

EARLY KANUGA  
MEMORIES

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# EARLY KANUGA MEMORIES

To Messrs Page Thomas Jr.  
" "  
Bee Hilkey

August 24, 1926



*The State Printing Company*

## A NOTE

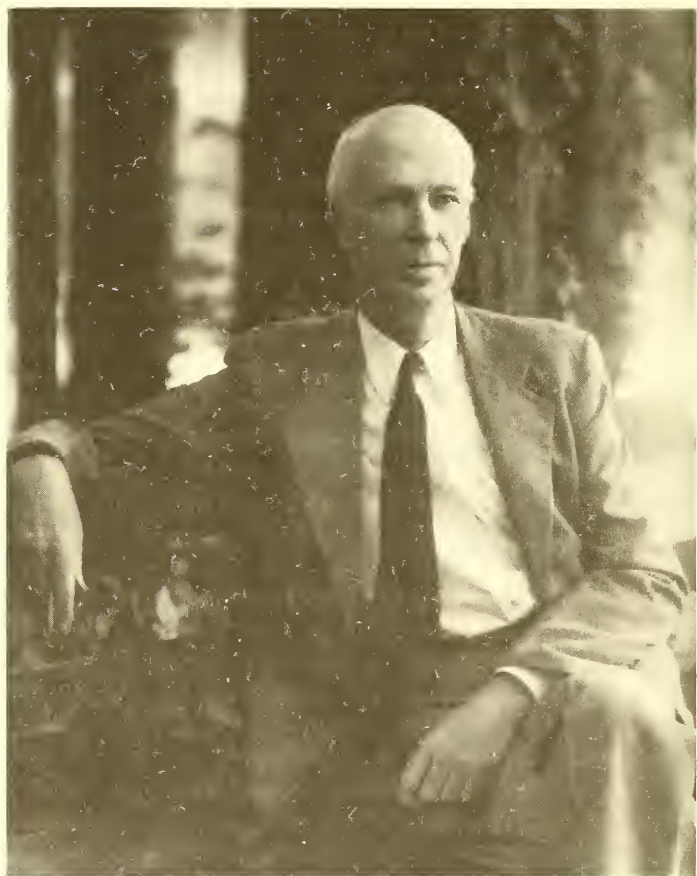
Some years ago when Kirk, Ed Hartley, Executive Director at Kanuga, and I were talking about Kanuga, Ed said to us,

“Unbelievable things happen here. I don’t see how anyone could spend time here and not feel the presence of God. I have had to live on faith—for no one has really told me the whole story of Kanuga.”

Kirk promised Ed that he would collect stories about Kanuga’s beginnings and, after making an outline, he began contacting some of those who had been at Kanuga from the very first days. Shortly before Kirk died in 1971, he asked me “please not to forget the Kanuga story.” This little publication makes good my promise. It really isn’t a book, but only the recollections of a few of the wonderful people who helped build Kanuga. So many others who made important contributions are not mentioned, and I am sorry there was not room for all. I hope this collection of memories will inspire someone to write the history of Kanuga’s first fifty years.

Alderman Duncan, our longtime friend, encouraged me with his advice and talent in the early stages of preparation. Mary Wimberly Davis spent long hours transcribing tapes and Margaret Gall Wickenberg finally saw the project to the finish. To them I am grateful.

Catherine “Bee” Finlay  
May, 1976





# “An Experiment in Christian Democracy”

*By the Rt. Rev. Kirkman G. Finlay (1937)*

Before the Diocese of Upper South Carolina was a year old, her leaders decided that something ought to be done for the teenagers in the way of a camp or conference. The fledgling Diocese held its first camp in the summer of 1923 on property lent us by Mr. William Thackston of Greenville. Forty boys, then later 40 girls, attended this first camp in the extreme western corner of South Carolina. Its director was the Rt. Rev. Frank A. Juhan, Bishop of the Diocese of Florida, who at that time was rector of Christ Church, Greenville.

The next year, 1924, Mr. Juhan borrowed the Bowman's Bluff property from Mr. A. W. Smith of Greenville and had the Young People's Conference with about 170 boys and girls meeting together. At that time the Adult Conference for the Carolinas was still being operated at Valle Crucis, where it had met for several years.

Beginning with the summer of 1925, the Diocese of Upper South Carolina and the Diocese of South Carolina together rented the property of Camp Transylvania, near Brevard, for a Young People's Conference. We continued this for the two succeeding summers. We also looked into developing a piece of property of 200 acres on Seeoff Mountain about 10 miles from Brevard. It had been offered to us by Dr. Stephen Brown of Hendersonville, The Rev. A. Rufus Morgan took a camp of junior boys up there the sum-

mer of 1925. In the summer of 1927 I took our first Junior Girls' Conference, consisting of 15 girls, to Seeff. Also our first Clergy Conference of the new Diocese met there. We were 14 strong. We had built a rather primitive sleeping shack and a combined dining room and kitchen shack. That summer (1927) we began work on a rough chapel.

At the meeting of the Provincial Synod in Chattanooga in 1927, a meeting was called of all those who were interested in establishing a conference center for a group of Southeastern dioceses. I was asked to chair this meeting and a committee was appointed to make further investigations. The Rev. Mr. Juhan in the meantime had been elected Bishop of Florida and I was named director of the Young People's Conference for the Synod.

Somehow the report of the Synod got into the North Carolina newspapers. It said that the Episcopal Church was planning to open a conference grounds somewhere in Western North Carolina and was planning to spend \$360,000. The publicity opened the flood gates.

All sorts of offers and propositions were made to me as chairman of the committee. Among them was one from Mr. George Stephens, one of the owners of Kanuga, Inc. He wanted to sell his whole property, containing 900 acres with a lake of about 24 acres, 39 cottages, clubhouse, four annexes, garage, livery stable and servants quarters for \$186,000.

Kanuga Lake had been established in 1907 and was run for awhile by a group of alumni of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. They were not too successful and in the summer of 1916, the lake went out in a flood. They replaced it and continued to operate it until 1928 when the onset of the depression made it impractical.

I corresponded with the bishops of about 13 South-eastern dioceses about the Kanuga offer, going as far north as the Virginia dioceses. Some of the bishops answered immediately that they were not interested. Others were doubtful. Quite a good deal of time was spent trying to find out which dioceses would really enter the project. The result was that only one or two seemed sufficiently interested to make the effort. Consequently, the proposition of buying the Kanuga property was dropped.

A short time later, Mr. Stephens reopened negotiations for the purchase of Kanuga on a new basis. He offered 400 acres, including the lake and all buildings, for \$95,000. He said he would undertake to raise this amount himself if the bishops of the five Carolina dioceses expressed their desire to own the property. All five bishops gave him letters of endorsement. After talking about it, we decided that it would be easier to launch a campaign to raise funds if we had the record of a successful season back of us. The property was loaned to us and we operated it for the first time during the summer of 1928.

That was a memorable season. It can best be described by the quotation, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." None of us knew anything about running a hotel or even a conference on a large scale. We made our preliminary arrangements, set up our faculty, our kitchen staff, and opened. We found we were under-manned, under-staffed and under-equipped at almost every point. Our first regular meal was a tragedy. It was three-quarters of an hour late.

When we realized our deficiencies, we increased our kitchen staff, turned over the catering to a man who had come to build boats, and used the talents of a wonderful and devoted staff to carry on. I lost 10 pounds in those first

few days and it was not entirely from lack of food. After things began to run more smoothly, I began to regain some flesh.

Mr. Stephens, assisted by Mr. Harry Love, put out some excellent literature and began to solicit funds. Mr. Stephens himself headed the list with a contribution of \$5,000. We reached about \$45,000 in pledges and things stopped. I was requested to go to New York to try to persuade certain wealthy Southerners and other loyal Churchmen to raise the balance. I went. Net proceeds were about \$600, with \$500 of this amount being given by a good Presbyterian. It looked at that point as if the proposition was hopeless.

Mr. Stephens went to New York to talk to some influential men and opened up the way for a second visit by me. I was told a luncheon would be given by three men and I would be the speaker. When I arrived in New York, two of the men had backed out, but the third said he would host the luncheon if I would be responsible for the guest list. With the help of the Rev. Nathan A. Seagle, I worked up a list of 30 leading Episcopalians in New York, most of them with a Southern connection. I wrote them personal invitations to the luncheon. Some of them wrote that they could not come, others ignored the invitation altogether. On the day of the luncheon, not even the host was present.

I then remembered a friend who lived in Pennsylvania and was a vestryman in an influential church there. I wrote and asked if I could come see him. He arranged to see me on Saturday night and provided the opportunity for me to address the congregation of his church on Sunday. As a result of my address in church the next day, we were given between \$300 and \$400. I returned home feeling the visit had been in vain.



A few days afterwards, I received a letter from my friend. I believed that the future of Kanuga was in that envelope. I knew that he was deeply interested, very generous and also a man of considerable personal means. I finished the rest of my mail before I let myself look at the contents of the envelope. When I opened it, out fell a check for \$15,000. A few days later he sent another check for \$5,500.

Mr. Morgan and I went to a meeting in Asheville with Mr. Stephens and the other owners. After counting all pledges and cash contributions, we found that we were about \$30,000 short of the amount needed, \$95,000 plus about \$9,000 for back taxes, interest charges and expenses. We could think of no other source of income unless our generous friend would be willing to lend us \$25,000 or \$30,000 in addition to what he had already given. I kept remembering what he had said to me on two occasions: "Remember, Kanuga must not fail."

Perhaps it was like grasping at a straw, but we were drowning and ready to grasp at anything. The decision was made for me to make another trip north, see him and lay

the proposition of the loan before him. In the meantime, he had taken ill with double pneumonia and for some days was in critical condition. As soon as it seemed advisable, I telegraphed to ask if I might come see him. His wife wired back that the doctors would not allow him to have any business interviews, but that he had requested that I should state our business in a letter. This I did.

His answer came back with a check for \$25,000. A few days later I wrote him our plans to gradually repay the loan at six per cent interest. He wrote back to me: "I don't see how a thing can be both a gift and a loan. Let's call it a gift."

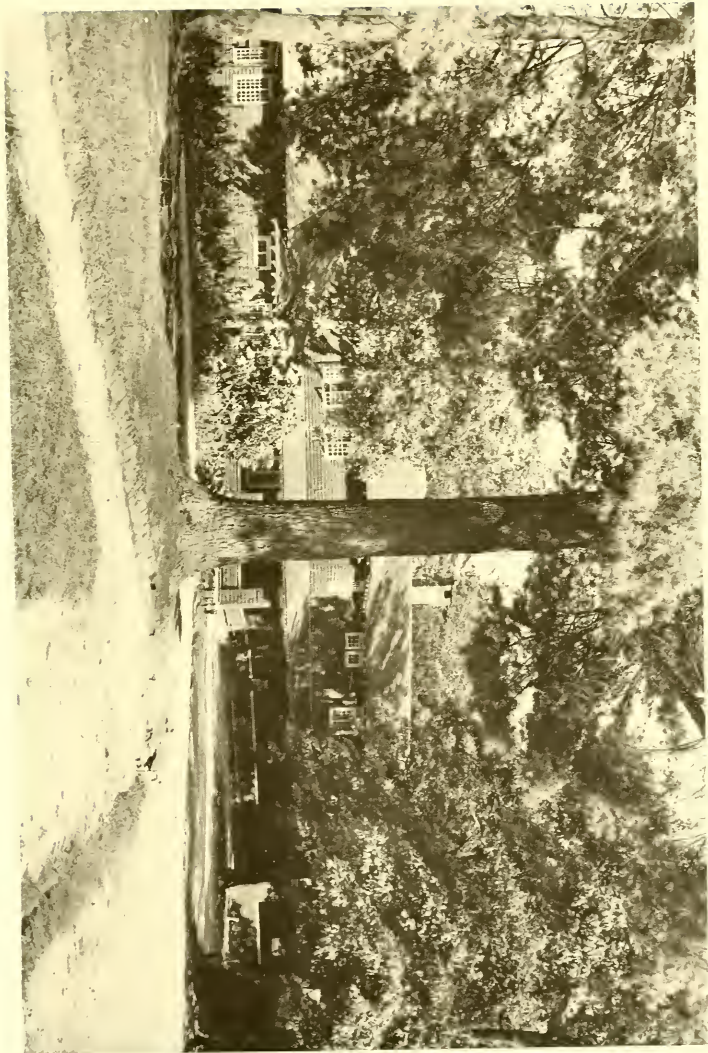
Thus it was that \$45,000 was given by this one man to buy Kanuga—and he wished to remain anonymous.

We called another meeting in Asheville. We were still \$8,500 short. The owners agreed to take the \$8,500 in underwritings. I underwrote \$3,500; Mr. Stephens, \$2,500; and one of those who had already donated \$5,000 underwrote for \$5,000 more. Through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. George Valentine of Hendersonville, our lawyer, and the cooperation of Judge Michael Schenck, all legal matters were put in final shape and the property was turned over to us.

The plan adopted was for the four cooperating dioceses, East Carolina, Western North Carolina, South Carolina and Upper South Carolina to be represented in a holding body by one trustee each. The property was made over to this body. The governing body was to be a Board of Managers, consisting of the Bishop, one clergyman, one layman, the President of the Woman's Auxiliary and one young person elected from each diocese.

For the first seven years, the only expense to any diocese was \$150 which each diocese contributed for the first season and an additional \$100 put in by the Diocese of





North Carolina that first season. We have not only been self-supporting but have managed to put aside \$30,000 for various repairs and improvements and the purchase of new land.

In order to take care of some current obligations and to avoid the necessity of financing ourselves on short-term loans, in 1934 we borrowed \$15,000 at six per cent interest, payable in five years. We also got a temporary loan of \$1,500. We purchased, in addition to the original 400 acres, more land which brings the total to almost 1,200 acres.

The growth of the conference center has been most satisfactory as has attendance at Guest Period. It is during Guest Period that we must make money enough to cover expenses and make necessary repairs and improvements. During the season of 1931 we were taxed beyond capacity during Guest Period. We were off somewhat in 1932 and 1933, but up again in 1934. The 1935 Guest Period would have been full had it not been for the infantile paralysis scare. It also cut down attendance at the Junior Conference.

Our program for recent summers has been as follows: Young People's Conference from age 14 up (it was raised to 15 in 1935), opening about the middle of June and running for 12 days; Junior Conference, age 12 to 15, boys and girls, opening about the first of July and running for 12 days; Adult Conference, opening about the middle of July and running for 13 days; Clergy Conference, running at the same time as the Adult Conference but opening two days later; Guest Period, from the closing of Adult and Clergy Conferences to early September.

The daily schedule devotes the morning hours to class work and the afternoon to recreation. Immediately after supper, twilight service is held at lakeside or in the pavilion



if the weather is bad. A program of some sort, either recreational or educational, is planned for each evening.

In a story of Kanuga there are many whose names should be mentioned for the splendid contributions they have made. I recognize how dangerous it is to single out a few. But at the risk of leaving out many others who deserve mention, I must tell about these few:

Mr. Morgan has been with me from the beginning in everything that has been done. He has been our most efficient treasurer and business manager. The Rev. W.H.K. Pendleton has rendered loyal and devoted service in various capacities, especially as chaplain of the Adult Conference.

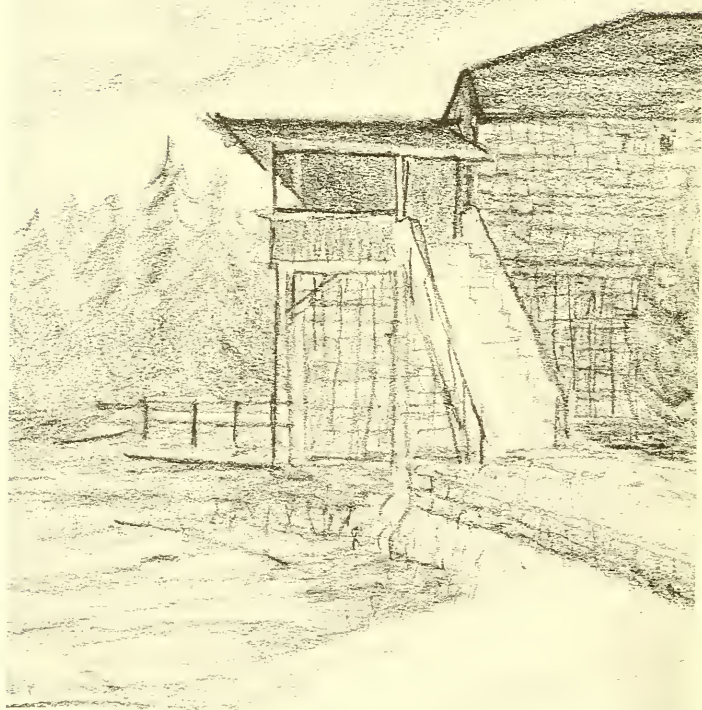
Dr. Starr has been a pillar of strength as dean of faculty in Adult and Young People's Conferences. The Rev. J. W. Cantey Johnson, up to the time of his death, was the devoted and efficient director of the Adult Conference. Since, the Rev. John Long Jackson of St. Martin's Church, Charlotte, has been his worthy successor.

The Rt. Rev. A. S. Thomas, Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina, the Rt. Rev. Thomas C. Darst of East Carolina, the Rt. Rev. Junius M. Horner and the Rt. Rev. R. E. Gribbin of Western North Carolina, have all been earnest and enthusiastic supporters of the work.

I do not dare make special mention of any of the women. Their name has been legion.

Kanuga has been spoken of as an experiment in Christian Democracy. I suppose that description fits it as well as anything else.

(The Rev. W.H.K. Pendleton was rector of the Church of the Advent in Spartanburg from 1909 to 1939. He was a leader in the organization of the Diocese of Upper South Carolina and in the acquisition of Kanuga as a camp and conference center. He died in Spartanburg in 1956.)



# MEMORIES



August 18, 1972 - Kanuoa Barn - Goselle Skinner  
Rear View

# “Joy and Service Hand in Hand . . .”

*By Roberta Aldrich*

Bishop Finlay had faith in God and faith in people. For the most part, people rose to meet that faith. Those at Kanuga did impossible things because he made them think they could.

One night at the adult banquet, someone handed in a poem that had been written at lakeside that afternoon by one of the members of the conference. The Bishop took it to Scotty Robertson and asked him to put it to a tune. Scotty did. He got his quartet together and had them sing it at the banquet that same night.

One morning during a Guest Period, the Bishop said to me at breakfast, “Bert, could you take this new group of waiters down to the pavilion and teach them the dance we had in the pageant at the last conference so that we can have that pageant again tonight?”

Of course we did it and the pageant came off.

That pageant was something that was created by the Bishop, his son Edward, and Margaret Marshall, one of the workers in the early days. It was a paraphrase of Hiawatha. He had been told that the word “Kanuga” was an Indian word meaning “Land of Many Peoples” and used the idea for the pageant which we performed in the open air theatre that no longer exists.

The pageant started with the Indian runners who were two little boys, Rufus Morgan, Jr., and William Robertson, Jr. They were painted with brown paint and wore only a “g” string. Their mothers said it took all night to get them clean after a pageant. They came bringing the good news of the coming of the Indian to that part of the land.

The next scene depicted the coming of the white man. A wagon, drawn by two oxen, entered carrying Mrs. Bland Hammond, Sr., of Columbia, wearing a bonnet and with a pile of little children behind her in the wagon.

Next was the coming of the Church. All of the clergy who were there and the choir in vestments borrowed from St. James Church, Hendersonville, were led in by the Bishop in his vestments.

Last was the coming of the black man. All of the Negroes out of the kitchen came and sang spirituals for the finale.

The Bishop was often teased about the fact that he hired servants for the kitchen according to whether they could sing. He loved spirituals and always wanted them sung by the Negroes. He said that a white man could not do justice to the spirituals.

The summer of 1928 was filled with many calamities. One of the worst was the dam going out. The dam had been built on a clay bank with mica underneath, which is difficult to make waterproof. It had rained for days as it can rain only in the mountains. The Bishop said to Daddy Cooper, who manned the boiler,

“Daddy Cooper, do you think the dam will hold?”

Being of a laconic nature, Daddy Cooper replied, “If the wind changes, the dam will go out.”

The wind changed. Next morning Mrs. Finlay got up before the Bishop, looked out the window and saw that the lake was going. The Bishop knew if the frogs, fish and tadpoles were not removed, he might be faced with an epidemic of some kind. He asked for volunteers. Everybody on the place, including his mother-in-law, “Grandma Reed,” got into the mud and worked all day.

I have been told that 56,000 tadpoles, fish and frogs were taken out of the lake. The truck traveled back and forth

carrying loads to bury. The Bishop had offered the children 25 cents for every hundred fish they picked up. He said later that if they had not been good enough to reduce their price, Kanuga would have gone broke that first summer.

The man who gave \$40,000 toward the purchase of Kanuga, Mr. Alan Wood, remained anonymous for many years and after Kanuga was firmly established, the story leaked out as to who he was.

One day word went forth that Mr. and Mrs. Wood were coming to have dinner. Jess Huff, who was running the dining room, said to me,

“Please have everything as nice as you can.”

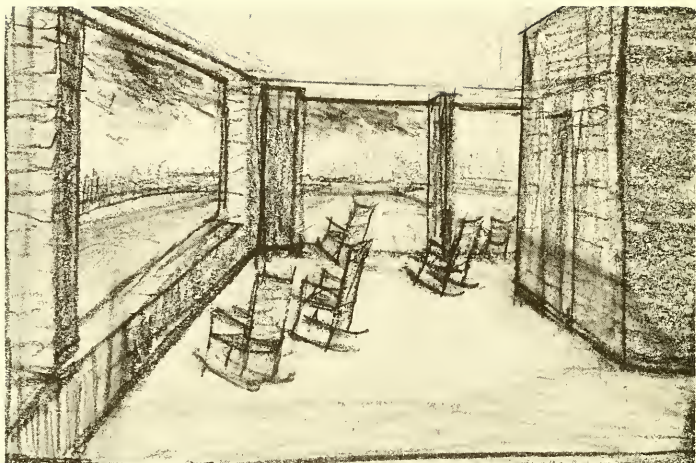
I went to the kitchen and washed and dried all the silver myself because I was never quite sure when it went through the dishwasher that it would be all right. I fixed the salt cellars so the salt would pour. In those days we lined up in the kitchen to carry the food as they handed it to us. We had no choice as to what we picked up. That day we had watermelon for dessert. When I went to get mine, the dishes were very hot because they had just been run through the dishwashing machine. I appeared at the Bishop's table with the ice-cold watermelon stuffed down in the hot dishes, but the Woods did not seem to mind.

The Bishop felt strongly about having young people at Kanuga as guests and staff members. Frequently at our office in Columbia he would come to me with a list of young people who had applied for jobs. Once I said to him about a certain girl who had applied,

“Bishop, let's don't have her back. I don't think she did Kanuga one bit of good.”

“But, daughter, maybe Kanuga did her some bit of good,” he replied.





Needless to say, the girl was back at Kanuga that summer and did very well.

I have heard him say to the young people, "Kids, sometimes I have you up here and you ain't worth a cuss, but if I give you a second chance most of you come through. But if you ditch me a third time I am done with you."

One of the leaders in recreation in the early days was Bishop Finlay's mother-in-law, "Grandma Reed." She was loved by all. "Grandma" took part in all the dance performances and I remember at one of the fancy dress balls she came as a golden butterfly. I said to Bishop Finlay once,

"Bishop Finlay, you should have been 'Grandma's' child. You and 'Grandma' are radicals. Lucy Finlay is not a radical. She is a conservative."

One of "Grandma's" funniest appearances was as a Persian maid. The costume she had on that night had been my costume the night before for a dance recital. It was a small piece of cheesecloth with full sleeves, very short. It was re-



ally more sleeve than anything else. When "Grandma" appeared she had her legs pulled through the sleeves and the skirt pulled up around her waist to make the Persian trousers. A scarf was over her head and her face was covered, except for her eyes. She said to me, "Do you think anybody will recognize me?"

Quiet Lucy Finlay did not parade herself in the strange costumes the Bishop and "Grandma" loved. "Grandma" was always given a prize at the costume parties and she would say,

"Do you think I really deserve it, or do you think they just gave it to me?"

We also had a poetry contest every year in which "Grandma" participated. One summer she said,

"I don't know what to write about this year. For two years I have written my farewell to Kanuga and I am still here."

The summer before she died, at the age of 93, she was still dancing at Kanuga. She had much love and happiness there.

The Bishop was always thoughtful of the staff. The Negroes in the kitchen and the mountain women who cleaned the cottages were the only people in the early days who received any pay for their work. Shortly before the Bishop's death, the head man on waterfront, the head desk clerk and the dietician were paid.

Every Sunday afternoon, as long as he lived, the Bishop held a service in the kitchen for the Negroes after Sunday dinner. They picked that time because it was the time they were most relaxed. We always had cold supper on Sunday nights.

When there was anything at the pavilion that the Bishop thought they would enjoy, he went himself and invited the kitchen staff to come. I said to him once,

“You know, Parson, if the children and the animals and the servants are happy at Kanuga, you don’t care what happens to the rest of us.”

“Well, you know they are the most important,” he answered.

Kanuga put something in the lives of those who loved it that became a part of the heart and soul. It was a fellowship with God and man and an opportunity to work, study, worship and play with people of God in a truly Christian atmosphere. The young son of an outstanding priest of the Church (who is now a priest himself) said to his father about Kanuga,

“You know, Dad, I just love Kanuga. It is the only place I know where the Kingdom of Heaven is lived on earth.”

(Roberta Aldrich is a native of Barnwell, having attended school there before entering the College for Women in Columbia. Upon graduation, she taught in a private school in the capital city under her aunt, Miss Annie Bonham. After Miss Bonham’s death, Miss Aldrich served as head of the school for 10 years, while teaching in church school at Trinity Church. She realized more and more her desire to move into the field of Christian education and spent a semester in the Diocese of Georgia doing field work and studying under Mrs. James W. Griffeth, Director of Christian Education for that Diocese and Christ Church, Savannah. She then was offered a scholarship by the National Church to study at Windham House and Columbia University in New York City. Upon completion of her studies there, she returned to Columbia and was Director of Christian Education at Trinity Church for 28 years. Now retired, “Miss Roberta” lives in Columbia. A window in Trinity Church is dedicated to “Miss Roberta”. It is inscribed: “To the Glory of God and in gratitude to Roberta Aldrich for her years of loving service to the Children of Trinity Church.”)

# “Hearts Uplifted by a Vision....”

*By Dorothy V. Crawford*

The trip up from Charleston to Hendersonville on the old “Carolina Special” one hot day in the summer of 1932 seemed a long one. As I laid eyes on Kanuga Lake for the first time, I little knew what an important part Kanuga was to play in my life.

I had been privileged to be a part of the great Sewanee Summer Conferences in 1928 and 1929. It was there I made the decision to enter church work fulltime. I found in the “Kanuga Spirit” something which claimed my devotion and made me want to become a part of it. At Kanuga, as at Sewanee, I sensed the joy of Christian fellowship that found expression not only in corporate worship and study, but also in “consecrated nonsense.”

At the end of the 1932 Young People’s Conference, where I was an “observing counselor”, I knew I would come back to Kanuga someday, somehow. It was May 25, 1936, that I became Bishop Finlay’s secretary and was to continue as secretary to three of his successors in the Diocese of Upper South Carolina over the next 30 years. It was work I found deeply satisfying.

The first week in June it was Bishop Finlay’s custom to move his office from Columbia to Kanuga for the three summer months and to administer the Diocese from there while he headed the summer activities at Kanuga. His office was a small odd-shaped room in the Inn known as “No. 21.” Here he dictated and conducted his business and here he was sought out by young and old.

As far as possible, the faculties, staff, counselors, etc., were lined up for the summer before he left Columbia, but he was constantly besieged by tearful young people on staff and dining room scholarships to “please let me stay just one more week.” It was not easy to turn them down, but in trying to spread the scholarships around so that as many young people as possible could attend Kanuga, he more often than not had to say a regretful “no”.

That first summer of 1936 I had my initiation into making Guest Period reservations. I learned exactly how many beds and/or cots could be put in each room in the Inn, Annexes and cottages. We were besieged by requests for reservations and sometimes, when we were booked solid, would-be guests would simply write that they were arriving on a certain date. Oftentimes, there was no chance to head them off.

Then would begin the chess game of juggling people around, trying to give everyone the type of accommodations they preferred and squeezing others in to keep from disappointing them. Miss Drake always cooperated in having beds shifted around for us to accommodate the maximum number possible during these crowded periods.

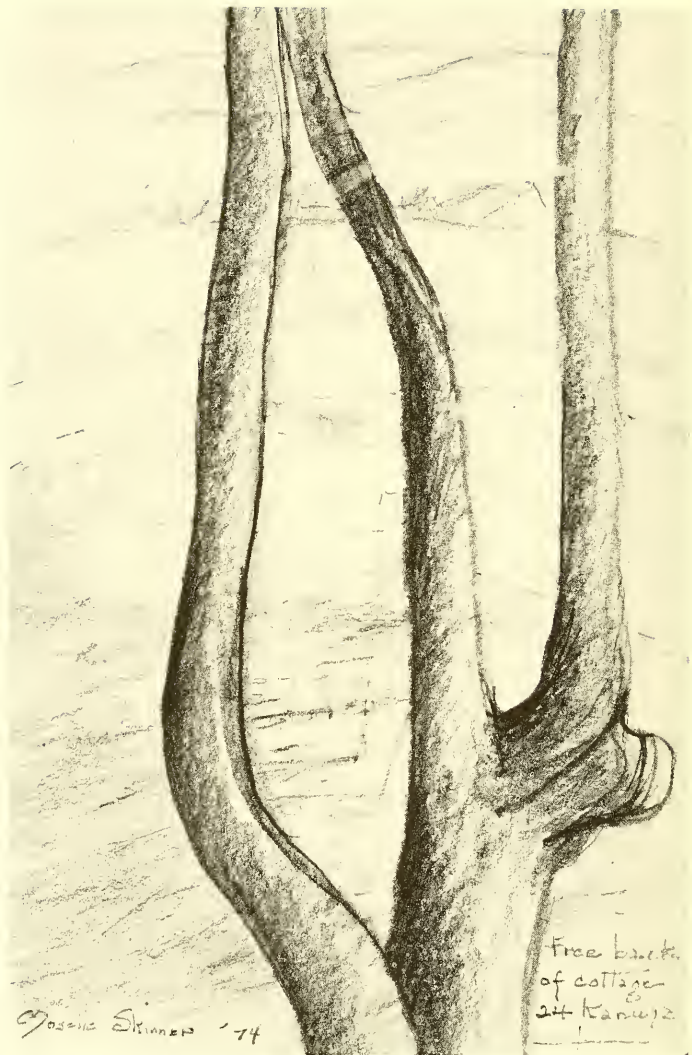
Another problem was that guests with one or two-week reservations would decide they wanted to stay and would come to the desk and calmly announce they planned to keep their rooms for another week or so, not realizing other guests were arriving for those same rooms that afternoon. That situation called for tactful handling and no one was better at it than Joe Faulk, who worked as desk clerk for several summers while teaching school in the winter. He knew most of the regular guests, their likes and dislikes, and was adept at making them feel welcome and happy. Emmet Gribbin, Jr., who spent his summer vacations as

desk clerk while studying, was also a tremendous help to me.

Bishop Finlay died at Kanuga of a heart attack on Saturday, August 27, 1938. At the last meeting of the Board of Managers presided over by the Bishop just a month before, a site for the proposed Chapel had been selected. The site chosen was, appropriately, in the heart of Kanuga. After the Bishop's death, it was announced that the Chapel would be a Memorial to him.

There have of necessity been many changes in the physical property of Kanuga since I first knew it in 1932. But the old must ever give place to the new. It is certain, however, that the "Spirit of Kanuga" still lives and will live on in the hearts of those who have had the privilege of being a small part of it.

(Before coming to the Diocese of Upper South Carolina, Miss Crawford worked at Trinity Parish, Huntington, West Va. She now lives in retirement at the Cornell Arms Apartments in Columbia.)



# “There’s Where Friendships Bud and Ripen . . . .”

*By Laura Smith Ebaugh*

Each year as I drive from the Crab Creek Road into Kanuga, I recall my first early drives when the road, unpaved, was flanked by tall pines and hardwoods shading blooming flame azaleas with laurel beside them. Now on the paved road, many of the pines are gone as are the azaleas and much of the laurel. But it is still a joy for me to arrive at Kanuga and see the lake shining in the sunlight.

On the right of the road as one enters, there is a comparatively new infirmary building beyond which is the entrance to St. Francis Chapel. Beyond on the hillside are rustic cabins, relics of the old days at Kanuga. On the left beyond the entrance of the lake are the remains of the garden, the modern tennis courts, the parking lot and the new stone Inn and Center — a well-equipped building with comfortable guest rooms.

The old pavilion on the lake is gone, replaced by a recreation hall nearer the Conference Center. Facing the road is the Chapel of the Transfiguration. I remind myself that the changes I see are mere physical changes caused by time and new demands. Far more important is the spirit of Christian fellowship which thousands of us have gained from our living experiences at Kanuga.

I saw Kanuga literally evolve on faith into the largest Episcopal Conference Center in the United States. I am a member of one of the 17 families who desired continuous ties with Kanuga and bought property nearby. Each sum-

mer we still participate in the Kanuga programs, services and recreation and continue to see and enjoy our early Kanuga friends. In some families there are now five generations of Kanugaites.

For the first five years of Kanuga, I was a part of two conferences. I taught in the Young People's Conference and was a counsellor in the Junior Conference for little girls. I taught a course in "Faith and Conduct" for the teenage girls. When I asked the Bishop what I should include, he replied, "Just let them talk and help them think out their problems." I tried to do this.

At Junior Camp, the counsellors were actually substitute mothers. We helped tie hair bows, find toothpaste and other lost articles and tried to settle disagreements. On the last night of camp, the Bishop would take us on a long walk to tire the campers so they would sleep well before they departed. This camp later became the Midget camp, directed by Miss Margaret Marshall.

The Bishop planned this camp for little girls because he thought Christian education should start early. He taught two courses, the "Old Testament" and the "Life of Christ." I attended all classes, sitting with the little girls on the benches or on the ground of the early outdoor chapel on the hill behind the cottages. His lectures were in language they could understand.

Daily life at Kanuga was run by a bugler who marked the end of classes, the time for meals and other activities. The Bishop would make announcements in the dining room each day after the blessing was said or sung. The night programs were the delight of all because everyone, young and old, took part. He was a great raconteur and told ghost stories beautifully, so naturally there was always a ghost story night. There was usually a circus with the Bishop acting as



master of ceremonies. There were also charades, musical evenings and square dances.

Another feature of each early conference was the banquet at the end of the conference period when awards were given, speeches made and songs sung. I helped with the program and decorations at the first Young People's banquet. Mendel Rivers, later to become an illustrious Congressman from South Carolina, was toastmaster. He also was elected best all-round boy camper that year.

The Adult Conference banquets were more dignified and the decorations more elaborate. Toasts were given, usually a serious talk and then readings of original poems and songs about the conference experiences and classes. Everyone dressed up. This banquet was held two nights before the closing day. On the final night, a dedication service was held in the chapel and each person left the altar with a lighted candle to walk quietly to his cabin.

(Laura Smith Ebaugh, a retired Associate Professor at Furman University, is a native of Greenville and a member of Christ Church there. She was the physical director of girls at Camp Capers, a forerunner of Kanuga, in 1921. Her association with Kanuga goes back to 1928.)



Steve + Marina's cabin 29 Kanawha 1970

Dosalle

# “Giving Always of Our Best . . .”

*By Ernest Huneycutt*

To the sophisticated visitor at Kanuga, Rufus Franklin Huneycutt was Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. To the less sophisticated and to his friends he was for many years caretaker of the Kanuga property. This included everything from the white pines of the forest to the bass in the lake and the furnishings in the rooms of the Inn and the cottages.

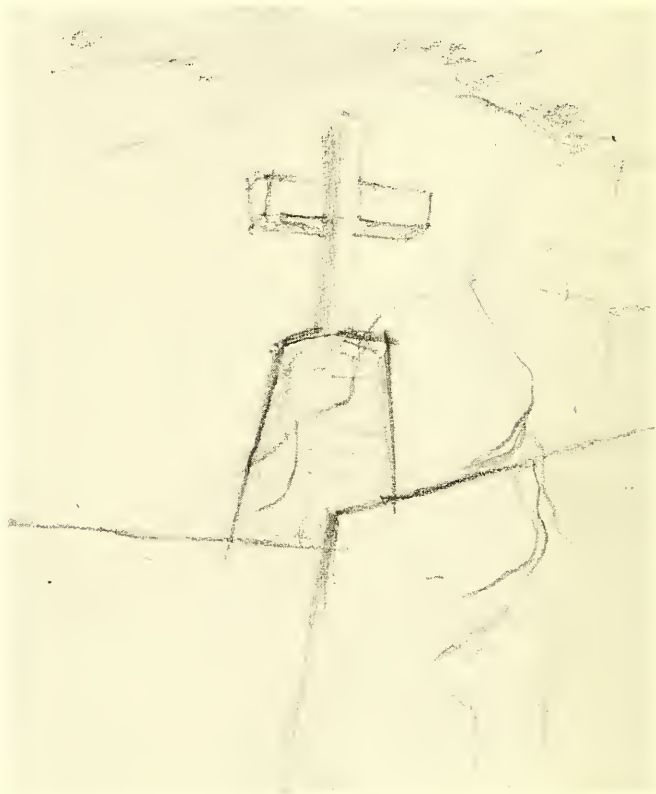
My father was truly a craftsman and a builder of the old school. To him, quality of construction was an art and there was beauty in building just as there was beauty in design. He was one of the last of a generation of craftsmen who could hew to the line in fashioning a wooden beam with a broad axe and an adz or rive wooden shingles with a froe and maul for an authentic pioneer camp building. At another time he would delicately sand and rub a high sheen on a walnut altar cross which he had made according to precise specifications.

It was with this talent and love for quality that he and other members of the Kanuga staff planned and designed the Kanuga chapel. He was very proud of his part in designing the building and in carving the pews. He often expressed his appreciation to those who gave one of the pews in the chapel in recognition of his contribution.

From the standpoint of length of service at Kanuga, Rufus Huneycutt was the senior member of the staff. His services dated back to 1910 when he came from Stanley County, N. C., to Kanuga to work in a furniture shop which was then located at the foot of Kanuga Falls. At this time, it was profitable to develop electricity by harnessing the

water power on small streams which had a rapid drop in elevation. Kanuga Falls was a natural for this purpose. George Stephens had built a dam at the head of the falls and was developing the property as an exclusive club. The electric generating plant at the foot of the falls provided electricity for Kanuga Club and for the furniture shop.

Virgin oak and pine timber from the property was sawed and used to make much of the furniture which is still in use



at Kanuga. Furniture from this shop was shipped to various locations throughout the Southeast and can still be found in some of the older homes and hotels. The shop remained in operation until "the flood of 1916" when the Kanuga dam broke and washed away the generating plant, the furniture shop and much of the property along the stream below. The Kanuga dam was later relocated at the present site, but the shop was never rebuilt.

In the meantime, my father had married a mountain girl, Elizabeth Sentell, and established his home near Kanuga. He was employed there off and on until his death in 1952.

Rufus Huneycutt had relatively little formal education but he was a keen observer of character. Men like Bishop Gribbin, Rufus Morgan, John Long Jackson, Bishop Finlay, James Y. Perry and Francis Craghill were among his friends. He considered them the finest people he ever knew.

Although not a native mountaineer, he had adopted the independent spirit that was typical of the natives of the mountains of Western North Carolina. In 1930 when the "Great Depression" was just beginning, the banks of Hendersonville closed, wiping out my father's limited savings. I was a freshmen at the University of North Carolina and it appeared that I might have to drop out of school. Bishop Finlay was able to find some money somewhere and gave my father a check for \$100 to "tide him over." After a few weeks, my father returned the check with the comment, "We'll make out somehow." We did and I remained in school and later graduated.

(Ernest Huneycutt is the son of Rufus Franklin Huneycutt whose association with Kanuga dates back to its very beginning. Ernest Huneycutt is an educator who served in the public schools of North Carolina for 40 years. His last position was as associated superintendent and superintendent of the Rockingham and Richmond County, N. C., schools. Mr. Huneycutt now lives in Hendersonville.)



## “Aims Are Higher for Her Sake . . .”

*By the Rev. R. Emmet Gribbin Jr.*

Kanuga has been one of the great influences in my life. Kanuga always seemed to bring out the best in people and it certainly brought out the best in me.

I was a 12-year-old camper that first year in the Junior Camp. During the 1930's I served in various capacities from the time I was a senior in high school on through my college and seminary years. I stayed at Kanuga several complete summers and two seasons was one of those who ran the desk. Because I spent a year in Arizona, I was asked to help with the horses. Also I waited on tables for a multitude of meals over the years.

I was the main bugler and I still think it's better to have an honest-to-goodness bugler rather than the scratchy record the desk staff has been using in recent years. A good bugler with a high-pitched bugle could really wake them up in all directions.

One summer we rented the facilities to the Lutherans for a week. Most of us on the permanent staff stayed to operate the place. Something happened that we didn't have a nurse for two days. I put on a tie and ran the infirmary until Mr. Morgan could get a nurse. When people came in to complain of a headache or something, I would say, "Go get into bed and take it easy." I was mightily relieved when the nurse arrived. All my patients survived.

Whatever else I was doing, though, I was always part of the entertainment staff. Mummy and Scotty Robertson were marvelously gifted for putting all the different enter-



tainments together. They had so much talent themselves that it inspired others to do well.

The high point of the many entertainments was the Gilbert and Sullivan opera which we put on in the summer of 1938. It was my privilege to be in the cast along with George Murray, now the Bishop of the Central Gulf Coast, and Bob McGregor, now rector of a parish in Providence, R. I. Dean Nes, the best singer of us all, sang the role of the judge.

Scotty developed in me what turned out to be a flair for singing comic songs. Kanuga friends who haven't heard me sing in a quarter of a century still mention with a smile two of the funny ones: "I Love Me" and "I Took My Cornet to the Party, But Nobody Asked Me to Play."

I was working on the desk in the summer of 1938 when Bishop Finlay was stricken ill in his office upstairs. Dorothy Crawford came down and told me that he had had some sort of an attack. Al Chamblis, now a clergyman, and I were working the desk. We immediately went upstairs and took the Bishop down the back steps to Cottage No. 1. He died shortly after that, but I counted it a privilege to be of some help to him that day.

Among my many memories of him is one singing "Taps" in front of the hotel every night before we went to bed. The Bishop always took the low bass note on the last chord. I have done it often myself at camps and, whenever I do, I think of him.

After 1938 my father, Bishop Gribbin of the Diocese of Western North Carolina, had more responsibility at Kanuga. One of the things that fell to him was the building of the chapel, which would lie within the bounds of his diocese. I believe he also was Chairman of the Board of Trustees at that time.



The chapel was named the Chapel of the Transfiguration because of the idea expressed in the collect for the Feast of the Transfiguration, which falls on August 6. The collect reads:

“O God, who on the mount didst reveal to chosen witnesses thine only begotten Son wonderfully transfigured, in raiment white and glistening; mercifully grant that we, being delivered from the disquietude of this world, may be permitted to behold the King in his beauty, who with thee, O Father, and thee, O Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. Amen.”

This seemed to epitomize what Kanuga stood for and what it represented in the Church's life. We would withdraw to a beautiful place in the mountains, withdraw from the disquietude of this world to get a new vision of Christ and the Christian life. We could then go back into the world and serve God in more informed and useful ways. The Chapel has many memorials to hundreds of people who were at Kanuga over the years and made contributions to its success.

The architect was Mr. Grant Alexander, a Scotsman. He and his son were architects in Asheville and they had done a beautiful job for Calvary Church, Fletcher, N. C.

Most of the lumber used was cut off Kanuga property — particularly the white pine that had been blown down by a terrible storm several years before. The tensile strength is not the same for white pine as the tensile strength of hardwoods. There was a miscalculation by the architects, although the design was beautiful.

The miscalculation began to show when the walls spread outward a little bit. Engineers were consulted and they recommended iron rods to strengthen the structure. The walls are still a little out of true.

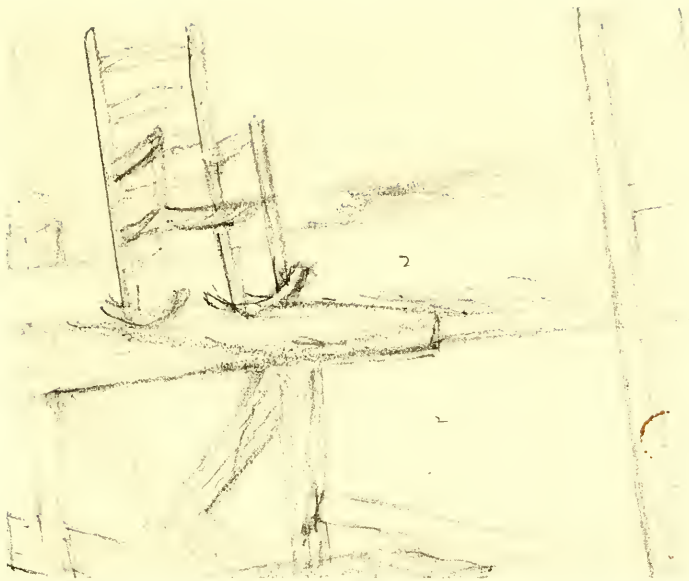
The pews were made by Mr. Rufus Huneycutt. He made the pews and other furnishings in the chapel during the winter in his workshop. Some of his friends, of which I was one, dedicated one of the pews to him. The plate on it reads "In appreciation of Rufus Huneycutt who made these pews."

There was an interesting incident concerning the stained glass window over the altar that depicts the Transfiguration. When it came to be installed, my father noticed that the palms of Christ had nail prints in them. Since the Transfiguration took place before the Crucifixion, there would be no cause for Him to have nail prints. It was called to the attention of the stained glass people and they sent down a pair of new hands for the window.

In 1941, I was ordained Deacon in the Chapel of the Transfiguration. I think I may have been the first person ordained in the Chapel. It was during the Junior Conference and I was on the staff, having just graduated from seminary. It seemed appropriate to me and my father that I be ordained at Kanuga where I spent most of my summers.

One of the early persons ordained Deacon at Kanuga was John Hines, later to become Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church. Bishop Hines was from Seneca and the church there was so tiny that Bishop Finlay decided to ordain him at Kanuga. That service was held in the chapel we had in the rotunda of the old hotel.

Another young man the Bishop ordained Deacon at Kanuga was Maxwell Whittington, who became one of the Negro priests of the Diocese and was later in charge of the mission at Jenkinsville. He died some years ago while serving as a lieutenant colonel in the Chaplain's Corps of the U. S. Army. Max's ordination was followed by a barbecue at lakeside. When he died, Mrs. Whittington said, "I have



often heard Max say that the happiest days of his life were those spent at Kanuga working with Bishop Finlay.”

One of the wonderful people I have known at Kanuga was Miss Julia Betty Drake. Without her we could not have run the place. Miss Drake was an unmarried lady who had been reared in the mountains nearby. She had been at Kanuga before the church bought the property. She worked there 30 to 35 years. Miss Drake was in charge of the general housekeeping. She supervised the making of beds, moving them from one room to another, cleaning the hotel lobby and porch and caring for all the rooms during Guest Period.

Her assistant, Miss Rowena Cantrell, also a native, had many, many years of devoted service to Kanuga. Most of

what they did was behind the scenes or was done early in the morning when people were looking the other way.

My children have started another generation at Kanuga. My daughter served two summers; a son served two summers on the staff in various capacities; and another son was a lifeguard for six weeks one summer. Kanuga is very much a part of the Gribbin family tradition.

(The Rev. Emmet Gribbin Jr. is a graduate of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., and The General Theological Seminary in New York City. He has served more than three decades as a university or college chaplain at the University of North Carolina, Kenyon College, Clemson College and the University of Alabama. Since 1973 he has been the Bishop's Deputy for Ministry in the Diocese of Alabama. He is also Executive Chairman of the Board of Theological Education of the Protestant Episcopal Church, USA. Mr. Gribbin lives in Tuscaloosa and attends Christ Church there.)

# “In the Pines Upon the Mountain . . . .”

*By The Rev. A. Rufus Morgan*

I worked with Bishop Finlay from the beginning at Kanuga. I acted as sort of a business manager.

We had had no chapel at the places where we had conducted the camps and conferences before Kanuga, so we built out-of-doors crude temporary altars for services. At Kanuga, our first altar was built in the woods above the cottages. The white pine we used soon rotted, so we built another. When a storm destroyed the trees and the seats at that site, we built an altar down by the stream where the chapel still stands. We called it the Chapel of St. Francis of Assisi.

Some of our friends heard us say we wished we could have a permanent altar of stone and they quietly contributed enough to build it. When my sister, Miss Lucy Morgan, head of the Penland School of Handicrafts, heard that we had built the stone altar, she offered the services of her teacher of ceramics, Mrs. Becky Jamerson, to make a frontal of clay. We planned together the composition, using the figures of St. Francis and two of his early disciples. That chapel has been used for services, for communion, for weddings and for baptisms in the stream over the years and has become very dear to many of us.

One of the early great needs at Kanuga was for a water supply which would be both sufficient and safe. In order to make this possible, we soon realized that we must own more land to protect the sources of our supply. From time



One of  
Caruaga's lovely trees.

Frederic Sturges 8/18

to time during the first 10 years of our tenure we bought tracts of land, sometimes a few hundred acres, sometimes small tracts, to protect springs. We added more than 800 acres during that decade, bringing the total to more than 1,200 acres.

I was interested in one of the small tracts which became available. I proposed to Bishop Finlay that I buy the tract and sell to Kanuga enough to include the spring and the drainage around it. I divided this land into small tracts and sold one lot to May Hairston and Minna Robertson and one to Mrs. Finlay. Later they built log houses on the lots.

The Bishop liked horseback riding. From time to time, he would have Charlie Tatum, who had a livery stable in Hendersonville, bring some of his horses out and he would take groups on horseback trips around the area.

He would also take small groups on what he called "ladylike" hikes around the lake or down to the falls. He would turn the longer hikes over to me. We would go on hikes up Pinnacle Mountain, up Wolf Mountain, to the dairy farm, which was the home of our housekeeper, Miss Julia Betty Drake. Sometimes we would go over to Potato Knob or some nearby place for a picnic supper.

One favorite spot for me was the top of Wolf Mountain where we had built a wooden tower, using black locust poles. Some of us who were a bit sturdier would go up there for a quiet meditation waiting for the sunrise. We developed a ritual; getting together by pre-arrangement while it was still dark, speaking not a word as we went up the mountain, and waiting for the sunrise before we spoke to one another.

I found a small tract of land just off of Kanuga property on Wolf Mountain that was available and I bought it. Some friends of mine, led by Jim Perry, Sr., and Rufus Huneycutt,

became interested in my having a one-room cabin on this property. They contributed the material and money to build the cabin. It was furnished most simply and sometimes I would go up there alone or with two or three friends and spend the night.

Across the lake from the buildings at Kanuga there once was a log cabin and field. It was called locally "The Charlie cabin." We tried for a year or two to cultivate the field but found that erosion was too great, so we put it in white pines. Later we planted seedlings from the Forestry Department of the State of North Carolina. That field is now covered with white pines.

One of our favorite short hikes from Kanuga was down to the falls. The site was really made of shelves in the mud creek just below where the dam for the original lake was located. Here and in other places near Kanuga were various plants and wild flowers which interested many people. On the way down to the falls was a group of climbing ferns called the "heartford" fern. I am told this is the only native American climbing fern.

There were various members of the orchid family, most common being the pink ladyslipper. Others which were not quite so common were the elfin spur or crane fly, the rose begonia and the Calipogan or grass pink. We enjoyed these and planted other domesticated flowers down near the swamp across the road from the St. Francis Chapel. At one time we planted a wild flower which comes from higher altitudes called sand myrtle, a member of the heath family. It lasted many years, until the garden was destroyed. We had forget-me-nots in the streams, the dahlias and the herbs, especially the lavender and the English broadleaf thyme. Then we had the native spireas.



One of the spireas was in bloom when my daughter, Frances, was married in the St. Francis Chapel. In preparation for the wedding, I asked her what kind of flowers she wanted on the altar. She said she just wanted those from the garden, especially the spirea. That is what we used.

One of the favorite activities on the lake were the trips on the Ark. The Ark was a flat boat propelled by oars. In the evening we would float around the lake singing hymns and favorite songs.

Those early days at Kanuga were days of fellowship, mutual respect and enjoyment. Being of another generation, I miss the simplicity which characterized the camps and conferences of the early days.

(The Rev. A. Rufus Morgan was rector of St. John's Church, Columbia, from 1931 to 1940. He is most remembered as an ardent hiker. On his 86th birthday, Mr. Morgan climbed Mt. LeConte, the third highest peak of the Smokies, for the 122nd time. For years he assumed the responsibility of keeping 55 miles of the Appalachian Trail cleared and marked and when his eyesight failed, he formed the Natahala Hiking Club to do the job. Mr. Morgan served churches in Franklin, Sylva, Cherokee, Murphy and Highlands, N.C. After retiring in 1957 he lived in his ancestral mountain home near Franklin until it burned in 1975.)



# “Answer Proudly Its Command...”

*By Charles E. Thomas*

My North Carolina mountain camping began at Laurel Park Camp near Hendersonville in 1919 and 1920 under the leadership of Major Isaac Brown of Porter Military Academy. From there, I went with Bishop Finlay to Camp Transylvania near Brevard when he first rented this camp each June in the mid-1920's. I was an undergraduate at Sewanee at that time, so I was a counselor at Camp Capers and after 1926 was put in charge of the canteen.

It was at Camp Capers that Bishop Finlay taught me the fine art of frog gigging. We would go out after dark in a boat along the banks of the lake and gig the frogs as they came up on the banks to begin their nighttime croaking. The camp cook would fry the white meat of the frog legs for our breakfast.

In the summer of 1928 when Kanuga was first used by the Diocese for young peoples' meetings, camps and conferences, I continued to manage the canteen. Before long the canteen was doing a thriving business and I needed help. Moultrie Burns of Camden and Albert Thomas, Jr., of Charleston were assigned as my assistants. Our daily morning trips into town were the envy of the campers, who had to attend classes and lectures while Moultrie, Albert and I would drive into Hendersonville for canteen supplies and fresh vegetables and fruit for the dining hall.

We ran some strange errands on those trips to town and made some odd purchases for campers, counselors and visitors. The most amusing assignment was given me by Mrs.

Satterlee, the mother of that popular young people's leader, the Rev. Capers Satterlee. Mrs. Satterlee arrived at Kanuga without a hat that summer. In those days, no good Episcopal lady would go to church or chapel, even in the open air, without a hat. She told me where to go to purchase a black hat and cautioned me not to pay over \$2 for it. I bought the hat and I never saw Mrs. Satterlee at chapel all summer without that hat. I wondered if she may have worn it to Trinity after she returned to Columbia.

The canteen was open only for a half-hour or so after lunch and supper. There was always a rush business on candy, peanuts, bottled cold drinks and even stamps and postcards. All canteen sales were for cash.

One day a small girl who had just arrived at camp asked for a 5¢ candy bar and asked that it be charged. Bishop Finlay was standing nearby and heard the little girl. He turned to her and asked to whom should it be charged. She answered, "To you!" We handed her the candy bar and the Bishop handed me a nickel.

This incident is indicative of the way children instinctively felt toward Bishop Finlay. He won their trust and confidence through his ability to communicate with them. He never imagined a "generation gap", for there was none in his relations with any age, any class or kind of people.

The last summer I was at Kanuga after graduating from Sewanee, the canteen showed a profit of over \$3,000. We were reminded of how many more campers who had no funds to pay their way could come to Kanuga. Mr. Morgan often said the canteen was the only feature of Kanuga that showed a profit and justified it.

The Kanuga influence permeates all the Church today. Bishop Thomas, lifelong friend and intimate associate of

the Bishop, described it in the memorial sermon he preached at the 17th Convention of the Diocese in January, 1939. He said:

“I learned to know and appreciate his simple faith and sublime courage and nobility of spirit. Because he saw a vision of a great training ground for the youth of the Carolinas, he allowed no doubts or fears or lack of material resources to hold him back. We can say with all truth that Kanuga was made a splendid reality because of the faith and high courage of Kirkman Finlay. . . . .”

“This noble man walked humbly and joyously with God and never lost touch with man or failed to enter into the dreams of youth. His spirit must never depart. . . . .”

(Charles Edward Thomas, a native of Ridgeway, was educated at Porter Military Academy, Charleston, and The University of the South, Sewanee. He served four years in the U.S. Navy during World War II, after which he returned to Sewanee as vice president for endowment and later as director of admissions. He was recalled to active duty during the Korean War and retired from service as a commander in 1956. Returning to South Carolina, he has been a free lance writer and has served the Diocese of Upper South Carolina as historiographer. He resides in Greenville and is a member of Christ Church.)

7/23/67



# VIGNETTES

# Bishop Darst's Acrostic

The name of Kanuga is written on our hearts because in this place we have gained

**K**nowledge, which is power. Here we have

**A**spiried to learn His will and in the learning realized the

**N**earness of His presence. In our fellowship in this place, we have

**U**nderstood in part the beauty of His plans. On this mount some of us have heard the voice and glimpsed dimly the face of

**G**od, and in the radiance of that vision and the consciousness of the power that came to those who hear and obey, we have humbly

**A**ssumed our little place in His plans for the building of a better world.

(The Rt. Rev. Thomas C. Darst, Bishop of East Carolina, was a leader in the establishment of Kanuga. When the Chapel of the Transfiguration was consecrated on July 19, 1942, Bishop Darst preached the sermon. He was author of the words on the door of the Chapel. When he died in 1948, the Board of Managers of Kanuga passed a resolution which said in part "...Bishop Darst was a loyal member of this Board and an untiring worker in behalf of Kanuga Conferences....We recall especially his devoted leadership in the development of the College Conference. His kindly good humor was a real factor in the furtherance of the Kanuga spirit.")



# Strip Poker

*By Louise Earle*

In 1930 when a group of us were campers at Kanuga, we were gathered in the old pavilion down by the lake for the usual after-supper program. The adult leaders left for their cabins when the last skit ended. Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, Marian Finlay, the Bishop's daughter, jumped up on the stage and began to sing in a lusty voice:

“Strip poker, strip poker  
Oh! how I love thee.  
You gave me pneumonia  
Made me climb up a tree  
To live with the birdies  
For the birdies don't care;  
The sweet little songsters  
Have no clothes to wear.”

We giggled as we left the pavilion wondering how the Bishop would take this when he heard about it. Then we saw him, standing not far away, his bald head shining and a broad grin on his face. It was a happy experience for us young campers to realize what a good sport he was.

(Mrs. O. Perry Earle Jr. of Greenville is the former Louise Jordan. She is active in Episcopal circles, being a member of Christ Church.)

# The Bishop's Announcements

*By Jess Huff*

In June of 1929 I visited Kanuga as a paying guest. As I was getting ready to leave, I thought I should thank the Bishop for his courtesy in letting me come. He said to me, "Can't we think of some way to put you on our staff?"

"I can tell stories," I replied.

"The very thing we need," said the Bishop. I stayed until September and returned on staff many more summers.

The Bishop's announcements following blessing at meals had a unique quality. One of the most humorous was one he made when the Lutherans rented the camp one summer. It was very rainy and someone had picked up Mrs. Finlay's umbrella from the hall rack in the lobby. The Bishop announced,

"Would the good Christian who stole my wife's umbrella please return it? No questions will be asked."

The umbrella was there after lunch.

One of his favorite announcements was: "Boys, please return directly to camp and don't disturb us girls in our meeting."

Once, the one and only iron was taken from the ironing room on banquet day. The Bishop announced, "Something dreadful has happened. I want that iron put back toute suite."

After lunch the iron was there.

(Miss Huff, a retired schoolteacher, lives in her native Asheville. She had a gift for making mealtime pleasant for Kanuga guests.)

# Ladders Pointing to Heaven

*By Albert Jones*

Bishop Finlay did all he could for our community in the midst of the depression. He would divide the work so that as many as possible would have an income.

The Bishop and his two daughters would ride horses to visit the natives. The people respected and loved him very much and he made friends easily. One summer after the camp closed, Bishop Finlay rode a horse many miles through the community inviting people to come to the log cabin at the boys' camp for a series of meetings. Someone asked him what denomination it was. When we gathered in the cabin at the meeting, he told us that all denominations were striving to go to the same place, like many ladders pointing toward heaven.

(The Rev. Albert Jones, a graduate of Furman University, was born in the neighborhood of Kanuga. Before going to Furman, he attended a class at Kanuga taught by Bishop Finlay who was his friend and who often visited in his home. The Rev. Mr. Jones is now a builder in Henderson County, North Carolina, and continues to be a friend of Kanuga and the Kanuga colony.)

# You Come Too

*By Margaret Marshall*

The true character of Kanuga is captured in a letter written by The Rev. Thomas Barrett, rector of Lee Chapel, Lexington, Va., after he had attended an Adult Conference at Kanuga. It follows:

“If you are asked to make a report of a Kanuga conference you will find that you cannot make real to others the sudden illumination that may have come to you through the reach and excitement of some teacher’s mind, one who has uncovered for you some vein of truth that you might never have found.

“You cannot make real to those who were not there the light that falls upon the further trees at evening while you sing of ‘all the saints who cast their golden crowns beside the glassy sea. . .’

“You cannot make real to them this strange delight, this unaccustomed joy of being apart from the world within a fellowship of Christians, so different from the fellowship of the world — Christians who gather together in a common bond of desire and hope, that the Lord may come more richly into their lives.

“You cannot make them understand how, somehow, you have been where the wind of the Lord blew gently upon the waters, and where by some miracle the Grace you have received anew fills your spirit. ‘How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that publishes peace. . . that saith unto Zion ‘Thy God Reigneth.’

“Just say as Robert Frost said when he was going out to clean the pasture spring, ‘You come too.’



“Let the report of the conference be simply in your new Christian knowledge, in your new Christian manners, in some fresh morning light within your eyes which you yourself will never think to notice.

“This will be the best report that you can make of the Kanuga conference. Just say, ‘You come too!’ ”

(Margaret Phillips Marshall was director of Christian Education at the Episcopal Church of the Advent, Spartanburg. A graduate of Winthrop College, she was formerly director of Christian Education at Trinity Mission, Columbia. Miss Marshall died in February, 1976.)

# The Kanuga Bugle

*By Mildred L. Miscally*

The “Kanuga Bugle,” so named because everything at Kanuga really moved by bugle call, was the daily information sheet. It was mimeographed and was distributed in the evening after supper everyday except Sunday. Everyone knew where to find it — on the bannister just outside the dining room door.

The “Bugle” carried notices of each evening’s entertainment, whether serious or frivolous; listed the hours the Ark made its trips around the lake; introduced guest speakers and preachers; and announced special events such as the annual Book Party, Poetry Night and the popular banquets which came near the end of each conference. It also had a serious thought or editorial which appeared at the top of the first column and usually it had a cartoon typical of Kanuga life.

Like most offices at Kanuga in earlier years, the “Bugle” office was furnished with nondescript chairs, rickety tables, one well-worn typewriter and temperamental mimeograph machine. However, there were varied and elaborate programs produced on the old mimeograph. The office suited Kanuga because Kanuga was a place of people and shiny machines and new equipment just weren’t of primary importance.

(Mildred Miscally was in charge of publicity and mimeographing service for conferences and guest period, and was editor of “The Bugle.” She now lives in Charlotte.)

# In the Depression Years

*By Margaret O'Neal*

A funny sequence of incidents at Kanuga represents to me the simplicity, the naivete and the naturalness with which we all, with our young families, enjoyed Kanuga and Bishop Finlay in the unadorned summers of the deep depression years.

Notice went up that a speaker was coming from Hendersonville to give two talks at Kanuga, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, and that admission was free. This charming and goodlooking lady headed a health hospital and was mainly concerned with diet (an early promoter of natural foods).

In her speech she particularly blasted "white foods such as flour, sugar, potatoes, grits, etc." She claimed that anyone who ate these products was making his own headstone. She invited us to study at her hospital or at least to purchase her recipe book. We had all been very happy with the potatoes and grits which were the bulwark of our depression fare. It was upsetting to hear her forecast.

Notice went up the next day that Bishop Finlay would give his own health talk at the pavilion that evening and admission was free. He began by saying that someone had written him asking for his recipe for a long and healthy life. He answered that his grandfather had lived to a very old age and that he believed in eating cabbage every day. His grandmother had lived to an equally old age and she thought cabbage in any form was fatal. His grandfather had thrown open the windows at night and his grandmother,

thinking night air deadly, had slept with her windows closed. And he went on in this vein to the amusement of all.

He finally got to the subject of exercise, which he thought highly important. He offered, in great seriousness, to show us some exercises which he thought valuable. He left the stage and reappeared in an old-fashioned bathing suit. He proceeded to lift invisible dumbbells and weights but by that time the audience was dissolved into hysterical laughter.

(Mrs. O'Neal and her husband, from Macon, Ga., stayed in Cottage 41 for many years when their children were young.)



# Unfinished Business

*By Hilda Pinckney*

When my husband (Bishop John A. Pinckney) died suddenly of a heart attack in 1972, I found on his desk in a little box a note from "Bee" Finlay asking him to contribute some of his memories about early Kanuga for a booklet Kirk had started and she had promised to finish. John told Bee just a few days before his death that he had not forgotten her request and planned to write something after he retired in January. As it turned out, he never retired, dying in December.



John began at Kanuga in 1931 as an assistant to Bishop Finlay at the Young People's Conference. He considered his work there as pure pleasure and we became very close to the Finlay family and "Grandma" Reed during those years. Before Bishop Finlay died, he had turned the YP Conference over to John who ran it every summer until 1941. It was often said that Bishop Finlay placed his mantle on John Pinckney.

During World War II, John, then rector at Clemson, was made superintendent of Kanuga. He and the business manager from Newberry went up to the mountains once a month and John spent all summer for eight summers there running the center. He did this until 1950 when a fulltime manager was hired.

The Kanuga "spirit" continued throughout the year for us for we were often visited by young and old who had known us at Kanuga. There was a strong bond between those who had returned year after year. Everyone looked forward to seeing old friends and to this day it is a joy to me to have numerous people come up to me and say they remember me from Kanuga.

Our association lasted until John's death, for at that time he was President of the Kanuga Board of Managers.

(Mrs. Pinckney lives at their retirement home near Pacolet.)

# The Christian Ways

*By Minna Robertson*

The love for Kanuga was aptly expressed by one of the Junior campers years ago when he said, "I like the Christian ways."

The early Kanugaites quickly found that religion was not relegated to a Sunday morning service in church, but permeated every phase of living. Waiting on tables, going to classes, hiking through the woods, concocting a costume for the evening's entertainment, were facets of religion as well as going to twilight service on the lake or having Holy Communion in the "Woods Chapel."

If the food was poor, there were no complaints. If the beds were bumpy, we slept anyway. If we planned to swim and it rained, there was the pavilion where we could have a basketball game.

There was enthusiasm for life and joy in living. Not that this idea was preached to us. It was simply and obviously a fact.

(Minna Robertson spent the summers of 1929 and 1930 at Kanuga and has been in close touch with the conference center since. She has been conferee, counselor and neighbor. She lives in Hendersonville.)

# A Missed Train

*By Scotty Robertson*

George Stephens, who sold Kanuga to the Church, told me once that if he had not missed a train by about two minutes, probably there would not have been a Kanuga.

Back in those days one came to Hendersonville from Asheville by the Southern Railway. One day Mr. Stephens went to the depot to catch the midday train to Asheville, which was his home. When he arrived he saw the train disappearing down the track.

A Hendersonville real estate man asked him what he was going to do with himself until the afternoon train came along. Mr. Stephens said he had nothing to do. The agent invited him to get in his buggy and ride out to look at some choice property about six miles out of town.

Mr. Stephens envisioned a private club on that spot where a little stream wound through a pleasant valley. He bought it, developed it with the cottages, inn and pavilion we knew and built a golf course on which Bobby Jones played as a boy.

(Scotty and Margaret "Mummy" Robertson were staff members at Kanuga almost from its beginning. He was the organist at St. James Episcopal Church in Wilmington, N. C., where he still lives. She has died in recent years. They "shared gracious spirits and joyous laughter with all.")

# POEMS

# A Wish

*By Roberta Aldrich*

One finds here at Kanuga, so many things that really count,  
Which are built into the fiber of our well-loved Holy  
Mount.

Here we lose the endless nagging, of every worldly care,  
As it melts before the glory of a Presence strong and near;

And we feel a fine new courage, rising in us day by day,  
Which we will not leave behind us when we turn to go  
away;

For the things built at Kanuga, are not of wood or stone,  
But the things which never perish, that are built by God  
alone.

So, as now we turn to leave her, on our lips a whispered  
prayer,  
“O God, grant us in thy goodness, to come back again next  
year.”

# Our Present Friend

*By Bishop Thomas C. Darst*

For twelve good years he walked with us  
As comrade, friend, and guide,  
His kindly presence cheered our hearts,  
He lives, he has not died.

He lives on in Kanuga's heart,  
He is really, truly here;  
His radiant spirit still inspires,  
His voice sounds sweet and clear.

He walked with Christ in simple trust,  
He walks with Christ today;  
Both walk with us as comrades dear  
Along life's common way.

We sorrow not for one who's gone  
Far from our reach and sight;  
We journey on in faith and hope,  
As travelers toward the light.

(Bishop Darst wrote this poem at the time of Bishop Finlay's death. It was published in the Kanuga BUGLE of July 19, 1939.)

# To Kanuga Lake

*By Helen Stuart Griffith (1933)*

O peaceful lake, bathed in morning light;  
So crystal clear — a mirror bright!

How still thou art.

In thy green depths I see reflected  
The trees that whisper on thy shores;  
Their images perfected  
Within thy heart.

O rippling lake, ruffled in the breeze;  
The vision goes — the shore, the trees —  
Are all awry.

But yet — thy crests I see uplifted;  
Thy wavelets sparkling in the sun;  
A shower of diamonds drifted  
Down from the sky.

O human heart, in thy life of mirth: Thou dost reflect the  
things of earth —

A cool, green lake.

The tempest comes — I see thee bending —  
Go lift the ripples to thy God.

See gems of peace descending  
For thee to take.

(Miss Griffith owned a dancing school in Washington, D. C. The daughter of an Episcopal minister, she gave her summers to Kanuga in its early years.)



# What a Bishop!!!!

*By Helen Stuart Griffith (1934)*

He stopped his car in the porte-cochere,  
A slender man was standing there.  
“Who’ll carry my bags?” the stranger cried.  
“I”, said the man, and they went inside;  
“Where’s Bishop Finlay, Kanuga’s head?”  
And to his chagrin, the porter said:  
    *“I’m the Bishop!”*

A little girl had a mangy pup;  
She bought some salve to cure him up,  
She went to the barn to find a friend,  
Who had a helping hand to lend.  
The mangy pup was washed and dried,  
And the smelly grease was soon applied  
    *By the Bishop!*

Before the desk stood an anxious lad,  
“Where’s the Bishop? I want him bad!”  
“Which Bishop, my boy?” said kindly Joe,  
“For there is more than one, you know!”  
“The one that works in the stable, of course.  
I want to engage a riding horse!”  
    *What a Bishop!*

# ST. FRANCIS CHAPEL

*By Margaret P. Marshall (1936)*

We left the road, followed a path through the woods and found the woodland Chapel.

“Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks,  
So longeth my soul after Thee, O, God.”

And that longing is satisfied in finding God there in all the beauty of trees and ferns and running water, of knowing His Presence in the Blessed Sacrament.

How grateful we are to all those who made the Chapel for us, who through their planning and work have added so much to the beauty of Kanuga, and have shared with us in this Chapel something of what they know of the wonder of God's great out-of-doors.

“Lord God of water running on pebbles,  
Lord God of wind singing in the trees,  
Lord God of birds, and all flying insects,  
We thank Thee God, for giving these.”

How St. Francis himself would have loved our Chapel in the woods!

# SAM SEEKER SAYS

*By Mrs. James Otey Reed  
(Grandma)*

A lonely bachelor am I  
Out looking for a wife,  
I'm told Kanuga's just the place  
To find the best in life.

I took my pen in hand to write  
What some folks call a pome  
But now my friends, I see this time  
T'will be a faulty rhyme  
Because my muse refused to come  
At honeyed call or goad.  
Just gave one snort, kicked up her heels  
And galloped down the road.

But let me tell what I can do  
If you would share my home.  
I wash and iron, sweep and cook  
And sometimes write a book.  
I also knit and darn my socks,  
I sew the neatest seam.  
So fair one if you qualify  
We'll make a nifty team.  
You'll paint your cheeks, your lips and toes,  
Mow the lawn and use the hose,  
Collect the rents and pay the bills  
And buy the finest clothes.  
If you should choose the short shorts  
Please do not make them shorter.



Just add a frill, let down the hem,  
Dame fashion says you orter.  
And now dear girls 'tis only fair  
To warn you in advance  
Whate'er you do, whate'er you wear  
I'm going to wear the pants.

("Grandma Reed" was the mother-in-law of Bishop Finlay. She was an integral part of the early life of Kanuga up until her death at age 93.)

# THE KANUGA SONG

In the pines upon the mountain  
By a green and rippling lake  
Is our own beloved Kanuga  
Aims are higher for her sake.

CHORUS:

We will sing to you, Kanuga,  
We will give a rousing cheer — Rah! Rah!  
For the Spirit of Kanuga  
Helps us onward through the year.

There's where friendships bud and ripen,  
Joy and service hand in hand.  
Hearts uplifted by a vision  
Answer proudly its command.

(Repeat CHORUS)

We'll be true to you, Kanuga,  
Giving always of our best.  
We will follow where you lead us  
High above the mountain crest.

(Repeat CHORUS)

(The lyrics of THE KANUGA SONG were written by Helen Stuart Griffith and the music was composed by William G. "Scotty" Robertson.)

## **MOSELLE SKINNER**

Moselle Skinner knew Kanuga in its early days and for the last fifteen summers has shared her God-given talents with young and old during Kanuga Guest Periods. She has aptly been called the “art spirit” of Kanuga. Her sketches throughout this book are testimony of her love for Kanuga and the beauty and peace she has found there over the years.

Miss Skinner was an art teacher in the Columbia City Schools for 37 years. She was educated at Furman University, George Peabody College, Columbia University, the University of South Carolina and the University of Georgia. Born in Georgetown, the artist resides in Columbia where she remains active in the city’s cultural community.

