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After three weeks at Blue Ridge, a sleepaway camp in the Poconos, girls awaited the arrival of their parents.

## Where Summer Never Ends

### Bonds Forged at a Poconos Camp Last for Generations

By JANE GROSS

EQUINUNK, Pa., July 18 — It is shortly before 10 o'clock on visiting day at Camp Blue Ridge, a 75-year-old sleepaway camp in the Poconos, and parents are straining at the ropes that separate them from their children for just a few minutes longer.

The cabins are so spiffy that quarters would bounce on the tightly made beds. The campers are spruced up for the occasion, the little ones in crisp hair ribbons and the big ones with legs shaved smooth as silk. Girls from 6 to 16 hang from the porch railings, searching the distant parking area for a beloved face.

When the rope is removed, the adults and children surge together in an exuberant tangle. Eight-year-old Lindsay Bresant tangles back tears as she looks for an old hand at

#### rites of summer Visiting Day

13, is more philosophical about her parents' tardiness. She tries to comfort Lindsay, a first-year camper.

"My mother has to be fashionably late wherever she goes, even her own wedding," the teen-ager says, giving Lindsay a warm squeeze. "But if she's not here in 10 minutes, I'm getting adopted."

Visiting day at any summer camp is a ritual dance — part love, part conflict, part "What did you bring me?" But at Blue Ridge, where many of the 240 girls are third-generation campers, there is more going on than parents and children hugging, bickering and exchanging gifts after weeks apart.

First at the rope today were a set of

grandparents who met here as children and look forward to annual reunions with their own cabin mates as well as their offspring. And inside each cabin there's a mother remembering which cot she slept in and where on the wall she had written her name.

Camps like this, dating back to the 1920's, have become something of a rarity, driven out of business by those with shorter seasons, specialized programs or country-club amenities. But here, young and old alike embrace a place where time seems to stop from the beginning of July to the end of August.

Like generations before them, the visiting parents and grandparents, most from Long Island, arrived laden with goodies: bagels and forgotten stuffed animals, new clothes and five-pound sacks

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