

South Tea Echo



THE VOICE OF CAMP TAMAKWA • ALGONQUIN PARK

Special 70th Summer Issue



- New recognition for venerable Tuck Shop
- The 70 best Tamakwa memories of all time
- Counselors Council wins new respect

- New landmarks enhance Tamakwa skyline
- Names that shtick to campers and staff
- Up north from down under: An Aussie at camp
- Heating things up: A steamy summer in review

- Campers take stock of 70 years of Tamakwa
- Come and get it! Fine dining at camp
- Visiting Day revisited: A parents' view
- Going the distance: Driving to Tamakwa
- Inside Tamakwa's nerve center on South Tea

THE BEST OF SUMMER 2005



VIEW FROM SOUTH TEA

On reaching the big 7-0

So many highlights, so many memories

What better focal point can there be for the 2005 edition of the *South Tea Echo* than the 70th anniversary of Camp Tamakwa. Like other mystical things associated with



lists, the first taking stock of the most memorable events or things about Unca Lou and the second listing my most memorable events and things about Tamakwa in general. The lists could be much longer any maybe they should be. I

Tamakwa, how we calculated that 2005 is its 70th year left some people wondering.

I can only say that when I arrived at pre-camp for the traditional staff training in 1967, Unca Lou welcomed us to the 32nd summer and we have continued counting the years accordingly ever since. In successive years as Lou would welcome us the first night of pre-camp training, I remember being impressed that Tamakwa had such a long and rich history. Of course, it was not within my wildest imagination that Tamakwa would thrive for yet another 38 years, let alone remain a place I would remain affiliated with for all of those years as well.

For this 70th anniversary issue of the *Echo*, I could again recount the incredible vision that inspired Unca Lou 70 years ago as he founded, built, brought campers to this secluded, magical site on South Tea in Algonquin Park. I could again attempt to capture Unca Lou's vision of Tamakwa being a children's village in the wilderness that began being built in 1936 and "hasn't stopped yet." I can tell you that all of this still holds true some 70 years later.

Yet, I thought it a bit more engaging to attempt to capture some of the most memorable events and special Tamakwa memories over the years. (Of course, I'm not the best historian prior to my first year in 1967.) So I have made two

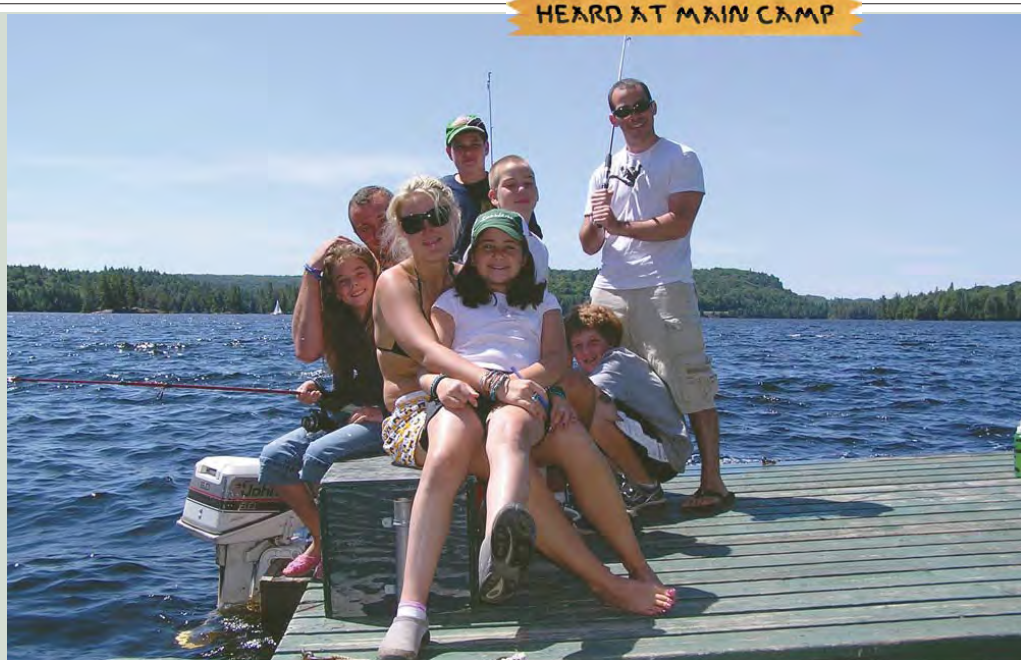
encourage all alumni, Tamakwans of whatever generation, to email our website to share with us their greatest memories or the most memorable events of Tamakwa.

TOP 15 MEMORIES OF UNCA LOU

1. Fire by friction
2. Reciting *The Cremation of Sam Magee*
3. Singing "Three Wood Pigeons" and "The Babbling Brook" with his violin
4. Lou and Omer re-enactment of discovering Tamakwa
5. Lou's wardrobe (plaid with plaid)
6. The 23rd Psalm
7. Lou's big white handmade log chair at the bottom of the Slope
8. Lou's admonishing camp for its "infernal buzzing"
9. Golden and Silver Days
10. The nursery rhyme song
11. "Today being the first day of the rest of your life"
12. Lou in the Mindy or the Jennifer Jo
13. Lou boxing with kids
14. Lou's smile from ear to ear
15. Lou's gentle but larger-than-life presence.

TOP 64 EVENTS AND MEMORIES

1. Esta singing the song "Smile"
2. Long trip departures and returns
3. The first girl's 13-day
4. The first trip ever taken by every Tamakwan
5. The first 15-day
6. The first 17-day
7. The first 18-day
8. A Ranger becoming a Voyageur canoeist
9. The re-building or new building of every structure in camp, particularly the Dining Hall
10. The beginning of new camp activities: half-court tennis, woodshop, windsurf, hockey, outdoor fun, ropes, kayak, ceramics, biking, and fishing
11. Tamakwa marriages
12. Dave and Janie Bale's wedding at Tamakwa
13. Dessert Storm
14. After-camp groups and all the Post Camps
15. Beginning of the JT program
16. The 50th Reunion including the medley marathon and hot dog roast at the Hermelins (not to mention moving all the annual camp plaques to the Hyatt-Regency)
17. The 60th Reunion at camp
18. The 70th Reunion at camp
19. All the incredible camp plays



HEARD AT MAIN CAMP

Looking back, looking forward

We asked campers what they think Tamakwa was like in its infancy and what it will be like 70 years from now

AARON LENGYEL, 8, For-ester-3, Toronto, 2nd year at Tamakwa

"It's pretty great that Tamakwa has run for this long with so many kids coming every year. It's probably because it's in Algonquin Park in such a beautiful place surrounded by so many trees and nature. I think it's also because of the really fun activities like kayaking, windsurfing, sailing and swimming. **What was Tamakwa like 70 years ago?** I imagine everything was smaller. They probably didn't have the carving log, the office, the bell or the Nok hockey tables.

How will Tamakwa be 70 years from now? I think it will be pretty much the same as it is today. Maybe they'll make the dining hall a bit bigger, add a few more activities, and change the Slope into a place where you just fish or sit and eat lunch. There'll be less trees around because some will be cut down to make room for new activities."

SARA GURZA, 15, CIT, Toronto, 7th year

"It's really incredible that a camp and its traditions can exist for as long as Tamakwa does. Most of the other camps I know of in Ontario have not been around for even

back, the people who really put everything they have into this camp to make sure the campers have a good time and the traditions that continue. **Tamakwa 70 years ago?** It must have been much smaller in terms of the number of campers and staff. It was probably a very close camp. Now everybody still knows each other but back then it was probably even closer. **Tamakwa 70 years from now?** Obviously structures around camp will be more modern because the times will be more technological but I think the essence will always stay the same as long as the owners still move people up the ranks to ensure that traditions continue."

ANNA ROSENFELD, 10, Pioneer-1, Ann Arbor, MI, 2nd year

"Tamakwa is still around because people love it so much that they can't leave. **The secret behind Tamakwa's longevity?** The people and the view. Like when you look out from the Slope and you see the lake



half the time of Tamakwa. **Why do you think Tamakwa has survived so long?** It's because of the people who keep coming

20. An officer from the Ministry landing his sea plane at the Slope
21. Three generations of Stringers and all the other multi-generational Tamakwa families
22. The original "Dirty Dog" and all that have followed since
23. Mable Brown
24. The painting of Charlie's canoe and all the schrekks and schrekks and reverse schrekks and schrekks over the years
25. Fake breaks
26. Northern lights
27. The Pointers
28. Treasure swims
29. Color war breaks, color wars, and color war songs
30. Beaver Cuttings
31. The first Tamakwa Harvey Deutch Triathlon
32. The Tamakwa Sterning Report
33. *The South Tea Echo*
34. All the Visiting Days, especially when a boat sunk
35. All the "next boat homes"
36. Coming around the bend
37. *Indian Summer*
38. Tamakwans in Hollywood
39. Intense Whitney baseball

40. Tamakwa talent shows
41. Water-skiing at Tamakwa
42. Water-skiing being banned at Tamakwa
43. Woof Woof cheers
44. Everyone's first kiss on the bridge
45. 25 years of Vic and Dave and the dream team of Marilyn, Ken Elder, David Stringer, Libby and Ric VonNeumann, Len Giblin
46. Morrie Weiss returning to camp after 25 years of absence
47. Staff families in residence at Tamakwa: Bales, Bandalenes, Bardensteins, Fannings, Krafts, Perlmutter, Shermans, Steinhauers, Stringers, Tyners, and Norris's.
48. Mini tornado on Treasure Island
49. The evolution of Club Med and Bayview
50. Dan Akroyd and the Blues Brothers
51. The Roots connection
52. Hearing my first loons
53. The first time seeing South Tea Lake on an early

54. Esta asking the arriving RCMP "Are you on horse-back?"
55. Old camp movies
56. "Born Free" and "Cat Ballou"
57. Film footage played in reverse of Mike Kraft taking watermelon away from each of the campers in the "Tootsy-Froosty" line
58. The archery gag in all the camp movies
59. Camp Bar and Bat Mitzvahs
60. Getting lost en route to Drummer Lake and the hand-to-hand staff search teams.
61. "Oklahoma"
62. Campers from Israel (thanks to our generous alumni)
63. The sign from Wakonda to begin each season
64. Beaver Councils and Tamagama



and the trees which haven't changed in 70 years. **Tamakwa 70 years ago?** There must have been fewer activities back then. The camp has redone a lot of buildings so it must have been different. **Tamakwa 70 years from now?** There'll be more and different activities but all in all, there'll be the same traditions and ideas. The traditions are the important things to keep Tamakwa going for another 70 years."

CARY KRAFT, 15, Voyageur-5, Los Angeles, 1st year.

"It's great that the camp has been around so long and that it has so much history. **Tamakwa 70 years ago?** I imagine that Tamakwa was much smaller then and that the kids probably had to do a lot more to help out than they do now because of the technology. It was also probably more of a homey environment. **Tamakwa 70 years from now?** Apart from the style, clothes and hair, which will always change, there will also be totally different sports and art stuff. As the kids will be two or three generations from now, they will act differently than today. Physically, Tamakwa will be much bigger, with many more cabins and a larger dining hall and rec hall to accommodate the larger community. There will probably be more technology but it would be better if Tamakwa stayed on the more rustic side. **What's needed to ensure to Tamakwa's longevity?** I'd say just keep the kids unified and make sure everyone stays together. I really wouldn't change much."

OLIVIA STONEHOUSE, 12, Pioneer-4, Los Angeles, 2nd

Continued on Page 18

them with us and we will publish them on our Tamakwa website.

To this day, everywhere I go, I meet up with campers and staff with whom I have shared my Tamakwa summers and many who preceded me for whom I have great reverence.

Countless times over the years, people have routinely commented: "The best days of my life were at Camp Tamakwa." I can't think of anything better that sums up Tamakwa's 70 years and bring closure to this special anniversary.

Before writing this column, I promised Robert Sarner, at his request, that I would not again focus on his incredible talent and dedication in publishing this 4th annual issue of the *South Tea Echo*.

Still, I want to thank Robert, on behalf of all Tamakwans everywhere, for another wonderful production and accumulation of memories and stories from the summer of 2005, Tamakwa's 70th summer.

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The summer at a glance

A selective listing of the major events and main highlights at camp in 2005.

JUNE

- Thurs., June 16** – Head Staff arrive for Pre-Pre-Camp.
- Sat., June 18** – Activity Leaders arrive for Pre-Pre-Camp.
- Tues., June 21** – Counselors, trippers and specialists arrive for Pre-Camp.
- Sun., June 26** – Summer '05 officially kicks off as July session campers arrive; Cabin Night; Noon-Way.
- Mon., June 27** – White Cap Tests; Block Schedule begins; Beaver Council nominations; Landsports Night; Staff Show.
- Tues., June 28** – Individual Choice sign-up; Beaver Council elections; Great "Egg"speculations (evening program).
- Wed., June 29** – The Ultimate Tamakwan (evening program).
- Thurs., June 30** – Individual Choice begins; Code Cracker (evening program).

JULY

- Fri., July 1** – Canada Day; Bar Mitzvahs of Danny Kaufman, Emily Parr, Aaron Rosenhaus and Steve Shore.
- Sat., July 2** – Halloween Night (evening program)
- Sun., July 3** – Pioneer Section BBQ; Section Night.
- Mon., July 4** – U.S. Independence Day; Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., July 5** – C.I.T.s to Camp Winnebago for Michael Brandwein presentation; Animation Cancellation (All-day Program) – The Simpsons, South Park, Family Guy and King of the Hill.
- Wed., July 6** – 15-day trips depart; Ranger section BBQ; Talent Show.
- Thurs., July 7** – C.I.T.'s Present: A Night at the Races (evening program).
- Fri., July 8** – 13-Day trips depart; JT Triathlon; Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., July 9** – Presentation of *Annie*.
- Sun., July 10** – JT Changeover; JT Section BBQ; Section Night.
- Mon., July 11** – 10-day trips depart; Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., July 12** – Camp Walden intercamp at Tamakwa; Dragon Boat Races (evening program).
- Wed., July 13** – Adam van Koeverden and other Olympic kayakers visit; Ranger basketball tournament; Voyageur section BBQ; Cabin Night.
- Thurs., July 14** – Tamakwa's Survivor Day 3.
- Fri., July 15** – Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., July 16** – Camper Triathlon; Amy Sky Night.
- Sun., July 17** – 49er Section BBQ; Section Night.
- Mon., July 18** – Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., July 19** – Intercamp at Camp Manitou.
- Wed., July 20** – Long trips return; Air Bands (evening program).
- Thurs., July 21** – The Perfect Cut: Investigation Tamakwa (Mini-Colour War) - FBI, RCMP, KGB and Scotland Yard.
- Fri., July 22** – Pack-out day; Friday night services; Mini-Banquet; Presentation of *Annie Get Your Gun*.
- Sat., July 23** – July session campers depart; Visitors Day; C.I.T.'s Present: S'mores Drive Thru (evening program).
- Sun., July 24** – August session campers arrive; Cabin Night.
- Mon., July 25** – Tamakwa Fear Factor (evening program).
- Tues., July 26** – Beaver Council elections; Beaver Council Presents: Tamakwa's Next Top Model (evening program).
- Wed., July 27** – 15-day trips depart; Cabin Night.
- Thurs., July 28** – C.I.T.s Present: Scavenger Hunt (evening program).
- Fri., July 29** – Bar Mitzvahs of Jeff Greenspoon, Emily Kraft and Jenna Kraft.
- Sat., July 30** – Ranger Section BBQ; Talent Show hosted by "The Wrench".
- Sun., July 31** – 17-day Temagami trips depart; Section Night.

AUGUST

- Mon., Aug. 1** – Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., Aug. 2** – Mother Goose (All-day program) – Humpty-Dumpty, Jack and Jill, Three Blind Mice and Little Miss Muffet.
- Wed., Aug. 3** – Pioneer Section BBQ; Cabin Night.
- Thurs., Aug. 4** – 13-day trips depart; Intercamp at Arowhon; Battle of the Sexes (evening program).
- Fri., Aug. 5** – Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., Aug. 6** – Voyageur section BBQ; Presentation of *Fiddler on the Roof*.
- Sun., Aug. 7** – 10-day trip departs; JT changeover; JT section BBQ; Section Night.
- Mon., Aug. 8** – Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., Aug. 9** – Intercamp at Camp Walden; Tamakwa's 70th Birthday Party (evening program); Staff Appreciation Week begins.
- Wed., Aug. 10** – Camp Manitou intercamp at Tamakwa; 15-day trips return; JT Bonita Olympics; Cabin Night.
- Thurs., Aug. 11** – Camper Triathlon; All-Day Surf and Sail; C.I.T.s Present: Sadie Hawkins and camp-wide dance.
- Fri., Aug. 12** – Friday night services; Hobby Hubs.
- Sat., Aug. 13** – Saturday Night Live (evening program).
- Sun., Aug. 14** – 49er Section BBQ; Section Night.
- Mon., Aug. 15** – Monday cookouts and camp-wide campfire.
- Tues., Aug. 16** – Long trips return; Presentation of *Footloose*; late-night Colour War Break at the side of the Dining Hall.
- Wed., Aug. 17** – Willy Wonka's Magical Chocolate Factory (Colour War) – Violet Beauregard, Mike Teevee, Augustus Gloop and Veruca Salt.
- Thurs., Aug. 18** – Colour War continues; Beaver Council Tamagama ceremony; Staff BBQ in Main Camp.
- Fri., Aug. 19** – Pack-out day; Out of This World (C.I.T. Banquet).
- Sat., Aug. 20** – Camp ends as Tamakwans leave for home.
- Thurs., Aug. 25** – Alumni 70th Anniversary Post Camp begins.
- Tues., Aug. 28** – Alumni 70th Anniversary Post Camp ends.



Being like Zoe

In memory of a special Tamakwan

By SHAYN DIAMOND

I've been at Tamakwa for 12 straight years, but it wasn't until recently that I learned to truly appreciate everything it has to offer. Earlier this year, as many

campers and staff at camp know, a fellow Tamakwan passed away.

Zoe Springer had been going to camp for seven years when she was diagnosed with cancer. Last January, she lost a long, hard physical and emotional battle with the disease after fighting it for more than a year. It was then I realized that life, and camp in particular, is more than we see on the surface. We must look deeper into every pointer ride, every tap of the Lucky Log and every woof-woof



cheer that transpires on the shores of South Tea and make the most of every moment.

Zoe was loved by all her peers, campers and fellow staff. She seemed the face and personality of the swim docks. Her Trailblazer girls looked up to her and valued her as they would an older sister. The relationships she forged at camp will never be forgotten. They are appreciated now even more.

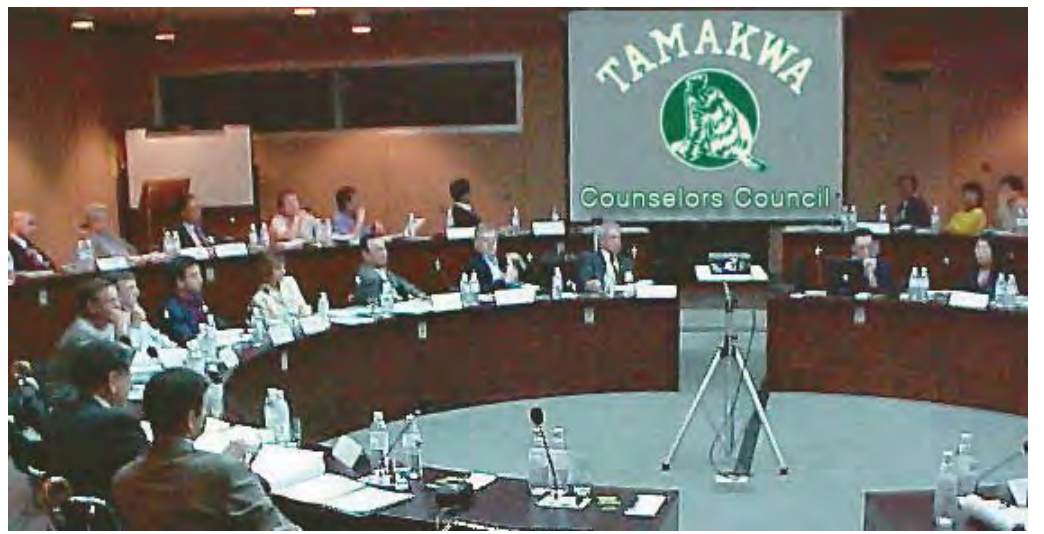
There is much to remember about and learn from Zoe. Her amazing personality and loving nature set a precedent at the swim docks that we can all only hope to match. Her personality set the tone

among campers and staff alike as to how swimming, one of very few mandatory activities, can be run by staff as well as participated in by campers, with a proper, safe and, most importantly, fun attitude.

With Zoe gone, what we have left are the memories that she brought to Tamakwa. They are what keep Zoe's precious spirit alive. If she taught us anything, it was that no matter what, we have to appreciate each day for what it is. If it's a silver day at camp, go puddle-jumping. If it's too hot to play sports, jump off the tower. If you have the opportunity, go on a long trip.

Being at Tamakwa is a gift for each and every one of us; a gift that should be appreciated for what it is and so much more. The kids and staff at camp are what keep it going.

It was Zoe's fun-loving nature that she bestowed upon all of us. She exemplified the attitude of waking up in the morning and saying that today is going to be that much better than yesterday. Such thinking will keep both Zoe's memory and Tamakwa, the place that we all love so much, around forever.



Democracy in action?

Counselors Council wins new respect in 2005 but its future is uncertain. By STEVE SHORE

There's a certain perspective that comes from being a lifelong Tamakwan. The early years as a JT are a riot. You play in a jungle of giants, but a playground all the same.

As you move into your Ranger and Pioneer years, camp becomes something you connect with, something you're conscious of. As a Voyageur and 49er, you see camp as a slice of heaven, with all the promises of adulthood before you. CIT year is curious. An adventure in purgatory with its own unique perspective.

Then there is staff. Tamakwa staff are a focused and committed group. They develop a more seasoned passion for the camp, and for their jobs. They put their hearts into their work. They commit themselves to the cause. They understand the stakes.

In recent summers, the idea of Counselors Council developed due to the desire to expand communication between the general and the administrative staff. For years, it operated as a selected group of veteran Tamakwans presiding over traditional, if not status-quo, staff events. However, in 2005, Counselors Council awoke from its slumber. In early July, the administrative staff understood that cursory tokens of appreciation would not suffice. Instead, the staff asked for a voice. They insisted that their collective interest mattered. And they asked for it through the voice of the CC.

CC is a political unit that

emerges after a pre-camp election. It is a tossed salad, comprised of veteran Tamakwans who understand the ins and outs of camp, and rookies with bright eyes. The result is a mix of new and old perspectives, united in the goal of optimizing the staff experience. Weekly meetings follow between the executive and the general staff, where the pulse of the staff is taken



as the floor opens for new business.

In 2005, the CC was led by two activity leaders – Aaron Rosenhaus and yours truly. Both veterans of camp, celebrating our Bar Mitzvah summer at Tamakwa in 2005, we focused on establishing CC as a reputable intra-camp organization.

The immediate business was to find an issue on which a disagreement with the administrative staff could be exploited. It wasn't an attempt to disagree for the sake of dispute but instead to disagree in order to legitimize dialogue. Create something contentious so as to announce that Counselors Council had arrived. When 'Cabin Night' emerged as the perfect issue, the CC showed it was a force to be reckoned with.

Looking to reinforce the

cabin unit, the administrative staff launched a cabin night. One night each week, the cabin – campers and counsellors – would retreat to their cabin at 8 pm. They were not to be seen or heard from until breakfast. A nice idea. Almost.

What angered the staff was that an overlooked consequence of this hastily hatched plan was the cancellation of Staff Rec. This created a period of 46 hours during which the staff would have no break. *Forty-Six Hours.*

As one veteran Tamakwan commented in private, "What is this? Sweatshop Tamakwa." So revolt they did and after a series of heated meetings, CC emerged victorious.

Cabin Night would be postponed. As campers and staff alike chanted "Staff Rec! Staff Rec!" The sound of democracy in action was deafening. The voice of the staff had been restored. In solidarity, they rejoiced.

Despite this success, the future of Counselors Council is uncertain. Many of its leaders have come to the end of their careers at Tamakwa. Many of the younger staff have yet to appreciate its importance. There is a huge political vacuum to be filled – and no one can be sure what will emerge from it.

However, one thing is for certain. For one moment, on one day in the summer of 2005, Counselors Council was for real. And in its momentary glory, it created the motto, "We have to win." And win they did. Sweet.

Small building, big impact

In 2005, just into its second half-century, the Tuck Shop was standing taller than ever. By AARON ROSENHAUS

The summer of 2005 at Tamakwa will be remembered for many things. Not the least of which that it was the first summer without the original Clinic/Doctor's Residence. Months earlier, acting on the advice of our wonderful camp doctors' spouses and many caring parents, Tamakwa's powers that be ordered the dismantling of the historic, much-venerated structure.

Dating back to 1936, the year Tamakwa was founded, the Clinic/Doctor's Residence was the oldest building in camp and a cornerstone of camp history. It's still hard to speak of it in the past tense.

Its demise brought new stature to the tiny green shack standing between the Dinning Hall and the camp office, otherwise known as the Tuck Shop. It now commanded new respect, having assumed the disputed title of Oldest Building at Tamakwa. (There is conjecture that the office pre-dates the Tuck Shop).

Built in 1954, the Tuck Shop has more than a half-century and countless stories behind it. It may be small in size but its role at Tamakwa is vital. A hub of camp trade and commerce, the Tuck Shop is the sole purveyor of candy at Tamakwa. It's also used for

organizing mail and as a storage area.

The exterior of the Tuck



Shop also serves camp needs, as information such as cast lists for camp plays and the ever-important day-off list for staff are posted on its sides.

In preparing this article, I entered the Tuck Shop and inspected the premises that few campers ever see from the inside. It was quite a



cluttered mix – from fishing equipment to lifejackets, old books and sound equipment for camp dances.

The books are a throw-

back to another era. Before Tamakwans had the privilege of electronic entertainment to fill their rest-hour, the Tuck Shop was a library. In the 1960s, Unca Lou received books from a school in Detroit and shipped them up to camp for the benefit of all. The Tuck Shop also housed toiletries and battery replacements for campers. Although not a commercial entity, it served the Tamakwa community much like a general store.

Today, the Tuck Shop is known as Tamakwa's own Fort Knox of sugary goodness. It's long been a dream of all campers to somehow gain access to the vault of candy inside the Tuck Shop walls.

Yet, in every case, conspiring minds with visions of the perfect crime at camp ultimately yielded to sanity.

Tamakwans have special connections to the different parts of camp. Some are more celebrated than others. Traditionally, the Tuck Shop, with its diminutive size and disheveled state, has gone underappreciated. But now amid this new-found interest in its past, the Tuck Shop is finally gaining the recognition it deserves. Here's hoping this just anointed status will give the Tuck Shop a new lease on life.

Making Israel real at camp

For the third straight year, Project Tamakwa Israel shines



By now, it's almost a Tamakwa tradition. Launched in 2003 with the Jewish Federation of Detroit, the initiative brings four young Israelis to camp for one month. In July, Shlomi Ohana, Eliran Zango, Nofar Kodera and Nadia Kodera, all 13 years old and from Or Yehuda, a working class suburb near Tel Aviv, left home for an experience most Israelis could only dream of. They added a lot to camp, and gained a lot, too.

The making of a landmark...

Two, actually. New major structures change the face of camp, for the better. By VIC NORRIS

Tamakwans have always been interested, intrigued, and impressed with the continual rebuilding and refurbishing of camp. This includes, of course, the many new construction projects that have been built over the years. As Unca Lou would say, "We started building in 1936 and haven't stopped yet".

Unique to Tamakwa is that we do all of our own construction and have for decades during the tenure of current Chief Engineer Ken Elder, Trip Director Len Giblin and Woodshop Director Ric von Neumann and Libby "you-name-it, she-has-done-it" Sadick von Neumann. For the summer of 2005 and upcoming one in 2006, our crew embarked upon two of the most ambitious Tamakwa construction projects of all time.



The Pavilion takes shape

physicians' spouses. Apparently, while our medical families love the wildlife at camp, they prefer animals being outside of the cabin rather than inside. Strangely, whenever we would take a page out of Unca Lou's book to explain that "we are visitors, the animals were here first," it never fully placated even the most loyal Tamakwa medical staff.

But of course the most important thing is the improvement in health care that comes from now having a state-of-the-art medical facility. The clinic has a triage room, medication dispensary room, two exam rooms with three private infirmary rooms upstairs in the extremely rare event someone needs to be temporarily isolated and provided a proper environment to recuperate. The structure is also fully winterized and has become a valuable addition to our off-season rental group use.

Tamakwa Pavilion

So what happened to the old doctor's cabin, infirmary and clinic? As gut wrenching as the decision was to tear down the old structure, we simply could not save it. The log cabin was the first building erected at Tamakwa in 1936 to house Omer Stringer and his crew during the cold winter months when they began to clear land and build structures for camp's first summer in 1937.

Some suggested we convert the structure into a

Tamakwa museum. This was clearly a prime location for something significant at camp. "The site is one of the best in all of Tamakwa and should be used for something special and unique," said Ken Elder. "We should take advantage of this opportunity."

This led to great deliberation and in time a new idea took hold and a Tamakwa landmark took root. Our off-season crew was particularly challenged by erecting this structure without the hoists and materials typically needed for a building of this magnitude, but not transportable across the lake. A simple set of drawings, hundreds of bags of hand-carried cement, oodles of lumber and 1,000 bolts later, Ken, Len, Ric and Libby were all smiles over their latest accomplishment.

With the assistance of transportation staff Jon Putman and Steve Behnke, phase one of this exciting building will be ready for the 2006 summer and we can't wait to see it filled with campers and staff.

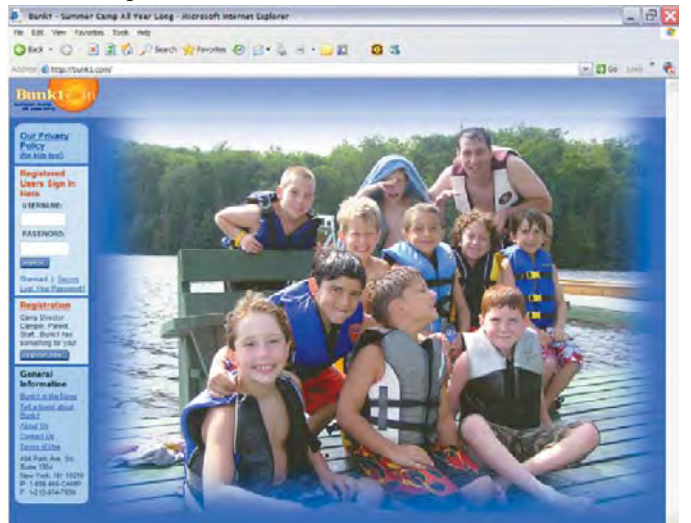
Tamakwa's landscape has been forever enhanced by the Pavilion. It's already been reserved for numerous pre-camp training sessions, section barbecues, section snacks, a talent show, late night movies, and a lot more.

While I would like to share with you news of other exciting Tamakwa building projects for the future, I can't, for like Color War, it's a secret.

Coming into focus

New photo feature on website proves a big hit in inaugural season. By CRAIG PERLMUTTER

Never before has life at Tamakwa seemed so visible and so close from so far away for so many relatives and friends of campers. This past summer, thanks to digital photography and internet technology, the Tamakwa website served as a window into the daily activities at camp. It was only a few clicks away for anyone in the world with a computer connected on-line.



During the 56 days of camp in 2005, tamakwa.com had exactly 17,523 separate log-ons linked to bunk1.com, the newest way of providing pictures from camp into the homes of Tamakwa families, friends, relatives and alumni. More than 2,400 pictures from Tamakwa were posted on bunk1 throughout the summer.

Most of those pictures were taken by our resident photographer (and many other things) Libby Sadick von Neumann. (She also took most of the pictures you see on the pages of the *South Tea Echo*). Thanks to Libby, the website was filled with photos from canoe trip arrivals and departures, colour war breaks, musicals and talent shows, water activities, land sports, evening programs and many other special events. Libby even purchased a special waterproof housing for her digital camera to provide an incredible view of our campers and staff from underwater.

This new feature offered everyone at home a glimpse of the fun and excitement of the 2005 summer. These pictures will continue to be on-line and next summer we will begin updating the 2006 folder of snapshots right from the very first day of the summer.

Note: Camp families, friends, relatives and alumni can receive a BUNK1 user name and password at no charge by signing up on www.bunk1.com.



Medical Center

The Medical Center

The new medical center was completed in the nick of time for the 2005 summer season. Putting it in a different location than that of the venerated doctor's log cabin and attached clinic wasn't without controversy. Of course, since when does anything we do at Tamakwa go without controversy? Most campers don't even like it when we move or change anything, let alone a building location. Tamakwans typically say they "like everything about Tamakwa just the way it is." While we take great pride in keeping the deep and rich traditions of Tamakwa intact, we strive to continually upgrade and diversify its facilities.

The new medical building integrates under one roof a new second story

infirmary and nurses' quarters with a ground level clinic and beautifully appointed doctor's cabin. Unlike its predecessor, the new building does not afford a lake view, but it makes up for it being strategically located next to the camp radio station overlooking camp's premier activity, tetherball valley.

Considerable time and effort went into the design of the structure to better meet the growing health challenges and medical needs of campers and staff. We also wanted to provide updated, more comfortable accommodations for the camp's medical staff, both doctors (and their families) and nurses.

Traditionally, over the years, those most opinionated about the doctor's quarters have been the

Names that shtick

They seem to capture each person perfectly. A guide to Tamakwa nicknames. By SHAYN DIAMOND and CRAIG PERLMUTTER

Summer camp has a way of bringing out the best - and sometimes the funniest - of everyone. And it's that "best" or "funniest" which often brings out a nickname for campers and staff, new and old. Tamakwa nicknames have staying power. Most shtick for a long time. Not everyone at camp is christened with a nickname but those who are will forever be known more by their new moniker than their original name.

As Tamakwa's journal of record, the *South Tea Echo* recently took it upon itself to compile the first-ever list of camp nicknames. What follows is by no means exhaustive. We've only begun to scratch the surface. We know there are a lot more nicknames out there. So please email us at howhow@tamakwa.com with additions so we can publish an expanded version in a future issue of the *Echo*.



Here's a start

(in alphabetical order):

Archie - Marc Crane

Balls - Alana Balbes

Big L - Eric Lubanski

Billy - Harrison Slavner

Boathouse - Max Levine-Poch

ERS - Ethan Raduns-

Silverstein

Grundy - Tamara/Michael

Grundland

Hartsy - Leslie Hartsman

Haus - Aaron Rosenhaus

Hot Carl - Carly Gallinger

JC - Jonny Cooper

JD - Josh Diamond

J Mac - Justin McCloskey

JJ Pearls - Jake Perlmutter

Jimmy John - Daniel

Jacobs

Jordo - Jordan Baum

JRS - Jonah Raduns-

Silverstein

Libs - Libby Sadick

vonNeumann

MO - Matt Orenstein

Mr. Jones - Jonah Adelman

River, Notorious Vic - Vic

Norris

Shoggy - Daniel Shogilev

Shmutz - Craig Perlmutter

Silver - Jeff Avigian

Smitty - Max and Josh

Smith

Spoon - Jeff and Haley

Greenspoon

Sudco - Adam Sud

T - Theresa Howard

The Fidler - John Fiddes

The Shoveler - Daniel

Lengyel

The Wrench - Aaron

Cohen

Alumni

Double or Double-D -

Dave Diamond

Half-court Howie - Howie

Blitstein

Mookie - Jamie Wilson

Peanut Butter - Michael

Perlmutter

Pony - Jeff Ruby

Roo - Richard Markowitz

Tang - David Wilson



Posterity in the making

The roots of the 2005 plaque

Coming up with a winning design for the annual plaque can be a daunting proposition, especially when it's supposed to commemorate such a milestone as summer number 70. If it was a tall order, Arts and Crafts Activity Leader Debbie Bernier was certainly up to the challenge.

"I wanted to capture the beauty that surrounds us on a daily basis," says Debbie. "The most difficult thing was to choose just one scene to be representative of Tamakwa."

In the end, her creation was an apt testament to camp and such a benchmark summer as 2005. - R.S.

Up north from down under

The trip from Australia to Algonquin Park is a long one but it proved well worth it for one rookie staffer new to camp in North America.

By LARISSA WEBB

When I was 11 years old, I read a book set in an American summer camp. From that moment on, I decided I wanted to go to one. There was just one problem. I was living in Australia, where there were no residential summer camps as summer falls over the Christmas holidays and is normally spent with family.

The only way I could actually experience a summer camp would be to work on staff at a camp in North America when I was old enough. Sure enough, 14 years later, my dream came true. In mid-June, I arrived in Canada en route to Tamakwa as a senior counselor, one of five international staff not from North America.

The first thing that strikes the newcomer about Tamakwa is its remoteness, accentuated by it being only accessible by boat. This became vividly clear minutes after setting foot at the Landing for the first time. As we left the dock, rounded the corner in the pointer, the sunny shores of Tamakwa across the sparkling lake were revealed.

Australia has many beautiful and different natural landscapes and geographical sites, though none quite like the pristine waters of Algonquin Park, and the serenity of Tamakwa. The closest area that South Tea Lake brings to mind is Lake Burley Griffin, a jewel in the heart of Canberra, the capital of Oz. It's a lovely lake where one can partake in various water activities – it just happens to be man-made. You can often see sensational sunsets there, reminiscent of some at Tamakwa but as it's framed by the city means the canopy of stars overhead are nowhere near as spectacular as those seen above Tamakwa on a clear night.

There are certain things I now associate just with Tamakwa that some people at camp seem to take for granted. During my first few nights in the Club Med cabin, I kept being woken up by the sounds of frogs burping all night and loons almost howling like a pack of wolves descending upon us from across the lake. (We don't have loons in



Australia and the first time I heard them, I thought they were wild dogs in the distance!) Surprisingly, within a few weeks of being at camp, I found those night sounds highly comforting.

It didn't take long to feel comfortable at Tamakwa but I still remember the initial culture shock from when I first arrived. They say that Australians and Canadians are similar in terms of their easy-going manner and fun-loving attitudes. For the most part, I agree. So it came as a bit of a shock to see how people at camp related to each other.

Tamakwa excels in not only bringing together a mix of kids learning to interact with one another away from the confines and comforts of home, but also learning about and appreciating the nature around them. These wonderful, vivacious kids who come from as far afield as California, Michigan, New York, and even Mexico, England and Israel, as well as Canada itself, are given the opportunity of being truly able to get back to nature. Tamakwa's tradition of sending all the children on canoe trips gives them a chance to experience the rigors and joys of camping in the wilds of Ontario, while enjoying a fantastic socialization experience with their peers.

These canoe trips present new challenges to

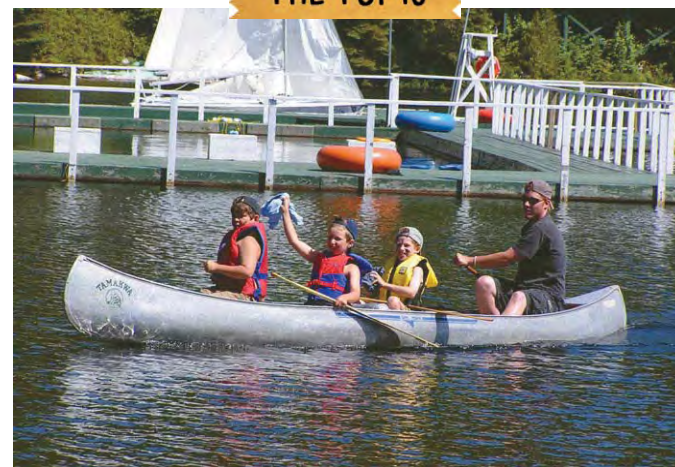
the children, which lead to exciting new discoveries and make for fantastic, lasting memories. The looks of wonder and excitement on their faces give the staff, like myself, a great sense of pleasure. One that is different from seeing the look of understanding in everyday life, or even the excitement derived from finally making the cognitive leaps when learning a new

concept or even language, as I have seen teaching English in Japan.

There is something superb and rewarding about kids learning to appreciate the nature around them. I was thrilled to see my group of 11-year-old girls overcoming their fears of insects and invertebrates to being able to pick up leeches and watch without trepidation the antics of a snapping turtle when our cabin went on our canoe trip.

Tamakwa has an array of inspiring traditions from flag raising and lowering, dining hall cheers and singing Taps at the end of the day, to cabin nights, cookouts and section camp fires, all of which create a sense of unity and respect among campers and staff alike, resulting in a fun yet truly peaceful, memorable summer camp experience.

The challenges that I faced as a new employee paled in comparison to the discoveries I made in coming to Tamakwa. I will miss being able to spend so much time in the sun and water, and playing games with the kids, not to mention the wonderful people that I befriended at camp. For me, Tamakwa represented a summer of new experiences that I only wish I'd been able to enjoy as a child. I will, however, always be grateful for having had the chance to experience such a place, even as an adult, and for fulfilling my childhood dream one way or another.



Make my day

What it takes to make the perfect day at camp, in the eyes of Trailblazers and Foresters:

- 10. Monday. Three words: sleep-in, cartoons, and brunch.
- 9. The day all the long trips return; it means tonight must be the Colour War break.
- 8. Any day when you're out on a canoe trip.
- 7. All day beach party.
- 6. Any day that ends with a kitchen raid. Party!
- 5. Five periods of gaga.
- 4. A Topsy Turvy Day where all meals begin with dessert.
- 3. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays...i.e. Tuck Nights!
- 2. Any day ending in "y", when you're at Camp Tamakwa. And... the number one definition of The Perfect Day in the eyes of a Trailblazer or Forester:
- 1. The day you "graduate" to become a Pioneer or Ranger.

- Compiled by Ari and Yafa Bale



Put to the test

Rising to the occasion in the name of survival

By JEFF SLOTA

In mid-July, on a calm evening on South Tea Lake, eager eyes took in a war canoe gliding through the water. The stage was being set for the 3rd annual Tamakwa Survivor challenge. It would take strength, endurance, teamwork and perseverance to remain at camp for the duration of the day to come. Many questions persisted. The only one that mattered was "Who would be the sole survivor?"

Survivors awoke shortly after sunrise and enjoyed morning feast. They were instructed to return to their cabins and pack a bag of only necessities in the event that they were voted off the shores of Tamakwa. With bags in hand, cabin groups set

out to outwit, outlast and outplay other cabins from their sections.

The first event required participants to seek, locate and capture camp counselors, each of whom represented a secret point value. Counselor after counselor rolled into the tabulation booth. A Tribal Council met in special session and deemed several cabin groups unworthy of the crown of sole survivor. They were in turn sent off to fend

for themselves on one of the many nearby islands where they would remain for the rest of the day.

At Main Camp, tension could be felt in the Dining Hall as many tables were vacant. The remaining survivors increased their consumption of food in preparation for the strenuous physical and mental demands that lay ahead.

Surviving in the Tamakwan outback is not easy. To ensure that Tamakwa survivors were well prepared,

they had to display essential skills in fire building, hut creation, fishing and swimming. At the end of these tasks, the Tribal Council evicted those who could not adapt to their environment. They were subsequently sent off the island with only the contents of their bags and dinner.

The remaining survivors were put to the tests of logic and planning. They had to build a 3-D model of a permanent hut, in addition to solving logic tasks and trivia questions considered essential to their survival on a deserted island. Some participants fell, while others rose to the occasion and remained at Tamakwa after

yet another Tribal Council session. The remaining survivors were awarded with the foods of a delicious BBQ.

As the sun started to set, many of the outcast survivors could be seen paddling back to Tamakwa. They were eager to watch the final challenge that would determine what cabin group best displayed the skills necessary to

become the ultimate Tamakwa survivor. The culmination of the day came down to a canoe gunnelling battle.

Adam Schecter paired up with Sarah Jacobs, for a best-of-seven match. Jacobs had the early two victories, but Schecter battled back for two in a row.

In the end, Sarah prevailed and sealed her cabin group as the winners of the 2005 Tamakwa Survivor. Along with bragging rights, the winners won the privilege to not only pick their next Monday cookout location, but also to travel there by pointer. Victory was indeed sweet.

The day was an amazing testament to the indomitable Tamakwan spirit, as every survivor did his or her part to help the team, encouraging and participating to the best of their abilities.





Worth saving

Judging from the latest additions to the Tamakwa Museum, summer 2005 was an intriguing season

This year, the curators of the Tamakwa Museum are members of the 2005 Head Staff who will be giving tours of the museum in its underground shelter on Adventure Island every day except Good Friday and Schlect Tuesday. The museum features an incredible new collection of items now on view from last summer. This year's display includes:

- Five plates of snack (see Buckner for explanation)
- Buckner's "African Queen" jacket
- Stringer's "Bonita" shirt worn for one day
- Josh Lavine's grey and forest green Beaver Canoe hooded sweatshirt
- The Beaver Pinata at the 70th Birthday Party
- One of Jessie Drama's hoods
- Brian's army green hat
- The new baby grand
- An Adam van Koeverden autograph card
- The 70th anniversary signed Tamakwa T-shirt
- A Murray Hartsman bagel
- One of Sue Binder's wontons
- One of camp's new hockey jerseys
- An Aquaquest 12 worksheet
- Josh Freed's toe
- Jeff Fenkell's path to girls camp
- V3's dance parties "on the beach"
- Emily's art project
- A poker chip from nightly staff card game



- Sheila's rainbow rain boots
- Tara Lengyel's plethora of feather boa's
- 49er-1's disco ball and robot hand
- Eric Dresner's yellow rubber duck umbrella
- One of Vic's many huge Tim Horton's coffee mugs
- Head Staff's core values whiteboard
- Dr. Marks' 1997 staff shirt
- Candi's JT changeover lists
- Miriam Teich's tuck bar



- Ben Sherman's 1st month camper letter
- Green Nalgene with car stickers
- Jake Malman's "Shmata"
- Jonah Teich's ping pong paddle in leather case

- A Mint Entertainment T-shirt
- Lost teeth in envelopes in Jordan's cubby/mailbox
- Father's Day card from the Rangers to Jordan
- Ketai and Aronovitz's Bar Mitzvah Ziploc package
- Ryan Shrott's wrist watch
- Lori Cohen's clipboard
- The underwater housing for Libby's digital camera
- One pair of "Croc" shoes
- The boat and motor Haus sank
- Kingsford charcoal for a section BBQ
- The doorbell for the clinic
- Sherkman's whistle
- Sophie Sklar's pink cowgirl hat
- The new boobies instead of blue beads for Tamagama
- Sheila's elephant flashlight
- One new tag and cubbie from the new clinic's med dispensary
- 70th Alumni T-shirt and sweatshirt
- A log from the former Doctor's cabin built in 1936
- A Pizza Pizza hat from Visiting Day
- Dan Jacobs' trip shirt
- Avigian's travel schedule
- One of the international clocks from the office
- Stephanie Timmis' lost lifejacket on Adventure Island
- A Willy Wonka chocolate bar
- One of Spoon's schedules



'05 Bar/Bat Mitzvah jackets

- One staff cell phone from the office
- One of the new edition

Heating things up

Sometimes, the weather is a lot more than the subject of small talk, especially at camp this year. BY ROBERT SARNER

There are many ways to evaluate a summer at camp. One of the most objective criteria is the weather. It affects everything. Few things have the impact on camp life as the climatic conditions. Totally unpredictable, weather can help make or break a summer.

Sunshine has the most positive influence. There may be no official meteorologist at Tamakwa or anyone keeping stats, but it's safe to say 2005 broke all records for the total number of hours of sunshine and hot days in one summer. It seemed fitting that such ideal sun-kissed conditions prevailed in Tamakwa's 70th summer.

You didn't have to be in camp to feel the impact of the weather. Much of North America was in the grips of a particularly dry, sweltering summer. In Toronto, where the weather is always a popular subject of conversation, the heat was on everyone's lips, and the rest of their bodies. With such unrelenting humidity, it was unmercifully hot, sticky, sweaty, smelly, smoggy, muggy, and otherwise just pretty unbearable. No surprise that Toronto broke a record for the number of days extreme heat warnings were issued. Likewise for the number of smog advisories issued. Both June and July were the hottest such months ever recorded in Toronto.

Throughout Ontario, the weather was a major story. In the unprecedented heat, residents broke an all-time power electricity consumption record, due largely to their incessant use of air conditioners. In short, it was a brutally hot summer.

At camp, the impact was different. The heat is never oppressive the way it is in the city, except sometimes in the cabins. At camp, the sun and heat are an invitation to be outside, to be active, to take advantage of all the activities you can't really do in the rain or cold, to plunge into the incredibly warm, soft waters of South

Tea. All the while of course being sure to use sunscreen, to drink lots of water and to wear a hat.

If in the city, the weather was punishment, in Algonquin Park, it was a treat, especially outdoors. True, it's a magnificent place in any weather, but drenched in near-incessant sun it's even more spectacular. In such light, the Park shines. It radiates. It glows. It

day". If it was overcast, Lou called it a "silver day." He saw it as no less beautiful than a sunny day, only different. Whatever the weather, Lou embraced it, explaining you can't have one without sometimes having the other. For Lou, rain was "liquid sunshine."

Most campers still have not yet developed Lou's philosophy. Hard to argue

with their automatic equating sun with fun. You name it, everything, except hot cabins, is better under the sun. Windsurfing, canoe trips, swimming, basketball, intercamp, shore lunch, colour war, roller hockey, Friday night services, canoeing, Woof Woof, flag raising, breakfast cookouts, archery, kayaking, hiking to Drummer Lake, skinny dipping at Robbie's

Point, the triathlon, shuffleboard, Reggae Day, sailing, beach barbecues. Unfortunately, weather is one of few elements that camp directors have no influence on and yet if it's bad it can bedevil a summer like nothing else.

By all standards, 2005 was a truly golden summer, interrupted only by the odd silver day and rare bout of liquid sunshine.

"The weather was amazing," says Sammy Winkler, 15, who spent her 8th summer at Tamakwa. "It was hot and sunny almost every day, with very little rain. It was the best by far since I started coming to Tamakwa. It's so good when it's nice out. It makes it so much better and more fun to be at activities. When it rains you can't do certain things. When it's nice out, everybody has a more positive attitude. The mood is so much better and people are happier."

It's easy to get used to such ideal weather. Only problem is that it's a roll of the dice whether Tamakwa will be so fortunate again next summer. No meteorologist would even venture a guess. Only Wakonda knows, and he's not telling.



inspires. It's nature at its finest. Under blue skies, it doesn't get much better.

From the first day of camp through to mid August, the sun poured down generously. South Tea Lake was never so warm for so many days in one season. The swim staff didn't even have to coerce campers into the water to do their white cap tests. The temperature of the lake reached as high as 85 degrees Fahrenheit, averaging around 76 degrees for most of the summer.

"This was one phenomenal summer for weather," says Marilyn Mendelson about her 35th year at Tamakwa. "Since we got here in mid-June, it was unbelievable, exceptionally hot and humid. Relatively speaking, we had so little rain. In all my years at camp, there may have been one other summer like this one. Even if I'm not crazy about this heat, it was great for the kids."

Such was Tamakwa founder Lou Handler's positive attitude to life that he appreciated all weather, regardless of what the skies dealt him. If it was sunny, Lou would refer to it as a "golden



Loose lips...

Sink canoes. Memorable words from 2005

"I don't mind driving the boat, but I just don't like landing it." - Sheila Tyner, June 18

"Candi, you've got to smell this... It's like a slice of heaven." - David Kiperman, June 23

"My mom must have put it in my bag." - Jeff Ran, June 27



"We have to win." - Steve Shore, June 29

"Is there a reverse pedal on

this thing or is there only a stop and go?" - Jessica Sterrett - July 2

"If I put iced tea in a microwave, will I end up with hot tea?" - Amanda Walker - July 16

"Oh, please, she doesn't even remember tomorrow." - John Fiddes - July 28

"I'm just ventilating." - Haley Greenspoon - Aug. 7

Come and get it!

Appreciating the charms of Tamakwa's fine dining experience. BY DAVE BALE

Some say Tamakwa is a “tripping camp”, given the prominence of canoe tripping in Tamakwa’s Algonquin backyard. Some say it’s a “people camp”, given the prominence of the personalities and characters at Tamakwa. But considering the amount of time Tamakwans spend in the Dining Hall and the spirit they bring to it, Tamakwa is no less an “eating camp”. After all, in the typical 12 hours of a camp day, at least three of those hours – a quarter of the day – are spent in the Dining Hall. So, it’s no wonder that eating and the entire dining experience is one of the more memorable of collective “camp memories”.

If dining is considered a camp activity, then the activity leader is Guy Tetreault, head chef and owner of West Park Catering, Tamakwa’s on-premises food service. Guy knows the best way to campers’ hearts is through their stomachs and he keeps them happy. He works hard at it, feeding about 1,050 mouths on any given day. He and his devoted staff prepare 57,000 meals in a summer.

By everyone’s standards, Guy’s food is delicious. But any eating establishment gets judged not only for its food, but also on its ambiance. The Dining Hall ambiance is unique. It’s not just what we eat; it is how we eat that’s unique. In 70 years of operation, Tamakwa’s mealtime experience – aside from the numbers of mouths being fed – has probably remained pretty much the same.

The term “sitting down to a peaceful meal” is not exactly a camp concept. The stereotypical camp dining room (like its urban counterpart, the school cafeteria) is associated with food fights, spilling, demands for more food, fallen trays, major mopping operations, and other mishaps. They don’t call it the “Mess” Hall for nothing. In fairness, that stereotype is exaggerated.

While Tamakwa tries not to stifle a free-flow expression of spirit, staff do keep pretty good control over things. For example, for a long time no dessert with whipped cream or powdered sugar toppings was served as they were sure to end up less in stomachs and more on noses and foreheads. After all, who could resist the old “Smell this” shriek?

The only thing to exceed spirit and humour in Tamakwa’s Dining Hall is the decibel level. Things get loud, particularly when it’s time to clear the dishes.

There is the requisite game to see who stacks the dishes. Stacking the dishes, as well as the stigma attached to the poor sap that gets stuck doing it, is part of camping. This highly civilized democratic selection process usually begins with the ever classic “nose game” (counselor discretely places an index finger along the side of his/her nose; last one to notice



and follow suit has to stack) but it quickly deteriorates to the “freeze game” (the counselor yells “freeze”, the kids do just that, but the first one to move stacks).

At Tamakwa there’s the ever-popular “Tower-Air Raid” game. The counselor (in this case, drill sergeant) shouts out orders. If the order is “Tower!”, the kids stand on the chairs with arms up to simulate a tower. If it’s “Air Raid!”, they take shelter under the table.

These orders – when yelled in rapid fire succession 50 times in order to catch one unlucky (and slow reacting) camper – echo across the huge mess hall, not to mention the thumping of ten kids at the table dutifully jumping up and down in compliance. When you multiply that scenario by the 30 other tables playing the same or other games, it’s mind-numbingly LOUD.

When dessert is over, the cheering and singing commence. And that’s usually a good thing. Spirit is what makes camp different and unique from “civilian” life in the city. Tamakwans try to harness that energy by leading the traditional camp songs (*We’ve Got the Kids; Today is Monday; Young Folks Old Folks; the State Song; and Mabel Brown*, among others.) But the cheers and songs take on a life of their own, often with new “creative” lyrics that either win people’s hearts or every once-in-a-while get people booted from the Dining Hall. So, the Dining Hall ambiance does not include a peaceful conversation or reading the *Sunday Times* with your breakfast. That’s what people in the camping industry call “September”.



Or days off.

Unlike many camps that herd their campers through buffet lines or seating in shifts, Tamakwa eats family-style – the entire camp at one time in a sit-down fashion with one table for each cabin group. Counselors sit at the head of the table, attending to their kids like a little family. This has always been the case. What has changed over the years is the “delivery system”, or how the food gets to each table.

When I was a camper in the early 60s, we had waitresses specially hired for that job. In later years, our communal spirit prevailed and we opted for a more “democratic self service”. In that system, each table sent one representative up to bring the cabin’s tray of food and to go get second helpings for the group when the need arose. (That need – as well as half the



campers – arose about every three minutes.) People were in constant motion, which made it enticing to blend in with the crowd and just get up from your table anytime to go get a drink – or more often – to go schmooze or “work the room”. So, a few years ago, it was decided to combine the best of the “waiter” system with the best of the “democratic self service” system by delegating counselors on a rotating

roster basis to do the waiter service. The result: peace, orderliness, and efficiency... well, at least by camping standards.

Another sacred mealtime tradition and a necessary ingredient in the Tamakwa Dining Hall ambiance is the Melmac dinnerware. Strange but true, in the Wedgwood and Royal Daulton wedding registry catalogues you will not find this famous pastel tough

plastic dinnerware in their vast selection of dinnerware service. In fact, other than camps, I don’t know who buys it.

You can eat off Melmac dishes, scrape them, throw them into bussing trays, mix paint on them in Arts and Crafts if you have to, and even stick your chewing gum on the bottom of them. You could probably drive a tractor over them. They are almost indestructible. I say almost! The typical camp dishwashing machine usually cannot protect Melmac plastic ware from a good grape juice stain, gobs of petrified peanut butter, or that wad of gum on the bottom. Those are Melmac’s Achilles heel.

No matter the plates or what is being served on them, the campers and staff arrive at their meal in an organized manner responding with Pavlovian conditioning to the ring of the camp bell, followed by a head staffer yelling, “Come and get it”. They stand in unison to say grace, then sit, eat, talk, chatter, munch, scrape, stack, clear, cheer and make noise. Then someone with a clipboard – usually Program Director Leslie Hartsman – stands before them, pleads with them to quiet down, and then makes some announcement designed to only rouse them again into a frenzy of “How How’s”. Then the cycle begins anew: quiet, announcements, How How, frenzy. Quiet, announcements, How How, frenzy.

What would this story be without acknowledging the physical space? When you dine at Tamakwa, you dine in the company of history. The names, the achievements, the icons, the symbols... 70 years of Tamakwa history surround you, documented on the hundreds of plaques of multiple colours and shapes and designs. Like a living archive, they look down from the building’s walls and rafters.

That includes of course the camp plaque from the summer of 1950 that hangs above the stone fireplace. On it, from beneath his “Chief O’ Chief” headdress, Unca Lou looks down with a gentle smile. It’s surely a smile of contentment in the knowledge that the walls and roof of the grand meeting place – the Dining Hall (aka Beaver Lodge) that he created and expanded over the years – still trembles to the same booming sounds. The beat of the Tamagama drums when someone utters the words “Beaver Council”, or the pounding of the benches for the Voyageur cheer, or the resonating four-part harmony of *Hello Hello Hello Hello* when a newcomer is publicly welcomed.

The same zeal and energy has defined Tamakwa spirit for seven decades. The menu and the taste buds may have evolved over the years, but the experience in that Dining Hall is eternal. Eternally boisterous, eternally spirited, eternally fun. OK, benches on tables.

Visiting Day revisited

As long as there's been camp, there's been Visiting Day. It's like no other day of the summer – for campers, staff, parents and, of course, camp directors. **By ROBERT SARNER**

No day at camp is as buzzing with anticipation and emotion as Visiting Day. For all the planning and preparation at camp, there's a part of Visiting Day that few Tamakwans ever see. On the morning of V-Day, as campers put the finishing touches on making Tamakwa look its best, counting the hours until their parents arrive and while the kitchen staff prepare the best meal of the summer, an annual ritual unfolds across the lake at the Landing. It's quite a scene.

Every year in early July, the camp mails parents an information sheet about the upcoming V-Day. It includes directions on driving to camp and explicit instructions not to arrive earlier than 11:30 a.m. This, so as to allow buses carrying first session campers to depart without too much commotion.

This year, true to tradition, many parents ignored the camp's directive. On July 23, they arrived hours before the camp opened for V-Day. Among parents, there has long been a keen competition to arrive first in line in order to be in the first boat over to camp.

Just before the V-Day shuttle began, the *South Tea Echo* spoke to several parents who had dutifully assembled at the Boat Landing eagerly awaiting the first pointer over to camp.



MITCHELL SCHECTER

Arriving a mere minutes after the Silversteins at 8:50 a.m., Mitchell Schecter was second in line. It's a position he knows well.

"Last year, we were also number 2, just like we've been every year for the past decade," says Mitchell, who had two children at camp in 2005, one a camper and the other a counselor. "I don't want be the first in line, because that means you got here too early."

Mitchell and his wife Elizabeth flew up to Toronto the day before from Boston where they live, and drove up to near Algonquin Park.

They were eager to be on the first boat over. "You have to stay the night before within 45 minutes of the camp, and wake up early in the morning," explains Mitchell. "It's best not try to squeeze in a golf game or work out in the morning before going to camp. It's

worth it for the luxury of being on the first boat so your kids don't have to wait more than that."

Mitchell doesn't seem to mind the delay at the highway until the buses with the first month campers depart.

"This year, the wait was great," he says. "The person in the first car in line was Steve Silverstein, one of my closest friends. We sat and spoke for an hour and a half, which is what we continued to do at the Landing until we could get on a boat and go over."

This was the 11th year in a row that Mitchell attended Visiting Day at Tamakwa. "It's one of the highpoints of the summer, an annual ritual in our lives," says Mitchell, a former Tamakwan in the 1970s who today is the Chief Financial Officer of a management company.

"Knowing that we're flying to Toronto and coming up to Algonquin Park, the most gorgeous place on earth, seeing our kids who we haven't seen in a month, going to wonderful restaurants in Huntsville and just relaxing in this beautiful country, is something that we look forward to every year. It's a real highlight of the summer and we'll miss it when our kids stop coming here. But I guess that's life."



Joanne and Danny Aronovitz

must admit."

This was the fourth straight Visiting Day for the Aronovitzs, who had three children at Tamakwa. They flew to Toronto the day before from their home in Huntington Woods, Michigan and then drove up to Huntsville where they spent the night at the Hidden Valley Holiday Inn.

Despite their eagerness to see their kids, the wait at the Landing had its appeal. "It never bothers me," says Joanne, an interior designer. "I'm here also to see old

friends from different places. Even before getting to the Landing, I always get goose bumps when you see the camp through the trees when you turn the bend on the highway near Smoke Creek, and I know I'm going to see my kids very shortly. It makes me just ecstatic."

Joanne did not attend Tamakwa but Danny, a podiatrist, did along with his sister and other relatives.

Joanne and Danny returned straight to Michigan after V-Day. ■



STEVE SILVERSTEIN, CATHY RADUNS-SILVERSTEIN

Despite traveling more miles than most parents, Steve and Cathy Silverstein were the first to arrive for V-Day. At 8:45 a.m., they were the first in line on Highway 60 at the turnoff to the Tamakwa private road to the Landing.

The journey actually began a week earlier when the Silversteins left their home in New York, drove first to Maine to visit Steve's father, then went to Montreal and eventually to Algonquin Park. They spent the night before V-Day in Maple Leaf, 45 minutes east of the East Gate of the Park, where they've spent the past few V-Days.

"We knew that to be at the head of the line, we had to be strategically located the night before and Maple Leaf is perfect for that," says Steve, sharing one of his trade secrets. "Many people coming for Visiting Day enter the Park through the West Gate so it can get pretty crowded from that side. But coming from the East Gate, there are less people, allowing us to get through more quickly."

This was the sixth V-Day in a row for Steve and Cathy, who had two children at Tamakwa in 2005. "We've come to the unmistakable conclusion that if we're coming to camp on Visiting Day, we have to do it correctly," says Cathy, a psychiatrist. "Basically, that means getting there early. It took us a couple of years to

figure out how you do it."

Steve and Cathy were nothing if not determined. "We woke up at 6 o'clock in the morning, had a nice breakfast, packed up and we were on the road by 7:30," Steve explains. "To be first in line, you have to get to the highway across from the Tamakwa road by at least 8:45."

The price for being first is the wait at the highway before the camp lets cars into the parking area. That's followed by more time to kill at the Landing until the first boats start to ferry visitors over to camp.

"We don't mind the wait that much," says Steve, a business executive. "There's an important schmooze factor which makes everything much more pleasant. Fortunately, there are other lunatics like myself who get there early so there are a lot of people to spend time with."

For the Silversteins, all the advance effort is worth it. "Visiting Day is absolutely the most important day of the summer for us," says Steve. "We plan our entire summer around it. We're of the belief that in order to show your children that you love them the most, you have to be on the first boat over to camp. At one time, they recognized that, even if they don't anymore."

Following Visiting Day, Steve and Cathy, along with their young son Asher, drove straight back to New York. ■



SHARI ROGERS

Also in the first contingent were Shari and Darryl Rogers who arrived in third place. They flew up the day before from Michigan, drove to Algonquin Park, and spent the night at Bartlett Lodge, about 10 miles (15 km) east of Tamakwa.

The Rogers, who live in Bloomfield Hills, know well what V-Day entails as this was their 10th in a row. They had two children at camp this summer and their oldest son was a counselor at Tamakwa last summer.

JOANNE AND DANNY ARONOVITZ

Some parents literally count the minutes at the Landing until they can board a boat over to camp. Joanne and Danny Aronovitz arrived at the Landing at 9:45 in the morning, confident that would be early enough to ensure a spot on the much

"One year we got to the Landing at 11 o'clock and with so many ahead of us we ended up on the last boat to camp," says Shari. "My kids felt really badly that we were among the last parents to come over. So this year, we wanted to be among the first."

They succeeded and were in the first boat that left the Landing for camp at around 11:15 a.m. Minutes before, Shari was emotional. "I'm so excited to be here as always," says Shari, a former Tamakwan like her sister and in-laws. "The day is so beautiful. I can't wait to get over to camp. Every year, I'm thrilled to come to Tamakwa. Obviously to see my children but also because it brings back so many good memories. There's also a certain spiritual energy that I get being in Algonquin Park."

After V-Day, the Rogers spent the night at Bartlett Lodge before returning to Michigan the next day. ■

sought-after first boat.

"I'm so excited to know that it won't be long now before I see our kids," said Joanne shortly after arriving at the Landing. "I can't go another minute without seeing my kids. Every year, I get a little nutty about this, I



ANNETTE AND BRIAN ADELMAN

For some parents, the trip up to Tamakwa for Visiting Day was an intricate air and land journey involving several vital connections. Annette and Brian Adelman's itinerary left little to chance.

They left their home in West Bloomfield, Michigan at 7:30 in the morning, boarded a plane at 8 o'clock and landed at Muskoka Airport at 9:20 a.m. They jumped in a car and arrived at the Landing at around 10:30 shortly before the first boat left for camp.

"For me there's no particular significance to being the first in line," says Brian. "It's not the front of the line that's important, it's just the excitement of getting over to see our kids. As we were driving up here, it just got more exciting as we got closer to the moment of seeing them and thinking of all the great memories of Visiting Day last year."

This was the 4th straight V-Day for the Adelmans who had three young children at camp in 2005. But with each year, they get more excited about coming and seeing their kids. This past summer, they made the journey with their own parents.

"I don't mind the wait at the landing," says Annette, an attorney. "The place is so nice, the weather is beautiful, I enjoy the people's company here and I know what I'm

looking forward to."

It's a sentiment echoed by her husband. "The scene at the Landing is an attraction of Visiting Day," says Brian, an obstetrician/gynecologist. "Obviously, we're excited to be here, knowing we're going to be seeing our kids and to see how they've changed after being away for four weeks. But before seeing them, it's nice to be at the Landing. I know a lot of the people here. We saw many of them at the buses four weeks earlier when the kids were leaving for camp and it's nice to see them again. It's a good feeling. We're just happy to be here, especially on such a beautiful day. I wish I were a camper myself."

They returned in the evening to Michigan.

Continued on page 18

MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD

Write a letter to the *South Tea Echo* for publication in the next issue. See letters to the editor in this issue on page 19. Send your comments to: howhow@tamakwa.com





On July 23, some 700 people traveled north to camp for Visitors Day. Most were parents of campers in addition to other relatives and friends. Some came from Toronto, others from points much further south. Almost all traveled by car. It's a journey most make only once a year, a journey that's the object of mixed reviews among Tamakwans.

Many parents and staff like driving up to camp. I don't. I accept it as an intrinsic, inescapable part of the Tamakwa experience. Full disclosure demands that I own up to a checkered relationship with my car. In short, I've never been too crazy about driving.

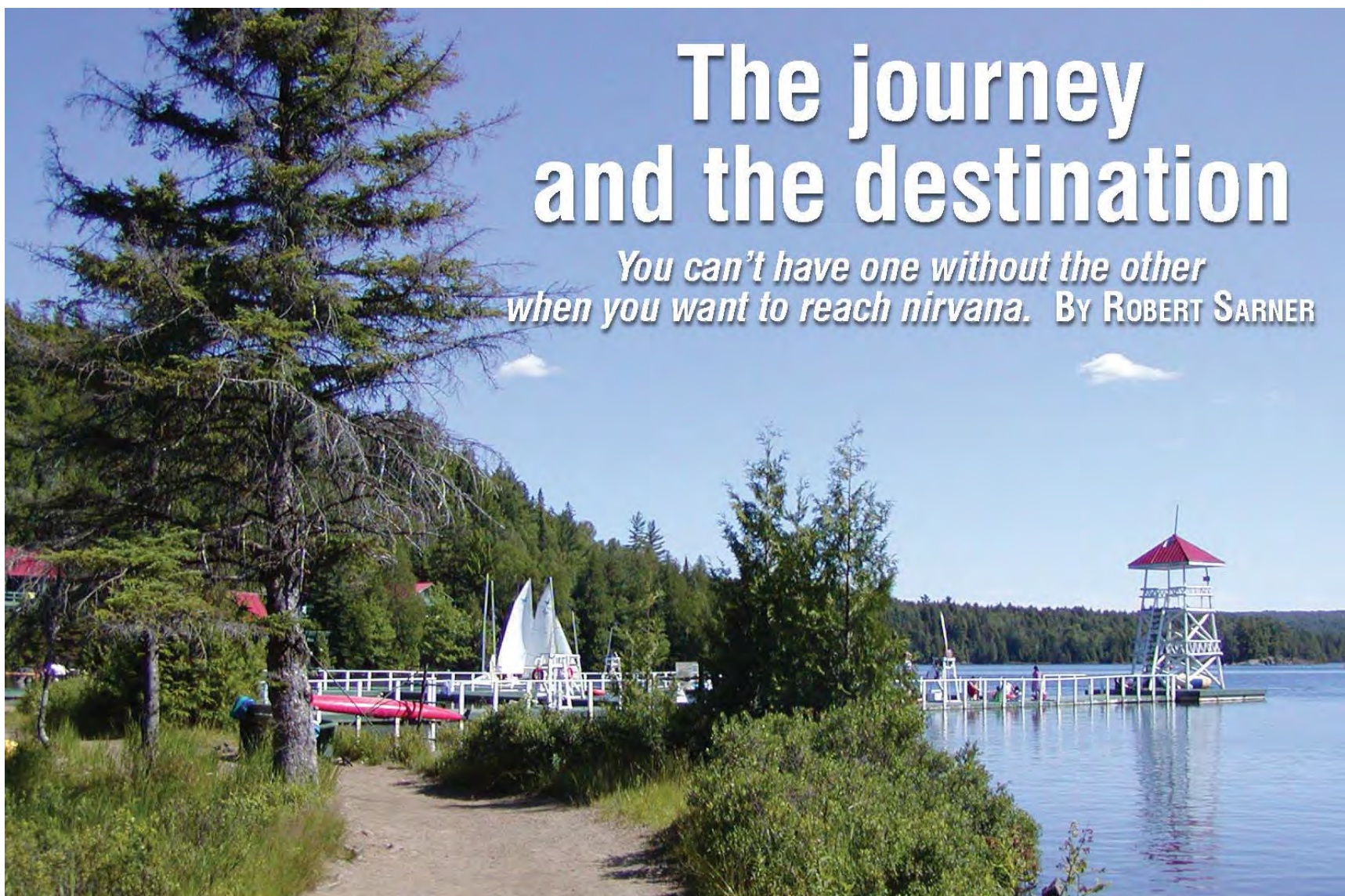
While campers also make the northern trek to Tamakwa once a year, they have a different vantage than their parents or most counselors. First, they don't have to drive. Second, they travel on comfortable buses, loaded with unspeakable amounts of candy, eagerly anticipating the summer ahead. They are surrounded by friends and other campers, many of whom they haven't seen in a year. For them, the trip is part of the fun-filled kickoff to camp.

Given my reporting duties for the *South Tea Echo* and the Tamakwa website, I get to visit camp several times during the



summer. As a city dweller, being at Tamakwa offers me blissful solace for mind, body and soul. In late June, the prospect of my first stay at Tamakwa in 2005 had me overjoyed. The prospect of driving there and back did not, especially on a holiday weekend.

I know, I know, I know... I've got it easy compared to many other Tamakwans who live in Michigan and places far beyond whose drive up to camp is more than twice as long as mine. But for them it's a great opportunity to travel in Canada. And besides, everyone knows that Americans were born in cars and love being in them.



The journey and the destination

You can't have one without the other when you want to reach nirvana. BY ROBERT SARNER

Nothing could be more juxtaposed with Algonquin Park than Toronto's congested highways on a hot, muggy late afternoon just before a long weekend. The contrast between being stuck in endless traffic in a concrete labyrinth and being at the car-less paradise of Tamakwa couldn't be more pronounced.

Short of coming by seaplane, you can't have Tamakwa without the highway trek. It's a package deal. From Toronto, even under the best conditions, you're looking at three hours behind the wheel. Admittedly, there are far more arduous drives than this one but still, it's not something I exactly relish.

On Friday, July 1, despite our intentions to the contrary, my wife Galya and I did not leave home until just after 5 p.m. With a streak of masochism, we expected the worst. Sure enough, by the time we got on Highway 401 heading west to Highway 400 to leave Toronto, it seemed as if half the city's residents were just in front of us, the other half close behind. Everyone seemed to be fleeing Toronto at the same time, even if we were virtually the only ones bound for Tamakwa.

There's something almost ritualistic about the journey

to Tamakwa. Initially, you feel as if you're part of an endless herd of slow moving metal. Inexorably, the further you get away from Toronto, the less chrome you see and the better the journey seems to get.

The more often you do it, the more you think you know what to expect. This time, due to the Canada Day holiday, we anticipated a punishing drive until Barrie. To our amazement, once we turned off Highway 401 onto 400, the traffic improved considerably. To be sure, a joy ride it was not. There were a few bottlenecked stretches due to accidents, but things moved decently for the most part.



By now, having done this trip many times before, I'm familiar with the telltale landmarks indicating movement forward. Few of them are particularly memorable — the sign indicating 247 km to Algonquin Park; the Petro Canada/Wendy's/Tim Horton's pit-stop just north of Highway 7; the artificial mountain of Canada's Wonderland; the sign "Glen Echo Family Nudist Park, Exit 52"; the red tower of the Cookstown Outlet Mall; an old church here, a huge billboard there. More sky, more fields, more rural texture. Everything falls into place.

The drive is like a rite of passage. A ritual signifying better times ahead. A gateway to a magical world far

removed from anything in our urban reality.

Next up was the Barrie racetrack, followed shortly by the sign that reads "164 km to Algonquin Park." A minute later, there's the existential decision whether to veer left on Highway 11 or right on 400; Beyond this point the traffic usually starts



to thin out considerably.

More benchmark sites follow: Weber's burger emporium; the Welcome to Muskoka sign; the first sight of huge Precambrian Shield rock formations in the middle of the highway; Before you know it, you're passing the sign "98 km to Algonquin Park"; then Gravenhurst; Bracebridge; Huntsville; Wal-Mart; the turnoff to Highway 60; Shopper's Drug Mart; Deerhurst Inn; At this point, reaching the South Tea landing seems plausible.

Then, in quick succession, you pass Dwight; Henrietta's



Bakery; Oxtongue Lake; Curv-Inn Motel and one of the most welcome sights — the western gate of Algonquin Park. From here on in, no more billboards, no more gas stations, no more burger joints, just small discreet signs indicating each successive kilometer and perhaps an errant moose or deer.



Suddenly, like a mirage, off to the left you see South Tea Lake with Tamakwa in the background. Salvation is now only minutes away. Freedom from the automobile is imminent. Soon we will be home away from home.

At long last, we crossed the Smoke Creek bridge and immediately turned left onto the unidentified dirt road leading through trees to the landing. As we emerged from our car, we felt vaguely euphoric. In the fading light of a clear evening sky, we walked down to the Landing, marveling at the scenery as if it was our first time there. The Algonquin air filling our lungs was intoxicating.

Boarding the pointer and setting off on the water took us to a new high. Rounding the bend, we reveled in the sight of the Lone Pine. It didn't matter that we had taken this journey so many times before.

The conditions were ideal. A warm evening with a light, soothing breeze. The combination of water, trees and sky was perfect.

Our senses were overwhelmed by the beauty of what surrounded us.

Arriving at camp was the climax. Galya and I put our things in the cabin, appreciated the warm

welcomes we received and then rushed to the Lower Deck beneath the Eye-Full Tower. We sat there transfixed, overlooking South Tea Lake, savouring the tranquil-



ity, the soft sound of the waves lapping on the shore, the panoramic view, the sense of nature all around us, the timeless magnificence of it all. It was worth every second of what it took us to get there.

We knew instinctively that if ever there was a case of the destination justifying the journey, of the ends justifying the means, of the journey being part of the destination, this was it. In a way, the trip from Toronto had made being at Tamakwa even more uplifting.

We felt fortunate to be back at camp. During the drive up to Tamakwa, we knew paradise awaited us. We also knew it would be something else entirely two days later when we had to leave Tamakwa and do the same trip in reverse.



Where it's at

You don't really know Tamakwa until you've spent time in its hallowed office.

By ROBERT SARNER



From the outside, with its weathered green walls, red roof and rustic aura, Tamakwa's office looks pretty much like other buildings around camp. Inside, it's like no other place on South Tea, and probably unlike any at other camps.

In many ways, the camp office is the front line of Tamakwa life during the summer. Literally and figuratively. Situated at Main Camp just up from the arrival docks, the office is the headquarters of Tamakwa, and a lot more.

"The office is the busiest place at camp," says veteran Program Director Les Hartsman. "It's the center of everything – the who, what, where and when at Tamakwa. Everyone relies on the office to know everything regardless of what it is."

You don't really know and understand Tamakwa until you become acquainted with the office – its occupants, its décor, its role and the sometimes-idiosyncratic goings-on there. Except on Visiting Day, it's also the only part of Tamakwa that parents have contact with, and, even at that, only by phone.

The office complex is comprised of five interlocking main rooms – the front office; Vic and Craig's office; Marilyn's office which she shares with Associate Camp Director David Stringer, Trip Director Len Giblin and Camp Engineer Ken Elder; the Head Staff room; and the storage area, in addition to a small bathroom.

Over the years, the main office has been referred to as the pressure cooker, the cauldron, the nerve center, (unnerving center?), not to mention various unpublishable names. It's long been the scene and source of high drama, tension, intrigue, secret

plans, breaking news, vital supplies, lots of laughs, and endless mundane administrative tasks.

For decades, on cold August days, it was also the warmest place in camp thanks to the wood-burning stove in the front room. As such, it was especially popular with schmoozers. The stove disappeared in the mid-80s, the schmoozing did not.

A multi-functional hub, the office is many things to many people. It serves as post office (incoming and outgoing mail); communications center (telephone, intercom, PA announcement equipment, paging of boat drivers); customs office (inspection of packages for contraband candy); courtroom (disciplinary hearings and judgment rulings on camper or staff infractions); anteroom (doing time on porch bench, sometimes a schmooze, sometimes waiting for the call to the "back office"); executive seat of power (office of Vic and Craig); to cite a few.

"The office is the microcosm of camp," says Vic. "Anything and everything is ultimately discussed, debated and resolved within the four walls of the office. I only wish that in my 35 years at Tamakwa I had kept a log of the sweet and bittersweet meetings and phone calls that often besiege the camp director. The stories are endless and



would make a great book full of laughs and tears."

Unlike some camps where the office is an almost foreboding place, Tamakwa's is accessible to everyone, campers and staff

alike. In fact, its doors are never locked, even after hours. This past summer, the office was the friendliest, most welcoming and helpful it's been since I first started spending time at Tamakwa in 2002.

Under the leadership of longtime Assistant Camp Director Marilyn Mendelson, two new women in the front room, Sue Binder and Jessica



Sterrett, helped create a particularly inviting atmosphere. Marilyn, who sits toward the back of the building, was less visible than Sue and Jessica in the front room but she's indispensable to the running of the office – and camp in general.

For 33 summers, Marilyn has been a fixture in the office, sitting during that entire time on the same chair at the same desk (although not always in the same spot). Despite her desk's cluttered state, she's incredibly efficient and well organized. Marilyn has an encyclopedic mind for the countless details involved in the day-to-day administration of Tamakwa. While working, she occasionally breaks out in song and actually carries a mean tune. If on the outside she sometimes comes across as stern, even intimidating, to campers, they soon learn she has a heart of gold.

When asked what's the greatest pleasure about spending summer after summer in the office, Marilyn replies: "The children and what they bring – their smiles, their laughter, their tears, their everything." A few moments later, when asked what's the biggest challenge of working in the office, Marilyn gives the same answer: "The children and what they bring – their smiles, their laughter, their tears, their everything."

Throughout the day, an almost endless stream of campers and staff enter the office. Their number is as great as the quantity of their questions, inquiries and requests – "What activity should I be at now?"; "Do you know where my cabin is now?"; "Who's on tower duty?"; "Our cabin needs toilet paper"; "Does Pete Moss have play practice now?"; "Who's on day off?"; "Is Rasputin Cohen's canoe trip coming back today?"; "I need a boat"; "Where's Craig?"; "Where's Harsty?"; "I need a pen"; "I've lost my toothbrush"; "Do you know who won the Yankee-Tiger game last night?"

Campers and staff seem

forever in need of something. Many times a day, as part of their duties, Jessica, Sue and Marilyn dispense vital supplies to all concerned – toilet paper, light bulbs, batteries, garbage bags, writing utensils, you name it. The office ladies field the requests with remarkable good grace, compassion and humor, despite the many dubious queries that come their way.

"For me, it's great when the campers come in," says Sue, 44, who spent several summers at Tamakwa as a camper in the 1970s and as a staffer between 1988-90. "I love to have contact with the kids. I want them to feel welcome when they come in."

If the campers' manners are sometimes lacking, it doesn't throw her. "I don't get bent out of shape that some kids come in and request something without saying please or thank you," says

Sue, who helped organize Tamakwa's 70th Anniversary Alumni Post Camp. "It's not a deliberate act of rudeness. They're just not thinking about manners. I was once a camper too coming into the office asking for that same light bulb and toilet paper."

Few rules govern admission to the office. Campers and staff must be (relatively) considerate, respect people working there, and not take anything without asking. The only time campers are less welcome is during activities or Colour Wars when they're supposed to be involved in the events.

With its relaxed, unpretentious atmosphere, the office is a place where head staff and counselors often hang out, both inside and outside on the front porch. Amid the constant banter, you can sometimes hear the plaintive cry of a staffer to an errant camper; "Excuse me, where are you supposed to be right now?" with the 'excuse me' sometimes optional.

During the day and evening, Jessica, Sue and Marilyn also attend to numerous phone calls. Most are from parents, suppliers, friends and relatives of staff. Some are from other camps planning an inter-camp program with Tamakwa or relate to maintenance matters and the like. Invariably, each summer, there's one parent who proves to be the ultimate *nudnik*, calling every three days to speak to a section head or counselor about a son or daughter.

The modern phones and computers are an anomaly in an office in which little seems to have changed in decades. Veteran Tamakwans say the building dates back to the 1940s. It certainly looks that way despite the various renovations and enlargements carried out over the years.

"I tried to envision the office before I got here," says Jessica, 28, who had never been at Tamakwa before coming to camp in mid-June. "The office was completely different from what I imagined. I'd expected something a lot more modern, more office-like. When I got here, I saw that I'd be keeping my shoes on every day at the office as the floor is a bit dirty."

That's a bit of an understatement as the place could certainly use a super cleanup. Yet for all the dust and its disheveled state, the office is not without charm. "I enjoy that there's always something to look at in the office," adds Jessica, who worked at several camps before Tamakwa. "Whether it's the collection of clocks, or all the historic Tamakwa mementoes on the walls, it's a lively, interesting office to work in. It's certainly has more personality than other offices I've seen."

There is indeed a lot to look at. Tamakwa icons abound with an eclectic mix of artifacts, *tchotchkes* and curios dating back decades.

Time is a major obsession at the office judging by the preponderance of clocks on display. In the front room alone, nine clocks of varying sizes, ages and styles have pride of place. More clocks are in evidence in other rooms. Some have international destinations written underneath them – New York, Paris, London, New Delhi, Katmandu – with their respective times on the clock.

The walls are covered in Tamakwa lore, from weathered, aging Tamakwa pennants to old plaques to a selection of framed archival black and white photos. Most of the pictures go back at least 30 years, some a lot farther. They show seminal figures from Tamakwa's distant past (Co-founders Lou Handler and



Omer Stringer, Ron Trunsky, etc). In a wooden frame is the well-known iconic colour photo of Lou (circa 1965) smoking a cigar while driving a motorboat. See page 10 in Issue 3 of the *South Tea Echo*. (Trivia question: Who took the picture?: Answer at end of article).

One item inevitably triggers a double-take from first-time visitors. In the front room, on the northern wall are two color xeroxed covers of *Business Week* magazine featuring a bearded, bespectacled man. Both look like film director Steven Spielberg, or rather Tamakwa Senior Director Vic Norris. Such is the uncanny resemblance that many people can't pick out who's who.

Most of the things in the office including the furniture have been in place so long that people barely notice them any more. A blue Royal Bank of Canada calendar, circa 1960, and a green one from the Toronto Dominion Bank of a similar vintage adorn opposing walls. An ancient brown fridge (which stores the worms for fishing) occupies a corner next to a coffee machine. The tripping schedule board hovers above three large shelves of toilet paper, and three smaller shelves filled with cans of Ajax and Comet cleaner.

Not all the activity in the office is human. In 2005, there was a strong canine presence thanks to KC, Desi and Duncan who often wandered around the various rooms. Other wildlife gravitate to the office. Depending on the hour of the day, chipmunks and mice scamper along the floor while mosquitoes and flies fill the air. Occasionally the walls come alive with the sound of bats squeaking behind the wood paneling. In late July, a bat was found in the back room much to the horror of Marilyn who

Continued on page 18

Linking the past, present and future

Senior Tamakwans with deep roots in the shores of South Tea take stock of what it means for the camp to reach such an impressive milestone. By ROBERT SARNER



Tamakwa's 70th summer had the most significance for those who have spent so much time at camp. It resonated most for those for whom Tamakwa has long played a seminal role in their lives and for whom it still exerts a mystical charm. We spoke with several of them to gain their insight and perspective on what makes Tamakwa such a strong, enduring life force. We present them in alphabetical order:

MAX BARDENSTEIN

Spent four summers on staff in the late 1940s and early 50s. Has a cabin across from South Tea Lake and visits camp several times each summer.

"If Tamakwa has done to other people half of what it's meant and done for me, that would be an incredible thing. Tamakwa has done a marvelous job of influencing many people of various backgrounds. It introduced them to certain experiences and values that elsewhere can sometimes take a lifetime to learn but at Tamakwa can be compacted into one canoe trip. **How does Tamakwa compare today to how it was when you first came in 1947?**

What has remained the same is the essential part of camp that introduces a large number of city people who come from a certain socio-economic strata to a different way of life. One that deals with the basics of how to live with other people under natural conditions, some of them sometimes trying conditions. I've seen it in some of my own family where the kids have come back from a canoe trip and it's had a marked effect on their whole way of thinking and lifestyle.

The unique thing about Tamakwa, certainly in the past 20 years or so, is that it's had a group of what I'll call senior citizens. These are people over 35 who have been at Tamakwa for many years, who've been affected by the camp in a positive way and are involved in maintaining its tradition. You have about 10 people like that.

There is an interplay between them. They respect each other, they have their own individual personalities and idiosyncrasies, but work tremendously well as a team. There's give and take.

There are very few camps that I know of that have that many mature individuals who also give a certain continuity which helps enrich Tamakwa tremendously."

MICHAEL BUDMAN

Michael spent 13 summers at Tamakwa, starting in 1956 as a Forester and finishing in 1969 as a section head.

Why do you think that Tamakwa is still around after 70 years?

"First, location, location, location. Tamakwa is situated arguably on the greatest site in North America for a camp in one of the most spectacular places in the world – Algonquin Park. The physical setting is really beautiful, the forest primeval. It's important that the Park has been protected, that it's still largely pristine, and pretty much the same place as when Lou and Omer began Tamakwa in 1936. Put that kind of nature together with children, and you have a great combination.

I also think that present management has done a very good job of maintaining a beautiful aesthetic at Tamakwa, improving the place physically, and keeping it in its natural habitat.

One of the big achievements in the last 15 or 20 years which has contributed to Tamakwa's continuing

success is how the camp has evolved physically. I give Vic Norris a lot of credit for that.

Do you think the basic essence of Tamakwa has changed much since its earliest years?

In the 30s when Tamakwa began, there was no plumbing, it was a boys camp, and it was more tripping-oriented. So there were some obvious differences from Tamakwa today. But in many ways, it still has the original essence including still being a waterfront camp.

For a young boy or girl from Detroit or Toronto or wherever to go on a 10-day canoe trip in Algonquin Park in this day and age is a still a powerful experience and represents a significant achievement. The tripping is an important part of the Tamakwa experience.

As far as the camaraderie, the feelings, the wonderful joy of being at camp, the mixing of ages, I think a lot of the good stuff is still there.

What will it take for Tamakwa to still be around in 70 years?

In such an increasingly competitive environment with so many camps and other distractions for kids, the only way that Tamakwa can survive is to nurture its own talent.

There have to be tremendous skills in canoeing, swimming, kayaking, canoe tripping, land sports, sailing, windsurfing, etc. You have to teach the skills to kids really well so that they come back with the passion to be specialists and instructors and to keep renewing the energy. The emphasis on skills has to be greater."

MARILYN MENDELSON

Assistant Director of Tamakwa who first came to Tamakwa in the early 1970s and since then has worked 33 summers at camp.

"Seventy years is a long time. It's an oh-my-god. It's a long time for anything to survive. But I think the future for Tamakwa may be a little more difficult because of the changing world and the variety of other things now available to kids but hopefully Tamakwa will survive another 70 years.

What will it take to ensure that Tamakwa will be here 70 years from now?

I don't have that answer. You just have to be totally aware of what's important to kids, what's important to families, what's important to people.

Has the original essence of Tamakwa changed since its early years?

I don't think so. The core is still around but the people have changed. Some of what Lou and Esta and Kal and Ada, and Morrie Weiss and all those people had...the belief is still here, but people have changed.

Are the core values still in effect?



Most of them are, even if not all of them are, but that changes with time, too.

Do you think Unca Lou ever imagined Tamakwa reaching the ripe old age of 70?

I think Lou expected Tamakwa to go on forever and always. With him, without him or whatever. It was an entity unto itself to him. He was a part of it. But he knew it was going to happen.

Do you attach any significance to this milestone?

It's amazing for anything to last 70 years. Tamakwa has affected a lot of people, done lots of good things. It's made some people better, it's taught some people some things. It's helped many people to get to where they are today. It still has a strong impact on kids.

How would you like to see Tamakwa in 70 years?

With much of what it has now and more, with some minor changes. Do I know the specifics? No. When I was teaching, kids would sometimes say to me: 'What, do you think that you're perfect?' I would always tell them: 'No, but I'm striving to get there'. So I guess if you keep that goal in mind, striving for perfection, you're going the right way."

VIC NORRIS

Senior Director of Tamakwa, Vic has spent half of Tamakwa's 70 summers on the shores of South Tea Lake. He first came to Tamakwa in 1967 as a junior counselor.

"I remember that at every pre-camp, Unca Lou would get up in front of all the staff and say, 'This is the 30th year' or 'This is the 31st year of Tamakwa.'"

It's unimaginable to me that Tamakwa is really now 70. It's certainly been a glorious 70 years and there's a lot to be proud of by a lot of people. The lives of many kids have changed for the better because of Tamakwa and that's really what it's all about.

A lot of businesses and camps come and go. The fact that Tamakwa is still around is a tremendous testament to the legacy of Lou and his sister Esta Kraft. Their vision and hard work really paved the way for the next generation of Tamakwans and the next generation of directors and owners. But this has been a tremendous team effort for all 70 years, a great team model from staff to campers. It's been a big philosophy of camp, that whole team family unit and the collective sum of the parts being greater than the whole.

Do you think Unca Lou expected Tamakwa to reach this milestone?

In all my discussions with Lou, we never really spoke about the long-range future of camp. Given the way things were in his later years, I don't think he surmised it would be viable for twice the longevity of his own tenure at camp. I think he felt that without him and his sister that it would not remain viable all these years but Lou had a lot more insights than all of us. So maybe he knew something we didn't.

How different is Tamakwa today than when you were first here, or as you understand it was 70 years ago?

Summer camps in general, particularly Tamakwa, have been able to provide kids with a lot of stability and timelessness. That is one of the most special things that we can offer kids in this really quickly changing, pretty complex and sometimes hostile world we live in.

I like to think that we've really preserved the essence of Tamakwa. That we've really maintained the core values that this camp was founded on and even expanded on them. We've long had a reverence for those values and philosophies. Tamakwa has remained essentially the same over the years which is what has made the place so timeless and so invaluable to everybody who've lived a Tamakwa summer or more.

People always say, 'well certainly the kids have changed over the years'. The expectations on camp have changed, parents' expectations have changed, the staff's needs and demands have changed but I think the kids have remained basically the same and they've wanted Tamakwa to remain the same. You can't move a rock around camp without somebody getting

upset. They like it as is.

We've rebuilt camp, put some fresh paint around, tripled the amount of activities, expanded programs, but the essence of camp – the way it looks, the way it smells, the way it feels, what we do, the philosophies – has remained a constant. I think the kids really gravitate to that.

What's it going to take to ensure that Tamakwa is still around in 70 years?

Unlike many things or activities in life, I think camps are around for the ages. Parents and educators recognize the value in

gratifying to know that they feel Tamakwa is a place that their child can achieve that development and growth.

Physically we've tried to maintain the essence of what Tamakwa was 70 years ago even if we've added some facilities. We have running water now in contrast to back then. Likewise with electricity. Modern life has required that we keep abreast of modern conveniences while maintaining certain traditional values that Algonquin Park commands and demands. We've tried to instill all those values in the day-to-day life at camp.

improve the facilities because winters are very hard at camp and the structures don't last like they would in the city. There's always a major investment that has to be made in the physical plant but even with that, you still need to hire the right staff and obviously to attract the children. There is a multifaceted responsibility that lies with the directors and it's a day-to-day, year-to-year commitment to continue to attract good staff and a good registration from both Canada and the United States.

Will it be more difficult to attract kids in the future?

There are other options for kids but at the same time Tamakwa is a wonderful place to be which I think kids appreciate, as do their parents. Over the last 10 or 15 years, we've seen these competitive alternatives but we've established ourselves with an outstanding reputation with the uniqueness of the camp and its access to Algonquin Park, we've been able to establish ourselves and the attractiveness of what we do at camp and the opportunities for young people to grow and learn at Tamakwa and achieve their independence."

Do you think Unca Lou ever imagined Tamakwa reaching the age of 70?

Absolutely. He was such a committed camp enthusiast and environmentalist that he would never have envisaged that this camp would never be. His life-long commitment was to camp and I'm sure that in his heart he knew that this would always be a place for young people to come to. I'm just proud that we were able to pick up the reins, the inheritance that Lou left us, to build on it and maintain many of his traditions. A lot of his spirit is still with us today.

What will it take to ensure Tamakwa will still be around 70 years from now?

We have a long term lease now so I'm hoping to maintain this tradition for a long time to come. Hopefully the camp will maintain its traditions and momentum with Craig [Howard's son] and his commitment in joining Vic and the rest of the administrative team.

Every year we continue to

ESTELLE STEINHAUER

First came to Tamakwa in 1955 as a counselor and in 1956 as a section head with her late husband Paul, who was the Drama Director at the time. She provided piano accompaniment then, and later throughout the 1970s and early 80s when she and Paul returned to camp to direct an annual musical production.

"Tamakwa has been a very important part of my life. I have been so enriched by the relationships and friendships that I've made there over the years. My late husband and I met people 50 years ago who still are my friends, which says a lot about the kind of people who come to Tamakwa.

How is Tamakwa different today from when you first discovered it?

When I come into camp now, I marvel at the work that has been done on the physical plant. It's just exquisite. I

love to see what the children are doing. There are so many more activities now than there were then. Campers seem to be very active and learning. It just warms my heart. It's the best tonic I could have.

What will it take to ensure that Tamakwa will still be around 70 years from now?

In the past, Vic (Norris) and David (Bale) brought in a number of people who are extremely loyal to the camp and because of that I would hope that the people who eventually take over will have the same loyalty to Tamakwa. There are multigenerational families at Tamakwa so I'm very optimistic that it will continue in the way that it is now.

Is it harder to attract campers today?

About 10 or 15 years ago, I noticed that a lot of young people were going on different kinds of trips across the country or in Europe or taking courses and doing very different things than camp was offering. I think there's been a return to this kind of camping again. American families enjoy the comfort and safety of a Canadian camp and obviously a lot are sending their children to Tamakwa. I think there's a very good future in summer camping and I'm certain that Tamakwa will be around 70 years from now."

DAVID STRINGER

The son of Omer Stringer, who cofounded Tamakwa with Unca Lou in 1936, David has spent 55 summers at camp, far more than anyone else on this planet.

"Tamakwa in its 70th summer has a lot of the same stuff that it had when I was a kid and a lot of different things. Most of the change has been inevitable, not necessarily for the good but it had to evolve.

Today, kids have shorter attention spans. We do things in smaller bits than we used to. I really like the direction the activities have taken. They've grown tremendously. From seven original activities to around 15 official ones with activity leaders and all that. We still have the classics but adding



the climbing wall, ropes course and kayaking have all been great and I'm sure that people who like basketball and hockey think those activities are great.

I don't like all the new buildings very much. I've got one of the last of the old buildings, and it will be a shame that it's going to have to go one day. I grew up with the Tamakwa of funky old buildings. We're in the middle of the woods in the middle of nowhere and I think everything should be crooked and only part of it painted green. But the new structures are obviously magnificent and the people who work and live in them love them.

Is the essence of Tamakwa still here?

The original rusticness may be shot to hell but the essence of Tamakwa as a family camp where everybody knows everybody else and the essence of all our goofy traditions lives on. I would maybe question some of those traditions but we are carrying them on and they're pretty true to the old Tamakwa I remember.

What will it take to keep Tamakwa going another 70 years?

It will take kids who are still willing to come here and be Foresters and roll around in the dirt and to be Trailblazers to dig in the swamp and do all the great things that kids do and that we can provide for them. It will take a desire on the part of people in general to get the heck out of the city and get away from all their electronic devices and just live in the woods simply.

What's the biggest challenge facing the owners today?

The biggest challenge is continuing to find the camp population that wants to live and work together this way, who want to continue on with this, who think it's great to sit on the Slope for an hour watching some guys paddle in with torches and still get a thrill from that.

I guess another challenge, as boring and mundane as it may seem, is as the school year shifts, is whether we can

still keep the eight weeks, divided into two 4-week sessions. That's my biggest fear, that the world is going to change so that kids just aren't available in the summer. That would be awful."

RONNIE WEISS

First came to Tamakwa in 1952 and spent 29 summers as a camper and on staff.

"Life in Algonquin Park hasn't changed that much during the past 70 years, thanks in large part to the Ontario government protecting it.

The Park still offers a unique opportunity for a place like Tamakwa to foster all the old virtues and all the old learning techniques that one gets from the Park. They never went away. The same lessons are to be taught, maybe in an updated fashion, maybe with updated facilities, but life is still basically the same and the lessons one learns for life, the strengths one gains from Tamakwa are just as important today as they were 70 years ago.

Tamakwa has produced many well known and successful alumni who've become leaders in their fields. It's always been my theory that at Tamakwa you learn to become a leader, you learn self-strength, you learn self-likeness, you develop your strengths, you're always pushing for a higher goal and those lessons have not changed.

Is the original essence of Tamakwa still intact?

Absolutely. The same lessons are to be taught in the same ways. It's all there. There are updated ways of teaching. For example maybe the updated way of teaching swimming or canoeing might be better. The canoe-tripping program is much more developed now. When I was at Tamakwa the longest trip was 10 days whereas now they go on 17- or 18- day trips. And they send out a lot of them. The program has upped itself but the lessons are the same and that's the



camping, in building the core values of kids and independence and learning to live together. I don't think much is going to change in the next 70 years as long as there's a lot of energy and commitment and youthfulness to Tamakwa and recent transitions have ensured that it will be around for the next generation or two."

HOWARD PERLMUTTER

First came to Tamakwa in 1955 as a staff member. In 1980, he bought the camp with Vic Norris and David Bale and today continues to be involved in its management. His son, Craig, became co-owner and camp director in 2004.

"In the mid-1950s, when I first came to Tamakwa, I immediately recognized it as being a very special place in my world. Today, it's gratifying to see Tamakwa reach this milestone and for us to have the respect of our constituency, which is the parents of campers. It's also gratifying to see that we're now at the third generation and almost the fourth generation of Tamakwans. The geography of our constituency is broadening all the time as more campers are coming from far and wide, which indicates that Tamakwa is truly a special place and a growing magnet.

How much of the original essence of Tamakwa has changed?

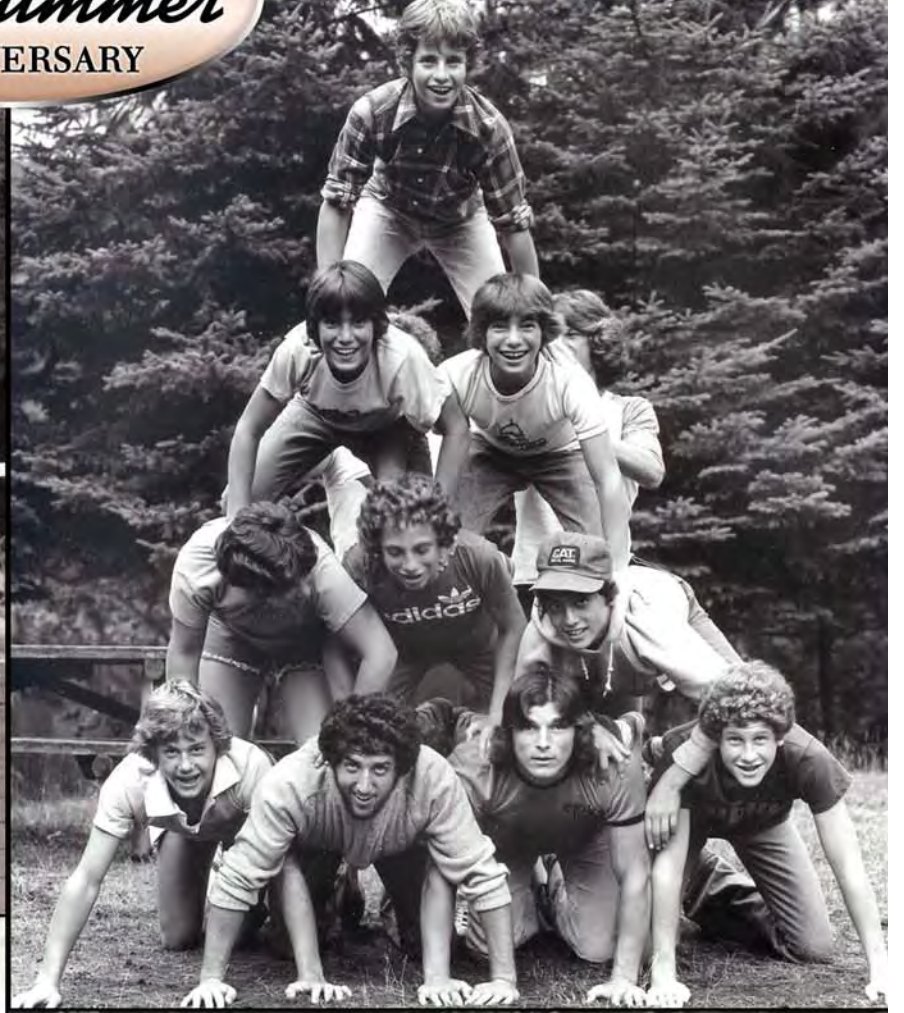
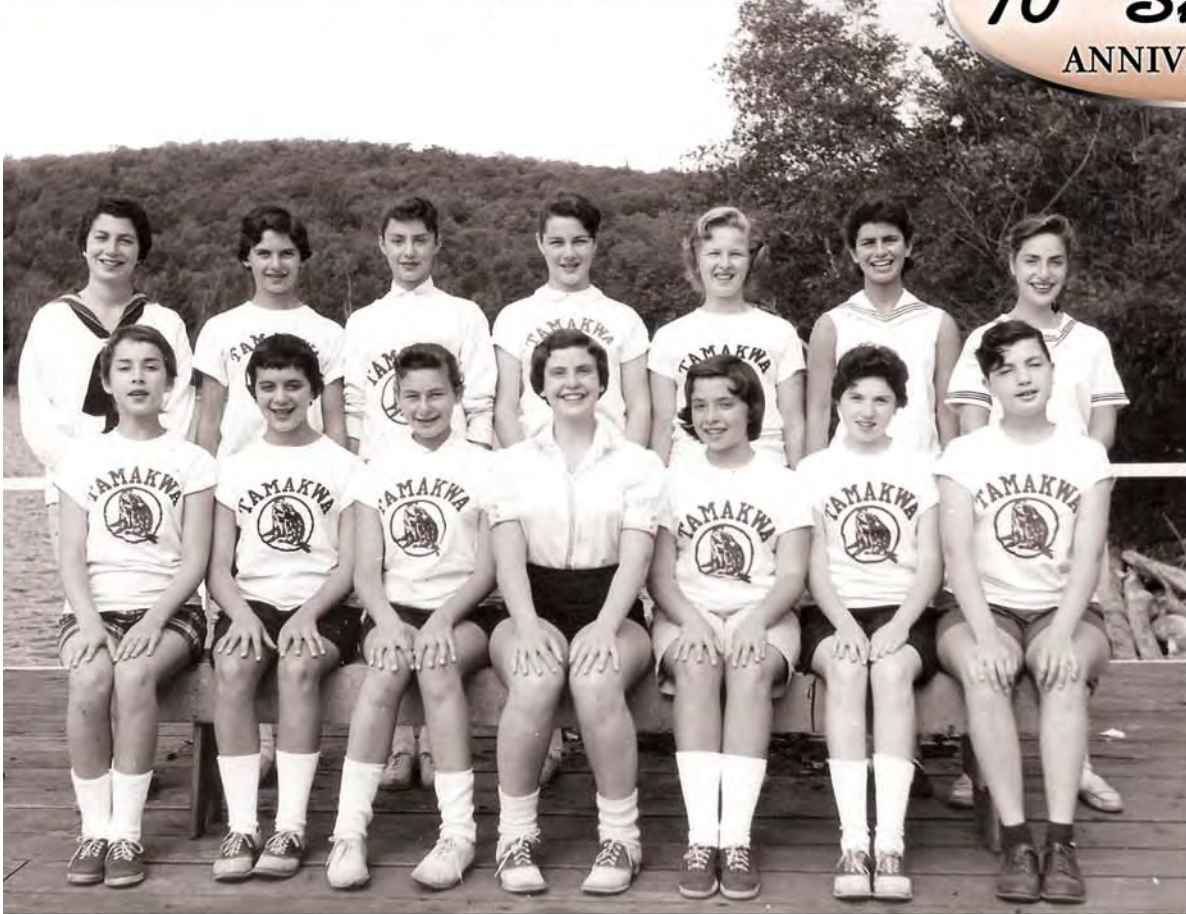
It's been more an evolution. Culturally things have evolved dramatically in the past 70 years. Tamakwa has been able to continue its traditions while moving with society's changing values, requirements and demands. We still find that parents agree with us that camp is an important ingredient in a young child's development and that of course is very

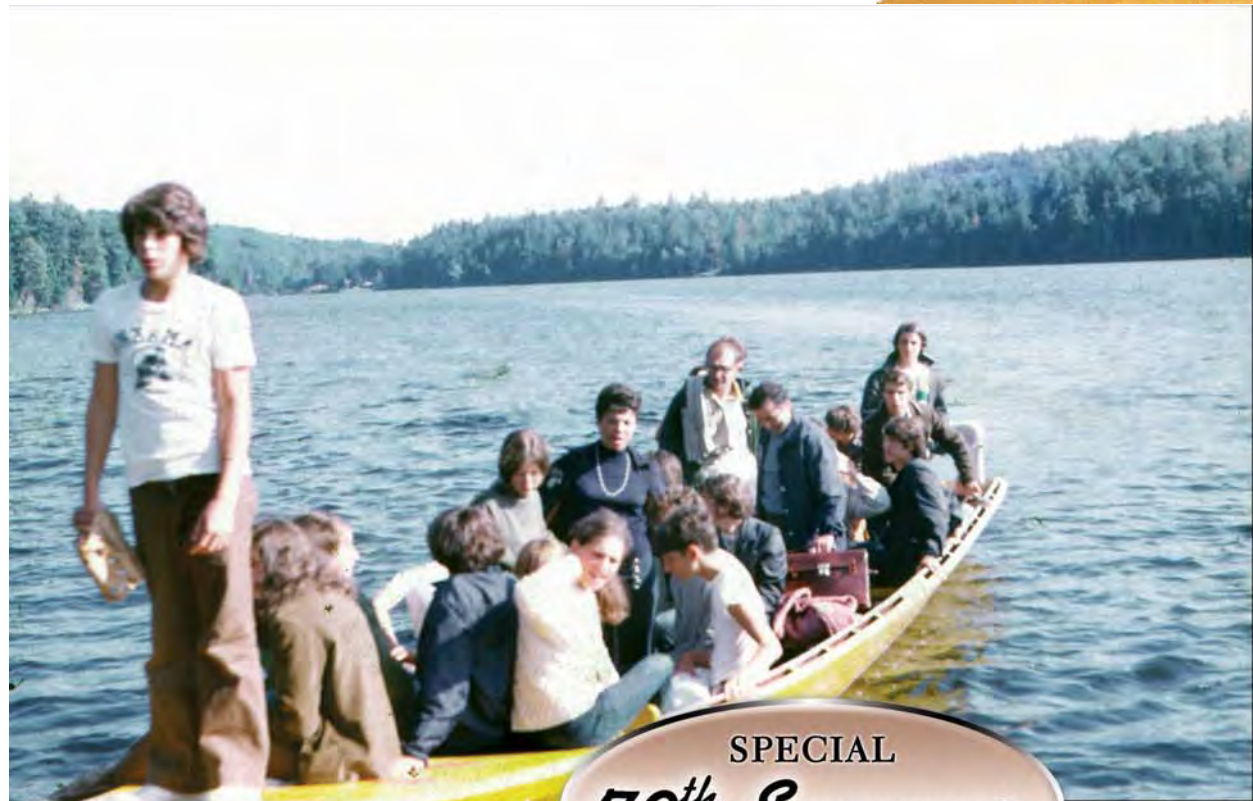


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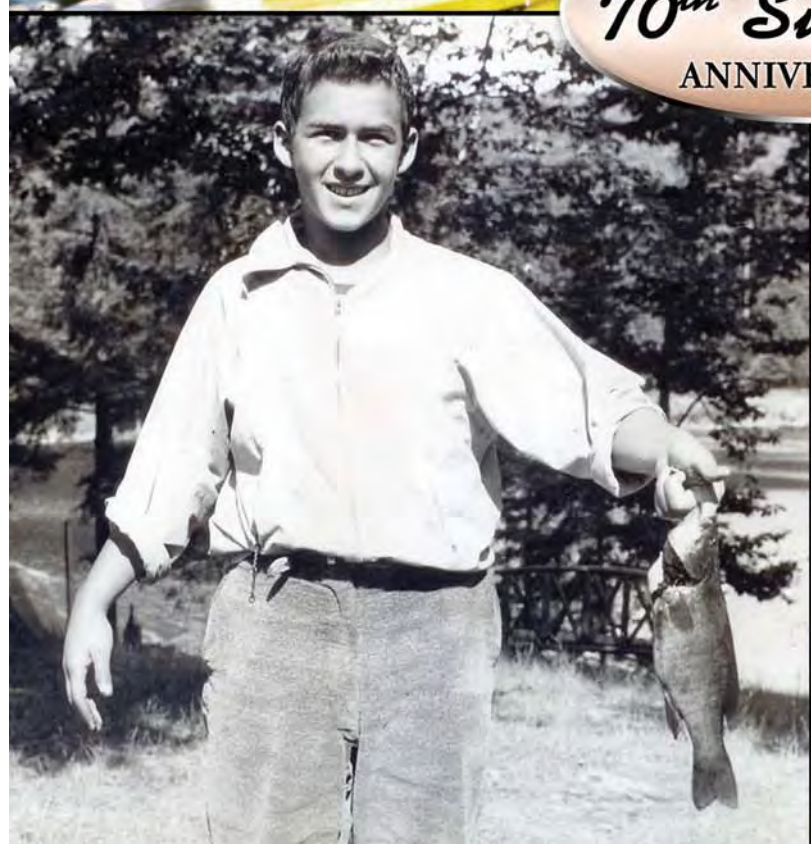


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Where It's At *Continued from page 13*

started screaming.

"It's the only time I've ever seen Marilyn thrown by something," a longtime staffer told me afterward. "Marilyn is not usually afraid of very much but the bat certainly had her spooked."

Taking it all in from up high are two stuffed teddy bears lounging on one of the rafters. They've been there ever since the day 15 years ago when Marilyn saw an envelope in the mail, arousing her curiosity. Sure enough, she found a stash of candy that parents had sewn into the stomach of each of the bears, hoping it would go undetected by camp authorities and reach their son.

The office also serves as the main source of information and procedures. On permanent view is a variety of notices: Head staff on duty schedule; tuck nights; official bell ringing schedule; and a small, yellowing handbill listing the 1985 schedule of Roman Catholic church services in the Algonquin Park area. On one end of the front counter is a box of various forms: Day Off Sign Out List; Activity Request; Map of Campsites; and Cookout Order forms.

Generally, campers enjoy coming to the office. They don't when they're ordered to sit outside on the office porch as punishment for misbehavior. More serious infractions lead to more severe treatment – being confined to the bench in Vic and Craig's office

Understandably, campers may not like to be in Vic and Craig's office under such circumstances despite the many distractions on the walls and ceiling. Situated toward the back of the building, their office is a shrine in itself with countless Tamakwa items.

This is the real Oval Office of Tamakwa, the seat of power, the executive pulse, the true inner sanctum. This is where key

decisions are made, strategies planned, logistics worked out and great minds come together.

Little seen by most campers, Vic and Craig hold court here far from the spotlight. Given Vic's 35 summers at Tamakwa, it's no surprise he's accumulated many mementoes that line the office. Vic has had the same chair since he became Director in 1979.

This year, Craig enjoyed his first summer in the square Oval Office. "There's a lot of inspiration I derive from the great legacy and all the incredible history in this building," says Craig. "Sharing an office with Vic further adds to the inspiration and has increased my knowledge of the intricacies of running camp. Listening to Vic's dealing with the other members of the administration has helped me with aspects I've not been involved in before. Within these walls, we've already shared lots of laughter and a few tears, not to mention exchanging lots of ideas and thoughts on the present and future of Tamakwa."

Campers and staff invited into Vic and Craig's office quickly learn that if the discussion at hand is a friendly chat, they'll be sitting in the cushioned green seats (whose previous home was the old Tiger Stadium in Detroit). If it's a more serious matter on the agenda, they're relegated to the less comfortable wooden bench lining the opposite wall.

It takes many visits to the camp office before you start to see the full picture of what it entails. Even after repeated visits, if you look around, you're still bound to discover something you never noticed before.

"The office is an interesting place to spend the summer," says Marilyn, who knows it far better than anyone else. "The only big problem is the bathroom. It needs a fan."

(Oh yeah, I almost forgot to mention who took the iconic photo of Unca Lou in the office: Dr. Bernie Goldman).

Visiting Day
Continued from page 9



NANCY HOLLAND

Visiting Day was pretty much old hat for most people at the Landing. Not for Nancy Holland who was one of the few exceptions. For her, getting to camp was a new experience and anything but a casual endeavour.

On the morning of V-Day, she woke up at 3:30 a.m., left her home in Hoboken, New Jersey at 4 a.m. to go to Newark Airport for her 6 a.m. flight that arrived in Toronto at 7:30. She then rented a car and drove north to Algonquin Park for the first time in her life, getting to the Landing at 11:15.

Speaking a few minutes before boarding the pointer for her inaugural visit to Tamakwa, Nancy was eager to see her daughter who had just spent her first four-week session at camp. At the same time, despite her lack of sleep, Nancy was in awe over the beauty of Algonquin Park.

"It's so incredibly pretty here," said Nancy whose husband Rick had to stay back in the city. "I'm also impressed by how well organized everything seems to be in terms of the instructions we got and how everyone was received."

"I'm really excited to see my daughter and to see how she did being at camp for the first time for four weeks," said Nancy, who has often heard about Tamakwa from her husband, a former Tamakwan. "I'm also looking forward to visiting the camp. I brought my camera and I'm going to take lots of pictures including of the boys cabin where my husband told me he carved his name when he was a camper here."

Nancy, who works in real estate, traveled to Toronto after Visiting Day to spend the night in a hotel with her daughter before flying back home to New Jersey.

Looking Back... *Continued from page 2*

year at Tamakwa.

"It's great that 70 years of Tamakwans can enjoy the same beautiful site, traditions and activities and people. I think Tamakwa has survived so long because the people who run it are able to make everyone at camp happy and then they tell other people about how wonderful it is."

Tamakwa 70 years ago? Some of the structures were different because some of the cabins are starting to be redone, so I'm assuming they've been redone in the past. Certain buildings have been moved, such as the

and Colour War."

OLIVIA ORLEY, 13, JSG, Franklin, MI, 7th year.

"It's awesome that Tamakwa has been around for 70 years. It's really cool that it started a long time ago and there have been a lot of people who have passed through here and a lot of things have survived."

Tamakwa 70 years ago? The physical structure was probably different such as the cabins but it had less campers so it was probably a more closely-knit place.

Tamakwa 70 years from



Clinic, so that's a bit different. There was boxing then, and some of the activities couldn't have been around because they weren't widely practiced then. The kids might have been more into the outdoors and less craving to be in the cabin, to be in an enclosed space.

Tamakwa 70 years from now? I think there'll be more activities, the structures will be redone as Vic has said that all the girls cabins will be torn down and remade and the same for the boys cabins. I think there'll be a lot more modern activities that happen as we progress.

What's needed to ensure Tamakwa's future? They have to keep the same Tamakwa spirit and traditions – the cheers, songs, campfires, the Bar and Bat Mitzvahs, the services. They should keep the plaques in the Dining Hall because they show how far camp has gone. They need to keep the swim docks and the tower no matter how frightening it is."

SARAH GLAZIER, 10, Pioneer 1, Toronto, 4th year.

"It's great that Tamakwa has been around for so long and that so many people have been here and love it."

Tamakwa 70 years ago? It was probably smaller, the Dining Hall and cabins looked different and there were different activities.

Tamakwa 70 years from now? In the future, there'll probably hovercraft to get around and the camp will be bigger with more people. But they'll keep things from now so they'll be able to look back and say that's the way it was in 2005.

What's needed to ensure Tamakwa's future? It's important to keep the same activities, the plaques in the Dining Hall, the plaques in the cabins, the same sections

"Tamakwa is still around because of its special feeling and all the friendships people make at camp. It just keeps making kids want to come back and parents pass down their memories of camp to their kids."

Tamakwa 70 years ago? It's hard to imagine how much Tamakwa has probably progressed in all those years. Back then, it would have been new to everybody so the kids wouldn't have known very much about it. They probably didn't do the same activities or have the same technology so it was probably more of a chill out camp then. They probably didn't have too many canoe trips because they didn't know much about the Park yet.

Tamakwa 70 years from now? I think most of the architecture, most of the buildings will be new by then. I don't know if today's buildings can hold off until then.

What's needed to ensure Tamakwa's longevity? I'd keep it pretty much the same. Keep it chilled out like it always was. Keep the Slope and Dining Hall because they're so old and legendary with so much Tamakwa history. Also they should keep canoe trips because it's a major thing about camp, especially leaving and coming back into camp.



HARRY SNIDER, 14, Voyageur-4, Toronto, 7th year.

"I think it's great that Tamakwa has been around for so long and I really wish that it will stay around much longer. It's just such a great place."

Tamakwa 70 years ago? Apart from the buildings, I don't know if there's a big difference between then and now. Everything has been renewed but other than that, the spirit, the cheers and the feeling are probably the same today as back then.

Tamakwa 70 years from now? I think it will be very different physically, quite futuristic but still have the same spirit and cheers and whatever as it does today. My biggest concern is that there will be too much technology at camp and that the tripping won't be the same because of futuristic canoes. I hope that doesn't happen.

What's needed to ensure Tamakwa's longevity? To keep it entirely the same as it is today."

- Interviews by Robert Sarner

Linking the past... *Continued from page 15*

beauty, that we're untouched by civilization in the Park and always will be.

Do you think Unca Lou ever imagined Tamakwa lasting this long?

I think that when he built Tamakwa he built it with that kind of longevity in mind. I'm sure there were years in the late 50s when things were lean when he might have thought Tamakwa might not make it. I think that he thought beyond that, that he knew that it would always happen if you let nature take its course up in the Park. That's one of the lessons that you learn at Tamakwa about time and how things happen and if you think



positively magnificent things can happen. The weirdest things have happened to every kid who

has gone out on a canoe trip where great things have occurred, or people they met and things just seem to fall into place. And I think Lou knew that it would be here. I think Lou is happy with it now.

What will it take to ensure that Tamakwa will be here 70 years from now?

A continuity of love for camp and the Park and ownership and management going forward with Ontario still renewing the leases."



Why is this weekend different from all others?

Post Camp makes a strong impact in a short time. No surprise when you bring together Tamakwans of all ages and places. BY SUE BINDER



Recia Royston, Henrietta Weinberg, Helen and Joe Casse, Janet Robertson, Evelyn and Seymour Klebanoff

The conditions were most auspicious for the occasion. The sky was blue, the air was warm, the water was calm and the breeze was soft on the Thursday afternoon when the pointer rounded the bend with the first contingent of alumni and friends eager to celebrate Tamakwa's 70th anniversary.

Collectively, the 95 people who had come from all over the US and Canada to take part in Post Camp represented a lot of Tamakwa history and spanned a lot of North American geography.

Every era in camp's rich past was represented by the Post-Campers. There was the usual collection of alumni from Tamakwa's two main constituencies — Michigan and Ontario. But many others came from points much further away.

Travelers arrived from eight cities in California, three cities in Florida, Mexico (a Guindi, of course), Providence RI, Seattle WA, Boonsboro MD, Chicago IL, Arlington VA, both ends of New York state

as well as a few parts of New Jersey. From Ontario, people came from Barrie, Cambridge, Claremont, King City and London. It was a great crew of all ages, brimming with exuberance at the prospect of spending a weekend of a lifetime, rekindling their memories of Tamakwa.

The first two days were filled with tradition and history. On Thursday evening, Ron Charfoos donned the headdress and acted as Chief for Noonway as part of the welcoming ceremony on the Slope. At the close of the night, he shared a heartfelt moment about Unca Lou with those at the gathering.

On Friday evening, traditional services on the Slope proved meaningful for those from later generations, from the 1930s through to alumni from this past summer. It seemed that regardless of their age, people's feelings about camp and its surroundings were the same. It was evident that so many people may have come and gone since

Tamakwa began, but their memories live on in others forever.

Each morning as I rang the bell and looked out onto South Tea, I could see a handful of people enjoying a morning paddle on the calm and misty lake. The weekend was rife with activities, offering plenty of ways to enjoy the surroundings. Some took hikes to Drummer Lake while others were happy to relax and simply sit in main camp reading a book.

Saturday night's dinner was a throwback to the

1970s. Stuart Farber and Mike Tynner wanted to "wake the place up" and led us in a rousing chorus of "Mabel Brown." True to form, Mike cleared a dining table and did his infamous Cossack dance on the tabletop. It was a great camp moment. The evening activity was a typical talent show with Jon Linden leading the cheer (or I should say "jeer") as musical and comedic acts filled the night.

As Sunday morning came, it was hard to believe that Post Camp '05 was already about to expire. For those who had not been to Tamakwa in many years, warm memories of special times at South Tea had been reawakened, old friendships relaunched and new ones forged.

It all added up to an extraordinary weekend, not easily forgotten. Next summer's Post Camp will surely be equally memorable. We look forward to seeing you there.

POST CAMP 2006

FINAL DETAILS WILL BE AVAILABLE ON OUR WEBSITE SOON, BUT PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING DATES SO YOU CAN JOIN US "UP IN ALGONQUIN" FOR THIS YEAR'S POST CAMP FUN:

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24
THRU
SUNDAY, AUGUST 27

[WWW.TAMAKWA.COM/
ALUMNI.HTM](http://WWW.TAMAKWA.COM/ALUMNI.HTM)



Dipping into the mailbag

Tamakwans from near and far respond to the previous issue of the Echo

GREAT FOR A TOUGH DAY

Recently, I came home after a crazy day at the office and opened my mailbox only to find the *South Tea Echo*. It was the best thing that could have happened to me that day. Reading through the *Echo* solidifies the argument that it's always better to be at camp as the articles and pictures make all the great memories come back to life instantly. I can't help but think about how much more fun it was when I spent my summers at Tamakwa.

In response to Jessica Robertson's question in Issue 3 (Letters to the Editor column) about her thoughts of dropping life as she knows it in the city and going to camp for the summer, I'm with her 100%.

Jared Florence
Toronto, Ontario

A READER'S DELIGHT

It was considerate of you to send me a copy of the *South Tea Echo*. The issue certainly more than met any reasonable expectations. It's extremely well written and has some of the most marvelous photography available in a publication of this kind. *The Echo* is a genuine treat.

David Kreger
Oak Park, Michigan

THE TIMES AND THE ECHO

Thanks for sending me the *South Tea Echo*. Tamakwa communication has come a long way since I was Editor of *Beaver Cuttings* right after the last Ice Age in 1961. The *Echo* always makes me cry — such happy days, so long ago! (I always cry when I am happy, never when I am sad.) After the *New York Times*, the *South Tea Echo* is my favorite newspaper.

Recently, a friend sent me information about the

origins of Taps and how it was supposedly first played in 1862 for a soldier that was killed in the American Civil War. It made me wonder if the playing of taps is still a tradition at Tamakwa. When I was at camp, a woman counselor named Jan Warner (Werner?) always used to play Taps for us from Robbie's Point. I hope that you still have that custom, because nothing can top the poignant beauty of taps over South Tea.

Linda Becker Saltzman
Niagara Falls, NY

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Thank you for sending me Issue 3 of the *South Tea Echo*. Reading it really made my day. Those eight or nine summers I spent at Tamakwa in the 1960s were the best times in my life.

My grandchildren and great grandchildren can't believe that I and my brothers were "shipped off" to camp each summer, and actually looked forward to the time away from Detroit. What they really can't grasp is that my father went to Tamakwa when he was a kid. We celebrated his 80th birthday last July in San Francisco.

One of the first items of clothing for each new grandchild in our family is a Tamakwa T-shirt.

Robert Gard
Chicago, Illinois

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

IN ALGONQUIN PARK OR IN THE CITY THE TAMAKWA LOOK IS ALWAYS IN STYLE



**Tamakwa clothing available on-line at:
www.tamakwa.com/clothing.htm**

When Tamakwa shines



The annual competitions between the Green Machine and other camps, better known as Intercamp, had some new twists in 2005.

By STEVEN SHORE

Competition builds character. The spirit you feel representing a cause that you love is immeasurable. That spirit and that character took hold of hundreds of Tamakwa campers this past summer in the Intercamp competitions.

You arrive at South Tea as a Tamakwa camper, and you grow over time into a true Tamakwan. You love the place because it brings out the best in you. And you demonstrate it by devotion, by cheering, by being, as the saying goes, "the best camper of all good campers". But when you get that one opportunity to face your opponent from another camp, from another place, the Tamakwa spirit overwhelms you. That is Intercamp.

In the summer of 2005, Tamakwans of all ages and both genders represented the camp in competitions against Manitou, Walden and Arowhon. They showed themselves to be an athletic team in competition, and a gracious unit in victory or defeat. They experienced the feeling that emerges when you commit yourself to a goal and achieve something. For many Tamakwan campers, Intercamp moments helped define their summers. Intercamp reinforced for them the reasons that they love Tamakwa with the passion and intensity that they do.

An emerging irony at Tamakwa is that it has become a tradition, as the years pass, for traditions to

change. Intercamp is no exception.

This summer, while many Tamakwans competed on the usual athletic battlegrounds (softball, basketball, hockey, etc.), others were also competing in some not-so-usual events.

New to the Intercamp scene this year was a climbing wall race, a flag football game, and an improv competition. In the latter event, Tamakwans took to the stage against a well practiced Manitou team and hurled



lines at each other until they were blue in the face. This co-ed event allowed the more creatively driven Tamakwans to engage their competitive flow. So successful was this event that an impromptu "Head to Head" dance-off highlighted the day during the final Intercamp of summer when Manitou visited Tamakwa. While there may have been some 'dancing' later that afternoon in a feisty hockey game, it was the booty shaking after lunch that most will remember from the day.

Intercamp remains one of the most greatly anticipated events on the Tamakwa summer calendar. In my 13 summers at camp, the cabins have changed, the activities have changed, – heck even the directors have changed – but one constant is the spirit of Intercamp. Intercamp transcends generations and is an experience that remains embedded deep in the psyche of each Tamakwan. Indisputably, competition builds character. But even if it didn't, it'd still be just as fun to "kick their butts". The tradition will continue in 2006.

A huge HowHow! to all those campers and CITs who participated on intercamp teams this summer. You represented the green and white with great pride. Also, thank you to all the coaches who helped make our teams enjoy playing competitively against Arowhon, Manitou and Walden.

The long and short of it

Nothing compares with an extended canoe trip at Tamakwa, which can change your perspective on life. By SIERRA ISON

I have been at Tamakwa for eight years and have loved every moment of it. High on my list of greatest moments are the canoe trips, especially the long ones. I have been on three long trips – a 10-day, 13-day and a 15-day. Each changed my perspective on life.

Since I was a young Tamakwin, long trip has always appealed to me. Not to get in shape or to get away from camp but to make new best friends and to have experiences and memories that will last a lifetime.

Each summer, like other campers, I've had to ask myself whether to tackle the extra challenges and "risks" of a grueling, sometimes



ended up getting stuck in a swampy creek after accidentally making the wrong turn. It took us a while to get out of it but working as a team we succeeded. It showed me that

days of being through thick and thin with these people, they become some of your closest friends. Being on 6-kilometer portages laughing and pushing each other to make it to the end, or paddling in on day 15 to the Tamakwa shores; paddling as quickly as possible with a huge grin on your face thinking to yourself, I can't believe I've finished 15 incredible days with this group of incredible people.

This past summer, I went on a 15-day trip. I believe it is a Tamakwa tradition to go on a 15-day as senior campers. The trip was the source of great laughter, along with some frustrating moments. Emotionally and physically it was difficult but most of all it gave me experiences and memories that will last a lifetime.

It also provided me an excuse after the summer to visit the United States because best friends I made on the trip live there.

Most important, that 15-day trip, like all long trips at Tamakwa, gave me skills and qualities that I never had before. It makes you a better, more interesting person. It is not only exciting and adventurous, but a privilege and an honour to be chosen as a camper or counselor to participate on a long canoe trip.



agonizing, long trip or to simply choose a 5-day cabin trip instead.

Faced with that choice, I've always gone on the long trip. Whether it was my first long trip as a Pioneer, (one of the first among my friends to achieve a long trip), which was a huge risk for me or it was my 13-day where I believe we had one of the strongest trips I will ever experience, (If we were with the guys, we probably would have out canoed them.)

As someone with a strong dislike for both canoeing and portaging, sometimes I ask myself, "Why do I go on the long trips?" At the end of the day, it's because of the people and the surroundings. They are what make a canoe trip for me.

On our 13-day trip, we

if everyone believes in each other, then together the group can overcome virtually any obstacle and always achieve great things.

I remember on our 15-day going down rapids, working as a team to survive them and laughing the whole way through, with a friend swimming to catch up to the canoe from behind. These are the types of memories you get and cherish from a long trip.

I've sometimes hesitated about going on a long trip after hearing who the other people would be on it. You ask yourself if you can be with some of them for 15 days 24/7. You worry about being trapped with people you might dread being with.

In the end, you decide to go on the trip and after a few



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By the way, tamakwa.com is just like being at camp. You'll need a mouse to get around as there isn't a pointer to take you all over nor a windsurf board to surf the site. You'll experience the SIGHTS (updated slide-shows, 2006 calender, new camp glossary, songbook, monitor wallpaper, recent Tamakwa-grams, and our camp brochure); the SOUNDS (Tamakwa sound library), and SMELL (well, you'll have to imagine that) of camp. It's lots of fun, loaded with info, and full of nostalgia. We've also added more archived info including past issues of *Beaver Cuttings* and *The South Echo* and we hope to add more throughout the year.

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