

South Tea Echo



THE VOICE OF CAMP TAMAKWA • ALGONQUIN PARK



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THE BEST OF SUMMER 2008



From one season to the next

The two key summers are the one that just was and that one that will be

We are pleased to again share with our current Tamakwa campers, families and worldwide alumni, a new issue of the now famed *South Tea Echo*. Admittedly, it's coming out later than planned but we'd like to think that given how it captures so many great moments and memories of the 2008 summer season it's worth the wait.

One of the more interesting periods of the year for a camp director is reliving the summer that has passed and hunkering down to prepare for the next.

Notwithstanding our 75th anniversary in 2010, as I tell our camp families and particularly our staff each year as the summer approaches: "There's no more important summer than the one to be." As I write this, we are completing our staff hiring, and recruiting campers to fill "selected spaces around our campfire" as we like to say. Jon Franchi, our year-round Program Director, is busy with myriad plans to make 2009's programming, special events, theme days, and night programs, even more creative and special than ever.

A long, hard winter is beginning to thaw and our year-round building crew — Ken Elder, Len Giblin, Ric Von Neumann, and Libby Sadick Von Neumann — has completed this year's off-season projects, in our continuing quest to improve our facilities every year.

This year, in a dream come true, we replaced the last of the original girls' hill cabins. We have built a new outdoor deck adjoining our ceramics program. The "Eye-full" tower has been moved and refurbished and, with much excitement, we are building, for the first time ever, our own new "pointer" boat. All the

necessary pieces are being put in place for another wonderful Tamakwa season.

Speaking of Tamakwa's 75th anniversary, two reunions are being planned. We will be having a 75th anniversary reunion/celebration at Tamakwa in September 2010 and in the Detroit area on October 23, 2010. As part of the



planning for these two events, we are now assembling our 75th anniversary alumni committee to help with all the related details. Of course, the most important part of our

celebration will be reconnecting with hopefully thousands of Tamakwas and reliving more than seven decades of memories. We are hoping the entire Tamakwa family will reunite for this great milestone and incredible celebration. Stay tuned.

While each year some of the faces change, new facilities are added and rebuilt, new activities are added (in 2008, we added a camp film making and camp TV program and music recording studio), most importantly we have carried on the great traditions and core values of youth camping that were started and instilled in all of us by "Unca" Lou Handler.

Tamakwa remains one of the few places in our children's lives where they experience "living for now, but memories forever." Tamakwa remains a fun-filled, adventuresome, nurturing children's village on our beautiful pristine site in Ontario's Algonquin Park. Youthful exhilaration, camp shticks and shrecks, sports, tripping, theatre and music, singing, arts and crafts, laughing and fun dominate Tamakwa every day. It's a unique experience where kids thrive away from technology and learn to appreciate the simplicity and beauty of Algonquin Park. Indeed, given the world as we know it today, kids need Tamakwa in their lives more than ever before.

So, as we enjoy the memories of the past summer and look forward to Tamakwa in 2009 and our 75th anniversary in 2010, I hope you enjoy this latest *South Tea Echo*. We extend a huge How How to our truly dedicated and skilled Editor and Project Manager, Robert Sarner, who, notwithstanding unbelievable challenges and logistics, is able to provide us with this incredible showcase of Tamakwa once again.

Vic Norris
Senior Director



Something about this place

We asked campers at the end of the summer what prompted them to come to Tamakwa in 2008, and if they faced any major challenges.

COLLEEN WHITLEY, 11, Littleton, CO, Pioneer, 2nd year at camp.

"More than the challenges, it's the friends, activities, canoe trips and the many other things and programs that bring me back to Tamakwa. I really like windsurfing and recording songs with my friends. Being in the outdoors with so much nature and having this really great lake make Tamakwa so special. At home, I can't go on canoe trips and do camping like here in Algonquin Park. I also love the traditions like Colour War and Tamagama."

OLIVIA GORDON, 9, Franklin, MI, Trailblazer, 3rd year

"This summer, I learned that Tamakwa is smaller than I thought, which means keeping something a secret is a challenge. I also learned that if you say something to someone, it often gets around. This year, it was a big challenge for me not to be in the same cabin with one of my really good friends, Jenna Jacobson, and not to be able to tell her everything I needed to tell her."

BEN PELTZ, 10, Farmington Hills, MI, Ranger, 2nd year

"One of the main reasons I wanted to return to Tamakwa this past summer was to make the jump from being a Forester to a Ranger. It was a huge challenge. When you're a Forester, everything is easier, the counselors are amazing, you have a bathroom in your cabin and

you get to cut in line. As a Ranger, it's a lot harder. When you get to camp, you've got to carry your own duffle-bags to your cabin. When you're a Forester, they have everything waiting for you in your cabin."

LUCY RUBIN, 12, New York, NY, Pioneer, 3rd year

"My 10-day canoe trip was definitely the biggest challenge for me due to all the hard portages and the paddling. It was hard but fun. The other main challenge was dealing with the fact that there was no longer any peanut butter at camp."

TYLER LEVINE, 10, Larchmont, NY, Ranger, 1st year.

"There were a few main challenges for me, especially at the beginning of the summer. First, I had a bit of homesickness but after a few days, it got much better as I started to make new friends. With so many nice people at camp, it made it easier. I also had difficulty at the start finding where everything is. The other main challenge was that we didn't have a bathroom in our cabin. But Tamakwa is really a great place and there was no real problem."

ANDREW COLTON, 12, Birmingham, MI, Ranger, 4th year

"During the summer, we had a later bedtime but we still had to be up at the same time in the morning, and still had to set the table for breakfast. That demanded a lot. The other

big challenge was to stay clear of lice."

ABBY BRICKMAN, 8, West Bloomfield, MI, Trailblazer, 2nd year

"I come to Tamakwa for the activities and the dogs, especially Duncan. A big attraction for me is jumping in the lake off the tower. I also like some of the traditions such as Friday night dinner."

ELLA RUBIN, 12, New York, NY, Pioneer, 3rd year

"Going on the 10-day canoe trip was really hard but afterwards I felt I had really accomplished something major. Back at camp, being without peanut butter for two months was really difficult. In the past, if there was a bad meal, you knew that there was always at least peanut butter to make sandwiches."

CARLY STERNBERG, 13, West Bloomfield, MI, 4^{9er}, 7th year

"I come back to Tamakwa every summer because I love camp and its traditions. The friendships you develop are really special and revolve around camp, not school. It makes me feel part of a family at camp. It's kind of cool getting far from the city, leaving the US and going to another country. It's also neat making friends with people from Canada. At camp, you get to really appreciate your surroundings, which you don't do very much at home."

AARON COHEN, 13, Huntington Woods, MI, Voyageur, 5th year

"Tamakwa is just a great camp. I like that it's in the middle of nowhere. It makes you feel very at peace. I love the activities and doing the plays. I love the people and that's really what matters. It's who you're with. And that's who I'm coming back for every year. The spirit and traditions are really what makes Tamakwa unique. I remember the incredible feeling I had my first summer when I walked into

the Dining Hall the first time and saw those million plaques on the walls. Years and years of tradition, memories and activities for everyone to see on the walls. It was fascinating and so cool. Most camps have become modernized, not as traditional as Tamakwa. The plaques were an indication of the spirit that this place has and I love that."

SAM ABRAMS, 12, Bloomfield Hills, MI, Ranger, 4th year

"I come to Tamakwa mainly for my friends and the activities, especially intercamp. There's something almost magical about this place. It certainly helps where we're located, that we're not close to anything and that we're on such a beautiful lake."

STEVEN SAHAM, 11, Bloomfield Hills, MI, Ranger, 4th year

"I come to Tamakwa for the people you meet here, the friends you make, and the activities you get to do that you can't do back home. But basically it's what they call that 'old Tamakwa spirit'. Once you've been here for a while, it gets into your heart and you start to believe in it. Everyone has that spirit and it's like a family. My favourite part of camp is being with other kids in the cabin, having fun and joking around."

SAM BAYEFSKY, 15, Toronto, ON, Senior Boy, 9th year

"Every year, I return to camp expecting an even better summer than the one before, with more freedom, and more responsibility. I hate the city. It's so hot and you can't jump in a lake. At Tamakwa, it's just so wonderful and the water is great. I love it here. It's the casualness, walking around and doing as you please. Even though they say there are a lot of restrictions at Tamakwa and you can get in trouble for not respecting the rules, there's much more freedom here than at other camps."

- Interviews by Robert Sarner



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In the swing of things

Lamenting the sad demise of a former fixture at camp

By TY DIAMOND

It was a season to remember. Historic, some might say. Something was askew.

May it be recorded that 2008 marked the first summer in recent memory that Tamakwans had to make do without their beloved swing set. This sense of absence was keenly felt by campers and staff alike.

When I arrived at camp in late June, it took but a few moments to notice the missing swings. Several weeks earlier, plans for a new septic system had caused the hesitant removal of the recreational structure, leaving nothing but a barren dirt pile behind.

In summers past, before the swings disappeared, many campers rarely took advantage of them. They took them for granted. It was a classic case of not knowing what you've got until it's gone. And, amusingly, last summer, campers cheered wildly at any mention of the swings.

Tamakwa's late lamented swing set had many uses. These included swinging to avoid Outdoor Fun; swinging to avoid the climbing wall; swinging to avoid swimming lessons; and, of course, the infamous night swinging. The pendulum-like motion gave one the sense of authority in which no one would ever question why one was on the swings. Night swinging was a relaxing pastime during which one could reflect on the previous day, or plan shenanigans and tomfoolery for the days to come.

Some campers speculated that the removal of the swing set had little to do with the supposed septic problem, but was more a ploy by Tamakwa management to eliminate mischief by removing the creative juices activated by swinging.

"No way," says Camp Director **Craig Perlmutter**. "The uprooting of the swings was a very

unfortunate and last-minute move. They were sorely missed by all campers and staff. Don't forget about those of us on Head Staff that also used them, as the swings provided a great place to hang out for late-night Dirty Dog."

Based on the highly negative reaction to the removal of the swings, is it possible their popularity will increase in the coming summers? Maybe now campers will better appreciate what the swings added to camp.

"Swinging for me was a wholesome, social activity that I could engage in whenever I chose," says Tamakwan swing connoisseur **Izzie Meckler**. "The absence of the swings took away the only thing that I could just do outside of my cabin without permission from a staff member."

As the summer unfolded, Craig tried to assuage the hurt feelings of campers and stem mounting



protests by promising a full assembly of the swings for next year. On several occasions, he declared succinctly: "The swings will be back." We will be holding Craig to his word.

In investigating this matter while writing this article, I uncovered a new development in the ongoing swing saga. It came in the form of a statement from Camp Senior Director **Vic Norris** in response to one of

my questions.

"Tamakwa is committed to resurrecting the swings next summer," Vic assured me. "However, it won't be in their previously venerable location. The traditionalists might be a bit disappointed but the new location will be very cool."

For now, Vic refuses to divulge where that will be. That means the former site of the swings will remain a grassy hill, even if I believe

that grass does not belong at Tamakwa.

It's reassuring that camp management now recognizes that the swings are a necessity at our children's village, just like the Beaver Lodge or the Plat-Forum. I hope that the return of the swings next summer will be as coveted a comeback as the return of Mabel Brown. Tamakwa is a playground, incomplete without its swings.



Worth celebrating

Five women mark their Tamakwa 'Bat Mitzvah' and receive the appropriate honours

True to the 40-year old Tamakwa Bar/Bat Mitzvah tradition, those honoured in 2008 for their 13th year at camp milestone were a distinguished group. The five women, all of whom have contributed greatly to camp life, were the focus of special attention spread out over several Friday evenings in August.

First up was **Sue Binder**, from West Bloomfield, Michigan who is currently Tamakwa's Administrative Assistant. Her Bat Mitzvah took place at end of a regular Friday night service conducted by a cabin of Foresters. It was held in the Loon Lodge, a first for a Tamakwa BM.

One week later, it was a triple-G affair at the Slope. **Shira Glick, Tamara Glick**



and **Haley Greenspoon**, all Senior Counselors from Toronto, shared the spotlight in the presence of close relatives who came for the occasion and helped



pay tribute to them.

On the final Friday evening of camp, it was Montreal-raised Margot Perlmutter's turn to receive praise and the specially designed Roots leather jacket awarded to all Tamakwa BM honourees since 1985.

The idea of celebrating a veteran Tamakwan's loyalty and devotion dates back to 1967, and began as almost a joke as part of an evening program. It was a take-off on a TV game show and was done to celebrate Bruce Canvasser's 13th year at Tamakwa.

Waking up as a CIT

There's a lot more than meets the eye when it comes to spending the summer at Tamakwa, not quite as a camper and not quite as a staff member. By ZACH WEINERMAN

This past summer, after eight years as a camper, I expected to be happy to graduate from the usual early morning routine during which counselors have to yell and push to wake up their charges. You might think one would welcome a different approach to start the day at camp.

As a CIT, I discovered that the way we were woken up in previous years actually was not such a bad thing. In fact, I realized I kind of liked it. Especially when I compared it to waking up as a CIT.

There's an empty feeling getting up to an alarm clock with no counselors around. Although living in a cabin with 10 of your best friends without supervision was an incredible experience, I'd still give up anything to go back to my days as a camper.

But there's much to be said for being a counselor-in-training. My CIT summer taught me a lot about responsibility, transition, and seizing every opportunity given.

As a camper, there were virtually no responsibilities. Following the rules and respecting camp traditions was all that I had to worry about. As a CIT, there are matters much more important than which activity to sign up for during individual choice. I used to think that CITs were the camp slaves who had to do all of the dirty work. I still view the CIT program, with

its added responsibility that we were not used to after being campers for so long, as sometimes challenging, but I now understand how essential it is to help the Tamakwa dynamics flow.

Some of the responsibilities that the CITs share with staff are serving, land duty, JT twilight, practicum, and staffing canoe trips. These tasks can be sometimes annoying, but I'm glad I did them because they helped me to appreciate camp more as I gave back to it.

CIT of course stands for counselor-in-training, but I've changed it to mean camper in transition. Although CITs work at activities and are preparing to be future counselors, the CIT summer is more about learning to build character and take on responsibility.

The CIT program at Tamakwa is a reflection of the change and increase of responsibility in each CIT's life at home. Through maturity and experience, CITs are expected to be active leaders to help ease into life as counselors.

The biggest change of being a CIT for me was staffing canoe trips. Not only does it entail carrying a canoe instead of a pack but, more importantly, it means leading the campers and building both mental and physical strength to complete the tasks of the trip. To fully understand how to be a good counselor, it's imperative to be a CIT, to ease the flow from camper to counselor.

The most important lesson learned as a CIT is to take advantage of every situation and not take

anything for granted. As first session neared the end, I found myself with a lot of free time on my hands. This was new to me because I'd never felt that as a camper. I hoped it would pass but it didn't.

After thinking and talking about it with friends, I concluded that I wasn't really getting involved in camp. I wasn't allowing myself to have fun.

Fortunately, I changed my attitude. I realized how truly blessed I was to spend every summer for the past nine years at such a beautiful getaway. With my change in approach, I became far more active in camp. The second half of the summer was so much fun because I tried to make every moment memorable.

Seeing your camper life coming to an end is a sad realization. Fortunately, I discovered in time that making the most of what is available and preparing to be a great counselor is a completely different level of fun. Instead of being upset about the transition, it's more beneficial to reflect on the past to help carry principles and attributes to the future.

Despite all the other available opportunities that I could've done instead of being a CIT at Tamakwa, I wouldn't change my decision for the world because I learned about growing up at both camp, and in life. Even if I still missed the counselors when I awoke in the morning.



Dirt on the grass

As the green stuff takes root, a debate swirls over its place at camp.

By LESLIE HOLZ

To most people who've been fortunate enough to walk on the sunny shores of South Tea Lake, Tamakwa is one of the most beautiful places on earth. While the picturesque view from the Slope and the natural serenity of the northern woods will hopefully be the same forever, a new innovation is

aesthetic option we had to cover the new septic tanks," explains Camp Director **Craig Perlmutter**. "It really made the most sense. For next summer, that area will be landscaped and the swings will be re-assembled to make it look more natural."

While grass is generally considered more



A helpful pointer

Tamakwa prepares to make nautical history as it welcomes its first-ever home-made boat and expands its flotilla. By HAL GONQUIN

If all goes according to plan, the summer of 2009 will see an historic first for Tamakwa, and likely any camp for that matter: The launch of a new pointer boat for camp use – notable in of itself, but even more amazing — built on the premises.

First thought of years ago, the actual planning and construction of the vessel began in the fall in the good hands of Tamakwa's famous off-season work crew – **Ken Elder, Len Giblin, and Ric and Libby von Neumann**. Since then, the four have spent countless hours working on the pointer in the main woodworking shop at camp. As the *South Tea Echo* went to press, they had already made great progress.

Pointers have long had pride of place at Tamakwa where they've played a vital role in shuttling people and supplies between the water-access only camp and the landing for decades. It's hard to imagine Tamakwa without them.

The arrival of the new pointer will bring to three the number of them in the Tamakwa fleet. Until now, the camp's two existing pointers – known as Unca and Cowan – have proven incredibly hardworking and reliable over the past 25 years, thanks in no small part to the care and attention shown to them by **Ken, Len, Ric and Libby**.

With three pointers, Tamakwa will be home to half of the total of such boats remaining in the world. The other three are in museums.

No one remembers when Tamakwa got its first pointer boat, but early film footage exists of a small one driven by "Unca" Lou (Handler) bringing Tamakwans around the bend, in the late 1950s. Since then, there have been four more pointer boats in the Tamakwa flotilla.

Pointers were first created in the 1850s for the logging trade in Algonquin Park. Their long pointed bow (and originally the stern, too) allowed loggers

to work easily in log booms and to walk the entire length of the boat, freeing up jams. The boat was designed to be made from cheap softwood, and abandoned as the loggers moved on. As such, they were made of simple materials (like pine lumber and iron nails) that rotted. They were disposable, and would return to the earth when abandoned. The first four pointers that Tamakwa owned have "returned to the earth."

Pointers are still the perfect boat for the rugged waters of Algonquin Park. Their design makes them ideal for navigating the shallow creeks of the Tamakwa neighbourhood. Empty, the boat skims the surface of the lake, achieving respectable speed for a large vessel. Fully loaded with 25 campers, it sits deeper in the water, and becomes a stable ride. The long graceful wooden shape, originally designed for function, is beautiful at rest or in motion. Pointers are easy to drive and to dock. The rising point at the bow allows one to land the boats anywhere, no dock required! The bow-point is pushed into land, and passengers walk off the point. This last feature is crucial to Tamakwa's Monday cookout plan.

In 1968, Unca Lou purchased the last of the genuine pointers built by John Cockburn and Sons of Pembroke, Ontario. Shortly after, it ceased business after three generations.

There are only a few Cockburn pointers left in the world. None are in use. The remaining Cockburn pointers are all on display.

In the early 1980s Greg and Ted Cowan were commissioned to "clone" Tamakwa's last, rotting Cockburn pointer. Two 36-foot boats were made, of cedar planking and ash ribs, with specially treated boat-nails designed not to promote rot. All other fasteners were stainless steel and brass.

The results are known as "Cowan" and "Unca". Contrary to a widely held misconception at camp, "Cowan" is not actually that boat's name. It's just Greg's last name carved prominently into a deck-piece. The boat's real name (Daisy) appears only on the bow.

No word yet on the name to be given to Tamakwa's first new pointer in a quarter-century, but one thing is certain. The latest addition to the camp flotilla is sure to look right at home, plying the waters so close to where it was born.



making a subtle – for some, not subtle enough – change to the Tamakwa landscape. Over the past summer, this added green presence took root, stirring up controversy among staff and campers alike.

"I went to my cabin for Rest Hour one day and when I woke up, there was grass all over the place," says Senior Counselor **Jodie Schram**. "It's like it came out of nowhere."

As all Tamakwans noticed, the summer of 2008 was the season that grass took hold of main camp. Planted seemingly at random in various places, Tamakwa became greener in unexpected ways. While most areas still have their traditional brown dirt, the grounds surrounding Loon Lodge, the trip docks and the new septic tank have all received a makeover in recent years.

The biggest controversy centred on the grass covering the new septic tank, where the much lamented swings used to be. Most campers and staff were at a loss to understand the move.

"It was the only viable

aesthetically pleasing than dirt in most parts of the world, many longtime Tamakwans believe the new grass has no place at camp.

"The grass makes Tamakwa feel almost too pristine, less rustic," says Junior Counselor **Shelby Baum**. "It makes camp feel less like Tamakwa. As a camper, I remember always dragging my feet in the dirt and it makes me sad to think that the next generation of campers may never have that chance."

Other Tamakwans received the green stuff more favourably. Fitness leader **Mikey Etherington** could be seen almost daily throughout the summer laying on the grass with campers, comfortably leading different exercises as he whipped campers into shape. During Rest Hour, various staffers often sprawled out on the septic tank grass, trying to catch some sun without needing a towel to lie on.

While the task of moving and planting the grass was a major job for the Transpo Crew, its upkeep proved no less a challenge. Over the summer, the long daylight

hours and high rainfall made the grass grow quickly, meaning it had to be constantly monitored, periodically cut and watered on golden days.

Although opinions may be mixed, it seems that the new grass is here to stay, transforming the look and feel of main camp. Can a putting green be far behind?



Deja vu?

We take you back in time to...

This one is obviously more for veteran Tamakwans, especially those who might recognize some of the faces in this vintage cabin photo and be able to place the year.

In every issue of the *South Tea Echo*, as regular readers know, we always publish an old picture and ask if anyone can identify the Tamakwans featured from decades past. This time, there are 11 girls and one distinguished shirtless gentleman to name.

Now's your chance to name names. Please send your submission to echo@tamakwa.com. We would especially like to hear from those who recognize themselves in this photo. In the next issue, we will publish a selection of letters we receive.

For your interest, turn to page 15 to see the old photo we ran in the previous issue of the *Echo* and the letters it generated.



The littlest Tamakwan

It's amazing the impact a baby can have on camp. By LESLIE HOLZ



From the moment **Nate Perlmutter** arrived on the shores of South Tea in late June, it was evident that Tamakwa had been missing a baby over the past few years. Born only eight months before in Toronto, Nate instantly became the newest and littlest addition to the Tamakwa family, as well as one of the cutest since **Max** and **Jessica Norris**, who are now campers. Having a baby around camp seems to put everyone in a good mood, as evidenced by Nate's impact on Tamakwans. His face was always a welcome sight at programs and in the Dining

Hall. He quickly took on an almost mascot-like status, whether being toted around joyfully by a staff member, walking around with his babysitter Sina, or playing with Mom **Margot** and Dad **Craig** on the office porch.

In his first summer, Nate seemed a natural Tamakwan, perfectly at home in the camp setting. Wherever he went, he always appeared in a blissful state, boasting a high cuteness quotient. During his rookie season at camp, Tamakwans can look forward to watching Nate grow up at camp every summer for years to come.

Right on the money, literally

Main Color War foreshadows world economic crisis after the first-month mini-CW took campers back to ancient Greece.

By JON FRANCHI

There was no Willy Wonka, no Candyland, and no Scooby Doo. There were no movie, television, or book themes. Instead, this '08 summer's Color Wars were a mix of retelling history and predicting the future.

First-month campers were treated to an event of colossal proportions as Mount Olympus was reconstructed on the baseball diamond for the Mini-Color War break. A convincing Zeus, perched atop an extraordinarily tall platform, challenged the Greek citizenry to an Olympic competition between city-states Athens,

Sparta, Corinth, and Delphi to determine which would be the new capital. Campers spent the following day engaging in activities such as a traditional Greek Olympiad, water boiling, and even a philosophical debate about the merits of grass at camp.

Moving a little further along on the history timeline, Color War was set against the backdrop of a great economic depression. Some creative license was used in the interpretation of this slice of history and was based more on the Panic of 1893 than the actual Great Depression of the 1930s. The great American industrialists Rockefeller,

Carnegie, Vanderbilt, and Hearst were the key players here with J.P. Morgan issuing the challenge to rebuild the shattered economy. Campers experienced bread and soup lines, saved and recycled everything they could for points, and learned to do more with fewer materials, all in the spirit of the theme.

Thanks to this extra training they received this past summer at camp, Tamakwans should be better equipped than most in dealing with the months or years of tough economic turmoil still ahead. At the time of the competition, the global economy was still largely thriving. Tamakwa's most astute economists were assigned to Color War, proving their worth by successfully predicting the imminent economic collapse.

They were right on the money, literally. Maybe next summer, Color War will be about golden days and everybody winning the lottery.



Foreign staff in 2008

From distant shores to South Tea

Once upon a time, Tamakwans hailed only from North America. Not anymore as camp takes on a more international dimension. By MICHAEL FENKELL

For all its time-honoured traditions and enduring customs, certain aspects of Tamakwa have evolved in recent years. For most of the time since Tamakwa was established in 1936, the camp population remained mostly North American. Tellingly, the two people who founded camp, **Lou Handler** was from the US and **Omer Stringer** was from Canada.

Ten years ago, the ratio of American to Canadian campers and staff was roughly equal. This past summer, the balance had shifted considerably. More than three-quarters of the campers and about half of the staff came from the US. A major new factor has been the presence of campers and staff from more distant shores including from England, Mexico, Israel, Australia, New Zealand, and Germany. In total, international campers and staff made up 15% of Tamakwa's 2008 population. Such a noticeable and significant addition to camp has added a more diverse group of people and new perspectives. This growing foreign presence in recent years has changed the fabric of camp.

"Finding good staff has become more and more difficult each year," says Camp Director **Craig Perlmutter**. "When it comes to how to spend their summers, staff-age students have so many more alternatives to choose from than in the past. They have great opportunities to travel to more destinations and with so much pressure on some of them to have jobs much earlier than in the past to bolster their resumes, the pool of applicants in North America has shrunk. As a result, we no longer limit our search to Canada and the US. Some foreign staff find us

while we find others ourselves. They bring a great dynamic to camp, not to mention some great accents for the kids to pick-up on each summer."

Selecting the right counselors and activity leaders is extremely important to the success of camp each year. These new international faces and accents add something different to Tamakwa.

"What's important about having international people here are the different personalities and attitudes they bring to camp," says longtime Tamakwan **Rebecca Perlmutter**. "I feel that head staff have been extremely successful in recruiting the right people."

Matt Orenstein, the 2008 Landsports Director, generally welcomes the inclusion of foreign staff at Tamakwa. Having international staff at camp is a great concept and a fantastic development for our camp family," he says. "Having new nationalities and personalities is great for Tamakwa's culture and hearing various accents all over camp is lots of fun for campers and staff."

Of course, each person sees it from his or her perspective. "Initially, it was extremely tough for me to feel comfortable trying to fit in at Tamakwa because everyone seemed so close," says **Matt Begley**, a first-year Tamakwan from England. "But once I did begin fitting in, I had an

amazing time."

Christoph Stegmann, a first-year senior counselor from Germany, had similar feelings. "Initially, I was quite hesitant when I first came to Tamakwa," he says, "but the people were so nice that it took no time before I felt comfortable."

Bringing international people to Tamakwa is a great innovation that adds diversity to camp life, making it more worldly. In recent years, other camps – such as Arowhon, Mantiou and Tamarack – have followed a similar path, adding non-North Americans to their ranks.

It's not surprising that foreigners are attracted to Tamakwa. Hard not to be. The beauty of Algonquin Park coupled with the activities, heritage and spirit of the camp, make for an experience that can't be found in other countries.

"I have been to many places in my life but Tamakwa offers something truly special that you cannot put into words," says **Chris Keating**, a senior counselor from Lancashire, UK. "The physical setting and total human experience are spectacular."

There's something comforting in seeing people from all over the world coming together on the shores of South Tea Lake, learning from each other, all sharing in the beauty and magic of Algonquin Park. Unca Lou would have been proud.



A Senior moment

ALEX GENDAL reflects on his last summer as a camper in 2008

As the years pass by and summers at Tamakwa come and go, you begin to realize that your time as a camper does not last forever. Being a Senior camper this past summer, I had to think about what I could do to make the summer the best one possible. I also had to think about whether to become a CIT next year and to work on my awards.

Awards are important if you want to increase your chances of becoming a CIT. My advice would be to start early (such as in your JT years) in gaining at least four low-level awards. Then, in your Ranger/Pioneer years, build upon those and try new activities.

I started working on my sailing and canoe awards too late and my Senior year was all about cramming awards in. It should be more about fun and hanging out with your friends.

Friends are an important part of camp. Tamakwa is a place to meet old friends and make new ones. But sometimes it's hard to make new friends. I've often heard things said about people who I've never met,

but when I meet them myself, they are nothing like what other people have said.

A good friend once said to me: "We are not defined by who we are. We just are."

This means that a person shouldn't be treated differently because of their name or how they act. A person can't change, they just are.

"Make new friends, but keep the old. One is silver, the other gold."

This is the saying Tamakwa revolves around. An old friend (silver) already has a bond with you. A new friend (gold) is more important because a bond is being made when you meet them. Friends are the only

thing left after your last summer as a camper.

Enough about friends, let's get back to the last year of camp. To mark your Senior year, your cabin should do something to solidify the memories. Doing a full camp shrek is one way to do that. Most of us remember the Main Camp web, or the kayaks hanging from the Dining Hall roof. Likewise stealing all the light bulbs from the cabins and taping them to the Dining Hall porch roof. Making a mark on Tamakwa Senior year is one of the best things to top off your summer.

Being a Senior camper makes you think about your past and your last summer as a camper. What I've learned at Tamakwa and in the city is to think ahead but not too far. Live day by day without worry. Remember the past and discover new things for the future.



Some of the international campers in 2008



The ultimate Tamakwa enigma

A journey in pursuit of the dirt on how the camp's laundry gets clean. By MAX SMITH

Dawn breaks and the sun starts to rise over the Lone Pine as another golden day begins on South Tea. As the 15-minute bell rings, my co-counselor, **Jonah Raduns-Silverstein**, questions my eagerness to get out of bed.

"What's for breakfast?" he asks incredulously. "Egg McMuffins or something?"

I tell him that it has nothing to do with what's on the menu. "Are you serving?" he persists.

Again, I tell him that my slightly early rise is unrelated to breakfast. I explain that I must be down at the boathouse by 8:30 to join the Barnes brothers on the barge as they "go on the laundry run."

On this particular morning, I have set out on a fact-finding mission in search of the story behind Tamakwa's fabled laundry service. For reasons unbeknownst to me, it seems to have a mystique, one that's gone unexplained for years.

The questions are many, the answers elusive. Where do the clothes go? Where are they washed? Who, if not Jake Pigeo and Jacques The Axeman themselves, washes and folds the clean clothes? How do they return to camp? Tamakwans have long pondered these mysterious matters.

As it is written in the legendary Tamakwa Song, each letter of the camp's name stands for a different aspect of Tamakwa life. "A" is for the announcements, oh that's for sure, as well as for the air that's clean and pure. "K" is for the kids, naturally. There's still debate over what the "what" is and whom the "who" is, in "W-A". While we discovered that the "M" that Timmy had was lice, I was

determined to find out why the "T", arguably the most important letter, stands for the so-called "terrific" laundry service.

As I stepped onto Marge The Barge with **Jared and Levi Barnes**, and some 350 laundry bags, I was excited at the prospect of seeing for myself what happens to this load once it leaves camp and how it reaches its destination. I was eager to find out what went into making Tamakwa laundry so terrific.

A key link in the process became evident when Marge reached the neighbouring channel and docked at the landing. Standing there, waiting for us was an elderly man named Bob, who hails from nearby Muskoka. He is the driver of the truck that each week transports the camp's dirty, clothing, towels and linens from the landing to Centennial Coin Laundry in downtown Bracebridge. It's about a 55-minute drive to Centennial which has been looking after Tamakwa's laundry for close to 20 years.

"The bags don't even get touched by me," Bob explained. "That's not my role. I don't unload the stuff, I just drive the rig with the bags in it to Centennial."

He described the facility to me, saying it had approximately 100 washers and dryers. It takes about seven hours for the folks at Centennial to complete all the bags, fold their now cleaner, nicer smelling contents and then load them up again.

I shook Bob's hand and said goodbye as the door to the trailer on the truck closed and we walked back to the barge. We returned to camp moments after the

flags had been raised. I had finally found out how the bags get out of camp, and where they go.

Next step in my mission was investigating the tribulations campers face in retrieving their laundry bags after their early Wednesday afternoon return to the laundry sheds around camp.

"Thankfully, what used to be a week-long process is now a quick 2-day turnaround," says **Libby Sadick von Neumann**. "That's certainly a lot better than waiting Monday brunch to Monday brunch."

That Wednesday afternoon, when the laundry returned, I followed campers **Mitchell Shecter** and **Evan Ketai** as they made their way to the shed at the foot of Boy's Hill and the ballfield path. The boys sorted through the bags on the racks, and quickly found their bags.

"Number 9! Gordie Howe baby!" shouted Mitchell as he found his. It's not uncommon for a Tamakwan to associate his or her laundry bag number with the number of a popular sports hero. I myself enjoyed number 99 (which should be retired) all summer.

"By relating the number to a pro, I can prevent writing the number on the wall because I'll remember it," said Evan, referring to the process.

The boys hoisted their bags and hiked back to Bayview and Tom Thompson.

I then decided to inquire about what might not be so "terrific" about the laundry system. To that end, I spoke to a sampling of about 50 Tamakwans, both campers and staff. I asked them if they had any issues with camp laundry and they

gave the usual lament of campers everywhere, saying that from time to time the odd mix-ups and the occasion item missing in action. (But in fairness, given the volume of laundry, Centennial's batting average is pretty high).

I also discovered that 16 items are mixed into the wrong bags each week, and 11 extra clear garbage bags of laundry are delivered due to overflow each week. Not surprisingly, Tamakwans who have labeled all of their

clothing, as advised, usually have a much better chance of retrieving their missing items. While shrinkage of sweatshirts, socks, sweatpants, and especially t-shirts, has become increasingly rare in recent years, it's still sometimes unavoidable.

Some Tamakwans, like **Jeff Avigian**, seem to have prospered since becoming acquainted with the camp's laundry service. "I've been very fortunate with the laundry service," says Jeff.

"They've never lost anything of mine and always give me extra clothes. So I'm quite happy with it because it keeps me from having to go shopping more."

While doing the research for this article, I caught up with Senior Camp Director **Vic Norris**, who has had extensive experience with the subject. He explained to me that over the years, Tamakwa stood out as an innovator in the field of camp laundry service, and that Centennial Coin Laundry has been a trusted, reliable partner.

"I think the big change was when the service started supplying us with their own bags in 1981," says Vic. "That made things much more organized, because the bags then became all the same size. They told us that Tamakwa had the biggest bags of any camp. I interpreted that to mean our kids get dirtier because they do more stuff than most other camps when it comes to outdoor activities and canoe trips. At the time, when we added color-coded and numbered bags, it was revolutionary. Given the number of bags and items Centennial must contend with, they do a pretty respectable job notwithstanding the occasional complaint here and there."

In my 12 years at Tamakwa, I'd always wondered why "T" was for the terrific laundry service, and not Taps or Tuck. Now, after finally having explored the laundry-related questions asked for so many years, I can't see "T" standing for anything else.

Full court press

Tamakwans wrestle with matters of justice in new evening program. By ROBERT SARNER

Order in the court! You don't mess around when the judge is none other than Boys Camp Director **Jeff Avigian**. He laid down the law in late July when he presided over the inaugural edition of Tamakwa People's Court.

Staged in Loon Lodge, it was a highly comedic and entertaining version of the popular American TV courtroom show. There was no lack of legal issues to address as Tamakwans proved themselves a contentious bunch.

In the first case, Program Director **Jon Franchi** took hockey specialist **Michael Fenkell** to court for excessive self-congratulating How-Hows in the Dining Hall. Jon argued that such behaviour was against the original intent and spirit of the How-How and that there was no precedent in camp history for public How-Hows to oneself. With his 50+ years at camp, **David Stringer** was the star witness and expert on camp tradition.



Michael lost the case and was forbidden from how-howing himself in the Dining Hall.

Other cases included **Rachel Kaufman** taking her brother Josh to court for not spending enough time with her at camp. Josh lost the case and was sentenced to meet Rachel for 20 minutes a day at Rest Hour, four days a week to talk and catch up.

Next it was "The People vs. the Camp Laundry Service" for shrinking or losing clothing items. Windsurf director **Mara Sofferin** took on **Margot Perlmutter**. Margot cited

sentences from the camp "Green Book" about what not to bring to camp and the laundry service. She won the case on the grounds that Tamakwans were instructed in writing not to bring valuable or expensive clothing because it could be damaged or lost in the laundry.

Counselors **Josh Forman** and **Mike Ran** took Outdoor Fun Director **Sarah McGuire** to court for having changed the name of Outdoor Fun to Outdoor Action and Adventure. She lost the case on the grounds there was little action and not much adventure in her activity and thus its name reverted to Outdoor Fun.

Meanwhile, the Pioneer section launched a class action suit against the Tuck Shop for not stocking enough chocolate options for campers.

The attorneys, plaintiffs, defendants and witnesses all did a stellar job playing their parts before Judge Avigian and a jury full of spectators. Perry Mason would have felt right at home.



Group D
It's amazing what you can do with a bunch of Tamakwa



Dynamics
 get when you assemble
 ns in front of the camera



The minnow becomes the fish

Behind Program Director Jonathan Franchi's rise to the top of the pack in 2008. By PETER VOOYS



Jonathan Robert Franchi looks tired. And with good reason. "For the last three nights, I've gone to bed at 3:30 a.m.," says Jon. He rubs his brow with his hands, forcing his eyes shut for a brief minute. "It will all have been worth it once this is done, but boy I could use a nap."

Unfortunately, Camp Tamakwa's 2008 Program Director will not soon get any rest. I'm sitting on the Dining Hall porch with him, observing children and staff participating in the first of two days of camp-wide activities known as Colour War. The event is such an organizational marathon that Jon and his crew have foregone sleep in an effort to deliver an exciting program at the very tail end of camp.

This last push is the final one in a summer packed with programming. Programming that Jon was at the helm for. His role is never-ending. He must be constantly living in the future, planning the week's, day's and minute's activities.

"A program director is responsible for the planning of all activities, day and night, for all campers and staff," Jon explains. "And it must be done with creativity in order to continue camp's rich traditions and to make every program fun and exciting."

Simply put, this past summer, Jon became the most sought-after person on the campground.

For the first time in 10 years, Tamakwa was under the program direction of someone new. Hailing from rough and tumble downtown Detroit, the Franchise, as he is known, took over as Program Director from vet **Leslie Hartsman**.

Previously, Jon, 25, had spent two years at Tamakwa as a Senior Counselor, both summers as a senior boys leader. Those four months of dedicated work were enough to impress the powers that be that Jon was a suitable successor to Les. Not to mention that Les himself endorsed Jon for the position.

"When I knew I wasn't coming back to camp, I

immediately recommended Jon for the job," says Les. "He had the energy, the creativity and literally the feet large enough to fill my shoes."

Co-Owner/Director **Craig Perlmutter** shares Les' sentiment. "A program director needs to be upbeat, personable, energetic, loud and fun," says Craig. "We felt that Jon embodied all those qualities."

Noting that the program director should also have a good singing voice, Craig thanked the stars that Jon can harmonize with the best of them.

At the outset of the summer, Jon sat with the weight of 73 years of Tamakwa traditions on his shoulders, burdened by the incessant demand for new, fresh and exciting ideas.

"The problem and the joy about Tamakwa is that it is very tradition heavy," says Jon, before pausing. Tradition is a sacred word around camp and he seemed to be searching for the right explanation so as not to come off as blasphemous. "I mean that from a scheduling perspective. There is so much to fit into 56 days that it's unbelievable. For example, at some point, some guy decided that it would be cool to take all the sailing kids and the windsurfing kids on a three-hour sail to go to another nearby lake to sail and windsurf for the day. They had a great time, and now you have to make sure that the annual Surf-and-Sail happens on a windy, sunny day." Jon smiles and shakes his head. "Now multiply that by 73 years of someone having a good programming idea and you start to get the picture of what I have to plan."

Jon seems to relish the challenge. He spent the spring compiling years of evening programs, and all days, and sprang on the

summer ready to unleash a litany of ideas and plans into unsuspecting campers. And how did he think his summer had gone? Jon looks over at a group of Junior Tamakwans constructing houses out of cardboard boxes.

"Just awesome," he answers. "I planned the events that helped shape summer 2008 for every kid who came through here. I tried to make sure that kids were having a blast, and doing something that they would normally not do in the suburbs."

Our attention is drawn again to the house building and a counselor standing overtop with a water bottle perched over the roof of one of the buildings. The counselor yells "rain test" and proceeds to splash some water on the structure. Instantaneously, the children's voices erupt with laughter from inside.

"I think I achieved that," Jon adds. He then stands and excuses himself to get the fruit from the kitchen. Hilariously, some children only know Jon as "that guy who gives out Tootsie-Frootsie," failing to realize the true breadth of his job. As he disappears into the Dining Hall, he calls back, "Just wait until you see what I didn't get to do! Next year will be even better!"

In their office, Craig and fellow Co-Owner/Director **Vic Norris** weigh in on Jon's summer. Vic speaks up first. He eagerly shares the story of how Jon was thinking of not returning and he took it upon himself to take Jon out to dinner in Detroit to talk more about an expanded role with Tamakwa for future summers.

"I told Jon that he had been a great addition at Tamakwa," says Vic. "I also mentioned to him that we would want him to come back in 2009."

To which Jon responded in his characteristic way: "I figured that since the fish came to the minnow."

Craig takes the last words on the subject. "I always had full confidence in Jon's ability to steer us through this summer, and lo and behold, he did," Craig muses in his chair. "Hopefully we can sign him on for summers to come. After all, he is the Franchise."



The making of a lasting memory

Pioneer girls leave on a 10-day canoe trip and return with a lot more than they expected. By STEPHANIE JUDD

This summer, like the voyageurs that traveled through Algonquin Park all those many years ago, six Pioneer girls traversed the area, accompanied by two staff members and a CIT. During their 10-day excursion, they kept a daily log of their travels and adventures after **Sydney Caminetsky** suggested it early in the trip.

In the spirit of native culture and Tamakwa tradition, the girls gave each other "tripagama" names. The leaders were Laura "Red Robin" Beamish, Stephanie "Singing Sunbeam" Gooel, and Marissa "Booty Bear" Sieck. The campers were (listed alphabetically) Sydney "Radiant Rock" Caminetsky, Sara "Smiling Songbird" Glazer, Alana "Laughing Lion" Gutman, Grace "Soulful Swimmer" Kellie, Ella "Loon Legs" Rubin and Lucy "Mighty Mac" Rubin.

This was the first-ever long canoe trip for these final year Pioneer girls, all of whom were 12 years old. This trip began long before the girls arrived on the shores of South Tea. Such was the sense of excitement and anticipation about this trip that many of the girls began planning for this experience before camp began, communicating with each other by email and researching the trip on the internet.

The toughest day of the trip by far was day two. The girls managed six portages and seven lakes. That day the girls carried their gear over 4 km.

"Today was a tough one, six portages!" Ella recorded in her diary. "It was like hell...but it feels good to know that I did six portages!" After the last

portage, Stephanie let the girls in her canoe take a much-needed rest. Rest they did. Alana and Sydney both fell asleep in their canoe. Upon returning to camp after looking after the resupply of the trip, Head of Tripping **Len Giblin** acknowledged the challenging nature of the experience.

"This was the toughest Pioneer trip I've seen in all my years at Tamakwa," said

Paddling and portaging a heavy pack.

Lucy is a Mighty Mac.

The last time Gooel freaked out she yelled and screamed and shout.

We thought it was a bear but it wasn't really there, she isn't here, did she disappear?

She isn't in the tent no one knows where Grace went.

Sieck always does our braids.



Len. "Unlike the boys, the girls opted for a very difficult route."

What would a long trip be without a song? One of the last entries in the diary is a song the girls called "10 Day Song", sung to the tune of "See You Again" by Miley Cyrus.

The lyrics included the following:

We're on a 10-day and we are paddling the lakes. We love the food that Laura makes. We knew trip was something special when we got our nicknames, now we can't wait to paddle all day.

Our Sieck did not freak out when her canoe went down. She shouted girls come n' help me out. Felt like we couldn't breathe when we were in the trees, walking 3,000 meters we make friends with the mosquitoes. It's almost day 10 we want to go again Lucy will honk the horn oo oh oo oh and we can't wait to paddle all day.

We're on a 10-day away from camp.

Alana hates it when she gets damp.

What the hell did Alana say,

Laura has a cough, oo oh oo oh and Sara is not a sloth.

Hot tamales, no one likes you.

Synchronized swimming we will beat you,

Ella's sexy legs, Sydney loses pegs,

branch to tree why are you hitting me?

Opeongo Store we want more.

Two at a time, loonie or dime, trip of 2008

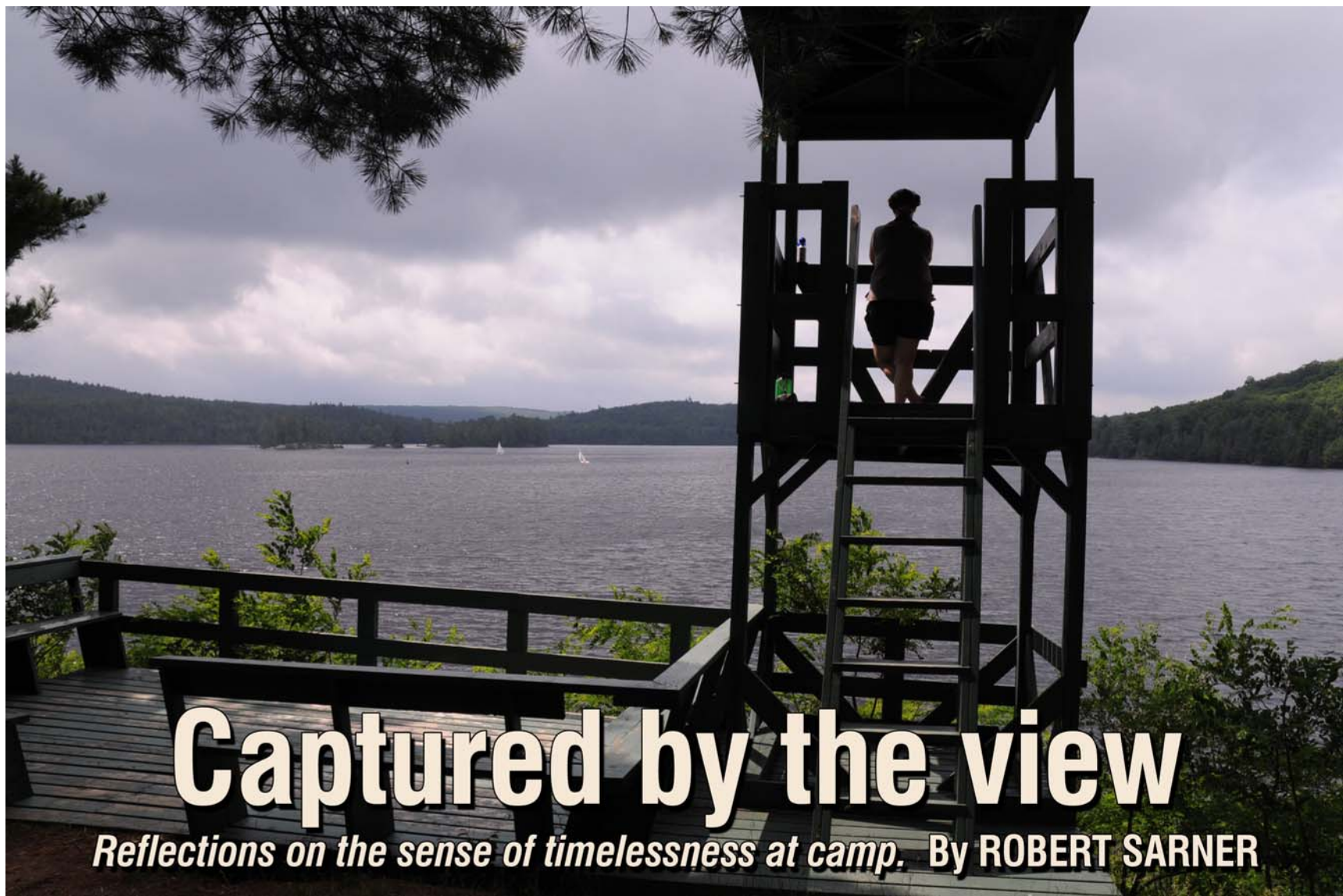
We knew it would be great.

We wish summer would never end

And we can't wait to round the bend.

Each girl made a copy of their diary that they will be able to keep. The diary is but a small piece of the memory that will stay with these girls for many years to come.

Canoe trip bonds last a lifetime. Often it is the apparent hardship that upon reflection really represents the defining moments of a canoe trip.



All this led me to wonder what else at Tamakwa has a similar timeless quality. What else was impervious to the outside world? The more I thought about this, the more I felt reassured by the realization that many aspects of camp have remained constant. The sound of rain on cabin rooftops; campers complaining about the food; the battle with mosquitoes; the excitement over Colour War; the creativity in making plaques and other end-of-summer mementos to hang in the Dining Hall; the erratic Algonquin weather; the pursuit of the perfect shrek; the attraction of sitting around a campfire at night; the Shabbat services on the Slope; **David Stringer's** telling of 'Peach Pie'; the smell of sleeping bags after long trips; Esta's desk in the main office; camp's venerable beaver logo; the leaning Tuck Shop; the magical ways of Wakonda; and the collective joy of children having fun and discovering new things far from their normal urban reality.

Captured by the view

Reflections on the sense of timelessness at camp. By ROBERT SARNER

Everyone has a favourite spot at Tamakwa. I have about 20 of them — such is the awe-inspiring beauty of the site. But if I had to choose one place at camp that never fails to captivate me, it's the deck next to the Eye-Full Tower just off main camp.

Of course, it's not the deck itself but the vantage it offers. Its perspective of South Tea Lake below is second to none. To be there on a beautiful day, looking out at the water, is to know paradise. This past summer, I sat there on a late July afternoon, transfixed as I took in the panoramic view. The combination of boundless water, trees and sky evoked nature at its best. Savouring this tableau before me, I was mesmerized.

What struck me, beyond the majesty of the place, was its timeless quality. I was amazed at how little of modern life could be felt or seen in this setting. No unsightly hydro wires, no man-made behemoths, no billboards, no powerful motorboats, no recent cottages, no hints of technology. I asked myself if this was essentially what **Lou Handler** saw when he stood at this same spot during Tamakwa's first summer in 1936. I asked myself what, if anything, had changed about this view during the intervening 72 years.

To be sure, much of what I was looking at and experiencing seemed timeless: the three small islands — Treasure, Jerry's and Adventure — in a row



slightly to the left; countless trees surrounding South Tea; the rhythmic sound of waves lapping up against the shoreline; puffy cumulous clouds moving against the big open sky; the infinity of whitecaps on the lake; the soft wind blowing through the pine trees.

If not for the distant, barely discernable

movement of cars on Highway 60 at the end of the lake, I imagined that this was pretty much what someone standing at this spot hundreds, maybe thousands, of years ago would have seen.

As I continued looking out, I discovered a few more traces of contemporary life from

elsewhere, but nothing too jarring — a bright orange buoy near the middle of the lake; windsurfers negotiating the waves on their boards; staff in a small motor boat and the pointer attending to their duties; the fishing barge moving ever so slowly through the water. In the overall scheme of things, against the bigger picture at hand, these were but minor distractions.

Later that day, I asked several veteran Tamakwans if they felt this view had changed over the years. The only difference, one said, was that the trees were now taller and thicker, which was most noticeable at the far end of the lake where their growth has helped block some of the view of cars on Highway 60.

Unlike in most places, where change is constant and little stays the same for long, camp is full of things that are basically like they always were. Or, at least, it feels that way.

I suppose the best part of any great camp is the mix of the timeless and the contemporary, the unchanged and the new. Without that right combination, camp is not really camp.

Fortunately, at Tamakwa, those at the helm have always understood this, staying true to the camp's heritage, traditions and values of Unca Lou.

May it last that way forever, just like that timeless — and priceless — view of South Tea Lake from the deck next to the Eye-Full Tower.



The right stuff in and out of the water

World champion kayaker Adam van Koeverden shares his talents with Tamakwa. By ROBERT SARNER

Less than two weeks before he left for Beijing for the Summer Olympics, Canadian world champion kayaker **Adam van Koeverden** came to Tamakwa to give a special demonstration of his prowess with a paddle. He also shared words of inspiration and insight with campers and staff. His visit followed a similar event he conducted for Tamakwans in the two previous summers in 2007 and 2006. It's part of his commitment to help

promote the sport and encourage young people to be physically active in general.

This time around, Adam addressed the camp at the Slope after taking part in a racing demo in South Tea Lake against training partner and fellow Olympian Anders Gustafson from Sweden. In his remarks, Adam spoke about the challenges and rewards of being a Canadian Olympic athlete and what goes into preparing for the ultimate competition on a world stage, better known as the Olympics. He then fielded many good questions from campers eager to know Adam better and the story behind his success.

Adam is one of Canada's top young athletes. Known sometimes as 'Rocket Man' for his strength in a kayak, he is one of the best in international paddling. Adam set a world record in June in the men's K-1 500 meters at a regatta in Poland. With blazing speed, he crossed the finish line with a time of 1:35.630 seconds, becoming the first kayaker to ever break the 1:36 mark, a major feat in his sport. At World Cup races during the spring and early summer, he won five gold medals to raise his career total to 21.

Off the water, Adam is an athlete ambassador for the humanitarian group Right to Play, an organization that helps disadvantaged youth around the world.

A few weeks before the Beijing Olympics, he was honoured by being selected as the flag bearer for the Canadian team at the opening ceremonies of the Games. The event was watched by an estimated two billion viewers around the world during which Adam led Canada's 330 athletes into the Olympic Stadium in Beijing. At the Games, he captured a Silver Medal in the K-1 500 meter race. Four years earlier at the Summer Games in Athens,

he won a Gold Medal and a Bronze Medal.

In 2004, Adam discovered Algonquin Park, thanks to Roots Co-Founder **Michael Budman**, who himself has a passion for kayaking. At the time, he had recently begun his involvement working with Roots, which became one of his sponsors. In recent years, Adam has developed a great affinity for the Park where he's done some of his training. He also has taken part in several photo shoots in the Park for Roots as part of his role as an ambassador for the company.

"Whenever possible, I like to take my kayak to Algonquin Park for a few days at a time and paddle on the lakes there," says Adam, 26. "Roots introduced my friends and I to the Park a few years ago and I've been totally hooked ever since. It's an awesome way to re-connect with the roots of my sport and with nature at its best."





A dynamic duo

Brothers Jared and Levi Barnes win over Tamakwans with their voices and stage presence. By MARA SOFFERIN

In the spring of 2006, it started out just like any other summer job hunt for Jared and Levi Barnes.

Apply to several places with the hope that at least one will respond positively. But for the two brothers from Hamilton, Ontario, there was an added challenge. Not only were they looking to do some good old manual labour outdoors in nature while snagging a tan and pocketing a paycheck, they wanted to work in the same spot. So Jared and Levi – contrary to popular misconception, they’re not twins – applied to various summer camps in Ontario seeking maintenance-related work.

What happened next led to an important development for the two Barnes boys and a great acquisition for Tamakwa, felt to this day. Something in their application impressed Camp Director **Craig Perlmutter**. He contacted them and after interviewing them, he gave the boys an offer they couldn’t refuse. Their prayer for a summer gig in the great outdoors was answered.

Little did they anticipate the full impact it would have on them – or the unexpected benefits unrelated to their official duties – which helps explain why they’ve returned to Tamakwa every summer since then.

For Jared, 24, and Levi, 23, camp is more than a job. With their winning personalities and positive work ethic, they have built a year-round relationship with Tamakwa. In addition to working as Transportation and Maintenance Coordinators the past three summers, Jared and Levi have also taken part in the fall and spring “work camps” in recent years, helping maintain the camp infrastructure, during the winter, spring, summer and fall.

But what’s really earned



Tamakwa this summer for a fourth straight year. Their decision will depend, in no small part, on their budding musical career.

the boys camp-wide celebrity – and well-deserved accolades – are their respective musical talents. Levi started getting serious about singing when he was 18 and Jared soon followed in his footsteps. Soon after, the brothers formed a dynamic musical duo, combining their beat boxing and vocals, and composing their own songs in a genre they describe as “catchy pop/hip-hop.”

In their rookie summer at Tamakwa in 2006, the Barnes contributed their vocals to the camp band. Since then, they’ve taken the Rec Hall stage countless times, competing in and capturing the title of Tamakwa Idol and wooing audiences during Tamakwapalooza and Tamakwaroo, the annual mock musical festivals at camp.

“Our favorite part of camp is getting to perform,” says Levi. “My most memorable camp experience was winning Tamakwa Idol in 2006, mainly because it was my first vocal competition ever and I happened to win it. It was an unforgettable feeling.”

In the off-season, Jared splits his time between being a Teaching Assistant at McMaster University in Hamilton, writing music and playing the guitar. Levi works full-time on writing music and practicing his skills on the keyboard/piano. Both boys are accomplished drummers.

In the near future, they hope to sign with a major label and to continue their collaboration with **Andrew Carr**, Tamakwa’s first-ever Music Recording Director, with whom they worked closely last summer at camp with the aim of producing their first CD. It will be comprised largely of their own songs.

Levi and Jared have not yet decided whether they will be returning to

The late Tamakwa co-founder **Omer Stringer**’s legacy lives on, most noticeably in the camp’s encouragement of and respect for the pursuit of advanced canoeing skills. It’s seen every year in the Voyageur Canoeist, the most prestigious award at Tamakwa, long the quintessential moment at camp for many campers and staff, including this past summer.

Voyageur Canoeists are more than style paddlers. They are early risers who enjoy a calm lake with the mist rising and like nothing better than to paddle across South Tea Lake for an early breakfast. They have been on long trip, can build a fire,

2007. Judd is well known at camp for his stop, which is so phenomenal we no longer say: “That was a stop” but rather “That was a Judd Fischer!” Chad is a powerful paddler who moves the canoe with great speed and precision while sitting rather than kneeling in his canoe. His position in the canoe may be unconventional, his paddling style is anything but.

Michael Grundland, a first-year junior counselor, got his Voyageur in 2006. He is a very smooth and graceful paddler, moving the canoe with apparent ease. He worked with many campers this summer, demonstrating his command of the canoe.

matter to rest by providing documentation signed by Gary Frankel, the 1974 canoe director, which he photocopied and posted in the Dining Hall for all to see. It prompted a public apology from **Jeff Avigian**, Boys Camp Director, who had earlier voiced doubt about Vic’s canoeing prowess.

Collectively, the panel of judges was an impressive bunch, spanning different generations. Each had his/her own style of canoeing but they all know a Voyageur canoeist when they see one.

“It’s not the technical strokes we look at but how the canoe moves,” says Vic. “There’s more to it than

paddler’s repertoire and focuses on the style aspect of their canoeing.

In the first session, there were 11 candidates. The next month, the group was so large — 16 campers and staff — that we divided the class and held two tests. For clarity on the part of the judges, a third test took place on packing day. In both sessions, all the candidates impressed the judges with their hard work and determination.

A big How-How goes out to **Laura Sachse**, **Assaf Bar-Natan** and **Josh Aaronson** who took the test for their first time. We look forward to seeing more from them in the future. **Josh Podolosky** paddled



understand the importance of canoeing in Algonquin Park and are able to handle their canoe in any wind. This custom dates back to Omer who created and inspired the first Voyageur canoeist. His passion for and mastery of canoeing were legendary. His spirit continues to inspire those who strive to attain the revered Voyageur award.

For decades, tradition has dictated that every Voyageur Canoeist in camp sits and judges the style strokes of those who aspire to paddle like Omer. This was not always the case. In the early years, the Canoe Director tested and awarded the Voyageur canoeist and it’s easy to imagine Omer bestowing this honour. Eventually, Senior Director **Vic Norris** changed this tradition. He felt it was the proper thing to do because it seemed to make more sense.

This summer, there were seven judges, each of whom had his/her own style and flare. The two newest judges **Chad Schram**, a CIT, and **Judd Fischer**, a senior boy counselor, both earned their Voyageur in

In 2005, **Adam Ketai**, now Senior boy, and **Leslie Holz**, a 2nd year junior counselor, received their Voyageur. Adam was a last year Ranger and one of the youngest Tamakwans ever to earn his Voyageur. For her part, Leslie is known as a tough judge, perhaps as a result that it took her 12 tries to get her Voyageur.

This past summer, as the Canoe Director, I was one of the judges. It was my fifth year as a judge, but only my third as a Voyageur canoeist. I learned how to paddle at Camp Arowhon, where Omer and Unca Lou met, and the place where I had the privilege of paddling with Omer in the late 1970s. In 2006, after a 10-year absence from Tamakwa, it was deemed necessary that I take the Voyageur test, that I did successfully.

Completing the 2008 panel of judges this summer was the seasoned veteran himself Vic Norris, who became a Voyageur canoeist in 1974, a fact that was initially disputed this summer as his name does not appear on that year’s plaque. Vic quickly put the

most people realize.” Repeatedly, he will tell candidates to “move that canoe.” Admittedly, the running and standing pry are Vic’s best strokes, and those that he concentrates on the most.

For my part, I believe the stop and reverse feather are by far the most difficult strokes to master and those are the one I really watch. Judd Fischer, Michael Grundland, Adam Ketai and Chad Schram would all agree. Leslie Holz is a perfectionist and watches for gunwale bounce. She wants to see the canoe remain steady but, unlike Vic, she also looks at the technical aspect of the stroke. So, even if your canoe moves well, if Leslie doesn’t see the technically correct stroke employed, she will deduct points.

The test is the final chapter in the journey to become a Voyageur canoeist. Candidates have been on long trip, participated in breakfast cookouts, built fires, carried canoes and learned about canoeing in Algonquin Park. The test is a glimpse of the

well and remains an A canoeist. There were six new A canoeists: **Anna Aronovitz**, **Daniel Berman**, **Jarred Bratley**, **Sydney Caminetsky**, **Hershel Dorman** and **Jake Moss**, in addition to the three new Courier de Bois canoeists: **Jacob Hoeflich**, **Stephanie Goel** and **Harry Sutton**.

In total, there were four new Voyageurs, which raised the number of judges from seven at the start of the summer to 11 by the end. How-How! to **Katy Dresner**, **Evan Ketai**, **Josh Ketai** and **Ben Sherman**.

As always, it was a humbling experience to watch young paddlers go from being very novice to expert canoeists. I know I’ve succeeded when I see the student surpass the teacher. I’m continually challenged by these expert canoeists to become a better paddler myself. What, I ask you, could be a better way to spend your summer than perfecting the art of moving a canoe with power, precision and grace, in the tradition of the great Omer Stringer?



Good vibrations

Tamakwa breaks new ground with the addition of a recording studio and the perfect person to be at its helm By PETER VOOYS

It's hard to think of summer camp without music. Tamakwa, as we all know, is no different. From musicals to campfires, talent shows to jam sessions, to the famous Saturday Night Live Band, Tamakwa abounds with music. Recognizing the immense talent pool that extends from head staff to Junior Tamakwans, camp directors **Vic Norris** and **Craig Perlmutter** decided to nurture it further.

"We wanted to continue to diversify camp's activities and thought we should try to harness all the musical talent at Tamakwa by adding another creative and aesthetic activity," says Vic. "From the Unca Lou and Ada Bandalene days of singing and playing instruments at camp, it was important to start a program to capture these talents and creativity, especially when combined with our Camp Video program."

When camp legend **David Stringer** mentioned how recording campers would benefit both Camp Radio and Camp TV, not to mention the marketing possibilities for camper CDs, the decision to build a recording studio was

finalized.

Not exactly knowing what they were getting into, Vic and Craig started a continent-wide search for the appropriate person to usher in the new program. The goal was to find someone who was not only enthusiastic about music but also knowledgeable in the art of recording, perhaps even with some professional experience. This person would be instrumental in initiating the program, right down to the ordering of the equipment needed to produce the right sound from the recordings.

The search ended in the most unlikely place. A last ditch effort job posting on Craigslist, an internet-based listing agency, turned up a gem in **Andrew Carr**, a professional recording engineer from Toronto who also moonlights as the drummer in the band the Russian Futurists.

"It was the weirdest thing," Andrew remembers, "I was looking for some freelance work on Craigslist, a little summer job before the Futurists go on tour in the autumn, and I found this seemingly random post for a recording job at a summer camp."

Andrew, having never worked at a summer camp, and Tamakwa, having never had a recording program, were a perfect fit.

"They weren't exactly sure how they were going to run the program or

really what they were going to need for the program," says Andrew, 30. "So I just made a wish list of equipment that would make the program run smoothly and produce good recordings. They were more than generous in getting what I suggested."

Andrew, who now lives and works in Toronto, grew up in Owen Sound. He attended Columbia Academy in Vancouver for Digital and Analog Recording. He's worked professionally in various recording studios in Canada including in Toronto where he's currently working freelance. The recording program at Tamakwa however, would bring Andrew to a whole new set of clientele – children.

That however did not phase Andrew as he's a natural with kids.

"In fact, that was the primary reason I hired him," Craig recalls. "I remember interviewing two other guys for the position who just did not have it in themselves to work with kids. And then here comes Andrew, and the first thing he does while waiting for his interview is to play with Nate (Craig's then 8-month-old son). I mean that just showed me right off the bat that Andrew was the one for us."

Andrew dove head first into Tamakwa like Pete Rose stealing second. During the summer, the light in the recording studio never seemed to turn off. He was a busy fellow. A regular day had him working with three periods of individual choice,

two cabins of block schedule and he worked the "in-between periods" of the day such as rest hour, general swim, twilight, usually going to bed around midnight after late night sessions.

During his sessions with the kids, Andrew encouraged them to write their own songs and was incredibly successful. "I never expected there to be so much talent at a children's residential summer camp," says

Andrew. "I was greatly impressed."

For the most part, songs developed around such obvious topics as their cabin groups, their trips, activities and adoption of their cheers. Other popular activities at recording included making hip-hop sounding beats using the digital instruments included on the recording software, recording commercials, and telling stories.

One of Andrew's top three summer stories

revolve around a recording session with two Foresters. "They were debating about whether to record a song about ninjas or shrimp," says Andrew. "I've never heard two people discuss the finer details of ninjas and shrimp the way these two were trying to convince the other of their topic. In the end, they compromised and now I have this great story of Ninjashrimp." Carr and the boys put a music track to accompany the story and the track will be available on the summer CD.

It's not only the campers who were able to record their own work. Staff and camp programming also benefited from the recording studio. Colour War breaks, musicals, all-days have all been augmented by Andrew's studio magic.

Sitting in during a session with Andrew, it was easy to see why he was in such demand. He moved around the small 8 x 15 studio with professional ease. Camp's favourite Transpo brothers Jared and Levi Barnes (see article on Page 12) were in recording vocals for one of their own original compositions. Andrew carefully adjusted a microphone in front of Levi who was recording some vocal overdubs. He then sat at the control panel and directed the Barnes' into action. Andrew knew the sound the brothers were trying to create and pushed the boys into their best.

"We've gone into studios before and not had near the success in a third of the time that we've had with Andrew," Jared enthusiastically offers in between takes. "This guy is the best."

And what are the other summer stories in Andrew's top three? He answers with a laugh, "I think that those two can only be told off the record."

I do...

Taking the matrimonial plunge on the Slope

Not long after campers departed the shores of South Tea for another year, Tamakwa went into its annual post-season mode, hosting various groups over a four-week period. They

ranged from former Tamakwans exalting in Post-Camp bliss in late August (see page 14) to various school groups and a company's staff members using the site as a nature retreat in September.

It's a great time to be in Algonquin Park, when the trees are flush with Indian summer colours, the mosquitoes are gone and the Northern Lights are at their vibrant best. For years now, Tamakwa has opened its doors to groups that rent the site.

What made this year's post-season most noteworthy were the two open-air weddings that took place at camp on

successive weekends in the late summer.

First to exchange marital vows on the Slope were **Erin MacNaughton** and **David Sumner**. About 150 people came for the wedding weekend. They filled the Slope as the bride and bridesmaids arrived by pointer for the ceremony. It was followed by a barbecue dinner and a late night campfire with a variety of snacks.

A week later, **Paul Porter** and **Chris Maclean** tied the knot. The Friday evening ceremony was followed by a BBQ dinner and a late night campfire. About 75 guests attended. Music was provided by a high energy Irish band.

In both cases, the marital weekends were rife with outdoor activities, hikes, music, great food, and lots of schmoozing in an ideal setting.



Staying in touch

No one could say it better than Unca Lou, as reflected in this letter he wrote 65 years ago during World War 2 to Omer Stringer who was overseas in the Canadian Air Force

Among his many attributes, Tamakwa founder **Lou Handler** was a great communicator, both verbally and in writing, both at camp and during the off-season. Little surprise then that he published a regular newsletter for Tamakwans, starting in the early years of camp in the late 1930s. He did it of course without the facilities we take for granted today, such as computers, desktop publishing software, digital photography and high-speed offset colour printing.

Still, the content was no less engaging. Case in point is an issue of the *Tamakwa Newsletter* published in October 1944. At the time, World War 2 was still raging, providing a somber backdrop to everyone's reality. It was even felt in the *Tamakwa Newsletter*.

In this particular issue published nearly 65 years ago, Lou chose to include a letter he had just written to Omer Stringer, his longtime friend and business partner with whom he founded Tamakwa in 1936 (and father of David Stringer). When the letter was written, Omer was serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force overseas as part of Canada's efforts to defeat the Nazis and other Axis powers.

Despite the passage of time, Lou's letter to Omer retains its poignancy, especially for Tamakwans. That's why we're featuring it here in the *South Tea Echo*, along with Lou's introduction to the letter as published in the *Tamakwa Newsletter* at the time.



As published in the *Tamakwa Newsletter*, October 1944

Dear Gang,
A few days ago, I had the thrilling pleasure of receiving a letter from our old friend and fellow Tamakwan, Omer Stringer. He is a Radio Navigator with the Royal Canadian Air Force, and at the time of his letter, he was stationed in India. Those of you who knew Omer remember the wonderful way he had of telling stories and making word pictures so vivid that you could almost reach out and touch them. Well, his letter is just like that, only more so.

Omer has been in the Canadian Air Force for more than four years, and in that time, he has been all over the world and back again. Those of you who were at Tamakwa in 1942 will remember him, for on his last furlough home, he spent most of his time at camp, paddling and sailing and breathing deep of the clean forest air he loved so well.

I wrote him a letter in return, and tho it isn't much of a letter, I thought you might like to be kept up to date, so I'm including it in this letter to all of you. Here it is:

My dear, dear Omer,
I have just reread your letter, your singularly beautiful letter, in which you have managed to write so very much of what has happened with you in the more than two years since we have seen each other.

You go so very quickly over the routes you have traveled, from Miami to Louisiana to Texas to the West Indies, to Arabia, to fabulous India, to Burma, to North Africa, to all the far off mysterious corners of the earth. My heart chokes up with pride and an unknown emotion when finally you say, in the same

spirit of humility which I feel, that after it's all over, after the bitterness, the loneliness, the terribleness of the death and devastation which your eyes and heart have seen and felt – after all this, you ask for nothing better than to be back where first we met and became friends.

In your own words: "I would exchange it all for a black and white canoe – a cherry paddle – and a long cabin at Tamakwa and the chance to forget that it ever happened."

Yes, Omer I can heartily subscribe to all of that, but the last thought – for I feel very strongly that we the living, owe it to those who have died, those who have made the great sacrifice of losing all that had been theirs, home and loved ones and even more. We the living, must not forget. We must remember the bitterness and the travail, and the uncounted millions who live and are yet to be born, who look to us for a better chance than we had, a chance to live, without killing.

Forgive me, Omer, for digressing, for you know that I don't mean to preach – and I know you don't mean to run away and hide, when you have already sacrificed so much. Reading your letter, which is written so vividly, makes me keenly aware of the years which have gone by – the distances we have covered since first we met on that sunny, cool spring day on Buck Lake way back in 1936.

The years have added a good deal to your stature, Omer. I can tell that from the manner of your writing. You can be sure that I'm looking forward ever so eagerly to the time when we can at long last take off our respective uniforms – your Canadian grayish-blue, and my American olive-drab –

and put on the colorful, soft, comfortable clothing of the woods. Won't that be a day!

When we can shake hands again, and look into each other's eyes, we'll find the friendly warmth that will be there. Yes, it will be a day for the books and certainly worth looking forward to.

But, Omer, you'll want to know something of our future plans for Camp Tamakwa – something of the ideas which have come to me, through my experiences of the past two years and through the jobs I have held as an Officer of the U.S. Army. So without further ado, here goes:

First, on the docket, is the building of a huge 5,000 to 7,000 gallon water tank up on Ranger Hill. That being the highest place around should give us excellent water pressure by gravity anywhere we wish to go, for the showers and water-closets and wash basins we are building right in or adjacent to the cabins. We'll build that tank out of concrete, reinforced with steel and build a roof over it, as we did on the present one.

Next on the program is the building of a new kitchen in back of the Main Lodge right next to the Icehouse, connected through the double doors of the Lodge, by means of a short six to eight foot hallway. The kitchen will be 30' x 30' in size, and will have three stoves similar to our present one. There will be lots of hot water, and plenty of space and electric lights, and what with the taking down the partition in the Dining Hall, we'll have lots of room for the larger group of boys and staff which will greet us on our first season back.

Thirdly, we will have ten more black and white canoes from Chestnut – making a grand total of 36,

and at least two more sailing dinghies, maybe four – and lots of canoe trip equipment, which will keep you busy. I have an idea for a paddle rack, made out of solid round log (we'll discuss that later), a separate canoe trip cabin, and no doubt you'll have lots to add to those ideas.

The fourth big project will be to build a new Medicine Lodge on the small island in Transportation Bay, right behind the boathouse and in front of the first Log Stable you built for our team, Kate and Harry. That little island will be all cleared off and a rustic bridge will be built to it from the Yeoman section, and the old Medicine Lodge will be our new office and headquarters.

One thing you'll want to do, Omer, is to learn to drive one of the Amphibious Trucks – known as Ducks to the Army – for I'm planning to get one for our Tamakwa. You'll certainly see how valuable it will be to us in a multitude of ways. Another thing we'll have will be an air compressor with spray painting attachments for painting and varnishing canoes and boats, re-staining all the buildings, etc.

But the ideas I have in my head, Omer, the plans I have written down, the organization and staff which I have in mind would take much longer to write about than time will permit. Anyway, we'll have a chance to talk about them in person one of these days, and it cannot come too soon for either of us.

In fact, Omer, we are hoping that the season of 1945 will see Camp Tamakwa opened up again, to its family of boys who have never grown away from it, and plans are now being laid toward that end. I can't tell you more now, but will certainly write as soon

as I can give you definite word that I know you'll want to hear.

In closing, I want to take this time, Omer, to thank you for your kind wishes for the future happiness of my wife and I. We've made a good start, and I am fortunate in being able to go home for a short leave during the time of our first anniversary. You may be assured, too, that I shall extend your very best wishes to my father and mother who spent two weeks, incidentally, at Tamakwa in August and early September. In fact, I

am going to tell all of our Tamakwans that you'd like to hear from them and I'll give them your address.

Here it is, gang: R 165277 O. Stringer, 354 Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force, India Command.

You know, too, that Edie Brooks is in New Guinea, that Nor Brovitz is there also, and that Sid Brawer took a wife unto himself. There is so much more to write, that it will take at least another newsletter to do it. Your job is waiting for you at Tamakwa, Omer, so hurry back and keep that rendezvous with destiny.

They are never quite the same again

More than 35 years later, John Fanning's words resonate stronger than ever

Unca Lou was nothing if not consistent. He always loved to send out interesting camp-related material to Tamakwans via his newsletters and other mailings. In early January 1973, he sent a two-page *Tamakwa Newsletter* (Number 3815) to camp families and staff. It consisted mostly of a piece entitled *Why Canoe Tripping?* It was written by then Tamakwa Tripping Director John Fanning.

Despite the amount of time that has elapsed since John wrote it, his words are as relevant today – perhaps more so – as they were back in 1973. His piece certainly does not come across as dated. Which just goes to show you how powerful and timeless canoe tripping in Algonquin Park is for young people, and why it remains such a fundamental part of Tamakwa.



First published in the *Tamakwa Newsletter*, January 1973

Why Canoe Tripping?

By John Fanning

Throughout the course of human history, man has delighted in pitting his strength and intelligence against the powerful forces of his natural environment. We climb mountains "because they are there." We probe the farthest reaches of the globe in order to savour the thrill of overcoming the obstacles and discovering what is beyond.

But more than this, man prides himself in his ability to carve out of the wilderness which he explores a small portion of civilization despite the rigors of the environment. Like Robinson Crusoe, we draw satisfaction from using the natural materials at hand to build a little England on a tropical island.

But for modern youth in an overwhelmingly urban society, where little remains unexplored, where technology is a ready tool, the opportunity to tame the wilderness has become almost unavailable. Perhaps

the last, best chance for young people to meet this challenge lies in the adventure of canoe tripping.

Without the aid of mechanical propulsion, with only the strength of his arm for power, with only those supplies that he can carry on his back, the tripper sets out to wrestle with the environment. There are long days of glorious sunshine when the land permits the comforts of home to be stolen from it: dry bedding, a warm fire, and a good meal. In these days, even the most inexperienced tripper feels secure.

But the rains will come. And if they do not, then some other unforeseen hardship is certain to appear: a portage proves overgrown and impassable; a bear eats the provisions; a paddle is broken or lost.

Suddenly, youths who have lived a very comfortable, protected urban life find that all the affluence in the world, not the family cars, not the colour televisions, not even the maid, can extricate them from their difficulties. There is only one way out: by canoe.

So they are forced to reach within themselves and to call upon inner resources, qualities of character, which they never knew they had. When the trip is over, they invariably come out of the bush with a glow of pride in their faces, a glow that says, "That was tough! But I made it."

They are never quite the same again.



Nothing like Post-Camp

It's remarkable what can happen in a few days when former Tamakwans reunite at the scene of their best summers By LESLIE HARTSMAN

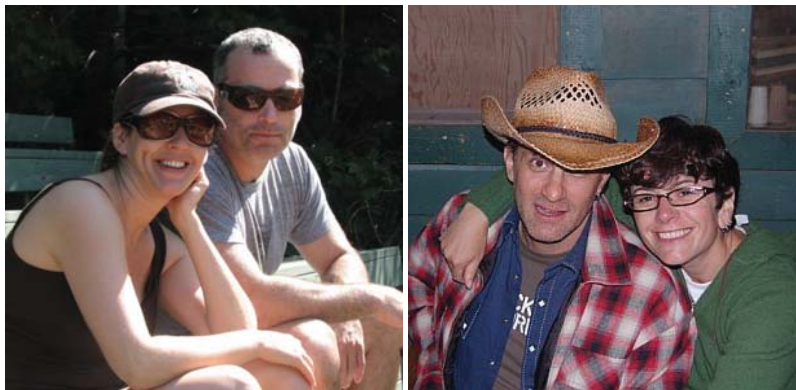
Post-Camp is that amazing time toward the end of the summer when friends, old and new, can come back together for a few days up at Tamakwa, forget all of their daily worries and reminisce about the great times they once had on the shores of South Tea Lake.

And with almost 75 years of positive memories to look back on, there is no shortage of reminiscing. Tamakwa has played an important, sometimes seminal, part in the lives of thousands of campers and staff over the years. Post-Camp is an ideal time to look back and even make more of those memories.

This past summer was no exception. Adding to the usual winning lineup of Post-Camp activities and events, Wakonda came through, delivering spectacular weather to enjoy all that Tamakwa has to offer.

A big how how to all the post-campers for their support and cooperation with Post-Camp 2008. Thanks to – no last names needed – **Vic, Craig and Margot** for giving me the opportunity to organize Post-Camp, and also to **Julie, Sue, Libby, Ric, Ken, Len, Levi, Jared, Behnke, Guy, Mike and Kevin** for all their hard work in making the weekend run as smoothly as it did.

‘Till we meet again...



Placing faces

Readers recognize campers and staff from way back and name names



In the previous issue of the *South Tea Echo*, we published a cabin photo (see above) dating back half a century and invited readers to identify those in the picture. Here are three letters we received:

NAMES FOR THE ASKING

As former Tamakwans, who spent many glorious summers at camp in the late 1950s and early 1960s, we couldn't help but notice some familiar faces in that time-honored photo dating back half a century that appeared in the *South Tea Echo*.

In response to your request for readers to put some names to those great faces in the cabin photo, we believe we can identify five of them: In the back row, 3rd from the left, is Lil Rosen. To her immediate right is Sandy Sandweiss. In the front row, starting from the left is Susan Katz, Wendy Pekoff, Rise Roth while the last two girls remain a mystery.

Wish we remembered more and hope these are right.
Rima Saslove Biback, Toronto
Sharon Gold Lokash, Toronto

HERE'S LOOKING AT ME

The Pioneer cabin picture featured in the *South Tea Echo* (Issue 5, page 4) was probably taken in 1957 or '58. The camper on the far left is Ellen Winer, next to her is me, Wende Peckoff, the girl in the middle is Ellen Weinstein, camper #4 is unknown and on the far right is Marcia Gorsky. I'm not too sure about the counselors. I believe the counselor on the far left is Ruth Rosenthal, next to her unknown, #3 from the left quite possibly Fern Banks and #4 is unknown.

I spent many summers at Tamakwa as a camper and finally as senior counselor for the Senior Girls. By the time I ended my wonderful summers at camp, I was already working in the Buffalo schools as a speech therapist. My memories of Tamakwa are vivid and loving. Two of my very best friends are Tamakwa alumni.

Every summer my thoughts return me to South Tea Lake and the amazing 10+ years I spent there. I am always delighted to read the *South Tea Echo*. Keep them coming.

Best wishes for many summers of sun and fun.
Wende Peckoff Tragash
Buffalo, NY

A DIFFERENT TAKE

In connection with the vintage photo on page 4 of the previous issue of the *South Tea Echo*, the woman of the back row, third from left, is Lil Rosen. The girl on the bottom row right end is none other than Unca Lou's daughter, Jennifer Handler.

Seeing each issue of the *Echo* brings back many memories for me. My father was Tamakwa's camp doctor in 1941, and I was a camper from 1951 to 1959.

Larry (Butchie) Manning
San Rafael, California

• The *South Tea Echo* welcomes letters to the editor and will publish a selection in the next issue. Please send your correspondence to echo@tamakwa.com. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity.



TAMAKWA'S 75th ANNIVERSARY - 2010

The Tamakwa Family will be celebrating our 75th Anniversary next year and we want to share this incredible milestone with all of you.

After reviewing numerous 75th Anniversary questionnaires from so many of our alumni, we are beginning to plan two memorable anniversary celebrations: a weekend up at Camp after the summer of 2010 as well as an event in Michigan in the Fall of 2010.

We will share details via email and our newly created Facebook Group, join now... and please be sure to update us with your new contact information.

We are also looking for more alumni to serve on various 75th Anniversary committees for each event, including: Entertainment, Activities, Food, Souvenirs, Mailing/Advertising/Promotion, and much more. Join us to help make the events surrounding our 75th Anniversary unforgettable.



Tentative Dates: Weekend at Camp - September 24-26, 2010
Michigan Event - October 23, 2010

The look that never goes out of style... Tamakwa Clothing

You can order "official" Tamakwa clothing all year-round at
www.tamakwa.com/clothing.htm

(Please note that depending on the season, there may be limited items and sizes available.)



Watch for a section on our NEW website (coming soon) for Campers, Staff and Alumni to post pictures of Tamakwa clothing being worn at landmarks around the world.





Going the distance

In an increasingly sedentary culture, the fitness program brings added value to camp.

By MIKEY ETHERINGTON

Just because you're at camp doesn't mean you should take a break from staying fit. That's the thinking behind the increasingly popular fitness activity first introduced to Tamakwans in 2006.

Like with all new programs that evolve in their early years, the fitness initiative continued to develop with new additions to the workout structure at camp. I feel honoured to have contributed to that process, having led the activity in 2008.

Fitness is part of life and each activity leader brings fresh ideas aimed at boosting the overall experience for campers. Invariably, the changes reflect the instructor's experience, interests and training. In my case, my background is in combat sports, which revolve around boxing, and back home I'm trained in boot-camp style. No million-dollar weight machine or special devices are required to become a champion athlete other than the surrounding environment and the right mental attitude.

In approaching the fitness program at Tamakwa, I thought what better way to enhance the activity than utilizing the camp's incredible environment. Many campers were enthusiastic with the addition of Slope runs, portaging Grumman's, carrying weighted trip bags, and other such activities that helped them get in shape for an upcoming canoe trip. These workouts were done with the help of **Sloane Wolf**, the other fitness staff member, who shared my interest in making sure our campers had fun while getting fit. Given her area of expertise – yoga/pilates – Sloane helped bridge the gap in interest between the boys and girls at camp.

Most gratifying for Sloane and me was the interest campers showed for the activity. Many displayed a natural ability and great determination, giving a hint of their athletic success in the future.

Certain campers stood out in particular. While many think younger Tamakwans are less interested in an activity involving such physical exertion, **Max Tanenbaum**

certainly did not conform to such an image. He was there day after day, often uttering one continuous phrase: "I'm not tired. What's next?"

In a similar vein, **Anna Rosenfeld**, first-year 49er showed a real sense of initiative and drive. I was amazed at their determination to portage Grumman's (approx. 1 km) with no signs of quitting.

All campers involved in fitness knew what they were in for and had an amazing time pushing the limits of what they were capable of. On silver days when many camp activities were cancelled, fitness was always operative, offering a good workout in the rain. Most memorable were the senior boys, who one time in August were finishing up a circuit workout when it began to pour. Undeterred, they stayed to finish the workout, making a great moment out of a schlect day.

Music of course can enhance getting fit and it's no different at camp. If there was one song that stood out during the summer, it would have to be "Shout". Surprisingly, it's a great warm-up song that we used to get campers ready for the workout ahead.

Despite the aches and moans that campers may experience during a workout, they learn to appreciate the benefits of leading a healthy lifestyle. It's inspiring to see campers lined up, during individual choice sign up, choosing fitness. No one is forcing them to want to work out and in this day and age, it's reassuring to see children so willing to want to be healthy. The amazing thing about fitness is that it carries on with you throughout your life and is also the source of wonderful memories and friendships. I know that was the case for me in terms of the campers and staff members that signed up for fitness last summer and went the distance with it.

• *Mikey Etherington was the fitness activity leader at Tamakwa in 2008. He is currently studying Kinesiology at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ontario.*

Doing Tamakwa proud

The best qualities of campers rise to the occasion when intercamp pits Tamakwa against others in sporting competitions. By MICHAEL FENKELL and MATT ORENSTEIN



Situated in the heart of Tamakwa there lies a deck. Known affectionately as the Plat-Forum, it's comprised of inter-locking, high-impact SportCourt tiles that minimize the risk of injury, decrease fatigue, and reduce stress to the muscles and joints.

To the untrained eye – and to the many parents who snap pictures of it on Visitors Day – this venue is merely a plastic surface for recreation, a place of fun and games. To the true Tamakwan, however, the Plat-Forum is a battleground, a modern day Coliseum where green and white blood is shed in the spirit of athletic competition and Tamakwa supremacy. The Plat-Forum is a dual hockey rink/basketball court where Tamakwa hosts some of its intercamp activities at least twice a month. It's a place where legends are born and history is made as well as a haven for delusional 20-something collegians, like the authors of this article, to relive their most epic childhood moments vicariously through their campers.

Given the magnificent nature that envelops it, this is no ordinary sports site. The open-air Plat-Forum has a great view of South Tea Lake and is surrounded on three sides by countless trees. Several times this past summer, during and after staff hockey games, where I [Michael] would stop and

think of how fortunate I was to play the greatest game on earth in such a beautiful setting. It's a surreal experience that has remained a lasting memory for me throughout my life and without a doubt motivates me – and many other Tamakwans – to return to the Plat-Forum year after year.

It's only right to thank all the athletes who competed on the Plat-Forum during intercamp this past

Northland.

All four inter-camps – two in July, two in August – at Tamakwa and at Manitou produced great memories and experiences that not only we as coaches will remember forever, but likewise also for those campers who had the privilege to represent the green and white.

Not only will the athletes who participated never forget their intercamp experiences, they'll

among summer camps will continue to grow stronger as the camper athletes who once competed become coaches and instructors.

This past summer, we have tried our best to continue the longstanding tradition that Tamakwa's Plat-Forum promotes – a place filled with loyalty, love, laughter, joy, emotion, sportsmanship, charisma, effort, dedication, commitment, consistency, and most notably, passion.

We have competed for years on the Plat-Forum, abiding by these traditions and values (listed above) and know that not only will we continue to compete in every athletic environment with these same characteristics but also take them with us wherever we go, in every facet of life.

For myself, the plat-forum is a sacred domain. It is a place of enchantment for



summer. Let it be known that every coach was proud of the effort and undying Tamakwan spirit each athlete demonstrated at Tamakwa or at Camp Manitou. We both agree that the athletic competition in '08 was at an all-time high. There are many reasons why.

First off, Tamakwa participated for the first time in a 10-team basketball tournament at Camp Northland and ended up beating Camp Winnebago in the finals in an OT thriller. Also, Tamakwa participated in its first-ever 4-team floor hockey tournament at

especially remember winning, in addition to the tryouts and practices. Each athlete who competed for Tamakwa knows that the will to win means nothing without the will to prepare.

This is something that we as sports staff tried to impress upon our athletes on a day-to-day basis. Tamakwa's intercamp program promotes a culture of winning and sportsmanship that has been passed on down from generation to generation. With each successive year, the importance of this program along with the value of athletic competition

hockey players and basketball players alike. Sure, there are the occasional intense moments but anyone who has competed or played on the surface possesses a certain soft spot for those forgivably unforgiving green and red (and gray) polypropylene tiles.

Even after our professional relationship with Tamakwa has culminated, I know that, as with Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen will have the United Center, we will always have the Plat-Forum. The question is, which one of us is Jordan?