



CAMP
SCATICO

1558
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Scatico Memories and Banquet Editions are a time-honored tradition at camp. The last night of camp is always a special, marathon, series of events complete with the banquet, closing campfires, the slideshow, candles on the lake... The banquet is where Scatico Memories (on girls side) and Banquet Edition (on boys side) is distributed. A document filled with letters from Senior Staff and DLs, divisional "Last Wills + Testaments" and "Remember Whens...", lyrics to Color War songs. An unofficial record of the summer, and a keepsake for years to come.

Consider this our special 100th Scatico Memories/ Banquet document.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LETTER FROM DAVID.....	2
LETTER FROM THE 100th COMMITTEE.....	3
DECADE ESSAYS	5
THAT PLACE CALLED SCATICO (1950s-60s).....	6
KNIT ONE PEARL TWO, 1970s YOOHOO.....	8
THE 1980s.....	11
THE 1990s.....	14
A TALE FROM 2004.....	15
PURE MAGIC: SCATICO IN THE LATE AUGHTS AND EARLY 2010s	17

**front cover painted by John Hickey, 2022*

LETTER FROM DAVID

As Scatico's 100th anniversary draws near it has turned thoughts toward the passage of time—and the essential conundrum of how it can pass so slowly in the moment and yet also in an instant through the years.

Each summer, campers arrive and embrace the slow, rich progression of the hours and the days. Childhood at its best—outdoors and nestled within a nurturing community. Morning line-ups. Afternoon general swims. Taps at night. Divisional activities. Full-camp special events. Just sitting and talking with friends. The moments of childhood seem like they will linger forever. And then, in an instant, it's the closing banquet. Another season etched in memory.

As campers annually sit around Opening Campfires, sparks rising into a star-filled sky, they think of the adventures awaiting them in the days ahead. This is a ritual begun in 1921 that has spanned the decades, continues today, and will carry on into the future. Excitement. Nervousness. Wonder. Brotherhood and sisterhood. The thought that where you sit right now, around a campfire envisioning the summer to follow, is a place where someone has sat before and a place where someone will sit in years to come.

All Scatico campers and counselors have sat on those campfire benches and embraced these fundamental emotions. This is true whether you dreamed of ice cream cones at Coons or Holy Cow; if your caretaker was Fred Petersen or Al Adams; if your flagpole was in front of the Social Hall or on girls back campus; if your talent show performances included songs from Gilbert and Sullivan or "Hamilton"; if your tennis was played with wood racquets on clay courts or carbon fiber composites on all-weather surfaces; or if you had California Fruit Salad for lunch weekly or drank half-pints of chocolate milk after Taps in the evening.

With the approach of Scatico's 100th anniversary, we think of the thousands of campers and staff who have created our community, culture, and collective memories, and the thousands still to come who will build on this legacy. And as this milestone nears, we will plan how best to celebrate and capture the sights, sounds, and smells (it's 1980, you're walking past the bake shop, and you know for certain there will be chocolate chip cookies for dessert at lunch) as well as the less tangible (and more lasting) embrace of friendships and memories.

The years of childhood pass slowly.... and way too quickly.

David Fleischner

May 29, 2019

LETTER FROM THE 100th COMMITTEE

To the Scatico Family,

A centennial is a remarkable milestone. One that inspires reflection and demands commemoration. After 3+ years of meeting, and planning, and (post 2020) zooming... we cannot wait to finally celebrate Scatico's 100th with all of you.

In 1921, the first year of Scatico's existence, Charlie Chaplin was starring in silent movies, the world saw its first-ever international women's sporting event (the Women's Olympiad), FDR was diagnosed with polio, Coco Chanel launched Chanel No. 5...

With each passing decade, the world has evolved and so has camp. And yet, we marvel how some universal camp truths never change and continue to connect all Scaticonians from across generations: the freedom of playing outdoors and away from technological devices (whatever they might be); the intense bonding and personal growth of living communally in a bunk; the excitement and awe of a camp "first" whether it's sitting around a campfire circle, the thwack of a home run, or ecstatic cheers of a Color War break.

The members of the 100th Committee represent over 400 Scatico summers, from Dennis Rinzler who started in 1950 and who had (among his many camp distinctions) the honor of playing the first Curly in the first Scatico production of Oklahoma (there would be at least three more), to our most recent Scaticonian, Mark Gretenstein, who started camp as a staff member in 2018. Despite the intervening seven decades, Dennis and Mark speak the same Scatico language.

When this committee held its first meeting in 2019, in a windowless New York City basement, we did not know what the next year would bring. We excitedly concocted plans for an epic 100th celebration, complete with mass softball on the ballfields, singing at the campfire site, chocolate milk and Sun Cups... Amid the shouts and interruptions of new ideas, it was Joan Croland (Kohlreiter in her camper years) whose message rang the truest... At the end of the day, this event is about people gathering and the simple joy of being all together, at camp.

After 2+ years of a pandemic, the magnitude of gathering takes on an extra weight. Of course, this September will most certainly bring lots of Scatico activities and nostalgia (think full-camp BBQ, general swim, a slideshow...) but most importantly, it will bring the magic of gathering with our camp family in the 12523, which we all have so acutely craved. We cannot wait to connect with old bunkmates, former division leaders, past co-counselors, and everyone in between. Looking forward to celebrating with all of you...

Green and Grey Forever,

The 100th Committee

- Joan Kohlreiter Croland (1945-1955)
- Barabra Lehman Sheldon (1949-1959)
- Dennis Rinzler (1950-1961)
- Joan Haskell Berlly (1950-1960)
- Mike Bush (1963-1970, 1993-2006)
- David Fleischner (1964-2022+)
- Andy Levine (1967-1973, 1975-1978)
- Laura Danford Mandel (1975-1984)
- Elisa Segal Madorsky (1976-1986)
- Mike "Maz" Madorsky (1978-1988)
- Kerri Berkman Winderman (1981-1997, 2013-2022+)
- John Hickey (1982-2022+)
- Ally Lipton (1983-1993, 2014-2022+)
- Diana Wallerstein (1987-2022+)
- Cory Schwartz (1988-1996, 1999-2002, 2011-2022+)
- Dori Popkin Chait (1988-1994)
- Shira Savada (1991-2019)
- Scott Kaufman (1995-2006)
- Brian Helfman (1997-2009, 2017-2021)
- Nicki Fleischner (1997-2022+)
- Sammy Wolfin (2000-2014, 2017-18)
- Audrey Fleischner (2000-2022+)
- Mark Gretenstein (2018-2022+)

DECADE ESSAYS

How do you capture a moment-- let alone an era-- at camp? How do you convey all the sights, sounds, smells, tastes, feelings and memories?

It was a tall, maybe impossible, task that we passed along to a handful of alumni.

We found seven Scaticonians to write from the heart, and to "encapsulate their decade," whatever that meant to them in whatever format they found fitting. Many elements, or core truths, of each submission echo-- particularly Roger's poem, a fitting opener. But each submission is distinctly its own, and reflective of its time.

Read, and be transported...



THIS PLACE CALLED SCATICO

It became part of our marrow
And we metabolized it across decades.

From the nidus as little kids
Through the evolution of adolescence

It shaped and informed us
Our values, ethics and beliefs

We learned tenacity and tolerance
Compassion and competition

Life long forever friendships
Commingle with constant caring of our souls

What might be a golden random sample
Of this magical milieu called Scatico?

Impossible to encapsulate such boundless joy.
But a stream of consciousness suggests:

We fell in love in the Canteen
And had our hearts broken near the jukebox

We got high on Nehi and the night air
And read comics with flashlights until we got caught

The basketball court was our college
As we learned life lessons and jump shots

In the heat of July, sleep was slow to unfold
But the August air brought jelly rolls and sudden slumber

We encountered California Salad
And warm tomato juice.

And the post prandial brown bags from the HC Shack
Brought Neccos, Mallo Cups and Marshmallows.

We found fun on rainy days
With old movies and water pistols

There was
The Carnival where you could get married

And play 'Scheddy'
or slam an old car

General Swim with Buddies
Created safety and silliness

Color War called out
To fierce fighting and passion

Our counselors were our avuncular fathers
Not much older than we were

We burned the flag at the Banquet
And hoped for another sweet summer.

Alas, No poetic prose or essay
Can fully capture the wonders of camp

But we were dappled in the persistent
Sunshine of those years

It is always with us
Always within us

Across the decades
Across these dream filled moments

- Roger Granet, 1953-68

*Dedicated to camp cohorts and forever friends
Hank Alpert and Peter Ehrenberg.*



*Boys DLs in the mid-1960s.
Roger 2nd from right, Peter
far right.*

"Knit one pearl two1970's yoo hoo..."

How I remember it- with a little help from my friends

Everyone thinks the decade they were campers was "the best," but we all know that nothing topped the 1970s! We one hundred percent gave Flick and Ruth a run for their money as this was, after all, the dawning of the age of Aquarius!

It was all women's lib and anti-establishment. The headlines were Watergate, gas lines, and the passage of Roe v. Wade. While politics rarely came into play at camp, we did gather in the social hall to hear Nixon resign in 1974. The cultural shifts of the '70s carried into camp in a big way - through music, fashion, hairstyles, and trending antics like streaking and mooning!

There was no question that I was going to Scatico! My mom started at 4 (in the pixie house) - my father and mother met at camp- and all my siblings and cousins would go as well. My first year was 1967- and in the 60's and some of the 70s, we traveled to camp by train from New York's Grand Central Station to Hudson, NY, where we would then board busses that took us to camp. In those days, we packed in hard black trunks that we trapped in tapestries and used between our beds. We packed only the essentials. Our bedding was a regulation itchy, green, wool blanket and a jelly roll, a couple of "long and longs," daily green and greens, and whites for Shabbat! We wore hard-soled saddle shoes, had special tennis sneakers for the clay courts, and in those days we packed a party dress and fancy shoes for prom! Our bunks looked like barracks, but we liked it that way.

Those of us lucky enough to be at camp in the '70s know that daily life was run by Flick and Ruth! I have to say that, to date, no two people in my life have made more of an impression on me than they did. Flick had the calm reserve, diplomacy, and tenderness that made each of us feel at home and safe at camp, even when we got in trouble. Ruth was direct and to-the-point, with a keen Spidey sense that always kept her one step ahead of us. Not much got past Ruth; she had a knack for nipping things in the bud early and often. Girls side was run by Carol and many of the traditions and songs still embraced at camp today are ones that Carol brought with her. Stan was head of boy's side and we had the pleasure of generations of Holmans around us. Uncle Nat singing "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" and Daisy and Jack giving a running commentary about everyone and everything as they sat on the Admin porch are just a couple of a thousand cherished memories.

Days at camp were much the same in the 1970s as they are today: we sang all day long, had line up, clean up, activities, general swim, rest hour, and shower hour (my personal favorite). We lathered ourselves in baby oil and tanned on back campus before our big socials. Afternoon activities were filled with sports, waterfront, play rehearsals, Tribes and Color War. We made too many lanyards and tie-dyed too many shirts! Lunch was always popular, especially on

“brother-sister days.” We lined up for dinner and, as we got older, evening activities included more socials and sometimes milk and cookies behind the HC. Taps would blow and we would run back to our bunks to see who was on OD (were they mean or fun?). The days ended with reading and writing letters by flashlight, giggling, and being all sorts of goofy and, each morning without fail we raised the flag, often with someone’s bra, a boy’s underwear, or a beloved stuffed animal already strung up!

The ‘70s had all the traditions: the Friendship plaque, Tribes, Color War, opening and closing campfires, candles on the lake, the burning of the year – but we also had prom and, of course, the banquet! We got big trophies, small trophies, and my personal favorite – Witty Ditties!

I took a poll of 1970s campers and here are some of their memories: afros (mine was epic), showering in the rain, divisional sing, mud sliding, running down the hill on back campus, rolling on the hills at the golf course, the 250, witches cove, the “vomit wheel,” swings, peanut and scavenger hunts, Salamagundi (sp), Squigulum (sp), counselor silhouette, “visits to the infirmary”, the Apache relay, secret pals, doody bombs, writing your name on the walls, job wheels, movies in Cove A, care packages, getting called to the HC for a phone call, the red phone booth, sneaking to boy’s side, amazing athletes, singing, socials, co- ed musicals (bring them back!) medicine ball, writing songs, leading songs, SINGING songs, water skiing on Copake Lake, carnival, the marriage booth, counselors smoking on the porches, carnival, dunk the counselor, swimming to boy’s side, the shark test , the high towers, horseback riding at the stables, Visiting Day bunk presents, Al’s bunnies, Susie the Dog, Peggy cutting our nails and washing our hair brushes, MRS. PALLEY, secret pals, blow cake, singing and more singing, rainy days, lazy days, waterfront days, squirt cheese, the juke box, the pines, Coons, intercamp games, all of Carols songs, the canteen, playing jacks, letters from home, postcards, reading on the porches, canteen day deliveries, the dreaded laundry day, free time, talent shows, bats in the bunks, (did we mention singing?!), notes in the dining room, impetigo, scary stories, camp sleep outs, and FM radio!

Radios were a staple in the bunks, but turntables and vinyl also made the scene in the ‘70s. Music was huge at camp and we listened to it all – rock, folk, pop, country, funk, disco, and more. The jukebox in the canteen had a great selection of singles and Otis would teach us how to hustle and bump to “Rock the Boat.” We idolized our counselors in the ‘70s and we all went home begging our parents to buy the albums they played and the clothes they wore. Let’s be honest, there was nothing better than being in the Clubhouse doing “dust pan” to the soundtrack of Grease or a James Taylor song.

On girls side, singing was a major part of camp, from the songs we sang in the dining hall to the ones we had to write and perform for Tribes, Divisional Sing, and Color War. I can’t remember what I ate for lunch today, but I can still sing the solo in the folk song that Lexi Lefeld sang for Color War to the tune of “See you in September” as if it were yesterday. Songs we sang and learned at camp will forever bond us- and whenever we hear them- we are immediately transported back in time.

For me, the best part of camp were the CO-ED musicals! We did all the greats: *Bye Bye, Birdie*, *West Side Story*, *You're a Good Man Charlie Brown*, *The Fantasticks*, and *Oliver!*. Flick and Ruth even let us do *Grease*, but we had to change some of the lyrics. I have to say, we had a lot of great talent at camp in the '70s, both on the stage and on the field, and I don't really remember another time quite like it!

I know the 1970s came with its share of challenges for camp. The world was changing, and I imagine it was the start of many adjustments and learning curves in the evolution of what camp is today. The '70s were iconic in so many ways and so was our time at camp during those years. These memories, these people, these moments – there's truly no place like SCATICO and I am so excited to be here to celebrate this amazing milestone! I am a second-generation camper, and my kids are third generation! Camp has left an indelible mark on our hearts and in our lives.

Happy 100... and may Scatico live on for generations to come! Forever Green and Grey!

- Jill Herzog, 1967-81



The Scatico Playhouse presents... Grease



Counselor dunk tank... 1970s edition



The Croland/ Herzog clan on Visiting Day

Jill's mom, Sue Herzog, next to Jackie Holman



The 1980s

I was asked to write something for this milestone as a representative of a single era (the 1980s) but feel more part of a continuum. I am the middle of a three generation Scatico family that spans nearly 70 of Scatico's 100 years, from the early 1950s to 2019. My parents met at camp, so I literally wouldn't be here without Scatico! I will never pass the Jackson Corners Road exit without getting goosebumps.

While some camp experiences span many eras (I noticed "I Don't Want to Go Home" on the playlist for multiple decades), the 1980s were a unique and special time at camp. My camper and counselor/DL career from 1980-1991 coincided with a distinct era on boy's side. In 1981, David went from being a DL to Head Counselor, replacing Lenny Messitte (thus, ending one era). By my last staff summers, he was married, had become a father, and had assumed more of a Director role. The 1980s on boy's side could be subtitled "David as HC, the early years."

These years were defined by immense creativity in terms of activities and boundary pushing that went along with it. For a non-athlete like myself (my banquet trophy once read "most improved arts and crafts"), this environment was perfect. A "C" Newcomb player for inter camp could be an all-star. We played all the traditional sports, but my strongest memories are those spent off the field: strutting around dressed as "Lola" on a way to an Inter sing victory; wearing all yellow and piling on top of a kid wearing all brown during a "Subs and Heroes" game to create a roast beef sandwich with mustard; and dressing as Spock for a Star Trek-themed hike. As an Upper Senior in 1984, when we found out there would be a tag sale at the firehouse across the street, we brought boxes of old Scatico memorabilia and spent the afternoon selling Scatico tchotchkes to the fine citizens of Elizaville. That evening, we blew our earnings on hoagie night from Sal's. I can assure you this wasn't being done at Pontiac.

As throughout Scatico's history, as David is fond of noting, the most special moments at camp during the 80s occurred in the unstructured moments: connecting with a friend as you walked to the Mess Hall or while sitting in kayaks in the middle of the lake; chucking chum on the HC porch or at the picnic table in front of Bunk 13-14; cracking up a friend; playing Strat-O-Matic during rest hour; bringing back candy from a social for a younger camper; watching a kid own a new nickname; sneaking in an extra few minutes of flashlight time between OD checks; falling asleep every night as a bunk to either Simon and Garfunkel's "Concert in the Park" or Harry Chapin's "Greatest Stories Live;" and turning someone else on to music that starts them on a journey.

Speaking of music, there is a soundtrack that accompanies my Scatico era: the Chum Brothers; Sing songs; color war sound-off chants; the counselor game warm-up mixes; the strains of southern rock playing quietly in the background during evening hangs; and the music blaring from boom boxes (I remember a lot of Who, Zeppelin, Stones, Little Feat, Zappa, Dylan, CCR, Skynyrd, Allmans, Grand Master Flash, Sugar Hill Gang, Van Halen, the Police, and Grateful Dead to name a few). There are songs that will instantly bring my mind back to camp and make me smile.

These camper years were filled with so many rites of passage, including those on the Upper Senior trips, the Canoe Trips, rebuilding the Palace, sneaking down to the deli, and at socials. Unfortunately, my most memorable social was breaking my nose during one. If anyone wants to comment on my appearance, in fairness, my nose was set on the putting green, not by a plastic surgeon, but by Dr. Brandt, a gastroenterologist.

During my counselor/DL years the encouragement of creativity continued. I'll never forget the pure joy my Sophs campers had when, instead of doing a traditional hike, we spent an afternoon dressed as tourists exploring the nooks and crannies of camp and Elizaville, pretending they were historical destinations. I'm quite proud of the evening activity I came up with which had the Upper Seniors taking a van to a session of night court in Red Hook to watch and surprise a counselor try to fight a traffic ticket.

But perhaps my crowning achievement was the mystery ride I led my Inters on which ended abruptly in a park after a call about our activity resulted in the dispatch of several police cars and the Sheriff telling me we were banned from Tivoli. This was not the first nor last time my budding legal skills came in handy during my staff years. In the understated way only he could, Flick greeted me at the Admin after that activity and conveyed all that needed to be said: "Jeff, it sounds like things got a little out of hand with your mystery ride".

And then there was the staff nightlife. The 80s saw a transition from hanging out at Twin and Howie's to other venues, both off (Sal's, Starr Bar, Ground Round) and on campus (Boat House, Craft Shack, Stables, Hockey Courts, C-Court, etc... trying to stay one step ahead of Al Adam's crew and Louie). As great as the nights off were, some of the best were those on OD, recharging and getting to know other campers.

While Flick analogized Scatico to Shangri-La, an earthly paradise, it was, of course, not immune to the perils of any community. But navigating those sometimes choppy waters was a huge part of what shaped all of us who had the privilege to call Scatico home for 2 months a year.

A word about girl's side. To many of us on boy's side, it looked like very different leadership on girl's side which during the 80s was helmed by Carol Schectman and then Nancy Kleiner in her first couple of years as HC. Over time, on staff and even more so later as a parent of campers on girl's side, I've come to appreciate just how incredibly loving and nurturing and supportive that leadership was and what a formative role Carol and Nancy played in the lives of the women who were my contemporaries.

All of us who spent time at Scatico in the 1980's left our distinct mark on it (and not just in toothpaste in the rafters). My own counselors and fellow campers and then my co-staff members and the boys I had the absolute honor to lead as a counselor/DL have all had a profound impact on me. Thank you to Flick and Ruth and to David and Diana, as well as to everyone who passed through the gates while I was there, for shaping who I am.

Alleevevo, Allevivo, Alleevevo vivo ves,
Jeff (insert your preferred nickname for me here) Araten,
(Camper 1980-1984; Counselor/DL 1987-1991)



Jeff (left) on staff, at the boy's flagpole with JJ Hickey and Jeff Au.



Madonna night circa 1984.

1987 Sophs (Jeff top left).

Headed out on a tourney... in the early 1980s.



Canteen social... 1980s edition

David + Diana, late 1980s



The 1990s

Like everyone who has bothered to come up to camp for the 100th reunion, and certainly anyone who picked up this document, we love Scatico deeply. But neither of us were ever the main characters of any given summer. The only reason we could think that Nicki reached out to us is because she got a package deal for coverage on boys side and girls side. So we reached out to our friends and enlisted their help to remember all the things that defined being at Scatico in the 90's, and were overwhelmed with the responses, almost all of which which were unprintable. Here were the best of the rest:

Walkmen and mix tapes; Gameboys getting banned after Visiting Day; Adam Fleischner hangin in the air forever during the '95 Nat; Umbro and Soffe shorts; Eiko Suziki's Bat Mitzvah; Co-ed plays; the vomit wheel; Getting caught on the way back from the P&N Deli; Hard trunks; Metal beds; DJ Jeff; Canoe trips; the Flick-mobile; specifically, Nissin brand Cup Noodles; the unexpected birth of Audrey Fleischner; Birkenstocks with socks; the putting green (now known as the Octagon); Camp MTV; Danny Zabar's Visiting Day spread; Haunted house in the Admin basement; plaque rooms; Ging and Truding get their Nat wins; buddy lists on a clipboard instead of on the buddy board; the rise of the Rhinecliff Hotel and overnight parking at the deli; the last co-ed trip to the roller rink; girls laundry nights at the Country Grocer; unveiling the "Canteen Extension"; Wigwam socks; communal laundry bags and the bunk sort; John Heard breaks girls' Color War at the end of the Scatico playhouse presents Chorus Line; Iron Mike Sharpe body slams Brett Bush to break boys Color War; LT and the legendary fight at the Star Cantina; Square dancing; Jack Aker; one bagel, one donut, one chocolate milk!, God Street Wine

When we close our eyes, these memories appear in kodachrome, resting in plastic carousels, and thrown up on the paint-caked walls of the squash court or Cove A. They were the last remnants of an analog era before we had to worry about our awkward moments being posted and tagged. We were free to figure things out and make our mistakes on our own time and laugh looking back.

- Ben (1993-2004, 2012) and Hope (Mandel) Amsterdam (1995-2004, 2012)



Top left: Ging coaching the (winning) 1995 Nat

Right: The Vomit Wheel + 1993 Soopers

Above: The 1998 Soopers and Upper Seniors (Hope bottom right)

A Tale From 2004

Our story begins early in the Summer of 2004. Ben Stern and I were the Sophomore division and assistant division leaders respectively. We were in a rowboat with a bunch of our kids, barely off the dock, when we saw something with the faintest glow in the sand below.

"It's treasure," the Sophomores insisted.

"We know," we lied.

We told them we would go back for it later, rather than risk others spotting us collecting something extremely valuable in broad daylight. Another lie.

Over the next several weeks, Stern and I continued lying straight to our campers' faces: the treasure was a locked box, the locked box contained a coded message, we've broken the code, the code says the true treasure will appear in this exact location on this exact date, on and on. Stern and I even baked an enemy into our tale: Andrew Kahn, our former bunkmate, and counselor for another division, not-so-quietly following our quest all summer long.

With less than a week remaining before Color War, our story reached its crescendo: a camp-wide manhunt of Kahn, one step ahead of us on our evening-activity pursuit of the treasure. We finally confronted him at the campsite behind the ballfields, where our eight- and nine-year-old campers called for Kahn's head. I believe it was Danny Klyde who literally shouted: "Kill him!"

We did not kill Andrew Kahn. Instead, we wrested a small box from his hands, which was supposedly the treasure. Inside the box: a final message, written by former Scaticonian Rod Friedman. The message ostensibly said some version of, "I hope you enjoyed your summer-long treasure hunt, because the real treasure was the friends you made along the way. Also, here's some money for pizza."

It was a glorious resolution to a glorious summer-long story arc, ending with so much food, even Klyde was willing to spare a slice for Kahn. Clusters of campers were huddled over pizza, excitedly recounting the tale with one another. I don't remember all the conversations, though I certainly remember the vibe: scores of Scaticonians, merrily mowing down Sal's pizza under the Elizaville night sky. It was as wonderful as it sounds.

I do remember one specific conversation, though, an unforgettable coda to the whole story: Chase Madorsky, loudly shouting (as if he has another volume, then or now) that division mate Sam Beck had something shocking to reveal. I'll never forget the awestruck look on Beck's face as he said he knew the man behind the treasure, Rod Friedman, who lived in his hometown. Stern and I were blown away.

This was entirely unplanned. After all, Friedman hadn't written the message; his participation was yet another one of our lies, a name we pulled off a wall in the Social Hall. That one of our campers had an actual connection to the treasure hunt's grand reveal was, and still is, utterly astounding.

In hindsight, it shouldn't be all that astounding; it's simply Scatico in action.

That's what I love so much about this story. It's a glimpse into what camp was like in the 2000s, sure, but it's also just what camp's like, period. We're all celebrating 100 years of the Best Place on Earth™ because of the alchemic connection™ between campers and counselors, past and present, making magic together.

Nearly 20 years on, the Great Sophomore Scavenger Hunt of 2004 feels so extraordinarily and timelessly "Scatico," for lack of a better word. I don't know what mystery rides looked like in the 1950s. Are kids sneaking smartphones into camp these days, with which to bust their counselors' carefully crafted cons wide open? No idea. But Stern and I presided over a summerlong event that could have easily happened to us when we were kids in the 1990s. I suspect it strikes a chord with some of you reading this, too, no matter when you attended Scatico.

If "you" is "Rod Friedman," by the way, consider this an apology for appropriating your name without your permission. Also, thank you for the pizza. It was delicious.

-Josh Wigler, 1996 - 2007



Josh Wigler + Ben Stern



2004 Sophs



Camp rowboat adventures

Pure Magic: Scatico in the Late Aughts and Early 2010s.

A friend of mine once told me, "Sydney when you speak I really just hear 'words, words, words, camp, words.'" Though she meant the comment as a jab, I wore it like a badge of honor – and my division has embraced it as such. In thinking about the 'words' associated with the 'camp', I asked each of my divisionmates to describe camp in one word. Their answers were beautiful: Pure. Wholesome. Safe. Magical.

That last one really stuck.

It's impossible to put into words the magic that is Camp Scatico. There is something indescribable that happens when you enter the white gates and immerse yourself – whether for a full summer or just a quick visit. As one of my divisionmates stated, "it's the only place in the world where you can really breathe."

Beginning my camp career in the late aughts, I was immediately taken by this magic and readily embraced each new experience, hungry to be part of it. I scraped my knuckles on the gaga courts. I recited Oscar's "prayer" while jumping over a tree root. I woke early for Polar Bear Swims – fingers crossed that I wouldn't see the elusive Mongo or snapping turtle in the lake. I listened attentively when learning the lyrics to the countless Scatico classics, from "Agalina Magalina" and "Little Cabin" to "The Circle Game" and the year song.

Summer after summer, the magic grew stronger. I returned each year with the same insatiable enthusiasm for this place. We all did. We built up our "camp wrists" with whatever the trendy bracelet of the summer happened to be (rainbow looms, zipper bracelets, silly bandz, braces bracelets...that last one was extremely weird). We folded our green soffe shorts once, twice, even three times. We cut our Hanes t-shirts to look like lax pinnies (until we were banned from doing so). We swapped Uncrustables for turkey sandwiches, and packed cereals in our drawstring bags as we traveled on tournaments. We kicked our Birkenstocks down the road path on the way home from meals, occasionally requiring Teddy and team to retrieve a shoe from atop a tree.

In 2010, this magic was manifested in the work of art that was the "Dynamite" dance. Originating as a girls' side talent show performance, the dance became a summer phenomenon performed at every opportunity – a pre-lunch porch dance party, DJ Jeff, the Nat – by anyone from Jinters to Senior Staff.

As my summers progressed, camp – and its magic – became deeply intertwined in the person that I was growing up to be. I came to realize just how much of the magic of Scatico was found in its people.

I am transported to a moment with my division. In the waning nights of our CIT summer, we found ourselves on the volleyball courts (an aside: I adore how such significant Scatico moments often happen in the most seemingly random locations – perhaps another manifestation of this magic).

One by one, we went around and each shared our fears, anxieties, and struggles. After eight summers, we felt we knew everything about one another, but in that moment, we each opened up about things we hadn't yet. So many of us have had this experience and have learned that, in addition to being our biggest sources of belly laughs, our divisionmates are also our deepest wells of support.

While the magic of Scatico is always present, there is one moment in my camp career that I feel comes closest to collectively encapsulating it. In my counselor summers, camp brought back the counselor post-to-post event at the end of Girls' Color War. In my final summer of 2015, the post-to-post evening was radiant: there was a golden hour that stretched infinitely and a crispness in the air that exists only at camp.

As campers and counselors alike gathered on the hill, the joy was palpable. We cheered "Al viva" from places deep within our souls. We sprinted with smiles plastered on our faces. We celebrated the spirit of Scatico in unity. The spirit that lives in each of us. The spirit that keeps us coming back. The spirit that, even now that it's been years that I've spent a summer at camp – is still very much alive.

It was pure magic.

- Sydney Segal, 2005-2015



2011 CITs



Grey counselors celebrating post-to-post, 2019