



# T O M T O M

## A D I R O N D A C K C A M P

Issue 5

FALL 1998



### Halloween

EDITION

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## Thanks for a Wonderful Summer

Just as summer is glorious at Camp, the fall is also a time of beauty. The lake is quiet as the trees change their leaves from green to gold and red and then brown as they prepare for the winter.

For us it is a time for reflection on the past summer, savoring the joys and sorting out the problems as we continue to challenge ourselves. What did we do well? What can we do better? How can we improve our staff, our program and our facility? We seek and appreciate

your comments and suggestions, as we review every aspect of Camp.

It is also a time for planning. How do we want Adirondack to look in the summer of 1999? How do we want Adirondack to look for the summer of 2003 when we celebrate our 100th birthday?

We are also very busy with our re-enrollment for next summer. We have had a huge response to our early enrollment program. **(DON'T FORGET OUR NOVEMBER 1st. DEADLINE).**

Not only have a good number of our last years campers already re-enrolled but several of

their siblings are joining us also. We already have had many new families express a strong interest in Adirondack. We have agreed to hold places for our current families until the November 1st. deadline, so act now.

Thanks for your continued support.

SIR MATTHEW BASINET,  
DIRECTOR

Linda L Goodwin  
Owner

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**ScareyStory** written by *Merritt Duffy*

It was beautiful in Glenburnie when Tim got into his truck with Nicky to head back to camp for the last time that day. The trees were red and gold against the glare of the sun setting off the lake's water. He could see it better through the branches now that the leaves were coming down. A good cold and windy rain would probably finish them off. The lake sparkled against its intermittent waves.

Tim turned the wheel and moved easily up the hill towards the woods. More trees rose up on all sides – birches, knarled oaks, and pines of many varieties, even a few spruces. The pavement cloaked itself in velvety shadows from the overhanging boughs. Tim and Nicky were quiet in their solitude as the view passed before them. He could hear the rhythmic clicking of his snow tire treads hitting the blacktop. Clicking more frequently as he sped up and less when he slowed down. Camp's first snow could be any day now he thought.

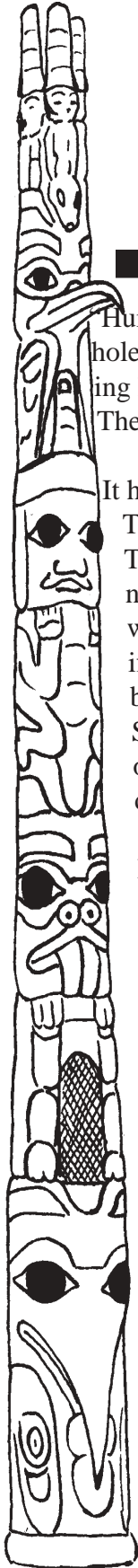
Warlock road was ahead of them. He turned right. In the dark tunnel of pine shadows he urged the truck forward. Earlier, Steve mentioned he thought a raccoon might be setting up under the Mess Hall. He too had noticed Midnight spending a lot of time sniffing around the back of it. Mentally, it was on his list to check out before he returned home for the game. He knew he had enough time to make it back. Shivers. The air was cooler here in the trees. He rolled his window halfway up and his flannel sleeves all the way down.

They neared camp and Nicky's ears pricked forward as she sat up. She growled and lurched forward into the dashboard when something unfamiliar ran across the road. Yellow eyes peered up at the flatbed. In an instant they were gone.

"Easy Nick. Get back! No!" Tim grabbed her by the collar to keep her from climbing out his partially opened window. Her saliva and breath fogged up most of his side of the windshield and he braked uneasily trying to hold onto the steering wheel. Her barking was distracting and he could just make out the grass moving next to the staff lot.

"Wonder what that was", he said more to himself than to the dog. "Strange. My lights aren't even on". He felt the hair on his arms rise - his breath was a little shallow. "Nick - calm down, that's enough", he said. She did, but her fur was up along the length of her back.

Gravity helped by rolling the truck down towards Linda's house. Tim turned in to drop off her mail to her. She wasn't there. Camp was eerily calm for that time of day. Silent of sounds – even the dog. Her eyes were transfixed at the riflery range. He couldn't see a single chipmunk and a new smell was in the air, No bugs. Silence. His mood darkened as his senses sharpened - almost as if he was being watched. He quickly swung around in the same direction... Nothing.



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"Humph...probably the cat". He squinted as the last bits of sun found their way through holes in the tree shadows. One such ray cascaded across his windshield temporarily obscuring his view of the dog. He walked over and got back in. The dog hadn't moved an inch. The engine turned over easily and he K-turned to head on to the Mess hall.

It had been a good workday with the Infirmary roof and Nature almost done. He was tired. They had all worked hard with an urgency knowing that the weather would turn soon. The game crept into his mind. It was damp around the Mess hall. The leaves were beginning to rot where they had collected by the back door. Tim had to watch his step – they were slippery. He left the engine on and Nick in the cab – it would be a quick look to see if a coon were in there. He could tell soon enough. "Be right back"; he said picking up a broom. He switched his flashlight to his other hand, so he could turn the broom around. Steve always stored a broom bristle-up to make it last longer. He hated bent bristles. The other brooms leaned forlornly against each other in the waning light. His narrow beam didn't offer much – the kitchen was darker inside than out with the sun disappearing.

He shuffled unsteadily into the kitchen and moved toward the walk-in. The door was open. Then, he thought he saw something crawling out of the slots in a wall plug just at the edge of his vision. Something long, thin. Insectile. Menacing. But he knew it wasn't real. The broom slipped – his palm was sweating. Slithering. It wasn't real. It couldn't be. He just had to ignore it, not let it frighten him, even though he heard its hard tentacle-like feet tap-tap-tapping on the metal of the dishwasher counter. He refused to look.

"Go away!"

He gripped the handle of the walk-in door. Where was that broom – he must have dropped it an eternity ago. Tapping. Louder. The sound filled his head. Tapping. He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes willing the illusion to go away. He stood there shaking a moment more not wanting to open his eyes until he was certain the apparition would be gone. Then he began to think that it was there tricking him by slithering closer to him while his eyes were closed and was going to grab him any second now... Something touched him.

"Aghhh!" Tim flew back into the stove arm raised and ready to strike out.

(continued on page 6)

## Camper Tidbits:



**Beth Ferriss** is busy with soccer, figure skating twice a week and tap dancing.

**Charlie Klarsfeld** will be new at Adirondack this year and is looking forward to having fun and playing lots of sports, especially basketball and soccer.

**Nicky Klarsfeld** goes to gym after school and is also playing lots of chess. He has a 400 rating. "HOW" Nicky

**Please call or email us with what is going on in your life for our next TOM TOM.**

**Frank Maher** is on his school football team, playing defense. He also watches a lot of TV (oops) and prefers comedy. His favorite thing to do is play lots of golf. He contributed a recipe for this Tom Tom. "HOW" Frank.

**Anindya Basu** plays a lot of tennis and field hockey. She is taking piano lessons. She says school is going well. She has been in touch with a lot of fellow campers which has helped her greatly to get over her Camp sickness. "HOW" fellow campers.

**Andrew Damhuis** travelled to Germany, Austria, Italy and Holland after Camp. Austria was his favorite. He is in middle school now and is interested in all late model cars and bike riding.

## Crazy Kate's Kettle...

"What causes Green Potato chips?"

Potatoes are supposed to grow underground, but occasionally a spud becomes a little more ambitious & sticks his head out. The sun punishes him by giving him a nasty sunburn. The green is actually chlorophyll, a natural consequence of the plant being exposed to the sunlight. It's not mold (well - it could be). Chip companies hire people just to pick out the green chips as they move along the assembly line, but some rascals get through and into your bag. And yes - they are perfectly safe to eat.

## CAMPING Common Sense



**Safety Tip:** Watch Out for Hanging Deadfall.

When choosing a place to pitch your tent look for a well-drained flat site. Lie down on your prospective site and look up. Check the tree branches out. Look for "widow-makers" and be sure these obvious dead trees or dangling branches are not above the tent site. You can't be too careful. Trees fall in the forest all the time and you don't want to be the one who hears them up close! Once set up - think of the tent, like your pack, as an extension of your personality and a reflection of who you are. A loose unevenly pitched tent not only looks sloppy, but may become damaged from flapping in the wind or fail to keep the rain out. Just as a neatly packed pack reflects a responsible hiker, so does a well-pitched tent. Be proud of your work & let it show!



Can't get enough of Camp, the Adirondacks, and you like to hike? You might want to think about joining the Adirondack Mountain Club. They're a volunteer organization that's been around since 1922 and many famous people including FDR have been members. They are 22,000 members strong with 26 chapters including one in NJ.



The ADK (we see their bumper stickers on the NYS Thruway) sponsors crews of volunteers to maintain the park's trails and lean-to's and they also operate John's Brook Lodge near Keene Valley and the Adirondack Loj at Mt. Marcy. They have newsletters and special programs ranging from technical rock climbing to natural history to photography. Many of the trail guides that Camp uses are published by them. For more information you can write to them: Adirondack Mountain Club 814 Goggins Road Lake George, NY 12845-4117 or call them at **518/668-4447**.



## CAROL'S CULINARY FUNSTERS CORNER

This recipe was contributed by 1998 camper Frank Maher.

### CARROT CAKE

2 cups sugar  
2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons baking soda  
4 eggs  
1 cup corn oil  
3 cups grated carrots



Combine the dry ingredients in a large mixing bowl, then add the eggs, oil and carrots. Beat for 2 minutes with an electric mixer. Pour the batter into a greased and lightly floured 9X12 inch cake pan and bake at 350 until a toothpick comes out clean, about 55 to 60 minutes. Allow cake to cool before frosting.

### CREAM CHEESE FROSTING

1 4oz package cream cheese (at room temperature)  
1/4 lb. butter (at room temperature)  
1 1 lb. box confectioners sugar  
Beat for 2 minutes and spread generously on cake.  
Enjoy!

“Scarey Storey” continued

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“What’s the matter? It’s just me. Settle down.” Steve said calmly.

His black outline moved from the darkness of the door opening. There was scarcely a difference between the two. If it wasn’t for Steve’s voice Tim would have collapsed on the spot. Breathing raggedly, he moved, fumbling with the faltering flashlight.

“I’m looking for the coon you said you thought might be in here,” he croaked. The metallic taste in his mouth made the words difficult to get out. He must have bit his tongue.

“I’m sure it’s gone by now. “ Steve moved a bit closer.

“Well, I’m oughta here then”, he said.

Silence. No reply. The screen door banged behind them as they headed towards the truck.

Tim was in the lead. He stared at his cold, clammy gray hands in the twilight. Words were slow to come. He struggled to regain control as he climbed back into the truck. Nicky barked anxiously at the sight of the two of them almost in warning. Her fur rose again. Teeth bared

“Nick. Stay”. And after a deep breath he rolled the window down some more and tried to look at Steve standing there outlined in the early night. “Want a ride?” He couldn’t see his face clearly.

“No”.

“See you back at the house?”

Truck in gear he retraced his earlier drive. Phew. What a day he thought. Tim chastised himself for getting so worked up. How many times had he been in that kitchen – no problems. Why now? . His spirits began to rise as he rounded the tennis courts. He flicked his headlights on and shifted his body to a more comfortable position in the seat.

It was then that he noticed Nicky trembling on the EMT kit between the seats facing the rear of the truck with her nose against the glass. She must smell it he thought and his heart plummeted as the incredible realization washed over him. Steve was in Albany picking Carol up from the airport.

Almost simultaneously, he looked in the side mirror and through the smudges of his view saw yellow eyes in pairs frantically flickering this way and that in the dark reflection. He floored the gas pedal. Gravel flying. Dog barking. Chaos. Chunks of grass, too, as the truck veered onto the ballfield and back onto the road again. Tail lights swaying – engine whining.

“Maybe we should check it out?” Two camper’s sat up with a start at the sound of the crash and ensuing horn. It echoed in ripples across the calm of the lake. The moon hid in a cloud.

“Lemme get my flashlight...where’s your sweatshirt?” She unzipped the tent flap and they climbed out a minute later...

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

## OCTOBER



Caitlin Lucchino	10/1
Beth Ferriss	10/2
John Lindenthal	10/5
Gemma Badini	10/8
Henry Clutsam	10/14
Caitlin Costello	10/16
Maxim Brouillard	10/18
Isabella Gallo	10/19
Dan Stevenson	10/24
Anindya Basu	10/29
Max Levai	10/29

## NOVEMBER

Julie Hoffman	11/3	Nick Prete	11/19
Jayne Johnson	11/5	Ray Paquet, Jr.	11/21
Greg O,Neil	11/5	Jan Arbaugh	11/23
Simon Joly	11/7	Harrison Doyle	11/24
Lily Holland	11/8	Hannah Motley	11/24
TJ David	11/9	Lee Johnson	11/26
Nick Klarsfeld	11/14	Jeanette Gamble	11/28
Matthew Macrini	11/14	David Olstein	11/28
Carla Morey	11/15	Matt Roosevelt	11/28

### ) Herbie's Helpful Hints by Peter Markow

Greetings! Secret suggestions for reeling in old Herbie:

1. Bring your own fishing rod to camp next summer if you have one – it may help catch Herbie.
2. Start your own worm farm for fat & juicy fish food.
3. Practice for next summer by getting up at 6:00am at least once a week until camp. This will build your "search for Herbie strength".
4. Become a member of Worm Hunter's International an extremely prestigious organization. Membership is free if you sign up for camp summer 1999 and a Certificate is available upon registration.

Send your request to: Worm Hunter's International

Attn: U. R. Fishy

286 Baxter Street, Tolland, CT 06084



The WitchingHour  
is coming.

**October 31st** is

the last day to enroll

your trickster for next summer at 1998

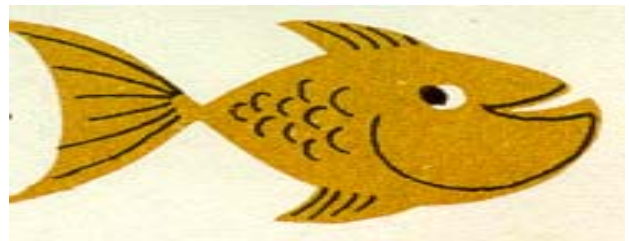
prices. Please call Camp to reserve your  
child's space sooon!

**2003** is only 5 summers away. Camp is

gearing up for its 100<sup>th</sup> reunion and will need lots  
of help! Let Matt or Linda know if you would be  
interested in helping on a committee. More to  
come as the months progress

### *Quote of the Quarter:*

"Leaders are like Eagles, They don't flock.  
You find them one at a time"



## News From the Peninsula:

Tim checks in with us to say that the Infirmary and Nature buildings have new roofs on them. How! New roofs! The canoes and sailboats have all been moved into the Mess Hall for the winter and the volleyball court has been completely covered with tarps to keep the sand in place and clean for next summer. Canoe, Motorboat, and Junior docks have all been lifted, so that they will not be damaged by the ice when the lake freezes. Tim has removed the wooden letters from the concrete pad of Junior dock and is going to replace them with colored permanent cement. We can't wait to see that! He's also deciding on next summer's projects. Camp is beautiful in all its Fall glory and Tim said the leaves peaked around Columbus Day.

### Summer Wish List:

When you clean out your closet or your family has a yard sale, think of Camp for some types of items you may not be using any more that are in good condition:

Camp can always use the following types of things: Tennis rackets and balls, Junior golf clubs and balls, Fishing reels, rods, and lures or tackle boxes, Softball mits and balls, and bats, Canoe paddles, Books on animals, nature, rocks, or astrology, Children's videos, Complete board games, Costumes, Small pocket pool table, Upright piano, A good clean couch for the staff room, Sailboats, Kayaks, etc. If you have anything you think Camp could use, let us know.

## IMPORTANT DATES FOR SUMMER 1998:

FULL SESSION	June 27th–Aug. 21st
SESSION I	June 27–July 24th
SESSION II	July 25–Aug. 21st
PARENTS WEEKENDS	July 9–11th August 6–8th

## Camp Dates

*to remember*

Halloween Advisory Bd. Mtg.	10/29
<b>Deadline for Early Enrollment</b>	<b>11/1</b>
Advisory Board Meeting	11/14
Advisory Board Meeting	12/12

[www.adirondackcamp.com](http://www.adirondackcamp.com)

# TOM TOM

Adirondack Camp

P.O. Box 97

Putnam Station, NY 12861

