

Chickawah Chirps



VOL. LX NO. 2

Camp Chickawah, Harrison, Maine

August 9, 1975

CHEERS FOR RETURNING TRIPPERS!

GOOD TIMES HAD BY ALL!

*** TRIBE SWIM MEET ***

by Peter Scherr

This years swim meet was exciting from beginning to end. Well run by all of the officials, it went quickly and smoothly. The Aymara tribe was often in the lead, but Tarasco pulled out ahead in the open relay and won the meet. The Araukanian was ~~third followed by Toltec.~~

The advisors commented: Ted Abrams of Toltec, "Our team gave their 100 percent which is all I could have asked from them." Jim Colbec (Tarasco) "The team did very well and proved that we will soon be #1!" Rob Highland (Aymara) "I was very proud of my team. We led the meet during most of the afternoon and showed the others we have a powerful team!" Gary Arkin: (Araukanian) "The spirit, competitiveness and closeness of the swim meet is indicative of the growing intensity of Tribes. One can only expect so much from a team, yet our tribe continues to excel accomplishing their own difficult goals. Their showing in the swim meet is one example of this desire to win." (Ed. Note: that last coach is a reticent speaker)

There were three divisions: AAA for bunks 13 & up, AA bunks 7-12, A bunks 1-6. The results were: Freestyle AAA 50 yard, Jason Scherr, AA 25 yd. Greg Reichman-Aymara, A 25 yd. David Blowitch-Tarasco. AAA 50 yd. breast, Michael Rabinovitch, AA 25 yd. back, Peter Scherr-Aymara, A 25 yd. backstr. David Tenenbaum-Aymara. AAA 50 yd. backstroke, Greg Ellis-Tarasco. A 25 yard flutter kick, David Eisenman-Araukanian. A 25 yd. breast, Robbie Soltz-Araukanian. A flutter for distance, Jeff Rosen-Araukanian. Open Relay 175 yds. Mike Rabinovich, Pete Ellis, Jeff Grant, David Blowitch, Glenn Singer, Mike Friedman, Jason Scherr- Tarasco. Other Araukanian relay winners were: AAA. Barry Simon, Mike Pilson, Geof Tager, & David Gomprecht. AA. Arthur Friedman, Jeff Buchsbaum, Bruce Bromberg, Ian Elias, & Mark Rechler. A-Aymara, Derek Volk, Andy Willis, Jeff Krupman, D. Tenenbaum. Greg Ellis won 25 yd. fly & Friedman & Jacobson AA 25yd. breast.

Montreal: by Jim Weinstein

This year all campers from the senior house and the C.I.T.'s and C.A.'s went to Montreal. While in Montreal the seniors stayed in the YMCA. Conveniently located near the main thoroughfare, St. Catherine St., we were in the heart of the city.

We arrived late in the afternoon, checked into the Y, and ate dinner. After dinner everyone saw Moonraker, the new James Bond "007" movie. The next day was spent at Man and His World, Expo '67, followed by an Expos doubleheader.

The Expos played the Cardinals. The Cards won the first game on a grand-slam home run by Keith Hernandez. The second game was won by the Expos. Ellis Valentine of the Expos played two excellent games to give the fans a real treat on his birthday. On Tuesday we took a guided tour of the Olympic stadium complex which held the Veleidrome swimming complex and stadium.

Wednesday morning was a lazy morning and we left at noon. A fun time was had by all. (Ed. Note: We hear the lady life-guard at the YMCA pool gave a party when they left.)

Quebec: by Scott Saltman.

On our first day in Quebec, we did a little sightseeing. We walked on the boardwalk and we went through an art alley. The second day we visited St. Anne de Beaupre. This is a beautiful church known for its healing powers. Some of us also visited the old fort. The guards stood amazingly still. We went home stomachs full of food and bags full of souvenirs.

The Appalachian Trail: by Andy Klaff.

On July 30, 6 campers and 2 counselors set out for the Appalachian Trail. They were: Mitchell Kaye, Doug Chernoc, Michael Laskawy, Greg Friedman, Andy Klaff, and Larry Ostow. The counselors were Gary Wolf and Chubby Chucker (Chuck Kushit).

We left camp at 10:00 and got there at around 12:00 and had lunch, our favorite bologna and butter sandwich. (cont. P. 2)

CHICKAWAH CHIRPS

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Editorial
 ***MAKING THESE TWO WEEKS COUNT**

Some days go by and we don't even notice them. A week can slip away without a memory; and camp days move quickly growing shorter as they go. How can we make two short camp weeks count as special days to remember?

Tell a camp friend its been fun while we have time together; patch up a quarrel; try a new skill; choose a new elective; visit a new workshop; finish an old project; and wherever we are, give our best effort, and we will make these two weeks count.

Moe and Betty

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 EDITOR'S MAILBAG



Dear Editor,

It has come to our attention that one of your campers is a liability. The first time he went into town there was a blackout in all of the food stores.

The next time the bunk went into town he stayed back to play tennis. Of course, the lights blew out on the courts as he started to serve.

Catastrophe struck on the next town night. The lights at the racquet ball court went out, and as he ordered at Goodwins, there was another power failure. At Marios there was plenty of light. (he didn't order)

On his last trip outside of camp, he attracted 100,000 volts of electricity. He stood near a tree on the golf course which was hit by lightning.

Insurance risks necessitate that you notify the Police, Insurance Companies, and us when Richard Mandelbaum next leaves camp.

Hoping to still shine brightly,

CMP
 Central Maine Power

Publisher's Note:

Was he under the tree before after or during the lightning?

sandwiches. After we filled our canteens we started up the mountain. We went 3½ miles up hill and arrived at Lake of the Clouds hut at 4:00. After dinner we started up the first mountain of the Presidential Range and it was Mt. Monroe. We stayed on top and talked for about ten minutes and by the time we were going down the clouds began to fill in. The next morning we were planning to climb Mt. Washington, but we were suspecting thunder showers so we went around it. By the time we reached the Cog Railroad the sun broke through the clouds so we climbed Mount Clay and to the summit of Mount Jefferson where we had our lunch which was: cheese and crackers, peanuts, raisins, and candy. We went down Jefferson on the opposite side on rocks, and filled our canteens at the spring at the bottom. Then we climbed Mt. Adams and got to Madison hut. That day we hiked 8 miles and passed our 5 mile hike button.

The next day we hiked up Mt. Madison and down and got to the Osgood trail. When we reached timber line it started to pour and we decided not to rest at all. At the end of the trail we had a loud booma-lacka-choo for the mountain climbers. I think we deserved it because we accomplished 8 miles that day and 21½ miles the whole trip.

Boothbay: by Tom Klaff

This year's trip to Boothbay Harbor was better than the previous years. The counselors on this trip were Frank, Teddy, Steve, Marc, Taft, and Dave.

As soon as we reached Boothbay we unloaded our gear at the Burleigh Hill Camp. Then we went into town and visited the various shops. For dinner most people had a well priced lobster, one of Boothbay's specialties.

The next morning we boarded the fishing boat, The Mystery, and our trip was under way. Many people either caught fish or became a bit sick of the sea (namely Bruce Bromberg)

The Chirps cheer to Ted Krupman for catching the first fish, Jon Goldman for the biggest, and Michael Sheitelman and Steve with the most.

Everybody had a good time including Bruce Bromberg who booted over the rail for the majority of the trip which provided extra bait for the fish!

Attitash and Cannon Mountain:

by Neil Turitz and Brad Solmsen

On Monday morning bunks 1-4 and others left for the Attitash slide. After we went down a few times we ate lunch. Then we did a little shopping. After, we got on the bus to go to Cannon Mountain. We went up in a Cable Car. When we got off we went up to the observation tower, and got back on the cable car to go down. At the bottom there was a store where we bought fudge. We ate dinner at Marios pizza. The next day we went to the beach and the waves were high and we had a lot of fun. end.

*** BUNK 9'S HIDEWAY ***

by Bruce Wilpon

On July 9th all of bunk 9 went to the campsite. We went with everything anybody could think of. When we got to the campsite we started the fire and sang songs. Also we played campfire games. At 11:00 we went to bed, but not to sleep. Ten minutes went by and then it happened. Doug and Andy K. came and raided our tent. Wedgies and all other fun things were done. Then the tents collapsed mysteriously. One of the metal poles that holds the tent fell on Robby Geen's finger so we had to go to the nurse. On the way we saw a strange sight. In Frank's bus there were candles and we didn't see Frank. In other words, we were spooked out.

On the way back to the campsite we had to run past the bus so we would not get scared. We ended up all sleeping in one tent, and that was the end of an exciting night with bunk 9.

*** WORLD CUP SOCCER ***

by Greg Ellis

This year's World Cup Soccer is very similar to last years. There are twelve teams in four divisions with sixty four campers involved. The major difference is that this year each team only plays two games in regular season instead of four as in past years and the teams are once again named after countries instead of English 1st division clubs. The rule changes have increased the participation of all of the players and competition seems close. Several rule changes have eased the burden of refereeing and this has helped to make the games played and not argued over.

This years race for the cup is expected to be a close exciting event.

Ed Note: Watch for the play off stages chart on the Mess Hall bulletin board.

*** T E N N I S *** by Chip

Ken Goldberg &
Richard Mandelbaum

Let's all give a booma-lacka-choo to Uncle Moe for giving the tennis program of '79 a real boost. The two major improvements; the lights and the new surface, enable us to play matches on late nights. The 30,000 watt bulbs that can stay on for six hours let us play competition matches against other camps. The new surface creates smoother play.

Camp Tennis Tournament 16's, 13's and counselors are all under way. The favorites have won so far with a few upsets, one of them being the counselor Open...Arkin over Mal Brown.

With good weather much has been accomplished in private lessons & group.

*** COUNSELOR INTERVIEW ***

by Arthur Friedman

Hi everyone and welcome to another year of counselor interview. This year I talked with Frank Cole.

Frank was born in Hartford, Conn. As a kid Frank loved sailing. He continued to work on his sailing skills, and now he is not only an expert in sailing, but also in boating, canoeing, and swimming. Frank went to Yale University where he studied English. He is a writer and has been published. He is very versatile and has written on all topics. Frank said, and I quote "I'll write anything people want to read."

Many questions have popped up about Frank's bus. When he got the bus two years ago it was merely a broken down old bus, but Frank got it to work mechanically and repainted it, and the whole job was finished in two months. From that day on, Frank has lived in the bus on a friend's property. He chose a bus over a house because he has no rent, mortgage, taxes, or utility bills, and in this way was able to pay for college.

The bus contains a desk, workbench two chairs, table, dressers, one bed, stereo, tapeplayer, 50 cassettes, 300 albums and 2000 books! In case you would like to see this for yourself, you can, with Mickey's permission, tour the bus. (with Frank of course)

Frank shares the ownership of Chicago with his brother's ex-girl friend. The last two summers, she was kept with her in Maine. But this summer she can't pick up Chicago until the beginning of August. The only problem is, this year she wants to take Chicago to California and keep her there forever! Frank feels this is cruel to the dog. Don't you think Chicago belongs with Frank? I do!

Frank used to work for the Red Cross and taught boating, canoeing, and sailing, and swimming. Presently, he lives in Madison, Conn. and works as a substitute (permanent) teacher for the 6, 7, and 8th grades.

And that's the way it is, August 1979. This is Artie Friedman, until next year, Goodbye.

***WORDFIND ***

by Jeff Stern

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