

Favorite Summer Memories

Icy Cure for Sleepwalking

WHILE I WAS growing up, in Kansas City, Missouri, my parents frequently found me walking in my sleep and always made sure the screen doors were hooked at night during the summer.

After moving to California, in 1940, I became a member of the Gray-Y Club of the YMCA. After arriving at my first Y summer camp in the San Bernardino Mountains, I spent most of that day with my friends, who were located in a cabin across a meadow from my cabin.

I remember going to bed that evening only to be rudely awakened when I stepped into a pool of ice-cold water in the middle of the meadow later in the night.

Since then, I have not walked in my sleep.

—Maxwell Cooper, Northridge, California

Power of Suggestion

AFTER ATTENDING Crane Lake Camp in Maine for five summers, I was promoted to “junior counselor” at age 15. I knew a little secret there with Ralph Davidson, one of the best camp directors in the country. He knew kids and was wise to their ways.

One day, a phone call came from someone at a local soda-bottling company that supplied soft drinks to the camp: “We experimented with a new flavor. It didn’t catch on. We are stuck with 30 cases of

the stuff!”

“What’s the flavor?”

“Banana, and you can have it all for free,” was the response. Ralph replied, “Okay, send it over.”

That evening, in the mess hall, Ralph said, “I have an announcement. As you campers know, we do things democratically here. You are probably getting bored with the same old sodas—orange, Coke, grape, Dr. Pepper. Let’s come up with a new flavor. What you want is what you’ll get!”

Hands popped up in the air and suggestions came: cherry, root beer, ginger ale, cream soda, coconut—and a faint voice in the rear: “Banana!”

Ralph raised his hand, and there was silence. “Banana!” he mused. “Interesting and probably very expensive, but as I said, we do things democratically here.” His voice rose dramatically as he said, “Banana you want, banana you shall get!”

Cheers echoed through the mess hall. Great guy, this Ralph!

—Art Candell, Silver Springs, Florida