

WAY
BACK
WHEN



Over The River And Through The Hills

BY VERA MILLER

ABOUT THIS time of the year, neighbors who have felt the ties of togetherness during the winter to be unbearable are showing signs of retying the ties. Husbands find wives humming gay tunes to the lilting melody of, "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 underprivileged or the welfare lady took rachmonus and recommended camp. Who wanted to go away when ice wagons would be around and peddlers would leave fruit filled wagons untended while they delivered to 3rd floor regulars; lagoons would be filled with water gushing out of openings on the curb of the pools and on real hot days the fire hydrants would spew forth their icy sprays of pleasure.

A NEW ANSWER

HOWEVER, the above are now either illegal, unsanitary or undignified for the I.Q.'d younger generation.

THE ANSWER: Day Camps. For a substantial expenditure there is one to fit each child. A new camp is as chic as a first season hotel in Miami Beach. Although David has been perfectly content 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 slop 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 not that the PTA does not make tickets to children's theatre 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 passed and received approval of their acceptance into a camp, the director will reel off films of happy little campers cavorting 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 driver, the director just smiling.

HOWEVER, David will truly enjoy this adventure in living together and will survive the winter after ridding himself of excess en-

ergy while being constantly supervised. It's when he gets home that everyone rounds up their kids and draws 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 Block Association Spring Meeting however, is spent extoling 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 unborn 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 camps, 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!