

# Avoda Alumni Bugle

## Avoda From One Holy Land to Another

By Seth Peters

I am constantly amazed that I no longer find it amazing in any way that my Avoda ties permeate everything I do in life. In the latest chapter, my girlfriend encouraged me to sign-up for the CJP (Combined Jewish Philanthropies) summer trip to Israel.

To begin with, the Avoda connection is my strongest connection to Jewish life (especially growing up in Hull where my parents, brother and I comprised about 70% of the Jewish population not collecting social security and eating at the early bird special). Before I even agreed to go, I placed a call to fellow Avodian, EJ Kimball, whose ascension in Washington politics has given him keen insight to Middle East situations that mere citizens like you and I don't have, and ask his blessing so I could assure my mom I would come back in one piece. This was like the promises PGD would have to do make to the parents at the beginning of each summer, and *most* summers he was proven correct—in my case omitting Jello wrestling related incidents (thanks Lee) and a broken arm (thanks UD).

When I signed up for the trip, I mentioned that I would probably know some people on the trip through games of Jewopoly (some refer to as Jewish Geography) via Avoda's strong presence in the Greater Boston Jewish community. Lo and behold, I received an email from Seth "McNab" Fox (1988 Bunk 14) saying "Dude, I didn't know you were going on this trip." No Jewopoly needed - an Avodian to share this experience with was already on board. (As an aside, from now on McNab can be referred to as Deuce Bigelowstein- Israeli Gigolo; let's just say if he was a camper, there would be some pizzas on the way and he'd be short a couple Avoda shirts.)

After going through the El-Al security interrogation at JFK airport, where I was able to proudly state I know the before and after meal prayers and that "avoda" ironically means work, I was in the queue wearing my "Kill It, Fill It" Avoda Alumni shirt. Most people see that quote and ask if I'm either a taxidermist or necrophiliac, but from behind me in line I heard, "Hey, is that the Avoda in lovely Middleboro," to which I reply, "Is there another?" The voice behind me belonged to an Avodian from the early 1980s, David Tellio (would

have been in the 1984 Bunk 14, we believe) who was still in touch with various folks. This enabled us to play one of my favorite games- Avodapoly, and was a good omen indeed - an Avoda triumvirate ready to go.

The trip itself was an absolutely incredible experience. As our tour guide said on the first day, "you all come from a place that is impressed by things that are

200 years old. That is a joke here. We'll spend much of our time looking at things that are 2000 years old."

After floating effortlessly in the Dead Sea for two hours (only finding out afterwards that, like my rule for Tiqpaquin, it is only recommended to spend 10 minutes at a time), we visited the Western Wall and toured underneath it, shopped the various markets of the Old City and solemnly walked through Yod Vashem (Holocaust Memorial).



Avoda Mud Marines in Israel: David Tellio, Seth Peters and Seth Fox

Michael Roth  
*President*

Sam Mirkin  
*Secretary*

Aaron Agulnek

Jeff Blocker

Ken Freeman

David Glattstein

Eddie Klayman

Greg Lazaroff

Paul Simon

Andy Spear

Jeff Vetstein

David Wertheim

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## Holy Land...Continued

We visited the Ayalon Institute where Jews similar in age to CITs and Counselors set-up an underground factory to build bullets in preparation for the war in '48, shopped in Old Jaffa and toured Neve Tsedek- the 1st neighborhood Jews started in the late 1800s, saw the unbelievably meticulously kept B'Hai Gardens in Haifa and climbed Masada to watch sunrise.

Being that this trip was locally run by Combined Jewish Philanthropies, a group doing some remarkable work to help Israelis in need, we also had the unique experience of visiting some of the inspiring projects they support including Beit Hagefen in Haifa where Jews and Arabs are brought together to find commonalities. We also saw first-hand a community center for at-risk children where we painted a playground wall to bring some life and color to their world (and some Avoda as well- see picture). We also visited the Shiluvim project, a group helping Jewish Ethiopian immigrants integrate into Israeli society and heard the harrowing tale of one woman's mind-blowing 2-year journey to reach her homeland of Israel.

Visiting Israel, the birthplace of Judaism, was we-inspiring enough for me. Sharing the experience with other Avodians and tracing my Jewish heritage from Hull to Middleboro, and now Israel made it that much more meaningful. Truly the trip of a lifetime.

*Those of you interested in more information about joining a CJP trip or donating to their extremely worthwhile causes can contact Elisha Gechter at 617-457-8746 or log on to [www.cjp.org](http://www.cjp.org)*



Avodians lend a hand in the holy land.

## Heard it Through the Grapevine— Avoda Happenings

### Weddings

- Adam Udell – married October 13, 2007 (Erica Rogow)
- Matt Zuker – wedding February 9, 2008 (Andrea Losordo)
- Eric Levy – married May 25, 2008 (Ting Dong)
- Josh Korin – wedding June 15, 2008 (Amy Ravit)
- Seth Jacobs – wedding July 19, 2008 (Diane Fraga)

### Passings

- Scott Factor – May 14, 2008
- Hadassah Blocker, Long-time director of Camp Pembroke and Jeff Blocker's Grandmother—October 23, 2008



At the Wedding of Seth Jacobs: Eric Steiman, Groom, Todd Miller & Josh Schnieder



Halle Suzanne Hyman

### Births

- Steve Pearlman – twins on January 14, 2008 (Cash Truman and Paisley Leighton)
- Jim Feldman – baby boy (Lucas Patric), March 17, 2008
- Aaron Bornstein – baby boy (Jonah Philip), April 17, 2008
- Evan Yampolsky – baby boy (David Edward), July 16, 2008
- Steve Gladstone – baby boy (Micah Jaden), August 18, 2008
- Scott Steiner—baby girl (Emily Rose), August 25, 2008
- Jay Yampolsky – baby girl (Lexi Skye), August 26, 2008
- Tyler Kimball – baby boy (Zalman) August 14, 2008
- Ricky Hyman – baby girl (Halle Suzanne), September 21, 2008

## President's Letter

Terry Francona knows it all too well: to be successful over the long haul you need to have a good farm system and a strong bullpen. I would imagine if you ask members of the Camp Avoda Board of Directors, they could make the analogy that a successful board requires the same foundation.

Recently, Marty Wolf announced that he has decided to step down after decades of service on the Avoda Board. Marty always had a vision of what Avoda should and could be and he never seemed to be one to embrace the concept of "change for change sake". As a Board member, he was always steadfast in his contention that Avoda is steeped in tradition and that tradition must be preserved. I applaud Marty for his adherence to this mindset for it has served Avoda well. There is a comfortable and familiar "old shoe" feel to Avoda that we all love and connect with, and this helps keep "Avoda Nation" on the same page from decade to decade.

Marty actually recruited me (and countless others) to Avoda in the early 70's. I am forever glad that he convinced my parents that Avoda was a better overnight camp experience for a young Jewish boy from the suburbs than Bauercrest, West End House...or any of the Co-ed Jewish camps. So let me be the first to say that Marty has been an important champion of preserving what is familiar and important to me over the years. To that end, and on behalf of the Alumni Association, I would like to express a heart felt "THANK YOU" to Marty Wolf for always keeping it real at dear old A-V-O-D-A.

With Marty stepping down, the Board of Directors had the opportunity to bring some new talent in from the bullpen. We are pleased to report that they decided to add two new members to the Board and recruited both from the alumni ranks. First is Neal Goldman, who made his mark as the leader of the Avoda staff in the late 60's and early 70's. Neal understands the tradition that Marty helped maintain, has always been associated with Avoda and is a perfect addition to the Board from a number of standpoints.

Second is Jeff Keselman, who served his Board "apprenticeship" on the Camp Avoda Alumni Board for a number of years. Kess has been a passionate advocate for moving forward on issues with proper respect for the past. His desire to make sure that the next generation of Avodians experiences the brotherhood that we all enjoy is shared with other recent Board additions such as Bobby Zuker, Lou Dennis, Mike Ross, and Russell Sherman. I like that each of these Board of Director members first served on the alumni board, so it appears that the Avoda Board has its bullpen well trained and ready to step in when needed.

Familiarity gives rise to comfort and confidence. We know the mindset of the newly constructed Avoda Board, because they come from our ranks. They've all been involved for years, and are familiar with the issues confronting the future of the camp. I am confident they dovetail well with those Board members who have been protectors of the Avoda spirit for years, and have the experience to make sound decisions to secure the future of Avoda going forward.

On behalf of the nearly 2,000 members of the CAAA, we want to congratulate Neal Goldman and Jeff Keselman on becoming the newest members of the Camp Avoda Board of Directors. Looks like it's time for the CAAA Board to re-stock its own bullpen...might be time to call in the lefty.

See you at an upcoming Alumni event.

*Mike "Morty" Roth*

## The Office—Avoda Style

By Jeremy Agulnek

Summer is gone...the baseball season is over...the long, cold, dark days of winter are upon us and the work day seems longer. Naturally, thoughts drift towards the dog days of summer on the shores of Lake Tispaquin. You're stuck in the conference room waiting for a meeting to start and you ask yourself "Well, what are we waiting for!?". You hear on your desk radio that there's a cold-front moving through the area and you immediately think of the Blizzard that you'll be snarfing down in 8 minutes at the DQ near Papa Timmy's. If only you could bring your Avoda-honed skills to the office...

Fed up with work? Pull your own "counselor walkout" by screaming and cursing at your boss and not showing up for the rest of the week.

Just watched your building security guards foil an attempted illegal entry by a supposed pizza delivery person? How 'bout throwin' a modified "3 cheers for the bus driver" her way? Be careful – she likely drinks AND smokes and may take offense. (Ed. –whether or not she wears a girdle remains to be seen).

You call the IT Help Desk to de-bug the virus you downloaded from one of your many discrete websites and are transferred to "Bob" in India. You have an instant flashback to Chris yelling at one of the Eastern European bus boys to fill a pitcher of iced tea.

That corporate boondoggle at the golf course and bar you just went to? Nothing compared to a day off at Bobby Zuker's house.

What's worse: The Accountant who spends all day filling out TPS reports, or being OD Shack manager?

Don't those local JUCO girls hanging out in your parking lot bumming cigarettes from your co-workers who huddle together in the cold to get their hourly fix remind you of Middleboro townie chicks?

How's this for refreshing? As your CEO steps up to the podium to kickoff yet another boring annual sales meeting, he starts banging his fists and chants "[male rooster] suckin', mother-f#()\*&\$ A-holes!" and ends the speech with a rousing rendition of "We Are Dynamite". You look around and you're the only other person singing...

You're walking down a hallway filled with pictures of the 4 founders of your company and pondering your great future ahead. Overwhelmed with emotion, you are aghast as you instinctively reach for your wallet to get four \$1 bills, stealthily look around for passers-by and tape the bills above their heads.

12pm. You open up your briefcase and find that your wife has forgotten to pack your lunch for the 187<sup>th</sup> consecutive day.

Cursing her name, you slowly saunter over to the break room hoping to raid someone's stash of food in the refrigerator. You find a cast iron padlock equipped with a wireless random number lock combination generator. "That's all you've got?" you say to yourself, as you pull out your screwdriver, unhinge the refrigerator door, grab your (someone else's) food and try to screw the door back on before getting caught. You are courteous enough to pay off the building maintenance man to fix the hinge for you after 5pm.

Tired of that cocky sales guy bragging about his latest commission check? How 'bout throwing him in the local lake to cool down?

The annual corporate outing is upon you, and everyone piles on to the luxury bus to take you to the venue. You nod off on the way over, and are sure that when you wake up the boss is handing you \$5 canteen money and you're off for a thrilling day at Rocky Point.

You stagger into work after an evening of "festivities" and make your way towards the water cooler that will hydrate/save you, only to find any empty jug. Your first thought is, "Whoever killed it was supposed to fill it." Then you go looking for a CIT to perform the manual labor.

The boss assigns you a major project requiring you to manage a dozen employees. Your immediate reaction is to draw up a quick grid and assign Herb from accounting to latrine duty and Janice from marketing to lines and grounds.

Tired of the food in the office cafeteria? Perhaps you should tell your co-workers you will pick up lunch, then overcharge them by a dollar each and treat yourself to a fine meal, OTC (C standing for co-worker, of course).

Need to earn a little extra income this year? Why not tell your staff that it is customary for them to tip you at the end of the fiscal year. Better yet, demand a tip from their parents or spouse. Heck, you've earned it.

You've been tasked with organizing a team building exercise – and you have 30 minutes to do it. Lucky-for-you the good old Indian Relay lineup of events is still fresh in your head. Now you've got an extra 28 minutes to kill talking Fantasy Football smack. Awesome!

That guy at work who always seems to get the better of you—you know, your nemesis? Why not challenge him to a bout on Office Boxing Night or a knish eating contest? Better still, raid his desk by turning it upside down and wrapping it in toilet paper; or put his desk in the copier room and put the copier where his desk is supposed to go; or nail his desk drawers shut so he can't get them open; or have him paged every 15 minutes to a call on the pay phone; or...

## Blast From the Past



The Avoda Injured Reserve, Summer of 1990:

“Bionic” Bob Stone; Jason “Funny Bone” Starr; Lee “Krazy Legs” Kaiser”; Geoff “carry this shmatte for me using your enormous cast” Javer and Aaron “Cast and Crutches” Katz.



Greg Smith, circa 1984—Made up as...?

### Note From the Editor:

Blast From the Past is a new Bugle feature. We would like to include old, funny, embarrassing, poignant or otherwise notable photos of Avodians through the years. So break out your bellbottoms, mutton-chop sideburns, rattails, flattops, tie-dyes, sweater vests and ruffle tuxedo shirt photos, scan and email them to: [campavodaalumniassociation@hotmail.com](mailto:campavodaalumniassociation@hotmail.com).

## Avoda Patriot's Day

By Ken Shifman

October 5, 2008 – Camp Avoda held its annual community event at Gillette Stadium. I say “community” because all of our camp constituencies were invited and came to Foxboro: campers, parents, alumni and their children, staff members, administration, and prospective families. We had 140 people!

Thanks to alumnus Eddie Klayman's generosity, we have access to the Club Section and to the stadium for sitting in outdoor stadium seats and watching the Jumbo-Tron during Patriots away games. As Mike Roth points out, we like any event with a Jumbo-Tron and a chance to either be on the big screen or to see “Camp Avoda” up in lights.

Although I didn't see more than one minute of the game, as I was busy “schmoozing,” I heard it was a good one. The Pats beat the 49'ers 30-21. Like any good football event, we had “superbowl squares.” All the kids in attendance put their names in the squares and the corresponding scores at quarters-end randomly determined lottery-type winners. We had Eddie Klayman's kids each win a quarter (something smells funny in Denmark, since Eddie sponsored the event), and Bobby Zuker's son Charlie and Alex (“Righty”) Lefkowitz each won a quarter. The winners all received cool Pats footballs.



Paul Simon and Jim Singer have the T-E-A-M on the B-E-A-M!!!

In the main area we had some Pre-K and early elementary school tackle football spear-headed by our own Bobby Zuker. The 2008 Bunk 14 had a great showing and the boys hung out and talked about their last summer as campers and joked with Leon Dyer, their Bunk 14 counselor.

The Alumni Association also combined this event with the inception of a Toy Drive. People brought unwrapped toys that were donated to the Jewish Big Brother and Big Sister Association. We ended up yielding five large bags and Jeff Blocker delivered the toys which were well received and strengthened our relationship with this worthwhile association.

We ended by giving out JVibe Magazines for Jewish Teens featuring Camp Avoda on the back cover and Avoda Nerf footballs. All in all, we had a great Avoda-day, Patriots-day and feel-good day.



Levy, Peas & Lefty enjoy a cold one at Gillette

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### Top Ten Alumni Weekend Highlights

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>10. Andy Spear wins Poker Tourney – for the second time</li> <li>9. Exceeded attendance records, over 130 attending Alumni</li> <li>8. J. Agulnek , A. Geller, and S. Jacobs win 3 on 3 Hoops Tourney with Jacobs and S. Gladstone barfing on court</li> <li>7. Approx \$3000 raised via Silent Auction items</li> <li>6. 1989 Bunk wins Designated Cabin contest</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>5. Great Live Music on the field</li> <li>4. Massage Therapists during the concert</li> <li>3. Bomb Pops!</li> <li>2. Seth Jacobs wins Mr. Avoda Alumni w/ his “music skills”</li> <li>1. 80 Person Friday night tailgate grilled up by Jimmy “The Butcher” Sklaver and Sam “The Grill F’in Master” Mirkin</li> </ul> |
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## Reelin' In the Years—Avoda in the 60's and 70's

By Tom Leavitt

It started as another typical morning during the summer of 2008 waking to the sound of reveille. By “line-up,” campers and staff were out of bed and heading to the flagpole. As their eyes began to open, they quickly realized that this was no usual trip to the dining hall. In the middle of the athletic field stood an exact life-size replica of all the furniture in the dining hall. Upon further inspection, campers and counselors realized that this was *not* a replica at all but was indeed all the bunk tables, benches and more set in exact mess hall layout. Everyone wondered how this could have happened; what mysterious force was at work? After all, no one owned-up to it so there just *had* to be some extra not-easily-understood super power at work...just like the mysteries of the mid 1960's to the mid 1970's. How did that sailboat dock end up on second base, or the life guard stand catch fire behind the men's and ladies room, or the flag pole get placed into the Assistant Director's cabin, or the helicopter land on the pitcher's mound with that year's Color War captains or the row boat oars land on the athletic field spelling the word “PEACE?”

I was reminded of other “happenings” in the 60's and 70's such as:

- Bobo
- Ron Rothman's Volkswagen and the farmer's field
- “I did it for Jay.”
- A helicopter lands on second base with two color war captains
- Mark Moscowitz
- Steve Mussman and the Supremes
- The Newport Folk Festival
- Sell ice cream on Visiting Day
- Reinhardt Brand
- Noogie as a proper noun and a verb
- Jerry Silk sings “He Nay Ma Tov...”
- Mrs. Meyers
- Ira Rosenberg brings photography to *The Avodian*
- Avoda flotilla delivers food and water to Camp Tispaquin after their mess hall burns
- The old Archery range
- Lines at a pay phone during trip day
- The one armed brake man
- “Here comes d'Judge”
- The Indian burial grounds
- The Lodge
- Volleyball on the athletic field
- Larry Montgomery and Steve Bessie
- Polio shack
- Tisch and Miller
- The brothers Ossnoss, Zieff, Samuels, Epstein, Landy, Felberbaum, Bamel, Satloff, Lukoff, Gottlieb, Guttel, Hill, Freelander, Gilberg, Horowitz, Yoffie, Tulchin, Coven, Blau, Garber, Goodman, Horblitt, Mekelburg, Needel, Mason, Saunders, Yarkin, and more
- Kratenstein and Gillette
- Ben Howes Chicken House
- The Fireside
- “Erev Bob Sokolov,.... Bob Sokolov”
- Mel Siegl, “Oh,...hello”
- Fischman and Chester, Inc.
- Wooden rowboats
- The triangle and diamond
- “Michael Katzki, ooh ah... Yesterday, Michael Katzki seemed so far away...”
- Milt Fuller
- The Tispaquin Looney
- Alan Singer's 90 degree flag pole stand
- Marv Pieken and fast pitch softball
- Coppel and Lambert
- Ronnie Glick's Pizza Company
- The enigma that is was Peter Varga
- PAKey
- Amram Gamlialli introduces soccer to Avoda
- Alaan Hadani's football
- Carl Goldberg's lightning speed
- Bob Dovner and Lorenzo's
- Israeli exercises
- All-camp photographs
- Mandatory hair cuts
- Nemasket soda
- Squirmy

So while the dining hall furniture is the same and reveille plays each morning, every Avoda generation has their own *mysteries, happenings, characters, classic pairings, and brothers*. This summer, nearly 25 campers saw their fathers continue a tradition of generations-finding their name (albeit somewhat faded) on the rafters of at least one bunk. The tradition continues.

If you would like to make a pledge to the Alumni Association Annual Fund to support scholarship and infrastructure improvements, please see below.

Mail to: Camp Avoda Alumni Association, PO Box 465, Needham Heights, MA 02494

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Bunk 14 Year \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (Home) (Work) \_\_\_\_\_

**Annual Fund Giving Levels**

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ Lake-O (\$2,000 +)

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ Hall of Fame (\$1,500 - \$1,999)

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ Dedication (\$1,000 - \$1,499)

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ Kosher Kabin (\$750 - \$999)

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ Betty Grable Commando (\$500-\$749)

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ Rec-O (\$250-\$499)

***Upcoming Events:***

***Bowling Night Returns!***  
***Look for an email soon.***

***RED SOX GAME:***  
***STAY TUNED...***

**Alumni Weekend 2009**

**June 26-28 on the Shores of Tispaquin**

**Best...Weekend...Ever.**

Camp Avoda Alumni Association  
PO Box 465  
Needham Heights, MA, 02494  
www.campavoda.org