

ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDING AND EARLY YEARS OF
WI-NE-MA CHRISTIAN CAMP

From

Beyond What We Ask or Think, by William F. Morse, Impressions by Stram, 1986.

William F. Morse was one of the founders of Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp and served as its Manager for twenty five years. Beyond What We Ask or Think is Morse's autobiography in which he declares that Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp is a "gift from God" and that "the organizing of Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp" was his greatest life's work.

[Chapter 18: Wi-Ne-Ma](#)

[Chapter 21: Full-Time Manager at Wi-Ne-Ma](#)

[Chapter 23: Church at Wi-Ne-Ma](#)

[Chapter 24: Disaster Years and God's Blessing](#)

[Chapter 25: Three More Children](#)

Chapter 18
WI-NE-MA
(219-224)

It was in 1944 at Amity, I promised the young people in the church if they were faithful to the church during the summer we would take them over Labor Day to the Coast. I didn't realize how everything was filled up on the Coast over Labor Day. We found a place called Wi-Ne-Ma which had been a resort, but was now used by the Coast Guard as the War was still on. They had patrols with dogs who walked the beaches. The officers in charge told us we could camp on the grounds and beach if it were alright with the owners, providing we had no fires at night, not even lighting a match or using a flashlight; and warning us anyone out on the beach after dark would be shot.

It was under these conditions 26 of us, young people and adult leaders, spent two nights at Wi-Ne-Ma. The first afternoon three of the boys took a hike down to Neskowin. The hike was longer than they thought and it started to get dark and they weren't in yet. The Coast Guard Patrol came in and I told them of the boys. They said, "We hope they don't go in at Neskowin for they will be shot if they do. We'll go looking for them," and they started toward Neskowin. The boys told me, "We were coming up the beach and we were scared. We saw the Patrol coming and we didn't know what to do, "Should we hide in the dunes or walk boldly down the beach. We decided the best thing was not to hide and kept on toward Wi-Ne-Ma." The Patrol told me, "We saw the boys coming and seeing they would make it in alright we let them pass without stopping."

The next morning the three same boys and (220) myself were coming in across the beach when one

said to me, "Wouldn't it be great if we could buy this for the use of the churches?" I said, "It sure would." He said, "How much do you think it would cost?" I said, "I have no idea of the value of coast property, but I would say about \$15,000.00 to \$20,000.00. They whistled and I did too, for that would be equivalent to about \$75,000 to \$100,000 in 1985.

That did give ma an idea though. Possibly I could buy the old office building, later known as "The Green Castle," and fix it up to make room for a couple car-loads to get under cover at night. I wrote to the owner about this and received this answer, "We won't sell any unless we sell all. We will sell over one-half mile of beach frontage, a strip clear around the lake so you will control the lake; we will sell all the unsold lots in the townsite Wi-Ne-Ma, in fact, everything between the highway and the beach; also water rights on the springs and the water system." The more they told me in the letter they would sell, the more impossible the cost seemed to be. She then finished, "I will sell it all for \$5000.00."

That was unbelievable. I took several preachers over to see it with me. One of these preachers said, "When Bill told me about Wi-Ne-Ma I thought he was the biggest blowhard on earth, but when I went to see it I found he hadn't told the half of it." Most thought there must be a catch to it, that either the title wasn't good or there must be something else. Of course, the preachers didn't have any money anyway, and I couldn't do anything without an option to buy, so I went to see Mrs. Edna Flemming, the owner, asking for an option. She said she would grant a 60 day option for \$150.00. I didn't carry a balance in my check book in those days of \$150.00, but she met me at the door telling me she was in a hurry to get to Salema and couldn't talk to me that day. Monday I was back at her door again, ready to pay for the option. She said, "Was that what you planned to do Saturday?" When I affirmed that it was, she said, "If that was what you were here for Saturday, you shall have it, but I must (221) first go back to Salem. It was about that property that I went to Salem, for there was a Real Estate agent wanted it. I must first go and tell him our deal is off." In a few days, by appointment, we met, drawing up the 60 day option plan for Wi-Ne-Ma.

It was shortly after the drawing of the option the call came from Seaside. Elery Parish wanted me to go to Seaside, but I said, "if I go to Seaside it will be up to you to raise the money to buy Wi-Ne-Ma." He agreed to that and I went to Seaside. We went to Seaside in October with the time for option period up in November. There was only one week to go on the option. I had \$1,000.00 to put into it. Elery borrowed \$1000.00 on his home, but we needed \$3,000.00 more. These were to be loans, for there were enough unsold lots in the townsite to pay off the loans appraised at \$150 to \$300 a lot. I took the matter to the Lord in prayer, "lord, about Wi-NE-Ma, I'm doing all at this time I can do; I just can't do anymore. If you want us to have Wi-Ne-Ma, you will have to do it. That was your \$150 I put into that option. It's up to you now."

Shortly after that prayer my phone rang, and it was Elery Parish on the line. "Bill, I just can't sleep nights knowing it's my fault if we don't get Wi-Ne-Ma." "Elery, have you spoken to Werner Rieder?" I said. Werner Rieder was a businessman and a member of the Multnomah church whom I had suggested before he might speak to. Elery said, "No, but I will." About an hour later he called, "Rieder and his partner will meet you at Wi-Ne-Ma Tomorrow." We met and they looked over the property, making their committeemen, "We will loan you \$3,000 on a first mortgage, or if you find one more man who will put in \$1,000 on a note with no interest, and no due date, only to be paid off as the lots sell, we will put in \$1,000 each on that basis.

I drove back to Seaside elated (Seaside is 754 miles up the coast from WiNeMa. That elation was intensified when I got home for the phone rant. "This is Frank Cunningham, Bill. I have a man, L.E. Bierce in (222) the church here, willing to put \$1,000, but he wants me to represent him on the board of trustees." My quick answer was, "Good!! Will he loan it on a note, no interest, only coming due as lots sell?" After a moment of conference with Brother Bierce the answer was, "yes, He will." We met in the office of Earl Crawford, Attorney at Law, and he drew up non-profit corporation papers with broad terms so we could buy and sell property. He made no charge for his services. Immediately we took a check to Mrs. Edna Flemming for the \$500 money. The balance was to be turned over when title was cleared and surveying done.

We had looked the property over just before turning over the earnest money, and now with the property practically ours we went to see it again. During that short time someone had taken a club and knocked out all of the windows in the office house, from the inside out; the French Door entrance had every little glass broken and the toilet bowl shot with a twenty-two. The four cabins had the door locks shot and windows broken out, and the set of public rest rooms had all toilets shot with a twenty-two. We didn't know whether it was done before we took over or after. However, when we told Mrs. Flemming she said, "Will it be okay if I turn over the Coast Guard Barn in exchange for their breakage?" now the Coast Guard had built a 40' x 40' barn owned by the Coast Guard which they gave the property owners the right to have first option to buy when the war was over. The war was now over, and it was in our deal to pay Mrs. Flemming above the \$5,000 whatever the cost to her would be the Coast Guard Barn. I didn't really feel Mrs. Flemming had any obligation in regards to the vandalism, but she was that kind of Christian herself, always going the extra mile.

Though the place hadn't been surveyed and the final closure taken place she allowed us to take possession of the property. The Trustees at that time only planned to develop the grounds for the use of the churches, thinking mainly of using it for retreats such as Amity had used it and Amity was the first to use it again that year for a retreat again.

(223) That was an interesting time for them as it was hunting season, for when they came down the winding road at night from a bonfire someone started shooting at them from on top of the hill. They evidently too, the flashlights to be the eyes of deer and though it was illegal, started shooting. Ivan Shields who had some Army training called for them to hit the dirt and they did. Some of the older boys who had been in my Scout Troop while at Amity circled and caught the young men who had been doing the shooting. They possibly were the same ones who had broken out the windows and shot up the toilets.

Though as I said, the Trustees thought at first all we could use the grounds for this type of camping, J. Frank Cunningham had different ideas. Frank was president of the Northern Oregon Christian Service Camp and right away he wanted to move that camp to Wi-Ne-Ma. They had been using government camps, having to move to different places, and Frank had been looking, praying for a permanent location for the camp and felt, "now I've got it." His plan was to tear the stalls out of the Coast Guard Barn and turn it into a dining hall, and for housing let the girls use the old cabins and shed shelters, while tents could be rented for the boys. For rest rooms we would replace the flush toilets at the north end where the girls would be and build the primitive outside toilets at the south end for boys. The size of the camps could be reduced by dividing into two camps, having them meet in different weeks. He had two camps before, but meeting the

same week, only conducting the camps separately.

There was no electricity in camp and so coal oil (Kerosene) lanterns could be used. Frank had purchased an old war surplus Army stove to cook on which had coils in it for heating hot water. We set it up in the feed room side of the horse barn, with a hot water tank and put in laundry trays to do dishes. We used the saddle room for a pantry and C.H. George, a timber man, donated a coal oil refrigerator for our food. I took Lysol and scrubbed the floor of the stable, using it double strength. We scoured on the old planking until it (224) was almost white.

The churches along the coast had never taken part in the Northern Oregon Christian Camp and they questioned our joint it now, so I said, "let us have our own Coast Camp." We did, with all the Christian Churches and Churches of Christ on the coast from Astoria to Newport. I was able to take 16 young people from Seaside to camp.

[In 1948 the Morses moved to Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp to develop the Camp's facilities. They moved into the Green Castle.]

[\(Back to Top\)](#)

CHAPTER 21

FULL TIME MANAGER AT WI-NE-MA (235-241)

We launched out on a building program financed by gifts and the sale of lots at Wi-Ne-Ma. The Trustees who were to receive the money from the lots sold in payment of their loans were so interested in the camp that at each meeting of the trustees they would waive the payments. I might say here that the lots selling at appraised value only sold from \$150 to \$425 a lot; the same lots today would be better than 20 times that amount, but back then we were making a good sale at the appraised price.

Kenneth Barrett of Willamina gave us the lumber for the first lodge we built and then turned around and bought a lot so as to give us money to buy hardware.

In those days, I couldn't tell whether I was working or playing. To illustrate; one of the men from the Amity church came to visit us. We let him and his wife stay in one of the cabins, and then the next morning he wanted us to go fishing together on the fresh water lake, part of Wi-Ne-Ma. I was just ready to lay the flooring on the new lodge, wanting to get it done before rain, but he was a good friend, and I went with him. He said he never had any luck fishing, for fish just quit biting when he came around. Now, I had fished the lake enough to know the best spot. On the east side of the lake, just off the high rock cliff, you row up to the willows there and catch some fish, still fishing and casting off most anywhere, but there was a spot just a little north about 12 feet out from the bank that there must be a school of fish staying there. If I would take a fellow (236) fishing who bragged about his fishing, I would swing the boat so I would catch the most fish, and my partner caught one once in a while. But, this man, I swung the boat so he would catch the fish. By noon he had his limit and I had about half that many and he was elated.

After lunch he said, "Now, you fished with me this morning; I'll lay flooring with you this after-

noon.” We nailed down flooring of the tongue and groove type, 4 inches wide, cutting all joints with Grandpa Jackson’s miter box and saw to insure a good fit. When night came he said, “We had only planned to stay one day, but I’ve had so much fun, I’m going to stay another day to help lay flooring. The next day, after a hard days work and they were leaving, he asked, “How much do I owe you for cabin rent?” I said, “you were our guest and we intended to pay the camp the cabin rent, but you have worked and we don’t charge rent to volunteer workers.” He then said, “Well, if you won’t take cabin rent, here is a gift for the camp.” And he handed me a \$20 bill. In those days we only charged \$2.00 a night for a cabin.

Another like situation of “are you playing or working”: Elery Parish came over to see me and said, “Let’s go down to Newport and see Bill McCoy.” Bill was a nephew of Elery who had a planning business at South Beach, Newport, Oregon. He planed shiploads of lumber, loading ships with lumber for shipment to the East Coast of the U.S.A. When we met him it was suggested to go golfing. Now Elery was a good golfer, usually coming in with par and once in a while a “birdie.” He and his nephew played about the same. As for myself, I never was a good golfer. I think 45 on nine holes was about my best and more of the time it was 49 to 56. I was never good on the drive, but not so bad on the putt. This day at Newport Golf club they had a lot of long drives across canyons. They might have been ravines for some, but to me they might just as well been the Grand Canyon. After losing two or three balls in the canyon, Elery and Bill would say, “Carry one across and call it a shot.” At the end of nine holes I had built a record of 100, or was it 120, for my score. I really think I quit keeping score.

(237) We met at the office after the game and Bill said, “Four Newport boys were killed in an auto accident this week. They were drunk and speeding. If they would have gone to camp, they would be alive today. I’ll tell you what I will do; I will give the lumber for a new dining hall, and I will give \$50 a month toward Bill’s salary.” My salary in those days was \$200.00 a month, so he was underwriting one-fourth of my salary. I ask again, though I lost the golf game, did I lose the day?

That leads me in thought to another situation which arose. We told you it was two businessmen who came in loaning \$2,000 to help buy Wi-Ne-Ma. They knew it was to be a non-profit organization for the use of the churches, but they didn’t get the full meaning of that for a while. It is true, the 5 of us had bought and paid for it and we could have kept it for ourselves legally, though my conscience would never have been good before god, and that was not our plan. Wi-Ne-Ma to me was a gift of God, and he had only chosen me to carry out his will. But to Borcharding and Rieder, at first, they didn’t want us to apply to have it tax free. They said, “Someday, when we cut the melon, we’ll have to make up all those back taxes.” I said, “there won’t be any cutting of a melon. This is the Lord’s work.” Again when they had worked getting the camp ready for the summer they wanted to buy the strip of the camp running up north on the beach. I said, “no. At our very first meeting we voted not to sell anything between the lake and ocean, but to keep it all for camp purposes.” They said, “That isn’t between the lake and the ocean, but between the bluff and the ocean.” I said, “it all depends on your point of view. We were up on the highway at thee viewpoint at the south end of the camp when, looking down across the property, we made that decision; and from that viewpoint that strip is between the lake and the ocean. It was our intention at that time never to sell any of the beach.” Elery said, “But Bill, we’re a corporation, of which you are the President, and whatever the corporation votes, you will have to go along with it.” I said, “Yes, as President I will, but as an individual I won’t. I was the one

who took out the option on the property and I turned it (238) over to the corporation with the understanding the beach frontage would never be sold.” They left the meeting saying, “If Bill feels that way about it, we won’t build at Wi-Ne-Ma.” However, they did and when we had a trustee’s meeting in their office in Portland and I was asked to go to Wi-Ne-Ma as full time manager of the camp, they agree, “Bill has proved himself, and if he will go, we will pay \$50 a month of his salary.” From that day forward their whole attitude was changed and they backed up every move we made in a wonderful Christian Spirit.

L.E. Bierce agreed to cancel his note when we put the beach front and all between the lake and the ocean into a trust deed. The rest of us took lots, at their appraised value, in the townsite in payment of our notes. So, with the property cleared of all debt, we put the beach frontage into a trust deed, never to be sold without the consent of all lot holders in the townsite of Wi-Ne-Ma. All rents, fees or any other income from the portion put in trust is to be used for maintenance, improvement or Christian Education. Trustees elected to fill office were to be members of undenominational Christian Churches or Churches of Christ, with letters of approval from the Churches of Membership.

Werner Rieder gave the lots he chose for the use of the “Cross Service” held each Saturday morning. He also gave \$1200.00 toward remodeling the Horse Barn Dining Room into a chapel for the Church organized there, and \$3,000.00 to buy pews; all in memory of his first wife, Beulah, and so the Chapel is called Beulah Chapel. This runs ahead in regards to our camp story over a period of years, so we go back.

Mary and I, with Bill Jr., lived the summer of 1948 in the Green Castle. Mary had her invalid mother with her so she didn’t help in the camp work that summer. At this time the Trustee’s policy was just to hold the grounds for the use of the churches. We didn’t operate the camps. Each group came in with their own cook faculty and camp helpers. Everything was still quite primitive, though we now had electric lights, but no telephone (239) as yet due to it still being hard to get wire and phones. The converted barn-dining hall still had the sloping horse ramp to enter into the dining hall.

Mary was down to the dining hall, though she was not insured under the camp program, and as she came down the ramp she slipped and pulled the cartilage in her knee. We took her to a specialist in Tillamook, one who came out to Tillamook a couple days each week. He ordered here in Portland for an operation, promising me she would have a good leg, but when I got her from the hospital it was swollen and very painful. When I took her into Tillamook at the end of a week, according to appointment, he just cursed and swore and said to take her in to see his partners. When they looked at her leg, swollen and hard as a fence post, they said, “There is nothing we can do. Take her to a physical therapist.” The physical therapist showed me how I could apply wet hot towels, then massage the leg and then, having her lay on her stomach, put her ankle over the bend in my arms and with my hands, come down on the back of her knee. They said, “Don’t come down too hard, for you might break her leg.”

Her skin was dry and hard, stretched over solid bone, for her whole leg had filled with calcium. It was painful to be touched and the time of treatment was hard on us both. After the massage she would roll over and I would come down three times on the back of the knee joint as hard as I dared. Mary would cry and ask me, “Did it move some?” mentally asking God to forgive me for lying, I would say, “Not much, but a little bit.” I would turn away; sick myself in the stomach, for it hurt me so to hurt here. Then one day

I came down just a bit harder than ever before and it broke a little. This day I rejoiced to tell her it moved more today; and from that time on we made gains. We had intended to stay at Wi-Ne-Ma full time, the year around, but in the fall Amity lost their preacher and asked me to come back to Amity. Mary, in her crippled condition, wanted to go and live in the new parsonage, built really for her. In fact, they told me, "We don't care so much about getting you back, but it's Mary we want." We (240) really had never finished our ministry at Amity, for they had just released me to go to Seaside.

Mary's leg continued to improve at Amity though Mary had to go on crutches. What bothered her most was having got gray hair at Seaside, crutches at Wi-Ne-Ma, and sometimes a stranger on the streets at Amity would ask me how my Mother was getting along. We continued treatment till she could walk up stairs and then quit. Then one day she stepped off a step ladder and cracked it loose. Her leg got still better.

Bill Jr. had gone away to Northwest Bible College in Eugene, Oregon, but was home weekends doing the janitor work for the church, teaching a junior high Class, and leading a junior choir, then going back to Eugene on Monday. In the spring of the year he came down with a high fever. The doctors couldn't find the cause of the fever. He went through several clinics with them checking him out okay, but just the same whenever he would start school the fever would come again. We finally took him to the Portland clinic again; they ran some tests and they came up with this, and they called Mary and me into Portland to talk to us. There had been a new bug come into the country which caused such high fever, it burned out the brain cells on those who had it. That was the case with Bill Jr. They told us not to worry for they would grow in again. But, Bill shouldn't go to school; he shouldn't be without something else to do, and if possible it should be in the fresh air. They also warned, "You must be patient with him. When they grow back in, it will just be like he is a new person. Where he did want to be a preacher he may not want to be one as they grow back. You must be understanding."

What is there a preacher can give his son to do? We asked Bill, "Would you like to have us go to Wi-Ne-Ma to help build up Wi-Ne-Ma?" yes, he would, and so again we asked the Church at Amity to let us go for we had said we intended to stay at Amity for a long ministry.

So, in the fall of 1950 we moved to Wi-Ne-Ma again. In June on our vacation we started a (241) beach house there, but it was unfinished so we moved into the Green Castle again. Bill was to help me with camp work to relieve me as much as possible to complete our home.

As spring came around, Bill Jr. got desirous to go back to Bible College again, and the doctors said it was alright, but not to take more than 12 hours, and if that tired him he should quit again. So he went back to N.C.C. for the spring term, but was back for camping season at Wi-Ne-Ma.

[\(Back to Top\)](#)

CHAPTER 23
CHURCH AT WI-NE-MA
(247-249)

In 1951 we started a Christian Church at Wi-Ne-Ma. There would usually be a group n camp over Sunday without a preacher, and they would ask me to preach for them. Then one Sunday the Head Cheese-maker at Oretown, with his wife, came down and said, “When are you going to have regular service at Wi-Ne-Ma? When you do, we will come.” I said, “If that is the case we start next Sunday. There may only be the Hutchens and the Morses some Sundays, but we’ll have a service.” We never had less than 13. Pat made quite a contribution to its growth, for she started as a Freshman in High School and her influence helped in building up the Youth People’s Work in the Church.

We had a Saturday night Service each Saturday, as it was necessary for me to visit churches on Sunday nights. The Saturday services were quite successful. We had three Christian Endeavor meetings; one for Juniors, Young People, and Adults. We started with a song service for everyone, separated for meetings, and then come back for a service all together. It would either be a movie or a “Stump the Preacher” sermon. The groups took turns presenting the preacher with some surprise article for him to use as an illustration for an impromptu sermon. They had lots of fun; which held their interest, in trying to come up with something that I couldn’t make into a sermon.

...

(248) The work at the camp grew all the time. As we mentioned, the first lodge built was “Yamhill Lodge,” so named because most of the material and manpower for building came from Yamhill County. The next was Pacific Lodge which we first meant to call Coast Lodge and raise the money on the coast for construction, but valley churches also helped and it took the name Pacific. Before it was completed we started the new dining hall.

The church first met in our home, the Green Castle, then in the assembly room of Yamhill Lodge and then the winter we started the dining hall it met in one-half of the converted barn. A partition was put down the center and retreats still used the half for a dining hall and kitchen while the church used the other half, still unsealed.

(249) We got the dining hall far enough along by summer so we could use it, and the partition was taken out of the converted barn and chairs were put in for a chapel. The dining hall was wired by electricians, but the head cook had already moved into her room, so they didn’t wire her room. She had a heavy duty extension cord coming into her room, but on to it she plugged in a light capacity light cord with a multiple outlet, and into this she plugged in not only her light, but an electric heater and a radio.

[\(Back to Top\)](#)

CHAPTER 24
DISASTER YEARS AND GOD'S BLESSING
(pp. 251-257)

One night during the Week of Missions I had been walking through the camp and realized we needed more fire protection. We were getting too many buildings for the water supply we had. My thought was that part of the program for the next year must be fire protection. On the good side, was, I knew the chimneys were good for I had built them, and we didn't have any smokers in camp. Yet, I was uneasy. I guess that my Guardian Angel was trying to warn me, for about that time one of the cooks who slept up over the dining room came running down the road, barefoot and in her sleeping clothes, calling, "Fire, fire!" The overheated extension cord had caught the dining hall on fire.

The fire then was only in the one room, so I carried five gallon milk can of water up the stairs to throw on the fire. I could see a dark cloud of smoke high in the room, but everything was clear up to there. I didn't know that under that cloud was a layer of about 4 feet of clear deadly gas. I hit that gas and my knees went out. I did manage to get the water poured out over the floor, but went back down the stairs coughing and unable to do any more. As I went down, Bill McCoy, the young man who gave us the lumber to build, was going up, but he was knocked down as I was. We stood together watching it burn, both of us unable to do any more. He said, "Just let her burn; I'll furnish he lumber again."

The fire department got there and by putting a pump in the lake, saved the fire from spreading to the other buildings. That could be called disaster year, for that fall, grading a road with the tractor (252) I broke my leg at the ankle, pulling the tendons loose; and then the ocean spilled over. It continued to splash over all night, even at low tide, leaving 6 inches to 2 feet of new sand over the whole grounds.

The Trustees met and called it a disaster, but I said, "It may have done us \$2,000 on damages, but it's done us \$10,000 worth of good." It took about two months to clear the grounds of debris left. I had a cast on one leg, but I would step on the cross bar to the lift, have the hydraulic lift lift me up to the seat, swing around, and by crossing my leg over, could operate the clutch of the little 9H Ford Tractor. I would back up to a log, let myself down with the hydraulic lift, put a chain around the log, snubbing it up tight, then swing back. I'd put just enough lift on the draw bar to put the weight of one end of the log on the hind wheels of the tractor and then at the same time keep the front wheels on the ground. It really is surprising what could be done with those little tractors, rightly used.

The storm, in bringing in all that sand, had also filled in an old creek channel between the camp and sort of a spit out farther. In that sand was roots of grass which thrives on moving sand. As the wind blows the grass catches the moving sand and continues to build up. Over the years it has built up mountains of sand dunes, increasing the size of the campground to double the size. Today I would say that storm was worth about \$350,000.00.

It took five casts on my leg before my leg was ready. They first set my leg so the tendons were more likely to grow again; then set the bones so they would heal. The doctor said, "We can do a lot of things with bones, but the tendons growing back on was another thing." After about two months they took the first cast

off, but my leg was crooked. They then twisted my leg till I couldn't take any more pain, put the cast on and said, "Come back in ten days." For nine days that leg was in pain; the tenth day it wasn't. The doctors sure had their timing down right. That process went on till the leg was straight and the last cast came off, but even with the cast off the leg was a sorry mess. I had tried to exercise it in the cast, but it was a (253) big surprise to me how weak it was. One day going to the doctor he said, "Move your ankle up and down" and I did. "Now twist it sidewise," and when I did he was happy. Up to this time he had never promised me a free acting ankle.

There was one thing which bothered me though. Standing on that foot, I could command my muscles to lift me and there would be no response. The ankle would flex around, but the muscles in the leg would make no effort to lift me. It was some time before one day I felt a little tingle, like an electric shock go down my leg, and then my lifting power became active. I've thought so many times how wonderful that god built in a computer system into my body when He created me, so it was impossible for me to put the weight of body onto those tendon connections until they were strong enough to take the strain. God is great, He's so very great. During that period of my leg, I read light reading and we went to the show some. Anything to take my thoughts off the aching leg.

As I've told you about using the Ford tractor to clear the ground, with the use of crutches I carried on a lot. I even said, "If I'm going to be on crutches all my life, I'm going to try and climb Mt. Hood again on crutches." I pulled boats out of the lake standing on one leg, etc. One night in a big storm the ocean plugged the outlet to the lake and I took the tractor down to open up the channel. I took the crutches with me, but laid them up on a high bank of sand. We didn't want the lake to back up until it would start to go out the old channel. I worked on the channel until the water was going out, as I say, "Like the Rogue River." I had just made my last swipe with the blade down the channel when I saw an extra large wave coming I, even though it was low tide. There was no time to turn the tractor around; we were down in the channel with high banks of sand on either side. I opened the throttle wide open and started backing up. The water from the wave came rushing up the channel, coming up higher and higher around the tractor. I thought the motor would clonk out at any moment, but it didn't. That 9N had the fan blowing out instead of in, and I had a canvas over the top and sides that also went down in (254) front of the radiator which would blow out with the fan. This no doubt went down, sealing the water from coming to a certain extent, but the 9N. has its timer way down low on the end of the crank shaft. I can see no reason why that motor didn't quit, unless God was with me. We kept backing up until I was able to back the tractor to high ground behind a small spruce tree; then it stopped. One of my crutches was picked up on the beach down toward Neskowin, and the other found floating in the lake. My Guardian Angel was sure looking after me.

We had just bought a new Ford car that summer, but Ford hadn't come out with an automatic transmission yet, so with a stick shift I couldn't drive it; so I went into the Ford Garage and bought for \$900 an Oldsmobile with automatic drive. I used this to continue going out to Churches nights, representing the Camp. One night it snowed, rained and froze. The road was all ice. That night coming home I kept the car in low all the way; afraid to let it shift for fear it would put me into a skid as the gears shifted.

In the spring we started to rebuild the dining hall. As promised, Bill McCoy furnished the lumber again; Charles Thomas gave us the wiring; the same men came back to rebuild; and the man who had made

us stainless steel sinks as a gift, did it again.

As the dining hall went up my leg strengthened and by the time we had the side walls up my ankles were working so well I was able to walk the top plate of the wall.

The Trustees of Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp as I've said, had been operating the grounds for the use of the churches, but sponsored no camps. The camp was quite primitive. We had made double deck wood bunks eight inches deep in the cabins which we filled with straw. People didn't have sleeping bags, but the young people would come with bed rolls to roll out on the straw. We went from renting white tents 10' x 12' to buying Army Surplus tents 16' by 32'. We would put about a foot of straw on the floor and bed rolls would be spread (255) on the straw. The kids thought this was fun, but we had some parents come from Portland who said, "Things are awful out there. They are sleeping in straw just like pigs."

There were wood burning cook stoves in the cabins. One time there was a woman came in and said, "We are having trouble with the stove. The smoke is coming out into the room." We went running over to find they had started the fire in the oven. At first the cooking was done with wood. The first camp the boys took turns cutting wood with a buck saw. At first there were no showers, but in Yamhill Lodge we put toilets and showers, and then Pacific Lodge, and other rest rooms were provided with flush toilets and showers. We didn't try to finish the inside of the buildings. At that time the beach was low and once in a while the ocean would break over. The buildings were all put up off the grounds with bracing to withstand the push. We didn't know for sure when we might be washed out by the ocean, but felt the Devil would build on places like that and if washout would build again. But as the years have gone by the outer dunes have built up so the ocean doesn't slosh over. God has surely blessed Wi-Ne-Ma. The next few years after rebuilding the dining hall were put into taking out water rights on the lake and fire system. An addition was put on the chapel and building with three classrooms, called the Chapel Annex, was added.

One Sunday evening while visiting the churches, a little girl 9 or 10 years old came up to me and said, "When are you going to have a camp for girls? You tell about the camps for boys, but no camps for girls." I looked down at those big, brown, questioning, imploring eyes and I just couldn't resist them so I answered, "I'll do my best to get a camp for Junior girls." I was not committed, so at the next Trustee's meeting I put the story of the big brown eyes and the wistful question up to the men. They authorized me to start a camp for 9 to 12 year old girls. There were about 5 camps of boys sponsored by "The Men's Ninety and Nine" of the Christian Church of Oregon. The one at Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp was running about 100 boys, so with 4 other boys' camps (256) I was afraid to give the girl's camp much publicity, but that first year we had 60 girls.

With the success of the girl's camp at Wi-Ne-Ma, the Men's Ninety and nine opened a Girls Camp at each of their camp locations, but the second year we had 90 girls, the third year 120 girls and the fourth year 159 girls. As much as I love girls, that was too many girls in one camp for me, but the results were wonderful. The first night at Girl's Camp I held the bonfire service. After the bonfire service a little girl came up to me and asked, "Why didn't you give the invitation to accept Christ tonight? I wanted to come." I answered, "We don't usually start to give the invitation until Thursday night." She said, "I don't want to wait till Thursday night; can't you do it sooner?" "With your asking, I'll give the invitation tomorrow night." "Why

wait till night? Why not at Chapel?” and so the invitation was given at the first chapel. There were 12 girls came forward. This girl told why she came forward to accept Christ. She said, “When I got into camp all of the girls were so nice and friendly to me, a stranger, I decided if this was what it meant to be a Christian, I wanted to be a Christian.” Of course, in most of the decisions for Christ at a Junior Camp, it came from good Bible School training in their home church, and they are just waiting for camp to make the confession. During that week in camp, 65 made their Confession of Faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. A few were baptized at camp, but we usually recommend they go back to their local church to be baptized, because of the closer tie with the local church. If they insist on being baptized at camp, we endeavor to contact their parents and pastor to come to the baptism at camp.

With that many girls at camp we split the camps into two camps the next year, and it leveled off to about 172 girls in two camps.

Nearly all of the camp weeks had grown till now there were two Boy’s Camps, two Junior high Camps and two High School Camps as well as the two Girl’s Camps. In order to coordinate the camps were would have a camp leaders meeting. At (257) one of these camp leaders meetings, the question was asked as to whether it wouldn’t be better to have the Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp, Inc. have its trustees take charge of all the camps the same as the Girl’s Camps! Who would head up all the camps then? And they said, “Bill, the same as the Girl’s Camps.” I objected to this for I know there always comes criticism of the person who is head, whether through jealousy or some other reason. I did agree to the Trustees of Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp to take the sponsorship of the camps. That passed and was agreed upon, but at the very first meeting of the Trustees they appointed me to head up all camps. It seems you can’t win for losing, but we did continue with a healthy growth of both the camps and grounds improvements.

[\(Back to Top\)](#)

CHAPTER 25
THREE MORE CHILDREN
(259-265 – excerpts relating to Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp)

(263) In 1961 and 1962 we built Myrtleward hall at Wi-Ne-Ma. The building was built against a sand dune, with the first floor built with concrete blocks on the west sand dune side, and the front of wood construction. This was used for dormitory space with rest rooms at each end. We just did this floor in 1961, putting a lapped tarred cover on the top of the subfloor so we could use it for camps in 1961. the top floor going out over the sand dunes was framed in 1962. We were just putting the shakes on the west side of the building in 1962 when the October 12th, Columbus Day Storm hit. I went down to see how the building was faring and found the building was sitting there undisturbed by the storm. Not a board was blown off the staging. The bundles of shakes were not disturbed. It was just like God had laid His hand over Wi-Ne-Ma. However, we went up onto the hill where the sheep shed was, and the wind was twisting the spruce trees in all directions.

(265) In 1968 I resigned as Manager of the camp, but continued to preach for the church until I was 70 years old. In 1970 I not only resigned as Pastor of the Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Church, but also as Trustee of Wi-Ne-Ma Christian Camp. However, according to the by-laws, I still have a voice and a vote in Trustee meetings if I attend.

[\(Back to Top\)](#)