



VOL. 33 NO. 4 - CAMP TIMLO-DIAMOND PT. N.Y. - AUGUST, 1967

11 HONOR BRAVES CHOSEN

During the last week of camp, 11 outstanding campers were chosen for their accomplishments and voted by their peers to become Timlo Honor Braves. After everyone in camp had retired for the night, the old Honor Braves set out to wake the newly chosen eleven and led them to the traditional "Buffalo Pit" for a steak dinner and initiation ceremonies.

These Honor Braves who have exemplified the spirit of friendliness, cooperation, sportsmanship and effort in their activities and associations at Timlo are the following: Tom Newman; Jimmy Weil; Joel Russo; Jamie Shepherd; Jim Hessberg; Ethan Bixby; John Oppenheim; Don Slingerland; Kenny Gurrentz; Dave Garber; John Crystal.

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LAKE GEORGE CLUB HOSTS TENNIS TEAM

This year we had a tennis meet at the Lake George Club. Our tennis team drove down and warmed up while the opposing team straggled in. In singles Tony Dwyer beat his opponent 8-3. John Lancaster also won his match but Dick Stroh was handed a defeat. In doubles, Mark Cerasano and Hank Elitzer lost 8-3 and Dick Stroh and Marc Freed battled hard for a 8-0 loss. Jimmy Morris and John Newman ended up without opponents and became spectators. When the scores were added, the Lake George Club had won 3-2.

LAST WEEK GOES FAST...

Camp Timlo 1967 finished its Summer season with a week full of special events. Tribal competition for the year reached its climatic end with the closing of the Wampus game and the reading of the Timlogs. The Cherokee tribes took top honors for the diary contents while the Blackfoot cover gained 1st prize. Still and all, the Sioux Tribe was triumphant for the year.

The last week also held time for the final Brother-Sister Day with Pine Log Camp. As usual, friendly competition and visiting was the rule of the day.

It was carnival time the Saturday evening before parents arrived. The 10 cabins and the C.I.T.'s all constructed and ran imaginative booths. Counselor sponge throws and a cabin fun house made the biggest hits on campus. Profits from the games were utilized the following night, when the cabins held their final get-togethers in the form of private parties. The hot dogs were plentiful and the root beer flowed free to finish out an eventful week and a full summer.

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for you!!

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SIoux WINS WAMPUS

"Wampus! Wampus! Wampus!" "There he goes! Get him!" "I've got it!"---and the Wampus changes hands again. This year the Wampus began later than usual, so the tribes were forced to work harder and faster to gain points from the game. The rules for this complicated but exciting tribal game, could fill a thick book; but within a couple days, every camper was reciting them by memory. The general idea of the game is that a piece of wood, called the Wampus, is hidden in the camp woods. The tribe that finds

this Wampus wins possession and must show their possession by displaying the symbol before the camp without being caught. If this tribe is caught, they loose the Wampus; if they are not they win points.

The Sioux found the Wampus first this year and kept it a long time, making several points for the tribe. The Cherokee got the Wampus after the Sioux, but lost it to the Blackfeet who mad several points.

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TRIBAL CHIEFS SPEAK

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CHIEF'S MESSAGE - SIOUX

I am proud to say that during this camp season I have been chief of the spirited Sioux tribe. From the braves in cabin one to the older braves of cabin ten we have shown that through cooperation and teammanship a tribe can start out strong and continue to hold the lead through the majority of the season. The Sioux tribe of 1967 showed true Indian enthusiasm from our first tribal council fire to our last athletic competition. A team wins only if each member donates to the victory a little of himself. This year's tribe was such a tribe, from Ross Freed tugging on my shirt and telling me about his latest scheme to Phil Oppenheim meeting me on the way to the lighthouse and telling me the sure bet for a successful wampus showing.

A great deal of thanks goes to the worthy medicine Chief, Steve Hessberg and my worthy assistant chief, Chuck Coates. The three of us enjoyed working with the tribe very much. Thanks also goes to Ken Gurrentz, the editor of the Timlog and Eric Kleinberg for our cover. To each brave goes a thank you for a job well done.

From the uncus to the wampus the Sioux tribe has performed honorably. Through victory or defeat the Sioux behaved as always -- with honor.

RICK BUSH

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BLACKFOOT CHIEF

Tribal competition this year has been a bit different from the past due to the variety of activities. I feel the wider range of competition has given a greater chance to each camper to prove and use his abilities for his tribe. The competition has been intense but fair, and for this I feel all the braves, chiefs and staff are responsible. I have enjoyed being chief and have been proud of the Blackfoot accomplishments on several occasions. I wish to thank Peter Starkweather and Jeff Cerasano for their assistance, the brave of the Blackfeet for their enthusiastic participation and the Sioux and Cherokee for their competition.

RICH MARTIN

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CHEROKEE CHIEF

It has been a very good year. My tribe has had an unusually hard struggle attaining the few conquests that they have made. There have been many ups and downs but more downs than ups for us. We started out on the top then slowly faded into the background from the tough but superior foe. My braves have met every barrier with honor and even in defeat have carried this tribal honor throughout the year. I have tried to stress two things during this tribal war. Always do your best and play fair. If one can honestly say that he has put forth all his effort, that is all anyone can ask. They deserve a lot of credit, for a job well done.

I wish all of my braves peace in the future, best of luck and may God be with you in all your future endeavors of life.

RUNNING ROBIN

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SP'S SENIOR LEAGUE CHAMPS

This summer, every camper was a member of a league. The leagues were divided into the three areas of camp---junior, intermediate and senior. Each team competed with the other teams in that age bracket in several athletic skill games. The leagues were a great success, even the losing teams benefited from the experience they gained. In the senior league, the champion team was the SP's, winning with a 3-0 record.

Four teams competed in the intermediate leagues. The Timlo Tigers, coached by Peter Starkweather, proved the most formidable as they won the league championship with a 4-1 record. They were followed by the Aztecs, Intrepids and the Modrods. During the season the intermediates competed in soccer, softball and volleyball.

In the Junior league, the Dodgers, coached by Jim Murphy, won; while the other three teams tied for second place. Their names were the Yankees, Giants and Pirates. This year was fun for all.

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"WAMPUS"

The Cherokee then gained possession of it. While hold it they made successful showings. The Sioux again gained possession by virtue of Mike McCarthy having found the Cherokee hiding place. Then the Sioux was forced to forfeit it, due to an

infraction of the rules. Later Cherokee Don Slingerland found it and made one more successful showing. The same events with the Sioux were repeated. The tribe to be in final possession of the Wampus was the Cherokee. And so the game went, "Wampus! "Wampus! "Wampus!!"

CANOE TRIPPERS COVER 60 MILES

Once again this year, on July 24th, 14 campers and 2 C.I.T's headed by 3 counselors set out on Timlo's annual Racquette River Trip.

After a brief lunch on the northern shore of Long Lake the trippers began their five day paddle. Later during the day the wind picked up and the hard paddling trippers became leisure-loving sailors. On the first night a camp site was chosen on Long Lake.

A brisk wind comforted the campers as they awoke the next morning. After a hearty breakfast prepared by chef Alan Moore, they departed.

The boys arrived at the head of Racquette River amid short downpours. Soon the hardest part of the trip, the portage, began. After everyone had displayed his great physical prowess by carrying a canoe, lunch was served. The sun came out and Dan Kaenig called it a day.

The following morning the campers awoke to the sound of beats on a ready-made bell. This was the big day! thirty miles was the goal. By the time the day's journey was finished, there lay 19 tired boys on the shore of Tupper Lake.

The next day was like a reward for the tired boys. After sleeping late Thursday morning they paddled to town and then back to the campsite where Craig Sampson and Rex Kirkman led the other boys in a diving exhibition, displaying their wonderful form for all passing motorboats. The boys made a short paddle to Moody and were taken back to camp after an unforgettable five days. The trip was certainly a good experience for both camper and counselor.

MARC FREED

THE SAILING TRIP

Late in the season, 42 campers and 7 counselors left camp under threatening skies to sail to Long Island in Lake George. The group sailed to the island from Cotton Point in the Timlo Camets that were moved to the lake for the trip. A light, but steady breeze, moved the sailors to the island just before the rain came. Fortunately, the tents were dry, although crowded, and no one was more than damp.

long island trip

On August 1st, at 9 A.M., 6 fearless counselors and 26 fearful campers set out for Long Island in Lake George. They arrived at Long Island at 10 A.M. whereupon it rained for an hour.

After setting up camp, all went for a swim. The swimming area was a half mile from camp, near the sailor's camp. After lunch, several campers went for a nature hike around the island. Following supper, everyone joined in a game of "red-rover". Dan Koenig popped corn over the campfire that everyone helped eat until "taps" and bedtime.

The next morning greeted the young campers with the first sunshine of the trip, followed by a warm, bright and breezy afternoon. Several of the fishermen in the group tried out the fish, which seemed eager to be hooked but were too small to count. Besides fishing all day, everyone visited the sailing trip boys from Timlo, who were across the island, had supper and played the usual game of "red-rover".

The following morning, the campers were awakened by a pelting rain and the sound of those who went to sleep under the stars, scurrying for tents. After the rain let up, Larry Kappauf came to the rescue with a boat to take everyone home to dry cabins and hot chocolate. Everyone liked the trip and hope to go back some day.

JOHN OPPENHEIM

Thank you for all your help. I miss you, honest I do!

me

The next day it rained again, and there was little sailing. The meals were good, though, and everyone swam, fished or relaxed.

The third day was clear and sunny, so the Lake George Club came over with 6 turnabouts for a day of competition. Timlo won the Comet races but were overwhelmed in the turnabouts, this giving the Lake George Club a slight margin.

The last day was very wet and windy, so the boats were left at Long Island and everyone was picked up by Smith's powerboats. Everyone had a good time relaxing despite the high humidity.