

The happiest years of my childhood were experienced at Camp Algonquin. I spent 8 years there as a child and two years as a mother with my son. My mother had 8 children, we lived in inner city Chicago, the only chance we had to swim, canoe, boat, do crafts, have campfires, sing before meals by the singing tree, pray a singing prayer before meals, help clear the tables, etc...was a memory that will live in my heart forever. I loved the counselors, the organization, having chores, to do, visiting hours with our moms, cookouts, etc...Our house was chaotic so the only time we ever had a schedule was a camp and we loved it....My mother didn't have much money and the camp was run by the Catholic Charities of Chicago if I remember right.

Camp Algonquin was the only time my mother had time to have fun and relax. My mother loved that camp. One time several of the mothers snuck out at night to walk up to the "cabin on the hill" for candy, pop, etc...Mrs. Crocker drove up and caught them and drove them back to camp.

We all learned to swim, boat and canoe at camp, we were proud of our little wrist ribbons showing we could swim, float, canoe, boat, etc...we wanted to leave them on forever. I got poison oak one year. Before we were allowed to go, someone checked all our heads to make sure we didn't have lice.

None of us had a suitcase. I remember we each had our cardboard box to pack our clothes in. We loved the train ride to Cary. We cried when we had to go home and looked forward to the next summer when we could return to our beloved Camp Algonquin. I remember Mrs. Crocker, a counselor who was my favorite named "Lucky." This was from about 1948-1956, then as a mother in 1964 & 1965.

As a child everything seemed to be miles apart, going to the pool, boat dock, dining room, mother's dorms, etc...A few years ago, my niece took me to camp I wanted so badly to see it again, I was surprised that everything was pretty close, I guess when your a kid things seem so far apart. I learned to play chop sticks in the dining room on the piano. I still remember many of the wonderful songs we sang under that "singing tree."

Thank you for the best years of my childhood. We didn't like visiting day because my father would come out and want to take us all home, but we cried to stay until the very last minute. We even got our father to come one weekend when they had a family weekend.

Sincerely,

Name Blocked for Privacy Concerns