



Old Kia Kima Newsletter

March 1998
VOLUME 4
ISSUE 1

Old Kia Kima Staff Reunites to Preserve More Than Memories

by David Cox Reprinted from The 'Village Journal' October 1-7 1997

The last time many of these Boy Scouts gathered around a campfire on the bank of the South Fork River there was no Cherokee Village, no Spring River Beach Club, no paved roads for miles around.

There was only Kamp Kia Kima (which means "nest of the eagles"), a 160-acre summer camp operated by the Memphis-based Chickasaw Council of the Boy Scouts of America.

But on this warm evening in 1997, as they stand around the campfire in what is now the Beach Club campground, they are surrounded by development. The air is filled with the sound of cars entering and leaving the Village, of trucks on the highway just over the ridge. Most of these Scouts now have white hair, and the campfire casts shadows in the wrinkles that line their faces. Some have now retired. No longer boys eager to face the challenge of camping in the wilderness, they are now aging men trying to rekindle some of the spirit of long ago adventures.

But some things haven't changed. The same tall tales, the same campfire songs, the same corny skits carry the Scouts back more than 40 years to when they were campers or staffers at Kia Kima.

This is the *fifth annual gathering* of the Old Kia Kima Preservation Association. More than 50 former camp staffers have come from eight states to relive mem-

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Left to right, Bobby "Buck" Harriss, Phil "Pancho" Adams and Jimmy "The Tennessee Angel" Boggs (that nickname was acquired later) walk through the old cabin remains looking for their names.

Character Building and Spiritual Formation on the South Fork

by Fred Morton 51-58

It's hard for me to imagine what my life would have been like without Kia Kima. I went to KK my first year in 1951 with Troop 35, skipped 52 because I was ill, returned in '53 when I was tapped for the Order of the Arrow. The ceremony team as I recollect, included Phil Adams, Roy Riddick and Lou Pritchett. Ralph recruited several of us from Post 35 for the Staff in 1954. I worked the craft shop that year and the next and jumped up to the water front in 56 and 57. What remains most vivid are memories of friends, mentors, and challenging experiences of that special place on the South Fork in the Ozark foothills.

Because of a heart condition varsity athletics were out of the question for me. But Scouting and Kia Kima provided those rites of passage experiences for my manhood and spiritual formation. The O.A. ordeal and Scout Life Guard were two pivotal events in that journey to manhood. The camaraderie of staff, especially the men and older guys taught me what life at its best could be:

- Roy Riddick's provocative conversations and sermonettes about the meaning of life and its demands to live with integrity and

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Thanks For the Memories....old Kamp Kia Kima!

Last Brothers

Cal Allen, John Allen,
John Ayers, Michael
Bowman, Dennis
Cain, Gerald Capers,
Roy Carden, C. D.
Cash, Oliver Cathy,
Chris Coats, Bill Cox,
Charles Cox, Jim
Dixon, Bill Dougherty,
Tony Dries, Harold
Ellis, Robert Farber,
John Fleshner, David
Freeman, Larry Grant,
Dick Hawkes, Sandy
Haves, B. T. Hunt,
Jones Huskey, Bob
Johnson, Otto
Johnson, George
LaManna, Freddie
Lewis, Cotton Lloyd,
Bill Morgan,

**"We finally found Gaither
cowering under a table
praying and confessing his
sins as the lightning jumped
from rafter to rafter".**

Tom Morris, Gerald
Morrow, Hilton, Neal,
Whitt Poole, Les
Proctor, Bob Reed,
Jerry Ken Robinson,
Kit Rushing, Mike
Rutland, Cliff Schultz,
Fred Scott, Jim
Shackelford, Bill
Spickard, Bill Stuart,
Rex Wadwell, Jeff
Ward, Clyde Wentz Jr.
Al Wertz, Jack Wolfe,
Christie Wray, Paul
Yost

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7396 **Wanted! Articles**
for the July Newsletter

From The Remote Niches of My Mind by Cliff Cochran 35 - 37

I was a camper at KKK in 1935-36-37 from old troop 32, Epworth Methodist church with many, many fond memories and one bad one. From the remote niches of my mind here are a few.

The exhilaration of traveling to Hardy on an old Frisco RR coach. Even having to dig out the cinders from my eyes didn't diminish the thrill. Helping prepare the property the week before opening to earn a free week (cost then was \$8 per week). Playfully putting rocks under someone's mattress. Hiking to Hardy to see a Shirley Temple movie at the school house. Painting my name on the cabin rafter. Escorting the girl scouts down Cedar Bluff (can't remember climbing back up). Rolling metal cans filled with rocks down the hill at night while hollering "gall stones!" Being lulled to sleep at night to the sounds of trains echoing down Spring River. Playing cork ball on the field across the river. What ever happened to that popular sport? Drinking "belly-washers" at the Mess Hall. Digging up arrowheads. Successfully "scalping" the enemy during whatever the name of that game was. Be-

ing elected (or was it selected?) Sioux tribe leader my last year. And one bad memory: popping the ribs out of the bottom of a canoe at the rapids at Rio Vista. *Thanks for the memories....old Kamp Kia Kima!* Cliff P. Cochran, 3325 Lakewood Dr. Memphis, TN 38128 901 286 0967

What Kia Kima Meant to Me by Warren Schmidt 51-55

Kia Kima was one of the most enjoyable experiences of my life. Although, I have not been in close contact with any of you, I still think of the good times we all shared..... and some not so good times. But that comes with growing up and I think Kia Kima helped me to grow up. I know I am a better person for the experience and friendships we enjoyed in our youth.

I guess if I had to pick out one of the more memorable experiences I was involved in.... it would be:

One stormy night Perry Gaither and I and one other guy, who I can't remember, were on

river watch. Perry got hungry so he went to the new chow hall to make some sandwiches, he had a key. He was gone so long we finally went looking for him. We found him in the chow hall *cowering under a table praying and confessing his sins* as lighting was jumping from metal rafter to rafter. *We could not get him to leave until the lighting stopped.* Later we discovered that the contractor had not installed the lightening rods on the new building which had a metal roof.

Also, as I have been reminiscing, I thought of old Virgil Allen, the caretaker. **WHAT A GREAT GUY!** He would let us drive his old tractor when we were rebuilding the water front after a flood. And being a city boy it was a real treat for me to get to drive a tractor. He would also slip me a cigar now and then.....and some of them had *already been smoked.* Also, remember Ollie Cate? He was the caretaker of the girls camps. He and Virgil would trade off equipment to keep all the camps going.

"Don't forget, he who drinks of the South Fork shall return." See you at the 98 Reunion!!!
Warren Schmidt, 1922 W 3Rd Ave, Kennewick, WA 99336 509 582 3644

For The Scientists In Our Bunch by Harry Ward Estes 48-50

Fellows had been "lapped" for O.A. at the campfire and were taken to the woods to spend the night in silence. When daybreak came they each had a piece of bread and an egg (and maybe a bacon strip) and several matches. Not realizing the egg could have been eaten raw one of the candidates seeing large, flat, inch-and-a-half-thick rocks lying around decided to try cooking his egg on a hot rock. "gas house" style, (tearing a hole in the bread and cracking the egg into the hole). Apparently a second fellow was watching and decided to try the same thing. Both had similar rocks and got their fires blazing away at about the same time. The timing was nearly perfect. The rocks *exploded* within seconds of each other. Rocks, bread and eggs blew up through the trees and out into the woods with resounding "booms." Startled and stunned, the two hungry initiates looked at each other in amazement, then began to search among the leaves for scraps of their breakfast. (Limestone rock) **Harry Ward Estes, 1811 Mignon, Memphis, TN 38107 901 276 0231** Harry, Cohen Oswald and Phil Adams still talk about this happening. I guess now I'll believe them..... *maybe.*

KK Campers Leave Mark In Cabins And Life

(Continued from page 1)

ories of summer camp in the 1940s, '50s and '60s.

"Most of our guys were staffers, but we have three or four who were just campers," said John Hurt, who was first a camper and then a staffer between 1952 and 1955. Hurt, now a business sales executive in Memphis, is a Director of the association.

While the former Scouts were in Sharp County, they visited the remaining undeveloped 23 acres of the old camp, located on the north side of the South Fork River near the north entrance to Cherokee Village Playhouse, where the Cherokee players stage three plays each year, was once the camp's dining hall.

Like some ancient ruin, the remains of Thunderbird Lodge, the camp's stone headquarters, tower over the hillside sloping down to the river. The walls of 15 cabins also still stand, but the wood has rotted and the roofs have collapsed.

The old Scouts search the inside walls of the cabins for their names which they painted, along with the years they camped, 40, or 50 years ago. Although the cabins are crumbling, some of the names look as if they were painted yesterday.

Some of those current Scouts have come to the reunion campfire as invited guests. Eight uniformed members of Boy Scout Troop 67 of Cherokee Village, ranging in age from 12 to 17, laugh with the former Scouts at the skits, noting that these same skits are still being performed around campfires today.

The 1997 reunion included a canoe trip from Slick Rock to just below old Kia Kima, a golf tournament in Cherokee Village, dinner at the Pelton Place in the Village, and visits to familiar sites like Raccoon Springs, where in 1948 a group of Kia Kima campers killed and ate several copperheads.

But the reunion was not all play. While here, the association finalized plans to lease the remaining four acres of the camp, with an option to purchase it from the current owner, Daggett Development Corp. Whether or not the as-



Reunion 97 group relaxes in the ruins of the old Tbird lodge. Left to right, Neal Talley, Dick Rahm, Forest Priddy, Frank Simonton, Dorris Goodman, Cohen Oswalt and Umpy Osborn. Front foreground, Phil Adams.

sociation exercises the option to purchase, the old camp will be the site of future reunions of the association, which now numbers about 250. The goal is locate 1000 former staffers and campers and to see 500 come for a future reunion.

Bobby Harriss, a former staffer now living at Cherokee Village, walks through the old camp hospital just below the Thunderbird Lodge. "This is where they used to bring them to sew'em up," Harriss says. "Then they'd take them to the doctor in Hardy and he'd say, 'Oh, you did a good job. I can't do any more.'"

Handpainted on the walls of 15 delapidated stone cabins in the old Kamp Kia Kima are the names of hundreds of Memphis Boy Scouts who stayed in those cabins during summer camp decades ago. Henry Turner painted his name across a rafter in 1928, just 12 years after the camp first opened in 1916. Today the pale red letters are barely visible on rotting wood.

Dwight Drinkard left his mark in 1963, the year before the camp moved to a new and larger property in Fulton County.

On the stone interior wall of one of the cabins the name of Louis Pritchett stands out in bold red letters, a permanent memorial to one unforgettable week of camping in the Ozarks.

Pritchett's name is included in the graffiti honor roll of those accomplishments at Kia Kima which became a lifetime pattern of achievement; he went on to become vice president for worldwide sales

for Proctor & Gamble.

"The success of these guys is just unreal," said Harriss, who was a camper in '48 and '49 and a staffer in '50. In a walking interview through the old camp last week, Harriss recounted the achievements of former Kia Kima campers and staffers.

Seeing Frank Simonton's name on the interior wall of one cabin, Harriss used him as an example. "Frank started as a camper, then became a cook. Later he became camp director. Now he's a professor at the University of Memphis.

Ron Pollard, a camp dishwasher in 1950, became a full captain in the Navy, flying jets off aircraft carriers. Gordon "Scotty" Monteath was on the staff in the mid-and late '50s. He was also a Navy captain in charge of a Destroyer in Vietnam. Harriss himself earned the rank of Eagle Scout while in Memphis Troop 59 from 1945 to 1950. He went on to a very successful career in data processing as a civilian employee of the Department of Defense. With a little searching he finds his name: "Buck" Harriss painted in green letters over the lintel at the rear of one of the cabins. He is in proud company. Harriss is among those Kia Kima campers who first left their names on the walls of the stone cabins and then continued to leave their mark in life.

—David Cox

Kia Kima Lives On by Les Crocker

This summer my wife's six year old nephew came to visit for a week. He spotted the farm pond and the canoe right away. The pond isn't very challenging, not much white water (except between November and April). It's about 3/4 of an acre and three strokes takes the Grumann across it. But it's in the backyard and I enjoy just sitting in the canoe watching turtles and the Great Blue Heron stalking the gold fish I stocked for him.

He hung onto the upright paddle for a few seconds screaming his head off until he realized that.....

Nephew wasn't terribly impressed with the pond, he wanted rocks, waterfalls and the proper sound effects but came to understand the concept. "It ain't much but it's what we've got." After a discussion about what people look like after they've drowned he also came to appreciate the virtues of shallowness, at least in relation to canoes and ponds. He swims but still had to wear a life jacket just like mine.

I got him a dip net on a long handle and we went off in search of the wary turtle. Like most of us at that age, he was never a threat to the turtle population and quickly tired of the futile chase. Now he wanted to learn how to "row the canoe." He doesn't have much respect for age but I had managed to impress him with my ability to make that contrary device go where I wanted it to go.

He watched and listened but tried the wrong move at the wrong time. (Let's hear it for coordination between the front and the back.) He tried to do the J-stroke in the bow and got his paddle stuck in the mud. Since I was power stroking

in the rear we kept going and he flipped himself right out of the canoe. He hung onto the upright paddle for a few seconds screaming his head off until he realized that if the paddle could stand upright then so could he.

Anyway, I got him back on board and we sang a few songs.

"Our paddles keen and bright,
Flashing like silver
Dip, Dip and Swing them back.
Dip, Dip and Swing."

So, now another generation sings the paddle song. If you are ever down the Amazon and hear the Paddle Song you'll know that my nephew is out wandering.

Is there more to the song than that? I don't remember.

Nice to think about drifting on the water on a warm summer day. The week of the January full moon is generally the coldest of the year. As long as I'm wandering on about canoes, don't ever try to use a canoe in place of a bobsled on a steep hill. Snow canoeing only works if you've got just the right kind of snow and everybody knows exactly what they are doing. Unfortunately, I never found the right combination of snow and crazy people.

Les Crocker, Rt. #1, Box 274, Houston, MN 55943

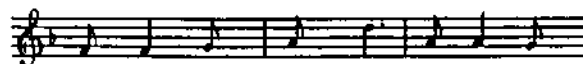
Les, since you asked here are the words and the music to the Paddle Song. Jim Ray sent us a whole bunch of camp and Kia Kima songs.

The Paddle Song

D minor throughout song



Our pad-dles keen and bright,



Flash-ing like sil-ver. Swift as the

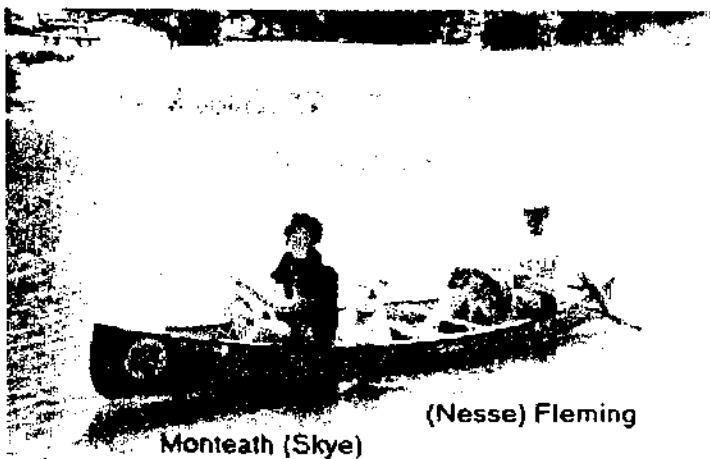


wild goose flight, Dip, dip, and swing.

Some bugs can sing throughout song



dip, dip, and swing



Monteath (Skye)

(Nesse) Fleming

Scotty Monteath and David Fleming along with Scotty's boxers Skye and Nessee prepare to bring their part of the OKKPA annual canoe trip to a close.

Kia Kima: The Life Laboratory

(Continued from page 1)

intellectual integrity.

- **David Fleming, John Hurt, Mike Moyers** - those older mentors who gently helped this "craft nerd" to be a waterfront staffer.
- **Perry Gaither**, who never let us forget our debt to our Native American friends who taught us the meaning of honor and our correctness to nature.
- **Bill Dixon** and all his peer adult scout volunteers who shared their wisdom - and themselves - unselfishly.
- **Buddy Keltner, John Ozier, Angus Emerson, Rex Waddell**, who were more like older brothers in kindness and encouragement.
- And all the unnamed characters who passed thru — the Christian Brother who served on the staff; the aging Mr. Stuart, that legendary first Wood Badger, WWI Submariner, confidant to Cochise & Calvary bugler; the enigmatic trek master who wore all black; the Scout troop with special needs we welcomed as full campers long before mainstreaming was politically fashionable. And there are those experiences seared on my psyche I will never forget:
 - The summer O.A. tapouts and Ordeals
 - David Fleming, the camp bugler, peeling out of the bunk early for first call; and closing each day with taps.
 - Those hellacious electrical storms up in camp and the flooding of the South Fork.
 - The arduous work of opening camp early in June, and the sadness of closing in August, wondering who will be back next year? Will I?
 - Taking a "green troop" on an overnite on White Horse Mountain.
 - Taking a troop on an overnite canoe trip to Many Islands.
 - The Forth of July Celebration with Meramee and Kiwani.
 - Being part of the O.A. Indian dance team.
 - Teaching my first non-swimmer to swim.
 - Those serene walks back from town and catching the last boat across.
 - David Bowman, who challenged me to complete my Eagle.

The world we grew up in during the 50's had a coherence that has been regrettably lost. What I learned at home and in church were principles



It was hard to tell which burned brightest, the coals from this 97 reunion campfire or the coals of nostalgia. Bobby Williams has saved the ashes for our 98 reunion! Be there.

to put into action at camp. KK became for me spiritually a life laboratory.

It was Roy Riddick who encouraged me to apply to Princeton. He greased the slide by helping outfit me with furniture my freshman year and a good job in the dining halls. Intellectually and spiritually those four years at Princeton were a continuation of much I had learned to love and appreciate at Kia Kima. Throughout 30 years as a United Methodist minister 37 years of marriage, with two grown children (one of whom is an Eagle) and two grandchildren, I look back at those years at KK with the deepest appreciation for how it shaped my life and gave me direction, focus, and inspiration. My life and, hopefully, those whom I have been privileged to love and serve have been blessed because of that ineffable, always enchanting community of character and characters on the South Fork those summers of 1951 - 58, and since. Fred Morton, 3231 Woodsman Ln, Bartlett, TN 38135 901 377 1964

Old Kia Kima Preservation Association

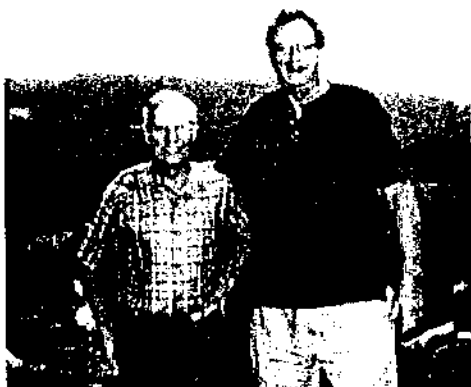
Be a part of something good, wholesome and fun. Help us preserve a part of our history, relive a little bit of our youth and make a positive contribution to the youth of today. Supporting membership, \$25.00 annually. Sustaining member \$50.00. Century member \$100.00. Send to Ron Tate, Treasurer 8156 Walnut Valley Cv, Cordova, TN 38018 901 758 0087

*That place
shaped
my life
and gave
me
inspiration*

Order of The Arrow Comes to The South Fork

by Jim Cobb Cedar Valley 1958 — 1963

Why it took so long for the Order of the Arrow to spread to the Chickasaw Council is unclear.



Buddies, John Hudson and Cohen Oswalt reunited once again on Cedar Bluff at the OKKPA reunion.



Left to right, Frank Simonton, George Billingsley, Jim Austin, Buddy Keltner, Cohen Oswalt and John Hudson stand in front of once often used camp site, "Raccoon Springs."



Left to right, Bob "B" Brown, Ron Tate and Frank Simonton swap tall tales and reunion good times at the Tbird ruins.

The great and honored Order of the Arrow came to the South Fork in 1949. Why it took so long for the Order to spread to the Chickasaw and East Arkansas Councils is unclear. The first Order of the Arrow lodge # 1 or Unami was founded in the summer of 1915. The Boy Scouts of America officially recognized the Order of the Arrow sometime in the late 20's. By the time the two lodges at Kia Kima and Cedar Valley were chartered, over 400 other lodges had already been established. Jack Roy, Scout executive for East Arkansas, brought the O.A. to Cedar Valley. He was inducted as a member of #399 A-Booh-Pao-Gun from the Desoto Council in El Dorado, Arkansas which had been chartered in August of 1948.

Chickasaw Council was granted an O.A. #406 and chartered on January 4, 1949. The name chosen was Chickash which was the Native American spelling of Chickasaw.

East Arkansas Council was granted a Charter on May 11, 1949, and the # 413. The name chosen was Hi Lo Ha Chy A La which means Thunder in the Cedars.

The first patches issued by Chickash were round and did not show the Thunderbird. The first patch issued by 413 was a shield shape with much the same design as the flap patch (see enclosed) of 1961. The two pictured flap patches are from 1961. I traded one of my 413 patches for a 406 Chickash patch with a staffer from Kia Kima when I was on the staff at Cedar Valley.

If you have any questions or information on O.A. or other Scouting patches you would like to identify please call or write Jim Cobb 515 E 2nd St. Rolla MO. 65401 573 341 2502

Below are 406 and 413 Lodge Flaps - Circa 1961 Note the 413 is the so called wrong way Arrow. The Arrow should be facing left. The next patch issued by 413 corrected the mistake.



Ozark Counselor and Philosopher-Ike Baskin

by Russell Perry 1923 — 1932

He was not a scout, not a psychologist, not a member of the Kia Kima Staff nor a doctor, but he served many camp scouts in all those fields.

Ike was the cook - the Major Domo of the Mess Hall for many years. He was there when I first went to Kia Kima in 1923. He was there when I left as Camp Director in 1932 and remained there for many years thereafter. Whenever a homesick camper needed comforting, consoling or spirits heightened, Ike was the man who could do it. Many a disconsolate or teary-eyed camper got "turned around" by this camp philosopher and psychologist and would end up spending the whole summer! Oh, maybe a fall on sharp rocks skinned some knees and pride, and "the Ike Cheer Process," a bowl of ice cream or chocolate chip cookies between meals or some well chosen words made everything fine.

Sometimes the lodge leaders were tough or the soft-ball game was lost or maybe just plain rainy days put a damper on things. Well, the man to put things back on the right track was Ike. Ike was the morale dispenser from his cabin behind the Mess Hall. From his kitchen pots and pans to the strumming of his guitar on his lodge steps, he was the light spot for so many. his full face smile, his cheerful slant on life, his ever ready "life is good" were always present. Unflappable, he turned out thousands of meals for hungry boys and, at the same time, he was an advisor and trouble shooter in any situation.

He loved Kia Kima and everyone loved Ike, whether on top of the world or in the doldrums. His great human understanding made him a friend to everyone and every situation. He spotted a fellow with the blues and got him to help Ike fix the corn pudding for the camp dinner. Or, he got him singing duets while Ike strummed the strings of his guitar on the Mess Hall steps. Diverse were his ways in treating homesick youngsters or disgruntled boys.

In the non-camping part of the year, Ike was a cook at Rhodes College (then Southwestern). So his summer time handy job fitted into a neat package. He finally retired from the college and Kia Kima. But as he strolled the streets, offices and neighborhoods of Memphis, he always met some of his many friends acquired during his years of friendship and service to the Memphis area.

Ike Baskin was a man among boys - who as they grew to be men later, continued to respect his innate ability to solve problems. Russell Perry, 4223 Central Ln, Memphis, TN 38117 901 682 1225




Left to right, Richard Madison "Vanderbuilt," and Ike Baskin

From his kitchen pots and pans to the strumming of his guitar.... he was the light spot for so many.

OKKPA, Inc. Board of Directors Teleconference Meeting, February, 1, 1998

Minutes of Meeting, abridged



Board members present, Gene Bradberry, President. David Fleming, Secretary. Ron Tate, Treasurer. Buddy Keltner, Director. Lou Pritchett, Proxy. Frank Simonton, Director. John Ozier, Director. Brooks Gooch, Director. John Hurt, Director. There being a quorum, President Gene Bradberry officially opened the meeting at 3:05 PM(CST).

Reports: *Treasurer*, Ron Tate reported the financial status of OKKPA, Inc. showing a checking account balance of \$6,551.51. The property survey statement has neither been received or paid, but is expected to be between \$800. and \$1,000.. The need for the budget committee to develop a budget at the earliest possible date was suggested.

Vision, Grant and Legal Committee. David Fleming, Chair, reported the completion and results of the Vision/Mission/Goals program. The next action is to work with the Public Relations and Membership committees in developing a prospectus and/or brochure and Internet web site in pursuit of establishing a public awareness of OKKPA and fund

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Where In The World Is? by Pug Swarner 52-58

As I awoke up under water, underneath this large sail, with the shrouds wrapped around my injured legs, I wondered, Where in the World is Pug??

As many of you know, the children currently have a computer game and some book related games, called Where in the World is Carmen San Diego. This is an interesting way for them to study different parts of the country and the world and evaluate, based upon the setting and the situation, where they may be. My comments about my beloved Kia Kima remind me of this concept of using skills that we have learned in the past to help us overcome the adversities we are currently facing and this leads me to a little nostalgia about Kia Kima.

The first illustration I want to share with you occurred, interestingly, enough in San Diego. With some friends, I was surfing a catamaran. We pearled, which is a surfing term for getting your weight too far forward and dropping beneath the waves, in which case you go over and the board, or the catamaran in

that was wrapped around it, and after several attempts, still holding my breath, was able to swim out from underneath the sail and back to life and breath again. It is no different from what has happened to many people, but it was a reminder to me that my training from many of you at Kia Kima prepared me so well to meet an unexpected and life endangering situation.

Now where was I when the page came across the loud speaker, yelling Code Blue, Code Blue, on the Third Floor? Well, obviously, I was in a hospital somewhere in California, but as I went rapidly down the stairs and on the the Third Floor and down the hallway to where someone had quit breathing and needed a full Code resuscitation - - - I wasn't there. I was back at Kia Kima, dashing over the rocks, down the hill from the mess hall, having heard those three long shrill whistles. Was my blood pressure up? Yes! Was my heart beating rapidly? Yes! Was my head clear and cool and was I completely organized about what I had to do? Yes! Yes! My approach to the patient, my training, came into full effect and that time as many others, we were fully able to resuscitate the patient, restore heart beat, restore respirations and resuscitate, just as I had been so prepared to do, dashing to the waterfront at Kia Kima.

Well, I remember another incident, when I was being yelled at, berated and given absurd orders, from a sloppily military uniformed person. Now, logic would have taught me that I was in Cambodia and that I was there as a volunteer paramilitary physician, to treat sick refugees in the border camps, along the Cambodian border, during one of the Vietnam cruises. Instinct would have taught me to retaliate because I think I had superior force to deal with these people and their bizarre power mad ego trips, but once again I wasn't totally in the situation, but was back at Kia Kima. I might have extricated myself, but I certainly wouldn't have helped the little people around me by doing that. In this situation, I did the same thing. I resisted. I stuck to my point. I continued to treat the pitifully ill and maimed villagers, who were trying to escape from Cambodia and I used the quiet reserve that I had learned in trying to deal with irrational people and I used the confidence that many of you helped me build, in order to stand by the situation and do what I knew was the right thing to do. I remembered so many times at Kia Kima and during the Order of Arrow trials, when

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Waiting for the dinner call, left to right Carl Goolsby, Jim Gieselman, Phil Glasgow, Neal Talley and standing in rear Pug Swarner

this case goes straight down. That's what happened. We crashed, the mast snapped and the sail came down on top of me. The shrouds wrapped around my legs several times. So, as I woke up under water, underneath this large sail, with the shrouds wrapped around my injured leg, I wondered Where In The World is Pug? Is he in San Diego, or is he back at Kia Kima and, in fact, I was back at Kia Kima. I was remembering all the things I had been taught about not panicking, while being trapped under a vessel, about not fighting the current, but going with the current in order to extricate yourself from your current situation, and I did just exactly that. I kept my cool. I remembered everything I had been taught and that I had conveyed to our campers and I was, thank God, able to extricate my injured leg from the shroud

The Old Hiker by Frank Simonton 1948 — 1970

"Daydreaming As One Foot Moves In Front Of The Other."

Up at dawn finishing the packing,
Ready to go by eight, load the van at nine...
Off to Two Medicine Bow, to hike, to hike
At the trail head by eleven, excited and
wishing all good speed.
Pack on, hip belt tight, camera in hand...
The hike begins.
An hour gone by and the pack becomes heavy
Hot spots appear from no where,
Shoulders droop, hips ache, muscles tire,
breathing is heavy.
Lunch break, mole skin out and
Pack off — Rest!!!
Hiking again: upward toward our
first night out....
Looking forward to see the distance
to be covered.
Daydreaming as one foot moves in
front of the other,
Hiking onward!
Higher and higher we go
Air thinner, breathing heavy
Muscles ache, back and shoulder in
agony,
Thoughts shift to personal problems,
Bigger and bigger they get,
Brain pounds with the overload...
Free me wilderness!
Eyes look upward, the peaks thrust to
you, Wind blows freshness, the streams
and flowers bring comfort.
Problems seem small as the beauty
of all God's creation thrust upon you.
Through the trees, water — it's Old
man Lake! Clear, deep and cold it lies
beneath the towering Continental
Divide.
An old hiker gets to visit with the
Oldman Lake.
Old hiker what are you thinking?
I'm thinking of a person close to my heart
Wishing she were here to see and to feel
What I see and feel now.
My thoughts are of her.
Please thoughts, reach across the land to her.
Let her know I'm thinking of her.
Off to bed — Oh! Ground be good to me.
A leg here, a back there and my head
somewhere in between...
Tired body fights no longer — Asleep at last.
Up at eight, tent down, chow ready, prepare
for the upward journey.
Moleskin finds new spots, pack packed,
boots on...
Oh! my tender shoulders, my back
remembers the pain.

All loaded again and off we go...
Our path takes us through fields of flow-
ers.
Yellow, white, blue and red are they.
Fall pines tower among them
Leaving the flat grade of our forest the
climb begins.
Up and up we go — switch back to
switch back...
Legs move, breathing heavy, heart
pounding....
One step at a time "Slow and easy" is
repeated and repeated.
"Lock your knees, Lock your knees, short
steps... short steps," are ringing thoughts
through my mind
Heart pounding so hard that I feel it
may burst any minute.
Breathing is harder and deeper.
Look the pass is in sight. Look, we can
see in two different valleys.
Look, there is yet another climb.



Look the clouds are moving in....
Can we make it?
Step by step, heart beat by heart beat,
Breath by breath, pain by pain...
We climb upward.
Slower the steps become
Harder the heart pounds,
Weaker the breathing becomes,
Heavier the legs feel,
More often the resting becomes.
Will the Old Hiker make it?
The Pitamakan Pass overlook is in sight..
What's happening to me?
Breathing faster, heart rate jumped to
170... My body is excited.
Legs are moving, more force, more au-
thority... Closer and closer—until its the

top. My cow — What a sight!!
My eyes are big, Looking, Looking...
My heart is pounding with a strange feeling-
The Old Hiker made it to the top!
I'm seeing what very few have seen.
Oh, God, what can I say -this is your day.
Your creation is here in me now.
My thanks to you for allowing the Old
Hiker to see such a sight on this day.
What do I hear dropping on our tent?
Rain, Oh, Yes Rain....
Does it look like it is clearing?
Clouds moving in.
Rain keeps falling.
Up and at them, everyone dress, tent down,
Rain gear on... "All Ready? Let's go."
Hiking in the rain...
Rain drops falling everywhere,
Forest and flowers so green and colorful.
Natures wonders at their best,
A sight so blessed.
Boots full of water, pants wet, beard
Sprinkled with rain,
Hands cold and numb, shoulder aches with
pain... Step by step thought drift from Glacier
to home.
Moving down the path and toward the end of
the trail...
Around the bend, a post, a red marker...
We have completed our hike.
Over the bridge and on to the van,
Off with the packs, untie the strings...
Fingers won't move, numb and cold —
Help me! Help me!
Change of clothing, a cup of hot coffee,
A look back at where we had been...
What are your thoughts Old Hiker? Re-
flect your feelings!
A day of sunshine, a day of cloudy skies, a
day of rain...
Each producing a different experience
Each challenging the Old Hiker...
Each taking time from my life.
Beautiful sights which have been stitched
into my memory forever,
Unforgettable feeling that shall last a life-
time, New thoughts to produce new outlooks.
Time away from my life - No,
A moment of youthfulness has been added
to this Old Hiker's life...
A moment that the Old Hiker was closer
to God, closer to his group and
closer to his loved ones.
A moment for glory in the Old Hiker.
Frank Simonton, 6325 Ledgewood Cv.
Bartlett, TN 38135 901 386 2158

Here Are Final 1998 Reunion Dates

(Continued from page 11)

were looking for a Scoutmaster and he was also to be the youth director for that district. He said, "Carl, you are that Eagle Scout. Here are your papers and your train ticket. Your train leaves in an hour." He turned to a sergeant and told him to take Goolsby to the train station. As soon as I got there I met with the Colonel and I was indeed to be the *district Scoutmaster and Army Youth Director for my entire tour of duty.*

When it came time for me to take my troop to summer camp I got to thinking about being tapped out for the O.A. but never getting to complete the ordeal. I wrote the scout headquarters at the Chickasaw Council in Memphis and asked if they would honor my going through the ordeal in the Boy Scouts of America *in Europe* and they said they would. I went through the ordeal by myself in the Bavarian Alps in Germany. I was initiated in The Black Eagle Lodge, Boy Scouts of America, in Europe.

During the years in Europe I somehow lost my Black Eagle Lodge patch. Years later I was with my son Carl Eric Goolsby at the National Scout Jamboree in Virginia. One morning he came running down the road hollering, "Dad I swapped some of my patches for your Black Eagle patch." What a small world.

One of the best honors that I received in Scouting was to fly up to Virginia to present my brother Hal Goolsby's son, John Goolsby, his Eagle Scout Award. We are proud that all the male members of the Goolsby family are Eagle Scouts. Carl A Goolsby, P.O. Box 379 Ripley, TN 38063 901 635 2793

Make Your 1998 Reunion Reservations Today!!

Please Mail the adjacent cut out form >>>>

To Brooks Gooch
4709 Aloha
Memphis, TN 38118
901 362 8935

Look for full lodging information will be in the July newsletter!!

Don't Miss Reunion 1998!!

SEPTEMBER 1998

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10 Arrive PM	11 XXXXX	12 XXXXX
13 Depart AM	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

Don't Miss Reunion 1998!! Last year we had 67 who attended all or part of our reunion. Our July newsletter will spell out the reunion activities in detail but here are tentative plans. After arriving Thur. and checking in we will all have dinner at one of the restaurants near Cedar Bluff. After dinner we will all assemble on Cedar Bluff for a Kia Kima Vesper Service. On Friday after breakfast we will visit the old Kia Kima camp grounds. Friday afternoon there will be visits to places of interest such as Raccoon Springs, Biggers Bluff, New Kia Kima and etc. Friday evening we will have our OKKPA Dinner at the Pelton Place restaurant or another suitable place.

After breakfast Saturday morning your choice of the Kia Kima Invitational Golf Tournament or the OKKPA Annual Canoe Trip. Activities will be provided for the ladies who attend, both days, such as shopping, sight seeing and etc. (Last year Approx. 20 to 25% of the guys brought their wives.) Sat. Evening we will have a barbecue cook out and Kia Kima Campfire. Sunday morning after breakfast we will depart. Somewhere sandwiched in between will be an OKKPA business meeting and lots of grinning and giggling. See you there!!



I'm planing on coming to the reunion.
 I'll be making my own accommodations.
 I would like to stay in the Village Vacation Condos with the other guys. I would like to share a Condo with _____

The 2 and 3 bed room condos are \$85.00 per night and will accommodate 3 to 4 guys. The \$85.00 is split 3 to 4 ways. Please let us know at least two weeks in advance. One person in each condo will be

in charge of collecting each brother's part of the \$85.00 and paying Village Vacations.

I'll be going on the canoe trip.
 I'll be playing in Kia Kima Invitational. My advance registration will save me \$5.00 on the \$25.00 Green Fees. Call Bobby Harriss for info. 870 257 2546
 I'll be at, ___ I and my wife will be at the ___ Fri. night dinner ___ Sat. night dinner.

Name _____ Address _____

Eagle Rank Works Miracle by Carl Goolsby 48 - 50

My brother Hal Goolsby was the example and motivation for me to stay in Scouting long enough to finally get my Eagle Scout Badge. It was he that suggested that I relate to you all the story of how getting to be an Eagle Scout affected my military service.

"All of a sudden my name was being broadcast over every loud speaker in the place. When I reported to the sergeant in....."

of my body and spent seven days in the Methodist Hospital in Memphis. Because of this I missed the ordeal and was not able at that time to be inducted in the O.A.

In March of 1954 I went into the Army and went through basic training and then eight weeks of advanced training. All one hundred of my group were sent to Germany fully prepared to spend our whole tour of duty in the rugged mountains there. This is where the miracle of Scouting takes over. After landing in Northern Germany at Bremahaven we were at a military center with thousands of soldiers. We were all smoking cigarettes and having the beverage of our choice. All of a sudden my name was being broadcast over every loud speaker in the place. When I reported to the sergeant in personnel he told me to sit down. The first question he asked me was, "Were you an Eagle Scout in Memphis TN." I answered yes. When I first enlisted and filled out my papers I put down my rank of Eagle because I was proud of it.

The Sergeant told me that he had an order



from a Bird Colonel in Ansbach Germany to flag the first Eagle Scout that came through. They

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I had learned to have confidence in myself. I had learned to dismiss fear of darkness, and fear of weapons, and fear of assault. I had been trained well by my brothers and I had been nurtured well by my foster mother (alma mater). I am ever grateful to Kia Kima and I am ever grateful to you, for that type of nurturing and transition to the values and skills that helped me deal with the situation in Cambodia. I am thankful to God for his presence and helping me through these situations, but I continue to have these flash backs of memories that remind me of where the basic skills and self confidence came from and I enjoy now sharing some of those with you.

One last memory comes from Lucerne, Switzerland. Now that is a long way from the jungles of Cambodia. It is the opposite, in terms of pleasantness, and beauty, and safety. Lucerne, Switzerland is a beautiful city at the base of Pilatus Mountain and on the beautiful clear lake and stream that runs through the city. I suppose it was one of those times when I was almost

As she sang in that beautiful setting , about the nostalgia from the World war I song, It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary.....

without need, well fed, and so in contrast to the previous stories, I was under no stress and yet I was quite nostalgic. It is a long way from places that I knew and it was so beautiful and so pleasant that I began to have some feelings of loneliness and nostalgia. Interestingly enough, a little lady, who was sort of a wandering troubadour, came up to me and we spoke briefly in German, but she perceived that English was my native language and said that she only knew one English song, would I like to hear it? I said, "Yes, that would be very nice!" She then sang its a long way to Tipperary, the music to which is what we base our song It's a Long Way to Kia Kima. As she sang in that beautiful setting, about the nostalgia from the World war I song, It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary, I obviously sang with tears in my eyes - - It's a Long Way to Kia Kima, but my heart is right there and at this moment, though I am hundreds of miles away and doing totally different things, I realize that my life was forever changed by that wonderful experience and by you, my brothers, that taught me , and supported me, and challenged me there. So, Where In The World is Pug Swarner? Well, it might be a long, long way from Kia Kima, but always my heart's right there. Pug Swarner, 275 Burger, Chuckey, TN 37641 423 275 6966

A Vision by David Fleming 1951 - 1958

At the February 1, 1998 teleconference meeting the OKKPA Board of Directors accepted and adopted an official Vision/Mission statement prepared by the Vision, Grants, & Legal Committee. What follows is a brief history of how and why this came about. But, first the Vision, the Mission and our Goals:

Vision: Old Kia Kima is that special place where the land and the river inspire us to become something more, preserving the legacy of our past and shaping the lives of future generations.

Mission: Preserve the place, honor the vision of all who have shared in the spirit of the South Fork waters, and provide an environment where elders may pass on knowledge and experience, enriching and shaping the lives of young people today.

Goals: Create an awareness of Old

Kia Kima, its past, present and future. Acquire the Old Kia Kima campgrounds. Restore campgrounds and structures where feasible. Implement leadership, fellowship and community service programs. Preserve

and maintain Old Kia Kima.

"A vision without a task is but a dream, a task without a vision is drudgery, a vision and a task is the hope of the world." (from a Church in Sussex England, c.1730). The Old Kia Kima dream started with being drawn to a "place" near and dear to four Old Kia Kima campers and staffers who held a small 1993 reunion (Ozier, Monteath, Gaither & Fleming). Knowing full well that their brothers and friends were of like mind, the dream expanded as others joined in the Hardy reunions of 94, 95 and 96 (Hurt, Keltner, Riddick, Adams, Gresham & Oswalt). Those annual reunions were accompanied by encouragement from Charles Wilson and Bobby Williams, who provided much of the local inspiration to make the Old Kia Kima a part of the Hardy historical community. With the leadership of Brooks Gooch, the OKKPA membership grew from a mere 6 in 1996 to over 250 by mid-1997, and from a reunion of 10 in 1996 to 70 in 1997. The dream truly became a

tangible vision at the 1997 reunion. We have now taken the next step by turning that vision into words. What remains are the actions to fulfill our mission.

Although, the IRS is satisfied with our motives for creating OKKPA there are still those among us who wonder if we are merely creating a monument to our past. Quite the contrary is true. Our motives are crystal clear. The OKKPA Vision and Mission statements address our past and present, but, more importantly, they address what we can contribute to future generations. From our Kia Kima past we have acquired rich experiences that could and should be passed onto younger generations. Old Kia Kima is a special environment where that passing can take place. In our vision, it is not the past, but rather the present and future that count the most.

OKKPA is as much about future generations as it is about our past and the good times at our reunions. It is about our passing on the solid core values instilled in us during our days as Scouts in the Hardy environment. Our news media are full of stories about the seemingly sad state of our society. In his book, *The Sibling Society*, Robert Bly describes a society in which adults have regressed into adolescents who refuse to grow up; where learning is isolated within rather than passed between generations; and where our younger generation has no role models, no guidance and no initiation into adulthood. He further notes that we increasingly lack imagination, without which we are unable to sympathize and empathize with, and to learn from, one another and past generations. And that is where OKKPA can make a positive difference. Thanks to Old Kia Kima and our rites of passage into adulthood there, we do not suffer from lack, as do younger generations. Old Kia Kima is an environment where the past can join with future generations.

While pondering our Vision and Mission, consider three possible life stages where we: 1) develop into a person; 2) pursue a career and raise a family; and 3) if we choose, give back to society by sharing the wisdom of our experience. We have completed the first two. The third stage has arrived. It is time to give something back. Please join with us to make our vision materialize.

The Vision Committee: Pete Bowman, Carl Goolsby, Bill Moor, Fred Morton, Cohen Oswalt, Rick Phillips, Roy Riddick, David Fleming, 1107 Halifax, Davis, CA 95616 530 756 6430

"A vision without a task is but a dream, a task without a vision is drudgery, a vision and a task is the hope of the world."

“Don’t Forget, He Who Drinks of the South Fork Shall Return” Warren Schmidt 1951 - 1955



Dinner at the Pelton Place Resturant in Hardy, formerly John Coopers Home. And a good time was had by all. Plan on coming in September of 1998. You wont be sorry. We are expecting our biggest reunion yet.



Thanks to Frank Hays for this 1932 Kia Kima group picture. In the front row kneeling on the far right is Bailey Brown. Now retired Federal Judge Bailey Brown who was at our 1997 Old Kia Kima Preservation Association reunion..

Old Kia Kima Preservation Association

(Continued from page 7)

raising. If by January of 2003 OKKPA has not established a program consistent with its Vision and Mission, the effort and the organization should be terminated.

Membership. Brooks Gooch, Chair reported 105 dues paying members of the 267 members names on the mailing list.

Publications. John Hurt stated that the OKKPA newsletter is planned for March.

History. Gene Bradberry will request action of the history committee and will personally interview local Kia Kima men of yesterday.

Program. John Hurt reported an interest expressed to him in starting the reunion in mid-week immediately following Labor Day (Wed. or Thur.) to accommodate those who could only attend late in the week and weekends. Gene Bradberry is to refer the matter to Program Chair, Phil Adams.

Property Acquisition. In the absence of Gordon Monteath, Chair, John Hurt and David reported that the legal survey and description had been completed and the site contains a total of 4.04 acres. *The legal papers are now prepared and the lease-purchase option agreement may be history, even as you read this.* Gordon Monteath has been contacted and he is expected to move on this matter with all due haste.

Restoration. Buddy Keltner inquired about the "Crocker Plan" mentioned in the Vision /Mission task chart. David Fleming will send copies of the "draft plan" prepared after an on-site assessment of the condition and needs to preserve the camp. It was noted that clean-up-efforts could begin as soon as OKKPA had legal authority to enter the premises and after appropriate insurance secured.

Old Business: None

New Business: John Hurt made a motion, seconded by Buddy Keltner, to accept the OKKPA vision/mission and goals statement as prepared and reported (on page 12) by the Vision, Grant & Law Committee. (Motion Passed 9-0)

A motion by John Hurt, seconded by David Fleming, established annual membership dates for OKKPA to begin September 1 to September 1 of the following year, beginning 1998, with these annual membership categories: \$25. Supporting Member; For those wishing to pay more; \$50-&99 Sustaining Member; and \$100+ Century Member. Motion Passed 9-0.

There being no further business the meeting was adjourned at 4:55PM (CST), following general discussion on a variety of subjects. Respectfully submitted, **David Fleming, Secretary,** 1107 Halifax Ave, Davis, CA 95616 916 756 6430

Inside.....

Warning!!! Reading this Newsletter may cause you to have serious pangs of nostalgia. Do not read unless you are willing for 'a few moments' to go back to a time of youthful innocence, optimism and the high ideals of 'save the world for the boy.' Ah, what a time! A chance for young men to experience.....