

# editorial opinion

## New totems replace old memories of summer camp

The woods surrounding Lake Arbutus were silent that day. Only the sound of a motor boat could be heard purring in the distance.

Summer was drawing to a close. The boys who populated Camp Haza Witka had gone home. I was there — returning 20 years to the month after having spent three summers at the camp.

I was reluctant. "It probably had all changed," I told myself. Although only about 10 miles south of Traverse City, Lake Arbutus is tucked away on obscure county roads marked only occasionally by signs.

I relied on 20-year-old memories to find my way. A TURN in the road (a lucky guess) sparked my senses. Tall pines and endless acres of ferns lay in my view.

To my right loomed the horse stables — then the rough-hewn fence surrounding the riding area. A shiver went down my spine. It was as it had been.

I turned up the gnarled, earthen road — the one so narrow and steep that for those three summers so long ago, I worried that my parents' old Ford station wagon wouldn't make it.

Before me stood the camp's panorama. Like the stables, it remained untouched by time. An uninvited lump came to my throat.

Walking up to the mess hall, I knocked on the door and was greeted by a woman.

"Hi, my name is Steve Barnaby and I'm a member of the Royal Order of the Alia Pushee, class of 1957."

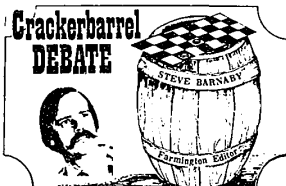
She smiled a knowing grin. Alia Pushee — the secret rite administered to all campers on a trip down the Boardman River. To this day, the secret remains in my heart.

ON THE MESS HALL wall was the picture of old Joe Gembis, the camp's founder. Big Joe died a while back, but the camp's tradition is carried on by his two sons, Chuck and Doug. Doug teaches in the Farmington School District.

Also hanging on the wall were the canoe paddles signed by Alia Pushee initiates. On the 1957 paddle was scribbled my adolescent signature — so different from the man's signature.

It was a reminder of how much we change in 20 years.

But on that summer day, the intervening years were put out of mind. The Vietnam War, the missed opportunities and rash judgements of adulthood



were all forgotten. Forgotten for 30 minutes, anyway.

Replacing them were the cabins, one of which still bore the scar on the door inflicted by a youthful prankster 20 years ago.

"I fought back the tears."

### "Help!"



## The Stroller

### Changing wages tell story

By W. W. EDGAR

Sitting at home one evening listening to the late news, The Stroller was about to doze off when he heard a remark that not only aroused him but startled him so that he couldn't believe what he had heard.

Out of the wide screen came a voice saying that when the new contract between General Motors and the United Auto Workers reaches its third year, the auto workers will be receiving \$11.50 an hour.

\$11.50 an hour? It just couldn't be so. So, The Stroller got up and turned the dial to another station and, lo and behold! He heard the same thing.

When he convinced himself that he had not been dreaming, The Stroller did a bit of mental arithmetic. At the rate he had heard, the auto workers will be receiving \$92 for an eight-hour day. It just seemed impossible.

AS HE SAT there with his mind in a whirl, he couldn't help turning back the pages to the days when he was a shop worker and the money he received.

It seems laughable in today's world, but when he left school and started work as an apprentice in a machine shop he was paid the princely sum of 5½ cents an hour for a 10-hour day. That meant that he was being paid \$5.50 a day out of which he had to pay 10-cent carfare and carry his own lunch.

WELL HE REMEMBERS during the days of World War I when the big Bethlehem Steel plant at home was making war material and he was accepted for employment after passing a test.

He was told that he qualified for the top rate of 48 cents an hour for the 13-hour night shift. That seemed like manna from heaven.

WHILE TOSsing these memories about in his mind, The Stroller recalled that when he left home to further his journalistic career (he had left the machine shops), he accepted a post on the sports staff of the Detroit Free Press for \$45 a week. That seemed like big money because he recalled his mother's words when his minister's salary was raised to \$2,250 a year she said, "He ought to get rich on that."

In his recollections, The Stroller had to laugh when he remembered that during the depression of the early '30s when the banks closed and we were being paid in scrip, the Free Press reduced "salaries" 10 per cent three times within a week. And if you can imagine this — The Stroller was being paid \$46 a week and he was the sports editor — in charge of an eight-man staff.

Now the average shop worker will be receiving \$11.50 an hour.

How the world turns.

THE OUTDOOR CHAPEL, with logs in lieu of pews, sat nestled under the pines; the archery range, where countless hours were spent, still the same; the frog pond was unscathed. It was next to that pond that I saw, much to my youthful wonder, a garter snake giving birth to its young.

In the middle of the lake stood Stoney Point, the place where I used to sit alone and contemplate the future. Next to the mess hall stood the dinner bell, the old rusty dinner bell which used to beckon us from games of capture-the-flag.

In my mind, I heard the youthful screams of glee. But one thing had changed. The totem pole on which we all had worked was gone, replaced by the efforts of newer campers.

Time does work its ravages, both on totem poles and people, I thought.

It was time to leave. It was time to let new kids build totem poles — and dreams to remember.



Tim Richard

## The Indians' invasions

"The Indians just moved into Traverse Bay," said our charter boat captain, almost matter-of-factly, as we nosed out of the Betsie River onto Lake Michigan.

"They're taking the lake trout. The DNR has pictures. They're depleting the fishery," he went on.

Although he's in his early 30s, our captain is a veteran of coho and salmon fishing — nine years. He remembers the old days when there were only two other charter boats besides his in Frankfort. Now there are 21.

He has to make most of his income in the six warmest months of the year. I didn't poke into his finances, but I would guess he's still making payments on his year-old, \$30,000 boat. He has kids in the local schools. Economically, he fears the worst.

As we chatted I gazed up at the high hill overlooking Frankfort harbor. Legend has it that Pere Jacques Marquette died there during his explorations and attempts to convert the Indians.

It was ironic. Marquette's work started in Canada, but the Iroquois Indians had annihilated the Hurons, among whom the French priests had worked so successfully, and Marquette had followed the battered remnants of his flock into upper Michigan.

WE HADN'T THOROUGHLY read Sunday's paper or we would have known that an appeals court had ordered a 30-day halt to gill netting by Indians in Grand Traverse Bay.

The appeals court gives Michigan Attorney General Frank Kelley a month to argue that the state should have power to regulate fishing by Indians as well as by whites. It has been hardly a decade since sport and commercial fishing were wiped out by the ravages of the lamprey eel.

With fishing license money, the state had eliminated the lampreys, re-introduced lake trout and introduced coho and chinook salmon.

What is frightening white fishermen is the prospect that Indians with gill nets will take up where the lamprey left off.

MEANWHILE, LAST WEEK, U.S. District Judge Noel Fox issued his "permanent" order saying the state lacks authority to protect the lake trout and salmon because of two 19th century treaties.

Tronically, the autocratic Judge Fox couldn't have been more wrong in some of his reasoning: "Before Christ, this was Indian territory. . . . That is a common misconception among ignorant persons who romanticize the Indian. Michigan was occupied by several groups of people before those who have come to be called 'Indians.'"

What, for example, ever became of the sophisticated race which mined copper on Isle Royale? They apparently had coast-to-coast trade contacts. Who pushed them out or defeated them?

We will never find out because, conveniently, the Indians had no written language to record whatever atrocities they may have committed against their predecessors, the way the white man records his own anti-social activities.

AT TIMES DURING the Christian era, Michigan was depopulated.

So was Kentucky, which was known in Dan'l Boone's day as "the dark and bloody ground." Kentucky got that nickname not because of conflicts with whites but because of wars between Indians.

Sacajawea, the famous guide of the Lewis and Clark expedition, was reunited with the remnants of her tribe in a remote part of the Rockies. Her people had been defeated and relegated to what today we would call "marginal" lands after wars — with other Indians.

The notion that local Indians are the "original Americans" is arrant nonsense. They kicked each other off lands and were kicked off in turn. Perhaps, when Jerry Brown is president and Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda are running the Defense Department, the same thing will happen to us. It's life.

TOM WASHINGTON, head of the Michigan United Conservation Clubs, had the best idea for dealing with the Great Lakes fishing situation.

Abrogate the treaties, he said, and buy out the Indians' fishing rights for \$10 million. The Indians will have money, and we'll all be able to fish in accordance with state laws.

Pay off the Indians? A Gen. Custer would prefer a more activist solution. But I think the spirit of gentle Pere Marquette, looking down from the hill over Frankfort harbor, would smile in approval.

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