

BAUERCREST

ALUMNI NEWSLETTER

VOLUME NINE

FROM OUR CAMPUS ON THE HILLSIDE

SUMMER 2008

THINGS LOOK GREAT IN '08

Camp Bauercrest begins its 78th summer of providing quality camping for Jewish boys all over the country. Yes, we are no longer the North Shore/Merrimack Valley camp for Jewish boys, as we have campers from Georgia, Florida, New York, the New England states and North Dakota...even from Israel.

Executive Director Robbie Brockman has done a terrific job of getting the word out to the local, regional, national and international community that Camp Bauercrest is the place to be. In these tough economic times, I am proud to report that not only has our camper enrollment increased, but our forever passionate and loyal alumni and families have stepped up to make our fund raising efforts a great success. This has enabled us to facilitate any family who needs assistance. It's what we do.....it's a mitzvah.



I hope you'll take the time this summer, to stop by and see what we've done in person. I ask only that you call ahead, to make sure that a visit will not be on a trip day nor interfere with camp programming. The office number is 1-978-388-4732. Once arriving on campus, for the safety and security of staff and campers, please be sure to check in at the Big House.

Lastly, a special congratulations and best wishes to Editor-in-Chief Dave "Lips" Lipof on his retirement after 35 years of service in the Wareham School system. Knowing Lips as I do, the kids who were lucky enough to be in his class are all better for it. As Uncle Saul would have said "Lip...Well done!"

To all...have a great summer and hope to see you at camp and at all/some of the upcoming Alumni events.

Crestly,

Mark "Bibs" Smoller

2008 Bauercrest Annual Fund

Supporting Camper Scholarships

2008 marks the third year of our Annual Fund. Created following our 75th Anniversary celebration, the Annual Fund has provided alumni and friends of Bauercrest an opportunity to remain connected to Camp and to contribute to its continued success. Donors to the Annual Fund, the Harold Grinspoon Foundation “Meet your Match” program, and the Harold Grinspoon Foundation have had a profound impact on our ability to provide scholarships to deserving families and to improve and upgrade our facilities.

The 2008 Annual fund is off to a great start, and looks to have the broadest support yet from alumni and friends. The number of donors to the 2008 Annual Fund is approximately 20% greater than at this date a year ago. The Board of Directors is very grateful to everyone who has made a donation and appreciates the continued support. Signs of the troubled economic times are all around us, so more than ever having the Annual Fund to underwrite the cost of camper scholarships has a positive impact on our ability to provide the best possible summer camp experience.

We are pleased to recognize in this newsletter the donations received to date to the 2008 Annual Fund. For those of

you who have not yet made a donation, please consider making a gift before the end of this summer’s camp session. Each and every donation, no matter the size, is important and very much appreciated. With your participation we hope to realize our goal of a 20% or greater increase in donors to the 2008 Annual Fund.

*~ Peter Harris and Arthur White,
Development Committee Co-Chairs*

2008 Bauercrest Annual Fund

BAUERCREST SOCIETY (*\$10,000 and greater*)

The Brockman/Kaufman
Family
Alan Feldman and Family
Mark Fins
Jeff Grinspoon
Larry and Elin Neiterman
Bruce, David, Stephen, and
Herb Phillips
David Rosenberg
Dan and Karen Rubin
Andrew, Billy, and Stephen
Schultz
Joan Smoller
Ken and Cynthia Wagner

DIRECTOR'S CIRCLE (*\$5000 to \$9,999*)

Monte Haymon
Steven "Kip" Kolow
Barry and Claudia Rodenstein

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Jeff Gorlick
Peter Harris
Adam Hodes
Mitch Hodus
Steve Kane
Leonard Lunder
Bob and Marci Miller
Glenn Morrison
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Joe Smith
Mark Smoller
Michael Weihrauch
Mitchell Weisman
Arthur White
York Children's Foundation

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Evan Crocker
Wayne Glazier
Scott Grodsky
Todd Lehner
Adam Ochlis
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BUNK CAPTAINS (*\$250 to \$499*)

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Peter Blank
Barry Bloom
David and Louise Citron
Brian Docking
Scott Farmelant
Arthur Fox
Mitchell Glazier
David Gorlick
Robert Harris
Chuck Kaufman
Michael Kagan
Glenn Kirschbaum
Dave Lepas
Dave Linda
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Mark Nevins
Andy Rafey
Steve Schlafman
Mark Shankman
Josh Shaul
Barry Shopnick
Robert Simon
Billy Smoller
Jim Spelfogel
Mike Uretsky

FRIENDS OF BAUERCREST (*Up to \$249*)

Anonymous
Scott Aronson
Marc Baker
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Jeff Baskies
Mike Blatt
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George Freedman
Steve Gerstein
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Ron Goodman
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Lester Hyman
Benjamin Jacobs
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Brian Kane
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Steve Levine
Jeff Lonstein
Jeff Marlin
Milt Morin
Rich Nadler
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Greg Radner
Mike Reiss
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Dan Rosenblum
Randy Rozen
Bob Ruttenberg
Brian Schactman
Jim Shaw
Shel Siegel
Steve Siegel
Craig Simons
Mark Simons
Mark Silverstein
Herb Wyman

Additional Donations to the 2008 Bauercrest Annual Fund can be mailed to:

CAMP BAUERCREST
c/o Mark Smoller, 5 Cogswell Court, Needham, MA 02492

THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROSITY & SUPPORT!

MY 1ST IMPRESSIONS OF THE CREST!



It was June of 1972, and I was just finishing up my Junior year at U. Mass Boston. A high school chum named Al Green (not the soulful R&B crooner) was the Camp Rabbi at that time.....heir to the legacy of Roy Belson, he was famous for his guitar sets during services. In any event (but never-the-less), Al picked me up one day while I was thumbing my way to school. It was early May, and our conversation turned to “what are your plans for the summer?”.....I expressed my desire to work in some biology related field, perhaps as a park ranger, in order to get the kind of experience I would need to land a job upon completion of my studies. It was then that Al told me of HIS summer “job”, and that he knew that there was an opening for a new Nature Counselor.

When Al had mentioned Bauercrest, it immediately struck a chord with me. My cousin Arthur had attended The Crest, and I knew about the Camp and its convenient location in nearby (relatively speaking) Amesbury. I had attended the West End House Camp as a kid, and I loathed the 3 and a half hour drive up to East Parsonsfield, Maine. Al said that he wasn't sure whether the position had been filled, but he gave me Uncle Saul's name and number.

I didn't waste any time.....It was the age before cell phones, and I recall going to the nearest pay phone before going to classes. I dialed up Uncle Saul's number and made an appointment to meet with Uncles Bernie and Ted at the YMHA in Chelsea. The rest (as they say) is history.....as it happens - Bauercrest History. I would go on to become a Color War Captain, Chief Judge, Group Leader, Program Director, and Alumni Man of the

Year in 1992.....and, as a result of this success at the Crest, I have just concluded a 35 year career as a Teacher in the Wareham Public Schools....retired at the age of 57.

When I first arrived on the Hillside in June of 1972, and got out of Al Green's car in the front of the Head Bunk, I was most impressed with the hill itself (isn't everyone?). I also recall the chest high uncut grass flowing across the hillside, and the greeting by the Head Bunk guy (Mike Newburg's predecessor), Jim Sloane. We were told to bring our gear to Bunk 15.....that all the counselors were going to bunk there until Uncle Ted had made the bunk assignments.

I was impressed with the Bauercrest version of the Big Three.....Dave "Bento" Weintraub, Ken "Enzo" Stuart, and Todd Nechtem. They were holding sway over the rest of the guys with frat house styled aplomb. Being a rookie, they were cutting me some slack. Most of everyone's attention was being directed towards the new Dramatics Counselor, Joe Cinelli, who had showed up wearing a benedictine monk costume! I was beginning to get a feel for the craziness of The Crest, and thinking about how great I would fit in.

My strongest impression of those first few days came from a group of guys who would go on to become the greatest influence on The Crest through the 70's and beyond; the CIT's (Mark "Bibs" Smoller, Steve "Toots" Toltz, Robert "Dunk" Dunkless, Steve "Fly" Levine and Barry "Moby" Chait). As a group they came up to me, presumably to find out who I was, since I was new to The Crest, and Dunk asked me (I was wearing my Randolph High School sweatshirt) what the "R" stood for. Not even knowing that it would be the best answer I could give, without hesitating I responded, "it stands for "yourrass", RASS, rass!" Dunk's jaw dropped and then he led the crew in uproarious laughter. That single moment might well have propelled me into the Crest fraternity. They had sized me up, and had found that I was a lot like one of them.....in fact, they made the drummer in their 50's revival group, The 5 Percent!

I still had one group of guys to win over, and that was the aforementioned Big Three. That's where the all-important Crest Talent Show came into play.....the perennial proving ground of counselors new to The Crest. It wasn't BoBo the Egg Finder that did it for me, as it has for so many others who came along since then.....It was my Ed Sullivan impression act. For some reason Todd Nechtem loved the act. As he doubled over in laughter, Bento and Enzo followed suit, and as they did, so did Ken "The Mirage" Reisman and all the others.....well, you get the point! I was in, and in big time.....and all because Todd found me funny. It is strange how the future can rest on such precarious moments. Had Todd (and the others) rejected the act, and booed me off the stage, I might have ended up being a one-year-wonder at The Crest.....but, Uncle Ted saw what they saw.....and he saw how they (and others) were reacting to me, and figured I had some leadership potential.

I might add that it also didn't hurt that the new Sophomore Group Leader, Bob "Stoney" Stone, was one of Al Green's friends.....and that I had met Bob before the 1972 season started at Al's house in Randolph. Bob also saw something in me, and we too became friends. The next season he made me AGL of the expanded (including ages 7 through 12) Sophomore Group. I owe Stoney a great debt of gratitude for putting his faith in me. I know that he helped convince Uncle Ted that there was more to me than met the eye. Of all the people I met at Bauercrest, I became closest to Stoney. We were close friends in the off-season. We went on double-dates, climbed Mount Monadnock and planned a Mountain Climbing Program for The Crest, lived in the same apartment complex in Brockton, and I even did my Student Teaching alongside Stoney who was just completing his 1st year as a teacher at Brockton High School.

A lot of water has passed under the bridge since those early days, some 36 years ago. I can say that every time mid-June rolls around I get that Bauercrest feeling in my bones.....but, who amongst us doesn't. We all have our own stories we can tell. We all have our own histories here at The Crest.....and we all wouldn't trade that for anything!

THE GROVE - OUR SPIRITUAL OASIS!

Of all the locations at The Crest, there is one that is near and dear to the hearts of most of us.....and that place is The Grove. In a summer season we will make 14 glorious trips down to The Grove (barring heavy weather, in which case we might end up in the Rec or Mess Hall).

These trips will have us recite the Friday evening and Saturday morning liturgies, but more than that, like any other Crest activity, they are opportunities for time honored traditions and rights of passage.

The Grove has been around for as long as the Crest (more than 75 years now). In fact, as a plot of pristine woodland on the hillside, amongst the huge white pines, The Grove has arguably been around for hundreds of years.

In the mid-1950's, the Staff dedicated The bimah to those Bauercrest Staff members past, present and future, who had served in America's wars.

In the 1980's the late Cy Smoller, of the Board of Directors, recognizing his father's passion for Judaism, mounted a fund-raiser and had The Grove dedicated to his memory. A re-dedication was held in the late 1990's following the fire of '96, and a 1st class entranceway to The "Smoller Chapel" was constructed.

We all know that the bench seats had seat backs, which often broke when the kids would lean back hard, so that the boards would separate from the posts. Thus, we eventually removed all the seat backs. There was always that largest white pine tree, near the entrance, where Uncle Joe had stood, overseeing the congregation, dovening and from where he read his traditional prayers. In the 1960's the "choir" would stand on either side of the bimah for the entire service, whereas now, individuals are called up to lead prayers at the appropriate time. Up through the early 1980's, "The Brain" (the name ascribed to the sound mixer which had run the Camp's PA system) was hard-wired into the grove through small speaker boxes attached to the sides of trees. Because The Brain needed to be taken down prior to the final Shabbat service, it became traditional to have the last Saturday morning service on the Hillside in front of the Head Bunk.....a tradition that continues to this day.....long after the demise of "The Brain".

As to our roster of Camp Rabbi's, Roy Belson was the most revered of camp rabbis in the Silver Era (25 years), probably because he had the cachet of being a top athlete as well as a spiritual leader. Steve "Toots" Toltz is most associated with the Golden Era (50 years). He became an icon for The Crest.....eventually going on to become Program Director in the wake of Uncle Ted's retirement. Tootem's protege, Mitch Hodus, and a cavalcade of others took over the davenning duties through the years. More than one of Bauercrest's Camp Rabbi's have become rabbi's in their own right.....Such as Gerald Wolpe, Bill Kloner, Howie Rosenbaum, Jon Roos and Marc "Bubba" Baker.

Down at the Grove, a special bond with the Bauercrest Family can be felt and experienced. For my part.....no other place on Earth has the spritual impact (perhaps second only to the Western Wall) of The Grove.



*Read an outstanding Interview with Rabbi Marc Baker of the Gann Institute at -
(http://www.gannacademy.org/common/Visions/Visions_2007_spring.pdf)*

ALUMNI NEWS NOTES of INTEREST

From Martin Bloomfield:

I was attending a concert in West Palm Beach yesterday and got to talking to the person sitting next to me. She had a Boston accent and of course I asked her if she knew of Camp Bauercrest. Her husband's ears perked up and he said he'd attended from 39-46 with his last year as senior group leader. He then asked me my name and I responded. He went on to reply "are you little Martin Bloomfield"?

I had just met Joel Leavitt! Of course I remember both he and his brother. We spoke for a while and I said it is a shame that the Florida folks do not get together. I have met at least 9-10 people from the Boston area who have gone to Bauercrest - mostly parents who sent their kids. The world keeps getting smaller.

From Derek Sontz:

You seem to still be at the top of the CREST. Your work seems never done. Nathan and Ira, from the mess hall, send their regards. :)

Let it be known, your work is always appreciated. I love hearing about Bauercrest, and as all of us alumni, wish to be on the hillside, preferably water skiing, more days than not.

I contact you to share news, good news, great news, incredible news... you get the idea. Well, I don't think I announced our (Holly and I) previous children, Breckin (4yr), Levi (17mo), and now wish to share our no. 3... Myles (1/31/08).

Keep up the great work. Soon enough my sons will be climbing Mt. Monadnock, and I will share the stories of how Lips brought us to the top back in the 70's.

From Todd Nechtem:

Chelsea High School dedicated the Chelsea High School Gymnasium to Saul in his memory on Thursday, May 15, 2008. The ceremony took place at the Gym on Everett Avenue in Chelsea. Saul would be very humbled by this event.

From Dave Lipof:

Lips is pleased to announce that he has joined the ranks of Uncle Ted and Stoney as a newly retired former teacher. Following a career of 35 years in the classroom at Wareham Middle School, Lips has opted for early retirement.

When asked for comment Lips said, "Were it not for Bauercrest, there would have been no teaching career.....All that I am, and all that I have accomplished in my life, I owe to Camp Bauercrest!"

From The Editor:

The Bauercrest Family mourns the passing of Jack and Glenn Cort's dad, Arthur Cort, back in late March.....a self-made success, who had grown up in Chelsea, served in World War II, and who had owned the Plymouth Rock Trucking Company.

Uncle Saul had many stories about Arthur Cort. One recalled how he sent tape recorders as invitations to all his party guests that played the theme to "Mission: Impossible" and instructed them to RSVP before the recorder self-destructed.

"One of the things that we admire most about our father is that he never forgot where he came from," said his son Jack, of Boston. "No matter who you were, he treated everyone with dignity, class, and respect."

He hired experts to come to his home and teach his children everything from gourmet cooking to Transcendental Meditation. He brought a Boston Red Sox pitcher home to help his son Glenn with his curveball. "He always just tried to give us everything he never had," said Glenn of Weston. "He was a classic case of that."

The Many Roles of Uncle Joe

by Len Glick

When I arrived at the Crest in 1959, Uncle Joe was the camp director and had been for many years. Joe and Bernie had worked out a strict division of responsibilities—Bernie ran the program and supervised the counselors and Joe managed the business side of camp. Even though campers and counselors had much more interaction with Bernie, Joe was the boss. I think it's fair to say that he started many of the traditions and practices that made Bauercrest what it is. He was fiscally conservative, cared about Judaism, and gave Bernie a lot of space and freedom to run the program. As the director, Joe played many roles. Here are some.



Uncle Joe as:

Sermon Giver

Uncle Joe took services very seriously. He always stood up front and to the side of the pulpit. No service was official until (1) Joe read "We therefore hope in thee..." in his unique cadence—"...and the idols will be utterly (pause-pause-pause)—cut off." And (2) he dismissed the congregation. "Would the rear row and front row please rise..."

But, more than anything, no service was official until Joe gave a sermon. He saw them as a way to teach the campers certain moral lessons. The problem was he had a limited repertoire and told the same sermons every year. Here are three classics that I remember nearly 40 years later.

First, who can forget the one where the "town" wanted everyone to contribute wine (I forget why--maybe it was a 100th year celebration) and pour it in a solid container (or something). Well, one family saw an opportunity to not contribute--and besides who would notice--so they poured in water not wine. Well, wouldn't you know, other families had the same idea--so when the town went to share the wine--it wasn't wine at all--but water!!! I think the lesson is--everyone must do their fair share.

Second, a famous, successful Crest alum came back to visit camp and didn't see his name on the honor boards because he hadn't made the honor roll. Of course, he offered Joe anything to put their names on the Board but, equally of course, Joe wouldn't accept the offer/bribe. The lesson is: be a good camper now or you will regret it in the future.

Third, a wealthy man asked the best builder in town to build the finest house imaginable. The wealthy man told the builder to "spare no expense. I will be traveling around the world and when I return, I would like the house to be ready to move into." Well, the builder was dishonest. Knowing that the wealthy man would be away and unable to inspect, he used shoddy materials and cut corners. Months later the wealthy man returned and the builder handed him the keys. The wealthy man handed him back the keys, saying to the builder, "You have been my friend, keep the keys—this house is yours."

Wake-up Caller

On Saturday mornings, rather than play reveille, Joe would walk into every bunk, saying "Shabbat Shalom, it's time to get up." Obviously, over the years campers played every trick imaginable on Joe such as barricading the front door, hiding in the back room, being fully dressed, crowding into another bunk and leaving yours empty, pretending everyone was sleeping, etc. Joe, of course, had seen them all and nothing phased him. For example, if everyone was pretending to be sleeping, Joe would say "I see one of you is up" which would result in everyone looking up to see who gave it away.

Dietician

In those days, Bernie ran personnel and programs and Joe ran the business, including the kitchen. Joe was very cost conscious and always led with price with his unique style. Once I was hanging around the head bunk and heard him call our meat supplier saying, "I'd like 100 pounds of hot dogs if they aren't \$100 a pound." Joe followed the laws of supply and demand. One season, corn was extremely plentiful and therefore cheap. We had corn as a side dish for an entire week along with corn chowder. During another season, apparently the fish were biting. We had fish for several consecutive days. The camp began to sing "three jolly fishermen" as we entered the mess hall. Finally, if we complained about the amount of food, Joe had two replies: "we serve generous army sized portions" and "there's good food and plenty of it."

Salesman

Like clockwork, at breakfast, after the first cold night, Joe would give his sweatshirt speech. "It's getting cold, buy a few. He would also try to induce us to drink more hot chocolate."

Unwitting salesman

Some campers had had Joe as a science teacher in Rhode Island. They would tell stories about how he wore Bauercrest t-shirts backwards so that when he turned around to write on the blackboard the word "Bauercrest" showed through his white dress shirt.

Judge

Joe was very hands-off regarding the program. However, one year I was officiating the senior A volleyball game near the Big House. Joe had been working in the Big House, heard the cheering, and came over to watch the event, which was very close. I called a "few carries". Joe walked across the court to ask me what that was, how I determined what a carry was and what wasn't, etc. We had to pause the game as I tried to extricate Joe from the game. At the time, it was quite annoying. In retrospect, however, Joe was correct. A carry was the ultimate judgment call—how long did the ball linger on a player's hand? That was one of the inputs that led me, as some of you know, to decide to call carries correctly—no more hitting the ball with open palms and fingers.

Delegator

Joe was legendary for not knowing names of campers or counselors. In the 60's there was a counselor named Haskell Jaffe. In what became an all time classic of delegation, Joe said, "I need two people for this job—I want Haskell over here and Jaffe over there"!

Counselor

Here's one of my favorite illustrations of Joe's genius. A camper, who is not a particularly good student, approaches Uncle Joe to ask for advice. "Uncle Joe, my bunkmates tease me by asking me questions (about current events, history, etc) and when I don't know the answer they laugh at me and tell me how dumb I am. It really bothers me. What should I do?"

To which, Uncle Joe replied: "Do this, whatever they ask you, tell them you don't know--even when you do. For example, If they ask you who superman is, say you never heard of him. If they ask you if you ever heard of Mickey Mouse, say no you haven't. That way, they won't know what you know or not and stop asking you".

Quotemeister

No comments about Joe, would be complete without three of his most famous quotes:

"put too much in the sheet, (clap-point), it rips."

"I may make the same mistake twice (clap-point), but never a second time."

"remember (clap-point) a good student is a good camper' (or was it the other way around?)

Teacher of Counselors

I'd like to end, with a few quotes from a very rare and undated document: A "Counselor Guide" written by Uncle Joe. I've obviously selected silly passages. Much of the guide stresses the importance of being a good role model, being alert to the safety of campers, and building character.

"...carry no grudge against any youngster. Never use physical force and do not resort to ridicule, sarcasm or name calling (brat, dope, thickhead)"

"...We should be careful of our speech, of the ideas we express, the use of good language and in our tone of voice, which should always be low, melodious, unaffected without annoyances such as nasality or whining."

"...campers respect counselors who respect themselves,--but oh, how they dislike a counselor who 'thinks too much of himself'."



"We do not censor mail but counselors should assist with the writing of letters to see that good English is being used...that improper requests be not asked and finally that spelling and penmanship be of good quality."

"Counselors are not to loiter or wait around mailing station in the morning."

"Counselors should check closely to make sure that no camper is ordering recklessly or beyond his means (from the canteen)."

When on Night Guard Duty (OD)

--"...watch for extreme restlessness, sickness, uncovered campers, listen carefully for coughs, sobbing, or heaving breathing."

--"...letter writing, listening to the radio, playing the piano or playing cards is not permitted."

BAUERCREST DIRECTOR MEMORIES

Bo Baskies Remembers Uncle Saul:

First, as a kid, my memories of Saul are all the ones you guys touched on....the larger than life presence, the "old guy" who could still hit the half court shot (by punting), the guy with the pitching wedge.....the humor at talent shows.....But as I became a more senior staffer, and older, my memories get funnier.....Saul made us laugh a lot.....I recall Mike Missile doing a particularly good set of Saul impressions over a Saturday night soph A barbeque....but some of Saul's musings at the counselor meetings were fantastic (and prescient).....he always said the two big problems for the future were clean drinking water and garbage disposal....turns out he was right...but at the time, it was a great source of humor....and what about the way he used to tell us the food was A-1 prime....or "frozen meat is good meat".....and no counselor from the mid '80s will forget Saul's legendary tussles with Huey over A/C table tops and other supplies...but Saul, we need more gimp!!!

There were the funny camper experiences. I distinctly remember what must have been the last "dutch auction" as being one of the best nights ever with Saul. I forget if it was the soph As and soph Bs together or just the soph As (I think just soph As), but we were doing a dutch auction in the rec hall and the kids had to bring anything they could think of that might be in the auction....you know, like a bed sheet, a springsteen bootleg, a flashlight, a bra from the nurse, etc....well one soph A tried to steal Saul's golf cart and drive it to the rec hall...another one, I think actually did take the spare tire...(or maybe that was the spare tire from Roger's truck....)...and you should have seen Saul's face when he saw 2 soph As walking away with one of his miniature golf holes...if you recall, those took like 8-10 counselors to "very carefully" carry out of the big house each year the day before camp. But two or three soph As grabbed it, folded it in two like a slice of NY pizza and started carrying it toward the rec hall.....that's when Saul called Toots and put an end to that dutch auction.....permanently, I presume.

Of course, there are also the classic memories, like Saul always being there every opening day and every closing day of my entire camping (and counselor) career. There was his omnipresence in the mess hall and his remarks every year at the banquet. As campers, I'm not sure we ever knew what Saul was doing, but we were sure glad he was there with us.

Peter Blank Remembers Uncle Joe:

Well, as a guy from Chelsea who was a camper at Bauercrest in 1952 and staff in 1961, I have many memories of poker games as a staffer and only one memory as a camper, albeit a very embarrassing one.

Even 56 years later my Hebrew has not improved much as it was on that fateful morning when I begged Uncle Joe Bloomfield to let me lead the morning service in the mess hall. At ten years of age I must have thought I was ready to lead and somehow Uncle Joe agreed. OY, oy, oy!....some 56 years after that morning I still hear the murmurs of disbelief as this young boy stumbled, tripped, mispronounced and floundered in an attempt to lead the morning service. Obviously, I still have not gotten over the moment.

Bauercrest had a great influence on my life. My counselor in Bunk 11 was Mickey Chucas who went to Rhode Island State College, later renamed the University of Rhode Island. I am a 1965 graduate of the University of Rhode Island.

Being from Chelsea, my public school teachers included my football coach and teacher Saul Nechtem, (my mother, nee Gertrude Miller went to Chelsea High with Saul) my high school teacher was Bernie Berenson, and in other schools they included Ted Resnick, and Arnie Goodman.

In 1952, camp tuition was \$350.00 dollars for 8 weeks, my mother's record store on Broadway could not afford my second year so I went to Loon Pond Camp for \$20.00 a week the year after. I am happy that now I can make some contributions so some campers can enjoy a scholarship to Bauercrest.

Andy “Elbows” Rafey Remembers Uncle Joe:

I was a Junior A my first year in 1970 and Uncle Joe was winding down but I'll always remember Shabbat morning wake ups and donut's for Saturday/Lazy Morning. One Saturday morning as a Senior in 1971 Joe came to our bunk and of course NO ONE would ever want to get up when he came in, and Joe gave the usual....."Shabbat Shalom boys...everyone up!".....and someone had put a whole box of donuts in the middle of the floor and we all hid in the back room from Joe and he was very upset that we wasted a box of donuts.....not that we tried to hide it from him!

Richard “Dunch” Dunkless & Steve “Fly” Levine Remembers Uncle Joe:

Basically it happened on a Saturday morn when Joe would come bunk to bunk waking everyone with his Shabbat Shalom greeting. After he left, Fly started going on and on saying “Uncle Joe Joe, good morning” and continued. Apparently Joe heard him from the next bunk and came back to chastise whoever was saying that.

Billy Smoller Remembers Bob “Stoney” Stone:

Stoney coming to my house before my first summer at camp when I was nine in an attempt to help me get over my anticipated home sickness (he was fantastic, by the way.....very much had his A game)...Rec-Specs...(Stoney before every summer): "This is going to be the best summah evah!"...(Stoney at a pre-camp staff meeting in 2005): "I don't want some kid telling all his campers how he just drank 50 shots of beer."....malaise...Josh Stone: the next Michael Jordan.....Bernie (Bernstein) and I acting as Josh's daily basketball tutors in 2001...Stoney having a sports-gasm on the PA System when the Red Sox traded for the great Butch Huskey....knee braces.....my two hour “conversation” with Stoney about Josh's travel basketball team in front of the Mess Hall that actually garnered an audience on the hillside the longer we were there...malaise...Zack Michelson and Sam Mathias – the two referees - approaching my dad, before Josh's Color War A Hoop game (without talking to each other before hand) and asking him to sit next to Stoney in order to keep him under control.....”The Stoney Seat” on the big house porch where he watched Josh's league games...knee braces... Bob Stone helping save Bauercrest by getting the enrollment to almost 300 at its peak (and I'm serious about this one).....”Heeeeeeeey what's happenin'?”...Hi, I'm Bob Stone, how may I help you.....A Stoney Tour.....'nuf said!

Andrew “Shmu” Silver Remembers Stoney:

Among the many Stoney memories, one stands out....how any discussion always came back to Josh and his league team or basketball.

Bill Tagerman Remembers Uncle Saul:

When I was a counselor in the mid 70's hearing how Saul could sink a basketball with a drop kick from near mid court. But these were only stories until one day I actually saw him do it on the 2nd or 3rd attempt. Wow, just blew me away.

Jordan “Jordy” Rabinovitz Remembers Uncle Joe:

It was no special episode or event that sticks out in my mind, only that he had a certain demeanor, a soft voice and usually, a sweater on, unless it was whites for *Shabbat*. Uncle Joe must have known that his era was marked by some fantastic counselors and campers and he took pride in this knowledge. No doubt about it...Bauercrest, - thanks to Joe Bloomfield and his staff, had a strong impact on my life. 'Hats off' to all of them!

Steve Gordon Remember Uncle Joe:

I remember the hideous plaid shorts pulled up high over his waist, and how he got really excited (for him, that is) in the summer of '67 when the Red Sox won 10 in a row in July, on the way to "Impossible Dream" season.

Lou Brown Remembers Uncle Joe:

From 1942 to 1957, Joe Bloomfield called me Sheldon Siegal. I'm not that ugly!

Mark Smoller Remembers Uncle Joe and Stoney:

I had the great good fortune of being deeply involved with Bauercrest for the end of Uncle Joe's tenure, through Uncle Saul's glory years and into the entire time Stoney ran the show in the Big House. Though, with Joe I was a camper and with Bob, I was a Board member/Camp President, so my perspective is quite different....in addition, Bob and I were on staff in the 1970's together where our friendship was forged.

With Joe, I vividly remember his Saturday morning service sermons. They always made us chuckle, but always had a message...often lost on a space shot sophomore. Who could forget the builder who used inferior materials only to have the homeowner give the house back to him as a gift? Or the town that required each citizen to deposit a few drops of wine into a vat, for the rabbis to use on holidays, only to have everyone put in water, thinking the others would all put in wine? Hopefully, fellow alums will contribute other Joe sermons. His reading of the prayer before "Aleynu" (in English) was always much anticipated...as it signaled the upcoming end of services..."and the idols will be utterly cut off...every knee must bend, every tongue must swear..." Joe always walked around the camp horseshoe, on Shabbat morning, to personally waken each bunk with a "Shabbat Shalom" greeting. Of course, we'd all be in anticipation of this and either hide in the back room, outside the bunk or prepare some other "surprise" for Uncle Joe. Was there ever a camper talent show where someone didn't get on the stage and do a Joe imitation? Uncle Joe was big into boxing and was always a presence at the now defunct boxing matches held in the Rec Hall. His phone call, piped into the 1971 banquet (he was too ill to be at camp that summer) will never be forgotten. It was impossible not to be moved. This was a great man, who did so much for the Crest and its boys.

Had a completely different relationship and perspective on Stoney. We bonded at camp in the 1970's as staff members. He was with me the night we terrorized Lips and the Soph B's camping out on the B Diamond....funny thing is, in that group of marauders, was a future camp President, camp director, assistant director (Toots) and Board member (Gore). We banged heads on many occasion in the Rec Hall during rest period playing counselor hoops. Once Bob became director, and I became a frequent visitor to the camp, Bob and I re-enacted our head to head battles on the hoop court. Stoney, complete with his thick, black rimmed sports glasses, head band and variety of head fakes and hook shots...and me with my trademark knee high white socks. After doing basketball battle, we always retired to the Big House porch (or Hodgies) for lengthy discussions about camp and the upcoming opening of Celtics training camp. Watching Bob give a tour, which I actually went on with my son in 1993 was always entertaining...as I'm sure others will recount. Forever the salesman, you couldn't help but notice his passion.

Arriving at camp the morning of the fire, in 1996, was also a moment I'll never forget. Watching Stoney address the camp, telling the kids we were sending them home....thus ending the season early and without Color War.....and leading the entire camp in the alma mater, along the right field line....not a dry eye in the house.

Mike "Ringer" Ring Remembers Stoney:

As for Stoney, you will have to mention about his jogging around camp while wearing his ginormous goggles.

Mark "Little Spoon" Silverstein Remembers Uncle Joe:

I remember Joe (I was 11 or 12) as a real gentleman,"always by the book " with a very stern look (kind of like a school principal). On occasion, he did smile and was actually very endearing to the campers. I sort of remember Joe taking a swing at the softball and he was pretty good. He was the leader of Bauercrest and he was a marvelous example to both camper and counselor.

He, Bernie (Berenson), and Teddie (Resnick) brought the camp a long way and helped to make it great.

Mike Tarlin Remembers Stoney:

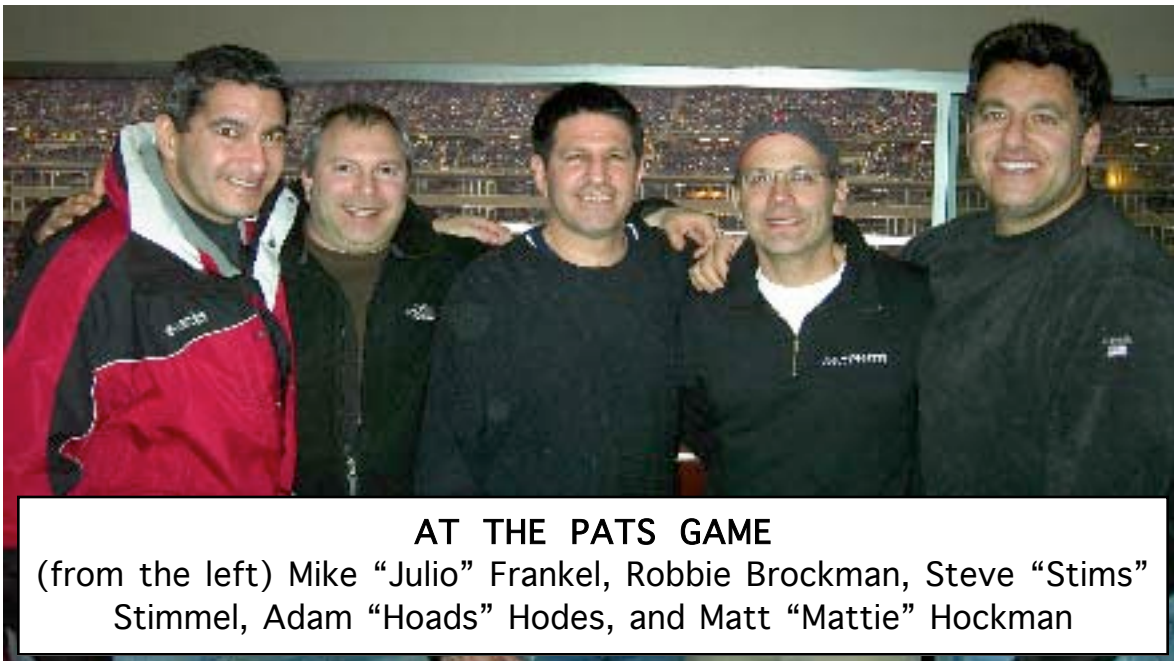
My family came up to visit in 1992 and I was called to the Big House. It was the middle of August and the camp was in the middle of Color War. As I arrived at the Big House, Stoney was about to give a tour to a family. Ever the salesman, he was telling the people about Color War and he looked to my father for approval. He said something to the effect of "You know how intense Color War is Mr. Tarlin, maybe you can explain it." My father, never having attended a camp himself, had no idea what to say and stumbled on some words. After Stoney and the family left, my father just kind of looked at me with his palms up, as if to say "What's with that guy?".....Classic Stoney.

Where have you gone?

Recent attempts to correspond with the following have resulted in dead ends. If anyone has any contact info on any of them, please e-mail Bibs at bibssmol@aol.com:

Mike Braverman, Steve Gopen, Matt Stein, Phil Torgan, Todd Roberts, Dean Meyerow, David Gulden, Richard Silver, Bob Gittleman, Lew Kurtzman, Larry Sugarman, Richard Freede, Scott Goldberg, Steve Kaplan, Steve Brenner, and Henry Izeman.

Also, looking for the whereabouts of: Ralph Fine, Neil Millman, Phil Permut, Jeff Cates, Mickey Chucas, Adam Laipson, Wayne Barnstone, Ron "The Rock" Kline, Joel "Zimbo" Zimmerman, Ralph Sneiderman, Tom Falcofsky, Paul Barr, Jack Jaisler, Billy Kaplan, Mike Ash, Steve Rothman and any other alumni you might know who may not be on our list.



AT THE PATS GAME

(from the left) Mike "Julio" Frankel, Robbie Brockman, Steve "Stims" Stimmel, Adam "Hoads" Hodes, and Matt "Mattie" Hockman

Some Dates To Remember

Alumni Day is Sunday July 13th at noon. This is a GREAT opportunity to visit the camp (with your family), have lunch, and view the daily program in action. It'll give those who haven't visited in a while the chance to see all our improvements and new programs. For those alumni with sons at camp, be reminded that this is NOT Visiting Day and that you should NOT be in or around your son's bunk. This is neither good for him nor his bunkmates. Please observe camp programming from a distance. And please do NOT take your sons out of camp.

Monday (afternoon) July 14th is the **11th Annual Cy Smoller Memorial Golf Outing** for the benefit of Camp Bauercrest. A great day to play some golf with old friends, make new ones and help raise money for the camp. We have over 100 golfers already committed. Please e-mail me at bibssmol@aol.com if you are interested. We're honoring Crest alum/Board member and noted philanthropist David Rosenberg as this year's Joseph Bloomfield Memorial Alumni Man of the Year.

Friday August 22 through Sunday August 24 is our **23rd Annual Alumni Weekend**. Hope many of you will swing by over that weekend. You may contact me at the above e-mail address or watch for more to come on this later this summer. I usually start working on this more diligently after the golf outing.....but I do want to thank Steve Marlin and the Alumni Weekend Committee for all its help. Special thanks to Josh Ziskin for everything he does in preparation for the amazing cookout we have on Alumni Weekend's Saturday night.....it's a must attend event. Josh is the owner of La Morra Restaurant on Route 9 in Brookline. If you haven't eaten there yet, you're missing something!

BAUERCREST WAITER'S CHEER

Succotash, succotash, Can of peas, A hunk of
hash....Soup, Soup, Gefilte Fish I ask you....
Beans, Potatoes, Tip....Tip, the Waiters



Uncle Ted Kolow and the Group Leaders of the Bicentennial Year - 1976
 (from the left) Dave "Lips" Lipof (Soph B), Uncle Ted Kolow (Program Director), Bob "Stoney" Stone (Soph A), Mark "Bibs" Smoller (Seniors), Robert "Dunk" Dunkless (Juniors)

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 of characters from Bauercrests past!*

We need your assistance for our next issue.....please
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