

Camp CHIPS



What do helicopters, lawnmowers, snowplows, and drones all have in common? They are all metaphors used to describe parenting styles for Gen-Z and Gen-Alpha children. The prevailing thought behind helicopter parents (and the like) is the need to protect children from every conceivable risk. Noted professor and author, Jonathan Haidt, describes this generation as “fragile.” In his book, *The Anxious Generation*, Haidt shows how a smartphone-based, risk-averse childhood works against making children resilient.

Life is full of highs and lows, joy and sorrow, ups and downs. Navigating the whole spectrum of emotions that life brings is what makes us human. According to Jonathan Haidt, the development of grit and resiliency is what allows us to not just survive life, but to thrive while we live. The essence of his research shows that young people need to experience bumps and bruises to become strong and, as Haidt calls it, “antifragile.”

I’m not a psychologist, but as a father, coach, educator, and camp director, I know that taking risks, with proper supervision and secure connections, is what helps children become

antifragile. That trait is crucial, now more than ever.

Providing risk and challenge is how sleep-away camps play an important role in a child’s development. Many alumni call their summers at Camp the best experiences of their lives. Their stories speak of the thrill of tacking a sailboat in a stiff wind, leaping into a lake, shooting a set of rapids, or completing a long portage. All these experiences happened without parents nearby and led our alumni to discovering their own strength, especially when things got tough. Welcome to life.

We know that Camp is a great place to be, but you are investing in much more than a fun time for your son. You are investing in a child who will be better able to handle the highs and lows of freshmen year; the joy of sunny weather and the grit to endure stormy days; the internal sense of wholeness; the self-worth, community, connection, and brotherhood that are forged at Camp Chippewa. Sending a boy to Camp is one of the best investments you can make. If we all do that, perhaps Jonathan Haidt’s next book will be entitled *The Thriving Generation*.

– Mike Endres, Director





Who's Who 2025

Continued from Fall 2024 issue

Lincoln H. Tulsa OK
 Odin L. San Marino CA
 Gavin F. Westwood MA
 Silas C. Los Altos CA
 Elam C. Los Altos CA
 Jack N. Thousand Oaks CA
 Mauricio R. San Luis Potosi MX
 Jason P. Bethesda MA
 Evan P. Bethesda MA
 Bobby B. Thousand Oaks CA
 Junior H. Candler NC
 Alejandro O. San Pedro MX
 Daniel O. San Pedro MX
 Matias M. San Luis Potosi MX
 Michael A. Minneapolis MN
 Jack W. Aurora CO
 Teddy W. Orono MN
 Hayden M. South Pasadena CA
 Jack R. Louisville CO
 Evan R. Louisville CO
 Ryan R. Louisville CO
 Ryan B-N. Los Angeles CA
 James B. Irvine CA
 Anderson G. Vienna VA
 Patricio G. Miguel Hidalgo MX
 Eli R. Belgrade MT
 TJ S. Savage MN
 Zander Z. Tulsa OK
 Dainis B. White Bear Lake MN
 Nick J. Bethesda MA
 Beau M. Washington DC
 Anish M. Los Angeles CA
 Tommy S. Menlo Park CA
 Caleb N. Lake Bluff IL
 Rowan B. San Francisco CA
 Xander T. Scottsdale AZ
 Costa T. Scottsdale AZ
 Nico T. Scottsdale AZ
 Jhalien S. Philadelphia PA
 Hunter T. Bemidji MN

The Tam: Adventure, Character, and Tradition

It was at a Camp Chippewa gathering hosted in Scottsdale, Arizona, this spring. We had a great mix of people—campers, camp parents, new families, and a couple of alumni. One alum, Bill Crawford, brought with him some sacred objects. As he unpacked

transfixed. The objects were precious to them, but not mysterious. They knew the Dress Gordon Tam was earned on Bill's first canoe trip in Canada, something they were all already dreaming of for themselves. And they knew the Dress Stewart was from the Sandford, a

*“the object that signifies the tradition of coming of age,
 ...the emblem of Adventure and Character.”*

his treasures—all of them almost 40 years old—the campers at the gathering huddled around him, entranced by the meaning of his possessions.

Bill had brought his Tams to the Camp gathering. The woolen hats were old, but this didn't stop the boys (who were 30 years away from being born when Bill earned the Tams) from being

trip they had seen older campers return from the previous summer. They were connected to Bill's experiences in a way that is incredibly rare between such distinct generations.

At Camp Chippewa, the Tams demand so much reverence because they are simultaneously an embodiment of an alumnus's memories and

'Round the Mark

- Beluga whales here we come! What started on the North Knife in 1985, the sighting of beluga whales is not to be missed. Good luck Athabasca cabin as you descend the Little Churchill to Hudson Bay! Keep a sharp eye out for these friendly giants from The Bay.
- Built in the 1940s, Trail's End is now in a new location. Not far from its original spot, the move made way for Buck'L Cabin. You'll just have to check it out this summer.
- RP will pass inspection this summer. The venerable old washhouse was rehabbed into a staff cabin. Taj Mahal? Perhaps it will join the ranks of another wonder of the world.
- Not far from where the NY Mets play baseball, is the largest tennis facility in the country. The US Open is held in a lovely green space called Flushing Meadows. Camp Chippewa's tennis complex, aka, Bear Paw, is also situated in a beautiful green space. A short walk and just behind 3M, stands a new washhouse appropriately named, Flushing Meadows. The KP stands strong, but upper camp will now have an impressive facility to call their own.
- Sails on our X-boats are designed to act more like a wing and not so much like a parachute. An airplane wing forces air on top to move faster than the air on the bottom. This creates lower pressure on top and that's called lift. Camp had several sets of sails repaired over the winter and that should help create more lift which in turn will make the boat move faster. Green energy in action. Sail on!
- Paul Bunyan and his sidekick Babe the Blue Ox may be found standing side by side in Bemidji. You might also see a baby around camp this summer. Jacob and Abby will introduce Iona Rose who will be just over six months old. Welcome to Camp Iona!

a camper's goals. Regardless of age or year, a Tam instantly signifies the wearer as someone who completed their first week-long journey in the Canadian wilderness, or swam in the crystal-clear waters of Sandford Lake, or saw the pictographs on the Bloodvein River.

The huddle of campers and alumni was the perfect representation of what the Tam means to Camp Chippewa: it is the object that signifies the tradition of coming of age, tying the whole community together as the emblem of adventure and character. 🍷



Adam and Ben Peters



Quinn and Trent Guthrie



Will Norris



Bendy Thompson



Ramsey S., Harrison Ratliff, Jack L.



Sam Endres



Todd Owens



Mike Endres



Andrew Kloppenburg



Roger Thompson



Jesse V.



Nico L.



Zach Mills



Jacob Endres





The ability to do something... ...even when we don't feel like it

BY SAM ENDRES

dozens of campers earn the Big Dipper award by jumping into Cass Lake 54 times. Each one of those boys makes the conscious choice to step into known discomfort. They are practicing the ability to do things they don't want to do.

Beyond camp, this skill is invaluable. Fragility is a hindrance for adolescents and young adults, when the comforts of bed and

Maybe it is because my happiest days are the ones I start with a dip in Cass Lake that I rarely skip the chance to leap into water. This has resulted in both some questionable experiences (the Minnesota River in springtime is closer to chocolate milk than water) and some lifelong memories. I will never forget leaping from overhanging bluffs into Lake Superior or submerging into Cass Lake through a hole in the ice.

I live two blocks away from Puget Sound in Seattle. After a flight home or a long work day, its 45-degree waters offer me a “shaking of the mental Etch-A-Sketch” and an immediate feeling of starting anew, fully refreshed and reinvigorated.

Today my alarm wrenched me from a deep sleep. I trudged down to the shore. Like many days, every cell in my body told me to not enter the water. I took off my shoes and stepped onto the cold sand. “Too cold; bad idea,” said my nervous system. I stripped down to my swimsuit. “You are not doing this,” announced my brain. I stepped into the water. “Definitely not!” screamed my aching feet.

There was consensus. Mind, body, and spirit did not want to go into the cold water. Being curled up in my bed sounded like a much better idea.

The Big Dipper Award is presented to Camp Chippewa campers who jumped into Cass Lake every morning and evening while at Camp. It seems

like little skill is required to become a “Big Dipper,” especially compared to the demands to achieve other ranks like Expert Rifleman, Helmsman, or Master Archer. These are ranks that few campers earn, and only then after many years of focused effort. Despite its comparatively low requirements, the Big Dipper Award recognizes the acquisition of a tangible, critical, and lasting skill, a skill young people desperately need: the ability to do something, even when you don't feel like doing it.

Walking onto the Cass Lake dock and jumping into the crystal-clear waters is a treat. Leaping up out of the water first thing in the morning, the curtain of sleep is yanked back and a sense of freshness and excitement comes rushing in. No morning can compare to one at Camp!

But over 27 days and 54 dips, it isn't all sunshine. Once in a while, evening temperatures will drop into the 40s. It is perfect for sleeping, as campers pull up an extra blanket and burrow in, but it is decidedly unpleasant for dipping. Sure, the benefit of starting and ending the day being clean and fresh is undeniable. Undeniable too is the short-term discomfort. It is no small task to rise from bed, leaving behind warmth and comfort for a brisk plunge into the water. Likewise, who in their right mind wants to jump into a lake at the end of a windy, rainy day in Northern Minnesota?

But every year, rain or shine,

home are too compelling to take on risk or difficulty. School, work, and relationships take resilience. For boys at Camp Chippewa, resilience is a practiced skill. Carrying a heavy pack, setting up camp, passing a swim test, and paddling a canoe all have moments of challenge and discomfort. Leaving camp, they are better prepared to do things they don't want to do, and therefore are better prepared for life.

Standing knee-deep in Puget Sound, I dove into the water. The cold made me gasp. I stayed in the water, trying to slow my rapid breathing. As I gained control of my breath, the pain and discomfort slowly began to subside. I almost didn't hear my watch beep marking ten minutes in the Sound. Walking back to shore, my skin felt electric and bright. My mind was clear, and the day was full of potential. Worth it.

I dressed and began walking home. I knew there were 40 emails in my inbox. I didn't want to sit down for a day of work. But why should that stop me? 🦆



New construction for the 90th

As the Genie in Aladdin declared, you can't wish for more wishes, you can't bring loved ones back who are gone, and you can't wish for true love. In that case, I'd wish to go back to my formative years and ask the founders of Camp Chippewa, "Cap" & "Mom" Endres, what on God's green earth made them want to start a camp in the middle of the Great Depression? And, being from Oklahoma, during the Dust Bowl drought? I can only guess at their reasons, regardless of what they would say, I'm sure glad they did.

Camp Chippewa is ready to celebrate 90 years of providing a place where boys learn what it takes to be more responsible, develop enduring relationships and discover deep meaning in life. Taking a bit of leeway with a parable of building a house on rock and not shifting sand, Chippewa was built

during a time when values of delayed gratification, joy in the journey, and gratitude for family and friends was nearly universal. We believe Camp's values are reflected in those beliefs and it's that bedrock that helps lead a boy towards a more meaningful life.

Camp has taken the time to pause and reflect on not just who we are, but where we are. Being immersed in a National Forest and surrounded by nature, is a benefit and blessing. We aim to keep our natural surroundings healthy. Our buildings blend in with the majesty of our lakes and trees.

However, buildings don't last forever. Even the great pyramids of Giza are slowing crumbling away. However, with care, maintenance, and plain hard and smart work, our facility is clean, functions well, and looks great. New this summer will be a remodel of the

RP. Flushing Meadows replaces that venerable building. Trail's End is still with us, but it too is looking at a make-over since its construction back in the 1940s. It was moved to a new location and Buck'L cabin has taken over its spot. We believe in taking care of things and that's a never-ending cycle.

We take care of our surroundings knowing that our program, location, and activities go hand-in-hand towards camper development. Our tools that help build them take the form of a canoe paddle, foil, tiller, tennis racket and broom. Chippewa was constructed on solid ground and a timeless philosophy. I wish I could have asked the founders why they took that risk 90 years ago. We may never know, but that first summer in 1935 will be celebrated this summer—Happy 90 years Camp Chippewa! 🌲



The RP was extended toward Cass Lake to accommodate housing for 2 staff, plus sink, toilet, and a small desk.



Trail's End cabin was moved last fall to make way for the next director's cabin. Trail's End will be renovated in 2025-26.



The new upper camp washhouse, Flushing Meadows.



Buck'L Cabin sits on the original site of Trail's End.

The Valley of the Gods



Camp Chippewa has traveled far and wide on canoe trips. JP Endres first began venturing away from the familiar lands of the Chippewa National Forest into the border country of Canadian Shield. In years since, Chippewa men have paddled into the saltwater of Hudson Bay, past Yellowknife to the far northern settlement of Kugluktuk on the Coppermine River, and as far west as Alberta on the Clearwater River.

Among these far-reaching adventures, some places have been immortalized in the highlights and trip reports of returning voyageurs. Year after year, campers and staff alike listen around the campfire with bated breath to tales of the nine-mile Grand Portage, the

mouth of the Churchill River and its pods of whales, and the endless walleye of English River Falls. Hearing of these grand adventures, campers can't help but dream of their chance to see those far-off places, undertake those daunting challenges, and earn those unmistakable tams.

Some of these places, so entrenched in the cannon, have come to be known by their names unique to Camp Chippewa. There is Shark Rapids on the Bloodvein River, named for the striking visual of a capsized canoe's bow emerging from the whitewater like a shark fin. There is the Salt Flat Campsite on the Churchill River, with its sweeping lunar geology. But there is one Chippewa-named haven that, above all others, is

the site younger campers most dream of seeing: The Valley of the Gods.

In the space of a few short miles, the Kopka River drops hundreds of feet, something hardly seen in the glacially bulldozed mosaic of water and rock that makes up

the Canadian Shield. As voyageurs approach the beginning of the Valley, there is little hint of its singular relief through the surrounding walls of pine, tamarack, and spruce. It is the portages that serve as the first clue to the Valley's existence. Gone are the rambling, muddy trails through the woods. Instead, the canoeists must carry their load over acres of boulders strewn about in great abundance. The portages lead always down, requiring sure footing and sometimes extra hands to slowly step the canoes down the slopes.

Leaving the portage, a short paddle leads to where the Kopka River narrows, and then suddenly disappears over a reflective tongue that seems to be sucked downward. Here, the formerly gentle river crashes down in a cacophonous series of ledges and falls. Gazing down at the maelstrom, mist fills the air as the water crashes through the canyon, seeming to rebel against its borders in a forceful attempt at freedom. Here is the beginning of the Valley of the Gods, where seven waterfalls reach their destination in a valley slashed into the boreal forest. Beyond this lies another steep portage around another dramatic waterfall. Reaching the bottom, cliffs rise in all directions and the sound of falling water fills the air.

The Valley of the Gods is too much





BY SAM ENDRES

to take in in one day. It exists in glaring contrast to the canoe country that surrounds it in all directions, with its sheer cliffs, raging falls, and sweeping views. For one thing, traveling through it is no easy matter. The portages are long, steep, and rough. They exist in part to deter travel to the Valley, and in part to test the resolve of those hoping to gaze upon its hidden wonders.

For a Chippewa group having traveled 11 days to reach the Valley, it is a perfect place to camp. A clearing along the first portage, with its trees and blueberries, a cliff near the lower falls with its expansive views, or a sheltered site in one of its bays are perfectly suited to a layover day. And the abundance of blueberry fields and cliffs of all sizes beckons a canoeist to spend the day relaxing, cooking, and jumping into the deep waters.

Much like the entire Camp Chippewa experience, the feeling of the Valley of the Gods has many different components. The arduous days of travel, the stark and stunning scenery, and the sense of pride nearing the completion of a journey. These, and more, add to the mythology of the Valley of the Gods. Pictures do little to compare to actually experiencing this place that so many campers dream of going to. Me? I plan to return. 🍷

Sleep Away Camp, a poem

BY PETER FERENC

Rise and Shine!!!!!!

A cold foggy lake under a big wooden dock.

Canoeing alone, dead silent.

Cold water, warm food, canoes, and friends.

A cold swim in the morning.

Wood cabins, a vast lake, and towering pines.

Cold water, warm food, canoes, and friends.

The cold dips in the lake every morning that wakes you up.

Wood cabins, a vast lake, and towering pines.

The hour long breakfasts, lunches, and dinners.

The cold dips in the lake every morning that wakes you up.

How many memories can my brain hold about sleep away camp.

The hour long breakfasts, lunches, and dinners.

Canoeing alone, dead silent.

How many memories can my brain hold about sleep away camp.

Rise and Shine!!!!!!



A lifelong passion, started at camp

BY RYAN KENNEDY

I was 9 years old when I took my first trip up to Camp Chippewa for the summer. After a long bus ride, everyone was full of excitement and energy, and there was an audible buzz as we all made our way to the deck of Knutson Hall. Your first days at camp are packed with new experiences: figuring out where—and with whom—you'll be living, getting introduced to the legendary game of Scatterball, and learning about all the activities you'll get to try during your stay.

One of those introductory activities, which I came to value more and more as I got older, happened early on the second morning at camp. You'd line up at the Trip House and get your paddle and PFD. These two items became a gateway—not just to countless fun trips on the water—but also to lifelong friendships.

As you got older at camp, you'd spend more and more time away on trips, and for me, that's where my deepest relationships really formed and thrived. While Chippewa does an amazing job fostering connections

across age groups, there's something special about being in a small, close-knit group, tackling a new and tougher challenge each year.

On any canoe trip—as in life—you go through good times, tough times, and moments where you have no idea what's happening. Camp taught me that when the going gets tough, all you can do is lean on each other and get a little tougher. The rivers, the lakes, the paddle, the canoe, and the campsites I experienced at Camp Chippewa taught me a lot about who I am, who I want to be, and gave me friendships that can't be replaced.

Luckily for me, those lessons—and my love for adventure on the water—didn't end with Camp Chippewa. After my time at camp, I was fortunate enough to make my way from Wisconsin to Colorado, where I earned a degree from the University of Denver. While at DU, I joined the Whitewater Kayaking Club. Through my time there, I was able to hone my river skills and eventually earned my ACA Level 4 Whitewater Kayak and Level 4 Swiftwater Rescue certifications.

River skills weren't the only thing I was working on. As Vice President of the club, and through my summers working and volunteering with the Colorado River School, I had the chance to transition from being the one learning to the one teaching—and made a whole bunch of friends along the way.

That being said, I'm incredibly grateful to Camp Chippewa for every second I spent there during those summers. They do an amazing job teaching responsibility, connection, resilience, and perseverance. The lessons you learn and the good times you have stay with you for life.

I couldn't tell you what I'd give for just one more summer unplugged from the world, back at camp. 🍷

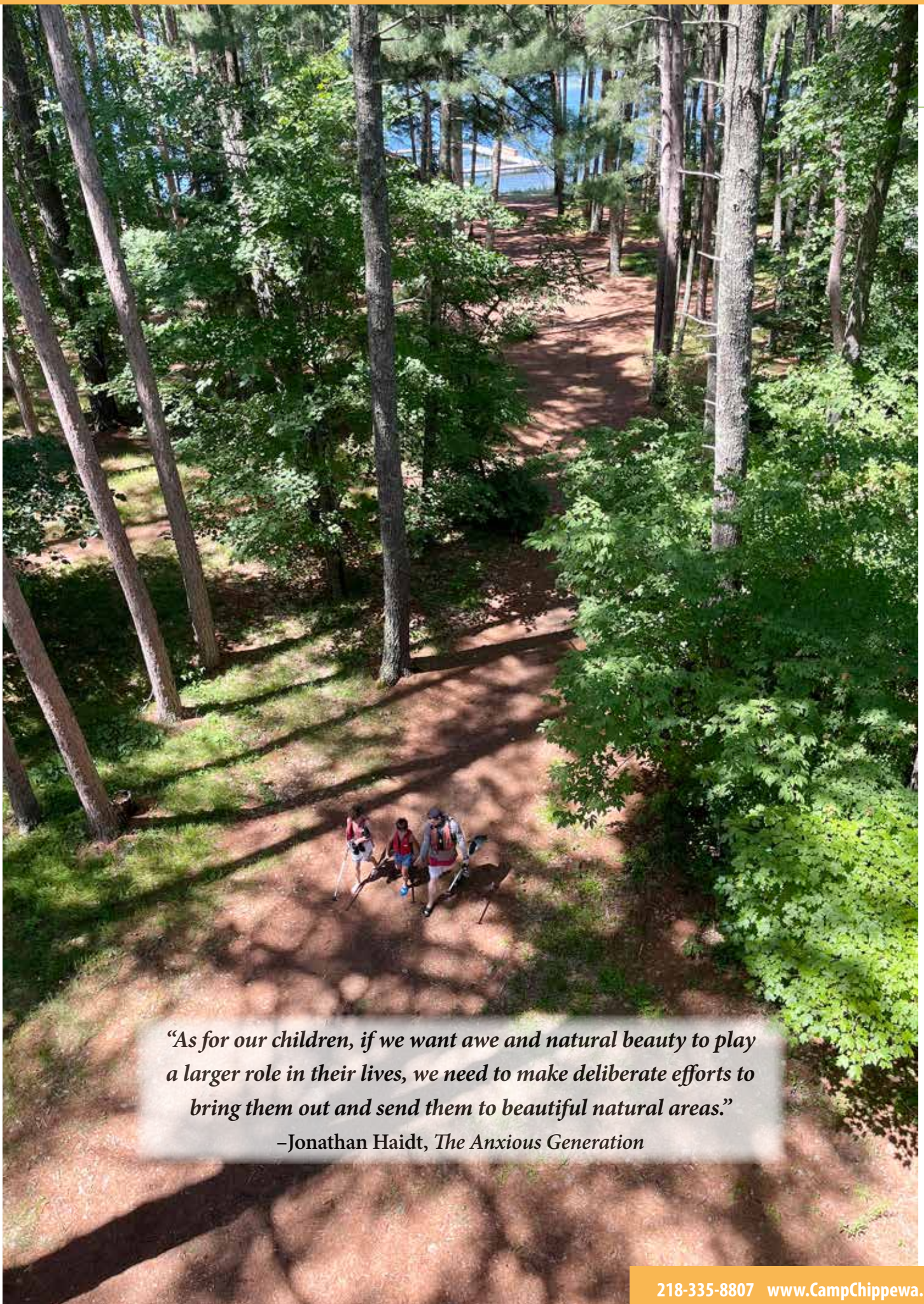


Ryan, age 15, on the English River in 2016.



Ryan, age 17, on the Clearwater River in 2018, above. Just one of Ryan's many kayak adventures, below.





“As for our children, if we want awe and natural beauty to play a larger role in their lives, we need to make deliberate efforts to bring them out and send them to beautiful natural areas.”

–Jonathan Haidt, The Anxious Generation

Why I Give...

We give to Camp Chippewa because we want Chippewa to be around for not just our generation of campers, but for our grandkids too. Camp Chippewa has been a huge part of our kid's life, a highlight of their years, and we want to do anything we can to support that for others.

—Chris D., Washington



Thank You

Listed below are new and renewed donations received since the last issue of The Camp Chips (Fall 2024). 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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For more info, contact:
Mike Endres
mike@campchippewa.com
218-335-8807



Camp Chippewa Foundation
7359 Niagara Lane North
Maple Grove, MN 55311

For change of address,
please email
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Paul Sez

I tried to come up with
a carpentry pun that
woodwork. I think I
nailed it but nobody saw it.

Mike: Why do
you keep
pushing all
my buttons?

Mary: I'm trying to find MUTE!

Phil: How many times do you have to
click "I accept cookies" before they send
you the cookies?



About the cover:
Some Wanaki Cabin
campers enjoy breakfast
before hitting the water
on the Little Fork River,
a five-day trip that was
new to Camp Chippewa
in 2024.

Photo by: Mario Muller

What makes a memory?

BY MINDY MASLIN

What makes an experience so exceptional that it stays with
you— altering your way of being—sightly at first, but by small
degrees, ultimately changing the trajectory of your life?

A campfire with friends—anyone like s'mores?

A raft of loons swimming by, followed by their eerie and
mesmerizing calls.

Watching the sun set over the lapping water of the lake you recently
crossed using the power of your own body.

Gazing at stars as vast as your own life's possibilities.

What makes a memory? All of these things or none of them.

What makes a memory? You do when you choose to be present.