

FATHER FOLEY CAMP BUGLE
Sept. -- 1948

Hi, there Campers! We have resolved to continue the Camp Bugle this year - just to keep you up with the times and incidentally to let you know what the camp is doing between seasons. We failed miserably last year - only one issue was mailed out - we will try not to be so busy with other work this year.

The Camp Roster for '48 is enclosed. This will refresh your memory on the many enjoyable things that were done during one of the most active seasons in camp history.

Speaking of history - don't you think we made some history in the '48 season? The Silver Jubilee of the camp celebrated on August the eight was a day that will be remembered for some time. You, of course, will remember that luscious ham dinner --um--um! - that carnival - one of the best, then the dinner meeting for the camp corporation directors and their wives, and the purse they presented to Father Foley for the camp. All this with delightful weather made a perfect day.

It was wonderful on the part of many of our camp friends to give that substantial purse that you may have better facilities to carry out a fine camp program.

Acknowledgment has been sent to all the donors of that purse. We felt they would be justified in expecting some formal recognition of their generosity.

And, now we must continue to let our friends know we do appreciate their generosity by giving you an even better program in the future. Let us make the next twenty five years sparkle with progress.

We have plans for that and we invite you to join us in that program. You can tell your chums about the F.F.C. and let them hear about the grand time you had there. You can color the story of the camp better than we can. You can add that touch of enthusiasm which will quicken the interest of future campers.

someone must have been talking already as we have had several inquiries for information from 1949 prospects. Keep it up boys. That is how we keep the camp full each season.

Think of all the wonderful camping weather we had since the camp closed on Aug. 21. We know you thought of the camp during those torrid days and wished you could be up there again just for a dip in good old Whitefish. We would'nt mind joining you. Well, next season is coming and we WILL be with you

In signing off we want to say you will hear from us again soon

W'll be seeing you

FOLEY & BUGLE

VOL. 25: NO. 5 - NOV. 1948 - FATHER FOLEY CAMP, PINE RIVER, MINN

GREETINGS CAMPERS!!

Here we are again

With the Father Foley Camp Bugle taking on the "new look" to bring you fellows more news about camp, fellow campers, and counsellors. This is your paper gang, so if you would like to contribute an article that might be of interest to the vast Father Foley Camp family send it to Bob Schmid, 122 Morrissey Hall, Notre Dame, Indiana.

JACK FROST REPORTS

Last month I saw a familiar maroon Plymouth station wagon pull into Father Foley Camp. It wasn't long before Father Foley had climbed the many birch trees, removed the pretty green leaves and packed them in the canteen for safe keeping during the frigid winter months. I then saw him going around unlocking the cabins, calling the birds and animals, inviting them inside for protection against the snow and chilly winds. Father then got into his station wagon and headed for the Cross Lake Dam where he turned the big iron wheels which let the crystal clear waters of the great waterfall chain wind their way south down Pine River to avoid being frozen stiff by old man winter.

F.F.C. ALUMNI

Last month the Minnesota Club at Notre Dame meet at a dinner attended by six former campers and three 1948 staff members.

The former campers who were present were John Frankel '37, '38; Henry Adden '37, '38, '39, '40; John Buckley '36, '37, '38, '39, '40; Tom Boerner, '39, '40, '43, '44; Bill Sherman '38, '39; and Dave Kennedy '44. The 1948 staff members were Mark Berens, Tom Kennedy and Bob Schmid.

This just goes to show the advantages of your camp friendships and that you never know when and where you might meet one of your old camp buddies, and when you do you can have a grand time talking about the good old days at F.F.C.

SUCCESS

Bill Sherman F.F.C. '38, '39, now senior at Notre Dame, was signed as a pitcher for the Mpls. Millers. When you baseball fans see Bill on the mound next summer in Nicollet Park, you can say with pride that he started playing ball at F.F.C.

FATHER FOLEY SAYS

Remember your devotion to Mary the Mother of Christ by daily recitation of the Rosary. Maybe you can get your mother, father, sisters, and brother to join in and make it a daily family rosary.

WHAT'S DOING

Many campers have asked what the counsellors are doing this winter. As for the most of them they are attending institutions - of higher learning, that is:

Bob Mc David	Notre Dame
Mark Berens	Notre Dame
Bob Schmid	Notre Dame
Tom Kennedy	Notre Dame
Vince Arimond	St. Paul Seminary
Chas. Middleton	St. Louis Seminary
Jim Savoie	St. Thomas College
Bob Ryan	St. John's U.
Hee Hoening	St. John's U.
Pat Bradley	Marquette U.
Jack Sherzer	Michigan U.
Ed O'Brien	St. Louis U.

AFTER TAPS

Locosippi-ites were constantly entertained this summer by many of Charlie's fine stories, some religious, some humorous, and some not so humorous. It is rumored that Milton is still 'glued' to his bed in Ish-takaba as a result of Jack's hair-raising thrillers. It seems that Micmacers had a choice of after tap activities, either hearing one of Mark's long winded stories or doing push-up exercises for Vince. Rumors have it again that Ed Farrell, Sam Hardy, and Joe Hancuch have started an instructional course in how to develop muscular arms in ten easy push-ups.



FOLEY & BUGLE

FATHER FOLEY CAMP, PINE RIVER, MINN.

VOL. 25: NO. 6 - SPECIAL THANKSGIVING ISSUE, 1948



CHAMPION FISHERMAN

Although the fishing last summer was the best it has been for six years, many times you campers came off the lake with empty stringers. There was one person nearby, our caretaker, Esti Hawn, who never seems to have any bad luck. If he doesn't manage to fill his stringer, he fills several pails full of those delicious fresh water fish. For fisherman's luck no one can seem to beat him.

By the end of November Mr. Hawn was at it again when the netting season for whitefish opened. This is the delightful, large, tender fish that gave Whitefish Lake its name.

You all wonder why you haven't seen any of these fish during your summer stay at camp? It is interesting to note that these fish can not be caught on a hook, however, there have been several instances when this has happened. The whitefish is one of the largest species of fish to be found in our chain of lakes. In size they usually run anywhere from five to twenty-five pounds and are really wonderful eating. The only way these huskies can be caught is by netting in the fall and spearing in fish houses when the lake freezes over. You'll never appreciate the sport of fishing until you have tried whitefishing.

MISSED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

In checking over the camp roster we find that the printer omitted two camper's names. We wish to extend our apology to these two boys and mention them here:

Michael F. Conlin, 7 Park Court,
Storm Lake, Iowa

John J. Toomey, 695 Lincoln Ave.,
St. Paul 5, Minnesota



FATHER FOLEY SAYS

Thanksgiving is not merely a day of material feasting, but it is a day of deep religious significance. The pilgrims on this day gave thanks to Almighty God for the benefits and blessings that He bestowed upon them in their successful establishment in the New World.

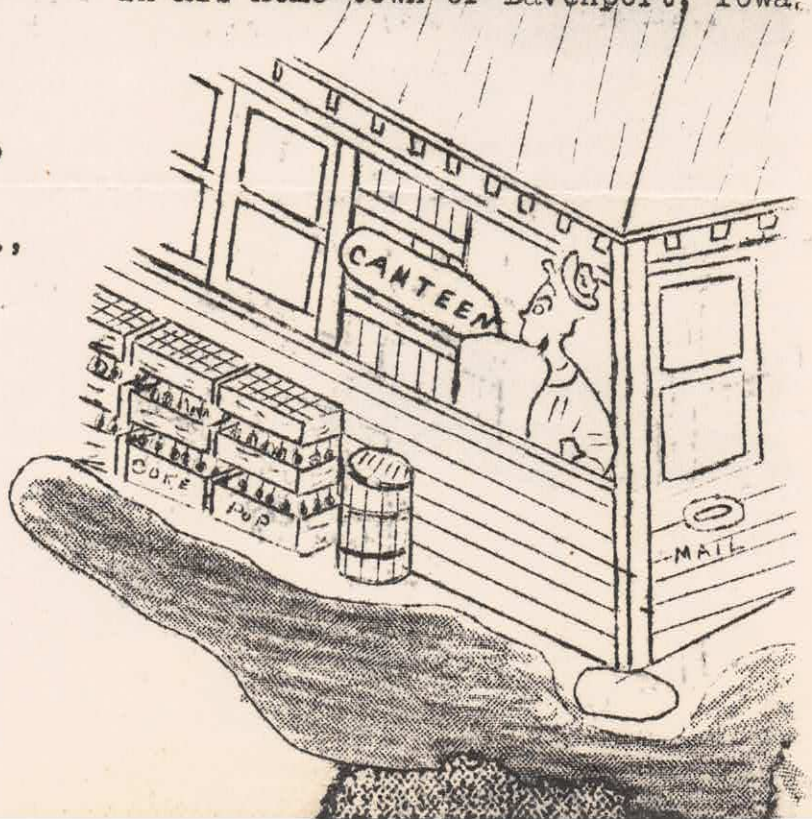
Before 'digging into' that golden brown turkey remember the true meaning of the day by attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion in thanks for the many favors that the Almighty God has granted to you. You might offer a prayer that you will be able to return to camp next summer.

WHAT'S DOING

In the last issue we told you about the senior counsellors, so now it is only fair that we give some space to the juniors.

If you were to roam the campus of St. Thomas Academy you might find Sargent Ned Gibbs amusing a group of cadets with his usual bits of humor. In O'Shaughnessey Hall you might find Tom Zwickel's towering frame over the basketball floor. If you were to have the misfortune of meeting face to face the St. Thomas Military Band you might see Bob Gindorff and Clarence Emmons tooting away on their respective instruments.

Moe Moorman is attending school at Crosier in Onamia, Minnesota, and Ron Hofmann is going to school in his home town of Davenport, Iowa.



FOLEY & BUGLE

VOL. 25: NO. 7 CHRISTMAS, 1948 FATHER FOLEY CAMP, PINE RIVER, MINN.



MAY THE BLESSINGS OF
THE VIRGIN MARY
AND HER INFANT SON BE YOURS
AT CHRISTMAS AND THROUGH
EACH DAY OF THE NEW YEAR

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

Some twenty years ago after mother nature had covered Northern Minnesota with fresh, sparkling, white snow, a friendly little Irish priest stood between two towering pine trees overlooking Whitefish Lake. The good Father's life dream of establishing a boy's camp was just beginning to be realized. He was reflecting on the future when these quiet, beautiful woods would be dotted with buildings and become alive with the hearty laughter of happy campers.

Being impressed by the sight before him, Father Foley made a promise to the Blessed Virgin. He told her that if she would permit him to successfully establish this camp which was then in its humble beginnings he would erect a chapel on that very spot and dedicate it to her under the title of Our Lady of the Snows.

Twelve years later Father Foley began to see a ray of hope, prosperity and joy through the darkness of hard work and many disappointments. The Blessed Virgin had answered his prayer, for the camp was now a thriving community of thirty-five campers and five counsellors with the finest prospects of continual, successful growth. Now was the time for Father to fulfill his promise.

Knowing the type of chapel that he wanted, Father drew his own plans and designs. Architects did not think the plans to be very practical, but the little Irish priest had confidence and a strong determination to see his most cherished dream come true. He soon found out that the only possibility rested with an old native Scandinavian who had built numerous fireplaces out of stone around Whitefish. Father showed the plans to Henry Rude who replied in his Scandinavian accent, "I tank I can do it."

In the spring of 1934 Hank went to work with his son gathering the tons and tons of natural rock that was to be used in the construction. As for the actual laying of the stones, Hank took great pride in his careful workmanship, as the finished product shows, by carefully laying nearly every stone himself. It was not until two years later when he was ready to place the massive roof logs in position did he have any extensive help.

The first Mass was celebrated in the new chapel in the summer of 1937, but the chapel was far from being finished. Financial difficulties seemed to block further progress. Frequent prayers finally brought the needed funds so that in 1939 the unusual cypress pews arrived from Florida. In 1940 the sacristy was a noticeable addition to the structure. In 1942 Mr. Rude built the attractive log altar, the feature being the tabernacle which was made from a hollowed out log. In 1946 the Madonna rose to her place above the main door. In 1948 the lights were finally installed, and the exterior stair railing was adorned with unique mosaic tile under the skillful hands of Dr. Branca.

The chapel is framed by two tall pines, sixty and seventy-five feet high and it stands as a pioneering symbol of Catholicity in the great north woods. Its red roof can be seen from many points around Whitefish Lake.

The work is now done. A dream has been transformed into a monument to Our Lady of the Snows and a landmark which is known the country over as being one of the most unique and outstanding chapels in America.



JUST HOW GOOD ARE YOU BEFORE SANTA COMES?

FATHER FOLEY SAYS

Does Christmas mean the decorated tree, Santa with his gifts, or the exchange of presents among friends? Christmas in our time is celebrated far differently from the first Christmas which took place in a cold manger in Bethlehem over 1900 years ago. What a marvelous thing happened there when Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary. Can you imagine a newly born Babe being called Jesus-Lord-King-Savior of all His people! These people waited for thousands of years for this special event, and we have thanked and praised God for giving us Christ for the past twenty centuries.

What then does Christmas mean to us? It is not the mere Christmas tree, gifts from our friends, school vacation, or even Santa Claus. These are all good things, but the true meaning of Christmas is found by looking at the Christmas crib in your home or church.

We can bring gifts to Jesus just as the shepherds and Wise Men did—our gifts of goodness, of obedience to our parents, our daily prayers, and especially by attending Mass as often as possible. That little Babe in the crib has gifts for us too. He gives us Himself, which is the greatest gift of all time! He wants us to receive His gift in Holy Communion, and to take Him into our hearts and minds, to tell Him that we love Him, and that we will not harm Him in the future by our bad thoughts and deeds. He will smile and be happy. Like all babies He'll cry if we don't hold Him close to our hearts.

Christmas trees wither, Santa leaves for a year, our presents are soon used up or broken, and school vacation ends. Only Christ remains as our loyal friend, daily at our side, in our hearts and minds, and in our churches for us to receive Him and His everlasting gifts of happiness for our very own.

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

In 1947 Alan Schunk came to camp as a member of the Blackfoot Tribe. His outstanding ability in athletics and his earning of the Intermediates award in swimming made him the most progressive Blackfoot in the camp history as well as winning for him his Camp Monogram.

This past summer Alan, having passed into the Chippewa Tribe, excelled himself in canoeing to the extent that no one his age and size has ever done at F.F.C. His ability to handle the paddle, even on long canoe trips has been the marvel of the counsellors, especially Ed O'Brien.

We are all looking forward to the 1949 camp season to see what records Alan will break then.

WHAT'S DOING

It seems that we missed mentioning congenial Ed Traxler, and the personality kid, Al Morse.

Ed, quite contrary to the other staff members has found his way into the business world. He is now putting his persuasive talents to work promoting the sales of that creamy, brown cereal that comes in the big red and white checkered box, Ralston. We sincerely wish Ed the best of success in his new job. If you wish to drop him a line sometime, you will find him at 5953 Enright Ave., St. Louis 5, Mo.

Al Morse is surviving a heavy social calendar in Cincinnati, and attending St. Xavier in his spare time. We also would like to wish Al the best of success in his social life.



GET OUT YOUR CAMP
ROSTER AND DROP YOUR
OLD PALS A CARD OR
LETTER OF CHRISTMAS
CHEER.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!