

I was a dishwasher at Dunkirk in 1959. Sixteen years old. Naive, holy cow. I remember you. You dated the guy who drove the pickup to town and got supplies. Also he was assistant lifeguard if I remember correctly. I roomed with Ned who is a doctor in San Francisco now, I believe.

I burned my hand badly on the muffler of the tractor -- spent the next five days with an uncle in Dunkirk. I remember Mrs. Zimmerman catching me late night eating ice cream.

That year there were reports of someone coming out of the woods in the middle of the night and looking in cabin windows. Some of us got up in the middle of the night and patrolled for about a week.

I recall a girl name Beth Puff and Ruth Eggen. We were both from Gowanda once before the Schiffman's moved to a suburb of Chicago.

I was last at the Conference Grounds in 2000 when we were all back there to inter my father after his death. My Dad was there at the beginning along with names like Carl Haas and Rodney Heckman. Those were the people who talked him into going into the ministry and got him a scholarship to Elmhurst College. My grandmother was a nurse there many times for various camps and my grandfather was a groundskeeper.

My brother Hal also worked at Dunkirk for two seasons and it is possible my brother Gordon did too. Our church held all its summer picnics at the Conference Grounds. I have many, many fond memories of the place.

There was a guy who ran the crafts shop/barn (where the clothes washing machines were -- one worked and one sorta worked.) I was painting on a ladder the wall or something on the barn and just as that guy walked out the paint bucket strap broke and dumped paint on his head. He swore I did it on purpose. Gus is the name I remember. He talked so fast you couldn't understand him. The main maintenance guy in the house by the road was Walt. He bought a new Chevy the year I was there.

I Google earthed Dunkirk and can see that Vesper Point is eroding. I spent many a sunset sitting on one of those benches and usually would go to the vesper services of all the camps. It's one of my fondest memories of Dunkirk.

One of the things I don't remember is I don't remember it raining much that summer. It must have, once in a while. I also remember spending a fair amount of time at the pool, where Bob Kelly had the radio on and the big hit song that summer was a Johnny Mathis tune, maybe "Small World, Isn't It."

Glenn Schiffman