



THE BUGLE

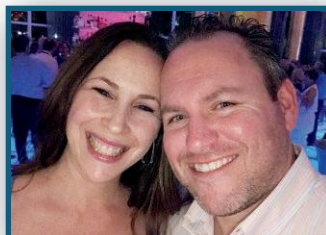
The Newsletter of the Camp Avoda Alumni Association

I MET MY WIFE BECAUSE I WON COLOR WAR

By Jeff Vetstein

True story, well kinda. I met my wife years before 1997, she actually went to Pembroke. I think I met her in 1986 for the first time. We were from the same town too, so we always knew of each other. We never really "found" each other until the summer of 1997, my last summer at camp.

The Summer of 1997 unbelievable on so many levels. There was an incredible Bunk 14 with amazing athletes, leaders and characters. I had the great pleasure of being a counselor to this group 4 different times throughout their Avoda camper careers. So being a Bunk 14 counselor to these kids was an unbelievable privilege that I'll always hold dear. I know my fellow counselors and fellow 1990 Bunk 14ers Bobby Zuker and Ken Freeman feel the same way. That summer started out fantastically right up until July 4th. A rash of staph infections spread throughout the camp. The source of the infections has never been confirmed but those who were afflicted know that the Jello from Jello wrestling was just the vehicle to the contaminate that polluted what was a great July 4th tradition. Jello wrestling has never been the same.



Many of us who got the infection missed some time at camp to recover. I missed a social with Pembroke. I was told that Jill, now my wife said, "hello and to feel better." We had danced at a social early in the summer and we both felt that we had something special forming. The second month began and Camp returned to normal. We had a great canoe trip to NH and I started the first Golf elective at camp. Doug Charton, Dana Isaacson, Dave Glattstein, Greg Lazaroff and I pioneered to go off campus to Pequoy Brook to play the first nine holes of Avoda's Golf history. Now kids go play golf every Saturday at camp if they want.

Soon, Color War staffs were forming. Nobody wanted to take on my bunkmates (Bubbles and Bobby) as a three headed monster squad. Bobby had already been General in '95 as I had I. So we decided that the three of us would split up. I took on Bubbles (General) and Bobby (1LT) and picked a staff of relative unproven rookie CW staffers, except for my trusty 1st LT Aaron Agulnek. I picked Jeff Goldberg and Daniel "The Buddha" Saval mainly because they were musicians (like me) and they were smart. I had no idea if they would be able to coach.

Color War picks were negotiated during a Bournedale meet. They were intense. I realized quickly that I was going to battle against my best friends. There were buttons pushed during the 3 hour negotiation, tensions flared and names were called. After negotiations we scurried back to the field to coach our teams and play (CONTINUED PAGE 3)

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Helping Kids go to
Avoda

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President's Letter

by Jeff Vetstein

Hello Avoda Alumni! It is with great pride and humility that I introduce myself as the new President of the Camp Avoda Alumni Association. I have been serving the CAAA Board for almost 15 years already which coincidentally is one more year than my tenure as a Camper/Staff Member at Dear Ole' A-V-O-D-A during the years of 1984-1997.

For me and more than likely for anyone reading this newsletter, Camp represents the majority of the chromosomes that make up my DNA, besides a few chromosomes here and there for family, work, music and bacon.

There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think about camp, my camp friends, a random camp memory or what can I do to help make camp and our alumni association better?

The one point I wanted to relay to you all is that as your President you have someone who loves camp, maybe a little too much. You have someone who has a son who is attending camp. You have someone who sings Color War song lyrics karaoke style when those tunes come on the radio. You have someone who still can't wait to go to Alumni Weekend every year, and help make it the best weekend of the year. And lastly, you have someone who will do everything he can to keep helping send kids who can't afford it to camp.

As I've said before in this newsletter, and have heard it now from my 10 year old son, "I get butterflies every time I make 'The Turn' on to Gibbs Rd." If a 10 year old can feel it, can you imagine what it will feel like for you on June 16th?

Save the Date June 16th-18th, and Make the Turn!

Dedication of Mary Ann French Infirmary June 25, 2016



PGD Honors Mary Ann



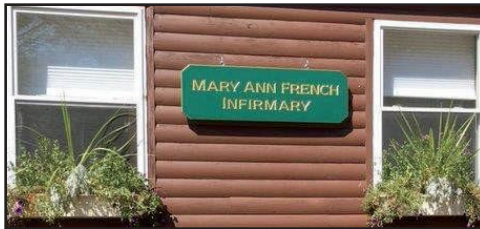
The French Family



Aaron Agulnek as host



Mary Ann's former campers pay tribute



A Dedication for all-time



Dedication Plaque



the Avoda Staff v. Bournedale staff softball game. All the tension that had been built up during CW negotiations was unleashed on those poor Argentinian and Peruvian Bournedale staffers. I hit a grand slam in the first inning. Lee Kaiser, who was on first at the time, was so pumped up that in his jubilant sprint around the basepaths he missed second base. Adam Miller, a young staffer/camp driver/umpire extraordinaire at the time, had the chutzpa to call Lee out on the subsequent appeal. It's a call that almost never happens, but would also foreshadow a similar situation about 9 days later, on Day 6 of CW. More on that later.

Our staff, who we named the Blue Justice and the staff of the White Bulldogs went on their pre CW day off. On that day off we wrote a fantastic play (one of the highest scores in CW history) about a camper trying to find his way in the world. His name was Gregg Meinstein, and his legend born. Dan and Jeff wrote the greatest Free Choice in history. White totally and completely dominating in the field but our Blue team was winning enough events in Juniors and random side events to keep it from being a total blowout. By Day 4, White had amassed a lead of over 300 points.

The tide turned a bit on Day 5, we finally had a good day on the field and our Play was met with critical acclaim. On Day 6, the weather turned stormy. There were only a few events left and it seemed like the White team had regained their control of things in the morning events, all were now watching Senior Softball. I believe my Blue Seniors were up 6-5 in the bottom of the last inning. White had a chance to win or lose the game. With a runner on first base a result of an intentional walk to get to Jake Grossman; the stage was set for Blue to win and perhaps get a celebration in front of White on the last day. Well, Jake had other ideas. Jake, known for his soccer prowess as opposed to to the diamond, roped a line shot that skipped through the wet turf past all of our outfielders for a walk off White Bulldog HR. If I hadn't been watching Jake in complete utter disbelief and disgust running faster than I'd ever seen him run I wouldn't have seen Bubba's face give a slight tell of surprise as Jake rounded second base. With White celebrating at home plate I screamed to Greg Lazaroff to appeal the runner at second. I didn't know what Bubba had seen, but it was worth a shot. Our pitcher threw over to the second basemen, who quickly stepped on the bag and with bated breath waited to see what Bubba would call: "He's out!"

Pandemonium. Tie ballgame. At this moment, Bubba Miller solidified his future at camp. The pressure on him at that moment must have been unbearable, knowing that either call would have either Bobby Zuker or myself throwing a complete Tommy Lasorda-esque tantrum in his face. He made the correct call, unfortunately for Jake. I'm sorry Jake, I truly am. The rain continued to fall during lunch and I begged the head judge, Josh Sobol, to cancel Sr. Waterskiing that afternoon. Imploring "camper safety" as the Smallcrafts Head. Sobol sent out Michael Caine to test the waters and upon returning to the docks Caine told Sobol he was not comfortable driving in those conditions. 20 more points split!

After the songfest, we thought we had lost by a respectable one hundred points./ There was a knock on our Rec Hall HQ door. It was Josh Sobel, "Um, Vet, I need you guys to add up all your scores and bring them down to Pink HQ." Maybe it was closer than we thought? I tried to caution my staff not to get too excited thinking that Pink had lost a score or two. As I made my way to HQ I saw Bubbles, my General counterpart bringing his clipboard to HQ as well. He looked worried but I told him he had nothing to worry about, even offering some "reverse jinx" congratulatory remarks.

Sobel announced both teams to the middle of the field where the scores would be announced by way of a fixed staff soccer game lit up by staff cars with their high beams on. First team to 3 goals wins. Of course it was 2-2 when unbelievably Blue scored a decisive unmistakable emphatic goal. "Blue Wins Color War!," was heard over a megaphone. Holy moly.

I stood there completely awestruck in total shock as watched my team sprint towards the frigid Tispaquin. The ultimate confluence of surprise, jubilation and remorse washed over me as watched my friends Spencer Kimball, Kenny Freeman and Bobby Zuker lose in the most gut-wrenching way possible. Josh Sobol grabbed me and the White Bulldogs staff and told us that they had asked us to help verify the score totals because it was so close. 18.5 points. It was the closest Color War since 1981 which was before the "modern" era. Inspection could have decided Color War, always wash your hand and write a letter! If Sr. waterskiing had taken place, a sure White win, then White would have won CW. If Bubba hadn't made that call, White wins. But, as a great man said to me once, "if my Bubbe had balls, she'd be my Zaide."

Both staffs went back for a final day off at Bobby Zuker's house. It was our last year at camp, and it would be the last official "day off at Bobby's house." The White team's staff members were distraught, and pretty much inconsolable. While at the same time, Aaron Agulnek, Goobs, Budha and I were trying not to be overly happy. I knew that there was a Boat Social with Pembroke going on in Boston Harbor and both Budha and Goobs decided to join me to go to the social. We needed to get away from everyone; the dynamic between the two staff was strained from winning vs. losing.

Spencer asked me where I was going. I told him I was going to the Social, I wanted to see this girl I had been talking to. He was surprised that I wanted waste my CW night out going to social. It was my Good Will Hunting moment, when Sean handed his Game 6 ticket to the '75 Sox World Series game back to his friend, "I gotta see about a girl." Only Pudge didn't hit a HR that night, I did.

If hadn't won Color War I may not have gotten together with my wife who I have a beautiful life with and two amazing kids (one Avodian). So thank you Jake, thank you Bubba and thank you Blue Justice you not only changed a summer with one of the greatest comebacks in CW history, but you changed my life forever. By 18.5 points.



Middleboro TOP 10 Landmarks

By Seth Jacobs

10. The "Worship" Cross

What better way to welcome visitors into town, then to place a giant cross with the word "Worship" on it? Granted, this cross is on public land in the middle on a traffic island, in blatant violation of the 1st Amendment, but that did not stop the good people of Middleboro from constructing this 12 'x' 7' structure in 1959. Located near Harry's restaurant and Dave's Diner, the cross has been the subject of controversy by liberal "yankee" out-of-towners, who should otherwise mind their own business.



9. The Peterson Motel/Relax Inn

In recent times, the Peterson motel up Route 28, was a rundown rooming house where perhaps illicit activity was taking place. But long ago, the Peterson was a beautiful getaway at the Gateway to Cape Cod. Before Route 495 was completed in the late 1950s, Route 28 was the main outlet to Cape Cod, and the Peterson was a beloved lodging house on the way. Today, unfortunately, the Relax Inn is no longer in operation, and the Days Inn, adjacent to the all-night McDonald's, is the last great resort of Middleboro.



Peterson Motel postcard 1950s

8. Steve's Sport Den

For more than 60 years, Steve Stanley owned and operated a small sports equipment shop in Middleboro Center, which he founded after his return from WWII. The legendary owner provided Camp Avoda with most of its sporting supplies from the 1950s until the 21st century, even if the stock had not been updated since the days of Fred Lynn and Carlton Fisk. A trip to Steve's Sport Den was a stroll into nostalgia, finding 1970s shirts and hats still on the rack.



7. Richard's Pub/Courtyard/Shooter's Steakhouse

It's great to have a happening bar near camp, unfortunately this building is closed more often than it's open. Perhaps because it was \$9 for a pitcher and a pizza, or \$10 for just a pitcher. FYI- to be reopened as "Fisher's Pub" Summer 2017.



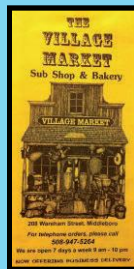
6. Kurt's Korner

And then there's Kurt's Korner. The "packie" near Avoda, which looks like the Sac O' Suds from My Cousin Vinny, and which was a camper's favored free play outing. Lots of chips, candy, soda, and in a past day, a backroom of videotapes and magazines. Out of state ID's are ...welcome.



5. The Village Market

The Village Market somehow fell through the cracks until the early aughts. But make no mistake, once you've had one of their signature steak and cheese or chicken parmesan subs, you will be making the trek there every time in Middleboro.



4. Pappa Timmy's

Pappa Timmy's provided good value for a camper's bunk money. For some reason, the Pappa Timmy's standard pie, which would be mediocre outside of Middleboro, tasted like 7 slices of heaven when entering from the back of a bunk. Honorable Mention: Lindos in Middleboro Center.

3. China Wok/Hawaii Garden/Orchid of Hawaii

The Chinese restaurants in Middleboro (and Halifax & Lakeville) have provide countless hours of entertainment for Avoda's young men. Some of that comes from the looser identification rules in these eateries, but that only ensured more could enjoy the ambiance of first rate restaurants. Hawaii Garden served as the location of the last night staff banquet for many years, until one too many Avodians happened to purge himself of General Gao. China Wok, in business until the early 2000s is now a Harbor One Bank, but it permitted locals to work off their tab by waitressing (seriously). The Orchid of Hawaii provided Avoda's men with a place to let loose with karaoke and scorpion bowls, and local ladies.



Bubba Miller: karaoke with unidentified woman, 2008

2. Lake Tispaquin & 1. Camp Avoda

Last, but certainly not least, the drive down Gibbs Road, a dirt road that looks like an old mine field, leads us to the sacred ground of Camp Avoda. 50 acres, most of it wooded, with cabins surrounding a multi-use field. Unspoiled by the modern world, and on a beautiful, pristine, and historic pond.

Honorable Mention: Sisson's Diner, The Chicken House, CJ's/RP's/Harry's, Middleboro High School, Middleboro Field of Dreams, Appazidis Family Restaurant/Middleboro Gun Shop, McDonald's, Hannah B.. Shaw Home for the Aged, Muckey's Liquors, The Log Cabin, Dairy Queen, Ocean State/Richs/Cost Plus, Ocean Spray



BUNK 14

By Andy Stone

**From the halls of Camp Avoda
To the shores to Tispaquin
We will fight for Betty Grable
And we're always sure to win**

**Admiration for Bunk 14
She's the finest ever seen
She's the pride of all the campers
And to us she is our queen...**

For those of you who are not 14 alumni, or for those of you who are a member of the Betty Grable Commandos, but don't know the words to the 14 alma mater and fight song... Well this is it.

I had the privilege of not only being a member of the 1980 14 as a camper, but I was also fortunate enough to be a two time 14 counselor- 1985 and 1986.

On the first night of camp, 1985- 14 wanted to do the alma mater at dinner. I told the boys we would not do the alma mater until everyone learned all the words. A rite of passage, maybe. Me being a traditionalist, sure... The bunk did me and co-counselor Mike "Morty" Roth proud, and learned all the words.

14- the summer every Avoda camper cannot wait for. The summer that goes by the fastest of all summers as a camper.

Being in 14 is awesome; TV's in the bunk, lights on until 11. Captains for all flag rushes, zoo ball games, desert war, and color war. The 14 overnight, playing on either the sr. softball team or the sr. basketball team, being role models and leaders for all the other campers. At the meals before athletic meets with Bourndale or Clark or Milbrook (our rivals in the 70's and 80's), 14 would accompany Tom Leavitt, Chubes, Nat Phillips, me, and others I cannot remember that would Sound Off to get the camp engaged and psyched up to go out and represent AVODA!!



We all remember who was in our 14, even if it was a triple 14 with 30 plus guys. We remember who our 14 counselors were, and we remember who all the 14 counselors were for all the years we attended camp.

My reference point for 14 and Avoda is the 1970's and 1980's, my 13 years at Avoda. I have had the opportunity in the last couple of years to see camp in session, and saw some terrific new (to me at least) 14 traditions. On the last night of Color War, all of 14 walks to the final line-up arm in arm, not blue and white, just 14.

14 has so many great memories and meanings. To this day, I remember all my 14 bunk mates: (CONTINUED PAGE 8)

Alumni Happenings

Marriages:

- Sawyer Emmer '0114 to Molly Boynton, June 18, 2016
- Robbie Sokolowsky '9414 to Alina Koyfman, June 26, 2016
- Seth Fox '8814 to Brooke Hauser, July 30, 2016
- Jared Shalek '0314 to Juliana Jacobs March 25, 2017
- Ben Odessa '0114 to Briana Simonian, April 29, 2017
- Dana Isaacson '9714 to Jennifer Kancler, June 24, 2017
- Bruce Kaufman '0214 to Marni Loewenstern, July 3, 2017



94 Bunk 14: Rob Sokolowsky & Stu Nadler

Births:

- Seth Peters '9214, baby boy, Nathan Jonas Dushan Peters April 10, 2016
- Barry Morgan '9414, baby girl, Sloane Lyla Morgan August 3, 2016
- Jon Cooper '9614, baby girl, Mae Dalia Cooper, October 21, 2016
- Greg Lazaroff '9714, baby boy, Oliver Jacob Lazaroff, November 30, 2016
- Micah Fleisig '9114, baby boy, Miles Pertman Fleisig, December 13, 2016
- Seth Jacobs '9614, baby boy, Benjamin Fraga Jacobs, April 16, 2017
- Nate Cohen, '0014, baby boy, Leo Benjamin Cohen, April 20, 2017



The Shaleks



(L to R) Jon Gurwitz, Garry Rosenfield, Scott Rosen at Shalek nuptials



Dr. & Mrs. Sawyer Emmer



Keith Agoada, Ben Katcher, Todd Stupell, Jeremy Modest, Jon Wilcon, Lee Garr- at the Odessa nuptials



Benjamin Jacobs



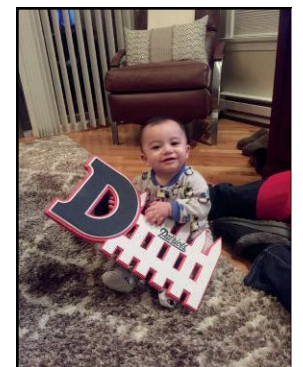
Sloane Morgan



Rachel & Oliver Lazaroff



Leo Cohen



Nathan Peters #1 Pats Fan

SAVE THE DATE!!! Alumni Weekend June 16-18, 2017

By Eddie Bernson

Last year's Alumni Weekend began quickly, with alums of all ages pouring in as the sun gleamed down off of Leon Dyer's freshly cut green grass. The weather was a cooperative guest as a record setting crowd showed up for the 30th annual gathering of past-their-prime Jewish athletes, and old friends greeted each other in a way only Avodians could.

Like any first day of camp, the conversations and games picked up right where they left off the prior year, and the Friday night traditions of hitting the courts and lounging on the field during sunlight transitioned into Rec Hall hangouts and masterfully grilled late-night chicken. While Friday always gives the alums a chance to reacquaint, it's Saturday where the youthful fun really kicks in. With all of camp open for entertainment, the opportunities for re-living the glory days are endless. Both competitive and leisurely games in all sports are available, Tispaquin is as pure as ever and typical Avoda meals are available for consumption.

After lunch on Saturday there was a special tribute to Mary Ann French, who sadly passed away late 2015. It was a moving experience to not only have all of the alumni gathered in the chapel site, but also Mary Ann's lovely family to celebrate her life with us. Her family spoke beautifully remembering this person that made such an impact to all of us. Paul & Bobby Davis gave kind words of remembrance of their long time friend and colleague. A special moment for all alumni, who remembered how disappointing it was to get sick or injured at camp, but could smile knowing that they had their own Avoda mom at the infirmary to take care and cheer them up. She was a truly incredible woman who's spirit will always be apart of Camp Avoda.

Saturday night was a real treat. Making his return back to Avoda for the first time since Alumni Weekend '09, John Valby was the weekend's feature guest. Dr. Dirty performed all of his noteworthy tunes highlighting different alums in each song. Valby performed late into the evening as Avodians laughed and reminisced of hearing him for their first time out of their counselor's stereos when they were campers. Some of the jokes made a little more sense since they've gone through puberty.

The weekend was a success, as 130 alumni came back to camp and enjoyed three 75 degree filled summer days. We had Avodians from the 2011 Bunk 14, 1972 Bunk 14, and everything in between. Alumni Weekend is a tradition that will always be one of the biggest pillars for all of us each year. We can't wait to see everybody at this year's AW, June 16th - 18th, same place as always...



Legend: Dr. Dirty



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BUNK 14

Continued from Page 5

Evan Yampolsky, Richie Mintzer, Jimmy Kleinmann, Jacob Pierce, Ira Greenstein, Robbie Simons, and David Gagel, and our counselor, Gary "Chubes" Epstein, an Avoda legend. I can tell you every 14 counselor from 1974 to 1986, my tenure at Avoda. Too long to list, but trust me, I know them all.

How many of you use 14 to figure out how old a fellow Avodian is? We are all 15 years old when we are in 14- so the math is easy. When we sign up for Alumni weekend every year, the common identifier is... What year were you in 14?

Being in 14 had some minor drawbacks; 14'ers had to be head table waiters for all meals. If memory serves me right, , PGD was a little demanding, especially on Friday nights!!

Love you big guy!! Let's not forget 14 was always the last to get food at meals, unless they caught the occasional break and the director said "line up for desert..." 14-1. A rarity, but very appreciated.

14 would clean up on banquet night, taking home all the gold (well almost all the gold- cannot forget Jay Yampolsky- 1983).



Of course, your 14 summer was your last summer as a camper. Your most memorable summer of them all.

Betty Grable, thanks for being our mascot...



CAMP AVODA ALUMNI WEEKEND

June 16th-18th 2017

Signup at campavoda.org

