

THREE ARROWS

1936-2006

70TH ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION JOURNAL



THREE
ARROWS
COOPERATIVE
SOCIETY

2 Rochdale Road
Putnam Valley, NY 10579
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THREE ARROWS
COOPERATIVE SOCIETY, INC.

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THREE ARROWS
70TH ANNIVERSARY
JOURNAL COMMITTEE

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Riva Danzig
Amy Heinrich

Committee
Carol Bier
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Nina Drooker
Deborah Gorman
Carol Gruber
Sylvia Ripps
Lynn Stein
Susan Vladeck
Eleanor White

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Cooperative Society, Inc



1897 map of the southeast corner of Putnam Valley, showing the farms located on Barger Street.

On The Cover
Ice House. Deborah Gorman, 2006.

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MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Seventy years is a lot of history, as this journal beautifully shows. As someone spending only her eighth summer here, you may wonder how people like me fit in--where is the present and future in this past? But then, I think about the trails at Three Arrows. In the old days, people would walk from house to house using the trails through our woods. When we got here, the trails were pretty well grown over and had been that way for a long time. With the guidance of early members and their adult children, we found the old trails and restored many of them. Now I hear my daughter and her friends traipsing through the "old" trails-- just like the day campers of the 1940s and 1950s. Some of the trails remain overgrown; they just don't serve people anymore. But those well-worn trails continue to lead us in the present and into the future. It is the constant gift we receive from those who were part of this community over the past seventy years. We are a very fortunate lot. —Cate Crowley

ARTICLE II

OBJECT OF THREE ARROWS COOPERATIVE SOCIETY, FROM THE BYLAWS

The object of this corporation shall be to maintain and conduct as a Cooperative, and on a non-profit basis, a community of individual homes to provide educational, cultural, and such other facilities and businesses as the membership shall determine, in accordance with the principles of consumer cooperation; and to maintain fraternal relations with the labor, democratic socialist, and cooperative movements.



Summer Idyll. *Photo by Milton Rosenberg. September 1939*

above, Gertrude & Louis Shever in their newly built
Three Arrows house at 114 Rochdale Road; now
home to Sylvia Shever Ripps & David Ripps



THREE ARROWS—THEN, CA. 1870

FROM THESE BEGINNINGS

“Cooperatives demonstrate the ability of people to live together and work for the common good. And that...may ultimately lead to the ‘One World’ of Democracy, good brotherhood, and peace.” This was the vision of the “founders,” as expressed by President Ben Robbins in the Three Arrows tenth anniversary journal. It was echoed by Joe Glass, in the same publication, when he spoke of Three Arrows as a “model community of life,” a “new Mecca,” whose success would “demonstrate to a sick world the practicality of our vision.”

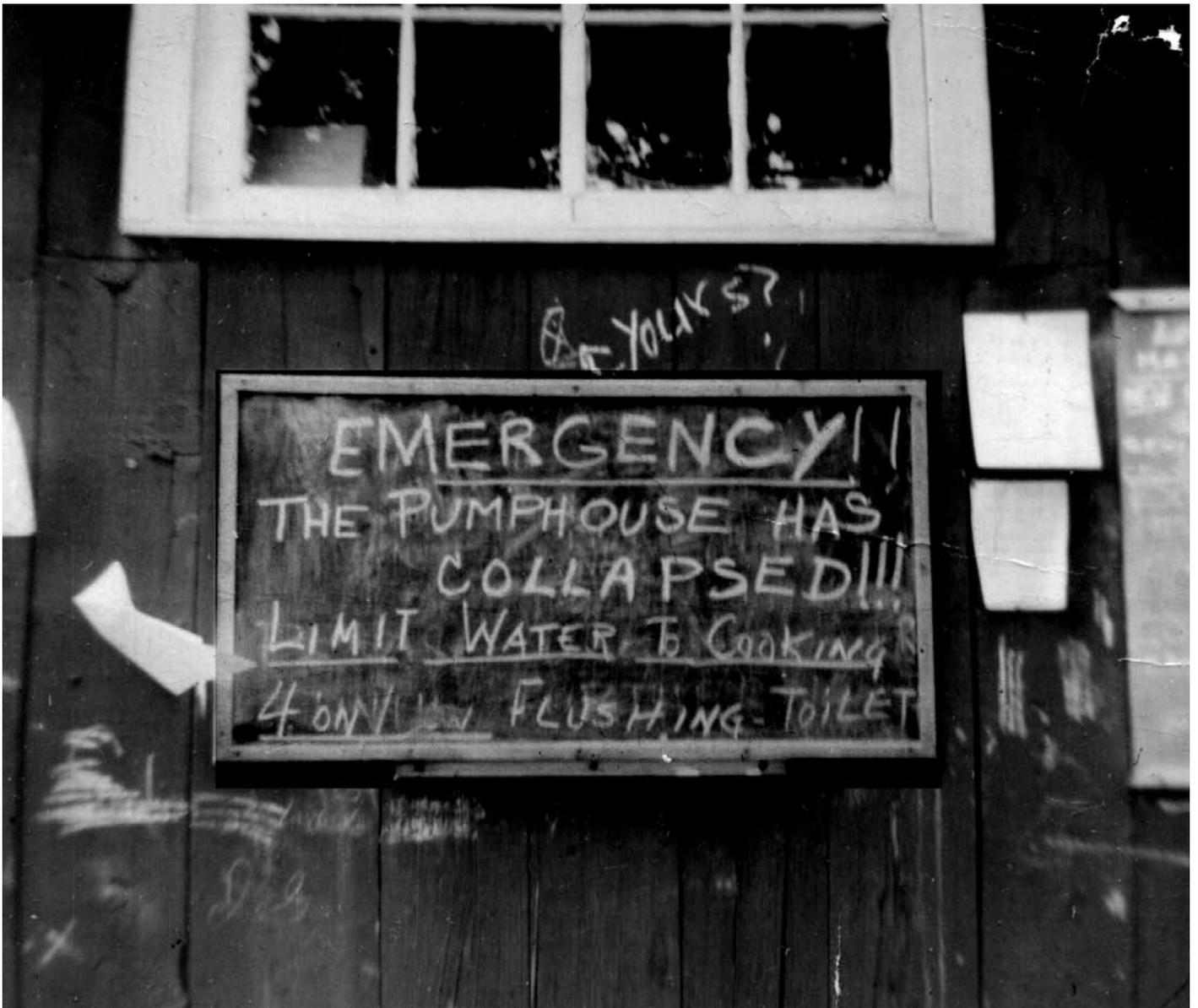
This notion of an ideal community serving as an exemplar and a model to be followed was not new to the cooperative movement that emerged in response to industrialization. The “missionary” impulse in American history dates from the settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1630, intended by its leaders to be a “City on a Hill” to set an example to a (religiously) corrupt world, and continued to be reflected in the many secular and religious utopian communities that sprang up in the nineteenth century. For those communities that survived the first generation (and not many did so), utopianism typically gave way to more mundane concerns: in the case of the Puritans the Bible Commonwealth became a thriving commercial colony, the radical sexual arrangements practiced by the followers of Albert J. Noyes at Oneida gave way to the profitable production of silver plate.

The missionary impulse was no less illusory for Three Arrows than for the Massachusetts Bay Puritans or the Oneidans. But the Three Arrows progenitors were more than missionary idealists, they were political activists, honed in the battles of the 1930s. They were fighters and joiners—in the trade union movement, the Young People’s Socialist League, municipal politics, and the Liberal Party (when it split from the American Labor Party). They read and wrote for *The New Leader* and *The Socialist Call*, and they were embroiled in the sectarian strife that, sadly, marred this country’s radical politics.

In their creation of a self-governing community, based on participatory democracy and cooperative labor, where members would build the common facilities and share the common resources, would look out for each other’s welfare, and would nurture the next generation in its communal values, the Three Arrows founders succeeded even more than they ever knew. Not only has the cooperative survived for seventy years, when others in the area cast in a similar mold long since have fractured and disappeared, but in the present membership more than one third (twenty-six) of the sites are occupied by the second generation, thirty-two “children of members” who have joined the community, many living in houses their parents built.

It is understandable that relative newcomers sometimes feel excluded from the circle of

Carol Gruber,
67 Rochdale Road,
is the daughter of
early members
Oscar & Jessie Signer,
and sister of
Nora Signer,
see p. 45.



Four on a Flush. 1955. Photo by Bobb Vladeck

memory that surrounds and encloses the second generation. Those of us who were brought up here were formed by Three Arrows—by the emphasis on communal rather than individual interests; by the rewards of cooperating to create the physical infrastructure and social institutions; by the seriousness of concern with social and political issues; by the care that we took of each other.

And as we age, the factor of continuity is increasingly important to us. I live in a house my father built and my mother made her home after his death, as one of the early year-rounders. Every time I walk into that house I'm aware of that connection. There are more than thirty people here who knew my parents, and who knew me as a child and young adult. I knew them as infants and small children, and was the Day Camp counselor of many of them. (My very first words as a counselor, which I remember to this day, were, "Artie, get down from that tree!") I swim the way I do today because more than sixty years ago Sally Miller taught me how.

Can these early days be idealized? Of course they can. Day Campers were not one happy family; there were cliques, and the memories of those cliques have not entirely been erased. There were windbags at membership meetings and schmoozes. Water shortages were dangerous and difficult to endure—there was nothing glamorous about "three on a pee." And having seventy-five families can be a drag; one mother who says "Carol, your back is getting red, get out of the sun" is more than enough.

Regardless, we were privileged to have been brought up here, and those who came after share in the privilege; Three Arrows has survived, and we all are the beneficiaries of that survival. But we are at a critical juncture now: survival is not guaranteed, and especially not guaranteed is what kind of community we will be in the future.

With a constantly changing membership and inevitable and inexorable pressures coming from outside, how much of our past can we legitimately hold on to, which of our original values are relevant today?

I sought help with these questions in conversation with seventeen people who have been Three Arrows members for fewer than ten years.* The results were illuminating; with all the differences there was remarkable commonality around certain subjects. Very few people knew anything more than that this was a cooperative community, mainly Jewish, with some kind of socialist past when they joined. They either had heard about Three Arrows from friends and colleagues, or seen an ad for a house here. What drew most of them was the prospect of owning a modestly priced country home within an easy commute from New

*"I swim
the way I
do today
because
more than
sixty years
ago Sally
Miller
taught me
how."*

*Thanks to the following for taking time to talk with me: Margaret Benton, Peter Benton, Akeel Bilgrami, Chuck Cosler, Cate Crowley, Evan Hughes, Suzy Immergut, Anurag Jainman, Susan Leboff, Naomi Leiter, Lynn McCary, Marion Niethamer, Marianne Pita, Carol Rovane, Ray Shaffer, Waddy Thompson, Bruce Weiner.

THE LAKE

THEN,
CA. 1936...



...AND NOW



York City. Some were attracted by the idea of joining a cooperative, all knew that they would be expected to contribute some time and effort to its operation. But none of them came because they knew the history of Three Arrows and wanted to join the particular community the founders had established.

With one exception, the first membership meetings they attended shocked them all. Some of their words are worth quoting: “it was total chaos, people were horribly rude, they talked when others were talking, the way people behaved lowered our expectations”; “the community seemed irrational to me, a lot of hot air, rhetoric gone mad”; “how could these people, who were so lovely to me, be so cranky to each other?”; “they talk so much, there is so much divisiveness”; “we were unhappy, there was so much divisiveness”; “we were horrified at the behavior of people, the issue at hand seemed too inconsequential to cause such rancorous behavior”; “I was appalled, and remember thinking, ‘we have made a terrible mistake, we’ve really screwed up here, what have we gotten ourselves into?’”; “the contentiousness over the dock was so awful we were ready to go”; “how does anything get done, there is so much argument about every issue, what did I get myself into?”; “I was horrified, astounded, what had we gotten ourselves into?”

Several speculated that perhaps this behavior is a consequence of direct democracy—but I wonder. Do people so lack a voice in their life that giving them one opens an uninhibited floodgate of verbiage?

We ignore this issue at our peril. It is no consolation that Three Arrows meetings historically have been contentious. The founders were raised on sectarian strife, passionate argument was part of their political culture, many of them were survivors of the labor and political struggles of the 1930s and ’40s. We have no such excuse; today’s arguments are primarily personal, and they spill out of the meeting place and seep into relations at large.

But there are compensations. For every one of the seventeen people I spoke with, community is the glue that binds them here—the knowledge that they are part of something larger than themselves; that, withal, people look out for each other and can be counted on to help in emergencies little as well as big; the realization that they have a common stake in a beautiful natural landscape; the assurance that their children are cherished and safe here—that they can knock on any door for any reason and know that they will be welcomed in; the appreciation of being able to speak their minds, and that their vote counts the same as a person’s who has been here for fifty years; the lively, interesting, and welcoming people they have met; the awe at the seniors—still engaging and engaged, susceptible to new ideas, a model (several people told me) for growing old.

They all are worried about prospects for the future. If people do not contribute their labor to community activities and responsibilities we cannot survive as a cooperative. With more and more people here only for weekends (or between trips abroad) the labor pool is attenuated. Some people here, they fear, do not have a clue about the amount of work

“...we are at a critical juncture now: survival is not guaranteed, and especially not guaranteed is what kind of community we will be in the future.”

“...the number of eco-villages and co-housing developments built or in the planning stage has more than doubled in the last decade and promises to keep growing.”

that goes into Three Arrows governance and activities. Economic problems are perceived as particularly serious. Membership in Three Arrows is becoming increasingly expensive. Will there come a time when taxes are so crushing that pressure from developers eyeing this beautiful site will be irresistible? That may be a long-range possibility. More immediately, if houses sell only to people who can afford the escalating dues and tax bills we are in danger of jeopardizing what one person described as the “modest” tenor of a community where people come from similar circumstances and no one is “king of the hill.” If house prices are permitted to rise will people who can afford them have grandiose expectations that will threaten our values?

How can communal values best be protected and preserved? Some people wanted more discussion of social and political issues at schmoozes, even providing a forum for such discussions for our children. Some suggested supporting an institution, like a school, or an orphanage, in this country or abroad. The Histadrut breakfast was a model of that kind of commitment; nothing replaced it when Penn Melnick and Jack Gorman no longer were able to do the work it involved. Now, the annual fund-raising drive for local institutions that are, after all, in our own self-interest, like the volunteer fire department and ambulance corps, the library, the hospital, the historical society, gets a tepid response. Finally, sustainability was recommended as a goal we might commit ourselves to. For example, if we had to bury our own garbage, would we be so profligate with plastic and paper at our social events? Perhaps we should bring our own plates and utensils, or at least not feel so free to put down a cup or glass when it’s empty only to reach for another when we want a second drink.

Some of the loosening of communal bonds is the result of increasing well-being—and who can quarrel with that? The bonds of the early years were tightened by scarcity—of money, of water, or cars to get us where we needed to go. Today, there is no need for a car pool, and, one person asks, who wants to go to Ernie’s room to read *The New York Times* or to share a book, when we can afford to provide our own?

There is strong sentiment that a great deal depends on admitting to membership only people who demonstrate a genuine commitment to communal values and a convincing willingness to accept communal responsibility. That means the community will have to support the membership committee when it makes hard choices and reaches difficult decisions.

We don’t have to look far to find signs of the quest for community in this country today. Last month, for example, the *Times* reported that the number of eco-villages and co-housing developments built or in the planning stage has more than doubled in the last decade and promises to keep growing. We have right here a community with seventy years of experience and history. If we want to ensure its continued existence in a recognizable form we need to start seriously talking and listening to each other, calmly and with respect. Surely, it’s worth the effort to do so. ☉

THE IRON DOG

Carol Bier remembers the iron dog from when she was a little girl. It was a door-stop on the porch of her parents' house at Three Arrows, remaining from the time the house belonged to her father and his first wife, Minnie. The dog—a black and white Boston Terrier—was just always there, year in and year out patrolling the place. One spring, when Carol came up to open the house for the season, the dog was missing. It used to reside on the porch, but it was not there. She searched inside the house but could not find it. Carol assumed that someone must have taken it from the porch during the winter; such things happened on occasion. She really missed the dog, because it was such a long-time fixture of the house. She thought she would never see it again. The iron dog, so present in her memories, was gone.

Before we go on, here is a bit of background. Carol's father and his first wife, Minnie Kaplan, were original members of Three Arrows. Julie Manson intentionally chose his site and built his house next to his best friend, Is Fried. They wanted their houses to be close, but they did not realize just how close until the two houses were built—and they were VERY close. Fannie Fried and Minnie were really close friends, too, and the two couples remained close even after the houses were built. Sadly, Minnie died at a young age, and Is died later, but Fannie continued to own the house at 12 Twin Pines Road and Carol's family had theirs at 23 Twin Pines Road.

When Fannie was too old to come to the house, she sold it. We were lucky enough to see its beauty and buy the Fried house. The first summer we owned the house, Caitlin had her seventh birthday party on our deck with all her friends. As usual, Caitlin and her buddies were



involved in some story they were making up, running through the woods and climbing on the rocks. At one point, her dear friend Andrea fell hard. She looked down to see something half-buried under the ferns, leaves, and earth. Andrea discovered she had fallen over a metal dog. Yes, it was The Iron Dog. It was like finding a treasure and made the birthday feel so special. We gave the dog a place of prominence by standing it on our rock patio right outside the front door.

A few days later, Carol came by for a neighborly visit. When she saw the dog, she was startled and asked how we got it. We told her our story about the dog, and she told us hers. Although that dog already held wonderful memories for us, it was Carol's dog, and Caitlin went to give it to her. Carol stopped Caitlin. She said that while the dog had been part of her home, it had clearly moved on to be part of another girl's memories.

Now, five years later, the Iron Dog continues to stand on our rock patio, almost in sight of Carol's house. To me, the Iron Dog says much about the shifting of old traditions and memories into the next generation's traditions and memories. If you wish, come on over. Caitlin would be happy to introduce you to her Iron Dog. ☺

*Cate Crowley is the current
President of Three Arrows
Cooperative Society,
and lives in the former
Fried House, 12 Twin Pines Road.*



*The first house at Three Arrows, built by Pauline & Harry Solomon, in 1937.
It is now occupied by Eleanor Solomon White & Myron White.*

ONCE UPON A TIME...

...Isn't that the way all fairy tales begin?
That surely is how mine began!

In late 1936, I heard my parents, Pauline and Harry Solomon, talking about a “place in the country.” To an almost eleven-year-old in Manhattan that would be a dream come true.

When first I saw the place that would become CAMP THREE ARROWS!, there were empty, grassy fields and one house by the side of the road. About 100 acres of grass and trees, marked off into sections with stone walls. And there was a lake for swimming and fishing.

This place would also be the “dream fulfilled” of a group of young socialists (YPSLs) who longed to be accepted in a “country club” of their own. All educated young couples (and a few singles) with high ideals. These were Depression years yet it seemed to me that they all had decent, professional careers—and they were all very handsome! (And oh! the mellifluous voices at meetings of Julie Manson, Irv Amdur, Lou Yavner and the booming Joe Glass!)

The existing house would become a “hotel” where YPSLs and friends could stay—for a very low rate—while they decided if they were interested, and whether (or not) they could afford a vacation home.

My parents chose their site based on the beautiful view of the lake and the “flat” plot of land. The carpenter, a Mr. Reingold, built our house for \$500 on the allotted 500 square feet of (flat) ground and it was the very first house built in Three Arrows! It wasn't very long before a Dr. Kramer, his wife Hermine, and their son Jonathan built their house on the plot in front of ours—not quite obliterating our view. They didn't remain in Camp very long. They sold their house to the Dave Trevas family (Seymour was then a student at Columbia) who enlarged the house (completely obliterating the lake view). But we were good friends anyway!

Camp grew quickly, facilities—like a water reservoir and its system of distribution pipes—were introduced using cooperative labor; now we had water in our house, roads were “redefined,” the Barn became the place for events: a barn dance, a skit written and performed by in-house talent with costumes and scenery, and always ping-pong!

The many rooms in the Main House (with a hired Manager and a cook) were rented by prospective members—for short stays at low cost. So many bright young couples! Meals were served for a very small fee. I remember once when the very temperamental cook quit—just before dinner—my mother took over and “volunteered” for the remainder of the summer! And everyone was happy!

The Main House was the evening gathering place where we schmoozed, played anagrams (before Scrabble was invented) and bridge and pinochle.

All of this was before tennis courts and social hall and babies and cribs in the lake...

...and I was a “child of a member”! 🍷

*Eleanor White,
30 Rochdale Road,
is the daughter
of founding
members
Pauline &
Harry Solomon.*



A winter view of the original quonset hut that stood at 15 Rochdale Road. Designed by Bill Vladeck and built shortly after WWII by Norbert & Maizie (Vladeck) Bromberg with surplus materials Norbert was able to procure as a Navy veteran, it was demolished, except for the fireplace, by Ben & Helen Greenfield and replaced with the structure as it exists today, now occupied by Alice Rosenthal & Vivienne Freund and their daughter, Joy.

MEMORIES OF PLACE

ARTS & CRAFTS SHACK

As a day camper, my memory of the Arts & Crafts shack is of an odd funky structure (before the word “funky” became popular). We used to call it ramshackle, or rickety. It had two rooms and a covered porch, faced with a green roofing material. Nothing was plumb, and it shook wherever you walked. It was set on the hillside amidst weeds, tall grasses, grapevines and berry bushes, and always seemed to be surrounded by mottled sunlight. The outside was quite drab, but inside was a riot of color—lanyards, feathers, paints, crayons, construction paper; also tongue depressors, glue, pipe cleaners, scissors, pencils, masking tape—all the requirements for creativity to run rampant. Today, its space is occupied by an opening in the woods, allowing sunlight to reach the forest floor (below left). The foresters said this was an important means of supporting local habitat development. There is a wonderful variety of native plants, including huge specimens of Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and the grapevines run wild.



TOILETS BY THE BARN

By the time I was a teenager the public toilets by the Barn were already in a state of ruin. When Three Arrows began, four toilets were built by the pioneers for use by everyone in the colony. But the town soon required that each site holder install a septic system. That led to the building of houses at Three Arrows, for the original tenants were tent-dwellers. Today the pedestal still stands, constructed of cinder blocks approached by a flight of stairs (above right). You can peer down the cylindrical waste receptacles, all connected ultimately to a shared septic tank, which is not visible. Once the centers of tiny cubicles, faced with red clapboards, the holes now are surrounded by the detritus of oddly shaped pieces of porcelain, once toilets. What one might think is a long-dead idealistic vision of shared toilet facilities has rather been replaced by a Porto-san aesthetic of modern life.

*Carol Bier,
23 Twin Pines Road,
is the daughter of
founding member
Julius Manson and
his second wife,
Betty.*

THE YOUTH PAVILION

Three Arrows colors were red and white, proudly worn by our daycampers at every volley ball competition with other local camps. A youth pavilion was built as an after-thought to the establishment of the day camp, no doubt when it was realized that children got older. It, too, was painted red and white, a large covered structure constructed of four (maybe six?) vertical posts with triangular supporting brackets, and an oversize flat roof. Destined to failure, it no longer exists. Not even in ruins. Built near to the nursery (whose rusted swing sets still stand as testimony to generations of young ones at day camp, segregated by age), the youth pavilion did, however, serve Three Arrows youth in important ways for a few years, offering a meeting ground for what was called the Youth Group. There, we engaged in debates under the tutelage of my father, and learned about the principles of constructing arguments and assessing evidence and diverse points of view. This training in critical thinking has no doubt lived on in many of us who were subjected to the requirement of taking up opposite sides. Just imagine – some of us had to argue in favor of the death penalty, which was then called capital punishment. The area is now overrun with non-native invasive plants and vines (below left).



THE BOYS' CAMPSITE AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

Ghost stories in the damp night air, inquiring raccoons and skunks crushing nearby leaves, the moon rising overhead creating eerie shadows, warm bodies quietly learning, plaid lumber jackets and guitars and singing joys and longing – our memories of the campsites at the top of the hill have stayed with us all these years (above right). The potential is still there (at least for the “boys’ site”), with only a small effort needed to take down some scraggly trees. Even the fireplace remains, with rough stones stacked upon the granitic bedrock, the ground still softened by moss and sedge, damp in the morning. The place offers all of the possibilities to reify those memories for the next generations.

EBERT BUNGALOW

Justus Ebert and his wife Jennie were considered old among the founding members of Three Arrows; they were both politically very active and he was with the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World). He left behind the first widow. As she aged and grew infirm, her long-term care in the Main House was negotiated in exchange for the Ebert bungalow, which became communal property. For years she lived in “Jennie’s Room” at the top of the stairs, while the Ebert bungalow was rented to generate income for Three Arrows and our Caretaker. Very principled, diminutive in size, Jennie was a vegetarian, even to the extent of not wearing shoes made of leather. She would read us children’s books, always focusing on the imprint of the Lithographers’ Union and the Copyright. We think of the Ebert Bungalow today as having fallen into disrepair (below left), but it preserves more than any other the scale and spatial features of the original houses built before more prosperous years favored improvements, renovations, and expansion.



MICHAEL AND AMELIA ROSEN’S HOUSE THAT BURNED DOWN

Below Jerry and Lynn Stein’s, and above Esther Smoke’s, beyond the outcroppings of bedrock and a stone wall, there is a mound of debris (above right). Even if you can’t still see the debris, you can see that it hosts a different selection of plants than those that surround it. This was the first (only?) Three Arrows house that burned down, a haunting story accompanied by the silent fear that it could happen again. That led to the purchase of a used fire truck, lovingly cared for and polished to sparkle by Fred Bosworth and Henry Margulies and the “Fire Brigade” who every year would parade it forth up and down our hills. It got replaced once or twice, and ultimately was buried under a dump (with special dispensation from the town); above it now grows huge stands of Japanese knotweed, which we try to remove year after year. But we shouldn’t forget that Michael and Amelia Rosen’s house burned down. ☉

CAMP IS SO MANY THINGS...

Starting in 1937 and continuing throughout the forties, idealistic young couples built summer bungalows on the East side of Piano Mountain. They started families and in the early forties they decided to start a



Nursery School for the children. (As you walk into Tulip Tree Lane, past the dumpster, from there to the stone wall, the Nursery field is on your left before the ballfield and garden.) It contained a shed, a toilet building, a toy for climbing and a large dog house.

There were about twenty to twenty-five children by then, some as old as five or six but most between two and four. We quickly became five and six and seven and outgrew our Nursery. So Three Arrows Day Camp was started with a hired Camp Director and counselors, school teachers and singers and dancers, most of whom were housed dormitory style in the Main House, supervised and cared for by our caretaker and his family.

Most of the Three Arrows families eventually grew to two or three or even more children (right through the forties and into the fifties) and day camp grew right along with us.

We were divided into groups by age and gender, by school grade and date of birth. If the New York City schools changed the enrollment dates, day camp groups changed too. We were called Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, etc. but knew better—we were Senior Seniors, Seniors, and Junior Seniors. The next year the Junior Seniors group moved down to the Junior group and were Senior Juniors, and on down the line. But the children were the same.

Every child in Three Arrows was beautiful and brilliant (our parents told us so) and every day camp group had beautiful, brilliant children. Some more beautiful, some more brilliant, some more talented at sports, some at arts, some who could sing, some who could not and some who hid behind trees.

Some of us loved day camp, some of us hated day camp, some of us didn't know we hated it until years later, but every morning the doors opened and we tumbled down the hill, on now long gone paths through the woods, to the barn—or travelled down in the ramshackle camp taxi.

Our counselors met us there and took us for our varied activities. We had Arts and Crafts

**NURSERY
SCHOOLERS—**
from left,
Susan Vladeck,
Judy Sheib,
Helen Pasik,
Adam Fischer

*Helen Pasik Brown,
26 Rochdale Road,
is the daughter of
founding members
Phil & Gerry Pasik.*

*“Whether
you loved
or hated
it, it was a
special time
in all of our
lives...”*



and Nature classes in a shed building now gone from the woods behind the barn. We had archery in the Lake Parking lot. We had tennis and softball and of course swimming twice a day. We had Lifeguards who taught us to swim and we got Red Cross Certified as we got older. We participated in softball games against other day camps in the area—our Senior boys were champs! We went hiking—six miles to Lake Mahopac and phoned for cars to pick us up. We went on overnight sleep-outs to exotic locations: the top of the hill behind the reservoir, the then empty woods of Putnam Acres (now the community next door).

When we became teenagers in the early fifties the day camp had gotten to be too crowded—there were 150 kids by then—so they separated the teens into a Youth Group and moved us back uphill to the now vacant Nursery field and built the Youth Pavilion for us. This was a platform with a tin roof and a record player and we hung out there until we were old enough to go our separate ways. As teens we were old enough to go further so we joined the American Youth Hostel and biked to Mt. Beacon.

Whether you loved Day Camp or hated it, it was a special time in all of our lives, we formed lifelong bonds and I think most of us are glad we had those times and learned those skills and lessons and made those friends.

The Senior Seniors and even the Junior Seniors are now all old enough for Social Security and many of us are still in Three Arrows. ☉

BALL FIELD EVENINGS

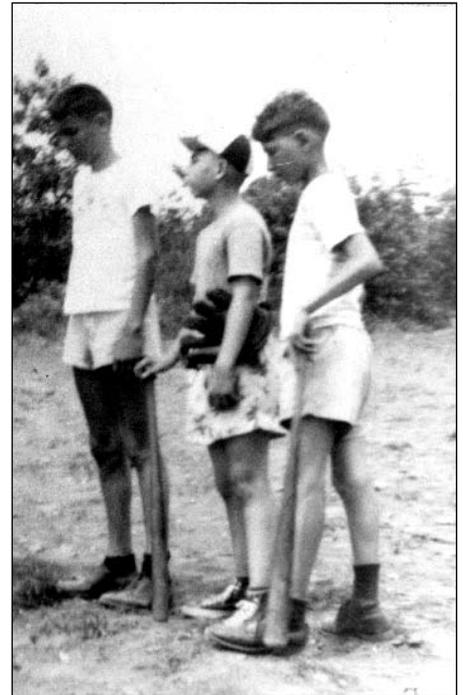
Even with the excitements of day camp, a daily highlight for me was the softball game each evening at the ball field. Ernie Doerfler was our adult leader: he pitched for both sides (slow and easy to the small kids); he defeated our attempts to seek unfair advantage when we split hairs over rules; he quashed cruelty and name-calling. It's fair to say that without him we couldn't have had a smooth nightly game.

And nightly it was, usually ending when outfielders couldn't see the ball 'til it nearly hit them.

There's not much to tell about those games. They were ordinary kid sports. But I want to make sure they're commemorated. For me, and surely for many of the players (mostly boys, but girls were welcome), those evenings were a hands-on course in fairness and conflict resolution. If I still haven't learned those things, it's not because our leader, earnest (!) and jovial, didn't try.

Thanks, Ernie. 🍷

Van Rozay (George Koppel), formerly of 87 Rochdale Road, is the son of early members Ed and Peggy Koppel and brother of Tom Koppel (see page 40).



Editors' Note The space in the lower level of the Barn, now called Ernie's Room, was a Co-op store in the forties and fifties which sold basic necessities at a time when many members didn't have cars, and when stores were few and distant. When the Co-op Store was discontinued Ernie Doerfler turned it into a weekend bookstore and continued the project throughout the sixties and seventies. He set up book shelves, hung a big sign over the door that read BOOK FAIR, and positioned himself at a table near the door. He



He carted endless cartons of books from his mysterious sources in the city; volumes that included novels, history, political science texts, art books, as well as children's books. At the end of each summer he gave the profits (if any) to the Putnam Valley Library. After Ernie died in 1979 a memorial ceremony was held at the Putnam Valley Library. A year or so later the Three Arrows community voted to name the space *Ernie's Room*. 🍷

CASH, CONFLICT, AND COOPERATION AMONG THE COMRADES

When we were clearing out the house after our mother died, my sister Susan and I came across our father's logbook of expenses incurred in building our original Three Arrows bungalow. The cost of things was astonishing! A bathtub for \$7.00 – and an excellent bathtub it still is. Funds totaling \$1,500 still owed to relatives – my father's younger brother, both my grandmothers – money they had borrowed to build the small cottage. I planned to write an article comparing the early 1940s to the 2000s. But as I started reading through the Three Arrows Cooperative Society Archives, I began to wonder.

Over the winters of 1937, 1938, and 1939, shortly after its formal establishment in 1936, seventy years ago, the Board of the Barger Cooperative Society met twice every month. They referred to each other as Comrade, and under the chairmanship of Comrade Isadore Fried, they set about creating Camp Three Arrows (*hats off to thee*) on the former Barger Farm. The house my father built for \$2,100 (including shares, initiation fee, and dues) was set in the apple orchard, where apples ripen on old trees as I write.

The total cost of the 125-acre property was \$22,500. Members could put down \$10 toward their membership initiation fee of \$30. Gradually the down payment of \$2,000 for the land was assembled, and the deed transferred, on January 14, 1937. Raising money was an ongoing concern. A winter theater party on March 17, 1939, to see a WPA production of *Sing for Your Supper*, brought in \$69. But the bank balance was \$00.00; cash on hand amounted to \$28.22; and the Board held a check post-dated for April 1, 1939, for \$25.00.

They hoped that the paying guests at Camp Three Arrows (for which they had a hotel license until 1960) would help keep the new community afloat. It was not easy. They were always looking for a good cook. They were rigorous in maintaining their workers' compensation insurance.

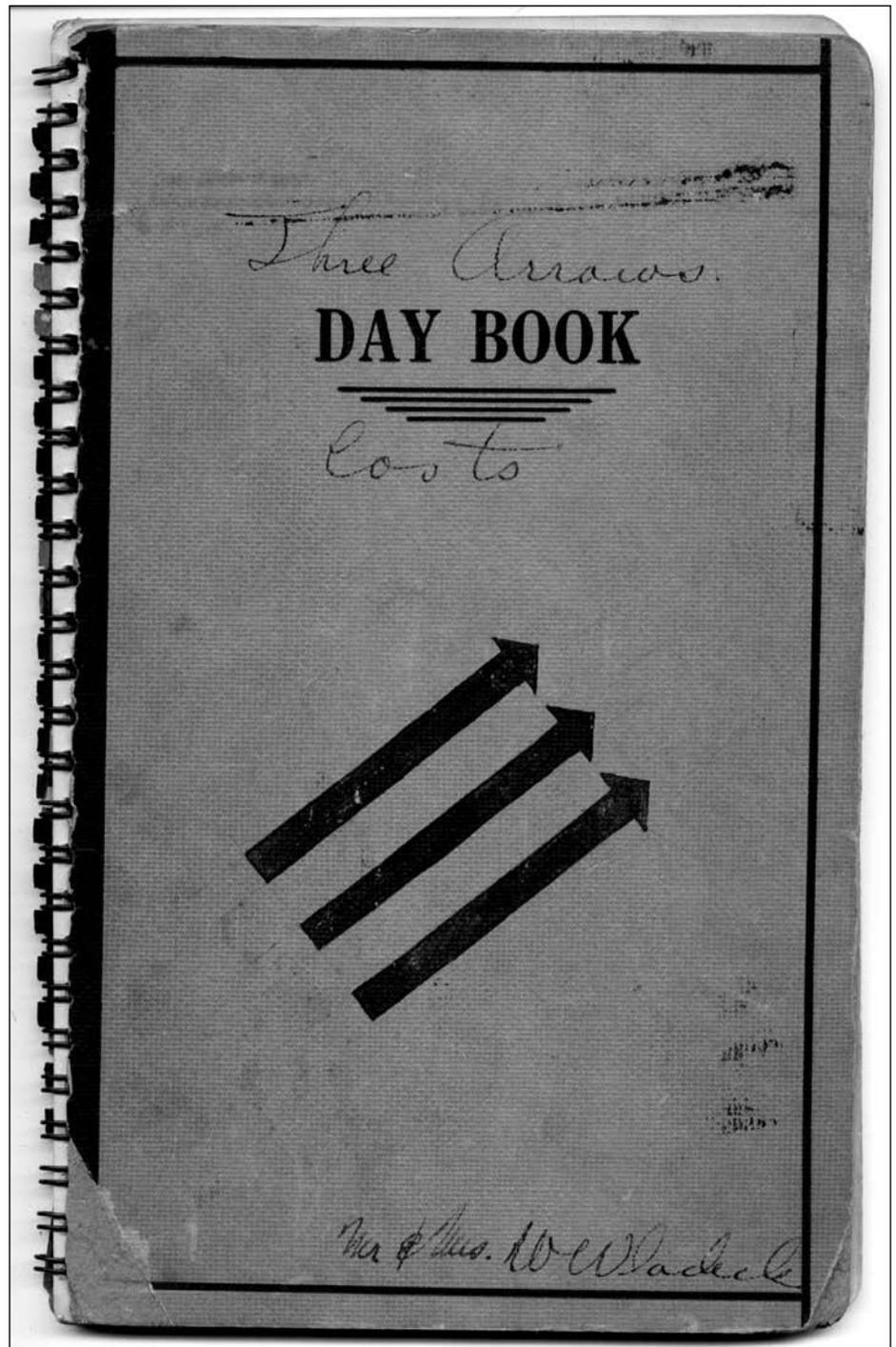
On the whole, however, the way things started seems to be very much the way things continue. We still worry about money, for instance; it is just that the decimal point has moved. We still worry about cooperative labor. An early board member, Joe Glass, submitted his resignation with the following reason cited in the Board minutes of March 29, 1938:

“The membership must see that our project may be lost if the members do not cooperate and do the work and carry the burden that has shifted to the Board in its entirety. The situation must be dramatized to the membership or they will not realize the seriousness of the situation.”

*Amy Vladeck Heinrich,
7 Rochdale Road,
is the daughter of
early members
Bill & Irene Vladeck
and sister of
Susan Vladeck.*

Bill Vladeck's journal of costs for the construction of 7 Rochdale Road, now occupied by his daughters, Amy Vladeck Heinrich and Susan Vladeck, with David Olmsted.

Bill Vladeck, in addition to designing and building his own house, designed the social hall and homes for: his sister and brother-in-law, Maizie & Norbert Bromberg 15 Rochdale Road, the Kampfs, 5 Rochdale Road, the Brodskys, 55 Rochdale Road, the Rubensteins, 8 Rochdale Road, the Luxembergs, 81 Rochdale Road.



Total Costs. 9-1-43.

Shares.	375 ⁰⁰	
Instr. Fee.	30 ⁰⁰	
Dues for Inst & Amort.	50 ⁰⁰	
Playground equip	5 ⁰⁰	
Permits & dues.	51 ²⁵	
Material	830 ⁰⁰	
Tools	13 ⁰⁰	
Labor.	600 ⁰⁰	
Furnishings	100 ⁰⁰	
Misc expense.	120 ⁰⁰	
Extra expense.	10 ⁰⁰	
	<u>\$ 2200.⁰⁰</u>	1825
	Inst fee 200. ⁰⁰	185
	Own labor 100 ⁰⁰	100
	<u>\$ 2500⁰⁰</u>	2110
Profit	250 ⁰⁰	210
		2320
Net Cost	2750.	
Deprec. @ 5% / an.		
2 yrs.	275	230
	2475	2090
less Shares	<u>375</u>	
	<u>\$ 2100</u>	

He presented a motion that the entire board resign in protest. Joe Glass's resignation was refused, and the board voted not to resign itself. The following year, reported in the May 22, 1939 Board minutes, a Motion was made "That J. Glass be appointed as supervisor for co-operative work done at Camp, this work to be planned by the Building and Planning Committee." This was carried. So was an Amendment: "That all co-operative work be done on a purely voluntary, co-operative, and competitive basis."

In the fall of 1939, there was serious conflict between two members of the Board, whom I will call A and B. In the September 7, 1939 minutes, the resignation of Board member A was tabled, and he was "directed to appear at the next Board meeting to answer charges filed against him" by Board member B. At the next meeting, the resignation was accepted, but so was a motion that Board member A be given a copy of the charges against him, and "that he be requested to appear at the next Board meeting to answer said charges."

The minutes for the Board meeting of October 17, 1939, report that Board member A, against whom charges were filed, appeared before the Board. A motion was made that since Board member A, having appeared before the Board to answer the charges, and "having admitted making the alleged statements, but having asserted that he did not mean them, that there was no truth in them, that he regretted having made them, and having thereupon apologized,

It is hereby resolved that the matter be marked closed. *Carried.*"

There was one vote opposed. Furthermore, the following amendment was offered: "That in view of the heat and bitterness evidenced at the last membership meeting, it is urged that at meetings of the Organization the members act with decorum, proper in an organization of this kind, and further that they conduct themselves toward each other in a comradely and co-operative spirit. *Carried.*"

This time there were two votes opposed. So perhaps not so much has changed.

On August 3, 1940, the application for membership of William and Irene Vladeck was unanimously approved. A few months later, Board minutes noted that a total of nine members owed money, of amounts ranging from \$1.30 to \$17.60 and reaching a total of \$70.46. A motion was made to demand payment within 48 hours, or fine each of the members \$5.00. The motion was not passed.

My parents elected to join this cantankerous, debt-ridden, idealistic organization, borrowing money, scrounging second-hand building materials, eyes open and minds clear, in the optimistic hope that it, and they, would succeed there. The apples are ripening on the trees. The community is alive, still cantankerous and idealistic, and my parents' great-grandchildren swim in the green waters of Barger Pond. I believe that the ideals of the community and of my parents have borne fruit. ☻

"My parents elected to join this cantankerous, debt-ridden, idealistic organization, borrowing money, scrounging second-hand building materials, eyes open and minds clear, in the optimistic hope that it, and they, would succeed there."



WATCHING THE SHOW—IN THE BARN, 1940

MY LIFE IN SHOW BUSINESS: GROWING UP IN THREE ARROWS

Let's start with that late summer night, end of August or early September, when the grownups donned their cocktail outfits, pulled out the Johnnie Walker and Tanqueray, desperately looked for babysitters, felt blessed if older siblings could do the job—the evening's entertainment started at 9 pm, and the action was in the barn! That was the **Labor Day Show Night**. The children had seen the dress rehearsal earlier in the day, and that was that!

What glamour, creativity, leadership – Phil Brodsky, Lila Glass, Ben Wolf, Bruno Fisher, Ruth Margulies, Paula Ariel, Gerry Pasik, Henrietta Silberberg, Ray Stein, Leah Fichandler, Peggy Koppel, Ernie Doerfler, Irv Simpson, and god help me if I forgot to mention someone important. Along with “staff” came a steady stream of reliable performers, including a resident lyric soprano, Ann Gross, a truth-telling ad libber, Morris Miller, and so many more. Actors, singers, writers, composers, pianists, set and costume designers, directors, and producers, and if you check out the old photos of this group at the task, you witness serious thespians with an organic connection to their work – Three Arrows theater, *my darlings!* Ask some of our senior members and they'll tell you that THOSE were the great shows, and the more current ones – well, they're good but not like So, let's not go there.

At a certain point, during the mid to late 1950s, the passion to do theater multiplied into two additional mid-summer shows, with the lesser but distinctive designation: **Host Night**. This was to be distinguished from **Long-Hair Night**, which drew from the ostensibly large pool of high-brow talent in the membership for poetry reading, musical performance, dancing, and more. During that decade, Bill Vladeck designed the Social Hall, and we moved our artistry down the road.

I've retained only fleeting and vague images of those Host Nights. But thanks to my sister Deb, we remember that the efforts were done by the Twin Pines folks separate from the Rochdale crowd, and with even further geographical divisions – essentially, we had the morning side of the mountain and the twilight side of the hill. Beyond that, I mostly recall Ben Greenfield and Sam Sklar singing and two-stepping – *tap tap tap* – their way through vocal numbers. This was Labor Day Show Lite. The hard-won satirical, parody-intensive, brilliantly witty final show was the holding tank for the summer's community dramas. The Host Nights held us over in the meantime.

“The hard-won satirical, parody-intensive, brilliantly witty final show was the holding tank for the summer's community dramas.”

*Judy Gorman,
10 Rochdale Road,
is the daughter of
early members,
Jack & Betty Gorman,
and sister of
Deborah Gorman,
65 Rochdale Road.*



LABOR
DAY—
1983(?)

Suddenly, or so it seemed at the time, the second generation, subdivided into day camp groups, began offering up married children, blossoming teens, and a new force of political and social engagement, bringing with it a full measure of DNA-based thespian talent. The first Youth's Host Night, in which Gruber, Drooker, Koppel, Greenfield, and others collaborated on an array of skits, songs, and statements, reflected on the early sixties, Kennedy's time, with Nixon in the wings.

[Sung to: "Puttin' on the Ritz"]

Oh we find that getting dates in these United States
Is tougher than it ever was before,
So we're taking our frustrations to the undeveloped nations,
Oh we're gonna get a piece in the corps.

Refrain

In the corps, in the corps,
We are serious idealists in the co- o- o - re
Helping fight disease, teaching kids their ABCs,
Freedom's bastion is the Corps

Or looking more inward, bragging about the emergence of Three Arrows' first grandchildren:

[Sung to: "Goober Peas"]

Tell you 'bout my grandson, a genius is he,
As smart as David Manson, and he is only three,
He's working on his thesis, for his Ph.D.
He looks just like his parents, but gets his brain from me.



Refrain

Oh, naches, naches, their virtues we extol,
When we talk about the kids we lose our self-control.

LABOR
DAY—
2004

Bewailing the Ugly American, with Michael Rosenthal wearing umpteen cameras around his neck:

[Sung to: "Red River Valley"]

Oh, wherever I wander I wonder
I'm befuddled wherever I roam
Though I try really hard not to blunder
They always shout, "Yankee, go home!"

Well I throw money out of my pockets
So they'll think I'm a generous guy,
But they laugh at my seventeen cameras
And my shiny Miami Beach tie.

And last, but by no means least, bemoaning the values (or lack thereof) that drove the exploration of space while the root problems of humankind festered in their first, second, and third world domains:

[Sung to: "Guys and Dolls"]

When you see a guy shot up into the sky,
Do you think that the dough could be better spent
On some foreign aid or a clinic or two
On some general plan to benefit man [sic] and hurt Nixon too

“...we
ginned
up a
courageous
attempt at
collecting
and
weaving
the com-
munity’s
scraggly
threads
into a
show.”

OK, so I remember the words. I’m entitled; I was in it.

And then what happened? We (the children) went in various directions, with summer plans that took us away from “Camp,” colleges that took us away from “Home,” and so on. Here, I face a large gap of at least 10 years, which others may be able to fill in (and since Three Arrowites are great at nitpicking what one another do and say, I’m sure we’ll have every summer identified by the end of the anniversary gala).

So take us to 1969, and I’m wandering around one evening, recently separated and utterly spooked and uprooted, and I look into the Kaminsky house, which at that time had a dining area right in the front into which you could see all the action. Sitting there were Mildred and Peretz, Gerry and Phil Pasik, and my parents, Jack and Betty Gorman. And what were they doing? Right! They were angsty about the Labor Day Show, or the lack of it. They were obsessing about the future of the community. Would it go on? How? On what basis and with what value system? Right up my alley. I was trying to figure out the very same things, so I thought. I joined them, and we ginned up a courageous attempt at collecting and weaving the community’s scraggly threads into a show. In the end, we decided to play ourselves, our families, and our view of our fragile co-op, and have a good time – mostly, though, have a show!

Peretz wrote a lot of the lyrics and script. The entire Gorman Family played itself as the opening number: *The Gorman Hotel*. Sung to “Mack the Knife,” we explained how our family had expanded, contracted, and convulsed.

Oh, the Gormans were once five, dear,
We’ve multiplied, dear, up and down,
We were nine, dear, now thirteen, dear,
Now that Debby’s back in town.

We forced Jack to answer the phone during dinner (when it always rang and it was always Morris Miller), and to shout: “Later, Morris!” This became family lore, and one of the Gorman grandchildren, not realizing what an “in” joke it was, used to go over to strangers and shout, “Later Morris,” expecting an outburst of hilarious laughter.

And there followed a Women’s Host Night, thanks to Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinem. All women, fabulous songs, great cooperation. My mother and I wrote a version of “Matchmaker,” with Sharon Fromowitz, recently-married Bromberg, dancing in her wedding dress while I lamented my state. Bless her sweet soul.

Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match
Find me a mate, brilliant and great,
Matchmaker, matchmaker, find him today
Find one who’s not born to stray.

Refrain

A man who's sexy, available,
Visibly moral, who thinks just of me,
While I am free to pursue all my
Sexual needs toward my Ph.D.

When we closed with the "International," the men were not pleased. Did we care?

Of course there were more shows, and thanks to Irv and Bea Simpson, we recently watched the last one of its era, from 1982, directed by Ray Stein.

25 years later: *Enter* Hal Drooker, playwright, lyricist, and savior of our thespian self-esteem. And out of the morning side of the mountain and the twilight side of the hill come Waddy Thompson, director and composer, Helen Brown, Nina Drooker, Chuck Cosler, and a whole group of new "Red Barn Players," as our predecessors were once called.

The Blue Frog, The Downfall of Cheney, and The Sixty-four Thousand Dollar Question.. Enough of the old feel to return us to that dangerous but useful mode of: compare and contrast! We sing another version of the "International," and nobody complains this time.

This is a serious election,
For the fox is in the coop
If we don't vote for his rejection,
We'll end up like chicken soup.

A closing song, built on "Waltzing Matilda," is to our community's children THE Three Arrows anthem.

Once a band of dreamers found a hilltop paradise,
Fifty-five miles from N Y C,
And they said that instead of sweating out the summer nights,
This is a place for community.

Refrain

This is the place where children play in harmony.
This is the place where we are free.
This is the place where elders share their history.
This is the place for community.

But for me, the last three summers of Drooker shows has meant more than can be adequately expressed. For starters we have an August filled with uproarious laughter. As we progress toward summer's end, multiple directors emerge from their shells. Scripts are rewritten in the tradition of Morris Miller. Overtures are strung together, trying to make the thing whole. And, finally, with the eternal optimism of a child, there is the rush of hope for the universe, democracy, and the return to a saner world remembered – or fantasized – from long ago. ☉

*"Enter Hal
Drooker,
playright,
lyricist,
and savior
of our
thespian
self-esteem."*



Walkway to The Dock. *Photo by Hal Drooker*

ONCE MORE TO THE LAKE*

For many of us, a summer in Three Arrows is especially poignant, bringing remembrance of long-ago summers peopled by amiable ghosts – family members, old friends and past selves. And it’s marvelous once again to re-affirm new friendships, to share present pleasures, and build new memories.

E. B. White, in his essay, “Once More to the Lake,” written in 1941, shares his sentiments about summer, about time, and about family. His lake was in Maine; he went there with his family each summer of his childhood, and then returned years later for a vacation with his own son. His essay strikes a deep chord for me.

I live in my parent’s house, where I still hear their footsteps, and, at the same time, listen to the clatter of my grandson’s dashing feet and slammed screened doors. I’m a teenager here, a young mother, and a grandma. White tells about strolling the familiar dusty paths with his son: “Everywhere we went I had trouble making out which was I, the one walking at my side, the one walking in my pants.”

White adds:

“Summertime, oh, summertime, pattern of life indelible, the fade-proof lake, the woods unshatterable, the pasture with the sweetfern and the juniper forever and ever, summer without end.... It seemed to me that those times and those summers had been infinitely precious and worth saving. There had been jollity and peace and goodness.”

We have just added another Three Arrows summer to our memories—the seventieth summer. Let’s hope we can continue to experience — among other sensations — much “jollity, peace and goodness.” ☺

“I’m a teenager here, a young mother, and a grandma.”

*This piece, in slightly different form, appeared in the July 4, 2005 issue of *The Voice of the Hill*.

*Nina Drooker,
51 Rochdale Road,
is the daughter of
early members
Ernie (see p. 27)
& Vera Doerfler*

WEST COAST RE-CONNECTION

After more than thirty years away, a series of coincidences brought my thoughts back to the wonderful childhood summers at Three Arrows.

My favorite camp counselor was Aaron Elkins, a tall college student from the city who led our group of boys when we were ten or eleven years old. Aaron was easy-going, with a good sense of humor and a knack for spinning gripping yarns. I remember one about the Bushmen and Hottentots, and another about a gang called the Amboy Dukes.

But when counselors left Three Arrows, we seldom, if ever, heard from (or about) them again. And so it might have been with Aaron, but for his story-telling ability. Five or six years ago, I was browsing the shelves of the library on Salt Spring Island, British Columbia, where I live with my wife Annie and work as a freelance journalist and author. The name “Aaron Elkins” jumped out at me from the spine of a mystery novel. Next to it was another Aaron Elkins title, and another, and yet another. I was stunned.

That’s got to be a pretty rare name, I thought. The book flaps gave snippets of information about him, and everything seemed to fit. His age was about right, and a photo showed that he was tall. There was mention that he had once been a boxer, and I recalled something about that from the Three Arrows days. I picked out one of the books and took it home.

I don’t often read mysteries, but I was captivated by the first one and soon read several more in the series. The main character was a physical anthropologist named Gideon Oliver, who lived on Puget Sound and was nicknamed the “Skeleton Detective,” because he often helped the police identify corpses. He had a way of getting himself into scrapes. His wife, a national park ranger on the Olympic Peninsula, often had to get him out of trouble and help solve the mystery for him. Each story took Gideon off to some exotic locale, such as the glaciers of Alaska, or the tombs of Egypt. The writing was graceful and witty, and the forensic science was interesting without being gory.

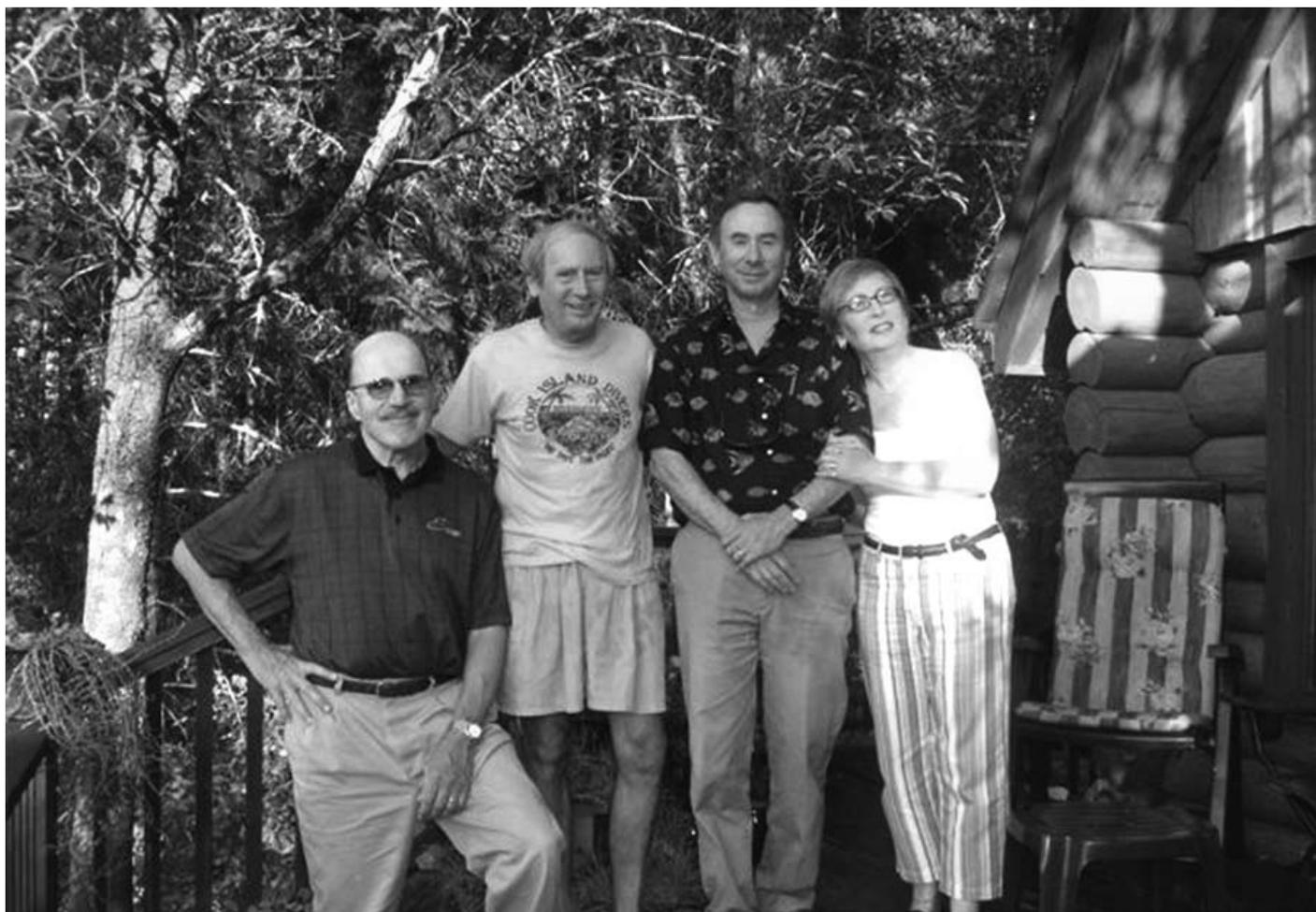
Annie suggested that I write Aaron Elkins (care of his publisher, since I had no address), ask him to confirm the Three Arrows link, and tell him how much I enjoyed his writing. I knew she was right, but kept putting it off.

Then we got Internet service. One day I received an email from Eugene Silberberg (formerly of Three Arrows), who had found me via Google and was trying to get in touch with my older brother, his childhood friend. Gene teaches economics at the University of Washington in Seattle. Almost in passing, he mentioned that he was also good friends with Aaron Elkins, who lived nearby on the Olympic Peninsula. Gene knew Aaron had been my counselor, because he had been Aaron’s “junior counselor” one summer, something I had forgotten.

*Tom Koppel
(formerly at
87 Rochdale Road)
is the son of early
members Ed &
Peggy Koppel
and brother of
Van Rozay
(see pp. 27 & 44).*

I got Aaron's email address from Gene and wrote him the long-overdue fan letter. He was delighted. We began a regular correspondence, exchanging copies of our books and "war stories" about the writing life. Like his protagonist, Gideon Oliver, Aaron himself had had a brief career as a physical anthropologist. My most recent book was about the search for the earliest aboriginal people on the Northwest Coast at the end of the Ice Age. So, we had many interests in common. When I needed a New York literary agent, Aaron recommended me to his agent, a big favor.

After we had corresponded for a year or so, Aaron and Gene, both with their wives, took the ferry and came up to British Columbia for a summertime visit. Gene's wife, Jane, had also spent time at Three Arrows, but her parents, the Furies, joined when she was no longer a child, and I had never met her. Annie and Aaron's wife, Charlotte, enjoyed hearing tales about the old times. The visit turned into a marvelous ride down nostalgia highway.



From left, former Day Camp counselor and current mystery author Aaron Elkins, with former day campers Tom Koppel and Eugene Silberberg, and Gene's wife, Jane.

“The stories went on and on, most of them wistfully focused on the good times, while overlooking the sad and painful ones.”

We all had quite different reminiscences. Aaron had vivid memories of rooming at the Main House and sharing his meals and free time with the other counselors. Gene had been part of the “Youth Group,” the oldest day camp age bracket, which had its own open-air social pavilion near the ball field.

I recalled the pleasures of hanging out around the barn: the big dill pickles from a ceramic crock sold by Co-op storekeeper Augie Gold; the cold bottles of chocolate-flavored Yoo-Hoo (“Yogi Berra’s Favorite Drink”) and frozen Mars bars; the ping-pong and Monopoly games on rainy days.

Looking back, it was remarkable how permissive our summer world was, especially by the protective standards of today’s parents. We crammed into rattletrap station wagons (“taxis”) without seat belts to get up and down the hill. We built tree houses and slept in them. We made fires and camped out in the woods at the top of the hill. We were not supposed to swim when the lifeguard was off duty, but we did anyway.

In the early teen years, my (boy) friends and I played a game at the lake on moonless nights. Two or three guys would take a rowboat, cross the lake and blink a flashlight once. Then the chase was on. A team of pursuers took a second rowboat and tried to find them. The first boat would row quietly and remain close to the dark shoreline, often ducking into dense lily pads at the inlet or outlet. It usually ended with a wild chase and lots of splashing and laughter.

But soon our young men’s fancies turned to other ways of spending our evenings. And fortunately, there were lots of discreet places at Three Arrows for making out with the girls. Then, almost before we knew it, we were adults, and our lives took us down other paths.

After dinner, as dusk settled on the deck of our west coast home, the wine flowed. The stories went on and on, most of them wistfully focused on the good times, while overlooking the sad and painful ones. Here we were, decades later, basking in a special kind of friendship that only comes from the shared experiences of youth. We realized that we were extremely lucky, each in our own way, to have had that time and that place.

In the distance, boats sailed on the coastal waters of the Pacific. Three Arrows was a continent away, but much closer in our hearts. ☻

EXPRESSIONS

Poems and artwork by members, former members, children of members



Grass-Roots. Eric Drooker,

*Eric Drooker is the son of
Nina & Hal Drooker,
and the grandson of early members
Ernie & Vera Doerfler,
51 Rochdale Road.*

Peggy Koppel and her husband Ed were early members living at 87 Rochdale Road; she was the mother of Tom Koppel, p.40, and Van Rozay, pp. 27 and 45

This poem was published in Peggy's weekly column, "Sugar 'n' Spice," in the Bronx Press-Review during the 1950s.

REFLECTIONS AFTER TRYING TO BUILD A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE

by Peggy Koppel

Rub two sticks together
Or light it with matches
And see how they gather
In bunches and batches.
"Now wouldn't you rather
I did it," says father.
"Quick, fan it," says mother
"You're letting it smother."
"I'll poke it and save
You the bother,"
Says brother.
When Prometheus stole it
The angry gods willed it
That no two men ever
Would agree how to build it.

ODE (OWED?; EAU-ED?) TO THE LAKE *by Van Rozay*

I'm *ever* fond of Barger Pond
In dreams it bathed me sweetly
Its memory yet clings to me
(and won't wash off completely)

Read about Van Rozay, p. 27

THREE ARROWS *A Former (?) Child's Appreciation by Van Rozay*

June! – So long, Parkchester
My hilltop calls to me
Aloha, playground bullies,
Your victim's breaking free

To a better land up yonder
(50 tree-lined miles or so)
A verdant, peaceful refuge
Where my friends and family go

To paths we walk untroubled
And doors we seldom lock
Where half of nearly ev'ry day's
a picnic at the dock

Where dads trade business armor in
For tee shirts and short pants
And teachers, molting winter coats,
emerge as friendly aunts

I might have turned out even *worse*
(a stretch, but let's pretend)
If I'd had just the city streets
To forage for a friend

But I had Camp, a softer place
where oddness need not cringe
And other semi-loner kids
to join me on the fringe

The world's a stage, and players we
(I think some Limey said it)
If I'm intact, in my third act
Three Arrows, take some credit!

SAO PAULO (2006)
by Selena McMahan

My head hurts
So I miss him.
Try to let it flow down my arm
And out my right hand.
Here in the big dangerous city
I may never see a gun,
I have yet to see a rat,
But I dream of it.
of the family that cleans windshields,
of a woman whose right hand falls off,
of your face, there, in front of me in the Metrocar.
Little boys who sleep on the sidewalk
While I sleep in an apartment with a maid.
I say maid like I would say dishwasher,
say bathtub,
say terrace.
But there is no dishwasher,
no bathtub,
no terrace.
Only the little boy who sleeps on the sidewalk
while I sleep on the bed.
because I dress nice, I smile nice, I am nice,
they let me pee in the bathrooms of their restaurants
they let me stay in their apartment for free
they let me cross the street when the light is red
because I am all the way in Sao Paulo
I miss South Africa
because I am white
I miss his skin
because everything is concrete
I miss him
because I am here by myself.

ONLY IN THREE ARROWS —
ALWAYS IN THREE ARROWS
by Nora Signer

Big looping stitches repairing a blanket cover,
with bolsters Aunt Celia made for the bed
in the living room
where she and Uncle Willie slept every weekend,
standing guard.

Was it really more than 60 years ago?

The bolsters, still inviting, now complete
the guest bed
in the parents old room.

Maybe Aunt Celia made the blanket cover as well...

The wall paper's gone.

Jessie and Betty —
Selig and Jack —
Celia and Willie —
Gerry and Phil —

So many gone...

But if you listen carefully
you can still hear their voices echoing over the hill
and see their faces in their grown children,
the members now
who keep the home fires burning.

Then we travelers return
to a vibrant Three Arrows
inhabited by ghosts,

And we smile—all of us.

Selena McMahan, 69 Rochdale Road, is the daughter of Jane Terman & Ian McMahan, and granddaughter of Isaiah & Daisy Terman.

Nora Signer is the daughter of early members Oscar & Jessie Signer and sister of Carol Gruber, see p. 5.

WE SHARE THE NIGHT

by Maggie Schwed

9/11/01

Comes the deer to my singing (Navaho Hunting Song).

Oh, so we share the night.
This solitude I thought was mine
is filled with partners, most of them
unrecognized. When we meet
in cooling dark upon the road
our terror comes. No surprise,
so lost are we inside our species.

This September's eve keeps summer whole,
hanging its last green within the night.
I walk in unaccustomed silence; you,
picking your way in shadow, lightly
click across the road
till sensing me.
Then, full-bodied, crashing
sideways first into the mailbox
you leap uphill through tight-fit saplings, hurtle
boulders zig-zag, in leaves become
a distant thrashing—while from your plunges
I can hardly whirl
enough to catch your tail's
disappearing
star.

Slow-returning reason says
our astonishment on meeting should be
cause for laughter, not
this forcing of the blood.

I was too absorbed to understand
my presence on the abandoned hill
would cause you this alarm. Too unaware
even to conceive of you, your budding horns, purposes
that must exclude me.
—I was thinking of dinner
where the customers had left their tables
to pull to the counter instead, elbows touching,
while on the overhead TV we watched the day
repeat a terror of our own.
Repeat as if we were starved for it.
We couldn't have been more informed
or been so many things—we
the waitress, the owner, the guy on the grill, and we
four regulars, washing everything down
with the weak coffee the place is known for.
Three times the nurse on my left
moved the grits to the side of her plate
as if she could get it straight
somehow: . . . All those lives? One by one
we rose and paid and said good night.

Let me explain, in case it matters.
Let me give you what it was
to stand on that black road
leaving my body
as you charged
for the hilltop.

You seemed a piece of the night itself
I was stepping into or through
like air, an assumption that broke off,
gathered form and lunged—a breathing
terror
equal to my own. You could have been
a god. Perhaps you were.
But that's not what I saw
or heard or knew
when we were strangers to each other, urgent,
rushing past.

Perhaps our meeting
proves I made that dull mistake peculiar to my kind,
nothing greater—imagining another.
Failing to.
Honestly, I laughed.
With only animal and insect there
I could admit that this is what we do.
And after that
I couldn't only grieve.

More is possible. Somewhere in this night
you are doubtless,
with a shake and lowering of your head,
already browsing.

*Maggie Schwed is a member with husband Greg Schwed and
lives in the former Rossi house, 100 Rochdale Road.*

NEW YORK CITY CENTURY

by Riva Danzig

October, 11 1901

They expected gold-paved streets when they
arrived here
What they found were cobblestones and horse shit
Not so different from *der alter heim*.
The home they made on Orchard Street
—the *dacha*, as they called it
Paved with roaches, rats, and splinters.

Seeking out their *landsleit*
Pouring schnapps and memory like antiseptic
on an open wound
A salve to ease the ache of phantom limb
The severed past, the bloody roots they cauterized
to save their souls.

This New York City,
Language like the clattering of buttons
on a washboard,
mixing with the cadences
of other new arrivals
and the peddler chanting—
dirge-like *nigun*:
“I cash clothes.”

And they made their lives here
making babies, making ends meet, making challah
making weddings for their daughters
making fertile ground between the cobblestones
for new growth to take root
their proud young grand-kids—
nearly strangers to them
gantz Amerikaner yidn
pledge allegiance to the flag

October 11, 2001

In shreds from speeding up and down
the nations highways—USA at 80 mph.
Patriotic passion lashed to cars
with duct tape, wire hangers
anything that came to hand a month ago.
The tattered flags—their tendrils like
the bleeding roots
of displaced persons, refugees, and immigrants
the huddled masses come here to breathe free
the kidnapped masses brought here to be slaves
The tattered flags—memorial to the thousands
now entombed in Lower Manhattan,
most of them descendents of
the Jews from Bes Arabia
the Arabs from the Middle East
the Northern Irish Catholics
the Latinas and Latinos from Peru and
Puerto Rico
and the Africans too far removed to even know
their tribes



Ghosts. Photo by Esther Danzig

Now, in death, they are united
one nation
under siege
indivisible
from powdered concrete,
melted steel
and crushed italian marble.

A few blocks east on Orchard Street
the dust still settles—
dust containing particles of
people, airplanes,
water coolers, laser printers,
particles of shock and hate and terror
with a coating of asbestos—
dust that intermingles with the ghosts of
pushcarts, sweatshops,
fruitstands where my Bubbie shopped,
dust shroud on
this land of opportunity,
this New York City
gateway to America
and crossroads of the World.

*Riva Danzig, 63 Rochdale Road, is the
daughter of Peretz and Mintzie
Kaminsky.*

Esther Danzig is Riva's daughter



Industry vs. Nature. *Eric Drooker*

THE DARK LAKE

by Nina Drooker

It is the same gnarled black turtle, the ancient snapper:
the same craggy head and tiny nostrils,
thick arms extended away from his crusted shell,
same missing claws bitten off in a long-ago battle.
He snapped at the breadcrumbs
we, eager summer-skinned boys, dropped,
leaning over the railing of the dock,
shouting, laughing, repelled by him, and in awe –
thinking of chomped toes, raw bites out of bare skin.
Ancient even then, he looked us, tiredly, in the eye.

Thirty years later, my son drops crumbs for the same behemoth.
He moves as slowly as ever,
snaps his jaws, still, with the same loud clack,
and we still shiver and shout at the dark lake.
He knows it all, seen it all:
floated past storms, seasons, deaths, wars,
skeins of waterlilies and generations of silent silvery fish.