

REFLECTIONS

[illegible]

AUGUST, 1967

we, the newspaper staff of the month of
August of the summer of 1967, do hereby
dedicate our efforts to MARILYN HAUSTMAN,
whose unyielding leadership and unselfish
heart has won for her the love and respect
of all who know her.

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and special thanks to Michele
Klein and Sheldon Koy for
their assistance

-Editorial

Are you really handicapped? You are, if your attitude towards yourself is full of self-pity. When you are around non-handicapped people do you feel rejected and therefore shy away? This is not only wrong on your part, but you give other people the impression that you are a loser, and the next time they come into contact with you, they won't even bother with you. The majority of people are like this anyway, though there is a small percentage that would do anything for the handicapped person. This camp is run by that small percentage. In this group, the handicapped person might find a person who is interested in him. This person will probably not have pity for you, but admiration for what you are trying to accomplish.

When socializing with non-handicapped people, the handicapped person should act naturally and let his companions realize his abilities as well as his limitation. In this way Society will take the handicapped person for what he really is.

The barrier to this situation, of the handicapped person being taken for what he really is, is not only the person's limitations but also, and principally, society's reluctance to accept these limitations as physical disabilities and nothing more. As such, the handicapped person's disability should in no way detract from Society's opinions and/or impressions of the handicapped person.

Though most situations are less than ideal, they are still better than bad experiences, since one can learn from them. The ideal situation should be a handicapped person associating with another handicapped person, but before choosing a permanent companion, the handicapped person should make sure that the potential mate is physically and mentally capable of providing for both person's needs.

Therefore, the handicapped person should seek a mate, handicapped or not, who will help both of them lead a happy and a healthy life.

He'd moved in next door with his family only two weeks ago but I knew him already. I recall he never talked to anyone - just sat there on the old stone wall between his yard and mine almost as though he wasn't there at all, but just a picture painted there irregularly between the hours of two and four o'clock. And then there was that box. It wasn't even a pretty one; just a plain dirty, old splintery box sporting an outsized rusted padlock.

Every day he sat there. He was as alone as anyone could ever be. I used to see him from my playroom window when I was out in the field playing baseball with the guys. Just sitting there. I wanted to talk to him, though. I wanted to find out about the box. So I asked him.

"Whatcha got in th' box?"

"W, brat, go on, will you? Scram!"

"Come on. Just one little peek. How come it's locked?"

"To keep out rosy kids like you, that's why. Now get outa here!"

He was older than I - eight or maybe nine - and lots bigger. But I was an individual; at least that's what my mother called me. I sometimes wonder if she didn't use it synonymously with pest. Anyway, I wasn't going to be bossed out of my own yard by some new-coming punk.

"I will not! Sides, you're sittin' on MY stone wall and if you won't let me see, you can just take your dumb box 'n go somewhere else!"

My little speech didn't affect him.

"It's not YOUR stone wall."

"It is so."

"It is not. It's on the boundary line."

"Well," I stammered, "well your sittin' on MY half of that rock, then."

He moved, only slightly.

"Okay? Now I'm on MY half of the rock. Scram!"

"No. I'm in my own back yard."

"You're botherin' me."

"Doin' what?"

"Nothin'. You're a girl, that's bad enough."

"I am NOT!"

"Are so."

"Well, it's not my fault," I grumbled.

He looked up - sort of squinted and wrinkled his nose.

"How come you don't wear dresses like other girls?"

I suddenly became overly aware of the ragged knee and patched bottom of my jeans.

"Maybe I don't like dresses. What's it to you?"

"Maybe I don't like girls in T-shirts 'n jeans any better than the dressed-up kind. Will you let me alone?"

Alone - always alone. Sometimes I even felt sorry for him. But just a little.

"How come you sit out here 'most every day?"

"Maybe I like to."

"Every day?"

"Yeah, every day."

"Don't you like games?"

"Nope."

"I can play baseball," I offered. "It's my favorite."

"Girls don't like baseball."

"Told you. I'm not a girl...leastwise I wish I wasn't. That's almost the same," I added hopefully.

"Why do you let them call you Butch?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "It's my name, Butch."

"It is not."

"It is SO!"

"It's Mary Elizabeth. I heard you mother callin' you yesterday. She was mad and called you Mary Elizabeth."

"Well, that's HER name for me. My name for me is Butch. It's better 'n Irving!"

"Quess so."

"Well, if 'n I promise to call you Skip will you call me Butch 'n not

Mike Masters cont.

Mary Elizabeth.

"Maybe."

"Will you show me what's in the box? I won't tell."

"Girls always tell."

"I won't. Cross my heart 'n hope to die 'n eat skinned worms 'n ants if I do." I made the proper gesture with a grimy index finger. He shook his head. It was no use. I changed the subject.

"How come your mother won't let you play baseball with us? I mean sometimes we see you sittin' out here like you want to play but when we come to ask, your mother always says you hafta go in."

"Told you," he mumbled, "I don't like baseball."

I looked down at my bare toes and wriggled them in the grass. Then I glanced at his feet, encased in stiff shoes. And I saw the cane.

"Is it because you- you're..."

"Crippled? Is that what you were going to say? Well say it. Then get outa here."

I swallowed hard.

"But you just limp a little. It's not like you only got one leg or two heads or sumthin'. Sides, who even cares? You could be catcher - I saw you playin' catch with your rob. You're good!"

"I won't be limpin' forever," he said under his breath, "wait 'n see. Someday - an operation - 'n I'll walk better 'n you. wait 'n see."

"Sure you will. Sure. But why can't you play baseball with us? Even only once in a while. I'll see you don't get hurt."

"I don't need no help from no girl - no seven year old girl."

"I didn't mean it like that. Sides, the guys on the team wouldn't let you get hurt 'n they're mostly nine or eleven. We want you to play."

"Yeah?" He looked at me.

"Sure. Tommy got the flu and you can be catcher 'ste d of him till he gets all better. See?"

He thought about it for a minute.

"I don't know. I'll have to ask."

My hopes fell. "Aw, your mother won't let you play."

"But I'll ask Dad."

It was as simple as that. We were both happy.

"Will you let me see what's in the box?" I asked again.

"It's nothin', really."

"Please?" I said. "I wouldn't tell."

"I don't know."

"Is it alive?"

"Huh."

"How does he breathe?"

"Don't need to."

It was incredible. "Yeah? Lemme see. What is it?"

"Promise you won't tell?"

"Honor bright."

"You won't believe me."

"Course I will."

He looked up and said almost apologetically: "It's a friend."

I laughed. "All locked up in there? You gotta be kidding!"

He held the box tight to protect it from my words.

"Told you you wouldn't believe me."

His voice was too serious now; his eyes too sad and hurt.

"I believe you," I said doftly, "can I see him?"

He shook his head. "He don't like the light much. It hurts his eyes."

"Well, how do you see him?"

"Don't hafta see him."

"Then how do you know he's there?"

"Sometimes he comes out at night."

"You mean when it's real dark 'n all?"

"Yeah."

"And you ain't never seer him?"

"Nope."

"Does he talk much?"

"Not very much."

"How does he get out?"

"Just slips out through the cracks, I guess, when it's real dark. In there ain't nobody around 'cept me. He ain't big, but that don't matter. I stood s ellbound. Gee. I wish I had a friend like that."

"You-got lotsa friends."

"Yeah," I admitted, "I guess so."

"Hey, Butch," he roceeded cautiously, unsure of his next words. They came more easily than he thought. "Are you my friend?"

"'Course, stupid," I stammered.

"Then I guess I don't really much need this anymore."

"I guess rot."

He held the box out to me. "Will you take him?"

"What do you want me ta do with him?"

He blinked his eyes f st in case there was a tear lurking there.

"Well, when it's real dark tonight unlock it an' let him out. Then he can go to somebody who really needs him."

"But why don't YOU let him out? He's YOUR friend."

He looked down at the box.

"Guess it's just 'cause maybe I don't wanna cry."

"Sure, skip. I'll take him."

He handed me the box and I held it carefully.

"Promise not to let any light near him. His eyes, you know."

I promised.

"An' you won't forget?"

"I won't forget. Don't you forget the game- right after supper."

"I won't," he said.

I tool the box into my room late that night, set it in the darkest corner of my closet, unlocked it, and threw off the cover.

The next morning when the trash men came, the empty box wa on top of the heap.

Jose V. gez (adult camper) Over the Bridge

at first I thought I would write an essay on life in general but I decided otherwise. Since I am a rookie in adult camp, I decided to write about that.

I have found being inadult camp one of the most rewarding and educational experiences I have ever had.

After sneaking with the powers-that-be about preferring to be in dult camp, I had second thoughts that perhaps I had made the wrong decision. Now I know for myself what it is like to be here, and I have no regrets.

All I have heard in teen camp about adult camp is a fallacy. First of all, one hears that there is a lack of activities in adult camp, that all one does is sit around all day. I find that the wide range of activities ~~xxx xxx~~ of your own choice gives you an incentive not only to participate but to give of yourself. Also, one hears of the sombre atmosphere prevalent

Jose Verez court.

"over the bridge". When one makes the transition, hope is not lost, rather, the hope of finding out the true you, you as an individual through self-expression, is just beginning.

Denise Sherer

And This, I'll Give

For those who ask help, I will listen,

For those who need help, I will give,

For those who don't care, I will pity,

and this I'll give as part of my life.

I'll selfishly take, without being selfish,

I'll hold myself proud, yet know how to beg,

I'll be courageous, yet know when to cower,

and this way I'll live the rest of my life.

To have great wealth, I need not have money,

To have great power, I need not be strong.

To have done wrong, I need not be evil,

and this I'll learn through hardships of my life.

I'll make big mistakes, for I am not perfect,

I'll give with my heart, even though it may hurt,

I'll give of myself, for the happiness of others,

and this I'll cherish as the essence of my life.

Frieda Tankus

Camper Council

The democratic spirit prevailing at Camp Jened is exemplified by Camper Council, a group of representatives from each bunk in teen camp. The campers, ably assisted by Sheldon Roy and Michele Klein this month, and led by Marilyn Hausman and Joan Lazar, meets every few days to plan and discuss activities pertaining to Teen Camp.

In allowing this group to function as it does, the administration of Jened clearly expresses its desire to permit the campers to assist in the decisions made relating to them. Campers are given the opportunity to voice their opinions on topics concerning complaints and suggestions for activities for Teen Camp. This also acts in establishing closer relationships among the campers and the staff.

One of the major projects with which Camper Council has been concerned was the Olympics. Suggested by some of the representatives, plans for the sports involved were decided upon by the Council. Preparations for the theme of the banquet and decorations were also on the council's agenda.

Each bunk elects one member it feels will ably express their views. The second member is selected by the counselors and is a camper they feel will represent the bunk, and not only give to Camper Council, but gain from his or her participation. The following are members of C.C: Nellie Franco, Teri Feinstein, Frieda Tankus, Lenise Cherer, Joann Venezia, Laurie Connor, Robin Shlissel, Gary Bjerkenis, Mike Ward, Mike Keslansky, Israel Lerman and Vincent Davah.

Mike Ward Interview with Larry Allison - program director

Mike: How did you obtain the position you now have?

Larry: I had worked in Camp Oakhurst for a year and as the teen camp supervisor for two. This past december Alan asked me to be program director, and I accepted.

M: There has been much talk about modernizing this camp. Can you describe it?

L: We are very hopeful that within the next five years there will be some new new buildings, bunks included. Also there is much hope for never and better swimming facilities. Only a beginning can be made, but we hope, as I said, within the next five years.

M: when will the modernization begin?

L: It's hard to say. Hopefully next year, but that was said last year also. It depends on the amount of money available.

M: what changes can you see in store for the programs of future summers?

L: We hope the program hewe continues to grow and improve; in the three years in which I've been here I've seen much change. It is hard to say now how different next summer's program will be. Changes usually come about during the year, usually on the spur of the moment, like having Cousin

Brucie come up. Also, once the camp facilities are improved the program will improve with leaps and bounds. For example, an intensive nature program could be installed and even lessons in photography.

M: What about a CIT program?

L: This year, the program didn't work as we had planned because there wasn't enough time. Next year, hopefully, there will be a full time program. What was done was successful and has given a good indication of what can be done. An extensive CIT program can be fruitful for all those involved.

M: What are your impressions of this season as compared to other seasons?

L: I really am in a hard position to evaluate the season being that it's my first year as program director, and it is also difficult to look at the camp as a whole. I know it's been a good season. The program has improved; the staff is an excellent one. ~~Everyone seems to be functioning on a high level, and this is quite unusual for an inexperienced group.~~ It shows caring and dedication.

M: Any other comments?

L: Yes, I'd like to take this chance to thank everyone in print; the staff and the campers, for making this such a good summer. And I hope everyone comes back next summer.

Mike Ward Interview with Donna Zmolek - speech therapist

Mike: Why did you come such a long way to this camp?

Donna: I had never done much traveling, and have always wanted to. This was my chance to come east. Also the speech therapist I had worked with during the winter had worked here at Jened about five years ago. I knew this camp would give me more experience in working with organically based speech problems.

M: What do you do during the rest of the year?

D: I work as a speech therapist in an Iowa county school system. I work with those of kindergarten age through those in high school.

M: Do you work with speech problems of the non-handicapped or the handicapped?

D: Both, but mainly with speech articulation of the non-handicapped; some who are hard of hearing and some with brain damage.

M: What does speech therapy hope to accomplish for the handicapped?

D: Speech is a form of communication and expression of self. In speech therapy we hope to help the handicapped person communicate as best as he possibly can in spite of his handicap.

M: What are your impressions of this camp?

D: Well, the facilities are a bit rustic, but the collection of people here is one of the best found anywhere. I think everyone can accomplish things in this camp that they could not do in other places. Here they are away from home and their parents influence, and they can be themselves more than they can during the year.

M: As a last question, how do you think the speech therapy program can be improved?

D: That can best be answered by turning the question back to you.

M: (very flustered) but, I'm not being interviewed!

D: At least one other therapist would be useful. It would allow more time to each person and more persons could be worked into the schedule; better personal contact could be made. What do you think?

M: I agree with you. I've only known you for four weeks and already you're going home. You are only able to touch the real problem and then have to end. If more time could be allotted per person, better things could be accomplished.

Sandy Franzel Male Auction

One night at the beginning of this month we had for an evening activity a Male Auction. We all met in the adult dining room. The boys sat on one side of the room and the girls on the other. Paul was the auctioneer. He pounded on the chair with a mallet. The girls were given envelopes with fake money. Each girl was given a different amount of money. The auction began. There was a lot of noise and every girl bought a slave.

The next day the slaves had to do different things. A lot of the boys had to push the girls to meals, write letters, read poetry, sing songs, polish wheelchairs and set their hair. Everyone had a good day and all are looking forward to having a female auction.

Vincent David and Donald Alexander
Counselor Basketball

Aug. 9 was the counselor's chance to show their skill. The girls, wearing pig tails, gave the boys some competition. The Jened campers gave the girl counselors the spirit they needed. The first quarter score reached 8-5. During the second quarter the boys made a few more goals. The girls were furious, but they didn't give up! They were delighted when Lucky Larry Allison joined them. Unfortunately for the girls, he was no match for the boy counselors. This hilarious game concluded with the grand score of 24-12 with the boys, of course, the winners.

Lalla Livingston

The Ski Lodge

When we go to the Ski Lodge everyone gets all excited. The girls have beauty parlor and do their hair. We eat supper at 5:30 instead of 6 to have more time. Some of us walk and some of us take the truck. All the counselors push someone in a wheelchair. Everyone must stay on the left side of the road. When a car comes everyone screams "car, car, car..." The hill to the Lodge is high. Steve and Mike and sometimes Carolynne go up by themselves.

When everyone gets to the Lodge everyone talks, listens to the juke box, dances, buys sodas and candy. Some go swimming in the pool. Everyone seems to wait to a trip to the Ski Lodge to make phone calls. Everyone makes a call. Usually we have sodas from the soda fountain upstairs. But to me the best part of the Ski Lodge is the juke box.

Gladys Velez

Riot Races

On Aug. 6 there were riot races. Each bunk was given a paper bag with various articles and had to use these things for the races. The bunks which won each race were given points and at the end the scores were added up. B-6 was the winner and Paul Epstein has BIG FEET!!

Mike ward

Death has crept into my heart. I realized this as I lay on the hot, dry beach. Slowly my subconscious reviewed the events that led up to her life-taking tragedy.

It was yesterday morning when we left her house, seeking a secluded Island on the North shore. The morning was clear and the clean air felt refreshing compared to the polluted smog of the city. We crossed the rickety bridge that led to the far side of the Island.

That afternoon we relaxed, each of us exchanging our innermost dreams. Just before the last ray of sun disappeared behind the ominous clouds above, her shadow against the sand reminded me of a goddess. It was at that moment that I asked her to become my mate for life. She answered affirmatively and we became entangled in each others passion. When the wind started to howl, I made an effort to go back to the car, but the strength of her love overpowered me.

I became aware of the surrounding environment when the rain started to pelt my sweet drenched back. Again my fruitless efforts to leave were abated by those eyes that seemed to scream a warning of the upcoming tragedy. A gust of sand swept over us, scorching our faces. We ran, thrashing violently about in the sand in the direction of the car. We almost reached it when an up-rooted tree crashed down, sending fragments of the car everywhere. I knew the only hope we had was to reach the mainland.

By the time we reached the bridge we were exhausted. I could see a shelter across the turbulent sea. While I stood there pondering whether to cross the creaking bridge, it looked like Hell before Paradise. I knew that it wouldn't hold both of us together, so I sent her first. She walked to the middle and then it happened. A gust of wind, a huge wave, a crash, a scream.... then it was over. I dived into the icy water but the waves kept rounding me against the craggy rocks. A wave rushed toward

Mike ward cont.

me. My hand felt a thud. My mind exploded.

I crawled upon the beach and collapsed. And now as I reflect those morbid moments, my subconscious leaked out of me.

Death has crept into my heart...and my heart has crept into death.

Mike Masters

The precise time unknown when

Love warmed in your heart

Burst from you into my thoughts

Are you comfortable, dear thought?

Yes, I hear, and I see it

As a bird constructing a love-nest-home

in my mind

From little magic straws and bits of

carefree string and molds from

egotistic twists and selfish bark

A pristine careful warmth like eiderdown

Nest and so beautifully not deceiving

Hides no careless thorn where I rest

my loss

From the nest it flies one day in adventurous

search and being caught - a huge swelling

Onsurge of breath and air thrusts it higher and further.

The nest is not flung by its side but through the

eye of every man's hurricane - in the calm sun it lies.

Kim Watson Project Big Brother

During the first week of the second trip, some members of E6 were

Kim Watson cont.

approached by Alan Winters and Larry Allison and invited to take part in a new and totally unique experiment. This project, immediately dubbed "big brother," has led to a whole new perspective in camp relations for the involved teens (Mike Masters, Israel Lerman, Lilly Hodne, Norman Acherman, Gary Goldberg and Kim Watson). Each of the teens was assigned to be a big brother to one camper from B1. Each morning after breakfast we would go to help them clean up their bunk. Their purpose during clean up was not so much one of doing their work for them, but rather one of teaching them what was expected of them.

Despite the teens' apprehension about meeting and working with them for the first time, they were readily accepted by their "new campers". Through working with the kids, most of them were able to establish a meaningful relationship with the campers.

The teens, no doubt, gained a great deal from this experience; for the first time they were able to give of themselves in a situation in which they had previously been on the receiving end. The teens felt that this experiment was quite successful in its aims, and hope that it can be continued and expanded as a permanent CIT program next year.

Robin Schlissel.

The author wrote this in response to his counselor's despotic act of restricting him to the bunk in order to curb his wandering ways.

Here I sit encased in my wooden walled prison with those about me secreting boredom with every opening of their mouths.

Two days previous I felt like slicing exotic patterns across my veins. Now I feel I will be driven to the very limits of my mental derangement if I have to contend with this aquarium-like existence much longer.

He with the black hood and mental bracelets on his wrists flaunts his sadistic smile about me, as he tries to cover up his stench with some commercial product that will never drive out the human cause of the stink.

Robin Schlissel cont.

I look about me for consolation but am confronted with a wave of senseless babbling that almost knocks me over.

Norman Ackerman

I am the voice of reality. I have come to speak with you, life. You are but the searching of me through the fields of hidden dreams which torments the mind's reason. I lie asleep, waiting in the silence of myself at the feet of life. I wait, but you go blind and deaf to my screams and cries to cling within your mind.

I speak to the dreams of unreality of unconscious thoughts that warp and confuse the mind. I speak of the reality of life which rains and torments reality but also disperses the dreams.

I sit and stare at the emptiness that surrounds me now. This lonely, empty pit of mine. This pit which is called my life. This warped mind of confusion digs deep and dwells there. It seeks not myself, but my thoughts; and turns and twists them till they grasp or choke; and drains them of their blood. The infectious thought then seeps and spreads causing the drill to deepen the pit and sink till nothing is left but the screams deep within myself of "let me out". But, there is no out except through myself.

The trip to North Lake, or how I Got Away From Camp for a Day

Lenise Sherer

It was a cloudy day, as usual, and B-6 and G-5 were brought together again. The two bunks were joined this time for a picnic at North Lake.

We took off slowly in the solid green Jensen bus, and we maintained that slow, cautious pace. The trip had some of the unique vocalists in the country on the bus. During our trip we also had a tour by our self-appointed guide Isreal Lerman. I can still recall one remark made by him

Denise Sherer cont.

as we passed through Hunter: "Well folks, we are now approaching and have now left the town of Hunter."

Finally we made our grand entrance at our destination. It was a beautiful spot, with trees, flowers and a vast blue sea. Sea - did I say

sea? Pardon me folks, but you see I'm so used to calling Jened's polluted puddle a lake, that I find it hard to recognize a lake when I see a lake.

During our stay at North Lake we had various activities such as eating, sleeping, fishing, lounging, relaxing and a quarter of a mile hike. For an encore we had RAIN. We were going to save drops to take back to fill the 'puddle', but we didn't have a ton container.

We dined that evening in a luxurious area called a bathhouse. The meal included all extra accessories such as a broken ketchup bottle and no extra cups.

As the rain slowly dripped into the mud puddles we separated from the exquisite resort (hot and cold running water) and returned to our beloved, well-built Camp Jened.

Denise Sherer

Why?

a little word

asking big questions

questions

searching for reasons

reasons

giving knowledge

knowledge

creating questions

questions

asking Why?

Sounds I utter
 I stammer, I stutter
 Through the air they do flutter,
 But do I dare,
 Can I suppose
 That of me
 Anyone knows?
 Does anyone ever suspect
 Can they ever detect
 What substance comprises
 The sugar-coated pill?
 You smile, you laugh, you nod your head,
 Your understanding to me you lend
 But that may show instead
 That you are merely putting on
 A show of pretend.

Around me the syllables fly
 Like arrows over, under, passing me by
 Like a sportsman with poor aim
 Who knows not how to play the game.
 The arrow flies with a force
 That is fierce
 But can it ever truly pierce?

Linda Katz Going to College?

Last September started my first year at Long Island University. Before entering I had some premonitions about how I would manage once I was there. The people were all quite friendly, although at times it was hard to find a pusher, and this was the case especially when it rained and I had to move between buildings.

Due to the fact that I went to school three days a week I encountered other problems. My hours were long and due to the physical facilities I was unable to use the rest room. At times I had to cut a class and go home early because of this situation.

The work involved is difficult but also quite interesting. Some courses I have taken were: sociology, psychology, English, Spanish and western civilization.

After I became accustomed to my new surroundings and started meeting people, some of the tenseness I felt began to subside. The time is approaching when I will again be returning to LIU. I hope this year will hold many new and exciting experiences for me.

The drama group of Camp Jened, professionally known as the Jened Players, is presenting a classical production of Moliere's "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," a play in two ribald, farcical acts. The first act taking place in the woods and the second in a mansion.

The players include a selection of the finest actors and actresses in teen camp. After one month of preparation they are ready for a splendid opening night, a presentation which will assuredly please you, make you giggle, fidget, etc.

Stage assembly is being handled by that able and ingenious carpenter, who received his training from a professional (some time ago in the Middle East), Gene Morgan. Jack Gebelman is doing the scenery and will provide background bird imitations and various forest sounds. Costuming and make-up are being developed by the creative abilities of Rachel Treitelman. The play is being directed by Paul Epstein, with a bed assembled backstage for intermission rest.

Carolynne Bethka Debating Club

The ambition of the Debating Club is not to formulate a specific conclusion but to discuss and exchange views and opinions on topics that stimulate our interest.

By conducting our sessions with this purpose in mind, one finds new, exciting and valid points to dwell upon. Thus, one can conclude that the Debating Club can also be referred to as the "Learning Hobby".

One of our most fiery and controversial meetings dealt with a discussion on the normal world vs. the handicapped world. There was a diversity of opinion as to who was more responsible for the social barrier that exists between the handicapped and the non-handicapped and who should take the initiative in breaking down this barrier. The group however did agree that Camp Jened was a stepping stone in enabling one to acquire self-confidence involving fruitful social relationships. Another discussion pertained to pre-marital

Debating Club cont.

sex. The main question that arose from this session was: 'Was sex a privilege and enjoyment to be indulged in before one has the white Piece of Paper Stating a Legal Marriage?'

In conclusion, one can realize that this group covers an enormous scope of interrelated topics that affect us now and will continue to do so for years to come.

Teri Feinstein Music Club

The purpose of this club was to introduce various types of music to campers, to teach them new songs, and, in general, to have them participate in a musical type of program. We established a jug band and performed as a welcoming group for Cousin Brucie and Camp Tel Ari. This hobby was a learning and a fun experience rolled into one.

The Artists

Campers who were particularly creative and who enjoyed arts and crafts belonged to the arts and crafts club. One camper drew portraits of the other members of the group. Others made useful items such as ash trays and hot plates with tiles and scrapbooks. Leatherwork has become particularly popular. We all enjoyed hobby period very much because we had a longer time to finish our projects and a chance to choose what we wanted to do.

Anita Horowitz Cooking

In cooking, we learn the importance of careful measuring in the preparation of foods. At each meeting the members were divided into small groups; each assigned to their own task. One group would measure the ingredients, another would mix them, and finally the mixture was baked. Our projects varied from raisin cookies to orange-flavored cake. The cooking sessions gave the members a knowledge of food preparation that they could use for the future.

Gary Bjerkenes Tel Ari's Visit

On Sunday the 20, Camp Tel Ari came to Jened. A spirited time is had by all when this camp comes and this

were exchanged by the campers of both camps. The wheelchair fashion show also gave Jened a chance to entertain and show off the ingenuity of our campers.

The Tel Ari campers were not at all hesitant to talk about the purpose of their camp and the goals of the movement to which it belongs. I, personally, found it very inspiring to see so many people from all over the country so dedicated to one cause.

I'm sure I speak for all 66 Teen Camp when I say that I would welcome Tel Ari to back anytime.

Alan Kaplan Abelard

For an original evening activity, we invited a camp to entertain us. The name of the camp is Abelard. They performed for all of teen camp. They played a variety of music that seemed to please everyone. In fact, one is from my homeland which, as you know, is Canada. The city was Montreal.

Robin Browner The Campfire

At Camp Jened we have campfires. Gene makes the fire. He always makes a good fire. All of teen camp sits in a circle around the fire. We sing songs. The fire is hot and it keeps us warm. I like campfires.

Vincent David Counselor Baseball

The long awaited baseball game finally came on Monday afternoon. The girls were up first. They brought in several homeruns to our surprise. The game was really moving. The counselors and campers cheered each other hilariously. Al Winters was the catcher on the boys team. The boys really had to struggle into victory thus ending the exciting game with a score of 8-7. This all goes to show that women have the ability to handle the boys in a Major League Baseball game. All I say is if the girls would have won, it would have been quite embarrassing for the boys.

Judy Beasley Cousin Brucie

On Saturday, Aug. 19, Bruce

Camp Jened. Although he was late (he's only human too, you know) he came into camp with a burst of enthusiasm that really impressed everyone. After speaking to our campers and guests from Camp Abelard, he led several of the younger campers in a song. He then went into the audience and autographed pictures of himself that he had given out earlier.

He had to leave very early in order to get back to New York to do his show, but he left many gifts, including many hit records which were distributed to the campers.

Cousin Brucie's visit did not really end when he left camp, for he mentioned Jened on his radio show that night. We could tell by what he said that he was as impressed with us as we were with him and we all hope that he'll be able to honor his promise and return next year.

Carolynne Bethka Olympics

Jened's annual (we hope) Olympics were held last Tuesday, Aug 22. Joan and Marilyn divided the Teens into five teams according to the abilities of the campers and all participated in activities ranging from wheelchair obstacle courses and races, to balloon shaving, pie eating and javelin throwing. All the campers enjoyed themselves, win or lose, because each was given a chance to help his team's cause by doing his best in the various competitions. Many campers, so caught up in the spirit of the Olympics, walked and wheeled better than they themselves ever thought they could. In this way, besides being a source of enjoyment to everyone, this activity produced concrete results in terms of physical improvement by many of our campers.

Teri F: 4 more weeks for Hoffy
 Alexa S: first place in twiggy contest
 Nellie: the male staff
 Yolana: counselor in B5???
 Jean: a soft bed
 Isabella: Richard Chamberlain
 Ruby: boxing gloves
 Carol A: a new plastic cup!
 Dalla: Steve Goldman and more time
 Carolynne: B-6
 Frieda: a p.t. excuse for boating
 Elaine: leg guards
 Denise: a love letter from Mike
 Masters with which to black-mail him with
 Robin B: Joyce and Gene
 Gladys: a supply of medicine for her asthma attacks
 Judy B: Troy and Brian and Bobbi
 Bobbi L: good luck
 Linda K: a new battery for her horn
 Audrey G: another starring role for Paul
 JoAnn: a labor room
 Paula: a TOOT-ie role
 Sherry: an automatic letter writer
 Yvonne: a stage to sing and dance on
 Lileen: new shoe soles for bravery beyond the call of duty
 Laurie: another 10 boxes of Liet-Cereal
 Nancy: a new aerial-for her radio
 Louisia: a TOM- TOM drum
 Anita: a life full of more little miracles.
 Gary B: a week without Charlie
 Robin S: an english Castle and a ball of wool
 Alan C: a deer voice and elevated shoes
 Jose: comic books
 Alec: contact lenses
 Sandy: a funny joke-that's funny
 Henry: the skill of Wilt Chamberlain
 Tom C: an American flag to salute
 Steve B: Teri's twin sister
 Mike W: a newspaper staff
 Mark B: a harder obstacle course
 Jim K: a clock
 Joe D: a perch
 Charlie C: pre-written postcards
 Harvey P: a wheelchair
 Steve S: a creepy - crawler
 Mike K: Camp Jened radio
 Eddie B: a giant size prayerbook