

THE LONG ROAD  
to  
CAMP PINNACLE



LUCY ELIZABETH JONES



## PROLOGUE



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IT IS AUGUST 20TH, 1947, and I am writing this on the morning "milk train" enroute to Albany from Essex, New York. My father's oldest sister, Lucy Elizabeth Jones, has passed into the Life Eternal, and I am on my way to St. Paul's Church to attend her funeral services.

Truly a great soul has passed our way. Somehow one cannot say of Aunt Lucy what is said of many whose suffering and sickness confine them to the life of an invalid — "a blessed release." No, it was not that for Aunt Lucy, for she loved life and clung to it to the very end. She was never alone, for one could not help but be aware that her Lord and Master was her constant companion.

This summer of 1947, it has been my privilege to have spent many happy hours with her. Her one hope and dying wish was that she could write a book about the story of Camp Pinnacle and the Bible School. Her hands were too crippled with arthritis to write, and there were times when she was so feeble and weak that it was difficult for her to say the words that were in her heart. Her mind was as clear as crystal, however, and her memory far keener than the average. These are her words as she told them to me. This is her story. It is not complete, for Death could not wait. The title of this book is "The Long Road to Camp Pinnacle," but it might



be called "The Unfinished Symphony," for it is an incomplete glimpse into the life of a truly great person. There was more that she wanted to say about the camp. There were to be several more chapters on the Albany Bible Institute, successor to the Albany Bible School. Suffice it is to say that it is a forward-moving organization where men and women are trained for Christian service. It was there, at 281 State Street, that Aunt Lucy chose to spend her last days.

A. J. T.

*"Prayer from a living source within the will,  
And beating up through all this bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
Kept him a living soul."*

TENNYSON



## Harriet Kibbee Christie's Early Days

Albany's first acquaintance with the moving spirit of our work and the central figure of this story was when she came to 8 First Street, to live with her foster father. She was a brown-eyed child about two years of age. The door had been closed on her old life in Norwalk, Connecticut, as Maria Emerson, the baby daughter of a frail young mother and a hardy sea captain, whose career carried him up and down the coast of the Atlantic. A new life was ahead of her. She was now Harriett Newell Kibbee, daughter of Austin S. Kibbee, head of a prominent lumber firm in the capitol city of New York State.

Up in the second floor sitting-room, in the front of the house on First Street, overlooking St. Joseph's Park, was the family gathering place. It was there in a comfortable chair that a kindly grandmother spent most of her hours. Perhaps the two greatest joys in her life were the array of tulips and hyacinths and other flowers in the park in the spring, and the new little member of the family who became so much loved by all. It must have pleased the elderly lady when little Harriett came running to her side one day and asked her to make pockets for her dress.

Her next recollection was a sad one. The vivid memory of standing by the casket of her sister, Fanny, always remained



with her. Thus, she was compelled to face sorrow at an early age. But many joys, too, came into the life of the little girl. Hours and hours were spent in the back yard with the pear tree and the birds and the flowers as her companions. Her father insisted that she play in the back of the house, lest strangers be attracted by her charm. He wished to protect her at any cost.

One of the great influences of her life was the Irish housekeeper, Anne Jane, who loved the child as if she were her own, and who was equal to any emergency. Harriett spent happy days with Anne Jane in the kitchen, 'licking the dish,' making cakes, sometimes helping, sometimes hindering, and acting as only a small child would in a kitchen.

Even in these early years her musical talents were evident, and these developed as she grew. Her father was never happier than when they bought a new hymn book, and the two sang and played it together from the beginning to the end.

One cannot help but feel that this environment was a most fitting preparation for the work the Lord had planned for her.

She spent many summers of her early youth on a farm on the Krumkill Road, a few miles from the city. She would pack her bag early in the summer to be taken to the farm by the milkman. His sisters presided over the farm — two very quaint Quaker ladies, who loved Harriett dearly and took her in as if she were their own. It did a great deal to build up her constitution — to be in the fresh country air all summer.

The pastor of the 4th Presbyterian Church, a very earnest soul-winner among the young people, was making parish calls. He stopped in at Harriett's (she was about thirteen years old



at the time) and found her playing the piano. She seemed surprised to see him, and said, "Do you want to see Mother or Father?" and he said, "No, I came to see you."

He asked her if she had ever thought about leading a consecrated life. Although she had sat with her parents in family prayers, she had often wondered if prayers were answered, though in her own mind she had no definite convictions on the subject. Then after a heart to heart talk with her pastor, she became convinced that she would do her best to know the mind of Christ and walk in His way.

Shortly thereafter she began teaching a Sunday School Class of boys — some considerably older than herself. Some of those friendships endured throughout her life.

Harriett attended the Albany Female Academy, graduating in 1884. When the honors were given out, hers, like the others, was in a sealed envelope. Before opening it, she ran home to show it to her father. Her honor was an English essay.

Later she went to Northfield Seminary, the memory of which remained with her all of her life. Both Harriett and Mr. Kibbee were among the host of admirers and followers of Dwight L. Moody.

She was always very popular with the young men, but her father was never desirous of her to marry. When the time came, however, that a definite decision had to be made, he was in full sympathy with the man she was to marry — James Christie, only brother of seven sisters.

The young couple, after a large wedding at the 4th Presbyterian Church in the Christmas season, began their married life in an apartment in the west side of New York.

One day I was speaking to Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, who was the pastor of their church in New York. His picture of



their life well described it. He said to me, "Miss Jones, there are no two people in my church who have more brilliant prospects — financially, socially, and spiritually."

But alas, their married career was of short duration. On their first Thanksgiving holiday, they came to be with Harriett's father in Albany. Tragedy awaited them. The young husband, who had been riding horseback in Washington Park, was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage. At first it was thought to be only a fall from the horse, but it proved to be fatal after two years of invalidism. During this time, Harriett was unceasing in her devotions, ever hopeful with a faith that he would be well again. The New York apartment was broken up, and the wedding presents sold to meet the new financial needs. The faithful Anne Jane helped to see this through.

As the hot summer increased, it was thought that a change of air might help. Arrangements were made for him to go to a nearby hotel in the country with his wife and one of his sisters. They boarded the train in Albany. As they neared their destination, a terrific thunderstorm broke, James Christie collapsed. Harriett would not believe that he had gone, as he had similar attacks before. There were doctors on the train who pronounced him dead; and they removed his body to the baggage car. Harriett asked one of the doctors to keep a constant watch, not believing that he had really gone to his Maker.





*MR. AND MRS. JAMES CHRISTIE*





**LUCY JONES**



## Farm Days In Chatham

My father, Andrew B. Jones of Albany, was always interested in getting his children into the country. There were four of us. My mother was never very strong. After a while he found a charming old farmhouse less than a mile from East Chatham on the B. & A. Railroad, where they consented to take on the Jones family as paying guests. This house had been a wayside inn between Boston and Albany. It was owned by William L. Rowe and his wife, who was a great leader for "women's rights." She attended all the fairs in Columbia County, making many speeches and addresses in the interest of women.

The Rowes had relatives in New York who made frequent visits to the old farmhouse. The addition to the household of four lively Jones children must have given new life to the old farmhouse. How well I remember the old red brick house which ruled supreme amidst the other small buildings — the cow barn, the ox barn, the horse barn, and a tenant house about half a mile down the road, where the jovial black-faced "Aunt Rhody" and her husband "Uncle Pomeroy" lived. We used to make up excuses to go down the road so that we could watch "Aunt Rhody" smoke her dirty white clay pipe.



We were forbidden to pick any fruit from the numerous fruit trees surrounding the farm. I must here confess leadership to a childish prank. After nightfall, we would steal quietly under the trees, shaking them vigorously—just enough to release them from their hold, so that we could innocently pick them from the ground in the morning.

One guest at the Rowe farm made a particular impression upon me. She was the head of the Howard Mission House in New York City, and her name was Miss Oliffe. Wherever and whenever there was an opportunity, she spoke in the country churches and in the meeting houses, telling them all of the extreme poverty of the East Side New Yorkers. She had seen this desperate situation with her own eyes, which made her speak with great feeling and earnestness. My father was amongst those who were moved by her earnest plea. Seeing the huge surplus of potatoes, pears, apples, plums, carrots, onions, etc. in this up-state rural community, he offered to pay expenses for the railroad freight to New York for all the extra produce that could be shipped. My brother and my sisters and I spent long happy hours in the sunshine picking the fruits and vegetables, and filling the barrels that were to be sent to the East Side.

Since the house was so near the tracks, watching the trains go by was a great source of entertainment. There were fast trains and slow trains, but always there was an engineer to whom we waved and who returned our greetings with a hearty smile.



## The Beginnings of Camp

The summer after her husband's death, Harriett Christie visited an old Sunday School teacher in the suburbs of Chicago. One evening while sitting on the porch, Harriett said to her friend, "Do you suppose I could ever do anything to help girls who are worse off than I am?" Her friend did not say, "No, you're young," or "No, you haven't had the experience," or "You are not well enough," but she said with assurance, "Yes, of course you could!" And there the seed for camp was planted.

One September afternoon following that summer vacation in Chicago; Harriett took a group of her Sunday School girls on a picnic, leaving Albany on a small steamer that ran up and down the Hudson River. They enjoyed a pleasant boat ride, and stopped for a picnic supper. Remembering the conversation with her own Sunday School teacher, she said, "Girls, would you like to go to camp next summer?" They were unanimous in their agreement.

In the meantime, camps for boys had become popular, and there were many boys camps. There was a camp on Lake Champlain run by a Y. M. C.A. secretary, who was a friend of Mrs. Christie's. She had gained real interest and inspiration from hearing of his experiences with boys at camp. Her thought was to start along the same line with girls. The pur-

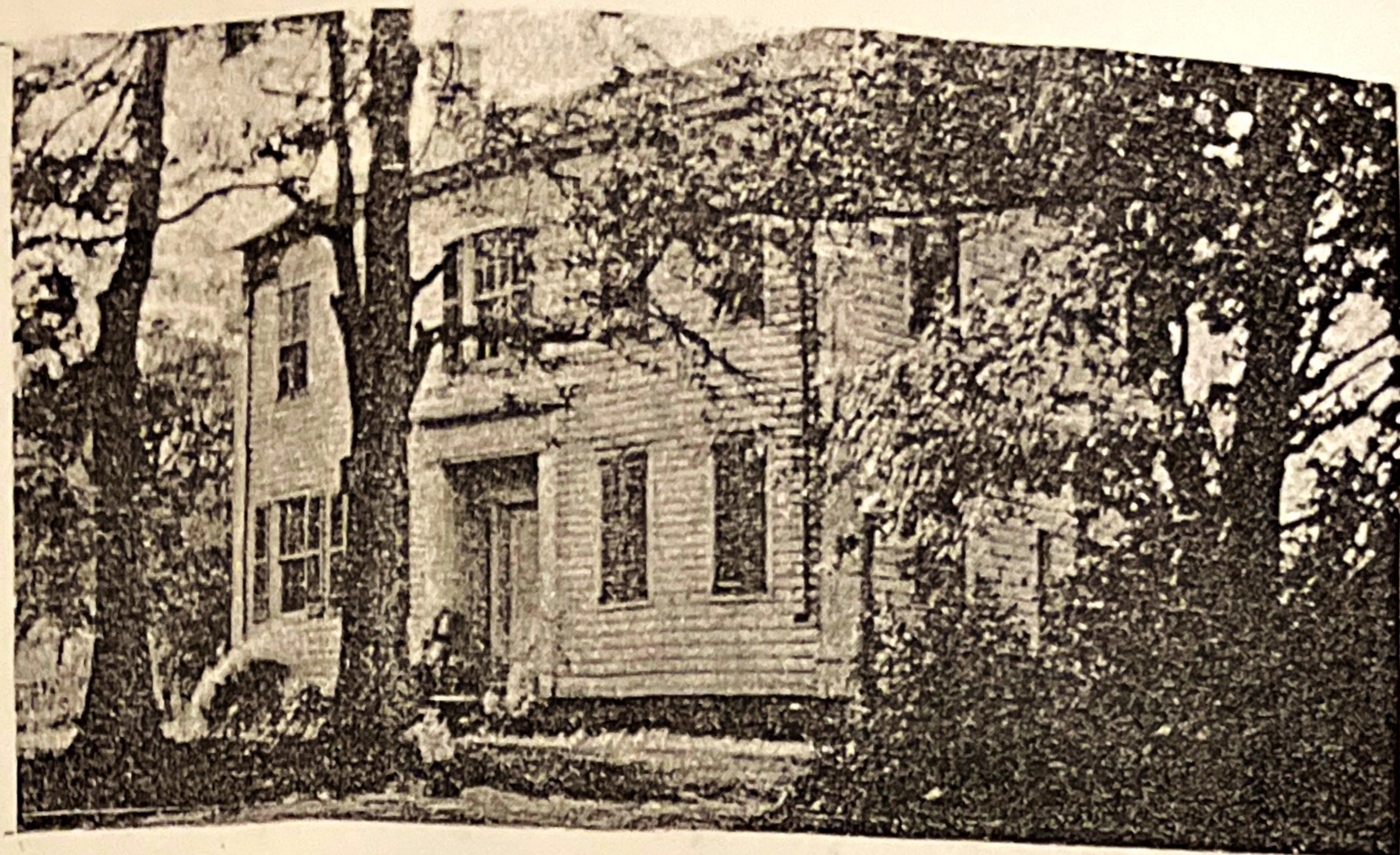


pose of the camp from the day it started until the present time has never changed — "That girls and young women may learn to know their Saviour Jesus Christ and have a happy wholesome vacation."



**HARRIETT KIBBEE CHRISTIE**





*THE FIRST CAMP — INDIAN LADDER*

After talking her plans over with two or three congenial friends, and only after much prayer and meditation, plans for a camp began to take shape. The first question, of course, was where to locate. The Helderberg Mountains (a spur of the Catskills) was at that time an almost unknown section, except to people "born and brought up in the Helderbergs." Here, where the rare altitude supplies a life-giving, health-giving nature to the climate, is where the Indian Ladder is, one of the beauty spots of the world, located within twenty miles of Albany.

After many inquiries were made, a trip was made to a large double farmhouse located at the head of the Indian Ladder Road. The house immediately made a wonderful appeal, as it could easily be divided into two parts, one to be used by the owner, his wife, and sick daughter; and the other could be used as a camp for girls. A deal was made, and before long fifty-three girls were camping that summer in the Helderberg Mountains.



Calico curtains strung on wires served as bedroom partitions. The dining room was located under a row of locust trees. Many were the evenings while supper was being served that the campers had to pick up their plates and run into the house for shelter from the rains. But what a joy it was for those girls to enjoy the rest and refreshment, away from the hot city pavements. They were all most cooperative and appreciative.

As a gift of one of the girls, employed in one of the department stores in Albany, a box of eiderdown quilts was sent up to camp. Needless to say, they were more than welcome. There was no space wasted. One morning one of the girls, who had slept on a feather bed on the floor, remarked, when asked if she had a comfortable bed, "Yes, I had one feather to sleep on!"



## The Unfinished Journey

I had heard a great deal about this camp. Mrs. Christie was a friend of mine, and I was anxious to know more about her venture, and perhaps see it for myself. My brother, Sydney Tucker Jones, and I used to spend many happy hours riding our bicycles. Camp was to close up after Labor Day, and so I persuaded him to take a bicycle trip on Labor Day into the Helderbergs. After a great deal of anticipation and planning, we set out on a hot September day with our lunch basket. After an arduous trip from Albany, via Guilderland, to the foot of the Indian Ladder Road, I suggested to my brother that we get off our "bikes" and get a bit of rest, for I really was exhausted. We ate the remains of our lunch, and as I looked at the almost vertical Indian Ladder Road, I turned and said, "Syd, I cannot push my bicycle up that road. Let's turn around and go home." That incident shall always stand out in my memory, for I shall always regret that I failed in my first effort for camp. And so in September 1898, the first season closed on the first camp for girls in America. Since we know that America has had the lead in camps, we might add that it was perhaps the first real camp for girls in the world.





*FOOTPATH TO THE OLD INDIAN LADDER*



## Mrs. Christie And I Find Each Other

As the years passed, I had begun to realize that my life was not counting for much, and I wanted a purpose. My father had suggested that I take up library work, as one of my friends was so successfully doing; but I was determined to go into the nursing field. He was very much opposed to that idea and would have none of it. My sympathies go out to every girl who has not found for herself a real purpose in life. The social life is an unsatisfactory and empty life at best.

One evening I was visiting Harriett Christie at her home on First Street, as she was making plans for camp for the ensuing summer. She turned to me and said, "Lucy, would you help me this summer?" I was overcome with joy to think that I was really needed, and that there was a place for me. My decision was made, and from that time on, it seemed as though God were uniting us in a common purpose — that of helping to develop and nurture the spiritual life of every young girl. We saw the possibilities, and together we enjoyed working them out. No task seemed too difficult — no problem unsurmountable. Our common belief was ever before us, that with God all things are possible. At all times camp and the Bible School took first place in our lives. We were constantly on the lookout for new recruits. As Dr. Blanchard, president of Wheaton College said — "You go out after them and they will follow you back."





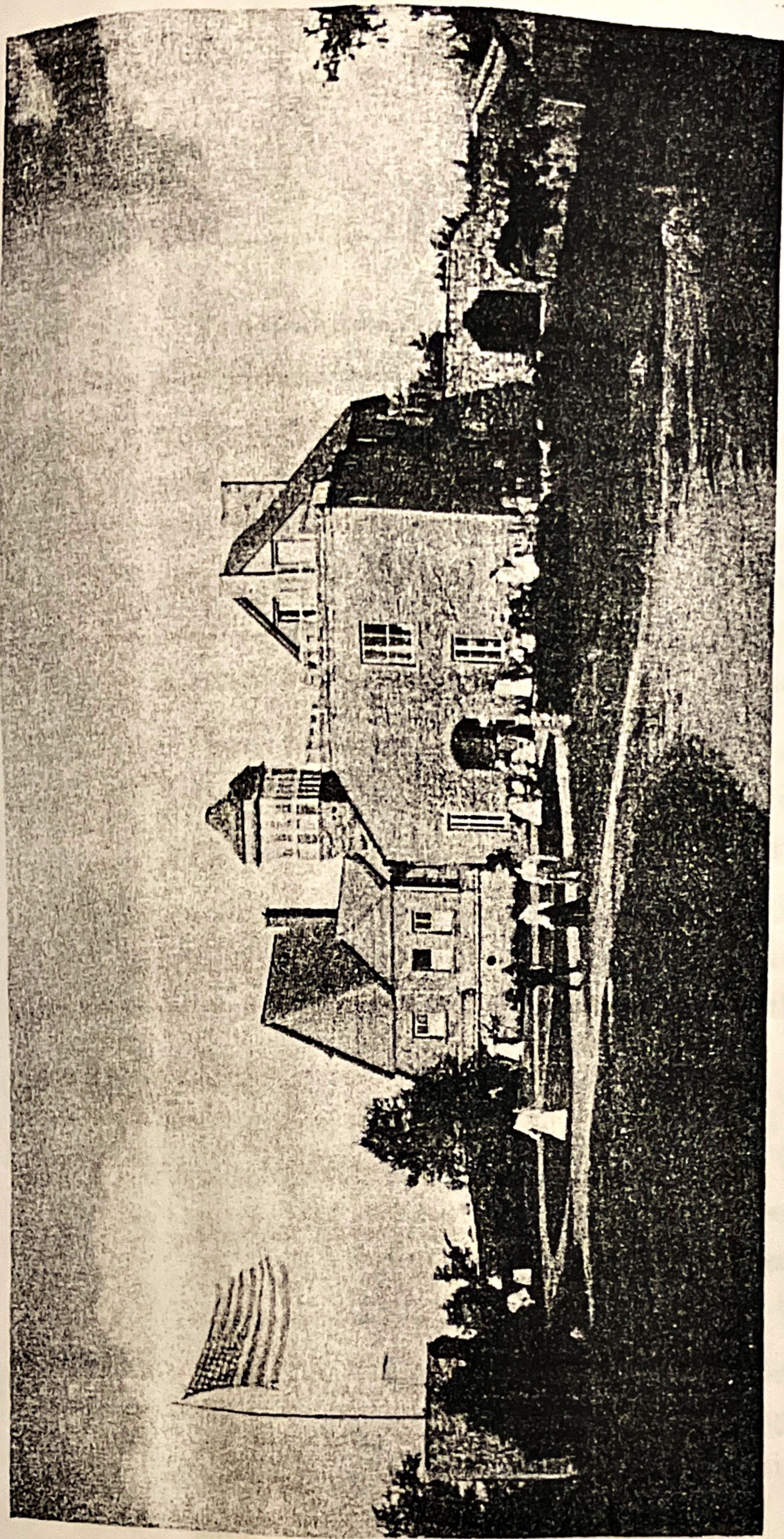
*LUCY AND HARRIETT*





*THE TWO FRIENDS — AS THEY APPROACH  
THE LATE AFTERNOON OF LIFE*





THE CASTLE



## Cassidy's Castle

The following spring word came to Harriett Christie at her home on 8 First Street, that if she planned to operate camp another summer, it was time to make an effort to seek new quarters. Together we set out on our venture, and by the time summer came we had taken over the famous "Cassidy's Castle" for our camp season. This was a fantastic story-book house located near Altamont, owned and built by a Mr. Cassidy who consented to rent it for a summer.

Beds and cots were placed in every available spot, accommodating thirty to forty girls at one time. It was a most successful venture, and a memorable one, too.

Just as the sun was setting, and the shafts of sunlight came through the long French windows, it was often Mrs. Christie's custom, before prayers, to sing to us — this to the delight of us all.

Many of the girls came by day boat to Albany, the D. & H. train to Altamont, where they were met by a livery mountain wagon and driven three miles up a steep hill to the Castle. Oh, how good it seemed to see lights in those windows, and to receive such a warm welcome after a long, hot day's travel.

The daily Bible Class was held at eleven o'clock, evening prayers at eight o'clock, and "good night" at ten. The rest of the hours were taken up with relaxation and happy fellowship.



The very first girl at the Castle that year was a forlorn little hunchbacked epileptic girl, who had spent most of her life in hospitals and had been asked to join a group of Sunday School girls for a two weeks' vacation in camp. The hills, the wild flowers, and all of nature were much loved by this little afflicted girl who had had a sad life. All things in her life from that time dated back to that vacation. It was my great desire to help this girl and to see that she had a vacation in the country, that took me to camp. Here was an opportunity to see in all its glory the true value of our efforts. I knew that I could never turn back now.



OFF FOR WARNER'S LAKE



## Catskill

During the following winter we learned that Mr. Cassidy wanted his castle for his own family. However, the camp leaders were more and more assured that here was a work established by God, and we were determined to set out to seek another place. We prayed and sought God to know which way we should turn. We seemed to be guided to go down the Hudson River, and we wanted to be located in the mountains where there was a view, for we all were convinced that mountaintop experiences were a vital part of Christian expression.

Early one morning in the summer of 1900, Harriett and I purchased our tickets on a steamer going down the river as far as Catskill. I felt like Abraham—"Called, not knowing whither he was going."

On arrival at Catskill, we made our way through the village to the real estate office of a Mr. Heath, explaining to him the purpose of our visit. He seemed most sympathetic; and with real warm interest, said that he thought he could find just the place for us. We made arrangements to drive with him three miles down the river road to Wynkoop Farm. We soon found ourselves, within a wonderful view of the Hudson River, by a large square red brick house with piazzas all around the house, and in the middle of a beautiful pine grove. It seemed ideal for our purpose.



There was a middle hall and rooms on either side, with stairs leading up to two floors and a sky parlor. In our minds we immediately saw different bedrooms furnished in different colors, and the sky parlor curtained off, making many cozy rooms with lots of breeze and sunshine.

The price was \$200.00 — (\$50.00 upon occupancy, \$100.00 on August first, and the remaining \$50.00 at the end of the summer). On returning to the agent's office, he asked us to sign a lease. We had not a penny between us, and yet in faith Harriett signed her name with no qualms. We somehow knew and believed that the money would be forthcoming. I had never experienced such a business enterprise before, but from that day on I always looked eagerly to God and always received the same answer from Him, that "All things are possible to those who love God."



CAMP LEADERS AT CATSKILL



Nearly every day a gift of either money or furniture arrived, or something else to make our camp an attractive home. We thought we had found the ideal spot for camp. The only part that worried us was the scarcity of water. We had to drink cistern water, and the supply was extremely inadequate. When at times it failed, we had to cart water from a spring near the West Shore Railroad.

There was a woodshed connected with the house which we turned into a dormitory. Miss Seeman occupied these quarters with a number of the girls.

The primary purpose of camp was to give business girls a vacation; but as most factories and business houses do not have vacations until July, we discovered that during the month of June very few were receiving the benefits of camp. Harriett and I conceived the idea of inviting old ladies to come. They came in droves. Many of them were wives of G. A. R. men, and most of them very old and very deaf. What fun they had! Their conversations about their husbands, their habits of life, and their grandchildren were most amusing and refreshing to us all. And how these dear old women enjoyed morning and evening prayer.

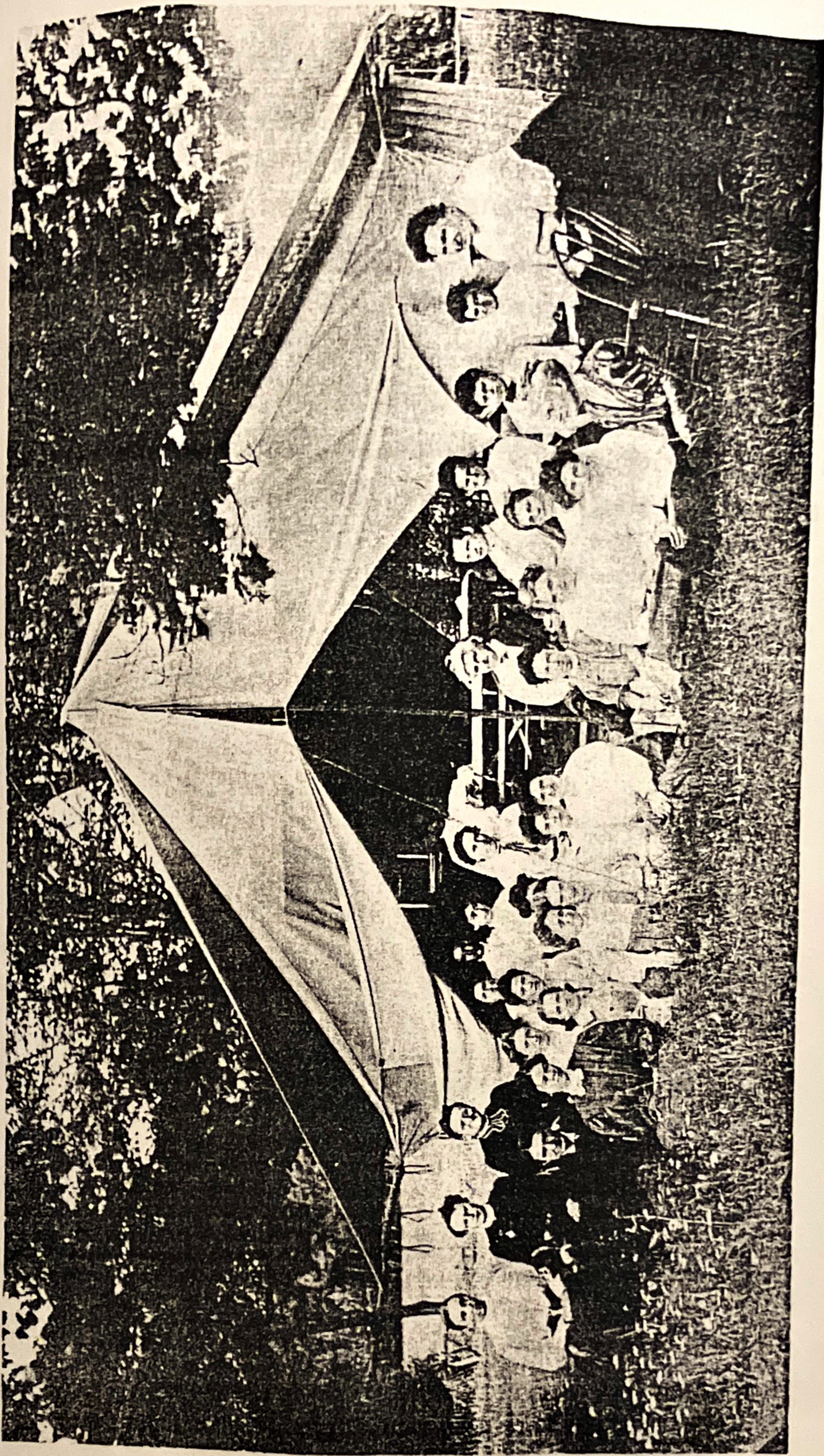
Another time young mothers were invited to come and bring their babies. Through the City Mission we were brought in touch with a great many mothers and babies in desperate need of a vacation. How thrilling it was to have a share in supplying this need.

Those early Catskill days are never-to-be-forgotten ones. On rainy evenings we sat on the porch and sang—our spirits never dampened, but rather refreshed.

Many of our personal friends visited us during those summers and seemed pleased with what we were accomplishing.

A tent was our dining room; and when the storms appeared,





THE OLDER WOMEN AT CATSKILL

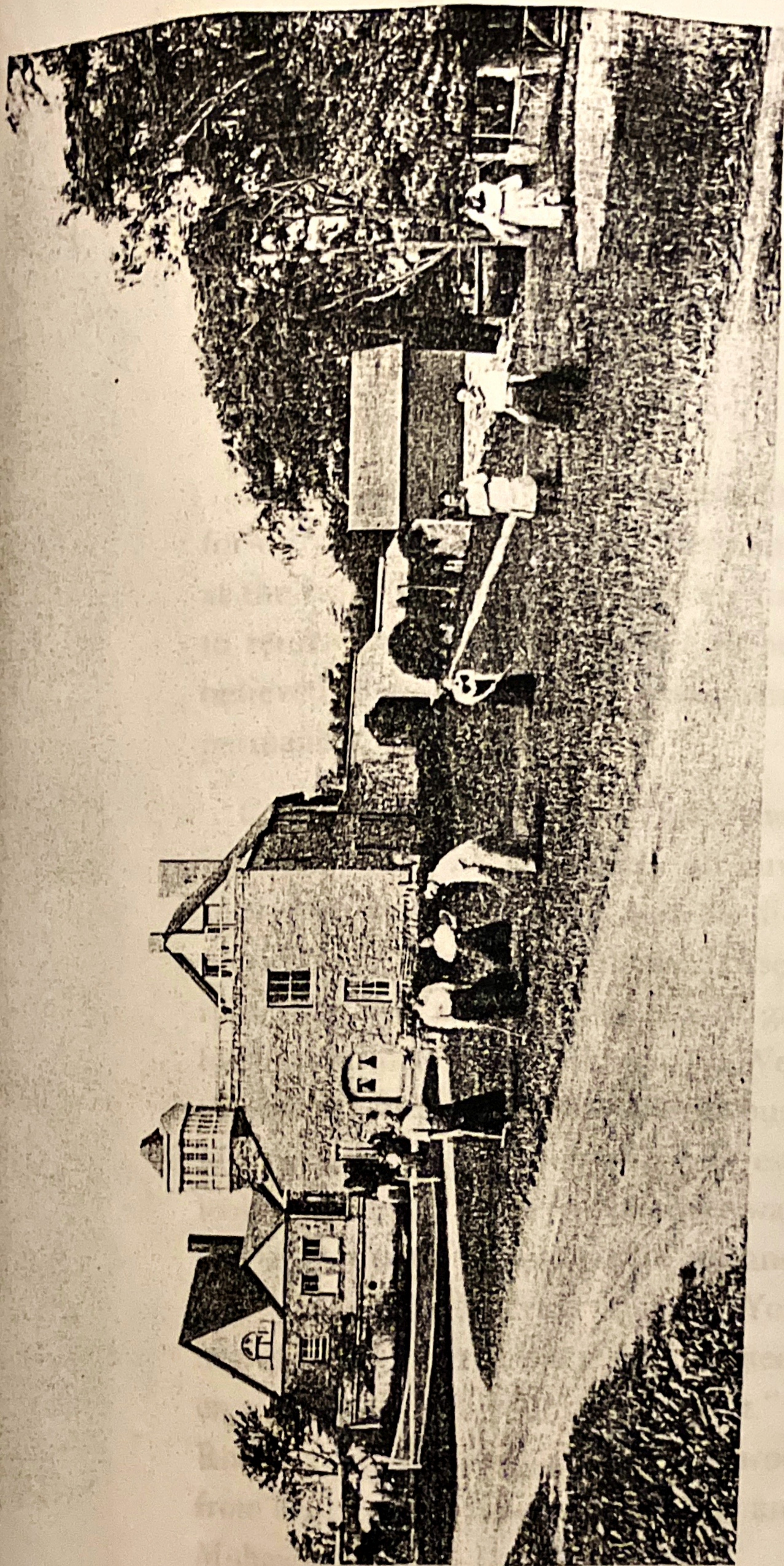


there was always a great rush to tie down our tent and make-shift dining room.

Catskill people were very friendly to us. The Y. M. C. A. presented us with some singing books. Many Catskill ladies came regularly to our Sunday meetings.

After three years, however, the water supply gave out completely, and we realized that because of this, it would never be a suitable location for a permanent home for camp. We knew that we would have to go elsewhere, as much as we hated to turn our backs on those happy days in the Catskill region.





CROQUET AT THE CASTLE



## Back to the Castle

After leaving Catskill, our hearts turned to the Helderbergs for our next summer, where the remembrance of days spent at the castle in Altamont was very happy. Our thought was to return there; and if possible to buy the place, for we all believed that the time had come when camp should have a permanent home.

Correspondence with Mr. Cassidy was entered into, making inquiries into the possibility of buying his property. An answer to our letter said that he did not wish to sell his property, and that he would rather see his castle a beautiful ruin than sell it to anyone. Faith gave insistence to make further inquiries to buy the castle. We contacted a real estate man in Altamont, who entered into business negotiations with Mr. Cassidy. Apparently the real estate agent's letter was looked upon in a more businesslike way. After various letters and several trips to New York City, and much prayer, a letter was received by Harriett saying, "You are taking the very heart of my property, but if you can meet my terms (\$13,000.00 on a certain day) you may have it." This included "Flat Rock," a popular walk through the woods, and "High Point" from which could be viewed Albany and Schenectady and the Mohawk Valley.



The day arrived, and we had only one-half of the amount. Very reluctantly we went to the real estate agent and told him our story. Harriett told him all our efforts had been through prayer. He was greatly impressed and pleased that we had as much as we had; but said, "Whatever your efforts have been, go back and redouble them!"

The season was fast advancing, for it was now well into April. Though there was much interest and expectation, the money did not materialize. A very attractive little booklet had been printed, stating our desire to buy a permanent camp, including the business details. They were distributed amongst our camp and personal friends. But, alas, the deal was called off by the agent, for we did not have the money. Yet we were determined that early failure would not cause us to lose faith.

One memorable afternoon, Harriett's father, Mr. A. S. Kibbee, and my father, Mr. Andrew B. Jones, and Mr. E. DeL Palmer, accompanied us to Altamont to look over the castle, and also to look over any other available property in that locality that would be suitable for our needs. After much deliberation, Mr. Palmer, who was considered an expert on the valuation of real estate, said, "Thirteen thousand dollars is too much to pay for this property. Ten thousand dollars is the proper price to pay." The consensus of opinion was to rent the property until such time as it was possible to buy, and that the rental should go toward the purchase price. We all returned to the city that afternoon with new zest and new hope.

An agreement was made with Mr. Cassidy to rent the property as suggested, and we began to make plans for the summer. He agreed to the \$10,000.00 price, providing the money could be raised in a very short time, as he had an opportunity to make a very good investment. You may well



know that there was much prayer for the remainder of this money. The date was set by Mr. Cassidy when the new full purchase price was to be given.

Camp had been opened for the season, and there was great expectancy with every mail and telephone call. The day before the set date had arrived, Harriett and I came down to breakfast as usual, planning to make the twenty mile trip to Albany to call on certain friends who might be interested in knowing of the need. It was a very hot June day. We visited many friends, and they were all interested in some other philanthropy. We were weary and footsore, and it was getting late. The first waves of discouragement broke over us. Suddenly I suggested that we call on our good friend, Miss Matilda D. Douw, who had already made a generous gift to the fund. She greeted us cordially and gave us a very sympathetic hearing to our story. She said, "I feel I have already given all I ought to give to the cause." We realized her position, and left as good friends; and we returned to camp.

Now it happened that a friend was visiting Miss Douw at the time, and after our departure the conversation quite naturally turned upon the need and earnest desire of her recent callers. Miss Douw remarked, "I wish I could do more to help at this time;" and her friend replied, "Why don't you? Why don't you do it all?" Miss Douw's financial affairs were in the hands of a trustee, Mr. J. Townsend Lansing, a man who had been a warm friend of the camp and who was in sympathy with our work. The request was put before Mr. Lansing who very generously said that it would be all right for her to give the last \$3,000.00 which was necessary to complete the fund. Imagine our joy when the telephone rang to tell us that our prayers had been answered. Be well assured



that we went to our beds that night with joyful hearts. The morning came, and we were ready to face it with renewed faith.

Harriett and I went to Mr. Palmer's office where the transfer of property took place. This was a new experience for me, and one could readily see that I was not familiar with making out checks for such large amounts. Mr. Palmer, seeing my embarrassment, very kindly offered to have his secretary make out the check, to which I gratefully assented.

That summer girls filled the camp to capacity, coming from New York, New Jersey, and Boston, as well as the capital district. There were not many camps in those days, and camp life was beginning to be very popular with young girls and women. The memories of those indoor meetings, as well as the Bible classes held in the tent or in the meadows, with such visiting speakers as S. D. Gordon, Charles Hurlbut (founder of A. I. M.), and various Y. W. C. A. secretaries and Bible teachers, and the memories of the friends we made,



*TENT LIFE AT CAMP ALTAMONT (THE CASTLE)*



will always be with us. There were some Chinese and some Japanese students who had come to this country to learn American ways. These foreign girls were most charming guests, and most of them were already Christians. If not, the way of salvation was made clear.

Camp grew until it could accommodate three hundred girls at a time. The message of the Lord Jesus Christ was always the uppermost purpose of the camp. In white paper letters on a terra cotta wall background was this text, "In honor preferring one another"—one of the outstanding messages of Altamont life. Picnics at Warner's Lake, hay rides to Indian Ladder, tennis, croquet, and hikes through the woods were all a part of the fun enjoyed.

The giving to missions and learning about missionaries was a big feature of camp life. There was a brick wall surrounding part of the castle on the other side of which were geraniums, balm of Gilead, pansies, and several large white birches, where girls sat in the branches to read. Evenings, when the weather permitted, our meetings were held out in the open. A fire was built, and the prayer service would be held around the fire. My mind goes back to a special missionary meeting with Dr. and Mrs. Keller of China. Mrs. Keller was the speaker that night, and I remember her earnest face lightened by an inner faith as well as by the sparkle of the campfire. The girls were moved by her appeal. Ten girls volunteered to get ten other girls each to give ten cents a week, the amount necessary to support a missionary in the Sudan.

Altamont stood out as a camp where Jesus Christ was held up for salvation. The knowledge of camp went forth, and soon Harriett was invited to speak to Y. W. C. A. meetings, Church and Bible meetings, in Rochester, Buffalo, Yonkers, etc.





*MRS. CHRISTIE IN INDIA*



## India

In the fall of 1909 Harriett was invited as a guest of the World Y. W. C. A. Committee to visit mission schools and mission centers in India, China, and Japan. She was entertained by various Christian ladies in London. From there she went on to Bombay, and on to her visitations from there. During her absence the girls maintained their interest in camp. Sufficient funds were raised to build a dining room. It was a great day when the building was completed, and the tables were set up to welcome Mrs. Christie's return to Altamont.

Each summer until 1910, camp was opened at the castle, and each year brought a larger number of girls and young women. The camp could accommodate three hundred girls very comfortably. Bible classes were held daily, and the memory of the Sunday afternoon Gospel Meetings in the grove will ever be a bright spot in our lives.

The interest in missions had grown tremendously, and since Harriett's tour through the Orient, we all felt that, if possible, we ought to give our lives to foreign service. I had been waiting earnestly until the way should be opened for me to go to India. The call came definitely when Miss Edith May, who had spent many years in India, under the Woman's Union Missionary Society, asked me one night after supper



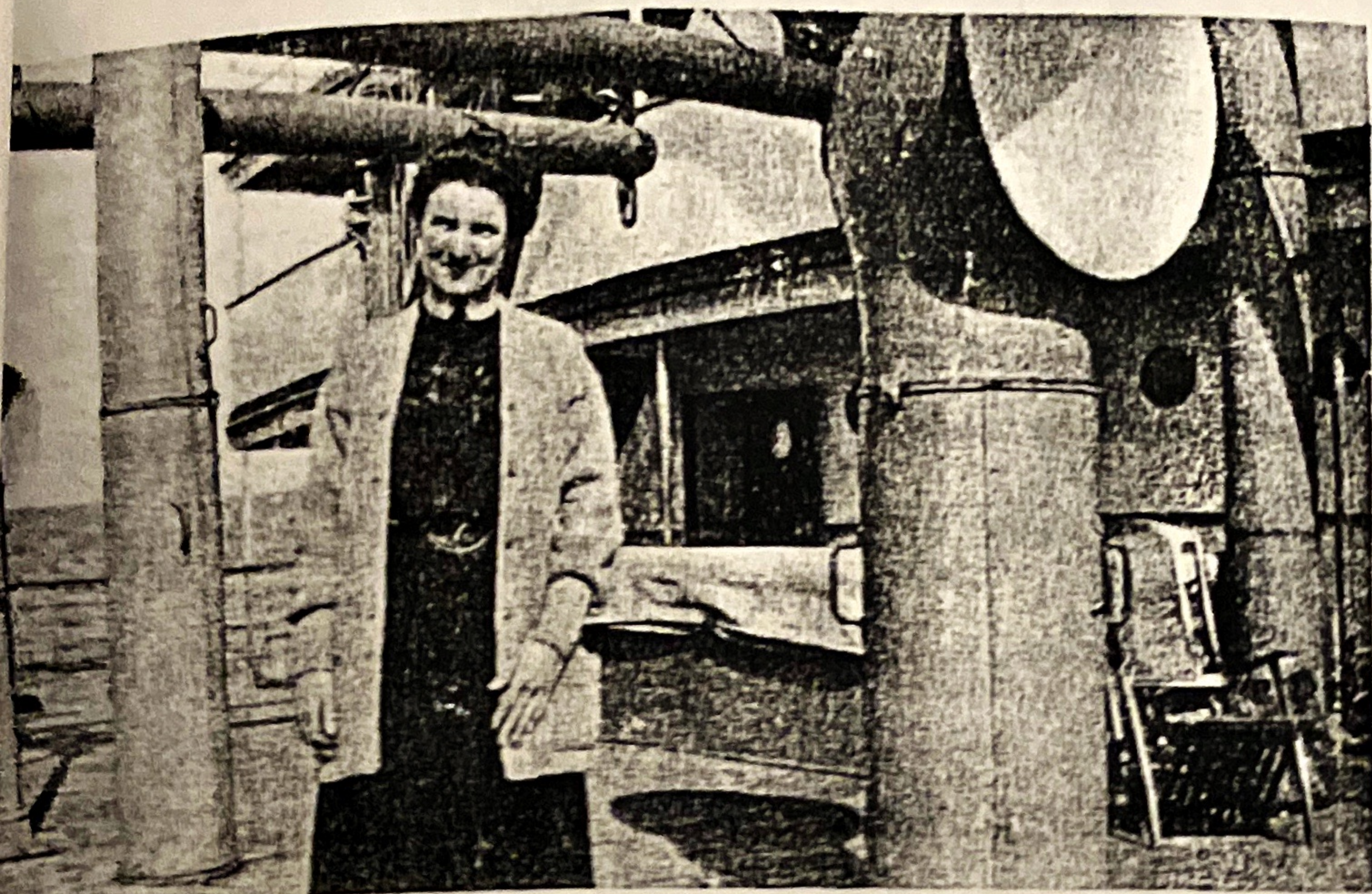
at camp if I would go for a walk with her. It was just at sundown when we wended our way around the stone wall, and she asked me if I would be ready to return to India with her as a worker in the autumn. I replied, "That I would have to think it over." I knew that India had been my goal for the past seven years, but conditions at home were such that I was not able to leave in the fall.

However, a few years later the way seemed to open up for my going. There were problems to solve and decisions to be made; but the conclusion was reached that if we could give the camp to some other organization to "carry on," then we would all be free to direct our lives into other channels. The Foreign Mission Field was desperate for help, and we wanted to volunteer our services.

An opportunity presented itself to dispose of the camp; a Christian organization in Albany received it from us and operated it for several years.

I gathered my belongings together and set out for Madras, India, where I substituted as general secretary for the Y. W. C. A. for one year. The time passed very quickly for me, but at the end of the year I was needed at home and so made my way back to Albany where I resumed my work at the Bible School.

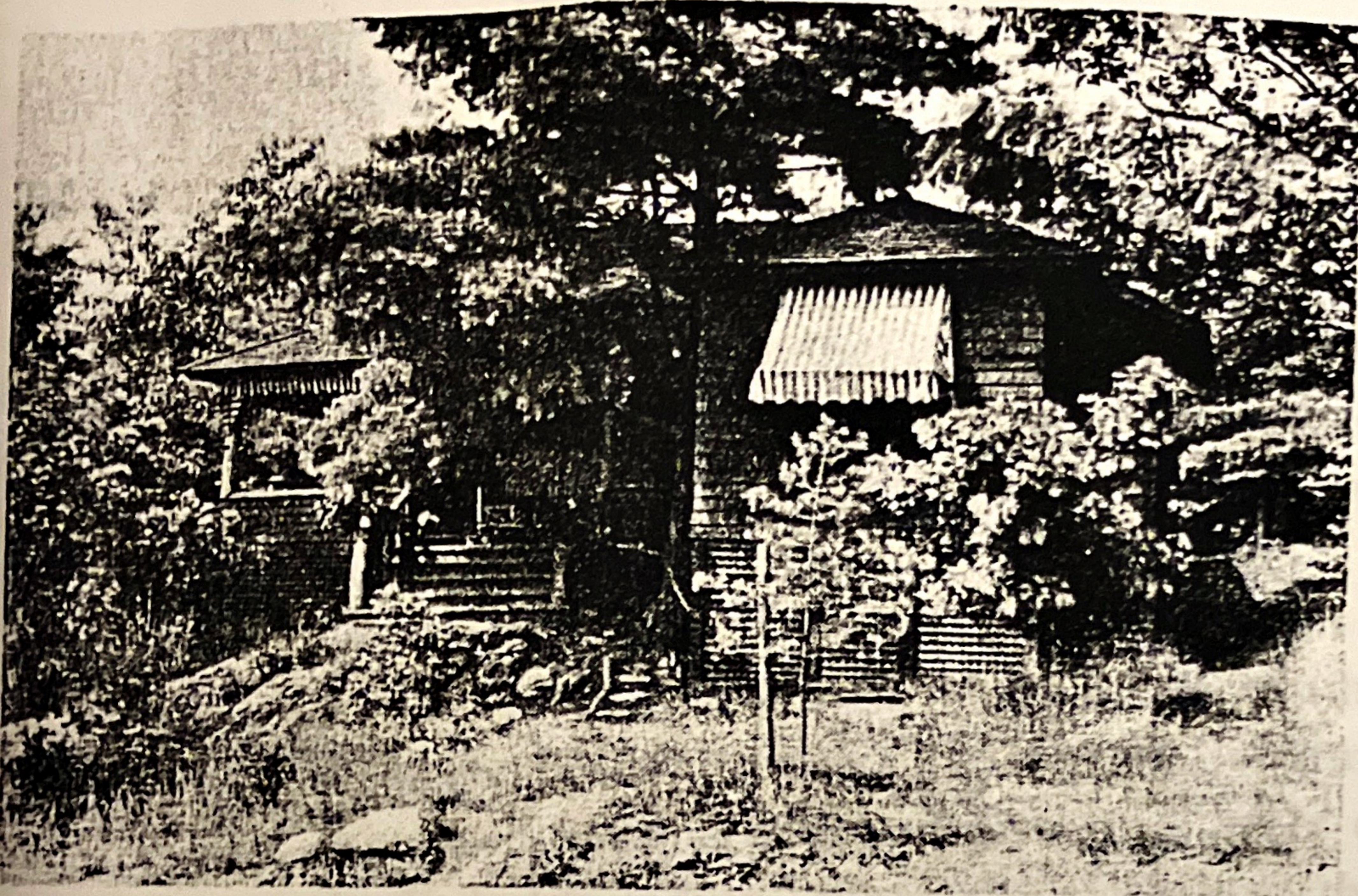




LUCY JONES OFF FOR INDIA



## Camp Again



**CAMP AT EAST NORTHFIELD**



## Camp Again

After a few summers had elapsed, there was a yearning on the part of the girls to have a camp again. The older girls who had helped to build up the former camp seemed to be ready for a new beginning; it was a yearning that could not be stemmed, but must be satisfied. We were able to rent a small cottage in East Northfield, Massachusetts. Camp started again with a new missionary interest. We had seen a young boy in a perambulator, and we became interested in his story: on the way home from Korea, where his parents had been missionaries, he fell on the ship, bruised his arm, and cancer developed. His mother had given him every care, but saw the little life fading. When God took him, the girls at the camp did everything to help the mother by sending food, etc.

One morning, Mrs. Christie had invited this mother, Mrs. Hardie, to come to the camp for morning prayers to tell the girls about life in Korea. She had said that the one disappointment of the summer was that she had not had an opportunity to present the story of her adopted Korean daughter, for whom she had hoped to get the support. The camp girls asked her what amount was required. It was \$60.00. They wanted to help. Each one put her name on a slip of paper with the amount she intended to give (by earning it on her return home). When the papers were collected and tabulated, the



amount was exactly \$60.00. This inspiring experience gave the camp girls new missionary zeal.

Mrs. Hardie had heard that there was a little waif in the back streets of a small Korean town, who had no place to live. She had six children of her own (besides the little boy who had died); but her heart was big, and she took the little street waif into her own home to bring her up as her own. Her life was a happy one because of Mrs. Hardie's generosity, and a fruitful one as well, for she became the wife of a Korean pastor.

The girls at camp, inspired by her story, supported her for a number of years.

It was about this time that we realized that camp would have to be located in a permanent home. Only those who went through the experience knew what it meant to pack up camp belongings year after year. It seemed like an endless series of packing and unpacking.



## Back to the Helderbergs

A tuberculosis state camp had been located in the hills back of New Salem, New York; but one winter it had burned to the ground. It occurred to us that there might be some equipment left from that camp to make the beginnings of a new camp. One of the city officials in Albany — the poor-master, made inquiries for us, and gave us enough encouragement to want to visit the ruins and judge for ourselves.

One beautiful March day, when the atmosphere was very clear, Mrs. Christie and I took the train for Voorheesville. There we were able to persuade a liveryman to drive us with his horses in search of the ruins of the camp. As we proceeded on our way (at that time of the year the roads were very wet and muddy, and the wheels of the wagon often went in almost to the hubs) the driver kept saying, "It's the 'offelest' road y' ever saw — it's the 'offelest' road y' ever saw!" We came to a fork in the road, and not knowing which way to go, we decided on the road with the least amount of mud. This, we thought, may take us to our destination.

In the meantime, it was approaching noon; we were hungry, and we stopped at a nearby farmhouse, and asked the farmer's wife if we could have some dinner. They were most cordial, and food never tasted better. As we were seated at the table, a man passed by the road, leading a cow with a rope





*THE FARMHOUSE*

fastened around the horns. We made inquiries of him, and he told us that a woman was following him with a wagon and two calves. We were interested in seeing them, and wondered where they were going. When the woman came, she suggested that we follow her if we wanted to see the most beautiful place in the Helderbergs. This we did, and we found ourselves at the place that is now Camp Pinnacle. We agreed that it was all that she said it was. The view was superb, the air invigorating; and we were captivated by its charm.

We drove up to the old house that had never seen a bit of paint. The kind lady who was there treated us to a glass of milk and some nice fresh gingerbread. It warmed us on that windy March day. I well remember that my borrowed coon-





*TENTS AT EAST BERNE*

skin coat felt as thin as a piece of tissue paper, the wind was so intense. We walked out to the "rim," and Mrs. Christie remarked that she never expected to find a place so near to Heaven. We talked it over, and wondered if we could ever persuade girls to come so far to a camp. We knew that once they saw it, they would be charmed as we were.

After some investigating, we discovered the property, including the old farmhouse, was owned by the Schenectady Lumber Company. There was a sawmill at the rear of the house, and lumber piled high, waiting to be carted to the railroad. We realized that too much would have to be done to make it livable for the ensuing summer, but we knew that we had something to work on for the following year. We found



that the property was to be sold, and we were convinced that this would be an ideal place for camp.

In the meantime summer was approaching, and we had to secure a place immediately to take care of our needs for the following season. We were able to rent a farmhouse near East Berne for our quarters for that one summer. It had not been occupied for several years except as a storehouse for grain. Tents were erected, and camp was filled to capacity that year. Our spare time was taken by planning the future at Pinnacle.



Mrs. Kirk Miss Cobb Miss Jones  
CAMP LEADERS AT EAST BERNE



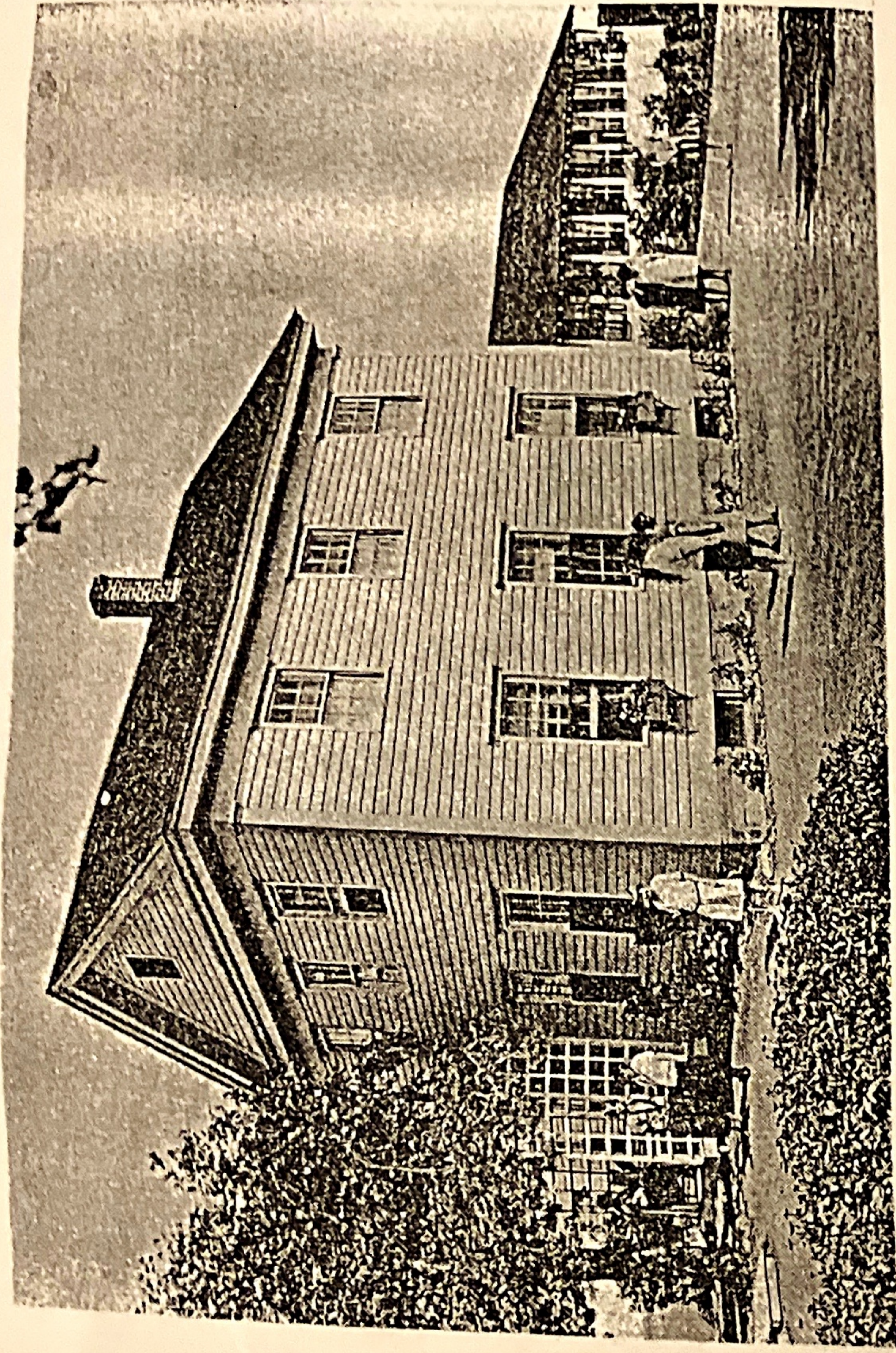
## Camp Pinnacle

On Decoration Day of 1914, Camp Pinnacle was officially opened. A special party dinner was planned, and many young women from Albany and vicinity were there to inspect the new camp property. Mrs. Christie and I realized, of course, that there was much to be done in the way of making it really livable and comfortable. But we were pleased, and knew that "With God all things are possible." Windows were put in place; partitions in the old house were changed, and a second story was added to the rear of the house over the kitchen to make six additional bedrooms. Tents and shacks were erected.

These were but the beginning of many material improvements that have been made summer after summer, until this year, 1947, a swimming pool is completed. Mrs. Christie herself gave the first gift of \$10.00, and Camp Pinnacle considers this pool a memorial to her. The swimming pool will fill a great need, since swimming is so popular with all young people. For years Mrs. Christie and I have tried to find ways and means for a pool. Because of the continuous prayer, we felt that it would surely be materialized. Engineers have assured us that the water supply will be adequate because of the new system of refiltration.

The aim and purpose of Camp Pinnacle has always been the same — "To lift up Jesus Christ as the power of God unto



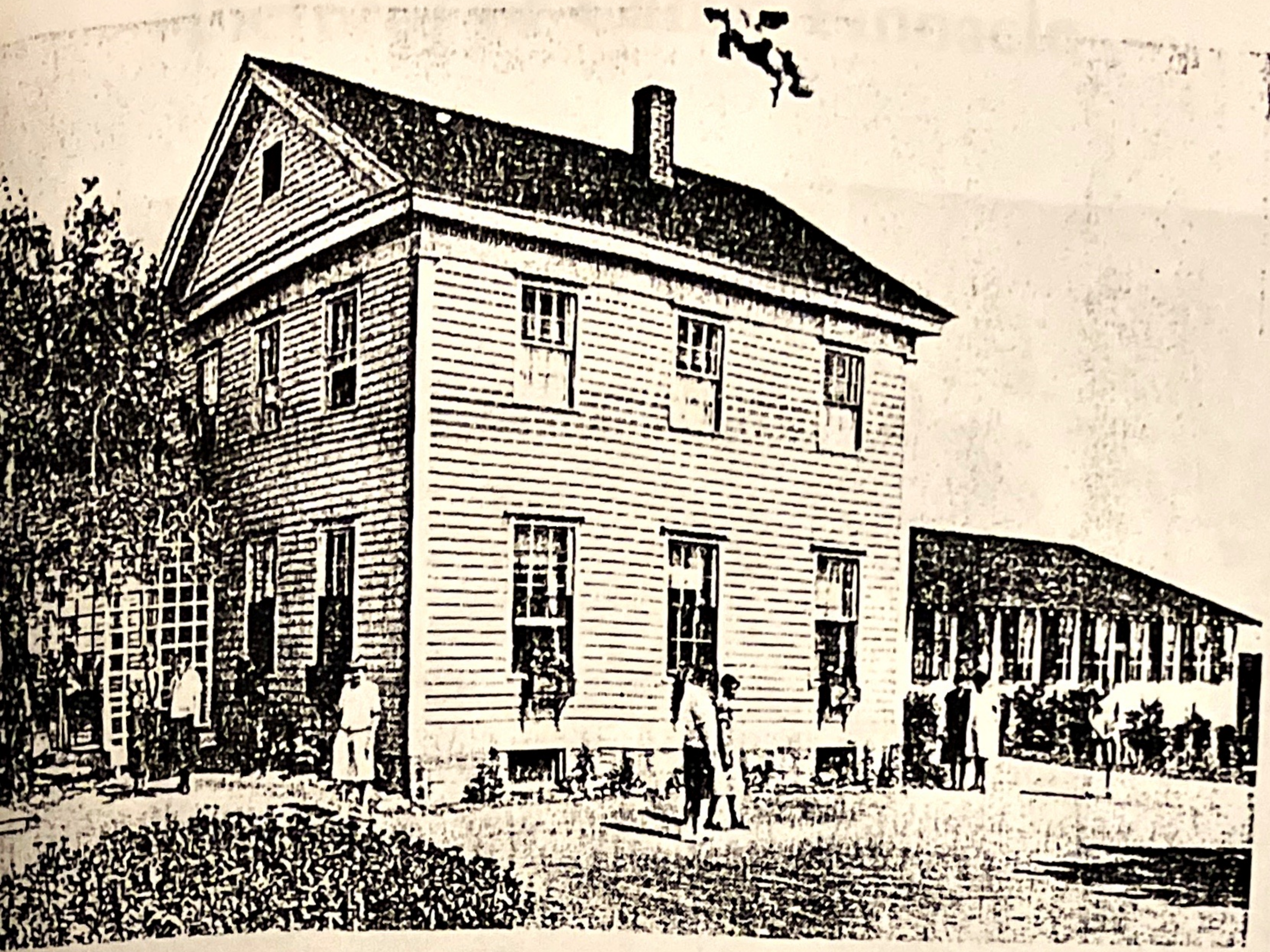


MAIN HOUSE

(2) salvation and to seek to develop Christian character in young  
people, and to <sup>(3)</sup>give them a happy, wholesome vacation." This  
has been accomplished through prayer groups and Bible conferences under capable and outstanding leaders. In order to reach all ages, the following series of conferences are planned during the summer: College Conference, Prayer Conference, Young People's Conference, Young Women's Bible and Business Women's Conference, Child Evangelism Institute, General Bible and Evangelism Conference, Missionary Conference, Schoolgirl's and Boy's Conference.

Because of its size (three hundred acres), there are opportunities and facilities for more than one conference at a time. Although Camp Pinnacle was begun for girls and women, the trend of the times has made it seem advantageous to have it co-educational. This is a splendid idea, but with it comes new problems.





MAIN HOUSE

(2)



DINING ROOM AT CAMP PINNACLE



# Pictures of Camp Pinnacle



*ARTS AND CRAFTS AT CAMP PINNACLE*



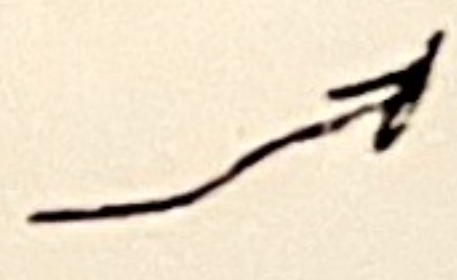


CAMP ACTIVITIES AT PINNACLE





Heldeberg Lake



CAMP ACTIVITIES AT PINNACLE





Owned hot (only) - sold.



CAMP ACTIVITIES AT PINNACLE

Note height up to 1<sup>st</sup> D.R. attached  
49 to  
Christie





Christie - Front Lawn



VIEWS FROM CAMP PINNACLE

Indian Ledger





From Sunset Hill



Franklin  
Road #302

VIEWS FROM CAMP PINNACLE



Book store

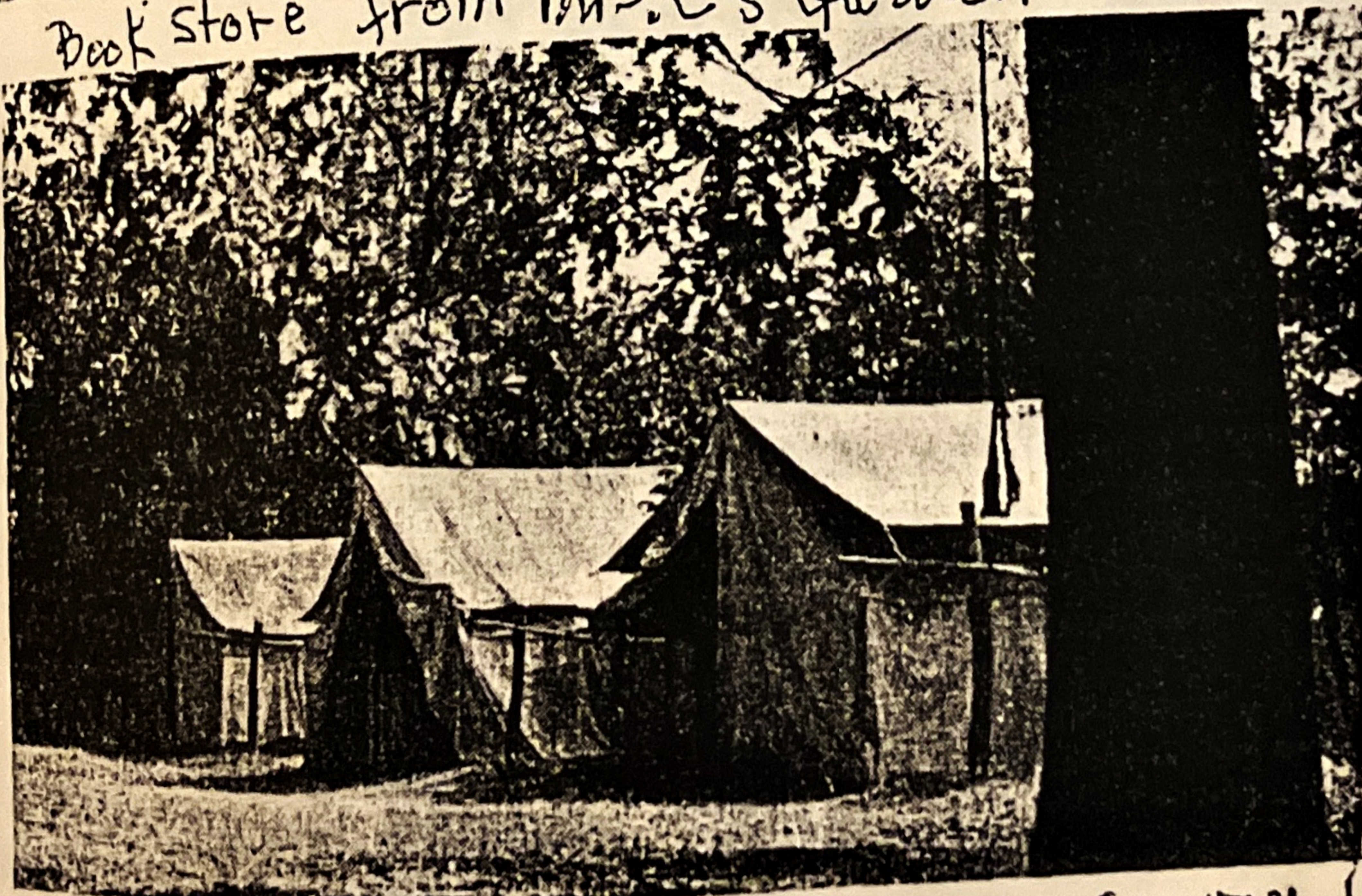
P.O.

Laundry

annex



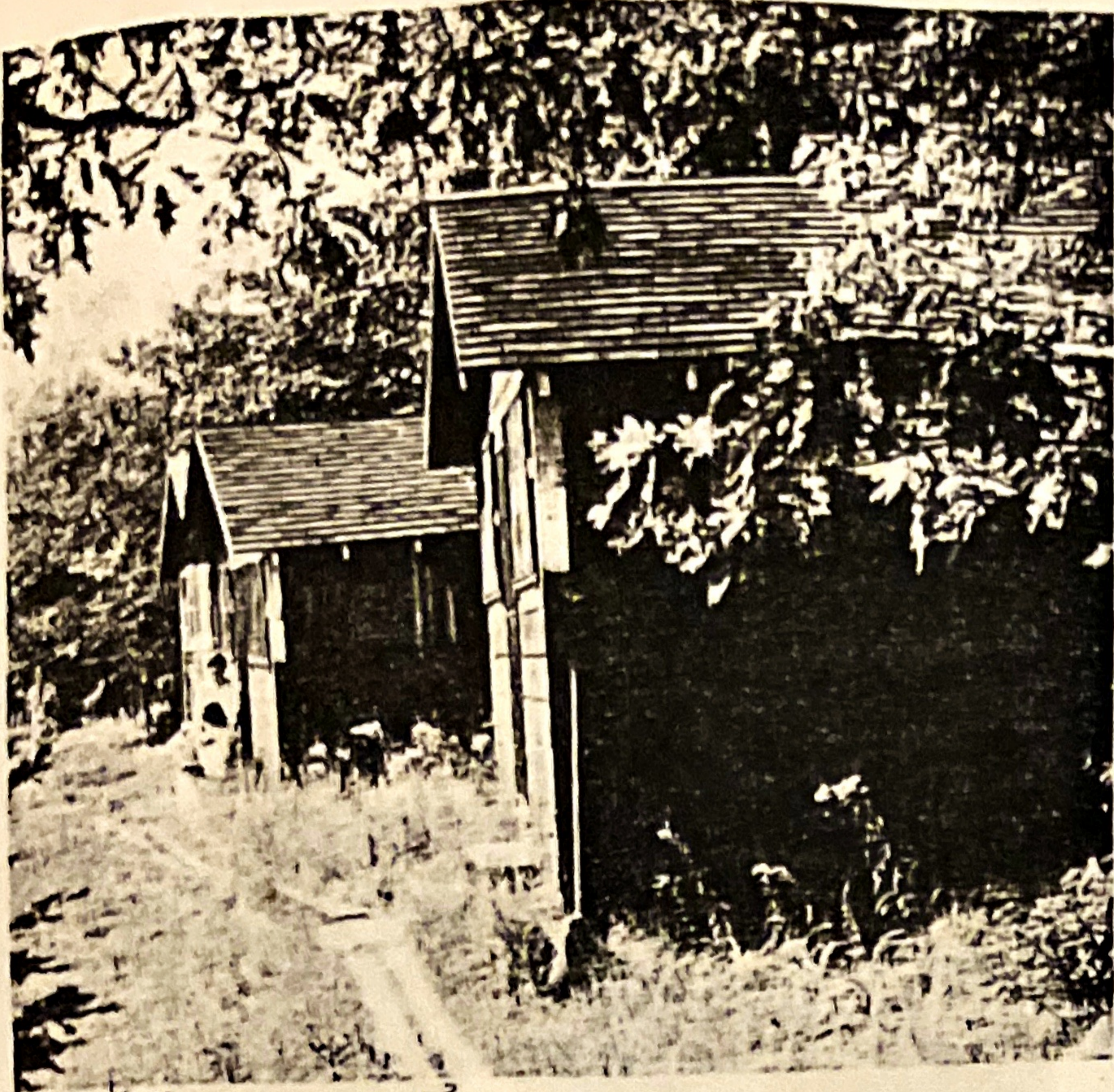
Book store from Mrs. C's Garden



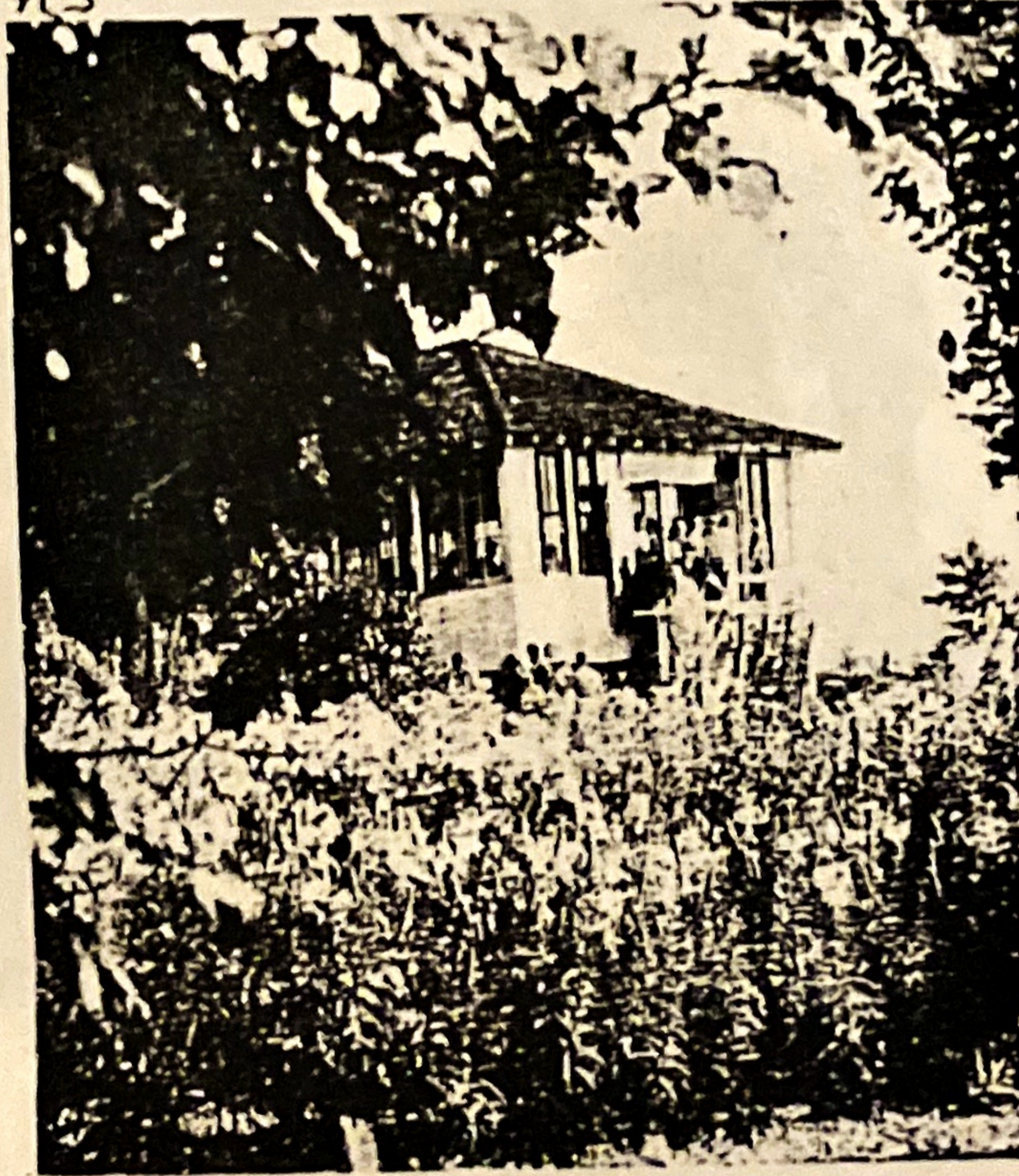
OAK trees (KIM'S)

LOOKING OVER THE GROUNDS AT CAMP PINNACLE





1st. Meadow Cabins



Mrs. C's Garden - D.R. steps  
up



Miss S. M.C. Messy,

LOOKING OVER THE GROUNDS AT CAMP PINNACLE





ALBANY BIBLE INSTITUTE, 281 AND 283 STATE STREET

*1<sup>st</sup> Tree gone young tree planted.*



## Albany Bible Institute

In the basement of 7 High Street in the year 1912 the Albany Bible Institute had its beginning as the Albany Bible School. Mrs. Christie and I and several of our friends (who later became leaders at the Bible School) had gathered there for a Christmas party. Seven High Street was at that time a religious center in Albany, efficiently carried on by a Mrs. Mitchell. We had rented from her the front basement for \$10.00 a month. There we had Bible classes and planned a Bible School supper once a week. This was its small beginning; much prayer and love and interest went into it. Enthusiasm for the project grew, and we soon found that we would have to seek larger and more permanent quarters.

Camp, the following summer, was located at that time in East Berne. I shall never forget the morning we left camp, late in August, to seek a new home for the Bible School. With the help of a real estate agent, we were able to rent a fine building at 107 Columbia Street, on the corner of Eagle Street.

After three years we purchased the property. At the time it seemed like a tremendous venture in faith. The school grew to such an extent that larger quarters were necessary. The Albany Bible School was now incorporated, and was established as a real Bible training center.



A few years later the house at 281 State Street became available; and after much consideration, it was decided to purchase the property there. Later on, the adjoining building at 283 was also secured. And again, our faith was tested and proven.

FINIS



# EPILOGUE

## In Memoriam

*Words Spoken by the Rev. George A. Taylor at the  
Morning Service in St. Paul's Church on  
Sunday, September 7, 1947.*

Lucy Elizabeth Jones, on August eighteenth, passed triumphantly into the Uplands of God's Family Above.

The service she rendered to the world as a scholar and teacher of the Bible is beyond the power of words to describe. Finding her strength in prayer and her inspiration in a daily study of God's word, she brought hundreds into the Kingdom of God and to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

St. Paul's Church will never cease to give thanks for all that she meant in the life of our parish and particularly in our Sunday School. She began teaching here as a young woman not yet in her twenties. For over a half century she continued Sunday after Sunday to teach classes until her retirement on Whitsunday, 1943 from active teaching duties. No one could possibly estimate the number of lives that she touched for good during this period of memorable service.

Not only was it in St. Paul's Church that the influence of her faith and life was felt. Far beyond our parish boundaries she carried on her work of teaching. The Albany Bible School and Camp Pinnacle in the Helderbergs stand as living memorials to her faith and energy, for in the founding and



growth of each she played an integral role. They would not be as they are today had it not been for her. And in the years that are ahead, her unseen influence will be recognized in these two institutions.

So to this extraordinary disciple of the Master's we bid a fond and affectionate farewell, awaiting that day when we too shall fall asleep peacefully in Our Blessed Lord and awake up after His Likeness.

"Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way, and walk in the law of the Lord."—Psalm 119:1