

INFIRMARY: INVALIDISM
by PAUL ROSE

Now, what is the Infirmary? It stands for different things to many people. To the majority it is a first aid center for emergency treatments and follow-up clinics; to some it is a haven from the things they don't wish to do; to others it represents a hotel with comfortable beds and courteous service; and a few visit solely to be greeted by the nurse.

The Camp Lown Infirmary has had its ups and downs, which can be highlighted by: 1) General physical check-ups the first two days. 2) The first patients were Nancy Green and Charon Lee Cohen, who experienced the comforts and spread their fame throughout the camp. 3) The inhalator was an innovation which was popular especially when two people could share the blanket. Some of those who enjoyed (?) the steam were Marshall Dion, Michael Ross, Irwin Cohen, Donna Levine, David Lieberman, Lenny Nelson, Elaine Hayflick, Irma Reese, Carmi Katz, Helen Bernstein, Bernie Cope, Teddy Casher, and Arthur Wolman.

Then came Friday, July 9, and the beds were all filled up with a waiting list that did not allow the mattresses to cool off. The gastric upset cleared up in 48 hours, as suddenly as it had begun, but only after it had taken toll of carriers and waiters alike.

The cold germ struck Wednesday, July 21, and again the infirmary was filled to capacity. For the next week anyone passing the building before mealtime heard the off-key trills and gurgling of the gargles. Some exceptional below-water singers were David Adleman, Bernie Alpert, Ruth Singer, Nancy Green, and Bunnie Katz.

This column would be incomplete without mention of: 1) Bert Rosonoff, who visited the infirmary punctually twice a day for 6 weeks. And Elaine wasn't with him all the time. 2) The counsellors, who weighed themselves hopefully (!?) before meals and after activities.

3) The visits to the Thayer Hospital to see the ear doctor. Cute, wasn't he, Helen and Beverly? 4) The nose-spray, which the nurse aimed at all like a machine gun: rat-a-tat-tat. 5) The love bites from the hornets around Bush 4 and the barn, which won't be forgotten by Bernie Perlman, Marion Schiffman, Irving Kessler, and Judy Shapiro. 6) August 3rd boatride at Lown's and the ensuing evening precautionary phisic.

Waving my thermometer, I say Fare-well and amen.

FROM WHERE I SERVE
by GIL SHAPIRO

As I rush out of the kitchen with a bowl of steaming soup to bring to my many friends (bless their souls) seated at three tables to my left, a number of jumbled thoughts clutter my neglected minds:

"Twenty-five more meals after this torturous affair--may He come to my rescue and force the completion of this summer to be quick and relieve me of my misery.

"Oh, boy, there goes Levine, rushing into the kitchen to grab his food and be first. I'd better see if I can sneak in ahead of my other colleagues (bless their souls, too!) and get the food for those 39...(censored). Oh-o, there goes Weiner, Cohen, and Brody into the spacious, peaceful kitchen.

As I stand here last in line listening to my tables clatter and clamor for their food and as I review every swear-word that Kosher Kelley has supplied my meagre vocabulary with, my thoughts turn to more gruesome things. There's Field, grinning. If everyone in this world were as energetic as Field, we would still be back in the Middle Ages. (Hi, Alvi!)

"Grinning faces: it's too bad Kosher Joe has left. (Not that I miss either Joe or his food, but

(From Where I Serve, cont'd)

that Lemon Extract was delicious.

"My turn at last. Don't tell me these boys are back for seconds already. Could it be that there are bigger eaters in the dining hall than at my tables? My food at last.

"Well, I might as well stand here and wait 'till my tables are finished shoveling down the food. (Food, did I say! Well, I might as well give the camp a break.)

Another broken dish. Some more soup spilled. "Brody, can't you do anything right!"

"Bunk 1 is singing again. (Singing, did I say? Well, I might as well give Bunk 1 a break, too.)

"Easy desert--marvelous! I'll be out of this torture chamber within the hour. Don't tell me those kids spilled the water again. O, well, pass down the dishes, friends (a joke) and stack."

As I leave the pleasant dining hall for my quiet abode by the lake to change and get ready to play basketball, one last thought clutters my mind: provided that all the waiters should break some limb; provided that we are all on the point of starvation; provided that we were all just fired from Camp Lown (the most probable of my three conditions), do you think that then the counsellors would be brave enough to play us?

LOWNGING AROUND or DIRT BY THE SWEEPER

Just think, kids: only a few more hours, and home we go!...Barbara V. Elaine A., & Sherry R. are all after movie--a cute bunch...Morty Boddy, have you made up your mind? Joyce K. wants to know...We bet Hy. Sky was up on the infirmary just for the pretty nurse!...Donna's radio is sure traveling...Evie G., we never knew you were graduating in 1950!...Bobby S., do you or do you get like girls? Is it nice?...Phil W., do you enjoy flashing lights?? Timmy G. certainly got a good polishing;...Marvin K., "If I had the wings of an angel"(tough)...Mark K., aren't you cold without your jacket?...Sue M., you certainly made

use of your wardrobe on the canoe trip...Eddy G., regards to your brother, Ira...Well, well: so the juniors went on a kayaker: h-h-h-m...Speaking of this younger division, we see that now that the summer season is closing, some cute twosomes have "Happened" here: Roberta R.'s new headgear belongs to none other than Mike S...and Zona L. has a not-so-secret admirer...Bob Bell seems to have endeared himself to Bunk 6 in general, but Ann S. says she is remaining true to Abie...Little Elizabeth wavers between Joe C. and Stuart F. Ted C. stays true to his one and only Skowhegan...Two little blondes in Bunk 5 are doing all right for themselves...It's like last summer with Gil and Estelle...Sandy P., we know who she is!... We're still howling over the Supershep broadcast the waiters put on...Ann L., you may be deaf but you sure are "happy"...Did the Inters have a good time at the dance? Bunny S., we see you're becoming attached to Camp Lown (M.D.) Nice waiter-camper duos: Mickey & Phil W. and Mark and Irwin C.... Jackie G. tells us that he is off women--for the time being...Eye-catching campers abounded at the recent Masquerade party, where we were held spellbound by the breathless feats of Abe "Superman" Forush and Mickey "Superboy" Weiner; and, Irma, we never knew!

THE MASQUERADE PARTY by DAVID SCHEER

August 9th, Monday, the campers were at supper, and Irma told everyone that we were going to have a masquerade. Of course everyone was excited and started getting ready. Well, it was very good; and it was very hard for the judges to choose the winners. There were prizes for the most original, the prettiest and handsomest, and the funniest. These winners, who were given suckers, had to entertain the audience with different stunts. All was well.

JUNIOR DRAMATICS

This is your Hollywood talent scout reporting the "find of the year." What talent! What acting ability, what finesse we found at the Camp Lown Summer Junior Dramatics Theatre. Really, the country is just tingling with excitement & enthusiasm over their productions. The season opened up with two first nighters: Men Mixes Things Up--a comedy including a stuffed stomach, about the letter Men (bouncingly played by Zona Lewis), who decides that after all, maybe being plump isn't so bad--and The Magic Bookshop. This play the stars made up as they went along, and they certainly convinced us that "we want to read." And we were all so very pleased that Kton-ton Kapiloff (Janey, that is) popped out of page forty-nine to tell us of her adventures.

For their third play, our actors took us all the way to Eretz Yisrael, and arrived just in time to greet a group of European children at "Kibbutz Yagur." Shalom, shalom rang in the air. Then the group sat by the fire and told how their parents had defended the colony against the Arab attackers.

Of course, no Camp Lown Theatre could pass a season by without one of Hian Bialik's plays. And sure enough, one of the hits of the summer was The Riddle of the Egg & the bean. How we laughed with the king when he realized how foolish he was to demand that the mean Abner (played so well by Roberta Potter) be payed his 25 pieces of gold by the poor shepherd with the 16 children (R. Rosenblum). For after all as Prince Solomon told us (Charon Cohen), boiled eggs can't hatch out of chickens. Can they, your majesty?

And here we are, holding tight to our seats for an airplane ride back to building "our" own kibbutz. How they sweated, and nailed and pulled in pantomime to the rhythm of music, and you would have seen our chalumzim (Bunk 9, that is) digging the trenches. They'll be professionals some day. When the barbed wire

fence, watch tower, & houses had been set up, and our young girls danced with joy, Rabbi Mike Striar praised the workers. The proudest moment came when they took their pledge of allegiance to the Jewish flag and sang Techezaknah.

But wait--our season isn't over yet. The audience clamored for more. And sure enough, they got it--at a Friday matinee, with programs and all. The junior boys showed us how Stan Golding--oops, I mean Danny--caught a fish for Shabbos. For a while it seemed as if Turtle Potter, Heron Abramson, and Innocent Minnow Cohen, & Kingfisher Medwed would thwart his fishing; but Danny was finally successful.

Wait--what's this we hear? It's the beating of drums; it's the thumping of 29 feet; it's Goliath! But David doesn't shrink back; after all, he's a "Giant Killer." Extra loud cheers for Elaine Lerman, Roberta Rosenblum, Zona Lewis, and Baila Issokson.

And so your Hollywood Talent Scout goes back to his haven, still singing praises and sending bouquets of orchards to the Camp Lown Junior Theatre and the one and only Judy Gordon, director.

SENIOR DRAMATICS by JACK GOLDING

One of the big plays put on this summer was "Herzl's Dream." Jack Golding played the leading part of Theodore Herzl. His wife was Sarah Lee Stein, who did a very good job. Bob Saltz was Dreyfus. Others were Barbara Viner, Sandy Podolsky, Milton Silver, Elsa Stein, Irwin Cohen, Bob Bell, & Bernard Cope.

On Aug. 8 the senior girls appeared in two fine short plays, "Maiden in Distress" (with Audrey Saperstein, Donna Levine, Joyee Klein, and Happy Cohen) and the very funny "The Scandal," with Audrey, Mickey Silver, Liela Stein, Ruthie Jacobson, Zeta Levine. Hy & Judy Renner were wonderful directors.

JUNIOR GEMS

THE LOST TWINS (conclusion) by JANE KAPLOFF

The news was spread all over the town. The town citizens almost gave up hope. The twins were lost, acknowledgedly lost. Their Mommy cried. The baby pawled. The town was sad. But Grammy was happy, for the twins were at Grammy's house.

One morning Grammy read the paper, and these were the headlines: "Twins Lost!"

Grammy said, "Oh, Joan! Joan, darling, call sister."

"What for? I'm sleeping," Joan said in a dreary tone.

Just then Mommy came in and saw her girls. She was very happy. She took the girls home. And once again the town was happy.

THE LITTLE ENGINE by JANET SALTZ

One day there was a little engine. He always bragged and remarked, "I think I'm very famous." He said, "Everybody looks at my shining bell as it rings."

Fretty soon a man came along with two little boys. "Here is our car," said the man, as he turned around and pointed. "He looks fine," said the man. "I am fine," said the engine. The man looked very curious.

"Puff, puff," went the little engine. "Puff, puff," he went on. There he goes. "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" the man cried. "Up, up the stairs he went. He sat down with the two little boys. Puff, puff, puff. They were on their way. Puff, puff, puff. The two little boys looked out the window. They saw many things: hens and pigs, cats, dogs, farms. One farm had a horse, too. There were many things; lots and lots. Very soon a man came calling, "Peanuts, candy, balloons. Each ten cents." The two boys brought some candy and peanuts. "Twenty cents," said the man. After that



a man came along with sandwiches. They each had one. After supper the porter came along. "Time to go to bed," he said. He led to two beds that had "2" written on them. Soon they were fast asleep.

In the morning they got off. The train went down, down. They were nappy to see Aunt Folly and cousin Ed. Aunt Folly gave the two boys cookies and milk. Then they went to the farm and saw the animals. They had lots of fun, but soon they had to go.

JOE AND HIS BIG BALLOON by ELAINE LERMAN

Once a boy named Joe was going to the city to see his grandmother. "Goodbye," said Mother. "Goodbye," said Father. Joe got on the train, and away he went. Suddenly he heard a man holler, "Soda, ice cream, balloons!" Joe said to the man, "I have only ten cents. May I have a balloon for ten cents?" "Yes," said the man. Joe looked the balloons over. There were cats and dogs and rabbits and a funny man. Joe bought the funny man. Soon they came to the city.

Joe was the first one off the train. Then he met Grandmother. They got in the car, and grandmother took him to her house. They passed the main street. Joe said, "There are not many trees and there is no grass here." Grandmother told him, "This is

(cont'd on next page)

JUNIOR GEMS (cont'd)

the main street. There are many stores here." Soon they were at her house. A big wind blew. It blew Joe's balloon right out of his hand and into a tree. Some children were playing there. "Bang!" went the balloon. "I am sorry," Joe said to the children. "I am sorry the balloon broke, but I am glad I have some friends."

THE TRAIN THAT HUFFS & PUFFS by ANN SALK

One day long, long ago there was an old train that always huffed and puffed. One day as it was going very fast along the railroad track, it gave a fast stop. Something was wrong.

"What is the matter?" said the driver. When the train heard that, he huffed and puffed more than ever. "Oh," said the driver, "there is a big hill, and you are afraid to go down it. We'll see if we can do anything about it."

The driver thought and thought and thought, "I have it!" said the driver. "I'll back you out and go back home." and that's what they did.

MY EXPERIENCE by BILLY ISSOKSON

One day I was going to the shoe maker's with my friend. I had to go down a hill, and I ran down the hill and fell. A lady was across the street and ran over to me and asked me if I hurt myself. I said, "Yes." She took me to her house and put a bandaid on my arm and leg. Then I went to the shoemaker's, and he fixed my shoes. Then I went to school and was on time.

JANE'S BIG BALL by CHARON COHEN

One day Jane's mother went down town. And when she got home, she had a big ball for Jane. How

Jane loved the ball. And that's how Jane got her ball.

WHAT I DO AT CAMP by GAIL BURNS

I live in Portland, where it is very noisy. I am very glad to be at camp where we go in swimming. I love swimming, and I love Hebrew, too. I have learned to be a good camper here at Camp.

WHY I LIKE CAMP by ELAINE LERMAN

This is my first year of camp. I like the campers and counselors and the teachers. I have learned to act in plays and to swim and to speak Hebrew--and many other things, too. Irma is very nice, and so is the nurse. And Boomie and Irma tell us the things to do. The camp is so beautiful! I wish you were here too.

NOW TO BUNK THREE

COMIC BOOKS by DENISE STRIAR & NURITH FISH

All through^{rest} hour, books we read;
But not the kind of books we need.

Comic books with very slang words,
With flying cows and talking
birds.

Some books are happy; some are sad,
Some are good, and some are bad.

Of dogs and cats
and talking bats;

Of mooing cows and singing frogs;
Of clucking hens and squealing
hogs.

Now you know the reason, too,
That comic books aren't good for
you.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT KRAMASTO

by MARVEL RAPP

Chapter 3: The Cave-In

The Great Kramasto leaned forward to give the robbers another verbal barrage. At that same instant the sharp rock landed directly on the ropes that bound him to the chair.

In an instant, our hero was on his feet. "Now, you villians, I have you!"

And with that, the master detective pulled from his vest a mammoth fire-arm, a type of ancient dueling pistol used in the pre-Civil War days. At first the criminals gazed in astonishment. Then their leader cried out, "C'mon, you lugs; let's fix this lunatic once and for all!" The men rushed.

"Take that," cried the Great Kramasto, and he pulled the trigger. There was a terrific explosion. The tunnel was filled with a strange mixture of old gun-powder. Within an instant there was a terrific crash. For several minutes there was nothing but darkness and silence.

Suddenly, out of the darkness there shone a light. A bright beam of light grew larger and lighted the cave. A solitary figure stood there looking straight ahead. Remnants of human beings could be seen lying under rocks. The solitary figure quietly doffed his hat and slowly put a gigantic object into his coat. And without a word the Great Kramasto climbed up through the hole that was left by the cave-in, looked at the quiet little city with the sun shining brightly, and thought solemnly to himself that all men must pay for their crimes.

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THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN

Judy Gordon--259 Humboldt Ave., Roxbury 21, Mass.

Ann Lieberman--32 Congress St., Bangor, Me.

Naomi Maness--80 Van Cortlandt Pl., Bronx 63, N.Y.

Judy Rener--69 Clarkson Ave, Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

Marion Schiffman--1475 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N.Y.

Leona Ulanoff--909 Avenue "R", Brooklyn, N.Y.

Rebecca Kalusky--1971 Marmion Ave, Bronx 60, N.Y.

Helen Bernstein--184 Bolton St., Portland 4, Me.

June Wilner--377 Turner St., Auburn, Me.

Elaine Hayflick--5734 Florence Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. & Mrs. Abraham Katz--1529-47 St., Brooklyn, 19, N.Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Israel Rosenblum--1472 Montgomery Ave., New York 53, N.Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Nathan Fish--112 Broadway, Bangor, Me.

Mr. & Mrs. Melvin Roth--4 York St. Caribou, Me.

Irma Judith Reese--2734 Claflin Ave., Bronx 63, N.Y.

Irving Keßler--10 Millet St., Dorchester 24, Mass.

Howard Berg--156 Maple St., Bangor, Me.

Murray Levine--1631 Prospect Pl, Brooklyn 33, N.Y.

Abe Porush--713 East New York Ave, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Hyman I. Sky--164 Hawthorne Ave, Newark 8, N.J.

Happy Cohen--1365 Carroll St., Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

Robert Rosomoff--502 East Wyoming Ave., Philadelphia 20, Pa.

Eddie Nathanson--914 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

Salma Jaffee--73-73 198th St., Flushing, N.Y.

Anita Cohen--362 Christopher Ave, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Frank Cohen--172 Walnut St., Lewiston, Me.

Marcy Levine--14 Welay Place, Lewiston, Me.

Mickey Weiner--179 Sabattus St., Lewiston, Me.

Morton Brody--347 Turner St., Auburn, Me.

Gilbert L. Bharito--9 Central Ave, Lewiston Me.

Alvin Field, 276 Maine St., Waterville, Me.

**** SPORTS ****

COLLEGE LEAGUE

Special credit is due Irma Reese for giving us a full and wonderful athletics schedule.

Our first game of basketball that the campers participated in was the waiter-camper game, which was won by the waiters 52-2-. The second was when we challenged the counselors to a game of basketball and beat them 53-40. The third was when we played a return match with the counsellors, who won with the score of 40-33. The fourth game played was with Camp Ramah, from Mt. Vernon, Maine, to be beaten by our mixed squad of waiters and campers to the score of 29-10--a really thrilling game. On the Ramah game the scoring of each man was as follows: Mickey Weiner was highest scorer for our side with 14 points. Phil Weiner followed with a score of 6 points; Marshall Dion scored 4, Mike Ross 2, and Gil Shapiro 3 points. It really was a great game.

This year, I think, has been one of the most exciting years for sports in Camp Lown's three year history. I forgot to say that the senior boys beat the waiters 8-5 in softball.

As I mentioned in the first issue, the athletic counsellor has been our own Eddie Nathanson, from Bunk 13. We wish also to express our thanks to the waiters for their aid in improving our basketball techniques.

by MOTRY ROSS

PING PONG TOURNAMENT

Monday, August 9, the campers went down to the Rec Hall to watch the ping pong tournament finals in the senior division, both boys' and girls'. The first set was played between Ruthie and Estelle Jacobson. Ruthie took the first game 21-14 and looked well on her way to a championship, but Estelle came back and took the next two games 21-15, 21-14. The next set was between Milt Silver and Morty Ross. They both played terrific games, but Milt ended up sweeping the set, 21-9, 21-12, 23-21. All four contenders showed fine sportsmanship.

An innovation in Camp Lown athletic competition has been the College League, which was very successful this season. It was run by Eddie Nathanson, who formed the teams, formulated the rules, and refereed the games. The senior boys and girls had their own league, and the inter boys and girls had theirs. The games included the sports of basketball, softball, football, soccer, and volleyball. The standing at the end of the season was as follows:

Senior Boys' Division

	Won	Lost	Tied
Hebrew University	3	1	0
Yeshiva "	2	2	0
Haifa Tech. "	1	3	0

Senior Girls' Division

Hebrew University	1	1	1
Yeshiva "	1	1	1

Inter Boys' Division

Hebrew University	5	1	1
Yeshiva "	1	4	1

Inter Girls Division

Hebrew University	1	0	2
Hadassah "	1	1	1
Herzelia "	0	1	1

On Tuesday, August 17, the following people swam to Davie's Island: Timmy Goldman, Mark Kapiloff, Marvin Karp, Phil Weiner, Bunny Katz, Bert Rosonoff, Irving Kessler, Mickey Weiner, & Gil Shapiro. Congratulations!

GAME BROADCASTS

by IRWIN COHEN

For the first time in Camp Lown, radio broadcasts have been put on over the P.M. system, during best hour. These had news, sports, and music. Donald Gordon, Mike Ross, Morty Ross, & Sandy Rodolsky were sportcasters; Howie Silver, Bob Bell, & Phil Weiner were announcers; and Arthur Wolman, Bob Bell, & Lenny Nelson gave the news. The waiters put on the funniest program: "The Adventures of Super-schlep." The juniors also had a program of their own, brought from "a kibutz in Eretz Yisrael." They sang songs and discussed Sabbath.

FROM THE HEAD OF OUR CULTURAL PROGRAM--RUMMY KATZ

It is very difficult to express to the campers of Camp Lown all that I feel as this last issue of the Kadima for the summer of 1948 is put to bed. I would like, however, to dwell on only one point, and that is the Jewish cultural program that we have had this season. As the person in charge of this program, I came to camp with only one aim in mind--to arouse the campers to an awareness of, and an emotional sympathy with, the tremendous events that are occurring to our brothers in Israel.

The establishment of the Jewish State of Israel is a history-making event and one which affects vitally every one of us. Really to appreciate the significance of this event it was necessary to understand the three cardinal principles of the Zionist dream. These are Aliyah, or immigration to Israel; Hityashvut, the settlement and the building up of the Land; and Haganah, the defense of the Land. You learned about these principles this summer by actually doing them, and doing is the best way of learning.

I want to say here that the success of the program is due in large measure to your enthusiasm, interest, and cooperation. You now feel in your hearts the pride of being Jewish in our generation, and I believe that you have a healthy attitude as American Jewish boys and girls to the fate and future of your brothers and sisters overseas.

My only plea to you as you return home is, "Do not forget!" Yes, do not forget what you have learned this summer. Your brothers and sisters, the young people of Israel, could not go on if they thought that you will forget them.

HAGANAH MANEUVERS

On August 18 the settlement of Kfar Hannah, commonly known as Camp Lown, became the scene of the very exciting war maneuvers of the Blue and White armies of the Haganah.

The participants in this battle were the Blue Army, under the direction of Marvin Karp and the White Army, under the direction of Phil Weiner. The objective of the Blue Army was to capture Camp Lown, while the White Army was supposed to defend it.

Before this each bunk was separately inducted into the Haganah in a solemn secret ceremony, which deeply impressed all the recruits. The troops were subjected to secret underground training in the art of warfare. On the great day, the Haganah came out into the open with a muster of troops. They went through their drill and then went out on maneuvers. After a suspenseful half hour of waiting on the part of the White, the Blue finally attacked. The Blue tried an amphibious landing on the opposite flank of the White just before the armistice was signed.

The junior girls were the nurses of the Red Mogen David and were kept busy bandaging the wounded. The junior boys did an outstanding job as the messengers of the judges.

The maneuvers were ended with another muster of the army, in which Rummy congratulated the campers upon the successful completion of the third project of the season. Hatikvah was then sung, and the army was dismissed.

Arthur Mark Wolman
Official Correspondent
Attached to the Haganah
from the Kadima Int. News Service