



FALL 1978

* THE ALUMNI EDITION
*
* BY THE CAMPERS OF 1978
*
* IS ON PAGES 3-10
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George Edward Jonas, educator and philanthropist, died in his sleep on 25 August, the last day of the 1978 season of the camp he founded. He was 80 and had been at Northern Dutchess Hospital because of increasing heart insufficiency.

In recognition of his work, the Dutch government awarded him the highest honor it can give a foreign national, the Order of Orange Nassau, presented by Queen Juliana.

Last November, Freddie's alma mater, Columbia College, gave him its highest alumni award, the Alexander Hamilton Medal. On that occasion, David Truman, president of Mount Holyoke College, praised Freddie's "intuitive sense of the turmoil, the promise, and the deeper needs of boys becoming men." And William McGill, president of Columbia University, turned to Freddie to remark, "We are indeed honored to be members of the human race because it numbers people like you."

As founder of Camp Rising Sun, for almost 50 years he was benefactor of promising youths of all backgrounds from 38 countries. Freddie was most modest, with great wit and seemingly boundless patience and love. His philanthropy was never self serving or abstract, but always direct, pragmatic, and personal.

GEORGE EDWARD JONAS

22 DECEMBER 1897 - - - - - 25 AUGUST 1978

Freddie's life was the enactment of his ideals of brotherhood and service. Many CRS alumni became his life-long friends, and have gone on to positions of leadership in the arts and professions, business and government, around the world.

"The janitor," as he often called himself when asked about his position at camp, was born in New York City 22 December 1897, son of Louis August and Louise B. Jonas. His father, a prosperous manufacturer of hatters furs, died in 1915. During World War I, Freddie was a member of the 1919 class of Columbia College. He joined naval officers training school, but the war was over before he finished his training. In the 1920s he managed hatters fur manufacturing plants in New York and France. Widely traveled, he knew first hand the life of the very privileged. Two months before the stock market crash of 1929, Freddie established a foundation named for his father and purchased the property near Rhinebeck that has ever since been the site of CRS.

For many years, Freddie was a partner in the firm of Pellissier, Jonas & Rivet. During World War II he served in the U.S. Office of Strategic Services. But from the first season of camp in 1930 until his death, CRS was the center of his life. Freddie never married; he is survived by Camp Rising Sun and nearly 2,000 alumni from 49 summers.

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A MESSAGE TO ALUMNI FROM BILL DUBEY '40-42,77-78:

I have been asked frequently about what will happen to Rising Sun after Freddy's death. The question stems from two concerns: the financial stability of the Foundation, and the ability of our organization to continue Camp along the philosophical and spiritual lines established by Freddy.

I have told my questioners that the Foundation has a permanent endowment which provides for the majority of the necessary funds and that a strong alumni interest in the continuation of Camp does indeed exist. The facts, of course, are that Freddy had not been alone these past years determining policy and directing the operations, but had turned over almost all of this to the Board of Directors and the Executive Director.

The questions about the philosophical and spiritual aspect of Camp are valid ones. We all know what Freddy meant to Rising Sun. Speaking for myself, however, in light of my experience of two years as Executive Director, I can honestly say that the ideas established by Freddy during the past 49 years will continue to nourish us. Our course is determined, and I am convinced that what we do has as much (if not more) validity and purpose now as it did in 1930.

Rising Sun has never been static. There have been significant developments made in our program as we have matured as an organization. Our objectives have remained constant, however, and I think it may be appropriate to state them here again:

1. To stimulate initiative and creative thought on practical problems as similar to problems which the boy will face upon maturing. To create situations and opportunities calling for responsibility, and to develop a boy's self-reliance.
2. To stimulate intellectual interest by discussions with the staff, and encouraging discussions among the boys. The great diversity of types, environments, and ambitions in our group must be conducive to wide interests.
3. To create an atmosphere in which a boy's spiritual interests can receive sympathetic understanding, and, therefore, develop favorably.
4. To demonstrate by action a strong working philosophy of living. It need not be accepted by the boy as no one philosophy will fit all people, but it will serve as a basis from which he can develop his own philosophy, tempered by experience and his own character.

I am willing to do whatever is necessary, and I call on you, the alumni, to give your support, both practical and financial, to ensure that Rising Sun will continue to offer opportunities to deserving youngsters to experience a summer of growth and love which may change their lives.

THE RISING SUN

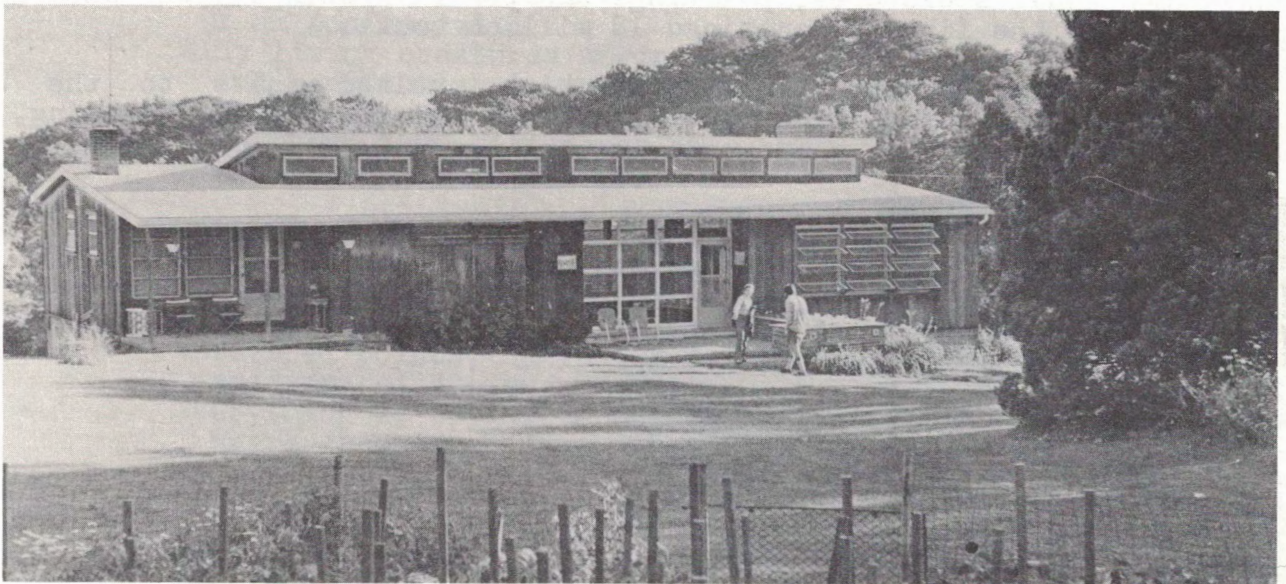
ALUMNI

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Special thanks to Hugh McGough for his guidance during the preparation of this alumni issue.

Editor's Note

I, the editor of this year's Alumni Edition, hope to share some of the events of this past season at Rising Sun and to give an insight to some of the campers as well. I hope that you come away from reading this feeling that camp is as vibrant and alive as ever.

David Von Kaenel

The B.F.A. Tour of Washington D.C.

By Jayant Sinha

Washington D.C. is not only the capital of the U.S., but also one of the most beautiful and inspiring cities. The monuments, museums, buildings and culture of Washington capture much of the history and spirit of America. We consider ourselves lucky for having had the opportunity to visit it.

First, we went to see the Washington Monument. Never before in my life had I seen such a gigantic figure as this. We got fantastic views of the White House, the Jefferson Memorial and the Lincoln Memorial. Next we went to the National Archives, where many historical documents of the U.S. are held. The last place we visited that day was the Air and Space Museum. Apart from the various aviation and space equipment, we also saw a fascinating film on a screen 100 feet high.

The next morning, we visited the Supreme Court building. The inner portion of the building was decorated with materials from different parts of the world. After this we walked to the Library of Congress which contains two-dimensional sculptures, paintings and pencil drawings. We were amazed to hear that the library contained 18 million books.

On the whole, the rest of our tour, which involved visits to the White House, National Gallery of Art, the Capitol, and the F.B.I. building, was magnificent.



"A Day in the Life"
Dedicated to all the campers of C.R.S.

I lift my foggy head to gaze the view
of the serene sky.
Yearning to capture the luminous light
in my head
Longing to taste the sedateness of nature
I look up at the sky helplessly

Craving for the brief moment of ecstasy,
I struggle to reach the sky with my
feeble hands meaninglessly.
But, perturbed by incessant and blatant noise,
I'm lost in the vain sky.

To bend down my turbid and dizzy head to
glance upon the wordless earth
I am confounded.
Tiny living creatures moving animately
and constantly, to survive,
it gives me an abrupt fear of loneliness
to think that I'll never overcome
the obstacles on my way.

Why? Am I sitting here fighting me to grab myself
Why do all the things pass me by and
I can't pass them behind me?

Unfocused points, hazy view, blurry imagination
and smeared dreams.
Everything is trying to press me down to
Where I can't go down no more.

OH! There ought to be a one to understand
my inexpressible sorrow.
There ought to be a one to guide me
to the way to perpetual bliss.

I sit here, motionlessly, wordlessly
and bewilderedly,
Wishing that time passes.

I scream; cry and I laugh like an idiot.
Why? I am _____

Very short period of unbelievable reality that was.

Another doleful page of my
indelible collections of memories.

Kihoon Um

Council: As I View it

By Joe Beauregard

Each Saturday night, we don our familiar blankets, and walk down the path across the Saw-Kill and into the "sacred" Council Ring. Each night, 2 or 3 people speak about their various experiences and try to enlighten our lives. The basic idea follows the old adage: "We can learn from our mistakes," but goes much further than that. All of our "objective observers." or counselors. have lived longer than we have and they share with us many things that we all interpret in our own way. Many of us listen carefully and learn a great deal; but there are those among us who are not interested some nights and just shrug it off as being unimportant.

Council is a very difficult thing to understand. Maybe those who don't enjoy it simply don't understand it. I have only begun! Council has far-reaching effects. and possibly in 20 years I will fully comprehend all that I have heard. From what I can tell about myself, I have already dispelled many of my ignorances and only now have begun to realize those I still have.

As camp is ending, I realize how many new things I have learned about other people and other places, but more so what I have learned about myself. I think if you utilize camp, and especially council to their fullest you can leave more mature and open-minded. I believe many of us have taken advantage of this. Those who haven't have missed an important part of camp.

The Threepenny Opera

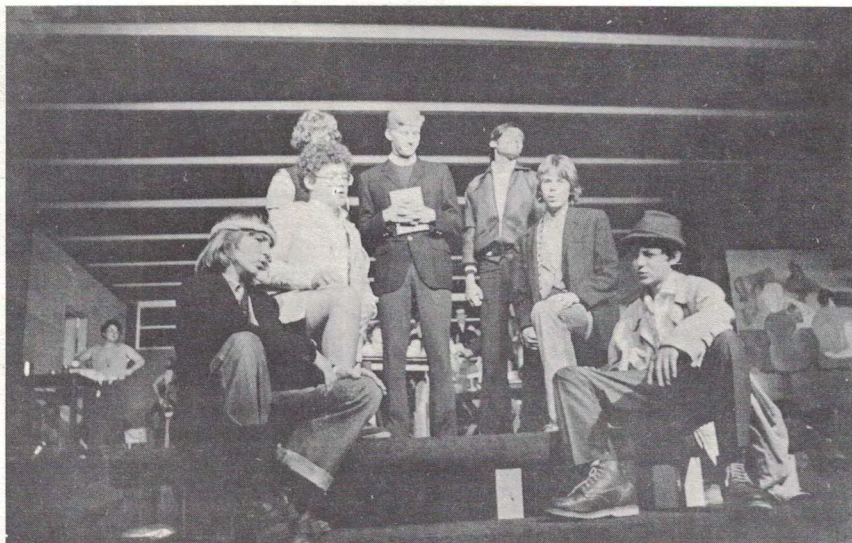
By Brian Toolan

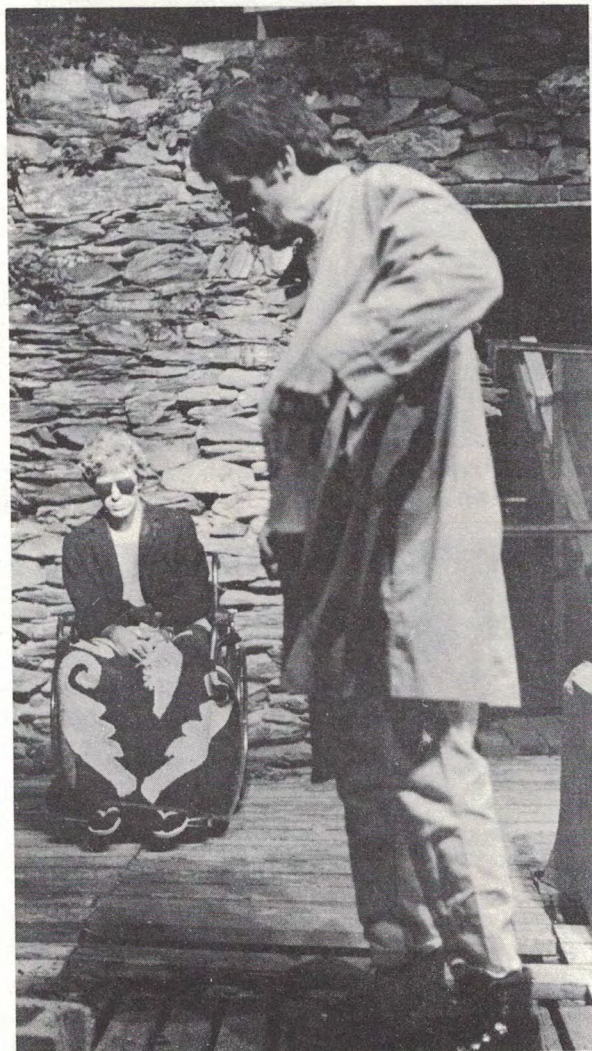
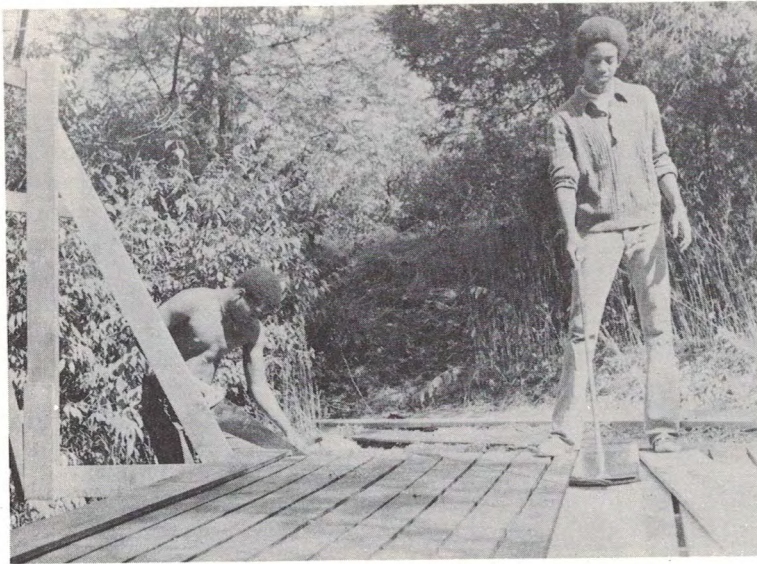
On July 28, at 8 PM, Camp Rising Sun performed Bertolt Brecht's musical-comedy, The Threepenny Opera. The play tells the story of Macheath, a gang leader who falls in love with Polly Peachum, the beggar king's daughter. Mr. Peachum employs beggars to go out on the street and plead for money. He goes into a fit of anger when he discovers that Polly has married Macheath. He blackmails the police to have Macheath arrested and sentenced to hang. The ending is a little different than you might expect, but it still gets its point across very well: "In real life, man is not so free."

Performing this play before the people of Rhinebeck required an intense and unified effort from everyone. From the first day of camp we worked on the play. Everybody was involved either in acting, publicity, technical work, or the orchestra. The last week was very hectic as we scurried about making final preparations. There was much apprehension as curtain time approached. As the play began and continued through the scenes, our apprehension vanished. A superb performance was done by all.

Captions for pictures on following pages (clockwise from upper left).

- 1) The gang gets together for a song in The Threepenny Opera.
- 2) Campers working on new tent platform.
- 3) CRS beating Rhinebeck for first time in 10 years.
- 4) Victor Kendall and Katy Lind performing ballet.
- 5) Bill DeLuca and Hugh McGough performing in Samuel Beckett's play, The Endgame at the Old Theatre.
- 6) Sharing our talents with others.
- 7) Lets evoke that facial ripple...
- 8) Cyril quoting a famous adage.





An Interview With Freddy

By Brian Toolan and
David Von Kaenel

On August 14th, Freddy gave us the opportunity to interview him. He gave us some interesting comments and viewpoints on various topics.

Our first question dealt with his reflection on the first fifty years of Camp. Freddy replied, "I think I've realized more than I expected. I am very pessimistic about human beings. They generally understand things too late. But I think one of the very interesting things about Camp has been that there is so much to develop later on in life as you mature".

When asked what a Vigil does for a camper, Freddy answered, "Well, I think it's becoming acquainted with yourself. I think that is very important. It's a valuable thing for a man to know his thoughts as a boy".

When asked how Council fit into Camp's theme, Freddy responded, "If you talk to the boys about values in life once a week on a Saturday night, they can either accept these ideas or reject them. You see, I want to stretch your mind three ways: culturally, internationally, and intellectually." He mentioned how stimulating it was for him to meet people with totally different viewpoints than your own.

At the close of the interview, Freddy said he was glad he was doing something for the campers via this interview.

Yesterday I saw you for the first time
Yet your face was not unfamiliar
It had been there all my life.
Saw me at birth
Played with me at the sandbox
Walked with me to school
And last Saturday I double dated with you.
Somehow though I never reached out
To touch your hand.
Side by side we were
Never speaking
Never even glancing at each other.
Yesterday,
I saw you in a different light
A clearer image.
And I could talk to you
Tell you everything I wanted.
And I wondered how many
Other people
Like you
Have been there all my life
Yet I have not reached for their hand.

Charles Passy

Soccer Year 1978

By Harri Koskiniemi

The most popular sport in camp this year was soccer. Many evenings were devoted either to a normal game or a BFA-American game. In the first BFA-American match, the Americans played very well, and the BFA's had problems maintaining team order. The game ended in a 3-3 tie. In the second and final match of the season, the BFA's had better organization of their team and beat the Americans by a score of 5-1.

It seems that this was one of our best soccer years. The highpoint came when Camp Rising Sun, on a Sunday afternoon, beat Rhinebeck's hometown team 4-2. It was the first time CRS has beaten Rhinebeck in 10 years.



Politics at CRS

By Steve Cohen

This summer at camp proved to be a very productive one, at least where politics and debating are concerned. The first debate we had was early in the season on the neutron bomb. The heated debate raised a lot of questions which provoked discussions among the campers afterwards. The second debate on capital punishment proved to do the same. The last debate of the season was "Should homosexuals be teachers?" Beside the debates there were many arguments due to the healthy mixture of leftists and rightists in the camp. All in all, it was an excellent year for idea exchanges in politics.

This Year's BFA's

Aly, Ziad Mohamed Wafik	Cairo, Egypt
Bassirian, Shabab	Zahedan, Iran
Berger, Thomas	Krefeld, W. Germany
Bjørnild, Peter	Alsgarde, Denmark
Boongrapu, Arpat	Bangkok, Thailand
Bosak, Luis Fetterman	Porto Alegre, Brazil
Castermans, Alex Geert	The Hague, Netherlands
Ciliz, M. Kemal	Samsun, Turkey
Halim, Abdul bin Abdul Rahman	Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Inotsume, Shigeo	Chiba Pref., Japan
Kaufmann, Jean-Martin	Asnieres, France
Koskiniemi, Harri-Tapio	Helsinki, Finland
Ostberg, Bjørn Christian	Oslo, Norway
Sinha, Jayant	Patna, Bihar, India
Siotor, Przemyslaw	Wroclaw, Poland
Svingos, Costas	Athens, Greece

Season's



End

Freddy

Sterile walls and soft chairs
In a hospital's visiting room;
Bright eyes in a lined face,
And the intent gaze of a mind
That is too young for its body;

With a few words from his
Silent face, he expresses a
Spirit that possesses no age,
The flame of a child in the
Body of a man
That longs to set the world afire.

-Michael Gartner, N.Y.C.

Michael wrote the poem the last night of Camp when he returned, with a few other boys, from a visit with Freddy. Ill-health had prevented Freddy from staying more than two weeks at Camp, in early August, before he was moved to nearby Northern Dutchess Hospital. There he received campers and friends much as he had in his room at Rising Sun. Michael's poem was the last piece accepted by a haggard pair of Final Edition editors as they worked in the Kiboan far into the morning of their departure.

Ghoststone Council took place the previous evening, and Freddy was able to come from the Hospital, for the evening, to attend. "At this point," reads the Council Tally, "Freddy gathered up his strength to give his farewell ghoststone speech." None of us was aware how final the farewell actually was.

Seated in a wheelchair in front of his customary place at Council, Freddy did something unprecedented that night by interrupting the chain of camper speeches at the half-way point. His speech was not short, nor was it audible to most of the campers. When Freddy finished, Ken Soapes, his aid, placed Freddy's ghoststone, as always the largest of all, beside the fire. At Freddy's request, Ken then wheeled him from the Council Ring. All of us there stood silent. Freddy must have been to the top of the hill and on his way back to the Hospital by the time we sat down again and the speeches resumed.

The Final Edition of the newspaper was completed with a few hours to spare before the campers' departure this morning. I was one of the counselors asked to drive a group to the New York airports. We left Camp at 10:30, lunched in the van, and weathered teary farewells at both airports. Returning to Camp shortly after dinner, anticipating a boisterous staff gathering, I found the whole group silent in the New House, long-faced around a fire. Freddy died in his sleep minutes after the last of the campers left at noon.

The departure of the campers and the loss of Freddy, all in one day, leaves us all mournful and rather dizzy. "There is a difference," this year's Norwegian camper told me, "between leaving and losing." But leaning against the catalpa tree, eyeing the Camp, Freddy's creation, it is difficult to find that difference.

Freddy quoted Robert Browning at the last Council: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Looking at the sky this cold August night, I half-expect to see Freddy's hand hurry among the stars, gathering them together.

-Hugh McGough '76-77

FREDDIE'S BURIAL: Before the small group moved to Salem Fields cemetery on the Brooklyn-Queens border for Freddie's burial 30 August, George Ames '30-32,35-37 noted Freddie's request that there be no religious service "though he saw himself as a religious man. His religion was essentially people," Ames said, "people's relationships to one another." Freddie "probably had the greatest capacity for friendship of all the people I know," he added. He was "quite an extraordinary and remarkable man" who "touched all our lives."

Freddie is buried by his mother and father in the Jonas family mausoleum. After Armond Mascia '36-38 read Psalm 23, those present filed forward to briefly touch Freddie's casket before it was lowered into the earth.

MEMORIAL GATHERING: All alumni and friends of Camp are invited to St. Paul's Chapel, on the Columbia University campus, Saturday, 25 November, at 2:00 p.m. for a gathering in remembrance of Freddie.

MEMORIAL GIFTS: Contributions have already been received in Freddie's memory. If you wish to honor him in this way, please send your gifts to Walden. Among Camp's current needs are a new upright piano and a new tower bell.

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MEMORIES OF FREDDIE: We would like to include in the next Sundial vignettes from Freddie's life which alumni particularly remember or treasure. Please send your recollections to Walden as soon as possible.

NEW OFFICERS: Replacing Freddie as Chair of the Board of Directors is George Ames '30-32, 35-37. Replacing Freddie as President of the Foundation is Armond Mascia '36-38,40-44. Vice Presidents are John Litsios '35-38,44,46 and Jacques Silva '33. Secretary is Irwin Nydick '39-42; Treasurer is John Reiner '51-53,56,57.

CREDITS: Besides the usual folks listed below, others were of special help in preparing this issue. Written for other media, the obituary by John Rosenberg '45-46 was adapted for Sundial by the editor. Besides the article he wrote, Hugh McGough '76-77 typed portions of the issue. The picture of Freddie on page 11 was taken by Nestor Gonzales '71-72 when he was a camper.

HELP WANTED: Richard Renfield '47-48, 1400 Cola Drive, McLean VA 22101 USA knows of a small but growing community development organization in New Mexico seeking a president. More details next issue, or write Renfield.

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