

Memories of Camp Tillicum

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January 2018

I was ten years old when I went to Camp Tillicum for the first of two summers. I had a wonderful time both years. I have described some of my memories below.

The first impression I remember was being very proud to see my cousin's name-Penny Christakis- up on the walls of the main cabin from when she was a counselor. She was from Sudbury then and I looked up to her. I told her about this a few years ago and she was pleased to remember her time there. Unfortunately, she passed away not long ago.

I had a great idea for cleaning the cabin that I was sleeping in. I got an old mop and was able to damp mop the whole floor before the counselors came by to inspect. The floor dried quickly and no one guessed that I was using the mop. I heard the counselors say that the cabin looked great. Our cabin won the award each day that week for being the cleanest.

Because I was the oldest boy in the cabin, I tucked the other boys in each night. One of my bunkmates lay in his bunk every night crying because he missed his mother. I guess I wasn't very nice because I told some other kids that he was a crybaby. He got very angry with me and said that I was lying. I guess I embarrassed him in front of the other boys.

One of the boys at camp was a very fast runner. He always won the races that the counselors organized. One of the counselors was very concerned about him smoking and hurting his wind. This counselor actually threatened that he would never help him again if he started smoking.

In my second year at camp, the lead counselor asked me to show the new boys around, since I already knew the place. I thought that was great, so we set off on a tour. Unfortunately, I got the group lost big time and after we had been gone for so long, everybody had to go looking for us. Nothing bad happened, but I sure felt silly.

One day I saw an odd sight: a two-headed bug. I pointed it out to an older boy who was nearby, and he just laughed. He said that it was two bugs and they were fornicating. I didn't know what that meant and didn't get why he was laughing so hard. All the other kids there also had a laugh at my expense, even though they didn't know what was going on either.

T.C. Cummings was a famous North Bay artist who was also a school principal. As the senior counselor at the camp he was very well liked. I was always upset when he was talking to someone else and tried to make sure that he spent time talking with me as well.

Before one of the campfires, T. C. Cummings told me that he wanted to play a trick on the campers. He would pretend to be able to hypnotize people and if I would play along the others would be amazed. I said sure. He said a few hypnotizing words then told me to go into the lake. Off I went, up to my waist while they all shouted for me to come back. They were relieved when I turned around. I then walked toward the fire and the other kids got all excited and shouted to stop. So, I slowed down and finally stopped. Mr. Cummings said he was impressed with my acting ability.

After I came back from camp the second year, my mother told me to go see the head counselor Mr. Patton to thank him for paying for my wonderful experience. I went into his office and said my piece. He said "Yeah, yeah, yeah, on the way out make sure you shut the door. My mom

tried to make me feel better, but it didn't work. I am still upset about how rude he was when I was so young and just trying to say thanks.

I hope you have enjoyed reading these memories of being a young camper at Camp Tillicum.