

# THE DAY STOPS FOR CAMP ARROWHEAD

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**W**hen it comes to the things in life that I think are truly important, my priorities are undoubtedly pretty goofy. But they make me happy.

For example . . .

A television network called me last week, wanting to send a camera crew so that I could offer my views on the savings-and-loan crisis.

"I don't know," I said. "Call back next week. I'm pretty busy right now."

Then a reporter for the Los Angeles Times called from California, wanting my input on a story he was working on concerning the relationship between the broadcasting industry and professional sports.

"I can't really talk now," I said. "I'm right on deadline."

Then came a call from a very nice fellow named Randy Heath, who writes for a paper called the Jackson Journal-Herald, in Jackson, Ohio, population 6,675. Randy Heath seemed a little bit shy.

"I'm really sorry to bother you," he said. "But we're thinking about putting out a special issue on Camp Arrowhead, and we understand that you used to go there...."

"Camp Arrowhead?" I said. "Is Camp Arrowhead still around?"

"No," Randy Heath said. "It closed many years ago. I won't take up your time...."

"Camp Arrowhead closed?" I said. Camp Arrowhead was a boys' camp near Jackson where I went when I was 11 years old.

"I know how busy you are," Randy Heath said, "so I'll be brief. . . ."

"I'm not busy at all," I said. "Is Eddie Jones still alive? He owned the place, you know. He also owned Globe Iron. Big iron plant. I remember one night, we all went to the Globe Iron plant to watch the iron being made. He was like a legend around Camp Arrowhead. We only saw him once or twice a summer. Eddie Jones must have been like the Donald Trump of Jackson-biggest businessman in town."

"Globe Iron is gone," Randy Heath said. "It was Jackson`s biggest employer, but it closed down. . . ."

"One time during the summer we did see Eddie Jones," I said. "He had a house out on a little island in Lake Catherine. I don`t know if that`s Catherine with a `C` or a `K`,` but the lake was named after his wife. . . ." "Yes, I know about Lake Catherine," Randy Heath said. "I really don`t want to interrupt your schedule. . . ."

"Nothing`s going on here," I said. "You`re not interrupting anything."

Just then one of my editors stuck his head into my office and glanced at his watch. "When can we expect the column?" he said.

"Excuse me," I said to Randy Heath on the telephone. I looked at my editor. "The column may be late," I said to my editor. "This is a very important call."

I went back to the phone conversation.

"I`m very sorry for the interruption," I said to Randy Heath. "Now-Lake Catherine. See, what happened was, Eddie Jones gave this big cookout for all the campers at the end of the summer. Out on his island. We all went in canoes. And there was Eddie Jones-wearing a Camp Arrowhead T-shirt! Well, a guy like Eddie Jones, he must have been like the Donald Trump of Jackson. . . ."

"Yes, you mentioned that, Mr. Greene," Randy Heath said.

". . . so to see him in a Camp Arrowhead T-shirt-well, that really shocked us!" I said. "A man like Eddie Jones, you`d expect to see him in a three-piece sharkskin suit!"

"I really appreciate your time, Mr. Greene," Randy Heath said.

"Wait!" I said. "Don`t go! See, when we got to Eddie Jones` island, the cookout was an all-you-can-eat deal. Hot dogs, hamburgers, ice cream, soda pop. And the point was, we all ate until we threw up! That was the idea!

We`d eat until we threw up!"

"I see," Randy Heath said. "Well, it`s been nice talking to . . ."

"I suppose you can`t print that," I said. "I mean, about the throwing up. But it`s really true. You can ask anybody."

"I`m not doubting your word," Randy Heath said.

"Ask the director of the camp," I said. "D. Merrill Davis. Or you can check with the counselors-they'd know. Layne Longfellow was one of their names. Then there was a fellow named Tom Payne. Or Logan Hines. Try Logan Hines. I don't know where you'd find these guys, but Logan Hines isn't a very common name, you ought to be able to . . ."

"I really don't want to keep you any longer," Randy Heath said.

"You're not keeping me," I said. "If you can't find Logan Hines. . . ."

"Thank you," Randy Heath said, with just a hint of impatience in his voice. "You've told me more than enough. . . ."

"But there's more!" I protested, just before Randy Heath hung up.

And with that I went back to the modern world of savings-and-loan crises, and broadcast-industry disputes with professional sports franchises, and a million other things that are very important and no fun.

You should have seen Eddie Jones in that Camp Arrowhead T-shirt, watching all the kids laughing and eating three hot dogs at a time and throwing up.

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