

CAMP PATHFINDER

107th season

CHIPMONK CHATTER



1981 Chipmonk Chatter Cover Art

A collection of Pathfinder history, knowledge, & memory
from the past & present

Noonway!

Sept. 2020

Contents

Director's Message 2020

Director's Messages Through the Decades

If Camp Walls Could Talk

Canoe Tripping 2020

Paddling 2020

Swimming 2020 & History

Inside 'Chatters' from the past

'The Chipmonk Wars'

Trip Note Treasures

If Camp Walls Could Talk II

If Camp Walls Could Talk III

Our Island & her many hand drawn maps

Camp Show '65 / Lance Kennedy Songbook

1919 Headman's Trip Map

If Camp Walls Could Talk IV

Excerpt from 'Algonquin Story'

Goodbye 2020 / Camp Song

Thanks to all who wrote content, dug through boxes of photos and old chatters, and survived the chipmonk wars to help make this happen!

Chipmonk Chatter: From the Director

This season's action took shape soon after May 19, a date marked by the Ontario decision keeping overnight camps closed for the season. Normally, a May Crew would have reported to CPI on May 1, to open up for the traditional spring school program. Its absence this season was only one of dozens of 'never before's'.

Never before did we wear masks, sit home in isolation to get to camp, wash and disinfect the island all day long, eat at tables of two, keep the outside world at bay. But a season did take shape at Pathfinder, and it will be long-remembered for what was tackled, who was on hand to make it successful, and how it will benefit future camp summers to come.

For Glenn and Sladds, the first lost summer in camp history quickly became a quest to upkeep as much of the Pathfinder Island campus as possible, to gather and inspire our senior staff toward next year, and to bring back all our campers for Summer 2021.

After ice out, Sladds prepped the camp for staff arrivals. Much work was done with Algonquin Park, the health department, and the OCA to make sure our CPI set up complied with Ontario's COVID requirements. With a lot more work it was even possible for the original 6 American May Crew to isolate and then make their way to camp for the work season in late June.

On June 1, four stolid Canadian staff reported to the Park after an isolation: Ally Rail, Riley Hanson, Simon McNamee and Savannah French. They handled the hard labor of getting things open and running. The early crew also had cameo help from Tim Goodwin, Brent Hurley and Clara Bonnor, all of whom were in Ontario and had bubbled for many weeks already. Then our team of five was bolstered by weekly visits from canoe maker David Statten, and finally on June 26 and 29, our other senior staff arrived, these from the US on special quarantine work permits: Paige Clark, Jack Sladden, Chris O'Brien, Addison Egan, and Dylan Moeser. A bit later still, veteran cook Terry Snider arrived from London, ON to keep everyone fed for July and August. Last but not least, Gill Stanley and Mary Chestnut received their permits and joined the effort. And, now that September has brought eased restrictions, veteran Coulter Deacon headed east with his partner Reeve Christensen to help us complete our close up.

You'll enjoy this photo album of some of the power crew action ([Click Here](#)).

What were the focus projects of the 'lost' summer power crew? There were pages of them, lined up along two fronts: a couple of major renovations, and a refreshment of "everything in sight."

We did tackle some big projects, but for the most part our summer days focused on shining up each area of camp. The fleet had daily attention in the Canoe Shop. You name it: canvas, planks and ribs, gunwales, seats, varnish and paint galore.

Cree Row became a bee hive of stringers, water bars, seating logs, new tetherball, platform staining and railing replacement. Skid Row got a facelift and a campsite fire circle for gatherings. The lodges have had doors refinished, siding stained, bunks scoured, floors painted and screens replaced. A huge endeavor was the glazing of many wood window frames all over camp. The old council fire and its nearby staff cabins became a focus of much fix-up. The old Ladies Fort was another: Gill Stanley led the project that includes new state of the art composting toilets, an experiment with an eye to the future.

The big jobs were a roll of the CPI dice: a complete restoration of the Canoe Dock and Ballfield. In truth, any normal Pathfinder season would prevent such epic projects. Each space is in use continuously from May through September. Now the opportunity was here, but could we afford to invest in two of our most-used areas? The answer became obvious; we couldn't afford not to make that investment.

Canoe Dock, the center of paddling and trip life at CPI, needed expert help. Ted Boyes and Sons came down once again from Burks Falls to join the crew. Camp staff removed all the dock's decking and debris beneath. The Boyes boys brought in heavy cedar and hemlock timbers to repair cribs and stringers of the framing. Camp staff replaced decking, and much was in fact salvaged. The newly-level dock remains one of Algonquin's biggest at 160-foot length. It will be in service for decades to come.

Ballfield was no less ambitious. As recently as the 1970s, Fred Lamke's epic clearing at the crown of the island was usable for camp's legendary track and field events. Over 50 years, however, the field eroded badly, providing too many 'local' bounces and booby traps for camp athletes. This time, Pathfinder called on Ryan McKean Excavating. Ryan's work on the boys forts in 2019 included an evaluation of the field project, and with a helpful permit from the Park, his barge arrived along with huge excavator, dump trucks, stone slinger and skid steers. Mountains of stone, gravel, sand and soil began appearing at the Car Dock. The new project drains well, is shaped and crowned for days of play, and now the challenge is to grow some good grass before winter. The spring 2021 theme will be babying the grass at the Ballfield nursery.

In recent weeks, complete rebuilds of trip canoes have given way to routine repairs on much of the fleet. More windows are glazed, more railings replaced, more spaces painted and repaired. Soon, all the jobs will be about closing up camp again, and our small crew will return to the real world like the song says, when September ends.

Meanwhile, happily, it was not a completely dark summer for Pathfinder canoe trips. See DOT Riley Hanson's write up on this season's tripping program – unusual in camp's history, but certainly not a strike-out.

The trip canoe fleet got attention like no other season in recent memory. Literally every piece of gear in the TP was gone over and fixed up. And there was some tripping to boot! A number of alumni families in Canada were able to use canoes and TP outfitting to explore the Park and get some much-needed time away from urban isolation. All told, ten groups outfitted with us. And, the Summer Crew took a respite break mid-season and paddled the French River, a highlight. **To read our trip reports [Click Here](#)**

A Summer Like / Unlike Any Other – We Just Keep Those Elephants in Line ...

Seems cliché to write a lead like, “this summer has been unlike any other.” Cliché and too easy, since the feeling must resonate with every reader, whose life has been a long series of ‘unlike any other’ moments since March.

Turns out that for Pathfinder, this old chestnut can't really sum things up. From my perch, what's important about this summer IS like every other Pathfinder summer.

Since 1914, the camp has held a successful summer program. This year, alas, the omnipresent pandemic saw to it that no overnight camps could operate in Ontario. For the first time in 106 years, Pathfinder would be shuttered during July and August. And for the first time in over two decades, the camp would not host students in spring and fall. Certainly this qualifies as a first in Pathfinder's history. Let's resolve to also make it a 'last.'

But if you look at the year from another angle, this quiet summer on Source Lake hasn't been 'unlike any other.' Rather, it's been just like every other. It's been another eye-opening, beguiling and challenging, action-packed and powerfully poignant Pathfinder year. And not just here at camp, but wherever you are, reading your Chatter, tonight.

In fact, what's 'like every other' season has been an undaunted spirit and ability for enduring, adapting, for overcoming, growing and then investing in this camp and her people. Camp families still put their kids first. Kids still pushed through and looked forward. Camp still made it all about the campers. We've spent four months to save for the future the kind of camp life that matters.

The few staff who were here did optimistic, hard, endless work. They stayed connected – to CPI and each other – by making it all about what great shape we'd be in to start up again in 2021. The adjustments you all made at home, and the staff efforts up at camp, are going to make a huge difference. Everyone played their part for camp's sake, and can look back on the season with a large measure of pride, 'like every other' year.

It's why Pathfinder remains a place thousands of people love like no other place, and their seasons here like no other times in their lives. And, like always, there was much fun and mirth, much to enjoy, and certainly much to be thankful for and look forward to!

Back in May when the sad news of camp closures arrived, I was preoccupied with how Pathfinder had operated every year despite some pretty daunting historical challenges. Most impressive were the First and Second World Wars, the Spanish Flu and Polio pandemics between them, and countless cultural, economic and climate upheavals mixed in over a 106-year lineage. History had provided its share of adversity to camps like Pathfinder throughout the Twentieth Century. Why close us down now?

The answer became all too obvious: COVID represented a threat to camp, campers and their families, and to children's camping itself, unique from history's other storms.

A sense of the historic has been all around us in fact, those few who have been lucky enough to inhabit Pathfinder Island this season. The camp is often eerily quiet, camper routines, table pounding and trip life are on hold. Power crew is the routine each day for 10 workers. So, many of the coffee breaks have been spent looking over the walls of lodges, the paper ephemera posted in offices, hand-typed trip postings of yore, award plaques and graffiti all about, and some fantastic 'Chipmonk Chatters' and other publications stacked in boxes frosted with decades of dust.

This edition of Chatter shares just a slice of the huge trove of 'old stuff' illuminating the 'old days'. But don't be fooled. The old stuff you see here also reflects forward to today's camp.

Some things are the same as ever. Camp makes plans, for docks, for fancy meals, for trips and activities (can you say Axe Throwing AA in 2021?) Camp remains full of 'brain rot.' Oh yes, you'll have to get the stories. The Campers still come first. In fact, everything was about camper life this season, even with no campers around.

And, of course, camp remains 'Battling the Elephants...'

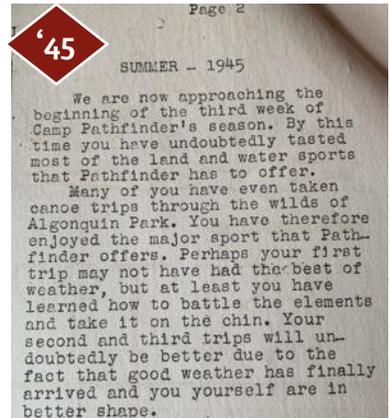
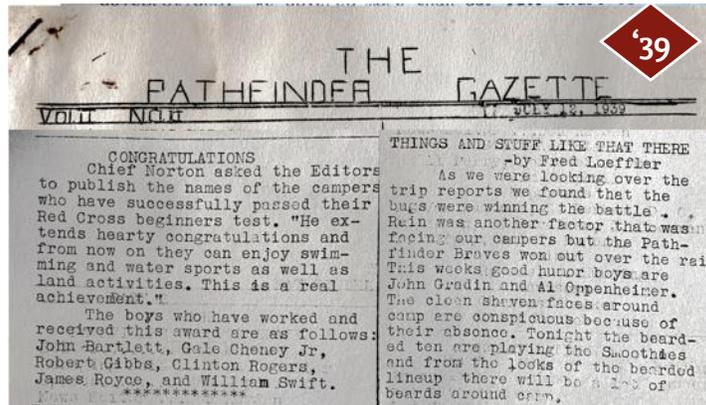
Back in his heyday, Chief Norton famously gaffed in one of his lengthy staff training speeches. He meant to say that staff have to remember the campers are young and so always 'battling the elements' – be they actual weather, or homesickness, hard travel, new surroundings and the social flurry of friendships.

Chief said, 'the boys are battling the elephants' and his Yogi Berra moment rang even more true with his staff men then, and with all of us now. Our campers thrive and feel great about themselves when they've overcome long trip days, an unending muddy portage or headwind paddle sesh, first nights on their own, first glimpses of their own values in play, their own personal sass and wit coming to the fore. Our staff are on a mission each summer to battle those elephants and many more side by side with their campers.

This year, the elephants lined up strong against us all. Dear readers, you were on the home front battling those elephants in Pathfinder style. And up here on Source, some of your staff pals were busy doing the same. You know, a year like every other year at Pathfinder.

**Noonway
Sladds**

What began as the Pathfinder Gazette, a weekly paper for campers and staff, developed into the seasonal Chipmonk Chatter which was sent out for some 70 years, up until the mid-2000's. We are bringing the Chatter back, boys! For openers, here are a few Director messages from '30s-'00s.



A Message From Chief

'55

Hi, Braves!

All good things have to come to an end sooner or later. Next Saturday all campers and a few staffers will board the Pathfinder Special Train and head for home, after enjoying a fine summer on Pathfinder Island. . . Sourcee Lake. . . and on the trails, streams and lakes of the Algonquin Park Camping Paradise.

Many new friendships have been made and old ones renewed. Many of you will return home with new skill and ability gained through participation in the land and water sports and canoe trips through the park. Many of you have developed a higher degree of courage, initiative, "mixing ability," self reliance and good sportsmanship during your seven weeks stay at camp.

Chief and the Pathfinder Board of Directors are proud of the fine camping records which each one of you fellows made this year. Your parents will also be proud of your fine achievements. Let what you have done here this summer be merely the stepping stone to higher achievements in the years ahead.

Hope to see you at Pathfinder next summer.

Au Revoir and Bon Voyage!

A LETTER FROM ROY

'66

Dear Pathfinder Braves,

It is hard for me to believe that another summer is nearly over. This summer has been filled with many fond memories. Will you ever forget Lance Kennedy's movie reviews or song leading, the terrific weather - both for swimming, water activities and tripping, Mrs. Rose Crooks' Yorkshire Pudding and Roast Beef dinners, the staff and camper hunts with the treats for the winners, the song fests, and finally the final fun filled week? I am certain that during the coming winter months, your thoughts will often return to the North Woods.

Bill Swift and I want to wish each one of you every best wish during the coming year, and we sincerely hope that our paths will cross in the future.

Roy S. Thrall
Roy
Camp Director

A LETTER FROM ROY (1971)

'71

To each camper and staff member, we would like to say a sincere "Thank you" for your part in making the 1971 camping season a most memorable experience.

The summer included:

- 1) The largest number of canoe trips ever to leave Pathfinder island;
- 2) The breaking of many camp records in Track and Swimming Meets;
- 3) Swifty's "Innovation", Ritter's "Message to Garcia", and Lopa's "Buck-Buck";
- 4) Jim "Hello, Joe" Kennedy and Jack "Hello, Yankee" Hurley in their co-production of the Camp Show;
- 5) The addition of an "Eaglette" to the Council Fire;
- 6) Lance's efforts in writing the Treasure Hunt;
- 7) The Early Bird Steak Roast;
- 8) Ivy McCloy's lavish feast for the Camp Banquet;
- 9) Polar Bear dips!

We want to wish you all a successful and healthy year ahead. May our paths cross again at Pathfinder next summer!

A MESSAGE FROM MAC

'83

To the Campers and Staff:

It's hard for me to believe that a year has already passed since Roy Thrall and I shook hands on our deal to transfer camp's ownership. My fourteenth summer at Pathfinder and first at it's helm has been everything I hoped for, and Amy and I feel more strongly than ever that taking over camp was the right move for us. With the help of all the campers and staff the transition went so smoothly that it was barely noticable. (I hope, anyway), allowing us to get right to the business of running the finest canoe tripping camp around, in the same manner that has made Pathfinder what it is today.

The final and biggest thank you goes to the campers for making Pathfinder the special place it is. You're a great bunch of guys, each and every one of you, and I only hope you enjoyed this summer as much as Amy, Katie and I did. I hope you will keep in touch over the winter and let us know what you liked and disliked about camp so that next year we can try to do better. Remember the experiences, both good and bad, that you've had here, and most importantly remember the friends you've made -- I know that my best friends in the world are from my days at Pathfinder. Have a good winter, and hopefully we'll see you all next year.

Moonway,
Mac

A MESSAGE FROM MAC

'93

It's hard to believe how quickly this summer. Pathfinder's 80th season, has passed. That can only be a good sign: when we're active and having fun in the sun the time seems to fly by. and now it's time to head home for the winter.

As you all know, 1993 marked Algonquin Park's 100th year. and I was particularly proud of our contributions to the celebrations. We covered more than our fair share of territory in the Centennial Relay Canoe Trip with time to spare. And, I was very impressed with the thoughtful words many of you put in the Vigil Fire Journal: obviously this Park has touched us all, whether we've been here two weeks or 40 plus years. The Park has become a second home for many of us. and I hope your association with both Algonquin and Pathfinder continues for many years to come.

1993 was also the year that Pathfinder returned to James Bay, quite a momentous occasion for a tripping camp such as ours. We can hold our own with any camp anywhere when it comes to this category. and I can assure you that this won't be the last time Pathfinder trippers see the wide open expanses of The Bay.

A Letter from Sladds

'00

Dear Campers and Staff,

Looking astern at this whirlwind 2000 season, I remember best its 'classic' moments: those classic laughs we shared, the stories you told of classic times, the classic expressions you wore as you settled into this unique life known only to Pathfinder people. These everyday moments are classic to me because they're the result of extraordinary accomplishments, by every camper and staffmember throughout the summer.

Campers, you met all the challenges we could throw at you: living together away from home's comforts and routines; learning all you could about tripping, swimming, earth lore, paddling, ropes/challenge, arts and crafts, athletics. We offered it - and you jumped right in.

Staffmembers, you prepared for and met your challenge so well: to care for the campers and yourselves, for each other and this treasured place. Your success literally created the summer's experiences for the boys in your care. Their families and I owe you all BRAVOS!

A quick look around CPI and you'll find that camp's walls are full of history. Awards, notes, photos and printouts paper the old lodges, telling camp's story from each of its 107 years. You'll never run out of things to discover about CPI in these buildings! A sampling:

CAMP MODEL TENT PATHFINDER

toilet arts. toilet arts.

(Duffle Bag)	2 - 2	(Duffle Bag)
suit case	3 - 3	suit case
musical instrument	4 - 4	musical instrument
Laundry Bag	5 - 5	Laundry Bag
	6 - 6	
	7 -	
	8 -	

1888
5200
H.O.S.

Tournament Night
Sunday
Scavenger Hunt
Staff Hunt Campers
Message to Georgia
Great Paper Chase
Swim Meet
Scavenger Hunt
Campers Hunt Staff
Treasure Hunt

A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
K

P

For Prk. Plane, Call Park Supt.,
Mr. Simpson for permission
Home 633-5542 Office 633

GILBERT YAGER
GUNWALE RACE
PARK REGATTA

Left, top to bottom: • drawn guide for a model tent; for inspection, 1920's. • old list of camp evening activities still played today, date unknown. • 'P' patch given out in camp's early days to be sewn on sweaters. • How to call for the Park plane. • Camper Award Badge; 1930-campers were awarded badges for camp/regatta events.

Right, top to bottom: • 2005 camp kitchen silverware inventory • Award given to camp in '88 from the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources. • Telephone Instructions for use of the phone located (still!) on the outside of the Trading Post. • 1988 newspaper ad for camp.

No Kitchen Inventory
6-7-05

- 1) Forks = 185
- 2) Serving Spoons = 34
- 3) Large Spoons = 50
- 4) Soup Spoons = 87
- 5) Knives = 187

The Ministry of Natural Resources
takes pleasure in presenting this
Expression of Appreciation
To
Camp Pathfinder
For
Participating in the Voyageur Program
Assisting with the Canoe Route Maintenance in the interior of
Algonquin Provincial Park
1988

This certificate recognizes your outstanding contribution of volunteer service. Thank you for your help in managing Ontario's rich natural heritage.

TELEPHONE INSTRUCTIONS.

IN-CAMP ONLY

1. Pick up receiver.
2. Dial 3 or 4.
3. Buzz required number of times:-
1 buzz - to call Log Cabin (Chief)
2 buzzes - " " Recreation Lodge.
3 buzzes - " " Lower Office
4. buzzes - " " Kitchen.
4. In the Log Cabin it is necessary to pull up button on left before dialing.

To reach all offices - dial 1191 before

Camp Pathfinder Award 1930

MOM. DAD. SEND ME TO THE WOODS.

Camp Pathfinder
founded in 1914

A unique summer experience for 100 boys, ages 7-15

Pathfinder continues its tradition of outdoor education and youth leadership. A complete in-camp program. First class climbing and rapelling. And 1 to 20 day canoe trek adventures in Algonquin, Temagami, Kipawa, and James Bay. Woods skills, camaraderie, friendships to last a lifetime.

CAMP PATHFINDER, LTD
Mr. & Mrs. Walter M. Rand, owners
For a full-color catalogue contact Mr. M. Sladden
10 Sibley Place, Rochester, NY 14607
(716) 271-0028

PATHFINDER ISLAND
SOURCE LAKE
ALGONQUIN PARK
ONTARIO, CANADA

CALL TO
Pathfinder Alumni
Join 75th summer celebration, 1988

Canoe Tripping; 2020

Pathfinder's 107th summer was unlike any other before it: no braves went tripping! Well, actually, that is not completely true. A few Ontario-based Pathfinder campers and staff did make use of the cobwebbed gear in the TP, and bored fleet of canoes, to venture into the Algonquin interior with their families. There is comfort in knowing that our men and women were still out on the trail in red cedar canvas canoes, keeping the Pathfinder spirit alive.

The lack of action on CPI this summer allowed those of us who were here a singular opportunity to do what every Pathfinder person dreams of: inventorying all the gear in the TP! Need help setting up a tent? We set up 150 last week. Don't have a tump buckle on your pack? Not possible. Every imperfect pack was identified and sent to the Pack Lord for restoration. Our Tarps, Bear Ropes, Gauntlets, White Golds, Water Pumps and Pot Sets have all been counted and any problems fixed. They eagerly await their opportunity to go tripping again, same as the rest of us.

Everyone knows that during the final year of a camper's career, Pathfinder AA's go on the biggest and baddest canoe trips. These trips take a lot of planning. Last March, my co-DOT Tim Goodwin and I were deep into planning the 107th summer's AA trips when COVID spread to North America and forced the closure of all Ontario summer camps. We took this in stride and are super excited to plan 2(!!!) sets of AA trips for our 2(!!!) sets of AA's that will be at camp next summer. Get those puffy jackets on your Christmas list boys, your Northern expeditions await.

Of course it will not just be AA's that will be getting hooked up on gnarly canoe trips next summer. We have all new 3-day Ott warm-up loops ready to go, and have big plans for our more ambitious campers who want to spend more than two weeks on the trail. Some 8-day trips from Source-Brent and Southern loops through Bonnechere are a formative part of any Pathfinder Cree's experience, and we can't wait to post those trips. And oh yeah, I almost forgot, a new Treasure Box at Loon Point is going to revolutionize the Mic & Chipp war canoe overnight. From 3-day extravaganzas to 40-day odysseys, Pathfinder men and women will be back out in the bush before we know it, with a deeper appreciation for the opportunity... and a yearning disposition for brain rot.



Algonquin summer, moose spotted in a spruce bog, mid-'90s

The lakes, rivers, forests, bogs, and creeks of Algonquin have been home to Indigenous Canadians for thousands of years before Camp Pathfinder was founded in 1914. By virtue of our location on Source Lake, a part of the headwaters of the Madawaska River, we honor and are connected to this history. Living and traveling via canoe, with respect and stewardship for the land and the natural world, is an integral part of the Pathfinder canoe tripping experience. I don't know about you, but I can't wait to play my role in continuing these traditions when We Are All Together Again.

-Riley Hanson, Director of Tripping

Paddling; 2020

Our campers learn to handle themselves in a Pathfinder tripping canoe early on in their careers here at camp. Paddling has been at the core of Pathfinder since its beginning in 1914. To this day, the Canoeing AA is still the most difficult achievement to obtain. We have all gritted our teeth practicing in's and out's on the first day of camp but what we really look forward to is spending time in the boats with the braves on trip.

As we flash forward to summer 2021 our Canoeing program here at CPI will blow the Ropes course or ballfield games out of the water. Our expertise returns to canoeing. Our new Program offers many things. The new state of the art paddling course tucked in-between archery and Chapel provides options for bow jams, running draws and pry's, side slips, party tricks and sunny days filled with good times. The paddling course is a hairy, 20 meter channel carved out of Source lake by a large fallen White Pine that requires some cheeky paddling to make it through without bumping your stern.

Our Canoe Builder Dave Statten and DOT Riley Hanson have put together a master list for the canoe fleet that is going to leave even the CIT's a boat with freshly painted hull, varnished gunwales, and a sweet keel that will keep course in wind, and even the smallest leaks out.

Along with our cool paddling course, other discoveries have been made on Source that will amp up the future of canoeing. We have ventured throughout the lake and discovered: sunken ships and pirate raids gone wrong in Lost Bay, a young family of Loons in Bruce Bay that will swim alongside your cedar canvas canoe, and a newly flagged nature trail hidden near Source. This epic trail will guide you to our own old growth forest, with trees older than 250 years old that measure FIVE campers in diameter.

The future for canoeing will be focused on getting YOU, the campers, back where you belong...

paddling the day away in a red canoe.

-Dylan Moeser, co-Director of Canoeing



Pathfinder camper paddling display at the Park Regatta, 30's/40's

Swimming: 2020

Greetings from the Pathfinder Swim dock - 2020 edition. Undoubtedly, this summer the swim dock looked different than many splashy years before. Our early 5-person June Crew put together the pieces of the swim dock quickly (and with some difficulty due to the lack of bodies and early summer winds) so we could begin swimming at once in the midst of summer heat. The tower remained unassembled and untouched (boo!!) all summer, which brought potential for new activities. Swim dock was now host to ducks and loons, Muskoka chairs for sunset views, dirty laundry hung out the old fashion way, and special celebrations. Canoes, SUP boards, paddles and kayaks took over the soap and tower floaters, and with the canoe dock under construction, the swim dock became our starting point of paddling adventures.

But, with all that filled our time at the swim dock, many days were also spent reminiscing on what was missing. The big-splash contests, cool tower tricks, the excitement of campers learning how to swim, laughs that echo throughout the island during free swims, hearing yells of "BUDDY CHECK!!!" and "Did you take your Tee out?!", beautiful August sunsets during Ott and AA free swims, and of course stopping your swimming lesson to yell as loud as you can to the trippers when you catch that first glimpse of Pathfinder red coming across Landlock. So many incredible memories are made at the Pathfinder swim dock. Although we may have found some new purpose for the dock this year, it was not the same without the familiar traditions, free swims, staff swims, trip baths, and getting pushed in the water when one receives their AA. **We missed the life and vibrancy of the swim dock that campers and staff alike bring!**

This summer was also one for **exploring the incredible history of past swim dock memories, swim staff and directors.** Sifting through pictures and Chipmonk Chatters, we found the old 10ft and 20ft towers, diving boards, water slide, the old 'tag' board with aluminum chips, the swim dock that used to be oriented parallel with the island, and news reports from iconic swim dock directors like Norm Roggow and Mary Chestnut.

Norm Roggow was a key leader of the Pathfinder swim program, as he describes in the '45 Chipmonk Chatter designing 'bigger and better' swimmers and testing the abilities of 114 campers in order to prepare them for a summer of tripping in just one week. Additionally, Norm recounts in the '55 Chatter that the swim dock heating unit was 'working according to plan.' ;) and that once again 'every camper had the privilege of improving his swimming ability.' with six non-swimmers on July 2nd, who all passed their swimming-canoe test before the end of the month with the instructional help of Norm. (Cont. next pg.)

BIGGER AND BETTER SWIMMERS -- DESIGNED FOR 1945 Norm Roggow Berge Bergstrom

The swimming program of the 1945 season of Camp Pathfinder opened the first day of camp. Testing the abilities of 114 boys took some time, but such was the necessity, in order to have boys ready for tripping within the week.

The Ottawa and Abenekie groups as a whole were above average. There were only three boys who were on the weak side and these are pulling with the Pathfinder Spirit to make their groups 100% perfect.

The Cree Tribe is well under way toward a perfect score. Since camp opened, Merle Cheney, Bob Webber, Otto Davidson and Pete Graham have graduated to the swimming dock. The first two have now passed their canoe test while the latter two have passed their row-boat test. Krayner, Mitchell and VanNeil will soon make their appearance with their buddies to complete a perfect score.

Out of the 20 Chips, there were 16 who were able to qualify for the swimming dock. Bobby Wood, an old camper needed a little seasoning, but is back to last seasons form and going better than
continued on pg. 4

'45 Chipmonk Chatter ^

Swimming and Water Activities

The automatic heating unit for the lake sure worked overtime this season. Old and young alike enjoyed the warm water several times a day; not just swimming, but other water sports.

Every camper had the privilege of improving his swimming ability. On July 2nd we had six non-swimmers and 9 rowboaters. Before the end of July all 15 of these had passed the swimming canoe test.

During the first five weeks of camp, we saw the following A.R.C. advancements: twelve Beginners, forty-five Intermediates, thirteen Swimmers, eight Junior Life Savers, and four Advance Swimmers. Also we have had eight records broken. In the Chips, Bob Ludwig broke 3 records: the 25 Yd. Free at 16.7 seconds, the 50 Yd. Free at 38.4 seconds, and the 100 Yd. Free at 1:27.4 minutes. In the Creees the records of all four events were broken. Bob Thoren holds the 25 Yd. Free at 15.4 seconds. Both he and Fred Previtt hold the 50 Yd. Free record at 34.6 seconds. Thoren also broke the 100 Yd. Free record with a time of 1:22.3 minutes. Dave Dutchner's record for the 50 Yd. Back is 42.2 seconds. The Ottawas' record for the 50 Yd. Free was broken by Bob Shaw-32.7 seconds.

Many thanks to all staff and campers who helped during the season to make this an outstanding year for swimming.
Norm Roggow

'55 Chipmonk Chatter ^



Mary Chestnut, someone we all still know and love today, began her time on the dock in '79 when camp needed a new swim director on short notice. Mary hopped on a bus with campers and rode up, becoming the first female swim dock director with an all male swim dock crew. Mary was a key lead in catalyzing the female role on the island, which led to years of many strong and important female workers on the dock and in other areas of camp. Mary continued a regimented swim program of instruction and activities, from relay races to the Polar Bear Club, before moving to work alongside Mac Rand and continuing to help camp run smoothly and efficiently from the office ever since. In the '82 Chatter, Mary describes the swim dock and how 'although at times it was evident the water heaters and environmental control devices were not working at their proper level of efficiency,' (what the heck Norm?!) 'the swim dock remains the hot spot of the year!' and the 'PBC (Pathfinder Beach Club)' as well as lengths, lengths, lengths, snorkeling, and water polo of course!

In an old Pathfinder advertisement pamphlet we found that the swimming section says; 'with all this water around, it's only natural that Pathfinder devotes so much time and effort to make each boy an expert swimmer and, in doing so, it stringently enforces the American Red Cross water safety rules,' and as we gear up in eager anticipation of an incredible Pathfinder 2021 season, **we are committed to continuing to devote time and energy to ensuring every boy has the opportunity to work on their swimming, and that all boys who are non-swimmers, like Norm so often taught, can learn to swim in a brand new shallow water swimming area recreated at Motorboat Dock.** We do hope that the water heating unit works as well next summer as it did this, and maybe we can re-introduce the Pathfinder Beach Club (PBC)?

We can't wait to see you campers and staff on the dock next year, as you're much livelier than the loons and ducks. **The towers are craving to be jumped off of!** But sorry, unlike the old pictures we see, there's still only one camper allowed on the tower at a time.

Noonway,
Ally Rail, Waterfront Director

SWIMMING

Thinking back over the summer of '82 some of the events that stick out in our minds are ... the construction of a new raft and tag board along with many other repairs and improvements by the swim staff's own Carpenter Bob ... waterskiing behind the kayak using the Jesus shoes ... a very successful Swim Meet (ice relay, captain's doggy paddle, PJ race, etc.) ... H₂O polo ... Polar Bear Club ... Bubba's relays ... walk the plank ... snorkeling for lost treasures ... PBC (Pathfinder Beach Club) ... and of course we mustn't forget Lots and LOTS of lengths!

Although at times it was evident the water heaters and environmental control devices were not working at their proper level of efficiency, the swim dock remains the hot spot of the year!

-- Take Care
Mary, Bubba, AA, Mike
& Bill

'82 Chipmonk Chatter ^



WATER ACTIVITIES

Point a person in any direction at Pathfinder and he'll find water in minutes because the camp is surrounded by it. And, it's the clear, see-the-bottom variety, too. Source Lake, which encircles Pathfinder, is small and easily supervised; it's 3 miles long and a mile wide.

With all this water around, it's only natural that Pathfinder devotes so much time and effort to make each boy an expert swimmer and, in doing so, it stringently enforces the American Red Cross water safety rules.

At Pathfinder, being an expert swimmer is

fundamental. From there, boys branch out into diving, life saving and all forms of water games—water baseball, volleyball, basketball, tug of war, leap frog, obstacle relay, disrobing relay, and touch relay.

On top of the water at Pathfinder, there's sailing, canoeing, rowing, water skiing, aqua planing and motor boating.

The Pathfinder fish story is not the usual exaggeration. When we talk about the plentiful trout and bass in Algonquin Park waters, it's no overstatement. Under expert angling instruction, Pathfinder boys have exciting and rewarding fishing experiences.

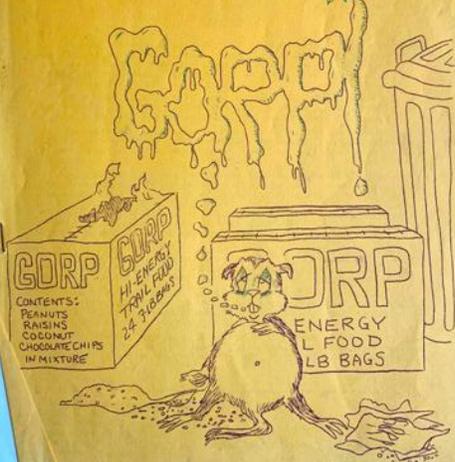
1970



THE CHIPMONK CHATTER



CHIPMONK CHATTER



CHIPMONK '84 CHATTER '84



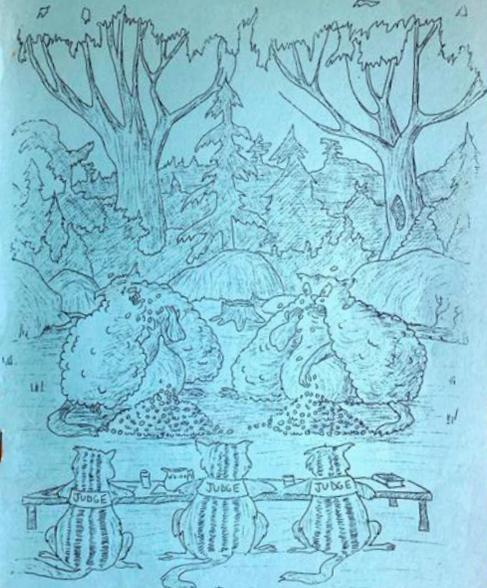
Last summer, camper/staff alumnus and Folger Library director Mike Witmore was one with the chipmonk's as he holed up in the OLO (Old Lower Office) scavenging through boxes and discovering island artifacts unseen by human eyes for many camp seasons. On his paper plundering mission, Mike unearthed copious copies of Pathfinder's 'Chipmonk Chatter' from as early as '67 all the way up to '05. This summer, our crew paged through the almost 40 years worth of Chatters, enjoying their epic cover art and entertaining content. Chatters followed a basic layout year after year: An intro from the Director, activity highlights, tales of tripping, and bits of overheard chatter from campers/staff. Enjoy a few fun, wonderful passages from some of our cherished chatters (Brain-Rot duly noted!)

CHIPMONK CHATTER 1990



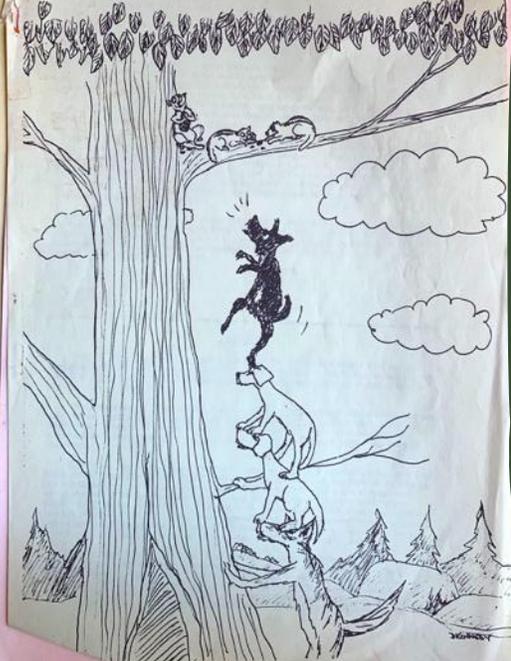
IN A TRAGIC MOMENT OF MISCALCULATION, CHARLIE CHIPMONK BURROWS DIRECTLY INTO THE COMPOST PILE AND IS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.

CHIPMONK CHATTER 1991



THE FINALS IN THE ALL-CANADIAN CHIPMUNK CHEEK-STUFFING CONTEST

CHIPMONK CHATTER 1995



Last Friday night gave many campers and staff a chance to see one of the most beautiful sights Algonquin's northern locale offers -- the Northern Lights. They were more spectacular than they had been since 1962, when they were considerable enough to appear after the Banquet, when everyone was up to see them.

'70

Fellas, now that you're sitting at home and have a lot of time to think about things, there are a few aspects of the canoeing program that I'd like to run over just one more time.

First of all, the word is THWART. T-H-W-A-R-T. It is not a thort, nor is it a snorn, nor is it a thorb. The word is thwart and there are two of them. Now if you have further troubles with this over the winter, use this little memory aid: make believe you are back at camp, only we will call it Theamp. You are out in the woods and you come across a little hoppy animal. This, most likely, will be a Thtoad. Now, if you pick it up in your hands to play with it, you will get little Thbumps called Thwarts. Of course, you will have to go to the graveyard with some magic Thincantations to get rid of the Thwarts.

"When paddling down the stream of life,
We must suffer our bumps and knocks;
But 'tis better to walk the rapids 'round
Than to lose your canoe on the rocks."

-- Nails

But Pathfinder is more than a place of friends and fun. Pathfinder is a camp tuned to preparing its people for later life. At this camp we are taught honesty, good sportsmanship, and teamwork as well as physical fitness. The wide range of activities supplied here are designed to benefit us and enrich our field of knowledge. But respect for the land that surrounds us is probably the major theme in the Pathfinder teachings. Tripping isn't just having fun, singing songs, and making fudge. It is also learning about nature. Pathfinder is certainly an influential part of a person's schooling.

Roy, Lance, the staff and fellow campers, as well as the camp itself and Algonquin, will always contain fond memories, and hopefully some learning we do here will be reflected in our character and make us better people in future years.

-- Dave Doyno

Once again, the Pathfinder athletic facilities were in fine shape when the campers arrived. As usual, the traditional games were all played extensively, such as field hockey, softball, basketball, volleyball, and tetherball. But to fully understand what has been going on as far as athletics goes, one must realize the impact that the initiation of the frisbee has had at Camp Pathfinder. Ever since the eighteen hole frisbee golf course was completed last year, it has been hard to walk the island without having to duck those plastic flying saucers. In addition to frisbee golf, other frisbee games have become very popular, such as frisbee football, ultimate frisbee football, and crosbee, a cross between frisbee football and lacrosse. All of these are played on our ball field.

'81

It was another good year for smacking and swatting, as campers and staff alike became caught up in the adventure of eliminating mosquitoes. All in all some 17,368 mosquitoes were trashed on the island, with another 5,421 nesting their Maker at the hands of trippers out on the trail. This high number (up 4,213 from 1979) suggests that it was a very good year for breeding mosquitoes.

It was another good year for Nature at Camp Pathfinder, as once again we arrived at the beginning of the season only to find ourselves surrounded by it. Rodents were especially prevalent, thanks to a good seed year and a relatively mild winter. Everyone saw chipmunks and red squirrels this summer, and cabin residents frequently shared their accommodations with mice. On the larger side, a moose visited the back of the island in July and left some fresh tracks and other evidence for us to show the campers the next day. The common loons were, happily, still common; in fact, several of us were entertained one morning by six of these beautiful birds cavorting right off Lodge Two. The strangest sighting of the summer was probably made by Roy, who woke up one night to find a bat flitting around inside his small cabin.

'90

A lot of you were new this summer, and I know Pathfinder is very different from anything you have experienced at home. It definitely takes some getting used to. However, if you willingly embrace our program with open arms and take advantage of all that we offer, you will be repaid many times over. New skills, new friends, a better understanding of our natural environment and our role in it, and perhaps most importantly, an expanded view of our own capabilities are all to be gained during your stay at Pathfinder. Some day you may well look back on your Pathfinder years and realize that they were the best summers of your life, so make the most of your time here. Tell your friends all about us, and I'll see you all next summer!

Once again we set up all 32 tents and put flies over them. This was done during the pre-advance party. We bought some new tents and flies and retired some that were wearing out. Also once again we plan to take the tents and flies down after the camping season has ended.

During the camping season people sleep inside the tents and the tents are underneath the flies. Some people sleep in lodges and cabins but we do not take these down and put them up every year. I want to congratulate everybody who slept in tents and underneath flies this year, both campers and staff. I also want to thank Roy for noticing when the ropes on the tents and flies were getting loose and assigning the tent staff to carry through and follow out. I especially want to thank those people who helped in the tagging of the tents and putting them up and taking them down and folding them and carrying them. Generally these are the same people who take out canoe trips, although there are some others too I guess.

'75

The Canoe Tripping program again constituted much of the Camp Pathfinder activity this summer. The first trips left on July 4, and when the last trips had returned on August 14, a total of 56 trips had been sent out from the canoe dock this summer. At many times, there were 10 or 11 trips out of camp at the same time, ranging in length from overnight to eighteen days. In addition, some tripping was done in the Temagami Provincial Forest area, extending the regular Park tripping program.

'78

In Rochester and Buffalo, you loaded on the bus; You said "Good-bye" to mom and dad, and they made quite a fuss. Soon you were all headed North, to the pine and birch and larches, But not before one final stop: McDonald's Golden Arches. It was there you got your Big Mac, which to your ribs did stick; One camper showed his gratitude by promptly getting sick. Finally you all arrived on the shores of Old Source Lake; Mark Eustis's "Red Baron" bit must have been hard to take. Then came the lumbering pontoon boat, and Pierre, the guy who drove'er And halfway 'cross the lake he screamed, "Don't move! We might tip over!"

But you made it to the island, with dry shoes and shirts and pants, He greeted by our Camp Director: "Hi! My name is Lance!" He checked your name, shook your hand, and to a staffman you were sent --

You grabbed your bag, HE grabbed your trunk, and stumbled to your tent.

Soon you heard the old camp bell, calling you and all the rest Grab your suit and towel, it said, it's time for your swim test. Since the trip was hot and dusty, you said, "Oh, that should be nice!"

But you quickly found Pathfinder's lake was similar to ice. We called you to the flagpole -- told you being late was rude, Then we showed you to the dining hall for what we call "camp food". When you went to bed, you probably said, "I love Canadian nights", But we had another treat in store: a hundred insect bites!

By next night you had quickly learned that old voyageur trick: In case you're ever lost somewhere, light 18 coils of Pic. Next day came trip training, and we're sure that mom and dad'll be amused to learn you didn't know which end to hold a paddle! We taught you gunwales, keels, and thwarts, but we still had our doubts,

Because the next to come (Remember, staff?) -- the ins and outs! "But why jump out?" you asked, "when we are here safely afloat?" "Because," we said, "there are snakes and broken glass there in your boat!"

So you practiced jumping in and out and paddling swamped canoes, And doing 2-man rescues 'til your lips were turning blue.

But you finally learned to paddle your canoes, and not to tip, and soon the big day came... Do you remember your first trip?

Brand new boots and trip rag, cut-off shorts as yet unstained... Before you even got yourself into the boat it rained!

You cried, "I might start coughing or get a runny nose!" But it's Pathfinder tradition. Once we post a trip; it goes.

You sang some songs, made fudge, and then got quiet as a mouse As 'round the fire the tale was told about George Liederhaus.

You crawled into your sleeping bag and all the night were hopin' That you'd live to see the morning, so you slept with one eye open.

But you managed to survive it; and you weren't even damp, and you got to see Algonquin Park, then paddle back to camp.

Your stay here on the island is now almost at an end: You've played some games, and learned new things, and made a lot of friends.

But despite our woodland setting, water pure and sky so blue, And despite the loons and chipmunks, and the moose, to name a few, and despite Canadian sunsets, and the mountains with a view, we know that's not what makes camp great... It's people... just like you!

-- Jerry Taylor



Two Species... One Island - A Tale of Endless Warfare.

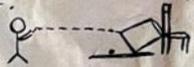
I can't really tell you where it all started. One day we woke up and we were in the middle of a war. There was no escaping this time, we had no reinforcements on the way, no campers to suppress their numbers. We got used to the daily invasions fighting them off with whatever we had on hand but their numbers were growing and so were their ambitions. They stopped fearing us and began taunting, they wanted the island for themselves. That was the last straw and we finally decided to go on the offensive.

We started by simply observing them, fully giving them control of the kitchen... we had bigger plans. We discovered that they had adopted a similar schedule to our own. They would concentrate their attacks around dinner time and make an organized push for control of the compost bins. With a full meal in our stomachs we were pretty much helpless, stuck to our chairs unable to chase them off. They had planned this so perfectly it was almost diabolical. Immediately we started cooking lighter meals to lean up the troops. We installed scientifically engineered traps to catch them mid-raid. The tides were turning, we were making progress... or so we thought.

June 24th, year 107

One of our greatest victories; we initiated the Chipmunk Rehabilitation Program.

After many successful captures the group realized we needed a long term solution to start dwindling their numbers. During Peak Raid hours we would catch as many as possible and bring them over to the mainland where they could live off their days in a more peaceful setting away from



1

the chaos of this war. The logic was sound, if we caught them in the dining hall the 'munk soldiers would report back to the 'munk generals, the stories of captured 'munks never to be seen again. The dining hall would become a stronghold free from heisters and raiders. We would reinstate the fear that kept us safe all these years and finally start rebuilding for the future.

June 31st, year 107

I will always refute the idea that they were smarter than us but God damn they were better than us! With our limited supplies on the island we could only afford so many boat rides to the mainland. Gas wasn't cheap and by God our superiors were not going to let us bring them over one by one. We needed a solution, a method to capture and then hold them until the next boat was available. This is where the science failed us.

We devised 3 methods;

• The Slide and die

• The one that works

• The Trap doors



The slide and die was deemed most probable to work and after a majority vote it was put into the field. The slide and die was very simple, after getting caught in the trap the 'munk would be forced through a cut out hole and into a holding cage with a capacity of 5.

2

We all watched in anticipation as our technology was about to push us over the edge. The Slide and die had brought us all hope that we could end this war peacefully and swiftly.

The clock strikes 6 and the trap is set. Our first enemy spotted. A big Red, right flank of the cedar deck. He makes eye contact and knows something is off. He's not a rookie but a solid vet., hard as nails and will not be fooled so easily, he doubles back.

STRIPES! Busting right through the middle, he's young, he's wild and can't be stopped. He runs straight for the trap. CLAP! He's caught.

We all hold our breaths as the Slide and die is put into action, its maiden voyage works just as planned, our only problem was not covering all our bases. The holding cage on the old Raccoon trap is too big for this lean Stripes. He runs full force into one of the holes. He looks stuck but adrenaline is on his side. He fights for his right to stay on the island. Two seconds later he's gone, squeezed through the hole in the cage. In that moment we all looked at each other, tears in our souls, shock on our faces. "We've lost him" someone says, but more importantly we're losing this war.

The repercussions of that night were felt through out the week that followed. You see this wasn't the first one we had lost. For every captured 'munk that escaped they grew more cunning and weary. They became harder to catch, bolder too...

3

August 2nd, year 107

A cloudy misty day on Sourie lake, a day like any other. The wind blowing from the west, the trails slick from last night's rain. I didn't know walking into the dining hall that day that we had lost it. It happened over night, our greatest defeat and one we simply couldn't recover from. In what we believed to be the safest vault on the island lay our loaves of Banana Bread... Gone... Devoured. We lost the war that day.

You need to understand this wasn't simple Banana Bread. This was pure gold, the only real motivation left to protect the kitchen. Hand crafted with exotic spices and baked on the mainland we would receive shipments of this Banana Bread sporadically never knowing when more would arrive. We had to ration it and protect it fearlessly at all cost. With no more Banana Bread left what were we to do, what could we do? We had to change our mindset, this was no longer about winning they had already won, this was about surviving and survive we did.

No more traps! The offense turned to defence. Plywood covers for the trash, Metal cans replaced the plastic ones. The compost was put outside with a small transfer bin in the kitchen to be transferred twice a day. Redoubled efforts on Grubs to make sure every scrap is taken over to the mainland. Cutting boards in the fridge, plates upsidown, sinks clean, Hobart working overtime.

4

Continued...

We would not fight them any longer we would learn to live with them and they would learn to live with us.

September 7th, year 107

I still get chills walking up to my cabin. I can hear them in the trees calling out. However, things aren't like they use to be, there's more of a mutual understanding between us. We've all learned from this experience, some more than others. Not everyone made it though, some people had to leave, they couldn't do it any longer, it just wasn't for them. We all chose to come here, to the island. We were the lucky ones that had the privilege to protect this special place, Camp Pathfinders 107th platoon ready to serve. But none of us knew what was to be ahead and we sure didn't sign up for it.

The Chipmunk Wars.

Simon McNamee

107th Platoon

Camp Pathfinder

CAMP PATHFINDER TESTED RECIPES

Suggestions For Trips

NOTE: Each recipe is figured on the basis of enough for 9 m

APPLESAUCE:

Allow 2 pannicans of dry apples to soak for an hour if possi
Boil these two pannicans of apples until tender in four pann
cans of water and one pannican of brown sugar. Serve cool.

APRICOTS:

Boil 2 pannicans of apricots for 20 minutes in 4 pannicans c
water and 3/4 pannican of brown sugar. Add 1/2 lemon, cut up,
you wish. Cook the night before and serve cool.

BEEFSTEAK & ONIONS:

See page 12.

BEANS:

Soak 4 pannicans of beans for a few hours or, if possible, ov
night. Boil these until they are tender. Mix in one pannice
of brown sugar and nine strips of cooked bacon. Season with
salt and pepper and serve hot. One fried onion (cut up) will
add to the flavor.

You may boil onion or bacon in beans until they are cooked,
preferred. Keep hot in double boiler.

CHEESE DREAMS:

Put 1 slice of cheese between 2 slices of bread. Toast
pan, using as little bacon grease as possible to keep fry
ing. When well browned, spread on one layer of jam and
of peanut butter. Serve hot.

NO BOY EVER FORGETS
CAMP PATHFINDER'S
CANOE TRIPS

● "Trippers!" In a land of romance, mystery, en
chanted days, of never-to-be-forgotten adventures.
Far from the strife of city life. At peace with the world.

1960's
Trip Notes

ROADS GOING IN EVERY DIRECTION ALONG THE SIDES OF THE CREEKS. SEVERAL CAMPERS FOLLOWED RO
ABOUT A HALF MILE UP THE CREEK TO SEE IF THERE WOULD BE ANY LET-UP OF WINDFALLS. THEY BEC
WORSE. SHORTLY AFTER FEASTING ON SOME RASBERRIES THERE CAME SEVERAL STARTLING WORDS FROM
OUR MASTERFUL HEAD TRIP MAN, "WE WILL TURN BACK". AFTER REACHING BIGGAR WE FOUND THAT IT
HAD TAKEN US ABOUT FOUR HOURS TO GO ABOUT A MILE UP THE CREEK. WE PUSHED TO A CAMPSITE ON
WASKIGANOG LAKE WHER DUTCHER FOUND A LINE AND BORNISH BECK. HE PULLED OUT A GOOD SIZE
SUN FISH AND NICK HAD THE PLEA SURE OF CLEANING IT, AND IT WAS ENJOYED THE NEXT MORNING AT
BREAKFAST.

THE NEXT DAY AS WE WERE GOING ALONG THE AMABLE DU FOND RIVER WE HAD A REAL TREAT..
AS ROY'S CANOE CAME AROUND A BEND IN THE RIVER WE SAW A COW MOOSE AND HER CALF. ALL THE
CAMPERS AND STAFF WERE GLAD TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SEE THIS AS THAT WAS ONE OF THE
REASONS THAT WE WANTED TO GO ALONG THE NIPPISING RIVER. NATURALLY THERE WAS ONE CANOE THAT
ONLY SAW THE TAIL OF THE MOOSE AND THAT WAS NONE OTHER THAN * - - LEARMAN. WE SPENT THE
NIGHT ON NINK LAKE WHERE WE HAD FUN WITH A GOOD SWIN AND REST FOR OUR PUSH TO CEDAR.
AS WE APPROACHED CEDAR WE FELT A SLIGHT BREEZE AND BEGAN TO WONDER IF AT LAST THE POWERS
TO BE WOULD GIVE US A TAIL WIND. TO OUR RELIEF WE HAD A GOOD TAIL WIND ON CEDAR



Camp Pathfinder

SOURCE LAKE
ALGONQUIN PARK, ONTARIO
CANADA

ORDER FROM YORK TRADING
1964

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| Toilet paper 1 case | Poly bags 3lbs. 1 box |
| Eddy Silent Matches 1 case | " " 5 lbs. 1 box |
| Large Onions 50 lb. | Jello Instant Pudding |
| Mixed Fruit 8 cases | Mint Chocolate 3 cases |
| Sunlight soap 1 " | Butterscotch 2 " |
| Assorted Kool-Aid 1 case | Vanilla 2 " |
| Kool-Aid Cherry 1 " | Dish Towls 1 doz. |
| Slug-A-Bug 2 doz. | Peanut Butter 5 30lb. pails |
| Saccharin pills 2000 | Raspberry Jam 3 " |
| Prunes 40/50 30 lb. 2 cases | Strawberry Jam 2 " |
| Rasins 30 lb. box 3 " | Instant Potatoes 8 oz. 4 cases |
| Cocoa - 5 lb. pkgs. 4 | Minute Rice 24/14 4 cases |
| White Sugar 200 lbs. | Javex 2 gals. |
| Brown Sugar 100 " | Gragenuts 3 cases |
| Oatmeal Instant 80lbs. 2 bags | Popcorn Mother Jackson 24/10 3 cas |
| Carnation Instant Milk large bag | Chore Girls 4 cases |
| Carnation Cond. 96/8 3 cases | SOS Pads 2 cases |
| Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix 24/20 3 cases | Marshmallows 4 " |
| Vanila large bottles 6 | Lipton Instant Soups |
| Meatballs & Gravy 24/15 5 cases | Chicken Noodle 4 dases |
| Serloin Tips 12/15 8 " | Tomato 3 " |
| Corned Beef 24/12 4 " | Tom-Veg 4 " |
| Casserole Steak 24/15 3 " | Lemons Plastic 1 " |
| Whole Kernel Corn 24/14 4 Cases | Kraft Dinners 24/7 3 " |
| Peas 24/15 4 Cases | Green Beans 24/15 4 " |
| Cherries 24/15 2 " | Mexicorn 24/14 2 " |
| Alymers Peaches 24/15 2 " | Fruit Cocktail 24/15 2 " |
| Pears 24/15 2 " | Rasberries 24/15 2 " |
| Libby Spag. & Sause 24/15 6 cases | Catalli Spag.&Meat Balls 24/15 6 |
| Libby Deep Brown Beans 24/15 6 cases | York Beans&Weiners 24/15 6 |
| Mild Chili w/beans Puritin 24/15 3 cases | |

- DEHYDRATED FOODS
- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Green Beans 2 cases | Carots 2 cases |
| Cabbage 1 case | Onions 1 case |
| Beets 1 " | |

- CANADA PACKERS
- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| Weiners 24/15 | 2 cases |
| Hamburgers 24/15 | 5 " |
| Maple Leaf 5 lb. loaf cheese | 80 lbs. |
| Slab Bacon approx. | 25 lbs. |
| Domestic Shortening | 30 lb. pails - 2 |
| Kam or Prem 24/12 | 3 cases |
| Canned Butter 12/1 | 3 cases |

Roy S. Thrall
Tripping Director

July 14, 1966

With the return of the first set of trips, you can well
imagine all the excited boys comparing experiences and their
different stories. We have been having warm, clear weather.
The mosquitoes are beginning to disappear, and I must admit,
they will not be missed!



Trips - High Falls - Cedar - 9man - 9 days
Head man - Dwyer Cookley
2nd man - Digger Rand
3rd man - Lightning Hamblin
Campers - Brad Carlson, John Curtis, Steve Norton, Bruce Long
Ralph Nagle, Andy Langdon

First Day
Our trips started out, as usual, at the canoe dock. While
were sitting there two 6 man trips left on their voya
Because they had left so quickly and time was getting
Roy thought we ought to leave so we left out through the fr
door. That night we camped on Mackintosh lake.
second Day



CAMP PATHFINDER

Herman J. Norton, Director, 174 Nunda Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



Monroe 7247

February 26, 1934

Dear Bob:

July 4, 1934, Exciting days ahead, Happy days, Toughening days, Camping Days! At Pathfinder! America's North Woods Camp for Boys.

As our memories bring back the old lakes, rivers and portages of last year we look forward to the **NEW** with eager zest after long winter months at home. North woods, the scent of pine and balsam, canoe trips, camp fires. Does that bring back memories ?

Last year's program was good, but the layout for this summer--well just wait till you see it. **New Trips! New In Camp Activities! New Recreation Hall** right down on the water front. Two new tennis courts. Most everything new, except the faces, spirit and character of the place.

Oh boy, what a summer just ahead. Just mention it to mother and dad. They know what's good for you.

Remember the date, **LETS GO PATHFINDER!**

Your friend

"Chief"

Over 20 years outstanding
Camping Service to Boys.



Let's go.

over the lakes and through the woods

It's early morning and it's out to sea in canoes--three canoes, one staff man and two boys in each. You're in the lead canoe this morning on a lake that hasn't a ripple on it except for the ones you're making with your paddle. Just half of the big Canadian sun is showing over the trees on the eastern shore and the air is still and quiet as you start out.

Today, as you paddle from lake to lake joined by streams, you'll see Canadian geese squawking high above you, long-legged herons and cranes tiptoeing through shallow water, big-snouted moose swimming, tense deer twitching their white-tufted tails. On the hikes between adjacent lakes, the porcupines will click their teeth at you; you'll scare spruce hens from their nests; there'll be beavers busy at their woodcutting chores; and you'll catch an exciting, fleeting glimpse of fox and otter and mink. Algonquin Park is a wildlife refuge and the animals there are friendly.

On those short hikes between lakes, Pathfinder staff members always carry the food and canoes; boys carry light, comfortable packs containing sleeping bag, a change of clothes, and toilet articles. No boy carries more than necessary for his age and ability.

first night at camping site

By 4 p.m., you've reached the first night's camp site. There's lots of time to pitch the tents, gather firewood, swim, fish, and play water games before eating. To quickly get through the tasks of setting up camp, the daily duties are assigned to

Top: Tent 1&2 inspection, these boys aren't messing around (1930's)

Middle: Campers crushing the Gunwhale Race (1940s)

Bottom: A beautiful description of Pathfinder tripping from the 1955 camp pamphlet

1959

CAMP PATHFINDER ANNUAL AWARD BANQUET

TOMATO JUICE
CELERY AND OLIVES

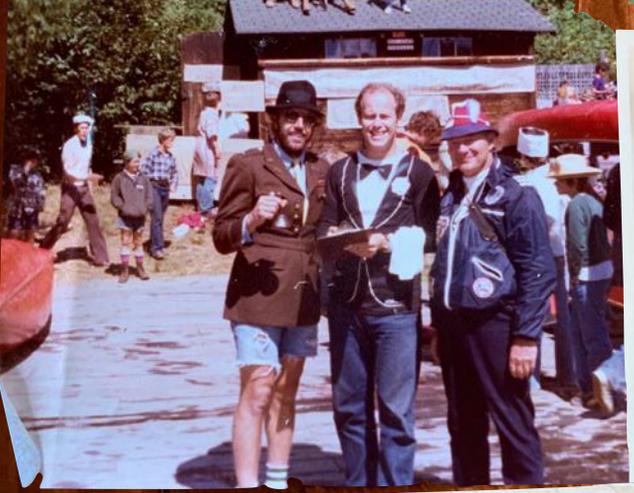
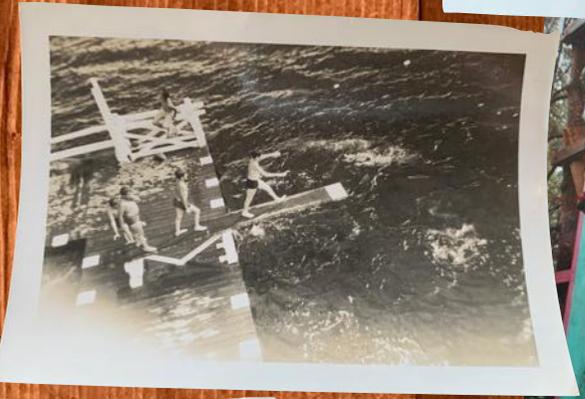
ROAST TURKEY WITH GRAVY
MASHED POTATOES KERNEL CORN

ICE CREAM
(LOTS)
COFFEE TEA WATER



Swimming Hour

Top: 1934 letter to a camper from Chief Norton.
Bottom Left: 1959 Banquet Menu cooked by Mrs. Amy Purdy.
Bottom Right: Boys raising hell on swim dock. Don't try this at home folks.



First row: Camp's flagpole stands alone back when our trees were still small • Otts, 1980s • Unreal staff photo - swim staff would not approve!
Second row: CPI boys in some serious camp swag in front of the old railroad sign, now located on Lodge 1 • Swim dock diving board circa the 50s?? Lets bring it back. • Old school rock wall not giving these boys too many options.
Third row: Lance, Roggow and Roy looking sharp at the end of the summer regatta - boys on roof have the best view. • No year. No context. Just a great photo. • 1977 Old Men.
Fourth row: Pontoon parade featuring Pathfinder boys and their newly attained martial skills.

Over Pathfinder's 107 years, many different and wonderful hand-drawn maps were created and used to show campers and their families details on the Island, and our location in both Ontario and Algonquin Park.

A "Trip Camp"

ONE point in particular distinguishes Camp Pathfinder from all other types of boys camps in this country—it is a *trip camp*! In addition to an outstanding "in camp" program, boys make over night, three day, five day and twelve day excursions into the glorious woodland of Algonquin National Park. Under most careful supervision boys eat, play, fish and sleep in the open. Examples of trips taken are shown on the map and described below:

Trip No. 1. (see map)

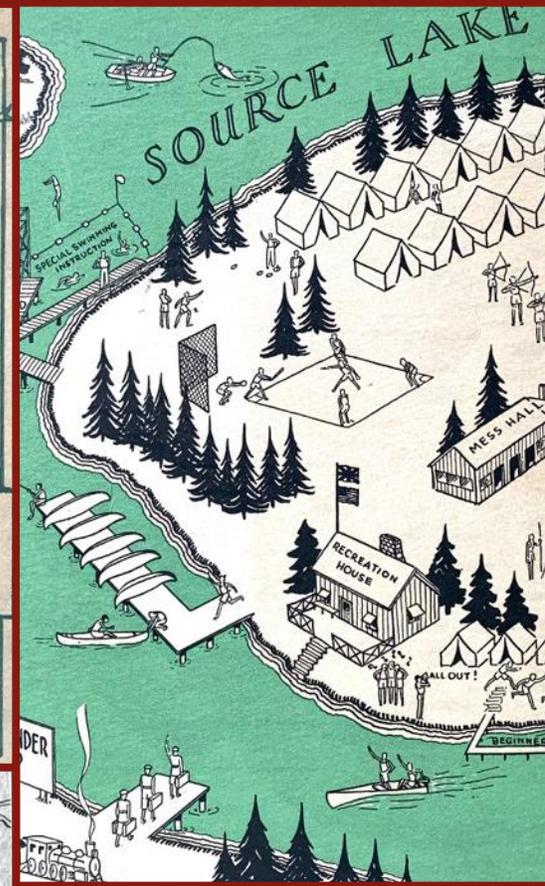
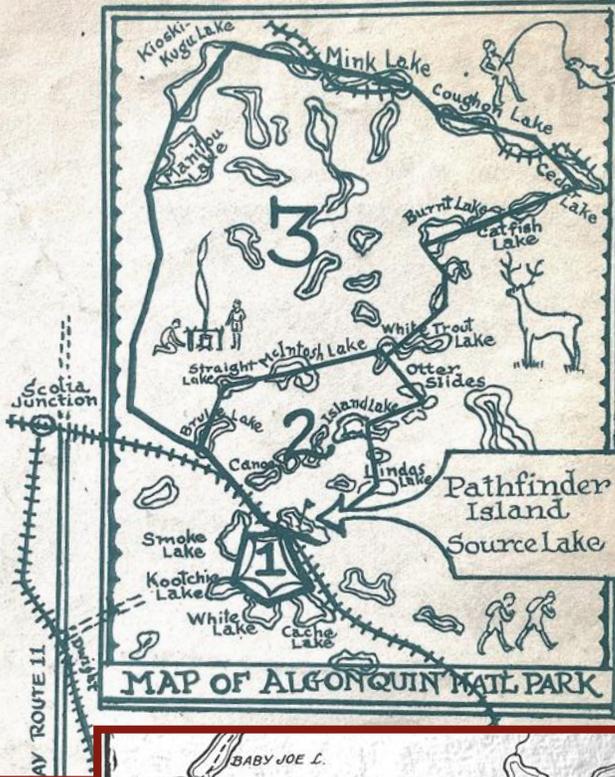
This and similar routes are taken by the Chipmunk Group (ages 9 to 10) and embraces native study, camping rules and self reliance.

Trip No. 2. (see map)

Taken by Beavers and Bears (ages 11 to 14). Features camp sanitation, leadership, scouting, resourcefulness and cooperation.

Trip No. 3. (see map)

Taken by Bears and Bucks (ages 14 to 17). Features muscle hardening, obedience, attention to detail, love of nature, overcoming natural obstacles and good sportsmanship.



THE PATHFINDER PLAYERS
PRESENT -



THE
ANNUAL
CAMP
SHOW
1965

MONDAY AUGUST
SIXTEENTH

PROGRAMME

CAMP SHOW FOR 1965
PROGRAMME

- (1) Peter, Paul, and Animal (John Walker, Frank Horton, and Dick Powell)
- (2) The Barbers (Arnie Logan, Willy Kemter, Kenny Hill, Mark Thrall, and 2 Mystery Guests)
- (3) Tripping as the Campers see it (Gogi Cohen, George Hubbard, Dave Loonsk, Pete Kochery, Chip Warren, Johnny Price)
- (4) Interlude - Dave Kelsey
- (5) The Persona Blade Commercial (Dave Anderson, Larry Isen, Tim Aren, Read Ferguson) *Gray Bejano*
- (6) The Poetry Corner (Percy Bysse Jackson, Edna St. Vincent Tappan)
- (7) The Story of Peaches (Chip Warren, Jamie Henderson)
- (8) The Swim Dock (Jay Davis, Chip Warren, Andy Gunn, Mark Higgins, Chip Williams, Pete Higgins, Arnie Logan, Jamie Henderson)
- (9) The Park Bench (Kenny Hill, Read Ferguson, George Hubbard, Mark Thrall) *LARRY ISEN*
- (10) Interlude - Dick (He's the King) Rasbach
- (11) Encore
- (12) The Headmen (The Headmen)

Produced and Directed by Bill Thomas
and a cast of thousands

BT/lj

WHAT A PITY, JIMMY KLEIN

CHORUS: What a pity, what a pity,
What a pity, Jimmy Klein;
You are lost and gone forever
'Cause you ran to candy line.

Little campers love their candy;
They think chocolate is divine.
But no camper loved it better
Than the Mic Mac Jimmy Klein.

Every evening in the mess hall
Where the camp would sit and dine,
There were warnings of the dangers
If you ran to candy line.

Little Jimmy didn't listen.
He said, "Man, with legs like mine
I will never take a tumble!"
So he ran to candy line.

Then that fateful Friday evening
Jimmy met with fate's design:
Hit his foot upon a pebble,
Caught his ankle in a vine.

As his ankles and his elbows
And his knees did intertwine,
Jimmy saw his face was flying
Toward the branches of a pine.

On the rebound Jimmy hurtled
Up the branches of the pine;
Then he bounced along the treetops,
Getting needles in his spine.

When he came down from the treetops
All the camp could hear him whine
As he landed on his bewtocks
On a passing porcupine.

Jimmy ran off toward the water
Showing weakness by the sign,
Then he slipped and cracked the grease pit,
Fall into the murky brine.

Now the campers who remember,
Every evening just at nine,
Drop a Smartie in the grease pit
For the ghost of Jimmy Klein.

ROCK - LOUISA

Rock - Louisa, pain for me,
Why could you not shorter be?
And the logs that slip and slide,
And the bugs from every side,
Must they be there constantly,
And if so, then why must we?

Iris - Alder, what a mess!
I could hardly love you less.
You are long and full of mung
And last time there I got stung
Though your pain, I must confess,
Did obscure your ugliness.

Bonfield - Dickson, go away!
Just to walk you takes a day.
Must our lives be put at stake
Just to get from lake to lake?
If the bombs should fly, I pray
That the first one comes your way.

PATHFINDER SUMMERS

CHORUS: And it's all part of Pathfinder summers,
All part of Pathfinder summers,
All part of Pathfinder summers;
No matter how far in this world I may roam,
I will still call this island my home.

I can remember the first time I came
Lost and alone, and no one know my name
Then I met friends as we all played a game
And since then it was never the same.

Tripping Algonquin and paddling the lakes
Learning the sweat and the sharing it takes
Joking with friends in a tent in the rain
Till you've been there it's hard to explain.

Dodgeball and Coneball and Capture the Flag
Cheering for someone's spectacular tag
Free swims at sunset and talking with friends
It's a day when the fun never ends.

White-throated sparrows, the call of the loon
Hearing a wolf as he howls at the moon
Crystal clear waters and pale northern lights
And the beautiful cool starry nights.

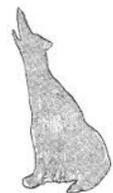
Camp shows and banquets and Treasure Hunts too
Why they mean so much I haven't a clue
Winners or losers, we've all had our fun
When we did it we did it as one.

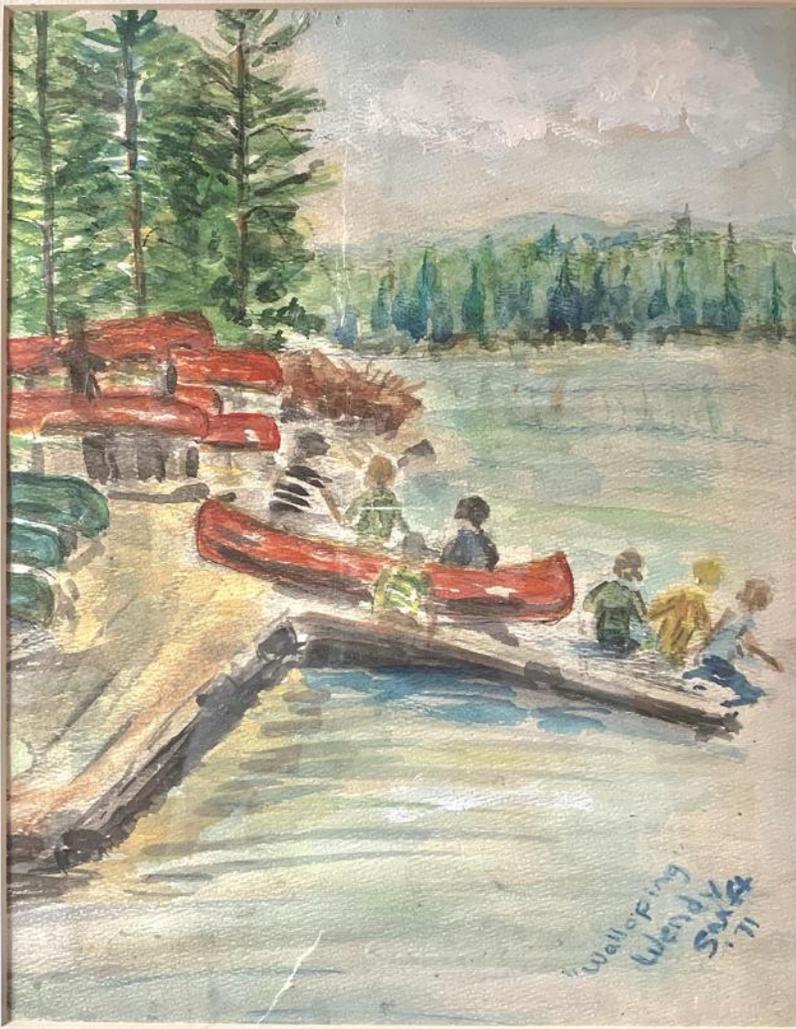
Learning to swim or to stern a canoe
Doing what I never thought I could do
I've joined in bravos and showed them I've cared
For the smile of success should be shared.

Legends like Norton and Lamke and Thrall
Mick, Tick, and Swiftly, the Roggows and all,
These are the camp and they always will be
For a part of them lives on in me.

A few classics from

THE
LANCE
KENNEDY
SONGBOOK





'Walloping' by Wendy Swift, '71

Once one of the campers has finished eating, the frying pan can be given to him to clean (the inglorious term known to Pathfinder campers as "walloping"). As the other campers finish, they can clean their own cups, plus anything else lying around. The camper doing the Kool-Aid bucket should bring it up full of water to put out the fire. Once everything has been walloped, the pack should be closed up, put back in the canoe from where it came, and the trip can move on its way.

'Canoe Tripping with Camp Pathfinder' by Michael S. Smith, '70s

what can you say about the crew they do anything, go anywhere in any weather with no friction. All a great crew and now all well experienced in rapids.

Great '80's trip eval. comment

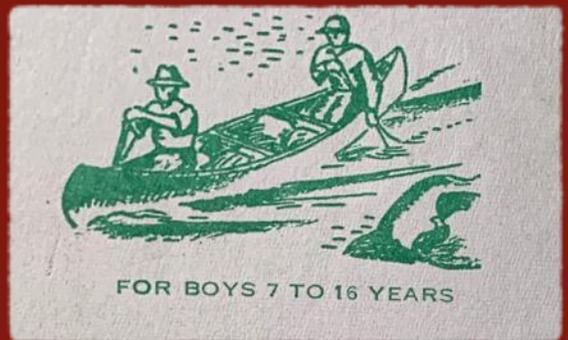
The Portage

They call this pathway a portage,
Here where the stream has ended,
Still gleams ahead some bright mirage,
But hills must be ascended
Before we launch our bark again
Upon some river flowing,
Where you and I and questing men
Tomorrow would be going.

And so across our pathway lies
In life some task or sorrow
Before us sometimes mountains rise
That shut us from tomorrow;
Now men must shoulder life's hard load,
The old canoe must carry,
Must walk awhile some rocky road,
Nor quite, nor tire, nor tarry.

The path that seems so hard today
May be a path to lead us
A harder but a shorter way
O'er mountains that impede us.
Beyond the hills may lie the stream,
Some river gently flowing
Where you and I and men who dream
Tomorrow would be going.

'The Portage' from the OLO walls



'66 letter head artwork



'The Dining Hall' by Jeff Miller

The second oldest camp in the Park is Camp Pathfinder, at Source Lake, which has been running ever since the first year of World War I. In the spring of 1914, two residents of Rochester, both teachers, formed a partnership to establish a camp. Franklin Gray, a native of Barrie, Ontario, who taught physical education in Rochester, was one of the pair, and came up to the Park to pick the site. After a wide search, they decided on the island in Source Lake, for its accessibility to the railway line, its vantage point for canoe expeditions, and its isolation from other Park settlements. In the first camping season the following year, eighteen boys enrolled. This number was increased to twenty-four and twenty-eight in the next two years. In 1917, because of the ill-health of his partner, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Gray took over full ownership. It was in that year that the present owner and director, Mr. Herman J. Norton, first visited Camp Pathfinder. Between 1918 and 1925 he and Mr. Gray were joint owners, but since that time Mr. Norton has held the sole interest in the camp.

Under Mr. Norton, "Chief", as the boys at Pathfinder call him, the camp has carried on a wide and varied programme. The staff is made up of experts in many different fields, in order to provide the finest leadership that can be procured. Mr. Norton has made sure that each camper is taught carefully all the skills and crafts necessary to make him secure and self-sufficient in the camp situation. Through the years a credit system of awards has been developed, to encourage each boy to strive for success in both camp activities and on the trail. Before any camper may leave headquarters on a canoe trip, he must pass rigid tests that cover swimming ability, canoe tipping and righting, and trip knowledge. The expert canoe-manship of the Pathfinder campers who traverse the district in their red canoes, is well known to other trippers who have encountered parties in remote corners of the Park.

< Excerpt from 'Algonquin Story' by Audrey Saunders, 3rd Ed., Originally pub. 1946



Pathfinder enthusiasm does not cease with the close of each camp season. Friendships are too strong for that.



Despite a difficult and unique summer, where we as a community were not able to be in this magical place we know and love so well, **Pathfinder remained as strong now as it has always been.** That was true here on the Island, and anywhere around the world Pathfinder people remained #triptough and looked ahead to '21. We have 107 years of history, stories and memories that have affected and changed the lives of many generations. Whether your 40th year, 10th year, or first ... Pathfinder has been, is, and always will be a special place to us all. As we have become fond of saying ...

Nothing can stop what Pathfinder is.

Putting together this Chatter has been a real treat. Our small crew sat with overflowing boxes on the red couches in the Palace End, drinking coffee and stoking the fire as Fall weather crept in. We looked through so many years of photos and documents, laughing and smiling, in awe of just how special this place is, and how lucky we were to be here. Time has passed, staff generations have changed, and our island trees have grown tall... yet year after year, decade after decade, the camp, this lifestyle, and the love and care of Pathfinder, all remain the same.

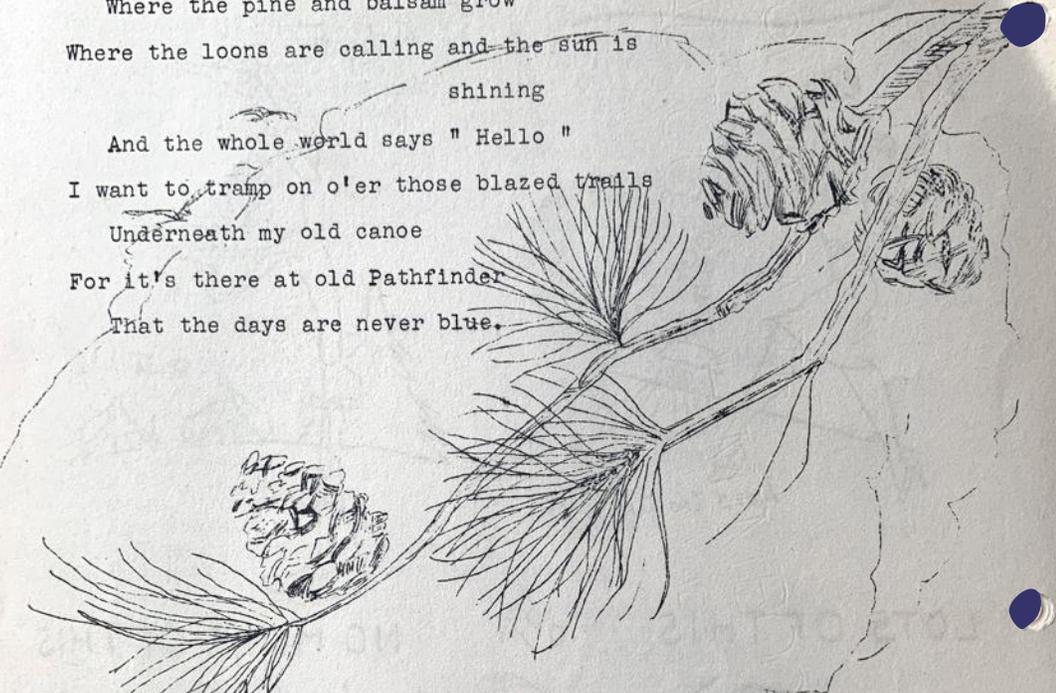
From those of us up here on the island this spring, summer and fall ... you are truly missed. Camp has not been the same without the unmatched energy of our campers, staff and alumni. We eagerly await the most anticipated and sure-to-be highest-energy Big Moment 2021. So... stay warm this winter, pack early, gear up, and get ready for the best summer yet.

Until next year!...Noonway,
Paige Clark, Program Director

Traditionally, Chipmonk Chatter closes with lyrics to our Camp Song. So keeping to that tradition, we have here our song, from one of the earliest editions of C.C. (1945). It remains unchanged to this day:

CAMP PATHFINDER - 1945 pg. 12

I want to wake up in the morning
Where the pine and balsam grow
Where the loons are calling and the sun is
shining
And the whole world says " Hello "
I want to tramp on o'er those blazed trails
Underneath my old canoe
For it's there at old Pathfinder
That the days are never blue.



I want to go back every summer
To that camp on old Source Lake
Where the wolves are howling and the foxes
barking
And the bugler bids me wake,
I want to tramp on o'er those blazed trails
~~With a tump line on my head~~
And when the sun drops o'er the hilltops
~~Turn to my balsam bed~~

