

# Camp CHIPS

In his book, *Open Horizons*, noted wilderness author Sigurd Olson wrote, "...Life itself is a series of open horizons, with one no sooner completed than another looms ahead. More than physical features, they are horizons of the mind and spirit and when one looks backward, we find they have blended into the grand panorama of our lives."

For those new to camp, the Chippewa experience is an open horizon. What brings boys and counselors back to Camp is the anticipation to travel toward the next horizon and continue to live the experiences that make you, well you.

A recent study showed kids spend on average 12.5 hours of their day engaged with some sort of screen. That includes screen time for education, social media (in all its forms), gaming, entertainment, sport viewing, and video chat. That doesn't leave a lot of time for other things like sleep, meals, play, and personal engagement.

There is, of course, an important role that technology plays in today's world. But if the old saying holds true that

too much of a good thing must be not so good, then we as a civilization need to rediscover that sweet spot—life balance. And that's where Camp becomes even more important in today's culture. Being "technology-free" isn't just a tag we use to thump our chest like some Johnny-come-lately. It has been the way of things since 1935.

The "bull of the woods" was someone who would make the call to wake up loggers for another day of felling trees. Camp uses a call to not only wake up, but to get to flag raising, inspection, and when each activity period begins. Those calls are always followed by, "Let's go!" Mega phones, and loud speakers? Not here.

Our goal is to continue to put into practice the words of Sigurd Olson, to live life in a series of open horizons. We're off screens, we're engaged, and we're outdoors. Screen time per day? Zero. Let's GO! —Mike Endres, Director







## Who's Who 2024

**Josh A.** Boulder CO  
**Lucas A.** Boulder CO  
**Daniel T.** New Orleans LA  
**Dylan T.** New Orleans LA  
**Sonny H.** Atherton CA  
**AJ W.** Brooklyn Center MN  
**William V.** San Diego CA  
**Charlie B.** Menlo Park CA  
**David E.** Rogers MN  
**Ramsey S.** Austin TX  
**Daniel F.** New York NY  
**Charlie P.** Kenilworth IL  
**Max P.** Monrovia CA  
**Fisher W.** Austin TX  
**Ben P.** Oklahoma City OK  
**Grant H.** Tulsa OK  
**Drew Y.** Mountain View CA  
**Val D.** Bainbridge Island WA  
**Odin L.** San Marino CA  
**Benjamin Y.** Mountain View CA  
**Colin G.** Northville MI  
**Quinn G.** Northville MI  
**Scout H.** Pasadena CA  
**Schwa O.** Minneapolis MN  
**Henry J.** Indianapolis IN  
**Nico L.** Washington DC  
**Joshua R.** Monrovia CA  
**Nate H.** Arcadia CA  
**Simon H.** Arcadia CA  
**Charlie M.** Brussels  
**Bridger T.** Brainerd MN  
**Luke A.** Decatur IL  
**Nick A.** Decatur IL  
**Alejandro L.** The Woodlands TX  
**Charlie B.** Hudson WI  
**Evan P.** Bethesda MD  
**Jason P.** Bethesda MD  
**Jackson W.** Mequon WI  
**Cruz C.** Mission Hills KS  
**Alex M.** Edmond OK  
**Julian V.** Mission Hills KS  
**Julian W.** Kansas City MO  
**Tommy H.** San Francisco CA  
**Charlie L.** Indianapolis IN  
**Joseph L.** Indianapolis IN  
**Charlie P.** Overland Park KS  
**Ryan S.** Excelsior MN  
**Logan W.** Fort Collins CO  
**Charlie Y.** Houston TX  
**Matthew Y.** Houston TX  
**William B.** Duluth MN  
**Wallace D.** Chicago IL  
**Aaron F.** Altadena CA  
**Benjamin G.** Richmond VA

*continued on page 7*



## 'Round the Mark

- Athabasca Cabin reached Hudson Bay via the Little Churchill River. Enduring cold temperatures and heavy winds, the group came together again and again and reached their goal thanks to a united group. Their reward upon reaching Hudson Bay—paddling alongside hundreds of beluga whales.
- The Fish-a-thon was a roaring success. The minnow round-up was a sign of good things to come, as hundreds of minnows were snared by Mike and his loyal posse of minnow hearers. Heading down to Buck Lake, over 200 fish were caught at the Fish-a-thon! Matthew H. led the way with a whopping 44 fish!
- Sterling H., and his minnow, Gerald, won the Minnow Races.
- Ten different groups camped at the Star Island Campsite this summer. CLT groups continue to improve the land each summer by clearing shrubs, creating tent sites and fire pits, and improving the water access.
- The fishing continued to be great second session. Numerous fish were caught, including perch, bluegills, rock bass, northern pike and largemouth bass. Fisher W., Jose Pablo T., Jose Carlos C., Alejandro O., and Cesar T. led the way with unwavering enthusiasm for open evenings spent on Buck Lake Dock.
- Tournament Day was a highlight from second session. Tournaments happened all across camp including a table tennis tournament, sailing races, a team tennis match, a top gun tournament, and even a chess tourney!
- Finn G. passed his Expert Rifleman award. This is a rank only passed by those with exceptional discipline, attention to detail, and perseverance. Congrats Finn!
- Stanton H. put on an unbelievable display in the first session Fencing Tournament. His journey to holding the trophy was never in doubt. He fences at an elite level during the school year. Adam P. was the Second Session Fencing Tournament Champion, defeating the rookie sensation, Rowan B. in the final.



# 2023 Highlights

**Avi R.** Sitting with Eugenio, Blake, and Alex at the convergence of the Little and Big Churchill Rivers and observing the beauty and recollecting memories. **Beau M.** The Fencing Tournament was really fun, same with Tennis tourney. It was really fun teaming up with Pierson. **Drew H.** After the portage on the Voyageurs, seeing Agnes Lake. **Max P.** Being recognized as great at riflery. **Simon H.** Getting to do trap. **Josh A.** Fencing tournament. **Eugenio K.** Arriving at Churchill River. **Ben P.** My whole trip. Sights were amazing and the friendships were awesome. **AJ W.** Canoeing with Matthew Y. **Sammy M.** The experience. **Vance M.** Everything. **Dorian M.** The Awards Ceremony. **Joseph L.** When I got to shoot field archery with Mario, Josh, and Chris. **Dylan T.** Getting my first 40 in riflery this year. **Odin L.** Winning the Jr. Fencing Tournament. **Stanton H.** Portaging in the rain. Nothing like it. **Mekhi A.** Swimming with Mario when he was scuba diving. **Zack A.** Shooting trap. **David E.** Arriving at Star Island after four hours of paddling. **Henry P.** Canoeing in a storm and paddling hard. **Matthew H.** Going down the Mississippi. **Jack P.** Getting to the Bay. **Charlie L.** Star Island. **Evan P.** English trip. **Quinn G.** During the Voyageurs on my last day we had really big waves and I had a lot of fun bouncing up and down. **Cruz C.** The sun set at Star because the sun was moving so fast. **Adam P.** Sweating the night before camp ended with all the CLTs, Blake, Alex, and Will. **Arshan S.** Free swim. **Alex O.** Free swim. **Ben Y.** When we beat Kamaji [in the Regatta]. **Ryan S.** Either the second night of the Crow Wing (we had pizza mac), or the time me and my cabin invented a weird way to play ping pong. **George H.** When I won four straight games [of tennis] to win the regatta. **Bo B.** Seeing the waterfall on the Hawkcliff. **Hayden M.** Tam ceremony; counselors made it unique. **Harrison R.** Stargazing in Ivy Bowl. **Jack R.** The bouldering wall. **Ryan R.** Getting lifted up by a counselor during a song. **Luke A.** The entire canoe trip. **Cesar T.** My trip in Star Island was very fun. **Fisher W.** The Crow Wing. **Charlie P.** During counselor hunt, William and I heard Will N., Avi, Eugenio, and another CLT walk right past us. **Val D.** Stargazing. **Alex M.** Swimming in Shark Rapids on our Bloodvein. **Alejandro L.** The second layover on our trip, very fun. **Jose Carlos C.** At Star Island, the free swimming. **Rowan B.** I had a lot, but competing with everyone was fun. **Lucas A.** When I earned my paddle. **Nico L.** Seeing the sunrise on English Falls plus seeing the sun and moon at the same time. **Xander G.** The trip. **Jose T.** Fishing at Buck Lake.



## CAMP DATES 2024

**FULL SESSION**  
June 15th to August 8th

**FIRST SESSION**  
June 15th to July 11th

**SECOND SESSION**  
July 13th to August 8th

**BADGER CAMP I**  
June 15th to June 28th

**BADGER CAMP II**  
July 13th to July 26th







# Attunement

BY JACOB ENDRES

*“Standing there alone, I felt alive, more aware and receptive than ever before. A shout or a movement would have destroyed the spell. This was a time for silence, for being in pace with ancient rhythms and timelessness, the breathing of the lake, the slow growth of living things. Here the cosmos could be felt and the true meaning of attunement.”*

—Sigurd Olson, *The Singing Wilderness*

“Attunement” is not a very common word, and depending on which dictionary you look at, it isn’t even a real one. It presents as the noun version of the verb “attune,” which means to bring into harmony. One of today’s many buzzwords or buzzphrases centers on the idea of tuning in to your body. Self-care, listening to your body, and mindfulness are the subjects of morning news shows, self-help books, and YouTube videos.

Respecting your body and providing rest for your brain are certainly beneficial, but how often do our plans for self-care slip toward watching another TV show episode, scrolling a bit further on social media, or making ourselves some comfort food or another snack? I have certainly been guilty of some of those behaviors. How can we fundamentally bring our being back into harmony?

For Sigurd Olson, life on the trail allowed for specific things to come together in ways not found in the bustle of a city. Silence, ancient rhythms, and the slow growth of life form a chorus that speaks to us differently from how anything else in life speaks to us. He wrote about feeling the cosmos.

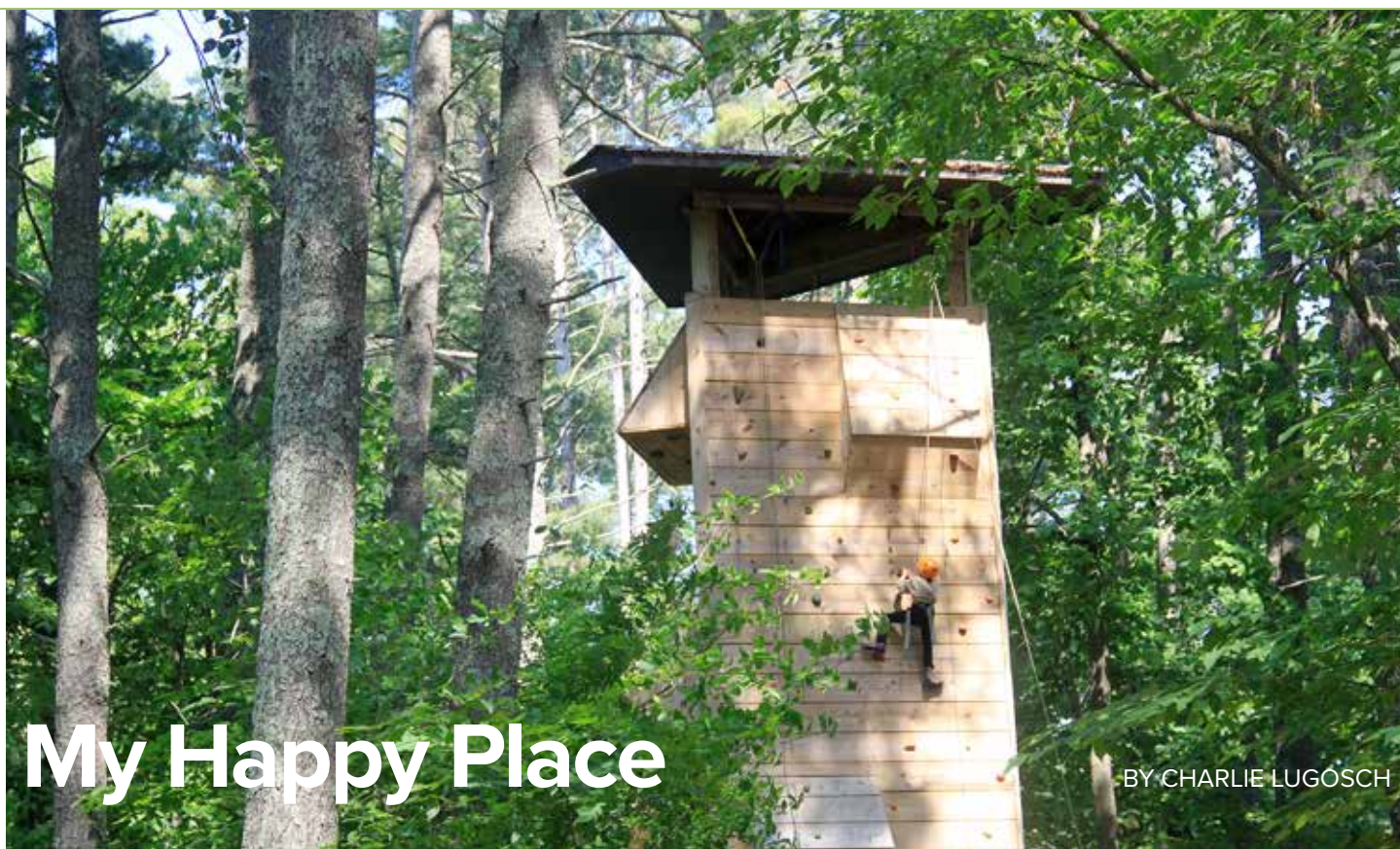
I cannot think of a better way to describe what so many past and current Chippewa voyageurs have felt while canoeing in the Canadian wilderness. You feel the vastness of the world around you. Being alone in wide-open spaces

heightens your senses. You feel the slightest breeze, hear the softest rustle, and smell the faintest whisp of smoke. The land seems to breathe around you unincumbered by fields, roads, or buildings. I’m not sure if what we are feeling is perfect “attunement,” but I do know how Camp Chippewa makes us feel.

It makes us feel alive! 🌿







# My Happy Place

BY CHARLIE LUGOSCH

I am standing in front of the advanced climbing wall at Camp Chippewa. This is my happy place. Camp Chippewa is in the northern woods of Minnesota. As I look at the climbing wall forty feet tall, I hear birds chirping. I spot a bald eagle. I smell pine trees (resin?) and I see a vast forest of trees. I begin to start climbing the wall. The higher I go the bigger the forest looks. I feel triumphant! I finally reach the top and take a minute to just look around. I hear people swimming in the nearby Buck Lake. I almost feel like a bald eagle myself. I get to the top of the wall. This is my happy place.  $\frac{1}{4}$





# A New Award

BY SAM ENDRES

For many years the Athabascan Man Award has existed as a recognition of exemplary leadership and initiative for campers on their final canoe trip at Camp Chippewa. Named for the hardest voyageurs who wintered in the remote reaches of Athabasca country, Athabascan Men transcend the challenges of the trail and support and inspire those around them. The award is prestigious and not awarded every year. In terms of the three pillars of Camp Chippewa—Adventure, Tradition, and Character—the Athabascan Man signifies the pinnacle of Adventure.

In the same vein, an award was founded this summer to celebrate the pillar of Character. The Cap Endres Award for Character is named for the man who—along with his wife, Helen—founded Camp Chippewa. Throughout his 98 years of service to the military, public education, and Camp Chippewa, Cap led and acted with integrity and virtue. He founded Camp Chippewa as a place for boys to retreat from the heat, noise, and bustle of the city and build a greater character in a wilderness setting. His vision continues to create young men of character.

The Cap Endres Axe is awarded to the camper who best exemplifies character and the values of Camp Chippewa: Engagement, Resilience, Confidence, and Leadership. This person embraces the traditions of camp and uses their



leadership skills to create a more inclusive camp for everyone.

This summer, the Award Ceremony concluded with the introduction of the Cap Endres Axe, a handmade axe adorned with the Hudson Bay colors. Nate H. of Arcadia, California, became the first recipient of the award. He was recognized for his leadership within his cabin, his patience with younger campers, his respect for all people, and, most importantly, the way he lifts up people around him, both on and off the trail. His name will be the first on the plaque that hangs beside the Cap Endres Axe in Knutson Hall. ❧

## CLT Trip

BY WILL NORRIS



After their Little Churchill trip, the CLTs spent the second half of the summer in camp helping at activities, learning what it is like to be a counselor in lower or middle camp cabins, and ultimately learning to become a better leader. Part of this experience involves visiting other summer camps in the area. Nine CLTs and I hit the road for a few days to visit Camp Voyageur, Camp Foley, and Camp Kamaji. While they are all great camps, their missions, activities, and counselor-in-training programs may be different from Chippewa's, so this trip is a great way for our CLTs to get exposed to more of the summer camp world, and maybe learn a thing or two to help make Chippewa even better! They were attentive and respectful, and asked some great questions about how the camps were run, and why things were done in a certain way.

Throughout the whole session, these eight CLTs did a fantastic job and many of our counselors spoke highly of them. They accomplished a ton, and I truly hope to see them on staff soon! ❧

2023 CLTs on the north shore of Lake Superior.

From left to right: Finn G., Harrison R., Avi R., Eugenio K., Matias M., Jack P., Adam P., and Jack D.





## A Note from...

When I started 9th grade last year, it was a monumental change. Balancing my all-Honors schedule, percussion practice, my club sport, and other activities was something I thought I was ready for, but I was wrong. My schedule kept marching on whether I was able to handle it or not. I kept telling myself that everything would work out. But it didn't. I dug a deeper and deeper hole for myself, anticipating a miracle of straight As, perfect performances, and athletic victories that never came. When lying in my bed one night, I remembered a moment from my Canadian trip during the summer.

During the longest portage of the entire trip, we divided the loads up by our abilities and set off. We all moved at different paces, so found ourselves alone on the trail. At one point, the path met a logging road splitting the Canadian forest in two. Instead of continuing on across the logging road to the other side of the forest, I took a left turn. With two bags and four paddles, I continued on the logging road for one and a half miles, expecting to see my cabinmates and hear the sound of a long-awaited waterfall. When I instead saw an excavator, I knew something was not right. At that point, I was exhausted, thirsty,

and alone. I stopped and sank down to the ground, feeling vulnerable. I do not remember how long I sat there, but I do remember how fast my leader, Zach Mills, ran up to me. Instead of getting angry at me for walking miles down the wrong trail, he asked me what happened. When I explained what I had done, he understood my intention. He told me to trust my instincts, but to be aware of my situation. That did

not undo the fact that I now had to retrace the miles-long detour I took. We loaded up and jogged back to the correct trail. After that, everything else about the trip felt easy.

After reliving that pivotal moment from the summer, I knew that I needed to both trust my instincts as well as ask for help. After consulting with my parents and school counselor, I turned my year around. I learned how to manage my time and energy, and so achieved well over a 4.0 GPA.

Last summer was the year of the wilderness. The lessons I learned in the Canadian wilderness are ones I used that year and will continue to use as I face challenges in the future. Camp Chippewa's values and teachings will be instilled in me for the rest of my life and I am thankful for everything they have done for me. 🙏

– STANTON HERNANDEZ



## Who's Who 2024

*continued from page 2*

Drew H. Houston TX  
 Matthew H. Houston TX  
 Xander G. Helena MT  
 Jasper M. Los Angeles CA  
 Townes M. Cardiff CA  
 Vance M. Cardiff CA  
 Ben S. Chicago IL  
 Beckham M. Los Angeles CA  
 JP B. Pasadena CA  
 Frederick P. George IA  
 Henry P. George IA  
 Peter F. Wellesley MA  
 George H. Milwaukee WI  
 Jack L. Washington DC  
 Adrian C. Milwaukee WI  
 Cole K. Highlands Ranch CO  
 Riley V. Cedar Falls IA  
 Dorian M. Milwaukee WI  
 Mekhi A. Milwaukee WI  
 Jack H. Lawrence KS



## Show Us Your Tam!

Don't forget to wear your tam on New Year's Eve! And get a photo of yourself in the Spring Chips! Head to a place that is meaningful to you—your home, public park, or favorite hiking trail. Put on your Tam, snap a photo, and send it to Sam (763-367-0397 or sam@campchippewa.com) with your name and location, and we'll add you in the Spring Chips.

While all Tams are earned in the canoe country of the north, we know they travel far and wide with the voyageurs who own them. We are glad that piece of the Canadian wilderness stays with you!



# With a Little Bit 'o Luck

BY JP ENDRES

*"I looked at the pool, glanced at Coach Endres, and knew there was no way I was going to get in. I couldn't swim a lick."*

—Jerry Graham

People have been the most important part of Camp Chippewa through the years, and so it is with Jerry Graham. He began a remarkable journey in 1952 and traveled it for more than 70 years. That skinny kid at Tulsa's Will Rogers High School did learn to swim, and the following summer he found himself on the shores of Cass Lake bringing wood to fire the cooking stove, ice from the ice-house, and acting as Cap's "boy Friday." In the ensuing years Jerry became a water safety instructor teaching the youngest how to swim and the oldest the skills involved in becoming a Junior Life Saver, a far cry from when he first met Cap and said, "I can't swim!"

Jerry's skills did not stop with daily swim instruction, for over the years he directed the rifle range and taught sailing and archery. With the advent of our ventures into Canada's canoe

country, I saw the need of an assistant trip leader, and it was here that Chippewa's voyageur found his true home. He honed his skills in those years; developed a touch around the campfire that made dining on the trail a delight; became comfortable with map and compass; could find and traverse a hidden and difficult portage; caught, filleted, and cooked walleye and northern pike to perfection; and taught each camper the ways of the trail. He became Camp's bourgeois as I was relegated to the role of director, tied to everyday camp life. It was under his tutelage that we explored farther north beyond Mister and Misses Lake and looked for new trails—new adventure.

If there is one place that mirrors Jerry's impact on Chippewa, it can be found in the north arm of Ontario's Rainy Lake: Hook Island. Years ago, I began a search for a wilderness outpost where younger campers, those not yet ready for

the rigors of the voyageur's trail, could fish, pick blueberries, swim, and echo the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn or Peter Pan



Jerry's woodworking skills are beyond measure. His Silent Isle cabin studio (far left); making the final touches on the totem pole in camp (at left).



Jerry and JP singing “With a Little Bit ‘o Luck” in 1977 (far left on facing page), and in 2001 (near left, on facing page). An annual event at the final banquet in Knutson Hall if they were together.

and Captain Hook. It was Jerry, following a lead provided by a real estate agent in Fort Frances, who found two island parcels for sale following probate proceedings in St. Paul. The islands could not be separated, both had to go together. Camp needed and could afford only one. The solution, Jerry and I would purchase the other. Thus, Hook Island’s nine acres would be our younger camper’s Never Never Land, while Jerry and I would take ownership of Silent Isle.

For more than thirty years Jerry has found his Chippewa home not on Cass Lake, but on Rainy Lake. Hundreds of boys have followed his lead, caught lunker northern pike on the west side of Silent Isle, picked blueberries among the rocky outcroppings of nearby islands, challenged themselves to leap from rocky cliffs, and swum from tiny island to tiny island claiming and naming them as their own. They have watched Jerry fillet northern pike leading to the satisfaction of the deep-fried fish-ala-Shoshone. Even after their fill they know that what followed was an experience in culinary epicurean delight, blu-cherry pie. Throughout the years, Hook Island has been a wonder. Hook Island has been Jerry Graham. It was quite fitting that a few years ago, the Board of Directors voted to designate that building on Hook Island as Graham Lodge.

Jerry still had time to be part of Camp back home. His artistic talents can be readily found from Knutson Hall to Athabasca Cabin—his depiction of each cabin’s name hangs over the door. More striking is his rescue of the large white pine to the north of the flag pole. Stricken by white pine blister rust, it was doomed to suffer the fate of a logger’s saw. “Woodsman, woodsman spare that tree, touch not a single bough. For years we have climbed and swung from it, and I will save it now.” Save it he did. After a week of trimming limbs, shaving bark, cutting, sawing, chiseling, the tree gave way to a remarkable totem pole. It is a Chippewa treasure.

Jerry always made sure that when the banquet arrived he was back in time to help decorate. When the tables were cleared and it was showtime, two clowns, Jerry and I, belted forth with our rendition of “A Little Bit of Luck.” Not sung with artistic talent, but always with gusto and always an encore, even if not asked for.

It began with “Coach, I can’t swim,” and since then, and with more than a little bit of luck, Camp Chippewa’s history has been enriched. 🍷

*Editor’s note by Mike Endres. This past summer Jerry passed away in his beloved cabin on Silent Isle. His ashes are now scattered amongst the red and white pines and his prized blueberry bushes. Friends of Camp along with several board members have established the Golden Eagle Memorial Fund (GEMF). Gifts toward the endowment or to help preserve Graham Lodge and keep it in the pristine condition would make Jerry proud. For those who have traveled Rainy Lake with Jerry, you may*



*have been one of the lucky ones to ride in his big boat, aptly named the Golden Eagle. From 1952 to 2023, Jerry was an integral part of making each summer a success for boys on Cass, Buck, and Rainy Lake. With a little bit of luck, Jerry is picking blueberries in the great beyond.*



# Why I Give...

*Camping has played a very significant part in every generation of our family's life for 100 years...going back to the 1920's.*

*The values and the learning that go with that tradition are carried out at a high level at Camp Chippewa.*

*At a time when self reliance, personal integrity, and individual responsibility are being questioned in our national life,*

*I feel it is important to support these values and the venues where they are still taught and nurtured.*

–Curt H., Colorado





# Thank You

Listed below are new and renewed donations received since the last issue of The Camp CHIPS (Spring 2023). Camp Chippewa Foundation wishes to thank everyone who has contributed so generously and thoughtfully to camp. Your contributions are vital to our success.

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Maple Grove, MN 55311

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For more info, contact:  
Mike Endres  
[mike@campchippewa.com](mailto:mike@campchippewa.com)  
218-335-8807





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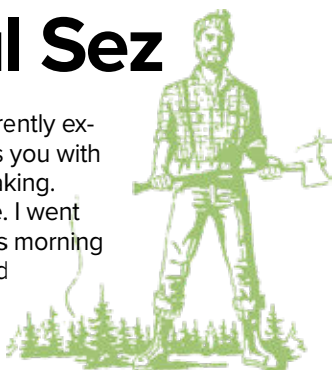
For change of address,  
please email  
[info@campchippewa.com](mailto:info@campchippewa.com)



## Paul Sez

Mike: Apparently exercise helps you with decision making.

Phil: It's true. I went for a run this morning and decided I'm never going again.



I before E...except when your foreign neighbor, Keith, received eight counterfeited beige sleighs from feisty caffeinated weightlifters. Weird.

Did you realize the last day of 2023 will be 123123?



### About the cover:

Fishing on Buck Lake was *the* place to be this summer. Ajay T. shows off a nice rock bass.

PHOTO CREDIT: SAM ENDRES

## Lost and Found

BY ERIC CRAWFORD

When you look at my Bloodvein tam, as closely as I did when I saw it on eBay 18 years after it went missing, you will see the distinctive black thread that anchors the toorie (pom-pom). I received my tam in 1975 as a member of the original Bloodvein crew, the ones that had grueling portages, were eaten by black flies, paddled across Lake Winnipeg, brought back the moose antlers that now hang in Knutson Hall, and were graced with JP joining the adventure.

When it finally fell off some years later, I sewed that toorie back on myself with that black thread, and I remember doing so vividly. My tam meant a lot to me, especially since this was my only Canadian trip.

I moved around a lot in my life, and I usually found my tam at the bottom of my sweater drawer, taking shape for a rare look into the mirror and a story to whomever was in my life at the time. When I do the math, my tam probably went missing in my early-thirties, found again in my late-forties, and treasured to this day, now in my sixties. From Badger to Muir, from Red Lake to Winnipeg, I earned that tam. 