

To His Memory

To he, who devoted so much of his life
to outdoor education,
And, to the world of camping
gave so many innovations.
He started out with the Life Camps
back in nineteen twenty-five,
Back when kids were swarmed in barracks
like bees swarmed in a hive.

He gave to each child initiative
He tore the barracks down,
Decentralized into small group units,
Tossed the bugle to the ground.
Here each could taste of the outdoor living.
Enjoy the fruit of his toil,
Learn to live and work and share with others,
And learn to love our soil.

He loved the out of doors, the woods;
To him 'twas food and drink,
In the lonely forest's solitude
What better place to think.
Amid the splendor of the pines
What chapel could compare
With this, God's own creative work;
He walked with reverence there.

He was a dreamer with high ideals
in a mercenary, work-a-day world;
His ship was launched, put out to sea,
Its sails outspread, its flag unfurled;
It bravely battled the angry seas.
The havoc the elements wrought;
Let's sail his ship around the world
And bring it safely back to port.

To he, who gave so much of his life,
May his ideals live on and on;
Let the O. E. A. be his monument
As he journeys in the great beyond.
What greater memorial to L. B. Sharp,
The battles yet to be won,
Than to carry on with his slogan
"Not finished, but just begun."

Read by Millard van Dien. (1965, October). L.B. Sharp Memorial Conference. Located in the L. B. Sharp Papers, Morris Library Special Collections, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois.