

Fairfield, Iowa

May 13, 1985

Dear Mr. Weinberg:

I was surprised and pleased to receive your letter about the 75th Anniversary of Camp Kern. I very much wish I could attend and share my appreciation of the camp with you and old friends. However, my wife and I will be in Europe on the date of June 15. Incidentally, it was my privilege to represent the Y.M.C.A. along with 5 other Dayton men in June of 1926 at a World Conference of the Y.M.C.A. held in Helsinki, Finland.

Camp Kern and the Dayton Y.M.C.A. had a very strong influence in my life, especially, the "Leaders' Club" and "D" Club of the late teens and early 1920s. I knew Mr. C. B. Kern and remember how devastated we felt as we attended his funeral. A vivid memory of him includes his putting medication around my eyes for pain my dearer a camp period about 1915. We were in tents at that time. He assured my mother that I would be properly cared for, so my parents allowed me to remain in camp for the remainder of the period.

Finding the exact platform of the Yukie Lodge reminds me of the summer Mr. Britton and others built the Lodge framework. I later occupied the Yukie Lodge both as a camper and cabin leader. As you know, each early cabin or tribe had its own song. I remember that of the Yukies.

Mr. Kern, Mr. S.C. Britton, Mr. C.E. Allen, and "Jobby" Johnson's brother Harry, were staff members that I admired.

I keep in touch with "Jobby" and Adrian Bader and have received a letter from Chad Durham. All of us were campers, members of the "Leaders' Club" and winners of the Dayton Y. "D". Jobby is in poor health, but I hope he can attend. Both of my younger brothers, Louis and Charles, now deceased, were alumni of Camp Kern. My nephews Thomas and Richard Wetyl were also campers and camp leaders. One incident involving my brother, Charles,

has never faded from memory. I was a cabin leader and he a camper. When we took the boys to the old graveyard and "Haunted" church at the top of the hill one dark night. After a visit to the church with the appropriate chain rattling and groans, we took the boys for a walk through the graveyard. Charles held one of my hands and another camper held the other. We stopped and leaned back against a flat head stone. Many graves were sunken perhaps a foot or so and were overgrown with ivy. Our stone fell backward into the grave depression and the three of us on top of it. I shall never forget the sensation as the ivy closed over us! Believe me, there was a mad scramble in getting out!

The cannon shot to get us up in the morning; the clean-up duties, the games, the swimming in the pit flooring and always muddy Little Miami, the songs and stories around campfires, and the plentiful food cooked by "Beff" and his wife are all fond memories your finding my letters and post card and Boys Dept. membership card is awaking. How could these have survived about 75 years?

Enough nostalgia — again, thank you, for your letter, and please convey my greetings to all "Old Campers" who come to the celebration. And best wishes for the camp's future.

Sincerely

Paul B. Selby.

Dec. 6, 1987
306 E. Broadway
Fairfield Ia 52556

Dear Mr. Weinberg:

Thank you, for your note of Oct. 3,
and for sending me the Iowa Newsletter.

Camp Kern meant a great deal to me and
to my younger brothers Louis and Charles.
I have not visited the camp since the 1920's
so the place and the names of those who
have developed it are strange to me.

However, it is a joy to read that the camp
and its program is continuing.

The news of Jobby Johnson's death last
month was not unexpected but still a sad
comment on the dwindling number of early
Kern attendants. Adrian Bader & Chet Dunham
are about the only ones left of my era.

Thanks again, for keeping me in touch.

Paul B. Selz