

THE MOWGLIS CALL

2017



MOWGLIS
SCHOOL OF THE OPEN
ESTABLISHED 1903

MARK YOUR CALENDARS!



2017/2018 MOWGLIS REUNIONS

November 12, 2017	NYC Climbing Event
December 3, 2017	Boston Bowling
January 13-14, 2018.....	Florida Reunion
February 16, 2018	Boston Reunion
March 17, 2018.....	CT Reunion
April 6, 2018.....	NYC Reunion
May 19, 2018	Philly Reunion
June 2-3, 2018.....	Col. John Hill Work Weekend
August 3-5, 2018.....	Crew Weekend

For questions or to RSVP, please contact James Hart at 603-744-8095, or info@mowglis.org.
Check out www.Mowglis.org/upcoming-events.

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TRIVIA ?

Answer on page 55

Q: On the end of Hope-to-Be that is nearest to Waingunga, there is a closed door that is never opened during the camp season. Why is this door there?

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

JIM GRAFF



Dear Friends of Mowglis,

Summer at Mowglis is a magical experience. With a spectacular property, ingenious program, and unique people, Mowglis is a camp like no other. This summer, I had the opportunity to spend the equivalent of three weeks in the Newfound area. I saw the magic of Mowglis displayed in various ways. Two examples stood out. The first was the prominent position accorded to Mowglis in the Summer Camps exhibit at the Museum of the White Mountains in Plymouth. The second

was the high spirits of the Staff and Campers on Crew Day. The weather was awful, certainly the worst in memory. People got soaked, but spirits were not dampened. Thanks to Nick and his hard-working staff, another great summer at Mowglis is in the books.

As the summer winds down, we are already preparing for the next memorable summer. There is recruiting of Campers and Staff, maintaining the property, and reaching out to our constituents for financial support. During the last off-season, we were able to re-roof Gray Brothers, acquire a much-needed new motorboat, improve staff quarters, rebuild the lower mines, fix the sagging Den porch, and check off other key initiatives. This winter promises to be equally full of activity. We hope to re-roof of the Lodge, and overhaul the Dishes Room, among other projects.

Our success would be impossible without the dedicated members of the Mowglis community. You help prepare the camp during work weekend, refer Campers and Staff, attend lively local Mowglis events,

and donate to help keep tuition down and projects funded. For those of you who contributed your time, energy and support, please accept a very big thank you! Your contributions are a big part of making the magic of Mowglis possible.

In truth, no museum display or short note from me can capture the power of a Mowglis summer. For those of you who joined us for Crew Day, or any other day, thanks for coming. For those of you who did not, I encourage you to come next year. You will find things very much as you remember them and your visit rewarding. I look forward to seeing many of you throughout the year and especially at Camp next summer. Good Hunting,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, consisting of a stylized 'J' followed by a cursive 'i'.

Jim Graff ('78), President
Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation





TRIVIA ?

Answer on page 55

Q: In all of *The Jungle Book* stories combined, how many times does the name Mowgli appear?

LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

NICK ROBBINS



The Jungle Song says it best: "Come back to Mowglis where the days are never long!" It is amazing to think that 2017 marked my fifth summer at Mowglis and my fourth as director. In 2017, the camp was 100% full with 118 Campers (so many that there were four forms on Crew Day) and 12 Yearlings (who learned much and had a ton of fun). The physical campus was in great shape, the counselors were amazing, and the time-tested Mowglis program was delivered true to tradition and in excellent style.

I am frequently asked by members of our "off-season" community,

"How did the summer go?" How do I succinctly describe such an all-encompassing, wonderful, non-stop, nine-week-long experience that was the culmination of a year of preparation? How do I describe 60 days jam-packed with so many unique, fun, and formative experiences? I've discovered the best response to this question is simply "This summer was our best one yet!" Period.

There are a number of factors that contributed to the success of Mowglis 2017. A big one was Ms. Marissa Alaffita, the excellent nanny we had for our children, Lizzie and Dru. Knowing that our children were in such good hands allowed Diana and me to really focus on the finer details of the Mowglis Program.

Parents have remarked about how organized everything was this year. While it truly does take a team to run the program, without a great scheduler, we'd all be lost, and for this, I thank my wife, Diana, for doing a masterful job. Campers were able to get the Industries they requested, and the Staff were given clear and advance notice of where they were needed and what we expected of them.

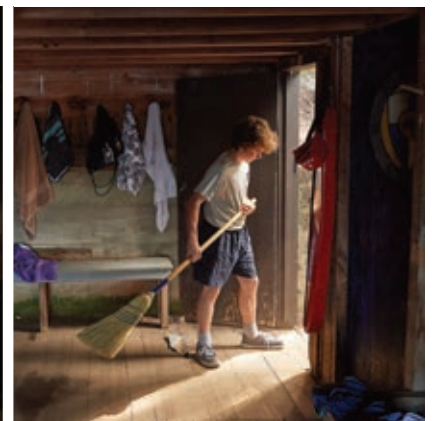
Words still fail to describe how fantastic Mowglis 2017 was.

There are so many people I have to thank for contributing to the summer's success: from our excellent Headquarters Team (Mr. Greenwell, Mr. Hart, Ms. Liz, and Mr. Nunes), to our super-star Registrar Holly Taylor, who keeps everything organized and dots every "i" and crosses every "t," to our amazing Cub Moms (Ms. Lyons and Ms. Kashouty) to our team of nurses (Ms. Flaherty and Ms. Costandine, who was also our Riflery Instructor) to our Watermaster (Mr. Mohammed) and Trip Master (Ms. Burgess), to Mr. Bengtson, who does so much in addition to keeping the Woodshop active and safe, and not to forget all the counselors who gave their all each day. And last but not least, I need to thank the Campers and their parents for truly embracing the Mowglis Spirit. Yes, the summers just keep on getting better, and 2017 was truly our best one yet!

Here's to many more summers together at Mowglis!

Good Hunting,

Nick Robbins, Director
nickrobbins@mowglis.org
(603) 744-8095



PACK HISTORY

By James Hart ('00), Director of Alumni Relations

The 2017 season welcomed 93 boys to Mowglis on Opening Day. Ushered in by 53 Staff, Mowglis' 114th summer was underway. Boys settled into their dorms, selected Industries, and began setting their sights on Ribbons, Inner Circle, and Graduation Requirements. Trips were out before week's end. The Den ventured out on a four-day pack trip to the Garfield Bond Ridges, which afforded them the chance to experience the Bond Cliffs. Akela headed to Waterville Valley to conquer Jennings Peak and Sandwich Dome. Toomai paddled the War Canoes to Belle Island for their first overnight trip as members of the Pack. The Yearlings, led by Mr. Rafferty and Mr. Rogers, barely had time to put their bags down before they were off on their first adventure: white water kayaking!

Our first week flew by, and the boys and Staff had just settled into the Mowglis routine, only to be divided into athletic teams to take part in the first sports day of the summer: Land Sports Day. The sun was shining, and the slip n' slide saw plenty of use amid the chaos. The cannon's echo at Colors rang loud and clear to signal the end of busy days in Industries. Mr. Bengtson's woodworking boys were wrapping up their toolboxes, while wonderful weather made for productive days at the Waterfront. This was all punctuated by the crackle of .22s from Ms. Costandine's Range, where the boys were racking up an impressive number of qualifying targets from day one. The girls and staff from Camp Onaway joined us for another rousing fireworks display on the Fourth of July. The second week of the season saw Panther depart for the iconic Franconia Ridge; then it was Baloo's turn to pilot the War Canoes toward Wellington, but this time to Cliff Island.

Mowglis sailed into week three. Mr. Brett Thomas returned to Camp again to teach Raku Pottery technique. Mr. Glover's axe yard was a popular place with the start of the second round of Industry picks. Boys were anxious to split, chop, and fell their way to Axe Tests and Orange Ribbons, testing their mettle. Akela took on their first-ever pack trip, albeit a very wet one, on the Kilkenny Ridge. Toomai was the first Mowglis dorm to visit Mt. Cardigan for the season, and they too were met with pouring rain, lending credibility to the line "when the rains come down like hail." Meanwhile, the Yearlings wrapped up their adventures sailing the high seas along the coast of Cape Cod. We closed the week before Parents' Weekend with Woodsmen's Day. It was no coincidence that we chose to hold the most Mowglis of all sports days before the parents arrived. The row of Denites chopping for speed was a sight to behold, but it might have instilled a bit of anxiety in some of our moms. Saturday's Evening Program saw the Cubs perform their own rendition of lessons from *The Jungle Book*, along with an entertaining visit from a lone Zamboni Brother.

Week four marked the halfway point of the summer. Tripmaster Ms. Burgess, along with Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Covarrubias, led the Den on a four-day paddling adventure on the Connecticut Lakes, their last overnight trip as a dorm. Up and down the Mahoosuc Arm, three groups from Panther triumphed over the challenging range. Baloo once again took the helm, this time heading to Waterville Valley and summitting Sandwich Dome. Meanwhile, back at Camp, the Yearlings joined the Pack as Junior Staff, bringing their numbers to a staggering 19! Mr. Schmidt had the



challenging task of wrangling the new additions to the Staff but proved himself worthy (it primarily involved chasing them out of the Staff Room).

Our fifth week at Mowglis began with the departure of the illustrious Mt. Washington Squad! Led by Ms. Burgess and Ms. Liz, they may have departed in the rain, but they were greeted with sunny skies and remarkable views on the Presidential Range. The Gopher Squad had clear conditions for their departure with Mr. Nunes and Mr. Connor Stewart. Both Squads did Mowglis proud in the White Mountains. Back at Camp, the impending conclusion of the season was evident in the hustle and bustle of Industries. From Arts & Crafts to the Archery Range, the boys were hard at work, pushing themselves to achieve the goals set earlier in the summer.

With Crew Week on the horizon, what better way to finish the week than with Water Sports Day! The boys swam, paddled, and Gazunga'd their way into Mowglis legend, but the most memorable moment may have been the Junior and Senior Staffs facing off in an epic greased watermelon competition. Tied one to one, with the game point on the line, the Staff crashed together in a titanic effort to move the sought-after fruit, only to find the melon crossing the end zone in the arms of Junior Staffer Mr. Yin, having crept by the pile of Staff. He appeared just as surprised as the Senior Staff, but had nonetheless won the day for the Junior Staff, only to be carried out of the water on the shoulders of his peers. That evening, Crew Leaders and Racing Crews were announced at the Campfire by Crew Coach Janet Conklin. The cheers were contagious as each Crew was told its leaders for the week. Mr. Sergio Covarrubias for the mighty Blue, and Mr. Kai Glover for the indomitable Red.

Crew Week started with each Crew welcoming its new members, Campers, and Staff. There had been much chatter as to what color Mr. Schmidt would be ... and Blue it was! Cheers were taught and practiced in a brief rally Monday night, but the week had just begun. As the days carried on, Mother Nature proved fickle; there was sun in the morning, but rain and occasional thunder in the afternoons. A sign of things to come. Mr. Greenwell and the Junior Staff built the bonfire in record time, while the Racing Crews rowed to Wellington Beach. Friday evening saw an impressive entrance by the Blue Crew, having carried their tutu-clad coxswain down to Gray Brothers Field. The Red Crew matched the display with vigor, with Mr. Glover wielding a flaming axe. The evening ended with the Crews coming together for the handing out of Racing Crew Shirts. The "Mowglis Boating Song" was sung as the bonfire raged in the background, setting the stage for the next day's races. Saturday morning brought with it the weather we had feared, but



the boys and Staff were undaunted. The Crews marched, cheered, and rowed in the rain, much to the excitement of the parents and alumni in attendance. Just before the Racing Crews made their way to the starting line, the heavens truly opened up, which only further cemented the rowers' determination. All rowed well, but the Red Racing Crew prevailed, marking the third RVD in a row. As the Red Stroke's oar was raised, the sun began to peek out from behind the clouds, just in time for picnic supper and Evening Program. Parents and alumni were treated to a barrage of impressive musical performances by the boys, along with Danny Millett's "POIformance." The Flying Zamboni Bros. once again graced Mowglis with a visit, and even tried out their new "Pyramid of Death."

The final week of Camp was upon us before we knew it. There were Graduation Requirements to complete, Ribbons to attain, and projects to finish. All the boys sought out to make the most of their final week at Camp. The Assault on Mt. Cardigan, led by Mr. Robbins and family, was a resounding success. The wonderful weather gave way to incredible views. At Camp, Graduates' Dinner was a night to remember; candid and thoughtful toasts welcomed our soon-to-be Graduates to the alumni community. Friday evening welcomed eight new inductees to the Inner Circle. Tournaments, last-minute requirements, packing, and finishing touches on Candleboats made the last day at Mowglis fly by. The evening brought the words of the Colonel to mind:

*Across the lake, the echoes rung
The cannon's strident shout -
The night is quiet, closing in
The candle boats sail out -
They float and twinkle on their way
And one by one the lights remote
Go out.
Yet ever on thru all the years,
Those happy lights sail bright,
For those whose hearts have Mowglis loved
Can ever see their light.*

—A. F. Elwell

CUB REPORT

By Amanda Lyons, Cub Mother

Up on the hill in Ford Hall, 21 Cavites lived, explored, played, learned, and made lifelong friends. These young men came from all parts of the country and world to meet on that first night. There was a lot of excitement as the Cubs said goodbye to their families, quickly unpacked, and ran straight to the gaga pit. Summer of 2017 was off to a great start.

Cubs began their days with a delicious breakfast in the Cub Dining Hall. Afterwards, we would all head back to Cub Land and complete duties. Cubs took a lot of pride in their Dorm and were the first cabin group to earn their inspection points and go to Scoops for ice cream!

Then the real fun began. Cubs had a chance to participate in every Industry. Cubs were broken into two groups and rotated on a weekly basis for a chance to experience each Industry. Riflery, Archery, Tennis, Sailing, Paddleboarding, Kayaking, and Swimming were Cub favorites! They also had a chance to try Bouldering, Camping, Weather, and Drama!

Every Thursday, Cubs set off nice and early for Trip Days! Cubs learned the importance of “leave no trace” on their two-night Mt. Cardigan base-camping adventure. Cubs displayed endurance and determination on every mountain they hiked and trail they took. One of their favorite trips was blueberry-picking before hiking Mt. Major. The Natural Science Center was another favorite! No Mowglis summer would be complete without a trip in the War Canoes. Cubs raced down the water to find the perfect spot to take a dip and have lunch. The final hike of Mt. Cardigan was bittersweet, as summer was coming to end.

Crew Week began with a whirlwind of energy. Cubs were given their bandanas and split into Red and



Blue Crews. Cubs joined the Pack for a week of fun competition. Race Day, Cubs participated in the fierce Cub Race. Arguably, the most challenging race of the day, since they use their hands instead of oars! Crew Day ended with the shot of the cannon, and the winning oar was raised. Cavites reunited as one again, leaving Red and Blue chants behind.

Campfires were always a special time in the evenings. Every night, together around the campfire, Cubs sang their favorite songs, gave shoutouts to their fellow Campers, and had story time. S'mores Night was always a crowd favorite after a long Trip Day. Silently, Cubs would rise and then sing “The Goodnight Song” before making their way to bed.

There is something truly special about a Mowglis Camp experience that keep Campers and alumni coming back year after year. It is inspiring to watch these young men grow into leaders, risk-takers, and achievers. Thank you to all fellow Cub Staff, but an extra-special thank you to Ms. Jenny Kashouty and Mr. Jamie Grennan for an unforgettable summer!

Cubs 2017, we salute you.

Ms. Amanda
Cub Mother



YEARLING REPORT

By Justin Rogers, Yearling Leader



The Yearlings gathered in the Dining Hall at the first dinner and were welcomed by Mr. Robbins and the rest of the Headquarters Staff. All of the Campers gave the first big MOWGLIS Cheer of the summer to the Yearlings, as they were about to commence on possibly the most exciting trip in their Mowglis career. On Sunday, June 25th, we boarded the brand-new blue spaceship, loaded up the trailer full of gear, and were off to the Green Mountains in Vermont to embark on the first leg of the three-week trip.

We started Monday off with a bang, hiking Mount Abraham, the fifth-tallest peak in Vermont. At the summit we were welcomed with 360-degree views stretching across the Champlain Valley, Adirondack Mountains to the west, Canada to the north, and other Vermont mountains to the south and east. A five-minute hike past the summit toward Mount Ellen, a small cairn marked a faint path that led us to a plane wreck in the woods that had debris scattered and the plane cabin/wings still mostly intact. We later stopped to check out Bristol Falls and finished the day watching Spodick eat an entire thick crust pizza by himself along with a Klondike bar.

On day three, we were saying goodbye to Vermont and hello to Western Massachusetts, where everyone was excited to zipline and whitewater kayak for multiple days. While making the long journey down Vermont's Route 7, we stopped at the country's first commercial marble quarry, which opened in 1785 and is now a popular swimming destination in New England. With depths up to 60 ft. and walls ranging from 5 to 30 ft., there was something for everyone to enjoy.

From the 28th of June to the 30th we went from barely being able to paddle a whitewater kayak straight to being able to descend Class II and III rapids. Four whitewater instructors took us up and down the dam-released Deerfield River, mastering stroke techniques, wet exits, rolls, river features, surfing, etc. The majority of the Yearlings thought that paddling whitewater was the most fun and thrilling part of the three-week journey. On the final day, half the group attempted to paddle the famous Zoar Gap, which is a Class III section of the river. We wrapped up week one by driving four-wheelers to the top of a mountain and ziplining through the trees down the mountainside.



Week two began by Mr. Rogers getting the van's hitch stuck in the pavement. With no cell service at Rumney, the Campers utilized this opportunity and worked together to think of creative ways to get the van unstuck so that we wouldn't need to somehow call a tow truck. The end result was three hours of jacking the van up with logs and a three-inch hole in the pavement in the shape of a large nut from the hitch. Later, everyone finally got the opportunity to scale the walls of Rumney for the first time.

Back to Vermont for round two, and this time we set off to hike Mount Mansfield in record time, only taking about an hour and 15 minutes. The 360-degree views of Vermont's largest peak were amazing and much appreciated. The road through Smuggler's Notch was unlike any other. With tight, windy curves and large boulders, this narrow, scenic road is surely one to remember.

Near the base of Stowe, we found Bingham Falls, which offered a small swimming hole with a beautiful waterfall. July 6th, our last day in Vermont, we drove about two hours to the Kingdom Trails near Burke Mountain. Sending mountain bikes down steep, bumpy, narrow trails along with some ramps/jumps makes for another day of fun and thrills.

For the final week, we hit the high seas off the coast of Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard in an awesome 30-foot sailboat. Large eight-foot swells splashed water on deck, creating an exciting journey through the Cape Cod Canal. The four-day trip gave everyone the opportunity to sail and drive the boat, if desired, body-surfing at Nauset Beach in Orleans, and venturing to Martha's Vineyard to sightsee. We all thank the Charrons for their wonderful hospitality while we visited the island for two days. Everyone jumped off the famous Jaws Bridge, but unfortunately no great white sharks were present.

The final day of the Yearlings was upon us as we set off to volunteer for "Swim with a Mission" at Wellington Beach on our own Newfound Lake, as assistants for the swimmers and buoy markers. We were treated with delicious burgers for lunch and seeing a Navy Seal's dog and people training for base-jumping out of a helicopter.

The Yearlings spent the rest of the four weeks helping out with Industries and performing other various Junior Staff duties around Camp. The 2017 Yearling three-week trip will go down as one of the most action-packed trips in the program's history.



We want to hear from you!

We do our level best to let you know how things are going here at Mowglis, and we want to know when significant things happen in your life.

Going to College?... Great New Job?... Getting Married?... New Baby?... Changing Careers?... Travel Adventure?... Newsmaker?

Let us know so we can spread the word! Contact James Hart @ james@mowglis.org or 603-744-8095 ext 280.

SWINGING TOGETHER: CREW WEEK 2017

By Janet Conklin, Crew Coach

Crew Week 2017 brought an incredible display of commitment, teamwork, and passion from the Campers and Staff alike. The spirit-filled week began after Mr. Carter Hoekstra and I announced the much-anticipated lineups and Crew leaders at Campfire. Mr. Sergio Covarrubias and Mr. Kai Glover—Blue and Red Crew leaders, respectively—kicked off the week with great spirit and helped their respective Crews through the high-energy, high-intensity week. The weather during Crew Week '17 was not unlike the conditions we saw on Race Day. Thunder and lightning led to many rescheduled practices and even stranded Racing Crews, leaders, and coaches at Wellington Beach on Thursday before the races. In between bouts of rain, however, Crews were met with glassy water and little wind. Overall, the weather had no effect on the boys' enthusiasm or the success of the week.

After the distribution of bandanas to each Camper, first thing on Monday morning, the Racing Crews kicked off a full week of rigorous practice. Blue Racing Crew was met with calm conditions for their first practice—perfect for introducing drills, individual technique work, and a few high-intensity practice pieces. Red Racing Crew enjoyed similar conditions and the same technique-based practice. Both

Crews had an impressive week, while displaying tremendously different skillsets and strengths. Blue Racing Crew immediately defined themselves as the more technical Crew—early to practice, swinging together, and working well as a unit. Red Racing Crew, on the other hand, took to the water with great strength and power. They put their all into each piece and seemed to never take a weak stroke. Racing Crews enjoyed the privilege of staying up after taps to help with the “Blue Banner” and the “Scarlet Journal,” leading their respective Crews in cheers and chants, performing humorous skits in the Dining Hall, and a long row to Wellington Beach. Racing Crews' outstanding effort added to the success of the week and set the precedent for other boats.

First Form had stellar practices, raising the bar even higher for their respective Racing Crews. Both First Forms toted sets of twins in the coxswain seat and powerhouse. The Litaliens, Kenny (coxswain) and Kyle (4 seat), brought strength and teamwork to Blue Crew, while the Jenkinses, Liam (coxswain) and Patrick (3 seat), added their humor and racing experience to Red Crew. Most First Form practices were technique-based, but the rowers succeeded in executing drills, staying engaged in practices, and

2017

RED
CREW



BLUE
CREW



maintaining effort, despite a degree of monotony. I am excited to see these rowers be strong competitors in Racing Crews next summer!

Tuesday began practice for Second and Third Forms. Blue Second Form rowers, led by seasoned coxswain Eliot Bruntrager, took it upon themselves to run drills—such as the “cut-the-cake” drill—to improve their swing and teamwork. Mr. Emiliano Covarrubias (Blue Third-Form stroke) took charge of his boat’s only on-the-water practice and did an impressive job of teaching the boys technique and teamwork. Red Second Form, with Toomaite Sam Tower in the engine room and Balooites taking charge from the coxswain and stroke seats, was a younger but very, very impressive Crew. Mr. Nick Sears led Red Third Form from the stroke seat, teaching them drills and improving

their ability to work together. Mr. Sears’s patience proved valuable on Race Day, when he set the pace in his boat to a slow and consistent 18 strokes per minute, allowing the boys enough time to work and swing together, thus leading them to victory in the Third-form race.

Crew Week was also blessed with the return of Fourth Form. Although comprised of younger Campers, Fourth Form professionally prepared for a fierce race with their single on-the-water practice. Stroked by Mr. Wil Osselmann-Chai, Red Fourth Form quickly picked up on technique and exemplified great teamwork and cooperation. Unfortunately, due to unsafe weather conditions, Blue Fourth Form’s practice was rescheduled for Relax on the Friday before Race Day. Mr. Niko Covarrubias, Blue Fourth Form stroke, couldn’t

attend the practice, so seasoned vet Mr. Forty Conklin (Den ‘74) graciously skipped his Trustees’ meeting to row in Mr. Covarrubias’s seat. The last-minute switch was a shock to coxswain Nate Greven, but Mr. Conklin’s coxing and rowing experience at Mowglis and beyond certainly helped Nate and the rest of the Crew have a successful practice.

Overall, Crew Week 2017 was an incredible display of perseverance, sportsmanship, and spirit from the Campers and Staff. Cheers and pep rallies were energetic and fun, while practices were rigorous and serious. The Campers and Staff handled this dichotomy and the overall intensity of the week impressively! As a coach, I was blown away by the skill and teamwork exemplified by all boats and am excitedly anticipating another remarkable Crew Week next summer!





INDUSTRY REPORT 2017

By Tommy Greenwell ('98), Associate Director

We started off the Season as prepared as ever, with counselors spending a good chunk of time in Staff training to set up, prep, and brainstorming lessons. Things hit the ground running on the first regular Mowglis Day where, after breakfast and Duties, boys began their Industries for the first time. Some boys were trying new things, learning how to do a T-rescue or getting those qualifying targets on the range, and building their first fires in the rain. Other boys were focused on finishing Safetys, earning Ribbons, and the Denites had their Graduation Requirements sheet posted in the Dorm.

In preparation for a busy Waterfront, the wooden rowboats were refurbished and new oars were set up, practice crew oars were patched and varnished, and docks were stained. There were new sails for the sailboats, and two new canoes and a new motor boat, which would bring back water skiing. We also had a special and talented group of counselors and instructors onboard to facilitate a safe and fun experience at the Waterfront.

Under the leadership of Watermaster Mr. Mohammed, the group kept the Waterfront clean, organized, and looking sharp all summer long. Mr. de Valasco and Mr. Davidge turned boys into skippers out in the Mowglis fleet. Ms. Conklin brought experience and knowledge to the Crew program. Mr. Theune, Mr. Mulic, and Mr. Rubin had boys swimming and getting stronger all summer. Waingunga Wednesdays! Mr. Jenny and Mr. Mullin taught the boys how to paddle a canoe and rescue other boats and prepared the Red Ribboners for their annual trip to the Errol Rapids. Mr. Aldis had many rowboaters this summer (we think the younger boys have realized that learning to row will help strengthen their backs for Crew Week). Whether out on a boat, swimming, floating on a paddleboard, tubing, or water skiing, there is something for everyone at the Waterfront.

The Rifle Range shot an amazing number of qualifying targets. Under Ms. Costandine. and Mr. Stewart, many boys became Marksmen, and over 60 medals were earned along with one Expert's. Equally as popular, the Archery Range with Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Soukup always had a full line of shooters, and boys learned the finesse of Archery along with how to repair and fix arrows.

Mr. Lee led the boys on many nature walks and explored the different ecosystems around Camp. Mr. Chan continued to build a Mowglis Fencing Team, and this



summer the first-ever Fencing Ribbons (Black and Silver) were earned. Mr. Ibarra brought great energy to the Drama Industry as well, helping to coordinate some great Evening Programs in Gray Brothers Hall for Parent and Alumni Weekends.

Over in the Axe Yard, Mr. Glover and Mr. Mullin started the year with copious amounts of wood and working axes. Trees were felled, chopped, and split all summer; about 20 axe handles later, there is a stock of campfire wood.

Things in Upper Camp were just as busy and productive as the Waterfront. Ms. Taylor kept the Craft Shop stocked and organized, with many boys learning new and creative crafts, along with leather workings and lots of glue guns. Next door at the Trip Closet, a team of Staff members Ms. Burgess, Mr. Nunes, Ms. Sideris, and Mr. Covarrubias taught the Green Ribbon, holding the boys to a high standard of LNT, map and compass work, and cooking over fires. Up in the Woodworking Shop, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Bengtson had the boys building tool boxes, campfire benches, book shelves, and even doing some repairs on the Lodge and Red Cross House.

There is something to be cherished about a Regular Mowglis Day. The structure Col. Elwell put into place so many years ago really works to keep the day upbeat and productive. Adding in some afternoon sign-up periods gave boys more opportunities to work on Ribbons as well as being able to get on the Ropes Course, spend more time in the lake, and still play plenty of sports. With a total of 72 Ribbons being earned, the Campers and counselors worked very hard throughout the summer.



HOW WE HIRE, TRAIN, AND PREPARE OUR SENIOR STAFF

By Nick Robbins, Director

Contrary to the common depiction in movies that shows summer camp work as an easy job full of goofing off and shenanigans, being a member of the Mowglis Senior Staff is serious business. It is super rewarding, and is definitely a lot of fun, but the level of responsibility for and the influence on our Campers that Senior Staffers have mandates that we hire, train, and coach the best of the best.

With all of our Industries, trips, and the overall responsibility for our Campers (i.e., other people's children), there's an enormous amount of responsibility on all of our shoulders during the summer. We are, as the Latin phrase goes, "in loco parentis," which translates to, "in place of the parent." In addition to teaching an Industry, our Senior Staff are the people on the front lines with the Campers to ensure their overall health and safety. From reminding the boys to brush their teeth, keep up with tick-checks multiple times a day, eat enough food and drink enough water, make their beds, bag up dirty laundry, and put on sunscreen, the day of a Mowglis Senior Staffer is a non-stop deluge of responsibilities. In addition to the daily routine, they are responsible for guiding back-country trips and teaching potentially hazardous Industries like Fencing, Axemanship, Riflery, and Rock Climbing (just to name a few). We are not only looking after the basic needs of the Campers, but we are also taking them into the wilderness and teaching them how to responsibly and safely do challenging and potentially dangerous things!

This is much more responsibility than most 19- to 23-year-olds (the age range for most Senior Staff members) have

ever had. I mean no disrespect, but most 19- to 23-year-olds are still struggling with making their OWN beds!

For Mowglis to be a safe place for our Campers and to ensure that it is an educational, formative, and inspiring experience, we need to find truly exceptional people to be on the Senior Staff. To borrow the words of Colonel Elwell, "Where a feeling of goodwill pervades a camp, where the wonder and delight of life is in the air, there the counselors are well chosen."

Therefore, beginning in September, the coming summer's Senior Staff is assembled by a team consisting of me, Assistant Director Tommy Greenwell, and Diana Robbins. Over the course of the year, from September to April, we constantly seek out and interview applicants for our various summer positions. We correspond with alumni, post ads in special-interest publications and on websites, international organizations, and to college clubs and departments as we look to find the right people. Each Staff member must be both a dedicated dorm counselor as well as a skilled and passionate Industry instructor.

After multiple interviews, reference checks, and the requisite court and criminal background checks, our Staff roster is generally filled by the early spring. With all of the unique Industries we offer here at Mowglis, it is particularly challenging to find instructors for all of them. While hiring recent Mowglis Graduates is wonderful for many reasons, we are searching for individuals who are truly passionate about what they will be teaching



at Mowglis, Graduates or not. I learned first hand that instructors who love doing and teaching what they are instructing will inspire and energize the Campers. That is what we want!

In addition to being passionate about teaching one (or more) of the Mowglis Industries, we are looking for individuals who will be role models for our Campers. As we all know, Mowglis provides a wonderful opportunity for boys to learn new and interesting skills like Woodworking and Crew, but it is the deeper lessons that come from the Mowglis experience, like teamwork, self-confidence, perseverance, and trust, that make the School of the Open so pertinent to the development of our Campers. Therefore, during our hiring process and pre-season training, we focus and coach our counselors on good judgment, communication, teamwork, and empathy. Our Senior Staff are passionate about being counselors, are trained on how to instruct, and are coached how to handle recurring Camp situations. The key factors that will make them great counselors are whether they will exercise good judgment, communicate well, be a value-adding member of the Team, and conduct themselves with empathy towards others.

As summer gets closer and closer, the year-round team and I work on the coming summer's pre-season training schedule. It is a living document that grows and develops year to year as we work to come up with the right balance of training and physical camp setup. Over the course of my four years at Mowglis, we have extended the training period to two full weeks. We start with running our own American Red Cross Lifeguarding and CPR class for all of our Water Safety Instructors, and send our Swimming Instructors to take the Red Cross Water Safety Instructor (WSI) course. We then bring in SOLO Wilderness Medicine to teach our Trip Leaders Wilderness First

Aid. We send our Rifle Instructor to a Rifle Instructor Certification class, and our Archery Instructor takes the Archery Instructor Certification class. Then, everyone who has not yet taken CPR and First Aid takes that training with Hebron EMS.

Once all the Industry-specific training has been completed, we focus for the remaining week and a half on working with the Staff to both physically set up the Dorms and Industry areas, as well as get them ready to handle the nonstop demands and responsibilities coming their way on Arrival Day!

The potential scenarios that counselors will encounter during their time on Senior Staff are too many to anticipate, but there are many recurring ones, so we start with those. We cover how to handle bullying, bed-wetting, homesickness, and fighting, just to name a few. To help our Senior Staff really wrap their heads around how to facilitate positive behavior, we bring in at least one outside youth behavior specialist. Last year's was a licensed mental health counselor named Dorothy Derapelian, who did a two-day training on how to elicit good behavior and rule-following without raising your voice or yelling. It was amazingly effective.

A lot goes into assembling and training the Senior Staff for each summer. We are so fortunate to have an amazing group of Mowglis Graduates and other returning Senior Staff members who help carry on the traditions and "Mowglis Way" of doing things into the coming summer. Together, we get eight or nine months to assemble the team for the coming summer, two weeks to train them, and then seven weeks to put into action what we've been preparing for all year: SUMMER! And then, when Mrs. Holt's Day arrives in August, and the dust settles from the busiest time of the year, we begin this process again!



STAFF REPORT

By Tommy Greenwell ('98), Associate Director



The Mowglis Staff is comprised of an eclectic group of young adults who arrived at Camp shortly after Work Weekend. Some arrived early for our Lifeguard Training Course taught by Watermaster Andrew Mohammed; others arrived to take a Wilderness First Aid Course from a SOLO instructor here at Camp and were joined by five Onaway staff.

Once everyone arrived, the whole group had 10 days to get ready for the Campers. It was a busy time following the Mowglis schedule and mixing in Handbook training, along with videos, teambuilding games, and a sunset hike on Mt. Cardigan, all of which turned a group of individuals into a tightly knit team.

Lots of focus was especially spent on setting up the Dorms, getting Industry areas ready, setting up and testing the equipment, and cleaning. The Staff even moved both War Canoes at once and in record time!

We also had some guests come to do CPR Training and workshops with the counselors highlighting the importance of the responsibility they had chosen to take upon themselves as Camp Counselors.

By June, 24th, we were ready to start the summer with a well-trained and motivated team. Welcoming the Campers and their families on Arrival Day, we all worked together like a finely tuned machine.

The 2017 Mowglis Counsel was a wonderful group of people. Together, and thanks to their hard work, it was truly an excellent Mowglis summer!





STAFF PROFILE

BILLY MULLIN

Where did you grow up? Falmouth, Maine

What do you do in the off-season? I graduated from Bentley University this past spring. After working at Camp over the summer, I'll be working part time while looking for a job. I studied business and finance in college, so it will most likely be something in that area.

How many summers have you spent at Mowglis, and what have you done during previous summers? I started as a camper in Baloo and graduated from Den after four summers at Camp. The summer after Graduation I did the Yearling Program. Since then, I have spent my summers working as a counselor at soccer and hockey camps, and as a greenskeeper on a golf course at home in Maine before returning to Mowglis this past summer.

What did you teach at Mowglis? Axemanship and Canoeing.

Which dorms or group did you work with? I spent the first two weeks of the summer with Toomai and then spent time in Baloo, Cubs, and Akela.

What is your favorite memory from the summer? It's hard to pick one, but some highlights would include Industry periods in the Axe Yard, the Red Ribbon trip with Mr. Walbridge, paddleboarding during second signup, and soccer games on the Lower Ball Field.

What was your biggest success story from last summer? Looking back on last summer, I believe my biggest success was being able to connect with and get to know so many great people. I think Mowglis is really fortunate to attract Campers and Staff from all different parts of the world, so everyone can learn a lot from one another.

What is your favorite thing about Mowglis? My favorite part of being at Camp is the feeling it gives you of having made the most of your day. Mowglis Days are filled with activities and opportunities to try new things so there is never a dull moment.

What is your favorite Mowglis Day? I always liked Sundays at Camp. Clubs and Picnic Supper are a nice break from the daily routine, and I think Sundays have a more relaxed pace that helps everyone to slow down and appreciate where they are and the week they've had.

What is your favorite Mowglis song? "The Mowglis Boating Song"

What do you think makes Mowglis so special? I would say my favorite thing about Camp is the family aspect of the Mowglis community. Even though I spent seven summers away from Camp and came back to meet many new people, there is something about the traditions and values of Mowglis that make it a really positive and friendly place to be. I don't think that will ever change.



TRIVIA ?

Answer on page 55

Q:

The first intercollegiate athletic event of any kind in the United States took place 165 years ago— a crew race in 1852 between Harvard and Yale, the forerunners of our Red and Blue Crews. Where did this first-ever race take place?

STAFF PROFILE

WOODY LEE

Where did you grow up? I grew up in a small town called Newton Abbot near the city of Exeter, in the southwest of England.

What do you do during the off season? I am currently a student at the University of York in England. I am about to enter my third year studying chemistry.

How many seasons have you spent at Mowglis? The summer of 2017 was my first summer at Mowglis.

Do you have any family members who worked at Camp? My dad, Michael Lee, worked at Camp as a Canoeing Instructor in 1976, which was the reason for my finding Mowglis. I owe the success of my summer to him.

What did you teach at Mowglis? This summer, my charge was to bring life back to the Nature Industry. Seeing it go from strength to strength really told me that I was doing the right things with the groups that came to me.

Which Dorms or group did you work with? Throughout the summer, I moved through most of the Dorms. I started in Baloo, followed by a brief spell in Akela, then two weeks in Panther, and I spent the final couple of weeks up in Cubland.

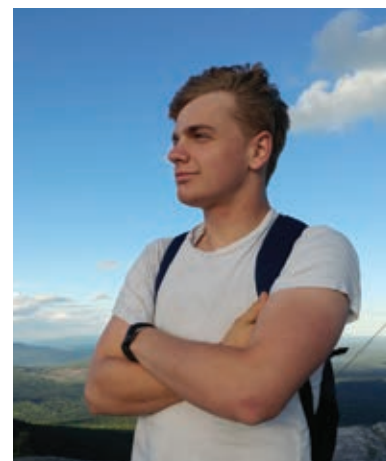
What was your favorite memory from the summer? That's a tough one. There were lots of fantastic experiences. But I'll probably have to go for the Crew Day parade before the Bonfire. Such a great time with both Crews screaming their lungs out!

What was your biggest challenge last summer? I think the toughest challenge was that Nature proved to be a much tougher Industry to get the kids excited about, as it is a heavily academic topic. But as the summer progressed, more and more boys were turning up to work toward their Purple Ribbons. I don't really know what caused such a dramatic change. I hope that at least part of it was due to word getting out that Nature was fun with a laid-back Brit teaching. Plus, I tried to let the kids be as free within the sessions as possible by pursuing their individual interests. I treated them more as young adults, which I think allowed some of their best work to come through. I did see some truly fantastic projects throughout the seven weeks.

I also found that because the ecology of America was so different from England, it wasn't easy to be perfectly precise with my observations. I was constantly with a little book in my hand, trying to make a proper identification of an American species that I had never seen before.

What is your favorite thing about Mowglis? Having previously worked at a private co-ed camp in Pennsylvania, I was able to make comparisons between that experience and my summer at Mowglis. I can say without a doubt that Mowglis is a much more special place. What makes that so are all the traditions it upholds. Even something like Colors each day just shows that Mowglis is ensuring that its history remains alive. I believe that being able to take a step back in time is a life-changing experience not only for the kids, but also for the Staff. I can well and truly say that I will take a lot of what I've learned this summer with me in life.

What is your favorite Mowglis Day? Now, I could be cheeky and say, "My day off," but that simply wouldn't be true. This is a difficult choice, so I'm going to cheat and choose two. For starters, the Bonfire night on the eve of Crew Day was a really special event, as it really allowed the excitement for Crew Day to build. Then, followed by the Bonfire being lit, and everyone being really cheery and excited was great. Plus, the younger kids were really knackered by the end of it, so they didn't cause many problems before bed! The second day that I really enjoyed was the penultimate day of Camp, the Candlelight Ceremony. When I first heard of it, I was intrigued by the idea, but I truly had no clue what to expect. I was amazed by how incredibly beautiful it was; just seeing the never-ending chain of light emanating from the



forest was truly special and something I doubt I will ever forget. Followed up by the Candleboats. My boat, aptly named "My Hopes and Dreams," was unfortunately burned down within the first five minutes. But, this did not sour a really special event!

What is your favorite Mowglis song? My favorite song from Camp has to be either "Men of Mowglis" or "The Jungle Song." They were perfectly positioned to address the history behind the Camp. But probably the song I enjoyed singing the most was "It Was Friday Night When We Set Sail."

What do you think makes Mowglis so special? The things that makes Mowglis so special are the generations of families that go there. This has allowed the traditions of the Camp to be upheld and remembered, instead of becoming aged and just something you'd read about in a Howl from 50 years ago. The fact that you rarely see such traditions occurring nowadays, especially things like the bugle calls or the daily Campfires, really allowed me to appreciate what I was witnessing throughout the summer. While some people may see it as old-fashioned, I in fact really loved having such a system to abide by. And its benefits showed in that the kids at Camp have developed so much more as people than a large proportion of others their age. I think this is fundamentally what makes the generations of families return here. The parents realize how special their time was at Mowglis and would love for their kids to experience the same.

Any closing thoughts? I think this past summer will without doubt be one of the greatest I will have ever experienced. Being able to meet so many different extraordinary people was a true pleasure. Plus being able to experience what my dad did 41 years ago was really special. He is really happy that I was able to go this summer. Now he can reminisce with me about the time he spent there, and he is in a similar mind frame to me about how incredible this place is. I am already thinking to the future and I hope that one day I will be able to send one of my children here. What a fantastic summer! I am really proud of what I and the kids have achieved. It just shows that you can achieve anything if you really put some effort into it.

I am unsure whether I can return next summer. I would just like to say thank you to Nick, Diana, Tommy, and James for taking me on this year, looking out for me throughout the summer, and making Camp completely unforgettable. You guys are so involved with everything that goes on, and that makes the whole experience that much more special. I have no doubt that Mowglis will continue to thrive and make many more fantastic Mowglis Men.

One final suggestion. If you have any English Staff in the future, buy a kettle. And tell them to bring tea bags! We don't all drink coffee, you know! Thank you for a great summer.

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STAFF PROFILE

ERIK SCHMIDT

Where did you grow up? Born and raised in Newmarket, N.H.

What are you doing in the off-season? I am currently working at the Mizpah Spring Hut, an AMC hut in the White Mountains.

How many summers have you spent at Mowglis? This was my first summer. Most recently I was working as a field specialist at Pacific Quest, a horticultural therapy program on the Big Island of Hawaii.

What did you teach at Mowglis? I co-taught the Archery Industry. I also helped out with Swimming and Sailing on occasion.

Which Dorms or group did you work with? I worked with the Den and the Junior Staff.

What was your favorite memory from last summer? My favorite memory was going on the Connecticut Lakes trip with the Den and Ms. Burgess and Mr. Covarrubias. Exploring northern New Hampshire and canoeing each day was a blast. I also really enjoyed making the Bonfire for Crew Weekend with the JS, Mr. Greenwell, and Mr. Hart.

What was the biggest challenge you faced (and overcame) as a Staff member last summer? Feeling comfortable in a system that is so specific, but was initially so unknown to me.

What is your favorite thing about Mowglis? The variety of Industries and the ability to observe the growth that occurs in the boys and the Staff first-hand.

What is your favorite Mowglis day? A Regular Mowglis Day

What is your favorite Mowglis song? "The Toomai Song"

What do you think makes Mowglis so special? I don't think it's just one thing. The tradition and legacy that lay the foundation of the institution are huge factors. The dedicated and passionate Staff members are another factor that makes Mowglis so special. The schedule provides structure and an opportunity to explore different Industries and interests, while the length of their stay provides the boys with the opportunity to really become invested in their success as well as making lasting relationships with Staff and fellow Campers.



JUNIOR STAFF 2017

By Erik Schmidt, JS Supervisor

We started the summer with six veteran Junior Staff (JS) members. All six were knowledgeable and excited to be at Mowglis for another hardworking, fun-filled summer. They were pivotal in my transition as a new Staff member and were always willing to answer questions I had about the schedule or the “Mowglis way” of doing things. Similarly, when our numbers tripled to a total of 19 after the initial three-week Yearling Session ended, these six original JS members were excellent role models for the newly added Yearlings. The group was mostly from New England, but we also had a number of members from Mexico and the Southwest. And some came from as far as Spain and Russia to attend Camp, which speaks volumes about the great things that happen at Mowglis. As a unit, we were an impressive force that was able to accomplish a lot.

All of the Junior Staff members were studious and receptive when we went through the Staff Handbook as a group and discussed the responsibilities of being a Staff member. The amount of help and support that the JS provided during the seven weeks of Camp cannot be overstated. Peter Z. helping teach Campers down at the Riflery Range, and Nick S. instructing boys in the proper swimming technique down at the Waterfront, just to name two. Our Industries at Mowglis would not have run as smoothly without the support that the JS provided.

Throughout the summer, the Junior Staff helped out on a number of projects, including moving the War Canoes for overnight trips, chipping fallen branches and raking brush, setting up our Land Sports Day, Water Sports Day, and Woodsman’s Day, and helping build the bonfire for Crew Weekend. They even beat the Senior Staff during the annual greased watermelon competition! They were also always a huge asset as added members to the team, when needed, on day hikes and overnight trips.

The Junior Staff had a scheduled day off once a week, when we went to the movies, grabbed pizza and ice cream at the local shop, Scoops, or went mini-golfing or to a water park. Overall, the guys and I had a blast on these days and would always try to make a pit stop at Wal-Mart to resupply any candy essentials. They were a lot of fun to work with and a great bunch of guys. I am very thankful for the opportunity to work alongside them.



2017 TRIP SUMMARY

By Kate Burgess, Trip Master

There's an old adage that goes "Winds from the East bring weather fit for no man or beast." (Mowglis Men excluded.)

While the rest of New Hampshire took shelter from torrential rains that occurred weekly this summer, Mowglis Men were braving the trail with smiles on their faces and songs in their hearts. Here at Camp, we often refer to 'bad' weather on the trail as being characteristic of a classic Mowglis Trip; we love braving the elements and coming back roughed up and dirty.

It seemed that every trip we sent out this year ended up a "Classic," but that didn't hinder our spirit in the slightest. In short: we weathered the weather, whether the weather wanted us to weather the weather or not!

This year, the boys bagged countless peaks, relaxed under many summit sunsets, and put dozens of miles on their boots. They swam in mud, took spills aplenty, and in all, received their fair share of on-site wilderness first aid training. Overall, the summer was gnarlier than ever and provided the boys with buckets of stories to bring home.

The first trip of the year brought our Mowglis Men through the Pemigewasset Wilderness. The Denites split into two groups, with one group heading north and one group heading south, both crossing up and over the Bonds. Only one group got a view at the top, while the other was met with howling winds and whiteout conditions. A trip for the books, indeed.

Next, the Pantherites crushed the Ridge ... the Franconia Ridge, that is. This trip is one of the most popular in the world, let alone in New Hampshire, and the views from the mile-long, exposed ridge are like no other. The grand splendor of the Franconia Notch and Pemi Wilderness on either side of the Ridge acted as the perfect landscape for the boys to practice their camerawork; many of them

brought their cameras from the Photo Industry and captured some epic shots.

An especially athletic subgroup of the Pantherites opted out of the Ridge to tackle a similar trek that the Denites did in Week One, going up and over the Bonds. Mr. B. Stewart and Mr. Davidge were happy to lead this ambitious group and enjoyed meeting the various Appalachian Trail hikers who crossed their paths. Perhaps, given this group's extraordinary trekking ability, we may have a bunch of future thru-hikers in our mix.

On Week Three, Akela headed up the Kilkenny Ridge for their first-ever Pack trip as a dorm. They reveled in the feeling of isolation, being farther away from Camp than they ever have been before on a trip; however, the first day proved challenging, and the Akelites had to dig deep. Denite Zach Paige joined the group as an assistant leader, and did wonders to help keep spirits high. They moseyed through the damp, dark, Lord of the Rings-esque forest until their packs rubbed their shoulders raw, and they came back tougher than ever.

Finally, it was time for the infamous Mahoosucs. Panther, larger than ever, split up into three dorms, crushing the trail from both the north and south. They practically ran up the Arm and breezed through the Notch like it was a slip 'n slide, rather than a mile-long Giant. Pile. Of. Boulders. A few of the boys brought Go-Pros and recorded their journeys through said Notch from the inside out, making for an awesome adventure documentary that they got to watch when back at Camp.

In and around the Pack trips, younger dorms got their fill of the wilderness on base camp trips to Waterville Valley, Cardigan, and Belle and Cliff Islands. This gave the boys a good chance to catch up on a little R&R, eat more than a



socially acceptable amount of s'mores in one sitting, and get some Green Ribbon requirement practice in.

Also less strenuous, but not forgotten, were the Den Connecticut Lakes and Red Ribbon Trips. It was on the Connecticut Lakes that Ricky Dopp and Jack Sears fought for the title of "First Mowglis Man to Fidget Spin in Canada," with Jack Sears claiming the title before Ricky even had a chance. Savage! With a gorgeous lakeside campsite, a little backcountry cake-baking, and late-night deep chats by the fire, this surely was a trip to remember.

The Red Ribboners, on the other hand, did probably twice the amount of paddling as the Denites in half the time, due to the awesome conditions of the Androscoggin River after a week of rain. Mr. Walbridge took the boys to a section of the river that hadn't been hit by Mowglis in years, which was a special treat, and was on top of the quarter-mile section of rapids that they ran continuously for hours. They came out relatively unscathed, with only a few new bruises on the boats, but a whole lot of memories.

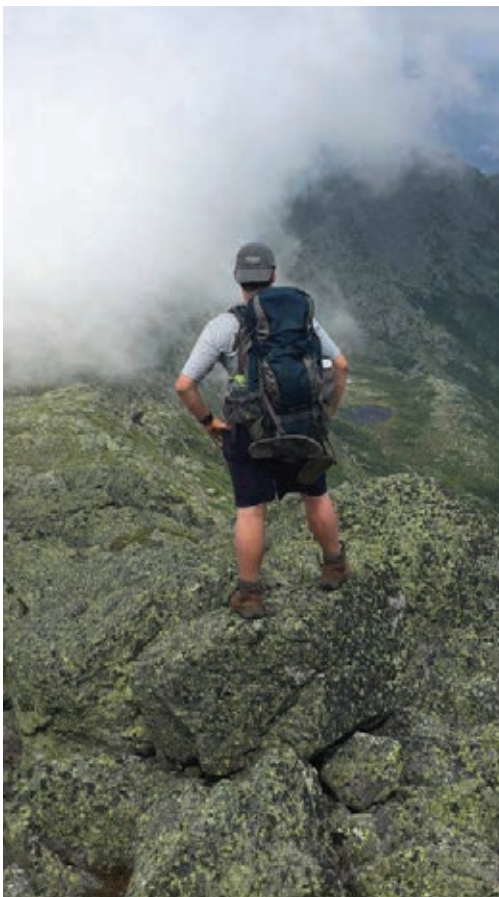
Lastly, the Squads. Gopher Squad was fearlessly led by none other than our very own Mr. Julien Nunes and Mr. Connor Stewart. The group experienced a variety of weather conditions, as one does when cruising at altitude. Boys enjoyed going for a dip in the lake on the saddle between Mt. Washington and Mt. Monroe, and they

especially loved getting the five-star service in the Huts.

Washington Squad was led for the first time in Mowglis history by two female Staff members, Liz Cecere and Kate Burgess. The boys kept the counselors in stitches the whole time with their quick wits, classic Denite antics, and plenty of jokes. The boys loved reading the old Hut Logs, where they could find entries from their brothers, fathers, and grandfathers who came before them to congratulate them on making a Squad. And we can't forget the reprise of Ricky Dopp and Jack Sears' Fidget Spinning Competition, where, once again, Jack Sears duped Mr. Dopp and became the first Mowglis Man to Fidget Spin on the top of Mount Washington. It's the little things that matter, folks.

Last, but certainly not least, was the Cardigan Assault. Over a hundred kids and Staff stormed to the summit, where they enjoyed four watermelons carried entirely by our Mr. Nunes. This was the best weather the boys had on any of the day trips this summer, positively punctuating the end to the summer's trips.

Overall, these were some of the best adventures yet. Rain couldn't dampen our spirits—if anything, it just made the boys amped and all the more ready to come back and attack the trails next year!



MS. KATE BURGESS AND “LIFE IN THE UPSIDE-DOWN ICE CREAM CONE”

By Tomo Nishino ('84), Vice President, HEMF

Colonel Elwell once wrote, “A most vital aspect of the ‘School-of-the-Open’ lies in the opportunities for children to develop through absorption, through imitation in close personal contacts with worthy leaders.” The colonel also noted that the most important characteristic in a counselor was “enthusiasm”—the ability to “vitalize new interest and break down inhibitions.” At Mowglis, we take our educational mission seriously, and hire all our Staff to live up to these lofty standards. We also want them to be adventurous. Occasionally, a Staff member stands out in embodying this “lead through example, learn through experience” ethos.

Many of you will know Ms. Kate Burgess as the Tripmaster and Camping Instructor. She spent a lot of time on the trail leading the Campers (including the Mt. Washington Squad!), instilling in them the Mowglis spirit of “leave-it-better-than-you-found-it,” and teaching them the importance of sustainability and conservation.

Ms. Burgess is now a senior at Plymouth State, finishing up her degree in Interdisciplinary Studies, a self-designed curriculum which, in her case, combines Environmental Studies, Adventure Education, and Educational Studies. As her capstone project, she has chosen to put her environmentalism into action by trying to minimize her ecological footprint by stepping away for a semester from the comforts of modern housing and living in a Tipi. “I’m doing this, yes, for the challenge and the adventure, but more so because I want to reduce my impact. After calculating my carbon footprint, I decided that it was time I make a big change in the way that I was living. Also, I want to use this opportunity to educate others who might be struggling to find ways to actually live in harmony with the Earth.” To that end, she is documenting and sharing her experiences through a blog. “I know I’m not making a bit of a difference on a global scale,” she says. “But I wanted to show what is attainable if we are willing to change just a little bit.”

What did Ms. Burgess learn from her summer experiences at Mowglis? “I learned that I could live



with very little,” she says. “I spent half the summer out on the trail with the boys, living out of a tent. And I was really happy. At the end of the summer, I gave away half my closet and most of my stuff!”

“As living examples, counselors can do more than in any other way,” the Colonel once wrote. Indeed.

If you would like to find out more about Ms. Burgess’s life in a Tipi, check out her blog at katerburgess.wordpress.com/tipi-life.

MOWGLIS HIKING POSE

"Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades; shoemakers hang out a gigantic shoe; jewelers a monster watch, and the dentist hangs out a gold tooth; but up in the Mountains of New Hampshire, God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that there He makes men." —Daniel Webster

The Mowglis Hiking Pose consists of a serious look on the face (no smiling!), folded arms, and a gaze straight ahead. Striking the Mowglis Hiking Pose shows that you are ready to take on any challenge or summit any mountain. It has been a Mowglis tradition for generations and is not for the faint of heart. The Mowglis Hiking Pose shows the world that Mowglis Men are tough as the granite mountains they climb!



2017 GRAY BROTHER: ZACH PAIGE

By Tommy Greenwell ('98)

The Gray Brother title is given to the Mowglis Denite who receives the most Ribbons during his time at Mowglis. Zach Paige is no stranger to success; with Wolf's Paw, Graduates' Dinner Waiter, and Blue Racing Crew Captain all under his belt, it's no surprise that this driven young man strived to be an expert in every Industry he could. Zach has his Green, Purple, Red, Maroon, Orange, Blue, Brown, Silver and Golden Cord, an impressive rainbow of accolades.

The Gray Brother also has the privilege of inducting the new Inner Circle Honorees; this power is well earned and deserved, as there is no one better to conduct this ceremony than the man who knows what it's like to be in their place. Zach, we salute you, and encourage you to keep up your stride and carry your steadfast ambition with you for every goal you make.



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For Mowglis coffee mugs, tote-bags, hats and more, visit:
www.Mowglis.org/shop.

For actual Mow-Trow, fleece hats, and the sought-after hoodies, go to **www.Everythingsummercamp.com** and search **Mowglis**

Remember, if you shop Amazon, use the AmazonSmile Program!

The AmazonSmile Foundation will donate 0.5% of the cost of your purchase to Mowglis! Go to **www.smile.amazon.com** and search **Holt Elwell Memorial Foundation**. It's still Amazon and benefits Mowglis every time you shop!



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2017 WOLF'S PAW RECIPIENT: ZACHARY PAIGE

By Sergio Covarrubias ('12)

At Mowglis, the young men here face a difficult decision of choosing to spend their summer covered in dirt or soaked in water. Few boys have the stamina and ambition required to earn more than a few Ribbons at either the Waterfront or up in Camp; it's challenging to split their time focusing on both. Those who can't find their sea legs, and instead take their skills to the Earth, can strive towards an honor called the Wolf's Paw. The Wolf's Paw is an award given to Campers who develop a mastery of all things related to the woods. They cultivate expertise in Axemanship, Camping, Hiking, Nature, Canoeing, and Weather and are tasked with a number of projects, teaching opportunities, and tests of endurance.

One Camper this year managed to show his mettle by working on these up until the very last day of Camp. Zach Paige has been at Mowglis since he was in Baloo and has been chipping away at these requirements ever

since he arrived. Zach has an untamable work ethic, beating sunrises daily to complete all of the tasks required.



He spent Relaxes in the Trip Closet, Campfires in the Nature Room, and meals in the Axe Yard, all to show his dedication to mastering all things Land. He's a true Mowglis Man, who's likely to use the skills learned when he returns on Staff, or when he braves the great outdoors in his own personal life.

Congratulations, Zach Paige!



THE MAYHEW PROGRAM AND MOWGLIS:

A SHARED VISION DEVELOPING EXCELLENT YOUNG MEN

Located on Mayhew Island, at the southern end of Newfound Lake, The Mayhew Program challenges and helps at-risk New Hampshire boys to believe in themselves, work well with others, and find their best. It is the only all-boys program in the state that combines a residential summer program and school year mentoring for at-risk boys, tuition-free, through high school graduation.

During the first two years, the boys (ages 10–12) participate in a rigorous and vibrant 25-day residential summer program on Mayhew Island. From the first day to the last, the boys work together in small, tight-knit groups, tackling steep physical, social, and emotional challenges. For many of the boys, Mayhew is their first opportunity to find out who they can be and how much they can do in a setting away from outside influences. Between summers, the boys benefit from regular mentoring visits with the staff in one-on-one and small-group settings. The focus is on helping

them apply the program ideals of respect, responsibility, community, and challenge to their lives at home, school, and beyond.

Beginning in the third year, boys can participate in a 4.5-day, adventure-based summer program. Trips include canoeing, backpacking, biking, and nature and wilderness skills training. Boys who are 14 or older may apply to work for Mayhew, earning a salary and a dollar-for-dollar matching scholarship for post-secondary educational pursuits. Between summers, the boys receive the same comprehensive school-year mentoring as in the first two years of the program.

In the final two years of the program, Mayhew focuses on supporting the boys through high school graduation, assisting them in establishing goals for their lives beyond high school, brainstorming ways to overcome barriers to success, and emphasizing the importance of giving back to Mayhew and the broader community.



We at Mowglis share many of the goals of the Mayhew Program and are proud to have a strong partnership with them. For the last four summers, we have offered one full-ride scholarship for a new Mayhew graduate to attend Mowglis. This Camper then is welcomed back to Mowglis for his subsequent summers until he graduates from the Pack. Last summer, there were three Mayhew graduates at Mowglis, each in different age groups. They were excellent additions to the Mowglis Pack.

Being selected to be the annual "Mayhew-to-Mowglis" Camper is a significant honor, and the Mayhew Staff and Director decide which of their graduates will receive the annual recipient of this scholarship based on who they feel would be best suited to continue his camping summers at Mowglis.

We salute the Mayhew Program for what it does for New Hampshire boys and look forward to continuing this partnership for many, many years to come!



NEW CAMP MOWGLIS MAP

Camp Mowglis' illustrated map was created by Terry Cunicelli, parent of Paolo, a Mowglis Camper for the past three years. Terry is the owner/operator of Suburban Studios, a Graphic Design and Illustration studio outside of Philadelphia specializing in branding, brochures, invitations, newsletters, logos and infographics.

"I was so excited to work on the illustrated map for Camp Mowglis. I grew up taking annual family vacations in the White Mountains and am thrilled that Paolo gets to experience such a vibrant Camp on a pristine lake in New Hampshire. I worked from a few vintage maps of the property but needed Paolo's help to pinpoint certain cabin locations. I hope the map is helpful in guiding visitors around the Camp!"

For more information visit thesuburbanstudios.com.



PROPERTY UPDATE 2017

By Tommy Greenwell ('98), Associate Director

For all those who visited on Crew Weekend, we hope that it was apparent that the grounds and facilities are in excellent condition. The new roof on Gray Brothers is holding up great, and with the cluster of pines next to the Ping Pong Porch removed, very few pine needles fall onto the roof. The Cub Apartment, also known as the "Lair" (home of the Cub Mother), was entirely gutted, rot torn out, and a full remodel was completed. The new Lower Mines was completed in time for the summer by a fantastic local builder, and the Denites stained the exterior and put a coat of urethane on the interior.

The summer grounds crew did a great job keeping the place shipshape and taking on small projects all over the property. The Specials Duty Boys and Staff were also a huge help taking on daily tasks and spending lots of time cleaning the Axe Yard. The Junior Staff learned how to safely use a wood chipper and the process to turn brush into mountains of wood chips. The Wood Shop churned out Chapel, Gray Brothers, and Campfire benches. The Waterfront was kept in stellar condition for the long season, thanks to the boys and Staff.

This fall we've already replaced rotten corners on the woodshed that Mrs. Holt had built in the 1920s. The Ping Pong Porch has also had a rotten sill replaced, and we added a floor into the Axe Closet. A survey crew will be coming in to map the Waterfront in the upcoming weeks. This is the first step for a permit to be able to address

the issues with Hope to Be. The working list of projects is vast, and sometimes it seems that things get added faster than they are completed. However, with the great crew of workers we have and prioritizing the projects, we continue to gain ground each year.

Dedicated Mowglis alumni, friends, and Staff flooded into Mowglis on a Friday evening, excited to hear about the project goals for the weekend. Work Weekend is one of the best weekends of the year. With over 40 hard-working people, the Camp goes through a transformation marking the transition from spring to summer. Cleaning, dusting, sweeping, and leaf and debris removal are some of the traditional projects around Camp, in addition to moving chapel benches, Campfire benches, canoes, sailboats, logs, beds, and bureaus. The recently purchased wood chipper quickly proved to be a smart addition to Mowglis equipment.

Thanks to a team of folks who kept it running for much of the weekend, we ended up with mountains of wood chips ... and far less brush! The new lower mines were plumbed and electrical installed. Canvas tents were pitched, the Red Cross House trim got a fresh coat of white paint, and the Waterfront began to take shape. The crew all worked very hard, ate very well, and were an integral part in preparing for the arrival of Staff and Campers for Mowglis' 114th summer! Thanks to all who attended. We hope to see you all again next year!

Enrollment and the Power of Word of Mouth

Would-be camp parents ask their friends and read online reviews to find the right camp.

Help keep Mowglis enrollment robust in five minutes or less by writing an online review!

Here's how:

Steps:

1. Open Google.
2. Enter "Camp Mowglis" into the search box.
3. Click "Write a Review." (shown right)

Are you more of a Facebooker?

Follow these steps to write one on Facebook:

1. Open Facebook.
2. Enter "Camp Mowglis" in the search bar.
3. Click "Reviews," and tell people what you think!

Camp Mowglis ★

[Website](#)[Directions](#)

5.0 ★★★★★ 42 Google reviews

Nonprofit

Camp Mowglis is a nonprofit, residential camp founded in 1903, and one of the oldest summer camps in the United States. [Wikipedia](#)

Address: 4 Mowglis Dr, Hebron, NH 03241

Hours: Open today · 9AM–9PM ▼

Phone: (603) 744-8095

And don't forget to tell your friends about Mowglis!



CREATING CAMP STORIES

By Max Peterson

Everyone who has gone to summer camp has a story to tell. Memories of summer camp are inextricably connected to people's sense of their own childhoods. The camp experience is a hard thing, however, to get a real feel for it, like me, you didn't experience it. People's memories of camp are indelibly wrapped up in the nostalgia of childhood. Often, people are so passionate about their camp experience, that to the outsider, they can almost seem fanatical. This is not surprising when you learn more about camp culture. For many, camp is an inter-generational experience that comprises a family tradition. Camps themselves also have traditions. In fact, traditions are central to the camp experience and bind generations of Campers together. This isn't coincidental.

Camps were created, in part, in response to anxiety about raising children in an industrializing and changing world, and they speak to many of these same anxieties of parents today. Traditions are fundamental to the functioning of camps, and part of their enduring value. Parents find comfort in the idea that their children will experience something almost identical to what they themselves experienced at camp, in a world where this kind of consistency is rarely found. For the summer exhibition (May-September, 2017) at the Museum of the White Mountains, entitled "Summer Camps, the White Mountain Roots of an Iconic American Experience," we needed to find a way to represent all of this.

We at the museum had to figure out how best to tell the story of summer camps. We not only had to capture more than a hundred years of history of the camp movement in our region, from its humble beginnings on Squam Lake to what it is today, but more importantly, we had to figure out how to share the significance this experience has for people, and how much of an effect it has had on their childhoods and their lives. We wanted to make the exhibit space experiential and give visitors a feel for these camps, even if they had never been a part of one. This task posed particular challenges during the planning stages of the exhibit. We wanted to use memories of camp, because as a childhood experience, it exists in

memory, but we weren't sure how to represent it.

As a senior at Boston University, I worked with Paul Hutchinson, one of the co-curators of the exhibit. At a meeting in his office, we tried to conceptualize how we could bring camp stories and the meaning of camp alive for museum visitors, especially non-Campers. Our mutual admiration for the work of documentary filmmaker Ken Burns led us to think about combining archival photographs with voiceover to create mini-docs that would capture the camp experience. Dr. Hutchinson suggested combining Ken Burns's style of documentary filmmaking with the personal/conversational model of StoryCorps, and the idea for camp stories was born. He asked me if I thought I could pull it off. I had done some oral histories of former Campers as part of a directed study with Dr. Hutchinson, so I'd had some experience with audio editing software. As to video editing, I had no knowledge or experience, but I took a leap of faith and said, "Sure."

We began the summer of 2016 with the goal of creating 20-25 of these mini-docs. We sent out waves of emails to various summer camp programs around the White Mountain region, looking for camps willing to participate

in the exhibit. We also jumped right into the historical research, combing the historical archives around the region for traces of camps. For those camps for which we could find a geographical location, we contacted the local historical societies to see if they had any records of these camps, such as photographs or physical objects that might be useful for the exhibit space. A couple of camping programs got back to us right away, with not only their willingness to be part of the exhibit, but also with an opening of their materials and their networks. Notably, Camp Pasquaney, the Mayhew Program, Camp Onaway, Camp Hale, and Camp Mowglis were incredibly receptive and offered just about anything we asked for.

Because so many camps were so receptive, we were able to dive right into the interviewing, but the process was not entirely smooth. When we first heard from Nick



Rebecca Enman, Archivist Registrar (left) and Max Peterson, Research Assistant (right) at The Museum of the White Mountains Summer Camps exhibit

Robbins, Director of Camp Mowglis, we had already experienced some difficulties with securing a quiet area for recording, but nothing could have prepared us for Crew Day. Against the backdrop of a raucous Crew Day celebration, however, replete with screaming and shouting “Blue crew!” or “Red crew!” along with war drums, chants, and parades, and the occasional cannon blast denoting who had won a particular race, recording quality was somewhat less than optimal.

After some initial audio-editing, in a conference call with Dr. Hutchinson, I told him I had already noticed as many as six to seven potential stories per interview, from a day of doing more than 10 interviews. As we did more and more interviews at more and more camps, the number of potential videos began to explode. Our final total was 164 videos from over 40 interviews.

The process for creating the camp stories was more complicated than I had imagined. Some camps provided a bevy of photographs already digitized, ready for me to scroll through and select the images I needed. For other camps, however, it was more challenging to get the right images, especially since I needed them in high-definition. For the camps that were still operating, it was easy to get contemporary photos of Campers, but a key component of the vision Dr. Hutchinson and I had for the videos was highlighting the importance of consistency and tradition. We wanted to use images from as far back as we could, from decades past, or even a century past, of children doing the same activities, ideally in the same places, as contemporary photographs of the camp. Sometimes these images were not available, or they were scattered across the landscape in various historical societies or in private hands. This was particularly challenging in the case of the camps no longer in operation.

At Mowglis, for example, they had a plethora of interesting archival images with dates and captions written on them. The problem was that although Mowglis had many archival photos, they were framed and nailed to the walls in the Jungle House, Gray Brothers Hall, the Library, and Headquarters. I visited the camp one day with a pad of sticky notes so I could go around to the various buildings and tag the photos I wanted. Tommy Greenwell, along with the camp Staff, kindly pulled them down, put them in bins, and wrapped them in towels for the ride, so I could take them to the museum, where I spent a day scanning them on our digital scanner. For reasons such as these, even after I had the audio for the stories ready to go, I was constrained by the need to gather the images involved.

However, one of the advantages of doing this kind of project from start to finish is, as I had done the majority of the interviews, I knew the speakers’ faces and when I saw images of them, I could match the photos to the stories. I also knew when they had attended camp, so

when I was looking at images of that period, I could match appropriate pictures to the audio. Sometimes people would give me their personal photos, and I could use images of the speaker to illustrate their stories.

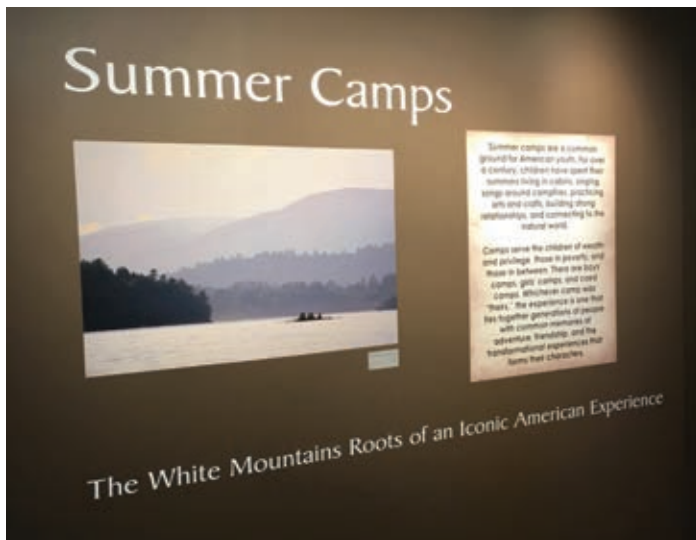
The interviewing itself was a learning process. As I went along, I honed the questions as I learned which questions were more evocative. My questionnaire expanded and contracted as I added and removed questions and adjusted them as I went along. The gathering process continued as we learned of new sources, even after the video editing of earlier stories had begun. Although it would have been ideal to transcribe the oral histories, the preparation schedule for the exhibit did not allow it, so I listened to the tapes to find the stories. Generally, I knew what I was looking for. I knew the themes we were hoping to illustrate with personal anecdotes, and having been the interviewer, I remembered certain key stories and when in the interview they occurred. When interviewees would touch upon stories that connected to one of our themes, such as homesickness, food, or a lesson from a triumph or failure, I would look for the most eloquent expressions of those themes, the most complete stories.

For certain camps, I had more images to work with, and that certainly figured into the selection process.

Additionally, we knew some stories were more urgent to preserve, because the camps were no longer in existence, and they were not going to be carried forward. There would be no next generation to carry on their stories and traditions, a case in point being the caddy camps at the White Mountain resort hotels, which did an enormous amount of good for European immigrant youth from Boston, but which ceased to exist in the 1970s. We needed to capture those stories before they would no longer be available. Thus, they were given priority.

When I started this project, I had no real connection to summer camps. Not only had I never attended one, I didn’t understand anything about them. Although I grew up in Plymouth, a town close to both Squam and Newfound Lakes, I knew nothing about the camp programs there. My first exposure was through my directed study with Dr. Hutchinson on African-American-run summer camps in the Boston area. This project, however, more aligned with my interest in other topics, such as African-American history, and I was coming at the project from that angle. But beginning my work at the Museum of the White Mountains marked a shift in the focus of my research. It not only shifted to studying camp culture, but it was also the first time I began to study and research the history of the region in which I had grown up.

I embarked upon this task with a keen interest in honing my research skills, in learning how to put together an exhibit, and in getting a feel for museum work. As for the subject of the origins of camping, I felt no particular



attachment. Right from the start, I was captivated by the historical research. I have always been fascinated by what was, and how that leads to what is. I was interested in the region because I had grown up here. It was appealing as an intellectual endeavor.

However, something started to change as I got into doing the interviews. First of all, I gained an appreciation for the value of oral history. To hear from ordinary people, in their own words, renditions of their experience, was actually quite moving. When you listen to and engage with people about something in their lives they don't ordinarily share with outsiders, you invite them to discuss it and remember it in a different way. You realize these are core memories that have been crucial in the formation of their identities. Through oral histories, you are honoring and valuing their experience as worthy of preserving, as worth passing on. Often, stories like these go unrecorded and are lost to history. In official accounts of history, we don't often have the opportunity to hear from everyday people about the experiences that are important to their lives. These stories are necessary for understanding a piece of the American experience and the cultural underpinnings of our country.

I was particularly struck by my interactions with the elderly people I interviewed. Often we don't listen to or engage with older people outside of our immediate family. They may tell one another stories, but we generally write them off, or treat them less as people and more as relics. One of my most captivating interviews was with two gentlemen who had attended the caddy camp. Because they shared a common experience, my interviewing them together allowed them to play off each other in order to elicit forgotten stories and create a shared history. One would begin a story, and the other would complete it. Bill brought out his album of photographs, and they talked their way through it together. My presence, as the researcher, made the interaction happen. They talked through those stories, each sparking memories in the other, and remembering

things along the way, because I was there to hear them.

This was something that was common throughout my interviews. People would express a bit of shock or excitement when a question prompted them to think about something they thought they had forgotten, and often the act of talking about it would spark another memory for them, and so on. Before my eyes, each of the interviews I conducted turned into a very powerful and emotional testimonial, a testimonial to the experience of childhood and to the environment of each summer camp. As they were matched with images, the stories began to come to life in this multi-media format. Instead of listening to someone talk and imagining what it must have been like, the viewer is able to see an image of what the speakers are thinking about as they tell the story.

Hearing the voices of the actual people allows the viewer to hear the importance of those memories for the speakers. You feel the significance of it in their voices. You can feel the emotions that are running through the narratives. As you listen to several stories from one interviewee, you begin to feel as if you know them. The photographs give you an image of what they are remembering, possibly with more clarity than even they have. Thus, the videos render the story in a way that gives something tangible back to the person who gave it to me, and to posterity.

In the end, this experience of collecting and rendering the camp stories videos was humbling. No one at the museum, including me, knew how powerful the videos were going to become. They were originally envisioned as a small piece of the exhibit, but eventually they became its centerpiece. It was incredibly gratifying work, far exceeding my original expectations. Not only did I gain the research experience I had hoped for, but I also grew as a person. I got to know and feel connected to my home region and my home state in a way I never had previously. Not only was I exposed to a vibrant and warm camp community here in New Hampshire, but I was also able to record and preserve these memories in videos and audio recordings, which will be archived at the museum for generations to come. I am grateful to have been entrusted with these stories, and I hope I have represented them well.

The entire camp stories collection can be found at the Museum of the White Mountains website: www.plymouth.edu/museum-of-the-white-mountains or the PSU YouTube channel on the Museum of the White Mountains tab.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: *Max Peterson grew up in Plymouth, N.H., and is a graduate of Boston University, class of 2016. He has just relocated from New Hampshire to Washington, D.C., to further pursue his professional interests in museum work.*

PENNY GOES TO CAMP

By Beth Goehring

In 1948, President Harry S. Truman signed the Marshall Plan. A rascally rabbit starred in the animated short, "Bugs Bunny Rides Again." Athletes competed in the first Summer Olympics since 1936, and an 8-year-old boy Penny and his brother, Peter, went to summer camp for the first time.

Penny and 10-year-old Peter are the creation of author/illustrator Carolyn Haywood. Before *Penny Goes to Camp* came out in 1948, Miss Haywood was already popular for *B is for Betsy*, published in 1939, the first of a series of eight books that has never been out of print.

Miss Haywood wrote 47 children's books for two publishers, Harcourt Brace and William Morrow. While those companies have been through huge changes since 1939, Miss Haywood's books preserve the wonderfulness of mid-20th-century American childhood.

Miss Haywood holds her own with other renowned author/illustrators of the 1940s by the endurance of her "Betsy..." series and the variety and longevity of her career. One of the highlights of that decade was Robert McCloskey's *Make Way for Ducklings*. Carolyn Haywood used neighborhood children for her inspiration. McCloskey observed baby ducks in his bathtub to make their antics authentic. Dr. Seuss's boundless imagination produced *Horton Hatches the Egg*. H.A. Rey and Margret Rey brought *Curious George* with them to America when they fled the Nazis. Miss Haywood, who lived her whole adult life in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, saw the story potential in a child's daily life. Trained at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, she studied illustration and portraiture. Eager to create stories for children after a year of teaching at Friends Central School, she met Elizabeth Hamilton, a children's editor at Harcourt Brace, who encouraged her to "Write something about little American children doing the things that little

American children like to do." *Penny Goes to Camp* fits the bill. Peter and Penny like to sail, and they're excited to spend the summer at the shore in the family's boat, *Fourofus*. When their parents announce they have to work all summer in Europe and suggest the boys go to camp, Peter wants none of it. Adopted only two years ago, he's sure it'll be "just a lot of kids. Fights and somebody bossing you all the time. And nobody to love you. Nobody at all." The boys agree to watch movies shown by a camp director in a neighbor's living room. The craft shop and a crew race on a lake grab Peter's attention. They see a full-blooded Cheyenne Indian chief. They realize this is the place for them.

Penny Goes to Camp is unmistakably about Mowglis. The uniform? Gray flannel shorts with white stripes on the side seams and a gray flannel shirt. The campfire is

surrounded by wooden chairs crafted so the boys can lean back and put their feet up. Mowglis alumni of every decade will immediately recognize the rifle range, the waterfront, the camp vehicles, the mountain hikes. Wapah Nahyah appears as the Cheyenne chief, Totowapa. Crew day starts with a parade of the Reds and the Blues. Six boys row in each boat and the winning crew's oar is hoisted on the flagpole. Penny, Peter, and all their fellow Campers march with candles

through the stone archway of a chapel in the woods as notes from its organ float through the trees. A cannon booms as the boys launch their candle-boats on the lake at sunset. Reunited with Mother and Daddy, Peter and Penny exude an excitement their parents have never seen in them before.

Mowglis' precious traditions are obvious, and its soul glows between every line. The respect and affection between the counselors and the Campers resound in every adventure, large and small. The Campers achieve their successes by the work together of men and boys. A love of the outdoors imbues every scene, whether it's





hacking through underbrush on a trail or c-a-r-e-f-u-l-l-y removing two porcupines from an empty cabin. Singing on trips and prayers at chapel are as natural as breathing. How did Carolyn Haywood, who had no children of her own, get all this detail so right?

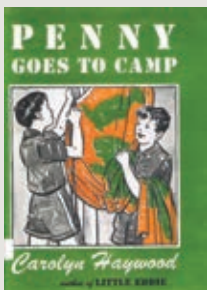
Director Emeritus K. Robert Bengtson remembers a phone conversation with her in the 1980s. A friend of Colonel and Mrs. Elwell, Miss Haywood told of visiting them at Mowglis when Camp was in session. She was in the audience of a Cubs' presentation in Gray Brothers Hall. Entranced by the littlest Cub, she noted the resemblance between him and the leading character of another series she'd just started writing about a boy she fondly called Little Eddie. To her surprise, this boy's name was Edward Worcester Morrison. He was a Camper from 1946 to 1953 and on the Mowglis Staff in the 1954 and 1955 seasons. His two brothers went to Mowglis, as did his two nephews. Eddie's older brother John Horton Morrison III also dropped in to see Bob Bengtson and reminisced about Miss Haywood's friendship with his family.

It's a privilege for Mowglis to be memorialized for generations of children by such a talented woman. She was named a Distinguished Daughter of

Pennsylvania by Governor Raymond P. Shafer in 1969 for her extraordinary service and contribution to the Commonwealth. With a little sleuthing, you can still find her murals at Banks in Philly and its suburbs. Her 52-year career in children's literature is one for the record books. She was hard at work right up to her death in 1990; her last book, *Eddie's Friend, Boodles*, was published in 1991. Search for first editions of her books online and you might pay as much as \$99.95 for a paperback.

Luckily, a nice first-edition jacketed hardcover of *Penny Goes to Camp* is available from Amazon for a lot less. Every Mowglis Camper should have one.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: *Beth Goehring is a graduate of Manhattanville College, class of 1978. She works in publishing in New York City where she lives with her husband Chuck Goehring, Den '73.*



amazon

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Go to <https://www.amazon.com> and type "Penny Goes to Camp" in the search bar

THE NORTHERN RANGE

By Chris Kriesen ('80)

It is late in the summer, 1978. From atop Mt. Washington, I see mountains stretching into Maine and perhaps as far as Canada. I imagine I see the Atlantic Ocean. I am 12 years old, in my second summer at Mowglis, and I am on the Gopher Squad. The summit of Mt. Washington was, to me, the highest, most dangerous place on earth. In that moment, it is the greatest accomplishment of my life.

Since, Mt. Washington has been the monument. I returned there again as a Camper and later as a Staff member. But then, as other priorities like family and work intervened, the mountain receded from my life.

In 2014, at 48 years old, I decide it is time. I am going to traverse the full Presidentials and summit Washington. In the dead of winter, no less, when the weather is at its most extreme. My wife and daughter are bewildered. Three weeks before my trip, Kate Matrosova, a 32-year-old

woman from New York City, dies attempting the same traverse. My wife confronts me. I try to explain to her why I need to do this. I find my motivations difficult to explain. It is, in the words of René Daumal, a "peradam," a thing that reveals itself only to people who seek it. Mark Twight, an extreme alpinist, put his finger on it: "Punish your body to perfect your soul."

I engage a guide who convinces me to do a half-traverse. Just the Northern Range with a summit of Washington on the second day is, he assures me, "test enough."

I meet my guide, Joe, at 7 a.m. I try on several pairs of winter boots, looking for the right fit. Too tight and I will be crippled; too loose and I will have blisters. They look like Moon Boots. I make small talk with another guide. I learn he was on a SAR team that tried to reach Matrosova. "We went up Valley Way and got near the tree-line around midnight," he says. "I had a full down suit and I was cold.

The wind above sounded like a freight train." He shakes his head. "We had to turn back." He studies me. "We're all a little crazy to go up there in the winter." I silently agree.

Joe lifts my pack as though something does not seem right to him. He sets it down. "What do you have in here?" I have a sleeping bag rated to minus 45 degrees, which I have compressed into a cannon ball. He picks up his yellow pack. Puts it down. Picks up my pack. Says nothing. So I pick up his pack. I see the problem. My pack is heavier, but his has more gear. I see another problem. We are the same

height, but he is clearly leaner. Between my pack and frame I'm carrying 50 pounds more than he is. Despite my last year of training, there is no way I am better conditioned than he is.

At the trailhead, the sky is perfectly blue, and the trees are perfectly still. Valley Way Trail begins gradually

but gets steadily steeper. Despite the heavy snow falls, the trail is packed down by other hikers. We keep a slow and steady pace, but it is obvious that Joe is a far stronger hiker than I. If I work too hard to stay with him, not only will I burn energy, I will also begin to sweat, complicating my temperature regulation. I try to properly hydrate and munch as we go, but my water bottle on my pack is hard to reach. I notice Joe keeps his bottle along with food inside his jacket. His supplies will not freeze, and he has easy access.

A month ago, Matrosova was on this trail at 5 a.m. She must have noticed the tops of the trees swaying in the winds, but she would have thought that normal at this time of year. Our calm conditions are unexpected, unusual, perhaps even ominous.

We close in on our campsite, and the snow gets looser and the hike gets harder. We turn off the main trail



toward the campsite. Suddenly hiking through deep, soft snow, we fall through to our knees. I see just one platform dug into the snow, perfectly prepared for us by a previous hiker. While Joe puts up our tent, I take a selfie.

It is noon. Joe says we made good time, and I feel proud of myself. I think about spending the day relaxing, but Joe says, "Put what you don't need in the tent, and we'll climb Madison." It's about a half-mile hike to the tree-line, another half-mile to the summit, and then a mile hike back. I unload my pack, dump the cannon ball, but keep my water, puffy down jacket, and Himalaya-rated down mittens. I decide I don't need the balaclava or goggles.

I bring my ice axe, which I have been taught how to use properly should I slip and fall. In a fall, our impulse is to dig into the snow with our crampons, but this is dangerous. If you gain too much speed, your crampons will lock into the snow, and you will snap the thin bones of your tibia and fibula. The proper technique is to roll onto your stomach, bend your knees to raise your feet into the air, and dig your ice axe into the snow with all your might.

We continue up Valley Way carrying much less weight. I feel giddy and push Joe to hike faster. Soon we reach the sign posted on all the trails just before the tree-line: "STOP. The Area Ahead Has the Worst Weather in America. Many Have Died There Even in the Summer from Exposure. Turn Back Now if the Weather is Bad." Above the tree-line, trees do not grow because of the extreme, tundra-like conditions, otherwise found only hundreds of miles farther north. We push on.

Between Madison and Adams, in the col where Madison Hut, now tightly sealed for the winter, is located, we come across several other hikers. I'm reminded that Matrosova was found nearby, next to Star Lake. I mention this to one of the hikers. He lashes out, calling her reckless and stupid. I wince. Joe says nothing. We just turn away and make our way up Madison.

It's an easy climb to the summit. No wind, and the temperature is a balmy 5 degrees. The skies are clear. I can see part of the Northern Range before us and recite their names, as though naming them gives me power over them: Adams—which hides our view of Jefferson and Clay—and Washington, too far for us to reach in one day. Below I can see Star Lake, a frozen mirror reflecting light. As we pause, I remember to put on my down jacket. Add a layer whenever you stop; it's easier to stay warm than to get warm.

As we descend, my fingers are numb. I switch my gloves for mittens, but it is not enough. I make fists inside my mittens, my hiking poles swinging from my wrists. My face is cold, and I regret not bringing my balaclava. We

pass the Madison Hut again, and I look for Valley Way Trail to take us below the tree-line and to our campsite, but I cannot find it. I just follow Joe and his yellow pack.

In our tent, my thoughts turn to Matrosova. The hiker's outburst does not sit right with me. Joe is thinking the same. He speaks up first. "It's not right." He's angry. I am too.

We sit in our damp layers—Joe says to keep them on and burn off the sweat, promising they will be dry in the morning. But this leaves me chilled. I slip into my Forty Below bag, still in my down jacket. I am still cold. Joe melts snow for water, and I put the water bottles in my sleeping bag to keep them from freezing.

Joe turns to guiding stories. He almost always has to turn back on a winter traverse, either because of the weather or a client. He muses he never knows for sure how a client is doing. "No one ever gives an accurate report. Sometimes they say they're great when they are good; sometimes they say they are good when they are bad."

During the night, the winds pick up, shaking the trees above us. Sometimes the winds give the tent a mad shake. But I find comfort in this: if the weather is turning worse, it will be too dangerous to keep hiking, and we will not be able to do the traverse. In the morning, we will just hike back down Valley Way. I will get into the car and return to my life. Relieved at that thought, I finally fall asleep.

I wake an hour later, and to my astonishment, the air is perfectly still and silent. A full moon lights the night. I accept that we will go up after all. Up here in the winter, it's rare to have one good day of weather. Two is a seeming impossibility. Yet, here we are.

In the morning, Joe melts more snow for water and makes coffee. As he predicted, my clothes have dried overnight. I compress my sleeping bag into the cannon ball, put on my Moon Boots, stuff my pack, and think about the distance looming ahead of us. I watch Joe take down the tent.

Joe has an idea. "I'm going to bury the tent. We don't need it. We don't need the snowshoes either. I'll hike up tomorrow and get them." He pauses. "Give me your sleeping bag." I'm willing to leave the bag here too, but that is not his plan. He's going to carry the cannon ball. I watch him force it into his pack. He suits up quickly and starts to walk down the trail.

Going light and fast has obvious advantages, but it holds its dangers too. The less we pack, the more our margin of safety shrinks. If the weather turns foul or we get unexpectedly stuck, we may not have the gear we need to survive. But to be ready for anything means a pack that is too heavy. Winter hiking always means taking risks. But how much risk is too much?

Joe and I begin climbing back up Valley Way. I feel tired. My boots are rubbing faintly at my heels: I foolishly never bothered to check them the previous night. I fall through the snow to my knees, trapped for a moment. Joe disappears ahead of me. I say nothing. I dig out, move forward, reach the Turn-Back-Now sign, and keep going. We break above the tree-line. I look back and see the trailhead far below. Adams is above.

"How are you doing?"

"I'm great," I say. Joe studies me.

I force my mind into the climb—the danger and the glory. The addiction of going harder, higher, longer. You are what you do. If you do nothing, you are nobody. This is it. This is my great thing.

I see Joe and pick up my speed to catch him. There will be pain. Twilight likes to quote Nietzsche: "I doubt whether such pain 'improves' us—but I know it deepens us." I am ready to be deepened. I am ready for my *ubermensch* climb. But try as I might, I can't seem to catch Joe. We are close enough to Adams that it obscures the rest of the range. Joe stops. He studies me. I point to Adams.

"Adams is not so big!"

"That's not Adams. It's J.Q. Adams. Smaller. Adams is behind it."

My heart sinks. Joe speeds off again. I consider catching him. I wonder how much energy I will burn in the effort. I'm unsure how much energy I have for the day. I decide to try, but instead of closing our distance, I simply start to sweat. I see Joe approaching a split in the trail: to the left is the climb to the summit; to the right is the Gulfside Trail, bypassing the summit. Joe reaches the split and without hesitating, goes right. Now I can never say we did the Range.

The Gulfside Trail runs slightly downhill toward Jefferson. We can make good time here. I'm feeling good, maybe because I've let go of the idea of hiking the Range and accepted the easier goal of just hiking the Ridge. Now that we've skipped the summit of Adams, there is no reason to summit Jefferson or Clay. We have no choice with Washington—the only way down for us is over the summit. But for now, we fly by the cairns marking the trail. This is the fun part. The Range sweeps open before me, in simple, stunning black and white.

Then I get the hiking equivalent of a flat tire. A blister on each heel rips open. I try to keep moving, but it feels as if the whole of each heel has come loose from the bone. The only way to know how bad it is, is to remove my Moon Boots. But I am reluctant. I don't want to face the truth

about my injury. I prefer ignorance, but I can't ignore the pain. Joe stops and comes back.

I pull one boot off and we stare at my bare heel. We see loose, white skin, with red, raw skin below. Blood. Joe takes a step back. I have a moment of clarity: I am never doing this again. I dig out my first-aid kit, take a whole square of Moleskin, smooth my dead white skin, and patch my entire heel. I do the same with the other heel. Joe is eager to go. I wonder if he knows something about the weather I do not. But I follow the yellow pack.

Now doubt sets in. We are too far in to turn back, but too far from the end to believe it's almost over. I tell myself to just keep moving. Jefferson looms ahead. We will bypass the summit, but we cannot bypass the mountain. The trail begins to ascend on hard, crunchy snow. We are alone, but on a line marked by the footsteps of others. I look to my left into Jefferson Ravine and consider the distance I will fall if I slip. And then what?

I fall through the crust of snow to my waist. I had thought we were on a foot of snow; we are really on at least five. I pull myself out. Joe sees none of this. He turns and points 300 yards up to a cross marking where someone died. "We're going to that trail sign." I break it down into 100-step sets. I figure three sets will get me there. We make it in five.

The weather is turning on us. Packs off, balaclavas and goggles on. Snow swirling in the wind. I try to eat, but I am not hungry. I try to drink, but my water is now cold and slushy. Joe is on the move again toward Clay, which now fully blocks Washington. I follow the yellow pack.

We bypass the summit of Clay. With the steep drop of the Burt Ravine to my right, I hike slow, steady, and careful. When Washington comes into view, I am unable to measure its size. The summit is obscured in haze. We hike along the Cog Railway, which is not too steep, but I am losing power. Joe steps up onto the tracks, and I do the same. We are two machines on the rail, legs moving in time like pistons. I now measure the climb in 50-step increments. Then 20, then 10. Joe steps off the tracks; I try to follow.

If there was any doubt before, now I am certain: I don't have the strength. I trained for a four-hour hike, but we are in our fifth hour. Even Mark Twight turned back once—a storm forced him down the Rupal Face of Nanga Parbat. Joe keeps moving, but I stay there, letting him slip away.

Just before Joe vanishes from view, I begin to follow him again. The winds get stronger, as they always do on Washington. More snow. Lower temperatures. There is no turn-around here. I need to go up so we can go down. I just count my steps. And then unexpectedly the outlines

of the summit buildings appear. But there is no top-of-the-world view, no horizon. There is nothing but haze. We find the summit sign, and I tag it. This is nothing like the view I had in 1978. I am not elated. I am only exhausted. I just want to get down.

Joe does not want to spend any time at the summit either. We begin down. Once again I am reduced to following Joe's yellow pack. For the first time in five hours we see other hikers. We fly past people heading up. I take account of their gear, their small packs, their new clothing. I feel a sense of superiority until two climbers appear from our left, with full racks of climbing gear and real ice-climbing axes. They are lean, strong, and fast. They were ice climbing in Huntington Ravine, tagged the summit, and are racing down. Men from a harsher world, passing through mine.

We are approaching the tree-line, our safe zone. Joe shifts to high gear and I let him race ahead. Alone, I make a decision. I see no need to hike down when I can glissade. I sit down and slide. I practice an arrest, rolling on my stomach, Moon Boots in the air, digging the pick of my axe into the snow. I stop easily and feel confident in my ability.


I see Joe turn left with the trail, down into the tree-line, and vanish. The trail is packed, steep, and perfect for glissading, so I keep sliding. Then I realize the foolishness of what I am doing: this is a bobsled run, and I'm losing control. No problem. Just roll, boots up, and dig in. The pick catches a root and rips from my hands. I slide off the trail and into soft snow and small trees. I am stopped.

I ponder my situation. I was a moment away from disaster, saved by dumb luck. Joe calls up to me. I look up the slope at my ice axe. If I slip, I'm flying down the bobsled run again. But I am too tired to climb back up to retrieve it. So I stay put. I just tell Joe I am waiting for the next person down to get my ice axe. He does not ask me to explain.

Eventually, someone retrieves my axe. I catch up with Joe, and we walk in silence for an hour. We step out onto the wide gentle slope of the Tuckerman's Ravine Trail. No winds. Warm sun. Day hikers and skiers make their way up and down. A family of three walks by. Joe stops, shakes my hand, and says, "You did it."

For a moment, I feel youthful, proud, accomplished. I punished my body, perfected my soul, and found the peradam. I am improved by pain. I am an ubermensch. But not really.

The truth is I feel humble—the difference between the boy of 12 and the man of 48. I feel weathered. We took some risks but did not pay for them like Matrosova. I know now that reaching the summit is not the great reward. The great reward is making it back down.



Among the Clouds

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. 18 MOUNT WASHINGTON, N. H., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1917. PRICE 16 CENTS

Trampers' Notes

A picked squad of 25 members left Camp Mowglis, Newfound Lake, Hebron, N. H. on Monday and came ninety miles by auto to the Jackson trail for Carter Notch. After a climb up Wildcat and a good night at the A. M. C. Hut, the party left Tuesday for Mount Washington, via Glen, Raymond path, and Tuckerman's Ravine. Good views were obtained and the sunset could not have been better. The Mowglis spent a quiet and comfortable night in the old Tip-Top House and enjoyed a splendid sunrise. Wednesday the Mowglis go over the northern peaks to the Madison Huts, and Thursday noon meet their cars at Randolph for the return trip to camps. The party was composed of: Councillors — Gaius W. Merwin, Concord, Mass., J. Brooks Atkinson, Melrose, Mass. J. F. Nicholas, Washington, D. C., Barklie Henry, Newport, R. I., Matthew Baird, 3rd, Philadelphia, Pa. Boys—Edward Choat, Framingham Centre, Mass., Theodore Friend, Pittsburgh, Pa., Graham Johnston, Pittsburgh, Tyson Stokes, Germantown, Pa., Issac H. Clothier, 3rd, Radnor, Pa., Louis Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa., Albert H. Rosengarten, Henry Jeanes, Jr., Clymer Brooke and John Harper of Philadelphia, Pa. Henry Redmond and Erroll Dunbar, New York City, Philip Sayles, Norwich, Conn. Thorndike Howe, Lawrence, Mass., Moreau Brown and Daniel Brown, Redbank, N. J., William Knikht and Horton Spitzer, Toledo, Ohio, John Gleason, Manchester, N. H., Putnum King, Milton, Mass.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Chris is a Mowglis graduate, Den of 1980. He served on the Junior Staff, Senior Staff, and as President of the HEMF Board. He lives in West Hartford, CT, with his wife, and recently founded his own law firm.

THE ELWELL EAGLE

By Benjamin Ringe ('85)

Despite the dark and stormy weather, a bald eagle flew high above the Red and Blue Crews as they battled the rain and whitecaps during Crew Day this summer. I couldn't help myself... to think that I had never seen a bald eagle when I rowed on the Blue Racing Crew in 1984 and 1985.

The reason is simple: There were no bald eagles in New Hampshire back when I was a Camper at Camp Mowglis.

According to Ruth Smith, Development and Community Engagement Manager with the New Hampshire Audubon Society, there were zero bald eagles in New Hampshire between 1949 and 1988. From their headquarters in Concord, N.H., Ms. Smith says conservation efforts have had an incredibly positive impact on the state, as there were 59 pairs of bald eagles nesting in New Hampshire in 2017. They produced 59 fledglings (birds that grow healthy enough to fly from the nest) this season, so the population will continue to grow.

The best part of this Camp Mowglis story is that our newly found Newfound Lake bald eagle has a connection to our proud institution.

Beginning in 1921, Elizabeth Fold Holt and Col. Elwell began to acquire land across the lake that had belonged to the Sanborn Family (one of my counselors was actually a Sanborn). The estate was divided among the Sanborn heirs, and over the decades Mowglis acquired piece by piece until Mowglis owned 3,500 feet of shoreline and 44 acres across the lake by 1941. The name of the land was changed from Sanborn Point to the current name, Paradise Point.

Upon the passing of Col. Elwell, the land was left to his wife Helen Chaffee Elwell. Mrs. Elwell explained in her will that "these premises shall be preserved in substantially their present natural state, consistent with reasonable use for picnic, camping, and other park purposes."

While she didn't specifically mention the New Hampshire Audubon Society in her will, the executors at the New Hampshire Charitable Fund followed her wishes, and the property was fittingly donated on December 9, 1966.

In 1969, the New Hampshire Audubon Society built the Paradise Point Wildlife Refuge and Nature Center that we enjoy today. Plans are underway to celebrate the 50th anniversary in 2019. The Newfound Audubon Center now includes the Bear Mountain Sanctuary,

Hebron Marsh, and Paradise Point. It was in this refuge that our bald eagle decided to build its first home on Newfound Lake.

Last summer our Ringe Clan ventured out on a two-hour boat tour from Gray Rocks, hosted by the Newfound Lake Region Association [NLRA]. Ruth Smith was the naturalist on board and she showed the eagle's nest to us. The tour also provided a brief history of the refuge, Camp Mowglis, Camp Onaway, and Camp Pasquaney. *The Jungle Book* author, Rudyard Kipling, even got a shout-out.

I highly recommend taking the boat tour with a naturalist like Ruth Smith. The two hours go by very quickly, as the tour highlights include the following: the Newfound Lake webcam that refreshes every 15 minutes, four lighthouses, the Ledges near the Sugarloafs, Camp Mayhew, Wellington Beach Park, Belle and Cliff Islands, Camp Wicosuta (where President Obama's girls spent their summers), and an interesting test to see how far down you can see through the clear water. On our tour we could see down more than 40 feet.

The tour tickets are \$20 for adults. NLRA members and children 5-15 are \$15. Kids under five years old are free. The tours go out on Monday, Thursday, and Friday at 10 am and 1 pm. You can also book a tour for six or more people at a time that's more convenient for you. More information is available at NewfoundLake.org.

Another great option during the summer is to tour yourself by renting a canoe or kayak at the N.H. Audubon Center at Newfound. www.nhaudubon.org/about/centers/newfound/ You can paddle along the 3,500 feet of shoreline to spot the eagle and lots of other wildlife.

The next time you see our majestic Newfound Lake bald eagle and its future family, perhaps think about Helen Chaffee Elwell and the donation that helped to bring the bald eagle, our proud national symbol, back home to Newfound Lake and our beloved Camp Mowglis.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: *Benjamin Ringe (Den '85, Trustee) is the founder and CEO of B. Bold Content Studios an independent media production firm specializing in factual entertainment. He lives with his family in Glen Ridge, N.J.*



HEMF TRUSTEES

President, Jim Graff
Birdsboro, Pennsylvania
(Den '78) and father of James (Den '12)

Vice-President, Tomo Nishino
Glen Ridge, New Jersey
(Den '84) and father of current
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Reinhard Rother
Wiesbaden, Germany
(Den '69)

Will Scott
Columbia, Maryland
(Den '70)

THE HOLT-ELWELL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION NEWS

By Meg Hurdman, Secretary

The purpose of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation (HEMF) is to own, maintain, and operate Camp Mowglis in order to promote education, training, traits of good character, and qualities of leadership in boys and young men, in accordance with the ideals and standards established by founder Elizabeth Ford Holt and her successor, Alcott Farrar Elwell.

The HEMF is a 501(c)(3) non-profit, established in 1962 specifically to provide governance and financial support, including assistance in the form of tuition grants and reductions. Each year the HEMF awards over \$100,000 in scholarships in order to enable boys from all income levels to benefit from the Mowglis experience.

The HEMF Board of Trustees is made up of Mowglis alumni and Camp parents. Although tuition covers the bulk of expenses, the Foundation relies on contributions to close the gap between tuition and expenses. The HEMF works hard to maintain Mowglis traditions and give each boy an outstanding summer experience.

HEMF Board Report 2017

The Board would like to thank four retiring Trustees: **Dave Concannon** (Den '79), **Foster (Forty) Conklin** (Den '74), and **Jim Westberg** (Den '69). In addition, the Board would like to thank parent **Diane Sears**, mother of Manning (Den '13), Nick (Den '16), and Jack (Den '17), who is also stepping down. We expect all to remain active with the HEMF.

In August we welcomed two new Trustees: **Kit Jenkins** (mother of

twins Patrick and Liam in Akela) and **Reinhard Rother** (Den '69). Please see their biographies in this issue.

We renewed the terms of four current Trustees: **Roel Hoekstra**, **Andrew Khatri**, **Rich Morgan**, and **Ben Ringe**.

We have four officers who have all been re-elected for one-year terms:

- President, **Jim Graff** (Den '78)
- Vice President, **Tomo Nishino** (Den '84)
- Treasurer, **Roel Hoekstra** (Den '76)
- Secretary, **Meg Hurdman**, parent of Chris (Den '05), Jay (Den '06), and Robby (Den '09)

Board Education: The Board continues to work toward goals established in 2013, one of which is including an education component at every meeting.

Our guest presenter at the spring meeting was Aimee Skier from our insurance company, AMSkier, based in Hawley, Pennsylvania. AMSkier was founded in 1920 and specializes in strategic partnerships with summer camps. In addition to insurance coverage, they also offer supplemental resources to help make camps safer. Aimee reviewed the HEMF/Mowglis schedule of insurance including the following: Camper medical, property, equipment, vehicles, liability, workers' compensation, directors & officers, and umbrella protection. Her presentation was thorough and informative.

At our summer meeting we were pleased to welcome Terry M. Knowles (Assistant Director) and Thomas J. Donovan (Director) of Charitable Trusts, New Hampshire Department of Justice, for training on the fiduciary duties of nonprofit board members in New Hampshire. Terry and Tom covered the role of the governing body and focused on three areas:

- 1. the duty of loyalty** - the organization must come before the private interests of Trustees;
- 2. the duty of care** - Trustees must attend Board meetings, act in good faith, and make informed decisions;
- 3. the duty of obedience** - Trustees must adhere to the mission, abide by agreements with donors, and follow the law.

More information can be found in the **Guidebook for New Hampshire Charitable Organizations** (4th edition 2017) that was given to all Trustees. See www.doj.nh.gov/charitable-trusts/documents/guidebook-non-profit-organizations.pdf

This summer we were also fortunate to have a short presentation by parent Jason Weber, who is helping the Board explore a shared platform for HEMF business. We would like to thank all our guest presenters for donating their valuable time and expertise to the HEMF.

Bylaws Review: The other major undertaking this year has been a comprehensive review of the HEMF bylaws by an ad-hoc committee of the Board. Our bylaws were drafted when the foundation came into existence in 1962 and have been only minimally updated over the last 55 years. Over time it is not uncommon for an organization's practices to evolve so they no longer follow the bylaws. It is important to assess why this has happened and recommend changes to either the organization's practices or to the bylaws.

In addition, the ad-hoc committee is reviewing current best practices and governance trends and will make final recommendations to the full Board. This review is ongoing, and we look forward to reporting more when revisions are adopted.



Sandee Brown, Will Scott, Jim Graff, Reinhard Rother, Meg Drazek, Forty Conklin, Meg Hurdman, and Tomo Nishino at the Museum of the White Mountains Exhibit

The 2017 HEMF standing committees and committee chairs are as follows:

- 1. Executive** (President, VP, Treasurer, & Secretary)
- 2. Audit** - Will Scott
- 3. Governance** - Meg Hurdman
- 4. Nominating** - Al Reiff
- 5. Finance** (includes Investment) - Roel Hoekstra
- 6. Fundraising** - Chris Phaneuf & Andrew Khatri (co-chairs)
- 7. Internal Affairs** (Buildings & Grounds, Program, Risk Management) - Ben Ringe
- 8. External Affairs** (Alumni Affairs, Communications and Publications) - Tomo Nishino
- 9. Archives** - Sandee Brown

The HEMF welcomes alumni and parent participation on our board committees. We are always seeking people with expertise in our focus areas and encourage interested people to contact committee chairs.



NEW TRUSTEE PROFILE: REINHARD "REINY" ROTHER ('69)

Reinhard was born in the former East Germany. His family fled to West Germany in 1960, just before the Berlin Wall was built.

He came to Mowglis in 1964 as a Cub, after meeting Mr. William B. Hart over Thanksgiving the previous year. At the time, he had been in the U.S. for just nine months. He returned for the 1965–1967 seasons. He missed the 1968 season, as his family relocated from the East Coast to the West Coast but returned to graduate in 1969. Reiny also served on the Junior Staff in 1971. His son Christian was at Mowglis for three years, graduating in 2000. His daughter Barbara attended Onaway for two years. After briefly trying his hand at finance (Deutsche Bank in Heidelberg), and law, Reiny founded his own real estate business in 1985. He manages buildings and about 500 apartments, many of which are older than Mowglis. His firm has grown to four employees, which allows him the freedom to “sneak out” on occasion to do things like visit Mowglis.

He has lived in Wiesbaden, Germany with his family since 1988. His work has been his main focus over the last 30 years, though he looks forward to spending more time traveling. After all these years, he remains passionate about Mowglis, and last year he spearheaded the campaign to help strengthen Mowglis’ finances. He looks forward to many years on the HEMF Board.



NEW TRUSTEE PROFILE: KIT JENKINS (*Mother of Liam and Patrick, Akela '17*)

Kit is the Executive Director of Raw Art Works (RAW), a 30-year-old arts organization in Lynn, Massachusetts, whose mission is “to ignite the desire to create and the confidence to succeed in under-served youth.” As RAW’s Executive Director, she oversees all aspects of the organization’s program, fiscal management, and all fundraising efforts. She has co-led two capital campaigns, which collectively raised over \$3.2 million to purchase and renovate RAW’s 4-story building, and to expand its program from its original 16 teens to over 600 children, teens, and young adults today. She has over 20 years of experience working with youth and adults as an art therapist, with a background in photography, dance, and drama.

Kit also teaches at Lesley University in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Kit is the mother to twins Liam and Patrick, who began at Mowglis in 2015 as Toomaiites. She lives with her family in the small island town of Nahant, Massachusetts, just north of Boston.



Thank you for Your Service:

RECOGNIZING HEMF'S OUTGOING TRUSTEES

Each member of the Board of Trustees of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation (HEMF) believes deeply in the mission of Mowglis and works tirelessly behind the scenes to ensure its success. At the end of the summer meeting, four long-serving members of the Board stepped down, and we would like to take a moment to recognize their commitment to Mowglis.

David Concannon served on the Board since 2009. As a lawyer specializing in sports and recreation litigation, he provided the Camp with invaluable advice about its operations. With six expeditions to the Titanic, two to Everest, and one to recover the Apollo Moon Mission rocket engines to his credit, he was perhaps the “coolest” Board Member. He reminded us at each meeting about the enduring power of the Mowglis experience.

Diane Sears has been one of the most steadfast and vocal proponents of what the Mowglis experience can do for young men. Diane is the mother to a family of Mowglis Men: Manning (Den '13), Nicholas (Den '16), and Jack (Den '17). Serving on the Board since 2010, she was one of the first to bring the much-needed “mom’s perspective” to the Board’s deliberations. She was passionate about preserving Mowglis’ archival history. She was also part of the search committee that brought Director Nick Robbins to Camp.

Jim Westberg served on the Board for eight years. As long-time Vice President of the Board, and the Chair of the committee that oversaw the physical plant, he was responsible for shepherding through to completion the many recent additions, upgrades, and improvements to the Mowglis campus. For Jim, devotion to the Camp has truly been a family affair. Every member of the Westberg family: son Doug (Den '02), daughter Caroline (counselor and media intern), and wife Lynne (Cub Mom), has served on the Camp Staff.

Forty Conklin served on the Board since 2007. In addition to his long-time support of Canoeing and Crew, Forty, along with his father, was a devoted champion of the Riflery program. For Forty, too, devotion to Mowglis was a family affair, with both son Foster (Den '12) and daughter Janet (Crew Coach) serving on the Staff. On the Board, he was a passionate advocate for the preservation of Mowglis’ century-long history and its proud traditions.

We are extremely fortunate we could call on these people for their service. They tirelessly devoted their time, energy and talents to making the Mowglis experience ever better each year.

David, Diane, Jim, and Forty, thank you! And Good Hunting!



THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CAMP DIRECTOR'S ASSOCIATION

New Hampshire has a long and rich tradition in camping, extending back almost 130 years. It was here that organized summer camps began, and New Hampshire continues to be the location of some of the finest camps and facilities in America. As we can all attest, our beautiful mountains, lakes, forests, and fields are ideally suited for every camping activity imaginable.

The New Hampshire Camp Directors' Association (NHCD A) represents day, resident, non-profit, and private camps, including Mowglis. All members of the NHCD A are licensed by the State of New Hampshire. To be licensed, camps must adhere to the rules and regulations set by the state.

Nick Robbins, Director of Mowglis, is on the NHCD A board of directors and chairs its Legislative Committee. The NHCD A Legislative Committee monitors state and local legislation with the help of a professional lobbyist in the capital of N.H., Concord. It is the goal of the committee to be aware

of and involved in any legislation which can or may negatively impact N.H. camps, support legislation that positively impacts N.H. camps, and to communicate to the NHCD A board and membership about any such legislation. It is the goal of the NHCD A Legislative Committee to serve as the "go-to" source for answers and information regarding legislative issues for N.H. camps, lawmakers, and the public at large.

The NHCD A is fortunate to partner with the State of New Hampshire Department of Environmental Services, the state's camp licensing authority, in their mutual goal: to provide safe and superb camping in the State of New Hampshire.



2017 EVENTS

To keep the Mowglis community connected, for many years we have hosted events throughout the year across the Northeast. In an effort to “bring Mowglis to you,” the year-round team hosted a number of new events this year:

Coinciding with the year-round Staff’s biennial adventure to CampMinder Camp in **Boulder, Colorado**, we decided to host a reunion in Denver to connect with the more than 40 alumni and families in the area. The group enjoyed bowling and snacks, while a broad cross-section of generations of Mowglis reconnected, shared stories, and simply enjoyed good company. We’ll see you all again (and hopefully more) when we return to Colorado in 2019!

Starting with our first-ever Connecticut reunion, we curated an exhibit of the works of Richard West (Wah-Pah-Nah-Yah) at the Kehler Liddell Gallery in **New Haven, Connecticut**. Mr. West was a member of the Mowglis Staff in the late 1940s and painted the iconic murals located in Gray Brothers Hall. He was also a celebrated educator and artist. The event was enjoyed by all and provided the inspiration to continue the exhibition of Mr. West’s works in other venues in the coming years. The more than 150 alumni in Connecticut will now have the chance to reconnect with the Mowglis

community every spring, as the Connecticut reunion is now officially part of the annual calendar! We hope to see many more of you this April!

Rounding out the reunion season, we hosted a reunion in **Wayne, Pennsylvania**, paying a visit to Brett Thomas, our resident pottery instructor, on his home turf. Hosted at the Wayne Art Center, Mr. Thomas provided a demonstration of the Raku pottery technique. The weather was perfect for an outdoor demonstration, and alumni and families enjoyed exploring the galleries of the Wayne Art Center.

This year, we will head to Florida for the first in our annual efforts to visit with alumni outside the Northeast. Our visit in Colorado was such a success that we have identified other clusters of alumni all over the country. This year we will be hosting two events in Florida, one on the East Coast and one on the Gulf Coast. In coming years, we’ll be headed to California, Texas, and potentially Mexico!

Keep an eye on the Mowglis calendar as we venture to new places, reconnect with our community, and grow the Mowglis family. If you have ideas or suggestions about future Mowglis events, or might even like to host one, please let us know!



Denver bowling event



Nishino boys at the New Haven event



Dr. Judith Plotz speaking at the Washington, D.C., event



Brett Thomas talks to group at Wane, Pa., event



Mowglis group photo at Weston, Mass., event

THE MOWGLIS INNER CIRCLE SOCIETY

There are a great many traditions at Mowglis. One of our most prestigious is the Inner Circle Ceremony. Each new member earns his seat, having been spoken for by a member of the pack, and earning his four husky marks, having proven that they have "*carried the spirit of Mowglis into their victory and loyalty for brothers of the Pack.*"

As each boy is presented and accepted by Director Nick Robbins in his role as Akela, he declares, "*Now admit these brothers to the Inner Circle, and may each brother now in the Inner Circle help to light them to better things, as they kindle a welcome within the Inner Circle.*"

The Inner Circle Society was founded to honor this tradition of loyalty and generosity to Camp Mowglis. As we considered a name for a leadership society that would acknowledge the deep commitment of its members, it became clear there was only one real choice. Like our respected tradition, the Inner Circle Society is for people who serve Mowglis "*faithfully and well*" and who "*carry the Spirit of Mowglis*" and "*loyalty to the brothers of the pack.*"

The Inner Circle Society members' generosity of spirit leads the way in giving and ensuring that the Mowglis experience lives on for future generations.

Full Waingunga (\$1,903-\$2,499)

The journey from the diving raft to Waingunga Rock and back is a swimming milestone.

Gopher Squad (\$2,500-\$4,999)

Joining this two-day Presidential Range hike is an honor awarded to boys.

Mt. Washington Squad (\$5,000-\$7,499)

This four-day Presidential Range traverse is awarded to boys who display the Mowglis Spirit, both on and off the trail.

Racing Crew (\$7,500-\$9,999)

A seat on the Racing Crew is earned by the six best oarsmen and coxswain of each respective crew.

Wolf's Paw (\$10,000+)

An award, given to extraordinary Mowglis who achieve all the trip-oriented ribbons and proves himself to be an exceptional Mowglis Man.

There are many ways you can help ensure the longevity and stability of Mowglis.

If joining the Inner Circle is something you are interested in doing, please feel free to contact us with any questions: james@mowglis.org or (603) 744-8095.



2017 CONTRIBUTIONS

INNER CIRCLE SOCIETY

FULL WAINGUNGA

Mr. Erik Bernhardt
Mr. David Concannon
Mr. James Graff
Mr. William Hart
Mr. & Mrs. Leigh Anne & Dirk Leas
Mr. Robert Morrison
Mr. Greg Phaneuf
Mr. & Mrs. William T. Scott

GOPHER SQUAD

Mr. Roger Farrington
Mr. Scott Frantz
The Heinz Family Foundation
Mr. Andrew Khatri
Mr. Frank Mauran, III
Mr. Edward Mitchell
Mr. Benjamin Ringe

MT. WASHINGTON SQUAD

Mr. Carl Ciavolella
Mr. Edward "Forty" Conklin, Jr.
Mr. Jonathan Feuer
Mr. Geoffrey de Lesseps
Mr. Philip Stathos

RACING CREW

Mr. Butler Lampson
Dr. & Mrs. Tomoharu Nishino

WOLF'S PAW

Dr. Edward Conklin
Mr. David Dawley
Mrs. Jane Johnson Kent
Mr. Henry Livingston
Mr. Frank Mauran, IV
Mr. Eugene Morrison
Mr. Reinhard Rother
Mr. Clyde Smith
Mr. Charles Walbridge
The Walbridge Family Foundation

Dr. Warren Anderson
Mr. Lorrimer Armstrong, Jr.
Mr. Paul Avery
Mr. Richard C. Backus
Mrs. Louise Baker
Mrs. Diana Willoughby Beeton
Mr. & Mrs. Morgan Beever
Mr. John Bennett
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Birdsall, III
Mr. & Mrs. William Boicourt
Mr. Henry Bonner
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Bordogna
Mr. B. Chad Bradbury
Mr. Stephen Bridgewater
Mrs. Mary Broderick
Mr. & Mrs. Jay Brown
Mr. Randall Brown
Mr. Charles Buell
Mr. George B. Cammann
Ms. Elizabeth Cecere
Mr. Richard Cheek
Mr. John F. Chisholm

Mr. Borja Churrua
Mr. Stephen Cochran
Mr. Richard H. Colton
Ms. Eileen Cotter
Mr. Thomas Cox
Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Crowell
Dr. David Cummings
Mr. Fred Daniels
Mr. & Mrs. Byrd Davenport
Mr. John Davidge, III
Mr. Geoffreyde Lesseps
Mr. Chris Dennis
Mr. & Mrs. Mitchell Draper
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Drazek
Mr. & Mrs. Gregory Drazek
Mrs. Margaret Elmes
Mr. Alfonso Erhardt
Mr. Henry Farnum
Mr. Roger Farrington
Mrs. Sally Fay
Mr. & Mrs. John W. Fay
Mr. Richard Finn

Mr. Thomas Fisher, III
Mr. Christopher Flower
Mr. Frederick Fortmiller
Mr. Frederick Fortmiller, Jr.
Mr. Andrew Fouracre
Mr. Stephen Fuguet
Mr. & Mrs. Sanford Gaines
Mr. Sanford Gaines
Mr. Lincoln B. Gamble
Mr. Walter Gamble
Mr. Adrian Gammal
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Gemmel
in memory of Buzz Ringe
Mr. Leigh Goehring
Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence Graff
Mr. William T. Greenwell
Mr. William T. Greenwell, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. Philip Greven
Mrs. Helen Stokes Greven
Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Hall
Mr. Ricardo Hallack
Mr. Jonathan Hanas
in memory of Buzz Ringe

If your name is misspelled or omitted, please accept our apologies and contact us, so we may correct it.

Capt. Douglas A. Hard
 Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Hard
 Ms. Rebecca Harlan
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Mr. James P. Hart
 Mr. Philip Hawkins
 Mr. E. Sherman Hayman
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Mr. & Mrs. David Hazelton
 Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Heit
 Mr. Tyson Hoekstra
 Mrs. Frances S. Hoekstra
 Ms. Kelsey Hoekstra
 Ms. Cynthia Hoekstra
 Mr. Hale Holden
 Mr. Amory Houghton, Jr.
 Dr. Francis Hubbard
 Mr. Jonathan Hulme
 Mr. Nathaniel Hulme
 Mr. Richard F. Hulme, Jr.
 Mr. & Mrs. Charles Hurdman
 Mr. Stanley Jackson, Jr.
 Mr. & Mrs. Bradford Jealous
 Mr. & Mrs. William W. Jeanes Jr.
 Ms. Katherine Jenkins
 Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Junguzza
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Ms. Kate L. Kaminski
 Mr. Thomas Keister
 Samuel Kendall & Catherine Zusy
 Mr. Peter Kent
 Mr. & Mrs. Gary King
 Mrs. Bonnie King
 Mr. Wayne King
 Mr. William King
 Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley
 Mr. James Kingsley
 Mr. Peter Kingsley
 Mr. Michael Klein
 Mr. & Mrs. Jay Kranis
 Mr. Arthur J. Kriesen
 Lakeview Dental of Cherry Hill
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Mr. Michael Lampson
 Mr. Jared Libby
 Mr. & Mrs. Thomas D. Lincoln
 Mr. Danforth Lincoln
 Mr. & Mrs. Richard Livingston
 Mrs. Dale Lonkart
in memory of Buzz Ringe

Mr. Matt Lovering
 Mr. & Mrs. William Lund
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Ms. Amanda Lyons
 Ms. Caroline Markovich
 Mr. & Mrs. H. James Marshall
 Mrs. Dorothy Martin
 Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas McGreevy
 Mr. & Mrs. William McKelvy, Jr.
 Mr. Lockwood Merriman
 Robert Merwin & Judy Gross
 Mr. Stephen Minich
 Mr. John Mitchell
 Mr. James E. Mixter, Jr.
 Mrs. Anne H.T. Moore
 Mr. Edward Morandi
 Mr. Richard Morgan
 Mr. David Morse
 Mr. Calvin Morse
 Mr. Morgan Mowbray
 Mr. & Mrs. Corey Mulliken
 Mr. John Munroe
 Ms. Joan Nemeth
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Mr. Justin Nixon
 Ms. Elizabeth Scott Parvex
 Mrs. Billie Paul
 Mr. & Mrs. T. Sergeant Pepper
 Mrs. Anabela Perozek
 Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Phaneuf
 Dr. Roger Phaneuf
 Mr. & Mrs. Henry Phillips
 Mrs. Mary Pullen
 Mr. Weston Pullen
 Mr. Frank Punderson
 Mr. Samuel Punderson
 Mr. Morgan Reese
 Mr. Al Reiff
 Mr. Nicholas Robbins
 Mrs. Linda Robinson
 Mr. Reinhard Rother
 Dr. & Mrs. John Schullinger
 Mr. Andrew Schwaller
 Mr. Karl Schwarzkopf
 Mr. Jonathan Scott
 Mr. R. Strother Scott
 Mr. John Shane
 Mr. Jeffrey Shaw
in honor of Chris Shane

Mr. & Mrs. Ralph H. Shaw, II
 Mr. Gregory S. Shelness
 Mr. Dwight Shepard
 Mr. & Mrs. Michael Sizemore
 Mrs. Aimee Skier
 Mr. Bruce Smith
 Mr. & Mrs. Mark Soukup
 Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Spodick
 Dr. & Mrs. T. Douglas Stenberg
 Mr. Douglas Stenberg
 Mr. Bradley Stewart
 Mr. Connor Stewart
 Mr. & Mrs. Bradley Stewart
 Mrs. Mary Ann F. Stoessel
 Mr. Elliott Sweet
 Mrs. Holly Taylor
 Mrs. Deborah Teague
 Mr. D.N. Thold
 Mr. Thomas Tolman
 Mr. David Tower
 Mr. Ellis Traub
 Mr. & Mrs. Barry Travis
 Mr. & Mrs. John Turnbull
 Mr. Stephen Turnbull
 Mr. John Turnbull
 Mrs. Alice Tweedy
 Mr. William Tweedy
 Mr. James Van Schaick
 Mr. Joseph Vitacco
 Mr. & Mrs. George Wadsworth
 Ms. Jeanne McHale Waite
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Mr. Jeffrey Walker
 Mr. & Mrs. Douglas P. Warwick
 The Linda & Henry Wasserstin Foundation
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Mr. R. Robert Werner
 Mr. Adrian West
 Mr. Douglas Westberg
in honor of Jim Westberg
 Mr. & Mrs. James Westberg
 Mr. & Mrs. George White
 Mr. & Mrs. Elwin Williamson
 Mr. J. Harvie Wilkinson
 Mr. Fielding Williams
 Ms. Ellen Wolownik
in memory of Buzz Ringe
 Mr. Gary Wright
 Mr. & Mrs. Akio Yamazaki
 Dr. & Mrs. T. Price Zimmermann

Special thanks to Leigh Goehring and Doug Thompson of G&T Farms for donating all of the Camp's natural, grass-fed beef again this summer!

If your name is misspelled or omitted, please accept our apologies and contact us, so we may correct it.

MOWGLIS GIVING...BY THE NUMBERS

Each year we ask for your support, and each year the Mowglis community comes together to help Mowglis bridge the gap between what tuition covers and the experience we provide. Here are a few of the items that your generosity helped us acquire for summer 2017:

- 1 Starcraft motor boat
- 2 brand new Old Town Canoes.
- 5 new moorings for the Waterfront.
- 36 carbon fiber arrows.
- Over **17,000** delicious meals for boys and Staff.
- 26 axe handles.
- 4 new sails for the Aqua Fins.
- 17 Kelty tents.
- A total of **41** nights spent camping.
- 1 new wood chipper for the Kubota (and at least 40 hours of chipping!)
- 30 gallons of stain.
- 20 Campfire benches.
- 12 Chapel benches.
- 12 Gray Brothers benches.
- A new bridge to the lower mines.
- 192 candles for the Candlelight Ceremony.
- 5 gallons of hand soap.
- 4 new pairs of climbing shoes.
- 24 Aquamira water treatment kits.
- 3 gallons of sunscreen.
- 16 Tick Keys.
- 24 8w LED bulbs (to replace 60w bulbs).
- 192 bandanas (96 red & 96 blue).
- 1 replacement battery for an automatic defibrillator.

As you can see, it takes all kinds of things to keep a Mowglis summer running. Every gift, no matter the size, makes a difference. Thank you for your support!



TRIVIA ANSWERS:

Fig. 2: Back in the day, the door on the Wainunga end of Hope-to-Be was used to admit the two large Mowglis War Canoes to their winter home!

Fig. 4: In all of *The Jungle Book* stories combined, the name Mowglis appears only once, as the plural form of the name Mowgli:

"Then their regular evening game began—the boy in the flush of his great strength, and the python in his sumptuous new skin, standing up one against the other for a wrestling match—a trial of eye and strength. Of course, Kaa could have crushed a dozen Mowglis had he let himself go; but he played carefully, and never loosed one-tenth of his power. Ever since Mowgli was strong enough to endure a little rough handling, Kaa had taught him this game, and it supplanted his limbs as nothing else could." — Rudyard Kipling

Fig. 21: The first crew race between Harvard's Crimson and Yale's Blue occurred in 1852 on the waters of New Hampshire's Lake Winnipisaukee!

THE BAGHEERA SOCIETY



By Andrew Khatri ('93)

In 1991, after a “lifetime” of growing up in New York City, my parents provided me with the opportunity to spend seven weeks on the shores of Newfound Lake at Camp Mowglis. I was always an “outdoor” kid, but I had never really spent any serious time outdoors in the open (if you know what I mean). I started my Mowglis career late after discovering its existence from classmates. My first year was in Akela. Making my bed every day, sleeping under three or four wool blankets, writing letters to my parents, and actually reading books for fun was in stark contrast to Nintendo and no bed-making at home.

The next few years would change my life. Hiking, camping, axemanship, sailing, crew, canoeing, riflery (who gets to shoot rifles in NYC?!), living away from home, duties, campfires, chapel talks—the list goes on and on—were all things that gave me skills for life and more importantly confidence and independence that did not exist in me before. But let’s not forget another important aspect of Mowglis—the friends I made. For example, at 12 years of age, I made a friend who was from Nashville, Tenn. I’m not even sure I knew where that was on a map.

Fast forward four or five years, long after Camp was over, and I’m in Nashville for a week over summer break visiting my southern friend. Now, that may seem to make sense, since it was relatively soon after our Mowglis experience, but just three years ago at my wedding in

Newport, Rhode Island, was that same southern friend at my wedding. (I have photographic proof that he was there—with some terrible dancing to boot!). That was 20 years after our last day at Camp together.

I could write pages and pages about what Mowglis has done for my perspective on and experiences in life. Fortunately, those experiences continue to this day. And I hate to think what I would be like if I had not become a part of this wonderful and life-changing experience. (In fact, if not for Camp I would not have stopped in Boston after a Crew Weekend visit, where I met my future wife!) Ensuring that Mowglis will be around for many more generations depends on the care and generosity of us all. Making sure that all deserving kids who want to benefit from the Mowglis experience can do so regardless of their family’s ability to shoulder the full cost requires the support of the broader Mowglis community.

My challenge to every Mowglis alumnus, parent, Staff member and stakeholder is to make sure that every young boy has the opportunity to become a part of such an incredible experience and community. Let’s make sure Camp Mowglis lives on for centuries to come. I joined the Bagheera Society for that very reason. A part of my legacy will now ensure the future of Camp Mowglis is secure, and that Camp will continue to enrich and shape the lives of all who come. The world needs a place like Mowglis now more than ever.



THE BAGHEERA SOCIETY

Mowglis' Planned & Estate Giving Society

The following Mowglis alumni and friends have included Mowglis as a beneficiary of their estate and they are strengthening the future of Mowglis for generations to come:

Matthew Baird, III ('16), Deceased
Joseph Beckford (Staff 1957-1961), Deceased
K. Robert Bengtson ('69)
R. Arthur Bradbury ('51)
Joseph Bouboulis ('82)
Allyn Brown ('30), Deceased
Peter Caley ('72)
David Concannon ('79)
Benjamin W. Dulany ('33), Deceased
Norris Eisenbrey ('53)
Dean Ellithorp ('37), Deceased
Helen C. Elwell, Deceased
Roger W. Farrington ('58)
Sonia Faucher (mother of Eric Diaz Faucher, Den 2017)
Charles B. Feuer ('73)
Jonathan Feuer ('66)
James B. ('49) & Alna K. Francis
James F. Graff ('78)
James P. Hart (Den 2000)
Philip L. and Elizabeth Hawkins
(parents of Robert Hawkins, Den 2000)
Senator H. John Heinz, III ('53)
Roelof Hoekstra ('76)
Robert C. Howe ('72)
James P. Hurdman (Den 2006)
William Tredwell Ketcham, Jr. ('33), Deceased
Andrew Khatri ('93)
Christopher P. Kriesen ('80)
Edward F. Lincoln ('56)
Henry H. Livingston, Jr. ('38), Deceased
Henry H. Livingston, III ('55)

Charles N. Ludlow ('41), Deceased
Bruce (Den 1973) and Elizabeth (Staff 2006-2009) MacDonald
Caroline Fiske Markovich (Staff 2004- 2008)
Lockwood D. "Woody" Merriman ('62)
Stephen B. Minich ('71)
Edward W. Morrison ('53), Deceased
John H. Morrison, III ('48)
Tomoharu ('84) and Chiaki Nishino
Elizabeth Parvex (Sister of Will Scott)
Christopher ('78) and Katherine Phaneuf
Gregory Phaneuf ('82)
Henry A. Phillips ('50)
Junius Powell ('37), Deceased
Samuel Ide Punderson (Camper 1978-1981, Staff 2009-2013)
Benjamin Ringe ('85)
Henry R. "Buzz" Ringe, II ('50), Deceased
Reinhard Rother ('69)
Mary R. Russell, Deceased
Ruth E. Russell, Deceased
John L. Scott ('32), Deceased
Jeffrey A. Shaw (Crew Coach 1977-81, 2003)
Dwight B. Shepherd ('67)
Clyde H. "Mickey" Smith ('46), Deceased
Perry M. Smith ('72)
Stephen Stackpole ('39), Deceased
D.N. Thold ('53)
Christopher H. Thompson ('84)
James R. Van Schaick ('67)
Charles C. Walbridge ('62)
Douglas P. Warwick (Camper 1948-1951)
James G. ('69) and Linnea P. Westberg

**Joining the Bagheera Society by including Mowglis in your estate planning is quick and easy.
Email Director of Alumni Relations, James Hart, at james@mowglis.org to find out how.**

"Mowglis we go singing on into the coming years."

As we all know, Mowglis is a 501(c)(3) Non-Profit Educational Trust and relies on the generosity of its alumni and friends to cover expenses. Every bit counts!

Here are a few great ways that you can help Mowglis:



Planned Giving & Bequests

The long-term financial needs of Mowglis will be achieved in part through our established bequest program, The Bagheera Society. You can invest in the bright future of Mowglis and enjoy the tax benefits of your investment. Many donors feel that they can benefit the Mowglis community in a more substantial way with a deferred gift. We deeply appreciate the support of alumni and parents who have included Mowglis in their wills and encourage you to consider this vehicle of giving. The Bagheera Society recognizes those individuals who have the foresight and generosity to include Mowglis in their estate plans. If you would like to discuss providing for the future of Mowglis with a deferred gift, please email Director of Alumni Relations James Hart at james@mowglis.org.



Corporate Matching Gifts

Many employers offer programs that will match or even multiply an employee's gift to Mowglis. This is an easy way to dramatically increase the impact of your gift. To do so, simply obtain a matching gift form from your company's Matching Gift Coordinator (usually in the Human Resources or Community Relations Department), fill it out, and send it in with your contribution.

Better yet, let us know who you work for and we'll find out whether or not they match charitable donations! Email Director of Alumni Relations, James Hart, at james@mowglis.org.



Online Giving

Mowglis accepts online gifts. It's quick, easy, and secure. Please go to www.mowglis.org and click the Giving tab.

Gifts of Appreciated Stock

Giving a gift of appreciated stocks, bonds or mutual funds can be to your financial advantage. To learn more, go to www.Mowglis.org and click "How you can help" under the Alumni tab.



- ☐ Backhoe Attachment for the Kubota Tractor (\$3,600)
- ☐ Stihl Weed Wacker with Brush Blade (\$360)
- ☐ New Archery Targets (\$100 ea)
- ☐ Dewalt Portable Table Saw (\$550)
- ☐ Old town Charles River Canoe (\$875)
- ☐ Games for the Library
- ☐ NRS lifejackets (Youth and Adult Small)

If you would like to contribute to the cost of any of these items, please email info@mowglis.org.



Shop Amazon.com?

If so, use "Amazon Smile" and the AmazonSmile Foundation will donate 0.5% of the purchase price to Mowglis!

Go to www.smile.amazon.com and search **Holt Elwell Memorial Foundation**.

Update your contact information with Mowglis today!

As we strive to keep our community informed, we need your help to ensure we are reaching you. If you haven't already, be sure to send us your email address, and update your mailing address, phone number and preferred method of contact. Contact James Hart, Director of Alumni Relations, at james@mowglis.org or 603-744-8095.



A REMEMBRANCE HENRY RALPH “BUZZ” RINGE, II (‘50)

Chapel Service Talk by K. Robert Bengtson, Director Emeritus

For today's *Chapel Talk*, I am going to share with you a bit about a very special Mowglis alumnus, Mr. Buzz Ringe. I think a good number of you will remember him for his campfires on magic and trivia in recent years. Sadly, he passed away this spring. Although, in the world of Mowglis, Mr. Robbins had known him relatively briefly, he knew him well enough to feel it would benefit you to learn about his wonderful life; in particular, his contributions to Mowglis and his style of leadership. So, these are what I will strive to reflect. To get started, and to give you an overall sense of him, I will spend a few moments on his life outside of Mowglis.

Born in Philadelphia in 1936 and raised in Chestnut Hill, Mr. Ringe was a graduate of Episcopal Academy. As a boy, prior to coming to Mowglis, he spent his summers on Cape Cod. He served two years in the United States Navy, and he graduated from Franklin & Marshall College. Following college, and after teaching briefly, he settled into a long career at NFL Films. At NFL, he prepared clips and copy for Howard Cosell's "Monday Night Football Halftime Highlights." He also produced the NFL promotion "You Make the Call," where viewers watched a football clip and after a commercial learned whether or not they called it correctly. While I was on the Staff here in the '70s and '80s, we all watched films he had produced. "The Sensational Sixties," "Football Follies," and others are in the Projection Booth in Gray Brothers.

Mr. Ringe was a devoted fan of the Philadelphia Flyers, and he co-authored the autobiography, *SCORE!*, about Hall of Fame radio

announcer Gene Hart. He was active in his church, and he was a member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians. Transcending all of the above, his love for and attention to his three children were unbounded. His priority in life was to spend time with them, to really know them, talking and writing to them, and doing all he could to assure they were happy and well. He was a truly amazing father! Jennifer, Ben, and Alexandra are all here today along with his wife, Sally, and numerous



other members of his family. Speaking of his family, his brother, Tom, his son, Ben, his grandsons, Nathaniel and Jordan Eisenman, and his great nephew, Hunt Welch, are all Mowglis, too.

Mr. Ringe first came to Camp as a Toomaiite in 1947, graduating from the Den in 1950. I expect his experience was much like yours: myriad activities, trips, campfires, Ribbons, Inner Circle, and Crew. What stands out is his telling me that he had a perfect inspection record for all four of his summers. A little

trivia for you: Back when Colonel Elwell was Director, each boy's bed and bureau was individually graded, every day. At some point during the Inner Circle Ceremony this coming Friday night, you will hear, approximately: "Your Mowglis record is the promise of what you may become." If you knew Mr. Ringe, it will not surprise you to learn that in four summers he never failed a single inspection.

While I initially met Mr. Ringe in the late '70s when his son, Ben, joined the Cubs, it was in 1983 when I began to really know him. It was my first summer as Director, and it was his first as a member of the Board. Many of you have at some point seen "The Mowglis Movie," which he alone conceived and produced. It was an enormous undertaking, which began early in his Trusteeship as a way to assist with recruitment. I can well remember what was a blistering hot Work Weekend in June of 1984 when he gathered all of the Camp's 16 MM film from the Projection Booth and began reviewing it in the Personnel Office. The going was difficult, for much of the film dated from the '30s, '40s, and '50s, and it was prone to breaking.

This, of course, was just the beginning. That summer, NFL's best photographer spent a week filming the current boys and Staff in their daily activities. Behind the scenes, Camp songs were being recorded, and Mr. Ringe was writing the narration, which he wanted me to read. I resisted, but he persisted. (He was good at that!) The movie, as all who have seen it can vouch, is an absolute gem, a masterpiece.

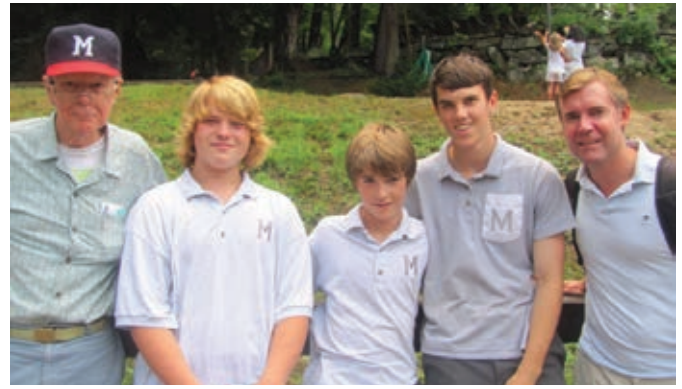
Throughout the making of the movie, which took a year, I began to realize, being in my 20s, that I was in the presence of a wonderful and unique man. This was a project that required tremendous vision, art, writing ability, confidence, and fortitude. The next time you watch the movie, listen very closely to the text, and you will understand why Mr. Ringe reflected at the end of the film, the following: "Of all the so-called institutions I've ever been associated with, including schools, colleges, and the U.S. Navy, the one that has meant the most to me, and still does mean the most, is Mowglis." Mowglis was a very happy place for Mr. Ringe, and whenever he came here, invariably, it was with enthusiasm and anticipation.

Mr. Ringe's movie was just the beginning of what would be more than three decades of contributions to our Camp. To mention just a few, and I mean just a few, it is long ago now that he created the Ribbon Chart, after which, again on Work Weekends in June, he could be found back in the Personnel Office making sure there would be enough Ribbons to hand out on Mrs. Holt's Day.

In more recent years, he implemented many improvements in Gray Brothers Hall. A muralist was brought in to produce a slightly smaller version of Wah Pah Nah Yah's original stage curtain, which, due to time (and dodge ball) had severely deteriorated. The new

rendering is now safely mounted high above the stage, as you know. He designed the new curtain, and concerned about preserving the old Crew Boats, he saw to their being suspended from the rafters, one showing the hull and the other the inside, with lighting. His attention to detail was extraordinary. Years ago, about 1990 or 1991, I think, following the loss of alumnus Senator John Heinz, I asked Mr. Ringe to write a piece about the senator for "The Call." To be thorough, he contacted as many Mowglis as he could find who had been boys and Staff with the senator so as to assure the best possible job. This is how he was.

During this same era, I joined some of the Staff following the close of Camp one season to see the movie, "Field of Dreams." We played a lot of baseball in those days, without the luxury of the Lower Ball Field. Whether playing on the Upper Field or Gray Brothers Field, this meant special rules. On the Upper there was basically no left field, and on Gray Brothers a hit into the Upper Tennis Court was an automatic out. I knew before the movie was over that we would someday have a



Buzz with his grandsons, Nathaniel and Jordan Eisenman, nephew Hunt Welch, and son Ben.

larger field. I also knew we had some naysayers and that it would take some convincing. We had little discretionary money back then, and the area of the now Lower Ball Field was generally pretty wet. So, I solicited Mr. Ringe's advice and help. After anticipating every possible question the Board would ask, and presenting a plan to address both the physical realities and minimal resources, we were given the green light.

As a leader, Mr. Ringe was not an authoritarian, and he wasn't one to raise his voice. He may not have considered himself to be a leader, at least not in the traditional sense, but he was. In his own gentle and soft-spoken way, his influence and presence were powerful, and for all the right reasons. I have already referred to his vision, his competence, his organization, and his attention to detail. He was a man of conviction, who didn't deviate



from his personal standards. He was responsible to the environment, he never used inappropriate language, he maintained a neat appearance, and he took good care of himself. These are all important qualities, and ones which quickly come to mind when thinking about leading by example. For me, what made Mr. Ringe Mr. Ringe were attributes like his devotion to inclusiveness. Whether speaking or writing or voting, he tried to consider everyone, not simply what was in his own best interests. When with him you were made to feel special, because you had his undivided attention. For a young person this was pretty magical, and maybe for the not so young, too. Compassionate and empathetic, he was a good listener who always attempted to understand an opposing point of view. Finally, he was supremely kind.

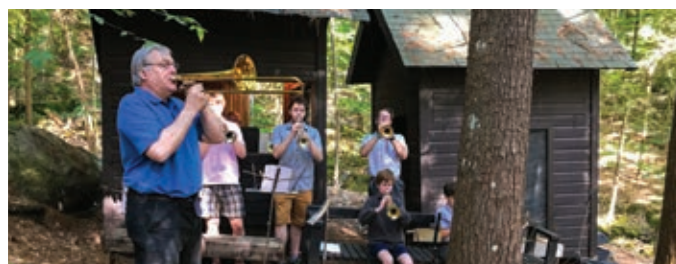
On a beautiful day during Crew Week last summer, as we had done for many summers, Mr. Ringe and I were walking about Camp putting Mowglis pennants on various buildings stemming from the Jungle House all the way down to Kaa. His health wasn't what it had been, and it wasn't easy for him, but he was utterly determined to hang every single one in the exact same place it had been before. It wasn't easy for me either because I was the one carrying the extension ladder. I let him know that. Although there was nearly a generation between us, Mr. Ringe and I were pretty close. I don't remember just what inspired me or where we were at the time, but I took the opportunity to tell him he was one of my best friends. I know that it meant a lot to him, and I know how happy I will always be for having said it. I share this with you,

as I think it is the kind of thing many of us could do more of.

Mr. Ringe had a long list of ideas and projects for Mowglis. As much as he accomplished, he couldn't do them all, for every time he completed one, he added another. In talking with Mr. Robbins, in due course I think most, if not all, of his dreams will come to fruition.

One of his hopes was to revise the Mowglis Songbook such that the melody line would appear with the lyrics; this to prevent the possibility of any of the tunes ever being lost. Mr. Robbins has given the go-ahead for Mr. Morgan and me to take this on, and we will have it ready for 2018. When you arrive next season and we have our first song practice, inside the front cover you will find an inscription that reads:

*With gratitude and affection, this newest edition of the Mowglis Songbook is dedicated to H.R. "BUZZ" RINGE, II '50—
Camper, Counselor, Crew Coach, Trustee, Teacher, Friend, and Guardian of the "True Mowglis Spirit"*



— ALUMNI NOTES —

Jim Mixter (Mowglis '59, '60, '61) retired in 2009 and currently serves on three nonprofit boards. He belongs to a singing group and is an avid train buff. Mowglis' influence has passed through him to the next generation. His son Chris graduated from Mowglis, is married, and currently works for a company that helps corporations develop and follow the best practices in their Industry. His daughter Caitlin started rowing at Onaway, then continued her career as a cox at Phillips Exeter and the University of Virginia. She's currently on the Onaway Board of Directors. Jim has a young grandson who he hopes has Mowglis in his future.



Carter Hoekstra ('13) was recruited by the Cornell Lightweight Men's Rowing team. He will attend Cornell in the fall of 2017. Carter joined the Mowglis Staff in 2017 as Assistant Crew Coach.



1st Lt James (Jay) Hurdman (Den '06) is currently assigned as a Platoon Leader in the 110th Military Police Company, 759th Battalion in Fort Carson, Colorado. He is currently stationed in Grafenwoehr, Germany, on a nine-month rotation in support of Operation Atlantic Resolve. He is pictured here in Colorado with his dog "Akela," who is currently enjoying an adventure in Maine until Jay gets home.



Bill Boicourt, Tripmaster in 1967, stopped by to visit Charlie Walbridge ('62) on his way back to the Eastern Shore from Ohio, where he and his wife picked up a puppy. He and Charlie reminisced about a great trip they did together through the Pemi Wilderness in 1967, when Charlie was on Mowglis' Trip Staff.



Alumnus and former board member **Chris Kriesen** ('80) bumped into alumnus **Jay Olmstead** ('80) on his return from a traverse of the Presidential Range. It's a small world!



Alumnus **Chris Shane** ('82) both crafted and then donated a beautiful rendition of the Mowglis "M" in the form of stained glass. Thank you, Chris!



Andrew Tobias ('78) wrote to let us know: "My son Lindsay earned the rank of Eagle Scout last year at the relatively young age of 16. He has also earned his first Eagle Palm (the Bronze Palm), which is awarded to Eagle Scouts who have earned five additional Merit Badges after earning the Eagle Scout rank and continuing to provide leadership in the Boy Scout Troop. He is currently the Assistant Senior Patrol Leader (ASPL) of New Scouts – a role which gives him the opportunity to teach Scout skills to the new Scouts joining our Troop.

I've been a Scout leader with Lindsay ever since he first joined Scouts at the age of 7. I was his Den Leader and Assistant Cubmaster when he was in Cub Scouts, and I've been an Assistant Scoutmaster while he's been in Boy Scouts. Although Lindsay never had the opportunity to attend Mowglis, I've been able to share a lot of what I learned during my Mowglis experience with him (and the other 116 Scouts in our Troop).

The photo was taken at the Eagle Court of Honor ceremony last year, where he was officially recognized for this accomplishment. Of course, my wife and I couldn't be prouder of this incredible achievement.



Nick Soukup ('14) completed his Board of Review and was awarded Eagle Scout by the Boy Scouts of America.



Alejandro Medina-Mora ('00) and Karen Kresch were recently engaged. They're planning a 2018 wedding.



Jared Smith, (Camper '86) recently wrote to us:

"Keeping the spirit of Kipling, my wife and I are traveling in Myanmar at the moment, near Mandalay in a spectacular place called Bagan of a Thousand Temples."



Bob Bengston & Ed Mitchell - Den of '69 mini reunion at camp



Alumnus and former Board Member **David Concannon** ('79) spoke at the dedication of the Apollo 11 F-1 rocket engine exhibit at the Museum of Flight this spring. Concannon, who organized the recovery of the F-1 engines, was integral to the retrieval, preservation, and placement of the engines. He worked with Amazon Founder Jeff Bezos to fund the endeavor, which was culminated by the museum's "Space Week," which included talks by Concannon. David is also a member of the famed Explorers Club, and he attributes much of his desire to push the limits to his time at Mowglis.



Sandy & Leigh Goehring ('73) and **Meg & Charlie Hurdman** (parents of Chris ('05), Jay ('06), and Robby ('09) in Jerusalem



Mowglis Men in Mexico! **Eduardo Senties** (staff '99-'00), **Raul Medina Mora** (Staff '98-'07), **Alejandro Medina-Mora** ('00), **Eric Love** ('91), and **Pablo & Nieto** ('00)

MOWGLIS MEMORIES...

CHARLIE WALBRIDGE ('63)

I remember many things from my first year at Mowglis, but one thing that stands out was my encounter with the Den Mouse. This tradition died out years ago, but was going strong in 1959. I was walking up from the Waterfront when a Denite asked if I wanted to see the Den Mouse. Now, I wasn't too excited about the mouse, but I was pretty flattered that an older kid was showing an interest in me. He'd found a live one; a gullible new kid who hadn't gotten the word. I followed him under the Den and was told to look down into a box. When I did, the dust trap opened and a bucket of water came down on my head!

I'd been had, and I knew it. But what happened afterward was really special. I was led upstairs, into the Den itself. I sat down on a bed. Someone passed me a towel. We were all laughing, because it was pretty funny. Ben Hertzler gave me his Blue Racing Crew T-Shirt so I'd have something dry to wear back to Akela. I think I floated all the way up the hill that day.

For the rest of the summer, I'd sometimes stop by the Den, and usually someone would say, "Hi, Charlie, come on in." I liked to sit on Ben's bed and read his *American Rifleman* magazines, but I got to know the other Denites as well. I remember them all: Charlie Guthridge, Mott Cannon, Bo Kirkland, Smiley Myrin...what a nice bunch of guys! Ben was my hero, of course. He was the best shot in Camp, Gray Brother at the Inner Circle ceremony, and Blue Racing Crew Captain. But best of all, he always had time for the new kid in Akela who met the Den Mouse that day!

NIELSON LEWIS

Growing up in Hanover, N.H., I attended Mowglis as a Cub for three consecutive summers. I seem to recall that references were required and that mine included Joe and "Teen" Dodge, although I am not sure. In the 1930s and 1940s, my mother, Agnes N. Lewis (Agnes M. Nielsen prior to her marriage in 1946), worked from time to time at Pinkham Notch Camp on Mt. Washington as one of the "Hutmen." Joe Dodge, a legendary man of the White Mountains, ran Pinkham Notch and the rest of the AMC hut system. In my youth, we visited Pinkham Notch and the Dodges every year. (Years later, Dartmouth College conferred an Honorary Degree on Joe Dodge—the same year that it did so for Robert Frost.)

As I recall, I was the youngest Cub the first summer I attended Mowglis, and the starting age was 7. That being so, I probably attended Mowglis from 1954 to 1957. I have photo albums for only 1955 and 1956. That may be because one summer my nickname, "Niel," must have been misread, as from the first day

that summer I was mistakenly called "Nick." I liked it, said nothing, and went by "Nick" the entire summer! Spending one summer as "Nick" may also explain why I recall having only two achievement Birch Barks, not three. And in what may be related to that, I seem to recall one summer being frustrated that I had no credit for previously earned Riflery points or medals.

Other records include an undated Mowglis picture brochure presumably from about that period, Mowglis Howls and Newsletters between the early 1960s and 1997, and Mowglis Calls between 2006 and 2014.

I seem to recall Philip Hart being the first Cub I met one of those summers and climbing with him on the great boulder on Belle Island. I presume he would be Bill Hart's son.

My last visit to Mowglis was around 1998, when my wife, Marcy, and I stopped by with our son, Andrew, around 8 years old. We were graciously received—unannounced I think—by a young Mowglis Director at the time. He took us on an outboard motor boat ride around beautiful Newfound Lake. As it turned out, Andrew did not attend Mowglis. But one day, if we have a grandson, I will remind Andrew of my memorable adventures camping at Mowglis and encourage him to consider the School of the Open for his own son.

GEORGE CAMMANN

As an older, ex-member of the Pack, I want to thank you for the awakening that took place when I received "The Mowglis Call 2016."

What wonderful memories! My Mowglis life, I believe, began in Akela in 1940, then two years in Panther (no Den), then, one each as Aide and Assistant? Do the records confirm this?

Staff members I recall? Only Col. Elwell and Bill Hart... Both such wonderful leaders, plus the American Indian "Chief"; the music leader?

I recall our Red Crew win, which I was lucky enough to have coxed; canoes on Newfound Lake; hiking Mt. Cardigan; with soapy bottoms, sliding over the rocks of a mountain stream; reciting "Gunga Din" before an evening audience; horseback riding, tetherball, swimming, and wonderful campfire evenings.

And then I joined the Navy in '44, went to college and literally put all those wonderful memories to rest. Until you and "The Mowglis Call 2016" came to my house and reawakened me.

So, I would like to respond in a very small way with the enclosed gift. I absolutely relish every day of my time at Mowglis.

NOTABLE ALUMNI



Captain Douglas Hard *Mowglis Parent, Former Trustee*

Captain Hard first encountered Mowglis as a parent when his son David ('96) began attending Mowglis in 1989. His son Alex ('98) joined the pack in 1993. Captain Hard spent more than a decade entrusting his sons to Mowglis' care. The experience had such an impact that he served on the Board of Trustees from 1991 to 1994.

Outside of Mowglis, Captain Hard was an accomplished seafarer, with 54 years of uniformed service on the

high seas and in the classrooms of the United States Merchant Marine Academy (USMMA). He served in both the U.S. Navy and in the U.S. Merchant Marine and is considered by some to be the father of the modern Merchant Marine Program. Back on shore, Captain Hard earned an M.B.A. from the Wharton School of Business, and an M.S. in Transport Engineering from Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute (now NYU's Tandon School of Engineering). He went on to teach at the Merchant Marine Academy for over 40 years, retiring in 2016.

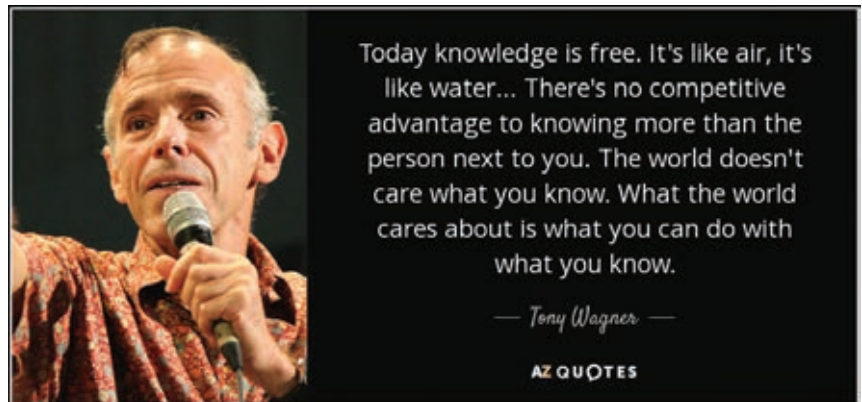
Captain Hard is a dedicated friend of Mowglis and a seafarer and academic of great renown. His contributions to his field are vast, and we are incredibly thankful for the time he dedicated here along the shores of Newfound Lake, a body of water far smaller than to those which he is accustomed.

Tony Wagner *Alumnus 1956-59, '61*

Tony Wagner currently serves as an Expert In Residence at Harvard University's new Innovation Lab and as a Senior Research Fellow at the Learning Policy Institute, founded by Linda Darling-Hammond in 2015. Prior to these appointments, Tony was the first Innovation Education Fellow at the Technology & Entrepreneurship Center at Harvard, and the founder and co-director of the Change Leadership Group at the

Harvard Graduate School of Education for more than a decade. His previous work experience includes 12 years as a high school teacher, K-8 principal, university professor in teacher education, and founding executive director of Educators for Social Responsibility. Tony is a frequent speaker at national and international conferences and a widely published author. His work includes numerous articles and six books. Tony's latest, *Most Likely To Succeed: Preparing Our Kids for The Innovation Era*, co-authored by Ted Dintersmith, was just published by Scribner. *Creating Innovators: The Making of Young People Who Will Change The World*, was published by Scribner in 2012 to rave reviews and has been translated into 12 languages. His 2008 book, *The Global Achievement Gap*, continues to be an international best seller, with a Second Edition recently released.

Tony recently served as the Strategic Education Advisor for a major new education documentary, "Most Likely to Succeed," which had its world premiere at the 2015 Sundance Film Festival. He also collaborated with noted filmmaker Robert Compton to create a 60-minute documentary, "The Finland Phenomenon: Inside The World's Most Surprising School System" in 2010. Tony earned an M.A.T. and an Ed.D. at the Harvard University Graduate School of Education.





IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO WILL BE MISSED



We are very sad to let you know of the passing of several Mowglis men:

Duncan S. Ellsworth, Jr., Baloo 1938

Mark W. Farrington, Graduate 1977

Kenneth Knapp

**Jurgen M. O. Kruse, Graduate 1941,
Staff 1942, 1947**

John F. Mahar, Jr., Camper 1949-1950

John F. Nordlinger, Riflery Instructor 1982

Robert S. O'Connor, Graduate 1965

**Dr. Wayne Southwick, Longtime Mowglis Physician
1960s – 1990s**

spanning nearly five decades, that included his work as a Fellow in the School for Advanced Study at MIT, National Institute of Health Fellow, and visiting research scientist in England at the Explosives Research and Development Establishment in Waltham Abbey. The prodigious portion of his teaching career was spent at Bowdoin College, beginning in 1962 as an assistant professor of organic chemistry. In 1971, Dana was appointed to the Charles Weston Pickard Professor of Chemistry Chair. In 1991 he was appointed as the first Pickard Research Professor of Chemistry and achieved emeritus status in 2007.

Dana's service to this world can be found in his devotion and mentorship to students and teaching along with his unwavering support to Bowdoin College. Dana (a.k.a. Doc Mayo) was best known for his rigorous exams, his tireless efforts to make sure his students left his classroom with a solid understanding of the material, and he exhausted all resources beyond the gates of Bowdoin. Future career options in science were discussed or inspired, along with a liberal arts connectedness that would serve his students well beyond his lecture hall.

Dana played a key role in the development of a number of research and educational programs during his tenure at Bowdoin. He initiated studies leading to the identification of source-spilled oil in the marine environment. These studies ultimately enabled the State of Maine to recover significant damages from the Casco Bay Tamano oil spill. His pioneering work in this area continues to be carried on by colleagues at Bowdoin well into the 21st century.

In 1959, Dana became co-director of a unique MIT summer course on infrared spectroscopy (IR) founded by his MIT mentor and close friend, Richard C. Lord. In his role as Bowdoin Chemistry Department Chair, Dana insightfully moved the IR course to Bowdoin College in 1972. This course, which continues today, is the longest continuously running program in this field. It has trained over 3,000 scientists working in education, industry, and government. Under his leadership the course was taught over two dozen times internationally, including in Sweden, Norway, England, Mexico, and China.

The career milestone Dana was most proud of was his invention of microscale organic laboratory practice. Conversion of conventional introductory organic laboratory instruction to microscale (reducing the size of laboratory



John V. Hastings, III, passed away on May 9th, 2017, at the age 92. Resident of Orinda, Calif., formerly of Ardmore, Pa. John graduated from Mowglis in 1938 after attending during the summers of 1934-35, and 1937-38. After receiving a degree in Electrical Engineering

from Cornell University, he became president of the gold leaf manufacturing firm Hastings & Co. Later in life he was closely associated with The Institute of Southeast Asian Archaeology, based at the University of Pennsylvania Museum. Survived by his wife Christie, daughter Kim, son Mark (Lisa), and grandchildren Kira and Blake. Contributions in his memory may be made to iseaarchaeology.org in support of the Ban Chiang Project.



Dana Walker Mayo, 88, passed away peacefully Nov. 26, 2016, in the comforting embrace of his loving wife, Odile Jeanne d'Arc Mayo.

Dana W. Mayo was best known for his ability to collaborate with others academically and personally. Reflective of this collaborative spirit was an academic teaching and research career

experiments by factors of 100 to 1,000) revolutionized organic chemistry laboratory instruction. The introduction of microscale led the American Chemical Society (ACS) to state, "The development and introduction of the Microscale Organic Laboratory has resulted in one of the most radical and rapid modifications of the initial [organic laboratory] instruction since the birth of these programs over 100 years ago."

Not only did this new instructional method change instructional practices, but it also resulted in significant reductions in laboratory hazardous waste byproducts and laboratory expense, as well as producing significant increases in student lab proficiency. Dr. Mayo and colleagues Ron Pike (close friend of nearly 70 years) and Samuel Butcher authored six editions of "Microscale Organic Laboratory," a textbook and lab manual still used in teaching today.

Professor Mayo's comprehensive efforts in undergraduate teaching, the infrared spectroscopy course, and pioneering microscale organic laboratory instruction not only made enormous contributions to the field of chemistry but also brought significant and far-reaching recognition to the Bowdoin College Chemistry Department and led the ACS to award him the 1989 Catalyst Award for Excellence in Teaching Chemistry. He also was the recipient of the 1986 Charles A. Dana Award for Pioneering Achievement in Higher Education.

In 1987, he was awarded the Division Award for Outstanding Contributions to Chemical Health and Safety by the ACS, and that same year he received the John A. Timm Award for the Furtherance of the Study of Chemistry by the New England Society of Chemistry Teachers. In 1988, the Northeast Section of the ACS selected him for the prestigious James Flack Norris Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Teaching of Chemistry to Undergraduates. Finally, in 1990, he and colleague Samuel Butcher were the first faculty to receive the Bowdoin Prize, the college's highest honor, awarded only every five years to either a graduate or faculty member having achieved national distinction.

Dana's collaborative world was best personified in his loving relationship with Jeanne d'Arc, his wife and unparalleled partner in raising a family, academia, travel, reading, entertaining and their love of the Brunswick community. Their relationship began with rigorous hiking trips to the White Mountains, where Dana proposed to Jeanne at the Summit of North Kinsman over a hot cup of tea. They quickly added their twin sons, Dana Lawrence Mayo (Los Angeles, Calif.) and Chapman Scott Mayo (Saint Paul, Minn.) to their family journey. Big D, referred to lovingly by Jeanne d'Arc, fashioned a patent-worthy tandem toddler backpack for his twin sons in order to bring his passion of nature and outdoors to his growing family. His sons inherited his integrity and kind spirit. Daughter Dr. Sara Walker Mayo (Portland) joined the family two and

a half years later and would forever share her father's love of the mountains, science, and stars. Big D's orange down jacket, sized appropriately for his 6'5" stature, became Sara's sleeping bag on family trips. He taught his family how to see the world through his scientific eyes and immense respect for nature. Hiking summits together was symbolic of the family work ethic, perseverance, ingenuity, and passion for conservation. Dana's steadfast determination led him to climb all 46 peaks over 4,000 feet high in New Hampshire. In later years he became a dedicated swimmer at the Bowdoin Athletic Complex, where he was often seen knocking on the door of Jeanne d'Arc's physical therapy training room before or after swims.

Dana was his true self when elegantly including his suppositions regarding science and relationships, in speeches at his children's weddings to son-in-law Charles Allen Foehl IV and daughters-in-law Josephine Lohini Mayo and Charlene Guanco Mayo.

His pride quickly extended to his seven grandchildren: Hugh Armstrong Mayo, Walker (his namesake) Mayo Foehl, Josephine Hazen Mayo, Mackenzie Lovell Mayo, Perry Odile Mayo, Reed Mayo Foehl, and his second namesake, Dexter Walker Mayo. All seven grandchildren quickly became Dana's eager-to-learn and most inquisitive students. They especially enjoyed watching Red Sox and Patriots games with their Grandpa, not simply for Dana's love of the game, but for the thought-provoking and always humorous conversations that took place during commercial breaks.

Dana was born July 20, 1928, in Bethlehem, Pa., to Ethel Marie (Chapman) Mayo and Dana H. N. Mayo. He attended Mowglis from 1938-1942 and was a Staff member in 1945. He earned a B.S. from MIT in 1952 and a Ph.D. from Indiana University in 1957. From 1957-1961, he served as a Captain in the United States Air Force.

He developed a great respect for the ocean and love of sailing while spending the majority of his summers at his beloved childhood beach community of New Castle, New Hampshire. It is here that he forged a lifelong friendship with Henry Horner (2000). His love of ocean tides surrounding New Castle and coastal Maine surely played a role in his pioneering work in the identification of marine oil spill sources. He remained best friends on the level of brotherhood with Bowdoin colleague and academic successor, David Page, and his wife Barbara.

Dana's later years were challenging but helped by continued friendships with many colleagues and friends, especially Al Fuchs, Wells Johnson, and Ron Christensen's continuation of their "weekly lunch meetings," as well as medical team Dr. Sandy Schmidt, Dr. Sarah Davis and Dr. Sara Mayo, and the special contributions of his caregivers Stephanie, Christina, Leslie, and Donna.

Dana's inspiration, commitment and legacy live on through his family, students and scientific contributions.

To read the Bowdoin College tribute to Dana W. Mayo, go to: <https://blogs.bowdoin.edu/president/2016/11/29/message-to-the-bowdoin-community-november-29-2016/>

A memorial celebration of Dana Walker Mayo's life is planned for Dec. 10, 2016, at 11 a.m. at Bowdoin College Chapel, with a reception to follow at Bowdoin College, Moulton Union Main Lounge. Memories and condolences can be shared at: www.brackettfuneralhome.com.

In lieu of flowers, you may honor his life by donating to Mid-Coast Hunger Prevention Program, Brunswick, or Planned Parenthood of Maine, or Appalachian Mountain Club



Donald H. McLaughlin, Jr. passed quietly in his home in South Orleans on January 29, at the age of 90. Don was a lucky man. He lived a long and interesting life filled with many good friends and family.

He was a gifted storyteller, complete with a disarming sense of humor, living up to his Irish background. With a life full of adventure, he had great material with which to entertain. He told stories of his days in the navy, stationed in the Philippines during World War II. He always said he was lucky to have survived the war in the Pacific. He loved to tell of his work on the railroads in Alaska, but a graduate degree in geology at the University of California, Berkeley, beckoned. He roamed the wilds of Ecuador, Bolivia, New Mexico, and Colombia for Standard Oil and the USGS. Here again, he had tales of snakes, mosquitoes, mud, and wild people.

Don attended Mowglis from 1936–1940, and was a Mowglis Graduate.

In 1969, after 17 years in South America, when geology was undergoing a major technological change, he decided to retire to Cape Cod. On the Cape, he renewed his passion for music that originated in the jazz clubs of New York where he played drums while still in boot camp. He later played clarinet for the Roswell Symphony Orchestra and then once on the Cape joined the Cape Cod Symphony and the Chatham Band.

The Cape also fueled a new passion, sailing. Starting with a sunfish on Long Pond in Harwich, he quickly moved to an O'Day, and then to a Tartan 30, Tashtego, at Saquatucket. At the harbor he made many friends who remained

steadfast for the rest of his life. Again there were stories of the Figawe in fog, running aground at Monomoy, and the many sails to Nantucket and the other islands in the Sound.

Don was rarely separated from a camera. He carried two bulging camera bags filled with lenses, film, and cameras. Beginning in Bolivia, he meticulously documented his experience in black and white. With a rare sense of composition, he captured the light in the faces of people, the angles of the buildings, and the expanse of the landscape, often recording names, exposures, and the weather. With thousands of negatives, he spent long hours in the darkroom. Once on the Cape, with the help of his wife Martine, many of his photographs were published in three books about Bolivia, France, and Cape Cod.

In 1948, Don married his first wife Sue, and they had four children. The family accompanied him on his travels through South America and New Mexico. On Cape Cod, divergent interests drew them to different places, but the family continued to gather on the Cape at Thanksgiving.

In 1986, Don married the love of his life, Martine Jore. Together they shared a passion for the arts and music. She encouraged him to share his photography with the world and helped him to produce his three books and many exhibitions. They spent many years travelling between her home in France and the Cape.

Don is survived by his wife of 30 years, Martine Jore; His children, Steve McLaughlin and wife Jayanne of Fajardo, Puerto Rico; Roan Katahdin and wife Mari Hall of Worthington, Mass.; David McLaughlin and wife Susan, of Rockville, Md.; Brian McLaughlin and wife Merily of New York City; Two step-children, Fabrice Laget, of Paris, France, and Mokha Laget, of Santa Fe, N.M., 10 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. He also survived by many good friends who will miss him greatly.

In lieu of flowers, please send donations to Hope Hospice, 765 Attucks Lane, Hyannis, MA 02601.



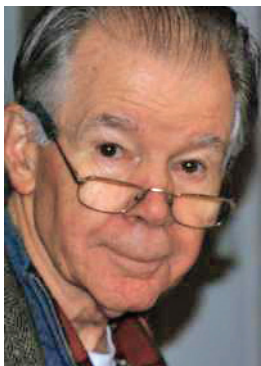
James B. Punderson Sr., 91, passed away peacefully at home on June 20, 2017. He was born in Springfield to the late Frank and Beulah (Boden) Punderson. A graduate of Wilbraham Academy, he went on to

further his education at Dartmouth College. James proudly served in the Army Air Corps during WWII. He was the former owner of Punderson Oil for 40 years, retiring in 1988. An active member of his community, James was a

Springfield Rotarian, a School Committee member, Deacon for First Congregational Church, a member of the Better Home Heat Council, and the New England Fuel Institute. He also belonged to the Colony Club and the QB's (Quiet Birdmen). Jim graduated from Mowglis in 1940, was on Staff from 1941–1942, and was a trustee from 1991–1993.

In addition to his parents, James was predeceased by his loving wife of 64 years, Jane (Harper) Punderson, who passed in 2010; and his daughter-in-law, Barbara A. Punderson, who passed in 2015. He leaves his four sons, James B. Punderson Jr. of Longmeadow, Richard H. Punderson and his wife Irene of East Longmeadow, Peter S. Punderson and his wife Joanne also of East Longmeadow, and Stephen E. Punderson and his wife Lisa of Hill, N.H.; nine grandchildren, Scot, James III and his wife Barbara, Shelby and Joe, Todd and Andy, Bryan, Lauren, LEEANNE and her husband Bruce, Joni and her husband Raul, and Forest; 15 great-grandchildren, Collin, Samantha, Kaitlyn, Megan, Richard, Lincoln, Susana, Gabriel, Jane, Bronson, Brooke, Brianna, Michael, Samantha and Eva; a brother, Frank E. Punderson of Vermont; a sister, Nancy Anderson of Florida; and many nieces and nephews. Visiting hours were held on Friday, June 23rd from 4–8 p.m. at Forastiere Smith Funeral Home, 220 North Main St., East Longmeadow. A funeral home service was held on Saturday, June 24th at 10 a.m.

Donations may be made to: New England Air Museum, 36 Perimeter Rd., Windsor Locks, CT 06096, Attn: Bob Garguilo. For more information visit: www.forastiere.com.



Henry Ralph Ringe, II
April 30, 1936–April 18, 2017

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on April 30, 1936, Buzz was the second son of Mary “May” Cole DaCosta Brick Ringe Rhoads and Thomas B. K. Ringe, stepson to Daniel Rhoads and younger brother of Thomas B. K. Ringe, Jr. He spent his youth in Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, with summers

in Chatham, Massachusetts, and later at Camp Mowglis in Hebron, New Hampshire.

A graduate of Chestnut Hill Academy’s Class of 1950 and Episcopal Academy’s Class of 1954, Buzz attended Yale University (1956) followed by two years in the U.S. Naval Air (1956–58) and a year at the University of Pennsylvania (1960). He graduated from Franklin & Marshall College in the Class of 1962, later pursuing graduate studies in English at the University of Delaware. Buzz began his career teaching English and social studies at the Green Vale School

in Glen Head, New York, and then taught at Episcopal Academy in Merion, Pennsylvania.

Buzz’s creative gifts will live on through the legacy of work he leaves as a director, producer, editor, writer, and archivist for NFL Films, Inc. Buzz helped develop NFL Films’ signature style, editing and writing with such famed sports announcers as Harry Kalas and John Facenda. Every week during football season, he edited ABC’s “Monday Night Football Halftime Highlights with Howard Cosell.” Buzz produced the film “The Sensational Sixties” as well as the “You Make the Call” commercials (the only television commercials to be different each time they appeared) for a decade. Later, he produced “Lost Treasures of NFL Films.”

A devoted fan of the Philadelphia Flyers, Buzz coauthored *SCORE!*, the autobiography of “the voice of the Philadelphia Flyers,” Hall of Fame radio announcer Gene Hart. One of Buzz’s proudest accomplishments was being the seventh person to join the ranks of Charter Season Ticket Holders of the Philadelphia Flyers.

Throughout his life, Buzz was a tireless supporter of Camp Mowglis, School of the Open, where he attended as a Camper from 1946–50, served on the Staff until 1955 and spent many years on the Board of Trustees. In 2007, he became a Mowglis grandparent and most recently was the proud father of a current Trustee. Buzz led many educational Campfires over the years and remained deeply involved in Camp enrichment projects throughout his lifetime.

Buzz was also a proud member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians and enjoyed giving elaborate magic shows for family and friends. For many years, Buzz and Sally enjoyed winter visits with extended family in Mérida, Yucatán, and vacationing in Cozumel, Mexico, and later in Puerto Rico. They also enjoyed trips to Ireland, Scotland, Japan, and many other fascinating places, with Buzz making friends around the world.

Everywhere he went and in everything he did, Buzz brought kindness, humor, and humility. He put others’ needs before his, always sharing whatever he loved—whether the perfect football play, the ideal beach day, or the quintessential pun. He approached every responsibility to his work, his family, and his friends with unflinching caring and thoughtfulness.

In Buzz’s memory, the family suggests gifts to the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation (<https://mowglis.campintouch.com/ui/forms/donor/Form>) in support of Camp Mowglis, whether it be for scholarships or other improvements to the camping experience for the boys, or simply doing a kind deed for someone else.

KIPLING CORNER

By Will Scott ('70)

Many alumni know that the Englishman Rudyard Kipling wrote *The Jungle Books* in 1894–95 while living near Brattleboro, Vermont, with his American wife Carolyn. However, a diplomatic rift between Great Britain and the United States and personal friction with Carolyn's brother led the Kiplings to decide to move back to England in 1896.

After a few years in temporary residences, the Kiplings in 1902 purchased a property called Bateman's in rural Burwash, East Sussex, some 60 miles south of London and 10 from the English Channel. The sandstone mansion, dating from the 17th century, featured no bathrooms and no running water above the ground floor. Yet as quoted in a letter from November of that year, Kipling and his wife had taken an immediate liking: "Behold us, lawful owners of a grey stone lichened house—A.D. 1634 over the door—beamed, panelled, with old oak staircase, and all untouched and unfaked. It is a good and peaceable place. We have loved it ever since our first sight of it."

The Kiplings lived at Bateman's for the rest of their lives. Rudyard died in 1936, and upon Carolyn's death in 1939, the property was bequeathed to the National Trust. Bateman's has been open to the public ever since.

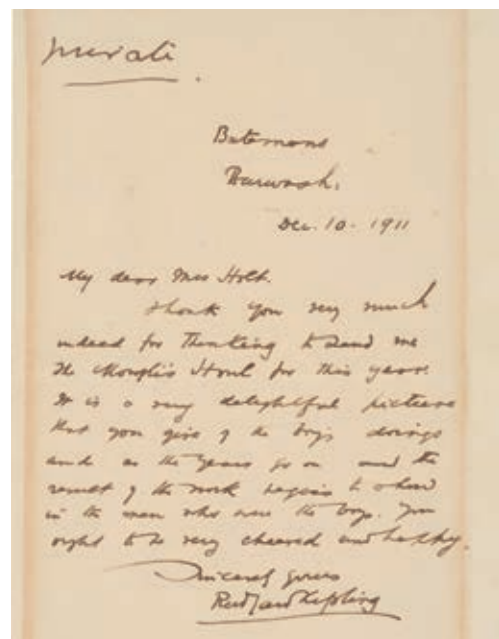
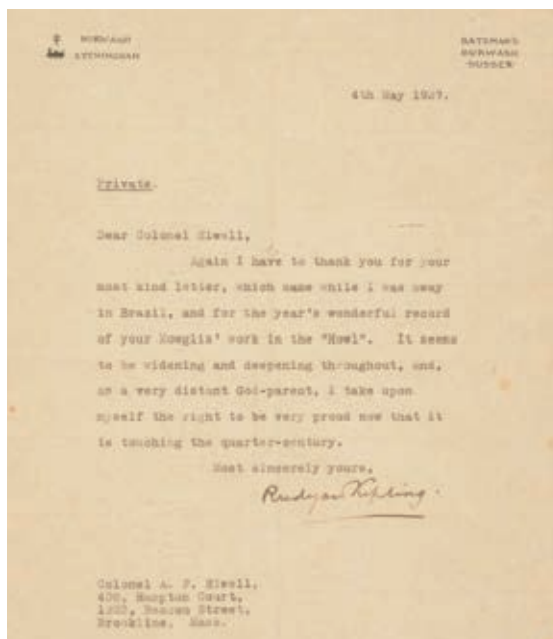
I was unaware of the author's home when I visited another National Trust property where Kipling had merely been a guest. A docent told me that I must surely go to see his house in East Sussex.



I toured Bateman's in 1993. I remember seeing the author's study, with his pipe and eyeglasses, and illustrations from the first edition of *The Jungle Book*, drawn by his father, John Kipling. However, most memorable were a decorative pond with a wet grassy verge and an old guest register at the house's main entrance. Visitors were registered in Rudyard Kipling's own hand, some with the comment "F.I.P." A volunteer explained: "Fell in Pond." Kipling's own mother's entry was among those listed with "F.I.P."

I sent a postcard from Bateman's to retired Mowgli's Director William B. Hart. Mr. Hart wrote back that he clearly recalled seeing letters with Bateman's stationery on Colonel Elwell's desk in Headquarters from the early 1930s.

For more information on visiting Bateman's, visit <https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/batemans>.



OBJECT LESSON: THE ADIRONDACK PACK BASKET

By Tomo Nishino ('84), HEMF Vice President

Many of us have spent some time gazing at the photos from decades past adorning the Dining Hall walls at Mowglis. One of them shows a young Bill Hart, Sr., shouldering a woven basket rucksack. It turns out the pack is commonly known as an "Adirondack Pack Basket."

Historians believe that the Algonquin and Iroquois people favored woven baskets slung over their backs. The basic design was adopted by the early settlers, hunters, and trappers who settled the Upstate New York and Vermont region. These outdoorsmen prized the pack baskets for their functionality. The pack baskets were relatively light, well designed, resisted crushing, and able to carry a load. The pack baskets were also durable—a well-cared-for pack might last decades.

A traditional pack basket is made from strips of black ash, which is native to the Northeast. Black

ash is pliable and strong, allowing for a woven pack that might carry 50 pounds or more. A straight, knot-free length of ash is cut, then pounded. The pounding separates the growth layers of the wood, creating strips that can be woven to form the basket. After the basket is done, a lid, straps, and sometimes wood runners on the bottom are attached.

The Adirondack Pack Basket has a unique shape—a flat bottom, a straight or slightly curved back, a bowed out belly, and a narrow neck. The flat bottom allowed the packs to sit stable and upright, which was especially useful for early trappers often traveling by canoe. The bowed belly allowed for surprisingly large storage capacity. Of course, unlike a modern backpack with multiple zippered compartments, there is only one way in and out of a pack basket. The old saw is that whatever it is you are looking for is likely to be at the bottom.

With the advent of strong and light synthetic fibers in the 1950s, the Adirondack Pack Basket faded from the trails. But a number of craftsmen in upstate New York and elsewhere still carry on the tradition of crafting these fine packs by hand.



Graduates' Dinner



Thanks for making 2017 such a GREAT summer!

2018 Camper Registration is OPEN!

And there are already many Campers signed up...

Claim your son's spot now to ensure his place in the 2018 Pack!

SEE YOU NEXT SUMMER!

www.Mowglis.org



MOWGLIS WHO HAVE SERVED

In the spirit of Colonel Elwell, we would like to have a record of all Mowglis who have served. If you are an alumnus who has served in the military, or to an elected position in national or state government, please email or call James Hart at 603-744-8095, james@mowglis.org with your service dates so we can update our records.

Reconnect with the Pack on our Alumni Facebook Group!

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/CampMowglisGroup/>



*Search "Mowglis" on Facebook
and request membership to join
hundreds of other Alumni.*





2018 SUMMER CALENDAR

Saturday, June 23..... Arrival Day!

Saturday–Sunday, July 14–15 Parents’ Weekend

Friday–Sunday, August 3–5..... Crew Weekend

Saturday–Sunday, August 11–12 Closing Weekend

Saturday, August 11 Candlelight Chapel Service

Sunday, August 12Mrs. Holt’s Day

*Please call or email us with any questions about the
2018 Mowglis Calendar: info@mowglis.org / (603) 744-8095*





MOWGLIS
SCHOOL OF THE OPEN

HOLT-ELWELL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
P.O. Box 9
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