About this time of the year, neighbors who have felt the ties of togetherness during the winter to be unbearable are showing signs of regretting the ties. Husbands find wives humming away tunes to the lifting melody of the latest song hit off. “The Station Wagon stopped next door today.” From living in the same house the past three years, this means that all will be well again this summer. “David, next door, is going to camp again this year.”

Remember way back when you went to camp because you were underpriced or the welfare lady took such Measures and the camp around the corner. When they delivered them to 2nd floor, regulations required lunch. The groceries would be filled with water, with hot dogs and the fire hydrants would spurt forth their icy sprays of pleasure.

A New Answer

However, the above are now either illegal, unsanitary or undocumented for the IQ's younger generation.

The Answer: Day Camps.

For a substantial expenditure there is one to fit each child. A new camp is as close as a first season hotel in Miami Beach. Although David has been perfectly happy at the same camp for the past 3 years, his prestige and status is heightened by reasoning that he will now attend a camp which offers more to help him on his struggle up the path of life.

More Expensive T-shirts; larger swimming pools; better restaurants in which to stop his lunch all over himself and more trips to places of interest. It’s not that museums and ball parks don’t operate on week-ends so the whole family can go out and have fun, it's that not the PTA does not make tickets to children’s theater available during the winter, it’s just that the check book relieves the parent's guilt complexes.

For a small fee when the family has paid and received proof of their acceptance into a camp, the director will reel off films of happy little campers evoking around, show reel upon reel of the campers going to and fro in the station wagon from one project to another, all smiling at each other and the director just smiling.

However, David will truly enjoy this adventure in living together and will survive the winter after ridding himself of excess energy while being constantly supervised. It’s when he gets home that everyone rounds up their kids and drugs the blinds, because now David gives vent to his personality and feels he has but a few hours until sunset to do exactly as he wants when he wants to do it, without benefit of group therapy.

The Black Association Spring Meeting however, is spent extolling the merits of David’s attending camp. To them it means nozzles on hoses will stay intact while David is away, his provocative idea of wetting down foam rubber lawn furniture to serve as squishy springboards are unexpressed and unbraed seed plantings will germinate nature’s way without benefit of David’s daily inspections.

David is outfitted from the Campers Bureau. Regulation shoe, play pants, swim trunks and name tapes on everything. And the reason for the name tape is not to protect against the possibility of lost underwear, but to protect the camp so they can return David.

Most camps being progressive, all campers will certainly be benefited and stimulated by the activity and educational program planned especially for each and every age group to provide a never-to-be-forgotten summer… at least that’s what it says in the brochure we just sent away for!