

## The Six Ten Club

The Summer between my freshman and sophomore years in high school, my best friend, Jim Steyer, and I decided to attend FFA Camp (Future Farmers of America) at Camp Muskingum on the hilly banks of Leesville Lake in Carroll County, Ohio. The brochure promised aquatic and nature studies along with fishing, hiking, boating, swimming and membership in the Six Ten Club (?). As farm boys who rarely got to swim or boat, this sounded like the perfect vacation in July after a Spring and Summer of plowing and discing the fields in preparation for planting corn, oats and beans, cultivating (and hoeing) corn and beans and...worst of all...making hay in in those 90 degree days (with all that chafe inside of our sweaty shirts). Besides,, being away for a week meant that we wouldn't have to do chores (miking cows, feeding pigs and loading and hauling manure).



Jim (Top R); Glenn (Bottom R)

Our Agriculture teacher, Mr. Knight, transported us to the camp and our parents agreed to pick us up at the end of the week. When we arrived, camp counselors (upper class men who had done this before) took us to our cabins and showed us our bunks. After storing our belongings, we had our first meeting with our cabin leaders, and then all of the other campers, to find out what was expected of us. Only one thing seemed like a surprise...The Six Ten Club! We knew we would have some nature classes, play some softball, swim in the lake, hike some trails, take our turn cooking and

cleaning up...but we hadn't known that we would be competitive members of The Six Ten Club! The head counselor explained that the The Six Ten Club was actually The 6:10 Club! Yes, we each would need to be fully submerged in the water before 6:10 AM if our cabin was to receive points leading to the Camp Championship! This meant getting into our bathing suits, walking several hundred yards down a hill to the lake and then diving into the lake. To make matters worse, you got extra points if you swam to the dock. To do this, you had to pass a test consisting of: swimming fifty yards to the dock; treading water for five minutes; and, returning to shore. Folks who passed got to wear a Trout Badge and those who didn't (Me) had to wear a Turtle Badge and couldn't go beyond "the rope." My friend Jim could not swim any better than me, but he could float like no other person I have ever known. He could float vertically...yes, straight up and down like a spar buoy! So, Jim merely got into the water, dog paddled to the dock and then pretended to tread water as he just floated vertically. Jim was a Trout and I was a Turtle! The week went well, our cabin came in second place, we survived the 6:10 Club and we returned to life on the farm.

In August, football practice started. After the first practice, when we were undressing, Jim paraded by me in his athletic supporter...with his Trout Badge firmly affixed in the most obvious location! Jim had purchased extra Trout Badges and and sewed them, I found out later, to nearly everything he owned...jeans, sports jackets, underwear and even had one glued to his lunch pale!!! What a sense of humor! What a great friend! Jim was my best friend...we lived together for four years in an attic room with a space heater without a pilot light, spent years in the Navy



together and were best friends through out our lives. For the last eighteen months of Jim's life, I spoke to him at length EVERY DAY that he was able. We solved the world's problems and a few personal ones as well. I never forgave him about the Trout Badge thing but he never forgave me for the time, in college, I turned the cold shower on him in while he was soaking in the tub. We never had cross words and always supported one another. Jim was a true Trout kind of guy and I loved/love him.

Note: We both learned to swim in college...well enough to pass the one mile swimming test required in Naval Flight School.

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