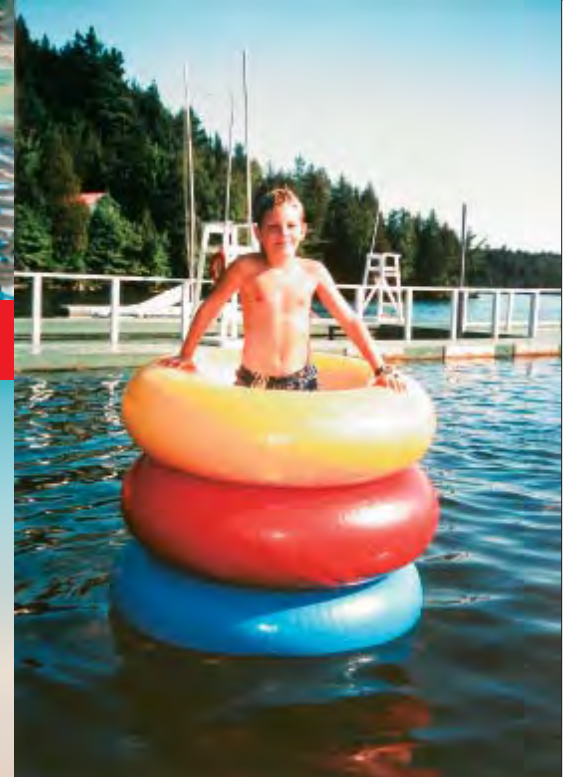


South Tea Echo



THE VOICE OF CAMP TAMAKWA • ALGONQUIN PARK



THE BEST OF SUMMER 2003

- From South Tea to fame and fortune
- Caught in the act: kitchen raid exposed
- Baffled by the biffies and other enigmas
- First 18-day canoe trips break new ground
- How Vic Norris got his start at Tamakwa
- Rookie staffer bikes 875 km to camp
- Tamakwa soundtrack captured in print
- Munchkin stands tall, with reason
- Pioneer girls join in Algonquin birthday
- New Tamakwans come from abroad



The Echo reverberates

Now for the encore. Here comes the second echo

By VIC NORRIS AND DAVE BALE

When you get feedback like "It's a wonderful publication. Extremely professional" from alumni like George Hirsch – a real-life celebrated publisher – you know you're onto something special. But comments like his are just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the enthusiastic response and How Hows we received over the past year, since the first issue of the *South Tea Echo* hit the proverbial newsstands.

Particularly gratifying was the fact that the *Echo* was loved by Tamakwa's young and old, which was precisely the goal. As you will see in the "Letters from Readers" section on page 18, it awakened alumni and drew them out of the woodwork. Even though Issue 1 focused primarily on the summer of 2002, the *Echo* rekindled memories for many generations of Tamakwa's and inspired an outpouring of stories and letters. It was a reaffirmation of what a youthful summer on South Tea is all about; it creates fond memories. Based on that, the first issue was a huge hit.

Now, for the encore. We proudly present the second *Echo*. It is just like the first one, only better. It got better as soon as we heard that its Editor-in-Chief Robert Sarnier was able to return to Tamakwa this summer from his home in Jerusalem.

Robert (aka "Robaire", as he was once known as a young reporter in Paris) was on summer loan from his real job as an editor and anchor on Israel TV's English-language news broadcast. He, his wife Galya, and their children Aviv, Shani and Etye all returned for their second year at Tamakwa, their new home away from home and two-month refuge from the tensions in their homeland. During the summer, Robert and Galya each had their day jobs of course, but between Galya's Middle Eastern food

exhibitions and Robert's tedious editorial duties for the *Echo*, they made Tamakwa an even more flavourful and colourful (and creative) place to be.

Another thing that got better were the working conditions. Having seen what he could produce in 2002 under camp's most rustic Spartan conditions, we said, "Just imagine what he could do with better resources!" So, we doubled Robert's production budget (let's see, what's two times zero?) and enlarged the space of his newsroom (i.e. "Robert, you can take the laptop anywhere you want in Algonquin Park. It's 3,000 square miles. Make yourself at home.")

And, as you are about to reveal, Robert tapped into the best and most creative writers

among our counseling staff. When they weren't teaching canoeing and sailing, when they weren't on night duty and swim duty, or when they weren't on a canoe trip or day off...well, they weren't writing articles, either. OK, so Robert had to track them down a lot, but what's important is that they came through in the end. Like all good reporters, they got their story. And like all good editors, Robert got them to hand them in...finally. (In some cases, as they were boarding the boat on departure day.) The articles by Tamakwa staff are well written and were well worth the wait, as you are about to find out.

That leads to the biggest question: On the heels of such a full and comprehensive first issue, what was left to write about? To us, after three decades of *Beaver Cuttings* and *Tamakwa-Gram* newsletters, what more could there possibly be to report? What stone has been left unturned, or untripped over on Boys Hill?

The answer came during the sessions in our back office with Robert to brainstorm story ideas and subjects about camp life that would be important and enjoyable to all Tamakwa's. What we discovered was that even a quaint, intimate little village like Tamakwa presented endless material of interest to the curious and astute mind of a seasoned journalist like Robert. In the most banal functions and taken-for-granted routines of camp life, he can find a whole story and an obscure point of interest. Our most common reaction to his observations was "Wow, I never thought of it that way."

On an almost daily basis, Robert would tell us, "I put another article on your desk; can you proof read it or let me know your thoughts?" After



HEARD IN MAIN CAMP

The mysteries of camp

Tamakwa's expound on the things that leave them baffled

JORDAN BARPAL, 14, Birmingham, MI, Voyageur 3, 2nd year at camp:

"On the way to the ball field, there are all kinds of things that seem weird. I've no idea what these rusted old machines could be used for. It doesn't make sense. A lot of the plaques in the Dining Hall and what they're based on also seem a bit odd to me."

EMILY KAPLAN, 13, Westchester, NY, 49er 3/4, 6th year:

"Why are there always four teams for Colour War except last year? Why are there 12- 13- and 15-day canoe trips but no 14-day trips? Why is the Carving Log not a log? Why is Alligator Anchor called Alligator Anchor? Why do they keep changing the Tamakwa colours and logo? Some of the sweatshirts are white and green, while others are grey and green."

SHAYN DIAMOND, 18, Toronto, Junior Counselor, 10th year:

"Every time I come to camp and round the bend, I never quite understand the Lone Pine? Why is that tree perched over the water the way it is? How did it get there and take on its misshapen form? How is it that it just happens to be in perfect line with the Slope? I wonder if Vic and Dave somehow just put it there."

BRANDON HERMAN, 8, Franklin, MI, Forester, 1st year:

"I didn't understand the wolf pack *shreck* by the CIT boys when they removed the light bulbs from all the cabins and the Dining Hall. Also the toilet that bubbles in our cabin, Big Porky. It's really weird because at night the toilet makes noises as the water goes down by itself in the bowl."

SCOTT SCHLAFFER, 10, West Bloomfield, MI, Ranger 2, 3rd year:

"Why are the ball field and archery both so far from the rest of camp? Why are the boys cabins so far from the biffies? Also why does the Rec Hall not have more room? It gets so hot when everyone's there for a play and other evening activities?"

RIAN HANDLER, 12, Westchester, NY, Pioneer 4/5, 4th year:

"We have three flags on the flag pole (Canadian, American and Mexican) but why do we only sing

two national anthems every morning? Why are there toilets in girls' cabins but almost none in boys' cabins? Why is the smell from the biffy on Suicide Hill far worse than the one in Main Camp?"

JAMIE FINE, 16, Toronto, CIT, 5th year:

"Nothing really makes sense at camp to me. Why every morning is the wake-up bell rung 100 times? Why does Alligator Anchor sit in Main Camp? What happens at Tamagama? Why is Robbie's Point named Robbie's Point? I don't get any of this."



DANIEL GLAZIER, 12, Toronto, Ranger 4/5/6, 4th year:

"Why do we have four half-courts but not one full court for tennis and yet there's plenty of space to put them? Why does the camp force the staff to use pay phones even though they only get paid about 200 dollars for the summer? Also, why are there ribbons tied around random trees near the Boys Biffy next to the half courts? Also why are there plaques for 13-day canoe trips in my cabin but none in the Dining Hall where all the other plaques are?"

DAVID STRINGER, 53, Toronto, Associate Director, 51st year:

"What baffles me is why Tamakwa sticks with people so much. I've never really understood the tremendous psychotic draw that it has for so many people who do nothing but think of Tamakwa their whole lives when they're not at camp. They can have been here for one summer and 40 years later they're still crying about not being here. Sure, this is a great place, it's Algonquin Park, with lots of interesting stuff happen-

ing. But why does it have such a hold on so many people. We've got people who've spent a few years here who later named their companies after parts of camp and have pictures of Tamakwa on their office walls. I've

never really quite got that."

OLIVIA ORLEY, 11, Franklin, MI, Pioneer, 6, 5th year:

"There are two things that don't make sense to me: The peach pie story told by David Stringer that no one understands but everyone laughs at. And the Jacques the Axe Man story and the Loon Call. No one really knows how these stories got started."

MARISA FAITELSON, 14, Buffalo, NY, JSG, 7th year:

"How did they start Tamagama and what makes it the most special, mysterious thing of camp? How did they create Robbie's Point? Why would they make a place for girls to go swim nude? Why do staff get Super Snack and campers don't? Why do they give us leftover cookies for camper snack?"

GILLIAN TYNER, 7, West Bloomfield, MI, TB1, 2nd year:

"Why are the breaks to Colour War always at night? Also how does the camp decide on the names for the cabins, and their colors and stripes. And why are the bathrooms called biffies?"

LEE FELDMAN, 11, Farmington Hills, MI, Ranger 3, 4th year:

"Why if there were more Israelis at Tamakwa than Mexicans this summer, does the camp still fly a Mexican flag instead of an Israeli one? I also didn't understand how they got those Olympic Gold Medalists [Jamie Salé and David Pelletier] to come into camp and appear in Saturday Night Live. Why do they always say there'll be no Colour War every year and yet there always is? Some of the people who walk around camp I have no idea who they are. They come in for a day and they leave. Why are Tamakwa's main colours green and white? Is that because Unca Lou went to Michigan State and its colours are green and white?"

JONAH TEICH, 9, Toronto, Forester 2, 3rd year:

"Why for the past few summers has there been an old beat-up canoe sitting by the side of the path on the way to the ball field? Why are there cracks and spaces in the floorboards of the bathroom of the cabins? I also want to know why they are called biffies, and why do they call it a *shreck* when people go into someone's cabin and do something? Why with the laundry do they fold everything except the socks?"

- Interviews by Robert Sarnier



South Tea Echo TAMAKWA

Editor and Project Manager
ROBERT SARNIER

Design/Production
MIKE HORTON

Photography
LIBBY SADICK VON NEUMANN
ROBERT SARNIER

Senior Camp Directors
VIC NORRIS, DAVE BALE

Camp Director
CRAIG PERLMUTTER

Associate Director
DAVID STRINGER

Assistant Director
MARILYN MENDELSON

The *South Tea Echo* is published by Camp Tamakwa. SUMMER ADDRESS: P.O. Box 10008, Huntsville, Ontario, Canada P1H 2H3. Tel: (705) 633-5561. MICHIGAN: 1760 South Telegraph, Suite 300, Bloomfield Hills, MI. 48302-0183. Tel: (248) 335-6400. Fax: (248) 335-2540. TORONTO: 161 Eglinton Ave. East, Suite 501, Toronto, Ontario, M4P 1J5. Tel: (416) 924-7433. Fax: (416) 924-5822. Email: howhow@tamakwa.com Website: www.tamakwa.com

Continued on page 17



The summer at a glance

A selective listing of the main events and highlights at camp in 2003. Photographs by LIBBY SADICK VON NEUMANN AND ROBERT SARNER

JUNE

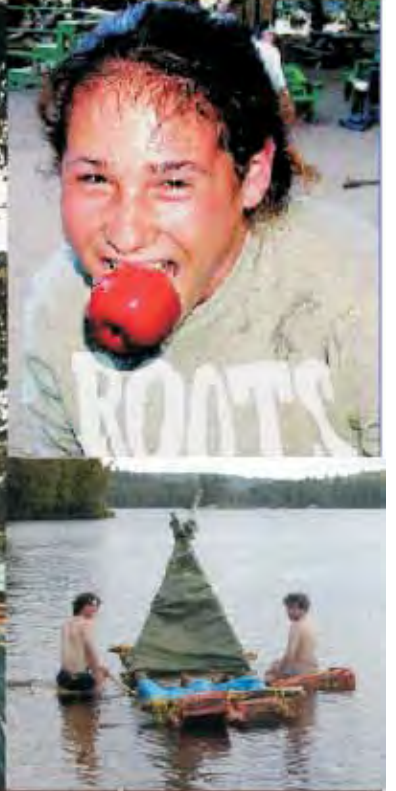
- Mon., June 16 - Head Staff arrive at camp.
- Wed., June 18 - Activity Leaders arrive at camp.
- Fri., June 20 - Counselors and Specialists arrive for Pre-Camp.
- Wed., June 25 - 1st-month campers arrive; Cabin Night; Noonway.
- Thurs., June 26 - White Cap tests; Beaver Council nominations; Landsports Activities and Staff Show (evening program).
- Fri., June 27 - Beaver Council Elections; Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., June 28 - Battle of the Brands (All-day program) – Nike, Puma and Adidas.
- Sun., June 29 - Tamakwa Stock Exchange (evening program).
- Mon., June 30 - First Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.

JULY

- Tues., July 1 - Canada Day; Section Night.
- Wed., July 2 - The Tamakwan Amazing Race (evening program).
- Thurs., July 3 - JT Triathlon; Soap Box Derby (evening program)
- Fri., July 4 - US Independence Day; Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., July 5 - Treasure Island Swim; Air Bands (evening program).
- Sun., July 6 - Presentation of *The Wizard of Oz*.
- Mon., July 7 - Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., July 8 - JT Changeover; Section Night.
- Wed., July 9 - Tamakwa's Worst Dressed (evening program).
- Thurs., July 10 - Fear Factor (evening program).
- Fri., July 11 - Treasure Swim; Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., July 12 - Amy Sky Workshop performance (evening program).
- Sun., July 13 - Where's Waldo (theme day).
- Mon., July 14 - Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., July 15 - Section Night.
- Wed., July 16 - Camper Triathlon; Beaver Council's Sadie Hawkins (evening program).
- Thurs., July 17 - Staff Triathlon; Street Smarts (evening program).
- Fri., July 18 - Bat Mitzvahs of Ally Basen, Jillian Glickman, and Alison Solway.
- Sat., July 19 - Long canoe trips return; Tamakwa Idol (evening program).
- Sun., July 20 - Dr. Seuss Debacle (Mini-colour war) – Horton, Grinch, Lorax and Sneetches.
- Mon., July 21 - Pack-out Day; Presentation of *Little Shop of Horrors*.
- Tues., July 22 - 1st-month campers depart; Visitor's Day; Talent Show; Staff Bar-B-Q at Bonita.
- Wed., July 23 - 2nd-month campers arrive; Cabin Night.
- Thurs., July 24 - White Cap tests; Frisbee Golf (evening program).
- Fri., July 25 - Friday night services; Hobby Hubs; Beaver Council elections.
- Sat., July 26 - Section Night (evening program).
- Sun., July 27 - In Da Club (CIT theme day); Jared Florence Dance (evening program).
- Mon., July 28 - Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., July 29 - Section Night.
- Wed., July 30 - Carnival Night (evening program).
- Thurs., July 31 - Tamakwa's Survivor Day.

AUGUST

- Fri., Aug 1 - Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., Aug 2 - JT Triathlon; Task Master Challenge (evening program).
- Sun., Aug 3 - Presentation of *HMS Pinafore*
- Mon., Aug 4 - Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., Aug 5 - JT Changeover; Section Night.
- Wed., Aug 6 - Manitou Intercamp; Cartoon Gladiators (evening program).
- Thurs., Aug 7 - Hard Rock Cafe Algonquin (All-day program) – 50s, 60s, 70s and 80s.
- Fri., Aug 8 - Treasure Island Swim; Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., Aug 9 - Saturday Night Live (evening program); Guest stars Olympic Gold Medalists Jamie Sale and David Pelletier.
- Sun., Aug 10 - Screening of *Monsters Inc.*; JC Town Night.
- Mon., Aug 11 - Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., Aug 12 - All-Day Surf & Sail; Section Night.
- Wed., Aug 13 - Camper Triathlon; Tamakwastock (evening program).
- Thurs., Aug 14 - Staff Triathlon; Clue (evening program).
- Fri., Aug 15 - Friday Night Services; Presentation of *Guys and Dolls*; late-night Colour War break on the Slope.
- Sat., Aug 16 - Noah's Ark: The Wake of the Flood (Colour War) – Dragon, Mermaid, Pan and Unicorn.
- Sun., Aug 17 - Colour War continues; Staff Bar-B-Q in Main Camp.
- Mon., Aug 18 - Pack-out Day; Final Banquet: The Oscars; Slide show.
- Tues., Aug 19 - Camp ends as Tamakwans leave for home.
- Sat., Aug 23 - Alumni Post Camp begins.
- Tues., Aug 26 - Alumni Post Camp ends.





Is it something I said?



The Top Ten things campers least appreciated hearing from counselors on the first night of camp in 2003:

10. "You know, deodorant and showers are really overrated."
9. "My psychiatrist told me that two months in the woods is just what I need to get over my psychotic reaction to hearing bells."
8. "Now, kids, when you fold your clothes on your shelves, I want to see all the items stacked in alphabetical order. Oh, and by the way, I like the toilet paper hanging *over*, not *under*."
7. "At my last camp, my "nickname" was Jacques. You know...as in Axeman?"
6. "Hi. Just call me Harry Potter and my counselors' quarters is the Chamber of Secrets."
5. "Like, wow! How awesome is this? Oh, wow, like, I have the same exact sleeping bag...with matching shoes, backpack, and ditty bag. That's totally awesome."
4. "I'm not saying I'm old, but... Brandon Lederer was actually my camper his first summer as a JT."
3. "I go to college in Dwight. Please speak slower."
2. "Now hear this: Bedtime is at 2200 hours, sharp! All right, at ease, at ease!"
1. "Hi kids. That's Clarice, your new J.C., and my name's Hannibal."

Tamakwa helps with Algonquin celebrations

Camp delegation takes part in festivities for benchmark birthday of famous provincial park

At the invitation of Ontario's Ministry of Natural Resources (MNR), Tamakwa sent a delegation of campers to take part in this summer's celebration of Algonquin Park's 110th anniversary. Two cabins of Pioneer Girls traveled east to Lake of Two Rivers in early July to represent Tamakwa at the festive event. The Chief Superintendent of Algonquin Park, John Winters, welcomed the guests, which also included groups from the seven other camps situated in the Park.

To help mark the occasion, the MNR ordered a gigantic illustrated cake made in the shape of Algonquin Park with small flags planted in the appropriate locations to denote various landmarks. Tamakwa of course had pride of place in the part of the pastry depicting South Tea Lake. All those in attendance were served a piece of the chocolate cake that measured 8 feet by 8 feet along with refreshments.

"Our cabin felt honoured to be chosen to represent Tamakwa for such a special occasion and such a special place," said Mallory Tyner, 10, a P-1/2 camper. "It

gave all of us a great feeling."

After the main ceremony, which was held in the newly built visitors pavilion at East Beach on Lake of Two Rivers, the Tamakwa delegation visited a seaplane parked nearby that is used by Algonquin authorities in the management of the provincial park. Pilot Kevin Broderick kindly allowed the campers to sit inside the Turbo Beaver prop aircraft that first went into service in 1965 and that has since flown over most of

the Park's 7,750 square kilometers of unspoiled lakes, rivers and forests.

Park Superintendent John Winters told the young Tamakwans he was delighted they could attend the celebrations. "I am happy you are here," Winters said. "You represent the future of Algonquin Park. It's important that a new generation learns a love and respect for the Park at such a young age. That will help ensure its future." - R.S.



Pioneer girls visit seaplane at site of Algonquin anniversary celebrations



Easy rider

Rookie devises novel way to ease space problem in staff parking lot. By ROBERT SARNER

This summer, Joe Grondin created quite a splash as Swim Director in his first season at Tamakwa. But in mid-June, even before camp began, his exploits on land far from the waterfront, earned him a place in Tamakwa's record books. Camp's 140 staff members hail from all over North America and beyond. To report for duty, many have to drive long distances in their cars. Many first fly to Toronto before the three-hour journey north to South Tea Lake.

This year, one arrived at Tamakwa on the strength of his own two legs. Joe may swim a mean crawl in the lake, but equally impressive is his ability on the road. On his trusty Norco Tango mountain bike, he pedaled 875 km (545 miles) from Windsor, Ontario to the landing at South Tea. The only thing he couldn't do was ride his bike on the water from the landing to camp.

"When I first thought of the idea half seriously, I mentioned it to a few friends who laughed at me and said I could never do it," says Joe, 23. "I took their reaction kind of personally. So I decided to show them up and actually do it. I knew it would also be a good way to get in shape."

During his six day journey, Joe pedaled from 11 a.m. until early evening, traveling lightly, packing a tent and a sleeping bag in the bike's two saddle bags. At night, he slept at campsites along the way.

Remarkably, Joe didn't have any problems, not even a flat tire. The hardest part was strong winds

and heavy rains on the third day of his trip. The only tense moment was shortly before he reached his destination.

"Just as I entered Algonquin Park, a huge moose jaunted in front of a car and then walked over to the side of the road next to where I was and just stood there," says Joe. "I had never seen a moose before in my life. Not knowing what he was going to do, I just froze and he stared at me for a while. I didn't know whether he was going to rush me and whether I should try to ride away fast. Eventually it took off so I was able to continue riding."

When Joe arrived at Tamakwa for pre-camp, many of his colleagues voiced disbelief at his feat. "Craig thought I was crazy," says Joe, who shipped his duffle bags up to camp separately. "He asked me if it was because I had so much trouble getting a ride to camp that I had to come by bike."

Joe is not the first staff member to ride to camp but he covered the greatest distance by far. In the 1970s, a staffer traveled by bike from Whitby, Ontario. That's *only* 450 km (280 miles) from Tamakwa, representing little more than half of what Joe did.

Much to his regret, Joe could not return home the way he came due to time constraints. He had to be back in Windsor the day after camp ended for a rugby training camp. As a result he took his bike on the bus with him.

Craig said that in light of Joe's initiative, he may change the Staff Transportation Form to expand the options on how people plan to get to camp next year.

All in the family

While it's not unusual for two or three siblings from the same family to be at Tamakwa, four from the same clan is much more uncommon. This summer, the Stahls were the only family so well represented at camp with Haley, 15, Noah, 14, Ethan, 12, and Leah, 10.

"It's great having my brother and sisters at camp," says Noah. "Because of our numbers, I guess it's pretty hard for people at Tamakwa to avoid a Stahl." Even harder given that there was also a fifth Stahl camper - this one, Zoe, a cousin of the foursome.

For Mom and Dad Stahl, having their four children at camp guarantees at least three things at home in Huntington Woods, Michigan: lots of mail from Tamakwa during the summer, lots of things to unpack at the end of camp, and lots of Tamakwa-related talk in the off-season. Pretty familiar stuff to Mom, otherwise known as Dr. Randy Dean, who in her day, was a longtime Tamakwan along with of course her siblings.



ROUND THE BEND



From far and wide

Tamakwa welcomes a record number of campers and staff from distant shores. By MICHAEL AMBROSE

As the world contends with a new era of sweeping, fast-paced globalization, the legend of Tamakwa has also spread around the globe like wildfire. The incredible growth in instant, international communication and transcontinental marketing has given way to something that even the great visionary Unca Lou could not have imagined when he first set foot on the shores of South Tea. A brave new age has dawned at Tamakwa: The Global Years.

This year, Tamakwa was no longer a summer retreat for only North Americans. Rather it became a paradise for people from all over the earth. The presence of 27 campers and staff from countries thousands of kilometers from Algonquin Park added a new dimension to the Tamakwa experience and perhaps is a sign of the future.

"The addition of the international flavor and texture to the Tamakwa family is an incredible thing," says Dave Bale, Senior Director. "It's not only stimulating for the Canadian and American children, but it's a great opportunity for the international campers to enjoy the most beautiful place in the world."

Campers from Mexico, Israel, Bermuda, the United Kingdom and Italy (and staff from Australia, Israel, New Zealand and Sudan) made their way to Tamakwa not sure of what to expect. Most were unfamiliar with the remarkable experiences awaiting them.

"Tamakwa is like no camp in Mexico," says Katia Teche. "The unbelievable activities and friendly

atmosphere have made my summer absolutely amazing." Teche, 14, was one of 10 campers from Mexico at Tamakwa this summer. She described camps in Mexico as much different from Tamakwa. "During all my summers at camp in Mexico, I never saw so many fun activities and programs. I can't wait to come back next year."

Although the friendly atmosphere and countless activities impressed the international campers, it was Tamakwa's nature and tranquil setting that blew them away. Many live in large cities

during the off-season, and the wilderness reprieve from city life was what they appreciated most.

Kim Tarantino, an 8-year-old resident of Rome, was no exception. "After living in Italy my whole life, I can appreciate the beauty of Tamakwa," says Kim. "The peaceful wilderness and incredible wildlife are a nice break from my home in the city."

International campers were not the only ones to benefit. Veteran North American Tamakwas also appreciated the added diversity to the camp community. Campers and staff became more cultured, hearing foreign languages spoken and seeing customs they had never experienced at camp before.

Toronto native Rory Diamond was ecstatic about having the opportunity to bond with and learn from his Mexican cabin-mate Zuri Guindi. "It was really neat having Zuri in my cabin," says Rory. "He was always making us laugh with his jokes and stories from Mexico."

With the conclusion of the summer, many were curious as to whether this year's more diverse camper and staff body was something that will continue in the future. "Now there's a Tamakwa dream for you," says Dave Bale, "to have a vast array of colorful flags flying from the main camp flagpole. And I'm confident it will happen soon."

There's simply no holding back the Tamakwa dream. The attraction to such a magical and beautiful place as Tamakwa is bound to continue to spread globally.

Campers from afar

- Ilil Aroch – Israel
- Rebecca Bossin – Bermuda
- Roanne Bossin – Bermuda
- Daniela Camunas – Mexico
- Sofia Camunas – Mexico
- Alejandra Casaubon – Mexico
- Sofia Casaubon – Mexico
- Natalia Delgado-Paredes – Mexico
- Henry Fowler – United Kingdom
- Shai Gal – Israel
- Izzy Guindi – Mexico
- Johnny Guindi – Mexico
- Zuri Guindi – Mexico
- Nofar Katzav – Israel
- Eitan Magen – Israel
- Gabriela Richheimer – Mexico
- Aviv Sarner – Israel
- Etye Sarner – Israel
- Shani Sarner – Israel
- Kim Tarantino – Italy
- Katia Teche – Mexico

Staff from afar

- Khalid Ahmed – Sudan
- Francis Guindi – Mexico
- Shelley James – New Zealand
- Galya Sarner – Israel
- Robert Sarner – Israel
- Tim Williams – Australia

The right stuff

It was 1955. They didn't have Nalgene bottles, synthetic dry bags, polypropylene underwear, Teva sandals, plastic barrel food packs, cushioned trip packs, Coleman stoves, padded thwarts, lightweight aluminum canoes, freeze-dried fancy food, Gore-tex rain suits, or a "Sterning Report" at their send-off from the Trip Dock.

But they did have Chestnut canoes, blankets for shoulder padding, Woods canvas canoe packs with leather straps, huge 6-man canvas tents with no floors, key-hole lifejackets, bulky sleeping bags, and all-you-could-eat Gumperts powdered food. And they had guts.

Can you identify these trippers of 1955? See page 17 for the answer.



Top innovations of 2003

Despite upholding its many traditions, Tamakwa knows how to usher in the new, such as these additions this past summer:

1. The Roadhouse and Sidehouse cabins
2. The new fire pit decks
3. Bleacher seating at Robbie's Point
4. The "Executive Locker" at the Boys Swim Dock

5. The cereal shelf near the "Out" door in the kitchen
6. Marilyn's self-discipline in kicking her smoking habit
7. The new Tamakwa sign next to the Landing
8. The Tamakwa-Israel project
9. The all-new and improved kiln in ceramics
10. Our new friend, Adil, the airport limo driver



Worth keeping

Some of the 2003 additions to the Tamakwa museum

- A mandatory SARS screening form from Visitors Day
- Libby's CIT clipboard
- Vic's new digital camera
- Craig's blue loose-leaf binder (held over for 2nd year)
- Marilyn's empty ashtray
- The Head Staff bios that never got mailed out
- A plate of Galya's Moroccan lemon salad
- An array of all the "appliances" or hardware pierced into staff members' bodies
- A stuffed raven (who can no longer squawk)
- Spevick's lit up Elvis costume
- A copy of the 2002 *South Tea Echo*
- The Israeli flag and Hebrew signs waved to welcome the campers from Israel
- Mark Cooper's striped train engineer cap (third year running)
- Sheila's pink Nikes (held over for 2nd year)
- Any one of Avigian's Danvers school shirts
- A kosher hot dog from the "David B. Hermelin Hot Dog roast" at Visitors Day
- On computer screen: Robert Sarner's

- web edition of Postcards From Tamakwa
- A stuffed mouse from Norma Dorman's cabin
- Dr. John Marzo's collection of cool "gear" from college and pro sports teams
- Henry Fowler's flat drum set
- Zack Weinerman's mysterious missing duffel bag
- Alex Stringer's clarinet and sax
- A "Save Jim" placard from the Forester 1 protest demonstration
- Max Arons' barrel pack
- Khalid's head gear (wrapped T-shirt)
- Chael's knit cap
- Yafa Bale's Batman raincoat
- Double D's doo rag
- One of those magnetic light-up earring things from Jared Florence night
- One of the spiffy new Nok-Hockey tables
- Adam Sud's fire-by-friction kit
- Scott Kantor's diamond earrings
- The Manitou-Tamakwa countdown clock
- Josh Lavine's shreck plans
- Max and Jessica Norris' wooden beaver walker toy made by Karen Fontana
- Matthew Budman's Inky canoe
- Hartsy's disco shirt
- Joe Peltz's afro wig

You don't say

Famous quotes of 2003. Try to match the words with the person who said them



1. "There's a nasty rumor going around camp that I lost in basketball to..."
2. "Fungible"
3. "Predilection: that's when two nations go to war."
4. "I'm going on a fishing trip in Maine, just for the halibut."
5. "Negri!". (When asked to name a city *outside* of the US or Canada)
6. "Go Hayman. Kick the ball, mate!"
7. "Shore Lunch!!!"
8. "Hi, this is ____ from Camp Tamakwa; everything is fine."
9. "No more Rest Hour hockey for me."
10. "Save Jim! Save Jim! Save Jim! Save Jim!"
11. "You have more Roots

clothing than anyone I've ever seen..."
(As said to Matthew Budman).
12. "Hello Sir, thank you, Sir."
13. "Sixteen, sixteen, sixteen"

- A. George Hirsch
- B. Guy (le chef)
- C. Moss Duvall
- D. The staff whispering
- E. Alex Winfield
- F. Vic Norris
- G. Any Section Head on the telephone
- H. Ali Schram
- I. Kevin Purdie
- J. Forester One (July)
- K. Dave Bale
- L. Tim Williams
- M. Maxie Optican (aka "Chief Smiling Sunflower")

Beats me...

Questions in search of elusive answers. Exploring the enigmatic side of Tamakwa life. BY ROBERT SARNER

To each place its charm. And to each place its enigmas and other unexplained phenomena.

Whether in the city or in the country, life can be puzzling. Tamakwa is no different. Even to veterans of South Tea, many are the questions for which there are no apparent answers.

First or second-year Tamakwans are especially prone to such queries. It takes time to really get to know the place and make sense of everything. For all my attempts at figuring out various idiosyncrasies at camp, some things simply defy my understanding. It's just the way it is.

Since first arriving at Tamakwa in 2002, I've discovered a lot about camp and its surroundings. But obviously I still have a lot more to learn. For example:

GOING TO THE DOGS: Miraculously, mysteriously, majestically, there's virtually no evidence that Tamakwa's three canine residents go to the bathroom at camp. Where do Jake, KC and Desi actually relieve themselves?

QUICK, HAND ME THE STOMACH PUMP: I know junk food has its appeal but how do staff so eagerly eat cold hamburgers from McDonalds for Super Snack long after they were cooked in Huntsville?

SPECIAL DELIVERY: One of the most recurring figures in Tamakwa life is the peripatetic George Hirsch even though he hasn't set foot in the place in decades. In this age of emails, how and why does he continue to send telegrams to camp from all over the world?

NOCTURNAL REFUGE: Tamakwa is home to countless chipmunks. But I've yet to see any at night. Where do they go after Taps? And while we're at it, why were they less afraid of Tamakwans this year than in 2002?

CAPITAL GAINS: Why does someone who passes the basic swim test receive his or her "white cap"? What's white and where's the cap?

THE FIXER: No problem seems too daunting for Tamakwa's reticent chief engineer Ken Elder. What goes through his mind as he fixes things around camp throughout the day?

NO LIMIT: How is there still space in the Dining Hall for more plaques after nearly 70 years?

FINE PRINT: A weekly tradition that concludes the Friday evening service, what is it about the 23rd Psalm that Unca Lou liked so much?

TOUGH KNOCKS: In this year's annual showdown at the ball field, how did the Canadian staff beat their US counterparts in the all-American sport of baseball?

A LA CARTE: Tamakwans may be a hungry bunch but inevitably not all the food is consumed at any one meal. What does the kitchen staff actually do with all the leftovers?

IMMACULATE COMBUSTION: When the would-be "chiefs" of

Tamagama begin the Beaver Council initiation ceremony, they look to the heavens for a sign from Wakonda. As if to be His response, a huge bonfire suddenly and spontaneously ignites with no one around. How does the fire light itself?

LOONY TUNES: The call of the loons is one of the defining sounds at camp, whether there's daylight or moonlight. Do they ever retire for the day, and if so, where?

BLOWN IN THE WIND: One moment you're perfecting your tan under blue skies; the next you're taking cover from hard rains. How does Algonquin weather change so quickly?

VILLAGE VOICE: Why is Marilyn the only person who can address the dining hall without a microphone and people stop cold in their tracks and actually listen?

LOGGED ON: The famous tree stump rising from the water just around the Bend is said to bring luck to canoe trippers who tap it with their paddle as they pass by. Yet, it looks pretty much like the other million tree stumps off the shores of Algonquin's 2,000 lakes. How did it become so lucky?



Who took the carving log boards?

ON THE Q.T.: In a place where nothing remains a secret for more than an hour, how is it that nobody has ever spilled the beans on the initiation tasks performed by Beaver Council members across the lake?

WET STUFF: A daily dip in the lake can make all the difference to your summer. What's actually in the water of South Tea that makes swimming in it so refresh-



How do Tamakwa's canines manage to leave so little trace?

ing and invigorating?

WONDER WOMAN: Libby does so many jobs with so much exuberance after so many years. How does she do it?

SPIRIT IN THE WILDS: How did Wakonda get his special powers?

WASHED UP: It's disgusting enough doing your own laundry. Just think of those fearless folks who stay up all night to open and clean 400 bags of our nastiest rain-soaked, canoe trip-stenched, sweat-ridden clothing...and return it 24 hours later all clean and folded. How do they do it?

UNDER THE KNIFE: Why do the carving log boards on the building walls date from the 40s, then skip to the early 60s, then again skip ahead to more recent years? What happened to the boards from years in between?

TICK, TICK, TICK: Camp time is like no other. How does the summer go by so quickly?

SHADOWS IN THE DARK: What's the origin of the expression "Dirty Dog," used to denote late-night patrol of the cabins? Likewise, how did the bathrooms at camp come to be known as "biffies"?

RUDE AWAKENING: On most mornings, well before the first

bell, local ravens start squawking loudly over Boys Camp. What's on their minds to make them create such a fuss at this early hour?

NAME GAME: Why is the flag lowering ceremony as well as the final song to conclude the evening both called "Taps"?

NIP AND TUCK: What keeps the ancient Tuck Shop (the only camp structure that's leaning) still standing?

A VEILED SECRET: What is "vale" in the closing ceremonial song we sing each night, (as in "over hill and vale")? And furthermore, when we sing, "God is nigh", why "nigh"?

So many questions, so few answers. When asked, even the wise men of the Tamakwa tribe were hard-pressed to explain these enigmas.

Maybe it's better that way. After all, camp without a bit of mystery is not really camp.

(For more Tamakwa enigmas, see "The mysteries of camp" on Page 2).



Lucky 13

It was no ordinary summer for three female Tamakwans who celebrated their camp Bat Mitzvah. BY SHOSHANA SPRAGUE

Every Friday after dinner, the entire camp gathers outside on the Slope to help mark the onset of Shabbat. It's a special moment in the Tamakwa schedule, a little more subdued and reflective than the rest of the week.

Each week, a different cabin leads the service, with campers expressing their thoughts and feelings on a chosen subject. But one Friday service this summer was different from the rest, and packed with significance for three veteran Tamakwans and their families.

In mid-July, campers and staff celebrated the achievements of Ally Basen, Jillian Glickman and Alison Solway, who were marking their 13th summer at Tamakwa, a milestone euphemistically referred to as a camp Bat Mitzvah.

As in Jewish tradition when the 13th year of one's life is celebrated as a passage into adulthood, Tamakwans pay tribute to those who have reached their 13th summer at camp. The camp version has no religious significance whatsoever,

although Friday night services happen to be the nicest time and setting to bestow the honor. It's a time to recognize the individual's contributions to Tamakwa and growth throughout the years. It's also a lot of fun – kind of a cross between a testimonial and a roast.

Last year, in an article about Tamakwa Bar Mitzvahs, the *Echo* reported that this tradition dates back to 1967 when it began as a joke during an evening program marking Bruce Canvasser's 13th summer at Tamakwa. So we thought until we received a letter from a reader. (See Page 18). According to Richard Leach, he was honoured with a Bar Mitzvah ceremony on the Slope in 1963 when he was Program Director.

Since the 1960s, the custom has developed into a more elaborate event, culminating in the presentation to each honouree of a beautiful green and white Tamakwa letterman jacket, made by Roots Canada.

Since she was 7, Jillian Glickman has been at Tamakwa every summer except for one. This year, she returned as Pioneer Section Head. At 21, she was one of Tamakwa's youngest Section Heads ever.

"My Bat Mitzvah was a special honour," says Jillian, who is

from Toronto and goes to university in Montreal. "It was nice to be recognized as loyal to Tamakwa but I really just enjoy being up at camp so much."

When thinking back through the years, Jillian has many fond memories of camp. "I loved getting back to camp from long trips," says Jillian. "I felt so accomplished. It was as if I didn't want to come back, but at the same time I was so excited. Returning to camp was like coming home."

Ally Basen has not missed a summer at camp since the age of 8. Like Jillian, Ally cites her 15-day canoe trip as her most memorable Tamakwan experience of all those years.

"The 15-day trip sticks out clearly in my mind as a major highlight of my time at camp," says Ally, 20, a Senior Counsellor from Toronto. "It was a life-changing event for me that I will always remember."

The honourees don't take the recognition for granted. "It was

not one of the major reasons for coming back to Tamakwa this summer, but I really enjoyed the ceremony... and the jacket is really warm," says Alison Solway, 20, from Birmingham, Michigan. "Obviously I knew it was coming, but I tried not to base my decision on returning to camp on the Bat Mitzvah. Still, I admit that being honoured in such a way gives added incentive to return next summer. It's always nice to have a little appreciation."

As with past ceremonies, the parents and siblings of the honourees attended this year's event. "All three girls honoured this summer know each other well, so they spoke on each other's behalf instead of bringing in other speakers, as is more often the case," says Senior Director Dave Bale. "This made the ceremony even more touching, as it became a symbol of their bonds with one another and their strong connection to camp."

This year's inductees are a source of inspiration for all. Their love of Tamakwa and devotion to camp have motivated them to give back to camp what it gave to them over the years. We hope Ally, Jillian and Alison will remain a fixture at Tamakwa for many years to come.



Ally, Jillian and Alison in new jackets.

Landing on their feet

For four young Tamakwans from Israel, the second session of camp was an especially powerful experience. BY ROBERT SARNER

It's one thing for Tamakwans to turn off Highway 60 and drive down the dirt road to the landing to begin another fun-filled summer at camp. It's quite another sensation for someone who arrives for the first time at the landing from another continent and completely different reality.

It's one thing to board the pointer for the familiar ride round the Bend to Tamakwa. For both campers and staff, there's a powerful sense of emotion upon re-connecting with the beauty of Algonquin Park. Coupled with that is the joy of reuniting with old friends from camp.



Feeling right at home far from home: Eitan, Illil, Nofar and Shai

But it's another thing entirely to arrive at the landing straight from the Middle East, never having been to Canada, never having been to Tamakwa, never having been to a summer camp, never having been immersed in such magnificent nature, never having been to a place of such tranquility, never having been in a pointer, never having been in an English-speaking environment, never having met a single Tamakwan, never having experienced anything like this. Such was the situation for Illil Aroch, Nofar Katzav, Shai Gal and Eitan Magen upon their arrival.

At the end of their first day far from home, they could be forgiven for thinking they were hallucinating. There was, after all, something unreal about their mid-summer adventure. Hours earlier they had been in the tense, hardboiled reality of Israel. Now they were a world away in a wilderness paradise. One moment they were with their families in the Tel Aviv blue-collar suburb of Or Yehuda; the next they were at Camp Tamakwa in Ontario's enchanted Algonquin Park with 450 people they had never seen before.

For Illil, Nofar, Shai and Eitan, their initial 24 hours since leaving Israel were mesmerizing, unlike anything they'd experienced in their young lives. Jet-lagged, culture-shocked, emotionally drained, linguistically challenged, senses overloaded, they went to sleep overwhelmed by their sudden new reality.

One made possible by Tamakwa's two owners and camp alumni with help from the Detroit Jewish Federation. They wanted to show their solidarity with Israel by offering a month-long stay at camp to kids who otherwise could not even dream of such an experience. The first beneficiaries were two boys and two girls between the ages of 12 and 14.

As Tamakwa's only staff

members from Israel, my wife Galya and I were delighted to help with the project. In late July, we drove to Toronto with Tamakwa Co-Owner Dave Bale to greet the Israelis at Pearson Airport and to bring them to camp. For all except one, it was their first trip in an airplane and first time leaving Israel.

After the 3-hour drive north from the airport, they arrived at the landing for the final leg of their journey to Tamakwa. As they boarded the pointer, little could they anticipate what awaited them. As the boat approached the camp's main dock, a large crowd

ism and tensions. Here I can free my mind while I'm at camp and appreciate how lucky I am to be in Algonquin Park."

Camp also served as a growing experience for them on many levels. "At first, it was difficult to be here," says Nofar, 13. "But with the warmth and support of everyone, I learned how to deal with a new situation and to enjoy camp so much. Maybe it's because Tamakwa is such a peaceful place that I feel free here and more relaxed. In Israel I'm scared to go to the mall and to hang out but here there's no danger or worries."

The North American campers felt they too gained from the experience, appreciating the chance to get to know real, live Israelis. "They taught us to appreciate things even more," says Alex Budman, 12. "When we heard from Nofar and Illil about their life in Israel and how scary and difficult it can be, we realized how lucky we are to live in such a peaceful place. It made me so happy to see them have fun and relax in Algonquin Park."

Based on the success of this summer's pilot project, the camp's owners hope to continue it in the future. "Having this Israeli presence at Tamakwa has been a great exchange for everybody," says Vic Norris. "For a camp community that has such a strong Jewish following and shows such tremendous support for Is-

of campers and staff broke into a rousing cheer to welcome the newcomers. Some held banners in Hebrew and a huge Israeli flag.

The Israeli kids were stunned when they realized this was just for them. As they disembarked, Tamakwa Co-Owner Vic Norris personally greeted them before they were engulfed by the welcoming crowd eager to meet them.

It was an emotional scene, part of a larger operation bringing Israeli youth to North American camps. In recent years, the number of Israelis brought to camps in Canada and the US as staff or campers has grown tremendously. The impact is enormous, both for Israelis and their Diaspora hosts.

At Tamakwa, the Israelis integrated well into the community. Despite their lack of camp experience and limited English, they found their way and made friends immediately. "This was far better than I ever expected," says Eitan, 14. "It's been so much fun. There are so many activities here that I love to do and everybody has treated me so well."

Although they missed their families and friends, the Israelis appreciated the break from their normal reality. "For the past month, it's been a great feeling to try to forget the situation back in Israel and think about something else," says Illil, 12. "Still, I can't really get Israel out of my mind. After all, it's my country."

All four said that their canoe trips were personal highpoints of their time at camp. They also cited Tamakwa's extensive water sports program as among their favorite activities and described the nature of Algonquin Park as being almost therapeutic.

"All the water and trees here are unbelievable," says Shai, 14. "Being in such a peaceful place makes me feel better. In Israel, I'm always hearing about terror-



Hours after leaving Israel, the foursome arrives at Tamakwa to a warm welcome

rael, we wanted to reach out and bring over some Israeli kids who have had to live through difficult times. Just by being here and being themselves, the Israelis have added an important dimension to the summer for everybody at Tamakwa."

In such a short time, Illil, Nofar, Shai and Eitan became Tamakwans. No small feat for young people coming such a long distance and landing in an entirely new community with a different language and culture.

"We see this project as a win-win situation," says Dave Bale, who lived in Israel from 1973 to

1982. "For the Israelis, it's a unique experience and a welcome respite from danger. As for our North American campers, they are typically immersed in Israel's tensions from afar. But to connect personally and emotionally with kids who live daily with those tensions – and to put human faces to what is otherwise newspaper headlines – is a valuable experience."

Illil, Nofar, Shai and Eitan know the impact that their month at Tamakwa had on them. I hope one day they'll realize the impact they had on Tamakwa. Long may this project continue.

Raider of a lost tart

Anatomy of a kitchen raid, caught in the act. BY DAVE BALE

There are strange things done in the midnight sun by the men who moil for... a few chips or Rice Krispie treats when their tummies start grumbling late at night."

That's not exactly the way Robert Service wrote his famous poem *Cremation of Sam McGee*, but he would have, had he seen what our hidden surveillance cameras picked up one balmy night in July. Caught on film was none other than Jim Giannarapis – that otherwise all-star Forester counsellor – raiding the camp kitchen.

"We always knew he was an actor and teaches theater, but this was his most unsavory act," sighed

an incredulous Candi Sherman, Jim's Section Head.

Despite the photographic evidence, Jim pleaded innocence (although he confessed he can always use a nosh). With their counsellor's job on the line, the loyal campers of F-1 claimed Jim was framed by disgruntled (and hungry) Trailblazers. Jim's boys boisterously demonstrated throughout camp shouting "Save Jim, Save Jim!"

Their protest cries were heard in high places. Jim's hide was spared and so was his job, although the Trailblazers snapped back cynically, "Framed? Hah! The only things that should be framed are these pictures, which tell it all." You be the judge.







Listen up!

Sounds like Tamakwa which can be a real earful. BY ROBERT SARNER

Arriving at camp for a new summer entails a major change of scenery. For both campers and staff, it's an all-consuming reality switch. After 10 months in the city, the early days of camp are an assault on the senses of the best kind.

Much of this is easily visualized as seen in the photos in the *South Tea Echo* and on the Tamakwa website. Yet, as evocative as these pictures are, there's a lot more to Tamakwa than beautiful images, if you stop and listen.

Every year, Tamakwa and Algonquin Park join together to provide a distinctive soundtrack for the summer. Trouble is if you're not at camp to get an earful, it's hard to fully appreciate. Letters sent home rarely capture the sounds of camp. The closest you'll get is on the website with its trademark loon call when you log on, (not to mention a few surprise links in the version of this article on the website). But there's so much more where that comes from.

If Tamakwa is a veritable aural smorgasbord, not all of its sounds are created equal. Some are a lot more obvious, or rather louder, than others. Some are more soothing and frequent. Many come from nature, others man-made. Together, they all add up to the Tamakwa sound.

Every morning at 8 o'clock, the first thing heard by all Tamakwans is that of Sheri ringing the huge iron bell 100 times to wake everyone up. Often the loud "kaw, kaw, kaw" of squawking ravens provides a wake-up call of sorts. Next we hear the inevitable shuffling out of bed, various bodily functions, toilet flushes, hand washing, teeth brushing and then the slow collective trudge to Main Camp for breakfast. Empty stomachs growl as campers assemble outside the Dining Hall, waiting for the clarion call from the porch of "Come-and-get-it!"

Of all three meals, breakfast is the most subdued but 450 campers and staff eating together is never a quiet endeavor, even if they're still half-asleep. The usual roar of the place plummets several decibels when Hartsy and Craig make announcements with their voices reverberating through the Dining Hall thanks to the P.A. system. Solace for the ears then comes in the form of a musical interlude, better known at Tamakwa as "Meditation". Hartsy says this is his favorite time of the day.

Then it's over to Main Camp where Tamakwans stand quietly to the piano sounds of the US and Canadian national anthems as the Stars and Stripes and the Maple Leaf ascend the flagpole. The day is now officially underway.

All camp activities generate their own distinctive sounds. On the waterfront, from the swim dock to the canoe area, endless splashing and diving mix with the grating sounds of paddles scraping canoe gunnels, air horns starting sail races, and the swim director's whistle followed by the cry "Buddy Call!"

On land, a wide array of noises pervades the air: the sound of roller blades thundering on the SportCourt playing surface, the frequent thump-thump of basketballs dribbled on the Plat-Forum, the pounding of the tetherball, the clicking of shuffleboard disks, the baseball connecting with the metal bat, and the whoosh of tennis balls just clearing the net on the half court.

All the while, many others contribute to the collage of

sounds in the background. Guy and his team can be heard working away in the kitchen preparing the next meal, someone invariably is playing the piano in Beaver Lodge, voices from the office spill out the front door, the motor of Stringer's boat putt-putts through the water, the pointer whirs as it approaches the shore, musical tunes from drama rehearsals emanate from the Rec Hall, the tractor noisily makes the rounds to collect garbage, the tires of Vic and Ken's golf carts roll on the pathways, gongs of the bell signal the next period, pottery wheels spin, power tools hum in the woodshop, the Zip Line zips, Vic's bugle resonates at flag-lowering, Tamakwans holler How-How in approval or



raise their voices in unison at Dave Bale's instigation at the Slope bellowing "Woof-Woof" to see how many times it will echo across South Tea Lake, Tamakwans sway singing Taps at the end of the evening, and above the buzzing crowd Dave proclaims

"Goodnight everybody!"

At lunch and dinner, the Dining Hall becomes a source of ear-splitting noise. A cacophony of moving cutlery, plates, cups, and food trays combines with the voices of screaming campers and staff, many of whom are competing for which cabin can cheer the loudest. Most of the chanting culminates into a roof-raising rendition of any one of Tamakwa's time-honored camp songs.

The clang of the old boxing ring bell (now situated in the Dining Hall) is supposed to bring the room to order, but the only thing that really brings the chaos...is the booming caustic voice (no microphone needed) of Marilyn.



(Top) The signature sound of Tamakwa: Venerable bell in Main Camp; (Above, left to right): The thump-thump of the basketball on the sports court, the splashing of swimmers in South Tea, and the thud of the pounded tetherball.

Like camp's version of E.F. Hutton, when Marilyn speaks, the forest (even the moose and the mice) stop to listen.

At the end of each meal, just before the stampede out of the Dining Hall, there is the distinctive boom, boom, boom when benches are lifted and overturned on the tables.

And of course throughout the day and night, the most timeless sounds are those of nature: The leaves of the trees rustling in the wind, the sing-song chorus of all kinds of birds chirping, chipmunks nattering, mosquitoes buzzing, bullfrogs croaking, mice scurrying along cabin floors, the water lapping on the rocks and logs on the shoreline, the pitter-patter of rain on the roofs, the call of the loon, and thunder cracking the sky.

Tamakwa is also defined by what's *not* heard at camp, by the welcome reprieve from city sounds endured the rest of year: sirens, garbage trucks, TV, honking and screeching of cars, pesky teachers, screaming parents, sonorous microwave ovens, washing machines and dryers, irritating disc jockeys and sports announcers, obnoxious politicians, the general urban din and other assorted noise pollution.

Sometimes, during a particularly calm moment sitting by the lake, the tranquility is almost intoxicating. Yet, when it comes right down to it, the best sound of the summer is that of the joy and exuberance of 300 children having the time of their lives, making the noise that comes from pure, unadulterated fun at camp. Sounds like Tamakwa.

Adventures in the dish pit

Behind the scenes with those who help feed Tamakwans.

BY CHAEL MACARTHUR

For most Tamakwans, what goes on beyond the serving section of the Dining Hall is a great mystery, greater than the famed Tamagama ritual. As a reporter for the *South Tea Echo*, my assignment was to infiltrate the uncharted wilds of the kitchen and uncover the dark secrets that lie within.

Disguised as a disgruntled dish pit worker, I made my way through a tunnel running under the kitchen into a drainpipe and then into the holy of holies. Here's what I found:

Working in the kitchen is a daunting task that requires patience, handwork and a good sense of humour. It's a bastion of interesting people – rookie dish pitters, veteran chefs, and a 'hula va lotta' bakers – all of whom work for West Park Catering.

WPC has been attending to Tamakwa's dining needs since 1999. Since then, the WPC team has become a key member of the Tamakwa family. Each summer, rookie and veteran staff, mostly from Ontario and Quebec, come to camp with one objective: to fill the hungry bellies of 450 campers and staff with good food. It's a tall order demanding long hours, hard work and one talented French-Canadian named Guy to hold it all together.

Despite the tremendous pressures and limited space, the kitchen staff all share a good hearted manner in dealing with each other and pulling together

as a team. Working my way from the drainpipe to the main cooking area, I was able to pull aside veteran staff member Mike Galant. He's been with West Park for five years and this summer became an Assistant Chef.

"The best part about working for West Park at Tamakwa is

needs to be done and when. Communicating in a constant flow of French and English, orders and requests are made amid non-stop movement and the occasional flying pizza bagel.

Finding myself in a position where I was not exactly promoting the chaotic order of the kitchen, I decided to mosey on over to the dish pit and check out the scene. There's nothing at Tamakwa faster than a dish-pitter loading a tray-full of bowls. It looks more like an Olympic speed event than an everyday chore. I clocked one of the staff, Meghan Lewkoski, at one minute, 37 seconds for 30 bowls. Surely an impressive feat by any standard.

"The work is very hard and tedious but the atmosphere is very warm," says Meghan. "All of the kitchen staff, both new and old, are friendly and in rush times those from different departments come to the dish pit and help out. It's a comic atmosphere most of the time and if you're having a bad day Guy will be sure to make you laugh."

If there's one thing I learned about the kitchen, it's that the staff really like their boss. Head Chef and West Park Catering CEO Guy

Tetreault, 43, is one of a kind. Despite his diminutive size, he stands tall at camp for his hard work. Originally from Quebec, Guy now resides in Huntsville with his family. During the summer, when not in the kitchen, he's often seen walking around camp in biker shorts and a baseball hat randomly yelling "pizza bagel" and "shore lunch."

"I really enjoy being at Tamakwa," says Guy. "It's a magnificent place and I'm fortunate to have an excellent, well-rounded staff who do a great job all of the time."

As West Park's relationship with Tamakwa strengthens each year, so does its menu. This summer, Guy and his staff added two new veggie meals, breaded eggplant with cottage cheese and ratatouilles, and the all-favorite chicken Parmesan.

No sooner had I spoken to Guy than I heard a booming voice in the distance beckoning, "Come and get it!" In about 30 seconds, dinnertime madness would begin. To avoid being trampled or worse, run over by a serving cart, I left the kitchen area. Back down the drain pipe, through the tunnel and up under the tuck shop.

Finally, some of the West Park mysteries had been resolved.

But several still remain, like: What do they really put in the shepherd's pie? And why is it called shepherd's pie, anyway? Why does the egg salad always smell like fish? Are those real Corn Pops or just imitations in the original box? Where does Guy disappear at night? Whose idea was the pizza bagel?

I suppose a cordon bleu chef does not reveal all his culiery tricks to the press.



Reporting for duty: West Park Catering staff members in the kitchen.



Head Chef Guy Tetreault

Making waves

Tamakwa would be nowhere if not for its charmed flotilla of watercraft. BY ADAM EPSTEIN



As a camp accessible only by water, Tamakwa would grind to a halt without its various motorboats, barges, pointers, canoes and war canoe. This summer, they schlepped tons of cargo, human and otherwise, over thousands of kilometers on countless journeys to and from camp. Inevitably we take them for granted until one of them needs servicing.

These vessels are crucial to Tamakwa's existence. They are used in almost every facet of camp life from regular activities to transportation of vital supplies and shuttling of people to the landing and beyond.

Visitors to Tamakwa marvel at the wide variety of boats in camp. The pointers, barges, "putt-putts", kayaks, sailboats, windsurf boards, Grumman canoes (aluminum), Chestnut and Beaver canoes (canvas-covered wood), and of course David Stringer's "Dippy": these are the craft that comprise Tamakwa's extensive fleet.

Not mere objects, these boats have become personalities in their own right, pieces of camp history. The pointers, for example, both have names. One is "Unca", named after Unca Lou Handler and the other is "Cowan" named after the builder of Tamakwa's current pointers. "Unca" and "Cowan" are the most recent generation in camp's long succession of pointer boats. As distinctive and impressive as they are for a camp vessel, Tamakwa cannot take all the credit, because they are simply a variation of the originals used by loggers to drive timber down the rivers of Algonquin. The pointers, being the fastest in the Tamakwa fleet, serve a distinct and important purpose at camp.

For most visitors and members of the Tamakwa family the pointers are the first part of camp they see when they arrive at the landing off Highway 60. For rookie Tamakwans these pointers make an indelible first impression of the camp.

"I remember on the first day of camp, while waiting on the landing to go over to camp, the pointer was the first Tamakwa thing I saw," says first-year camper Henry Fowler, 11. "When it came across that bend I saw the joy in the faces of all the campers around me. I then

thought to myself that this is a place where I want to be."

"All of Tamakwa's boats have their own interesting story," says Senior Director Dave Bale. "Canoes obviously are the indigenous means of transportation in this part of the world and therefore, in a sense they connect Tamakwa historically to its environment. Our wood and canvas canoes hearken back to the founding of Tamakwa and its early history."

The Chestnut canoe served its first role at Tamakwa when a

The Chestnut canoes preceded the pointers as the camp over-the-water workhorses, carrying everything into camp, including camp's first piano. The canoe also later served as a stage for Omer's gymnastic antics, such as his headstands and walking upside down along its gunnels.

These canoes now provide camp with breathtaking visions of black and white, half-tipped floating objects of beauty in the water. "The black and white canoe is a revered icon in Algonquin," says Dave Bale. "Kind of like that other black and white icon of the park, namely the loon. Who knows? Perhaps they are what inspired Unca Lou to give Tamakwa's canoes their trademark colours."

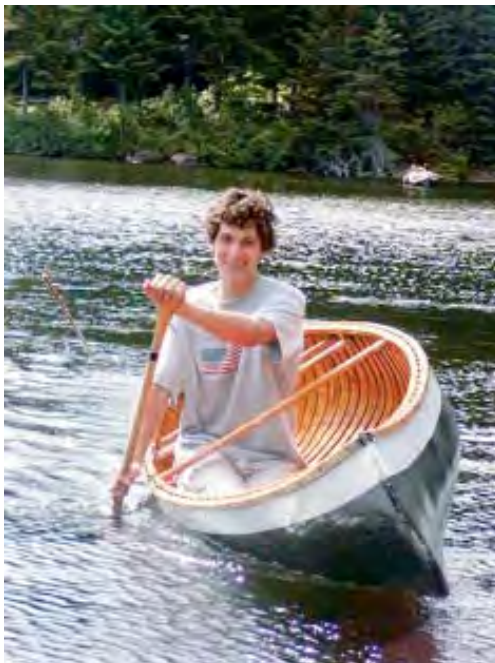
More important than the history of these boats is their use today in camp life. Tamakwa is one of the few camps in which almost every part of camp is next to water. Unlike most camps, Tamakwa has no one singly designated waterfront area, because the entire camp (except the ball field) is located along the lake shore. This only heightens the potential for excellent water activities, and the need for good watercraft. In both cases, Tamakwa does not disappoint.

"All the boats, from the kayaks to the sailboats are beautiful things," says junior counselor Danny Kaufman. "I love them. They are one of the many things that separate Tamakwa from any other camp."

Campers are also partial to Tamakwa's vessels. "Without the boats and the different boating activities, camp simply would not run," says CIT Jamie Fine. "The boating activities are a tremendously crucial element of Tamakwa."

These hard working boats are indispensable to Tamakwa, transporting people to and from camp. They are our passage in and out of this tranquil summer paradise. They allow Tamakwa to maintain a water-only system of entry despite the financial costs and practical limitations.

Perhaps section head Scott Kantor sums up their importance to camp best: "Without them no one would be in camp," says the sharp-eyed Scott. "There would be a lot of people still waiting at the landing."



young Omer Stringer – paddling in his distinctive leaning style – was warned by a just-as-young Unca Lou, "Hey Omer, you're going to tip!" This canoe was the very thing that brought these two camp pioneers together and allowed them to create Tamakwa. (By the way, Omer never did tip, at least unintentionally.)

Canoes played a vital role in Tamakwa's earliest development, not only for carrying people, but also for carrying inanimate cargo.

The will of the people

In 2003, Tamakwans elected a new slate of representatives to advance their interests.

BY CHAEL MACARTHUR



Beaver Council: 1) A gathering of likeminded flat-tailed, large-toothed mammals mandated to chew on wood and construct housing projects. 2) An elected group of camper representatives mandated to oversee campfires, organize evening activities and to address the issues and concerns of campers at Camp Tamakwa.

that camp is clean," adds Skye. "Campers respond well when they're asked to clean up camp by other campers."

Being on the council means added responsibility but also an added sense of achievement, especially if you're elected to the top spot.

"Being Beaver Council president was incredibly fulfilling," says Alex Orley. "Whether it was through evening programs, special activities or just being there to talk, it was a great feeling working to help make the summer better for other campers. The pressure (especially from Craig Perlmutter and Les Hartsman) to be a model camper may have sometimes been difficult, but it helped me take full advantage of the things that a senior boy summer has to offer."

To be elected as a Beaver Council representative is considered an honour. "It's about representing the kids, recognizing their needs, and communicating those needs to Head Staff," says 2002 Council Secretary Michael Katchen. "The greatest part of being on Beaver Council is organizing a successful program and seeing the smiles on the kids' faces."

From their induction into Beaver Council via the Tamagama ritual to the day they leave camp, representatives work constantly to help make camp an even better place for their peers. Like their flat-tailed counterparts on Hope Lake, members of Beaver Council help build a stronger, happier community, otherwise known to all as Camp Tamakwa.

Not far from Tamakwa and South Tea Lake, a very diligent beaver council recently completed the first stages of a community expansion initiative.

It entails the development of a new high-tech A-framed dam as well as communal low-income housing projects on Hope Lake, Gill Lake and Drummer Lake.

Closer to home, Tamakwa's own Beaver Council has been equally industrious. The executive and elected members have ensured that all Tamakwans have regular section campfires and that campfire rules are respected. Moreover, Beaver Council has overcome the growing problem of having a physical fire on campfire nights. In addition to organizing camp-wide cleanups and campfires, Beaver Council has organized a 'Sadie Hawkins Night' and a section activity night.

"Being on Beaver Council is a great privilege," says Skye Optican, Pioneer section representative. "You are the head of an entire section and get to plan events. As a result, you are known by most campers and get respect from them."

In addition, the council makes other contributions to camp. "The most important one is ensuring



BEAVER COUNCIL 2003: (left to right back row:) Alex Schecter - Secretary; Maxie Optican - Vice-President; Michael Ran - Vice-President; Alex Orley - President. (left to right, front row:) Lauren Diamond - 49er Representative; Skye Optican - Pioneer Representative; Laura Sachse - Trailblazer Rep; Ethan Raduns-Silverstein - Forester Representative; Jonah Raduns-Silverstein, Ranger Representative; Jason Orley - Voyageur Representative.

We have departure!

Live from South Tea Lake, it's the Sterning Report. Those who listen closely to the broadcast will hear some of the better lines of the summer. BY ROBERT SARNER



Every camp has its shticks. Tamakwa simply has better ones and more of them than most camps. Examples abound but the first one of the day takes place almost every morning just after 9 o'clock when canoe trips depart from camp.

Tamakwa doesn't just dispatch kids on canoe trips. It makes a fun-filled, feel-good spectacle of it, sending trips off with great fanfare and humor. Immediately after breakfast and flag raising, Tamakwans assemble at the trip dock to say goodbye to those leaving camp. Amid hugs, kisses and general schmoozing, trippers and counselors direct their charges into the waiting canoes.

But the real shtick is the colour commentary broadcast over a loudspeaker by a three-member team standing off to the side. Vic Norris, Dave Bale and Libby Sadick von Neumann are masters of the ceremony. Their live narration of the event, known as the Sterning Report, salutes the campers and staff heading out into the great wilderness.

In August, the Sterning Report reached an impressive milestone when Vic, Dave and Libby broadcast edition number 1,000. Nearly a quarter century since its inception, they still keep it fresh despite producing more than 40 shows every summer.

Like any good production, the Sterning Report seems spontaneous but it's not. "The night before each trip, I stay up late preparing the next edition," says Dave. "Often I'm up until the wee hours of the morning, writing material, rehearsing, researching on the internet, getting jokes, weather reports and checking what other camps are doing on their trips. Yet for all this preparation, we pretty much wing it when the microphone goes on."

When the microphone goes on, the first thing Tamakwans hear is the SR's trademark countdown: "5, 4, 3, 2, cue-the-music, 1." At that point, a cluster of campers crowds around the SR hosts who stand together in their imaginary broadcast booth facing the trip docks and the lake. Then, undulating together, they break into the show's theme music ending with a loon-like yodel of "Oodle-oodle-loo-oo-oo-oo".

With a rousing: "Good morning Camp Tamakwa! Welcome to the Sterning Report," Libby kicks

off the broadcast. Vic then announces the destination of each trip and recites in rapid succession, the names of all those heading out. It's a mouthful, especially on days when there are five or six trips leaving at the same time.

"I sometimes mispronounce a name," says Vic. "But we have a system in place whereby Libby corrects me and we make a gag out of it."

That makes way for the best part. That's when Vic, Dave and Libby engage in a hilarious free-flow of gags and patter on everything from the weather forecast to the more notable fashion statements on view and the sometimes dubious paddling abilities of staffers, especially those at the stern, hence the Sterning Report. The public ridicule is enough of an incentive to make a new staffer want to perfect his or her J-stroke in time for their first canoe trip departure.

The fashion report features one-liners like, "Everyone's wearing a hat, which makes for a good ratio per capita." The weather forecast gets just as corny with groaners like, "We'll have a continued combination of nimbus, cumulus, and cirrus clouds... and the lake will be wet all day."

When the inevitable happens, and inexperienced paddlers get their canoe in a 180-degree spin and find they are facing the camp instead of the Lone Pine, the SR team mercilessly reverse the farewell and lead the camp in singing, "We welcome, we welcome you..."

For all the laughter, it also has a serious purpose. "The Sterning Report reflects the importance of tripping at Tamakwa," says Dave. "We feel this shtick enhances an already great tripping program, giving it even more stature and pep. The Report is also a lot of fun, not only for us but for the kids who like to hear their names announced before they leave on a trip."

The format of the show has remained largely the same since Vic, Dave and former Boys Camp Director Bob Simon created it in 1980. During the first few years, they would sit on milk crates on the dock, shouting into a fake microphone. People would crowd around to listen attentively to what they were saying. Eventually David Stringer took pity on them, rigging up an amplifier and installing a speaker on the trip



Dave, Libby and Vic in the virtual broadcast booth

shack for much greater effect.

Libby, who replaced Bob Simon in 1992 after he left Tamakwa, has the daunting task of standing between Vic and Dave during the entire show. "It can be kind of bruising sometimes," says Libby jokingly. "Both of them want microphone time so they sometimes try to grab the mike from me. I have to remind them that I hold it. But they are the camp owners and, after all, they do sign my paychecks, so I have to give them the mike every so often."

As each canoe cuts loose

from the dock, Libby declares her customary, "3, 2, 1, we have departure!"

When the last of the canoes finally sets off, she adds, "I do believe they're all out of the starting gates now." That signals that another edition of the Sterning Report is about to end. For the kids left ashore, the least popular line of the show is Libby's final pronouncement: "I do believe it's time for cabin cleanup and for the activity leader meeting." Cut to the sign-off jingle before the SR microphone is retired for another day.

Len Giblin, head of Tamakwa's tripping program, sees off some 100 trips on 42 dif-

A giant called Munchkin

To Ron Sherman, when Tamakwa calls, the doctor is always "in"

BY DAVE BALE

The summer's final Friday night service was almost over. But before concluding in the traditional way, Vic surprisingly called Dr. Ron Sherman to the bottom of the Slope for what was a brief but moving testimonial celebrating the longtime Tamakwa affiliation of the man affectionately known as "Munchkin".

That nickname has followed him since he started at Tamakwa in 1968. "Although Ron's history at camp did not follow the conventional route," said Vic, "he is nonetheless uniquely deserving of a camp Bar Mitzvah." Aside from the close personal friendship and life experiences Ron has shared with Tamakwa's owners – including many fall canoe trips – his diverse contributions to camp now span nearly four decades.

Ron was a camper, a CIT, then at age 17 he became one of the youngest activity leaders ever when Unca Lou Handler and Camp Director Kal Bandalene promoted him to Waterski Director. In 1974, he was Program Director, a job that's been the swansong for most, but knowing Ron, he probably went to med school just so he could keep the campfire in his heart burning, enabling him to return one day as camp physician. That's exactly what he did.

As camp doctor for many years, Ron weaned his sons Alex

and Ben on as many camp summers as he could fit in, not to mention bringing his wife Candi Stoller back to South Tea where she had once been a counsellor. When Candi became fulltime director of our JT (Junior Tamakwa) Program, it further entrenched Ron into camp life – both at camp and in the off-season as our resident medical con-



Ron (2nd from left) with canoe trip pals

sultant on the myriad of health matters that come up, as well as chief of protocol in the camp Clinic. To this day, he schedules a good part of his summers to be at camp with his family and to help out wherever he can. And that can be almost anywhere.

Ron is a doc of all trades. For years he's managed to end most camp seasons with a canoe trip with his camp chums. His heart is in the "shtick" of camp. Anyone who knows him well has heard him singing his signature tunes on the Rec Hall stage: "Pick a Pocket or Two" from *Oliver*;

ferent days during the summer. He is a big SR fan, particularly for its impact on campers. "Those leaving on trips love it," says Len. "It highlights their trip. It provides a focal point for the trips to start. The fact that the whole camp comes down to see them off and that there's a show put on in which their names are read out adds to the experience. It makes them feel like they're about to do something special."

With all the commotion and talking at the docks when the trips are leaving, to say nothing of the sometimes unhelpful wind factor, Vic, Dave and Libby can be forgiven for asking themselves if most Tamakwans really listen to the Sterning Report. Are their jokes and caustic commentary in vain? Does their program merely serve as background noise to the departure of canoe trips? Either way, SR troupe members remain undaunted.

"I sometimes wonder how much of the camp can hear what we're saying," admits Vic. "But then later in the day someone will come up to me and comment about something we said in our show that morning and I'll realize that someone is listening. In a way, it doesn't matter. We enjoy doing it because it adds some more fun to camp."

Occasionally those listening are not only Tamakwans. On a quiet morning, the Sterning Report can travel far and wide across the lake. "Cottagers in the area apparently love hearing it," adds Vic with a wry smile. "Sometimes they call the office afterwards to give their critique of a specific show."

If the Sterning Report has earned itself a well-deserved place as part of Tamakwa's morning traditions, its success begs the question: Shouldn't there also be an afternoon edition when canoe trips return to camp? Just think of the possibilities.

"Fugue for Tinorns" from *Guys and Dolls* and "Officer Krupke" from *West Side Story*. One year when camp needed a drama director, Ron became known as "Doctor Drama", filling in by directing an innovative version of *Lion King*. He's pitched in with programming, coordinated camper travel logistics, coached sports, directed a staff show, and refereed and umpired when needed. And speaking of pitching in, he's usually the guy on the mound during staff softball games. He has a passion for Tamakwa and in his own humble way keeps on giving back to camp what it has given to him.

The tribute included remarks by his wife and sons. "Unca Lou would be thrilled to know that you've stayed connected to camp for over 30 years," said Candi. In addition to remarks by Craig Perlmutter, Dave Bale and Vic Norris, a personalized rendition of "Fugue for Tinorns" was harmonized by Dave, Les Hartsman and Jamie Kudrats, who intoned: "I got the guy right here; he's been here 35 years..."

Genuinely stunned and touched by the tribute, Ron addressed a full camp saying "Tamakwa... some people get it and some don't. I get it and my dream and now reality was to make my family a part of it for a long, long time." No one could have said it better.

A feast for the eyes

There's a lot more than just food served in the Dining Hall. BY DAVID SPEVICK AND SCOTT KANTOR

Perhaps the most defining aspect of Camp Tamakwa is its strong commitment to tradition. Not a day goes by without campers and staff knowingly and unknowingly taking part in various "camp traditions." They range from the simple tasks of raising and lowering the flag to boisterous cheers of "How How" and "Woof Woof".

The one building at camp that most embodies this sense of tradition is Beaver Lodge, better known as the Dining Hall. How could a simple mess hall come to symbolize the true spirit and legacy of Tamakwa? The answer is simple: the countless creative plaques that adorn its walls and ceiling.

Entering the Dining Hall is like taking a step into the past, recent and distant. To set foot in this building is to come face to face with the rich history of Tamakwa. Plaques of all shapes, sizes, styles and colours line the inside of the Dining Hall. They are a constant reminder of where Tamakwans have been and where they we hope to go.

"Essentially this building and the plaques that decorate it serve as a Tamakwa Hall of Fame," says Brandon Lederer, who has spent his past 18 summers at Tamakwa. "Often I will just walk through the Dining Hall after meals or late at night and reminisce about my time here at camp. All the memories and achievements throughout my years at Tamakwa are documented on the plaques."

Such sentiments aren't limited to staff members. "I like to look at the plaques and read them," says Austin Tobin, 13. "I have learned a lot about Tamakwa's past that way."

It's the rare visitor to the Dining Hall who is not fascinated by what's on display and what it reflects about Tamakwa.

Senior Director Vic Norris, whose name appears on many of

the plaques, is a great fan of this time-honoured tradition. "Collectively, the annual camp plaques in the Dining Hall are like one big historical document," says Vic. "They contain the names of all those who have attended Tamakwa over the past 68 years. More than the names themselves, each person memorialized represents part of Tamakwa history, endless memories and moments of special Tamakwa experiences. Together the plaques' theme and artwork serve as a reference for Tamakwa's past. They set the tone for the very spirit and fabric of the Tamakwa experience and make the Dining Hall the most revered landmark at camp."

The plaques mystified Adam Sud, a junior counselor who just spent his first summer at Tamakwa. Shortly after arriving at camp in June, he was drawn to the many activity plaques that line the Dining Hall walls.

"Looking at the achievements of those who have attended Tamakwa in the past made me want to go for every award in every activity," says Adam. "I quickly realized that if I could learn to make a fire-by-friction, I could have my name on the Outdoor Fun plaque and forever live as part of the history of Tamakwa!" Yes, Adam, that is correct.

It may appear silly or trite to some but these seemingly simple wooden plaques capture the true spirit and meaning of the Tamakwa experience. Each plaque has its own identity and personality. Their only similarity is that they all document special moments of a summer. Every camper, staffer, and achievement is recorded and on display in this sanctuary of tradition.

It's a comfort to all who have ever attended Tamakwa to know that their names live on forever on the plaques that decorate the Dining Hall.



The Dining Hall's walls – and ceiling – are alive with colourful Tamakwa lore

The man behind the microphone

Les is more when it comes to Tamakwa's Program Director.

BY ROBERT SARNER

Why is it that when Leslie Arrin Hartsman speaks, campers and staff listen? Agreed, he usually has a microphone in his hand when he addresses Tamakwans. Agreed, no one at camp knows how to wield a mike like Les. Agreed, as chief announcement-maker he has important things to say. As such, he makes himself heard in the Dining Hall at the end of every meal.

But even without the aid of a

ability to coordinate the various activities and to place them in the right spots. Then I put them all together in a seamless summer."

Before putting good people in place, Hartsy must first come up with the Big Idea for each program. To that end, during the off-season Hartsy keeps his finger on the pulse of popular culture and entertainment. He's constantly on the lookout for new trends that appeal to campers and which

as a camper and staff member. In 1996, Hartsy joined Tamakwa as a boys counselor before becoming Program Director in 1999.

Tamakwa has never been the same ever since. This, due to Hartsy's fertile brain that maps out each summer far in advance on many fronts. "A lot of people at camp live day to day or at most one day ahead," says Hartsy, who now shares the Tamakwa record of five consecutive summers at the programming helm. "In my position, I must know what will be happening well in advance and plan for it accordingly. Unlike most staffers and campers, I'm living in the future all the time."

But Hartsy never loses sight of the here and now. Especially when he gets that microphone in his hand. If he were not holding down such a highly lucrative, prestigious position at Tamakwa, he would probably be performing in the cast of Saturday Night Live or in some other similar incarnation. A good-looking version of John Belushi, Hartsy has a wit and presence reminiscent of the late SNL pioneer. It often shines through at camp especially when he becomes one of the Blues Brothers in Tamakwa's own annual rendition of the band and SNL.

"I like to create a fun, upbeat personality on the microphone, someone lively who people want to pay attention to," says Hartsy, ever the performer and master of ceremonies. "It's very tough to get people quiet at camp and if you're just talking in a normal monotone voice, you won't get their attention. So I try to keep up a certain personality that will make people turn their heads, listen and wonder what I'm going to say next."

Like with many performers, Hartsy has a give-and-take relationship with his audience. "I love to see all the faces turning and smiling when I'm speaking to the camp," says Hartsy. "I love hearing [Land Sports Director] Jeff Avigian yelling out, making fun of me. I love the heckling. A lot of people don't like it but I enjoy it. It pushes me. It motivates me to want to talk on the microphone just that little bit more. Just to give them that extra push."

Keep pushing, Hartsy. Tamakwa is a better place for it.



Les: "It's very tough to get people to be quiet at camp. I like to create a fun, upbeat personality on the microphone, someone lively who people want to pay attention to."

public address system, Les has a commanding presence. Better known as Hartsy, his vibrant personality and rich sense of humour are very much in evidence at Tamakwa every day of the summer in his capacity as Program Director.

He may log the most air time on the Dining Hall mike but that pales next to his other roles at camp. In any given week, he is responsible for much of what happens at Tamakwa whether it be evening programs, Friday night services, Hobby Hubs, twilight activities, inter-camp, block schedule, individual choice and a lot more.

Thanks to his creative imagination, Tamakwa's theme days, one-day programs and colour wars are such fun-filled memorable events. Most campers, and even some staff, don't realize that it's Hartsy who conceives these programs.

"When it comes to special programs at camp, I am a behind-the-scenes kind of guy, more like the producer/director of a movie," says Hartsy, in his 8th season at Tamakwa. "I like to find the staff and CITs who have the desire and

could serve as inspiration for future theme days, colour wars and other special programs.

"I love looking for new material for camp programs," says Hartsy, who runs an internet marketing company in Toronto. "Being in the city, I see many things. I often flip through the TV guide to see what's available for today's kids, whether it be a new series or game show. I'm also exposed to lots of media and find all kinds of potential subjects for camp. It's true that now that I'm 30, what I sometimes think may be cool is not as cool as what a 15-year-old may think."

Hartsy is nothing if not a creature of camp. Since he was born in 1972, he has spent every summer of his life in a camping environment. He began at Forest Valley Day Camp in Toronto where his mother was the Arts and Crafts Director, his uncle Program Director, his grandfather Land Sports Director, and his great uncle Swim Director. At age 7, Hartsy graduated to overnight camp at Northland, then Wahanowin and finally New Moon, where he spent 13 years

Different strokes

Behind the painting of the 2003 plaque

Doing the painting for this year's plaque was not simply an honour for me but a project of love. Both for Tamakwa and for personal reasons too. The theme of the plaque says it all, Tamakwa Blooms. Those words and what they evoke have incredible meaning for me personally and emotionally.

This summer several positive changes were occurring in our lives as a family. It was the completion of our son Craig's first full year as Camp Director. The third generation of Perlmutter at Tamakwa began when our eldest grandson Jake

became a Forester camper. And Craig and Margot began planning their marriage for the fall.

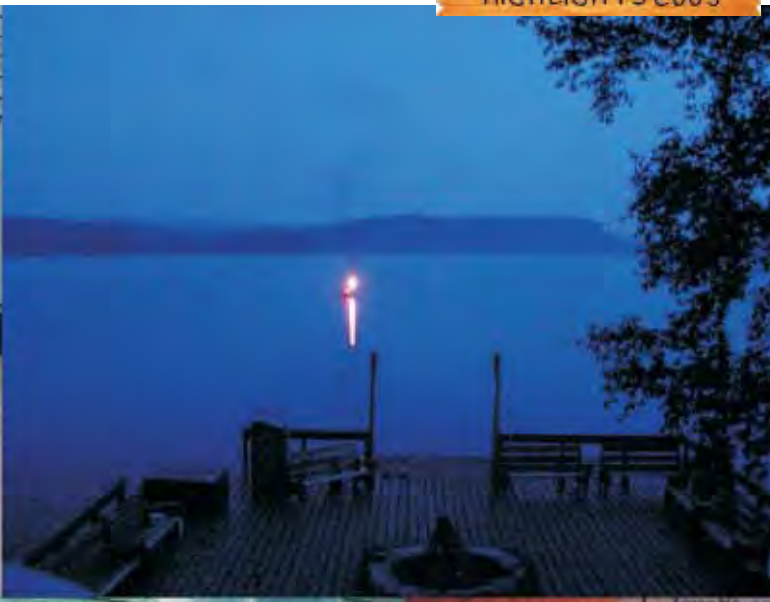
Camp has given each of us Perlmutter so much over the past 50 years. We each cherish our own special memories. This plaque commission is a small token of my appreciation of camp and of Vic and Dave and the entire Tamakwa family, our extended family.

I was honoured to work on the 2003 plaque with Tamakwa's chief engineers, Ken Elder and Ric von Neumann along with Sarah Bothwell, Sam Florence and Francis Guindi. Their creativity helped make the final result a much finer creation.

It is awesome to think that "Tamakwa Blooms 2003" now hangs among the many beautiful and distinguished plaques in the Dining Hall that together reflect Tamakwa's great past, present and future.

-Carol Perlmutter





THE VIEW FROM SOUTH TEA, *continued from page 2*



From the wilds of Algonquin to the walls of Jerusalem: Editor Robert Sarnar next to the unlikely site across from the Old City where Issue 2 of the Echo was completed.

repeated “reminders” we would make our way to the office and amidst all the messages, notes, forms and other items that pile up on a camp director’s desk, there would indeed be yet another article to read and discuss with Robert. Each more enjoyable than the next.

What few people realize is that Robert’s persistent efforts to bring this second issue to reality long exceeded the summer season and his time at camp. So much of his work continued after returning to his job and everyday life in Israel. The production of this *South Tea Echo* has been carried out between three countries and over most of cyberspace.

Throughout September, the contents of these pages have traveled repeatedly back and forth between Jerusalem, Toronto, Algonquin, and Michigan. In Israel, Robert has had to juggle the labour-intensive *Echo* production tasks with his full-time reporting duties in Jerusalem. On any given day, it had to be both physically and emotionally exhausting for Robert to shift gears abruptly between the happy-go-lucky world of Tamakwa shtick to the grim, often horrific reality of Israel’s news. In one email to us, Robert wrote:

“After more than a month away from the Tamakwa paradise and being back here immersed in the daily tensions of Jerusalem, it would certainly do me a world of good to spend a few days back at camp. For now, I have to live it through the editing and production process of the *South Tea Echo*...”

Last year, for each production session, Robert had to travel an hour each way to meet with the brilliant layout artist Mike Horton in Tel Aviv. This year, fortunately, Mike was able to work on the issue closer to Robert’s locale. (In fact you may be interested to know that this newspaper was put together in a centuries-old building on Mount Zion, just a few feet from the ancient walls of the Old City of Jerusalem.) But what the two saved in travel time, they more than used up in painstaking hours in front of the computer layout screen.

When you blend the journalistic flare of Robert, the sharp eye and artistic talent of Mike, and the beautiful photography by our own Libby Sadick von Neumann (plus some photos by Robert and others), what you get is the beautiful publication you now hold in your hands. This attractive, distinctive, and meaningful keepsake is a gift from three gifted people and in turn is our gift to not only those who attended Tamakwa 2003, but to all those whose book of life contains a Tamakwa chapter.

In a short time, the *South Tea Echo* has earned a revered place in Tamakwa tradition. We are both pleased and proud to be the publishers of it for the second time. “May the great camper of all good campers... read and enjoy these pages from cover to cover... till we meet again.”
Vic Norris and Dave Bale Senior Directors

P.S. *Once again, you can also find this issue of the Echo on our website www.tamakwa.com*

Identities revealed: Answer to question on Page 7

Standing (l-r) Jerry Rogoff, Marty Zeldes, Lloyd Newman, Gerry Cohn, Howard Perlmutter. Sitting: Roger Babcock, Paul Druckman, Don Cutler.

Phyllis Handler (1912-2003)

Miles from the fun and tradition that make up the camp season, the summer of 2003 also brought us some sad news. Phyllis Handler, wife of Tamakwa’s founding owner Lou Handler, passed away in Detroit at the age of 91. Her impact on Tamakwa’s history was great, even if she was more on the periphery and less in the spotlight than those usually associated with Tamakwa’s success.

Phyllis was at camp in the summers following World War II, but beyond that, she spent very little time up in Algonquin. Nevertheless, Phyllis and Lou’s two daughters – Jennifer and Mindy – were weaned on Tamakwa. Dr. Max Bardenstein knew Phyllis since 1947 when he started working at Tamakwa and she was helping out here and there. “She never shared Lou’s passion for camp,” recalls Max, “but she was faithfully protective of his legacy, and passionate about ensuring that the camp was carried on in the way he would have wanted.”

After the deaths of Lou’s sister Esta Kraft in 1973 and Lou in 1974, Phyllis proved invaluable in assuming the day-to-day off-season business responsibilities of camp. Along with Marilyn Mendelson and David Stringer, Phyllis was responsible for the continued viability of camp during that period.

After the directorship of Kal Bandalene, Lou’s dear friend and colleague for some 30 years, Phyllis hired a camp director each summer, until hiring Vic Norris as director in 1979. That ultimately led to the transition of camp ownership in 1980 to Howard Perlmutter, Vic and Dave Bale.

“Phyllis was truly a unique camp character and personality,” said Vic, “even though she rarely set foot in camp. She was vital to keeping the camp ownership in tact and running the business side of things. She had tremendous business savvy. Over the years, Phyllis remained a dear friend to camp’s leadership. We are all indebted to her for her timely commitment to Tamakwa.”

Who would’ve known?

Behind every object and tradition at camp, there’s a story.

BY ROBERT SARNER

What would Tamakwa have become had a Detroit teenager not said in 1967 he could play the bugle? What would Vic Norris have become had it not been for Unca Lou’s unlikely criterion for hiring a junior counselor 36 years ago? We can only speculate.

But hold on, I’m getting ahead of myself. Let us digress for a moment.

Throughout the summer, campers walk past the main office countless times, rarely giving it much thought. Occasionally they may enter the front door, usually with trepidation, to request a pen, light bulb or toilet paper from Sheri or Sara. Only in rare circumstances would they venture past the reception area.

To do so would be to infiltrate behind the scenes. To do so would be to penetrate the nerve center, the brain trust, the headquarters, the seat of power of Tamakwa. Generally, most people have little reason to go there.

Campers can only imagine what’s inside, especially in the rarely seen joint office of Tamakwa’s two owners. This is the inner sanctum where Vic Norris and Dave Bale preside over the pressing matters and sensitive issues of the day. It’s here where they deliberate and wrestle with camp dilemmas. It’s here where they hold court, govern and issue their rulings. Woe betied to the Tamakwan summoned to this office for dubious conduct.

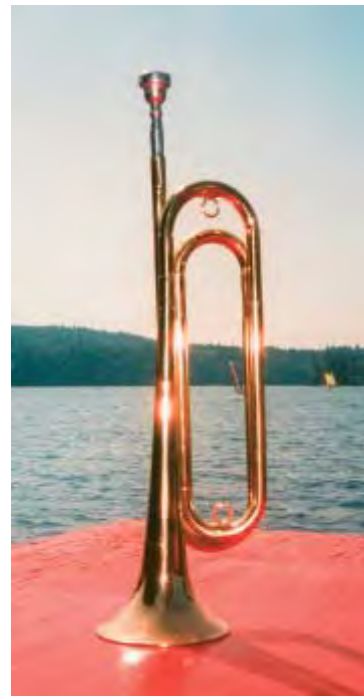
Despite the serious business conducted here, there’s also a folksy side to this chamber. After so many years at camp, Vic and Dave have accumulated hundreds of mementos, knick-knacks and accessories, each with its own story. Visitors marvel at the vast array of Tamakwa-related paraphernalia displayed on the walls and shelves.

Assorted plaques, pennants, posters, paddles, collages, signs, and personal photos abound. It’s a feast for the eyes, reflecting the history of camp. But one almost hidden object has a special pride of place in this hallowed shrine.

On the eastern wall on the second coat hook from the left

hangs a brass instrument that’s removed once a day after dinner for the flag lowering ceremony. Like with most things at camp, there’s a lot more than meets the eye when it comes to this bugle, which dates back further than anyone can remember.

In a way, it was Vic’s entry to the world of Tamakwa in 1967.



That spring, as a 16-year-old Detroiter, he applied to work on staff. When he went to the camp office for an interview, Tamakwa founder and director Lou Handler was at his desk wearing his customary bow tie.

“I filled out an application on which you had to indicate any activities you could do or special talents you had,” recalls Vic. “One of the categories I checked off was that I played a musical instrument, a trumpet. As Lou looked over my application, the first thing he asked me was whether I could play the bugle. I said, ‘Yeah, of course I can play the bugle’. Without losing a beat, Lou answered: ‘OK, you’re hired!’”

Lou told Vic his duties at camp would include playing the bugle every evening for flag

lowering.

“And that was about it,” adds Vic. “And ever since Tamakwa has been a major part of my life.”

Truth was Vic had never played a bugle in his life. The closest he had come to that was playing the trumpet in the school band. He figured he’d be able to master the bugle before camp started.

To learn, Vic went to a store in Detroit and bought a Boy Scouts manual called *Music and Bugling*. When he got home, he turned to the page for flag lowering and started to practice. The piece was called “Retreat” and it’s the same one Vic has been playing at camp for flag lowering for the past 36 years. Remarkably, he still has the manual on a shelf behind his desk.

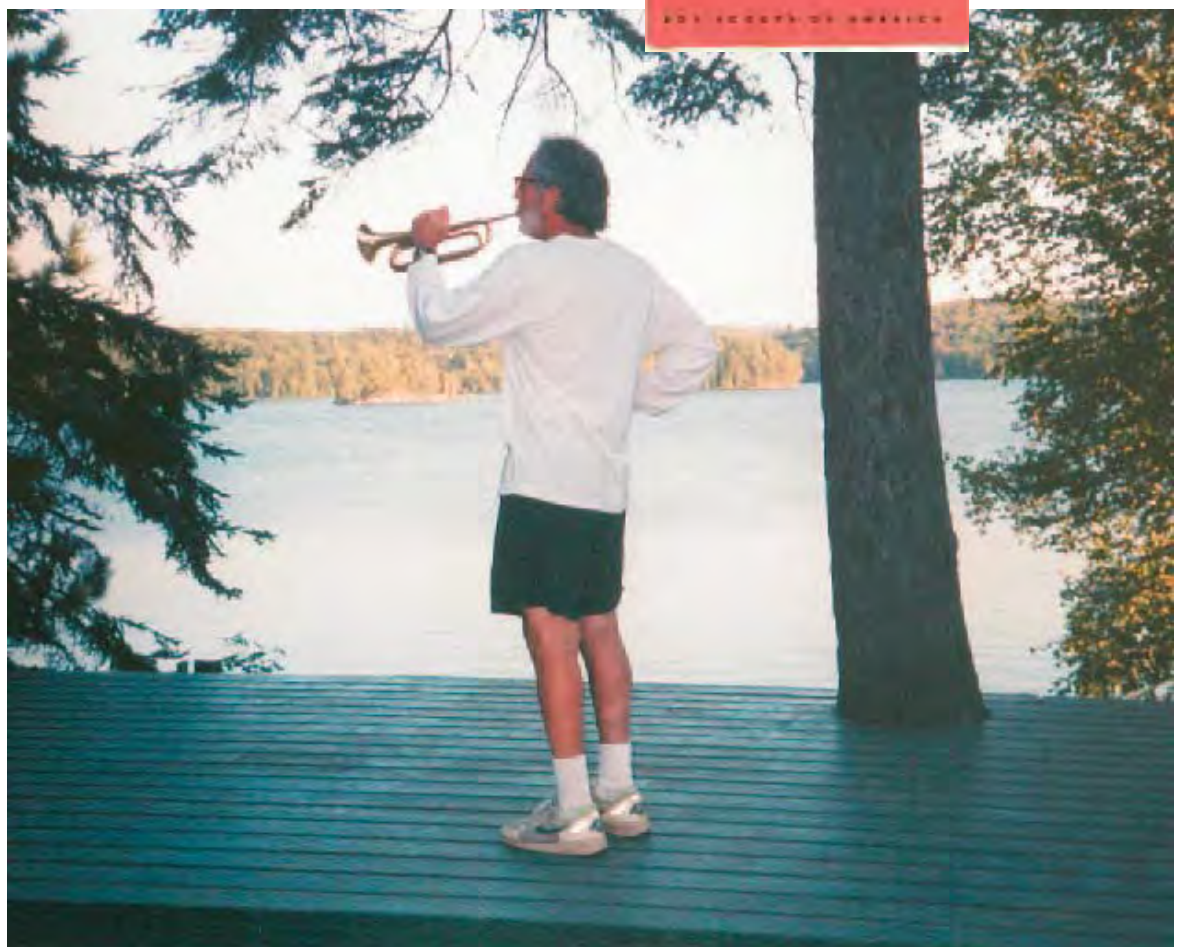
The bugle is even older than the book. It’s the same one that awaited him in the summer of 1967. Three years ago, it received a new lease on life when Associate Camp Directors Marilyn Mendelson and David Stringer had it refurbished as a gift for Vic’s 50th birthday.

At the end of every summer when Vic returns home to Detroit, he leaves his trusted bugle behind. He says it just wouldn’t feel right to take it to the city. So during the long, cold winter, the bugle remains in its time-honoured perch, almost as if in hibernation, waiting for its master to return when the weather turns warm again.

Vic dismisses suggestions that without the bugle, his Tamakwa career might never had happened. “I suppose that’s a possibility,” he says. “But I’d like to think I had other attributes that Lou would have discovered during that interview to justify hiring me as a junior counselor



for \$50 in 1967.” It’s thanks, in no small part, to those attributes that Tamakwa has reached the place it is today. Even if over the years Vic’s bugle playing and repertoire have barely progressed.



Echoes from the Echo

First issue rekindles fond memories and triggers comments aplenty from Tamakwans of different eras



OVER THE CLIFF

Thanks for the *South Tea Echo*. It brought back many memories, almost all of them good.

For me, it all started in 1937, or was it 1938? I was one of about 30 campers who paid for the privilege of helping Lou and Jo Handler and the remarkable Stringer family build the camp. The next four years at Tamakwa were great but nothing could compare with the excitement of that first year and being part of something new and wonderful.

During that summer, four of us Rangers and our counselor, Joe Pont, lived in a cabin (actually a tent on top of four low walls) perched on the edge of a cliff. Because the latrine was further away, we all took advantage of the convenience of the cliff when we woke up.

Unfortunately, one day Lou's mother was picking raspberries down below when we indulged our laziness. Whoosh! Right on her head. Neither Lou nor his mother appreciated our resourcefulness.

You might enjoy the great humiliation of my life that occurred in 1940 or 41. After having been taught canoeing by Omer Stringer and Tony Bernard, an Algonquin Indian who was an extremely nice guy, a superb canoeist and owner of a genuine birch bark canoe, I was by then Tamakwa's canoeing instructor.

What was then a large group of parents, including mine, were down at the waterfront for our aquatic show. My part was to do the canoeing demonstration. As I'm sure you all know, you can do a 180-degree turn with a flick of your paddle.

Being a young hotshot, I came straight at the dock going as fast as I could. When I started my turn, I dropped my paddle and struck the dock head on. The bow split and I sank right in front of Lou and all of those parents. Obviously, I was the "hit" of the show but I've had nightmares about it ever since.

Probably fortunately for Tamakwa, World War II ended my camping days.

Best wishes to all and thanks again for refreshing some, but not all, of my memories.

Jim Wiener

Jensen Beach, Florida
ijmw@aol.com

MAD ABOUT ADA

I just finished perusing the *South Tea Echo* and found great joy in reading the write-up on Ada Bandalene. I knew Ada from my Jewish Community Center swim team days in the late 1940s and as

a Tamakwa camper in 1948 and 1949.

I would love to make contact with Ada. Could you send me her address and phone number (email too)?

Your newspaper is terrific and it's nice to see a blending of news on current and former campers and counsellors. Unca Lou would be proud of what you have put together.

Incidentally, some of my best friends today were fellow Tamakwa campers and hope you have them on your mailing list... Richard Edgar, Carl Levin, Merrill Miller.

Bob Marans

Ann Arbor, Michigan
marans@umich.edu

WHAT'S IMPORTANT IN LIFE

I just received a copy of the *South Tea Echo* in the mail and am so... I just can't explain. Too many emotions swirling around.

The paper is great. I particularly loved the articles in which people say how much Tamakwa and Algonquin Park have played a part in their lives. It's true. The camp, the Park, the people... There's no other place like it.

This week, my sister and I had a long discussion about what's important in life. We agreed that one of the most important things in life is the impact you have on people. What you do to help others. What you do to make other people's lives easier, better, more fulfilled. I hope you realize the impact that Tamakwa has had on so many. It's priceless. The time I spent at Tamakwa changed me profoundly, not to mention how it saved me in so many ways.

I can still remember crying when I left at the end of my first summer only to arrive back in Florida trying to figure out a way to spend the rest of my life up in Algonquin Park with the people I just left. Unfortunately my life took a different path, but nothing can ever take away those memories.

Well, enough of that. I just wanted to say that the *Echo* is great and thank you.

Krisie S.

FOR THE RECORD

As an old Tamakwan, it was wonderful to receive a copy of the *South Tea Echo*. It brought back many, many memories. Let me just correct a little of Tamakwa history as written in the Bar Mitzvah article in the first issue of the *Echo*.

I attended Tamakwa from 1951

through 1963, missed 1964, but returned in 1965. Not to brag but as Program Director in 1963, I was honored with a Bar Mitzvah ceremony on the Slope at Friday evening services.

Over the years I have followed the success of Tamakwa. It is wonderful that the traditions of camp continue. Tamakwa will always remain in my heart.

How How.

Richard Leach

(Leachemo 1951-63, 65)
Fair Oaks, California
rjleach@attbi.com

KNOCKED OUT

Congratulations on the launching of the *South Tea Echo*. It's a spectacular newspaper. It really is a knockout.

John Fanning

Toronto
fannings@rogers.com

TAKE ME BACK TO CAMP

Just went through my edition of the *South Tea Echo* cover to cover.

What a wonderful job Robert Sarner et al did! I wanna go back to camp myself! You all should be tremendously proud of what you've achieved there on the shores of South Tea and in turn I feel privileged to have an ongoing association with that most

beautiful of spots and that most wonderful of camps.

Please pass on my congratulations to Robert, Vic, David and all.

Bernie Goldman

Toronto
berniegoldman@rogers.com

WORDS FROM A PRO

I greatly enjoyed the *South Tea Echo*. It's a wonderful publication. Extremely professional.

Please give my best regards to all my old Tamakwa friends.

George Hirsch

Publisher, *Runner's World*
New York City

GEORGE WHO?

While reading the *South Tea Echo*, I was most surprised to see my picture on Page 6. This is from 1950 (not the late 40s as indicated) and the pictured campers are, from left, Gary Gutow, Fred Safran, Mark Hauser, Sandy Colman (of blessed memory) and Frank Safran. We were 8-years-old and part of the Yeomen that year.

There was a pink eye epidemic that summer and those Yeomen who did not have it (the guys in the picture) were moved into the first cabin in the girls section (Trailblazer 1?) before it was occupied by any of the girls. I'm quite sure that my name is still

carved into that cabin.

I have a great memory of that summer, which may have been the best of my six summers at Tamakwa. Our counsellors were Dave Krieger, Harold Katzman and Al Newman. There was also a CIT from New Rochelle, NY. Was that George Hirsch? Possibly, but the name does not ring a bell. When I looked at the picture I thought it was Al Newman.

While I still see everyone else in the picture (except Sandy Colman who died quite a while ago) as well as Dave Krieger and Harold Katzman on a fairly regular basis, the identity of George Hirsch is a mystery to me.

Mark R. Hauser

Bloomfield Hills, Michigan
MRH@maddinhauser.com

WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON

A hearty congratulations on the *South Tea Echo*. It's an excellent newspaper and it gave me more insight into life at Tamakwa.

My kids tell me *some* things, but the rest I hear from their friends and this paper lets me know what's really going on. I was very moved by all the articles. Keep up the good reporting.

Shelley Fine

Toronto
shelleytoronto@aol.com

THEM FACES

Please add my name to all those Tamakwans who are so pleased with the *South Tea Echo*. The format is great, and I even recognized a few faces after all these years.

Eric Winkelman,

1957-59, Staff 1961-63
Franklin, Michigan
wink2020@earthlink.net

KEEP IT COMING

Thanks for sending us the *South Tea Echo*. It is a wonderful newspaper about Tamakwa. It is excellent in every respect – the articles, the sentiments expressed, and everything else in it. It is done in a very professional, interesting, and exciting way. Congratulations!

Renah & Max Bardenstein

Bloomfield Hills, Michigan
Renabarden@aol.com

• The *South Tea Echo* welcomes letters to the editor. Please send correspondence to: 161 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 501, Toronto, Ontario, M4P 1J5, Canada or howhow@tamakwa.com. A selection will be published in the next issue. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Fourth time's a charm

The young folks depart, then the old folks come. BY CRAIG PERLMUTTER

Just four short days (and one round of golf at Deerhurst) after campers left the shores of South Tea Lake, Tamakwa hosted its alumni once again. More than 50 adult Tamakwans of all ages enjoyed four fun-filled days back in Algonquin Park as part of Post Camp, its fourth straight year since being revived in 2000. Veteran Post Campers continue to spread the word, attracting rookie Post Campers each summer and this time was no different.

This year's Post Camp contingent came from Toronto, Michigan, Florida, New York, Montreal, Chicago, California and of course Buffalo. Post Camp was full of "free-play" of course, but annual favourites such as the 1st Morning Softball Game, Bain's War Canoe Gondola, the Sunbeam Quarantine, Zip Line Rides, the Talent Show and a Medley Marathon – complete with more than 20 events including Water Boiling as its finale – went on as usual. Our newest

evening program called 'Make Marilyn Laugh' was a hit, even though it turned into an Open-Mike stand-up routine for most people, as Marilyn didn't flinch. We'll try to get her in a better mood next year.

Speaking of stand-up,



Post Campers prepare to set sail on South Tea.

Tamakwa's own comedienne Jessica Golden was in rare form during the Talent Show and had all of us howling in the Rec Hall. Songs by the Robertson sisters (Jessica and Deena), Steve Sofferin and Roger Brown were the musical highlights of the night. Co-Host Jon Linden was full of his typical wisecracks, helping to move the show along.

There's still a calling in SNL for Jon one day.

Another new event this year was Bikram Yoga led by yoga guru Jessica and Deena Robertson. They directed this sweaty version of yoga in our loft and at its conclusion participants were literally swimming their way across the floor to get to the exit. Thanks to the newest Yoga Studio partners for bringing this much appreciated activity to Post Camp 2003.

Every decade of Tamakwa was represented and that's what makes it all worthwhile for Post Camp to continue year after year. Warm-hearted alumni keep Tamakwa traditions alive and meaningful, even after the regular season campers have left.

The tentative dates for Post Camp 2004 are from Thurs., Aug. 26 thru Sun., Aug. 29. Please check our website – www.tamakwa.com/postcamp.htm – for more details as we get closer to next year. Hope to see you on South Tea soon!

Claims to fame

You'd be amazed how far you can get with Camp Tamakwa on your resume. BY DAVE BALE

What do a US Senator, a NASA astronaut, and the film producer of *American Pie* have in common? Yes, they all proudly flaunt the red, white and blue in their work, but they also all have "green" in their souls somewhere. They all know what "biffy" and "how how" mean. They all attended Camp Tamakwa.



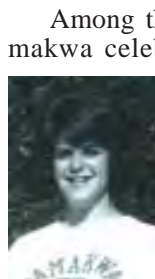
Granted, **Carl Levin** has probably never uttered the following words from the floor of the US Senate, "Excuse me, Mr. Speaker, the honorable member from Michigan has to go to the biffy." But from his cabin on Ranger Hill back in the 40s, he probably did, or plotted a shreck, or portaged a black and white canoe over the Joe Lake Dam.

That's probably true of **Jerry Linenger**, too. In 1978, as a med student from Detroit taking a summer job at Tamakwa to teach water-skiing and boxing, he very likely sat on the Slope gazing at the stars or Northern Lights, wondering if that was the closest he'd ever get to them. It wasn't. Jerry became a NASA astronaut, flew several space flights, and was the first American to fly in the joint US-Russian MIR space station program. His face is now seen on most TV coverage of the NASA space program.



If you ever saw the movie *American Pie* and wondered why the lead character wears a Tamakwa T-shirt, it's because the producer **Warren Zide** is forever loyal to the place he spent his youthful summers in the 80s. The movie's title is ok, but we can't help but wonder why *Peach Pie* wouldn't do.

Among the best-known Tamakwa celebs have been two Saturday Night Live stars, including the late **Gilda Radner**, who attended camp in the early 60s. Gilda always remembered Tamakwa, even mentioning it in her autobiography as well as phoning in a special camp rendition of her beloved character Rosanna Danna for an all-day program in 1980. (You can hear it at our website www.tamakwa.com/sound.htm)



Aside from those in the public eye, Tamakwa can boast of alumni who have been prominent in other fields. Perhaps the best-known Tamakwan, with the least known about his true identity, is the legendary **George Hirsch**. It won't spoil the camp tradition of his tongue-in-cheek telegrams and annual STOP-by "visits" to divulge that while he's always been on the move, it's mostly on foot. He was a high school track and field runner from New Rochelle, NY when he came to Tamakwa as a counsellor in the 40s. He's been running ever since. He has run a very successful publishing house - Rodale Press - from which he made



Chevy Chase too was a pioneer on SNL, but a Voyager at Tamakwa in 1972. That summer he was a counsellor and tennis instructor, but later showed his true green colours on many occasions, plugging Tamakwa on the Tonight Show and sending his children as campers in the 90s.

Of course the showbiz person whose lengthy film and TV credits are riddled with homage to his Tamakwa summers of the 70s is filmmaker **Sam Raimi**.



Starting with the cult classic - *Evil Dead* - that launched his career, several of his subsequent films featured a camp prop of some kind, right up to the Tamakwa shirt that prominently litters a floor in *Spider-Man*. It's his way of "winking" to all us Tamakwans sitting in darkened theatres everywhere. Sam has made a name for himself in Hollywood as a director but in *Indian Summer*, he was in front of the camera in the role of the bumbling not-so-handyman.

That's because the movie was filmed on location at Tamakwa by writer/director **Mike Binder**, who crossed paths with Raimi not only as a camper, but professionally in Hollywood. *Indian Summer* was Binder's personal homage to camp, capturing the beauty and lore of Tamakwa on celluloid forever.

Mike has written and directed lots more, including the recent HBO TV sitcom *Mind of the Married Man*. As the lead character, a Tamakwa T-shirt was a common item in his on-screen wardrobe.

Among the best-known Tamakwa celebs have been two Saturday Night Live stars, including the late **Gilda Radner**, who attended camp in the early 60s. Gilda always remembered Tamakwa, even mentioning it in her autobiography as well as phoning in a special camp rendition of her beloved character Rosanna Danna for an all-day program in 1980. (You can hear it at our website www.tamakwa.com/sound.htm)

publishing history as the founder of *New York* magazine and the more specialized *Runner's World* magazine, of which he recently became Editor Emeritus. And, he runs marathons. He is a founding organizer (and participant) of the New York City marathon, one of the world's most prestigious races. We are proud to say that George is also a reader of the *South Tea Echo*, as you can see from his letter on Page 18.

Everyone loves being able to say, "Hey, did you know that so-and-so went to Tamakwa?" It's a source of pride to all of us that the list goes on of Tamakwans who have achieved so much in their professional lives. People often ask, "What is it about Tamakwa that produces such a large percentage of "famous" alumni?" Is it something in our water? Is it something about the creativity that camp inspires? Or is it simply that the population pool from which Tamakwa draws is predisposed to high achievers? Everyone will have to choose the answer that suits him or her. One thing is for sure, that South Tea water sure is a magical tonic in other ways.

The list goes on

Of course the criterion as to what makes a Tamakwan "noteworthy" is debatable. There are so many Tamakwans who have made all of us proud when they do great things. Here are just some - certainly not all - of the other Tamakwans of renown (and their years at camp):

- * The late **David Hermelin** - former US Ambassador to Norway (1949 and 50s)
- * **Michael Budman** - Co-Founder of Roots Canada (1950s and 60s)
- * **Avern Cohen** - US Federal Court Judge (1940s)
- * **Dr. Bernard Goldman** - Cardiologist, nominee for the Order of Canada (1950s)
- * **Don Green** - Co-Founder of Roots Canada (1960s)
- * **Sander Levin** - US Congressman from Michigan (late 1940s)
- * **Amy Sky** (Shiner) - Canadian recording artist, actor, songwriter (1976, and current visiting artist)
- * The late **Dr. Paul Steinhauer** - Child psychiatrist and renowned advocate for children's causes (1950s, 1970s)
- * **David Stringer** - Host and creator of many a show on TVOntario (1952 to present)
- * **Dr. Charles "Husky" Tator** - Neurosurgeon, recipient of the Order of Canada (1950s)

Rumored but yet to be substantiated:

- * **Herb Gray** - former Deputy Prime Minister of Canada (early 1940s)
- * **Patrick Watson** - former head of Canadian Broadcasting Corporation



Weston Collegiate students in war canoe

Legends of the fall

Lectures and school bells give way to loons and the Camp Bell. BY DAVE BALE

Can you imagine arriving at school the first day in the fall and immediately being boarded onto a bus for Algonquin Park; your first week of classes taking place at Camp Tamakwa?

A dream come true, you're probably thinking. That's exactly what happened to 200 students from Albert College, a high school in Belleville Ontario. They arrived at school right after Labour Day and after four days on South Tea, their fondness for the Tamakwa experience was not too different than that of regular season Tamakwans. "It's a good way to start the year," said student Janine Bates. "Now even before we get to school, I know everyone and I've made friends." Sounds familiar to any of us who have listened to Friday night services at camp or have read the *Beaver Cuttings*.

The teachers felt the same way. "The family feeling is part of the school's mission statement," said Albert College geography teacher Chuck Harris. "So this creates that feeling right away...minimizing the gap between faculty and students; some even become peers. And the location, you obviously can't beat it."

They absolutely loved Tamakwa. And among the biggest hits was the food. Guy Tetreault and his West Park Catering staff can cook anything from regular camp fare to gourmet style. He even treated the school group to his shrill plaintive cry of "Shore Lunch!"

Albert College is but one of several groups using Tamakwa's facility in the off-season this year. September is one of the best times to be in Algonquin. The leaves are ablaze with colour, the bugs are gone, and the Northern Lights put on their best show. It's the time of year many groups want to come to Tamakwa and leave their troubles (and school work) at the

door. Not just school groups; we've done it all: recreational clubs, conferences, corporate retreats, fashion shoots, and even a wedding.

Like most other falls, our annual alumni Post Camp kicked off this off-season, leading the way for several school groups from the Toronto area. After Albert College, the returning regulars were the Bishop Strachan School (BSS) and Weston Collegiate Institute, followed by Grimsby Secondary School's Drama Club. In the past, the roster has included the Sunrise Youth Group (a non-profit program for handicapped youth), the Mabin School, the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario's annual conference, and the Muskoka Chefs Association.

Most of the school students agree, it's better to be hiking to Drummer Lake, paddling the war canoe to Canoe Lake's Tom Thomson memorial, training on the ropes course and climbing wall, doing classes in the Arts Lodge, evening programs on the Slope, and having late night campfires. Not to mention some of that old Tamakwa spirit provided by *real* Tamakwa staff on hand like Craig Perlmutter, Libby Sadick von Neumann, Leslie Hartsman, yours truly and this year Marla Brand, Stephanie Sciberras and John Putman. You'd be amazed what "Woof Woof" and the "Roman Mob Scene" sound like by a Slope full of school kids at Tamakwa for the first time. The autumn air has been known to get more than seven echoes. And while Albert College was at camp, the Northern Lights saw some queer sights, like David Stringer reciting *The Cremation of Sam McGee*.

We're always networking. If you are involved with schools, businesses or organizations looking for a retreat venue...up in Algonquin, Tamakwa is the place to be.

Up against the wall

All Tamakwans get their names on the annual plaque. Very few get their names on the Staff Dining Room wall.

Wandering into the Staff Dining Room during mealtime inspires some questions: a) Do the Head Staff eating back there talk about important stuff? b) Do they eat the same food as the campers and counsellors in the main Dining Hall? And the biggest mystery is: c) Why is there a wall back there bearing lots of names?

Who were these people? Who's "Reggie" and "Goody" and what's "Norm & Co."? Why are their names routed into wood signs on the wall? What's the deal with the various fonts? Were you more important if your font was wider or less squiggly? How come there's no "Fiddes" sign?

Or "Hartsy"? Anyone who has ever asked these questions got nowhere and felt like they were talking to a wall.

Is this wall significant...like the Berlin Wall? This one's not coming down. Like the Western (Wailing) Wall? No one's stuck notes or prayers in it. Like the Great Wall in China? Well, only when you hear "please pass the soy sauce". So, what's the explanation behind this mysterious wall?

Tamakwans, what do you think? Send in your answer to wall-of-fame@tamakwa.com If you solve the mystery, there's a good chance your name will end up there someday.



HAVE WE GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

But to get it, you have to send us your email address, made easy by visiting our website.

Young folks, old folks, alumni, campers, parents, and staff: Please send us - or update - your current email address. If you don't have one, we'll settle for your postal address.

We want to keep in touch with you, whether it's with news for alumni, for staff, or for campers and parents about the coming summer. To make this easy, visit the "Carving Log" section of our website at www.tamakwa.com/carvinglog_update.htm

By the way, our website is almost like being at camp. Go to the *web* and use your *mouse* to *log* on. You won't need a *pointer* to get there, nor a windsurf board to *surf* our site. You'll experience the SIGHTS (slide-show, screen savers, brochure); the SOUNDS (Tamakwa sound library), and the SMELL (actually no, you'll have to imagine that) of camp. It's lots of fun, loaded with information, and full of nostalgia. It's also a way for you to refer new campers, new staff, and new off-season groups to Tamakwa.

So, what are you waiting for? While sitting at your computer, you can have free play at www.tamakwa.com

Playing it right

On the scoreboard, the results were mixed but Tamakwa won when it came to effort and sportsmanship. By CRAIG PERLMUTTER AND JEFF AVIGIAN

At the mere mention that an Intercamp was imminent, Tamakwa's athletes psyched themselves up for the challenge. The sense of anticipation was incredible. Weeklong tryouts and practices were intense and instructive.

Earlier in the summer, senior Tamakwa officials entered into negotiations with agents from other camps. The talks proved heated and in some cases broke down over merchandising rights and royalties. In the end, Tamakwa put together landsports and water sports competitions with two camps eager for excitement at its best.

First to visit Tamakwa was Camp Manitou. A year earlier, a fun-filled rivalry with Tamakwa's beloved former Director Jeff Wilson's Manitou began when campers and staff traveled there to compete in hockey. This summer, Tamakwans were poised for revenge in a return engagement on home turf.

The day kicked off on the volleyball court where Tamakwa's women lost two heartbreakers 25-23 and 26-24. All of the girls played well with extra kudos to star Alana Faintuch. Next up were the

men who played an incredible 3-game series. In the end, Tamakwa won with spectacular plays by Josh Lavine and Michael Katchen.

On the soccer field, the 12-and-under Green Machine made up of boys and girls showed lots of heart but little scoring as Manitou prevailed. In the sailing

"shore lunch," both sides competed in two camper basketball games.

Tamakwa's 16-and-under girls' team played an exciting game that went down to the wire. Although the green and white lost, Jayme Danzig and Lisa Snider put in all-star performances at both sides of the court with numerous steals, passes and baskets. The 16-and-under boys team had a much easier time dominating from start to finish. Led by Sam Perlmutter, the team also included the three Ketai brothers. The players quickly learned all of the plays in French for Henri Lajeunesse's sake, another key to the team's success.

After dinner, Arowhon sent a staff team to play a third basketball game. Again, the good guys were victorious, led by Scott Kantor, Dave Bale and Peter Hope.

While Intercamp competition was slightly less extensive this summer, Tamakwans did their camp proud both in their quality of play and in their sportsmanship. It bodes well for next year when Tamakwa will surely pursue its newest rivalry with our friends at Camp Manitou and our close neighbours at Camp Arowhon.



Intercamp action: Tamakwa girls take on Arowhon's finest in basketball

contests, the results were mixed. While Tamakwa lost the 14-and-under race, mullet-head Max "Smitty" Smith pulled out a gut-wrenching come-from-behind victory, surprising Coach Aaron Rosenhaus. That's how the day ended. The much-anticipated hockey game was cancelled due to a light rain that made the playing surface treacherous.

Arowhon was next to visit a week later. Our Algonquin neighbours arrived in style, paddling a war canoe to South Tea in the morning. After a



A perfect season

On paper, it seemed the US had the better team in staff baseball. But on the field, the Canadians held their rivals to a winless summer. By WILLIE ROSENBERG

Maybe it was just meant to be that way. Maybe it was simply another example of how one should never take the underdog for granted. Maybe it was just the unpredictability of sports.

Whatever the deeper significance, the fact is that Tamakwa's Canadian staff baseball team finished the summer undefeated, their American counterparts winless. Never mind that they only played one game, the result is the same.

In early July, the two teams took to the field for a twilight contest as part of the traditional baseball rivalry between Canadian and American staff. For much of the game, it seemed the US team would reassert its usual supremacy. They took control early and after three innings led 4-1. But the Canadians showed what they were made of, fighting back valiantly. By the end, they came from behind and took the game 7-4.

For the victors, first baseman Robert Sarner, who only last year was brought up from the Israeli grapefruit league, was voted MVP of the game for his clutch hitting and defensive prowess. Fellow southpaw David Spevick also received kudos from the spectators. Pitcher Rob Herzig went the distance on the mound and was credited with the win while Ron Sherman took the defeat for the US team.

Following their loss, the American players vowed to make it up next game. Despite numerous attempts to schedule a rematch, it never happened. On a few occasions, nasty weather got in the way, other times there were programming conflicts and twice games had to be canceled because too many players were on their day off.

The next game will now only be in 2004. Local sports commentators say the Yanks would be well advised to use the off-season to hone up on their hitting and fielding if they want to avoid further humiliation.

Going the distance

Tamakwa sends out its first ever 18-day canoe trips to Temagami.

By CHAEL MACARTHUR



Summer 2003 was a landmark year for the Tamakwa tripping program. The first ever 18-day canoe trips – one for girls, one for boys – set out from camp on a voyage of learning and discovery in the Temagami wilderness.

The 18-day trips were unprecedented at Tamakwa not only due to their length but due to their location as well. Where all other trips from camp follow routes inside Algonquin Park, the 18-day trips went outside the Park to Temagami, a renowned rugged wilderness area four hours drive north of Algonquin.

What makes tripping in Temagami so special is the primitive feel of the place. As Tripper Nikki Latta says, "The absence of maintained portages and campsites really brings you back to the essence of camping."

The six boys and six girls who took part in the 18-day trips felt much the same as their trippers. "The trip was much more rugged than any that I've ever been

on but it was by far the most beautiful," says Haley Greenspoon. "The first half of the trip was a huge challenge but the boys trip that was always a little ways ahead, kept us motivated. In the end we realized the great challenge we had overcome and that in itself was a major reward. Tripping in Temagami has taught me to appreciate the environment even more."

A few days after returning to camp, Adam Schechter was still waxing poetic about what he saw on the boys trip. "The lakes in Temagami are a lot bigger and harder than in the Park," says Adam. "But the water is so clear you can see straight to the bottom. It was very beautiful. Everyday we saw waterfalls and amazing scenery."

The 18-day trips were certainly milestone events for Tamakwa. "This trip has opened doors for the Tamakwa tripping program," says Tipper Nikki. "We have ventured out into new territory and have learned many

new things about the extent to what we can do with the program. I can see no reason why more trips will not go to Temagami next summer and perhaps for even longer than 18 days."

Such sentiments were echoed by other trippers. "The rugged tripping atmosphere and sheer beauty of the place made the 18-day trips the best Tamakwa trips ever," says Mark Cooper. "I hope this is the start of a grand new tradition at camp."

The lessons learned from this summer's trips augur well for the future. "We discovered a lot about tripping in Temagami from the 18 days," says Len Giblin, head of Tamakwa's tripping "We learned about possible routes and opportunities for different trips. This summer's 18-day trips were a major success and I'm certain that in the years to come we will send more trips to the lakes of Temagami."

Could a 21-day trip be far behind? Or for that matter, even longer.



Algonquin face-off

Given its time and place, few Tamakwans see what happens when hockey-starved male staffers lace up their roller blades at Rest Hour. By LOU ZAMBONI

Ironically, it's during the day when Tamakwa is at its stillest and campers are at their quietest that some of the most intense sporting moments take place. Every day after lunch at Rest Hour, a group of male staffers converges on the sports court for a rip-roaring game of in-line hockey.

It's anything but a tranquil pursuit. Just the wheels of the players' roller blades skating on the hard plastic playing surface create a constant roar. Add to that the sound of blistering slap shots against the boards and the loud banter between players and you understand it's inevitably a noisy affair.

Generally, it's Senior Staff versus their Junior counterparts, with a few exceptions. Despite the wide age difference, the compe-

tion is usually quite stiff. Truth be told, this season the Seniors took most of the games which were almost always high scoring contests.

Weather permitting, it's end-to-end action. More often than not, it's under the sizzling mid-day sun.

Standouts throughout the summer for the Seniors were agile centerman Scott "Rocket" Kantor and the ageless, forever solid defenseman, Vic "Boom-Boom" Norris. Of special note for the Junior squad were rookie staffers Matthew Budman and Adam Sud.

"Given when it's played, few Tamakwans actually see staff hockey in action," says Kevin Purdie, head of the hockey program. "That's a real shame because it's one of the best sport-

ing events for spectators at camp. Especially to watch Vic in the corners."

When last seen, Kevin was stick-handling his way down Tamakwa's dirt road to Highway 60 with all his hockey gear.

