

Member, Camp Ramah in Wisconsin Board of Trustees

In 1947 I was a sixteen-year-old in the Machon. My last summer was 1951, when I had the uniquely combined positions of camping and canoeing counselor and third cook. In later years, I was a Ramah Wisconsin vice president and also served on the National Ramah Commission for twenty years.

As we easily drive to Camp Ramah in Wisconsin today, it is difficult to understand how remote and isolated the North Woods, and our camp site, were in 1947. County K, the highway leading from Conover to Buckatabon Road, was gravel; and Buckatabon Road to Bauers' Dam resort and then to camp was merely dirt with ruts wide enough for a vehicle's tires.

Electricity was provided by two old and over-burdened generators; power outages were frequent. The one stove in the dairy kitchen was wood-burning, and the newly built meat kitchen used bottled gas. There was no telephone. One night a week was movie night for the campers, and the movies were brought in by seaplane.

We were only ninety-seven campers in 1947, and there were no new buildings for us to use. But all of us, along with the staff, were able to use the current educational resource center as the *beit am*.

Ramah certainly was the major Jewish influence in my life. The atmosphere and the friends made at camp committed me to a life of Jewish values, education, *tzedakah*, and volunteer work for the Jewish community. This has endured for sixty years and continues to this day.