

Growing up in the Town of Warren in the mid 1960's we teenage boys had a very active baseball team. We played against the surrounding towns, but it wasn't until a chain of events occurred that the Warren team would eventually travel to Orford to Camp Moosilauke, Camp Sunset and Camp Pemigewasset to play the grand old game.

My grandmother, Dorothy Pike of Warren, did the laundry for Camp Moosilauke. Mr. Nutter would bring over the huge burlap bags filled with the week's laundry for the Juniors and Seniors and then return later in the week to pick up the freshly laundered clothes. On one occasion, Mr. Miller, the owner, came to Warren for a visit. Along with several other family members I was a helper for my grandmother, and it provided me with an opportunity to meet Mr. Miller. Once he knew that I was a young ball player, he asked if the Warren team would be interested in playing the counselors. (We were quite overmatched going against a group of much older and baseball-seasoned camp counselors!) But what fun..and what followed were several summers of competition.

Not too long after our first game with Camp Moosilauke, someone asked if we had contacted Camp Pemi to see if there was any interest in scheduling some games. I contacted Mr. Reed at Camp Pemigewasset and soon we had added a second Orford venue to our schedule. We had saved the best for last.

I traveled to Camp Sunset. (When our team reviewed our weekly schedule, we simply referred to the upcoming game as "Going to Camp Sunset" without the 'Ranch.')

I followed up with Mr. Durham, Sunset Ranch Camp owner, and the following week we were playing ball within the friendly confines of Sunset Ranch. Buddy, Gary, Dale, Whitey....familiar faces that we all got to know very well during the summer baseball seasons.

What is especially significant about the connection to Camp Sunset is an enduring friendship with Buddy Durham, one of the sons of the owners. Our friendship approaches sixty years.

Footnote to Camp Moosilauke:

While working with the family doing the Camp Moosilauke laundry I became very familiar with ALL of the campers by name and cabin as each clothing item was labeled. On one occasion before one of our games, I drew the attention of one of the young campers and made an eye-opening declaration. I told him that if he gave me the last name of a camper, I would tell him his first name AND his cabin.

The fun began with Orenstein. I told the young man that there were actually two Orensteins in camp-Lewis in Junior Cabin #5 and Michael in Senior Cabin #2. What followed was Jeffrey Katz in Junior Cabin #3. By this time a larger group of dumbfounded boys had surrounded me. Margolis Senior Cabin #4...and the fun continued.

Finally one eager camper asked, "Hey, do you know my older brother? He doesn't go to camp here--- he attends N.Y.U!")

Richard Pike, February 2023