

The

OUR PRICE IS  
50¢  
PER COPY

# MAD

T.W.C.



T.W.C.

We, the Teen-age Work Camp, would like to dedicate our year book to a man we all love and admire greatly, a man whose humor and selfcontrol is envied by all of us. We speak, of course, of Hershal Sandier.

Our director has many admirable traits : his patience , his ability to understand people, his concern for the welfare of both the camp and its campers, his warm sympathy and willingness to listen to our problems no matter how small.

His untiring efforts to keep the machine that is camp running smoothly have been warmly, though silently appreciated, not only by a grateful T.W.C. but by the entire camp and its staff.

Dear campers:

We send you our warmest and heartiest greetings at this closing of the camp season.

We are happy at the fact that you have enjoyed yourselves at all our camp activities - on the sportsfield, at the lake, and at all social and cultural events.

In your discussions and workshops, we gave you our cultural program, which included many important aspects of Jewish life, especially workers life.

We can say with satisfaction that you have been imbued with our cultural program which is full of Jewish, progressive spirit. You have shown us this by your participation in Camps cultural presentations, especially the concert.

The goal of our work has been to bring into your hearts joy and laughter, security and a sense of justice and right in a world of peace.

Now, after a summer in Camp, you are going home strengthened and enriched in both body and spirit.

We hope that you reach home safely, and keep with you the joy and spirit of Camp Kinderland.

Hershal Sandler

טייערע קעמפער!

מיר שיקן איך די וואַרימסטע און האַרציקסטע גרוסן צום אָפּשלוס פֿון קעמפּ סעזאָן.

מיר פֿילן זיך גליקלעך וואָס איר האָט גוט פֿאַרבראַכט ביי אַלע קעמפּ אַקטיוויטעטן: אויפֿן ספּאָרט פֿעלד, ביים טייך און ביי אַלע קולטורעלע פֿאַרוויילונגען. אין די דיסקוסיע גרופּעס האָבן מיר איך איבערגעגעבן אונדזער קולטורעלע פּראָגראַם, וואָס האָט אַריינגענומען זייער וויכטיקע מאָמענטן פֿון דעם יידישן לעבן, ספּעציעל אַרבעטער לעבן. מיט צופֿרידנקייט קאָנען מיר זאָגן אַז איר האָט אין זיך איינגעזאָפּט אונדזער פּראָגראַם, וואָס איז אָנגעפֿילט מיט דעם יידישן פּראָגרעסיוון גייסט. דאָס האָט איר אַרויסגעוויזן ביי אַלע קעמפּ אַרויסטרעטונגען, איבערהויפּט דעם יערלעכן קאָנצערט.

מיר האָבן באַצוועקט מיט אונדזער אַרבעט אַריינצוברענגען אין אייערע הערצער פֿרייד און געלעכטער, זיכער — קייט און געפֿיל פֿאַר גערעכטיקייט אין אַ וועלט פֿון שלום.

נאָך אַ זומער פֿאַרברענגען אין קעמפּ פֿאַרט איר אַהיים געשטאַרק — טע פֿיזיש און באַריכערט גייסטיק.

מיר ווינטשען איך קומען אַהיים געזונטע און אַריינברענגען אין אייערע היימען די פֿרייד און שטימונג פֿון קעמפּ קינדערלאַנד.

הערשל סאַנדלער

Note to Historians: The original Yiddish version was typed on a very old Yiddish typewriter. This version was created by a computer program which uses the modern form of the Yiddish alphabet.  
Hershl Hartman

This summer has been an entirely different experience for most of us In TEENAGE WORK CAMP.. It has helped strengthen our characters and has been a summer of sharing experiences with others in group living. This yearbook attempts to tie up the season. We have tried to include the most important events of the summer but there are 101 other things we will remember that are ours alone; the talks in the bunk after lights out, the time you were a pal to a junior and had this honor of being introduced to her teddy bear, the swim out to the raft for that last clue on the treasure hunt, the schleck you molded out of clay at Arts and Crafts, dancing in Edith's dance, winning the knee dance, or just the sight of little Juan sitting in his rocking chair with a very serious look on his face as he played checkers. All this we will remember and if this yearbook brings back other memories we have fulfilled our purpose.

Hail CITs,

"Sit down and write an article," they shout at me. "Tell us about the summer," they shriek. "Write anything but write?" they wail.

So with a broken arm and a bruised body, I sit down to give my voluntary contribution to the TWC Yearbook. Boats sunk by campers, campers sunk by boats, messages on the raft, wild water fights and a million other things already commemorated in this yearbook.

And sitting here and rendering how I can be serious, recollecting the mad things this group-my group has done, I find myself falling suddenly into a serious vein, This is after all, a farewell, It is farewell to a group that has brought more happiness than heartaches, no matter how we, their counselors have cursed and shouted. It is farewell to the most rewarding summer I have ever spent. Why am I not rejoicing, in supposedly "typical" counselor fashion, that the summer is ending and all of the headaches are finally leaving. The answer lies in the TWC.

(Continued on next page)

Greetings T.W C. ers -

We are very proud of your groups contribution to this summer( s camp program. Your response to the counselor training workshops are indicative of your didications to the needs of our camp and its campers

I am certain that wherever any of you may work with children in the coming years, your training will be a pillar of strength.

I do hope many of you who have spent years at our Jewish Cultural Institution have become imbued with the history and traditions of our people, and will find yourselves playing a role in camps with a Jewish Cultural Program; and that you will add the "K" quality of brotherhood to enrich the experience of the children you will be working with.

My deepest affection and good wishes to all of you -

In warmth,

ELSIE

-----  
A M emorable Experience

My life amidst 36 active teenagers may not be an ideal way to spend a restful, quiet summer vacation, however the furthes thought at the outset of the season was for this kind of experience. Youth is always the future of the world and from this basic premise both your staff and myself function. We full well realize that there are many factors which go towards creating a wonderful, vital and worthwhile learning experience. Some of the factors camp supplies in the form of living area, equipment and facilities, others your staff bring: skills, understanding, patience, guidance, but by far the most important single factor is the group and of course the individual who comprise it. I can honestly say that never have I had the opportunity of working with such a group. T alert to my right and left, abilities prowess, cultural and intellectual development, artistic, dramatic and musical abilities, all of these all boundup with and infused with a deep rich human warmth, with a sense of dignity and respect for human worth.

(Continued on next Page)

A large and motley crew of boys and girls came together, in a counselor-training program that is new in this camp and new to all of them. Staff and campers eyed each other warily, wondering what would come of this summer. The experiences we TWCers have shared are chronicled elsewhere in this book. But we can know that these experiences meant to staff. We have worked with a group that is active(most of the time) and alert (especially after curfew. We have shouted 'You're being immature' and secretly remembered the many evidences of mature productivity we have witnessed. You will remember this wonderful time you had at the Baird Cookout. I will remember the wonderful spirit of working together the cooperation and teamwork that characterized the day. The willingness of everyone to work, the spontaneous square dance after the most delicious supper of the summer, will remain in my mind long after I've forgotten the fights and the roof sittings and the noisy nights and the sluggish mornings. This has been a group which planned and implemented all of its activities with noteworthy success. It is a good natured, fun living, and, in the main an industrious group. Their festival presentation, the voluntary construction work by the open platform, and last but not least, this yearbook, are indicative of the groups work, response, and capabilities. Can I ever convey what it has meant to watch with you in your daily problems and joys, to live through this summer with you, to see and share the growing experiences you've all had? Can you possibly imagine and know the moments of joy and fulfillment you've brought when you've worked and stood together as a fine, strong group. My farewell for you is then, that each of you might have just this experience. I don't know if there ever will be such another, but I wish you the pleasure of some day working with just such a group.

Farewell ..CITs

Hail - The future of our Nation

Sometimes this seems distorted, other times it may seem hidden within the innermost depths of the individual: however in some form, in some strange way it emerges and manifests itself in the wonderfully positive action that some individuals display everyday and others display at times, few and far between. All of you wonderful people are capable of untold accomplishment. I am positive that your names will appear in the journals and in the ranks of the millions of decent, finest, and capable people working and striving to build a better and fuller life for all.

That I have spent more time with you was my desire. To be able to discuss your ideas, your goals, desires, vacations and the many other areas in which you think, play and have fun; but unfortunately this was not always the case. I can only wish that the friendships and relationships that have been initiated here, that these that here have been strengthened and remolded will last and last and prove rewarding to me and especially to you.

איך וועל שפען נחת פֿון אייך

Mike Stein

Extra-Curricular Activities  
First Night on the Beat by  
Bill Tabb

There I was, it was my first night on the beat. The chief had given me the toughest assignment. The CIT area. It was a tough nut to crack. I'd received my orders. Rule 4 was in effect. I said it over and over in my mind. There is to be no shouting at a child or pulling children out of bunks. If any problem arises which you are unable to handle, contact one of the directors or group leaders,

With whistle and flashlight, I crept out into the dark unknown. I was in No-Man's Land. I was no longer within the safety and security of the porchlight but within the vast unknown between bunks 17 and 18. As I stood there, I thought of what awful powers of fate had brought me here. What had I done to deserve this for a stinky \$80 a summer? Suddenly out in the darkness I heard footsteps coming closer, and closer and then suddenly a voice said to .... me "Is this the way to Brighton, buddy?" After directing this schleck on his way, I turned to see two eyes glaring, at me through the darkness. I was about to yell for help. (Rule \$.) Upon observing more closely, I noticed green hair and I knew it was my boy friend Alfred E. Melvin. He was in position 16, discovering he wasn't double jointed. Since misery loves company, I said, "Stay awhile Alfie."

I took my crushed cigarette out of its crush proof box and I lit it. I looked around to see what was cooking. It wasn't me.

With cigarette in paw, I ventured into bunk 16 for bed check. The springs were food. No mattresses, no campers. I checked the shafka room, rafters, and bathroom but found no trace of the missing campers. All of a sudden ten boys entered. "Ah hah," I said, "I've caught you! Get back into your beds". They giggled a little but obeyed. I talked out feeling self-confident. After walking ten paces it suddenly hit me. It was a girls bunk. Then ten voices shouted out in unison, "Fake out". As I ran in the front door, I arrived just in time to see the last one disappearing out the back door. By this time it was 11:30 and the chief was making the rounds to see if her counselors were all alright, As Elsie walked into the area, a sound resounded through the area. "Chicky the cops, here comes the Brass".

"You as mature intelligent CIIs, should realize your responsibility to the Kleinvarg. They are unhappy enough. For could you be happy if your name was Kleinvarg?"

The chief knew just how to handle the situation.

Tomorrow night's curfew which should be 10 o'clock, would be 9 o'clock. This solution was agreeable to all, for if the kids were put to bed at 9 o'clock they'd start raiding at 9:15 and be done at 10:00 and asleep by 10:15. So the O.D. would be off at 11:20 and be able to spend some time with Alfie.

What I Think About Raiding  
by Janet (Beetlebaum) Safar

After putting on our PJ's and snickers we got under the covers awaiting lights out. Due to the previous night's activities, our dear, everloving counselor delivered a long, boring harrangue on "the evils of raiding" This well planned speech put 1/2 of the bunk to sleep. After counting the sleeping casualties we joined together on Martha's bed to plot.

The O.D. was sleeping on the ping-pong table, and we slowly tip toed to bunk 18 and crept in the back door, KAPLUSH! I had come prepared. I was wearing clothes. They got wet. I wonder why. would you like to know why? Guess.

It was dark inside. All of a sudden I tripped over a body. I knew by the size 13 shoe it was my boyfriend. (Moisha Kelvin) He was not on the floor by choice. Someone had stolen his bed.

I jumped into the floor with him, when I heard the hoofbeats of the approaching counselor. All of a sudden a bright light shown on my face. It was morning.

FAKE CUT!

The Evils of Raiding  
by Dina Suller

I think that raiding is disgusting. Only immature, infantile babies raid. You'll have to excuse any mistakes you find as it is very crowded behind the boys ~~sh~~ shafka.

Now where was I? -- Ah, now I recall. Raiding is simply an excuse to make insecure children fool like brave daredevils.

Woops! Here comes a counselor. Ouch! I Who the heck is pushing in here with me? Be quiet or else we'll get caught.

Thank goodness she left. Now what was I saying before I was so rudely interrupted? Ah, now I remembere - Raiding is not constructive. It has no good purpose or outcome.

Will you stop pushing me? There just isn't enough room for the both of us. Don't curse at me! I'm not a ----- ! Mo a ----? If thats the way you feel, I'll leave. Now where can I hide? Why of course - under this bed. Oh, I'm sorry I didn't see you under there.

They would never think of looking behind the door here. Now back to business. What good does raiding do? Absolutely none. All that can happen is that you can get sick from going outside of the bunk without a jacket and from lack of sleep.

Ooohh - my side. Darn trunk! This trunk --\*\*) & \$#" (censored). Spush. Who throw that cup of water from up there??

I'd better quit while I'm behind and go back to my bunk.

If I can just sneak past --- brr, it's cold out. Made it !

As I was saying. There is no use raiding. You'll just get caught.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY?

THE  
**MAD**  
C.I.T.

.....  
Pencil sharpener - Cindy  
Copy boy - Joanne  
Proof reader - Bob  
Typists - Bobby, Bill, Phylis  
Mandel, Joel Sarfati & Stefi  
Burkes (they tried)  
Contributing contributors - Steve,  
Martha, Bob, & all the  
others that helped in the office  
especially Phylis Mandel  
Co-Editors - Bill Tabb &  
Bobby Schneider  
Ideas - William Kenneth Tabb  
Production - Barbara Heshmeda  
Schneider  
Head of Art Department  
Curt Hargrove  
Art Director - Pete Smith  
Chief Shelc & bottle washer-  
Nivlem

\*\*\*\*\*  
D E P A R T M E N T S

EDITORIALS.....	I
BY Hershel Sandier, Elsie Suller, Mike Stein & Bill Tabb	
Camp Wide Activities .....	2
Labor Carnival - Robert Rosenthal Annual Concert - Kindertog - Ruth Horowitz	
Tips on Trips.....	3
M ovies - Dina Suller Shakespeare - Debby Wexler Baird Outing - Sue Scher & Dina Suller	
On the Campus .....	4
Workshop - Cindy Lasher Observation - Danny Goldman Workshop - Sue Cohen	
Events of the Summer .....	5
4th of July - Bill Tabb Wllloway Exchange Visit - Bob Signer	
Extra_ Curricular Activities.....	7
What I Think About Raiding - Janet Safar The Evils of Raiding - Dina Suller First Night on the Beat - Bill Tabb	
Social Functions.....	9
C.I.T. _ Stuff Sadie Hawkins Social C.I.T. - Sadie Hawkins Social - Bobby Schneider	
Olympics.....	II
Sports - Cultural	

VITAL FE AT TURES  
36 - 23 - 35

The Flight OF THE  
VAMPIRE  
The tragic story of a race  
that la slowly dieing out -  
the American vampire... 6

\*\*\*\*\*

SINKING OP HESPERUS  
A story of adventure on the  
high seas of Silvan Ocean,6  
1/4

\*\*\*\*\*

MAD

A Mad evaluation on a  
serious level of one of  
America's truely fine  
literary publications  
.....6 1/2

\*\*\*\*\*

SPORTS

Inter-camp sports the  
epic story of a camp team  
struggling to find a place  
in the sun  
..... 4 1/4

\*\*\*\*\*

Love

Put in small type purposely  
to denote its serious  
content. It is, for lack of  
a better word,  
serious....4 1/2

\*\*\*\*\*

EVENING ACTIVITIES  
Or "What we should have done  
instead of goofing off"  
.IO

\*\*\*\*\*

UNSUCCESSFUL RAID  
An A. P. dispatch naming  
names & giving the inside  
story of a plot foiled ...8  
1/4

"The Mad C.I.T." for June-July 1957, Vol.I, No.I is published once in a life time by The Teen-Age  
Work Camp Inc. at Camp Kinderland, Hopewell Junction, NY Entered as trash anywhere. not accepted  
at U.S. Post Office. Entire contents copyrighted in 1957 by us. ( but can be handed into your  
English teacher if desperate) The editors will not be responsible for one word of It. The names of  
all characters used in this magazine, fiction, semi-fiction & non-fiction are fictitious. Any  
similarity without satirical purpose to persons living, dead or in between is purely coincidental.  
HAPPY READING!

the Editors

Made in occupied Hoboken

The Labor Carnival  
by Robert Rosenthal

On this afternoon of August 12, the Senior Group presented a Labor Carnival at the casino. The theme of the carnival feeling labor, each game was surnamed after a specific union.

Some of the games which were most enjoyed were

pillow fight	-	Upholsterer's Union
basketball throw	-	Leather Workers "
shave the balloon	-	B arber's Union
Ring toss	-	Steel Worker** Union
hammer & nail	-	Carpenter's Union

Another game was a ping-pong throw through the 'head of labor enemies, Dave Deck, James Hoffa, and Johnny D io'. These three have recently been exposed as labor racketeers and are awaiting sentence.

Although the CITs spent on enjoyable afternoon, we felt that the afternoon WAS geared toward the younger children. Most of the people attending agreed that the afternoon was one of the best planned and most entertaining that the camp has seen all summer.

Camper Council Day  
by R uth Horowits &  
Cynthia Lasher

Camper Council Day morning, formerly known as Kindertog, was as usual, very successful.

After clean up, which was as usual very unsuccessful, the whole camp burst forth in all their glory to 'Stinky Stanley' and 'the flower of the Sportsfields' sportsfield. Everyone was excited about the big softball game between staff and campers. The game started and Sol struck out three times as usual. Thank you Sol for winning the game for us, as usual. I beleive that the spirit of the kinder was a major asset In defeating the staff 15-0, as usual. We were all very happy about this. Wouldn't you be happy if you won a game 15-0? At the end of eight innings, the teams were changed. Girl staff joined in the fun against the Junior and Inter boys who were anxious to play. And as usual who in the world do you think won? Natch, the kids again, natch. By a score of 16-0, natch. W hat a morning full of wonderful events for the campers.

F or the first time in camp history, the camper-council created something new. This fabulous event was a campwide Scavenger Hunt. Everyone was broken into teams and the teams met in their areas. We spent an hour and a half collecting our thoughts and contemplating, meditating, pondering, etcetera. Then all teams proceeded to the open platform.

(Continued on next column)

Annual Kinderland Concert  
by Cynthia Lasher

To the strains of four part harmony, the audience of the Annual Kinderland Concert was greeted at 8:30 , Saturday evening...

Traditionally, the concert began with the "Star Spangled Banner" followed by the Kinderland Hymn. " Un Du Akerst" by Shaefer followed, with "Let Us Break Bread Together" next. " The Vig Lid", The Whole Wide World Around",& "Hinay Matov" were also sung. Albert Bitter and Amy Keller conducted us.

"The Muzinke Oisgibebn", a yiddis h operetta depicting life in the old country followed, through the media of the many beautiful yiddish folk songs. The Junior group provided a chorus for the cast. The costumes fitted the characters exactly, while the dances went smoothly under Edith's direction. The dancing was last on the program with each group's presentation. The Junior group presented "It Could Be A Wonderful World" creating a United Nations of happy, dancing children. The Kleinvarg presented " A YINGELE, A MEDELE". As they had done all summer, every single one of camp's youngsters faces shone, drawing applause and smiles from every corner of the casino. "Do Dodi" (Come My Beloved), an Israeli partner dance, was done by the Intermediate group, clad in white. N ext came the TWC group setting on entirely different atmosphere. Although it was gloomy at first. It ended on a strong, hopeful note. The Seniors wore last, presenting "Hof Un Gloib" with the accomaniment of the chorus. They carried with them symbols of peace, plenty, and knowledge, looking towards a better world.

The memory of our last concert as campers in Kinderland will surely be wonderful to recall.

-----  
Camper Council Day con'd

The treasures of youths minds were brought to the stage and exhibited for all too see. Do you know what a toitm-bankes is? Well we found out, due to unfailing efforts of our campers. The White team won out over the blue, red, pink, yellow, and green teams. It was a new experience and worthwhile to all who participated.

As usual, the counselors show followed. Mimicking us, (the fabulous Kinderland campers) the counselors as usual made definite fools of themselves. It was a pleasure to behold indeed! No trouble was had that evening since many of the fabulous Kinderland campers' health was on the blink. This ended Camper Council Day. Next year perhaps the CITs of '57' will be on the other side of the fence.



## THE BARE FACTS ABOUT BAIRD

By Sue Scher &  
Dina Suller

Since our group is known as the promptest group in camp, We started our trip in the usual way - an hour late.

An impromptu chorus rehearsal began on the bus, to make up for the ones we goofed off from; in camp. Among the high brow songs we always sing are Kisses sweeter Than Wine, My Hat It Has Three Corners, and There Is A Camp That, Has A Cow, and other off-beat and off-tune melodies.

We got there, just in time to have lunch. Two kerosene cans and many hours later the fire was started. Lunch was begun! The meal turned out to be a success. Plenty of food was given to all!

Soon after lunch we started our journey around the Park. Baird Park was spacious and had many facilities we could take advantage of. We sure did, We went roller skating to the strains of our favorite rock 'n roll songs, We had the whole rink to ourselves.

Being mature, intelligent, adult CITs, afterwards we went wading in the kiddie pool. We were promptly kicked out because we were too young. After that we went to the playground. Here we went on a queer contraction of which I still do not know the name. It works on a very complicated scientific principle. You path it and it turns.

Staggering up to the hill, we found supper whirling before our eyes. You have never tasted such chicken as we tasted on our supper cookout that night. (Take that as you please). We relaxed after dinner with a vigorous square dance called by Bill Tabb. (Ed. note - Plug).

Suddenly the strains of haunting melody reached our ears and we floated hypnotized to the skating rink, to have one of infrequent socials of course. Due to the kindheartedness of the skating he let the group in to observe the skaters. The attendant had a mysterious plan. He was going to give us all skates. But there was a hitch! Unfortunately we didn't know what the hitch was. Then the mature, intelligent, adult CITs proceeded to play tag on skates and fell on their mature, intelligent, adult rumps. And so ended our evening activities..... Thank you so? Well, I got a hot flash for you. It wasn't the end.

We couldn't find our sleeping bags in the dark, When we find them it seemed that they were frenched and a girl couldn't seem to find her feet. So went the night.

Rise and shine everyone.

## SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

by Debby Wexler

On Tuesday August 6, the TWC and the staff went to Stratford Connecticut to see "Much Ado About Nothing".

"Much Ado About Nothing". What is the 'nothing' of this play? A treacherous villain betrays his brother. A lovely maiden is publicly shamed for an apparent betrayal of her vows, and apparently dies, with hardly an afterthought of her left in the heart of her intended husband. A pair of intelligent flirts fall in love with each other purely on the strength of a rumor and carry on their courtship in a series of verbal fencings with hardly a reference to the constancy of their hearts.

The theatre was modelled after the

Glory Theatre which was located in the outskirts of London, England. It was here that all of Shakespeares plays were shown. The magic of the theatre made it seem as if the actors were in the audience and not on the stage itself. As the scenes changed, the characters in the play moved the scenery. There was no curtain at the end of each scene. The audience witnessed everything that went on during change of scenes. The costumes were brilliantly designed. The scenery was both clever and effective.

Much Ado may certainly be made About Nothing if it is done in the clover, entertaining way that this production was put on.

"Ugetsu" and "Umberto D"  
by Dina Suller

"Marvelous", New York Film Critics Award" screamed the advertisements - and no wonder!

Seeing "Ugetsu" and "Umberto D" was an experience I'll never forget.

"Umberto D" is the poignant story of an old Italian man and his dog. Umberto D (Retired - too old to get a job and too proud to beg), is beginning to realize how useless he is.

"Ugetsu" was a fascinating Japanese tale which was woven around two families. It portrayed their hopes and disappointments - their dreams and lusts.

It was beautifully done - it all had a fantastic dream quality to it.

Both husbands leave their wives to pursue their lifelong dreams and ambitions.

Both find their dreams, but soon see the tragedy their success has brought and return to their wives and families.

For the first time, I saw two foreign films, where I felt no dependence on English title. Both were a real treat for all.

## EVENTS OF THE SUMMER

### Fourth of July Celebration By Bill Tabb

At two o'clock on July 1, the camp buses arrived with two hundred wildly screaming kids. At eleven o'clock on July 4th, a marvelous July 4th program was put on at the sports field. This truly showed that when we work together, we can really accomplish things.

In accordance, with our planned cultural program, the festivities were started with a greeting from the Directors. Then the grand parade began with the spirit of '76 at the head of the campers who marched to the tune of the "Riflemen of Bennington". Due to the conscientious efforts of Edith Segal and Albert Bitter as well as the cooperation of the campers, the story of the establishment of our Republic was told in story, dance, and song.

The Kleinvarg, dressed colorfully, with ribbons and carrying flags, marched as a salute to Independence Day.

Paul Revere's ride and the Connecticut Charter Tree are two of the scenes shown on murals. carried by the Junior group while the Inters sang and the Seniors danced.

Our own group, with the descriptive floats and informative narration, told of the part played by some of the leading Jews of the Revolutionary Period. Haym Solomon, who helped to finance the revolution, Benjamin Nones, a French Jew who came to America to fight for freedom, and Rabbi Sexias, who lead his congregation out of New York so as not to submit to British tyranny.

"No Taxation without representation" was the cry that led to the Boston Tea Party which was ably presented by the Seniors on the Kinderland raft.

Another treat was in store for us all, for we had a special guest Earl Robinson who sang among other songs, "The House I Live In" and "A Ballad for Americans," both of which he wrote.

A beautiful day was ended with a successful Hoot conducted by the CITs on the sportsfield. We sang and told stories until we unwillingly went to the bunks to sleep after this day **of** great activity.

Willoway Exchange Visit  
by Bob ~~Singer~~  
Signer

On Thursday, July 25, Willoway, a camp like ours in many respects, payed us a visit. Arriving in the afternoon, the Willowayers were given a picnic lunch in the Sportsfield. While lunch was being eaten, old acquaintances were

renewed and new ones made. Rest hour was spent in idle chatter and resting?

Finally, after all were satisfied, we proceeded to the ballfield for a softball game. Girls participated on both sides and a good time was had by all as we won by a score of 10 - 3.

Immediately after the game, we headed back to the area to change into bathing suits, the logical object to this being a swim in our lake.

Those among our guests from Willoway who wanted to, got a short tour of camp, winding up in a fifteen minute stay in the Lakeland Rec Hall,

Supper followed soon after, a typical Kinderland meal. Luckily for us, however, and Willoway campers thought our meal was a treat and therefore didn't object to the food. (Little did they know).

Supper finished, everyone got dressed and headed to the casino for a social. This was the highlight of the day. A mixer dance started the social off on the right foot and from then on it was easy coasting. Even the refreshments were X-tra special with potato chips and pretzels as well as the usual punch and cookies.

However, all good things must come to an end, and so at ten o'clock or so, we headed away from the casino. The Willowayers went to the sportsfield to their truck and we went back to the area. Thus ended a great day.

The following is a letter that Mike Stein received from our guests.

CAMP WILLOWAY  
Lake Tiorati  
Bear Mt. N.Y.

August 2, 19 57

Dear Mike,

I would like to tell you how much we enjoyed our visit to Kinderland, The hospitality that you showed us added to the general good time that we had in meeting and socializing with your group. It was a memorable experience and added a great deal to our over all summer program. The kids are still talking about it and looking forward to the time when we can return the hospitality. If there is any possibility of your coming here this summer, please let me know about it so that arrangements can be made. If you find that you cannot fit it in, we will definitely expect you next year.

Sincerely,

Abe Bunks

THE FLIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE IN OUR SOCIETY  
by Peter Green

I am writting this report because of my strong conviction that the vampire is slowly and surely dying out. The reason for this is simple - there just isn't ehogh ( enough ) Grade A blood in the world. Entirely too much blood is being given to the Red Cross.

Steps must be taken. Attention! Vampires of the world unite! I You have nothing to gain but theirb-1-o-o-d. The solution is simple. Join the Red Cross.

Last year a survey by the N.V.A. (National Vampire Association) found that 30% of it's members are switching to cigarettes because the red scare is on.

Our recruiting drive is in full swing but 60% of the people who tried blood for 30 days still prefer girls.

Our survey has brought up a very serious problem, cigarettes are ruining the nation's blood. People who have smoked cigarettes for ten years or more are five times as likely to get B.B. ( bad blood ). Their blood is thin, watery and smoky. This is very unnourishing and lowers the vitamin content of the vamp's diet.

I feel the only way to stop this downfall of hemoglobulin content in the average American's blood is to suck the blood of the people who make cigarettes.

M A D  
by Joe Grossfield  
counselor of Bunk 2

Why does a certain innocuous 25¢ magazine have such a widespread appeal for today's youth? We must first examine the develment of this particular sheet. Quite simply, it has turned from a picture funny hook (issue #I) to an. intellectual current living review in satire. It has taken, everything from the McCarthy hearings to Mr Sideburns (the Barbars Nemesis) and Quite simply and intelligiently brought me to my knees with mirth.

It is also the only magazine which shows, Negroes in crowd scenes. Onl y an alert, up to the minute mind can get the most out of this magazine because the spoofs in it depend for their rumor on the readers sensitivity to current living. I say current living rather than current events because firstly the former embraces the latter, and secondly, current events is exclusive of our activity of T. V.

The appeal them depends on the realer's mind and its awareness. Today's youth is for the most part an alert body. It follows therefore that they will appreciate said magazine for the stimulation it provides by perhaps bringing to mind in an easy manner some problems unthought of by the reader. Anyone who refuses to read this magazine la a Humburg, deserves a punch and is not

Footnote  
Humbug - A satirical Magazine for professional pessimists.

(How's your Mom) E.

The S INKING OP THE HESPERUS  
BY Micki Martin

Camp Kinderland is ideally located on the shore of Sylvan Ocean. Usually there are 5 or six boats lying in the water half submerged. There are usually about three or four campers pushing the boats along, moving their legs vigorously inside the boat. This did not help the boat go any faster but the campers never seem to realize that They kick away and sing : ( to the tune of Terry Domo's best sealing record " Find a Wheel ")

Find a boat, and it goes down, down, down  
As the tide is strong you will surely drown  
As it goes along the water, water, water  
'Til it comes to dear old Kinderland

And the oars are very, very strong  
As we go along we sing a happy song  
And the seaweed in dear Sylvan Lake Our lives  
will surely take

Find a boat and it goes down, down, down  
( repeated until you drown or get sick of song )

Then we heard the golden notes from Sol's magnificent piece of whistle. All of a sudden someone said, " I can't find my toes. I think someone frenched the boat" . We looked around and sure enough the toes were in the boat. The toes were D eutsch's. We had to get them back. They were infected and had to be soaked in boiling water and then in freezing water. So, instinctively, someone went into the boat and got them out.

After closer inspection we found that Steve was attached to the toes. We recognized him by his glub, glub, glub. As he went down for the third time, I grabbed him and pulled him along in the tired swimmers carry. Now I know why they called it a tired swimmers carry. I got tired.

Just then, thirty wildly screamin g CITs jumped into the water fully clothed. They wore on a treasure hunt and the last clue was in a barrel on the raft. As one of the kids got up, two more would pull him down. All of a sullen, I turned around and there it was, swimming away from the rest of them, clutching the clue in his clammy claws, A BI G BROWN, BARREL.

a plagiarized name for a British humor magazine featuring advertisements on its front cover.

Alfred E. Newman, brother  
of Mr. Science's iconoclastic  
friend, little Timmy

ANNOUNCEMINTS

Attention all campers and counselors \*  
Please come to the Kinderland office immediately, there is a long distance phone call for you.

Will someone please come to the office immediately if not sooner.

Special offer - to the first 250 people who come to the dining room food.

## THE EXPERIENCED RAIDER

OR

### HOW TO EVADE THE TERRIBLE CLUTCHES OF THE SNEAKY O.D.

by Earl Freed

The experienced raider should carry a ray flashlight which cannot be seen with the naked eye except if one is wearing special goggles. The naked eye should not be seen in public. The purpose of the flashlight is to keep from falling into schleck holes.

He should also have an automatic fox hole digger and a pup tent because he might be forced into camping out because the sneaky DE \_\_ JUNA is sitting on his bed.

Off course, the easiest way of travelling from bunk to bunk is to build a little network of tunnels between the bunks.

If the raider cannot afford the above commodities, he could use his credit card. Since this raider is a big nasher, he can't afford them. Then he should try to use his personal. If that doesn't work - TOUGH! Since the raider is broke, he goes around the area picking up leaves and sticks and goes down to the Arts & Crafts Shack. He sews the little chatchkas on an old pair of pants and a shirt. He now has a perfect suit of camoflauge.

A pyromaniac will never make a good raider because burning bunks attracts the eye of the sly O.D.

The O.D. can be pictured as a sly, little weasel with his ear to the ground listening for the trampling of little footsteps, and his nose in the air sniffing the scent of the clean smelling raiders.

All in all, the raider can have a great time if the O.D. has a stuffed nose and an earache!

#### GROUP SAYINGS

One Junior to another Junior - sdrawkcab is backwards spelled backwards

Would you be happy if your name WAS KLEINVARG

0 ITs went to see Shakespeare

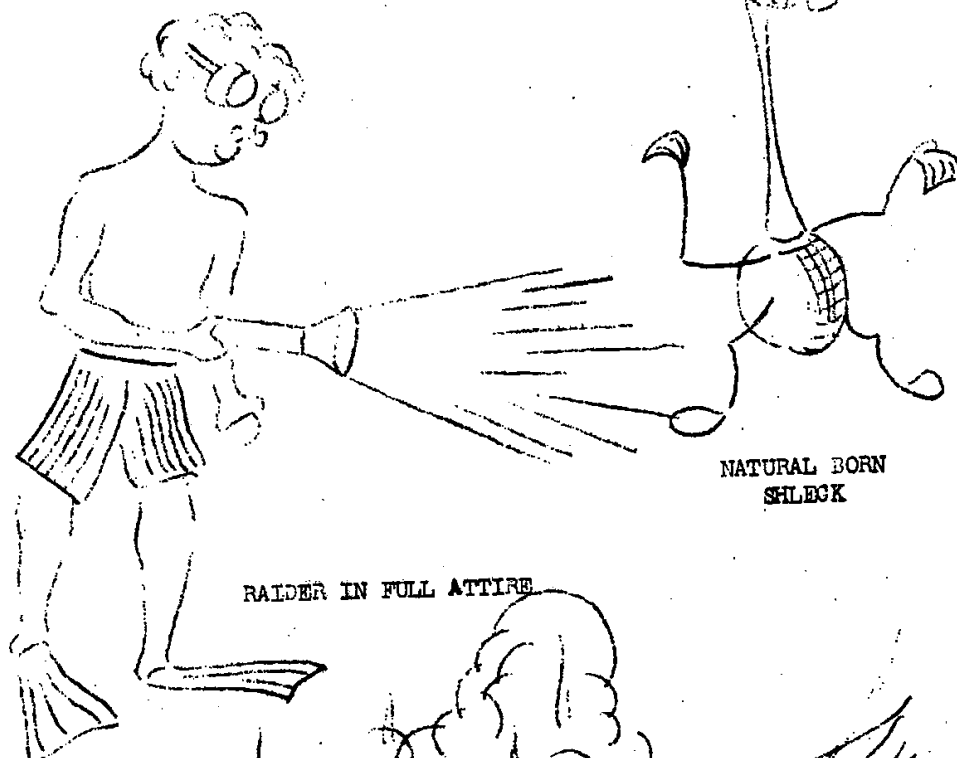
Inters went to see Shakespeare

The Seniors wont to see High B utton Shoes

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

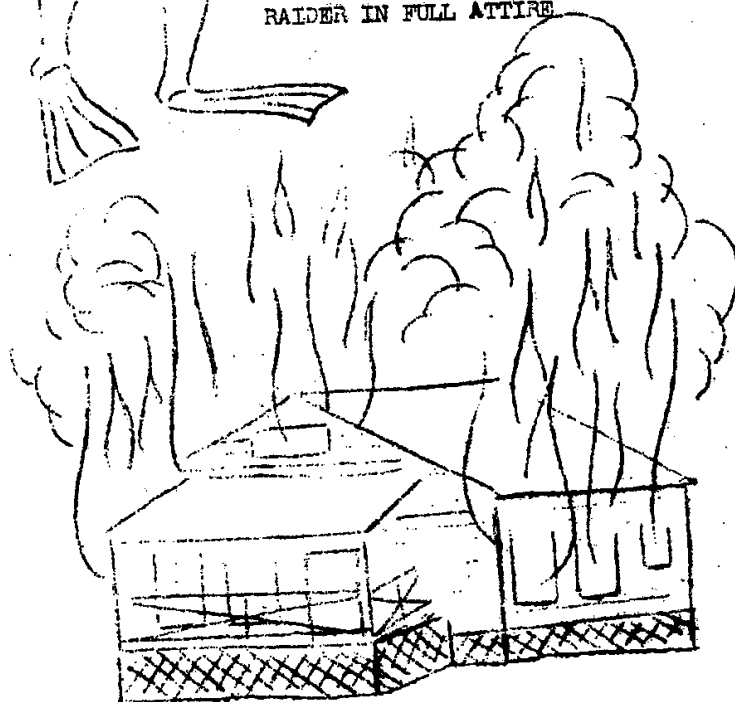
Bob Atlas P L E A S E take the truck out of the lake

SCENES WE  
ALWAYS  
SEE



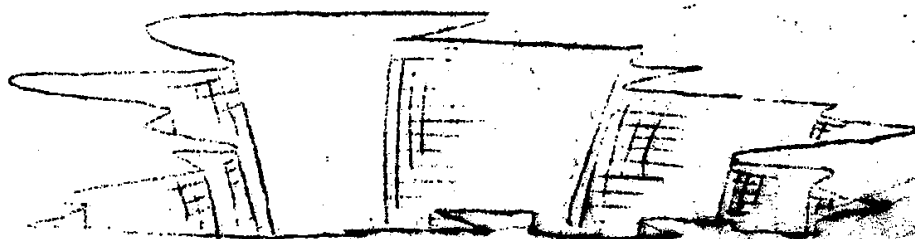
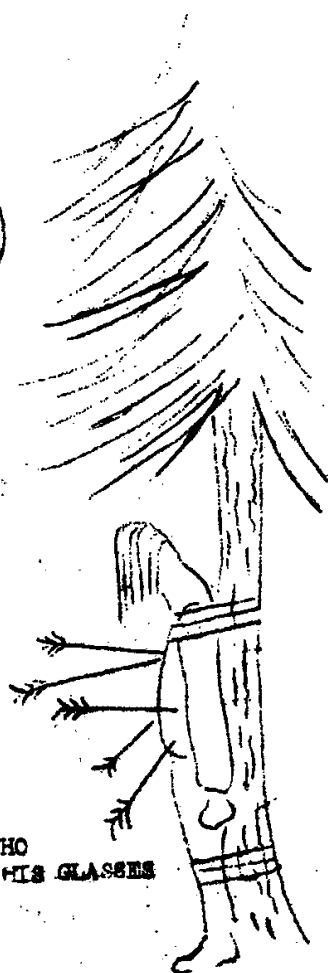
NATURAL BORN  
SHLECK

RAIDER IN FULL ATTIRE



PYRO WAS HERE

O.D. WHO  
LOST HIS GLASSES



SHLECK HOLE

Smitty

UNSECCESSFUL RAID

A.P. Hopewell Junction, N.Y, August 2, 1967 An unsuccessful attempt was made last night by the TWC of Camp Kinderland. This attempt was foiled by their counselors. D etails follow In secret LETTER written by one of the counselors to a friend intercepted by your reporter.

Dear D lank,

Yes, you! I write this in a slightly perturbed state of mind to begin with, because I recently walked into my bunk and noticed that my bed was conspicuous by its absence. After tracing it halfway around camp, it was reported to me by a fairly reliable source that It was recently seen on the raft. Sho' nuff -thar 'twas! Sooo — by noon it was off the raft and residing comfortably by the rails. I sit here sadly walling, "Come back, bed ", and achieve absolutely no results. Perhaps, within the next two or three days ..... It was taken in a fit of anger-the kids had planned a wild, 4 A.M. journey to Bunk 20, complete with farewell notes to each counselor upon his awakening,— (EDITORS NOTE See below) and Lenny had taken the alarm clocks away, and, by pure coincidence, through lack of a better place, I had slept in 20 - so they saw in this a concerted effort to foil their dearest plans.

Love,

Blank

The following letters are photostatic copies obtained by your reporter from local officials. T hey were to be planted by the raiders who allegedly planned to leave their bunks at 4 A.M". for shady purposes, according to a reliable source. They were addressed to local wardens. They read as follows:

B unk 16  
To whom it may concern,  
W e HATE camp  
W e CAN'T STAND activities  
W e LOATHE group leaders  
W e ABHOR counselors  
Directors are  
We D ISLIKE observation  
W e are DISGUSTED with cleanup  
W e find sportsfield to be DISTASTEFUL  
W e DON'T LIKE workshop  
Swimming STINKS!

We are NOT prejudiced - we do NOT discriminate  
W e hate ALL kids

We LOVE to goof-off  
We LOVE to fraternize  
We LOVE to eat

So we got a one way ticket to Utopia  
BYE \_ BYE

Bunk 19  
To whom it may concern.  
A dios CCCPN (Russian)  
Au Revoir Oodgay-yebay  
Auf Weijersein (Pig Latin)  
Good ridiance Sogo Logong (G talk)  
Arividercee  
See you later alligator(Bop talk)

See you later alligater (Bop talk)  
In case you are very thick and havn't caught on yet this is the end of a beautiful friendship? We done did up and lefted. (Not to be confused with righted).

Bunk 17 (Censored)  
To whom it may concern-this is  
CENSORED

B unk 18  
To whom it may concern,  
I didn't like the Kinderland food so I decided to try the Kinderland campers. Sorry to say they weren't good. They were!

1. Too bony
2. Too skinny
3. Emaciated looking
4. Too tough
5. Too rough
6. Tasted like bird turd
7. Etcetera

After we had digested these unappetizing morsels, we took a trip to the infirmary. They took my temperature soaked my big toe, and painted my throat. They paid no attention to my wild ravings and rantings about my acute case of cute somach. Therefore I am .....

ENDING IT ALL  
Good - bye earth people!

# " NIVLEM"

by Joanne Brahinsky

Nivlem was different!

He was a good camper!

The counselors loved him. The group leaders adored him.

The directorium worshipped him. The CAMPERS hated his goodie - goodie guts. And you know what I think of him .....

Funny thing about Nivlem though - It was the day after he came that "strange things" began happening. All water mysteriously turned a shocking lavender. The Kinderland dining room was found in Kinderland. The girl's shower room was raided and all shower curtains were frenched! A giant water trap was set on Sol's raft, then

after strenuous searching, the truck containing  
a) 1 sleeping Bob Atlas  
b) 7 pails of rancid garbage  
c) 7 rancid staff members  
was found crammed into a rusty barrel under said raft, and you know what that means.

Camp was in a state of emergency. Counselors were blaming CITs. CITs were blaming the Kleinvarg. Stefi was blaming Joel. Joel was blaming Nell and Neil was blaming Ann for everything, Freddie was blaming Gene, Stanley was blaming Iris, Marty was .blaming Capitalism and Materialism, and the Directorium was blaming everybody

And then there was Nivlem - he was above suspicion. After all he was the one who made his bed with 74 hospital corners-wasn't he? After all he was the one who brought no clothing to camp - Just so his shafkas would always be neat - wasn't he? After all he wa<sup>s</sup> the only one who had no sex and too many morals - wasn't he? After all, he was the who never made a sound after lights out-wasn't he ? Come to think of it .....I never saw him after lights out! Every night when I would make my daring, spectacular and clumsy four o'clock raids I would note that Nivlen was A. W.O.L. from his sack.

The moral of this story is: "The trouble with the poor is their poverty". Nivlen did it all - so never trust a good camper! W ould you be happy if your name was Nivlen!!!



## SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

### CIT • SADIE HAWKINS SOCIAL

by B obby Schneider

The buzzing in Bunk 16 was carrying to Bunk 17. The buzzing in Bunk 18 was carrying to Bunk 19, what was up? It was 7:30. The gals were coming to call for the guys. It was the Sadie Hawkins

All the gals became true Sadie Hawkins for the evening. They wore rolled down dungaree shorts with ragged edges, low cut blouses, and wide belt. To make it even more effective they wore pigtails and put freckles on their cute faces. All this caught the guys off guard. They in turn looked very snappy in bermuda shorts and knee socks.

After the gals called for guys, all proceeded down to the casino for a spectacular social.

The following is a list of who attended with who:

Ruthie - Ira	Joanne - Mike J.
Janet - Smitty	D ebby - Pete A.
Micki & Benjy	Babs - Karl
Sue - Mikn P.	Cindy - Robert
M arcia - Bob S.	
Bobby - Steve	
Dina - Huey	
Bobby L - Mike B.	

### CIT - STAFF SADIS HAHKINS SOCIAL

Announcement! There is to be a Staff-CIT Sadie Hawkins Social. General bedlam followed this announcement. Female CITS and staff members rushed in confusion to get the guy of their choice. Within two days of the announcement everyone was dated! This practically guaranteed the success of the social.

Due to operating failures at the start of the social, there was no victrola available. Therefore a number of couples had nothing to do but stare at each other. But have no fear! Ellie Zackin saved the day with her suggestion to play The Farmer in The D ell. This was followed by Simple Simon, London B ridge, R ed light Greenlight, and other games of low-organization. All who played, enjoyed these games immensely as it brought back childhood memories.

Then the dancing began. The girls asked the guys for every dance except for the Sadie Hawkins dance in which the guys asked the girls.

Due to failures in the Dining Room we had doughnuts and doughnuts and water for refreshments! However, this did not detract from the success of the evening. Following is a list of the couples attending!

Reva - Joe	Ira - Iris
Ruth - Sol	Smitty - Mona
Martha - Gene	Mike P. - Judy S,
Joan - Chuck	Mike B. - Myrna
Sue - Joel	Teddy - Elsie
Marcia - Marty	Robert - Lois
Bobby - Shimen	Huey - Vivian .
Dina.. Myron	Benjy - Sara Lee
Kate - Lenny	Steve D. - Karen D.
Sue S. - Dick	D anny - Shiela
Joanne - Steve M.	Jerry - Phyllis
B obby L. - Curt	Karl - B obby W.
D ebby _ Eliot	Pete G. • Ellie Z.
Babs - Steve M.	Pete A. - Stefi
Cindy - Marv	

### ANNOUNCEMENTS !

Bob Atlas - Please bring the truck to the waterfront.

Time to wash-up. There is no water. Only dry water available.

Bob Atlas - Please remove the truck from the lake

Time to wash-up. Everyone put on your snickers and go down to the lake.

Will lunch please come to the Dining Room? We are waiting for you. Lunch!  
Please go to the Dining Room immediately.



# EVENING ACTIVITYS OF THE TEEN AGE WORK CAMP

## JULY

MONDAY	1	Mixer Social in Lakeland Rec Hall - Real mixed up
TUESDAY	2	Treasure Hunt - For math whizzes only
WEDNESDAY	3	Twilight Rowing - Find a boat and it goes down, down down.
THURSDAY	4	Inter-Senior-CIT Campfire at Sportsfield - Remember the talkathon !! The ooze with halitosis!
FRIDAY	5	"Death of a Salesman" - A two handkercheif picture
SATURDAY	6	Folk and Square Dance
SUNDAY	7	" Death of a Salesman"
MONDAY	8	Social in the Dining Room
TUESDAY	9	Capture the Purple Flag - Who stole the three flags?
WEDNESDAY	10	Arts & Crafts - B asketball Game - Split activities for split personalities
THURSDAY	11	Counselor Hunt - Shaving Cream
FRIDAY	12	Campfire in heaven - Knard Sharks
SATURDAY	13	"All the Kings Men" in Bunk 20 - Couldn't put Humpty together again
SUNDAY	14	Ellenville Music Festival - "Emperor Jones" - Have a 10¢ bite of ray 50¢ candybar
MONDAY	15	Folk and Square Dance - Edith specialty
TUESDAY	16	Senior - CIT Social - Dance with me, Frump!
WEDNESDAY	17	Basketball - Arts & Crafts - Split activities for split personalities
THURSDAY	18	B eachparty - Have a frank Mr. Instein
FRIDAY	19	"Home of the Brave"
SATURDAY	20	Scavenger Hunt - Foof off awards given (Ooops I goofed!)
SUNDAY	21	Lecture about Extra Curricular Activities - Mayim
MONDAY	22	Sadie Hawkins Social - Gals in pigtails, guys in Bermudas
TUESDAY	23	Movies in Poughkeepsie "the Quiet Man" and "the Brave One"
WEDNESDAY	24	Olympics completed - Thank goodness!
THURSDAY	25	Willoway Social - Great!
FRIDAY	26	"The Brave Bulls" - (Alias) The throwing of the bull
SATURDAY	27	Social in Bunk 20 - No victrola, records, room
SUNDAY	28	Discussion on Sex and Morals - Wanted Freed, heard Freed Surprise Party for Ira and Jerry - Fake out
MONDAY	29	Senior-CIT Social - Large charges for senior barges
TUESDAY	30	Musicale - Birdie, birdie in the sky
WEDNESDAY	31	Sleepout at Baird - Someone frenched my sleeping bag. I can't find my feet.

## AUGUST

THURSDAY	1	Arts and Crafts - Rowing - Split activities for split personalities
FRIDAY	2	Hare and Hound - Two hares still missing. Reward offered Spiro game - 20-16 Rock 'n Roll Show
SATURDAY	3	F olk and Square Dance in Dining Room - Grapevine Twist
SUNDAY	4	Evaluations - So we're not valuable
MONDAY	5	Social - Sociable weren't it
TUESDAY	6	Shakespeare Festival - "Much Ado About Nothing" - Free postcards Author take a bow - 7:2 7 hours riding: 2 watching
WEDNESDAY	7	On - Staff girls softball game 12-7 so WS STINK CIT - Staff boys basketball game 75 - 56
THURSDAY	8	Beachparty - R evealing experience
FRIDAY	9	Rehearsals for festival - Timekliller
SATURDAY	10	Treasure Hunt - Aw, dry up!
SUNDAY	11	Rehearsals for festival - Pinochle tine
MONDAY	12	Nation of Nations Festival - Howie steals the show
TUESDAY	13	CIT - Staff Sadie Hawkins Social - Games of low organization
WEDNESDAY	14	"Ugetsu" and "Unberto G" - Good practice for Japanese and
THURSDAY	15	Hare and Hound Italian language students
FRIDAY	16	Spiro Softball game 14-0 - Yea team!
SATURDAY	17	Concert (Lakeland) - Big success
SUNDAY	18	-Sing - Harvesters perform - Pete Seeger move over
MONDAY	19	Kindertog - Staff - Camper Softball game 10 - 0 - We won da bums Scavenger Hunt - W hata a toitnbankes anyway? Counselor Show - Have you seen the white rabbit?
TUESEAY	20	
WEDNESDAY	21	
THURSDAY	22	Banquet
FRIDAY	23	
SATURDAY	24	Cabaret Conclusion of World Labor Olympics - Awards given to winning team Hootenanny
SUNDAY	25	Farewell Social
MONDAY	26	

SAYINGS

The originality and versatility of the Kinderland campers far surpasses their intelligence. This is shown, clearly by the fact that they have produced these wonderful and varied new words which will soon appear in dictionaries all over the country,

SKIMEL - Alef, baiz, skimel by Steve D. and Mike J.	AZABAGAWIKI - Infantile song sung by adult people
SNICKERS - Juniors, down to the sports-field.	IKIWAGABAZA - Infantile song sdrawkcab
BIPPLE - A Jerry original	PYROPARTY - Tonights activity
ZORCHATRON - Ditto	TOES - Soak, bandage, and cut them off
GORK - Ditto	FENLEY - Varias aliases used by Al Rabinowitz
ROUGH - Tough	SAM - Ditto
TOUGH - Rough	BLOOPFLITZ - Ditto
BREAKS - Enough	I THINK MY BEDROLL IS FRENCHED - I can't find my feet
SCHLECK - It's under your bed right now	CHICKY THE COPS - Here comes the brass
FRUMP - That's what you are!	SOCIAL IN BUNK 20 - Nightly event
SUPER DUPER POOPER SCOOPER - For super duper pooper scoopers only	1-2-3-HA-HA-HA - You layed an egg or somebody goofed
HOW? DO YOU GET TO BRIGHTON? - Take the 'D' Train	REGRESSING - Acting normal
GO TO HELL - Take the 'D' Train	AT THE GONG"YOU TELL HEAR THE CORRECT TIME: GONG: IT IS THE CORRECT TIME
PARTY POOPER - Alfred E. Newman	SIMPLE - Opposite of complicated
3 HOURS 6 MINUTES - W e aren't bragging but - 3 hours 6 minutes	
TROIKA IN 26 MINUTES - Wheres my prize?	

-----  
At the Juliet  
by Cynthia Lasher

"It seems", remarked one of the guys "that everytime we have a chance to turn around we find ourselves on a bus". How true! Once more the TWC of Camp Kinderland set out to Poughkeepsie. There, two Academy Award winning Films were playing at the Juliet.

As usual we were a few minutes late, this time due to our late departure. When we went to our seats "The Quiet Man" was on. John Wayne had the starring role, portraying an American prize fighter coming back to his hometown in Ireland. Wanting to marry, he encountered many difficulties. Since he was in Ireland, many barriers were put before him. How he overcame then made for a very interesting and engrossing story.

"The Brave One was a heartwarming tale of a little Mexican boy and his pet bull that he had nursed since it was born. It was a definite tear jerker but the thing most striking was the scenery. Although both films were in color, the second had more effective photography. The youngster was a brilliant little actor. The sky's coloring and expression was changed each time to suit the mood of the boy. W hen he was playing with the bull, the sun shone. When the bull was taken from him, a storm was up, the sky turned contortions. This was certainly a masterpiece, of photography,

The evening was enjoyable, providing entertainment for the entire group.

# OBSERVATION

I thought that observation was alot of fun, because I learned something from this experience. It taught me how to handle certain experiences such as how to persuade campers to go to activities, Convince campers that if they do, they will have a good time & that it is to their own benefit.

One bright sunny day when Bobby Titus had to play for one of Edith's dance rehearsal. I took over the bunk he was to have been the counselor activity for the day was softball. One of the campers didn't want to play and it was my problem to get him involved in the game that the other boys were playing.  
 "why don't you want to play"  
 "Aw, I don' t know".  
 "The other fellows are playing, and having a good time. You can too" .  
 \*But they never let me play."  
 "Well, you can be the first batter!"  
 "O.K.

After a while he was In the full swing of things and haveing a great time. Since it was bunk day, and the boys decided to have a cookout; we went up to heaven -- with franks, sandwiches, cookies, milk & fruit. I used what I had learned in workshop to help them build a campfire. One of the campers wouldn't collect wood. Bobby Titus, who was back by this time convinced him  
 The cookout was a great success. The food was good and a good time was had by all. On the whole, observation is a very worth while and rewarding experience.

By Danny Goldman

# INTERCAMP SPORTS

By Ira Levine

This year our camp participated in intercamp sports of which softball was a major part. It was a very good way of building up a friendly attitude and relationship with other camps around our area  
 Our first game was with a very good team from Forest Lake. It was a very close game until the 6th inning when Peter Auerbach unloaded a 3 run triple to give us a 5-1 lead and that lead held for us the rest of the game.  
 The totals were Kinderland 5 runs, 9 hits, 8 errors -- Forest Lake 1 run, 2 hits and 1 error. Ira Levine was the winning pitcher. ( ED. Note - plug) This article continued on next page.

# WORKSHOP

By Sue Cohen

In our training program this year, camp has offered us a very good opportunity to learn skills and techniques which will be helpful to us when we are counselors. They have done this in the form of workshops  
 ( Not to be confused with sweetshops).  
 In these workshops we have lectures and discussions given by staff on different aspects of camp life. After the discussions we often have practical workshops in which we put what we have learned into effect. In this way we use what we have learned in workshop practically and In real situations.  
 There have been eleven major topics under discussion In the course of the summer.

# WORKSHOP

BY Cynthia Lasher

Before swimming and after rest hour the Teenage Work Camp hurries down to the open platform to their five times a week workshop. The topics vary according to the kits. One week we heard about Arts & C rafts. The next nature, the next sports and anything else our counselors feel e xential to a counselor training program. Sometimes it became a lecture which usually began to slacken the groups interest. At other times we worked in our 4 teams. Nature trails, Arts & Crafts projects, and team planned cookouts were all part of our workshop program.  
 The knowledge gained there is supposed to be very useful in our later years as full - fledged counselors,

# LOVE

By Larry Lewis

Love is like the blood,  
 Gushing in our veins,  
 Gushing, gushing onwards,  
 Soothing our wounds and pains.  
  
 Like the lamp beside the golden door.  
 This light must never dim,  
 The light, invisible for all to see,  
 There so truly, there deep within.  
  
 Love is something that beats within,  
 It flourishes on love and forgives sin,  
 When mankind does for love yen,  
 Then shan't we live as beasts, but men.

## GREETINGS

by Mickey Hartman  
(counselor of Bunk 16)

This speech was given in Yiddish by Mickey Hartman the night of the Kinderland Concert. This is the English translation of it.

Good evening dear Parents and Friends

I great and welcome you on behalf of the staff and campers of Camp Kinderland. It is, perhaps, almost as much of a joy for us to see you as it is for you to see us. We feel quite warm and wonderful performing for you tonight. We are presenting the heritage that you have given us and that we will carry on and leave to our own children. We, as staff, acting in the role of impartial observers, can see the joy on the childrens' faces mirrored, reflected, and matched by the heartwarming joy on your faces. I must use a Yiddish phrase at this point, since it is the only phrase I know that so perfectly describes all of our feelings tonight.....

We "shep naches"-(note: are filled brim with extreme feelings of pride and pleasure). You, our parents and friends "shep naches"-from seeing your children, we, their counselors, leaders and guides for the summer, "shep naches" at seeing our important and worthwhile work so ably expressed; and even the children "shep naches" also - these clever, bright children understand our great pride and joy, recognize it, and feel with us.

What is this thing that can give such joy to so many people? What is the work that I call important and worthwhile? It's quite simple dear friends. There is something here in Camp Kinderland that can be found in no other camp. There exists here in camp a serious and progressive attitude to our cultural heritage as young Jewish-American people, a heritage that has been brought down through the generations, that has been changed with time, but which remains a vital part of lives. It's more than our native tongue (note: Yiddish) dear though she is; it's more than our Sholem Aleichem, Mendele and Peretz; (note: three greatest Yiddish authors) it's more than our Winchevskies and Rosenfelds, (note: Yiddish labor poets) it's more than our Chiam Solomon, our Louie Brandeis, (note: Jewish Supreme Court Justice) our Albert Einstein; it's more than our folk culture, our song, stories, and customs; it is all of, these; but most important, it is an attitude towards all these things and to our role today in our land and in our world - I say our world belongs to the children, all children.

Our attitude is also quite simple- we, the Jews, with our culture & heritage, together with all other peoples with their cultures and heritages, have built this world of ours, and we, the Jews, together with all other peoples, will continue to build & make this world a better one, today, tomorrow and the day after - a world of peace & freedom, of culture & science, a world where every day will every people everywhere be able to "shep naches" from everything,

Intercamp Sports cont.

This game not only gave us a good start in intercamp sports but built up a friendly relationship with the young people of Forest Lake.

Our last game was with Spiro's. This game ended in a 20-16 loss for Kinderland, but as in all things you learn by your mistakes. This game brought to our camp a feeling of accomplishment even if we did lose the game. We had built a relationship with the boys of the Spiro team that we hope will last. Intercamp sports not only being good for competition, but builds up a feeling of good sportsmanship friendly feeling between camps.

The Cultural Olympics  
World Labor Olympics - 1957  
by Michael Brownstein

The torches were carried down the hill, lighting up the night. U.S., Ghana, India, Israel, Italy and Poland, all coming down to greet world labor. The Olympic bowl was lit and the Camp Kinderland World Olympics for 1957 was on. Although the torchlight parade was postponed three days and took place after the cultural Olympics were finished, it still had the same strong feeling for World Peace and Unity of Labor.

On the morning of Friday, August 23, preparations were being made for the presentation of the Cultural Olympics which were to take place at four o'clock.

The Cultural Olympics began with the marching in of the different countries. The first country to come in was the U.S., singing America the Beautiful, carrying a towering float of Paul Bunyan, and carrying two murals. One, a beautiful map of the U.S. showing the Labor centers of Africa, the other showing Labor struggles in three instances - The triangle fire, the General S trike, and a sweatshop scene.

The next country to march in was Ghana, giving a cheer. Ghana carried in a float of the "House of Freedom and Justice". This monument was erected in honor of their independence.

The third country, India, singing RAGUPAT RAGAVAH RAJAH RAM, presented itself next. They carried in a beautiful float showing Siva, Creator and Destroyer of the Universe, Gandi, Preamble to the Constitution & Wheel of Law

Then, passing through our Kinderland gate, came the Israeli deligation singing "Kadima". They carried two floats, one, showing the desserts & how they are blooming forth Into a land of plenty & the other showing a Kib ut zi m.

Italy, Fifth, marched to the tune of "arise Ye Workers". The first float to roll in was a beautifully constructed gondola which signified the kinship of Art and Labor, for Art is only the product of Labor done well. The second float showed the Hands of Labor holding up a new R ennaissance.

Last but not least, Poland came marching in singing "Whirlwinds of Danger. The first float presented, showed the ruins of Poland ad in the background the new rebuilt cities of Poland. The next float showed "The Horn of Plenty". The wheels represented Wheels of Progress which, deplete, the progress in the rebuilding of the nation from the destruction of World War II.

The U.S., host nation for the Olympics, made a welcoming speech, welcoming the nations of the world, Then all the nations presented their flags, and made speeches thanking the hosts and expressing their enthusias to join in the World Fellowship of Labor. Next, each team made presentations in dance, song, story, about their country and their countries fight for labor unity.

When the Cultural Olympics for 1957 were over we had our annual U.N. Dinner.

The next day the results were given and are as follows.

PLACE	COUNTRY	POINT S
1st	India	166
2nd	Poland	162.5
3rd	U.S.A.	162
4th	Italy	161.5
5th	Ghana	160.5
6th	Israel	153

## EVALUATIONS

By Steve Deutsch

We, the T.W.C.ers, think that because the staff always evaluates us, that we should get a fair and equal chance to evaluate them.

Elsle - Spends too much time dreaming up new kinds of earrings to wear (and too much time measuring them). She doesn't even have enough time to take notes and evaluate us at workshops. We feel neglected!

Hershal - The only thing he does is share the microphone in the morning with Mike Stein, not trying to wake up the sleepy campers, but to get those lazy counselors out of bed. That's the problem!!! We should

Mike Stein - Since our most popular punishment is to have our canteen privileges taken away, we feel that Mike Stein should have his microphone privileges taken away. No, really, folks, we think he needs an accompanist to drown him out when he gets into one of his more musical (?) moods over the microphone.

Judee Rosenbaum - We're afraid that if she continues to go around counting T. W. C. ers with that second on her left hand, that her finger may fall off and we won't be able to have any Workshops or group meetings which we all enjoy so much. She must go to chorus more often so she can learn to sing on tune. And speaking of chorus .....

Albert Bitter - Rush him to the dentist, quick! His teeth are liable to come out on any one of those cynical smiles as we watched us suffer at chorus rehearsals, telling us how absolutely beautiful the show will be on Saturday night. He also needs one of those great 60¢ haircuts that we get from that great 50¢ barber that comes to camp. What, me worry?

Edith Segal - We think her stage privileges should be taken away. She needs a line of direction. She must be let alone in peace with her records and Kaliphone. Bless Her Soul! She may just come back one night and find her tent doing the Kozatchky in the middle of the lake.

Lenny Potash - Who's he? - We never see him. The only activity he attends regularly is eating. That also applies to most everybody around these parts. Just imagine if we dare put a 'P' in front of Essy - Pessy: Oh my gosh\*\*, a mistake?!!!!!!

Rose Auerbach - Without a doubt the hardest worker in camp, and you can't hardly find none of them no more.

Curt Hargrove - more We expect to see some of his work to the Museum of Modern Art soon. He is one of the great talents of this camp We don't know where he picked up this wonderful talent for mopping floors.

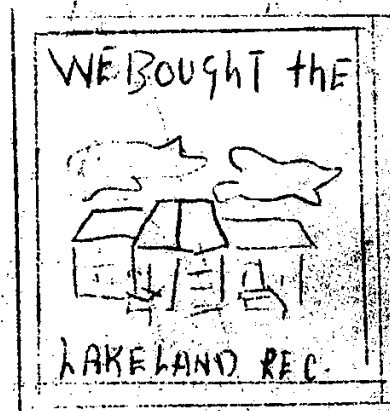
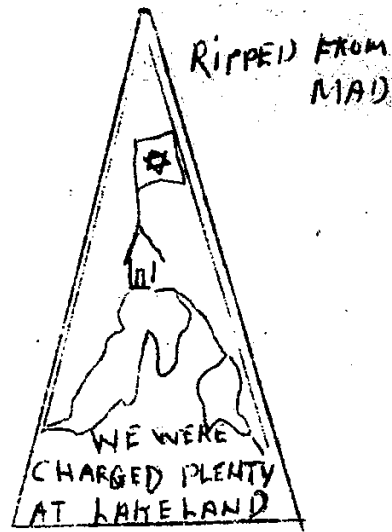
Sylvia Arons - Another very hard worker. Why not get a phone for her own desk? She runs around like crazy all day in the office. I'm mad!

Phyllis Mandel (says) "I wouldn't like to say truly what I think about this mimeographing machine: They wouldn't let you print it. If I'd ever pick up this machine I'd fling it." And Now back To the Lakeland Office , where...

Harry Rosen . - "Every paper has pooper that's how you got into this - Harry Rosen, Harry Rosen

Arnold Grossfield - The reason we mentioned him is so that we're sure to get good jobs here next summer, But we can't say anything else about him because we just don't know anything else about him. And now back to the Kinderland side.

Mickey Hartman - We expect to see her in the Metropolitan Opera Company. We think that she has a great future and everybody agrees. She makes an excellent stage hand.



TORN FROM MAD