



VOLUME 2  
SPRING EDITION  
MAY 2025

# THE CAMP BARTON STAFF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION FRONTENAC POINT OF VIEW



## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- **Article:**  
*From the Lake, From the Hills,  
From The Sky....*
- **Membership Spotlight**  
*Remembering  
George David Gross*
- **A Bit of Mystery, A Bit of History**  
*-The Moose - The Elk??  
-A Camp Director turned  
Movie Star??*
- **Missing Persons Alert**  
*-The search for our alumni*
- **Remember When**  
*Recollection of experiences at Camp  
Barton as told by those who live  
them.....*

## ON THE HORIZON

**Want to see Camp Barton live on? Here's how it can....**

**Join the Association!!!** - yes - we cannot spell it out any clearer -- if we want to see Camp Barton survive then **we need to grow the CBSAA.**

**Yes...** you have to actually register to become a member of the CBSAA **and No....** joining the Facebook Group does not make you a member.....

**Good News....its easy!!!** - 1 Form - Electronically Submitted or by Mail

### **Things you may not know about membership to the CBSAA**

- 1) Joining the CBSAA does not obligate you to participate in Scouting.
- 2) There is no dues or fee obligations associated with membership.
- 3) There are an infinite number of ways to maintain an Active Status
- 4) The CBSAA's Mission & Vision both focus on Youth/Adult Opportunities for Outdoor Education, Recreation, Service, Conservation, and Character Development specific to the property at Frontenac Point and not exclusive to Scouting.



**2025 CBSAA 4th Annual Meeting**

**JULY 15**

**Mark Your Calendars!!**

2025-2026 Annual Budget

Executive Board Elections

Strategic Plan

As of 2025 -The Annual Meeting of the CBSAA will be conducted via web conference annually.

**Stay Tuned.....**

**2025 is an Election year for the CBSAA Board.**  
**All Officers, Chairman, & Liaisons are ending their 2 year term.**  
**We need motivated alumni to step up and carry our efforts forward. The time to consider is now.**



# FROM THE LAKE, FROM THE HILLS, FROM THE SKY...



Admittedly, this is my fourth re-write of this “article.” I originally wrote this piece to try and motivate fellow alumni, to ask that they take a moment and decide for themselves if they care enough about Camp Barton to actually do something to help save it. I highlighted various examples of difficulties and hardships that have come about over time. I expressed outliers and obstacles. It served as an attempt to enrage, invigorate, and motivate the reader. I ended it with a call to action and gave reasons to hang on to the foundations of Camp Barton — to not let go just yet, to remember why this camp has been here for a century.

I first submitted this “article” in March to the Board of Executives for review. I did so as a piece without an author — thus, asking the association to own it. I was shot down. I quickly learned that, although a board member myself, the article did not and, for all intents and purposes, could not reflect the position of the association. I was told that the article would have a profoundly negative impact on the association’s relationships with the council and municipalities. And so here I am, attempt number four. It’s 10:35 p.m., my family is asleep and honestly, I should be as well. Instead, I am writing this over again, and now, for full disclosure, I state that this is my point of view. In putting this out there I may soon learn that I am on an island. Or, maybe I will receive validation. Maybe this is a big waste of my time, and everyone’s time for that matter. Maybe not.

I’ll start by saying that for many of us that spent our summers under Barton’s stars, some of the physical aspects that we associated with camp are absent. Signs are gone, the arch has been removed, buildings remain, but are boarded up, and posted signs line the road. There’s a new sheriff in town, and it’s not Reggie Hammond — it’s the New York State Department of Parks, Recreation, and Historic Preservation (NYS-DPRHP). Subsequently, there is also a new deputy: the Three Falls Local Development Corporation (TFLDC). And so, at Frontenac Point, for the first time in 98 years, Scouting is a guest.

“The Frontenac Point of View” — it’s such a fitting name for a newsletter, isn’t it? Kudos to Bill Mack (76'- 80') for thinking of it. It really is a great name. It has layers to it. Ironically though, as I write this piece, nearly 9 months following the conclusion of Summer 2024 — not only is the view at Frontenac Point quite different, but for many, myself included, the view of what will become of Camp Barton is not yet in focus. I hope use of the newsletter, and one man’s “point of view,” may help provide clarity in some way. Likewise, I hope it provides others a platform to share their point of view.

Looking back at these past few years, they have been filled with a host of positive and opportunistic ideas for those who have re-embraced Camp Barton. Even with the knowledge that the sale of the camp was imminent, a notion remained that a future for Camp Barton at the “park,” with access to the facilities, preservation of the history, and use of the camp, remained intact. A set of new partnerships and collaboration between the municipalities, the council, and the CBSAA was envisioned, discussed, and cultivated in many minds — one that would serve as a platform for an expansion of Camp Barton’s services both to Scouting and to the community. There was a path forward. There was hope.

Now, just over 6 months into new ownership, I am curious as to what level of hope remains, what sense of optimism exists, and if there is enough collective enthusiasm for Camp Barton to practically continue its operations. I say this because Camp Barton has characteristically been led by those that lived it — not by those who owned it. That freedom existed because the Staff Alumni of Camp Barton demanded it. We forged it ourselves. Yes, the deed and “ownership” on paper belonged originally to the Ithaca Council, then the Louis Agassiz Fuertes Council, and finally the Baden-Powell Council — but the true ownership of Camp Barton has long since belonged to its sons and daughters. That is, until now.

Whether you know this or not, the Camp Barton Staff Alumni Association (CBSAA) was formed to do two things: one, fraternally develop a community of Staff Alumni, and two, support the operations of Camp Barton. As a participant in the earliest of discussions and conceptualizing of the CBSAA, I can tell you that this association, amongst other concepts, was presented to be exclusive to those individuals who worked on summer Boy Scout Resident Camp Staff. If you didn’t meet that requirement, you would not be granted membership. It was a bit of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde concept. On the one hand, the concept was a genuine push to highlight a very positive experience in our lives and to help the place that provided it, while on the other hand, it was an idea founded on a growing displeasure of the camp’s condition. The concept was a bit arrogant, to a degree ignorant, selfish, and far from being “Scout-like.” Thank goodness for the alumni that convened to start this journey. Their wisdom, their character, and their morals avoided what would have been quite certainly a failure. It was quickly realized that in order for the CBSAA to exist and stay true to some basic ideals, we needed to encompass the vast leadership of the camp regardless of their mechanism — whether it was on staff, as a unit leader, or as an adult volunteer, and regardless of what division of Scouting. The association would be open to the men and women who have led Camp Barton and its service to youth. The association would be built around and for those leaders. What also became evident is that the association would need to embrace and establish cohesivity with the current leadership in Scouting. The association would need to hold the same ideals that brought us together in the first place, and if we took that path, then the CBSAA would have an opportunity to keep Camp Barton’s flame alive, and to do so side by side with one another. This group was formed to remind all of us of the values we were taught and to act upon those foundations as we move ahead.

Fast forward to 2025 and the association is now approaching the end of its 4th fiscal year, and the start of its 5th operational year. Certainly there continues to be enthusiasm from the alumni who have come together to join our association, yet we find ourselves (physically) to be a “camp-less” alumni association. Maybe it’s not appropriate to go as far as to say we find ourselves at a crossroads, but we are definitely at a point in time whereby we must reflect on our mission, our purpose, and our vision. We must determine a path forward. As reality continues to hit, as the physical changes to the property become visible, and the emotion of it all sinks in, one could easily decide to walk away. That road is wide with fresh pavement. However, I believe that the road less taken during times like these is the one that leads to the most opportunity. And that’s what we have here — opportunity.

If you find yourself on the fence about any sort of opportunity — that’s reasonable. I think it may serve us all well to consider several realizations in the meantime. First, camp will never be the same as it was unless some sort of a miracle occurs or the DeLorean shows up with Marty McFly & Doc Brown inside. Second, no matter how positive or negative you feel about things, in order for Camp Barton to operate under the blanket of Scouting, the Baden-Powell Council, for now, is in the driver’s seat. And in order for anything to happen at Frontenac Point, we are at the liberty of the State/LDC. There was and is a legal agreement with the LDC and it is acknowledged by NYS for specified use of the property for the next 10-12 years. The LDC acknowledges they are not ready to allow its implementation to its full extent. Again, we are guests.

# FROM THE LAKE, FROM THE HILLS, FROM THE SKY... CONTINUED...



If we are truly an association, we must move together, and as I am learning — it's best to not track a lot of mud where we go. It is important to remember that Baden-Powell Council has kept a foot in the door for Scouting activities within the property. We know now that the council was okay with that agreement being pretty vague. We also know that the LDC has repeatedly stated that they do not want a "Camp Barton Version 2.0." But what about us? Haven't we been the stewards of this camp for a century? Haven't we operated it, cared for it, spent money on it, given up time for it? Why should it be that we do not fit into this equation? I would rest my hat on the notion that many alumni take a lot of pride in camp during their time on staff. They take pride in knowing that they ran a great summer with little to no resources. They take pride in the moments shared between each other that still spark laughter equally as hard today as it did then. They take pride in their name on the staff plaque and still remember the cabin or tent they stayed in each summer. Leaders who brought their troops summer after summer took pride in doing so; no different. It's that level of pride and the positive nostalgia that is being challenged.

So, what are we going to do? What can we do? Our reality is that many alumni live far from Central New York. While the camaraderie is important, some feel disconnected from camp, and even further disassociated with Scouting, leaving them unsure how to help and reluctant to try. Aside from that, we aren't teenagers anymore. We have jobs, families, we are pulled in every direction, and now, to be presented with this level of challenge can be very overwhelming to process. I think it's time to get over that. Nothing has changed so dramatically that one cannot find a way to help, and it's 2025 — help from home, your car, wherever. It's a choice we make, and we need attention and decisiveness applied to it in this moment.

Opportunity for Camp Barton does exist regardless of how clouded, blurry, and distorted the horizon appears to be right now. Opportunity exists for Camp Barton to continue to uphold its foundations for generations to come. Opportunity exists for this camp's alumni to pay it forward, and we must go out and take it. There is no excuse this time, we must all rise to this occasion in some way, shape, or form.

I am assuming most of the readers of this article are members of the CBSAA, but I know that a fair amount are not. Whatever your reason for not being part of the association is, to each their own. I would think that being a member is a win-win no matter how you look at it, and I would be curious as to the reasons against that position. If your reason is that you don't agree with the association's mission or vision — to me, that's all the more reason to join and help us develop those ideals. Being a member of the association is bigger than nostalgia. This is about preserving a space dedicated to growth, character, and community. It is about protecting a legacy that was designed not to fail. And so, like it or not, whether you were on staff in 1944 or in 2024, whether you camped at Barton once or a hundred times — you are part of this legacy.

The CBSAA exists to support youth and adult outdoor education, service, and conservation — not just for Scouts, but for all. Imagine a future where Barton becomes a platform for many groups, where the values we learned continue to shape lives for generations to come. But that only happens if we step up — together. Camp Barton is not gone. It continues to live within each of us, and it can be recreated. Together, we must continue efforts to earn trust and confidence from NYS and the LDC. We must allocate for partnership through unwavering support. We must act not only to further secure opportunities but also to create them, so that Camp Barton may continue its purpose, and memories not yet created may exist for future generations to come.

On July 15, 1927, Samuel D. Bogan presented his "Address of Dedication" at the dedication of Camp Barton at Frontenac Point. Nearly a century later, his words still echo with clarity and purpose:

*"Let it be remembered that this lake and these hills are established forever. They are the prophesy of an infinite future, and however fanciful we may be, we can scarcely apprehend the full significance of this site as a permanent investment in youth. As we have envisioned our own sons here, so may we envision unborn generations of boys, marching through the ages with the spirit of the campfire alight in every heart. Thousands of them will know this as their woodland home; and scientists and leaders in tomorrow's busy world will romp over these lawns, build shacks in these woods, and skip stones over this water. And many humbler ones will go forth year after year to mould public opinion, to contribute nobly and unselfishly, each according to his capacity." "However soon the time may come when we shall relinquish the direction of this camp to another generation, I prophesy that the time will not come when the music of these waves will cease to echo in the memories of Barton's sons, when the voice of our night shall lose its melody, or the spirit of unselfish service engendered here shall have passed away; for when our sons, like Odysseus, behold the rosy-fingered dawn, they will stand erect before their Creator, tasting that divine reverence which leads to an appreciation of all that is beautiful and true." "This ground is hallowed. It is dedicated to human progress, and to the divine right of youth to make each generation better and nobler than the last."*

July 15 2025 will mark 98 years since Bogan delivered his dedication. Two more, a century. Less than 30 camps remain in the United States that were established by the Greatest generation. This must remain inclusive of Camp Barton

A century of profoundly positive human impact. A century of deep moral and ideological meaning.

Please take a moment and let the true weight and value of that sink in — and now ask yourself:

Will we be the generation that lets it go? Or the one that saves it?

This isn't just a call for help. It's a call to purpose. To protect what was. To rebuild what can be.

To honor the past, and invest in the future.

We cannot fail. We must endure.

We must save Camp Barton — for them, and for each other.

*D. Jones*



# MEMBER SPOTLIGHT

## Remembering George David Gross

Camp Barton Staff Member  
1959, 1989, 2000' 01', 02', 09', 13', 16', 17', 18', 19'

Camp Barton Alumni Association President 2000-2017

A Lifelong Scouter, A Mentor, A Leader, A Friend.....

A great man..... A life well lived.



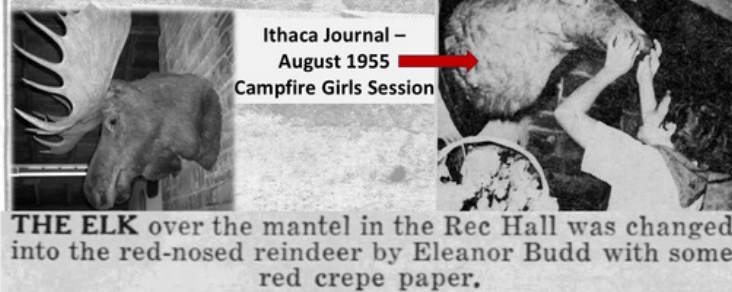
To remember George David Gross, or Dave as we knew him, is a pretty easy task. Remembering Mr. Gross likely means you are thinking of Camp Barton, or thinking of Scouting in some way, or thinking of an OA Chapter Meeting, or a service project down at camp. It means you are pondering to yourself with a half laugh half confused look on your face as you recall listening to Dave shed light on a topic in his profoundly distinctive way. Remembering Dave demands that you hear his tone of voice and his laugh and that you either see his great big grin or his subtle, sly, smile followed by his laugh that would move along like a train when it first pulls from a station. No matter how you recollect his person, and his being, the one thing that will always stand true for this man, is that you will always remember him and Camp Barton inextricably linked.

Dave along with his Mother-in-Law, Margaret Brownell, Alan Dixon, Don Worden, Eric Bloom and many others founded the Camp Barton Alumni Association. Dave served as President for many years, always present at Camp doing anything and everything he could to muster help, time, money, and support. He continued to raise awareness of camp's needs. He sat on the council properties committee for many years. He personally took on projects like the remodel of the Family Camp Shower House and the construction of the Bouldering Wall. He would coordinate with the OA for projects at Camp. He worked tirelessly for the maintenance of Camp and to keep the CBAA alive as he valued the necessity for adjunct support for our camp.

No one would deny the impact the Gross Family has had on Camp Barton over the last 40+ years. Everyone of them can attribute their dedication and hard work to the teachings that Dave imparted upon them. As you remember Dave, remember his dedication, his perseverance and his love for Camp Barton. May the Great Scoutmaster keep him till we meet again.

## A BIT OF MYSTERY, A BIT OF HISTORY

### The Mystery of the Moose Continues....

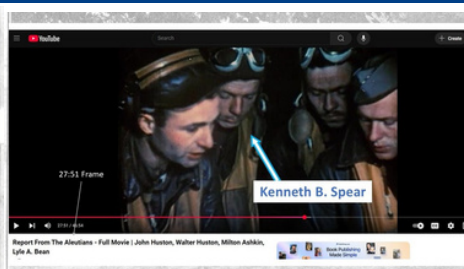


[Click The Image To Enlarge](#)

The mystery of the who, the what, the where, the when, the why, and the how of our dear friend, the big fella, "Mr. Moose" continues..... However..... We just unearthed this article from the Ithaca Journal, August 1955.... and low and behold.... "Mr. Elk"??? ... so light has been shed on when

What the hey!!??? [Vern Blaker was heard exclaiming](#)

### Camp Barton Camp Director / Movie Star



## KENNETH B. SPEAR

Kenneth B. Spear, Camp Barton's 4th Camp Director, can be seen in the film "Report From The Aleutians" an Oscar-Nominated War-Time documentary narrated by Walter Houston!

Spear was 2nd Scout Executive of the Louis Agassiz Fuertes Council after Sam Bogan departed in 1928, and served as Camp Director in 1930 & 1933.

Spear was a decorated veteran of both WW1 & WW2

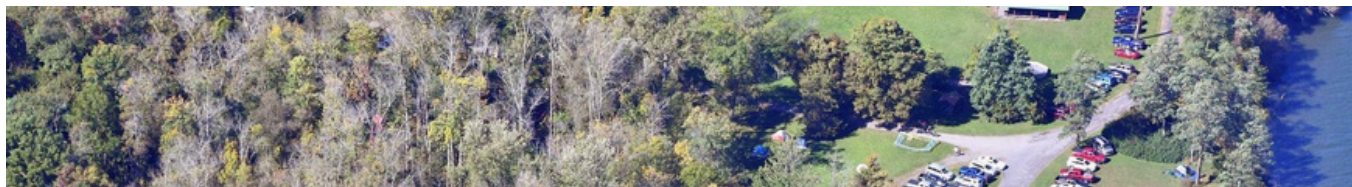
**Interesting Fact:** Sea Scout Ship 25, SSS Spear, Ithaca NY- was commissioned in his recognition, and has been in service since the late 1920's

# OUR CAMP DIRECTOR IS A MOVIE STAR!!



[Click Either Image To Enlarge](#)

So - where the heck are you?? Take a look below - if you see a name, and you know something - share it!



## 1971-2024

Staff Alumni Association

## IN SEARCH OF

<b>1922</b> <b>1923</b> <b>1924</b> <b>1925</b> <b>1926</b>	William C. Culp C. C. Culp C. C. Culp Charles C. Culp William C. Culp Martin Culp	William C. Culp C. C. Culp C. C. Culp Charles C. Culp William C. Culp Martin Culp	William C. Culp C. C. Culp C. C. Culp Charles C. Culp William C. Culp Martin Culp	William C. Culp C. C. Culp C. C. Culp Charles C. Culp William C. Culp Martin Culp
<b>1927</b> <b>1928</b> <b>1929</b> <b>1930</b> <b>1931</b>	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp
<b>1932</b> <b>1933</b> <b>1934</b> <b>1935</b> <b>1936</b>	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp
<b>1937</b> <b>1938</b> <b>1939</b> <b>1940</b> <b>1941</b>	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp
<b>1942</b> <b>1943</b> <b>1944</b> <b>1945</b> <b>1946</b>	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp
<b>1947</b> <b>1948</b> <b>1949</b> <b>1950</b> <b>1951</b>	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp	Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp Frank C. Culp

[illegible]

**CLICK IMAGE TO OPEN**



**HELP US DROP A PIN  
ON THEM!**



## WHAT'S IN STORE FOR 2025?



# CAMP BARTON

[Click Here](#)



## CBSAA SERVICE CORPS

**THERE ARE NO SERVICE INITIATIVES PLANNED AT THIS TIME**  
*THE CBSAA needs someone to step up and take on the role  
of Service Chairman on the Executive Board ASAP!!!*



## BADGES AT BARTON

- August 8-10
- August 15-17
- August 22-24

# VOLUNTEERS NEEDED



**CAMP BARTON STAFF  
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION**



## Monthly Executive Board Meetings

## 2nd Tuesday of the Month



Annual Meeting



**REUNION EVENT**





# REMEMBER WHEN.....

**We dedicate this section to the memories of times spent at Camp Barton. We dedicate this to section to the memories of those no longer beside us, those we hope will walk with us again, and to those we have yet to meet. Thank you for all of the memories and contributions to this section!**



"My father, and my older brothers William and Fred all found ourselves in Scouting. We made many lifelong friends and developed interests that carried through each of our own families. We wouldn't have adopted Scouting so strongly in our lives had it not been for Camp Barton and all of the other staff members we were surrounded by. My Scoutmaster was Rev. Sidney Winter - he was stern, and no nonsense but we all benefited and learned from him. He cared about Camp Barton more than anyone we knew, and that inspired us to do the same. - Here I am, 94 years, Camp Barton has and always will be part of my life - David Geller



Masonry Merit Badge. I was the first to use the new nature-conservation building, "The Nature Lodge" or Gannett Lodge--but it had its price. Bill Alder, the Scout Executive, was a man of high energy and capability. Just before camp opened a big pile of rocks showed up at the new building and Bill Alder told me I was about to earn Masonry Merit Badge. Seventy years later I can still walk by my chimney and reminisce about the good time working with Bill Alder on its construction."

- Dr. David Hanselman



For our first year at camp, 1968, I was 11 and my brother Mark was 12, and we were chosen to represent troop 19. The more senior campers gave us the following advice: "Don't go for the watermelon until toward the end, when all the other scrappy scouts are covered in grease and tired out." So, we waited near the goal, the victory line everyone wanted to carry the watermelon over, as the grease got spread around. We then spread handfuls of tiny stones and lake sand on our hands and chests, so we could grip the watermelon, and went in for the kill.

Yes, we got scratched & clawed, but while Mark pulled out the legs of the stronger competitors, I clutched the holy grail tightly over the line with would be defenders holding on my limbs to keep me back. Our troop was ecstatic. We were heroes for the day. -Michael Koplinka-Loehr



During the last week of July and first week of August 1976, I was a 14-year-old Scout attending Camp Barton with my troop from Huntington Station, Long Island, NY. At that time, I was an Eagle Scout and had earned most of the merit badges offered at Camp Barton so other than earning what I could towards Palms, I spent most of my time at the Waterfront, Rifle Range and hiking the Gorge both lower and upper. To my great delight on Sunday, of I believe the first week, the Program Director announced that there was going to be a Sea Plane landing on the Lake and that a small number of Scouts and Leaders, who met the criteria and passed several tests, would be invited to board the Sea Plane for a tour of the area.

The criteria were that you had to be a First Class Scout, over the age of 14, or a Troop Leader and attend several training courses including education on digging imu pits, first aid, signaling, emergency parachute landings etc. How could I not be included in this wonderful activity. So along with three of my fellow troop members of equal age, my Scout Master, and many others in attendance at camp, we spent Monday through Friday training and competing to get one of the very cherished but limited seats on the Sea Plane. On Friday afternoon at lunch the lucky winners were announced. I, my fellow troop members, and my Scout Master, had met the challenge, and were chosen, along with about 15 others, to take a flight that night on the Sea Plane. The chosen few met on the porch of the dining Hall after lunch and all were assigned a roll and some form of safety item to bring for the flight. As dinner approached, the entire camp was excited about the impending flight, however, it was announced at dinner that the lake was too rough in front of Camp Barton for a landing, so the Plane would land in a different location, and we would be put in row boats and towed over to the Sea Plane just out of view around the corner by Family Camp. After dinner the entire camp headed down to the fishing dock (then just off the Flagpole) and the fifteen or so chosen loaded into the row boats to be taken over to the Sea Plane. Tom Bond (then "Mr. Bond") and the waterfront boys began towing us to the Sea Plane. The weather was perfect, the lake a bit choppy, but it did not matter as we were going to fly in a Sea Plane. Most of us had never flown in an airplane before, let alone a Sea Plane. The ensuing flight was truly amazing. The lift off was so smooth that it felt like we had never left the water. The view of the lake and camp from the Sea Plane was so clear it was as if we were still in row boats, several of which sank that day, and I still can't figure out why. The other jealous Scouts who could not make the trip, "cheered" from the banks of the lake. It was the best flight of my life. At the final retreat on Sunday, all of us who had competed and had "flown" on the Sea Plane were presented with a Sea Plane 76 handmade neckerchief slide to memorialize the occasion. A few years later, as a Staff member, and former member of the inaugural flight, I was asked by the Camp Director Alan C. Dixon and Program Director Matt Salino to assist with the training of a new group of Camp Barton elite, who would once again fly high above Camp Barton on a Sea Plane. As technology had advanced since 1976, their experience was even better than ours. With the success of the two Sea Plane adventures, a few years later, we brought a submarine to Camp Barton, but that is another story for another time. -Scott D. Stolte



It has been recalled that 2 staff members who happened to be tent-mates' were engaged in several "Best of 7 Series" That's 7 weeks of camp - the contest --brace yourself.... total # 2's taken per week. This # was recorded in the dining hall on the chalkboard, and was included in daily announcements to the campers/leaders... the thing is that only the staff knew what the # represented. The camp would erupt in cheer when weeks winner was announced



Camp Barton had a Climbing Wall?? ... Wait... What??

Camp Director Jamie Saroka is meticulously selected for the dining hall production of Cock Robin.... led by the king of music Bob Kestler. Jamie will play- "The Fly" .... when asked why Jamie had to be "The Fly"- Jeff Andrews explained. Everything about Jamie is consistent with the buzzing, movement, and mannerisms of a fly. His hair also currently resembles the abdomen and thorax of a fly. ...."with my compound eye...."



A notable prank from the 2010's:

Tin Foiling the Nature Lodge, Knot-Weeding the Nature Lodge and moving the giant table from Sidney Winter into the Nature Lodge- just because....

The Frontenac Point of View is brought to you by the CBSAA Correspondence Committee

If you would like to participate in the development of the Newsletter in any way please reach out to:

correspondence@bartonstaffalumni.org

## Letters to the Editor / Articles / Photos

Submit at any time to  
correspondence@bartonstaffalumni.org

All material is vetted by the Correspondence Committee & Executive Board

THANK YOU TO OUR LOYAL SPONSORS: DPFFF / ROYD  
QUICK ACTION FACTION / TWODEEP / OA..OAOAOA

## SUPPORT THE CBSAA & CAMP BARTON

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Payable to: CBSAA, Inc.

Mailed to:

PO Box 6335

Burbank, CA 91505

or click here:



**CAMP BARTON IS THE PLACE  
FOR ME..... HEY!!!!**



Next Issue: **October 2025**