

Tecumseh In The 1980's

From 1981 - Camp Director Don McBride was faced with one of the tougher dilemmas in camp history when 14 year old Bill Keffer won the Senior Tecumseh Boy Award in 1981. Traditionally, the Senior Tecumseh Boy Award winner was a 16 year old, occasionally a 15 year old. But the award had never been awarded to someone so young. McBride knew that the award winner is automatically offered a spot on the Tecumseh counsel the following year, but McBride was leery of having a 15 year old counselor. To ease matters, Keffer took the 1982 summer off, then returned as a counselor from 1983 through 1989. Years later, Keffer would jokingly say "I am the only person who has had to miss a summer at Tecumseh as a result of winning the Tecumseh Boy Award."

From 1981 - Pemi Day had to be canceled because Camp Pemi had an outbreak of chicken pox. Many people however believed that Pemi chickened out of the competition since they lost 19-1 in 1979 and by a nearly identical score in 1980. Pemi would turn it around a few years later and capture The Hat in 1984. The 1984 season would be Pemi's first win over Tecumseh since 1970.

From 1983 - Morty Fertel was a camper and counselor at Tecumseh for many years. Like his legendary uncle, Gary Cooper, he aspired to be a high level football player. One summer, Morty purchased a protein mix that was designed to add more muscle to his body. He kept the mix in the Dining Hall and poured some into a glass of milk at almost every meal. Unknown to him however was that the kitchen crew had purchased some Ex-Lax and constantly put it in his protein mix. Ex-Lax is a laxative that helps make it easier for constipated people go to the bathroom. So, instead of putting on more muscle, Morty wound up going to the Widdow more often than any other person at camp that summer.

From Bill Keffer, 1983 - A few days after camp had ended, several counselors were quite bored and decided to take a boat over to Bald Peak and play some golf. The counselors met up with two girls (Cindy Greenawalt and Tinky Thomas) whose families were members at Bald Peak. The girls were nice enough to lend their Tecumseh friends one set of clubs (which was shared by everyone). The counselors included Bill "Chickenhead" Keffer, John McGinley, Bob Gray, Biff Sturla and Brian McBride, among others.

The Tecumseh golfers were totally underdressed for Bald Peak. McGinley wore sneakers, shorts, a baseball catcher's chest protector and a motor cycle helmet, and nothing else. He was a sight to see. Some of the golfing was amazing. While in the middle of the fairway, McBride missed the ball three consecutive times, prompting Keffer to yell, "strike three, you're out Brian." On one shot, McGinley's ball landed near the tree line. His next shot quickly went off course, hit a sign located next to a tree, and zoomed straight back at him, barely missing his head. We thought John was going to be the first person ever killed by his own shot in golf. We laughed about how the motor cycle helmet would probably have saved his life if the ball hit him.

After three holes, the Bald Peak golf pro came flying down hill in his golf cart. He got out and began screaming at us. He paused in mid-sentence for at least five seconds, once he noticed McGinley's attire. We told him that we were guests of the two girls and were therefore allowed to play there. He angrily replied that he would bill the girls' families for our golfing. Finally, we made a deal with him. We would leave if he promised not to charge their families. He wanted us off his course and agreed, provided we left immediately. We decided that three holes of golf was enough for the day, since they took over two hours to play. We joyously headed back to Camp.

From Steve Skillman, 1984 - On the first full day of my second summer at Camp, I broke my collar bone playing lacrosse. I very much wanted to go home, but Mr. Fraser convinced me to stick it out. That is what defines Tecumseh: toughness, perseverance, determination and grit ... and all of it done with the style of a true sportsman and gentleman.

From Rob “Squats” Ryan and Bill “Chickenhead” Keffer, 1984 - Keffer and Ryan decided to go out on the lake in a canoe one day to work on their A.B.T. (All Body Tan). They grabbed the necessary floatation devices and paddles, took their clothes off and started paddling around the lake. After awhile, they both wound up falling asleep in the canoe. They woke up after awhile and quickly realized that they were in an aluminum canoe which was reflecting the sun’s rays onto them. They both wound up with bad sunburn in places where few men ever get sunburned. Keffer went to the infirmary that evening to get something to ease the sunburn pain. Beth Glascott was working in the infirmary that night and gave Keffer some sunburn spray. She also convinced Bill that having sunburn on that part of his body would make his sperm count so low that he would never be able to have children. She convinced him that the sunburn had made him forever impotent. Bill and Rob believed this for several weeks and were horrified about what they had done to themselves. Fortunately, twenty years later, each of them are proud fathers of healthy children.

From Kris Strid, 1985 - The following is a poem that was written by Peter Strid’s mother, Kris. The poem is about her sending Peter off to Camp for the first time. Hers is a very interesting perspective about Tecumseh, one that I am sure many other mothers have experienced over the years.

My Little Big Man

I put him on the bus today with forty other boys.
Will he brush his teeth, wash his hair, pick up his toys?
I longed to hold him tightly and say he couldn't go.
He gets carsick and he sleepwalks,
There are things they just don't know.
Who will make him go to church and read his summer books?
Can they tell he has a fever just by the way he looks?
Will he learn new dirty words, will he sneak out late at night?
Will they make him change his socks, will he ever eat what's right?

But I think about the mess hall nestled in the pines,
The flock of geese we saw there flying overhead in lines,
The deep cool lake, tied up canoes, the floating dock and slide,
Cool mornings in the mountains, learning how to ride.
Campfire tales of Indians whose trails carved through the woods.
The legend of Tecumseh who traded pelts for goods.
We visited the cabins. He tested every bunk.
We bought a lock and flashlight and a brand new four foot trunk.

I put him on the bus today, Peter's on his own.
He and forty others, but I drove home alone.

From Gerry McGinley and Ed O’Brien, 1985 - Perhaps one of the saddest events in Tecumseh history came on July 4, 1985. Several counselors went out on the evening of July 3rd. They met some girls and went back to one of the girls’ houses in Center Harbor. In the early morning hours, they went out in the lake on a boat. The boat was not able to handle the weight of all the people and suddenly flipped over, throwing bodies everywhere into the dark water. In the confusion, Tecumseh counselor Jim Manley became disoriented, went to the bottom of the lake and drowned at the age of 22.

Jim had been a long time camper and counselor at Tecumseh. Four of Jim’s best friends from Tecumseh get together to play golf every Fourth of July weekend in his memory: Gerry McGinley, Mark McGinley, John Gillin and Bob Zullinger. They have been doing this for over 10 years now. In 2001, these four were joined by four other Tecumseh alums at Baltusrol for golf and dinner. Their guests included Jim Manley Sr., Joe McGrath, Peter Jannetta Jr., and Steve Crawford. In 2002, Zully flew in from Canada, Gerry drove in from Connecticut, Gillin drove up from Baltimore and Mark came in from New Jersey, all to play in Jim’s memory at Merion Golf Club in Pennsylvania. Their plans for 2003 are to play their annual match together, up at Bald Peak after camp ends.

From Meg Roe, 1985 - One of the more popular Dining Hall events of the 1980's was the annual "poem" that Meg Roe - wife of Camp Director Richard Roe - would write. Her poems were witty and original, they would poke fun at all the counselors for things they did, or things they were supposed to do, but never did. Troublesome campers also received recognition in her poems. Meg would always write at least one lengthy poem a year. The poems were eagerly anticipated by campers and counselors. Below is her poem from 1985:

My mom, she called the other night
To see how camp is going.
She wondered how Serge settled in.
Did Pete Beede finishing mowing?

I told her all was going well
And some new arrivals came.
Baruch and Brooks, Gilhool and Strid,
And Biff of dubious fame.

The oldies but the goodies
Are hanging in there fine.
Maestro tunes us out and in
While spelling out a sign.

Ted Handy left with fanfare,
Frans and Issy too.
Joel, Huge and Mark Burke
We all must say, "See you."

Dean has new-found respect
Jaime and Andy go south
Kevin Clines' got duty,
Benoit locked shut his mouth.

Gray Jay is aging nicely.
Gab's learning now to box.
Degerberg's Walkman walked off
Colie's hitting rocks.

Terry has his Mary.
George and Vi still woo.
Jim and Dan look happy,
Don wants Shawsie too.

Ed Flintermann was honored
And the Sunbeam honored Len.
John Fraser, Jim Gribbel, and Schneider
"Think" they're muscle men.

Boom-Boom hawks the kitchen,
In the pole-vault pit is Jim.
Lloyd's the opera phantom.
Chris, keep away from Kim.

John Gillin just cried Uncle,
JR is feeling better.
Doug pursues the best tan
But Gilbert just beat Tim Jannetta's.

Erich's chest looks bigger
Than any date of Ed's.
Paul Poiesz's dinner dates all look
Uglier than Megahead's.

The Creamery concession
Is Edna's stock in trade.
Ellie Smith's job is "so" easy,
Why does she want to trade?

Bloomfield finally lost it,
His spot on the lifeguard stand.
Now the new director
Kain O'Neill sits looking grand.

Keffer shares his bed now
With a lunicidal bear.
When the wind is finally blowing,
Bernard is away somewhere.

Bobby loves to tend to
Old widows now in need.
Bob Gray's day off-he shows off,
He's such a studly steed.

Guiseppe lost more mazza balls
Alfredo now speaks Dutch.
Since Lee still limps, he's using
His nose for a crutch.

Rich Roe just pierced his dad's ear,
Steve Crawford white as the moon.
John SMith was heard to lose it
On a group in the waiting room!

Squats can level with campers
And Tim O'Shea is also there.
But Tim sure gets one up when
Sneaking up on the Director's chair.

Bill Mill and Matt "hope" one day
To get in the Counselor's Shack.
Let's hope the Mikado can hold out
Till Sammy Griffin gets back.

And when we think of Jim Manley,
Who lived life without a care,
And we at Tecumseh are fortunate,
We've a real great supporter up there.

From 1985 - The end of season Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta was *The Mikado*, directed by Sam Griffin. The Mikado was played by Lee Allman. When the Mikado is to make his first entrance on stage, he is to be accompanied by two guards. The guards, played by Bill Keffer and Biff Sturla, were supposed to look big, strong and tough. Both Keffer and Sturla were into weightlifting at the time and fit the job. Before going on stage, they did a hundred pushups and oiled themselves up in an attempt to look more muscular. When the three of them got on stage, Allman and Don Triolo were to sing a very difficult duet that they had been rehearsing all summer. As they started to sing, the crowd began to laugh at the guards. To feed the crowd's laughter, Sturla began to flex his pectoral muscles up and down. The crowd's laughter continued and Stage Director Sam Griffin was furious. He yelled at Biff to stop, but Sam was unable to come on stage and force him to stop. When Biff eventually went off the stage, Sam chewed him out, stating that nobody could hear the very difficult duet that Allman and Triolo had worked on all summer.

From James Degus, 1986 - Although I have a bunch of hilarious camp memories, the most memorable thing to me about Tecumseh is how it changed my life. Not many people know that prior to going to Camp Tecumseh, I was a solid "D" student and had been suspended nine times for bad behavior during my three years at Valley Forge Junior High. I started at Tecumseh in '86 as a senior camper and after my first summer at camp, things turned around. I found structure, direction, and role models who I could identify with at the difficult age of 14. I have always wanted to go on record to thank Tecumseh and the counselors who helped me turn things around. To this day, I credit much of my personal and career success to Camp Tecumseh. A couple of paragraphs on this would not be enough. I plan to be at the Tecumseh Reunion and will happily thank people in person.

From 1986 - There was a sport that became quite popular in the 1980's called "Soccer Made In Harlem." Players were allowed to pick up the ball and run with it while opponents tried to tackle that player. Players were required to let go of the ball when tackled so someone else could pick it up and run with it. To score a goal, players had to head the ball into the goal. They could either throw it to a teammate to head in, or simply run up to the goal and throw it to themselves to head in. The game was usually played in bare feet on a wet day so players couldn't get much traction. The game could be rather violent at times. Two of the more memorable occurrences on the "Soccer Made In Harlem" field were as follows: First was when a couple of counselors came up with a plan to get revenge on a camper who was always a trouble maker and whiner. The counselors offered a dollar to one of the larger, tougher campers named Jimmy Nicholson to get the ball, run up to the unliked camper and simply throw the ball up in the air over his opponent's head. When that camper raised his arms up to catch the ball, Jimmy was to run full steam into the camper and lay him out. Sure enough, Jimmy followed orders and nailed the camper. The victim spent the next 20 minutes crying, but the counselors refused to call a penalty on the play.

The second famous incident in Soccer Made In Harlem occurred when two seniors collided at midfield and both had to go to the hospital. One camper was Dave Beluarte, I can't remember who the other camper was. To the best of anyone's knowledge, this was the last time that Soccer Made In Harlem was ever scheduled.

From David Jannetta, 1986 - We were playing 12 year old soccer on the island at Camp Winaukee, coached by Richie Graham and Biff Sturla (who had just arrived at Tecumseh the day before, to work there for two weeks). We ended up tying the game 1 - 1, our only non-victory in six years of inter-camp competition. Steve Gaffney missed a penalty kick in the second half that could have been the difference. After the game, the Winaukee barge did not come to pick us up from the island for over 30 minutes. By the time the barge arrived, it was pitch dark. While on the boat and heading back to the mainland of Winaukee, we decided to re-enact the storming of the beaches at Normandy. We crouched down as low as possible. When the boat let us off, we dashed onto the beach screaming and banging on all the cabins that were between us and our truck. After about a minute of this, one of the Winaukee Directors stopped us and began screaming at us for waking up the younger campers who were inside the cabins trying to sleep. He reported us to Richard Roe, Tecumseh Director. The next morning, Roe had the entire team remain in the Dining Hall after breakfast. He blasted us for our actions, as well as for not winning the game.

From David McMullin, 1986 - It was the final Sunday morning breakfast. The Dining Hall tables and chairs had been moved out on to the lawn below the Lodge either intentionally by the kitchen crew or by campers the evening before as a prank. Boom Boom (Bob Glascott) made the decision to not move them back in to the Dining Hall for breakfast, probably as a result of being cajoled by Lee Allman, who subsequently parked his freshly painted Toyota Corolla (white with the flyers emblem all over it) in the middle area of the tables, popped in his favorite Frank Sinatra cassette, opened the doors and hatchback, and turned up the stereo volume. Then third bell went, and we enjoyed our last CT meal in the sun, looking out over the lake on a crystal clear August morning, and listened to Frank Sinatra ... Priceless.

From 1986 - One of the more famous articles in *The Sunbeam* was produced in 1986. Long time camper and counselor - and now trustee - Lee Allman, who is of Italian descent, decided to write a trivia page for *The Sunbeam*. He misspelled the title page but did not realize it until after *The Sunbeam* was distributed to the entire camp. He titled the page "Italian's Triva" (note the misspelling). This error outdid *The Sunbeam* cover that came out right after Pemi Day in 1981, when the cover said "16 - 4, We Sweped Pemi." That error was courtesy of camper Chris Young. In 1989, Chris Roe drew a great picture of Chief Tecumseh. Below the picture was the misspelled caption: "A Decade of *Excelece*."

From Ira Miles, 1986 - Many of the memories I have from Tecumseh seem vague to me these days. Instead of being these visual images, my past at Tecumseh seems to be more a collection of emotions. I remember one summer I was having a bit of a bout with homesickness. As Jay Luff is apt to do on such occasions, he grabbed me and Philip Geiger and took us up Red Hill. I don't recall the conversations we had on the way up, but I do recall that Jay carried Phil on his shoulders the whole way. (A feat I don't think many of us could accomplish these days! Phil is huge. It must be the waxed beans!)

When we arrived at the top of Red Hill the view was superb. It was made even better when Jay opened the fire tower and we got the birds eye view! While in the fire tower, Phil and I began to play in the cupboards and sort through maps and the like. In one of the cabinets I found a letter that had been written to me from my grandmother two summers before! I had only been in that fire tower once before. I don't know if Jay knew it was there either, but I have a hunch he did. Everybody loves to get mail at camp. I guess that's true of old mail too. While this memory seems a bit trivial in nature, it made a big impression on me as a young camper. It was the first time I realized how enduring the Tecumseh spirit is and that camp would be here long after I was gone. I don't think that impression was made because of the old letter I found, either. I think it was because of a hike up Red Hill. I also believe that great men like Jay and other counselors before him have made a difference many times before and since.

From Bob Gray, 1987 - The members of *The Sunbeam* staff thought it would be fun to replace the standard, weekly *Sunbeam* newspaper one week with a special "Video Beam." The Video Beam was to be shown in the Opera House one Sunday evening in front of the entire camp, in lieu of the regular newspaper.

Tim O'Shea, Edwin Van Dusen, and myself had several creative ideas for the Video Beam but were not in possession of a video camera, clearly a crucial element if our plans were to be realized. There was one guy on campus who had one but he was somewhat protective of it, could be surly at times, and happened to be the Camp Director. Edwin and I decided that it would be a good idea if Tim, a natural salesman, were to approach the "Mayor" and ask to borrow his camera. Tim would disarm Mr. Roe with his quick wit, we would then film our segments and return the camera unharmed to its owner.

The first part of the plan worked. The Director blessed the project and we were off and running. The first segment to be filmed was on location at the waterfront where we were filming some "quotable quotes." Edwin, as always, played the host and did an excellent job talking in to a stick, which was doubling as a microphone. Tim was the cameraman, a position I'm not sure he was qualified for, but he got us the camera so we let him run with it ... and that is exactly what he did. The details are still unclear to this day. The only thing I know for sure is that Tim was walking and filming at the same time, and he proceeded to walk himself and the Director's camera right off the end of the dock and into twelve feet of Lake Winnepesaukee.

Many campers were left unfulfilled that summer of 1987, and they would have to wait until 1988 when the Video Beam made its debut ... using my parents' video camera.

From David McMullin, 1987 - On Mary Bee night, a group of counselors somehow managed to get Edwin Van Dusen's Volkswagen Bug started. They drove the car down the hill to the Dining Hall. With the help of some wooden planks, they attempted to drive the car up into the Dining Hall. The car was a bit too wide to go completely through the doorway so they left the car parked in the doorway to the Dining Hall, for all of camp to see the next morning.

From Andy Baxter, 1988 - I have a clear recollection of a funny story about Maestro who decided to go water-skiing. Maestro decided that he was going to dock start (have the boat drag him right off the dock, as opposed to starting in the water). One bright August morning (aren't they all?), I was working out on the fencing strip with a couple of campers when all of a sudden two or three kids came running up the hill from the waterfront. They were screaming, "Andy, Andy, Andy! Come quick! Maestro's going water-skiing!" Maestro was 84 years old at the time. I ran down to the dock, not exactly sure of what I would find, (oh I don't know... ..CPR in progress?) I found Maestro on the dock wet but uninjured. It turns out that Camp Director Richard Roe was driving the 400 plus horsepower Ski Nautique. As soon as Maestro yelled "Hit it Richard", Roe gunned the engine and pulled Maestro right out of his skis. The phrase "Hit it Richard" became a very common and comical saying, starting in the summer of 1988.

From Mike Haley, 1988 - Mike submitted a story about Gilbert Hall and Bill Keffer. Unfortunately, Mike's story cannot be published, despite on-going pleading and many offers of bribery.

From Edwin Van Dusen, 1989 - The Video Sunbeam recovered from its hiatus in 1987 (see Tim O'Shea article earlier in this chapter) and was produced again and well-received in 1988. The following summer, 1989, was probably the best edition of the Video Sunbeam.

Though there were many entertaining sketches in the 1989 Video Sunbeam, probably the most memorable was the "counselor car baseball" skit. The skit was conceived by then-counselor (and current Tecumseh Trustee) Bob Gray, and entirely shot during one afternoon rest hour. The skit was based on the premise that Tecumseh counselors were so lazy that they would not even run the bases during a pickup baseball game. Therefore, when a counselor hit the ball into play, he would get into his car - which was parked conveniently next to home plate - and drive around the bases.

There were various humorous applications of the premise. Bob Gray, in his Toyota sports car, was called out on a close play at first base. Pete Gillin was robbed of a hit when Gabby Roe made a full throttle catch out in center-field. Gabby caught the ball with his glove extended through his sun roof, while his other hand steered the car to the ball. Edwin Van Dusen got a base hit, but got caught in an automotive rundown between first and second base trying to stretch it into a double. Van Dusen could be seen shifting between forward and reverse between first base and second base. And, in the grand finale, slugger Biff Sturla hit a solo home run, rounding the bases in the camp bus driven by none other than Jay Luff. Tim O'Shea, in full catcher attire, is shown trying to tag the bus out at home plate, but gets run over by the bus and drops the ball.

When the video Sunbeam was shown to the entire camp one evening after the horn blew, the counselor baseball skit was very enthusiastically received. Bob Glascott later commented that he saw many different people laughing at it - from Maestro and Mrs. Csiszar, who were well into their eighties at the time, to eight-year-old rookies. The counselors, playing baseball in their cars, had truly universal appeal within the Tecumseh community.

Kudos to Bob Gray for his stroke of genius in conceiving this skit, and to the entire cast of Counselor Car Baseball (in alphabetical order): Rich Baruch, Pete Gillin, Bob Gray, Brian Kammersgaard, Jay Luff, Dave McMullin, Jr., Tim O'Shea, Gabby Roe, Biff Sturla, and Edwin Van Dusen.

From Bill Miller, 1989 - Contrary to popular belief, the center stalls in the Widdow are not the best "seats in the house." Remember, I make this statement based on nine years at Tecumseh and six years as "cleaner" of the Widdow. In truth, the back left commode is the cleanest (often neglected) basin and stall area ... it also affords one an excellent, one directional view of the entire area and any potential oncoming wet toilet paper bombs.

From Andy Baxter, 1989 - It was the opening Sunday of camp. Bob Gray (future trustee) and I were sitting on the outer swim pier putting the finishing touches on the lane lines. The horn sounded, signaling the arrival of the buses. After 20 or 30 minutes, two young campers came down to the dock. Their conversation went like this:

Camper 1: "Who's that on the pier?"

Camper 2: "That's Bob Gray," very excited. Clearly Bob had let this kid do whatever he wanted the previous summer.

Camper 1: "Who's the other guy?"

Camper 2: "Oh. That's Andy Baxter," somewhat less excited. Clearly, Andy had been concerned with the development of this kid's character and in providing a safe environment around the waterfront, and not, like Bob, concerned with his popularity with the campers.

From Tim Jannetta - Aside from having the number 03226 permanently memorized, I also absorbed three simple phrases years ago that my brothers and I understand, still use, and will never forget. You never appreciate their full meaning until you see their applicability in everyday life beyond Grant Field and the calm shores of the lake. They are: 1) "Easy Day," 2) "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry," and 3) "Way Down," with a response of: "Way Back." We refer to them fondly as Jim Fraser-isms and they echo in our minds like it is the annual first day of clinic. Lastly, one other Tecumseh phrase seems to sum up and simplify so much of life's challenges. That phrase is "What are you doin'?" Can you hear it? No matter where you put the emphasis in that sentence, your point is always well made.

From the 1980's - The 1980's are sometimes referred to as the era of the Counselor Shack. There were counselor parties there every weekend and things got out of control on occasion. The Directors and Trustees finally closed it down in the early 1990's. There were many notable female guests at these parties and not all of them were treated nicely. Among the more famous guests were Staple Head, Mountain Lady, Tanya, The A Team, Mole Women, The One Armed Bandit, Psycho Hose Beast, Beerget, Gypsy Women, Stacy and Ruth From Jo-Jo's, She Who Walks On Two Feet, and the most famous of all, The Saber Tooth Rat. There was one really nice girl there one year, by the name of Kiki, who actually liked Edwin. Unfortunately, Edwin dropped the ball on this play and a relief pitcher had to come in from the bullpen to replace Edwin and finish the game.

Fire Dancing became a popular, competitive sport at the Counselor Shack. Enough said about that.

Many notable people were regulars at the Counselor Shack, among them: Tim O'Shea, Howdie Goodwin, Nimrod, Lee-Lee, Chickenhead, Dolph, Squats, Z-Man, The McGinley Brothers, Jim Manley, The Gillin Siblings, George Degerberg, Hershel Savage, Billy Pope, Richard Trix, the Roe Brothers, the Fraser Brothers, the Miller Brothers, the Dragelin Brothers, and many, many others.

When I asked people to contribute stories to this Reunion Book, I asked that people not give me stories relating to the Counselor Shack, but rather about anything else they remembered from camp. Erik Strid however replied "What? You mean there was actually life outside of the Counselor Shack? I was wondering where everyone went after the fire died down."

From Don Triolo - The following is an excerpt from an article Don wrote in the Winter, 1998 edition of *The Blue-Gray Banner*. Don was a camper and counselor at Tecumseh for about 10 years. He is most remembered for his infamous speech in the Dining Hall about keeping firearms away from the hands of Rookies.

"They say you do not recognize life's defining moments while they are happening. Perhaps this is true, but I can safely say my times at Tecumseh left an indelible mark on my life, and to this day I regularly rely on my experiences as a basis for interactions in my professional and personal life. For instance, I cannot tell you how many times, while in the middle of a critical business meeting or elegant wedding, I had to fight the urge to ask a perfect stranger to smell his or her dessert ...

The first Tecumseh ideal I rely on is "Never quit." It truly does not matter if you win, what matters is the fact that

you compete to the best of your ability. I was taught early at Tecumseh that you must try in order to achieve, and if you try, you can accomplish things previously thought impossible. My swim to the island graphically illustrates this point. As a new camper, I was required to swim to the near island, and, never a good swimmer, I made it to within about fifty yards and quit. Two days later, John McGinley, my cabin counselor, took me out again and told me I wasn't allowed to quit. This time, I completed the swim. During the dinner announcements, Mr. Fraser singled me out, asking the camp to congratulate me, and the applause made me feel like I swam the English Channel.

“Work hard and play hard” is a Tecumseh motto that I still live by. Nothing is more rewarding than reaping the benefits of hard work, from hitting a curve ball, winning a tennis match, starting on your local high school soccer team, or singing the correct note in the operetta ... Giving it your all in practice or preparation and in game situations always returns positive results. Countless hours of practices at clinic, the operetta, and intra and inter camp competitions always netted something good, a lesson learned, a great show, or a team victory.

Tecumseh instilled several more important beliefs in my life. Integrity, commitment, and responsibility are virtues I found in abundance at Tecumseh. Unfortunately these virtues are not as easily uncovered outside of camp. Tecumseh was a place where you lived by your word and were responsible for the consequences surrounding the failure to do so. These concepts are crucial for success in life, and are the basis of effective leadership, whether a Blue-Gray captain, counselor or a corporate Vice President.

From Bill Keffer - Bill mentioned that there is some very interesting reading about Tecumseh's favorite mountain, Mt. Washington on the mountain's web page: www.mountwashington.com The following is a short excerpt from the web page:

Notorious for its frequent bad weather conditions, Mt. Washington's climate can rival that of Antarctica. The average annual temperature on the summit is only 26.5 °F, with the records being -47 °F and 72 °F. On average, 256 inches of snow falls each year, with the seasonal maximum being 566 inches. The annual mean wind speed is gale-force at 35.3 MPH, and hurricane-force winds occur every third day (on average). And it was here, on the roof of what is now the Stage Office, where the world's highest wind speed was ever recorded: 231 MPH.

This is one of the many memorials you'll find around Mt. Washington, marking the places where many have perished. Well over a hundred people have died on the mountain ... Weather remains the #1 killer of the seemingly too-many ill-prepared hikers. Hypothermia can happen any time of year, so the importance of turning back in deteriorating weather cannot be overemphasized. An improperly dressed person can die on the mountain within minutes, even in the summer.

Visitors to the Mt. Washington Museum and Gift Shop often wonder at the winter photos of the summit, in which every building, tower, post, and rock is caked in a thick, snow-like frosting. Ironically, it isn't snow at all. It is *rime ice*, which is formed when supercooled (liquid) fog particles crash onto objects in sub-freezing temperatures and freeze on contact. The feathery rime ice builds out into the wind, because that's the direction the particles are coming from when they hit the objects. With the summit in dense fog 60% of the time, tremendous rime buildup often occurs.

Since Tecumseh usually climbs Mt. Washington in late July or early August, the following statistics would probably be of interest to those who have climbed the mountain: In July, the average wind speed on top of Mt. Washington is 25.3 MPH, the average wind chill is 27 °F and the highest wind speed recorded was 154 MPH (July, 1996). The probability in any 24 hour period of hurricane winds occurring is 16% while the probability of 100 MPH winds occurring is 3%. The record high temperature in July is 71 °F, the average high is 53.6 °F, the mean temperature is 48.3 °F, the average low is 43 °F, and the record low is 25 °F.

Contrast that January, where the average wind speed is 46.3 MPH, the average will chill is -49 °F and the highest wind speed recorded was 173 MPH (January, 1985). The probability in any 24 hour period of hurricane winds occurring is 74% while the probability of 100 MPH winds occurring is 35%. The record high temperature in January is 47 °F, the average high is 12.3 °F, the mean temperature is 3.9 °F, the average low is -4.6 °F, and the record low is -47 °F.

Dining Hall Activity - Led by such enthusiastic cheerleaders such as Bill Keffer, Lee Allman, Bruce McCracken, John Fraser, Bob Zullinger, Ira Miles, Charlie Erwin, Brian Kammersgaard and many others, the Tecumseh Dining Hall has always been a loud and rowdy place. The new wing of the Dining Hall is often referred to as "The Zoo" since Mr. Glascott often assigns the rowdier counselors to the tables furthest from where he sits.

The 1980's also saw the start of a new tradition, the end of season Friday Night Awards dinner. Campers and counselors dress up in bizarre dinner attire (athletic uniforms, women's dresses, Speedo swim suits, you name it). Counselors and campers then give out "original" end of camp awards, mostly very sarcastic, but all in good fun. Coveted awards such as the Dirtbag Award have become an annual tradition. Everyone who was at camp in 1989 will remember Dolph's "Lick Of The Decade" awards (over the line big boy).

There have been many famous cheers in the Dining Hall over the decades, including:

We Want The Beam!

Roo, roo roo, Eddie Van Roo

Ooh sah sah sah, ooh sah sah sah, hit him in the head with a big kielbasa.

The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire. We don't need no water, let the mother ...

Beat Pemi, beat Pemi, beat Pemi

E - A - G - L - E - S Eagles

J - E - T - S Suck.

La La La, La La La La, Hey!

Tastes Great ... Less Filling.

Hell no, we won't go.

We want R & R, we want R & R ...

Spaz, Spaz, Spaz, Spaz, Spaz, Spaz

Biff Is Fat.

If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands ...

John Jacob Jingle Heimer Schmidt

Keep The Hat

Stanky Bo Kanky, Huuuh

Burn Him, Burn Him ...

Ole, Ole Ole ...

Keep the Hat. Keep The Hat ...

T - E - C - U - M - S - E - H, Tecumseh, Tecumseh, Tecumseh, Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

In recent years, thanks to the efforts of veteran Tecumseh member Charlie Erwin, campers and counselors have often been seen doing *The Hokey Pokey* dance in the Dining Hall.

Best Sunbeam Quotes Of The 1980's

Don McBride, 1980 - Let me ask you a question ...

Andy Baxter at the discus event in a Blue-Gray track meet, 1980 - If you foul, does the throw count?

Mark Luff, 1980 - We will play two 15 minute halves in four periods.

Tom Reohr, 1980 - How many bounces can the tennis ball take?

Dan Dougherty, 1980 - When are we going to have another Merv Griffin Day?

Matt Flaherty, 1980 - I'm a better waterskier than my waterski.

Jim Fraser, 1980 - She is a middle distance shot putter.

Steve Jannetta, 1980 - What foot do you throw with?

Dan Polett, 1980 - Can your elbows itch in the dark?

Paul Leand, 1980 - Does anybody have anything to eat, because I am thirsty.

Lee Allman, 1980 - My nose isn't broken, but I do think it is sprained.

Jim Fraser, 1980 - New Hampshire is the second oldest camp in America.

Hugh Coxe, 1980 - How old is a 12 year old?

Corny Merlini, 1980 - What is an undefeated season, and how do I get one?

Bill Keffer, 1981 - If I soap up, will my tan wash off?

Larry Flick, 1981 - What cabin does Mr. McBride stay in?

Joe Flanagan, 1981 - I wish I had a body like my sisters.

Tim O'Shea, 1981 - Do we have to write the Sunbeam articles in pencil or pencil?

Jim Fraser, 1981 - Come on guys, pull your legs out of your armpits.

Dan Pitkow, 1981 - What are the doubles lines on a tennis court used for?

John Bachman, 1981 - I'm the same age as my younger

brother.

John Bachman, 1981 - Hey Doc, you and I are a one man team.

Bill Clough, 1981 - What is a Pemi?

Hector Hassey, 1981 - My dad has had eight babies.

Joe McGrath, 1981 - Which is the left ski?

Jim Manley, 1981 - The waterfront will be closed tonight. That means it will not be open.

Jim Gibbons at track meet, 1981 - Clear the runway. Either get off it, or get on it.

George Degerberg, 1981 - Open the door so that the mosquitoes can get out.

John Henry, 1981 - I played that match tomorrow.

Rob Warth, 1981 - Did you used to be big when you were little?

Mitch Chandlee, 1981 - Do we have to wear whites in the car ride home next Sunday?

Don Triolo, 1982 - Is the pickup Blue-Gray event just for Blues and Grays?

Tim O'Shea, 1982 - Why don't the loons live in the Lodge during the winter?

Bruce Cooper, 1982 - Tennis is a game where you must use both hand and hand coordination.

Tim Jannetta, 1982 - Was that third or fourth bell?

Erik Graham, 1982 - Later on, the gypsy moths will turn into mosquitoes.

Peter Gillin, 1982 - Can you really change the temperature of the lake?

John Fraser, 1982 - Is there such a thing as a four point play in Senior League basketball?

Andy Baxter, 1982 - How many yards is the 50 yard freestyle?

Ed Parker, 1982 - Are we allowed to go sailing on our own course during sailing for medals?

Tom Rooney, 1983 - How long is the 60 yard dash?

Mike Dougherty, 1983 - Can you get rabies from fresh water?

Andy Boyson, 1983 - Can we go on an early morning swim tonight?

Jay Dixon, 1983 - What is Shawzy's last name?

Darren Hunter, 1983 - I know I had a take sign. That's why I swung at it.

Brian Fenlin, 1984 - Did Maestro build all the cabins?

Curt Detweiler, 1984 - Is that the vein with the blood in it?

Bill Keffer, 1984 - It happened over nine years ago, eight to be exact.

Songa Willis, 1984 - Is the operetta in the Trunk Room?

Biff Blynn, 1984 - Why did I get stuck with such a lousy first name?

Ed McDevitt, 1984 - What state is Holland in?

Ed McDevitt, 1984 - Does the mail come on Pemi Day?

Mike O'Shea, 1984 - Did President Regan ever break dance?

Maestro, 1984 - We have one other Olympic fencer on the team, Chris Reohr.

Mrs. Csiszar, 1984 - You are not Michael.

Fraser Curry, 1984 - I can't use this lacrosse stick, it's left handed.

Steve Magdelain, 1984 - Do counselors get paid?

Jim Gribbell, 1984 - Rest hour is made for large bowls of chocolate pudding.

Cordell Whitlock, 1984 - When does the Widdow close?

Mark Lozeau, 1985 - I had to have three toes taped to my left finger.

Jim Fraser, 1985 - I'll count the cadence, you count the exercise.

Joe Connelly, 1986 - Is *The Sunbeam* sold in Philadelphia?

Don Triolo, 1986 - Can you bench your height?

Gilbert Hall, 1986 - Hey Chickenhead ...

Don Triolo, 1986 - Where's The Widdow?

Berke Andrews, 1986 - I was being chased by two Italian Arabs.

Dave Rhoads, 1986 - Does November come before October?

Lee Allman, 1986 - Money is no objection.

Jim Fraser, 1986 - It's not a race, don't be last.

Mike Chiliberti describing a mountain trip in 1986 - All we did was walk to the top of the mountain, eat PB&J's and come back down.

Mike Jannetta, 1986 - I'd rather be lazy than dirty.

Guiseppe Mazza, 1986 - Don' jump wit' me.

Lee Allman over at Pemi, 1986 - Do you guys have a Slush Puppy machine here?

John Lawton, 1986 - That girl was a real player, a rugby player.

Gilbert Hall, 1986 - Who id dat?

Jason Powell, 1987 - Why do we have to get The Hat back? Don't we have it already?

Hershel Savage, 1987 - Who is Richard Trix?

Dolph Tokarczyk, 1987 - What would you call someone who watches other people watch?

Maestro Csiszar, 1987 - Parry, return. You are winning, two to two.

Jim Fraser, 1988 - Two feet, two inch ... Ready? One!!

Brandy Knox, 1988 - You mean the Widdow is not under the New Pagoda?

Maestro, 1988 - Hit it Richard.

Mike O'Connor, 1988 - How come Striddy's no fun to be with anymore?

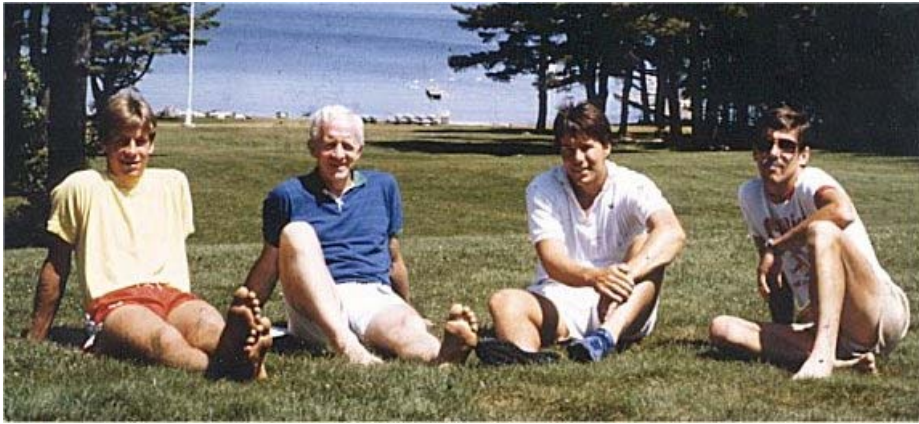
Drew Guzy, 1989 - Was Maestro here last year?

Jim Fraser at clinic, 1989 - Two feet, two foot.

Conor Miller, 1989 - My social security number is 1-9-1-5-1. At least that's what I put on the envelope when I write home.

Jim Fraser, 1989 - All junior ones who are interested in archery should go to the rifle range.

Edwin Van Dusen, 1989 - Does Jo-Jo's sell left handed smoke shifters?



Bob Rhein, Camp Director Don McBride, John Nimick and Mark Luff, 1980.

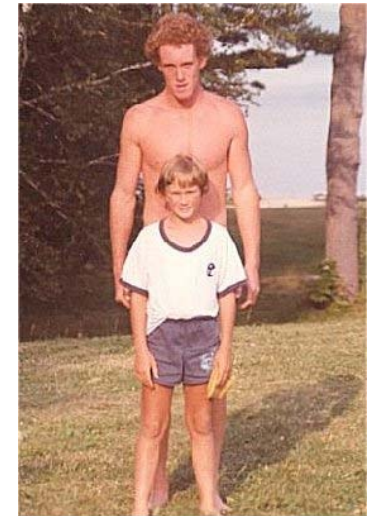


Jay Luff and Fetchy, 1981.

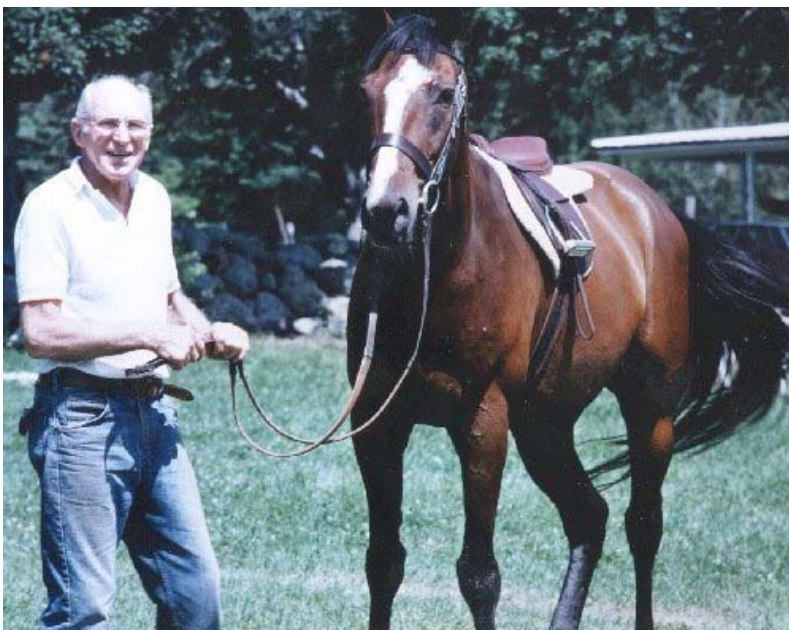


Spectators at the Senior Baseball Diamond in 1981. Back row: John Gillin, George Degerberg, John Nimick, Mark Luff, Jim McCracken, Robby Allman and Leif Hough.

Middle row: Bobby Glascott and three unknown campers. Front row: Mrs. Dougherty, Jim McCloskey, Keith Lindberg, Rich Roe Jr., Bill Ding and Joey Collins.



Two Tecumseh Legends: Gerry McGinley and Peter Gillin, 1981. McGinley became a Trustee in 2002. Gillin has been on Senior Staff for over a decade.



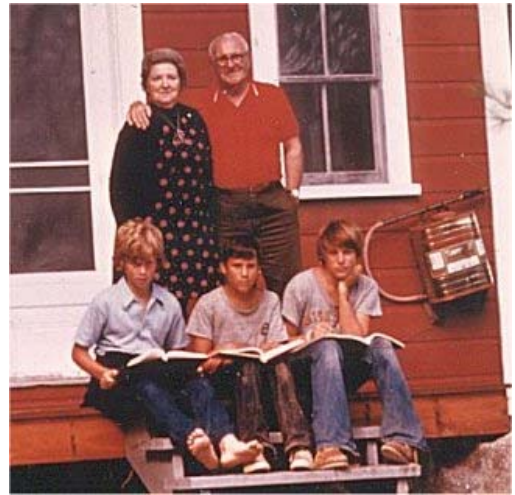
George Munger, 1982.



Robbie Baron and Scott DiEugenio, 1981.



Dan Dougherty on the basketball court, 1981.



Pinky Shover and wife Ruth in front of Shover Hall, 1986.



Waiting under the ash tee for third bell in 1982: second from left is Gabby Roe (son of future Director Richard Roe), third from left is Donnie McBride (son of then Director Don McBride).



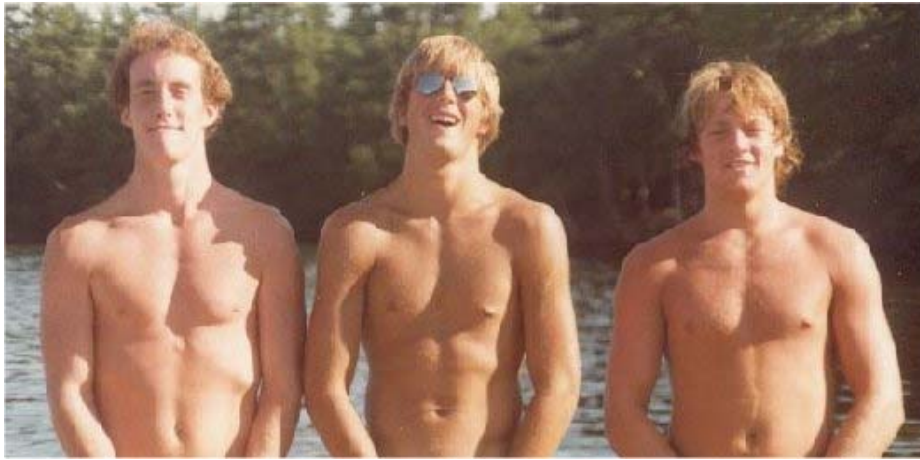
John Gillin teaching lacrosse, 1980.

Below left: Red Hill, 1981: Bobby Glascott, Lance Taylor, Paul Luff, John Nimick, Biff Sturla, Mark Luff, George Degerberg, Jay Luff, Tom Armstrong.



Below: George Degerberg and Lee Allman, 1985.





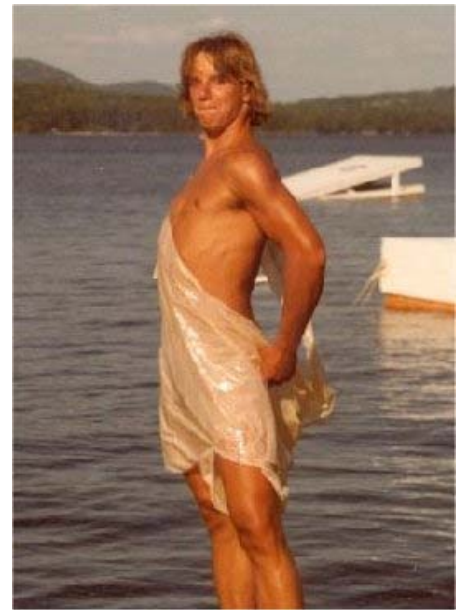
Gerry McGinley, Bob "Z-Man" Zullinger and Jim Manley, 1981.



Richie Graham, 1981.



Muscle Beach, 1981: Bill Keffer, Don Triolo, Brian McGrath (seated), Rob Baron, and Jimmy Crummy.



Bobby Glascott, Jr. 1981.



Vic DiNuble and Lee Allman with the Flyer Mobile, 1986.



Mike Kain, 1987



Mike O'Shea, 1987



Nick Harmelin, 1988



Dave McMullin, 1983



Charlie Erwin, 1983



Ira Miles, 1985



Mike Chiliberti, 1987



Mike Reardon, 1987



Tim Michals, 1987



James Degus and Matt Tousignant, 1985.



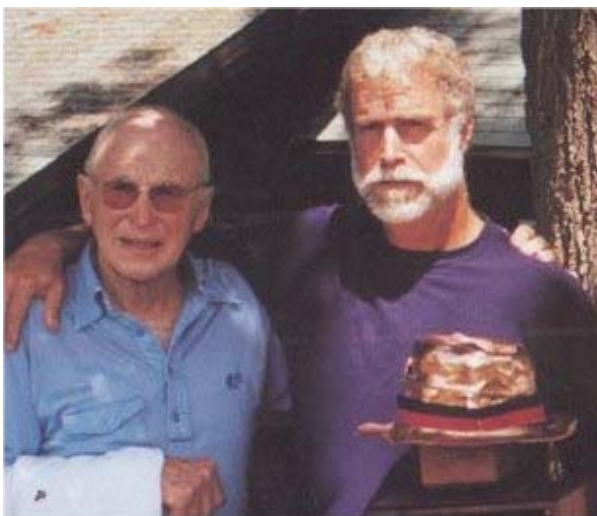
Sailors in *The Pirates Of Penzance*, 1986.



The O'Shea Brothers in 1988: Mike, Dan and Tim.



Performing in *The Mikado* in 1985: Don Triolo, Biff Sturla, Bill Keffer.



Left: George Munger, Camp Director Richard Roe and The Hat in 1989. Roe was Camp Director from 1984 through 1995. During his time as Director, Tecumseh never lost The Hat to Pemi.



Above: Fencing Legend Maestro Csiszar with Dan Leibovitz, Bill Miller and Brian Kammergaard on the fencing strip in 1989.