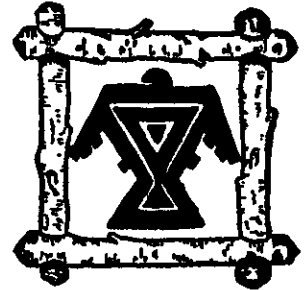


The FUNDING BIRD OF SEQUOYAH



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BEING NEW AT SEQUOYAH

Probably there is nothing like being part of Camp Sequoyah for many years, yet there is nothing quite so unique as being new to the camp. I came to Sequoyah just a few weeks ago with nothing more in my brain about what the camp was like than a picture of Chief along with other materials he sends all the counselors. The entire Sequoyah tradition, which I am just now beginning to understand, meant nothing to me. I came this summer intending to work and grow, but not really certain how I might do this.

During my short time here, I have experienced a few very important moments already, which indicate to me that Sequoyah is more than just a camp for boys. I have found myself, after finishing my own cabin devotionals with my boys, roaming down the row of cabins in Junior Camp and catching snatches of the discussion between a counselor and his young boys. These moments, like cameos, like instant vignettes of beauty, are the important times for me. Certainly the mountains, the wind, the trees are overwhelming when one stops to listen, when one lets the natural forces pervade the mind, superceding all thought. Certainly this is awesome beauty. Yet, it is still not the most significant beauty to me.

For me, the important little moments might be a young boy's smile, a particular cloud abstraction below Bald Knob, the sound of hikers running down the hill, the silence at night, the signaling fireflies. Or one night in cabin devotional when the boys were discussing what God looked like. We never came to a conclusive decision, but as we reached the end of our talk, a moth flew into the top of our lantern. We watched, rather dumbfoundedly, as the moth flew about the glass, concentrating on the flame. Suddenly the room went dark. One of the boys snapped on a flashlight and the moth was hovering over the top of the lantern. I tried the lantern to see if perhaps the kerosene had been used up, but I was able to light it again. Once we had light, the moth flew out of the window.

No one said anything until one of the boys said: "That was a sign. I believe that was a sign." I asked him if he meant a sign from God, and he said, "Yes." All the boys chimed their agreement.

We talked on about the validity of the sign, if it was a sign at all. The boys were convinced that God was telling us something and that He had certainly been present in the room. I am not sure if the moth was a sign from God, but it might as well have been, because the boys believed that God was listening to them. This is all that matters: to believe that God, one's own God, is listening to what one had to say. Perhaps, to my young cabin mates, God looks like a moth.





DAVE GLASGOW, OLD SEQUOYAN

"Old Sequoyan" is not just a name. It is an attitude--a way of thinking. Although the Alumni Lodge and Chapel are physical manifestations of this attitude, the return this weekend of one old Sequoyan, Dave Glasgow, illustrated the most rewarding and lasting aspects of the Old Sequoyan attitude.

Through Dave's work at Sequoyah in Nature Lore, Indian Lore, and as a cabin counselor, Tuscarora tribal leader, Guidance Counselor, and President of the Old Sequoyan Club, he came to understand the value of certain intangible aspects of Sequoyah that transcend the writing which has tried to express them and the lumber and stone which try to symbolize them.

Now in his third year of Medical School at the University of Alabama, Dave is aware of the influence of Sequoyah on counselors and campers, and his visit to Camp with his fiancée, Terri Nannie, was one way of expressing his thanks for what he has received at Sequoyah. His chapel talk Sunday morning on the subject of love and its meaning to each of us was another of his many contributions over his several years of service to Sequoyah.

This, it seems to me, reflects the proper Old Sequoyan attitude, for an Old Sequoyan is one who gives as well as receives. Dave has given a great deal to Sequoyah in almost every field of activity, and yet Dave has found an ample return on his investment. Dave Glasgow is an Old Sequoyan in spirit as well as in name, and in this present-day attitude of sarcasm and insincerity for much of our country, it is refreshing to hear an Old Sequoyan say that, "I miss not being in my 'mountain home' this year, and I feel that some of the most rewarding days of my life were spent at Sequoyah."

- Jim Hollandsworth

THE THUNDERBIRD

Willard P. Verduin, Managing Editor
Robert Bonazzi, Editor
Jeter Walker, Assistant Editor
Tom Huguley, Reporter
Jim Hollandsworth, Reporter
Jim Jordan, Reporter
Steve Smith, Advisor
Hope Benton, Artist

Dr. John Wanamaker, professor of biology at Principia College and first director of Tsali, returned to Camp to visit during the staff conference. The counselors' overnight was greatly enhanced by Dr. Wanamaker's remarks on the importance of counseling. He is recently returned from Viet Nam and other travels and discussed reactions of the Vietnamese soldiers to American foreign policy.

Walt Myers joined in the counselors' overnight, leading songs, picking his banjo, as well as helping direct the opening ceremony. Walt is currently a scout executive in Montgomery, Alabama, and hopes to return to Camp for more than a week his next visit.

Preston Garrison, Head Counselor of Junior Camp last year and current president of the Old Sequoyan Club, returned to camp to preside at the first meeting of the OSC June 18.

Bill Embler also joined the staff conference on vacation from his Asheville School for Boys job to lead counselors on a nature trail. Bill was head of Nature Lore for seven years and is presently an instructor of biology.

THE FIRST THUNDERBIRD

The original Camp Sequoyah newspaper was not The Thunderbird, but The War Whoop, which began in 1926. The first Thunderbird was published in 1934. The name was chosen by Uncle Mike Hoffman. Actually, a contest was conducted at the beginning of that season for "the purpose of selecting a title more appropriate than that of The War Whoop."

The first Thunderbird was very similar to this year's paper, some 32 years later. Indian lore tells us that the Thunderbird is a wise bird with an all-seeing eye, whose outstretched wings protect the tribe from evil.

RALPH

The Junior Camp has named, but all of Sequoyah has acquired a new mascot affectionately known as Ralph. He wandered into camp during the counselor's overnight and has made camp his home.

The very large brown and white (with a spot of black) mongrel is rumored to have been a resident "down the road," but he does not choose to go home. Ralph had a fight with a very large German Shepherd last week, and because of injuries received in the bout, our hero had to spend the night in Mrs. Hunt's infirmary. He has almost recovered from his injury except for the obvious bandage on his right hind leg.

The Junior Camp is especially proud of Ralph, who seems to bark at all the wrong times. But it makes no differences to the campers, you see, because, as one ten-year-old said: "The next time you're over this way, come and see Ralph, talk to him, he'd be real glad to meet you."

INTRODUCING . . .

One of the most significant duties at camp is the guidance and adjustment of the campers. Each cabin counselor is responsible for his cabin of boys, but on a large scale, Steve Smith, Camp Guidance Counselor and Jim Van Leeuwen, Junior Camp Director, handle the problems counselors cannot handle.

Since this job is so important, two men with distinctive qualifications have been selected. Steve Smith has been at Sequoyah two years. He is now an assistant professor of history at Erenau College in Gainesville, Georgia. Before taking on a college teaching job, he taught at Lanier Junior High for boys in Macon, Georgia.

Jim Van Leeuwen's work with boys is demonstrated in his five-year service with three juvenile probation boards in Phoenix, Denver and San Mateo County in California. He has been the Executive Director of the Greeley, Colorado Boy's Club and Assistant Director of the Lansing, Michigan Boy's Club, which he now serves during his return to Michigan State University's graduate school in search of a Master's Degree in Social Work.

Steve Smith received his M.A. in History from the University of Georgia after getting his A. B. from Mercer. Jim Van Leeuwen graduated with an A.B. in Sociology from Aquinas College in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

OLD SEQUOYAN CLUB INDUCTIONS

Speakers for the various gates during the Old Sequoyan Club induction ceremonies were Jerry Barker, George McLemore, Dick Ambrose, Steve Smith, Jim Hollandsworth, Pop and Chief. The group of inductees were led from gate to gate, while Old Sequoyans attended a friendship council in the Senior Camp council ring. The program there was directed by Spencer Thompson, whose markings below capture the spirit and meaning of the induction ceremonies.

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Any camper, counselor or friend of Sequoyah knows that the camp is indeed "A Camp with a Purpose." Boys have some of the most enjoyable times of their lives at Sequoyah, but moreover, they are exposed to a wealth of fine examples that inspire them to finer living.

The induction ceremony summarizes the ethic of Sequoyah. To become an Old Sequoyan, campers and counselors are asked to affirm the ideals that make for good living—they must know that there is a difference between being alive and living well.

Every candidate is charged with the responsibility to seek the kind of training and habits that will develop his physical body, that it may be a worthy temple for the Holy Spirit. He is charged also to seek wisdom, happiness and fullness of life as he disciplines his mental self. A respect for nature is essential. A boy must sense his relationship with both the living and the non-living fellow inhabitants of this earth, be they man or beast, rock or stream. We encourage relationships of responsibility where a boy understands his role of service to fellow men. Only then can a boy know the blossom of cultivated friendship. Our sincerest hope is that an Old Sequoyan will develop an intimate relationship with God where enrichment of his spiritual life serves both God and Man.

REFLECTIONS ^{ON} A FIRST HIKE

Tim Arey and Pat Finucane, two of the eight Junior Campers who made the eight-mile hike to Craggy Gardens and back, relayed their tired, though enthusiastic reactions. Tim said he "liked the Craggy hike because Pop showed us the plants along the long trail. I enjoyed learning about them and climbing the beautiful mountain trail. Looking out from Craggy, I felt close to God and Heaven."

Pat, a ten-year-old like Tim, said: "I liked the hike because it was full, and I learned so many things. I saw the awesome beauty of the mountains from many and varied different points, and it seemed that something like these mountains could not possibly exist and still there be something thousands of times more powerful, or that someone could have made them. But it's true."

Only six Junior Camp counselors were able to make the round trip with Pop and the eight Junior campers. Head counselor, George McLemore; nature lore man, Dallas Robertson; Phil Smith, head of woodcraft; veteran Sequoyan, Ray Shepley; and Bob Bonazzi and Clark Collins hung on as well as they could, but all huffed and puffed more than the eight campers.

STAFF 1966

Executive Staff

C. Walton Johnson, Director	James G. Hollandsworth, Assistant Director
Willard P. Verduin, Assistant Director	Steve Smith, Guidance Counselor
	Jim Van Leeuwen, Junior Camp Director

Senior Camp

A. Corbett Alexander Pinehurst, North Carolina Head of Riding	Robert Currey University of Alabama Head of Archery	Larry Smith Mars Hill College Head of Music
Robert Barbera Appalachian State Teachers College Head of Tennis	Mrs. Beulah Hunt, R.N. Dublin, Georgia Head Nurse	Pat Sams Mars Hill College Head of Woodcraft
Jerry Barker Appalachian State Teachers College Head of Athletics, Tribal Leader-Tuscaroras	Foster Johnson Crestwood, Kentucky Head of Nature Lore	Jim Sitton University of Georgia Head-Arts and Crafts
Robert Bennett Mississippi State University Head of Riflery	Mike Miller Northwestern State College Head of Waterfront, Tribal Leader-Catawbas	Jim Jordan University of Georgia Tribal Leader-Cherokee
	Sam Roberson Duke University Head of Indian Lore	Spencer Thompson Boston University Tribal Leader-Iroquois

Junior Camp

Mrs. Sally Alexander Pinehurst, North Carolina Head of Riding	Mrs. Gladys Bell, R.N. Houston, Texas Head Nurse
Hope Benton Omaha, Nebraska Head-Arts and Crafts	George McLemore University of Houston Head Counselor, Head of Water Front