In Bauercrest Heaven In 2011
Project Splash Underway!

For those of us who attended the Crest from the 1940's through the 1960's, under the leadership of "Uncle" Joe Bloomfield, I'm sure the memories of his Shabbat sermons still resonate.

As the Board of Directors voted, in this economy, to expend 100's of thousands of dollars to install a much needed swimming pool, one sermon in particular came to mind.

If you recall, Joe told us of the Jewish community, long ago, which had fallen on hard times. The Rabbi went to the community asking each individual to bring a small amount of their wine to the Temple, pour it into a vat, thus providing the Rabbi with wine needed to usher in Shabbat (with a proper kiddush) and other festivities. This particular congregation was very selfish, and many/all of the individuals figured they could get away with pouring in a glass of water, instead of the wine. They figured that everyone else would pour in wine, and their single glass of water wouldn't be noticed or make a difference.

Lo and behold, everyone had the same thought and the disappointed Rabbi was left with a vat of water.

Bringing this forward, I was concerned (given the times) that we wouldn't be able to raise the money necessary to make this dream come true. Could I have been more wrong???! After all these years, I should've known better. The passion for Bauercrest remains as strong as ever. Almost daily, since we kicked this off in early April, I receive mail (or e-mails) containing donations. The outpouring and energy has been inspiring. Hundreds of alumni and parents have contributed anywhere from "Chai" to $100,000. Once again, the group has stepped up and "brought the wine."

On behalf of the Board of Directors, and a grateful Bauercrest community my heartfelt thanks. Your dedication and love for the Crest never ceases to amaze.

Over the course of the summer, we have several events and I hope you'll make it a point to attend them.... Sunday July 17th is Alumni Day at camp. Come and reconnect with friends and see the facilities. If you have sons, a perfect opportunity to tour and watch camp in action. Monday July 18th is the 14th annual Cy Smoller Memorial Golf Outing, once again at the Haverhill Country Club. Those who played last year loved the change of venue (from the Georgetown Club). More on this event to follow. Friday August 26 - Sunday August 28th is our 27th Alumni Weekend. More on this later as well. Mark your calendar. Happy and healthy New Year to all. See you on the hillside in 2011 perhaps for a "General Swim."

Mark "Bibs" Smoller
MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Hello Fellow Alums!

Even experiencing our first snowfall for winter 2010/2011, I can tell you that it’s summer that is most on my mind. No sooner than the last of our lost and found had been sent did the front end loader, plows, and trucks pull up to clear the way for Project Splash! Each and every one of us can feel so proud to be part of this literally “ground-breaking” facility for Bauercrest. While the hay, tarp, and insulation now cover the ground through the colder winter weeks, the progress is easily seen with the pool house construction, retaining wall, drainage system, and vast clearing for our collegiate competition sized pool!

We are moving into the 2011 season from a summer that brought all the camaraderie and fun for a most successful 2010. The hand-off from Dan Gold to Brian Miller as assistant director was an elegant one; and to have both on the hill at the same time was a testament to the depth of our leadership. Program director Ricky Kahn – to whom we dedicated the 2010 Bauercrest Banner yearbook – was the epitome of a team player. No better example could be seen than in the orchestration of the most successful single-day recruiting event Bauercrest has ever seen on our Prospective Camper Day. To date, more than 30 of the 50 boys who attended have already enrolled for 2011. Henry “Y-A-F-F-A” Yaffa will be Chai – making it 18 years at the Crest (as will Brian). And our newest addition to the Bauercrest administration is none other that Joanna Feldman – yes, Pudge’s oldest daughter – never missing a beat and keeping us on schedule.

To address perhaps the most frequently asked question, “How are the numbers?” I am glad to report that we are in fact seeing the emergence from the economic decline that has impacted countless organizations and families over the last couple of years. Retention continues to be strong and the influx of new camper applications – more than we have ever received by this time of year – shows how word alone can travel fast … “there is nothing like the Crest!”

We remain true to our charter to provide a Jewish camp experience for any young man who wishes to attend. It is no secret that without scholarship support, such a mission would not be possible. The Foundation for Jewish Camp, the Harold Grinspoon Foundation, Federations and congregations across the country work with us to make the dream of Jewish overnight camp come true for so many. With such generous resources, none of what we accomplish both in-season and off-season would ever be possible without the energy and support of our Board of Directors and you – fellow alumni and alumnai. Our state of the art facilities: a media room, the rec hall, music room, Camp Bauercrest Television (CBTV), WIST Radio, Batting Cages, and now a pool are tangible results of your work, dedication, and financial support. Intangibly, there is nothing like being part of the growth and development of these young men and hearing the volumes of thanks from campers and parents alike that have been touched by the Bauercrest experience.

Thank you Bibs, the Board, Lips and all of you for your support.

To Sportsmanship, Teamwork, Achievement and Responsibility!

Wishing all the best for the New Year and always.

Crestly,

Robbie Brockman
PROJECT SPLASH…A SWIMMING SUCCESS

The year 2010 saw us focus our fundraising efforts solely towards Project Splash. The construction of our swimming pool was clearly going to be the Camp’s single most expensive addition in our 81 year history. The Board of Directors reached out to our Alumni, Parents and friends of the Crest in an unprecedented way…and the response was simply tremendous. We are extremely pleased to report that the amazing generosity of more than 240 donors has resulted in contributions of $650,000 towards the Pool! The idea for the pool and Project Splash was based on the bold vision and major financial investments of 3 Board members – Alan Feldman, Jeff Grinspoon and Dan Rubin. Without them, this project would never have taken off! The Campaign received a fantastic lift in the early stages with a remarkable $100,000 contribution from Alum and Parent, Greg Segall. A matching opportunity provided by the Grinspoon Institute of Jewish Philanthropy encouraged a significant number of donations. And the last 2 months of the Campaign were energized and spurred on by another matching opportunity provided by Board member and Alum David Rosenberg. A special debt of gratitude to Greg, Harold and David for being so supportive of the project.

The financial commitment to the Camp as set out in the List of Donors that follows is outstanding. We thank all of you for your donations. In these challenging financial times, the spirit and dedication to our Camp and the future of Jewish camping is astounding. We hope many of you will get to the Crest this summer to see what your monies have produced.

~ Peter Harris and Arthur White
Development Committee Co-Chairs
PROJECT SPLASH DONORS

POOL NAMING
($100,000+)

Greg Segall

CAMP CUP SOCIETY
($25,000 to $99,999)

Alan Feldman
Jeff Grinspoon
Harold Grinspoon Foundation and the Grinspoon Institute for Jewish Philanthropy
David Rosenberg
Dan Rubin
Andrew & William Schultz
Ken Wagner

BAUERCREST SOCIETY
($10,000 to $24,999)

Stu Fruman
Bonnie Hechtkopf
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Barry Rodenstein
Ross Weisman

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($5000 to $9,999)

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($250 to $499)

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Dr. Barry Izenstein
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Jersey Mom's in honor of Jeff & Jon
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HONOR ROLL (CONT.)

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Paula Weiner
Dave Wilson
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Jennifer & Steve Wolfberg
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Andy Zetland

*List as of 1/9/11

THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROSITY & SUPPORT!
A PROJECT SPLASH UPDATE

Mark Smoller and Mike Green stand at what will be the center of the Bauercrcrest pool

Principal donor Greg Segall and various Board Members gather for the Ground Breaking
ALUMNI WEEKEND

FRIDAY NIGHT

BIG HOUSE PORCH

2010
ALUMNI WEEKEND 2010
ALUMNI WEEKEND 2010
25 YEAR CLUB!

SATURDAY NIGHT ALL-STAR
BBQ ON THE HILLSIDE
THANKS TO JOSH ZISKIN (OF LAMORRA RESTAURANT, BROOKLINE!)

WELCOME CAMP BAUERCREST ALUMNI
Rick “Boston Celtics” Weitzman writes: Thanks for the note. Just wanted to let you know that I am doing fine and enjoying semiretirement. I am currently scouting regionally for the Washington Wizards and am also a tour guide at Fenway Park which is a whole lot of fun. A hip and knee replacement over the past seven years have slowed me down some but I still do an occasional shooting lecture (I can still knock down a shot or two). Every time I receive a camp newsletter, it brings back a lot of memories, as camp was a large part of my younger years. It would be nice if the newsletter featured some of the older times. I keep saying that it would be nice to get back to Bauercrest to visit. One of these days.

Ben Feit writes: I'm out of school and clerking for a federal judge in Philadelphia. Not practicing yet; still awaiting the results of the bar exams (NY and Mass) from July. Hopefully I get some good news on that front within the next week or so.

Herb "The Hereb" Wyman writes: "Glad to report that my grandson Kyle Wyman (Rusty's son) will be a third generation camper in 2011."

Peter "Scratch" Harris reports: "Recently returned from a vacation trip of a lifetime to South Africa. October was our 30th wedding anniversary, so we celebrated by traveling with Greg and Jenna to exotic South Africa. The safari rides in open Jeeps were amazing. We were up close, really close, with lions, elephants, leopards, water buffalo, giraffes and many others. One lion jogged past our vehicle in pursuit of a female so close that I could've reached down and touched him. We stayed two nights at a safari lodge in a private game reserve. It was right on a river, so all day, animals came by to hang out. Some even made their way into the camp. Travel to and from was a killer, 30 hours door to door from the game reserve to Marblehead, including a 16 hour direct flight from Johannesburg to NY...but it was worth the jet lag."

Scott Aronson says: that it was great seeing all the camp guys, of multiple generations, at Billy's wedding.

Ron "Scheina" Scheinin writes: "Hope all is well with everyone. We are doing well in the 'Mile High City' or as we are becoming known as 'The Rocky Mountain Patriots'. If you're in the Denver area, call me at 720-862-5254 or e-mail me at: ronscheinin@q.com."

Marty Waldman reports: "6/10/11 will be married to Paula for 55 years. 4 children, Steven, Howard, Gary and Lisa. 4 grandchildren: Sharon, Brandon, Erica and Brooke."

From Barry "Rodent" Rodenstein: "As usual, Alumni Weekend was great fun. Glad to be making my return to the Crest March Madness trip to Vegas in March. Can't wait to see the pool at the Crest. Lots of hard work and generosity on the part of the Crest community has gone into making the pool a reality for this coming summer. A question to ponder: Will watching the kids during General Swim still be called ‘dock duty’?"

Haskell Jaffe writes: "Everything is well in Winthrop. My wife Joanne and I recently returned from 2 weeks in Pompano Beach, FL. We golfed often and played some tennis. My tennis game is still strong...I don't even talk about my golf. Always enjoy hearing about the Crest and would love to hear from former campers and or fellow counselors.

Ken "Mirage" Reisman writes: "Saw Marvin White last summer and had a great time reliving old Bauercrest moments. Hello to Arthur White, Fox etc."
Marc "Bucky" Gordon: wishes everyone a Happy Hanukkah and New Year....it's strange seeing Shaq in Celtic green, but he's playing great.

Barry "Mildew" Milberg writes: "All is well on Long Island. Kids getting older, but I'm not. Anyone interested in dinner in NYC one night this winter?"

Mike Reiss reports: "We're coming up on the first birthday of daughter Talia in March. Job-wise, I've moved on to an exciting new venture with ESPNBoston.com. Wishing the best to all my Crest friends."

Laurie Winer: He is a law professor at Arizona State University recently co-authored a new book entitled, "Politics, Taxes and the Pulpit: Provocative First Amendment Conflicts.

Rob Berger writes: "Warmest regards to all...Working throughout New England on environmental projects saving frogs and cleaning up chemical spills. Does anyone remember how to tie gimp?"

Don Grohman reports: "Can't believe it's been 50 years since my first Crest summer....Time flies...The pool will be a great addition. Heading to Crested Butte this winter as a Special Olympics volunteer ski coach. Retirement is great. Hello to all Crest alumni."

Steve “Fish” Marlin writes: A big shout out to the “Alumni Weekend Committee 2010” for their assistance in making another successful Alumni Weekend! Most of these guys have helped out now for many years and greatly appreciate the support. Also, special thanks to Andy Schultz for leading the Fri night Big House Cocktail hour and to Josh Ziskin (of La Morra restaurant, Brookline!) for a simply tremendous All-Star Saturday night BBQ on the Hillside. Just when we thought he maxed out the spread for the 25th anniversary last year, this year’s delicious meal may have been the best yet! Looking forward to Bauercrest 2011, the pool grand opening, and the upcoming summer events!

Lew Averbach writes: "My dear friend Ray Tye passed away recently. In his memory and friendship, I try to carry on."

David "Gor" Gorlick writes: "This year’s (Alumni) Weekend was spectacular. The return of sunny weather was a huge plus. It was great seeing everyone again. Shimmy's return to the tennis courts was great to see. Jeff's pre-weekend BBQ was a great lead in to the weekend."

From Dave "Aussie" Auslander: "All is well in Hopkinton. Both Stephen and Robyn had fantastic summers at the Crest and Pembroke respectively. Hope all is well."

From Barbara Kleinman: "I'm sorry to report to you that my dear husband Jerry passed away in April 2009. He held many happy memories of his Camp Bauercrest days."

Jim "Shimmy" Shaw writes: "(In May) had a wild, but very successful weekend with my twin daughters Bat Mitzvah one day and Brad's high school graduation the next. Brad had a great time as a counselor at the Crest and can't wait to go back. Wish it were me. Alumni Weekend was excellent as usual, usual. Very nice get together the night before at Jeff's. Hope that becomes an annual."
Mike "Newbs" Newberg writes: "Yes, after 30 years I returned to the Crest as the bus driver. After retiring from the Marblehead Police Department I took over running the family business, a small machine shop that makes parts for GE. A neighbor and friend, who owns Healey Bus Company, talked me into driving for him part time. Healey Bus is a small family owned business that I thought would be a great fit for Bauercrest. After speaking to my old EE (and now camp director) Robbie Brockman, Healey was given a try. It worked out beautifully for both parties. I did drive a number of Crest trips. And yes, it did remind me of the cheer we used to give the bus driver, and yes, the kids gave me that cheer! It brought back many fond memories of my camp days. I thank Rob Brockman and his staff for a very warm welcome...it was great to see him and Roger after all these years. I was happy to see that the camp was in such great shape and continues the tradition of being the best. Also, the boys on the bus were surprised that the bus driver could sing the camp alma mater word for word."

Jeff "McAdoo" Miller reports: "I was 0-5 in Color War. I think "Tito Mirliss" was 0-9. Igor had a pretty bad record too. I wonder what the all time winning/losing streaks are?"


NOT a Board Meeting! (from left) Arthur White, Mike & Robbie Green, Dan Rubin, Mark Smoller, Barry Rodenstein with "some friends" at Justin Wagner’s Bar Mitzvah (Gillette Stadium, 9/11/10)
Irving Waldman writes: I was saddened to read of Jerry “Spoon” Silverman’s passing. My remembrances are fond, and like Herb Philips, I would like to share them with the Cresties of the 50’s. In 1955 I was Jerry’s junior counselor - right out of high school. He was the Sophomore Group Leader, also with Arnie Goodman. I recall there were a lot of kids - 7 or 8 Bunks in all. The year 1955 was an interesting and unusual camp season. Health concerns closed the camp to all visitors - no one allowed to leave or enter..... Food, mail and supplies were picked up before they reached the Big House..... Days Off did not exist - one could take a boat onto the Lake for fishing, but nothing else. Now Jerry was a college senior preparing for his upcoming marriage to Myrna Faigel (sister to Doc), and was not interested in camp quarantine, so just halfway through the season he goes off to plan with his true love. As the junior counselor, I was left alone and in charge (of the Bunk). Jerry had assured me that there would be no problems, and there were none. We had an agreement on tips that was honored. Jerry was one of my quiet mentors. He showed me by example and not to do this and to do that. He also showed me how to avoid waterfront duty, which I did when I was a groupie in 1958. In later years, we did have occasional contact. I recall when his son was going to Brown, he asked if I would be available should the need arise... YES, was my answer - but, it never did. I represented a major regional school photography business, but I could never convince him to switch to my client. He might consider a change. He did, however, send via my clients, a copy of the group picture (Soph- 1955), which I still have. Infamous group which included Ralph Posner, the late Fred Steinberg, among others. Herb Philips recollection is accurate regarding Berenson Field. I was a proud contributor to the plaque, which signified what the Staff that year (1955) thought of Uncle Bernie. What Herbie doesn’t mention are the “Night Riders”, counselor meetings. I wonder if Herb still likes onions in his salad, or peanut butter. In the strange world of many coincidences, Herb’s nephew Steven (Lefty) was my son’s counselor in the 1970’s. Those were the good days - Bauercrest memories last a lifetime. Gerald Silverman was a good man and a leader by example..... May his soul rest in peace.

Rabbi Marc “Bubba” Baker presides over Billy and Rachel Smoller’s wedding in September
Jack Nicholson may be the Lakers' most famous season-ticket holder, but when it comes to longevity and insider status with franchise, no fan -- not even Jack -- can match Joe Smith.

The retired music mogul, a Yale graduate and radio disc-jockey who went on to oversee multiple music labels and shepherd the careers of stars such as Jimi Hendrix, the Grateful Dead and Bruce Springsteen, moved to Los Angeles in 1960 -- the same year the Lakers moved from Minneapolis. Smith has purchased season tickets for each the franchise's 50 years in LA -- from the club's early days playing home games on a stage at the Shrine Auditorium to the Magic/Kareem teams at the Forum to the last decade at Staples Center in downtown LA. "I always tell [Lakers owner] Jerry Buss: 'If I hadn't bought tickets all these years, I could've bought the team.'"

A Boston native, Smith has a unique perspective on the Los Angeles-Boston basketball rivalry, particularly since he remained a Celtics die-hard during his first decade in LA, when the Celtics made a habit of beating the Lakers for the NBA championship. In the '60s, Boston beat LA an astounding seven times in ten years, with the capper coming on the Lakers' home floor in '69, when Don Nelson's shot in the closing moments of Game Seven sealed another Celtics title -- and another crushing loss for Los Angeles.

In those years, Smith actively rooted for the Celtics and socialized with Boston's players off-the-court, inviting them to cookouts at his home during road trips. "I got a lot of crap for that from Laker fans. There was an old woman who literally would hit me with an umbrella when I would cheer for the Celtics," said Smith, who will be in his customary courtside seat, in the corner by the Lakers bench, for tonight's opening game of the NBA Finals.

After Russell retired after the '69 season, however, "I decided it was time to become a Laker fan," he says.

The arrival of Magic Johnson in 1979 ushered in the Lakers' "Showtime" era, a run that saw the team win five NBA titles and advance to the Finals eight times in ten years. Smith has a remarkable collection of memories from that time -- he rode on the bus with the team to San Diego for Magic's first regular-season NBA game. Kareem won it with a last-second hook
shot -- and was famously bear-hugged by Magic afterward, prompting a stern response from Abdul-Jabbar, recalls Smith. "Kareem said, 'Hey, we got 81 more games to play here - calm down." That same season, Smith traveled to Philadelphia and saw Magic score 42 points to clinch the title against the 76ers. He then flew home on the Warner Bros. corporate jet with an extra piece of baggage: The NBA championship trophy.

In '85, Lakers exorcised their Boston demons and defeated the Celtics in Boston for the championship -- and Smith celebrated alongside the players in the tiny visitors' locker room at Boston Garden. Two years later, he traveled to Boston again and saw Magic hit his self-styled "junior, junior sky hook" to beat the Celtics in Game Four of the '87 Finals, which LA eventually won in six games. "There's no Celtic I'd like to see die, but M.L. Carr really used to piss me off, and so did [Danny] Ainge," says Smith, who notes with pride that former Lakers coach Pat Riley once credited him with winning "five or six games" with his incessant berating of the referees. During one game against the Celtics in the '80s, recalls Smith, he screamed at veteran referee Darrell Garretson to call traveling on Larry Bird. Smith kept up his heckling, finally prompting a response from Bird. "Larry turned and yelled 'Shut the f--k up, Joe,'" says Smith. "That was a great moment."

Within the last decade, Smith says his favorite games were Game Seven of the 2000 Western Conference finals, when the Lakers overcame a double-digit, fourth-quarter deficit to defeat the Portland Trailblazers, and Game 4 of the 2002 Western Conference finals, when Robert Horry nailed a buzzer-beating three-pointer to defeat the Sacramento Kings. "We had such a clear look at that one, we were standing straight online behind Robert as he took the shot," says Smith.

Over the years, he has become much more than a fan for several of the Lakers. Smith negotiated one of Magic's early contracts and has served as a business mentor for Johnson. As one of the trustees of the Basketball Hall of Fame, Smith was instrumental in getting James Worthy elected to the Hall in 2003, and after Kareem's house -- and extensive music collection -- burned down in the '80s, Smith gave the legendary center dozens of classic records.

He concedes he's not nearly as close with today's players, noting that Kobe Bryant is "rather stand-offish and doesn't mix with the crowd much." But Smith still attends all but a handful of home games, and is just as dialed in -- if not more so -- with the club's braintrust. For the past 12 seasons, he's hosted an annual dinner for the Lakers' coaches, broadcasters, medical staff and team executives, and fellow Hollywood luminaries -- and Lakers courtside seat owners -- such as music manager Irving Azoff and radio mogul Norm Pattiz often attend as well. Pattiz, the founder and chairman of Westwood One Inc., is the excitable, white-haired fan with the rolled-up program who sits next to the Lakers bench. Smith claims he got Pattiz those seats. "He picked those for the camera time, Norm eats it up," says Smith.

As for this year's series? Smith is nervous and unwilling to make any predictions. "I have no idea about tonight," he said as he prepared to drive to Staples before Game One. He's concerned about the physical condition and mental fragility of Lakers center Andrew Bynum, who Smith derided as "a non-passionate ballplayer" and a "weak spot" for Los Angeles. "I don't know how they're going to control Rajon Rondo," he added. "But I can't wait -- this is the most dramatic series ever."

Joe Smith attended Camp Bauercrest back in the 1940's, and was (among other things to his great credit) a Color War Captain..... He was a counselor at the Crest along with his longtime friend, the late Cy Smoller.
THE GREATEST HONOR OF ALL

I am fortunate to be among a select group of Bauercrest Alumni who were highly thought of enough to be selected as a Color War Captain.

The summer of ’09 marked the 35th anniversary of that great honor. My impressions of that week are forever seared into my memory, and begin with my being informed of my selection. When I was called to the Head Bunk, and then asked to report to Uncle Ted’s “back room”, I wasn’t too thrilled - because this was the last place anyone wanted to be, if called there on “official business”. When I saw the Captain’s Selection Committee gathered there, I was flustered - incredibly, I still didn’t know what it was all about.

Then Uncle Ted spoke the words, “we have selected you to be a Color War Captain, and have agreed that you would do a great job….do you accept”? For the first time in my life, I was truly speechless. This was just my third year at the Crest, and I hadn’t been a camper there - and yet this committee of co-counselors, led by Head Counselor Ted Kolow, had selected me (and one other) out of an entire Staff of excellent choices.

To me, this was better than being elected President of the United States. I had been chosen by my peers for the highest honor at Bauercrest. I still get goose bumps when I think back on it today. I also think of all the fabulous and highly capable counselors who never got the nod (for one reason or another), and consider myself so fortunate to have been selected.

There are many fellow Crest Alumni who are reading this, but only a handful who can relate to what I went through in the ensuing three weeks. In the run-up to the War, it was a dizzying array of coin flips and decisions. Some of these were fateful, and directly impacted the outcome of the War. I did make one huge mistake in Staff selection, but that doesn’t take anything away from the outstanding job that my opponent, Richie Izen, did as Blue Captain in winning the War. Through it all, I had to maintain the charade of not being involved in Color War planning. The surprise start to the War, and the disclosure of its participants and particulars, is an essential secret kept from Campers and even many Staff Members. I recall that even I wasn’t informed about the Start of the War until virtually the last moment. That was the prerogative of the Chief Judges, and in retrospect, it was the right decision.

At the start of the War, all the counselors gathered on the hill, above the Rose Arbor. There was a lot of psych and “pumping up” going on up there. We knew that our friendships and associations would be interrupted for a full week. As our names were called, we ran the gauntlet and took our shots from our Campers. I remember being named as “a judge”. I could sense the disappointment from among many gathered there on the Hillside. Then there was another huddle......this time, in front of the Head Bunk......and then, the obligatory fakes - some were serious fakes, and some were perfectly ridiculous fakes......and then the moment of truth, when Richie and I would come flying out of the huddle to lead our teams. The experience of that moment was ELECTRIC, and will be with me forever. The dream had now become REALITY. Color War had begun, and I had half the camp looking to me for leadership. I couldn’t let them down. That said - someone had to lose the War, and regrettably, that someone was me. Mine was the 2nd loss for the White Team, in a string of 14 consecutive losses, but I wouldn’t trade that week for anything. I had earned the faith and trust of my peers, and I don’t believe I let them down - In the end it wasn’t really about winning after all.
Lenny Glick writes: Spelling Bees.....First, some context. It’s probably difficult for recent alums to imagine the drama of the spelling bees in the late 60s and early 70s. They were intensely competitive with lots of pomp and circumstance. After the campers from each team sat on their respective sides of the Rec Hall, there was total silence, the lights were dimmed, and the campers rose as the judges of the spelling bee entered--one with timer, one with dictionary, and the third with lists of words--and took their seats. The main judge read the precise rules and called the freshmen spellers (four per team) to take the stage. Spellers were dressed up in white shirts and dark pants. Upon hearing the word in a sentence, the speller had time to think, but once he uttered his first letter he had 20 seconds to finish and repeat the word. We had a judge who kept track of time, another who recorded each letter, and a third, the lead judge, who pronounced the words and used them in sentences. Quite often a speller would finish spelling and forget to repeat the word as the clock ticked down. On particularly difficult words, the lead judge would often delay, check with the timing judge, then check with the recording judge, and then pause—before stating “that is (in)correct.” as the audience waited. For the final two contenders, there was a specially composed list of more difficult “elimination” words. Many matches went on a long time as neither speller was able to knock out the other. One year, one of the elimination words was “judgment”. The speller said “j-u-d-g-e-m-e-n-t” and was ruled incorrect for including the first “e”. And for the next day or so the whole camp was debating the correct spelling of “judgment (judgement)”. Remember, this was decades before Google. In another year, well into the spelling bee, the judges received word that a sea plane had made an emergency landing on Attitash. Larry Winer, the lead spelling bee judge and head of the waterfront, had to leave to attend to the waterfront. As I recall, I took over as lead judge and we put another judge in service to record the letters. Mishegas: Again some context. Through the mid 60s, the “design” of the schedule and competitions meant that lesser athletes did very little during the first few days as they sat on the sidelines for the “A” competitions. In some sports, they didn’t play at all. When I became chief judge, some of us felt that we should provide more opportunities so that everyone could participate every day. So, we added sports like football and made a rule that no one could play more than one half. For some sports, we played enough levels (A-D, or whatever) so everyone in the group played that sport. But, the king of participation was the all camp Mishegas, where everyone on both teams had to participate in a “relay” that included a stunningly wide range of athletic and non-athletic events and that was scheduled during the afternoon of the swim meet. We had a lot of fun thinking about the activities. Now, one year as we were planning it, we were temporarily stumped. There was one camper (who won’t be named) that to call a lesser athlete would be to overrate him. What could he do? After bouncing ideas around, someone suggested that the event would be for someone to eat watermelon and the other to count 50 watermelon seeds (not only was this decades before Google, it was also decades before seedless watermelons) in a language other than English. He picked Hebrew.
Lenny Glick (continued): Of course, the judge assigned to this station couldn’t speak Hebrew, but we trusted that the camper got it right. (It’s too late to protest anyway.) In a different year, I think, the all camp Mlshegas ended in a literal photo finish—after a “possible” elbow by one of the finishers. Fortunately we had a few judges at the finish line. But to this day, more than 40 years later, I know some people who think we made the wrong call.

Ben Feit writes: In 2001, Josh Horwitz, captain of the Blue Darkness, entrusted his Color War play to me and Craig Simons, two CITs who really had no theatrical backgrounds whatsoever aside from our history of writing inappropriate and quasi-heretical skits for all-camp events that had earned us a few laughs and a bundle of enemies. (For consistently challenging the established church over the years, many apologies have been offered to Billy Smoller). Craig and I would go on to face each other in Color War four years later as captains, but, at the time, we had just revived Power Ball from its long dormancy and created a version even more likely to spawn serious head and neck injuries, and we figured we were probably being monitored pretty closely by the administration. We may have been a little paranoid about all that, but we truly felt we had committed some unpardonable sin by bringing a super violent Old Camp game into a liability-obsessed New Camp setting, and we felt like we were probably skating on pretty thin ice. So the watchword heading down the back stretch of camp that summer (one in which the malaise was pervasive, the mutinous senior group almost staged a coup, and Horwitz’s infamous forced marches of his notably uncontrollable Junior A’s were maybe starting to raise a few eyebrows among previously patient parents) was ‘caution.’ Our opponents were Marc Walkin and Jeff Sneider, who had been deputized by Josh Michelson, captain of the White Venom, to handle his play. No one really remembers Marc and Jeff now or what they did before or after 2001, but that year they had become overnight Crest darlings by taking the camp’s drama program to new heights, and we felt like we were probably skating on pretty thin ice. So the watchword heading down the back stretch of camp that summer (one in which the malaise was pervasive, the mutinous senior group almost staged a coup, and Horwitz’s infamous forced marches of his notably uncontrollable Junior A’s were maybe starting to raise a few eyebrows among previously patient parents) was ‘caution.’ Our opponents were Marc Walkin and Jeff Sneider, who had been deputized by Josh Michelson, captain of the White Venom, to handle his play. No one really remembers Marc and Jeff now or what they did before or after 2001, but that year they had become overnight Crest darlings by taking the camp’s drama program to new heights, and they’d delivered a stirring Joe Kybo story that still gets quoted today by indebted campfire megaphone toters. Craig and I simply weren’t in their league. Realizing we had no chance of competing with their artistic inclinations, we knew we’d have to improvise to remain competitive and not cost Horwitz dozens of potentially critical points on the last day of the War. The first problem for us was that the chief judges that year (Dan Gold, Brian Miller, Pete Nechtem and Jeff Newman) had settled on Alice in Wonderland as the play to be staged, and they had provided each team with an unalterable script that had to be performed as it read. This obviously negated our one potential competitive advantage, which would have been to write a horribly tasteless skit lampooning each important person in the Rec Hall by mercilessly making fun of the thing they were most sensitive about. The second problem was that Eric Dannenberg, a CI at the time and a kid respected and revered by every other camper on our team, insisted on being in the play. Eric is the most stand-up guy I had the good fortune of spending 10 summers with on the Hillside, but his facility with dialogue is not really one of his core assets. Craig and I devised a strategy to address that – we would turn Eric’s character into a drunk and have him semi-audibly recite his lines with his head buried in a milk crate (where he had obviously stashed a copy of the play he had been too busy and otherwise hard-pressed to memorize). The third problem was that Eric was probably our most capable actor. Craig and I sensed we were in dire straits. Instead of attempting to convince kids to act out a real play – which seemed ludicrous anyways, and I’ll never understand what the CJs were trying to pull with that nonsense – we figured we’d massage the rules and take the general outline of the play we’d been provided with and turn it into a Bauercrest-themed knock-off version. It was horrible. We still couldn’t believe Marc and Jeff were just going to play it straight, but we were desperate, so we decided to go the kamikaze, shock-and-awe campaign. While our play was being mangled, we hung a bed sheet adjacent to the main stage and lit it from the front so that the silhouetted figures of
OTHER COLOR WAR MEMORIES

Ben Feit (continued): Matt ‘Bobo’ Selbowitz and Jacob Conviser could be seen pantomiming a seemingly-endless sequence of lurid acts two feet in front of a crowd of absolutely terrified freshmen. Bobo and Conviser had a shockingly expansive repertoire of x-rated moves and positions for a waiter and a senior. Craig and I had made a genuine calculation that we were more likely to earn a favorable play split by showcasing two dudes dry humping each other than by trying to figure out if there was a kid who might be able to deliver a few Lewis Carroll lines. It was an obvious and pathetic attempt to divert attention from the trainwreck on the stage, a 5-second gimmick masquerading as a legitimate 10-minute strategy, and it went over poorly. I'm pretty sure we appealed to the base humor of some of the judges, but the spurts of appalled laughter weren’t going to translate into points. Marc and Jeff staged a ridiculously professional version of the play as Craig and I, now too embarrassed to remain in the gym and face Horwitz to take ownership of the debacle, watched aghast from the Rec Hall windows behind Bunk 19. The next morning, as Stoney and the rest of the administration looked on disapprovingly, we issued a formal apology to a completely bewildered gathering of Gold’s freshmen. Michelson, quite obviously, won the play by a healthy margin. He won the War too, but because it was by far more than the swing occasioned by the play spread. Craig and I forgave ourselves ever so slightly for presiding over such a shameful display. When we went up against each other as captains in 2005, I think we were each convinced the other’s Achilles heel would be the play, and we both probably entertained visions of ripping off an 80-20 split to pull away on the last day. I honestly have no idea who did my play that year or how it turned out, but I’m relatively confident enough in what they had to avoid going down the ‘worst case scenario, we’ll just have some kids distract the audience by pretending to grope each other’s path. I’d say everything turned out for the best, but I wouldn’t be surprised if there were a kid or two from that freshman group permanently scarred and willing to debate me on that point. A completely regrettable outing for two guys who otherwise managed to acquit themselves respectfully during their Hillside tenures. I almost wrote a mishugas anecdote. In ’02 (the following year), Dave Shankman and I were desperate to leave camp during Color War to go catch the Allman Brothers concert with the rest of our fellow Newton North grads who were about to disperse for college. Gordo, Nechtem and Miller agreed to release us for the evening on the condition that we not only came up with the mishegas but supervised it from start-to-finish as well. We ran every single leg of that sucker, resting only when we mercifully got to the swim meet portion. It was agonizing, but we earned our escape. That was Toots’ first year; not sure he would have countenanced our departure between 03 and 05. He cracked down on counselors leaving campus once he had established his totalitarian rule.

Mark “Bibs” Smoller writes: 1965: I was a Soph B camper captain. First War, Blue Tigers captained by Yaakov (father of Ari) Milstein. First event was a Freshmen/Soph B basketball throw. I wasn’t in it, but it was won by White Teamer Gary “Shmeebbles” Webber. I started crying because we had lost the event. I think Glen Sachar was the counselor running our group and had to calm me down, explaining that this was only the first event of a week of them. What a neb. 1967: A camper captain on Ted Kolow’s White War Hawks and we were romping all week. Our play was “Toad of Toad Hall” starring David Lowenstein. David’s performance was fine, but the script was AWFUL. We lost the play by something like 97-3. We still won Color War by what was then a record number. 1968: Was on Ken Sorkin’s White Patriots, but as a (to this day) devoted fan of the TV show The Wild Wild West absolutely LOVED Doug Barron’s Blue Bison fight song to that show’s theme music. Still know the words to it….AND I WASN’T EVEN ON THE TEAM! 1970: Waiter year and camper captain on Steve Lechter’s White Wildcats. That year both waiter counselors were Captains.
Mark “Bibs” Smoller (continued): (Billy Levin captained the Blue Team) which made for an interesting bunk dynamic that week. At the first team organization, we got our song books and HATED the fight song. Co-waiters and teammates "Moby" Chait, "Dunky" Dunkless and I think Peter Harris, skipped services with group counselors (their first year) Todd Nechtem and Ken Stuart and hid out in the old counselors room adjacent to the old Rec Hall. We rewrote the team's fight song. One of the tunes used was the Chelsea High fight song. "We're tough individuals and full of pep, so come on Wildcats, get hep......." 1973: Stoney's second go 'round as captain (he'd lost the year before to Bento). Fred "The Frog" Shore was spelling for Ross Weintraub's White Team. Stoney and I were sitting together and I knew that Frog had misspelled the word. Before the judge said, "That is incorrect", I whispered to Stoney, "Wrong, Hop on down Frog!" Stoney just lost it. Had to leave the Rec Hall...laughing uncontrollably. 1974: Lips selected me to run his Junior group. He had first pick in the Seniors and took Goody over Fly. I went ballistic on him. I love Goody, don't get me wrong, but Fly was special and he knew his stats (as was evidenced the following year when he beat Dunk for the hatchet). Lips told me he drafted Goody to coach hoop, which pissed me off even more because I could do that. I basically told him that he had lost Color War already. He had Fly and (Blue Team Captain and Senior counselor) Richie Izen against Goody in that group. 1976: My year as captain. I didn't learn anything from the Lips fiasco above. I had first pick in the Juniors and took first time counselor Bill "Gomer" Green over established veteran Andy Pearlstein. Additionally, concerned about the play, I drafted "Igor" Steigman in the Soph A's (who'd run my play), instead of the better stat man (though a CIT) David Gorlick. Thus leaving Igor to do battle against Dave Gorlick AND opposing captain and Soph A counselor Toots. Got hammered in both groups. I also got screwed in the Juniors before the war. One of the group's better athletes Steven D'Angelo (yes, of Souvenir Store fame) came down with a high fever just before the war and his participation was dubious. Toots railed on that changes to balance things needed to be made. We got hosed as my team was weakened, losing all of the close Junior A games AND D'Angelo recovered by the end of the week and dominated all of the group's B games. I was the senior groupleader and didn't know the Juniors and Gomer was inexperienced. We should have insisted that we get D'Angelo back just in case he recovered. I did score in the seniors by trading Neil Drooks (swimming and track) for a much better all around athlete in Adam May. My senior group romped, but it wasn't enough. 1977: Color War selection meeting: The only one I ever attended. Toots and I were set (1976 captains) as Chief Judges. Stan Levenson was set as one captain (as 1976 Chief Judge). 2 slots were open. 1 CJ and 1 Captain. This meeting went on until about 3 AM. We had some incredible candidates to choose from: Jeff Gorlick, Jim Shaw, Peter Harris, Eliot Sussman, Barry Chait, Dave Graham. Couldn't have gone wrong with any of them. We settled on Graham for captain (he was my boy...I admit it) and Mike Newberg was able to stump enough for his boy, Eliot Sussman as #3 Chief Judge. It ended up being a 5 point war, won by Dave Graham who remains to this day the only non Jew to capture a Color War winner. The guys who didn't get anything had shirts made up ("The Incompetents") and wore them around camp. There were some hard feelings among friends. In retrospect, if we'd had a mulligan, I'm guessing we'd have had a 4th CJ and named Peter Harris, who'd been there 13 years, headed the waterfront and was one of the better counselors of his era.

Dave “Bento” Weintraub writes: First year (1970) had NO idea what Color War was. Lenny Auerbach wakes me up at 1:00 AM to do splits. Had just gotten back from Mr. K's and feeling no pain. Got wiped out in the Juniors. In 1972, Captain of the White Whalers, stole one from Stoney in the splits...I think the kid's name was Mike Miller and it helped win the war.
**OTHER COLOR WAR MEMORIES**

**Billy “Jimbo” Smoller writes:** In the summer of 2002, bunk 19's counselors were Jeff Newman, Scott Aronson, and myself. During the first week of camp, Jeff convinced Scott and I that he was a captain that year and that he would be out a lot at night meaning we would have to cover - together - most nights. This of course was before we knew that captains and CJs were picked at the beginning of the second month. It ended up being a blessing in disguise however as we clearly had the best bunk in camp and some of my best memories on the hillside center around staying up late with those kids and just hanging out (or in Sam Stelk's case, beating the sh*t out of him). I remember feeling like $1,000,000 when in the summer of 2000 Pete Nechtem, Captain of the Blue Outlaws, entrusted me, a waiter, to write all of his protests (and there were a lot). Towards the end of the war that year, I became a bit of a nuisance to Pete, constantly trying to show off my self-proclaimed "amazing" protests. Finally, a fed up Captain Nechtem said to me (and I'm paraphrasing) "I don't give a damn. Just friggin' do it! Jeepers!" After being in his shoes, I now realize I probably would have done the same thing... In 2005, I was a Groupleader and with five Color War spots available (two captains and three CJs) and five Group Leaders in place, I figured I was a shoe-in for the CJ spot (not realizing that the front runner was Danny Ashare, the Head Waiter Counselor who was a year older than I). The night of the meeting, I was on a camping trip with the whole Junior Group. I wouldn't have been able to sleep on the ground, in a tent, in the pouring rain, under normal circumstances. Throw in the fact that I was nervous about getting a spot on the honor board that year and I didn't sleep for a minute. End result, some kid named Bernstein, who never amounted to much, got the CJ spot over me, but I will always remember that night. In 2007, the year I was a captain, my lieutenant Sam Shoolman and Matt Kestenbaum, chose the split in the Sophomore group that the CJs and head judge thought was clearly the lesser of the two. They had thought that trades would be made back and forth because there is no way the two sides would agree to pick side A and side B respectively (I think that makes sense). In fact, I remember after the draft that the Sophomore Head Judge, Ricky Kahn, came up to me and said something to the effect of "you guys are screwed in the Sophomores." End result, we won the group by about 450 points.

**Dave “Gor” Gorlick writes:** As a non participant in the "brain events" I recall the intense cheering sessions prior to the start of declamations and spelling bees. In my Sophomore and Junior years, Danny Malis and Marc Sobil were the brains of the group. In my Senior years, I believe David Steigman and "Needles" aka "The Bull" were spelling and declamation performers...just remembered...Joey Goldstein also. The Mishegas was also a classic event. The photo finish in 1969 was something. In that one, I remember my brother Jeff making up at least a 50 yard deficit to Steve "Bug" Feldberg (during that marathon swim out to the row boat to grab the team beanie) only to see the last guy (Bruce Linsky) lose the lead, by a nose, during the foot race to the finish line to Paul Kanter.

**Steve “Bug” Feldberg writes:** I'm pretty sure it was my first year at camp, so I was 8 1/2 years old and a real wise guy. In the spelling bee, when it was my turn, I would either stay seated on the bench and spell the word, or do some other dumb thing to show how cocky I was. It must have been maddening to the judges and other team counselors that I won. Or maybe, if I'm lucky, they thought I was a "character." Not sure what year this was, but I was in the Color War play- I think it was "The Mouse that Roared" and I absolutely couldn't remember any of my lines...but neither could anyone else. We were all reading from our scripts. To this day, I'm always amazed (when I see a play), that the actors can remember everything. Anyway, I remember the other team's play, which I think took place on a subma-
Michael “Greenie” Green writes: “There were no spelling bees or declamations for Greenie, but let's talk splits. The 1978 Soph A split that Toots and Stoney made was totally lopsided. After several rounds of trading top athletes for nebs, we finally worked it out. Shortly thereafter Gor and Mouse (who opposed me in the group) lost one of their top athletes to a broken arm. Color War was starting at lunch. Toots and Stoney tried to force a trade to even things up again. We were in Ted's "back room" while lunch was going on, holding up the start. Finally, the trade that Stoney and Toots made ended up making my team even stronger and, yes, Gor and Mouse got screwed. Hey Rodent, has anyone else ever lost a play by 92-8 and still won Color War by over 200 points? (answer to Greenie...I know of two off the top of my head...and those play splits were more like 97-3....Ted Kolow in 1967 and Billy Smoller in 2007). Happy 50th to the 1975 waiter crew...plus Bean.”

Dave “Lips” Lipof writes: Aside from my feature article in this issue of the BAN (entitled “The Greatest Honor of All”), I can always reflect back on my experience with the Judges’ Rules Committee in 1974. The issue concerned the Sophomore B Newcomb match. The problem (as I saw it) surrounded Tootsie’s strategy for winning the match by rotating his tallest player into the front row (after the ball was in play) with each scheduled rotation following service. The result for the players on my White Team was a scoreless WIPE OUT!..... Needless to say, this was a very clever coaching maneuver by Toots, BUT, I felt that it violated the “Let Them Play” rule which specified that (paraphrased) “the rules of the game MUST NOT be employed to take the players out of the game”. I thought that this instance was THE PERFECT test of that rule (which I believe had been inserted into the Color War Rule Book by Chief Judge Lenny Glick, nearly a decade earlier). After about an hour long consideration, the committee informed me that my challenge had failed, and that the results of the match would stand. I put on a tremendous show for my Soph B’s by losing it completely down at the Head Bunk! Another memory occurred at the very start of Color War (perhaps 1976, not sure)..... Being a Group Leader, I was roughly aware of the date and general time of the Color War start. I was also NOT permitted to share this information with anyone else - particularly NOT with my Staff......and so, I told David “Eddy” Landy (my co-counselor) to wake me up (it was during Rest Period) if anything “UNUSUAL” happened. The next thing I knew, I was awakened by kids pouring through the Bunk in search of their Color War beanies, pennants, shirts (whatever)...... I was pissed!!! I caught up with Landy at the Rose Arbor and asked him, “I thought I told you to wake me up if anything unusual happened???” He said that “nothing happened!”..... I asked him, “Did you think that a FIRE TRUCK coming down the Hillside with sirens and lights flashing was NOT UNUSUAL?”.... Needless to say, David could not give me an acceptable answer! (LOL). One other anecdote..... In 1974 (when I was Color War Captain) I brought members of the Sophomore Group, who I had selected as coaches, to the Chinese Restaurant (at that time it was the “Hawaiian Isle” in Plaistow, New Hampshire). Following our meal, we worked on the Sophomore Split over tea and fortune cookies. One of the campers was Paul “Chink” Lieberman (i believe that he earned that nickname due to his thick prescription eye glasses.... all very un-PC in the 1970’s). In any event (but never the less) we were stuck on where Paul would figure in our calculation, and so we kept arguing back and forth, “what about CHINK.... where will the CHINK fit in, and so forth. Well, it wasn’t long before we were getting some pretty nasty stares from the wait staff at the restaurant. We were completely LOST in our focus on Color War..... Which is just the way it ought to be in our escape from reality at the Crest.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT

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Fellow Alumnus Ken Jaffe poses with Massachusetts Governor Deval Patrick