. It's the Year of the Compass. Many of you have enrolled and ensured your spot—thank you!

Summer Highlights 2016

Charlie B: Everything! Eugenio K: When I got to camp and everybody knows me. Derek F: Playing Capture the Flag and wrestling on the thrill mat. Matan D-L: Reaching Hudson Bay. Michael B: All the activities in camp but especially riflery when I shot my highest (46) on my last round of the year. **Rvan K:** The English River Trip. **Jake S:** Earning my first tam. Jasper K: When I won my first tennis game in the Regatta. Dean J: I liked moving up ranks which is exciting and fun. **Quinten M:** Our cabin cliff jumping at the same time. **Augie A:** Paddling into Hudson Bay and becoming men of salt water. Ian Patton: Camp is great and unlike anything I have encountered. I loved the Quetico and hope to go on a trip the next year. Laszlo D: Seeing the deer swimming in the lake. AJ R: Canoeing. Sam H: There was a beautiful sunset during a hard paddle in a headwind. **Cody P:** An outstanding moment for me was during the Regatta with everyone cheering me on. Max G: Seeing a moose and her calf. Luke B: Going out on the dock at night and looking at the stars. Brian H: The Bloodvein trip. Luke A: Sailing and being in the Archery Regatta. Sam C: Helping the little kids learn how to sail. **Owen P:** Returning from the Sanford. **Maxx B:** The Voyageurs Trip. **Gordon M:** Beluga whales and dipping in The Bay. Thahn S: Making new friends. Ben B: The entire Bloodvein trip. Jondall N: Sitting on the shield on the Quetico. Ronald Y: Rapids. Mauricio L: My trip was awesome. I love tripping and hope I can come 8 weeks in the future years. **Myles Duckett:** Battle of the Bands because we got to sing a song. **Jack H:** I was paddle boarding and the sun hit the water just right—it was beautiful. **James M:** Predator and Prey. **Harrison R:** Sailing in the Regatta



Camp Dates

June 18th to August 11th

First Session

June 18th to July 14th

Second Session

July 16th to August 11th

Badger Camp 1

June 18th to July 1st



AWalk in the Woods

uthor Bill Bryson made hiking the Appalachian Trail popular by chronicling his journey in the book *A Walk in the Woods*. Camp Chippewa benefited from alumni and naturalist, Dr. Bob Endres, as he took every camper around camp to introduce them to local flora. After all, we are located in one of the oldest National Forests in the United States.

Bob's version of a walk in the woods included identifying trees both evergreen and deciduous. During the awards assembly, campers were posed with the query, "Raise your hand if you can identify white, red and jack pine." Every hand went up. How about poison ivy? Oh yeah, that too. Several campers went on to continue their walks with Bob as they identified birds, shrubs and fungi. More to come next summer! Thanks Bob. **



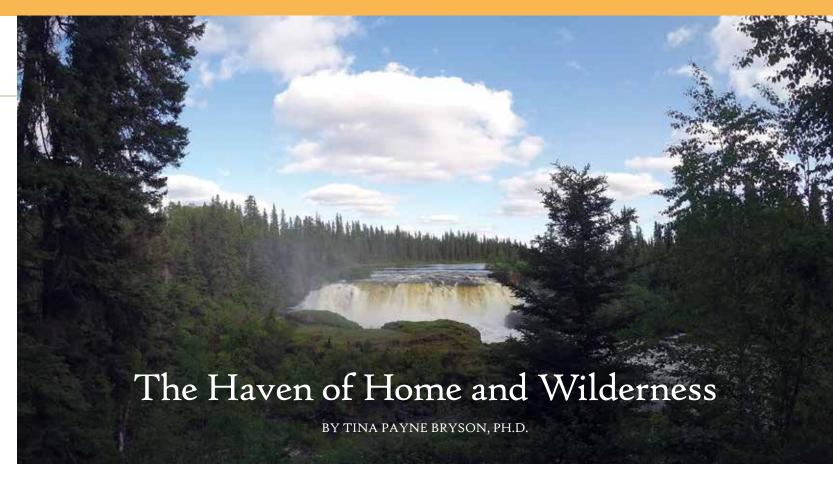
f you picture the surface of a golf ball, that pretty well represents what our atmosphere would look like from space if you could see it. Our atmosphere has bumps and depressions which are actually areas of high and low pressure. Air flows from areas of high pressure to areas of low pressure—just like water going down hill. The bigger the difference in pressure, the faster the air flows—that's wind for you. This past summer, much of the Midwest and other parts of the country, experienced several severe storms which brought heavy rains and damaging winds. Typically, high pressure is stable air and brings with it good or fair weather. Low pressure is associated with unstable

air. A bit like a hole in the ground, something needs to fill it up. Because the earth spins once everyday, it causes low pressure to turn in a counterclockwise manner and go across North America from west to east. On the backside of these lows, cooler air masses from the north mix with warmer air masses from the south and boom, storms begin to brew. Now, this is a bit of an over simplification, but as we all know, weather forecasts are really only pretty good for a few days. The atmospheric variables are too great to accurately forecast weather for weeks and months ahead. Camp was hit by a few very strong winds out of the NW. We had two trees



come down. Neither one caused any damage. Other parts of the state were not so lucky. Lake Itasca, the headwaters of the Mississippi, was closed for a week while they cleaned up hundreds of damaged and fallen trees. One reason we may have been spared is due to the constant forest management at Chippewa. We take down weak or diseased trees and continue to plant new, healthy and a diverse species of trees.

Pictured here is camp doctor Dick Peairs. He poses next to a white pine that fell in a strong storm. As it turns out, this tree was diseased at the base. Several 100-inch length sections were saved and will be milled into rough-sawn lumber.



here are times when life feels quite frenetic. It's often the curse of our blessings—too many fun and good opportunities, along with all our responsibilities—that keep us running at the speed of a chaotic blur. As a result, at times it feels like our home becomes more like a loading and unloading zone or a drive-thru, not a haven. Not a place of peace, rest, decompression, and certainly not an escape from the frenzy.

As a school counselor and child/adolescent psychotherapist, I know that kids do much better in most aspects of their lives during the summer. In general, their anxiety drops, and they are more flexible and happy.

There are many ways we can account for this, but I think two things are significant contributors. Looking at what makes life better in the summer can give us some clues about how to capture that during the school year.

First, in summer, the frenzy dies down. There's more time for meandering and less rushing from thing to thing to thing.

A lot of science is suggesting that our physical posture and the way we move our bodies can have a big impact on our emotional life. When parents and kids are rushing around the house, rushing in and out of cars, and back and forth at a harried pace (imagine the way you walk around in the morning as you are trying to pack lunches and make breakfast and get everyone out the door!), we feel more stressed out, more chaotic.

Conduct your own experiment. Walk around for a minute or so at a chaotic, rushed pace around your house or office—see you how feel? Then walk around at a nice, slow pace. See what happens?!

In the summer, families often have to rush less, and we generally live our lives more slowly, which makes us actually feel calmer. Kids have the luxury of working on projects or concentrating on something for a longer period of time without our interrupting constantly to tell them to get back into the car for yet another activity.

Another reason kids do better during the summer is that they spend more time outside. A lot more. Did you know that children who have a view of a tree outside of their bedroom window have lower levels of the stress hormone cortisol? Many studies demonstrate that being outside can be an antidote to the intensity of life.

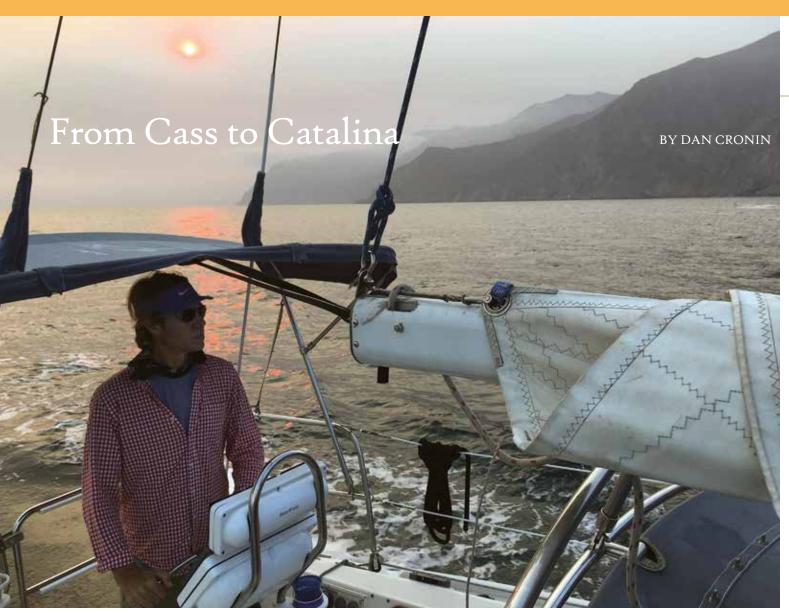
This time outside, and particularly in nature, is not only stress-reducing, it can actually be considered a "protective factor" against the toll that stress takes on our nervous systems. Being in nature is in fact a haven—an escape from the frenzy, where time slows down, so we can more readily be present to what is dynamically emerging in the moment.

So what can we do to intentionally create a haven for our kids, even during the school year?

Recently, after feeling victim to this frenzy, I felt a pull to be much more intentional about making our home as much of a haven as possible. A few changes made a big difference: having music playing much of the time. Eating an additional meal or two at home each week so the kids don't have to rush off to another place and they can keep their shoes off and just be home. I also started doing a "calendar flush," where on Sundays I sit with my calendar and erase what I can. And we've added a few more minutes of outside time—shooting hoops in the yard or riding bikes around the block.

Isn't it worth a few minutes to sit down and consider how you can be more intentional about creating and maintaining a haven in your home? At least until summer when you can send your kids to the haven of wilderness at Camp Chippewa. **

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Catalina Island, Western Shore, August 2016

n hindsight, I don't think you could characterize Dick Myers as a tough character. He was a sophomore at UW-Madison, on his way to becoming a teacher. But as a 14-year-old first-time voyageur on the Sanford, Dick, in my eyes, was some version of Paul Bunyan. He was leading a Canadian, after all. He was the guy taking us up on the trail, into the shield and the pines, where we would not see a road, a power line, or a person for nearly two weeks.

Half way through the trip, we faced a rather serious portage. At barely 120 pounds, I had carried my share of packs and wannigans. The big guys carried the canoes. It all seemed fair. Dick, however, had other plans. On this portage, I was going to carry a canoe. It was only years later that I realized what a gift he was giving me.

He loaded the canoe onto my shoulders, and walked behind me as a cried my eyes out in agony and fear. He reassured me through every step, and at a certain point, told an R-rated joke. This helped. When it was over, we loaded up and paddled on. When we returned to camp, I went back to my happy place—2-hour sailing every afternoon under the exacting tutelage of the great Phil Sanders.

Twelve years later, I moved to Los Angeles. The Pacific

Ocean beckoned. I had never sailed on anything bigger than an X-boat, but I wondered: is sailing a keelboat on an ocean swell really that different from crashing to weather on a windy day on Cass Lake? So I called up a charter company in Marina del Rey and arranged a "bareboat charter" test. Taking what I knew from sailing at Chippewa, I was given license to sail on the ocean. I have been doing it ever since.

On a recent upwind passage around the far side of Santa Cruz Island (look it up on google maps) I thought of Dick Myers, and realized that without him and the experiences I had at camp, I probably wouldn't ever have moved to California. I probably wouldn't have had the confidence to take the kinds of personal and professional risks that had allowed me to be there, on a hard beat in 30 knots of wind on the wrong side of an island hardly anyone ever went to. At Camp, I learned that I was capable of a lot more than I thought.

As a parent of young children, I encourage all Chippewa parents to trust camp. Boys need challenges, and they need people to push them. Yes, camp is about fun, but Chippewa offers something far more valuable—the opportunity for boys to find out what they are really made of. Let's keep that tradition of personal challenge alive. **

Malibu Makes Waves

amp Chippewa's fleet grew this past summer and by all accounts the Malibu made a splash. If you passed your swimming requirements and were eager to waterski or wake board or learn how, the Malibu ski boat was fired up and ready to go. Whether wake boarding or waterskiing, our new ski boat made a world of difference.

Expert skier, **Will N.**, especially enjoyed the power and control the Malibu gave him. On calm days, Cass Lake beckoned. But if the winds were whistling, the boat stayed in Buck Lake where the waves did not have a chance to build and cause choppy water. The Malibu is put away for the winter, but will be ready to go next summer—just pass those swimming requirements. Hit it!



Lake Changes

s you recall, the Chippewa National Forest decided to remove Knutson Dam and replace it with several stair-step arches of rock creating a rapids. It's hard to evaluate the result because of an unusual amount of rainfall this past summer. On the positive side, we did not suffer shoreline erosion like we have in the past. The mighty Mississippi now flows out of Cass Lake without having to go through gates, which were designed to hold water back during the logging era. On the negative side, the water clarity has improved dramatically. Why negative? Improved water clarity is due to an invasive species called the Zebra Mussel which is a filter-feeder. This little critter is now found in Cass Lake in vast quantities and presently there is no way to get rid of them. On the positive side, not a single case of water itch was reported out of Cass Lake. Is it possible this is a by-product of the little invasive mussel? Maybe. But for now, this may be just the silver lining we've been looking for.

The Mississippi flows casually out of Cass Lake bouncing and burbling over boulders and rocks. Usually the water is



noticeably lower by the time camp is over. And in the fall, it should be really low. Not this year however. Heavy rains and a wet fall have kept the upper river system filled to the brim. Will this winter bring record snowfalls or be drier than normal? Only time will tell.

The next step in giving back to mother nature would be the removal of the power dam upstream of Wolf Lake. It's a 22-foot drop from Lake Bemidji to Wolf. That means the rapids that were once part of the river would come back to their previous glory since the glaciers melted 10,000 years ago. One can only hope.





perform a hard J-Stroke as my bowman draws on the right. We round the corner of the rapid and I see a ledge ahead—a rock face with a sudden drop in elevation. I size up the rushing water in front of me and prepare to face the ledge. I yell to my bowman "Back paddle! Back paddle!" I am strangely calm.

We descend the ledge; my head hits the icy water. As I break the surface of the water, I immediately grab onto my canoe and recover the duluth floating next to me. I swim to shore and pull my gear up with me before I turn around to view the situation for a split second. As I look around, I see everything we had been taught being performed instinctively by the campers and counselors alike. The campers of the lone standing canoe are performing a canoe over canoe rescue; the other campers are collecting gear and bringing it to shore. I immediately know what I need to do. I turn around and begin to walk through the woods in search of a spot that can accommodate our five tents. As I travel through the forest, I naturally rip birch bark off of the surrounding trees and pick up small sticks for kindling. When I arrive at a clearing, our counselor Sam is already there forming the rock pit that will shield the fire we're about to build. He silently nods to me, and again I know what I need to do. I drop the birch bark and sticks, and make my way back to the shore line. I tell everyone to bring the gear and follow me. We return to the clearing, put down the gear, and each camper and counselor begins to perform a different task: sawing, hatcheting, making the fire, putting up tents, filleting the fish. Within the hour, a fire is made, tents are put up, and the fried walleye and pike tacos are prepared. We all sit around the fire, enjoying the delicious meal, laughing and listening to our counselor Karl play the guitar. After dinner, we return to our tents, climb into our sleeping bags, and fall asleep. Ready to do it again the next day.

As I was falling asleep that night, a feeling of "How did I get here?" came over me...

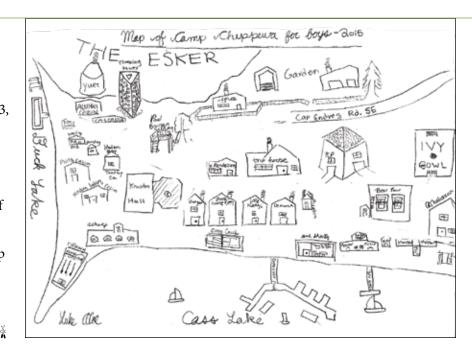
When I was in sixth grade, my mom took me to my favorite sandwich shop for dinner. As we ate, we talked about school, soccer, and all the other normal topics. She then shifted the conversation to the upcoming summer and told me that I was going to a summer camp in Minnesota. I burst into tears, told her I wouldn't go, and walked home alone. For the next few months, I refused to even consider the subject of camp. As June rolled around, the moment I had dreaded became a reality. My family packed my two large duffel bags (because I refused to do it myself) and my mother and I boarded a plane for Minnesota. As we took off and left Richmond behind, I could feel my excitement rising in me. Of course, I maintained my glum face; I wasn't going to let my mother know. We arrived at the Minneapolis airport where I was greeted by bear hugs from the seemingly huge counselors in their red "Camp Chippewa Staff" shirts. My excitement continued to rise. The moment the bus arrived, I ran to it along with the other campers, no longer able to contain my excitement. My mom will tell you I never even looked back.

Six summers later, I'm a thousand miles north of Minneapolis, one thousand-six hundred and eighty-four miles from home. There is no civilization within a hundred miles of me in any direction. And there is no place I would rather be. This transformation from a sixth-grade boy crying at the thought of leaving the comfort of home into a man happily in the comfort of his tent away from all civilization happened because of Camp Chippewa. Whether it be the two-mile-long portages with a canoe on my back, the thirteen hours of paddling into the dark of night, or flipping into ice-cold water, I was prepared to overcome any obstacle that presented itself. Camp Chippewa shaped the man I am today.

-GORDON MITCHELL

Camp Map

ot long ago, alumnus Greg Tatum (camper '95, '96, '98; counselor '02, '03, '05, '06, '07) created a beautiful map of Camp Chippewa. It was included as part of camp's 75th anniversary celebration. The only other map of camp at that time was created by Helen Endres, and that was many years ago. Then, in summer 2015, **Luke A.** drew a map of camp as a part of a scavenger hunt. Luke did a remarkable job; his map has it all, including the Sentinel Climb and the Sweat Lodge. Camp really hasn't changed all that much in 80 years. Take a good look at Luke's drawing. You'll find everything in its proper location. Luke may have a career in cartography—who knows? Thanks Luke, it's a great representation of CC. **



Legacy Grows

are filled with awesome adventures, fabulous friendships and one-of-a-kind experiences. I'm happy to report, they don't bring up rainy days, pesky mosquitoes and headwinds on a canoe trip. Character was built, risks were taken, and self-confidence developed. And now, their sons—a total of 22 campers in 2016—walk in their dad's footsteps. Camp Chippewa hasn't changed that much. That's what we hear upon their return after many years away. Oh, Knutson Hall was rebuilt in 2008, as was Bear Paw tennis court, trip house, the KP and rifle range. What hasn't changed is our location, lakes and philosophy—a time



Legacy Campers Quinten M. (back left) and Avi R. (back right), Xander G. (front center) and Sean W. (far right).

honored tradition that keeps the next generation coming back. Thank you alumni for giving your son(s) the opportunity to learn archery, sailing, riflery, tennis and canoeing—in the Chippewa National Forest. And YES we are still technology free! **



The Mood of Camp

BY LUKE BRYSON

eep in the north woods of Minnesota, almost stretching up into Canada, the woods are quiet, yet when you listen, you can hear everything: The lonely cry of the loon, the swish of the luscious green treetops untouched by man, the crunch of wood chips and crisp leaves beneath your feet, the calming and steady pound of the small waves washing up on the powdery, pale sand on the lake's beach, and the gentle blip of fish gulping air from the surface of Buck. All of this drowning into white noise giving the illusion of silence. Listen, and you hear the true noise of the woods.

2017 The Year of the Compass

"Not all those who wander are lost." - IRR Tolkien

enry Schoolcraft is credited for his 1832 expedition to the source of the Mississippi River. In part, his travels were to settle the undetermined boundary between the United States and British Canada. His mother-in-law, was Ojibwe. His wife, Jane, was also known as Bamewawagezhikaquay (Woman of the Sound the Stars Make Rushing Through the Sky.) She taught him the Ojibwe language. He was a scientist from many disciplines and comfortable in a canoe in the wilderness. In 1821, he reached Upper Red Cedar Lake and had to stop due to low water levels. He renamed the lake in honor of Michigan Territorial Governor Lewis Cass. Schoolcraft assisted Cass while exploring wilderness regions of Lake Superior.

One of the most important tools explorers use to navigate is the stars. On a clear night, most people can find Polaris, the North Star. 700 years ago the first compass showed up in Europe. It was first discovered in China 300 years prior to that. People noticed a magnetized needle (loadstone) floating in water on a chip of wood always turned to point north. People thought the needle was being moved by magic—thus the term

"magnetic." Today we know the Earth's molten core of iron and nickel makes magnetic objects align themselves in a north-south direction.

Schoolcraft and many explorers employed the fascinating geo-magnetic effect on a small, balanced, easy-to-swivel needle. Using this simple device, he navigated to a height of land we now call Lake Itasca. 195 years after he made camp on Upper Red Cedar Lake, a boys camp now calls it home. Cass Lake has not changed very much in those years. The water is still clear, the sand is abundant and the trees tower overhead.

This summer, 2017—The Year of the Compass—Camp Chippewa will guide your son and teach him how he can explore and navigate his natural world. We still use maps and compasses on our canoe trips. Knowing where you are certainly helps determine where you're going. Camp Chippewa for Boys is a place where boys can find adventure and wander the rivers and lakes mostly unchanged from the time of Henry Schoolcraft. Those wanderings will help craft character. Take hold of your compass, take that step and wander. That's our tradition—that's the right direction.

Thank You

Camp Chippewa Foundation wishes to thank all of those who have contributed so generously and thoughtfully to camp. Your contributions are vital to our success. Thank you!

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Dale Ray & Shelley Overholt Thiesen

Paul Sez

Never buy flowers from a monk.

Only YOU can prevent florist friars.



Updates continue. Whether it's Windows 10 or OS X, the world of new versions will never cease. The same can be said with our camp management software. While we update our database to keep names and places current, we realize some of our alumni have slipped through the cracks. Please take a moment and send your latest contact information to the camp office. If you know someone who is not receiving camp mailings and would like to, please update us with their email and home address. We keep your information private—thank you Chippewa families and friends.

Please consider making a gift to Camp Chippewa

Make checks payable to: Camp Chippewa Foundation 7359 Niagara Lane North Maple Grove, MN 55311

Credit cards are accepted online at www.campchippewa.com

Gifts may be directed to the Chippewa Annual Fund or our Scholarship Fund.

For more information, contact:

Mike Endres mike@campchippewa.com 218-335-8807

We'd like to thank all those who chose Camp Chippewa Foundation on Amazon Smile and Thrivent Choice Dollars as well as Microsoft Matching Gifts Program.

Listed are new and renewed donations received since the last issue of The CHIPS, December 2015. Camp Chippewa Foundation is a 501(c)(3) charitable organization. All donations are tax-deductible as provided under the law.



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For change of address, please email Mary Endres at mary@campchippewa.com



Who's Who 2017 continued from page 2

Carson C. Edmond OK **Shep M.** Lawrence KS Asa M. Lawrence KS Henry H. Pasadena CA Winton A. Lawrence KS Wrenner A. Lawrence KS Sam G. Wynnewood PA Henry P. Dallas TX Michael B. Evanston IL Jack P. Evanston IL Channing C. Springfield MO Dom P. Springfield MO Christian C. Evanston IL Dave F. Lincoln NE Ashton T. Crest Hill IL Jasper K. Centennial CO Owen R. Austin TX Alejandro L. The Woodlands TX **Andres L.** The Woodlands TX Mauricio L. The Woodlands TX Charlie R. Chicago IL Cash R. Chicago IL Anderson G. Richmond VA Peyton P-D. Falls Church VA Mason P. Falls Church VA Noah K. Chanhassen MN Max R. Saint Louis MO Sam A. Palo Alto CA Michael A. Hugo MN Bodie T. Hinsdale IL Harlan A. Hinsdale IL Jack H. Lawrence KS

Evan T. Bemidji, MN

Elias T. Bemidji, MN

Camp Connections

ix degrees of separation is the idea that all living things and everything else in the world is six or fewer steps away from each other so that a chain of "a friend of a friend" statements can be made to connect any two people in a maximum of six steps. First year camper Ben S., and family were enjoying some camping with an outfitter called Backroads. One of their trip leaders was Chippewa alum Andrew Opila (camper '02, '03, counselor '10, '11). Camp Chippewa dominated the conversation. Who was Ben's counselor last summer? Avery Garski. Avery was a camper in Andrew's cabin not too many years ago. Now you know the rest of the story. *



Thank you for being the best organizers of the best summer camp! Our son is finally at home and he is very happy! Thanks for the effort and dedication you have to instill enriching experiences in my son's life. God bless you both.

-Irazu M.