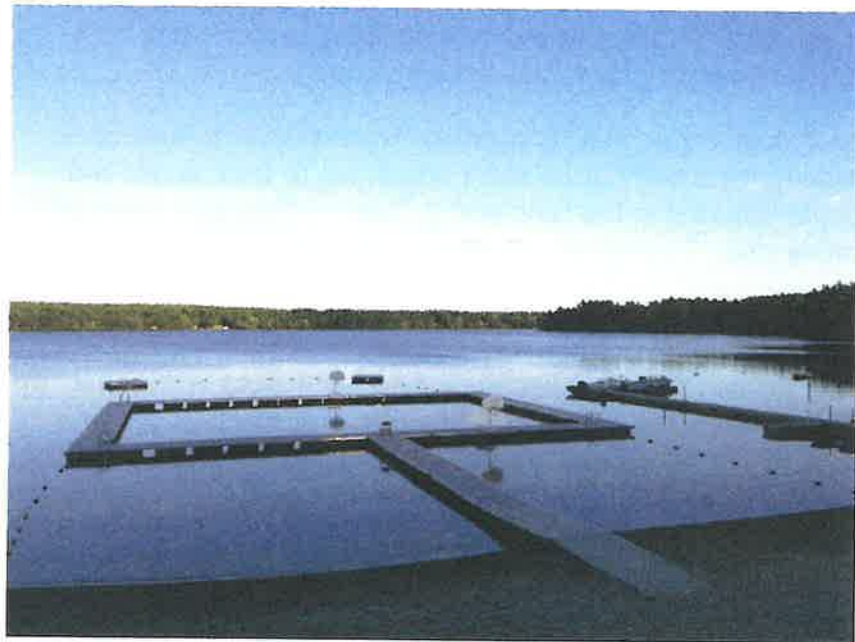




The Bugle



Alumni Weekend 2014 - June 20th - 22nd

Come be a kid again!! Don't miss this year's marquee event! Starting on Friday June 20th you can play until you can't play anymore. We have an incredible schedule planned. Tons of food, late night BBQ's, softball, soccer, basketball, lounging, relaxing, paddleboarding, swimming and floating. We hope to see you there!! **Register now @ <http://campavoda.org/alumni-weekend-signup/>**

- Sam Mirkin
President
- Jeff Vetstein
Secretary
- Seth Fox
Treasurer
- Aaron Agulnek
- Dan Gollinger
- Ken Freeman
- David Chella
- Nate Cohen
- Barry Morgan
- Paul Simon
- Seth Jacobs
- Larry Rubin
- David Glattstein

Helping Kids go to Avoda

Do you want to get involved?

Inside This Issue:



THE LAST WALTZ - PAGE 2

Jeff Vetstein describes the a new tradition that has surfaced on Day 6 of Color War.



THE GREATEST SHOW ON TURF

The Avoda alums once again tested their athletic meddle on the Football Gridiron.



REFLECTIONS FROM CHUD

Russell Chudnofsky puts pen to paper, read what happens next!!

President's Letter

Dear Alumni:

Another winter has come (and mostly) gone, and spring is upon us. The Sox are in full swing trying to defend their World Championship which means summer is coming. Seriously.

This summer will be the 87th season for Camp Avoda, and Ken Shifman and the powers that be are gearing up for another terrific summer. If you know of a boy who should be going to Avoda but isn't, let Ken know and he'll reach out. You could do no bigger for Avoda or for the boy.

On the Alumni front, we are thrilled to report that our annual Scholarship Phone-a-thon in November raised a record amount of Scholarship funds and we could not be more proud (we're from Avoda and no one could be prouder!) If you have not participated in the Scholarship Phone-a-thon as a caller or donor, I strongly urge you to do so this coming year. There is no more rewarding part of being an Alumnus than generating money to send boys to camp who could not otherwise afford to go.

We have great plans in store for a "new-look" Alumni Weekend to be held on June 20-22. As this year is everyone's "14" year, we hope to have big turnout to enjoy special programming along with usual great time engaging in all different sports, the refreshing waters of Lake Tispaquin, camaraderie of old (and in some cases very old) friends, late night barbecue, 3-on-3 hoops tourney, ass-sitting, Paul Davis PA announcements etc. If you haven't been to Alumni Weekend or haven't been in a while, this is the year to make an appearance - especially around lunch time on Saturday. Come for a couple hours - it will be well worth the trip.

We are also working on expanding the alumni calendar to include new events and welcome feedback from our members as to events that might be fun to try out. We have one cool thing in the works, but we're not spilling the beans just yet.

On a closing note, I was fortunate enough to attend the recent bar mitzvah of the son of an Avoda friend who also attends Avoda. In addition to a large group of home friends and family, there were a ton of Avoda friends of both the son and the father in attendance. It may sound trite, but the intergenerational pull of Avoda never ceases to amaze and delight me. Seeing my friends' kids love Avoda just like we did is just incredibly satisfying and we at the Camp Avoda Alumni Association look forward to keeping that going for many years, and generations, to come.

Knishingly yours,

Sam Mirkin

Do we have your
correct contact info?

Please update your contact
information with us. Send all
information to:
avodaalumni@gmail.com



By Jeff Vetstein, Bugle Editor

Day 6 2013 CW - Bunk 14's Last Waltz

We all know how intense Color War is every year, especially when we were campers and staff members. Many Alumni wonder if CW is as good (or better) as it was "back in the day." I'm here to tell you right now that the answer is: YES!!

This year during Alumni Weekend we held an auction to help boost the Scholarship fund that we all love so much. Tickets, sports memorabilia and gift certificates were all auctioned off to the horde of Alumni at lunchtime on Sunday. The last two auction items are always Guest Judge of the Color War Plays and The Songfest. I've always wanted to judge the songfest, never having the opportunity to in my camp days as I was always on CW Staff. I jumped at the opportunity and outbid the competition. I was finally going to be able to make or break someone's summer...I mean be a unbiased and fair judge of the songfest!!

I arrived at camp that beautiful mid-week day in August. I heard the unmistakable sounds of Color War. Screaming, cheering, running, whistles echoing from the field. My heart immediately sped up feeling the effects of adrenaline from years gone by. Its been said by many that when you arrive at Camp Avoda it's like stepping out of time machine. The faces may have changed but the place is the same and the spirit has survived. More than survived, what I saw on Day 6 of the 2013 Color War will stick with me for a very long time.

The noises i heard were coming from the waning moments of Senior Football, a Day 6 tradition like no other. I couldn't tell you who won (i had a date w/ a Paddleboard) but it was wildly competitive per usual. As I walked to the Lake, Ken Shifman yelled out to me, "Vet, make sure you are back by lineup!" Evidently

there was some kind of new tradition at the last lineup of Color War. Begrudgingly, I nodded my approval back at Shif making a note not to miss what was happening at Lineup.

I made it back from a successful Stand Up Paddleboard (#SUP) session and started making my way towards the OD shack as the Bugle for Lineup blew over the loudspeaker. As usual, the campers sprinted towards the flagpole as if their lives depended on it. Something was different though, the members of Bunk 14 had gathered near the steps of their prestigious Cabin.

They started to form a straight line, shoulder to shoulder, arms over each other's shoulders. Blue Team interspersed with White Team members. Captains of opposing teams side by side. I had never seen anything like this before. I was told that this tradition started in the summer of 2012. As the line of Bunk 14'ers started making their way towards the flagpole, a rhythmic clap started. Clap, clap, clap. The emotion of the moment grasped me by the neck. I realized why this was a scene not to miss. I get it. You guys would too. It was Bunk 14's last line up as campers, as teammates, as opponents. It was their Last Waltz as the mighty Bunk 14. Everything changes at the songfest. Winners and Losers are decided. Summer is over. Bunk 14 Year has come and gone. You're not a camper anymore. An era, your era, is over.



BUNK 14 TAKES THEIR LAST WALTZ

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4



COLOR WAR'S OVER, CAMP
AVODA RE-UNITES

It reminded me of The Band's famous song (which was played at The Last Waltz) The Weight:

*Catch a cannonball,
Now take me on down the line
My bag is sinkin' low
And I do believe it's time...*

So, in that moment, Bunk 14 walks to the flagpole one more time in front of those younger campers who can't wait to be them and in front of those staff and one tearful alumnus who still wishes he was there. What a moment.

I took my seat on the stage of the lodge in front of the White and Blue teams which were separated by benches adorned by Color War artwork. We got to judge the artwork too, bonus! Flags were presented to be judged as well. Teams started to sing (scream) their fight, comedy and free choice songs. I made some notes, some songs were better than others. It was all moving very fast.

Blue then sang their Alma Mater which was very good. The White team almost in unison turned to see their counterparts sing their anthem and most of them broke down in tears. I stopped taking notes and just decided to take in the barrage of emotion. Staff members, Bunk 1'ers, campers, CITs, to a man everyone was crying. It's amazing that Blue even got through singing their song.

There was a huge advantage to singing first. The White team could barely get through their their song with any semblance of a melody due to the emotional outpouring right before their performance.

Now that the songs were done. The teams tore down the dividers and embraced each other for the first time in six long hard fought days. Bunks grouped together hand over hand and sang the Camp Avoda Alma Mater which concluded Color War. I walked away from the lodge towards PGD's cabin to discuss the scoring of the songs with my co-judges (there were 10 of us). I don't know who won Color War, but it was very close. I found myself more interested in what I saw that night than tabulating any scores. I was very fair with my scores, I know what I heard but looking back, I still can't get over what I saw.

I saw an Avoda that is still every bit as awesome as it was. I felt what all of us long to feel, even if it was just for a few moments. Even if it was just for the Last Waltz....



Fighting for those inches, or better yet Drafting Bobby Zuker

PAGE 5

By Ben Kassiff - 2006 Bunk 14

On the morning of November 30th 2013 a group of men gathered. Some are lawyers, some are doctors, few are athletes, but all are brothers. The Newton South football field became a battleground, and these men its warriors. A football game took place on this day. Not any football game, but a Camp Avoda Alumni football game. Dunkin Donuts Box O' Joe coffee was a must for players trying to stay warm and wake up. Those who arrived before Jon Wilcon were able to enjoy some delicious donuts as well. Warm-ups lasted longer than originally thought due to the extreme cold, but not even poor weather conditions could stop the Avoda men from participating in one of the most anticipated days of the year.

When team captains and event organizers Dave Chella and Dan Gollinger announced that teams would be split up by age groups, I (a young guy) was thrilled. I was convinced going against a bunch of old timers would be a walk in the grove. I learned quickly how very wrong I was. Team Chella (Blue) put a spanking on Team Golly (White). Bobby Zuker brought his children along to teach them a lesson on humility, as in he singlehandedly humiliated the White team. The first half was a defensive battle with White hanging in the game trailing only by 2 scores. But the second half was a different story as the "X Factor," Stephen Gladstone, and the game

MVP, Zuker, opened the flood gates. Quick slants, screens, and scrambles spelled doom for White as they had no answer defensively. On the other side of the ball, Blue's defense anchored by Chella did not bend.

In the end it was a slaughter, but with no trips to the hospital this year, everyone walked away a winner. Thanks to the 30 alumni who attended, Sam Mirkin for spotting the ball, Eric Edelman for playing like he's still a camper, Dan Scudder for not wearing cleats, Gladstone for sporting an amazing handlebar mustache, and Garry Rosenfield for providing the halftime entertainment.

After the game, the players and spectators all went down to The Golden Temple and enjoyed a very nice post game lunch where they could lick their wounds and fingers.

Editors note: Sympathies for Adam Jacobs who mangled his finger and needed surgery. AJ also broke his collarbone in the 2000 Thanksgiving Game. Thought you'd like to know. See you next year AJ!



A BUNCH OF OLD GUYS

Marriages:

Doug Charton married Emily Mayer
Dave Charton married Alexandra Columbus, M.D.
(Couldn't marry each other)

Births:

Matt Bridges, baby boy Jacob (future Avodian)
David Glattstein, baby girl Winnie
Stephen Peters, baby girl, Summer
Scott Brockman, baby girl, Bessie
Barry Morgan, baby girl, Brynn
Seth Jacobs, baby girl, Abby
Jon Cooper, baby girl, Elliot
Ariel Waldman, baby boy Eli (future Avodian)



Above photo Left to Right:
Matt Bridges, Doug Charton, Dave Charton,
Aaron Kaswell



Left Photo: Baby Jackpot (Winnie Glattstein)

Are you connected?

Do you want to be:



Facebook: Group Name - Camp Avoda Alumni Association

LinkedIn: Group Name - Camp Avoda Alumni Association

Camp Avoda's Twitter Handle: @campavoda

Email: avodaalumni@gmail.com



By Russell Chudnofsky - 1986 Bunk 14

I first arrived at Camp Avoda in 1981. I went until 86. When I first arrived at bunk 4A, it was a week after everybody else had gotten there. I had gotten a terrible case of chickenpox and showed up at camp completely covered in scabs. Everyone looked at me like I was a freak. Not much ever changed!

I used to ask my counselor (don't remember who) every day if I could go to the water bubbler. Eventually he just said "you don't have to ask." A sense of freedom overtook me! Prior to that, I always had to ask permission from someone, a teacher, parent, whoever, to go anywhere. From then on I walked to the water bubbler, and to other new places on my own, no permission needed. It was this sense of independence (however small) which is one of the things I enjoyed at Avoda.

I loved that the counselors knew a ton about music. I learned a lot. I bonded with Benji on the Beatles. David Gold told me he found heavy metal boring and that David Bowie was much more musical and I found myself captivated with Bowie's Ziggy Stardust period that summer. Ian Levine introduced me to blues guitar via BB King and Eric Clapton. Thank you for that Ian! If not for you I might still be attempting to sound like Eddie Van Halen. I used to watch "Stringer" on his black Strat- I believe he could finger tap the solo to Hell Bent for Leather by Judas Priest which was very impressive. Mike Saperstein taught me Living in a Big Country, by who else but Big Country, and Peter Glovin let me explore his Grateful Dead tapes. That's quite a musical education there!

I used to love going to Rocky Point Park. Wandering around with friends, no adult supervision. I remember seeing Flock Of Seagulls there (!!!) and Otis Day and the Knights from Animal House (and dancing with some older girls!) The counselors gave us a long leash- that's the only way to grow. Kids don't seem to have that today. Parents have every minute of their kid's life planned out and monitored for them.

I have fond memories of row boating out on Lake Tispaquin. My second year there I'd take out the row boat on my own everyday as I was working hard to get my boating license. I used to love scaling the perimeter of Tispaquin, or rowing out to "the rock" and watching the camp get smaller and smaller. It allowed me another taste of freedom, running (or rowing) away, but knowing I had place to come back to. Unless I capsized!

One year I won a trophy for rowboating. I couldn't believe it. I wasn't any good, trust me. I just worked everyday at getting better. I think someone must have been impressed by my tenacity. I was so psyched about winning that! It was completely unexpected. Still brings a big smile to my face.

Every desert war I used to run off into the woods and hang out by myself. I loved it. Freedom! There were all these woods behind the camp that never seemed to be utilized, and it all seemed very mysterious to me. I'd just sit there every desert war and hang out among the trees while these war games were going on! I hope those woods are still there and haven't been developed into a neighborhood of McMansions.

I remember Stoney telling our bunk his 3 rules: 1) Don't hurt yourself; 2) Don't hurt others; 3) Don't be annoying! Or something like that. Stoney's Golden Rule! I have quoted those rules in many of my relationships. It's probably one reason I remain unwed. For a while, I used to run a cross country jog around the perimeter of the camp after dinner. The sun would be setting, the heat burning off. Just a nice, relaxing, and healthy way to wind down. During a color war one year, one of the staff made the wrong decision to put me in the cross country race as he knew I enjoyed running the same route. Problem was I never ran competitively. So the race starts, and all of the sudden I'm in last place! Eventually near the end of the race, I've bumped myself up- I'm 9th out of 10th place now. The guys are yelling to me- "whatever you do, don't stop, just don't quit." So I kept going, slow as a turtle, but I came in 9th out of 10th place. And our team won the race.



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RAMBLIN' MAN....CONT'

What's the lesson here? Many, I imagine. Do the best you can do, and don't worry about where everyone else is in the game. Just keep on keeping on, take your time, and don't stop. The tortoise wins the race if you remember that story.

Also: we all contribute something special to the greater picture. You may run fast, or you may not. You might be a funny guy but a poor athlete. You might make wonderful music, write interesting stories, whatever...We all have a part to play, no matter how small it may seem. One can still make a profound impact. I found that every individual I got to know at Avoda played a unique part in the story that I return to in my mind every now and then.

Today I find myself working 3 jobs: one at a public high school; afternoons at a private music school, and at nights and weekends as a musician. Often I'm going from the high school to the music school to a gig in one day, and I feel like I'm gonna collapse. So I'll often remember that race- just keep on going, take your time, and make it to the finish line.

I have fond memories of Camp Avoda, and even the not so fond ones give me a chuckle! Thanks to all who let me wander about and occasionally get lost (and found).

(PS: Shameless self promo: I play fun gig most Friday nights at Atwoods in Cambridge with a great singer named Tim Gearan. Stop on by! Just look me up on Facebook, and if you are considering going just check to make sure I'm there that week.)



CHUD ROCKIN' OUT