

SHALOM

INSIDE: Special Nostalgia Feature



CAMP KADIMAH 1977

Special Edition

VOL. 3 NO. 2

Atlantic Jewish Council

OCTOBER 1977

TISHRAI
MARHESHVAN 5738

OUR CAMP



"Giborim"



"Goshrim"

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND MEMBER ORGANIZATIONS OF THE ATLANTIC JEWISH COUNCIL WISH CAMP KADIMAH CONTINUED SUCCESS. KADIMAH'S IMPACT AND EFFECTIVENESS WILL CONTINUE TO ENHANCE THE QUALITY OF JEWISH LIFE IN THIS REGION.

Shalom: The official publication of the **Atlantic Jewish Council**, in conjunction with the Canadian Zionist Federation and Canadian Jewish Congress, 1551 South Park Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 2L2. The opinions expressed herein are those of the author and not necessarily of the Atlantic Jewish Council or its editorial board.

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Captions for coloured photographs which appear on inside front cover and inside and outside back cover.

INSIDE FRONT:

"GIBORIM" AGES 7 - 9

Front (Left - Right) Staff: Bill J. Chernin, David Velensky, Barby Baker, Barry Crystal, Naomi Ross, Linda Smilestone, Greta Nathanson, Debby Olyan, Lorne Simon, Brian Budovitch. **2nd Row:** Howard Finkelstein, Adam Stern, Tracey Scher, Stacey Bernstein, Andrea Hrubsa, Sandy Fischel, Stefanie Green, Raina Susnick, Cindy Pink, Maxelle Yabon, Jason Budovitch, Jonathan Crystal. **3rd Row:** Sam Webber, Kenneth Chernin, Joey Schwartz, Jason Susnick, Steven Allen, Rosalee Jacobson, Beth Medjuck, Alana-Beth Ruben, Andrea Yampolsky, Tammy Budovitch, Jonathan Meretsky, Shawn Sable, Eli Weinberg, Daniel Froman, Ian Nathanson.

"GOSHRIM" AGES 10 - 11

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Captions Cont'd over...

Contribute to Shalom

**DEADLINE FOR HANNUKAH ISSUE:
Friday, October 28th, 1977**

CAMP KADIMAH NEEDS YOUR HELP!!

SUPPORT THE KADIMAH FINANCIAL CAMPAIGN

INSIDE BACK:

"KOCHOT" AGES 12 - 13

Front Row: Ricky Wolfson, Andrea Lis, Toby Nathanson, Rachel Sadofsky, Lisa Schulman, Ronnie Cuperfain, (lying) Lisa Fischel, Pam Medjuck, Rona Oberman, Judy Claeys. **Second Row:** Marcia Yampolsky, Amy Smilestone, Boni Loebenberg, Natana Shek, Michael Scher, Ben Schelew, Stephen Flomen, Jonathan Boniuk, Howard Green, Pauline Friedman, Esther Tock, Ruth Froman, Seema Wolman (kneeling), Sharla Lichtman. **Third Row:** Ray Zatzman, Corinne Feder, Alan Scher, Brian Epstein, Lewis Chernin, James Acker, Mark Cyrstal, Frank Smilestein, Mark Alberstat, Marla Jacobson, Lisa Goldberg, Mark Zive, Stephen Winston, Howard Gersen, Martin Zelikovitz, Josia Kersen, Kenny Gordon, Marc Levine. **Fourth Row:** Cheryl Marshall, Dena Dankner, Andrea Chernin, Peter Nathanson, Phillip David, Saul Raskin, Melanie Glick, Beth Habelow, Shelly Flam, Gail Gottlieb, Carole Boniuk, Laurel David.

"MACHAR" AGES 14 - 15

Front Row (left to right): Cheryl Freedman, Dania Besnos, Marlene Elman, Lynda Medjuck, Miriam Shek, Shanna Goldman, Wendy Habelow, Sherry Koven, Aviva Herman, Lisa Brown. **Second Row Staff:** Riki Lerner, Barry Goldman, Howard Lichtman, Carol Garson, Lily Burstyn. **Third Row:** Andrea Boniuk, Sheldon Crystal, Frances Pearl, Sandra Wolman, Mitchell Brown, Kaly Kerson, Mark Garson, Iris Kohler, Tova Sherman, Gila Smilestein, Diane Brinker, Amy Newman, Heather Goldman, Janet Lesser, Wendy Rose. **Fourth Row:** Mike Meltzer, Frank Friedman, Michael Collins, Hugh Smilestone, Joel Cuperfain, Debbie Leebosh, Anita Wolman, Susan Marshall, Ann David, Marlene Garson, Anne Feder, Lana Floman. **Back Row:** Dana Rafuse, Tema Conter, Joey Lang, Lori Silverman, Gary Smith, Kevin Viner, Avina Skolnik.

OUTSIDE BACK COVER

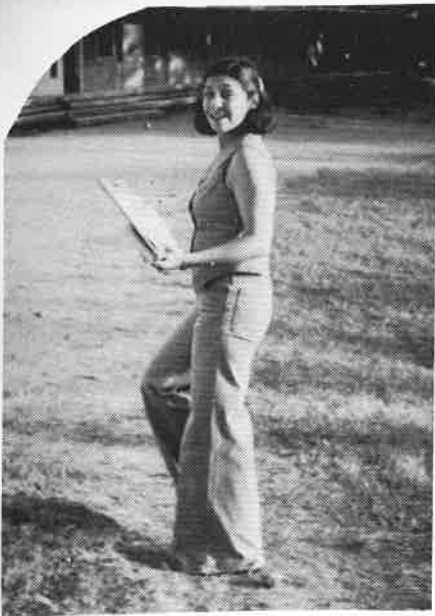
MACCABIA CAPTAINS AND COORDINATORS:

(Front to Back) **White Team:** Aviva Herman, Leonard Abramsky, Sharla Lichtman, Barry Crystal. **Blue Team:** Heather Goldman, Joel Cuperfain, Bev Bernick, Mike Freedman. **Red Team:** Iris Kohler, Lorne Simon, Seema Wolman, Jeff Cohen. **Yellow Team:** Marlene Elman, Gary Smith, Carol Garson, Marc Levine.

HEAD STAFF



Front Row (left to right): Greta Nathanson, Gaborim Unit Head; Barry Carnat, Administrator; Evry Carnat, Shirkud; Val Dean (cross Legged), Waterfront Director; Tora Andrews, Mel Yad. **Back Row:** Billie Laskin, Gashrim Unit Head; Howard Lichtman, Rosh Machar; Pam Medjuck, Secretary. **Missing:** Irwin Simon, Sports; Elana Landa,



CANDID

CAMP



THE DAY

by Howard Finkelstein, Age 9, Montreal, P.Q.

At camp in the morning it is quiet.

Haftaah we run and play.

Breakfast is next on the list, its not as bad so don't be mad.

Its fantastic so don't be drastic.

And then comes Evvy in Shira and when she comes she comes to play.

Next comes Art and Bama. At Art we make things out of clay and in Bama we do small plays.

Then comes swim instruction strong as ever, here come swim staff you know that means bad weather.

After comes A.C.P. or Cabin Choice, A.C.P.'s are pretty good but cabin choice is better.

Then comes lunch do not fear, it will appear maybe not on time but just at the minute your stomach was growling at mine.

Then comes rest period. Oh! do we need it.

Chugs come next for us, its not a big fuss.

Then comes supper the meal of the day.

Then till curfew we run and play.

Oh! I needed that.

P.S. Goodnight.

DARKNESS

by Stephen Flomen, Age 12, St. John's, Nfld.

darkness has come to me

My soul Riseth to the sky

Dead and lifeless lies my body

Dried and protected from Nature's grip

G-d will give me source and security

In my trip to my foretathers

Compliments of

MacKenzie Bus Line
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Record Breaking Day

by Marcia Yampolsky, Montreal

On Tuesday, July 26th, the second annual "Record Breaking Day" was held. All of camp Kadimah was included and the day proved to be a big success. Out of eighteen events, thirteen records were broken, four were new and one record remained the same. Many of the events that were carried over from last summer continued to be very popular. The talking contest won by **Joey Schwartz**, who broke his original record of sixty-two minutes. His new record is three hours! **Joel Freidman** and **Linda Smilestone** won the kissing contest, when they kissed for thirty minutes, they broke the original record by fifteen minutes. One of the most difficult events was the ice-holding. A tie took place when both, **Marla Jacobson**, and **Jason Budovitch** held one ice cube in each hand for forty minutes, beating the old record of two minutes and fifteen seconds. The longest event that took place on Record Breaking Day was the "Cookie Eating Contest". **Martin Zelikovitz** and **Andrea Chernin** tied in this event when they consumed 127 1/2 cookies, beating the old record by 2 1/2 cookies. The results of that record were somewhat uncomfortable, but both winners felt that it was worth it. **Arlene Conter** spent two hours standing on one leg — that's a record.

Some waterfront events were introduced in this year's Record Breaking Day. A paddleboard race took place and was won by **Lewis Chernin**. A second waterfront event was gunneling (standing on the edge of a canoe and rocking it until you fall off). **Ben Schelew** won the gunneling event

with a record of seven minutes. Showdown and walking on a roller were the other two new events. The showdown was won by **Mark Simon** with fifteen points. **Lisa Hans** won "walking on a roller" when she remained on the roller for sixteen minutes and forty-five seconds.

Record Breaking Day will become a regular special event at camp because it is enjoyed by everyone.





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The Lessers - London, Ont.

MAKE IT OR BREAK IT DAY

by Dena Dankner, Age 13, Halifax

At lunch time right before dessert, **Shaul** gave us a lecture which lasted for about ten minutes. The lecture started about how much in debt our camp is. Shaul then decided we should help build the camp budget. How could we do it? Simply, by giving up a few of the extras at camp. The one we decided which was least important was canteen. After lunch, we went back to the cabins for a cabin discussion on the topic. Some cabins, like Machar girls, Cabin No. 14, said that they would be willing to have only two or three canteens a week. Other cabins gave suggestions also. Then towards the end of the discussion, we were told that we were having a special event day.

This was the beginning of Make It or Break It Day. We were then each given \$525.00 (play money). We were also warned to be very, very careful because it had to last until the time you went to bed. With the problem of the camp budget freshly on our minds, I don't think very many people went in debt any time during the day. Right after rest period, we were set free on our own.

The first event of our Make It or Break It Day was a horserace which you would bet on. It cost \$10.00 to buy a ticket and if you won you could get \$20.00 in return. There were several types of races including leap horse (leap frog), back to back, piggy back and a few more types. We even used our own horses and jockeys. Some of the horses included **Shaul Landa**, **Ricky Wolfson**, **Bill Chernin** and **Irwin Simon**. Some of the jockeys included **Sharla Lichtman**, **Rona Oberman**, **Linda Smilestone** and **Bev Bernick**.

The next event was the stock market. This is where we could buy stocks with a great variety of choice. In the choice, there was Kadimah Chicken Soup, Kadimah Realty, Shaul's Toys, Kadimah Baseball team, Kadimah Oil Drillers and Kadimah Reservoir. You could buy or sell them anytime throughout the afternoon as the amount of the stocks flexed.

The last event involved in the afternoon was the wrestling match, which you could also bet on. It was between **Howard Conter** and **Matthew Burnstein**. Matthew won (of course, it was really a play fight).

The next thing having to do with Make It or Break It Day was after

MAKE IT OR BREAK IT DAY



supper in the Dining Hall. We had an auction, and you could only get things by tables. Everyone at the table would have to contribute a certain amount of money to it but each person would get part of it. Also you could only get it, if your whole table agreed on getting it. Some of the things that were auctioned were 10 packs of chips or 10 bars. Some others were kisses good-night from all the male staff on waterfront and to eat breakfast with **Matthew Burnstein** and a bunch of others.

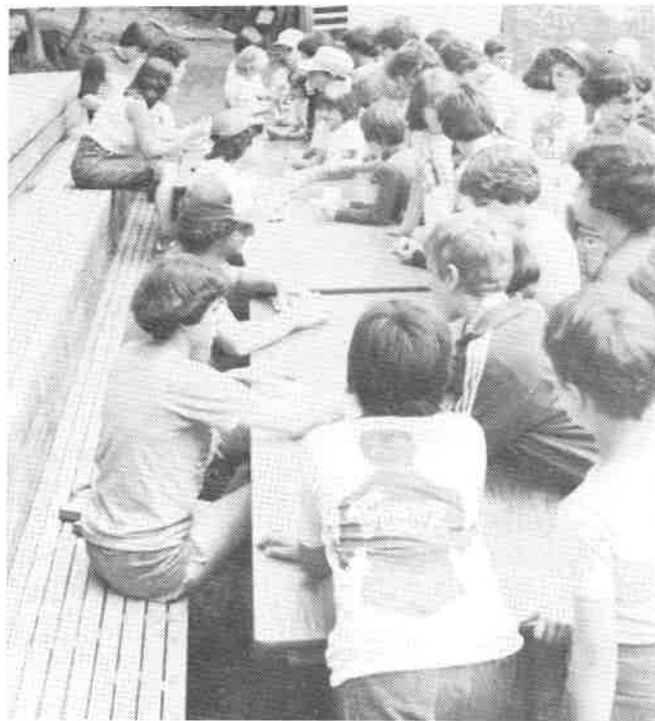
Then for evening program everyone went to the Rec Hall for Kadimah Kasino. There were different games there such as Match Catch, Mamies Booth (kisses), Lotto K, and many others. There was a bar where you could get popcorn and kool-aid also. Then we all gathered and sat on the floor to watch the Kadimah Beauty Kats. Finally the Beauty Kats great entrance. In pranced **Ray Zatzman** and **Matthew Brunstein** in bikinis and **Howard Conter** and **Kenny Gordon** both in one-pieces. They then had a dancing competition and everyone had an "applause" vote. Matthew won.

We then had the Lotto K draw and **Cheryl Marshall** from Kochot won. She won a Fonzie puzzle.

Also all afternoon if you did run out of money, you could go to the manpower center to earn some money so that you could continue on throughout the rest of the day.

After the lotto was curfew. It was a really great day, and I think a bunch of people learned a little bit about how to spend their money properly.

STOCK MARKET





GREETINGS

Greetings and Best Wishes to Camp Kadimah

Mr. & Mrs. Hilroy Nathanson & Family -
Sydney

The Salterios - Halifax

Mr. & Mrs. S. Laskin & Family - Edmonton

Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Sadofsky & Family - Halifax

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Luc

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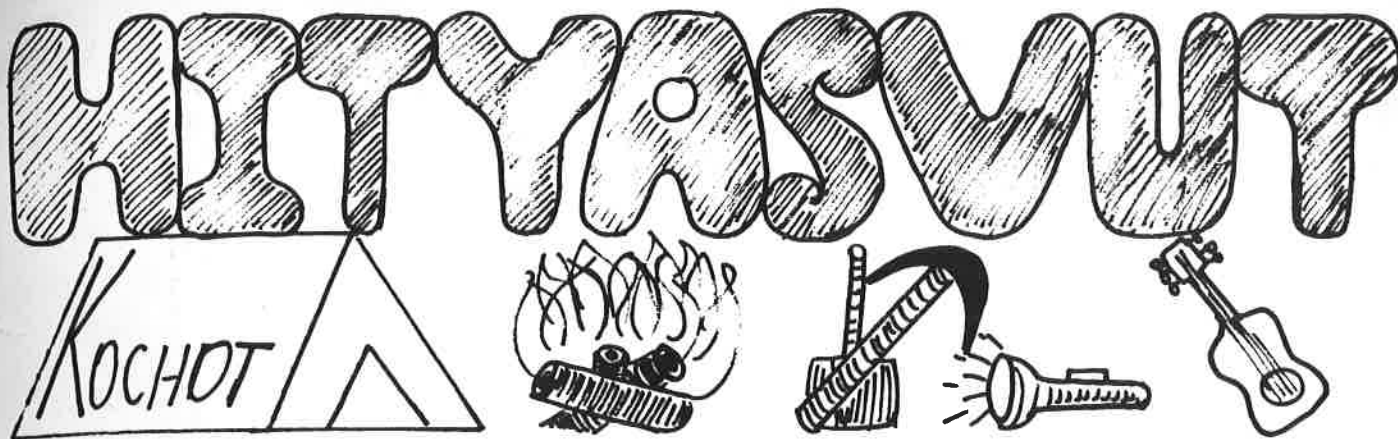
Mr. & Mrs. S. Brinker & Family - Montreal

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The Skolniks - Quebec



On a Monday morning Kochot had a double Tzofit period. To show how and what to pack for a hike. So we went back to our cabins to practise packing. When we were packing, we didn't think it would come to an overnight. We had to have our sleeping bags packed by lunch or we couldn't eat. While we were eating, our sleeping bags were being sent to Indian falls, where we had our overnight. During the meal three kochot tables were purposely kicked out of the chadar for making "a mess." The people kicked out were given ten minutes to get ready to leave for Indian falls. The rest of Kochot left about ten minutes after lunch. The walk to our campsite was five miles. On the way, we stopped to get water at a well. We finally got there.

No one slept in a tent. About two hours after we got to Indian falls, we went swimming. At night, we had a bonfire and ghost stories were told to us. After that, we had hot chocolate

and cinammon rolls and finally we went to sleep. We woke up the next morning at eight o'clock, had breakfast and then went swimming. Then we had lunch and walked back to camp. It was a good hike and the weather was great.

When it came to our Hityashvut, the weather wasn't so great. It was postponed for a day because it was supposed to rain, and it did so we were lucky we didn't go. We couldn't go the next day because there wasn't enough time. We were supposed to come back in the afternoon on the third day. The same day as Machar Day. So if we came back in the afternoon of Machar Day, it would ruin the programming. So we couldn't go. Instead we went to the "Ovens Natural Parks" for an afternoon. It was really great there. We went swimming and bought lots of junk food to eat. Maybe later in the summer, we'll go on a Hityashvut.

**KOCHOT OVERNIGHT HIKE
AND HITYASHVUT**
by Stephen Flomen, Age 13 St. John's
and
Philip David, Age 12, Sydney

"RETURN TO KADIMAH"
by Shawna Newman, Staff, Halifax

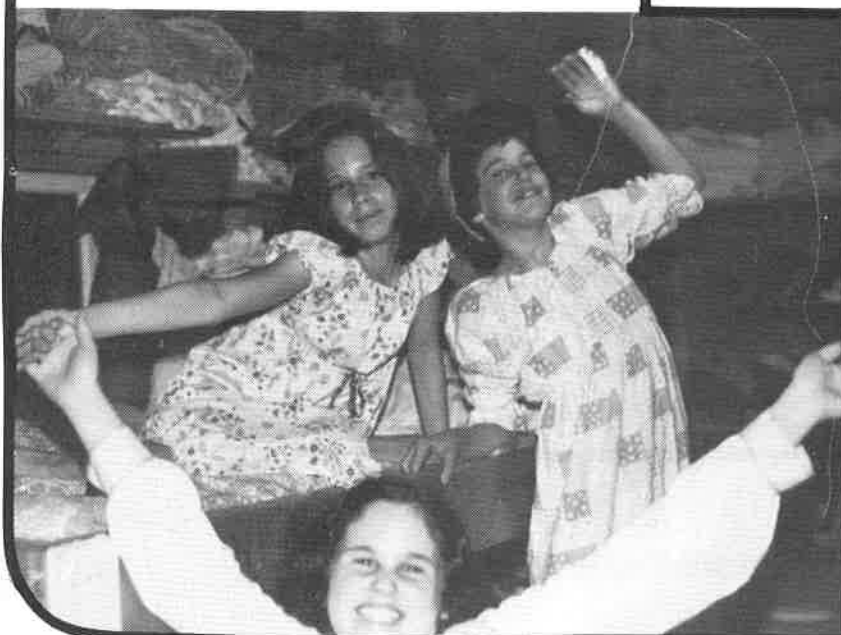
Having been estranged from Kadimah for four years, I found myself at precamp somewhat lost and confused. The familiar faces I had known as a camper were gone and in their places, were strange, seemingly hostile new ones. I soon rediscovered the niches and caches I had known so well several years back, but the tables had turned. Instead of hiding and playing around and behind cabins A, B and C, near Cabin 16 and the tetherball areas, I was wading knee-deep through gibbies and goshrim. They were discovering for the first time the places already firmly seated in the minds and memories of previous campers. Seeing this, my own feeling of foreignness diminished. A new cycle had begun. We all were beginning a new process; re-adjusting, adapting. Loneliness is hardly a singular feeling nor does one feel quite alone at Kadimah for long. No matter how seasoned the camper or counsellor, at the beginning we are all new.

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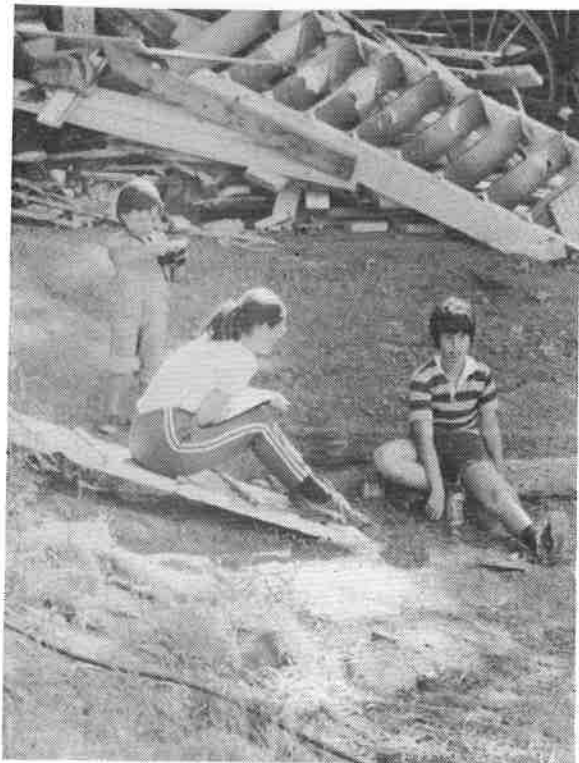
ANDID





ABIN





MEMORIES



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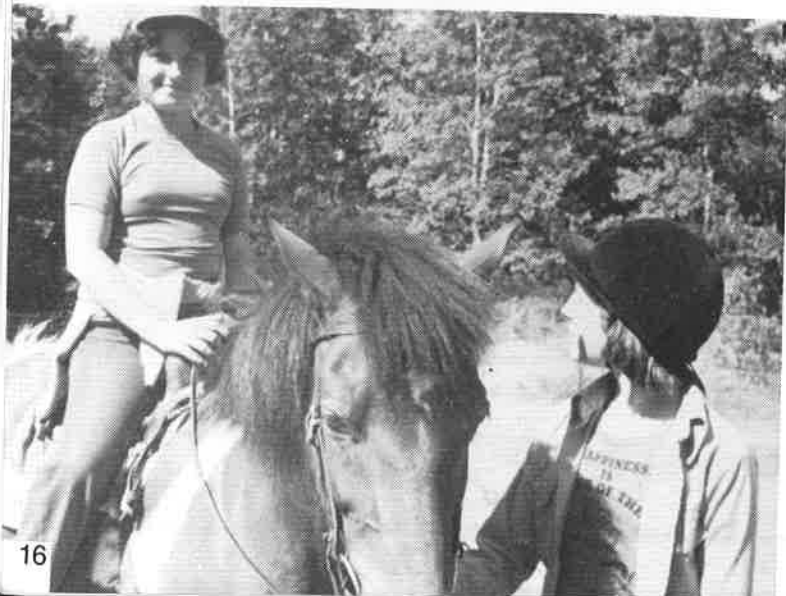
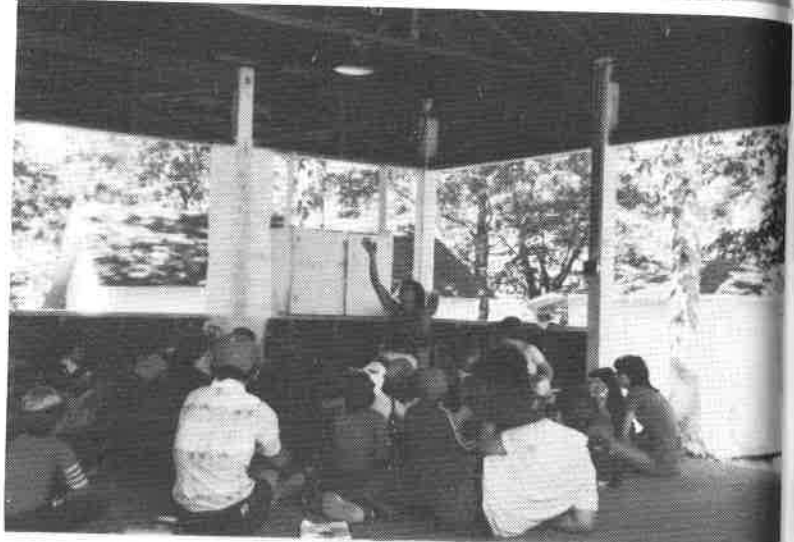
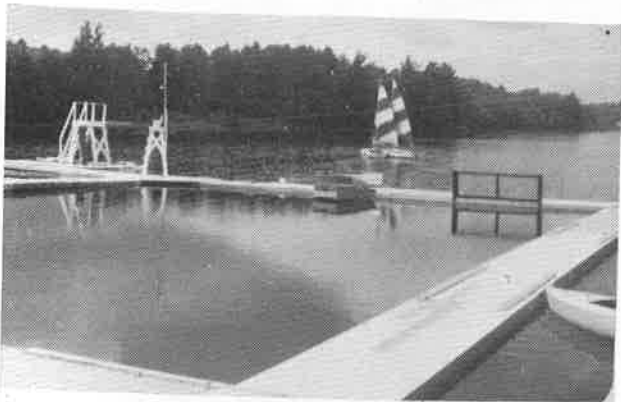
BIG AND LITTLE



Compliments of

Samuel Glick, M.D. - Greenlawn, N.Y.

CAMP ACTIVITIES



MEMORIES OF THE PAST

by **Boni Loebenberg, Age 13, Halifax, N.S.**

*The summer is over
We have left this camp site.
We have gone back to our cities and towns
Friends no longer whisper in the darkened cabins
Or yell shouts of joy during the day
The whole camp has packed up and left.
Only memories are left behind
Memories of our happy times
Reminders of our sad times
They hide in the shadows of the cabins
Scared to show their faces.
Yet even though they hide from us in shame today
They shall become bolder in their old age and
will reveal themselves
To act as milestones in bringing back all
the special moments that we shared in the summer of 77!*



WHY DO I GO TO CAMP KADIMAH?

by **Sarah Demb, Age 7, Bridgewater, N.S.**

*Why do I go to Camp Kadimah? Because my Mom thought it
would be nice to be with other Jewish people espashly kids.
Since I don't know any Jewish children.
And that's why I came to a Jewish camp.*

CAMP

by **Howie Green, Age 12, Halifax**

*Camp is good,
Camp is bad,
It is fun,
Like shining sun.
Maccabia is the best of all,
But the time it has,
Is very small.
I hate to go,
That's what I say,
But when time comes,
It's really O.K.*



SOCIALS

by **Jamie Acker, Age 12, Halifax**

I think the best part of camp is every Saturday night when we have a social. Socials are a good time to relax and have some fun at the same time. Boyfriends and girlfriends can get together and dance, and just plain old friends can dance.

Dancing is just a nice thing to do after assigned things of the day. The socials are really good when **Lorne Simon** sets up coloured lights and gets some good music going. But you also have to give credit to **Mike Freedman** for working on the lights and music too. Those two are really smart guys when it comes to working with wires and lights. There's not much more I can say except I think the socials at Camp Kadimah are the best things in the world.

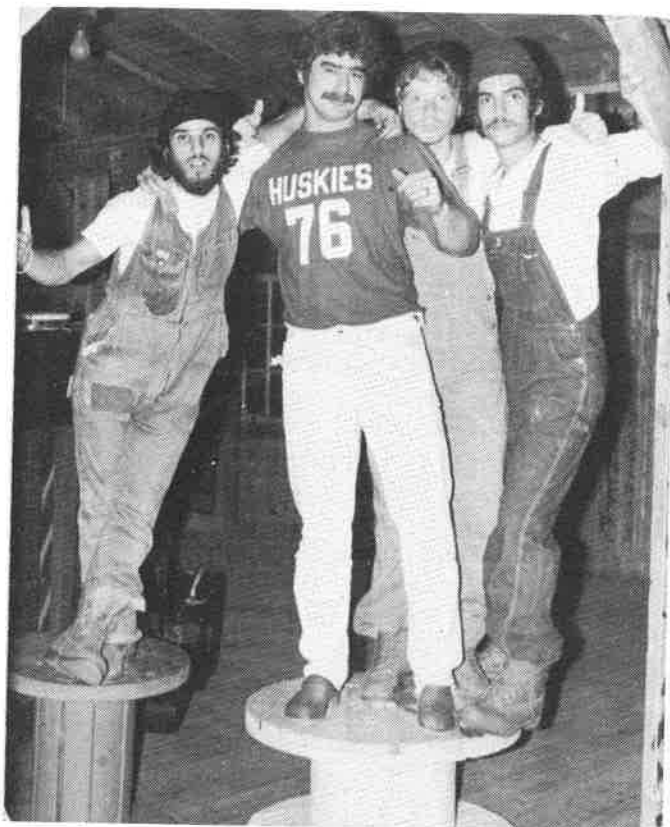
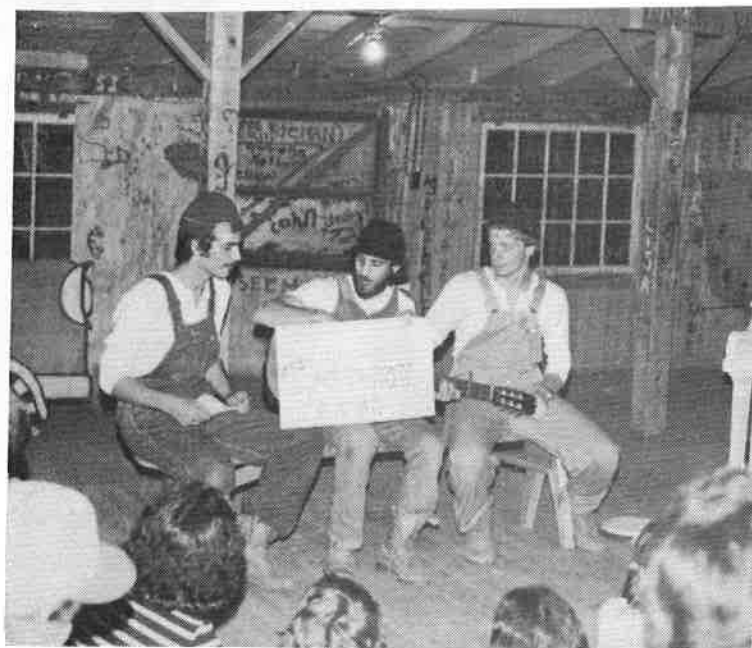
MEN COUNSELLORS

by **Cherise Devlin, Age 11, Willowdale, Ontario**

I like all the men counsellors. They are cute and adorable, and sometimes they come and kiss us goodnight. One night, **Marc Levine** came and gave us a kiss goodnight and all the girls loved him, even me.

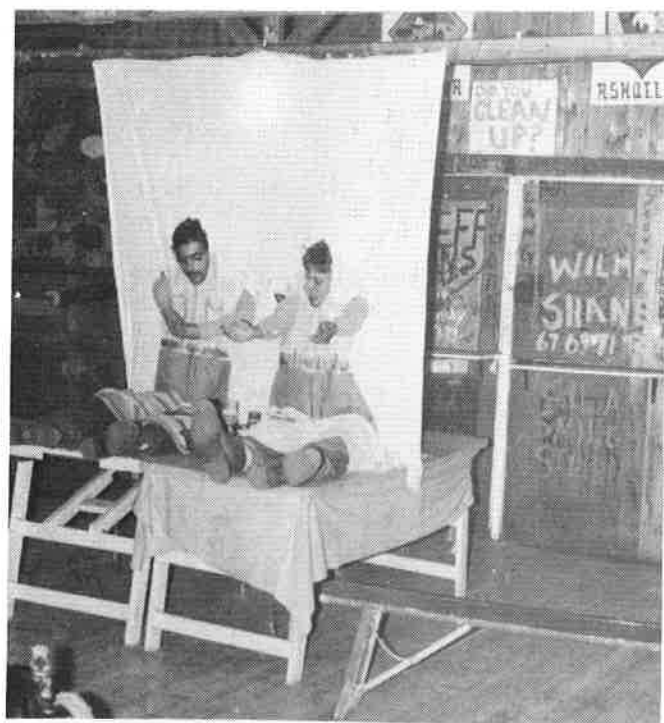
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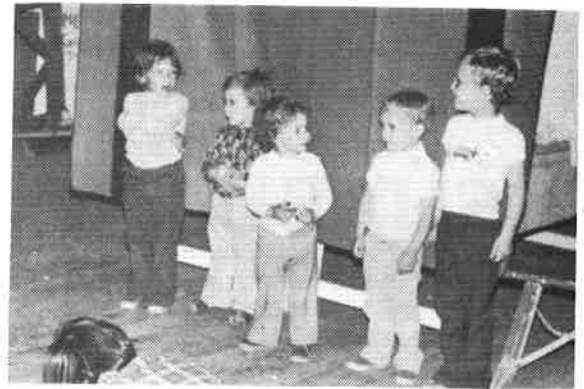
TALENT

SHOW



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SHABBAT



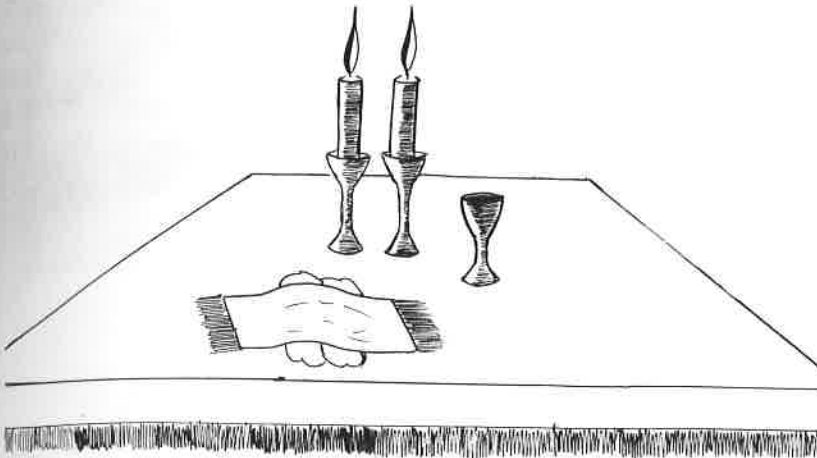
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Mr. & Mrs. M. Abramsky - Kingston

SHABBAT

by: Heidi Brown, Age 11, Toronto

Every Shabbat we sing in praise
While we remember the long ago days.
We remember our fathers, Isaac, Jacob and Abraham
And also Moses who the Jews he did save.
Shabbat is the day when G-d did rest
After He created the world at His best
He created the land, the water, the trees
Even the people and the birds and the bees.
Here at camp we celebrate
Shabbat, a very special date.
We clean up well and decorate
We also stay up very late.
The cabins are spotless not one speck of dirt.
We put on clean pants and nice clean shirts.
A big meal is eaten, with chicken and all
When we eat we have a ball
We pray, sing and dance and have much fun
And now I think my poem is done.



CAMP KADIMAH

by Amy Newman, Age 14, Halifax

The feeling begins when the bus slowly rolls through the gate of "Camp Kadimah" and the voices ring loud and clear with the tune "as long as we all pull together. If we all do pull together, this camp will be bigger and better."

As the summer moves on the camp begins to form a special union. The people open up to new and wonderful friendships. Some friendships will last a lifetime. Some friendships may only last the length of camp but will always exist in memories. Memories of camp will never die for they have been born to be a lifetime experience. This is the object of camp.

When other people refer to the word "Kadimah," the majority would think of the activities that happen in a camp (sports, water activities, music etc.). In Camp Kadimah though the name has a different meaning and purpose. The meaning is forward. Once we know and understand the word forward, we can associate it with camp. The purpose of this camp is to move forward in all aspects. To form a union with all campers to understand the meaning of friendship, to increase knowledge of our religion and nation and most of all, to have a wonderful, memorable summer.

When the last day of camp arrives and the bus returns, this time, to take the kids home, the feeling is completely different. The feeling exists of sadness of leaving such a great summer behind and for seeing friends maybe for the last time or until you meet next summer. The feeling also exists of knowing for that year you will never walk to the dining hall or you know you will never feel how you felt that special time.

Everybody though should begin to look up at this point and reach forward to another summer where "Camp Kadimah" will pull together and be bigger and better than ever it has been before.

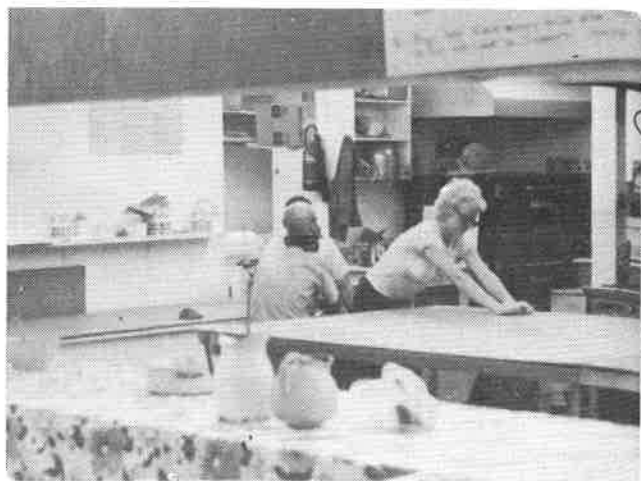
SHIRKUD

We have shirkud (singing) from Evvy. It's fun. We dance, and we have fun. She's nice! We sing English and Hebrew songs. We dance Hebrew dances and English dances. We sing for visiting day and just for fun. One day, we practised and we were on TV. Shirkud is lots of fun.

A Gibbie

Compliments of

Abe Levine & Sons Limited - Fredericton



"MAMMA'S"



PLACE



Compliments of

Mr. & Mrs. Jack Collins & Family - Halifax

"CAMP'S FOOD"

by: Jonathan Boniuk, Age 12, St. Louis, Mo.

(Sung to the tune of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game")

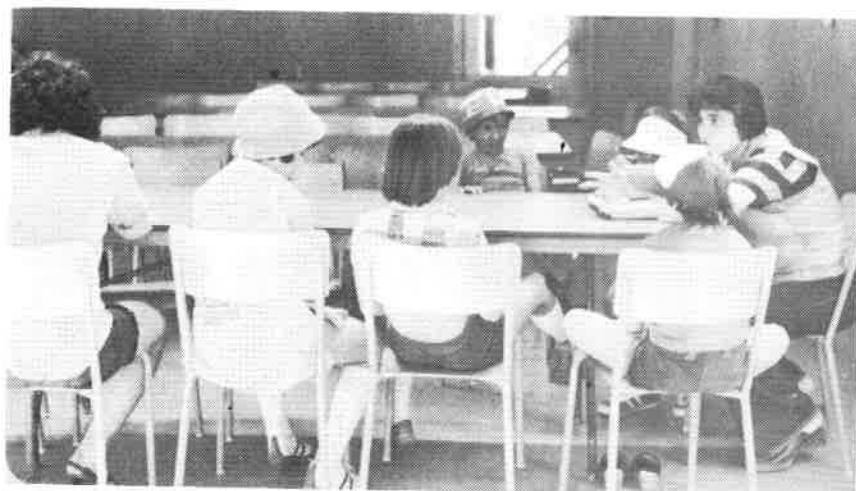
Take me out to Kadimah
Take me out to their food.
Mrs. Goldstein and all of the crew,
Have something tasting yummy for you.
Especially the great chicken,
They make on Friday night,
For it's one, two, three cheers for them
They're out of sight!



MACHAR DAYS

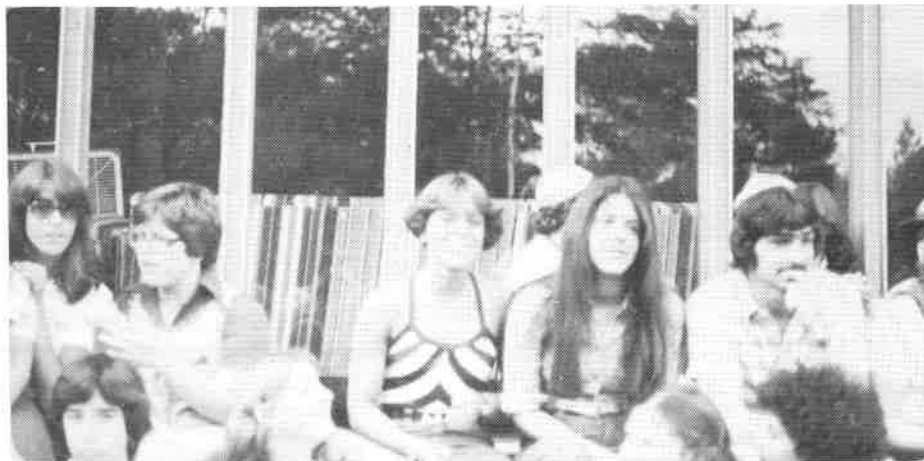
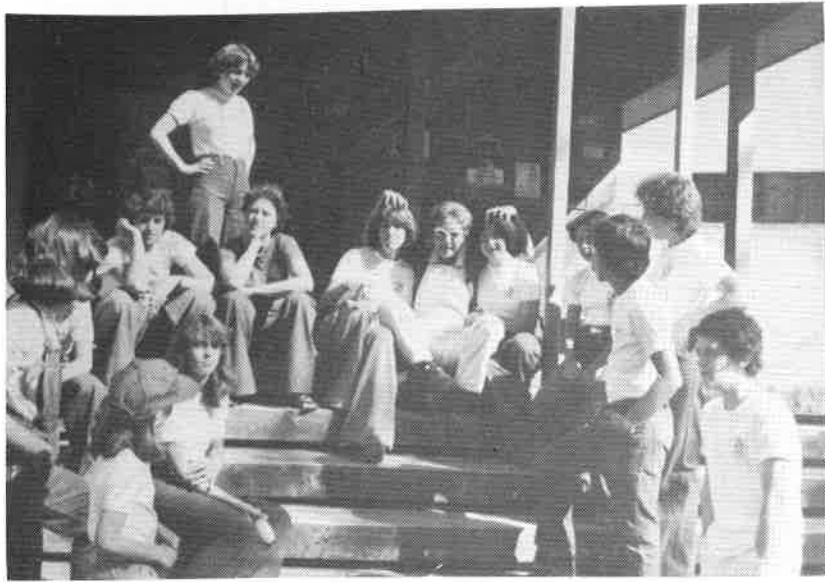
by Tracy Scher, Age 8, Mill Village

Machar days is when the counsellors have days off. Then the macharniks are your counsellors for the day. They are the oldest kids in Camp Kadimah. And so, they are trying to learn how to be C.I.T.'s and counsellors. Machar kids are so much fun and they're nice. At rest period, we have nothing to do, so they play games with us. When the counsellors come back, they bring us surprises and candy. My counsellors are named Naomi and Debbie. I love Camp Kadimah, and I wish I could come every year. And every Jewish person could come. This is the best camp I've ever been to.



Compliments of

S. Paul Zive Insurance Limited - Halifax



THE "WE" FEELING

Weight-Lifters
by Sherry Koven, Age 15, Saint John
and
Wendy Habelow, Age 15, Waban, Mass.

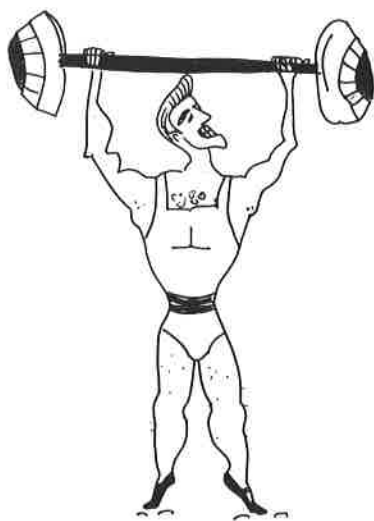
Could you imagine talking to the strongest woman in the world? Or even a man who has lifted over 500 pounds? Well, this summer at Camp Kadimah/Machar, we were fortunate enough to have a chance to meet these people and watch them display their skill at weight-lifting.

During the first week of camp, a married couple, named **Janet and Terry Todd**, together with **Dwane Eisner** of New Germany High, got together to explain and demonstrate some weight-lifting techniques. Dwane demonstrated a move called the snatch, which is a one-motion move.* Janet's name is in the Guinness Book of World Records as the world's strongest woman. During this display, she lifted a weight of four hundred pounds, but her record is four hundred and forty-one pounds. No woman in the world is able to lift within fifty pounds of Janet. Terry has broken many records as a weight-lifter. He weights two hundred and seventy-five pounds, and has lifted over five hundred pounds. He demonstrated various types of weight-lifting, such as the clean-and-jerk, which is a two-motion lift. This workout, along with many other weightlifts, includes practising three to six times a week (four hours a day), eating special high-protein meals and jobbing.

Weight-lifting is one of the safest sports. Many weight-lifters use a belt, which gives them more support, both physical and mental. Some weight-lifters, as many other athletes, use special drugs to more fully develop their muscles. Weight-lifting is an exciting and strenuous sport, which takes a lot of skill as well as strength. We, at Camp Kadimah/Machar of 1977 were privileged to witness and be a part of the breaking of two world records.

* Before us he lifted two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

P.S. **Terry Todd** broke the Canadian Bench Press record by lifting three hundred and ninety-five pounds.



*BEST WISHES
TO
CAMP KADIMAH*

**HADASSAH
- WIZO
OF CANADA**

ATLANTIC REGION

Compliments of

**Atlantic
Wholesalers**

Bridgewater

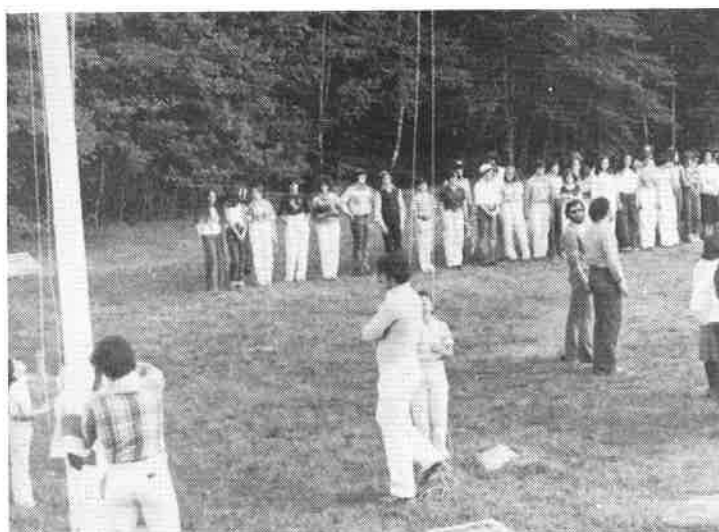
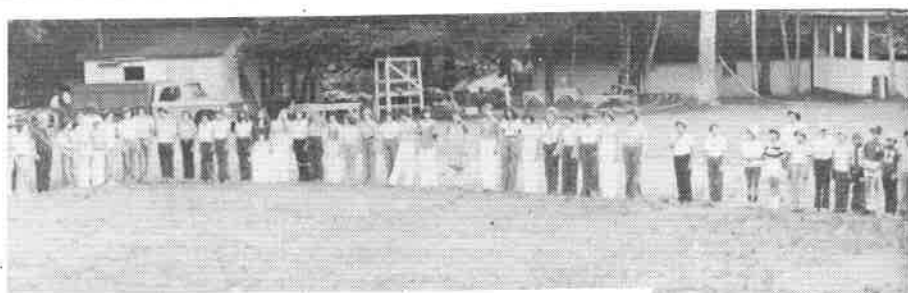
Compliments of

Elliot, Helen, Susan & Cheryl-Ann Marshall - Glace Bay



CABIN INSPECTION

AND MIFKAD



MY DAYS AT CAMP KADIMAH by Andrea Yampolsky, Age 7, Montreal

Music is fun to do at camp. Staff is nice. Sports is fun to do. Tish B'av I guess was good. I like the C.I.T.'s. I love Camp Kadimah. It is the nicest camp in the world. Cabin hopping is fun to do at camp. Swimming is fun to do. Mel Yad is fun to do. Pillow fights are fun. Camper hunts are very fun to do at camp. Hikes are fun but the girls get mad. Shaul is very nice. The dipper lappers are nice.



ABOUT CAMP KADIMAH by Jason Budovitch, Age 9, Fredericton

Camp is a wonderful place. It is full of fun and excitement. The counsellors are nice and so is **Greta** our section head. **Mr. Ezra** is very nice. He takes care of the camp with his grandson **Mitchle**. **Mr. & Mrs. Goldstein** are very nice too. **Shaul**, the Camp Director, has two kids here at camp, one is five and one is three. Their names are **Tal** (3) and **Eli** (5). We have hugs every day at 2:30.

Macabbia is very fun. We are put on teams: red, white, yellow or blue, and we compete against each other; in water events, sports and games. We have a runathon. That is all I can tell you about Maccabia.

We have a Machar Day. All the counsellors go for their day off and the macharnicks take over and be our counsellors. We have really fun programs. I especially like counsellor hunts. The counsellors all hide and we find them. If we find them, we give them punishments that is fun.

I forgot **Lorne Simon**. If we didn't have him the camp would not be running with power. Well that is all I have to say about camp.

"OUR EZRA"



Compliments of

Jack, Barbara, Seymour & Dana Rafuse - Halifax

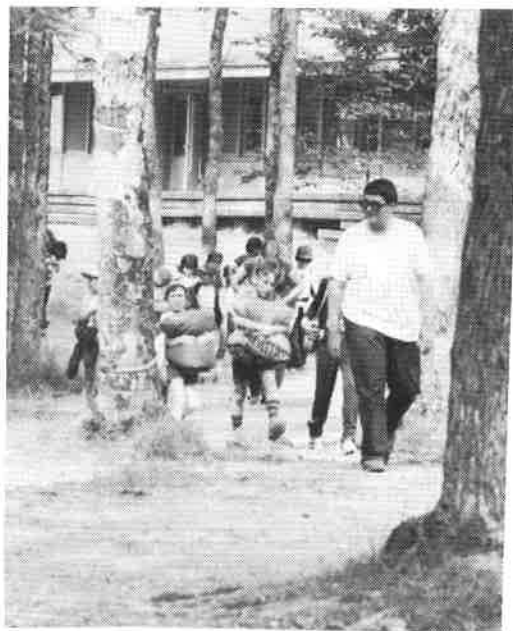
GIBORIM OVERNIGHT



OUR OVERNIGHT

by Sandy Fischel, Age 8, Don Mills, Ont.

We went on an overnight, we had so much fun. We roasted marshmallows and had pillow fights, and things like that. But in the middle of the night, it started to rain, so we had to go back to camp. But we slept in the pavilion overnight. And the next day, we went back to our cabins and then came to the Chadar for breakfast.



Compliments of

Harry Lang - Fredericton



FOUR WHOLE PARTS OF ARTICLES

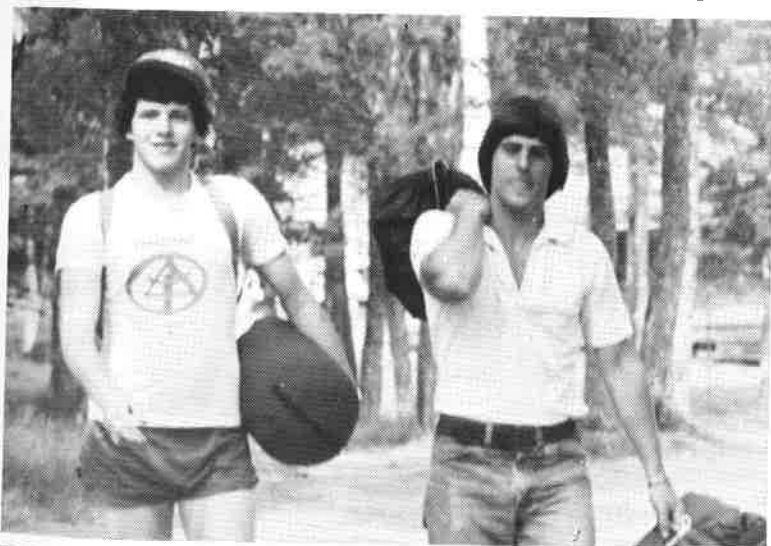
by Eli Weinberg, Age 7, Sydney, N.S.

Our overnight was fun. We were about to sleep at the bonfire but we ended sleeping in the pavillion but it was still fun. We slept in our sleeping bags. Only Giborim went on this overnight.

I like Gost stories because it's just fun. It is part of my habit. Gost stories, Gost stories, Gost stories.

Sports, Sports, what a good word to say. Ground Hockey, Floor hockey are my best games in camp in sports.

Socials yahoo yahoo I can't wait until the Social. I'm going to dance with the Goshrim girls - get up and boogie.



Compliments of

Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Medjuck & Family

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Hebbville French Pastries

Hebbville, N.S.

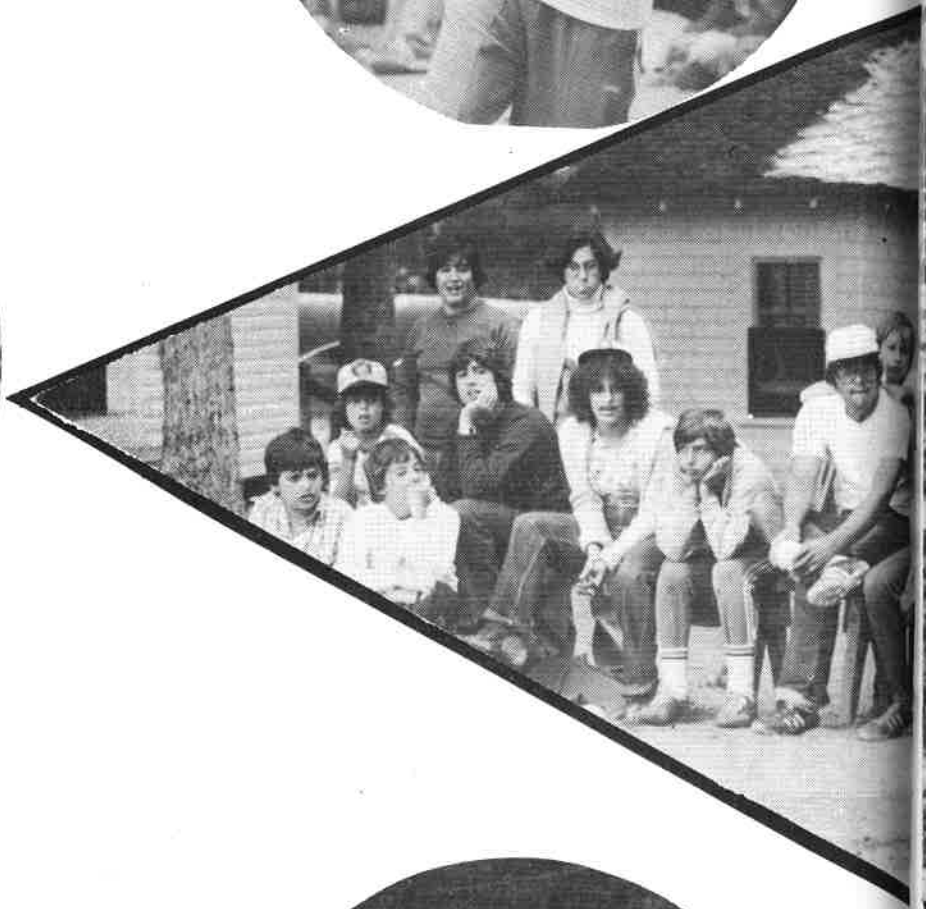
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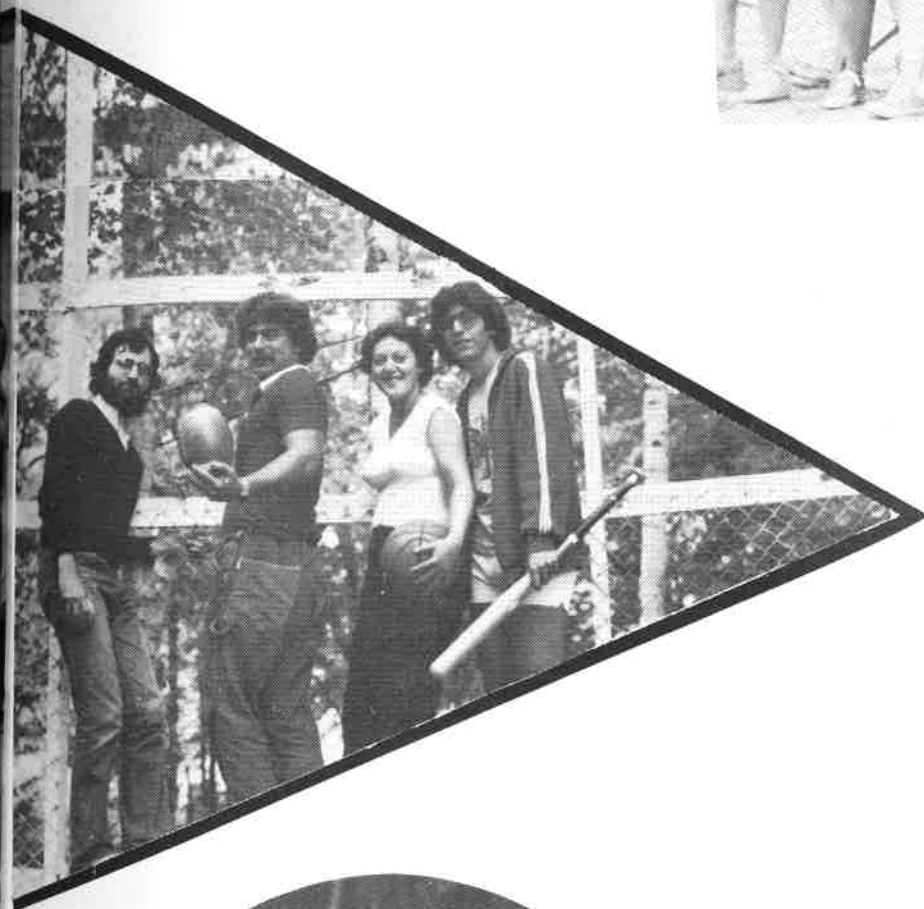
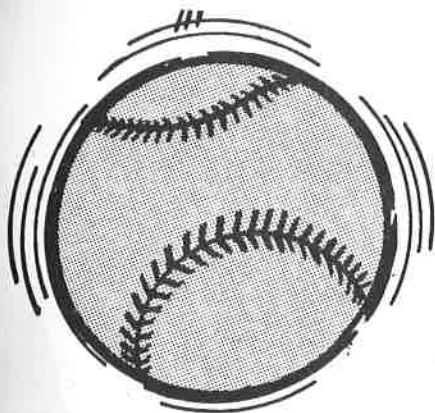
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Bridgewater Shopping Plaza,
Bridgewater, N. S.

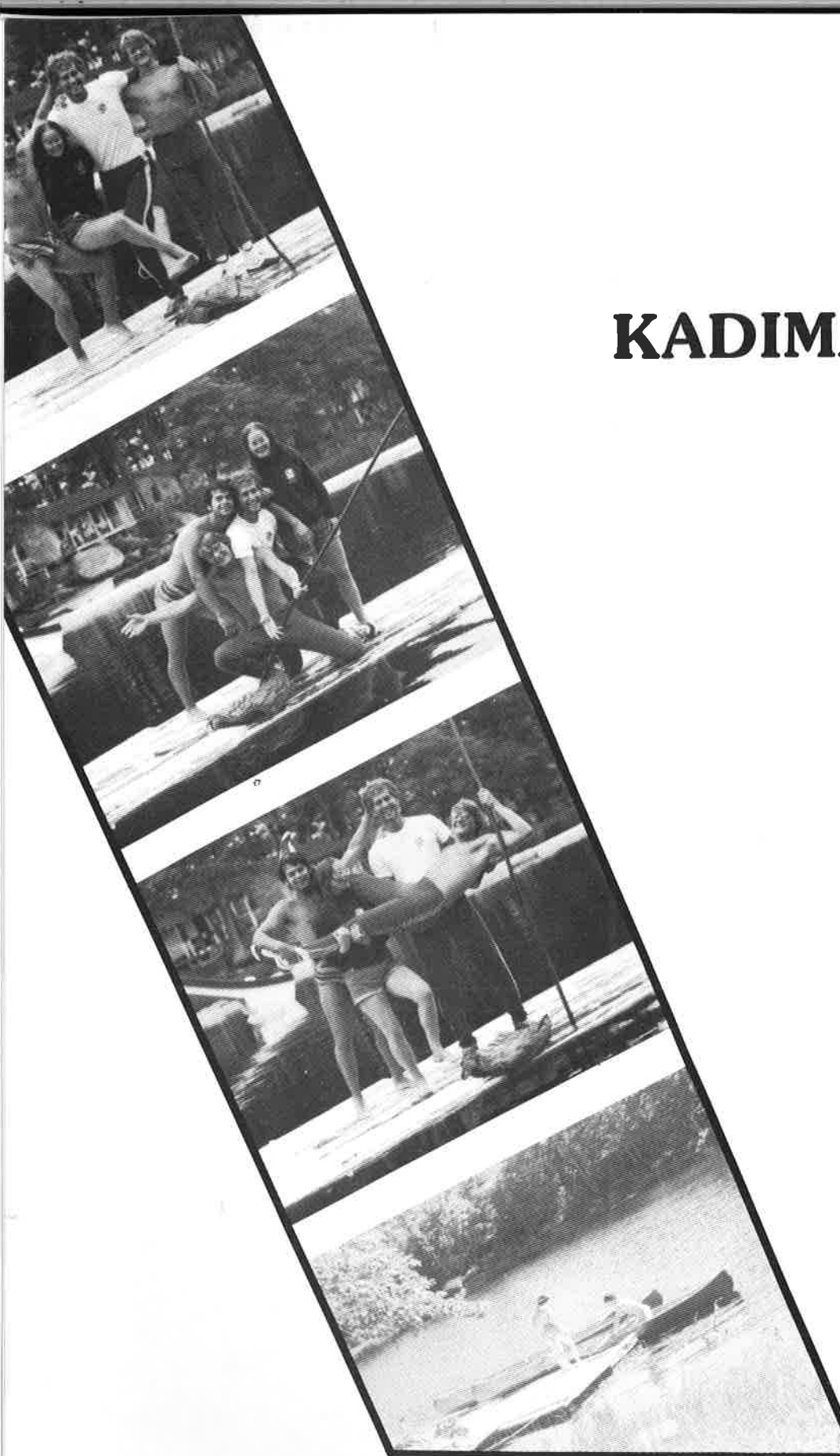
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PLAY BALL





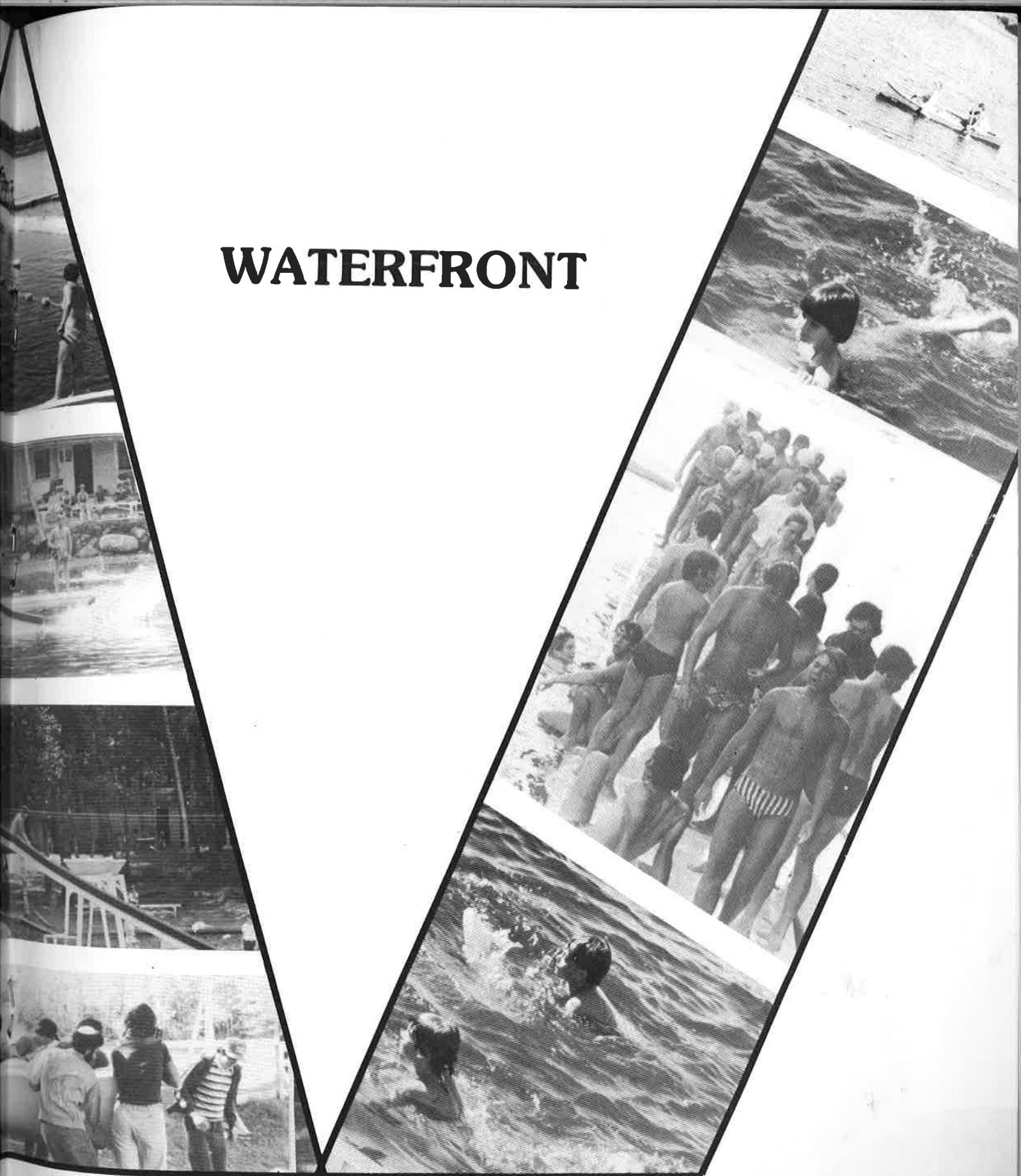
KADIMAH



Compliments of

Barbara & Paul Goldman - Northbrook, Ill.

WATERFRONT



Compliments of

Dr. & Mrs. H. Dubinsky - Sydney

MARCH, 1949



STAFF '45
a barn/mediate girls come
and the Silverman.



KADIMAH '45
KOCHOT GIRLS

SUMMER OF 1945

Plans for Kadamah Underway

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orchestra set the tempo that
which proved an entertaining one fi
and elaborate costumes.

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males in

The founding of a camp site was the most important
step this community ever took in the interest of its children.
Although Camp Kadimah is one of the finest camps in
Canada, our community has lost some of its finest prospective
campers because some parents feel that their family camp-
site can give to their child just as much as Camp Kadimah.

However the fruits that have
been reaped by the children who
have attended Kadimah are proof
enough of what such a camp can
do to a child.

There are few camp sites any-
where, that can boast of so many
features desirable for the welfare
of children, during their vacation
months. Rolled into the healthy
environment of Camp Kadimah are
organized sports, regulated hours
of work and play, and educational
activities under the direction of
trained instructors. Nothing of this
kind can be offered by the privately
owned country home, which in most
instances, provides few compani-
ons with which young ones may asso-
ciate. This association of children
with one another is a most essen-
tial factor in their development as
good citizens in the spirit of com-
radeship.

We should endeavour to give
Kadimah as much local assistance
as possible. Many parents are not
yet camp conscious. They are aware
of its existence, and have shown
their willingness to contribute to-
ward it financially. But if there
were more camp-conscious parents
in the community and the Maritime
Provinces, more children could
benefit from the many features
which are offered by this up-to-date
camp. Prospective councillors should
realize that this camp is operating
on the lowest rates possible, and
for this reason cannot be expected
to pay high wages to councillors.

Early this month, the Camp Ka-
dimah Committee held its first
meeting to lay plans for this year's
camp period of six weeks, begin-
ning July 6 and ending August 17.
The fee has been made as low as
\$150. for those who register as

FROM YMHA NEWS

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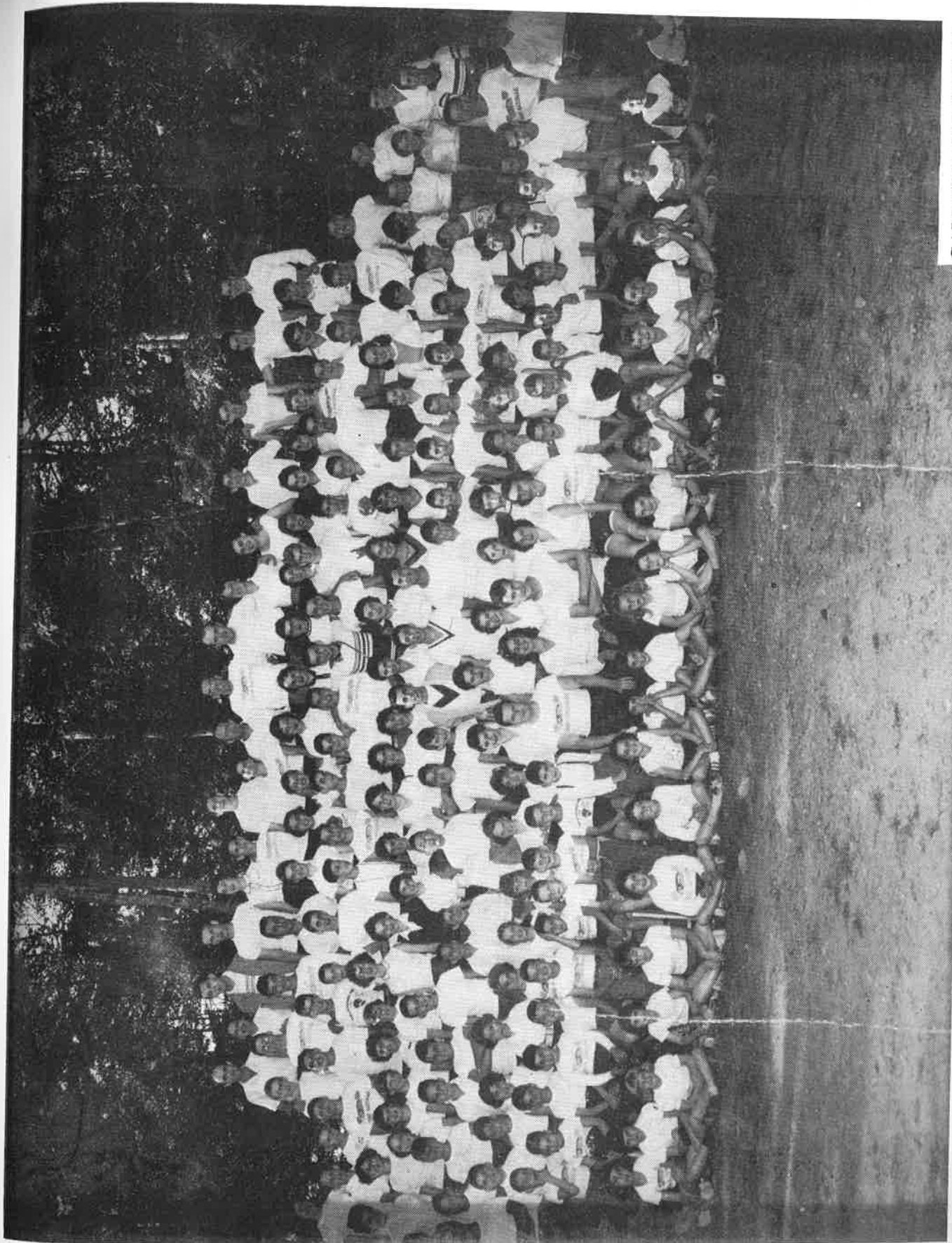
FRIENDS



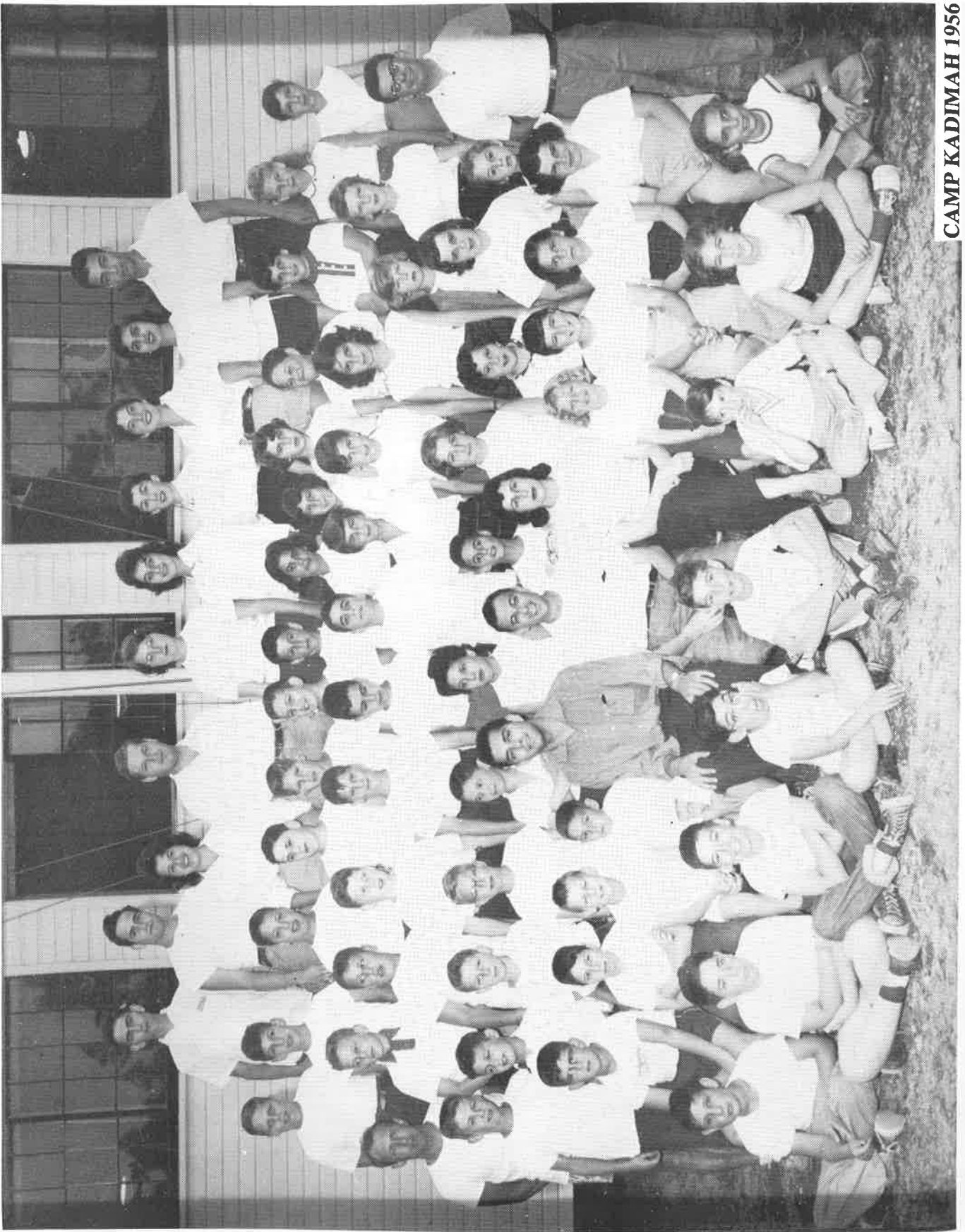
IN FRONT OF PAVILLION

"Clinic Scandal" which p-
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soloist, Ralph
Macabre"

KADIMAH NOSTALGIA



CAMP KADIMAH 1954



CAMP KADIMAH 1956



WATERFRONT STAFF 1961



KADIMAH HITYASHVUT 1960



STAFF 1960



STAFF 1962



To

Campers' Letters

Prisoners of Zion

LET MY PEOPLE

GO



Dear Tanna



I'm in a Jewish camp called
Camp Kadimah. We have
services every shabbat

We are going to go to Israel in a
few years. This is a hanukkah
Minorah and a star of david



hanukkah
doodle



LET MY
PEOPLE GO
CCM

BY:

STEFANIE GREEN
HALIFAX, N.S.

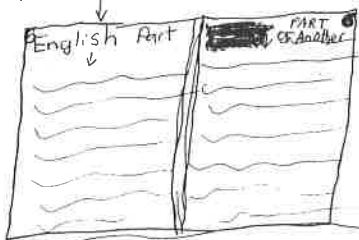
Dear Vladimir,

Date: Sun, July 17/1977

July 17, 1977

I'm here at Camp Kadimah and when I went to camp Yeogeny I hope you have a happy birthday. Since you are going to be six you should start learning about Jews. Well I am one and I go to a Jewish camp with lots of Jews. I am going to draw a picture of something called the Wailing Wall. You can throw wishes in the water. Well I have to say good-bye and happy birthday.

Love Maxelle Cindi Yablon



I heard all about you, and we are really sorry about it, but we're nice people, and you know about us, too. This is for you.

Yes →

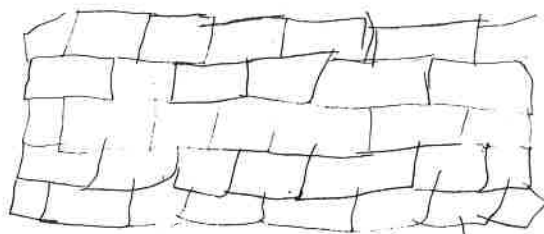


← No

We have services in a Synagogue but please don't mind that, too. Anyway I have to be going now, and I like you very much, even if I don't know you, I still like you, so bye now, Yours truly, Ian S. Nathanson.

P.S. You can write me, if you like.

BY: IAN STUART NATHANSON
NEW WATERFORD, N.S.



BY: MAXELLE YABLON
HALIFAX, N.S.

Dear Janna



I am at camp Kadimah we have pairs every Saturday. We sing Jewish songs here. My parents have been to Israel and they saw the Western Wall there going again in September. We do lots of Jewish things.

My name is Alana-Beth Ruben. I am eight years old. I hope you have a happy Shabbat. Please write me.

Love Alana Ruben

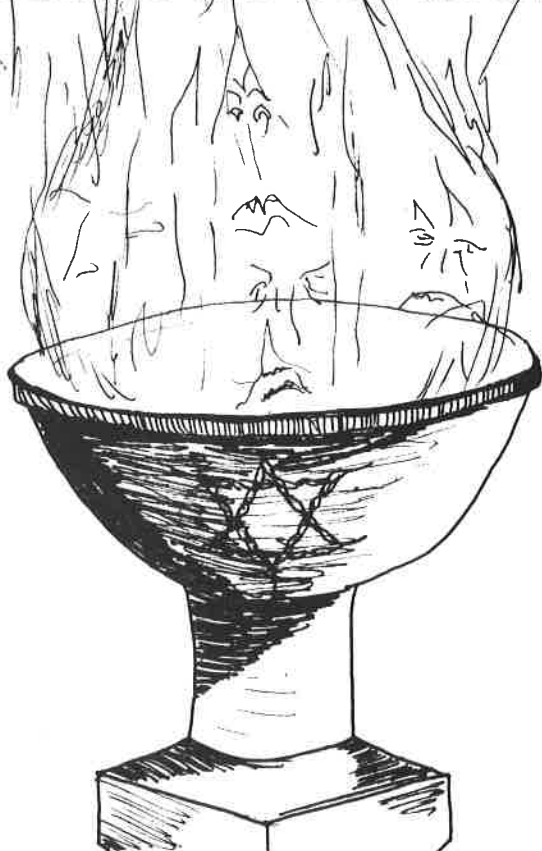
xoxoxox
xoxoxox



BY: ALANA-BETH RUBEN
FREDERICTON, N.S.

holocaust

commemoration



HOLOCAUST

by Ruth Froman, Age 11, Ottawa, Ont.

*Taken away from home
Families split up
Taken into the darkness of concentration camps
Massive killings done
To the survivors nothing can repay
The death of their families and friends
We will never be able to feel or know
the torture the Jews of that time went through.*

by: Peter Nathanson, Age 13, Sydney

*There is a place called Terezin
Which could be called a Prison
Where people lived
Where people died
Where death was a daily word
Which did not send shivers through the
spines of men
But only made some women cry
In the death camp of Plasjow
People died
People from Prague, Berlin and Moscow
In the camp of Chelmno,
Where ladies lined the street
And also the place where testicles were beat,
The sound of terror could be heard
But never the sound of a passing cattle herd.
To people freedom was too much to expect
Especially to the inmates of Belzec.*

THE FLAME OF HOPE

by Boni Loebenberg, Halifax, N.S., Age 13

*They lay in numbers
Like children crying for food.
Their faces showed hard work and worry.
Their bodies were misshapen
Arms almost see through
Legs swollen out of proportion.
But through their suffering
They continued to live.
Remembering their lives before
Those who lost hope died.
Yet whoever kindled a flame
of hope lived on!*

by: Neil Brown, Age 11, Fredericton

*What I saw today was disgusting.
I saw jews being buried alive. Most
of the jews I saw today were only skin
and bones, Most of the jews in the
holocaust were killed by the gas chambers.
The total number of jews
in 1939 was 8,255,000. There was
6,057,000 jews killed in the years between
1939 and 1945. That means that there was only
2,198,000 jews left in 1945. I just
pray to god that there will never be another holocaust
like that.*

A Concentration Camp Diary

by: Marc Levine

July 24, 1942

Dear Diary,

Today is the first anniversary of my stay in this hell hole, and quite frankly, I'm sick to my stomach; two years of eating, sleeping, drinking and breathing filth. I just can't take it anymore.

My best friend Greta was taken away from me today, and God only knows where she'll end up. She and some other girls were taken out into the main exercise field and in front of all the other prisoners stripped down and humiliated. Can you believe it? They actually raped and beat these girls until they turned a horrible shade of blue with red blood flowing from their bodies.

It was such a sick and disgusting sight that if I ever get out of here I would hope my children and my children's children would never experience such a horrible sin. Then to top things off they put a fire hose to them, washed them down and shipped them off, still naked, in cattle trucks.

Honestly, to see the expression on Greta's face, the shock and horror in her eyes - my God, what is this world coming to when human beings would treat each other so brutally?

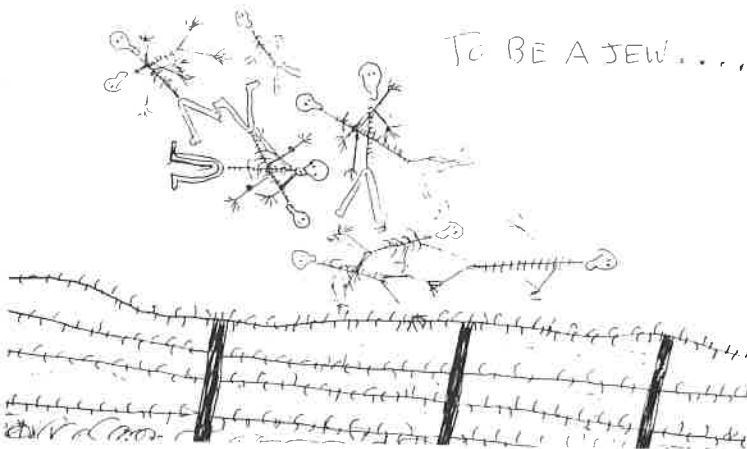
So now, suddenly very realistic, I have a very empty feeling inside. I'm All alone - I'M ALL ALONE. Greta was always singing, always friendly, and now she's gone forever. Without her I just can't go on. You see tomorrow it could be me, or the day after that. It really doesn't matter. They will get me and I dread that day more than I dread death itself.

July 24, 1943

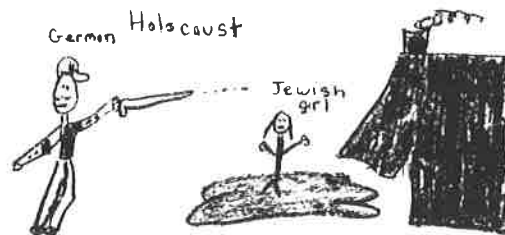
Dear Diary:

Right now Nazi soldiers are swarming all over the camp looking for me. I'm hiding in a small tunnel, more like a hall used for storage. You see, I've just killed a man. Again a soldier was trying to get me but then I unexpectedly grabbed his gun and shot him through the brain not once but four times.

I have two bullets left.



this candle is in memory of
the millions of jews who died
during the Holocaust.



No matter how old a Jewish
person was they would
suffer, or be killed.

Lisa S.

Tisha B'Av

by Martin Zelikovitz,
Age 13, Sydney

This year our '77 Tisha B'Av program was really something fantastic. At first on Friday night we were divided up into groups or families and we were taken around the camp in which we were shown many different horrible episodes of our Jewish ancestors who were needlessly slaughtered like sheep at the concentration camps in Europe. After all of the presentations we were all taken to the Ulam and we saw a tremendous play based upon the trial of Adolf Voss and QB-7. It was a great play about a Doctor, Hans Schmit, who was a Nazi madman who during the holocaust performed unethical operations on human guinea pigs (Jews), operations of sterilization on humans. This man is being tried thirty years later for these war crimes. He was found guilty.

The next morning we were woken up as usual but with one slight change. We were woken up by a counsellor who was playing a Nazi. He ripped our sheets off and was threatening to beat us if we didn't get dressed in one minute. We got dressed and marched over to the side of the bridge where we were put in a huge pen and told to do punishments. Later on that day we saw films about the holocaust and demonstrations. It was a really good program, and it made you think much about what happened to our ancestors at the gas chambers.

Compliments of

Syd Lerner - Montreal

6,000,000 —

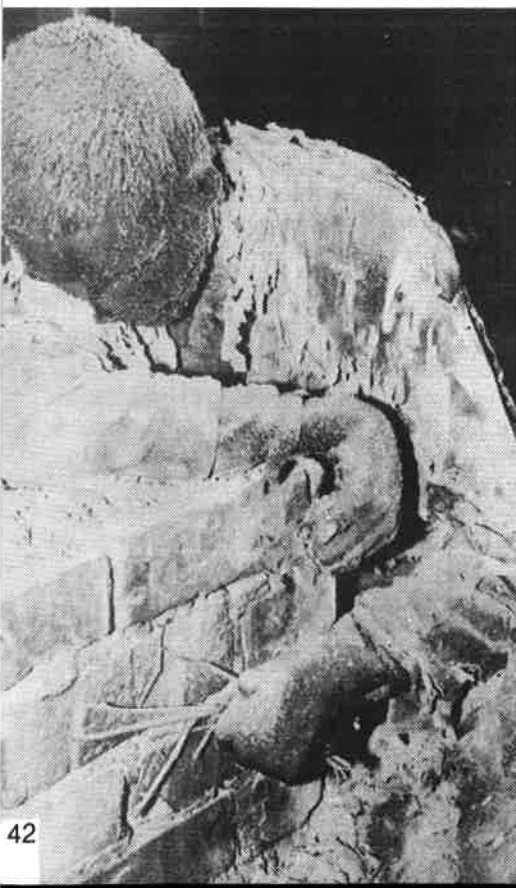
by: **Ronnie Cuperfain, Staff, Halifax**

Your ovens are cold
Your skies they are clear
The Stench it has gone
But the souls are still here
The memories linger
The fear in their eyes
They may be dead
But I still hear their cries

"Brother am I any different than you
I bleed when I'm cut
When I'm cold I turn blue
What have I done to earn this right
To be butchered and burned
To submit without a fight

Oh Lord please save me
Please answer my plea
Your people already
Have suffered much pain
Why add to the misery
By letting the camps remain

I enter the chamber
And I prepare to die
In less than an hour
I'll be smoke in the sky.



CAMP M

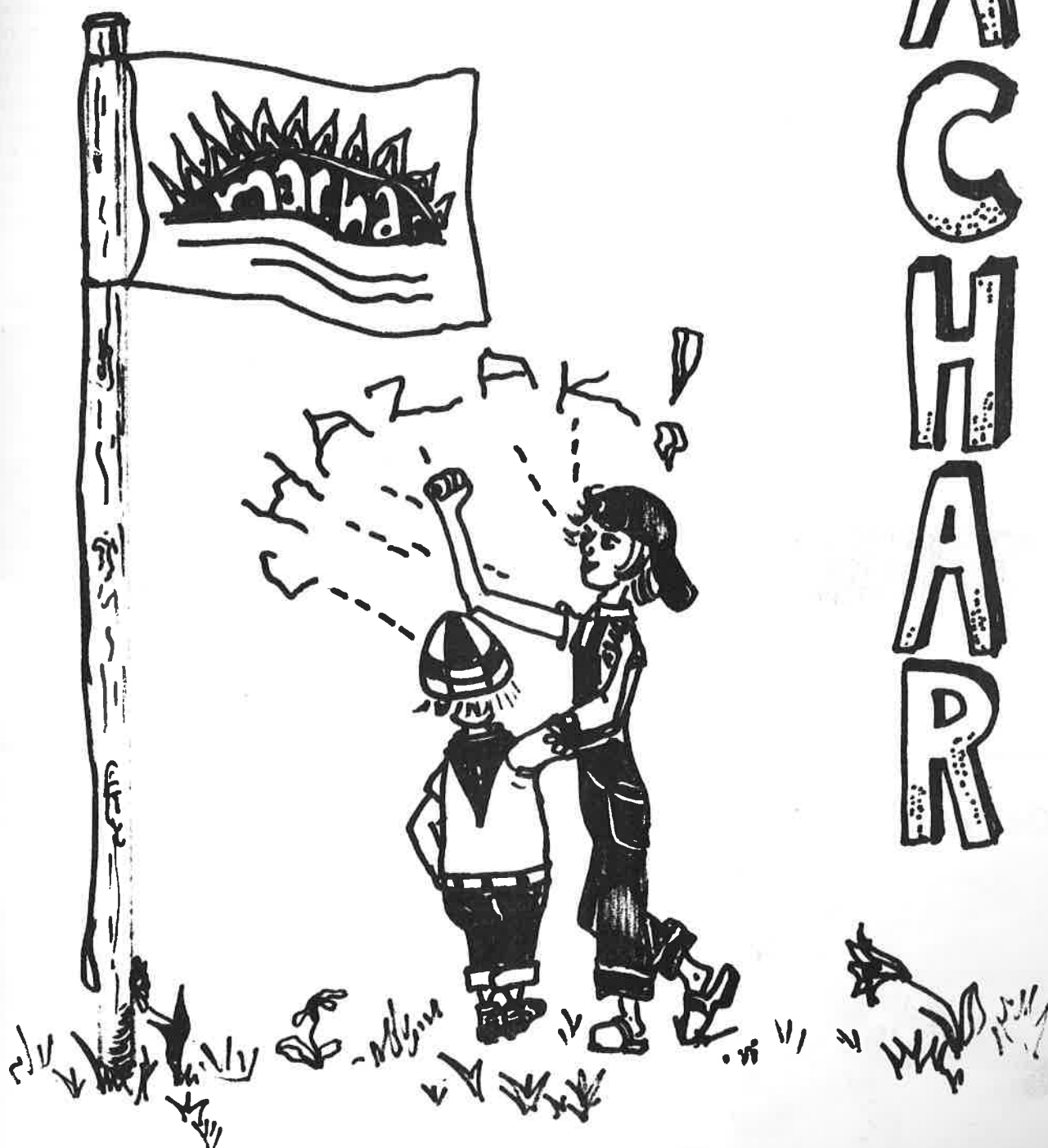
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Machar

by Dania Besnos, Age 15, Cote St. Luc
and

Dana Rafuse, Age 14, Halifax

Machar

loving, laughing

sharing and caring.

Striving for future leadership.

*Our chevra holding us together
tomorrow.*

Machar

lasting friendships,

our growing independence.

Together we're now one

*Dreaming of our ultimate goal
tomorrow.*

ISAW...

by Aviva Herman, Age 14, Cote St. Luc, Quebec

*I saw a poor man on the street
shivering and bare*

*He cried in pain and agony
but people didn't care.*

*I saw a blind man on the street
stumbling and scared*

*He needed help and comforting
but people stood and stared.*

*I saw a black man on the street
ragged clothes he'd wear*

*People called him dirty names
and others meanly glared.*

But aren't we all about the same

Some qualities we all share

*Hey! Isn't everybody being
a little bit unfair?*

Compliments of



CABIN 10 ANIMALS

HOME OF THE WEDGIES
AND THE M & M BOYS

Mark Lobenberg
Eric Altman
Mike Pink
Jonathan Allan
Evan Zelikovitz
Iaan Brown
Neil Brown
Bill H. Chernin
Joel Friedman
Alan Goldman
Gershon Weinberg
Robert Velensky
Jeff Cohen
Mike Freedman

REFLECTIONS ON THE MACHAR EXPERIENCE

by Howard Lichman, Rosh Machar, Montreal

"Everybody's talking about this Chevera we're feeling . . ."

Simply a song, simply words, simply a summer that feels like a lifetime making those words a reality. Inside the bubble world of camp, one finds Macharniks whose lives in the city quite naturally revolve around viewing the world only through a personal perspective. Slowly a sense of community evolves and we learn to make personal sacrifices for the benefit of us all. We begin to grow not only as individuals but also as a community.

An integral part of that community effort is learning how to be Madrichim. Machar, as its name indicates, is striving to develop the leaders of tomorrow, leaders within the Jewish

community as well as leaders of mankind. The word Madrich is translated to be "a guide," not someone who necessarily has all the answers or does everything for the camper, but rather someone who is capable and willing to be a guide in helping others to realize their own potentials and do things by themselves.

Machar also contributes to the process of transmitting our Jewish heritage to the new generations that pass through our gates. It is sad that often this is their first encounter with our vibrant Jewish culture. Camp is not school and we do not want our educational process to be the memorizations of names and dates. Through diversified methodologies of an activity-centered nature, we hope to offer a taste of what our Jewish Heritage is all about. **Our goal is not to replace a Jewish education but rather to establish positive feelings towards Judaism** so Macharniks will pursue it on their own and not shun it when it appears.

Self-awareness, development of a sense of identity, discovering strengths and working out weaknesses are all a part of the barrage of self-growth that permeates every element of our daily lives at Machar. As a result of our self-revelations, we are better able to recognize the specialness that every other person has.

The beauty of Machar is that everything I've mentioned is just a beginning. The learning process starts here, but it continues on tomorrow, and tomorrow and onwards for the rest of our lives.

As for myself, this ends a four-year life with Machar. Each summer has been a new universe of experiences as each Macharnik is different and special and as I have changed and learnt over the years. I hope I've helped some of you Macharniks to start to achieve the things I've talked about earlier in this article. I hope that part of myself is left with each of you as you are all a part of me.

HITYASHVUT

by Kaly Kersen, Age 14, Laval, Quebec

For some people Machar's hityashvut of 1977 was a failure. We all knew that we were supposed to go for four days, but we got rained out after the first day. But other people found the trip a great success and that the weather might even have helped make it so. I, for one, did not feel empty and frustrated on our way home. I didn't have the feeling of failure clouding over me. I felt successful, and I felt like I had learned something and achieved something. I learned what it was like to work as a group, to have to depend on each other to make it successful and to have other people depend on you. I also found during the course of events that I began to recognize everyone for who they really were. By seeing how they would react when someone would ask them to do something or help them with something, and then how they would act when they were the ones who needed help. I thought that this trip helped portray the genuine characters of many people. And that the unfortunate weather forced everyone to need each other, showing who was "all for one and one for all," and who was "each man for himself." Hityashvut also helped unify most of the Macharnicks into a group of kids who cared for each other.



MACHAR DAY

by Sherry Koven, Age 15, Saint John

Throughout the summer of Machar, there is always one (or maybe two days) which will stand out in the minds of the macharniks as being very different and special. It's a day when the senior camp of Machar, changes its role and is given the responsibility of leading Camp Kadimah.

Before explaining Machar Day, it's important to understand the purpose and uniqueness of Machar and to know how important it is in relation to Machar Day. During the course of the summer, we are able to choose different activities that interest us most. Activities like swimming, drama, Israeli dance and many more. Another type of program offered to us is very different, but in many ways, it is much more important. The program is less physical and involves a great deal of thought and awareness. It's based on our everyday lives, as Jews, teenagers and our environment and how it affects us. Another point which is stressed to a great extent is leadership. Leadership is the capability of being your own person, being able to better yourself, and standing up for what you

believe in, along with influencing others to feel the importance of those qualities.

On Machar Day, we are able to express ourselves and put all our learning experiences to use. Each of us is put into a cabin and acts as counsellors. We respect our campers' feelings and thoughts just as we do in our own camp, taking into consideration, the different age groups and personalities. We also take certain specialist jobs, such as boating, singing etc. . . . that we've learned about earlier in the summer. Our leadership and program training helps us plan a more thematic type of program for the campers which will help prepare them for later years in camp and later years in life.

The day runs smoothly and when it nears an end, not only the campers of Kadimah learn from it, but so do we Macharniks. It's a day from which we learn from each other about each other and about ourselves. I think Machar Day is one of the most important programs of the summer because it gives Machar a chance to prove their strength and leadership gained from the experiences of the summer.

MACHAR EVENING PROGRAM — PASSAGES

Many of the programs that we have at Machar are geared towards finding out more about ourselves and others. One program this summer, called Passages, was an experience which made us think about our lives; our past, present and future. It started with a mime skit, done by Val Dean, which showed a person going through life. It gave the message of the person discovering something, holding on to it for security and finally letting it go and carrying on without it.

Each person interpreted it in a different way, but we all got the basic message which showed us and made us think about the passage of life.

In the next phase of the program we were split into groups. Each group was given a different problem or issue that is faced by kids our own age and had to do a skit about it. Some of the topics were - parents vs friends, dating a non-Jew, parents' expectations in school vs social life.

We didn't have long to prepare but because the situations were so realistic and because each person could relate to their topic, the skits which were half improvised were quite enjoyable and interesting.

After doing the present, next we discussed our pasts. We all told each other the experiences and people that most affected our lives and what the special turning points in our lives were. Because of the variety of family backgrounds etc., each person had something different to say about points of their past and it was really interesting to hear.

The last part of the program involved our futures. We were told to pair off with a person whom we thought we knew well and each partner had to write what he thought he would be doing in ten years and what he thought his partner would be doing. These were written according to career, marriage, children and success and then we compared. It was so interesting to see what someone else thought you'd be doing in ten years and to see how well you knew the other person according to what he thought of himself in ten years.

Each part of "Passages" gave us a look at every part of our lives but in a different way and each person got something out of it because they could relate to everything that was involved. It was definitely a learning experience but truly an interesting one that was enjoyed by all.

MACHANEH MACHAR

by Shanna Goldman, Northbrook, Ill., Age 14
Wendy Habelow, Waban, Mass., Age 15

*Each night we stand
In a circle
With our arms
around each others shoulders
singing
laughing
together.
We are building a chevra
but our time is short
too short
to really get to know ourselves
singing
laughing
together.
But we do in six weeks
what others do in years
the closeness that grows
lasts forever
singing
laughing
together.*



THOSE PEOPLE

by Avina Skolnik, Age 15, Quebec
*The loyal dog with his trained brain,
Or the uneasy tap of a white cane,
They are blind.
The little box behind the ear,
Or reading the lips they cannot hear,
They are deaf.
The special chairs for their kind,
Or a life of struggling stairs they must climb,
They are crippled.
The turning wheels, the look in their eyes,
Or the happiness within their sighs,
They are people.*

FAREWELL TO CAMP MACHAR
by Marlene Elman, Age 14, Sydney
and

Wendy Habelow, Age 15 Waban, Mass.

Sitting here on the last day of camp, reminiscing about these past six weeks, we realize that Machar has been an experience that we will never forget. Bad times and good times are both important here because from the bad we learn to work together as a community in solving our problems and being together as a community is what makes our Chevra stronger. But good and bad, Machar is mainly a learning experience and our knowledge grows daily. Whether it is learning about Zionism or getting along with your peers, it's still learning. In a way, the knowledge we can attain is spread out like a buffet table. It's all there in front of us and what we want, we take. So in the same way, we choose our dinner, we are also to choose exactly what we want to get out of Machar.

In Machar, there are many ways of learning and experiencing. For instance, our hityashvut, which not only taught us the rules and regulations of scouting, but also made it necessary for us to work together and co-operate during Machar Day (which is when all the staff members leave their responsibilities to the macharnicks who then take over the camp themselves), we get the opportunity to see what it is like to be a madrich, learning and experiencing leadership and having to prepare programs and lead chugim. And in Maccabia, we have the chance to accept responsibility in planning and carrying out major activities during that week.

Machar is also a place where we grow and change within ourselves. Here is the place where we are first faced with the decision of where we are headed in life. Our Madrichim show us the various opportunities open to us, but we make the final choice, whether it is now or years from now. Here is also where we learn how to make and keep close friends. The friendships made in Machar last a lifetime, and looking back on all the good times makes it even harder to say goodbye.



Dreaming,

Feeling...."



Crying,

"Laughing,



YOUNG JUDAEA

Shalom Chaverim,

In the wake of successful programs at Camp Kadimah-Machar there is a feeling of enthusiasm as we begin Young Judaea this year. Already, much interest has been expressed in revitalizing the movement. Our most successful Mifgash held in Cape Breton over the long weekend is only a taste of great things to come.

We find it encouraging to see the strength and enthusiasm of the up and coming K'vutzot. They have a great deal to offer Young Judaea, and vice versa.

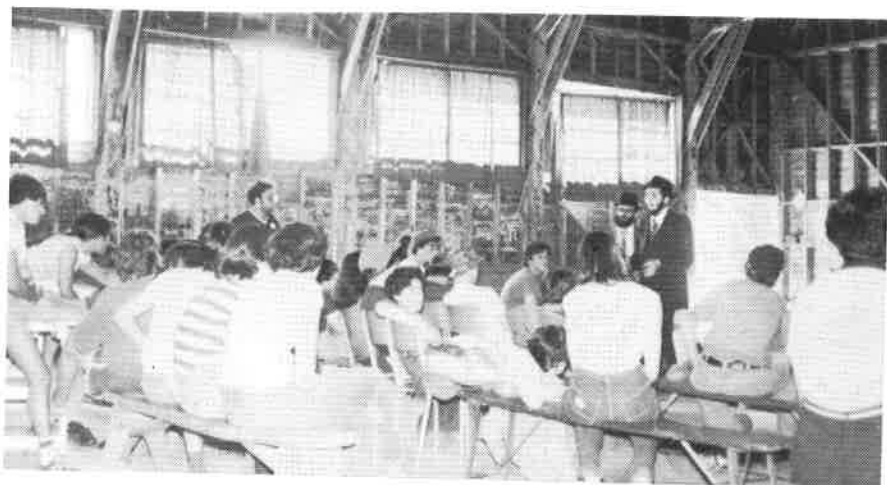
Regionally the outlook for Young Judaea is a most exciting one and all of us in Atlantic Canada can anticipate good things in the near future. However, it is not enough to sit and wait. It is time to set the kenim rolling and begin the years activities.

Best of luck in the upcoming year.

The Mazkirut
Atlantic Region
Young Judaea

Compliments of

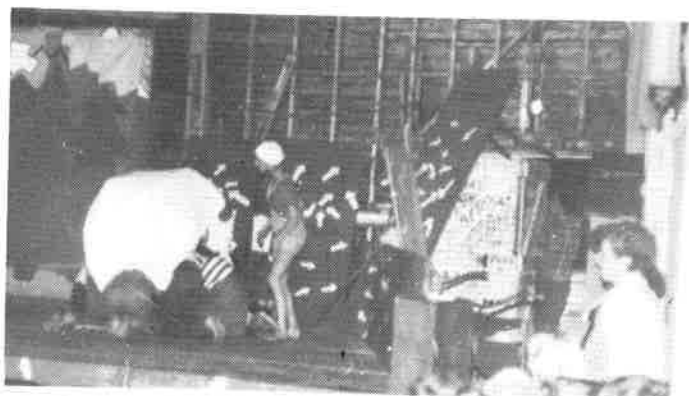
Bram & Inez Schwartz & Family - Sydney



MACHAR

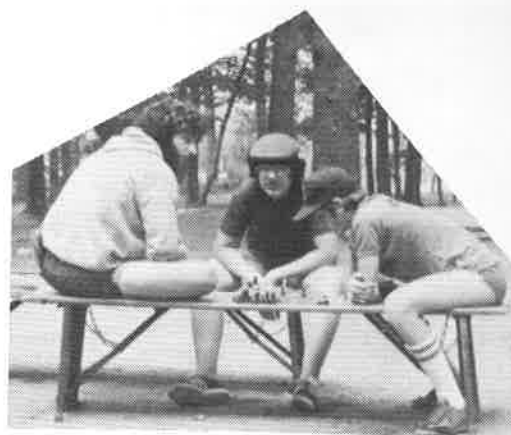


IN ACTION



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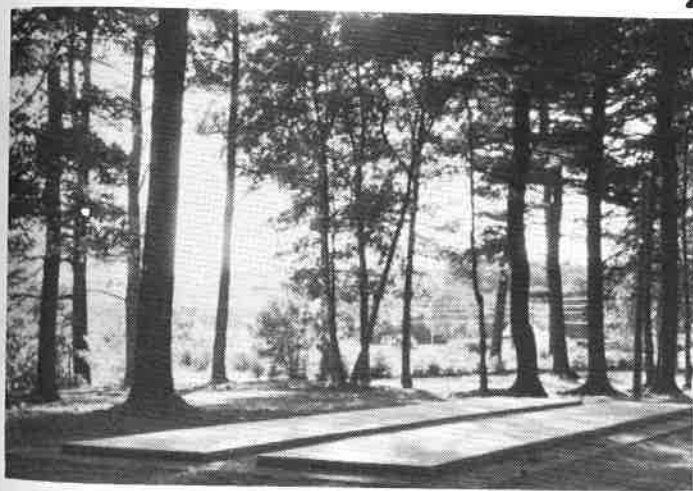
Rona, Miles & Marlene Garson - Willowdale, Ont.



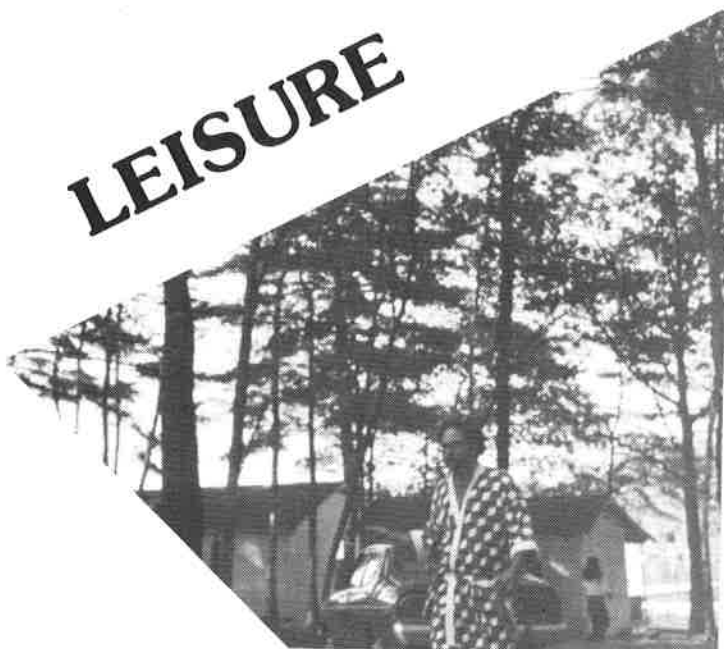
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LEISURE



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Alfred & Lena Brown - Fredericton

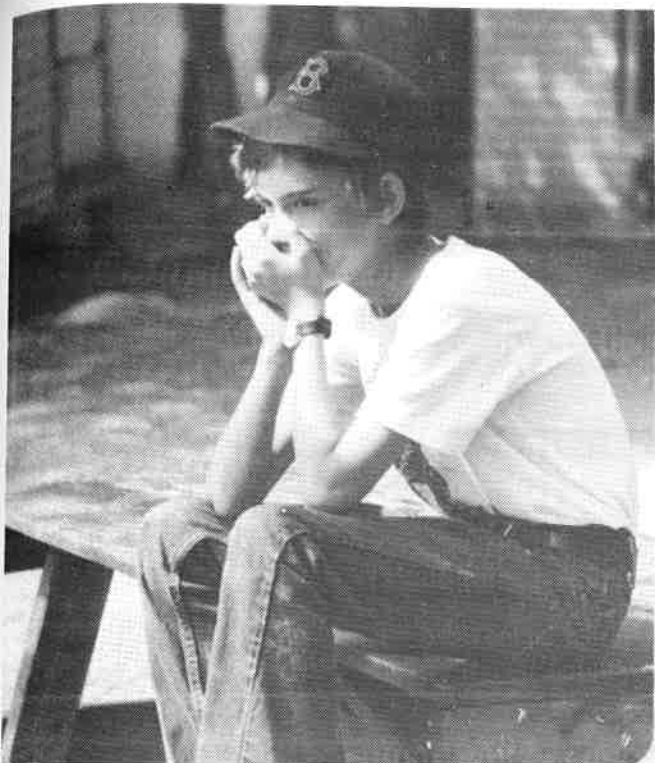


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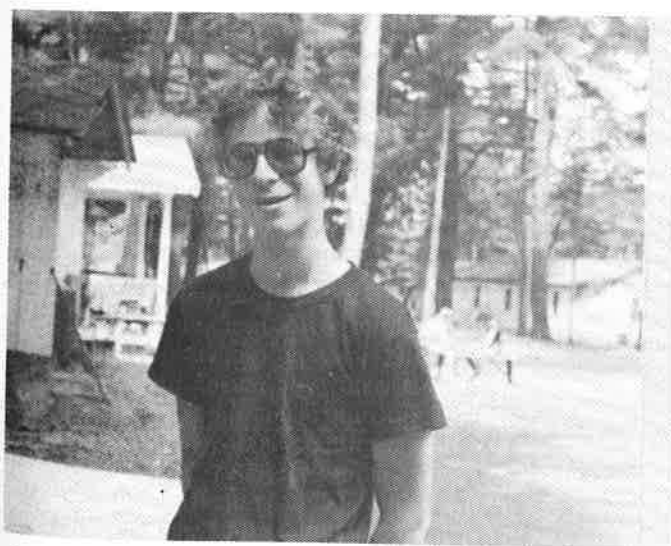
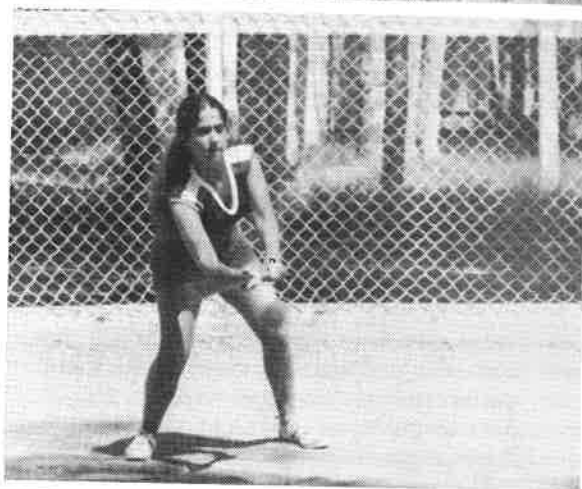


Our Best Wishes

Edee and Bob Cohen & Family - St. John's

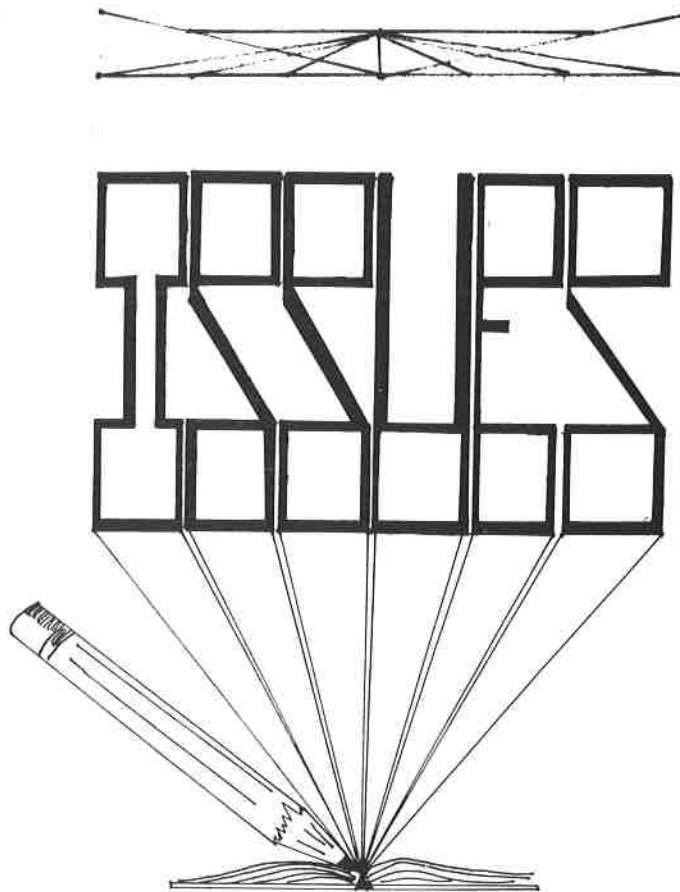


OF A SUMMER



Compliments of

Mr. & Mrs. Leo and Phyllis Chernin - Bill J. & Andrea - Glace Bay



Dear Community:

As concerned members of the Jewish community, we feel a need for expressing our opinions relating to the importance of Aliyah.

Judaism is a way of life which has developed over 5,000 years of history. Over this period of time, we have become a people with unique social, moral, religious and political traditions. Jewish history can be regarded as a pattern of experience and response to G-d, Israel and Torah. It has occurred that Jews living outside of Israel have been forced to respond to external threats. Israel is the only country where Jews can develop their responses from internal motivation.

Before the State of Israel was formed, Galut was the only alternative for Jewish existence. But now that the State of Israel has been formed, there is only one choice that a dedicated Jew can make. Galut is no longer adequate. Israel is the only place where Jews may exist as a community which expresses the fullness of Jewish tradition and history. This necessitates Aliyah for all Jews.

Israel provides the opportunity for Jews to create their own state, based on justice and peace. In Israel, all Jews have the chance to live in supreme equality. In addition, all Israelis must have the right to express themselves individually and culturally. We all must affirm the right of Israel to exist as a homeland for the Jewish people. By doing this, we do not deny the right for any other nation to co-exist peacefully in the Middle East.

We are members of a Jewish movement in Canada known as Young Judaea. This organization considers Zionism to be the national and social liberation movement of the Jewish people. Young Judaea is dedicated to spreading knowledge of this liberation movement. We wish to convince Jews throughout the world that a full Jewish existence in Galut is not possible. The only place where Jews can live a full life is in the State of Israel. They must make a commitment to Chalutzit by working to implement the goals of social justice and equality upon which the State of Israel is based. The Young Judaea movement believes that chaltutzic aliyah is the only acceptable means through which you can attain the identity of being a Jew and a Zionist.

In closing, we would just like to ask you to take the time to think about the ideas mentioned in this letter. I hope that you now know the reasons why it is important to either support or live in Israel.

Thank you for your time.

Dry Bones



Yours Sincerely,

Ray Zatzman, Staff
Marc Garson, Machar

AN INTERMARRIAGE HAPPENING

by Heidi Brown, Age 11, Toronto

Not long ago, in a big city there lived a very beautiful woman. She was not Jewish, just like most of the people living there. She lead a normal life, celebrating the Christian holidays and going to church once in a while. In that same city lived a very handsome Jewish man. Unlike the woman, he lived in a poor part of town. He wasn't religious, however, he kept and practised the Jewish traditions and religion. Going to synagogue every week, celebrating Passover and the other Jewish holidays made him quite content.

One day early in spring, the two met coincidently in a shopping plaza. Chanukah and Christmas were both coming up so both were shopping for gifts.

As soon as the two laid eyes on each other, they knew that love had struck. The woman, named Christine, went up to the man named Joshua and said, "Hi! I'm shopping for Christmas presents. It looks like you are doing the same thing. Oh, by the way, my name is Christine, call me Chris for short."

"Hello, my name is Joshua. I'm shopping for Chanukah gifts for my family. Oh, Chanukah is a Jewish holiday which is coming up soon," said Joshua.

"Oh, you're Jewish, well, even so, I like you a lot," she said.

"You too," he said.

They dated for a while having no problems with the two religions. Then, both forgetting that intermarriage was wrong, Joshua asked Christine to marry him. She agreed and for a while they lived happily.

Then, one day, on Saturday, Joshua said to Christine that he was going to synagogue for a Bar Mitzvah. He then explained what a Bar Mitzvah was.

Then, all of a sudden Christine yelled, "That sounds dumb, really stupid! No husband of mine is going to any Bar Shmitzvah, or whatever you call it."

"I have a right to my religion, just like you do! I'm going, and you can't do anything to stop me!" Joshua said.

Suddenly, Christine began to cry and mumbled. "I should have listened to mother, I shouldn't have married a Jew."

Joshua left for synagogue and didn't come home until Christine was asleep.

The next few months were difficult for the couple. They had quite a few fights about the two religions, but nothing too serious, except for when one of the two walked out on the other for a night or so.

However, all the fighting abruptly stopped when the couple found out that Christine was pregnant, and all their time was spent making plans for the baby. For instance, the clothes the baby would wear, the food he would eat, and other things like that. However, another fight occurred when the baby was to be born, what name should he or she have - a Jewish name or a Christian name?

They fought for a few days about it, and finally, Joshua walked out of the house. Christine was angry and excited and was not worried about Joshua for whenever he left, he came back the next day.

After two full days, and Joshua not returning, all would expect that Christine would be sick with worry, but she wasn't. She was getting drunk, inviting men and women who were crazy into the house, going to big nightclubs and things of this sort. She found it a relief to get away from the perfect Joshua.

After about two weeks, during the night, while Christine slept after a heavy night, Joshua returned. Christine was extremely drunk and didn't wake up until noon the next day. The whole episode was forgotten, and the couple's lives continued normally with the regular small fights.

After about six months had passed, the baby was born. After many quarrels, the baby girl was to be named Karen.

Karen grew up listening to the fighting and became more and more upset. When she was fifteen, she was so upset and angry that she couldn't control herself. She was not brought up properly.

Suddenly a fight broke out with swearing, screaming, accusing each

other of various things and other horrible things like that. Karen, who was in the room, listening to the awful noise, grabbed a pair of very sharp scissors and ran. Pointing the scissors at her heart, Karen mumbled, "Why my parents? Why out of so many? Why?"

Karen ran away never to return again.



MAN THE WORSHIPPER

by Rona Oberman, Staff, Montreal

He staggered into the tiny cubicle that someone had erroneously once termed a motel room, locked the door, then collapsed appreciatively onto a bed of rusty wired springs that complained bitterly when disturbed. He lay there in the darkness feeling far too lethargic to even attempt to switch on the light. Instead, he allowed his eyes to gradually grow accustomed to the dense blackness until vague hazy figures slowly focused into view. Whoever had decorated the room certainly had no conception of fashion, nor the finances to cover the expense. The decor consisted of a simple wooden desk with scratched graffiti embedded on the surface, a delapidated nighttable, and a gaudy scenic painting that had been nailed securely to the wall for protection against vandalism. The setting induced no reaction. He had been in many places like this, many times before.

He brought his attention to the greasy finger-stained window and glanced out into the quiet emptiness of the abandoned streets below. A huge neon "vacancy" sign hung strategically in front of the motel's entrance and its disturbing flashing lights repeatedly illuminated his pale blue eyes that now remained almost hidden by a misty reddish glaze. His mind wandered momentarily to the times when he

Compliments of

Elliot & Betty Fineberg & Family - Halifax

would pass by these lonely, rat-infested buildings and would cringe at the thought of submitting oneself to the clutches of such a G-d forsaken solitude. But now things were very different and he craved for moments like this - to be alone, alone with his idol.

He closed his eyes and immediately felt the familiar spinning sensation engulf his entire body. With a trembling hand he reached into his dusty leather jacket and pulled it

carefully out of its hidden sanctuary. He caressed it lovingly and admired the beauty of its presence. The lights outside teasingly produced playful colored designs on its surface, and he remained transfixed with the novelty of the game.

At last he was alone with his idol - alone with his god. His worship for it transcended all, and he submitted himself totally to the trials it demanded. Perhaps they would someday understand. His departure was

not meant as an escape, but merely as a submission into a belief of himself. A belief that could only exist with the worship of his god. It was simply his own religion.

He smiled knowingly, exposing several yellow decaying teeth as he carefully brought the sparkling bottle up to his lips and took a long, satisfying, swallow. His body burnt up as his mind gave way.

Nirvana was his at last.



Jewish Education
by Joel Cuperfain, Age 15, Halifax

"You don't know what you've got 'til it's gone" - Joni Mitchell

Occasionally when I listen enviously to my father as he converses with a Rabbi in Hebrew or Yiddish, I look back at my days in Hebrew school and wonder just how much I've really learned about my religion. Then I wonder how much I really tried back in my Talmud Torah classes. How much work did I put into it. I've had a chance all my life to learn about the customs and traditions of my people, but I didn't. I look back to my visits to Israel, only in Israel did I really feel religious. But there, although I felt religious, I also felt ignorant. I saw thousands of Israeli children who knew so much about my religion, our religion and in comparison, I knew so little. I envied them as I envy my father, and I promised myself to learn about my religion when I got back home. However, everytime I got back home, I found myself preoccupied with things that seemed much more important at the time-such pressing events as baseball, television or listening to records. Religion became something of a bother, no longer did it continually gnaw at my subconscious. Only occasionally when I hear my parents in some way express their knowledge, do I care.

I realize, of course, that the biggest hindrance in attaining my Jewish education is the fact that the world is very big and we, the Jewish people, are very small. The world isn't Jewish, and my own little part of the world, the Atlantic Provinces are primarily filled with non-Jews. I'm faced with a drastic probability, if we Jews of the Atlantic Provinces don't further our Jewish education, my children and grandchildren won't know what it means to be Jewish. We, the Jewish people living in Atlantic Canada, are slowly being assimilated as I watch in horror, and what scares me though is that I only watch. I stand idly by and do nothing as 25% of the Jews intermarry and less and less Jews care about our heritage; a heritage, that has kept us together through the centuries. It's not merely that they don't care,

it's simply that they have never been taught. Luckily in Atlantic Canada today are many survivors of the Holocaust. These people from Europe are better educated in our religion and can help to keep our faith alive. Not only in Atlantic Canada can these people help, but they can help throughout the diaspora. Unfortunately, this generation is old and dwindling, and when the Holocaust survivor generation dies, their Jewish knowledge dies and more urgently the Jewish identity in the Atlantic Provinces will also wither away.

One of the few things in Atlantic Canada that helps us to educate our younger people is Camp Kadimah, now in its third decade. The camp continues to educate people in a manner that is both fun and informative. Although Camp Kadimah is situated in the heart of Atlantic Canada, fully one third of this year's campers come from outside the region. Not that there is anything wrong with having campers outside Atlantic region. To the contrary, they add to the spirit and appeal of the camp. However, it shows that less and less Jews in Atlantic Canada care. When I look at the sections, I find many kids in Kochot and Machar but fewer in the Gib and Gosh section. The reason being that there are less and less young Jews in the area. When I was younger I used to see quite a few pregnant women in my synagogue. Today, I see very few. For many people one of the remaining driving forces behind going to Hebrew school is that it's one of the few places where Jewish kids can get together with their Jewish friends. But with no Jewish kids, there is and will be no motive for education. And without the motive, our people are lost. For it's motive that has kept our people alive, suffering has only increased our drive to learn to survive. Education comes hard in the Diaspora. I feel that the diaspora is as deadly for Jews as the Nazis were because both of them forced and are forcing our people out of existence. As I write this essay, I shudder as I look out at what is happening to my people. I fear for their existence but what scares me the most is that despite my pledge to myself to learn of my identity as a Jew, when I return home from camp the seemingly more important activities will take precedence over my Jewish education, and I will only occasionally look with envy on my friends who speak Hebrew and show their Jewishness and who show me how ignorant I am of something which is so vital to the Atlantic Region.

With Best Wishes from

Gar & Jackie Meltzer & Family - Saint John

A PAINFUL CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Naomi:

I received your letter today, explaining your situation. I can't believe you are going to marry this non-Jew. Naomi, in my entire life, I would never have expected you to do such a horrible thing. Where have your father and I failed?

We brought you up in a totally Jewish environment - Hebrew day schools, Jewish neighborhood, and we were observant as well. Your whole life was geared towards thinking and being a Jew. Was it all in vain? Have you forgotten everything you were taught? Where did we go wrong? Your marriage will not be an easy one. There will be so many complications — your children, your friends, even your own feelings and ideas will clash. I know you are not a religious person, but you had, and you still have, the opportunity to follow the right path. Please, I am begging you not to rush into this. You must remember that your entire future and that of others is involved in this grave decision. I don't mean to be harsh, but being a Jew has meant so much to you and to us that it is destroying your father and I, and it will destroy you. Please consider this letter carefully, and we are counting on you that your decision will be the right one.

You are our only daughter who we love very much. We want only the best for you.

Love,

Mom

YEARS LATER.....

Dear Mom:

Perhaps it has come time when the years of animosity can be forgotten, and I, once again, can come to you as your daughter in need of advice, in need of consolation, in need of love.

Ten years have come and gone, and it is sad for me to turn my head and gaze back onto months of hardships and disillusionments. I really thought we could do it Mom. I really did. But then I was young, naive. I should have listened, should have known that what you had said would come to be the truth. I am sorry for it now. I suppose it is too late. Perhaps a Jew and a gentile can never live together happily if they want to practice their own beliefs for in this way, they shall never come to respect each other for what they really are. "One cannot live on love alone" is that not the age old saying? I believe there must be some truth to that if it could have survived all these years. You gave me the opportunity to recognize my Jewish heritage. I let you down, I guess I let myself down too.

Mom, I ask you to forgive me for you must understand that it had to be me who climbed that mountain of understanding, and I had to do it alone.

Please don't forget what we had together, our family, our Judaism, our love . . .

I know I shall never forget it.

Love

Naomi

DEAR MOM AND DAD

I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me for not having written sooner, but I have found it very difficult adjusting to Israeli Society, and I thought it better to spend these first few weeks alone and in silence. I have been living on a Kibbutz outside of Jerusalem since my arrival, but plan to move to the city next month. I met two people from Britain who agreed to share accommodations with me. So I will start looking for a job as soon as possible. Israelis are very interested in learning about the newer methods used in North American education, so I don't think I will have too great a problem finding a teaching position.

I want to apologize to both of you for the harsh words we had before I left home. I know I caused you a great deal of heartache, and I realize only too well that that was not the way to

say a permanent goodbye to the two people I love most in the world. But, for the first time in my life, I was able to make my own decision, and I had the guts to see that decision through. Unfortunately, it was a decision you did not want me to make.

Mom and Dad, for too long I have restrained from doing things because I thought I might hurt you; for too long I have put your feelings ahead of my own, always thinking that this was how a son could best show his love for his parents. But now I know different. Now I know that the best way to illustrate my love is to show you that I really am the man of principle you wanted me to be.

What I have to tell you is not easy. I realize that you find satisfaction and a sense of purpose from the habits and traditions you have adopted over the years. But, I cannot follow in your

footsteps. I am referring, of course, to our concern for Israeli and Jewish survival. Of course, the money you send to Israel is important. But, it satisfies your conscience more than it helps the Israeli economy, and I find that it is your sense of good conscience that has become my frustration. How can I make you understand that your commitment to Jewish survival does not end with dollars and that your money makes but a shallow dent in the quest for Jewish security. My commitment to Israel cannot be expressed in dollars. My commitment requires that I become an Israeli citizen. In order to satisfy my conscience, I must repay Israel not in charity but by living and suffering with Israelis.

Please try to understand my feelings.

I love you.

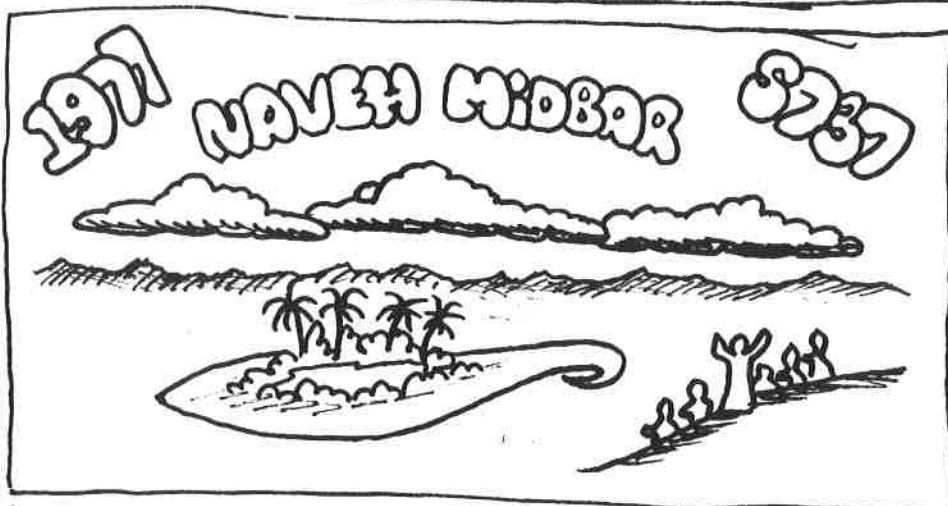
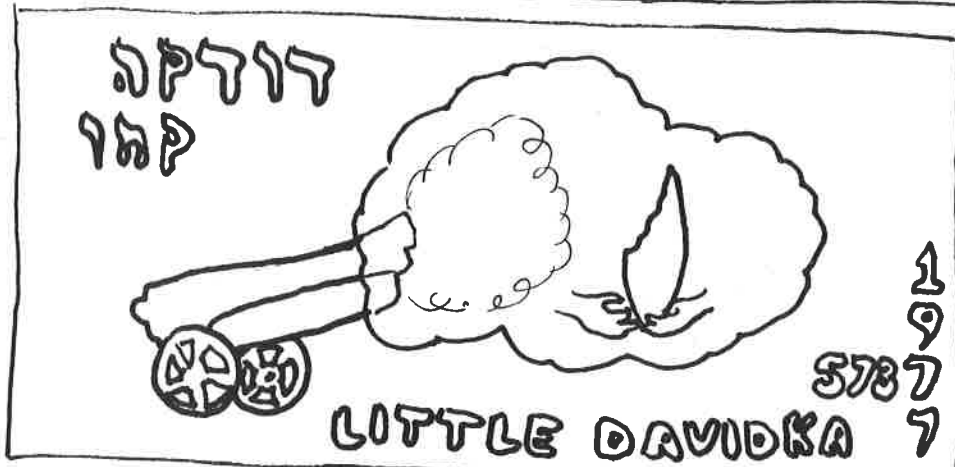
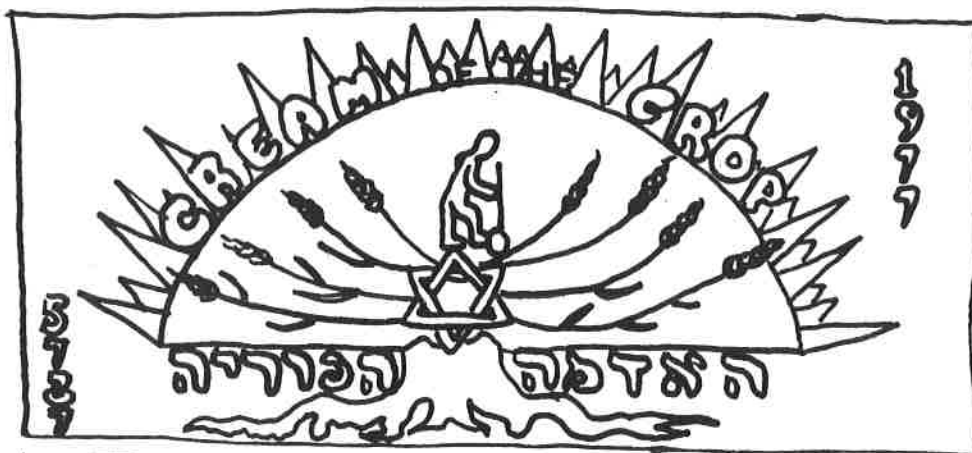
Love,

Leonard

Compliments of

Allen, Rhona, Juliann and Alana-Beth Ruben - Fredericton

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LETTER TO TEAMS

Dear Blue, Red, White and Yellow Team,

Every year brings promise of a bigger and better Maccabia. Having said that doesn't just make it so. Maccabia '77 will take on your personality. If team members expect great things to happen while sitting back then we'll witness a great fizzle. If you decide that Maccabia is the time and place to bring out the best in you, then it will become a fantastic, memorable event. Organizing, planning and participating can be exhausting work, but it can also provide you with an exciting kind of satisfaction.

The four teams this year are well-balanced, and the captains and co-ordinators have been carefully chosen. Maccabia '77 has the seeds of an outstanding experience: each team has a variety of talent, to make every event tremendous — each team itself powerhouse of ruach. The enthusiasm, participation and creativity which you have shown throughout the summer guarantees Maccabia's success.

We trust that the events of Maccabia '77 will be enjoyed fully and will not be spoiled by pettiness and bickering. Keep in mind that the "other side" is also a part of you — another member of the Kadimah family. Healthy competition and unity go hand in hand. Good luck and b'hatzlacha.

B'Vracha,
Hashoftim — The Judges



MACCABIA THEME

ISRAEL: SOURCE AND SECURITY

SOURCE:

PROPHECY - messianism, hope, despair, social, justice.
TRADITIONS - shabat, holidays, oriental, and western customs.
NATIONHOOD - homeland, "Altneuland", cultural centre, language.
INSPIRATION - Jerusalem, Massada, Tzfat, Mount Zion, Sinai.
identity - Sabra, Oriental, Ashkenazi, Jewishness by osmosis, Ongathering.
creativity - The arts, social experiments, festivals.

SECURITY:

REFUGE - Aliyot, youth aliyah, European, Soviet and Arab Jewry.
rescue - Entebbe, Aliyah Bet, Shin Bet and Mossad.
CHANGING IMAGES - Changing stereotypes.
NATIONAL PRIDE - The victory of survival, success and acclaim.
ALIYAH - Life and death for Israel, ensuring Jewish continuity.
defense - Tzahal (Israel Defence Forces, Gadna (Youth Training) Nahal (Pioneer Defence Settlements).

EVENTS

Shirkud
Bama
Tzofiut
Mel Yad
Iton

Young Judaea
Song and Cheer
Mivchon
Broadcasting
Track and Field
Regatta
Swim

Basketball
Soccerbaseball
Volleyball

Haftaah
Maccabathon

Spirit
Sportsmanship
Participation

Team Games

Ground Hockey
Dodge Ball
Softball

Team Machine

Tug of War
Shallow End

Abstracts

Toranut & Buggy Duty
Organization
Adaptation of Theme

PHOTOGRAPHS & MEMORIES

by Heather Goldman, Age 15, Willowdale, Ontario

Arriving in this community, labeled Camp Kadimah, the first words which pass by your ears are hollow echoes of Maccabia.

Maccabia is the climax of the summer's events. You ask a passing stranger to explain to you what it's all about. He begins with the role of a captain. Discussing the issues of leadership, chevra and sportsmanship, it becomes apparent to you that the person to whom you are talking was last year's Maccabia captain. He begins with leadership. As a captain, the camp places a great deal of responsibility upon you. Just you and another Macharnik have to run the whole show!

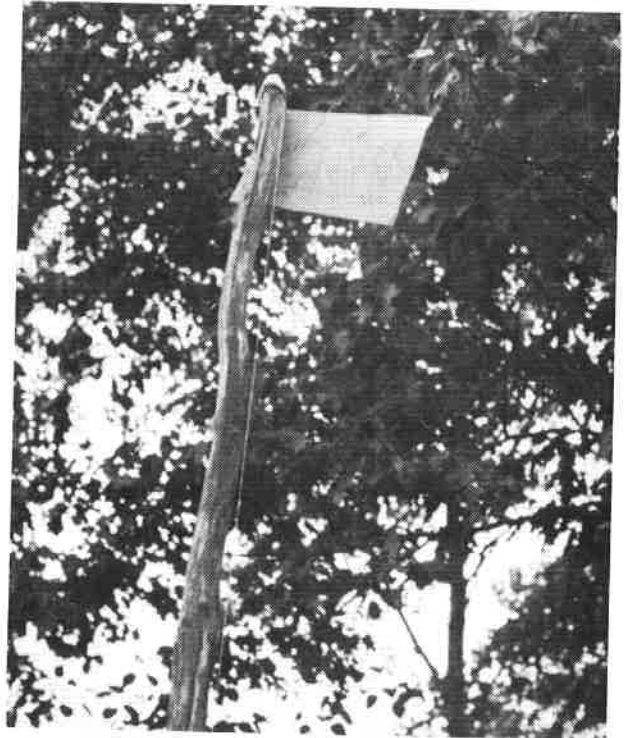
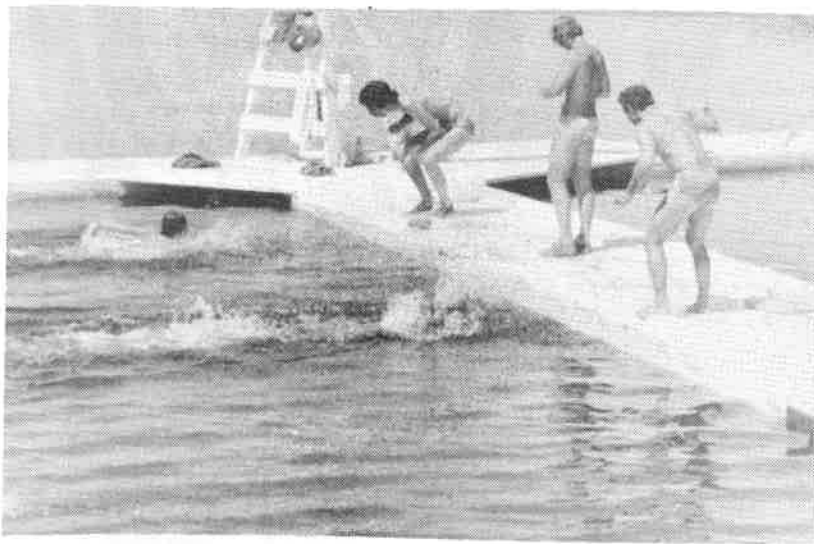
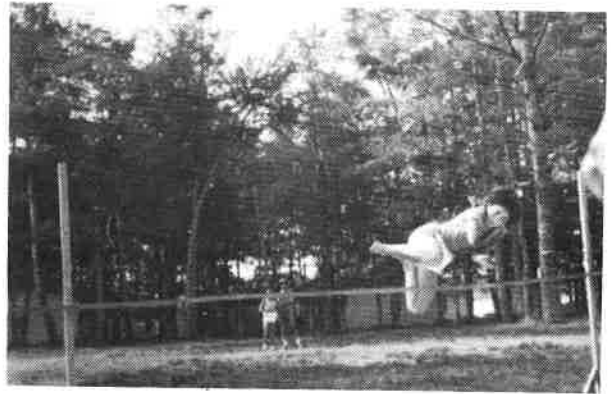
Preparation and execution of various activities such as Bama, Shirkud and sports activities take place during a five-day time span. The amount of tension grows by the hour.

The four teams; red, white, yellow and blue compete for the championship. Though there is competition, the ruach and friendship lock in, and conceal a great feeling of Chevra, meaning unity.

This whole conversation revolves around the feeling of togetherness. By the time the talk ends you feel a part of this camp. The warm feeling of belonging comes through loud and clear. You, feeling inspired by the spirit, begin to get involved in various programs around camp.

The cycle begins again, the time for Maccabia is approaching. You, contributing to the camp throughout the summer, are chosen to assume the role of captain.

May luck be with you all the way because it's quite a job, but well worth it.



Compliments of

Leon & Zelda Zelikovitz - Sydney

MACCABIA '77 — AN INSIGHT

by Bev Bernick, Staff, Sydney

This year I had the honor of being selected as one of the co-ordinators for Blue Team. Having been a team member in previous years, I thought I knew everything there was to know about Maccabia but was I in for a surprise!

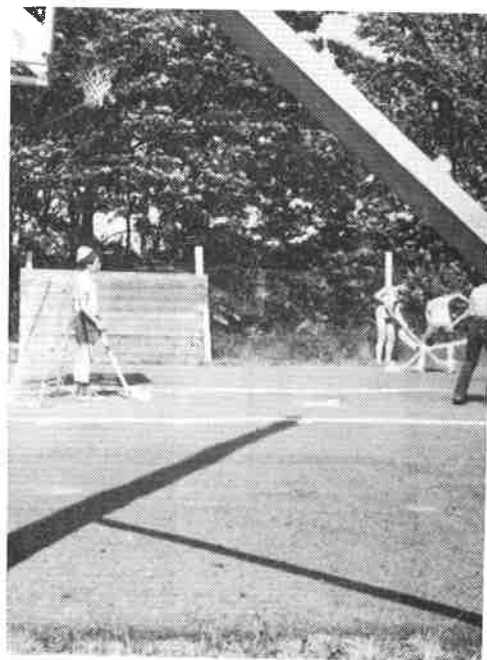
There are so many things one must be concerned about as a co-ordinator in order to keep a team together throughout an entire week. One of the most important being the involvement of the Giborim (ages 7 to 9).

During the early stages, the first two days, it was noticeable that the Giborim were bored. It was really difficult to keep them occupied for a lengthy period since most of the work involved making lists, songs, cheers, and so on. However, most did try to contribute tunes and words for songs or cheers. During the latter part of the week, our Giborim contributed endlessly to the various events and especially the Mel Yad extras or Bama scenery could not have been completed without them.

I believe and am sure others will agree with me that the potential of Giborim in various areas is underestimated. I hope and certainly recommend that in future years they will again be given the opportunity to display their talents. Until it was brought to my attention, I had not realized how left out the Giborim could feel but I believe we remedied that situation in a positive way.

On our team, there were certain people assigned to work on specific activities. Being a co-ordinator, one must make sure that everyone is doing their fair share. It is not easy nor is it enjoyable to be constantly pushing one's peers to meet deadlines. At times it has to be, and it is done but in a tactful way. Feelings that could have been hurt were not, and there was no reason why they should have been. I can honestly say that on our team, everyone did their share, although at certain intervals the pressure was high with the time factors involved. Certainly there were a few conflicts and disagreements among some but these were discussed openly and maturely with the people involved and always a solution was obtained.

Making sure everyone is where they are supposed to be can be difficult but usually after four or five announcements, everyone seems to find each other and once again we are together as a team.



Throughout the entire week many came to me with problems, suggestions or just to talk for a minute or two. I made it a point to try and know each and every member on our team and attempted to discover their interests. I knew that each individual had something important to contribute which they did.

Certainly there was competition among all four teams, but it was good natured rivalry all the way to the end. This has to have been a major factor to the success of Maccabia '77. We all learned to share and compromise.

I cannot express what a great experience being a co-ordinator for Maccabia Blue Team '77 has been for me. It was invaluable. I gained more knowledge than could be imagined concerning the importance of organization, patience, understanding, and people in general. I hope you can comprehend when I say it was an emotional high. Looking back to that week, (July 31 - August 5) will only bring good memories to my mind.



Dear Blue Team,

This year has been a great experience for us as captains of the Blue team.

The five days of Maccabia proved to be strenuous but yet rewarding. New friendships were made, old ones were strengthened, unity came naturally.

Thanks to your effort and ruach we proved we were the "Cream of the Crop."

Luv, your captains
& co-ordinators
Heather, Joel, Bev, Mike.

Dear Yellow Team,

It's hard to believe that in just five days out team Davidka Katan could work so hard and strive for so much and in the end pull it all together with one **big blast** of energy.

As in our song, we were a small but mighty people, but Davidka Katan did the most terrific job during Maccabia and without your support and co-operation we would not have been able to achieve our victory since second place is just a number and to us you're all winners.

From all of us to all of you, thanks, it was a wonderful experience.

Your loving captains
Marlene, Gary, Marc & Carol

Dear White Team

Now that Maccabia has come and gone, and we look back on the week as a whole, we feel we can say with complete honesty that those five days were successful in terms of events, co-operation, chevra, and team attitude.

At the start of Maccabia as we thought about the oncoming week, and all that was to occur, we didn't worry about winning or placing first but rather we were skeptical over whether we would be able to remain up until Friday night as one close team, with everyone enjoying themselves and laughing instead of bickering over a few lost points, games or events. We wanted you all to work your hardest, to the best of your abilities for more than just the want of winning. Maccabia can give people so much, but that's only if the input from yourselves is there. Fortunately this year it was not only for white team, but for the entire camp, from Giborim up until staff. . . It was proven by each team eagerly willing to help each other, little if no intercabin conflicts, no hard feelings. Friday evening when the results were announced, and now, a week later, songs and cheers being sung even louder and stronger.

We want to thank everyone for all you did in making Maccabia '77 what it was this year. Each of you deserves the credit. It was a great week for us and an experience that will remain with us for a long time. We might not have come in first in points but in our eyes we came in first in terms of a successful and fulfilling Maccabia.

We hope you all enjoyed your summer as well as Maccabia. Good luck in the oncoming year.

Love,
Sharla Lichtman
Barry Crystal
Leonaro Abramsky
Aviva Herman

Dear Red Team,

We'd like to write a short note to express our appreciation and gratitude for everything you, as team members, did in making this Maccabia a success in every way.

The fun we had working, singing, learning together and cheering for each other will remain great memories in our minds and we hope they will in yours.

Remember our motto:

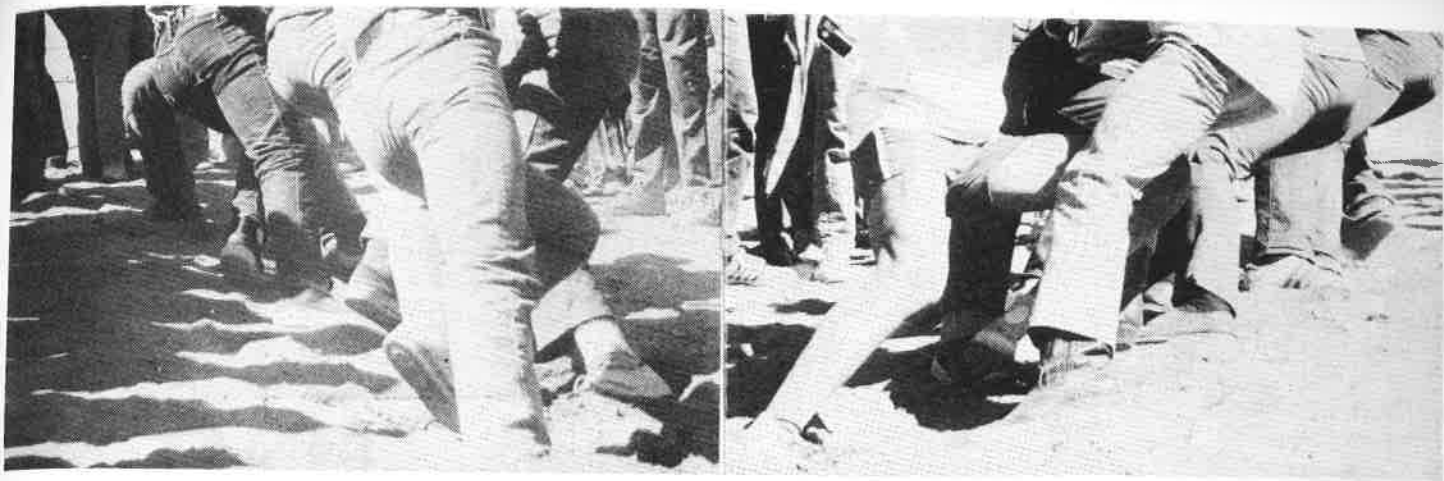
A winner never quits
A quitter never wins
When the going gets tough,
The tough get going.

Love from your Captains and Co-ordinators

Iris Kohler
Lorne Simon
Seema Wolman
Jeff Cohen

DEAR TEAM, WITH LOVE





TUG OF WAR

WHAT IT IS TO BE A GOOD FRIEND

by Marg Brown, Age 10, Fredericton, N.B.

A good friend is when one person helps the other. Sometime they do it to help their friends, and they die. They die for their friends! A good friend doesn't lie, fight, hit or tell bad things about the other person. A good friend doesn't talk back or scream at their friend. They invite them over, they play and have fun. They share and give back things they take but they don't take things without asking. They are very nice to one another. If they did fight, it would only be little. But let's say it was a big fight, they would get very upset but they would make up right away.

They even share their pets, everything. Everyone's glad to have a friend, so be nice to a person and you will have a good friend too.

BY Jason Budovitch, Age 7, Fredericton, N.B.

*Oh, once there was a wizard
Oh, once there was a wizard
Who had a lizard
Whose name was Gizard
All the other lizards watched him play
He always stuck his tongue out and said
pay, pay, pay.
Then they all ran away and never came back to pay.*

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B'HATZLACHA!

**Camp Kadimah and
the Atlantic Jewish
community are one.**

*Sending your child is
a mitzvah and a guarantee.*

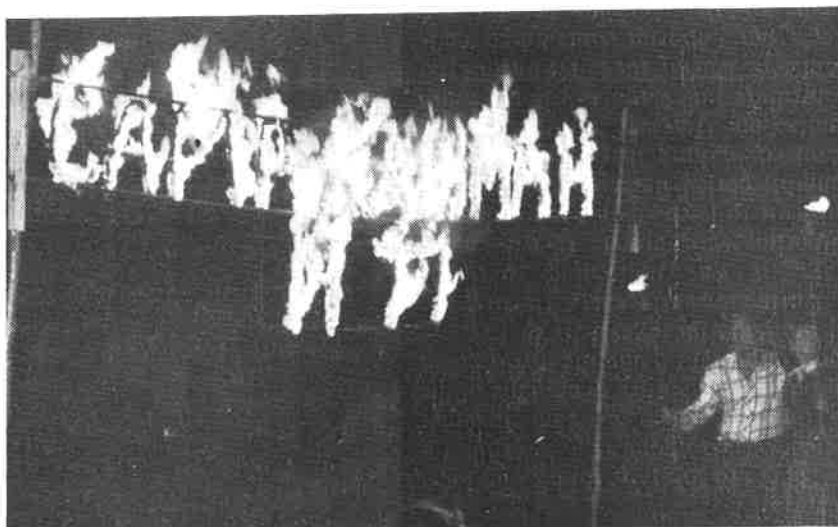
THE ATLANTIC
JEWISH COUNCIL

Compliments of

Ruby Smilestein's - St. John's



FINAL



BANQUET



Compliments of

Dr. & Mrs. M. Burnstein & Family - Halifax

MAJOR AWARDS

LYLE ISAACS MEMORIAL TROPHY



Lyle Isaacs Z"l

This award is offered in memory of **Lyle (Eliahu) Isaacs** whose tragic death on August 13, 1970, at the age of nineteen, left an unfilled void in the lives of his family, his many friends and in the collective life of the Young Judaea Movement which he led and inspired.

Over the years the staffs at Kadimah have been enriched by chaverim who were tutored by this brilliant and outspoken leader. Although Lyle is no longer with us, his spirit lives on and finds expression through those of us who are dedicated to perpetuating his memory and his deeds.

Awarded to the Machar camper who exhibits excellence in leadership, it was last presented to Richard Freedman in the summer of 1975. The trophy has not been awarded annually as the standards established are difficult to achieve and require a unique combination of excellent character married to exceptional abilities in the areas of communication skills and interpersonal relationships.

MACHAR COMMUNITY AWARD

Awarded to **Wendy Habelow** and **Sherry Koven** in recognition of their leadership potential and of their contribution to the "chevra" that is Machar.

SWIMMING AWARDS

Most Improved Swimmer: Barbara Friedman

Bronze Medallion Awards:

**Andrea Chernin
Kaly Kersen
Robbie Vebnsky
Dana Rafuse
Ben Schelew
Netana Shek**

ATHLETIC AWARDS

Dennis Wolfson Award for Best All Round Athlete

Presented on behalf of his father by **Ricky Wolfson** (staff) and awarded to **Dana Rafuse**.

Best Athletes

Giborim:

**Stephanie Green
Joey Schwartz**

Goshrim:

**Wendy Boniuk
Cherise Devlin
Mark Loebenberg**

Kochot:

**Beth Habelow
Ben Schelew**

Compliments of

Mr. & Mrs. Steven Pink - Halifax

ODE TO A HALF-FULL CUP

6:30 a.m. Everyday
Good morning sleeping camp and
Boker Tov to you, half-full
How many times will you.
My faithful mug, be ignored today?

Each time you invite me to sip
I slip away, to dry a tear,
To soothe a ruffled nerve,
Even when we get together
There is no privacy,
Within your emptiness echo
The moods of a passing season
An eternity in disguise.

If I were to tip you
The joys and frustrations
of a summer
Would swish and spill
And be absorbed
By paper dreams
Brought to life by precious others.

Don't feel too sorry for yourself
Others suffered greater neglect from
A disappearing father
A phantom husband
A intermittent friend
A warm stranger

MESSAGES



LOVE, SHAUL

DIRECTOR: 1974—1977

I faithfully came back to you
For a sip of cold and aging coffee;
At other times I simply stared
At the reflection of a happy man
Whose work is life, and
Whose life's work will be recorded
Only in the memories of mikadim

Half-full cups . . . children
Becoming people
Becoming Jewish
That's usMachane Kadimah

FROM THE PORCH...

An office porch
overlooks the camp
A stage
on which the joys
and fears of a summer
are acted out...
its rails have supported
the fatigued and the frustrated
the guilty and the gregarious
A small wooden platform
with an accommodating soul
A counsellor refuge
from the pressures of the day
A camper's link with home
A base of security
while Kadimah sleeps
A silent witness to
the people game
its modest size belies its significance
its ugliness masks its warmth
A quietly noisy intersection
at which program and people meet
A fragile structure and yet a pillar
a porch...
a camp...
a nice kind of summer.

FOUR SUMMERS

Four summers
In a lifetime
Only fleeting seconds
But when lived fully
Generations of memories

Campers' tears and smiles
Imprinted on my mind's eye
All engaged in a symphony
Of emotions and activities
Knowing, furtive and wide-eyed glances
That accompany those away from home

Staff togetherness and less
Working hard
Giving and giving way
Premature parents
Struggling for control and independence
Satisfactions and frustrations competing
Responsibilities chasing fatigue

KADIMAH. . . .OBSESSIVELY JEWISH
city. . . .mainstream gentile

KADIMAH. . . .ACTIVELY ZIONIST
city. . . .doesn't care or hates

KADIMAH. . . .CONSCIOUSLY SHABBESDIK
city. . . .too busy

KADIMAH. . . .JEWISH PRIDE AND DIGNITY
city. . . .self-conscious

A paradise adorned with
Trees of life and knowledge
A raisin and an almond

Four summers
In a lifetime
Only fleeting seconds
But when lived fully
Generations of memories

—— A CAMPERS' CAMP ——



—— "Kochot" ——



—— "Machar" ——

CAMP KADIMAH 1977



Maccabia Captains & Co-ordinators
"MACCABIA 1977"