THINGS LOOK FINE IN ‘09

Let’s face it, this had to be one of the worst “off seasons” in decades...maybe since we opened camp in 1931 during the Great Depression. I’m talking, of course, economically. Thankfully, many, if not most of us still have our health and each other. Thus, we will persevere. Bauercrest remains strong in terms of enrollment and spirit. The anticipation of another summer on the hillside is definitely a breath of fresh air at this address. Not sure which picks me up more, pitchers and catchers reporting in February or camp opening in June!

Needless to say, it’s tough times like this that brings out the best in Bauercrest and its community. Not surprisingly, we’ve had a record number of families looking for our assistance to facilitate their sons. Also not surprisingly, the Bauercrest Board of Directors has increased its scholarship budget and the Bauercrest Family has stepped up BIG TIME to make extra funds available. It’s in dire times that we always seem to step up. Bauercrest manages to turn difficult times into its finest hour. I am proud to be associated with such a dedicated, passionate and philanthropic group. On behalf of the Board of Directors (and to many of the Board members), I extend my sincerest thanks for all you do.

I hope many of you will take the time this summer to stop by and visit. Please call ahead (978-388-4732) if you plan to do so to make sure the timing is appropriate. In addition, there are three events planned this summer that we hope you’ll take advantage of:

Our annual golf outing at the Georgetown Country Club (Georgetown, MA) is on Monday July 13. Contact David Mack dmack@ocmlaw.net Jay Goldman GOLDMNCHPL@aol.com or me bibssmol@aol.com for details.

Our annual Alumni Day at camp will be held on Sunday July 19th. No RSVP necessary. Bring the family for a cookout and chance to observe in progress. To those alumni with sons at camp...PLEASE refrain from taking your son out of camp, going into the bunks or in any way disrupting the program. It’s not good for your son(s) nor the other boys. It’s not visiting day.

Lastly, our 25th annual alumni weekend takes place from 8/28-30. The buzz for this milestone year is unprecedented. A great video by alumni Doug Triconi and Dave Lepes can be found on our website, www.bauercrest.org. Just click on the alumni tab. For more Alumni Weekend details, please contact me or Steve Marlin at: smarlin@gmail.com

To one and all, have a great, fun filled summer and hope to see you all on the hillside, at some point, this summer.

Crestly,

Mark “Bibs” Smoller
2009 marks the fourth 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 programming and facilities.

The 2009 Annual Fund is off to a great start, and looks to have the broadest support yet from alumni and friends. We have received gifts so far totaling $44,000 from 120 donors. The Board of Directors is very grateful to everyone who has made a donation to date 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.

For those of you who have not yet made a donation, please consider making a gift before the end of this summer’s camp season. 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 greater increase in donors and increase in the amount of contributions to the 2009 Annual Fund. All contributors to the Fund will be recognized and listed in the next edition of the Alumni Newsletter.

We are also very pleased to announce the extremely generous contributions made by David Rosenberg and some of the members of the Board of Directors in connection with this year’s 12th Annual Cy Smoller Golf Tournament. David’s donation of $10,000, along with $20,000 from the other Board members generated by David’s challenge, has resulted in raising $30,000 for this year’s Tournament. This will more than fully underwrite the costs of the Tournament and will allow the Camp to make this year’s event the most financially successful one yet. Proceeds from the Tournament have always helped supplement our scholarship grants, and this year’s effort will be especially appreciated. Kudos to David and the others for generously stepping up to the tee!

~ Peter Harris and Arthur White
Development Committee Co-Chairs

Tax Deductible Donations to the 2009 Annual Fund can be mailed to:
CAMP BAUERCREST, C/O Mark Smoller, 5 Cogswell Court, Needham, MA 02492
FACEBOOK COMES TO THE HILLSIDE!

Checkout the Camp Bauercrest Alumni group on Facebook to connect with other alums online! The goal is to get every alum into the group. Please join if you have not done so already, and please invite any other alums you notice missing from the group.

As a member of our Group you will be able to check out the latest Alumni news and events.......Write a note to everyone on the Alumni Wall......Post photos, videos, and links......Start a dialog on the Discussion Board......Find and connect with fellow alums

Craig Simons (Group Creator and Administrator)
Rabbi Gerald I. Wolpe, the longtime head of Har Zion Temple, led his congregation in a difficult move from the city to the suburbs and pushed the synagogue to become fully egalitarian in the early 1970s, long before most other Conservative shuls had taken such a step. But perhaps the greatest challenge in his 50-year career came after his wife Elaine suffered two brain aneurysms in 1986. Rather than step aside to care for her full time, Wolpe remained at his pulpit and spoke about their day-to-day struggles, incorporating the ordeal into his teachings and writings on Judaism and medical ethics.

Wolpe, 81, of Center City, died May 18 of pancreatic cancer at Penn Hospice at Rittenhouse. "He had flaws, but they were remarkably few and trivial," Wolpe's son, David, himself one of the most well-known rabbis in the country, said during Tuesday's memorial service at Har Zion in Penn Valley.

Wolpe worked during an era when a rabbi was expected to deliver extensive sermons from the bimah, rather than serve as a discussion leader, which has become more common; and Landes said that his colleague was among the best orators in the Conservative movement. While Wolpe might prepare prodigiously, he rarely took the time to actually write out his sermons, instead choosing to deliver them extemporaneously, added Landes.

His sons described their father as a voracious reader, who loved English poetry, and enjoyed infusing his sermons with literary and historical references. In addition, he had developed an interest in medical ethics back in the 1960s.

The elder Wolpe later became a nationally recognized medical ethicist, and from 1996 to 1999 served as chairman of the advisory committee of the Bioethics Center at the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained a senior fellow. He also taught at the Jewish Theological Seminary, and from 1997 to 2002 worked as director of its Louis Finkelstein Institute for Religious and Social Studies. The rabbi held leadership positions within the wider Philadelphia Jewish community, serving as president of the Board of Rabbis and as a trustee of the Jewish Federation of Greater Philadelphia. He'd also sat on the board of the Jewish Publishing Group.

After retirement, Wolpe and his wife moved to Center City and became members of Temple Beth Zion-Beth Israel.

A native of the Roxbury section of Boston, Wolpe grew up during the Great Depression. He lost his father at the age of 11 -- a loss that his sons said haunted him for his entire life. Daniel Wolpe, a rabbi in Albany, N.Y., said that his father had to learn to defend himself on the streets of Boston and actually amassed six victories as an amateur boxer before suffering a first-round knockout. Years later, he said that his father was nearly kicked out of the Jewish Theological Seminary after he struck a man in a theater who'd made an anti-Semitic remark.

In his youth he attended Camp Bauercrest in Amesbury, MA, where he was a camper, counselor, Camp Rabbi and member of their Alumni organization for more than 70 years.

Wolpe studied Renaissance history at New York University. He was ordained in 1953 and served as a Navy chaplain for two years before taking up his first pulpit at Synagogue Emanuel in Charleston, S.C. He moved to Beth El in Harrisburg in 1958, where he spent 11 years.

In addition to his wife of 54 years -- and sons David, Paul and Daniel -- Wolpe is survived by son Stephen, who is a biomedical researcher, and eight grandchildren.
ALUMNI WEEKEND MEMORIES

Eric Dannenberg writes: As for memories I would say my alumni weekend really showed me just what the Bauercrest brotherhood is all about. Being able to hang with my old counselors and their old counselors and their counselors. I got that feeling of the close bond all of us share. However, I had never even met these guys and they took me in right under their wing and making me feel I was a part of that special Bauercrest brotherhood. That really gave me that much more assurance that this place really is the greatest place on earth.

Jeff Baskies writes: As far as a few memories of weekends past.....Friday nights at the Circle bring back the best memories.......weekends in the senior bunks where we were so loud townies across the lake called the cops.....Shana stories.........booze and schultzzy........robbie and fish swimming across the lake and back.....trying to get the slugs to play softball or basketball on Saturday (unsuccessfully).......one-monthers (attending Friday night and then going home to sleep off the hangover).........Mark Nevins drinking upside down keg-stands hanging from the rafters......naked......

Jeff Marlin writes: Thursday nights with pitching ace Evan Crocker taking out the sink pipe in Bunk 12 creating the Crest's first unnatural waterfall...Greenie tearing across the junior hill in his SUV when Wendy went into labor...

Jim Shaw writes: Friday nights at the Winner's Circle...Camp Bavercrest...Robbie Berger's "Little fly upon the wall"...Ice Cream at Hodgie's...Double's Tennis with Pudge, Big Fish Marlin, and Dave Gorlick...New T-Shirts every year...A female visitor in the junior bunks...Ted's Picture Show...The Duerods...Dave Gorlick's teachings...Listening to Saul in the Big House...Great Saturday Night barbecues...Lips's amusing tapes...Greenie's mad dash home for the birth of his son...My once a year wearing of my Tiki Lau shirt...Bibs's Indy 500 drive back from Milty Morin's daughter's Bat Mitzvah...Sheriff Jaffe.

Steve Faberman writes: My most vivid memory of Alumni Weekend was the very first weekend I attended about 8 or 9 years ago. It was the Friday night after much partying, we returned to the bunks. Booze and Greeney got into a shouting match which escalated into an all-out brawl. I remember everyone yelling and screaming and finally separating the two combatants. When the commotion died down, Andrew Schultz had the line of the weekend when he admonished them with "NO COLOR WAR IN THE BUNKS!!!". Couldn't stop laughing.

Hope all is well with everyone. I'm looking forward to bringing my 8-year old son Adam up to camp this summer to check it out and hope he follows in my footsteps. It's amazing that I'm still in touch with guys who were in Bunk 7 with me in 1981 and Bunk 5 in 1982. Has it really been 28 years???
**ALUMNI WEEKEND MEMORIES**

**David Linda writes:** The only weekend I have made was the one after the fire. It was sobering. And even more sobering was a walk into bunk 17 later on in the evening. A younger person asked me who I was and when I answered, his response - as he partied on with his crew - "Just one of those names on the old honor boards." It was kind of funny, and slightly disrespectful. But I quickly went to find someone over 30!

**Mark "Bibs" Smoller writes:** I guess I'll weigh in using the tried and true Bauercrest "dot, dot" style: God willing, Shimmy, Gor(e) and I will be the only three with PERFECT attendance...all 50 nights....Special mention to Greenie (missed only 1 night, when Robbie was born) and Dave Gor (missed one year when Lisa was sick)...My dad, Larry Phillips, Myron Idelson and Buzz Barton amongst the inaugural (1985) group...nude hoops...The Circle...Shimmy's Deuroids, Tiki Lau shirt and "smoking jacket....The various tee shirts over the years...Dunk's cameos...Ted's 3 Stooges film festival in Bunk 12....10's...movies...softball and hoop games...tubing...naps...mattresses out on the Hillside.....Josh Ziskin's cookouts...cocktail parties on the Big House porch....3 Stooges yuk-fest in the "old man's bunk....Lips's trivia....Elbow's abbreviated stay in 2007.....Greenie doing his Dale Earnhardt imitation when he got the call that Wendy was in labor...Eric Dannenberg's AW performances...Rodent vs. Boogs eating contest....Crestopoly...Crest Pictionary...Lips's tapes and other creations....Gor(e) losing his trunks while tubing...Bento, the annual 1 month homesick camper....The tennis regulars, Bean, Big Fish, Gor, Shimmy and Pudge....The return of Kittles after about 28 years.....some nights in the 90's, some "extra blanket" nights.....getting a counselor bed....The proliferation of the mid 20’s crew...Great to see....Setting attendance records the past few years....The return of "Crest West".....the (second) best day of the year, the Friday of AW, started off by a round of golf....hanging in the amphitheater...good times...

**Jeff “Gor” Gorlick writes:** In the early years, perhaps the first 15 or so, I recall playing rec hall hoop as much as 6 times Fri. morning through Saturday after dinner. Now, the most athletic week-end activities us 50+ veterans engage in include golf Friday morning, taking in the sights at Hampton Beach on Saturday morning, jogging 11 minute miles and eating standing up at the Saturday night Barbecue. One year after returning from the Friday night Winners Circle gathering, our bunk spontaneously went into a Three Stooges marathon extravaganza, wherein we were all spewing out stooges lines from the 150 plus episodes we had all seen a minimum of 100 times each. We had an All-Star group of Stooges fanatics/experts, perhaps the best ever assembled on an impromptu basis, including Bibs, Lips, Bergs, Robbie Bergs, Dave "Mahem" Graham, T.L., Shimmy, Scratch and the Nick. The highlight and most memorable of the performances that night was Robbie Berger's rendition of "Little Fly Upon The Wall", which we are all still laughing about to this day, about 20 years later.
Jeff Gorlick (continued): Possibly that same year, in the bunk next door, which was bunk 17 for those keeping stats, at about 2:00a.m., my brother and his crew woke us all up with his solo marathon singing of Adon O’lam to every tune imaginable. We were getting a bit annoyed in bunk 16, until he broke into Adon O’lam to the tune of Flipper, which cracked us up nearly as much as Robbie’s Little Fly....and who will ever forget the alumni week-end year of one of the most brilliant and revolutionary sports innovations, feet versus socks hoop. These are just a few of the millions of classic and indelible memories of alumni week-ends past.

Dave “Lips” Lipof writes: I would be REMISS were I not to mention the phony Crest commercials on tape which I would labor to create for the entertainment of my fellow alums - especially Bibs. In fact, one day I was over at Bibs’ house in Needham, and his daughter Rachel started going through the script of several of the commercials. It was then that I learned that Bibs kept the tapes in his car and listened to them frequently......perhaps too frequently!

Speaking of our imperious leader......How could I ever complete a list of Alumni Weekend memories without a special mention of Baseball Hall of Famer, Paul Molitor. I mention him because it was during our 1987 Alumni Weekend, at the Winner’s Circle for our annual sports cavalcade on the big screen, that I supposedly said something stupid - that is, according to Bibs, it was stupid. I opined that Molitor, who was a couple of games away from hitting in his record 39th consecutive game, would be headed to the Hall of Fame someday. It should be noted that Bibs is something of an expert on matters relative to the Major Leagues, but I stuck to my guns, insisting that Molitor would indeed be going into the Hall of Fame.......and it was worth waiting the 17 years, when in 2004, the 1993 World Series MVP, lifetime 3,319 hits/.306 batting average, 7 time All-Star.....who accomplished all this despite missing nearly 500 games due to injuries throughout his career, was indeed inducted into the Hall of Fame.....thus providing me with the last laugh! I will say that in gracious recognition of my prescience nearly 2 decades earlier, Bibs did give me UNQUALIFIED kudos......and to this day will never doubt anything I say, no matter how stupid it might sound. Oh.....in case you were wondering, Molitor’s hit streak came to an end at 39 games on Wednesday night, August 27......just a few days after Alumni Weekend. It sure did seem (at the time) like Bibs was right, and I (as usual) was wrong!

That said......I believe it is appropriate at this point to single out Bibs for his tireless efforts on behalf of the Crest......and in particular - in making Alumni Weekend possible, and in establishing it as a Bauercrest tradition. One of the toughest things about growing old is having to say goodbye to the things which we cherished in our youth, and thanks to Bibs (and those others) who have worked so hard to make and keep Alumni Weekend as our traditional get-away, we have been able to cling to this very important part of our younger days. Thank you Bibs!
Jeff Baskies writes: I have so many fond memories of Toots.....as a group leader, he took on some of the tougher cases and promised us his guidance and tutelage.....his favorite campers....Toots could rat tail so hard he could draw blood......there must still be a few scarred campers..........playing whist and trivial pursuant in his bunk...........I remember laughing my ass off an entire summer with hodus, missle, E, rob levin, oakie, and many other cos.........then when Toots was head counselor, we had such a wild ride.....Toots brought us Todd.....Toots didn’t like visiting the waterfront...Toots had fun with us at Canobie.....Toots loved throwing kids out of the head bunk.......Toots during color war.........Toots and Saul arguing....Toots at the head table.......Toots was a teacher, a mentor and a friend. And we all knew he cared.......

Ari Millstein writes: I remember Ted playing rec hall hoops and his sweeping hook shots in his Chuck Taylor Converse shoes.

Louis Brown writes: My first year at camp was 1942 and my last was 1957. Obviously, I have many wonderful memories of that experience. I had several terrific counselors such as Larry Phillips, Yale Altman, Buzzy Barton and Moe Zarchen to name a few. The most memorable summer was either 1955 or 1956 (try remembering events at 73 years old!) when I was the waite rs counselor. They were housed in the same bunk that burned down and was replaced by a gift from the Bauercrest Reunion Group that has been meeting every summer, usually on Cape Cod, for the last 25 years. Because of the cramped quarters, I lived in the head bunk with Uncle Bernie who shared many great memories of his life and offered several pieces of advise that I will never forget. He was a wonderful warm individual and a terrific father figure. Not one of our reunions goes by without the mention of an Uncle Bernie story. It was also the summer when the “phantom” struck with several pranks. Uncle Bernie asked me to find the guy as he was getting quite annoyed. I took the job with much gusto and would report to him that I was getting closer and closer. However, I was reluctant to turn myself in! I’m sure he knew who it was. Another benefit of that summer is getting to know the Berenson family. They were a most caring bunch and unforgettable. Uncle Bernie, thank you.

Kenny Stuart writes: For the four years I was at the Crest I thought Ted was very fair to work for and I enjoyed becoming friends with him after an auspicious first couple of weeks. My only recollection of an adverse encounter involving Ted centered not on my skipping services virtually every week of my 4 years but on my recollection of his calling Bento to the Head Bunk one day after lunch in our first year presumably to ask him why he wasn't at his assigned activity? Bento comes stalking down the hill and his response was something to the extent of "What, counselors aren't entitled to sleep?"
David Linda writes: Ted – the flying hair and deadly set shot during rec hall hoops in late 70’s. Classic.

Rabbi Jeffrey 'Falks' Falkoff writes: The thing I remember about Steve Rothenberg is that he loved to fire people. I mean, I think that was the favorite part of the summer for him. For example, one morning as the Group Leaders met in the head bunk to do the day’s schedules, he came in, told the CI on-duty to leave, and sat down with biggest smile on his face I had ever seen, like the type of smile a camper would get when he got MarioGolf for Gameboy in a care package midway through the summer. Anyways, he sits down and says something like we got 'um, we’re getting rid of XXXXX’ and went on to describe why XXXXX was getting fired. He was giggling by the end of his story. We all looked at him in shock as this was pretty unexpected, and we were all confused about this side of Steve we hadn't shown us all that much.

Andy "Elbows" Rafey writes: (Steve Rothenberg) This of course was after the great fire in 1996 and the leadership team on the Board that included Bibs, myself, Herb Phillips and Jerry Silverman conversed heavily during alumni weekend and made the decision that bringing Stevo back to the fold was in the best interests of the camp and Stoney needed a real strong number 2 after Peter Gordon flaked out again. We negotiated out deal with Steve but there was some unfinished business and that was to fire George Houghton the self styled Director of Operations. We allowed George to live in the Big House during the year and met right after labor day with George and told him we were bringing in a new AD. He was sweating bullets as we wanted to surprise him knowing Steve was not a George fan. About ten minutes after this Steve walked into the Big House and the look on George’s face said it all. Steve told him he would not be retained and George wanted to know if he could still stay in the Big House for the winter and get paid for “watching over” the camp. Steve said no and then called me back in where I handed George a termination letter. He asked how much time he had to stay and Steve and I conferred for a minute and Steve said be out by the end of the day and this ushered in the 2nd serving as AD for Steve and with a bang not a wimper! (Bernie Berenson) It was 1976 and my last season at the Crest and was a counselor in bunk 6 with I believe Spinal Spelfogel and maybe Eddie Landy who had become a real Crest Legend and Bernie was making his rounds as he tended to do phasing out his Crest career and walked into the bunk and saw I had my bed facing in a different direction than the campers and also had a mini refrigerator and a stereo blaring out Steely Dan's Ricki Don't Lose That Number. Bernie took me aside and said “Mr. Rafey, you are not Mahatma Ghandi and are no different than anyone else. Move your bed back in the same direction and lose the stereo... you can keep the refrigerator if the children can use it as well”. I loved Bernie and he taught me a valuable lesson. He was certainly the first and greatest "Mr. Bauercrest".
Jeff Sneider (Captain, Blue Breakthrough) writes: I’ll always remember Tootz as the man who made me cry tears of joy, which flow all too rarely in life. It was the first Tuesday of second month, the night of “The Color War Meeting” and I was playing Whist in Bunk 19 with some of my fellow ‘99ers. We all thought Senior Group Leader Ben Feit would be the first Captain of our year because it was his second summer as a GL and he had been a Chief Judge the year before, while I served as the Head Waiter Counselor and his AGL. Just after midnight, right on cue, Tootz came down the hill (probably with an Iced Coffee from Dunkin’ Donuts) and entered the bunk, asking Feit to step outside. We peppered Feit with questions when he returned, but he swore that Tootz hadn’t told him anything other than to send me down to his room after we finished playing. Needless to say, I don’t think we finished the game. I wasn’t sure what to expect (this was, after all, a secret meeting) but I was prepared to sit out my first War and serve as a Chief Judge if called upon. When I got to Tootz’s room, he looked at me long and hard. He told me that he knew how much Bauercrest meant to me and how much I meant to the camp as the elder statesman of ’99. I’d never been a Group Leader (no regrets) but I’d run a tight ship overseeing the Waiters for the past three summers, a thankless job but one that carries a certain status on the hillside. Eventually, he revealed that Marc Walkin had been made a Captain, which was a no-brainer. But the other Captain came as quite a shocking surprise. It would be me, should I choose to accept the responsibility. I remember being speechless. No words could describe the elation I was feeling, knowing I was being given the opportunity to lead the Camp in a way I’d never had the chance to before. This had been my dream for 12 years, and now I’d have the chance to follow in the footsteps of some of my favorite counselors and camp legends. I started crying and I shook his hand, thanked him for believing in me and promised I wouldn’t let him down. Then I went down to the Smoller Chapel to call my parents and cry some more. Now, on the surface, this story seems to be more about myself than Tootz. But really, it shows what kind of Camp Director he was. Tootz was a fair man who showed you respect if you earned it. He knew that a young man wasn’t defined by his position, but by what he did with whatever position he had. He saw something in me, believed in me and gave me a shot, and for that I am eternally grateful. And sure he changed Color War by deviating away from the draft to a split (there’s the idea of fairness again) but I don’t hold it against him. I got the opportunity to be King for a week and I wouldn’t trade it for anything in the world. Except maybe a blue and white hatchet. Thanks Tootz, for all the memories and more. I hope I didn’t let you down.

Dave “Lips” Lipof writes: Uncle Ted was Camp Bauercrest to me! I will always remember his leadership and the trust he placed in me as a Color War Captain, Chief Judge and Group Leader. More than that, Uncle Ted, along with his late wife Elaine Kolow, occupy a special place in my heart and soul. Ted is one of my dearest friends in this world......for which I am very grateful!
Mark "Bibs" Smoller writes: I was just starting out as a camper as Bernie was winding down his Head Counselor career...and transitioning into the newly created, for him, camp coordinator role. To a young sophomore camper Bernie was intimidating for both his appearance (Marine hair cut/no nonsense approach) and his icon status at camp. Yet, he was one of the fairest, kindest men ever to walk the planet. He knew everyone and everyone's family. It was not unusual for him to say to a camper, "I just saw your brother." or "How's your dad doing...I coached/taught him at Chelsea High."

That said, he played no favorites and ran a tight ship. One particular item that I'll never forget was....I was a first year camper (1965) in the Soph B's. One day, after the lineup for dinner call and bugle, I was immersed in a game of tetherball and decided to finish the game, thus ignoring lineup. Making the transgression even worse was that this was a dinner meal, thus the camp was assembled for flag lowering/national anthem. Bernie paged "the two boys playing tether ball in front of Bunk 7, to the Head Bunk." I knew I was in for trouble, but also knew Bernie and my dad were very close friends. When I got to the Head Bunk, he looked down at me from the doorway and said, "Did you not hear the bugle and lineup call? Go back to your counselor and tell him I've kicked you off the Honor Roll this week." In those days, the Honor Roll was a big deal, read at each Sunday night's group meeting and a season camper had to make it 6 of 8 weeks to make the Honor Board. I was near tears, but did go to my counselor, Uncle Ted, and relayed Bernie's message. I was devastated.

When Bernie was Camp Coordinator, he often opened the Mess Hall, after taps, and hosted a counselor snack. What great times with Bernie. He showed a great sense of humor and an uncanny knowledge of each nail that went into building the camp, and when it was hammered. It was better than a night out...His recall of Bauercrest lore was fascinating

I had the great good fortune of not only serving under Uncle Ted in his capacity as Head Counselor, but I also had him for two summers as my bunk counselor. I remember Ted excitedly telling my dad on pick up day 1966, that he was to be married to his beloved Elaine shortly after camp. He would also bring back treats for the campers, upon returning from his days off. It got to a point where we were always looking out the windows/door, up the hill anxiously awaiting Ted's return with the "goodies." As Head Counselor Ted was always a great listener, shrewd teacher (both campers and staff) and in his own quiet way, commanded the respect of his staff. One did not fear Ted, as perhaps one may have Uncle Bernie. Ted was not nearly as imposing a figure. But Ted had your respect. You felt as though you let him down if you disappointed him. We spent numerous memorable times together from the 70's thru the early 21st century. We went to the dog track,
PROGRAM DIRECTOR MEMORIES

out to eat (boy Uncle Ted loves to eat!), swapped stories, played hoop, played cards, celebrated milestone birthdays, my kids' Bar/Bat Mitzvahs...endless moments. Though my father was always my idol, Ted was a Bauercrest icon and treasure. Someone to be looked up to, embraced and cherished as a link to days gone by. Thus, it saddens me that he has chosen to distance himself from camp these days. Repeated attempts to reconnect have fallen on deaf ears. It's a shame there's a whole generation of Bauercrest campers that haven't had the benefit of Ted's wit, intelligence, ability to entertain and tell stories. Hopefully that will change some day.

Dave “Bento” Weintraub writes: I think Enzo beat me to the punch on this one but hung over, tough night at K'S, I over sleep. Ted calls me to the head bunk and i say "HEY COUNSELORS HAVE TO SLEEP TOO YOU KNOW". Almost got fired. I believe it was Bernie saying "i mean, i mean". Uncle Ted, running the best counselor snacks.....OPS, BROOK, PEY, (Bishop's, Seabrook, Cafe Pompey). Nobody did it better than Ted working with homesick kids. He never lost a one. Loie the nurse talking to Ted. “TRY IT YOU'LL LIKE IT!”

SOME DATES TO REMEMBER

Monday (afternoon) **July 13th** is the **12th 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. Please e-mail me at bibssmol@aol.com if you are interested.

**Alumni Day** is **Sunday July 19th** 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.

**Friday August 28th through Sunday August 30th** is our **25th 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!

We’re honoring Crest alum member and noted philanthropist Jeff “Grinny” Grinspoon as this year’s Joseph Bloomfield Memorial Alumni Man of the Year. Grinny will be honored with the presentation of his award at our Saturday night cookout. We hope there will be many Alums on hand to help honor him.
REMEMBER WHEN.....

STAFF 1979  (30 YEARS AGO!)

STAFF 1989  (20 YEARS AGO!)
CAMP BAUERCREST ALUMNI WEEKEND 2009

25TH ANNIVERSARY!

SAVE THE DATE: AUGUST 28-30TH

For more info, see www.bauercrest.org or please contact:

Rob Brockman [rob@bauercrest.org]
Doug Brooks [dbrooks@libbyhoopes.com]
Alan Feldman [afeldman@resouerei.com]
David Golder [degolder@gmail.com]
Rick Kaplan [rick@kaplancommercial.com]

Jeff Kirstein [jeffk87@yahoo.com]
Dave Mandell [mandell@ojgroup.com]
Steve Marlin [smarlin@gmail.com]
Josh Michelson [michelson56@gmail.com]
Andrew Moss [amoss@highfieldscapital.com]
Mike Reiss [mreiss@globe.com]
Matt Ravech [mravech1@metlife.com]

Ken Rubin [ksrubin@statestreet.com]
Dave Schlafman [dave.schlafman@gmail.com]
Steve Schlafman [stevensthekraftgroup.com]
Andy Schultz [aschultz@wondertablitz.com]
Billy Schultz [bschultz@wondertablitz.com]
Brad Shone [bashone@statestreet.com]
Jared Shwartz [jaredshwartz@gmail.com]

Andrew Silver [andrewsilver@gmail.com]
Craig Simons [craigsimons@stocktock.com]
Billy Smoller [wsmoller@gmail.com]
Mark Smoller [bbsmoller@aol.com, 631-796-1830]
Doug Triconi [dtriconi@jump-creative.com]
Marc Walkin [mwalkin1@gmail.com]
Josh Ziskin [josh@lamosra.com]
12th ANNUAL
CY SMOLLER GOLF TOURNAMENT
to benefit
CAMP BAUERCREST
Monday, July 13, 2009, Georgetown Country Club, Georgetown, Massachusetts

11:30 a.m. Registration
12:00 p.m. Barbeque Lunch
1:30 p.m. Shotgun Start
5:00 p.m. Cocktails, Dinner, Awards and Raffle Items

• BRAMBLE FORMAT (foursome selects best drive; each player hits second shot from best drive location and plays his or her own ball until holed)

• AWARDS FOR TOP FOURSOMES AND BEST FATHER OR MOTHER-SON PAIR

• PRIZES FOR HOLE IN ONE, CLOSEST TO PIN, LONGEST DRIVE, PUTTING CONTEST

• VALUABLE AUCTION/RAFFLE ITEMS, INCLUDING RED SOX PARAPHERNALIA FROM TWIN SOUVENIRS ON YAWKEY WAY AND RED SOX TICKETS

In order to reserve your space, kindly complete the attached form and return it with payment (check or credit card) to:

David B. Mack
O'Connor, Carnathan and Mack
8 New England Executive Park, Ste. 310
Burlington, MA 01803

Questions or additional information, call or email:
David Mack (781) 359-9005, dmack@oconnorlaw.net
Jay Goldman (781) 632-5600, goldmanj@comcast.net
Mark "Bibs" Smoller (617) 965-1830; bibssmoll@aol.com

Name of Participant(s) - $200 per player
(1) ____________________ (2) ____________________ (3) ____________________ (4) ____________________

Sponsorship Packages (check applicable box)

□ Big House - $1200
Name of Sponsor: ____________________
Entry fee for 4 golfers, signs at a tee box and a green

□ Head Bunk - $500
Name of Sponsor: ____________________
Signs at a tee box and a green

□ (Old) Rec Hall - $250
Name of Sponsor: ____________________
Sign at a tee box or green

□ Mess Hall - $36
Name of Sponsor: ____________________
Cannot attend the Golf Outing, but would like to attend the Dinner and Raffle

□ New Building - Raffle Item or Prize - Name of Sponsor: ____________________

In lieu of any of the above, the Camp would greatly appreciate a contribution of a raffle item or prize. Examples include gift certificates, tickets to sporting events, sports paraphernalia, greens fees at your local golf club...be creative - anything that you think someone would want to spend money for a chance to win is welcome! Proper recognition and sponsorship will be given.

Return completed form and check to: David B. Mack, c/o O'Connor, Carnathan and Mack, 8 New England Executive Park, Ste. 310, Burlington, MA 01803
BAUERCREST ALUMNI WEEKEND 2009

THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY!

AUGUST 28-30TH
RETURN TO CAMP!

SAVE THE DATE

THE CAMP
BAUERCREST ALUMNI NEWSLETTER IS A FREE PUBLICATION PREPARED SOLELY FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE CAMP BAUERCREST ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, WHICH IS AFFILIATED WITH CAMP BAUERCREST, INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION.

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Dave Lipof
PHOTOGRAPHS
Dave Lipof and Steve Marlin
PRINTING & CIRCULATION
Steve Marlin, Mark Smoller
CONTRIBUTORS
Robbie Brockman, Mark Smoller, and a cast of characters from Bauercrest's past!

We need your assistance for our next issue.....please send articles, photos and memories to Dave "Lips" Lipof at coverscape@comcast.net, or mail to Dave Lipof, P.O. Box 1381, Sagamore Beach, MA 02562