



All of us had worked on cabin-building crews through the summer before our senior year. We wanted just one more look before the camp was torn down, converted into a golf course, became a winter ski resort or whatever. Also, we were all in college, back after service in World War II, and needed to remember some happier boyhood times.

Jimmy, the one from a rich family, had recently totally restored a 1930 Model A Ford. He suggested it would be a hoot if we all piled in and traveled the same route our 1930s school buses had followed to the camp over the years. Even if the little digital doohickies had been around then, on this trip we wouldn't have needed a global positioning device. The route was almost a straight line north from Philly's City Hall, up Broad Street until it became Route 611 in Cheltenham.

Then, on through Jenkintown, Horsham, Doylestown, Easton and Stroudsburg. It was about three hours' drive out of Philly, then turn off at Marshall's Creek and go nine miles. Or was it Canadensis and go seven miles? Anyhow, it was a total of about 85 miles, maybe several miles further, because we got lost at least twice and had to ask for directions.

Of course, today there are all kinds of turnpikes and six-lane highways going through the same Eastern Pennsylvania countryside, and the drive could be made in much less time. However, if you happen to be heading the same way in Northeastern Pennsylvania, it's worth going the old route and enjoying the colorful scenery in all the seasons.

Our ride was spectacular, especially for the two of us who were assigned to the Model A's open rumble seat. Rich kid Jimmy had not only restored the car to mint form, but also installed springs that made the ride much more smooth than it ever had been in 1930. It was a very comfy trip, and when we ran into some showers near East Stroudsburg, we just lowered the metal cover enough to keep out the rain without smothering ourselves.

When we got to our school's summer camp, we expected the worst. Maybe demolition had already started, and cabins, mess hall, campfire benches by the lake and fishing dock were gone. No, there they were in front of us, all intact as if waiting for our return, including the athletic field and the flagpole where we saluted the colors every morning.

We wandered around, talking of the old days and checking out the "new" cabins we had built in our senior year. We found they still looked almost like new. I guess those extra coats of creosote had preserved them through the years. Maybe we have a few regrets that we haven't found a magic potion that would have done the same for us through the years.