

SEARCHING FOR SASQUATCH

2016 Staff Yearbook

Dedication

The yearbook this year can not be dedicated to just one person.

First off Doug Blakely, you have been volunteer and paid staff for many years doing anything you can for this camp. You are the person that many staff members come to for advice to vent too. You've always been there to help in anyway you can. You mean so much more to this camp and this staff more then you realize. Please remember you have made a difference in many of our lives.

Next Diane Blakely, trying to volunteer year after year but never succeeding. You are professional at camp beautifications. Going around make sure everything is clean and fixed as much you can, I believe that you spent more time in the shower house unplugging toilets more then anything. A nice balance of rules and fun, you truly give a mother's touch to this camp.

What can we say about Bob? Bob came to us years ago at the request of the Camp Director many years ago, Tim Clive and has been back most years since. Bob brings lot of skills and many years of experience working at a number of Scout camps to Barton. Bob brings his Music skills to Barton and keeps up in tune when he can. Little do most people know, Bob also donates funds to Barton to help with program areas. A few years ago, Bob helped fund the benches at North point and last year, help fund the Kayaks for waterfront. I know there is a special place up town that Bob visits often and keeps them in the Black covering lost business when the Camp Director can't get away. So, a very special thanks to Bob for all he does for Barton and keeping us in good terms with the local businesses. Bob always has a home here at Barton.

Last but not least is our Camp Director Dave Carlson (grumble, grumble) you have put more heart and soul into this camp then most people realize. It started when you took over as the caretaker of camp asking for no payment. For years you made sure that all year this camp looked great and everything that needed to be fixed was fixed. If this camp needed anything you would get it yourself. Then a couple years ago you became Camp Director because you couldn't see a stranger taking over. Although you aren't suppose to be Ranger while Camp Director you do it anyways., and on top of the work your normal job. Many sleepless nights caring for this camp. You are the heart and soul of Camp Barton. A lot of times it's a thankless job, but you will always be remembered at this camp.

Thank you for all your hard work.

ADMINISTRATION



We are too busy to write because we are being chased by Sassyquatch

PROGRAM

This year has been interesting...the amount of times any of us get stressed, feel like yelling, or just going insane, at the end of the day we know it's all worth it. Either it's because you've made someone's day, made them laugh, or you look at the sunset at the lake. This place has something about it that brings us back each year or want to join camp staff. Remember, every one of us has made a difference in someone's life at camp whether you know it or not. I know you're all waiting for something funny in this section. But, truly this is a family like no other. Keep the love for Barton alive and well for many years to come.

Your crazy, Bunny Foo Foo Program Director,

Mikey Carlson

P.S.....GET OVER YOURSELF! :) p.s.s.....Zach Carr start planning now.:)

Commissioner

There are strange things done .

At Camp Barton : fun and games, themes, handicraft songs, water sports, nature,
scoutcraft and shooting.

Why he left his home down south

In Philly is clear. He loves this place.

This land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell

The sunsets, the morning birds, the friendships and fellowships.

It was ..fun but only one

Constantly to be by his side was Commissioner Diane .Thanks!

I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request .

Keep the Barton spirit alive.

You can tax your brawn and your brains.

Which everyone had to do, working long hours, with great physical activity.

A promise made is a debt unpaid

We all took the scout oath and are gladly paying back the debt to this day.

I'd often sing ..and you harkened with a grin.

Not many camps sing their opening night skits, sing all graces, serenade the troops on
the way in and out of campfires. It's what draws me back to Barton. TY YIE YIPPY
YEAH.

The hot sweat rolled down my cheeks

Inspecting the sites each day, but it was a pleasure meeting with dedicated scout-
masters.

He wore a smile you could see for a mile

Ever since I came to Camp Barton.

Thank you,

Sam McGee aka Bob Kestler

Waterfront



The Curse of the Waterfront

It was a dark and stormy night. The lifeguards and their valiant leader, Sir Joshua Shank slept soundly after a long day of saving incompetent children. Unbeknownst to them a hooded figure crept silently to the dock. With a few uttered words and a waving of their hands the figure completed their task. So began the curse of the waterfront. Catherine the great was the first to fall victim. After a week of being tormented by a ghoul with green hair she developed a great fear of all male creatures and fled the waterfront, howling all the while. The curse then struck Zach of the Headphones. With great courage he fought the injury inflicted by the curse, but could not hold on. He

succumbed to a wheezing cough. A plaque was made to commemorate his courage. With their numbers dwindling rapidly the lifeguards were led by Sir Joshua to find new recruits. Two brave souls by the names of Nathaniel the Stocky and John the Tall volunteered to become lifeguards of Barton. Disaster struck again in the form of Taylor the Talkative. While gallivanting around the lake in a motorized carriage Taylor became enamored with a gorgeous merman. The distraction allowed his friends to steal the motor from the carriage. Before being lured to her death Taylor was rescued by Jay of the Boats. Despite the accident the previous day Ronnie of the Diamond Nipples decided to hold a boat jousting tournament. All the bravest men of the waterfront gathered, including AJ the Brawny. AJ and Ronnie were the first to joust. As AJ sped towards Ronnie his face became a mask of determination. His lance lowered at the last second and struck below Ronnie's right shoulder, severing sinew from bone. Ronnie was dragged to shore as he stoically accepted his fate as a one armed lifeguard. All throughout this a beautiful queen spent her leisure time enjoying her kayak. Her name was Courtney, Queen of the ducks. One day while the Queen of Ducks was kayaking a giant white floating object crossed her path. Child after child launched themselves from the object and began madly swimming towards her. With a shriek she turned the kayak and began to paddle desperately from the horde of children. Before she could escape however a child grabbed her kayak, flipping her into the water. Her gorgeous dress pulled her down to the depths of the lake. Queen Courtney may never have been heard of again if Nathaniel the Stocky had not called out to Sir Joshua. Rushing to her aid, Sir Joshua left John the Tall to fight the hordes of children. Sir Joshua swam to the depths of the lake and used all his might to pull Queen Courtney to the shore. As thanks for her freedom from a watery grave, Princess Courtney gave Sir Joshua a holy reach poleblessed by Father

Connor. The final and most disastrous part of the curse happened the Friday after the blessing of the reach pole. As Callie the Short and several of her younglings were sailing a storm appeared immediately above the boat. The gusts of wind were too much for Callie and her crew. Without warning a gust of wind struck the side of the boat, causing the mast to collapse and strike the smallest youngling in the head. Desperate for help Callie began yelling with all her might. Suddenly Noah of the Jet Skis appeared and towed the boat to safety. Once safe on shore Callie thanked Noah by creating a great feast that lasted three days. All the lifeguards were invited, including Father Connor. Satisfied by the chaos caused by his curse the hooded figure returned to the waterfront. To the bewilderment of the lifeguards he again waved his hands while chanting. He then finished and strode off into the sunset. The curse of the waterfront had been lifted.

in memory of Ronnie, Taylor, Catherine, and Zach

NATURE

Mike the Large's battle cry rings throughout the air. The battle is won, but at what cost. Greg the Long Hair and Saint the Tyler are no where to be found. Dylan the Rail and Cody the Redneck are wounded and down. Dylan rises, and helps Mike tend to Cody. Just as Cody regains consciousness, a rustle in the bushes is heard. "Come out" shouts Mike, and from the bush emerges Zach Carr, a man who resembles a raptor. "I was told by a turtle to come here and assist you," exclaims Zach. "If it was Woody who sent you, then you are welcome here," says Dylan. The Nature Sheeple went into the woods, looking for their missing comrades. Crying was heard in the distance, and they burst into an opening, where Greg was clutching Saint's body. Nature honored Saint the way they saw fit, by dumping his body down the swamp latrine. The Nature Lodge went along their way and tried to successfully start their summer, but a dark looming force was present.

Hardship after hardship fell upon the

lodge, attacking each member personally.

Falling upon Mike were cowbirds, attacking

his birds and sending his spirit crashing.

Falling upon Cody were hippies in Pruses,

igniting his Southern fire. Falling upon

Zach was Taylor, which mildly annoyed

him. Falling upon Dylan was The Nature

Lodge filly, rending his inspiring music

useless. And finally falling upon Greg was

an army of barbers. Plague after plague of

terrible things hit the Lodge, making our

brave warriors wonder, what was the

cause of all this pain. Just as they had

defeated their last enemy, they heard an

unnatural noise come from the turtle tank.

"Has he ever made that noise before?"

asked Cody. "Not that I can remember"

said Zach. Saint the Turtle burst through

the glass, and knocked Greg off his feet.



"How could you betray us?" screamed the turtle. "What?" cried Dylan. All of the sudden, Saint's corpse burst through the office window, and Saint the Turtle flew into him. Before the Lodge's shocked eyes, Saint and Saint turned into a giant zombie turtle monster. "What are we

going to do?" screamed Zach. "The only thing we can do, FIGHT!" answered Mike. Cody charged the beast, only to be thrown clean through

the door. Turning on the Pacer Test for support, Dylan grabbed the Bee and charged the creature. Dylan lodged the Bee into the turtle's

stomach, but was flung into the chimney. Greg jumped onto the monster's back, impaling him with the Nature trimmers. Zach attempted to

attack with a sick dab, but was kicked into the bar. Knowing the abomination was near death, Mike launched himself into the beast. He and

the turtle smashed through the wall, kicking dirt high into the air. Rising to his feet, Mike yelled his lungs out of air, celebrating his victory.

Looking around, Mike realized the severity of the attack. With his building destroyed and his staff all down, Mike had no idea what was in

store. However, if he has learned anything from the past, it probably won't be good.

HANDICRAFT

It was the summer of 1955, the driest recorded summer in all of the Barton history. The grass was dying, fish were washing up on the barren shore, and tensions were high between the Hammer and Chisel gangs. The Hammers, ran by their notorious leader Chunk, believed the solution to all of Barton's problems could be fixed by riveting and forging a huge watering can to replenish the land and grass. On the other hand, the Chisels, run by their diabolic leader Hefferman, thought the Hammer's idea was outrageous, and believed the solution to everyone's problem could be solved with baskets and cardboard airplanes to



drop water and supplies to the citizens below. Unfortunately, the Hammer gang thought that idea was preposterous, and soon an all out war broke out between the gangs. Within the first few days, both gangs felt tolls being taken by both sides, with the Hammers' losing their main leather supplier Kalen to an underwater basketry accident and the Chisels' main paint supplier Xander was incapacitated

due to a runaway golf cart. Soon, the chaos grew to be too much for both sides to handle, and a truce was written up providing benefits for both sides. Each gang sent over a representative for themselves, with the Hammers sending Cole, their witty sculptor. The Chisels sent over their representative Zach, pretty much the brains behind the Chisel gang's operations, especially after Hefferman was kidnapped by the Hammers and frozen in a solid block of chocolate and never seen again. A truce was eventually formed between the gangs, thanks to TayTay the mediator, and peace was restored to Barton's north and south sides once more.

FIELD SPORTS

Things might seem strange to an outsider coming down to the range. This is a dark story of a man named Kory Not for the faint of heart But if you read on you may learn his art. Our tale begins a year ago 13 months to be exactly so He was a man learned of nature And now he was expected to train as an archer. Down at the range he met Brian, Derik and Zack And got the keys to his little shack. To be his assistant derek was assigned And for a while everything was fine. Then one day The scouts were away Derik was packing the shed When all of a sudden an arrow did fly and plant itself in derik's head He clasped on the floor And Kory, approaching, was surprised by the gore Twas sad that his life so did end For he was a true and dear friend But then again does it have to end Kory asked himself See Kory had learned something From his days in nature Deep inside a book Deep inside the library The secret of human reanimation And so Kory built a rig in the shed It had tall spires for capturing lightning And cables running everywhere And an altar upon which derik was placed On a stormy night Kory was making the final adjustments If a lightning bolt hit just right Then it might just work Suddenly a low rumble echoed across the sky And a brilliant bolt struck the top of the shack Electricity arced through the wires and into the table. Derek shot up on the table It startled Kory a bit. "derik?" he asked "Is that you?" Derik turned and let out a low groan. Though his major brain function was lost Derik could still function as a range assistant Then one day Zack came down to the range He got a little too close to derek and got a nasty bite on his arm. Zack collapsed on the ground with a fever And when he stood back up he was just as brain dead as derek. Kory thought it was fine how much harder is it to be a rifle range assistant So he was sent back down to Brian It seemed fine for a while but Brian noticed something was strange So he came down to the archery range Now the People that work down at shooting sports might seem dead eyed, and they might mumble a bit. But now you know why. So it's up to you to decide is Kory a genius or is he mad or maybe both? Things might seem strange to an outsider coming down to the range.

Bouldering Wall

The Bouldering Wall was started in 2004 and opened for bouldering in

2009. Scout leaders, Barton Staff and Boy Scouts earning their Barton "B" all

Worked together to build the Bouldering Wall. The project took from

2003 to 2009 to create 100 ft. of Bouldering Wall 10 ft. high. The Scouts that

boulder can use it toward their Barton "B" and their Sports and Climbing

Merit badges. A scout that can climb the 100 ft. in 5 minutes or less can receive

a special patch. Each week about half the camp visited the wall and many are

challenged and excited with the experience. Many troop climbs took place and

some boys returned in their free time to better their skills. National rated the

bouldering wall one of the best in the country during their inspection. I look

forward to Cub Scout and others enjoying the wall during the off season also.

Dave Gross



Outdoor Skills

In the beginning there was nothing. The pre-universe was a chaotic void with nothing, except for stringy wisps. Stars did not dot the sky, and the concept of life had not been conceived. In the midst of this blank chaos was an entity like no other. The Great Pioneer in the Sky has no beginning or end. He is the catalyst for the Alpha and the Omega. He is the ultimate judge of life and death, of good and evil. He is one.

It came to pass that The Great Pioneer in the Sky grew lonely in this blank canvas. He needed something to occupy his time. The Pioneer grabbed the wisps of string, and began to twist them together. The Pioneer saw the strand of twine that lay in his hand, and he thought it good. The Pioneer made two more to mirror his creation. Seeing this as good he twisted the twine together, keeping tension while working, into a strand. Over joyed with his work he made two more strands. Assessing his creation he went a step further. Grasping the strands he began twisting. The twists were a lot harder than earlier, and it took the pioneer a great deal of time before he finished. He held the rope in his hand and knew he had done well. He needed a rest after this milestone, and putting down the rope he slept.



When The Pioneer woke up he smoothed the rope in his hands, and thought. The ends of the rope frayed while The Pioneer rested. The Pioneer frowned and looked at it a while longer. He took the end of the rope in his hands and began to weave the strands back into one another. Rolling it in his hands he made the first Back Splice. He made this, because all things must come to an end eventually. He then grabbed the other end of the rope and began to work it in the same manner as before. However; this time, when he lifted his hands, a circle was formed in the end of the rope. He had made the first Eye Splice. The splice symbolized that rope is eternal and forever. The Pioneer pondered and found everything all well and good. He rested on that day, for he did a lot.

The Pioneer woke and began more of his work. He went into the void and willed clay into existence. With his hands the clay was worked and kneaded until it was the shape of a sphere. In the clay The Pioneer carved channels, and canyons. The Pioneer wanted to make his memory lasting on the rock so he created something that matched his likeness. Trees sprouted from the newly formed earth. They were tall and powerful, like The Pioneer, who made them. The creator knew that a light source was needed to illuminate this new world so he took a log and began his work. He sawed a log in half, and threw the cross sections in the sky above and below the earth thus making the sun and moon. Exhausted by his work, The Pioneer fell asleep.

It came to pass that while The Pioneer worked his peaceful magic; another force was in the works. Spite and deceit were thrown into the world and were mixed together into a shadow. The shadow seeing The Pioneer and his peaceful ways grew jealous. The shadow set upon the slumbering giant. As quite as air, and as swift as wind the shadow found the coveted rope of The Pioneer. The shadow formed itself in the shape of a blade, and sliced the rope in two. Evil bubbled out of the rope, and corruption oozed from its roots. The shadow took the evil and painted the earth with it. Cunning animals came from it and started wandering the earth. Disease was spread from the corruption and started killing The Pioneer's beloved creation. The shadow, satisfied with its job, plunged itself to the roots of the earth, where it was never found.

The Pioneer woke with a start. He felt fine at first, but when he looked around his heart sank. Dystopia had tainted his proud work, and broke his splice. He began to weep. The tears flowed from his face onto the earth filling in the rivers and oceans. His hands hammered the earth causing the rock to form mountains. A storm filled his heart: a feeling he never had before. His eyes blazed with fury as he looked upon the carnage. Then he sat and wept some more. Corruption had done its job.

The Pioneer wallowed for several days, but he finally stumbled upon the broken splice. He looked at it and knew what he must do. He picked it up with both hands, and began to work the strands together; weaving them in and out. He brought the splice up and looked at his creation. He finally understood the short splice. He realized that there can be no good without evil, and the splice showed that. Two broken ropes woven together represented unity and harmony.

Understanding this, The Pioneer set upon a project of great significance. He created life; the accumulation of good and evil. From the fibers of the rope he crafted a being in his image. Man. He breathed life into his disciple and set him on the earth, and he created woman as well to support man whenever he faltered. He put both man and woman on the earth to begin his ministry.

In closing he brought the man and woman together and spoke and said in this wise,
"Of knots, it is necessary that I speak..."

Health Lodge

Memories

A life time of memories here at Barton.

Learning to swim at the waterfront as a young girl. Many summers as a camper and in Family Camp. Evening Whale Boat rides on the lake. The many Tap-Out ceremonies at the Falls. The Frontenac Hotel and the sunken boat off the parade field. The Chapel being built and the tower being torn down and rebuilt. Changes to the Dining Hall several times, from the kitchen being moved to the addition of the Scoutmaster's porch and the garage and the remodeling of the kitchen while keeping the character of the Dining Hall intact. Nature in all its glory here, the songs of birds in the morning and the owls at night, the beautiful sunrises and sunsets and the beauty of the lake and the hills. Of all these memories and so many more, the best are watching young people grow, change and mature because of Scouting and the experiences they have here at Barton.

Memories also include previous year's injuries or illness' like the skateboard accident, which resulted in an immediate ban on skateboards in camp. A sleepwalking camper falling over the cliff near Iroquois is why we have the split rail fence. Zebra mussels and GaGa Ball have contributed to strong suggestions or rules. Memorable injuries are usually, but not always, the result of someone not using good judgement. Waterfront staff was affected by more medical problems this year than previously, most of which did not occur at the waterfront.

I hope everyone who comes here leaves having had a very positive experience full of WONDERFUL MEMORIES.



Trading Post



The perils and "curse" of the TP, the saga continues...it wouldn't be the TP unless something broke at some point during the summer!

(Flashback 23yrs ago) Cash register that sometimes and sometimes didn't, the coke machine (yes back then it was coke) that the dollar part needed to be cleaned or fixed, the heat causing the candy bars to melt oh wait frozen candy bars were a hit!!!! (flash forward to

present) the horrible week when the slushie machine broke! A-t-t-t-t-t-t!!!! And then

the pepsi machine wouldn't take dollars...oh then the pepsi machine guy was "threatening" to take the machine away...over an extension chord...silly repair guy. Then there's the continuous need for change, the continuous line out the door, the continuous "is the slushie machine working yet?", "how much is this" (note prices are EVERYWHERE!!!) and did I mention they asked "how much this is???" oh and who could

forget the famous #7 incident from staff week.....oops I ordered too much Ice cream....is there ever too much? Overall though great summer to return to camp for me and thank you for the memories....and before I forget TP STILL owns Handicraft. Hahaha!!!!

RUE

P.S, from the Program Director....and now our future Camp Director Rue....Woood!!!!

Dining Hall



The building with dishes pots and pans. Also contains a wonderful, awesome and sometimes funny staff.

Connor the Dining Hall Steward keeps the dining system working very well.

Sam, Hans, Ryan and Shia try to keep up with the loads of dishes going through the window.

John, Alex, Rylie and Justin are the true backbone of the kitchen, without their support and long hours of commitment things just wouldn't happen. Always willing to fill in where needed and keeping the freezer, walk-in fridge and dry storage all in order.

Just a big thanks and hugs to the Kitchen staff. It's been a great summer!

Mama K

SERVICES



Chaplin

Chaplin



Ghost Ranger

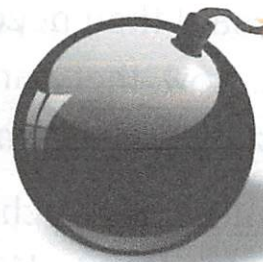


BARTON BAND

(with a special
guest appearance
Kathy)



BARTON BOMBERS



Sasquatch Callings

Red, White, and Blue....Star Spangled Thong -Zach Carr	(while answering the phone) Barton! Ekdal! -Carl Ekdal
I just pooped in the bush -Dave Carlson	I'd like 12 dozen wings....no wait -Dylan
Snake-less lizards -Cody	VERY IMPORTANT!!!!
While poking his man boob Man I've let myself go -Chunk	You can't work in the kitchen if you're constipated -Mama K
It's YPT except for on Saturdays -Jon Mengel	Is it all the way in yet? -Billy
They said they needed 5 secs to prep...Now, there are literally f***** flying ninjas -Chunk	I play orgy Battle Driver -Zach Keagle
Wait till you're behind the bush, then you whip it out -Mikey	I'm wet because of you -Chunk
I'm not bleeding, I'm just lazy -Dylan	Natural selection is Corey being a d*** -Logan
Staff pull out -Hammy	At least I'm not a beard licker -Raul to Chunk
It's like Billy with boobs -Zach	Oh Baby -Jay Lethin
I only hired the big hairy ones -Dave HEY! -Mike McDonough	You'll blow when I say blow -Mikey
GET OVER YOURSELF -Mikey	EEEEKKKK!!! A MOUSE!!! -McDonough
The fish are committing suicide -Logan	I can kinda swim -AJ
	Look at all the butts! I MUST touch them all!!!! -Callie

MOST LIKELY TO ..

*Cause a rule
in the staff manual*



*Turn into a
Mutant*



*Host a Reality
TV Show*



Best.....

F
A
C
I
A
L

Expressions

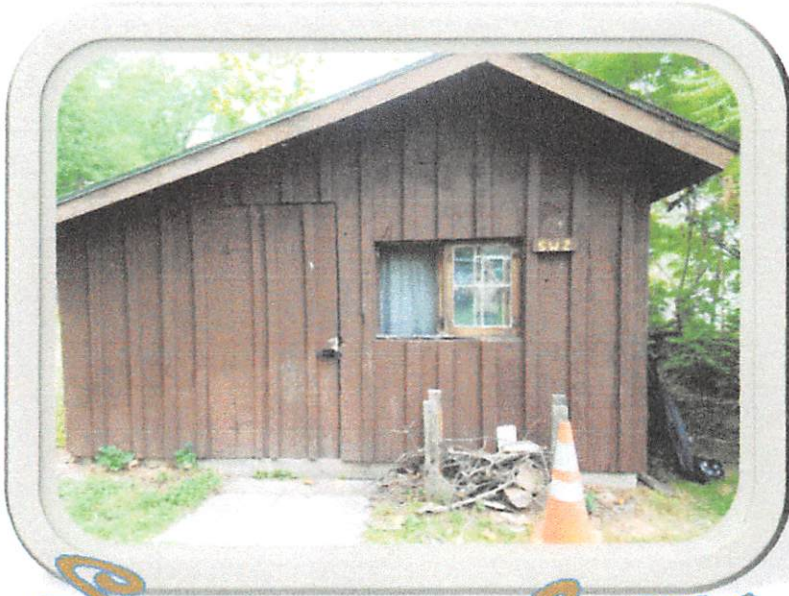


Bedhead



One Liners

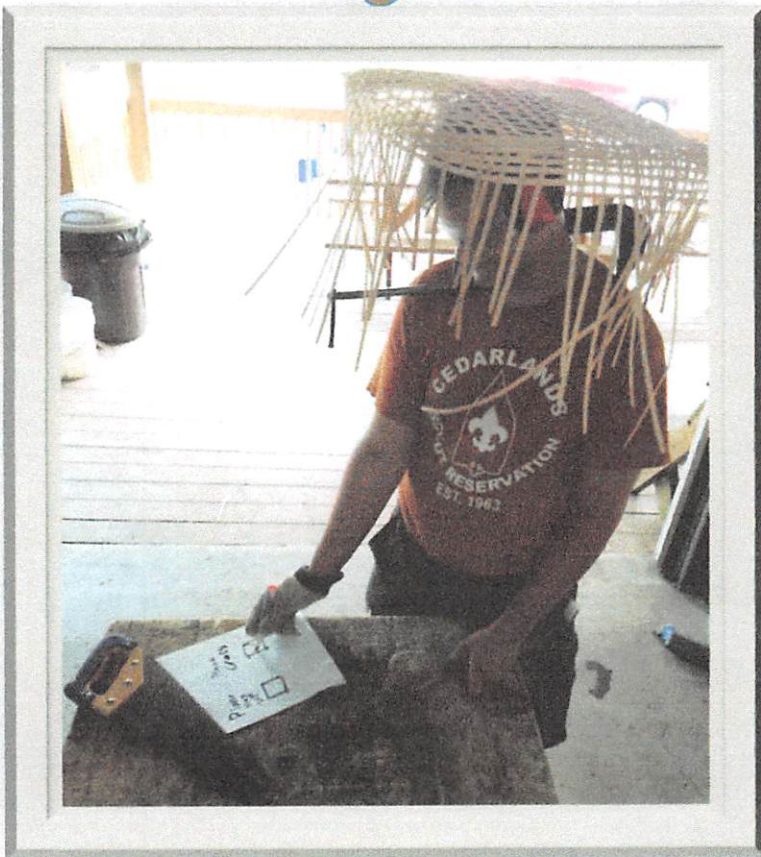
WORST...



Smelling Cabin



SENSE OF
DIRECTION
Decision
Maker



Staff Bios

Name: Patricia Love

Age: Over 50

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Office Aide

Favorite Song: You've got a Friend

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In a condo on the coast of Florida, in winter walking on the beach drinking beer.

Name: Doug Blakely

Age: 64

Years on Staff: Too Many

Department: Admin

Favorite Song: When I'm 64

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: I hope to be around in 5yrs.

Name: Logan Benjamin

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 2

Department: Scoutcraft

Favorite Song: NaNaNaNaNa

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: College IDK

Name: Ryan Weir

Age: 19

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Services

Favorite Song: Cock Robin

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Probably working at a entry level job after college.

Name: Derek "Chunk" Sparks

Age: 22

Years on Staff: 6

Department: Handicraft

Favorite Song: The Duck Song

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Transporting old people to nursing homes, hospitals, pretty much anywhere they need to go.

Name: Kory Ellis

Age: 19

Years on Staff: 5

Department: Shooting Sports

Favorite Song: Say it ain't so, Quartermaster Store

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Teaching Biology in California

Name: Greg O'Connor

Age: 23

Years on Staff: 9

Department: Nature

Favorite Song: Cannon in D (two steps)

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Regretting my Philosophy degree.

Name: Jack Miller

Age: 15

Years on Staff: 1st

Department: Trading Post

Favorite Song: Dunderback

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: The Mirror

Staff Bios

Name: Zoey Keagle

Age: 13

Years on Staff: 1 Volunteer

Department: Trading Post

Favorite Song: Lost Boy

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Working at Camp Barton.

Name: Nathan Bobal

Age: 14

Years on Staff: 0

Department: CIT

Favorite Song: Piano Man

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In college to become a Doctor.

Name: Brian O'Donnell

Age: Physically or mentally

Years on Staff: 3

Department: Shooting Sports

Favorite Song: Cherry Pie

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In a nursing home shooting people with nerf guns.

Name: Zach Carr

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 2.5

Department: Nature

Favorite Song: Camp Barton song (according to mikey)

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs:ugh.....program director I guess

Name: Nathaniel Valle

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song: Miracle Out of Nowhere

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Play music

Name: Xander Zielinski

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Handicraft

Favorite Song: Goodbye, Carolina Blues, Aaron West and the roaring twenties

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Empty pockets, broke and traveling the world out of guitar case

Name: Alex Plesnar

Age: 19

Years on Staff: 4

Department: Outdoor Skills

Favorite Song: Camp Barton Song

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Not here

Name: Sebastian

Age: 14

Years on Staff: 0

Department: CIT

Favorite Song: The Geal

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Not graduated and in my 6th year of High School

Staff Bios

Name: Cody Coombs

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 2

Department: Nature Redneck

Favorite Song: Mountain Dew

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: United States Army

Name: Hunter Carter

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Quartermaster

Favorite Song: Free the Robots

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In college/Army

Name: Collin Lake

Age: 18

Years on Staff: 4

Department: Outdoor Skills

Favorite Song: Paper Planes

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: High School Teaching

Name: Rue Keagle

Age: 44

Years on Staff: 5

Department: Trading Post Manager

Favorite Song: Puppy Love

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: begging for more change for the TP, and beating the slushie machine.

Name: Callie Kaplan-Wright

Age: 20

Years on Staff: 3

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song: Spongebob

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Dead surrounded by cats.

Name: Taylor Kalpokas

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Waterfront to Handicraft to Sidney Winter

Favorite Song: Miami- Will Smith

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Navy

Name: Corey Coombs

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 2

Department: Scoutcraft

Favorite Song: That's why I Pray

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Heavy Equipment Operator

Name: Aj

Age: 19

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song: Grave St. Party

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Probably the whit house.

Staff Bios

Name: Alex Miller

Age: 15

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Outdoor Skills

Favorite Song: American

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: On a bus

Name: Zach Sinnott

Age: 15

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Shooting Sports

Favorite Song: September

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Lost in Walmart

Name: Josh Shank

Age: 21

Years on Staff:

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song:

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Working a real job.

Name: Ian Statema

Age: 18

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Sidney Winter

Favorite Song: Mountain Dew

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Becoming a mountain man and a pokemon master

Name: Courtney Haven

Age: 22

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song:

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Teaching

Name: Mike McDonough

Age: 19

Years on Staff: 5

Department: Nature

Favorite Song: The Mike-arena

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Still super awesome

Name: Bobby Gates

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 2

Department: Sidney Winter

Favorite Song: Mountain Dew

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In the army

Name: Connor Lake

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 2

Department: Services

Favorite Song: Pacer Test

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In College

Staff Bios

Name: Hans Tang

Age: 15

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Services

Favorite Song: Twenty one Pilots House of Gold

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In college

Name: Jay Lethin

Age: 18

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song: Wish you were Here -Pink Floyd

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: College

Name: Kathy Filan

Age: N/A

Years on Staff: 11

Department: Kitchen

Favorite Song: Dancing Queen

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Definitely retired

Name: Connor McGaffin

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song: Pacer Test Soundtrack

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In mirrors and photographs, probably

Name: Ryley Jeffery

Age: 18

Years on Staff: 4

Department: Kitchen

Favorite Song: The Pacer Test

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Prolly working here

Name: Alex Hamula

Age: I have lost track

Years on Staff: 3, 4, or 5

Department: Kitchen

Favorite Song: Where no one goes/ Pokemon theme

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Reading my name on the year plaque. Not having burns or cuts still staying in touch with most staff.

Name: Noah Vella

Age: 32

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song: Summertime

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Teaching, having a family

Name: Derik Darpino

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Shooting Sports

Favorite Song: Hey Mario

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: OSHA Electrician

Staff Bios

Name: Jonathan Mengel

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Waterfront

Favorite Song: Pacer Test

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In a mirror usually

Name: Gabriel Masotti

Age: 14

Years on Staff: 0

Department: CIT

Favorite Song: The Foggy Dew

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: College in Ireland

Name: Bob Kestler

Age: 68

Years on Staff: 7

Department: Commissioner

Favorite Song: Comin' Round the Mountain

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Hopefully still comin' round the mountain and not cremated like Sam McGee

Name: Dylan "Raul" Feliciano

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 3 I think

Department: History

Favorite Song: Pacer Test

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: In a spot then Woody

Name: Diane Blakely

Age: Non ya business yo

Years on Staff: 9 unfortunately all paid

Department: Everywhere?????

Favorite Song: Rifle Woman

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: somewhere with a drink in my hand. And then another...and another:)

Name: Mikey Carlson

Age: Get over yourself

Years on Staff: 11

Department: Program of get over yourself

Favorite Song: Dark Horse -Christina Grimmie

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Who knows any more

Name: Zachary Keagle

Age: 17

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Handicraft

Favorite Song: How I hate to get up in the morning

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Owning my own theatre working in a theatre, or at a production company.

Name: Kathleen Gross

Age: Young at Heart

Years on Staff: 25

Department: Health Lodge

Favorite Song: Ravel's Boleros

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Where ever God takes me.

Staff Bios

Name: Cory Eckstrom

Age: 47

Years on Staff: 5

Department: Camp Chaplin

Favorite Song: Take me home, Country Road

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Married hopefully with a son who made it to Eagle Scout

Name: Dave Carlson

Age: 58

Years on Staff: 10

Department: Admin

Favorite Song: It's 5 o'clock Somewhere

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: LV or somewhere just like it.

Name: Shai Mizrachi

Age: 15

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Kitchen

Favorite Song: Mt Dew

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Film School

Name: David Gross

Age: 75

Years on Staff: 4

Department: Boulderling

Favorite Song: I was born a 100,000 yrs ago

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Retired

Name: Kaeden R.S

Age: N/A

Years on Staff: 1

Department: Handicraft

Favorite Song: Takoyaki Rap

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: Living in a fort in Walmart

Name:

Age:

Years on Staff:

Department:

Favorite Song:

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs:

Name: Eric Lethin

Age: 16

Years on Staff: 1 week

Department: Scoutcraft

Favorite Song: My Brightside

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: 21yrs old

Name:

Age:

Years on Staff:

Department:

Favorite Song:

Where do you see yourself in 5yrs: