

RISE OF THE MUMMY

CAMP BARTON 2017



STAFF YEARBOOK



BADEN POWELL COUNCIL
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

PROGRAM

This year went rather well, despite being my first (perhaps only) year as program director. I'm very proud of how everyone handled their positions, whether new to them or returning veterans. The beginning was rocky and challenging with such a large change of hands in management, but we made it work.

Part of what makes our camp so great is how well our staff is received by both the Scouts and Scoutmasters. Consistently, we hear about how different of an experience our camp is from Troops who aren't regulars to Camp Barton. They love us not because of our expensive toys or sophisticated facilities, but for our hard-working and devoted staff. Thank you all for being that staff.

I encourage all of you to make the best of your experience here. Each summer of camp you survive prepares you better for other struggles, both in scouting and out. Have a great rest of your summer and a great rest of your year.

Your 2017 Program Director,

Joshua Shank

ADMINISTRATION



We're singing in the rain...just singing in the rain! What a summer it has been! It's been full of **HARD** work, mud everywhere, and just feeling like we were solving one "problem" after another.

Thank you for all for all you have done to keep those smiles on your faces and the scouts and scoutmasters happy and our program up and running!

We are truly the light of scouting!
And always remember that through it all for each of us,
"Camp Barton is the Place for me!"

Wishing you all the Best this year and hope to see you **ALL** next summer!
Your Camp Director,
Rue

COMMISSIONER

2017 was definitely "the year of the woman" at Camp Barton. Our camp was run by nine strong women: the camp director, asst. director, cook, nurse, former nurse, aquatics director, archery director, trading post manager, and finally Mother Nature. If women are from Venus and men are from Mars, we certainly leaned heavily toward leadership from Venus. There was at times motherly care and at times feminine fire. Mother Nature surely didn't give any of her sisters a break this summer.

I would like to thank David and Kathy Gross and Mike Stoll for helping me do site inspections during the summer.

Our kite flying and mummy baking Scoutmaster's competition were a big hit and really showed some Scoutmaster creativity. Thanks to Brian O'Donnell for donating the beautiful plaques.

We had fabulous C.I.T.s this year. Thanks for your hard work and service. Hope to see you on staff net year.

I loved singing with all of you and reciting "Ragged Old Flag" and "Sam McGee" and especially working with the camp band and music and bugling merit badges.

Remember, this mummy will rise again!



WATERFRONT

The seas of Barton were troubled. As the waves crashed over the bow of the S.S. Tuskie two sailors could be heard yelling.

"The waves are far too high! Our captain must be mad to have accepted this journey," Bellowed Jared the long haired.

"No amount of gold is worth it in my mind. Not even the legendary hatted Shank's." Replied Cody of Scoutcraft.

Jared the long haired opened his mouth to answer, but before he could a mountainous wave swept the two sailors off the deck and into the turbulent waters.

Cody of Scoutcraft and Jared the long haired awoke on a rocky shore littered with strange, sharp shells. After inspecting each other, the two armed themselves with the shells and decided to seek shelter in a nearby cottage. It smelled of feet and sea water which, while not the most pleasant aroma, was better than the open air.

As the door creaked open Cody of Scoutcraft peeked his head inside. Looking back and forth he saw a monstrous foot locker, several worn benches, and a stove.

"It appears to be inhabited by sailors of our caliber. The stench and the foot locker appear to indicate so," Cody of Scoutcraft said.

"Then let us find them. No doubt they will be friendly and will help us back to our captain," Jared the long haired replied. Thus, the wait began.



"Another day wasted. And just when I thought that we had found the spot!" Courtney the short of stature said.

"At least we didn't get lost like last time," John of the rowers said while shooting a glare at Logan the jack of all trades.

"Hey! I never said I knew how to use a compass just that I had seen it being used before," Logan the jack of all trades replied.

John of the rowers opened his mouth to retort, but before he could do so he noticed two pairs of shoes by the door to the cottage. Lifting a finger to his lips John of the rowers signaled the other Barton buccaneers closer.

"On my count draw your daggers. 1, 2, 3!"

The Barton buccaneers burst through the doors wildly brandishing their zebra mussel daggers. With a yelp Cody of Scoutcraft and Jared the long haired leapt to their feet. Before they could draw their collected shells the Barton buccaneers had them surrounded.

"Down on your knees! Hands in sight!" Captain Callie commanded.

Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft sunk to their knees with their hands above their head.

"Parlay. We request a parlay," Jared the long haired said.

Captain Callie frowned, but nodded her head to grant them their wish.

"You may have your parlay, but you must tell us your intentions," she said.

Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft glanced at each other. Neither were sure if they should tell the truth of their search for Shank's treasure.

"We are simply lost sailors seeking shelter. The storm tossed us overboard to this strange shore and we long for our ship," Cody of Scoutcraft replied, telling a half truth.

"Then you can have shelter until your ship is found. Until then you are part of our crew and are under my command," Captain Callie said decidedly.

"We accept. Thank you for the kind offer," Cody of Scoutcraft said.

Thus the adventure for the treasure of Shank began.

Early the next morning Cody of Scoutcraft and Jared the long haired were shaken awake by Taylor the talkative. Her movements were sharp and sudden, making it appear that she did not enjoy having the two new sailors on the team.

"Wake up. We're going on a search party for important materials," Taylor the talkative snapped.

"Would these important materials happen to be related to the legendary Shawie?" Jared the long haired asked.

Taylor the talkative glanced at Captain Callie, almost as if she was afraid to reveal a secret. "No, what would give you that idea? It's simply supplies that have been stolen from us," Taylor the talkative answered. However, the duo were not fooled.

"Ah, naturally. We will do our best to help our gracious saviors," Jared the long haired said. Taylor the talkative nodded a dismissal at them and headed off to wash up for the day.

The trail was a difficult climb with many crumbles along the way. Armed with their zebra mussel daggers the crew hacked away at the overgrown path. A bead of sweat trickled down Cody of Scoutcraft's face.

"If I had known the search for Shawie's treasure would be this difficult, I never would have joined the S.S. Tussock's crew," Cody of Scoutcraft said under his breath to Jared the long haired. Jared the long haired nodded in agreement. Suddenly a cloaked figure appeared in the middle of the path.

"And who are you?" Asked Courtney of the short stature.

The cloaked figure replied, "Who I am is not important. What is important is the message I bear: a traitor is among you. Do not trust them."

Taylor the talkative turned to Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft.

"I knew we never should have accepted their parlay!" Taylor the talkative cried. She drew her dagger and charged at the two of them. The cloaked figure appeared in her path and intercepted her blade before disappearing in a cloud of smoke.

The group stood together in a stunned silence as Taylor the talkative coughed.

"Who was that?" Nathaniel the non-buoyant asked.

"I don't know, but I'm more concerned about the traitor amongst us," Boral of the bubbles replied.

The Barton Buccaneers glanced at Cody of Scoutcraft and Jared the long haired quickly before looking away. Jared the long haired crossed his arms with a disapproving look on his face.

"Okay, okay. I know we have some suspicions."

"Yes, it's obviously them!" Taylor the talkative interjected. Captain Callie and pointed at Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft.

"We haven't done anything! All we've done is help you find your lost stuff!" Jared the long haired protested.

Taylor the talkative strode over to where Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft before Nathaniel the non-buoyant stepped between the two of them.

"Guys, let's just find the lost stuff. We're so close to it. I know it," Nate the non-buoyant said looking between Taylor the talkative and Jared the long haired. Taylor the talkative paused, rolled her eyes and stalked off into the brush.

"What's her problem?" Cody of Scoutcraft asked.

"Well, she's never trusted outsiders since we had a falling out with one of our newer members. Noah. They were best friends before he disappeared," Nathaniel the non-buoyant said.

"Doesn't mean that we're going to do the same," mumbled Jared the long haired under his breath.

"Either way, she doesn't trust any newcomers, no matter who they are," Boral of the bubbles said. "All that matters is the lost stuff. Let's go!"

The group returned to chopping the brush, all the while wondering who the mysterious cloaked figure was.

"I think I see something!" John of the rowers exclaimed. "It looks like a cross, just like the one we had on the S.S. Cayuga."

"This must be where our lost stuff is buried. Help me dig!" Taylor the talkative said while rushing forward to uncover the hidden goods. The Barton Buccaneers were not far behind and immediately swarmed the area. Before Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft could move the air was filled with dirt flying left and right.

"Think it's Shawie's treasure?" Asked Cody of Scoutcraft.

"It's got to be. Why else would it be marked with the cross, the same symbol for his ship?" Replied Jared the long haired.

"If it is, it's the treasure our captain has been looking for. Let's help them dig it up and no doubt they'll let us keep a few trinkets," said Cody of Scoutcraft before heading forward into the dirt frenzy. Jared the long haired followed suit.

By the end of the day Shawie's treasure had been recovered. All but one thing: his treasured crown. Rumor had it that the crown was inlaid with a golden coin who could give the wearer knowledge of all seafaring areas. Naturally, every sailor and pirate alike coveted such a treasure.

"Sailors, it's late. Take a rest and we'll search again in the morning. For now take pleasure in the fact that we have found treasures others have spent their entire life trying to uncover," Captain Callie ordered. The Barton Buccaneers heeded her orders and began settling in for the night. All but one.

Awoken by a piercing laugh, Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft sat up in their beds. Looming around them saw a shadowy female figure triumphantly standing with a hat in her hand. A slight glimmer could be seen in the moonlight before she donned the cap and rushed off into the night.

"Who do you think it was?" Whispered Jared the long haired.

"I don't know exactly, but I bet you it was the creepy hooded person. They probably followed us into the woods and found the true treasure: Shawie's hat," Replied Cody of Scoutcraft.

"Then we should follow them. After all, the Barton Buccaneers deserve some repayment for not kicking us out." Said Jared the long haired.

The two Tuskele pirates snuck out into the night in the direction of the hatted figure.

In the morning the Barton Buccaneers were alarmed to find not just Jared the Long Haired and Cody of Scoutcraft missing, but Taylor the talkative as well.

"We should split up into search parties for them. John of the rowers, you're with me. Bebal of the bubbles, you're with Nate. We'll head off to the north side and you'll-"

"I WARNED YOU THAT THERE WAS A TRAITOR AMONG YOU." Boomed the voice of the hooded figure, interrupting Captain Callie. "YOU DID NOT HEED MY ADVICE AND NOW YOU ARE IN GRAVE DANGER. FOLLOW THE PATH LIT BY GOLDEN SUNLIGHT AND YOU SHALL FIND YOUR STOLEN TREASURE."

"And how can we know to trust you?" Asked John of the rowers. The hooded figure stepped from the shadows and removed his hood. The Barton Buccaneers gasped: it was their long lost buccaneer, Noah the hide and seek master!

"I hid for many years hoping one of you would find me. However, none of you did. Thus I became the ultimate master of hide and seek. Since then I've been watching over you and guiding you to the treasure. Now I have come to help you find your friends and the hat of Shawie." Noah the hide and seek master explained.

"So why not show your face? It seems you would have been more useful here than hiding in the shadows." Courtney of the short stature asked.

"I was afraid of what Taylor the talkative would do. It was better for me to hide in the shadows than reveal myself." Replied Noah, master of hide and seek. "However, our time grows short and the danger grows ever present. Let us find our missing friends and reclaim what is ours!" And with that Noah, master of hide and seek, charged off into the lit up brush. The Barton Buccaneers were not far behind.

"I knew following this person was a bad idea." Said Cody of Scoutcraft. Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft had been following the mystery person for many miles and the sun had long been up, yet they were no closer to finding out who this mystery person was and where they were headed to.

"Yes, but could we leave the Barton Buccaneers empty handed after all they had done for us?" Said Jared the long haired.

Before Cody could reply the two stumbled into a clearing. The mystery person was standing in the middle of the clearing, facing away from them.

"Hello? Taylor?" Shouted Jared the long haired. The mystery person whipped around and it was...Taylor! Her movements were sharp and angular, almost as if she was being pulled by some invisible strings.

"That can't be her. She wouldn't steal from her own people!" Said Cody of Scoutcraft.

"Then what do we do? She's clearly not doing this under her own free will, but we still need to get Shawie's hat." Replied Jared of the long hair.

"We charge her and you tackle her. I'll take the hat and run. It's not the best plan, but it's the only one we've got. When I shout go, charge her. 3, 2, 1!"

Before Cody of Scoutcraft could shout go, Noah the master of hide and seek came running into the clearing. With a few mystical words lightning came down into the clearing and struck Taylor the talkative. She fell to the ground and the hat fell off her head. The coin, now a corrupt coin, rolled to the feet of Cody of Scoutcraft. He bent to pick it up, but was startled when Noah the master of hide and seek yelled "No! Don't touch it. The coin corrupts anyone who touches it straight on. It's why Taylor the talkative betrayed us. You will do the same if you attempt to pick it up. We must bury it so no-one can find it and use it again."

Cody heeded his words and picked it up using his shirt. Soon the Barton Buccaneers ran into the clearing, ready to face whoever was harming their partner. Captain Callie soon saw Taylor the talkative collapsed in the field and rushed over to her.

"Is she okay? Taylor, talk to me. Where is it?" Captain Callie said while pulling Taylor the talkative into her lap and inspecting her for damage.

"She's fine, Taylor just needs rest. Shawie's coin corrupted her." Explained Noah the master of hide and seek. Captain Callie turned towards him with a murderous glare. Before she could turn against Noah the master of hide and seek Cody of Scoutcraft interjected "It's true! I have the coin here. Jared and I saw her overtaken by the hat. If you don't believe me, touch it."

Captain Callie took one look at the coin, considered Cody of Scoutcraft's words, and accepted them as truth. "So how do you recommend taking care of it? We can't leave the coin for others to find."

"We bury it. We bury it so far nobody can find it." Replied Jared of the long hair.

"So it shall be. Barton Buccaneers, let's begin digging!" Ordered Captain Callie.

Since then Shawie's coin has never been found. Jared the long haired and Cody of Scoutcraft were reunited with the S.S. Tuskele and were rewarded half of Shawie's treasure. Noah the master of hide and seek visits the Barton Buccaneers from time to time, much to the happiness of Taylor the talkative. The land of Barton lives in harmony. However, rumor has it that the coin is buried at the summit of Mt. Barton. If ever found, chaos will once again commence. We will pray that day never comes.

NATURE

5 groups lived in the land of Barton, home of the Bombers. All lived in general peace until the evil reign of the Adperials, invaders from the outside looking to rule the groups. The Plescloaks, led by leader Ulfnc Plescloak, are masters of the woods and survival. The Fieldpanions, master hunters, are led by Brian Whitemane. The Dark Brotherfront, are a group of evil ne'er do wells led by Callid. The Thieves Craft, men and women full of handi talent, are led by one called Heffer Frey. And finally, we come to those led by The Last Natureborn.

Known to some as Ginger Santa, some as McD, and some as Han Velsing, this monster of a man was the only hope to stop the tyranny of the Adperials. Joining him on his quest are 3 brave adventurers. Kaed, a former member of the Thieves Craft, was delusional with the Craft and came to join the Natureborn in his hour of need. Sear, who



spent years in the woods with Brian Whitemane, was eager to fight with the Natureborn. Finally was Sebas, who was physically present.

Occasionally joined by tinier warriors, the Natureborn and his crew went to each group, telling stories of eggs, love, and snakes. Inspired by freedom, all 5 leaders joined their forces and set out to the home of the Adperials, Offitude. Attacking first were the Plescloaks, barricading in the Adperials and allowing for easy attack. Next came floods from the Brotherfront, making the Adperials shake in their boots. The Thieves Craft and Fieldpanions prepared to breach the walls and attack with tremendous fury. Summoning all of his anger, the Natureborn gave his fiercest shout and destroyed Offitude and the Adperials.

Finally free from tyranny, the groups were able to live freely and do what they loved, although deep down they feared the Adperials were just pawns of an even more powerful force...



HANDICRAFT

Kat - My alarm goes off to tell me it's time to rise but I'm already up. Excited for the day, I exit the cabin and skip all the way to Mike's cabin. He never rises to his alarm, so I have to go bang on his door every polar bear swim. Pounding on the door, I yell into Mike's cabin, saying, "Polar bear." Mike gets up, mumbling something about rain and thunder. He opens his door to say, "I don't wanna." He hands me the key to handicraft and I go grab the basket supplies. I walk down to waterfront, juggling reed and scissors. Hopefully, Spence and Drake will be there. As I think that, rounding nature, I see Spence in the distance and give him a wave and a head shake.



Spence - The long day was only beginning. It looks like Kat will have to run Extreme Underwater Basket Weaving. Again. I take my tea to the dock and prepare for the horde of scouts, looking to weave baskets. Half an hour passes, and no one made a single basket. I just hope that

Mike isn't planning to sleep through breakfast. No, there's Mike! Sitting at a table... face first in cereal. I decide to just let Mike get his rest. As always, breakfast is good. We have Announcements (*announcements, ANNOUNCEMENTS, ANNOOOOOUUUNCEments!*), and by the time Josh declares that it's time for happy hour, Mike has disappeared, leaving a puddle of milk on the table for the waiter to clean up. I walk into Handicraft, and there he is again, snoozing at his desk. It looks like he had just enough time to unlock the door before he went back to sleep.

Kat - I sit at the table on the handicraft porch, listening to the *bang bang* of scouts chiseling wood. Mike is peacefully sleeping at the desk, while his woodcarving scouts chisel onward. Spence is helping his model design scouts while he blasts Cage the Elephant on his phone. Suddenly, I hear Spence call out, "We've got another one!" That's the third scout today to cut his hand, and I'm not quite sure how he manages. Shaking my head and sighing, I turn to Spence, and say, "I'll walk him down."

Spence - "Safety scissors shouldn't cut someone," I mutter as I pull up the bin full of sharp, dangerous metal for my next class. Out of the corner of my eye, I spot Mike, still sleeping. *Wait, didn't he have a woodcarving class last period?* I think back, and remember seeing scouts grabbing chisels and hammers. *Oh well, I think, at least Kat was out there.* I turn up the music again as the scouts pour in. Over the hour, they come to me with broken rivets, smashed thumbs, and projects nailed into wood. I take it all in stride, and somehow, Mike can sleep through all of it. Class ends with only minor injuries this time. I see Mike, sleeping at the table, as I go out to lunch. *Maybe he just needs a bit more time. I don't feel like waking him up right now.* Tacos for lunch. As I'm finishing up my fifth serving, I hear Josh say, "And now we have Handicraft, with a song!" I walk up to the middle, and Mike isn't in the building. I forgot about the Damper Song.

Kat - *Of course Mike isn't here.* I slowly dig through my memory of the last weeks to explain the damper song, hoping Mike will show his face. As I finish explaining, I realize that hoping is futile, and we go through the song without him. Josh runs through announcements and sends us on our way, keeping the waiters to clean up the mess. I can't stand the idea of making a scout clean up my mess, so I stick around and help clean up until Nevan has cleared all of the waiters to leave.

Spence - I've dozed off in my hammock for about ten minutes. I look around, and see that Mike has somehow set up his own hammock and passed out in that time. The hammock looks torn, and is sagging in a precarious way. After a few minutes, the hammock groans, tears, and Mike falls through into the water. I ask if he's okay, but no response. Mike is still snoring.

Kat - Spence walks up onto the porch mumbling something about Mike not coming to open handicraft. "Why not?" I ask without looking at him. "He fell in the lake, and he's still sleeping!" I stop what I'm doing at look at Spence to say, "I'll believe that when I see it." But instead I laugh as I notice Mike trudging through the field towards his cabin, soaked from top to bottom. I turn to Spence, and we collapse on the picnic tables, laughing until a scout shows up asking about leatherworking. "DRAKKEEE!"



TRADING POST

THE YEAR THE SLUSHIE MACHINE ATTACKED:

Once upon a time, in a land known only by those who lived there, The Camp Barton Trading Post natives lived a peaceful life. One day, the Devil Machine attacked, beginning the longest war in the land's history.

It began on a calm afternoon. Gretchen was training a new warrior, Katya, to take over the troops. Then then saw it. The devil Machine had completely frozen the War Tent. The two fought the machine for 3 days and nights, ultimately winning the battle. But the war had just begun.

Fellow warrior Benji had left on search of new horizons. Upon his return. The Devil Machine again froze. Katya and Benji fought valiantly, even calling up the new recruits. Each day the cry of the Golden Flugel could be heard. The war raged all summer. Gretchen, Katya, Benji, Zoey, Robby, Dom, Bobal, Hannah, Kaeden, and Heff fought day and night. However, they were still routed and all hope was lost. That was until former Chief Rue Woo called a mysterious Medicine Man from the Slush Puppie Tribe.

After a long, hot, and sticky war, the Trading Post Tribe had finally won. The Devil Machine had been defeated. Sir Oinkers, the Great Pig, watches over the Tribe to this day.

The golden Flugel can still be heard as the Tribe chants...



LONG LIVE THE POST!

With Love,

– B Slush, Katya & the Trading Post Tribe

FIELD SPORTS

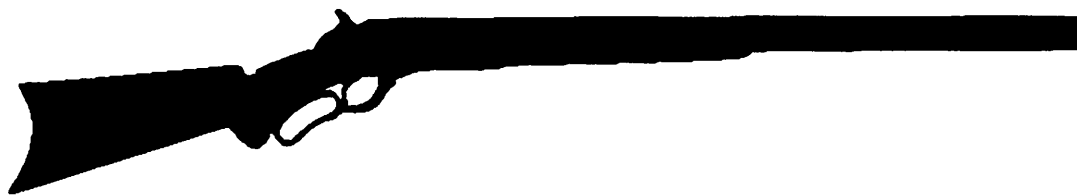
Once upon a time, deep in the dense forest of Barton, a summertime quest was in its infancy. It all began when the fair ginger Hannah (so often called Merida she might as well legally change her name) was welcomed into the Field Sports clan. Already the clan sported two senior members: Brian and Alex. Brian was the head of the clan in addition to being the keeper of the guns, ping pong ball enthusiast, and lifelong friend of the moose. Then there was Alex, never to be seen without his glitter encrusted cap and notebook of jingles used to entice visitors to scale the heights of his wall. Logan, the range assistant, was quickly stolen by another clan to spend his days yelling at small children, and ensuring they survived the depths of the lake.

All would have been fine and dandy had it not been for the bear. Every Sunday, a bear would emerge from the cave behind Hannah's range to harass the clan. Seeing as she was only 5'3" and none of



them were willing to trust their luck on the tree branches that were ten feet up, the clan, along with a smattering of assistants and CITs had to improvise a defense. For the first couple of weeks they kept the bear at bay with the help of southerners whose repeated war cry of "sick nasty" forced the bear into temporary hibernation. The week after, the CITs continued the annoyance of the bear by constantly called it "Mom" in terrible Scottish accents. By the fourth week though, the clan was at a loss to defeat the bear.

Eventually, Brian came across one of his fallen moose brethren lying in a suspicious pile of sand in the forest. For a fortnight, he mourned the only way he knew how: in song. His heartrending musical tribute brought everyone to tears each week. As their final week began, the clan believed they had seen the last of the bear until Hannah caught sight of it leaving the cave. She grabbed her atlatl and spear, and rushed to Brian. Upon hearing the news, Brian could only say one thing: "Bang bang." They and their armed CITs ran towards the bear who was now near the latrine. As the bear began to escape the other way, Alex appeared from the trees for the first time in weeks, and forced the bear into the latrine with his trusty rocks and slingshot. Suddenly a gust of wind slammed the door shut. From inside, anguished growls turned to a humans cries for help. With slingshot in hand, Alex opened the door to reveal Hannah's long lost assistant Logan. The lake water, in which Logan had resided as a lifeguard, had resulted in a drastic mutation, and Logan had left the sand by the moose as a clue to his identity. But none of that mattered anymore. The clan was back together and the rest of the summer was just peachy for all.



OUTDOOR SKILLS

The evening sun sank below the horizon of Cayuga Lake. Its orange rays spread themselves over the water and land like fingers on a hand stretching. The still shadows of the trees grew longer, and lined the Scoutcraft area like bars of a prison cell. The shadows of the trees stood like tall sentinels; not moving, always vigilant. The only shadow that was moving was the shadow of a woodsman. He was working rope between two spars. He did not notice the time as he had been working tirelessly all day making a trebuchet. As he straightened out his back to stretch he felt sweat slide down his face and he raised the back of his hand to wipe his brow. When he began to work again he felt a warmth grow in his side pocket...

Since the creation of the world hate and deceit crept back into the earth and began to taint the bodies and minds of those who inhabited it. They cut rope with an ungodly relish and they took amusement in tying shoddy lashings and improper knots. The Pioneer in the Sky saw this and grew woeful. The people who were corrupted by evil began using and worshipping a false god, sisal. They valued nylon and other synthetic ropes over manila, and the manila they did have was abused and left to rot and fester in dank and musty places. The Pioneer knew he must do something...



"Liam, it is I." A voice spoke out of Liam's pocket. Liam thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out a hank of rope. Liam's face had an orange glow from the light radiating from his rope. "Liam, it is I; the fiber of existence."

"Who are you?" Liam raised the rope to his face. He felt odd talking to a rope, but a calmness swept over him like a cool breeze on a warm day.

"I am the beginning as well as the end, I am the back splice and the eye splice, I am the wrapping and the frapping, I am everything that was and everything to come, and I spliced the world together." The light pulsed with the voice as it spoke, and the voice filled the entire scoutcraft area.

Liam finally figured out that the Great Pioneer in the Sky was talking to him. The Pioneer chose him above anyone else to give a message. "What do you need?" Liam said.

"The world has become corrupted." The voice boomed and rattled the trees as it spoke. "I saw and beheld the wickedness of man. They have fallen out of favor with me, and angered me greatly. Only your department has kept my religion, and for that I will reward you by saving you. I will destroy the world in a week's time and I need you to build a raft that will house two of every animal. Since you cannot marry you will also have to bring a man and woman aboard as well." The rope stopped glowing, and Liam ran to Alex and the rest of the department to tell them what was going to happen. Immediately Liam and Alex began construction of the raft, and Josh and Gabe went out into the forest to find two of every animal.

After six days the raft was complete and most of the animals were found. Gabe, Alex, Liam, and Josh convened at scoutcraft to discuss their next plan of action. They still needed to find a man and a woman to put on the raft. After an extensive search they found a woman named Callie and a man named Jared.

The department went to sleep that night after loading the animals on the raft. They slept well. All except Liam who tossed and turned in his sleep.

The department was woken by drops of rain, and Gabe mobilized them by yelling, "cowboy hat!"

The staff got comfortable in the raft, and tightened the lashings as the rain grew harder and harder. The droplets pelted the ground like BBs as Alex settled down in the raft a thought came to him. "Shit," he said. "We forgot Sydney Winter."

Josh and Liam ran to the other pavilion and grabbed the rest of the crew. When they were all safely on the raft the rain began to pick up more.

A tremendous roar erupted from the hill and a wall of water flew down the hill at a tremendous speed. The water hit the dining hall, and wood as well as appliances blew away from the hill. The sound of wood splintering and cracking filled the air. Liam and the department observed a figure clinging onto the totem pole, but the force of the water was too much for them and they were swept away with the rest of the debris.

The rain grew harder, and the camp began to flood. The raft picked up with the water and carried the Outdoorskills department to the lake. As the raft floated past more water came from the hill and swept handicraft and the trading post to pieces. Pleas for help and mercy were drowned out by the tremendous roar of the water and rain.

As the raft traveled through camp the department saw boulders the size of cars tumble down the hill with the water toward admin. Administration didn't have time to flee as the boulders slammed the side of the building. The building and all the inhabitants were demolished in a matter of minutes. Not even a cry for aid was heard it was so fast.

The impact of the flood waters had not hit the nature, but the water level was rising around the walls of it. The nature staff was climbing on the roof to escape the flood waters. All seemed well for them until The Pioneer sent a firebolt from the heavens towards them. The bolt streaked red in the sky, and upon impact the lodge exploded sending wood, limbs, frogs, and stone everywhere. The flood waters sucked the debris from the lodge into its inky depths, and left nothing to show that anything had been there before.

The raft continued down towards the waterfront where the staff was riding canoes to escape the water. The Pioneer saw this and created a whirlpool that sucked the lifeguards under the water. Their cries for aid were left unheard as the raft was slung around the whirlpool towards North Point.

The clouds grew darker and the rain continued. The only thing that suggested there was a camp was the tops of trees blowing back and forth in the gale. The white caps grew more violent as the air buffeted them. The raft tipped back and forth and the animals grew restless, but Josh calmed them by petting each one individually.

The raft drifted past North Point and Frontenac Creek and out of the outlet wood, rifles, and bows floated out into the lake.

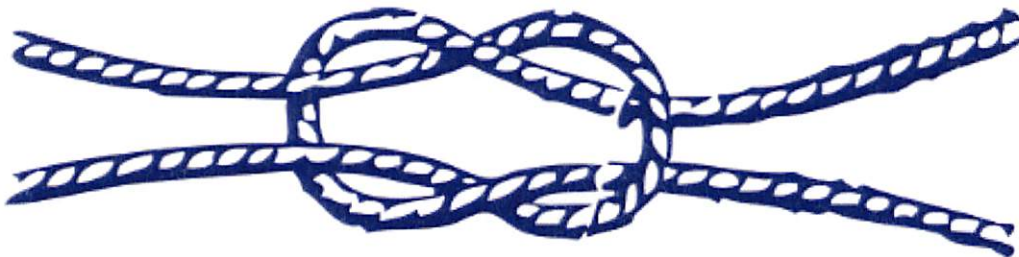
Alex gazed off the raft and beheld the desolation that fanned out before him. The health lodge was gone, the chapel was gone, North Point was non-existent. Green canvas mingled with troop plaques floated further away from the camp. The camp was completely under water and the level was rising faster and faster. Alex turned away and began to work on his knots.

It rained for 3 days and 2 nights. On the third day the sun cracked the clouds open and began to shine with intensity. After 42 days Liam let a Canadian goose out of the raft. The goose came back after a few hours with a piece of damp manila rope. The next day Liam did the same thing and the goose returned with the same item. On the third day however the goose came back with a piece of dry manila, and Liam knew that it was safe to come out of the raft.

And that's what they did. The department as well as Callie and Jared along with the other animals came off the raft and gathered in a group. Alex stood before Callie, Jared, and the other animals and said, "The world is destroyed. With the guidance of The Pioneer, go out into this world and be fruitful. Populate the world, and spread the good word."

And that's what they did.

The above document is a work of fiction, any names, locations, or actions mentioned in here are made up. Any similarities with names, locations, or actions are purely coincidental. This document will not be reproduced or edited without consent from the author, Alex Plesnar.



HEALTH LODGE



The Health lodge is in a world all its own. For most of the year it is just part of the landscape to the birds, squirrels, and chipmunks. However, this building is a great window seat to nature. A green heron visited for a while one day and was a joy to watch. The stream was a constant roar from all the rain this season. You swear that the swallows and bats will run into you because they are always flying so low and so fast. The chipmunks pop up and down in their roles and a woodchuck ambles through the area giving little notice to the human observers.

Inside the building there was a constant war against mud and grass. The infirmary was well used, giving our 1950's beds a workout (several staff said the beds were more comfortable than their own bunks!). As in years past, the gaga pit has resulted in many skinned knuckles and knees. Gatorade and water became the drink of choice and dry socks were a must!!

2017 was the year of the year of the flood and Noah would have been proud of Camp Barton and its staff! Here's to 2018 and let it be a dry one!

- Cathy Homrighaus

KITCHEN



The service staff who work in the kitchen, dish room, and dining hall have been amazing to work with this summer. We call it the funhouse because we never know what will happen day to day. And we actually worked well as a team. Special thanks to John V who had many positions he filled with no questions asked. Great job staff!



"Who knows where I'll be in a year. Hopefully enjoying my beautiful grandchildren more, taking another cruise going to Florida or maybe just all of the above. Life is full of surprises!"

- Mama K

THEME



BARTON BOMBERS



BARTON BAND



It was another banner year for the Barton Band. We averaged 25 players each week. Much thanks to staff members Bob, Mike, Dominic, Jake, Doug, Ian, and sometimes Sebastian and Gabe who supplemented the band all summer. Also thanks to Lori Scaglione who donated new drum straps.

Semper Fideles!



Mummy's Mutterings...

"It tastes better with Jay on it"

- *Mikey Carlson*

"They're gonna come out your pooper!"

- *Mama K*

"It's like an arctic breeze for your balls."

- *Liam Stark*

"Could you identify this animal?"

- *Bob Kestler*

"I grew up in the 60's, I know what a high is."

- *Diane Blakely*

"It's always the old dead white dudes."

- *Hannah Pfeifer*

"I'll smile when the occasion arises."

- *Joshua Shank*

"Bet your bippy."

- *Bob Kestler*

"They're like eggs."

- *Mike McDonough*

"Jay's doing s**t."

- *Jay Lethin*

"Some people keep women in their wallet, I keep kids in my pocket."

- *Ian Statema*

"How does someone spell 'fishing' wrong?"

- *Joshua Ryan*

"I don't blame ya."

- *Jean Schiffer*

"Yo did you lynch a chicken!?"

- *Chris Johnson*

"I'll have to find an old person to smell."

- *Callie Kaplan-Wright*

"You're a beautiful shade of woman."

- *Mike McDonough*

"A decent amount of fun is acceptable."

- *Joshua Shank*

"This ash is fun to play with."

- *Ian Statema*

"Sorry Taylor I thought you were McDonough."

- *Kaeden*

"Occupied."

- *Joshua Shank*

"I would be a better camp director or program director than Rue and Josh"

- *Casey Crouse*

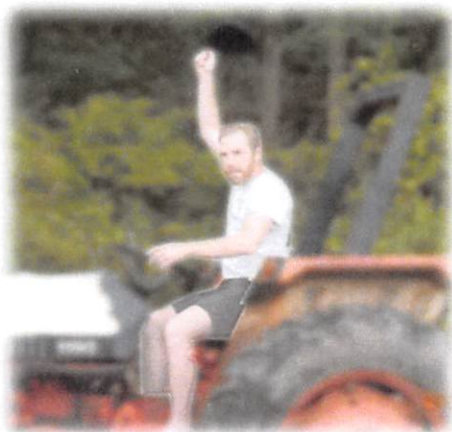
Most Likely To...



CAUSE A NEW RULE IN THE
STAFF MANUAL



SPEND THE MOST AT THE
TRADING POST



DISAPPEAR FROM THEIR
AREA



CAUSE A SCENE

BEST...

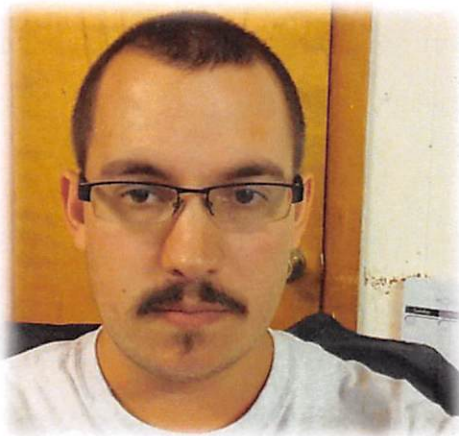


TAN LINES

WORST...



SMELLING CABIN



FACIAL EXPRESSIONS



BED HEAD

STAFF BIOS

Name: Jared Barnhardt

Age: 21

Years on Staff: 5 (1 @ Barton)

Position: Waterfront

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Millionaire DJ / Producer with a dope house on Cayuga Lake

Favorite guilty pleasure: Camp Tuscarora

Name: Mikey Carlson

Age: 26

Years on Staff: 11 1/2

Position: Program Director Trainer

Where you see yourself in 5 years: No idea anymore

Favorite guilty pleasure: Twerkey

Name: Kiara Hernandez

Age: 22

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Cook

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Independent, graduated from college with a stable job

Favorite guilty pleasure: Making choreographs to my favorite songs and practicing them in front of a mirror

Name: Callie Kaplan-Wright

Age: 21

Years on Staff: 4

Position: Waterfront Director

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Cat Boat

Favorite guilty pleasure: Hiding bodies in the lake

Name: Bob Kestler

Age: 69

Years on Staff: 34 (8 @ Barton)

Position: Commissioner

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Making music somewhere

Favorite guilty pleasure: Manhattans

Name: Mike McDonough

Age: 20

Years on Staff: 6

Position: Nature Director

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Somewhere

Favorite guilty pleasure: Being Mike McDonough

Name: Dominic Mikula

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Sidney Winter

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Scoutcraft

Favorite guilty pleasure: Eating Oreos

Name: Katya Mulcahy

Age: 19

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Trading Post Manager

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Kindergarten Teacher

Favorite guilty pleasure: John Stamos

STAFF BIOS

Name: Ruth "Rue" Keagle

Age: 45

Years on Staff:6

Position: Camp Director

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Passing the torch of camp director

Favorite guilty pleasure:Eating Ben and Jerry's "Chunky Monkey" ice cream

Name: Zoey Keagle

Age: 14

Years on Staff:1

Position: CIT

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Might be working at Barton might not be working at Barton I don't know

Favorite guilty pleasure:I don't know

Name: Logan Benjamin

Age: 17

Years on Staff:3

Position: TP Asst. Rifle Asst. Archery Asst. Lifeguard

Where you see yourself in 5 years:School

Favorite guilty pleasure:You don't need to know

Name: Brian O'Donnell

Age: If I tell you.... I'll have to kill you!

Years on Staff: 4

Position: Shooting Sports Director

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Hopefully not dead

Favorite guiltypleasure: I'm not sure I can say it out loud

Name: Hannah Pfeifer

Age: 19

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Archery Coordinator

Where you see yourself in 5years: Grad School

Favorite guilty pleasure:Dancing around my house singing showtunes at the top of my lungs#AvenueQ

Name: Alex Plesnar

Age: 20

Years on Staff:5

Position: Outdoor Skills Director

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Being the same as I am now

Favorite guilty pleasure:Wapsit Maag

Name: Kaeden Rabenstein-Spiers

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 2

Position: Nature Instructor

Where you see yourself in 5 years:hopefully not in Nature

Favorite guilty pleasure:Working here

Name: Xavier Rote

Age: 16

Years on Staff:1

Position: Handicraft

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Japan

Favorite guilty pleasure:Wakeman

STAFF BIOS

Name: Diane Blakely

Age: Infinity

Years on Staff: Forever at this rate

Position: Whatever I want

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Trying to
volunteer at the beach

Favorite guiltypleasure: Never having to do my
camp biography

Name: Courtney Haven

Age: 23

Years on Staff: 2

Position: Lifeguard

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Pre-school or
kindergarten teacher

Favorite guiltypleasure: Playing *The Sims* for hours

Name: Kyle Hidden

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 0

Position: Program aide

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Something nerdy

Favorite guilty pleasure:Programming

Name: Thomas Ritz

Age: 18

Years on Staff: 1st

Position: Sidney Winter

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Battlefield Guide
for Civil War

Favorite guilty pleasure:Staying up past 2AM on
week nights

Name: Katerina Sanford (Curiosity the Kat)

Age: 20

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Handicraft Instructor

Where you see yourself in 5years: Making scientific
discoveries and taking time off to work at Barton

Favorite guiltypleasure: Connect four dynamic duo

Name: Joshua Shank

Age: 22

Years on Staff:5

Position: Program Director

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Workin' a real
job

Favorite guiltypleasure: Procrastination

Name: John Spencer

Age: 15

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Handicraft Instructor

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Penn State

Favorite guilty pleasure:Crying

Name: Liam Stark

Age: 3

Years on Staff:3

Position: Woodsman Coordinator

Where you see yourself in 5years: Counting to 3

Favorite guilty pleasure:Wapsit Maag

STAFF BIOS

Name: Ian Statema

Age: 3

Years on Staff:2

Position: Head of Sidney Winter

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Somewhere

Favorite guilty pleasure: Counting to 3, splicing

Name: Alex Wakeman

Age: 15

Years on Staff:1

Position: Quartermaster

Where you see yourself in 5years: Probably sitting around playing games, possibly at school

Favorite guilty pleasure:Easy mode in strategy games

Name: Greg Marion

Age: 15

Years on Staff:"2"

Position:Archery assistant

Where you see yourself in 5 years:a real job
(min. wage)

Favorite guilty pleasure:Staff quotes

Name: Chris Miller

Age: 14

Years on Staff:0

Position:Staff helper in training

Where you see yourself in 5years: Parents' basement or McDonald's or a ditch

Favorite guilty pleasure: writing dumb things in this bio

Name: Nathan Bobal "Bubbles"

Age: 15

Years on Staff:1

Position: Sidney Winter instructor

Where you see yourself in 5years: Not at Barton

Favorite guilty pleasure: A dark room ;)

Name: Taylor Kalpokas

Age: 17

Years on Staff:3

Position: Lifeguard

Where you see yourself in 5 years:In a mirror

Favorite guilty pleasure:Eating lots of food

Name: Josh Ryan

Age: Old enough

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Fishing

Where you see yourself in 5 years:Wapsit Maag

Favorite guilty pleasure:Bobal's s*** eating grin

Name: Nevan Valla

Age: 15

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Dining hall steward

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Nothere

Favorite guilty pleasure:Abandoning my job

STAFF BIOS

Name: Robby Doner

Age: 15

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Trading Post Assistant

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Running this place with an iron fist

Favorite guilty pleasure: Food

Name: Cory Eckstrom

Age: 48

Years on Staff: 5

Position: Chaplain

Where you see yourself in 5 years: A better dad to my kids

Favorite guilty pleasure: Cheetos + Coke Zero while watching *The Walking Dead* with my wife

Name: Alex Hamula

Age: Older than most, younger than some

Years on Staff: 7

Position: Bouldering/Athletics Director, Kitchen Aide

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Registered Dietician approving camp menus

Favorite guilty pleasure: Staying up way too late

Name: Cathy Homrighaus

Age: 68 years young

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Health Officer

Where you see yourself in 5 years: Retired!

Favorite guilty pleasure: Ice Cream!!

Name: Derrick Kalpokas

Age: 14

Years on Staff: 1

Position: CIT

Where you see yourself in 5 years: 5 Years older

Favorite guilty pleasure: Not knowing my guilty pleasure

Name: Nathaniel Valla

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 2

Position: Lifeguard

Where you see yourself in 5 years: I don't know anymore

Favorite guilty pleasure: Going to Jamboree

Name: Casey Crouse

Age: 21

Years on Staff: 1

Position: Program Aide

Where you see yourself in 5 years: At Camp Barton

Favorite guilty pleasure: Having too much fun