

THE MOWGLIS CALL

2020



MOWGLIS
SCHOOL OF THE OPEN
ESTABLISHED 1903



It is with deep and abiding gratitude that I offer huge thanks to the departing Editor-in-Chief of *The Call*, Tomo Nishino, Den of '84, Mowglis Parent, and incoming President of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation.

Tomo has spent bottomless hours over many months—for several years—leading the effort of coordinating *The Call*. What has emerged is a reliable and rich annual collection of stories, news, Mowglis memories, images, and updates. Thanks to his dedication, in guiding this stellar team, we are all kept close to the places, the people, and the mission of Mowglis.

On behalf of the Mowglis community, and on the count of three, let's raise a Mowglis Cheer for Tomo Nishino!

Kit Jenkins
HEMF Trustee & 2020 Call Editor-in-Chief

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MESSAGE FROM THE OUTGOING PRESIDENT

JIM GRAFF

I reconnected with Mowglis when my son went into Cubs in 2007, and I joined the Board in 2011. My experiences over these years have raised my appreciation for the Mowglis experience and the people connected with the Camp. The power of our program has attracted a first-rate Director in Nick Robbins. He leads a strong team of full-time, part-time, and seasonal employees, and inspires passionate Alumni, friends, and enthusiastic parents.

Despite the disappointment of a suspended 2020 session and the related financial challenges all brought on by the COVID pandemic, I am optimistic about the future. Nick and his team are making extra efforts to be ready for whatever 2021 brings, and in early August there were already 90+ young men signed up for the 2021 summer. The support from our Alumni and friends has been outstanding. We still had

to take on more debt than we would have liked, but I am confident that our loyal supporters will help us address that in short order. It is not only the financial support from the Mowglis family that gives me optimism, but also the passion and talent of all of the volunteers, including the Board members, which is remarkable and inspiring. Thank you!

I have been strengthened by my deeper connection with Mowglis in these recent years, and I hope that I, at least in some small way, have helped to strengthen the Camp. Of course that is how it works, each of us doing our small part adds up to an enormous lift for the Camp. So, I encourage you to deepen your connection with Mowglis too, both for your benefit and the Camp's. Our support through donations, time, and talent are critical. Nick and



his team are great, but they can't do it without us.

So thanks again. Though my term as President is ending and my Board term shortly thereafter, I will keep my bond with Mowglis strong. I will see you at local events, work weekends, and Crew Day.

Good Hunting indeed!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Ji'.

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



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

TOMO NISHINO ('84)

Dear Friends of Mowglis,

I am honored and humbled to begin my service as the President of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation.

Most of us can point to a handful of turning points that fundamentally changed the trajectory of our subsequent lives. For me, that was finding Mowglis, where I met people like William B. Hart and Jay and Sandee Brown, and where I discovered a vibrant community of brothers. After moving to this country in 1977, it was my first summer at Mowglis in 1978 that convinced me that I would be O.K. in the U.S. It was because of the people I met at Mowglis, the bonds I formed, and the trust that my family had for the Mowglis community that I was able to attend Camp for many summers, even after my family returned to Japan. And ultimately, it was these experiences that gave me the confidence to return to the U.S. for my education, and to build a life here. And, of course, now my two boys, Shoh and Hiro, are having their transformative Mowglis summers, too. So, it is an immense privilege for me to be able to serve on the Board, and to give

something back to a place that has affected me so much.

We find ourselves in unusual times. Despite our best efforts, the Camp had no choice but to suspend its operations this summer. Director Nick Robbins, his year-round team, and the Board are already hard at work looking to next summer. And I am confident that Mowglis will return with its program and community more vibrant than ever—I am confident because of the sheer talent and energy Nick, his staff, and each and every Trustee bring to making the Mowglis experience.

Even as we prepare for Summer 2021, we are also looking ahead to the long-term future of Mowglis. If the experiences of the past eight months have taught us anything, it is that we need to build resilience. To that end the Board is focused on developing a strategic direction for the future as well as solidifying the Camp's financial position by dramatically increasing Alumni participation and growing the Camp's endowment.

Because I personally know just how transformative the Mowglis



experience can be, I am excited by the efforts on the part of Nick and the Board to ensure that Mowglis is accessible and welcoming to boys of all backgrounds.

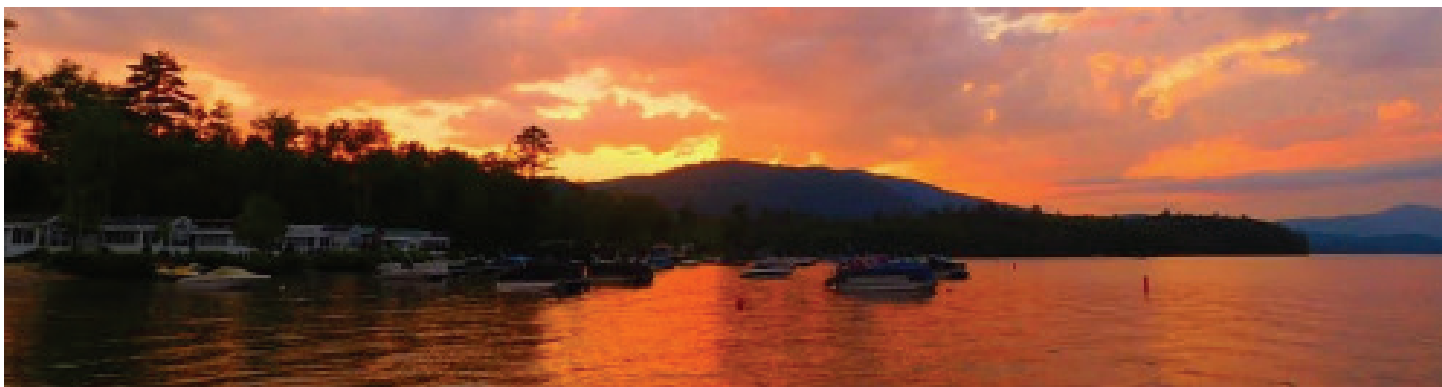
What has always sustained Mowglis is the strength of our community. It is because of our Pack that Mowglis will emerge from these unusual times stronger and more resilient. I hope you will all join me in these efforts.

I look forward to the day we get to meet in person at reunions and on-campus events.

Till then, Good Hunting!

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'TN'.

Tomo Nishino ('84), President
Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation



LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

NICK ROBBINS

Last winter, Mowglis 2020 was poised to be an amazing summer. As the snow began to melt in New Hampshire, Camp was fully enrolled, and we had assembled a spectacular team of counselors.

And then, as we all know, COVID-19 threw a wrench of historic proportions into the gears. We fought hard to find a way to run Camp despite the challenges posed, but ultimately, we could not.

We have all mourned the loss of the 2020 summer. Now it is time to reflect on the unique way that the Mowglis Spirit shone through despite it all, and to look ahead to make Mowglis 2021 utterly amazing.

Mowglis teaches us to be strong in times of adversity, to hike through the rain, to keep positive when morale is down, to—as Kipling wrote—“keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you.”

Resilience, a cornerstone of the Mowglis mission, was truly tested by the COVID crisis, and I can confidently say that the resilience of the Pack shone through in more ways than I can list here.

I saw it in the Board of Trustees who logged numerous Saturday Zoom meetings to navigate the challenging situation. I saw it in my year-round team, as we spent countless hours developing our operating plan to find a way to run Camp. I saw it in the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation Fellows, who sprang into action and produced fun and original Mowglis videos to keep the Campers (and Alumni) engaged. I saw it in the faces of all the virtual Campfire attendees, in the volunteers who came to Camp to pitch in on grounds projects, and in all the Camper families who exhibited trust and patience through this challenging time.



So here we are. The Mowglis 2020 summer chapter has closed, and the Mowglis 2021 chapter is just beginning. No matter where you are, I hope you'll be a part of it in one way, shape, or form!

Brothers all, we hunt together!

Good Hunting,

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



1943–1944: MEN OF MOWGLIS IN WORLD WAR II

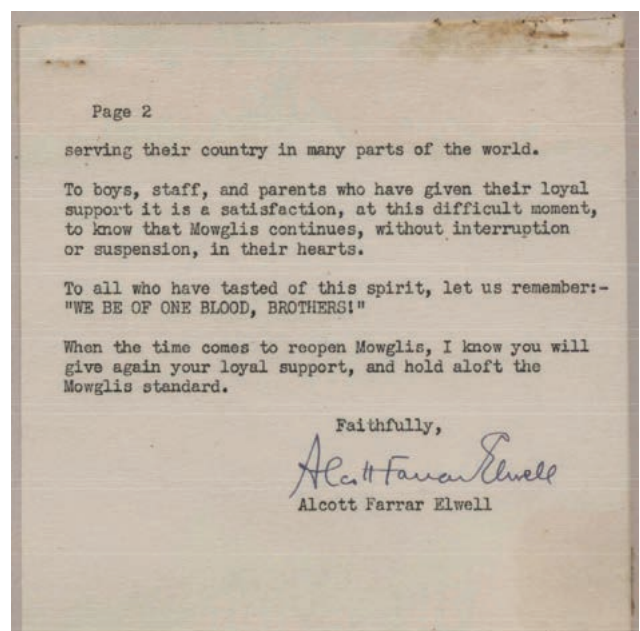
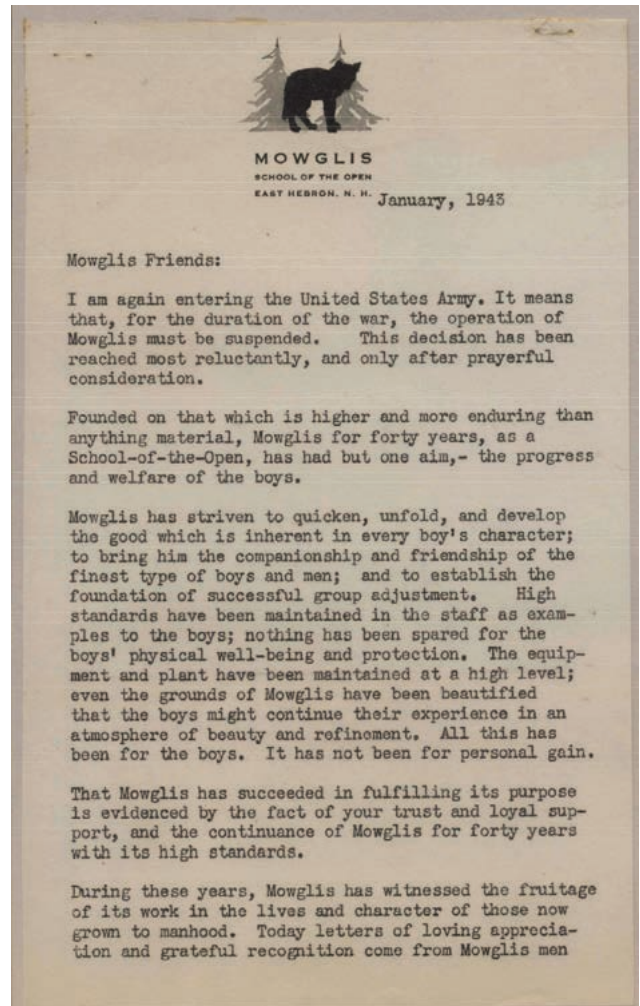
By James Hart ('00), Director of Alumni Relations

In the waning days of the summer of 1942, C. Mitchell "Mitch" Draper (Den of 1940) set to work building the last campfire of the season. It was custom at the time for a fire to be built on the final day of the summer, covered, and lit on opening day the following year. Mitch, just 16 at the time, was the youngest member of the Council. Though America's involvement in World War II was in its early stages, the impact was already felt at Camp. The shortage of Council-age men meant that some Aides were promoted early. Little did he know that the fire he so dutifully built would not be lit until 1945.

In January of 1943, Col. Elwell wrote to the Mowglis community to inform them of his intent to rejoin the Army, and thereby to not open Mowglis. In his letter, he bore a sense of reluctance as he remained keenly aware of the remarkable impact that Mowglis had on its boys and staff. Nevertheless, his sense of duty prevailed, likely swayed, at least in part, by the letters sent to Mowglis from alumni serving overseas. Despite his protests, Col. Elwell, at 57, was not destined for the front lines. He accepted a temporary commission as a Captain and was assigned to the First Service Command Tactical School in Sturbridge, Massachusetts.

The Colonel's first summer away from Mowglis in many years was spent teaching techniques in creating camouflage, building field fortifications, as well as the creation of obstacles to impede the movement of enemy vehicles. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the Colonel excelled in every aspect of his responsibilities at First Service Command. In a letter from one of his superiors, it was noted that now Captain Elwell had not only created much of the curriculum from scratch but also volunteered countless hours assisting in other areas. He also constructed an outdoor workshop for the repair of various training items and planted a "victory garden" in the middle of one of the training courses. His garden was so successful that it became the exemplar of the Army Manual on the topic.

In December of 1943, Mitchell Draper, now barely 18 years old, was drafted into military service. Given the option, Mitch chose the United States Marine Corps. Just after Christmas, Mitch found himself at Parris Island for training. In February of 1944, he was sent to Guadalcanal with the 6th Marine Division. Just a year



prior, the Japanese had abandoned the island after a prolonged land battle against American forces. The U.S. military fortified the island, using it as a jumping-off point for other Pacific Theater campaigns. Mitch spent most of 1944 on Guadalcanal, leading training missions and preparing for the days to come.

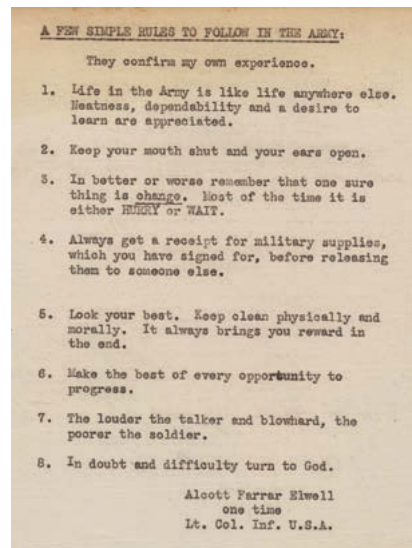
In March of 1944, with the First Service Command Tactical School's closure, Mr. Elwell was honorably discharged from the Army and returned to Hebron, New Hampshire, where he joined the Army Reserves. He was discharged too late in the season, and with too few Council-age men available, he was unable to open Mowglis in 1944. At the time he wrote, "It is one of the great disappointments of my life that I can no longer serve our country in a time of great need, nor open Mowglis for our boys who so desperately need its comforts."

In May of 1945, Mitch Draper, along with the rest of the 6th Marines, set off for Okinawa. As part of Operation Iceberg, the newly formed 10th Army's mission was to control Okinawa and its airfield in pursuit of a planned land invasion of Japan's main islands. The Battle of Okinawa was one of the bloodiest in the Pacific Theater. Private Draper and the 6th Marine Division were tasked with securing the Motobu Peninsula on Northern Okinawa. Unlike earlier land battles in the Pacific, the Japanese pulled their forces farther inland to fortify their positions. After the beaches of Northern Okinawa were secured uneventfully by the 1st Marine Division, the 6th Marines were sent along the flank of the Japanese. Mr. Draper bore witness to the infamous "Battle of Sugar Loaf Hill," where the 6th suffered more than 3,000 casualties in less than a week.

After the Japanese forces' surrender in August of 1945, Mr. Draper, along with some elements of the

6th Marines, headed to China as a part of Operation Beleaguer. Their task was to aid Chiang Kai-shek in the repatriation of Japanese soldiers still in China.

This, while being in the midst of a growing conflict between Communist and Nationalist forces. Private Draper was sent to Tsingtao, aiding in the guarding of American-manned ships carrying Japanese soldiers and foreign nationals home. Early in 1946, just before the disbanding of the 6th Marines, Mitch came down with jaundice and was sent back to the U.S. to be honorably discharged. Along the way he ran into Judson Connant, a fellow Mowglis who had been serving with the 4th Marines in the South Pacific and was on his way home as well.



Back in New Hampshire, Col. Elwell had managed to open Mowglis again in 1945. The fire that Mitchell Draper had built as a young counselor just a few years prior was uncovered and lit. While Mitch was on the other side of the world, his fire came to life with just one match, as a proper Mowglis fire should. It was a somewhat sparse summer, but the boys were happy to be back. As the Mt. Washington Squad summited the mountain of their namesake, in a fitting end to the season, word came in by radio of the Japanese surrender.



Alcott Farrar Elwell at Camp Sturbridge

While the war interrupted summers at Mowglis, it disrupted the lives of 268 Mowglis Men and their families. A precious few never returned. Nevertheless, Mowglis spirit endured and was exemplified in their actions, as Col. Elwell opined in his letter to the community: "Mowglis has striven to quicken, unfold, and develop the good which is inherent in every boy's character; to bring him the companionship and friendship

of the finest type of boys and men, and to establish the foundation of successful group adjustment. During these years Mowglis has witnessed the fruitage of its work in the lives and character of those now grown to manhood."



A SALUTE TO THOSE WHO SERVED

This list was sourced from Col. Elwell's personal records and correspondence and may not reflect those who died in service later in the war. Please feel free to submit any edits you may have.

Charles C. Allen, Army	William Childs, Army	John H. Gilbert, Army
Henry Allen, Army	Alexander Clark, Army	James Gordon Gilkey, Navy
John L. Allen, Navy	Haswell Clarke, Navy	Edwin Gilson, Marine Corps (KIA)
J.M. Allard, Air Force	Joseph H. Clark, Army	Robert D. Green, Army
R.B. Alley, Air Force	Paul F. Clark, Army (KIA - France)	John W. Hansborough, Army
J.R. Arnzen, Navy	Edward H. Cobb, Army	William B. Hart, FBI
W.W. Atterbury, Jr., Air Force	Broughton Cobb, Jr., Air Force	John Hastings, III, Marine Corps
George Atterbury, Jr., Navy	Lewis Cockefair, Army	Dean Hathaway, Air Force
Shailer Avery, Army	Richard Comegys, Air Force	Allen Hawbridge, Air Force
Dana Backus, Army	Judson Conant, Marine Corps	Sherman Hayden, Navy
Matthew Baird, Air Force	Richard Condon, Army	James Helme, Jr., Marine Corps
Robert Barker, Navy	James Cook, Merchant Marine	Edward Hegh, Army
Hugh Barker, Air Force	Hamilton Coolidge, Air Force	John T. Hemenway, Army
Ralph Barker, Army	William B. Cutler, Navy	Joseph W. Henderson, Jr., Army
John H. Bassette, Army	Edward C. Dale, Jr., Navy	William C. S. Heyl, Army
George H. Bassette, Air Force	Richard H. Dale, Air Force	Hoyt S. Hildreth, Air Force
John P. Bennett, Army	Newton P. Darling, Jr., Air Force	John F. Hill, Army
David T. Bevan, British Army	John Davidge, Navy	Lawrence E. Hinkle, Jr., Navy
Robert P. Bigelow, Army	Emerson Day, Air Force	Henry C. Hollister, Navy
Charles Sumner Bird, Jr., Army	Peter De Baun, Marine Corps	Henry W. Holmes, Jr., Army
Johnathan Birnie, Navy	Eric D. Dodge, Air Force	Herman Holt, III, Army
William M. Bixby, Air Force	Gordon S. Dole, Navy	Henry Hotz, Jr., Navy
Fred Blake, Navy	Copeland "Mitchell" Draper, Marine Corps	Barr Howard, Army
Roland Blaisdell, Coast Guard	Benjamin W. Dulany, Marine Corps	Frank A. Howard, Jr., Air Force
Lane Blackwell, Navy	William W. Eareckson, Army	James Howard, Merchant Marine
Francis Bowles, Army	Randolph Eaton, British Auxiliary Fire Service (KIA - Africa)	Robert H. Hughes, Air Force
William C. Bradley, Army	William L. Elder, Army	John P. Hubbard, Army
Francis Brookes, Jr., Marine Corps	E. Dean Ellithorp, Navy	John B. Hull, Army
Fred Borsodi, Air Force	Alcott F. Elwell, Army	Francis M. Hutchinson, Army
Victor H. Borzodi, Army	John Kennedy Ewing, III, Navy	William Hutton, Army
John Bridgewater, Army	Richard Farnsworth, Air Force (MIA)	Robert H. Iglehart, Navy
Austin Broadhurst, Navy	Gardner Fay, Navy	Andrew W. Imbrite, Army
Samuel Brooks, Air Force	William D. Floyd, Army	H. Stuart Irons, Jr., Army
Allyn L. Brown, Navy	Dudley P. Felton, Navy	Walter W. Jamison, United Service Organization
WM. Inglis Brown, Army	James B. Felton, Jr., Army	Henry G. Jarvis, Jr., Army
Lawrence Bunker, Army	Blair Ferguson, Royal Air Force	William Jarvis, Air Field Service
Dexter Butterfield, Navy	Lawrence C. Fuller, Navy	Isaac W. Jeanes, Army
George B. Cammann, Navy	Mathew E. Galey, Jr., Navy	Robert O. Johnson, Air Force
John Chaplin, Marine Corps	F. H. Galey, Jr., Air Force	Paul Jones, Jr., Merchant Marine
William Capron, Army	Carter Gibbs, Air Force	M.S.M. Johnston, Navy
Nathan Chandler, Navy	Ivan G. Gibbs, Marine Corps	William W. Keffer, Army
Gordon Cheney, Navy		

Fred I. Kent, *Army*
 Warner W. Kent, *Air Force*
 William T. Ketcham, *Marine Corps*
 James B. Ketchum, *Army*
 James Kidder, *Air Force*
 Darwin P. Kingsley, III, *Army*
 James B.L. Lane, *Navy*
 William G. Land, *Navy*
 Dudley N. Lathrop, *Air Force*
 Robert A. Lawrence, *Navy*
 John David Link, *Navy*
 Henry H. Livingston, *Air Force*
 Herman Livingston, II, *Air Force*
 W. Clyde Locker, *Army (KIA - Italy)*
 John M. Lovejoy, *Navy*
 Charles Ludlow, *Navy*
 William W. Lyman, Jr., *USCG*
 James W. Macfarlane, *Navy*
 Jesse T. Macfarlane, *Marine Corps*
 Malcolm Macfarlane, *Marine Corps*
 David B. MacGregor, *Army*
 Barry Manning, *Canadian Navy*
 Charles Markell, Jr., *Air Force*
 Thomas McGraw, *Navy*
 Ellingwood McLane, *Navy*
 Donald H. McLaughlin, Jr., *Navy*
 Barklie McKee, *Navy*
 Franklin Merriman, *Army*
 Lockwood Merriman, *Army*
 Clarke T. Merwin, *Air Force*
 Gaius W. Merwin, *Navy*
 Alfred R. Meyers, *Navy*
 Charles Middleton, *Army*
 Edward Middleton, *Marine Corps*
 Stephen Minot, *Air Force*
 David Mitchell, *Air Force*
 John Mitchell, *Army (KIA)*
 George Mixter, Jr., *Air Force*
 Charles G. Mixter, Jr., *Air Force*
 R.C. Mixter, *Navy*
 Sam Mixter, *Air Force*
 W.J. Mixter, Jr., *Navy*
 Worthington Mixter, *Navy*
 George W.S. Morse, *Navy*
 Robert H. Moore, Jr., *Navy*
 Hugh R. Morris, *Marine Corps*
 Frank S. Morse, *Army*
 Alex E.O. Munsell, *Air Force*
 David M. Munsell, *Navy*
 Stephen M. Munsell, *Air Force*

Charles N. Newhall, *Navy*
 Cheever Newhall, *Army*
 Hugo V. Neuhaus, Jr., *Air Force*
 Joseph R. Neuhaus, *Army*
 Philip R. Neuhaus, *Army*
 William P. Nicholson, *Air Force*
 Robert H. Nims, *Army*
 James F. Oates, *Army*
 William H. Oler, II, *Marine Corps*
 Clarke Oler, *Army*
 Wesley M. Oler, III, *Army*
 S.H. Olmstead, *Navy*
 Harold Holmes Owen, Jr., *Army*
 Harold Holmes Owen, Sr., *WD Corps of Engineers*
 Gilbert C. Paine, *Navy*
 Richard W. Palmer, *Navy*
 Henry L. Pierce, *AFS*
 Bradford N. Pease, *Army*
 Edward W. Pearson, *Navy*
 W. Winston Pettus, *Yale in China*
 Morgan H. Plummer, Jr., *Navy*
 Richard A. Poole, *USNR*
 Peter T. Poor, *Navy*
 Martin H. Post, III, *Air Force*
 Junius L. Powell, Jr., *Air Force*
 Richard Preston, *Navy*
 Edward Pugh, *Coast Guard*
 Weston C. Pullen, Jr., *Navy*
 James B. Punderson, *Air Force*
 Endicott Putnam, *Army*
 William L. Ransom, Jr., *Air Force*
 Robert C. Ransom, *Army*
 David Reed, *Air Force*
 James Bigelow Reswick, *Navy*
 Paul R. Reynolds, *Army*
 John P.M. Richards, *Navy*
 Lorne C. Rickert, *Coast Guard*
 Joh G. Rogers, *Navy*
 Thomas N. Rogers, *Navy*
 E.A. Rogers, *Marine Corps*
 Sydney H. Rogers, *Navy*
 Ted Rogers, *Air Force*
 W.P. Rogers, *Navy*
 Edward B. Scott, *Navy*
 John L. Scott, *Army*
 George P. Scully, *Navy*
 Hayden A. Sears, *Army*
 Walter B. Seelye, *Army*
 Thomas C. Sheffield, *Air Force*

Frederick S. Skinner, *Air Force*
 Frank J. Sladen, Jr., *Army*
 Samuel E. Slaymaker, III, *Navy*
 David J. Smiley, *Army*
 Charles C. Smith, *Army*
 Charles S. Smith, Jr., *Army*
 George D. Smith, *Army*
 John Butler Smith, *Navy*
 Manson P. Smith, *Army*
 Merwin B. Smith, *Air Force*
 C. Seaver Smith, Jr., *Army*
 Stewart W. Smith, *Army*
 R.J. Snyder, *Navy*
 Davis Spencer, *Army*
 Dean Squires, *Navy*
 S.M. Stackpole, *Navy*
 Don Edward Stevens, *Army*
 J.D. Stewart, Jr., *Navy*
 A.W. Stewart, *Army*
 Richard W. Sulloway, Jr., *Army*
 Phillip H. Suter, Jr., *Army*
 D.V. Sutphin, *Army*
 Elliot Sweet, *Air Force*
 Charles P. Sylvester, Jr., *Air Force*
 Edward A. Tart, Jr., *Navy*
 Rush Taggart, Jr., *Marine Corps*
 Frank H. Teagle, Jr., *Army*
 Robert E. Toppan, *Army*
 Donald B. Tower, *Navy*
 James L. Travis, *Air Force*
 Gordon Tredwell, *Royal Air Force*
 James C. Trumbull, *Navy*
 Arthur S. Tucker, *Navy*
 Samuel E. Vaughn, Jr., *Army*
 Frederick B. Viaux, *Navy*
 Wagner Van Vlack, *Army*
 Alfred R. Wagg, III, *War Correspondent*
 Herbert A. Wagner, Jr., *Air Force*
 Jefferson Walker, *Navy*
 John Warwick, *Navy*
 William Warwick, *Navy*
 Sherman Wells, *Merchant Marine*
 W. Richard West, *Navy*
 Proctor Wetherill, *Army*
 Reeves Wetherill, *Navy*
 Joseph C. Willey, *Navy*
 Warren Winslow, *Navy (KIA)*
 Gar Wood, Jr., *Army*
 Hays R. Yandell, *Navy*

THE THREE M's

By James Hart

Four years ago, Mitchell Draper called to inform me of the “Three M’s,” the three most impactful institutions of his life:

Mowglis • Marine Corps • Marriage

Mitch, 94, graduated from Mowglis in 1940. He currently lives in Wayland, Massachusetts, and remains an active member of the Mowglis community. Just last year, Director Nick Robbins and I had the pleasure of visiting with him to formally present him with his Graduate’s Medal (they weren’t given out when he was a Camper).

We always enjoy catching up with Mitch and were incredibly thankful for his sharing his story with us for this article.

A Mowglis cheer for Mr. Draper on three!



LOOKING FOR SOME AWESOME MOWGLIS GEAR? WE’VE GOT YOU COVERED!

For Mowglis water bottles, tote bags, hoodies, hats, dog collars, belts, and more, visit: **Mowglis.org/shop**

For actual Mowglis uniform items, go to **Everythingsummercamp.com** and search **Mowglis**

Have a request? Contact James Hart at james@mowglis.org



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!

amazonsmile
You Shop. Amazon Gives.

No Howl, No Cry

By Nick Robbins, Director

As we all know, Mowglis did not run this summer. While this was extremely disappointing, rest assured of two very important things:

1. We are laser-beam focused on running Camp in 2021.
2. Even though Camp had to take the 2020 summer off, that does not mean that Mowglis wasn't in the hearts and on the minds of the Members of the Pack of all ages!

While we were committed to publishing the *Mowglis Call* this year (and hope you are enjoying it), we decided it was not realistic to publish this year's *Howl* without Camp in session.

Members of the Pack did their best to make the summer fun, unique, meaningful, and distinctly Mowglis despite it all, as the following photos, Camp reflections, and written-away-from-Mowglis Howls will attest.

Here's to the Mowglis Spirit shining through and staying strong!

Good hunting!

Dear Howl,

This summer was hard. I love going to Mowglis, but I was not able to this time. The more time I spend there, the more I love it. But I was on Newfound Lake for a week, kayaking and swimming. After a short, fun week I went to Mowglis for a few minutes and I loved it. Then I got home and on my sister's birthday a giant storm hit. Power gone, 14 trees gone, my sister's 14th birthday gone. But no matter how long I stay away from Mowglis, I will love it ever more.

-LYON COURTNEY (BALOO 2021)



Dear Howl,

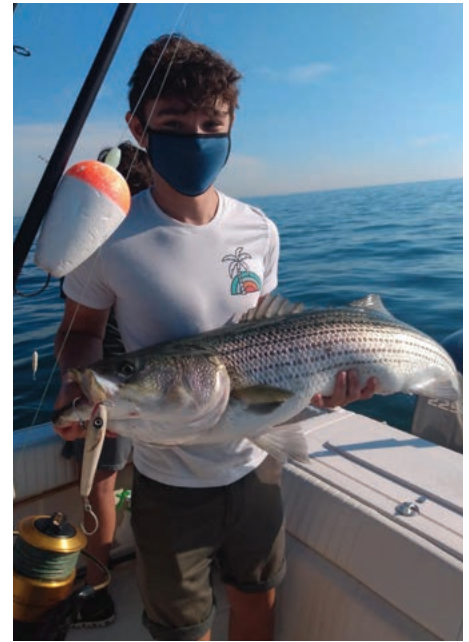
This summer was very unusual. We didn't have Camp! Even though we didn't have Camp, I still went camping a couple of times with my family. I went fishing and roasted s'mores. I helped make a fire, which I learned from Camp. It's sad that we couldn't have Camp this year, but I still made the best out of my summer.

-OLLIE MCGREEVY (PANTHER 2021)

Dear Howl,

This summer has been a significant change in the pattern which my life has followed for the past five years. The rigorous routine of Industries, Sign-ups, Cleanup and Inspection, Soak, and the absence of a group of friends, has been strange, although not entirely unwelcome (looking at you, Cleanup). Strangely, waking up at 7:15 has been one of the many things that I missed from Camp, although I've tried my best to replicate the experience with an alarm and a downloadable version of Reveille. Although I do actually have to plan my own days now, it's been a nice break from the constant flow that is Mowglis life. Funnily enough, although I'm just about the same distance from the water and don't have to wait for Soak, I've been swimming a lot less this summer than the past five. This summer has been a strange break from Mowglis and I've missed Camp life a lot, but at the same time, this summer has been fantastic in its own way, and I can't wait for all the Yearlings program has to offer next year. I'm super excited for my last blast of Mowglis and then settling into being a Staff member.

-PATRICK JENKINS (DEN '19, YEARLINGS 2021)



*Marcos (Staff 2016-18, Juan (Den 2021)
and Diego (Akela 2021)*

We started the "Camino de Santiago" pilgrimage two years ago. This is a 500-mile walk through Spain that finishes at Santiago de Compostela. This year we walked 90 miles in six days. We only have 186 miles to finish, hopefully in a couple of years. Although it's different from the Mowglis hikes, the spirit is quite similar: help each other, work hard, and enjoy!

-THE SAENZ FAMILY

Over the summer, during the time I would have spent as a Junior Staff at Camp, I have summited a few mountains I missed out on at Mowglis. Mount Whiteface was the first peak I climbed. Some friends and I went out in early June and took a six-mile loop that led up to the top. Right near the top, we needed to do some scrambling and bouldering to find the true summit. The view was nice and gave us a brief 15-minute vista that overlooked southern New Hampshire until rain clouds moved in and forced us down. I summited Mount Tecumseh for the second time with another group of friends. The hike itself wasn't very hard, and the view was okay. More recently, I summited Mount Hale with my brother. Mount Hale does not have a view at the summit but does have a nice-enough clearing where you can enjoy the air and silence. The other day, I summited Mount Moosilauke. It was an eight-mile day total, but my brother and I were able to get to the top pretty quickly, so we were really able to enjoy it. The summit pokes about 100 feet into the Alpine Zone, which means it offers you a 360-degree view of the surroundings. I was able to spot Plymouth and Mount Washington. Moosilauke's summit was definitely my favorite. The trail, the summit, the location, and even the conditions were perfect.



-LIAM JENKINS (DEN '19, YEARLINGS 2021)

Dear Howl,

So, it's been a year. To say I've missed Camp would be an understatement. For me, Mowglis has been a place where I felt my best, pushed myself to be my best, and met people who made me a better person. Without Mowglis, I wouldn't have developed my love for the outdoors, my love for companionship, and most importantly my love for rowing. Mowglis gave me my competitive edge and my motivational mindset, which have changed my life in ways I couldn't have even imagined. When I'm racing out on the Charles River, I think back to my boys in Den who would give up anything to rep one more set of our infamous lifting routine. That passion we created out on the old Den wash porch I carried with me into my personal life. Even though we couldn't be at Camp this year, I've kept Mowglis alive inside my heart, just as hundreds of alumni before me have done. To my boys who still have a couple of years left as Campers: I hope you learn to love Mowglis as much as it loves you.

Good hunting,

-AMIR LAGASSE ('19)



Patrick Jenkins ('19), Amir LaGasse ('19), Liam Jenkins ('19)



Mr. Henry Harvey (Staff 2018-19) spent his summer working at Grouse Mtn. in Vancouver since he couldn't be at Mowglis.



Thomas Bould (Den 2021) at Community Rowing on the Charles River, prepping for RVD 2021.



Arjun and Dhruv Mohan, 2021 Campers at Newfound Lake.



Alex Lottman (Cubs 2021) summited Hedgehog and Chocorua (working on 52 with a view list) and Jackson and Tecmseh this summer. He misses Riflery and Tubing on the lake.



*Former Campers Theo (Camper 2016–18), Mattie (2014–18)
and Elliot (Den '18) Bruntrager*



Aaron Wang (Akela 2021)



*Colin (Den 2021), Johnnie (Cubs 2021), Nick (Den '14 and Staff 2021),
and Connor (Den '19 and Yearlings 2021) Soukup*



Noey Aronesty (Den '19)



Rohan Bhagat (Toomai 2021)



Robin (Camper 2012-17) and
Colin (Camper 2014-17, 2019) Solibieda



Ryland Case (Toomai 2021) received a new
bow and arrow for his birthday!



Nathaniel Bergen (Panther 2021)



George Montgomery (Baloo 2021) collected
and identified many moths this summer.



Johnny Demopoulos (Cubs 2021)



Cooper (Den 2021) and Spencer (Panther 2021) Drazek



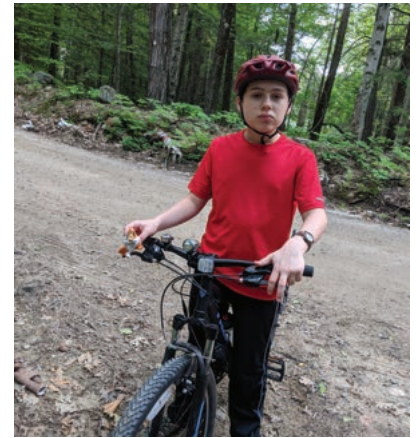
Luca Hajhamou (Baloo 2021) ready to go camping with his Boy Scout troop.



Rohan Bhagat (Toomai 2021) working on a woodworking project.



Rohan Bhagat (Toomai 2021) and his brother doing archery.



Denton Montgomery (Panther 2021)



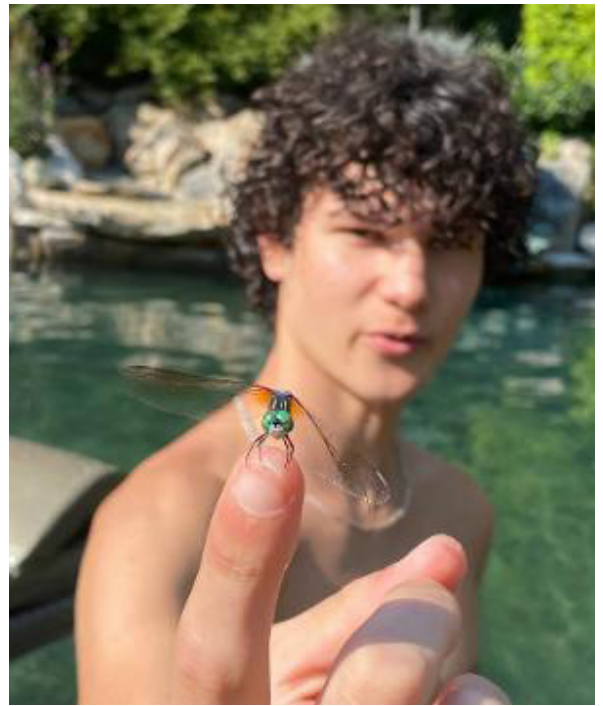
Cooper and Spencer Drazek



Ethan Heit (Den 2021) at Castillo del Morro in Old San Juan.



Mattie Bruntrager (Camper 2014-18)



*Kurt Gassiraro (Den '16, Senior Staff 2021)
has been busy taming dragons.*



Johnnie, Nick, Colin, Connor, Kimberly, and Mark Soukup



Tyler Goss (Panther 2021) and sister Sophie backpacking in the Pemigewasset Wilderness.



Nathaniel Bergen hiking in the Pemigewasset Wilderness.



Abby Boone (Cub Mom 2021)



Ciarin and Julian Clark (Cubs 2021)



Arjun (Toomai 2010) and Dhruv (Baloo 2021) Mohan

ALUMNI HOWLS:

THE LIFELONG INFLUENCE OF MOWGLIS

It is hard for me to fathom the fact that lessons learned at Mowglis over 50 years ago later became 'principles of living' for me.

I will mention two. First, like many of my generation, we did military service. The first leg for me was Basic Training at Fort Dix, New Jersey, in 1963. Among the many challenges was to crawl on your stomach 50 yards while tracer bullets (bullets that traveled with burning light) whizzed at about 5-6 feet above us; we had to run a mile with a 35-lb. pack on our back; and, we had to demonstrate coordination with fellow troopers to assure success of the mission. Every step of my way through Basic Training, it was a recollection of my MOWGLIS experience that enabled me to meet every challenge, with confidence.

Second, as a freshman (1st year) in college and having pledged to a fraternity, we were given grim duties to perform with a smile and no complaints. Many fraternity brothers mailed their dirty clothes home where their mom would launder them and mail them back. I have a vivid memory of one morning (about 6 a.m.) when my duty was to deliver five laundry boxes (four were already difficult to carry, while five was real frustration, as you would drop one about every 50-100 yards) from the fraternity house to the post office, about a half a mile away. As if the challenge weren't enough, it was a frigid February morning with a mix of rain and sleet. As I stepped out of the door of the fraternity house, one thing instantly leaped into my mind: MOWGLIS. As I plodded my way to the post office, I thought of the challenges of industries and trips at Mowglis...things I had never done before but, surprisingly to me, was able to do. If I could do that, I could do this. And, I did.

These are but two examples of many, where lessons learned at Mowglis became 'principles of living' for me.

Thanks, Mowglis!

*-DOUG WARWICK (CAMPER '49 TO '51),
NEW YORK, N.Y.*

Loyalty, teamwork, dependability, and integrity immediately come to mind in recognizing the values stressed during my seven summers as a Camper and Junior Counselor at Mowglis. Another positive aspect that has influenced four generations of our family has been a 65-year connection with the Newfound Lake community and surrounding attractions.

While on a visiting weekend in 1955, my parents discovered and later purchased a piece of property with a beautiful pine grove and natural pool on the Fowler River near Welton Falls. They built a vacation cottage there, and years later we expanded a nearby home to accommodate our growing family.

During my career in the automotive manufacturing industry, I was frequently deployed on assignments throughout the country and a number of foreign countries. Most of the locations were a pleasure to spend time in, but others were not too inviting. Regardless of where my work took me, I always looked forward to returning to New Hampshire to cruise Newfound and relax in our pine grove.

My wife Andrea and I are now retired in our Alexandria, N.H., home with the company of our two handsome Labrador Retrievers. We never get tired of frequent family invasions or being treated to spectacular Mount Cardigan sunsets.

-RICK SNEIDER ('57), ALEXANDRIA, N.H.

I'm sad to hear that Mowglis will not open this year, even if it is for the best. My years as a Camper and Staff shaped me to be who I am today, and I know I would have never gotten the same experiences and results anywhere else. This was my first home away from home (which is quite far), and will forever be my first home in the U.S. I am sure that Mowglis 2021 will be even more amazing!

-AXEL NUNES ('10)

My years at Mowglis had a profound effect on my life, both in terms of personal relationships and life lessons. It was at Mowglis that I developed my love for the outdoors and the skills to enjoy it responsibly and with the proper respect and ethos. The importance of community was fostered at Mowglis as well. I have some lifelong friends from my Camp years, a significant impact for sure!

My introduction to Mowglis was a product of a friendship struck up between my parents (Ray and Marge Werner) and Bill and Mary Louise Howe. They met on Antigua Island in the early 1960s, where my father was developing radar capacity for RCA in preparation for manned space flight, and Bill Howe was working with the Defense Department. My parents learned about Mowglis from the Howes (their son Bob attended), and I arrived at Camp in the summer of 1971 (Baloo), while that summer was Bob Howe's graduation year. Who knows where life leads us? I'm forever grateful for my parents' and the Howes' fateful meeting so many years ago.

-ROB WERNER ('74), CONCORD, N.H.



Rob Werner '74

In 1969 I began teaching mathematics at Holderness School. When I arrived, there was no hiking or camping program, having ended a number of years before because the master who led the program had become too old. So having been a Mowglis Camper, Aide, Assistant, and Blue Pocket (Senior Staff), it seemed a logical step to restart the program.

We hiked Saturdays and Sundays, when there were no athletic games, climbing nine new 4,000-footers each year for three years, including the Franconia Range every year. We did a number of overnight backpack trips. Memorable ones would have been to Thirteen Falls Shelter, bushwacking over Owl's Head down to Lincoln Brook Trail, and back out the Wilderness Trail. Another over Boot Spur Trail into Isolation Shelter, which no longer exists, and over Isolation. Another to Garfield Pond campsite. On many absolutely beautiful trips we were overwhelmed by the fall colors. The most magnificent one for me was climbing the North Slide doing the Tripyramid. I had to stop frequently and absorb the blaze of glory on the opposing Scaur Ridge.

A number of the trips included girls from St.-Mary's-in-the-Mountains, an all-girls' school, which is now The White Mountain School.

In the spring we would take a day or two and climb Tuckerman's to ski the magnificent "corn snow." One year we hiked in during the evening by a full moon to be greeted by Tucks in glorious moonlight as we topped the ridge before getting into the Ravine.

One spring Sports Awards night, the headmaster, Don Hagerman, stood up at the end and thanked everyone, saying that was the conclusion of that program, when one of the students stood up saying, "No, Sir, there is one more award to give." He proceeded to explain how much the hikes meant to many of them, teaching them to love and enjoy nature and the White Mountains, then handed me an award the students had put together. One never knows what kind of impact one might have.

-ARTHUR BRADBURY ('51), DOVER, N.H.

MOWGLIS MEMORIES

Last year, alumnus Jim Wallace sent the following email with recollections of his time at Mowglis beginning as a Toomai'ite in 1939. It was so wonderful hearing about the impact Mowglis had on him—and how little has changed at Mowglis through the years!

If you have recollections of Mowglis that you'd like to share, please email them to us....
We love hearing from our alumni!

—Nick Robbins

Dear Nick

I want to compliment you on the 2019 Mowglis Call. It was well done and most informative. It brought back many memories.

My first year at Mowglis was 1939 in Toomai. I was a 1942 Den graduate. Mowglis was closed in 1943 and 1944 because Colonel Elwell went back into the Army for World War II. I should have been a Junior Counselor in 1945, but because all the 18-year-and older men were in the service, I was asked to be a Senior Counselor. Some of the Denites were taller than I was. I returned in 1946. The Staff consisted of 17- and 18-year-olds and old-timers over 50 who had not been drafted. We had no pre-Camp training. We arrived when the Campers did. We had one man who had lost a leg in the war and returned as Waterfront Director. I think his name was Dave Dorman. I was continually amazed at how agile he was on crutches and how optimistic he was.

Some of the things I remember: I was Red Racing Crew Stroke for my Akela, Panther, and Den years. Crew was really what brought me back to Mowglis. The Tripping part I put up with, but Crew was my thing. I

have a picture of the 1942 Red Racing Crew hung on our wall of memories. As a Counselor, I was Assistant Canoe Instructor. My boss was an old-timer with a big walrus-like mustache. In 1946, the airplane companies were converting from wartime products to peacetime products. Grumman Aircraft brought up aluminum canoes for us to try. I thought they were wonderful, but my boss would have nothing to do with them.

Our Waterfront consisted of rowboats, canoes, war canoes and crew boats. Nothing else.

I hated the water. I wasn't afraid of it; I just did not like it. I had to pass some swim test to be allowed to crew. Finally they took me out in a rowboat, dumped me overboard, and told me to swim ashore. I did not drown and made it to shore. I never took another swim test.

I knew three of the men in your memorials. Foster Conklin and Darwin Kingsley were Den '42. I actually saw Darwin in the 1970s or so when he came to Cleveland for a squash tournament. As I remember, he purchased Mowglis at one point but was not very successful. Carter Gibbs's father was the maintenance manager. They lived in East Hebron. Mr. Gibbs drove the



truck that took us on all our trips. We sat in the back of an open-deck truck with a roof and bench seats. I doubt that would be allowed today.

Colonel Elwell was running the Camp then. Bill Hart was his assistant. Chief West was a real Indian from Oklahoma. He painted the curtains in Gray Brothers. He had an Indian name, but I don't remember it. Admiral Tower ran the launch. Gaius Merwin was Tripmaster.

I lived in Cleveland (still do). In 1946, I took the train to Philadelphia to meet the local Campers for the trip to New Hampshire. Mowglis had reserved a Pullman sleeping car for all the Campers. My job was to gather them and get them onto the train for the trip to N.H. I remember having everybody on board and the train was ready to leave when I realized my suitcase was still upstairs in baggage check. The conductor graciously held up departure while I got my suitcase.

Belle Isle was the only Newfound Lake place the younger Campers had to go. Mt. Cardigan was the other local mountain to climb. One place local was "Soup Bowl Glide," which was a very smooth rock slide. I wonder if it is still there.

The fall of 1938 a major hurricane struck N.H. We spent a lot of time trail clearing in 1939 and 1940.

In 1939, my first year, two older Campers or maybe Counselors from St. Louis stopped in Cleveland to pick me up and escort me to Camp. One of them, Judd Conant (sp?), was killed in the Battle of Iwo Jima.

One of the other Denites of 1942 was Dick Gamble. I believe he had a son attend Mowglis and may have been a Trustee. In any case, we met in 1941. In 1946, we

discovered we were both going to Princeton and became roommates for four years. We kept in close touch for the rest of his life. He asked me to speak at his funeral at Harvard Chapel in 2009. Ours was a relationship that started in Panther in 1941 and lasted 68 years, even though he lived in Boston and I lived in Cleveland.

In 1964, a YMCA Director friend of mine and I bought a girls' camp in Wisconsin, which we ran until 1984, when he was forced to retire for health reasons. Mowglis experiences go deep. Bill Hart Sr. stayed with us when he participated in our local camp show.

Milky Ways were our reward for doing something well. One was Inspection right after rest hour after lunch. We had to stand at the foot of our beds while the Counselor of the Day walked by. The best cabin was rewarded with Milky Ways.

Denites participated in the Sunday Chapel Service. We would rehearse beforehand. Our coach was the head of the Cubs and was from New England. I was from Cleveland. He spent most of the rehearsal trying to get rid of my Midwestern accent. He never succeeded.

Ice was cut out of Newfound Lake in the winter and stored in the ice house near The Jungle House.

We had to have green soap scrub downs twice a summer with very stiff brushes.

Hydraulics and Mines were both in existence then.

As I said, the 2019 Howl brought back memories, and it has been fun to share them with you.

—Jim Wallace
Mowglis (Den '42)



THE 2020 HEMF FELLOWSHIP

By Kate Burgess (Staff 2016–17, 2019)

This year, with the help of a generous donation, we launched the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation Fellowship Program, or, when said in one breath: the HEMF Fellowship Program. The mission of this program is to:

- 1.) Help promising youth development professionals continue to grow professionally in the field of outdoor/experiential education.
- 2.) Encourage top Senior Staff members to return for subsequent summers by incentivizing them with additional salary, off-season professional development opportunities, and leadership roles at Camp.
- 3.) Increase the number of aspiring youth development professionals on the Mowglis Summer Team.

We couldn't be prouder of the inaugural class of Fellows. Despite not running Camp this summer, 2020 has been a great inaugural year for the program. With over 40 years spent collectively at Mowglis, this year's HEMF Fellows are Elizabeth Cecere, Jay Gulitti, Amanda Lyons, and Julien Nunes. They embody Mowglis' core values of integrity, empathy, resilience, and leadership, and they've shown consistent dedication to their personal and professional growth. They are core

members of the Pack, and they have undoubtedly set the example for HEMF Fellows to come.

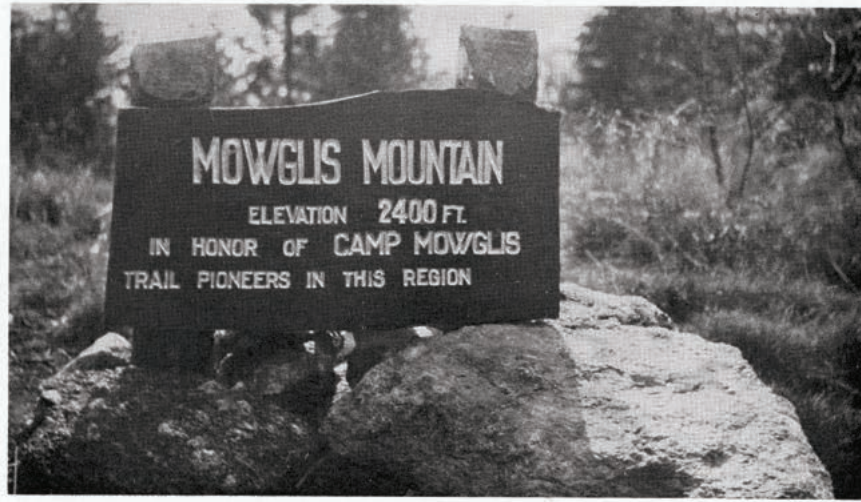
As we know from our time at Mowglis, when it rains, it pours. If there were a ribbon earnable for Mowglis trips spent soaking wet, we would all be decorated Graduates. Hell hath no endurance like a Mowglis Man... In this same fashion, COVID-19 quite frankly rained on the parades of all hopeful Campers and Staff this summer, as we had to cancel only the 4th Summer in Mowglis history. Alas, our Campers did not sit idle. With the help of the HEMF Fellows, Mowglis@Home was born, with weekly video content for Campers to keep their Camp skills fresh. The Fellows organized, designed, and delivered all sorts of activities—from packing a pack, to flipping flapjacks, to holding an axe, to making campfire snacks—almost no Camp skill was left unfilmed. Weekly Campfires with special guests kept things extra exciting, and the HEMF Fellows were the crew behind the curtain.

Next year and beyond, the HEMF Fellowship Program will continue, each year with a new class of Fellows. To the 2020 crew, we thank you for your time, commitment, patience, and dedication to making Mowglis a better place, even if it's seen through a screen. :-)

To this year's class of 2020 HEMF Fellows, we salute you.



Back Row: Jay Gulitti '06, Ms. Amanda Lyons, Julien Nunes '06
Front Row: Ms. Kate Burgess, Ms. Liz Cecere



MOUNTAIN SIGN ERECTED BY STATE FORESTER, BECAUSE OF MOWGLIS TRAIL WORK. MOWGLIS. EAST HEBRON, N. H.



MOWGLIS RAKSHA PROFILES:

**HOLLY
TAYLOR
&
DIANA
ROBBINS**

In Hindi, Raksha means to protect, or the protector. In *The Jungle Book*, Raksha is the mother wolf who defends baby Mowgli from Shere Khan, the tiger who is determined to eat little Mowgli.

From Mrs. Ford-Holt, who founded the School of the Open, to Cub Moms throughout the years, to Nurses, Chefs, and Schedulers, at least one Trip Master, and one Head Counselor, Camp Mowgli has certainly had a number of strong, caring, and influential Rakshas over the course of its 117 years.

And now we'd like to pay homage to two Mowgli Rakshas who typically don't like to have the spotlight on them, but who play such essential roles here that we just need to sing their praises from the mountain tops a bit! Thank you both for all you do to keep Mowgli strong and on track!

We salute YOU!

RAKSHA PROFILE

Holly Taylor

Q: Where did you grow up?

A: I was born five days after Christmas in Caribou, Maine. My family packed up and moved to Bangor, Maine, when I was a toddler. I lived there, in the same house, until after I graduated from college.

Q: Where do you live now? Tell us a bit about your family!

A: I've lived in the Western Maine mountains in the town of Kingfield since 1988. My husband is from here, and we built our home on his family's land in 1991. It was a wonderful place to raise our two girls, Lillian and Avery. Lilli is in her second year of MGH's Physician's Assistant program in Boston, and Avery is a senior at the University of Maine. My husband, Chris, manages a private fly fishing camp in the Rangeley Lakes region of Maine. I split my time in the summers between Kingfield, Oquossoc, and Mowglis. I also love animals! I have two dogs, a cat, and nine chickens.



Q: What do you do at/for Mowglis during the year and summer?

A: My official title at Mowglis is Registrar. I am the primary data person for Camp, and I work from my home office for the majority of the year. I manage the paperwork and financials for Campers and Staff, serve as the “gatekeeper” for *The Call*, transcribe and put together *The Howl*, do the gift data entry, and also help Mr. Hart with alumni-related functions. I am the behind-the-scenes, back-office person at Camp. People always ask me how I stay busy in the off-season, but there is always lots to do. I work with the incredible year-round team, and I absolutely love it!

Q: How many seasons have you spent at Mowglis?

A: I started working for Mowglis in September 2009, so my first Camp season was 2010, and 2019 marked my 10th season! I was very surprised and honored to receive the Old Gold Ribbon from Mr. Robbins at last year's Graduates' Dinner.

Q: What is your favorite Mowglis memory?

A: Early in my career at Mowglis, Buzz Ringe was the primary editor of *The Call*, and we worked very closely together. We spent hours on the phone going over his edits, which were often infused with lessons on proper editorial style and grammar. Buzz was the quintessential Mowglis Man—it was part of his essence. We really got to know each other during these marathon phone calls, and he gave me great insight into the history and workings of Mowglis. I really miss him!

Q: What is your favorite thing about Mowglis? What makes Mowglis special to YOU?

A: My favorite thing about Mowglis is the Mowglis Spirit. From what I've observed and experienced, once you have it, it never, ever leaves you. I love that when an Alumnus who hasn't visited the Camp for 50 years comes back and everything is almost exactly as he remembered it to be: the smells, the sounds, the buildings, etc. That imprint that Mowglis makes on everyone it touches is so special and so amazing to me.

Q: What are you MOST looking forward to next summer?

A: For us to be able to run Camp! It has been so hard for all of us to mark the usual seasonal timeline/events and to have none of it happening this year. I miss all of the fun, hectic, craziness of Crew Weekend. I can't wait to see the boys and the summer Staff on the shores of Newfound Lake in 2021.

Q: Any words of wisdom for the Pack?

A: Please remember to be kind to one another. This year has brought out the best and the worst in people. I'm hoping that we will all be better humans after having experienced this pandemic and that we all remember how important and meaningful kindness, patience, and understanding are.

RAKSHA PROFILE

Diana Robbins

Q: Where did you grow up?

A: I grew up in Timisoara, a beautiful city in Romania famous for its parks, where I lived until I graduated from the Polytechnic Institute of Timisoara, where I attained a masters degree in economics and engineering. Growing up, I spent my summers and winter vacations in a little village in rural Transylvania with my grandparents—farming, playing and learning about the joys and ways of simple country life.

Q: Where do you live now? Tell us a bit about your family!

A: My family and I live in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, close to Silver Lake. As many of you know, we have three children, Lizzie, who is 10; Dru, who is 7; and Juniper, who turned one in June! I like to spend my free time hiking the mountains around us, walking to the lake, or learning about plants and mushrooms. In the winter, we ski and play in the snow. I love cooking and working on craft projects like knitting. Spending time doing things outdoors with my family is my favorite thing to do!

Q: What do you do at/for Mowglis during the year and summer?

A: During the summer, my work is both scheduling the daily Camp program for the Campers and Staff and being the food service manager. I schedule Industries, signups, Staff assignments for Duties, and days off while working closely with Mr. Greenwell and the Trip Master. Cooking is one of my passions, and to me, it is essential to know that the Campers and Staff are fed well and get healthy and tasty food. For this, I hire and train all kitchen staff, make the menu, and occasionally cook for the whole Camp. My favorite meal to cook is Sunday Supper! My favorite activity is to cook with Campers!

During the year, I work closely with Mr. Greenwell and my husband to hire the best Staff for our Campers, and I also work on specific projects that help Camp continue to serve its mission.

Q: How many seasons have you spent at Mowglis?

A: I started working at Mowglis in 2015.

Q: What is your favorite Mowglis memory?

A: My favorite memory was making blueberry cakes with a group of Campers during Sunday Cooking Club. The Cubs picked the blueberries on Trip Day, and the cake turned out better than ever. I could not replicate the masterpiece. I think that the magic was somewhere between Cubs picking the berries and Campers helping to prep the cake!

Q: What is your favorite thing about Mowglis? What makes Mowglis special to YOU?

A: My first thought goes to Crew Day! This day has always been packed with so many emotions. I feel the absolute joy and absolute sadness every time, and the power of emotions always brings me to tears... but I can't pick just one thing; there's just so much! Even the tiring days sometimes turn out to be fun with so many rewarding moments!

Camp Mowglis is a very special place. The history, the story, and the people continue to inspire me always to do my best.

Q: What are you MOST looking forward to next summer?

A: Everything!

Q: Any words of wisdom for the Pack?

A: Listen and learn from the great people of Mowglis!



PROPERTY UPDATE

By Tommy Greenwell ('98), Associate Director and Property Manager

The Mowglis Daily Schedule was modified to tackle the Duty Board on a daily basis. There are several acres of lawn tucked in among the 45 structures, the largest, of course, being Gray Brothers, yet none is any more important than the next. In fact, for each of us, there's a building or a place in Camp that holds a special memory or significant meaning. Perhaps a Crew, H.Q., your old bunk in the Dorm, the Trip Closet, Craft Shop, Waingunga Rock, an overnight trip, rocking in the chairs on the Director's Porch. Whichever spot is your favorite, please know that those on-site have been doing our duties to the best of our abilities, which should be apparent the next time you visit.

With the help of a great group of volunteers this summer, the Specials Duty Croo would have been the team to beat on an Athletic Team Sports Day. Jim Westerberg ('69) tackled brush and debris, Joe Bouboulis ('82) did some work to the floor of Hope to Be, the ceiling of the lower mines, and put a fresh coat of urethane on the dish alcove. In addition to performing a deep clean of the Camp kitchen and rolling some fresh coats of paint onto the floor, Hardy Wischlburger ('87) helped keep the jungle off of Gray Brothers and tore vines down all around Camp. He and John Rorke (Camper '90-95) teamed up with me to clean up the Axe Yard and restack the woodpiles.

The big group covering "specials" this summer was the Fellowship Team, who came with the goal of making some quality content for Mowglis@Home. With Watermaster Jay Gulitti ('06) on-site, a detailed list was made and checked off down on the shoreline with Nurse Diane and Mr. J. Nunes ('06), Ms. Burgess, Ms. Amanda and Ms. Liz, a great Croo with so much creativity and skill; a set of folks who know Camp so well you can give them a list and walk away, knowing it will be done with attention to detail. The whole Croo was essential to getting Camp "Tour Ready," and everyone got a lesson/what are we doing/how do we do this/this is tough/ We got this experience reinstalling the tennis court fence.

Chad Bradbury ('83) arrived at Camp ready to work. He wanted to install waterbars, his specialty, which he did, and he was also tricked into an Axe Yard project, cutting back the vines, or "creepers." After cutting the bases and pulling down several 60-foot long vines, we called it a day.

Work projects also proceeded throughout the spring and summer as we continued to shorten the master project list. Bob Bengtson ('69) hammered out a fresh batch of bureaus, finished repairs to the Lodge, kept the garden in top shape, and continued in his role as the water system guru, among many other tasks. Jason Merwin ('06)



Waingunga updates

rewired Headquarters, bringing it up to date. In addition, the power line leading to the Den was buried underground. Some of you may have noticed the Crew ramp docks on Gray Brothers field during an online Campfire. Rotten boards were replaced, and the deck boards were refinished. The Crew bay floors in Waingunga were also completely removed and rebuilt, while the boats lived in their winter home on the stage in Gray Brothers Hall. Repairing and glazing windows along the back of the Jungle House and Dining Hall continues, and we're almost done. The gear room in lower Gray Brothers had some final touches added, and after a thorough inventory, the tents are packed away and are ready to be sent out on week-one trips in 2021.

The daily and weekly tasks to keep Camp looking shipshape include the following: keeping the roofs free of debris with the help of the leaf blower,

checking for leaks in the plumbing, and running the water to keep things circulated, walk-throughs after wind storms, keeping culverts and driveway drainage cleaned out, picking up brush, weekly trips to the dump (four in a day was the record, back in June), lots of trimming and mowing, picking up trash along 3-A, and preparing for the unexpected.

One major and very exciting project this spring was an addition to the Den. Once things thawed out around Camp, with building permit in hand, Trevor Kupetz set to work. The goal was to preserve the integrity of the building while giving our oldest Campers more space and making room for a few additional beds. After the demolition was completed, the first task was crawling around under the building to replace broken joists and jack the center back up to level. The deck and flooring went in quickly. Next, the walls and rafters went up, and



2020 Den Expansion

the following week it was roofed. It was amazing how quickly it all came together, and the level of artistic craftsmanship given to every board, joint or corner. Now that the building is stained, it looks as though it had always been this way.

Looking ahead to the fall and off-season, we've got some projects to finish up before winter. We have also been brainstorming plans for the Lodge to help spruce it up for next summer and to continue to improve the infrastructure.

Thinking about winter being on its way, I am reminded of a day last winter. The furnace decided to stop working, so after some tinkering and a

couple of trips to the supply house, and having installed everything needed, I flipped the on switch. Nothing happened. So, while I was pacing in confusion, I was staring at the wall and I saw what looked like some writing. After I took a closer look, it was obvious that Mr. W. B. Hart had done some graffiti on the concrete wall. I'd walked past this literally thousands of times and never noticed it; I was in awe. Then I had another moment of bliss when I realized that one of the two main breakers for the furnace was off. I'd like to think it was just Mr. Hart's way of teaching me a lesson in paying attention to detail!



VISITORS TO CAMP



Bob Bengtson ('69) & Jim Hart ('67)



Joe Bouboulis ('82)



Jesse Snyder
(Staff 2014-15)



Jim Westberg ('69)



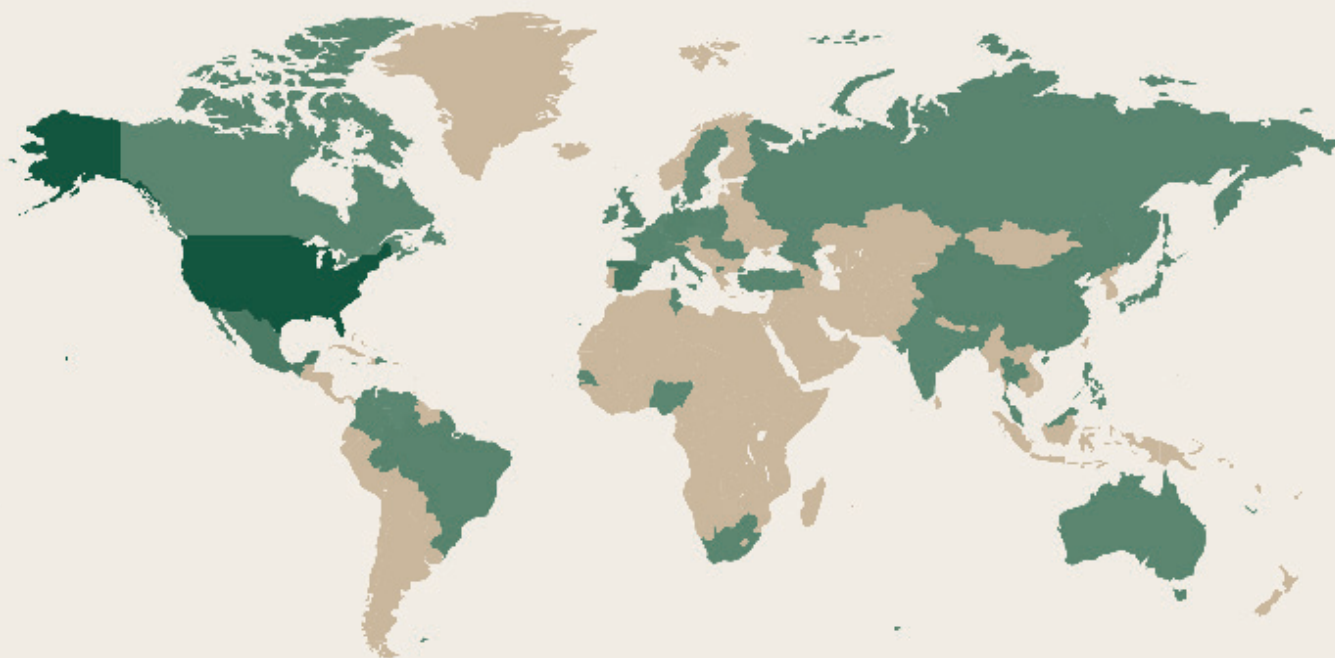
Hardy Wischlbauer (Den '87 & Staff 2015-2019)
& John Korker (Camper '90-'95)



Chad Bradbury ('83)

*In the 117 years since Mowglis' founding, we have seen
Campers and Staff from 39 different countries and all 50 states!
The Mowglis Pack truly spans the globe!*

Mowglis Across the World



2021 w/sh list



Our loyal Kubota tractor turns 25 this year!

To celebrate, this year's wish list is focused on useful equipment that will make the Kubota even more useful.



☐ Box Blade for Tractor
(Road Repair)\$800



☐ Skidder Attachment
for Tractor..... \$300

☐ Pallet Forks for Tractor \$175

☐ Pressure Washer \$500

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

LIVING THE MOWGLIS SPIRIT

By the HEMF Trustees, June 2020

We live in a time when a global pandemic has taught us just how fragile our communities are. We also live in a time where we grieve for the tragic death of George Floyd and all too many lives lost to racism and unjustified violence. People across this nation have been moved to stand up and demand that these outrages stop, that we as a nation come to terms with the legacy of 400 years of systemic inequity, and that there be meaningful and lasting change.

As an organization whose mission is to teach and mentor young men, the events of the last few weeks have prompted the Board to reflect upon what Mowglis, as an institution, can do to be part of that lasting change. We strive to be a diverse community where boys of all races, faiths, traditions, and backgrounds feel they genuinely belong. We also know that we have often fallen short of our aspirations. We know that a camp experience is transformative for young people. We recognize that we need to be more proactively engaged in efforts to make Mowglis more accessible to boys of all races and backgrounds. Our mission is to instill in each boy integrity, empathy, resilience, and leadership. We can do no less than model these traits ourselves.

Therefore:

- ✓ The Camp Leadership and the Trustees will start by listening. Our inboxes are open. We want to hear from our entire community. We want to hear your thoughts about the state of Mowglis today, what you would like to see, and how we as a community can work together. We will involve you as a partner, and seek your input and counsel.
- ✓ We will devote time to this issue in Board meetings to come. We will invite outside resources to help us broaden our perspectives and imagine concrete next steps. We will actively recruit people of color onto the Board of Trustees.
- ✓ We will more actively engage with the Black community and recruit more boys and Staff from that community.
- ✓ We will make more financial support available so as to make Mowglis accessible to boys of all races and socioeconomic backgrounds.
- ✓ We will continue to emphasize to our boys and Staff the importance of being people of character. We will work to instill in our boys a sense of duty to be civically engaged, to contribute to our communities, and to stand on the side of justice and fairness.

We know that change will not come overnight. We recognize that we will have many difficult conversations and that we may not always agree. We promise that at all times we will listen with humility. We are committed to do the hard work and be the driving force for positive change in our Camp and in our community.

When the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation was created in 1962, the first Director, Mr. William B. Hart, and the founding Board made a firm and lasting commitment that Mowglis would be open to all. Mr. Hart made a concerted effort throughout the 1970s to make Mowglis into a Camp that is welcoming to boys of all backgrounds. We inherit that legacy, and our charge is to move that legacy forward.

We ask our boys to live with true Mowglis Spirit—to act with intention, integrity and empathy, and be thoughtful and resilient. Surely we can expect no less than true Mowglis spirit from ourselves.

MOWGLIS IN THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ENVIRONMENT OF THE 1960S

By Peter Berking ('67)

As Alumni, we can look back and see the lasting positive influence of Mowglis on our lives, and what made it a special place for us personally. For me, that specialness came not only from the character-building “School of the Open” experiences that Mowglis is designed for and so outstandingly provides; it also came from how Mowglis interacted with the social and political environment of the 1960s.

One of the defining characteristics of summer camps is sequestration. Campers temporarily live in a self-contained environment away from “civilization”; intersection points between campers with the larger world are controlled and generally reduced, allowing campers to focus on the wonders of the natural environment and the experience of truly engaging with it. This sequestration in the woods worked its magic on me, as a kid from the suburbs of New York City in the 1960s. However, it can never and should never insulate campers completely from the realities of the larger social environment. Mowglis, like any other camp, reflects the values and traditions of the population at large at any given time, and has to deal with those political dynamics.

The Camp now includes, I am happy to learn, Campers from a variety of different countries, religions, and races. It wasn't like that when I was there (1964–1967). Campers and Staff were almost uniformly White Anglo-Saxon Protestant (WASP), with the exception of a Jewish counselor, Stu Klein, whose accounts during Campfire of volunteering on a kibbutz in Israel during the Six-Day war in 1967 were riveting.

This WASP uniformity was familiar to me, as it mirrored my hometown social environment and was a reflection of mainstream culture at the time. However, one aspect was diverse, for me: Mowglis was where I got exposed to kids from the country, or at least what was “country” relative to me. The Camp at that time was a mix of suburban, country, and a few city boys. The difference was pretty dramatic to me: the country kids really thought and acted differently from me. I was glad to be able to get to know them. Mowglis was pretty good at leveling the playing field and creating a melting pot at least in that way, an experience that I am not sure I would have gotten any other way.



Myron Braley, Bill Hart, and Stu Klein

Where the lack of diversity was disappointing, for me personally was the lack of racial diversity. I grew up with African-American governesses. My mother passed away at an early age, and my father hired live-in governesses (i.e., surrogate mothers) to take care of my siblings and me. My father was a civil rights pioneer in our county, so he picked African-American ladies for the job. The fact that there were no African-Americans at Mowglis then was not the result of any policy that I know of or can imagine. I just don't think Black kids were attracted to the idea of being sequestered for the summer in the New Hampshire woods as a very small minority in a sea of white kids. This disappointment, tempered by my acceptance of the reality of the demographics of summer camps in general at the time, was mitigated due to two incidents.

One of these governesses drove me all the way up to Camp (an 8-hour drive) one season. She tried but couldn't find a local hotel that would rent a room

to her. I had never really seen racism up close and personal like this and was kind of shocked. She and I went to Camp Director Bill Hart Sr. to explain the situation. He was very kind in inviting her to stay at the Camp that night (I believe at his house). I really felt a special connection to the Camp through this incident in that it provided a sanctuary for my African-American “mother.”

One reason why I was so shocked when my governess told me about not being able to find a hotel room was that I (perhaps naively) pictured New Hampshire not being racist like the Deep South, since this was “liberal” New England. Reflecting on it now, it probably wasn’t racist in the same way. The hotel owners in that part of rural New Hampshire may have had, in principle, some New England-style open-mindedness about people of a different race, but they were just not willing to deal with issues of what their customers might think. Rather than being racist due to an ingrained Deep South idea of white supremacy,

etc., they may have been driven more by business-cautiousness. This does not, of course, excuse their behavior and is just a theory; I am trying not to be overly cynical about New Englanders, whom I have come to know and respect highly over many years, in large part through Mowglis.

The other incident had to do with the fact that we had African-American cooks at Mowglis at the time. I remember fondly Smitty, the lead cook who served you as you filed past the serving window in the Dining Hall. I now wonder, given my governess’s experience, where they lived—was it on the campgrounds somewhere? We had a new Counselor at the time from the Deep South. I remember hearing that he got fired for insulting, in racial terms, one of the cooks. This made an impression on me as another example of Camp Director Bill Hart Sr.’s integrity and the Camp’s grappling appropriately with issues within the social and political environment of the 1960s.

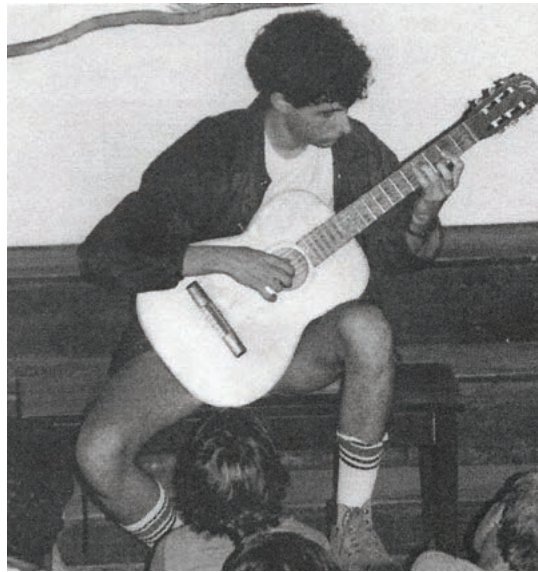


CONVERSATIONS WITH MR. HART

By Rabbi Abraham Unger, Ph.D. ('83)

*Director of Urban Programs and Associate Professor, Department of Government and Politics,
Campus Rabbi, College Chaplaincy, Wagner College, Staten Island, New York City*

On the evening I write this, I and my family have just completed the annual Jewish observance of Tisha B'Av. It is the yearly commemoration of the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple, first by the Babylonians in 586 before the Common Era, and then, in its rebuilt version, by the Romans in the year 70. It is a day of communal mourning on the liturgical calendar. In being asked to write this article framing some of the conversations I had with William B. Hart about faith and identity, my heart and mind grew heavy today on this day of reflection, with the full realization of the ramification of his loss, especially during these fraught times. But I am also filled with hope, because his lasting message is one that gives voice to the ethos of Mowglis. Mr. Hart, as he will always be known to me, practiced an earnest and practical approach toward understanding the human spirit that, if absorbed in all its fullness, offers a path forward for the broader world in which we live.



Abe Unger from the 1987 Howl

I come from a traditional Jewish home in Brooklyn. My immediate family, from my parents to both sets of grandparents, always kept kosher homes. I began intensive study of the Talmud, Rabbinic teachings on ethics and law, at age 10. As I grew into adolescence, my interest in, and commitment to Judaism, grew also. Mowglis too, was just as important a part of my youth. Its emphasis on character, and its structured approach to self-discovery and realizing one's potential, were utterly aligned with the Jewish values I had imbibed from the Hebrew Bible and my home environment.

Before I relate just a few conversations that Mr. Hart and I had after his retirement when I was on Junior and Senior Staffs, permit me to share one story from my Camper years. Just around my thirteenth birthday, my parents received a

Mowglis postcard from Mr. Hart, wishing them congratulations on my forthcoming Bar Mitzvah. This was not an event my folks had ever mentioned to Mr. Hart, nor had I. Yet he knew, and he knew also that in my family, this was a substantial rite of passage. Here was a camp director who was keeping track all year long of singular moments in a Camper and Camper family's life, and he didn't think twice about reaching out to someone in celebration and recognition. That's leadership. It didn't matter that Mowglis was not a Camp known to the Jewish community. Mr. Hart reached out to my family in one of our most important moments.

When I was a Staff member, Mr. Hart and I had two conversations about identity that I still recall. I recall them powerfully—I can yet see him standing by the piano he played in Gray Brothers as we talked. He was visiting in his retirement. I was older by then, so he felt somewhat

freer in dialogue than he might have when I was a young Camper. He had clearly been aware that I was from a strong Jewish background. There had been one summer when I expressed, in full early adolescent fervor at the start of my Panther season, that I wanted to go to a traditionally Jewish camp. While that interest faded fast once I actually realized the consequence of that choice meant not staying or returning to Mowglis, especially as I approached Den year, Mr. Hart and I had, as it were, broken the ice on a discussion of identity. It was not taken up again until several years later.

A few summers afterward, Mr. Hart approached me. He said, "I wonder what it was like for a Jewish boy at Mowglis." What struck me then, and to this day, about that sentence, is the reflection it takes to open up such a conversation. How many of us take the time to digest another human being's story, and

then, without constraint, voice a thoughtfulness that puts you in the other person's place? And he was already in his late seventies! How many of us keep growing, no matter what stage of life? On another visit, Mr. Hart relayed to me how in 1962, when the Holt Elwell Memorial Foundation was forming and he was becoming Director, he was absolutely committed to the policy that all boys, no matter their background, whether, in his words at that time when he and I spoke around 30 years ago, "Black, Catholic, or Jewish," would always be welcome at Mowglis. This was in 1962, two years before the Civil Rights Act was passed. Mowglis was on the better side of history, and two years ahead of transformative legislation!

And now, for just a small dose of humor. Many of you may not know this, even those who are aware I eventually got ordained as a Rabbi, but my first sermon was a Chapel Talk. I received some compliments from peers that Sunday, and, though at that time in my life I was immersed in the Arts, I figured after that first Chapel Talk that the Rabbinate may not be such a far-off goal. A summer or two later, I made the blessing at Graduates' Dinner. Mr. Hart was in attendance, and knowing of my Jewish commitment and emerging interest in the Rabbinate, he wryly said to me with a grin, "Are you the Chaplain now?" We both smiled.

These anecdotes reveal that Mowglis' most formative leader within the last six decades was a man who stood not only for equity, but for trying to know each human being on his own terms. Like the institution he shaped and grew, Mr. Hart started with who the boy is and saw what he could become. I have more stories, as I'm sure many of us do, about other aspects of my identity as a boy he nurtured, such as my passion for music. In the end, Mr. Hart ensured Mowglis would be accessible to all, and that he would be each Camper's partner in thinking through what the Mowglis experience could be for each one of them.

We are living in a time when identity has become an increasingly public conversation. The wonder of Mowglis and the humanity of William B. Hart, is that, exactly as Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., hoped for in his prophetic "I Have a Dream" speech at the 1963 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, wherever each boy ultimately comes from was not the end of his story. It was just the beginning.

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:



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 Development Director, 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! Please email Development Director, James Hart, at james@mowglis.org.



Online Giving

Mowglis accepts online gifts. It's quick, easy, and secure. Please go to mowglis.org/donate.

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 mowglis.org and click "How you can help" under the Alumni tab.

THE HOLT-ELWELL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION NEWS

By Meg Hurdman, Governance Chair

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.

In November of 2019 we welcomed one new Trustee:

Linda Robinson, of Greensboro, Georgia - *Mother of former Campers Kenyon Salo (Den '87) and Michael Robinson (Den '92) and grandmother to Eli Salo (Den '19).*

In August of 2020 we welcomed two new Trustees:

- **Joe Bouboulis**, from Asbury, New Jersey (Den '82)
- **Chris Mixter**, from Arlington, Virginia (Den '93)

In 2020 we renewed the terms of five current Trustees:

First term up for renewal:

- Kit Jenkins
- Reinhardt Rother
- Caleb White

Second term up for renewal:

- Andrew Khatri
- Ben Ringe

We have a new slate of officers elected for one year:

- **President**, Tomo Nishino (Den '84)
- **Vice President**, Bill Tweedy (Den '80)
- **Treasurer**, Anabela Perozek
Mother of Max (Den '15) and Sam (Den '21)
- **Secretary**, Will Scott (Den '70)

Erik Bernhardt (Den '88) will continue in the role of Assistant Treasurer and Chair of the Investment Committee.

We had two Trustees with terms ending:

- Rich Morgan's third term ended after the summer Annual Meeting.
- Roel Hoekstra's third term ends on October 31, 2020.

Thank you to Rich and Roel for their service to the HEMF and Mowglis.

MEETINGS:

The Board met in person for the first (fall) meeting of FY2020. However, the spring meetings were held by Zoom conference. In fact, the Board met four times by Zoom conference on April 4, May 2, May 16, and June 13, 2020. With heavy hearts, but in full agreement with Director Nick Robbins, the Board decided to suspend the Camp season for the summer of 2020.

For the first time since 1962, the Annual Meeting of the HEMF was not held during the Camp season on the property of Mowglis in Hebron, New Hampshire. Due to the risk of COVID-19 the annual meeting was held on Saturday, August 8, via Zoom conference instead.

The Board looks forward to resuming business as usual in 2021.



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.

WHAT HEMF AND MOWGLIS ARE DOING

In June, the Camp leadership and the Board issued a statement of our enduring commitment to justice, equality and opportunity. In that statement, we committed to taking concrete steps to making Mowglis an even more inclusive and diverse community.

The Board and Director Nick Robbins have been discussing ways to diversify his Camper recruiting strategy. Nick has taken up this task with his usual gusto, reaching out to underserved communities around the Northeast, specifically by forming collaborative connections with school guidance counselors to identify families who may have previously considered Mowglis financially out of reach. As Nick once told the Board “we welcome any boy and family who embraces the Mowglis experience.”

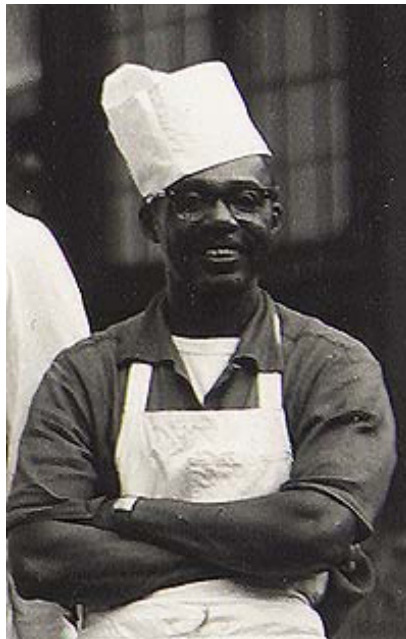
Alongside this effort, the Board and Nick are hard at work to diversify the ranks of the Camp Staff as well as the Board of Trustees as we look forward to the 2021 summer season and beyond.

In 1962 when the HEMF was formed, the Articles of Association charged Trustees with providing scholarship assistance in order that boys from a variety of backgrounds would benefit from the summer camp experience. In 2021 it's our goal to renew this commitment and live up to the ideals and standards established by our founders.

The HEMF will create the Asley V. “Smitty” Smith Memorial Scholarship to make it possible for more boys of color to attend Mowglis. Asley Smith—known fondly to many as “Smitty”—was beloved by all (and feared by any JS who dared disrupt his smooth-running Dining Hall). He worked as the sole chef at Camp for 28 seasons, starting in 1948. He so loved Mowglis that when he died, he requested his ashes be scattered on the property. We are pleased to be able to announce this scholarship in the memory of a man who left an indelible mark at Mowglis over so many summers.

In a fiscally tight COVID year, the initiative was made possible by a generous donation of an Alumnus and his family. The Alumnus has challenged the HEMF to find matching donations from the Mowglis community, to make this opportunity available to an even larger group of boys.

If you are interested in supporting the Asley V. Smith Scholarship fund, or any of our diversity initiatives, please contact James Hart, Director of Alumni Relations at james@mowglis.org or by calling (603) 744-8095.



Asley V. “Smitty” Smith

HEMF TRUSTEES

President, Tomo Nishino
Glen Ridge, New Jersey
(Den '84) and father of Shoh (Den '18)
and current Camper Hiro

Vice President, Bill Tweedy
Fairfield, Connecticut
(Den '80)

Treasurer, Anabela Perozek
Wellesley, Massachusetts
Mother of Max (Den '15) and Sam (Den '21)

Secretary, Will Scott
Columbia, Maryland
(Den '70)

Assistant Treasurer, Erik Bernhardt
Portland, Oregon
(Den '88)

Joe Bouboulis
Asbury, New Jersey
(Den '82)

Rob Cerwinski
New York, New York
(Den '83) and father of current Camper Lucas

Meg Drazek
Abuja, Nigeria
Mother of current Campers Cooper & Spencer

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

Meg Hurdman
Falmouth, Maine
Mother of Chris (Den '05),
Jay (Den '06), and Robby (Den '09)

Kit Jenkins
Nahant, Massachusetts
Mother of Patrick ('19) and Liam ('19)

Andrew Khatri
Rumson, New Jersey
(Den '93)

Chris Mixer
Arlington, Virginia
(Den '93)

Al Reiff
Watertown, Connecticut
(Den '77) and father of Alex (Den '09)

Ben Ringe
Glen Ridge, New Jersey
(Den '85)

Linda Robinson
Greensboro, Georgia
Mother of Kenyon Salo ('87) and
Mike Robinson ('92)

Reinhard Rother
Wiesbaden, Germany
(Den '69)

Kristian Sanchez
Malden, Massachusetts
(Den '92)

Caleb White
Wellesley, Massachusetts
(Den '79)

NEW TRUSTEE PROFILES

JOE BOUBOULIS ('82)

Joe came to Mowglis as a Cub in 1977 and went straight through Den and onto the Staff. His last summer was 1985, when he ran the Archery industry. Joe earned his B.A. in Economics at the University of Colorado and then a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering from Kettering University. He worked in the automotive industry and designed high-performance and racing parts. After that, he designed cordless and pneumatic tools for a large tool company. Currently, he works as an engineering consultant through his own company, CJB Engineering, and he also is a co-inventor on three patents. Joe and his wife have a vacation house on Newfound Lake and spend as much time as possible on the lake. They plan to retire there. Joe loves to hike and ski and still does plenty of both.



CHRIS MIXTER ('93)

In his Den year, Chris served as Stroke for the winning Blue Racing Crew. After Mowglis, Chris graduated from Wake Forest University in 2000 with a degree in politics. Chris was a Principal with CEB before he joined Gartner in 2017. He is a Vice President with Gartner, Inc., where he advises CIOs and their leadership teams at Fortune 500 and Global 1000 companies on technology management and information and enterprise risk management. Outside of the office, Chris is an avid cyclist, Cub Scout den leader, and Rec soccer coach. Chris lives with his wife, son, daughter, and border collie in Arlington, Va.



LINDA ROBINSON

Linda is the mother of two now-adult Mowglis men (Kenyon Salo and Michael Robinson), aunt of another (Joe Rorke), and grandmother to Eli Salo who graduated from Den in 2019. After Kenyon's first year in Cubs, Linda was recruited as the Camp Nurse, serving for nine summers until Michael graduated from Den. Linda's career in nursing included 21 years of teaching nursing at the university level, as well as consulting with schools of nursing and hospitals in Russia. She also served as: Director of Research and Education at the Brain Injury Association of America, trauma researcher at a Level 1 trauma center, and on advisory boards at NIH and the Institute of Medicine. Her love of all things archival is rooted in her dissertation research, which led her to the National Library of Medicine, as well as archives at Radcliffe College and Met Life, among others. In retirement, she runs a support group for caregivers of people with dementia, as well as providing bedside care to hospice patients. She loves rockclimbing, hiking, and scuba diving, doing so whenever she has the opportunity.



RECOGNIZING HEMF's OUTGOING TRUSTEES

Each member of the Board of Trustees of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation comes to serve on the board through their deep love for Mowglis, their deep belief in its mission, and an abiding desire to see it succeed now and in the future. This devotion was nowhere more on display this past spring when the board met every other Saturday in April, May, and June, as we deliberated the best path forward through the challenges of COVID-19. At this summer meeting, two members of the Board completed their terms as Trustees.

Roel Hoekstra ('76) joined the Board in May 2009, and has served continuously on the Board for 11 years, the last four as Treasurer. Roel graduated from Mowglis with the Den of 1976. His involvement with Mowglis has been a family affair. His two sons, Chris (Den '07) and Carter (Den '13, Crew Coach '18), were Campers, and his daughter Kelsey, an Onaway Camper, served on the Mowglis Staff for one summer. His wife Kate has been a staunch supporter and advocate for Mowglis. Cindy, mother to Chris, Carter, and Kelsey, has been an invaluable contributor and copy editor to The Call each year. We are indeed grateful for their contributions to Mowglis. As a Trustee, Roel brought to bear his invaluable experience and insights as a management consultant. As Treasurer,

he worked closely with Director Nick Robbins to consolidate Mowglis' financial position and build the foundation for a bright future for the Camp.

Richard Morgan ('68) joined the Board as Trustee in August 2009. Richard was a member of the Den of 1968. Rich came to Mowglis in 1965, and in his words, never really left. After graduating, he served on the Staff for many summers. On most Sundays, he can be seen occupying his place in front of the organ shed at the Chapel as the trombonist for the Mowglis Brass Choir. His devotion to Mowglis is evident in the fact that this was, in fact, his second "tour of duty" as Trustee, having previously served on the Board from 1988 to 1994. Among his myriad contributions to Camp, Rich has maintained the telephone system at Mowglis since the time telephones had cranks, and more recently he has been responsible for putting in place the technology that the Foundation relies on for its work.

Mowglis works, especially in times like these, because of the nearly bottomless dedication and energy of people like Roel and Rich. We are indeed fortunate to have been able to call upon these men for the last 11 years.

Roel and Rich, thank you, and Good Hunting!

Shop Amazon.com?

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

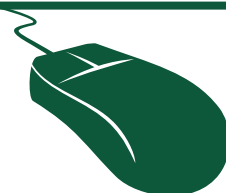


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The History of Mowglis

By Alcott Farrar Elwell

We continue our annual reproduction of “The History of Mowglis” by Colonel Elwell, which appeared in *The Howl* between 1959 and 1961. In this installment, Colonel Elwell describes the development of Mowglis traditions from 1910–1911, including the introduction of the signal cannon and the start of the Crew program. Subsequent installments appeared in the *Howl* through 1961. We will reprint the remaining installments in *The Call* over the next several years.

The summer of 1910 sees thirty-two campers and six staff. Interest in baseball is high. This is played on the so-called “baseball field” near the Mayhew Turnpike. Here large rocks are scattered in the grass, which trip up a fielder whose eyes are not in the back of his head. What excellent acrobatic training is developed when a player continues to hold the ball while doing a back somersault over a hidden boulder! What bloodhound instincts develop in hunting for a baseball gone astray in the brush!

This practice comes in handy in a successful match at Hebron with the “Speedkings” of that town. In this game the counsellors pitched and caught, but the campers played all other positions and ran all the bases.

At last we have a second tennis court, “down under the hill.” It was not built but was blasted from the masses of glacial boulders found there!

Mang has developed from a crude horse shed into the quarters of Mr. Albert Moore. Later a chimney, running water, and a small garage are added, to give Mang its final form.

An important addition is the ten gauge Winchester Notch Cannon, which is used to salute the colors and crews of Mowglis down through the years.

The famous “Grasshopper Soup” is brewed on an overnight trip to Skylands. Here lived the Corbitt family in the midst of an extensive pastureland. While supper is being prepared at the bottom of a hill, campers rush about above and send clouds of grasshoppers over the camp and into the soup. Despairing of removing them all, the tripmaster stirs them in. At supper there are exclamations that the soup has a particularly delicious flavor. Miss Carolyn Haywood later commemorated this episode in her story “Penny Goes to Camp,” and

drew many letters from youngsters requesting information on the recipe for Grasshopper Soup.

On the Long Trip this year, Jesse MacFarlane discovers the famous “Soup Bowl Glide.” This name is to become fixed by 1913. We also visit Cilley’s cave for the first time. This cave is on the side of Mt. Cardigan, and has been made into a house with floors, windows, doors, and a cellar. Mr. Cilley once lived there during summers as a hermit. Our visit is not long after Mr. Cilley stopped living there.

A new honor is created this summer—the True Sports Cup—to be given “not always to a winner, not always to a loser, but always to a boy whose example of fair play has called out the honest appreciation of the counsellors and his brothers of the Pack.” Later both the True Sports Cup and the General Excellence Award (given to the most outstanding camper of the summer) were discontinued because they tended to become artificially sought as objects to be prized in themselves.

*“Good Campfire days,
Old campfire lays
With fellows few
And good cheer too.
By Newfound Lake—
We’ll Sugarloaf make
And we’ll sing our camp lays
Good Campfire days.”*

—Charles Juthro

(Tune, Sweet Adeline)

Foremost in the summer of 1911 is the arrival of twin crew boats, and the beginning of the Red and Blue competition. These races, over the years, have imbued many Mowglis men with the secrets of true sportsmanship, co-operation, and

fair play which form the background of every true gentleman.

The boats have six oars, are twenty five feet long, and are built of cedar and mahogany. They are constructed by Robertson, the well-known boat builder, who designed and built them at Riverside on the Charles River especially for Mowglis and Newfound lake. They are the gift of Mrs. F. Edwin Elwell.

The first race, a three hundred yard course starting at Waingunga rock, is won by the Red Crew in one minute, twenty-two seconds. S. Bruce Elwell is coach.

After the first Mowglis crew race, the twin boats are named, one for each Mowglis twin, Bruce and Alcott Elwell. Now, however, the memory has long since been lost as to which boat is which.

At the waterfront, wings are added to Waingunga, each to hold one crew boat, and crew ramps are set up. Later the second floor is added, with its outlook over the lake.

*"And when the race is finished,
And oars are put away,
Our joy is undiminished,
If we've rowed in the proper way.
So swing, swing together
Whether you're Red or Blue;
Swing, swing together,
Thinking not of yourself, but the crew."*

—Walter E. Henley, 1933

Now in Kipling Hall we all see the fanciful pageant, "The Sunset Isle of Boshen," written by Elizabeth Ford Holt. The scenery was made by boys and staff, and the costumes by Mrs. Holt. The first and second acts are set in a Lion's cave, the rather gruesome home of Gorrewallah the Silvery, king of the island. Here he gives Willoughby Jones, a man who has fallen overboard from a passing ship, the life-or-death command of staying awake for one night. The play concerns the experiences of Willoughby through the night, how he resists drugged wine, and finally how he tells the king all that happened during the night and finally leaves the island safely.

Highlighting this summer is the appearance of the Den Mouse, destined to become a celebrity for years. Many new Mowglis meet him under the Den washporch.

The Long trip goes to Mt. Kearsarge. It is an isolated peak, with only a footpath leading to the summit. The real height of the trip is the "big feed" given by Mrs. Harold Sears on Murray Hill.

This year Mrs. Holt separates the Cubs (boys 8 and 9) from the Pack. It is not until 1920 that a completely separate department is made, however. It becomes apparent that the younger boys need individual training and experience before entering successfully into the group life of the Pack.

"A big surprise" comes in the celebration of the birthday of Mowglis, which takes place on the last day of the season. In her short speech, Mrs. Holt says, "Boys, you are perhaps wondering whose birthday is being celebrated on the last day of the camp season. It is the birthday of our camp ... It is deeds, not dates that we really celebrate ... We Mowglis come together for what camp has given us this year, not for the fact that it has lived for nine years ... It has given something of good to every boy ... nothing but the good it does will live.

What a big cake it is, enough for everyone, and inside the cake are silver coins. In the Howl there appears this question, "Why is the Mowglis birthday cake the richest we ever ate? Because there are dimes and quarters in it."

After camp, in November, Mrs. Holt buys "Lonewolf Island," and names Baloo Cove.

In December, Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes to Mrs. Holt a personal letter of congratulations for what Mowglis is doing. Kipling's interest in the camp lasts throughout his life.



CROSS COUNTRY FOR MOWGLIS MEMORIES

By Wayne King ('69)

Last winter I took my Siberian husky “Boof” to the vet when he began to lose weight. I say “my husky” reservedly. My son Zachary King ('07) had originally picked him out of a squirming litter of puppies 15 years before, but after he headed off to the West Coast for college, Alice and I became the custodians of Boof. Additionally, if you know anything about huskies, you know they are the closest thing to a wolf in the dog family. In other words, no one owns them.

The vet had bad news. Cancer. She figured that Boof had a few months left, and at his age there was nothing I could do except keep him comfortable and happy. So, with a lifestyle that gave me the freedom to work remotely, I decided to head out with Boof for one last grand adventure. We would head out to see Zach in Aspen and make the trip a grand last hurrah.

Of course, when a Mowglis hits the road, there are untold adventures to be had almost anywhere you go. I have been doing a podcast called “Mowglis Memories” for about a year, so I decided it was the perfect way to reconnect with old friends and interview some of them along the way for the podcast.

I stopped in to visit with Mowglis icon Charlie Walbridge in Bruceton Mills, WV. We had lunch, and I got a tour of the Cheat River that CWal has been working hard to protect for many years.

Aspen, CO, where Zachary has been living, is also the home of the legendary Andy Popinchalk and his wife Carolyn. Andy came to Mowglis in 1967 as a tennis instructor. He had never climbed a mountain or even laid eyes on one except for the moment he saw the Whites the first time from a lobster boat off the coast of Maine. Andy, and his brother Paul, fell in love with both Mowglis and the mountains. Within a few years, Andy was a Mowglis Tripmaster and a skilled mountaineer and rock climber. Paul became the Crew Coach. Over the course of the 10 days I was in Aspen, Andy and I spent hours together. After two lunches and a lot of shared memories, I had three hours of recordings that eventually morphed into two podcasts.

I spent Christmas with Zach and Lauren, and we toasted our beloved Alice. Zach said his final goodbye to Boofie, and Boof and I headed south for visits to national parks, where we camped out under the stars. At Bryce Canyon we awoke to find a foot of fluffy white snow covering the tent and joyously romped together before heading on.

In L.A. I visited my sister Pam, a Mowglis girl from age 4 to 7, trailing after my mother, the nurse. Pam also happens to be the mother of Jeremy Maggin, who was a Camper

at Mowglis and returned as a Staff member in 2002. In Richmond, VA, I would also have the opportunity to dine with Jim Storie, Crew Coach from 1973, when one of Mowglis' most storied upsets took place. Jim had not only made his mark that summer but had also returned to N.H. for an all-Mowglis ascent of Mt. Washington in the winter of 1974 with a historic group of Mowglis icons, including Andy and Paul Popinchalk, Paul Brown, and the legendary Jim Boicourt.

From L.A. I headed east to Tejas, NM, just on the other side of the Sandia Mountains from Albuquerque, home of Jim West. Jim is Cheyenne, and I was looking forward to the chance to speak with him about my own recent discovery that my grandfather was a full-blooded Indian of Iroquois and Abenaki descent.

Jim had been my Counselor during my first years at Mowglis. He and his brother Rick ('57) are the sons of Wah Pah Nah Yah (W. Richard West, Jr.). On my way west a few weeks earlier, I had arranged to have lunch with Jim and his wonderful wife Elaine, neither of whom I had seen since 2001. At the time, we agreed that lunch in a busy restaurant was not the best venue for a podcast interview so, to my joy, they invited me to visit them for a few days on the way back east. What ensued was one of the most extraordinary experiences of my life and several hours of terrific Mowglis memories from Jim, much of which went into two separate podcasts.

On the day we were to leave, Jim made us his famous French toast breakfast, and we talked about the interview that had served as a catharsis for each of us for different reasons. Jim said that he would like to share a Cheyenne prayer for Boof and me as we headed onward. Together we knelt facing east, smoked tobacco from the sacred pipe, and Jim offered a prayer for all of our brothers and sisters: two-legged, four-legged, and birds that fly. You may have noticed that I now end each podcast with those very words.

As we were leaving, Jim asked if he could have a moment with Boof. I stood there, tears in my eyes, as he said to my pal: “Old friend, your body may be weak but your spirit is so strong, go in peace, brother.” It was at that moment I felt the spirit of Mother Earth and the Mowglis Spirit with all my being. I was honored beyond words.



The Mowglis Memories Podcasts can be found on the Mowglis Website, Mowglis.org, where you can also make a contribution to sustain them.



2021 Camper Registration is OPEN!

And there are already many Campers signed up. Claim your son's spot now to ensure his place in the 2021 Pack!



View from Plymouth Mountain

We want to hear from you!

We do our 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 at james@mowglis.org or (603) 744-8095 ext. 280.

THE BAGHEERA SOCIETY

The Bagheera Society is composed of those who have chosen to include Mowglis in their estate. They are alumni, parents, former Staff members, and friends of Mowglis who have joined the Bagheera Society for a multitude of reasons, but they share a common belief in the value of Mowglis' mission:

"Dan and I are so appreciative of Mowglis and their scholarship program. The ethics and morals that underpin this program have helped boys grow as individuals. We may not be able to do much financially now but wanted to give back to help future families access Mowglis no matter the financial situation. When creating my will I really took stock of what I wanted to leave for others. The choice was simple. I wanted to leave money for the scholarship fund so that Mowglis can continue to give amazing life opportunities to boys just like mine."

—ABBY BERGEN, MOM OF CURRENT CAMPERS
NATHANIEL AND DREW BERGEN

If you are interested in joining the Bagheera Society, please contact:

James Hart, *Director of Development & Alumni Relations*
james@mowglis.org or (603) 744-8095 ext 280

THE MOWGLIS INNER CIRCLE SOCIETY

There are a great many Mowglis traditions. 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 Headquarters Staff, having earned his four "husky marks," and having proven that he has "carried the spirit of Mowglis into his victory and loyalty for the 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 loyalty and generosity to Camp Mowglis. Like our respected tradition, the Inner Circle Society is for those who serve Mowglis "faithfully and well" and who truly "carry the spirit of Mowglis."

The Inner Circle Society's generosity of spirit leads the way in giving and ensuring that the Mowglis experience lives on to welcome many more generations into the Inner Circle.

Full Waingunga
(\$1,903–\$2,499)

Gopher Squad
(\$2,500–\$4,999)

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

Racing Crew
(\$7,500–\$9,999)

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

2019/2020 EVENTS RECAP

By James Hart

Twenty-twenty has certainly proven to be an interesting one for the events we host throughout the year! While we may have had to cancel or postpone our biggest events of the year, we made the most of our time together when we had it.

Last fall, our climbing reunions in Massachusetts and New York City were hits! Not only did the boys have fun, but we got Moms, Dads, and siblings on the wall too.

Over the winter, we managed to squeeze in a reunion in Washington, D.C. and a climbing event in Philadelphia, along with a reunion dinner afterward. All in one weekend! John and Gail Harmon generously hosted our guests in D.C., where we premiered some of our recently restored archival

films. Up north in Philadelphia, COVID-19 had just started to rear its ugly head, so while our climbing event was sparsely attended, we did manage to get Board President Jim Graff on the wall. That evening, we dined together at Fette Sau and had some fantastic BBQ.

While Work Weekend and Crew Weekend simply weren't meant to be, we are already looking to 2021. We enjoyed more than a few virtual campfires together, plus some socially distanced volunteers and visitors at Camp this summer. While COVID-19 may change the way our events look for a while, we are already working on more ways we can keep the Mowglis community connected.

See you next year, Mowglis!





2020 VIRTUAL CAMPFIRES

While the Mowglis Campers and Staff were not physically around the Campfire this summer, we didn't let distance stop us from having Campfires every Thursday night all summer long!

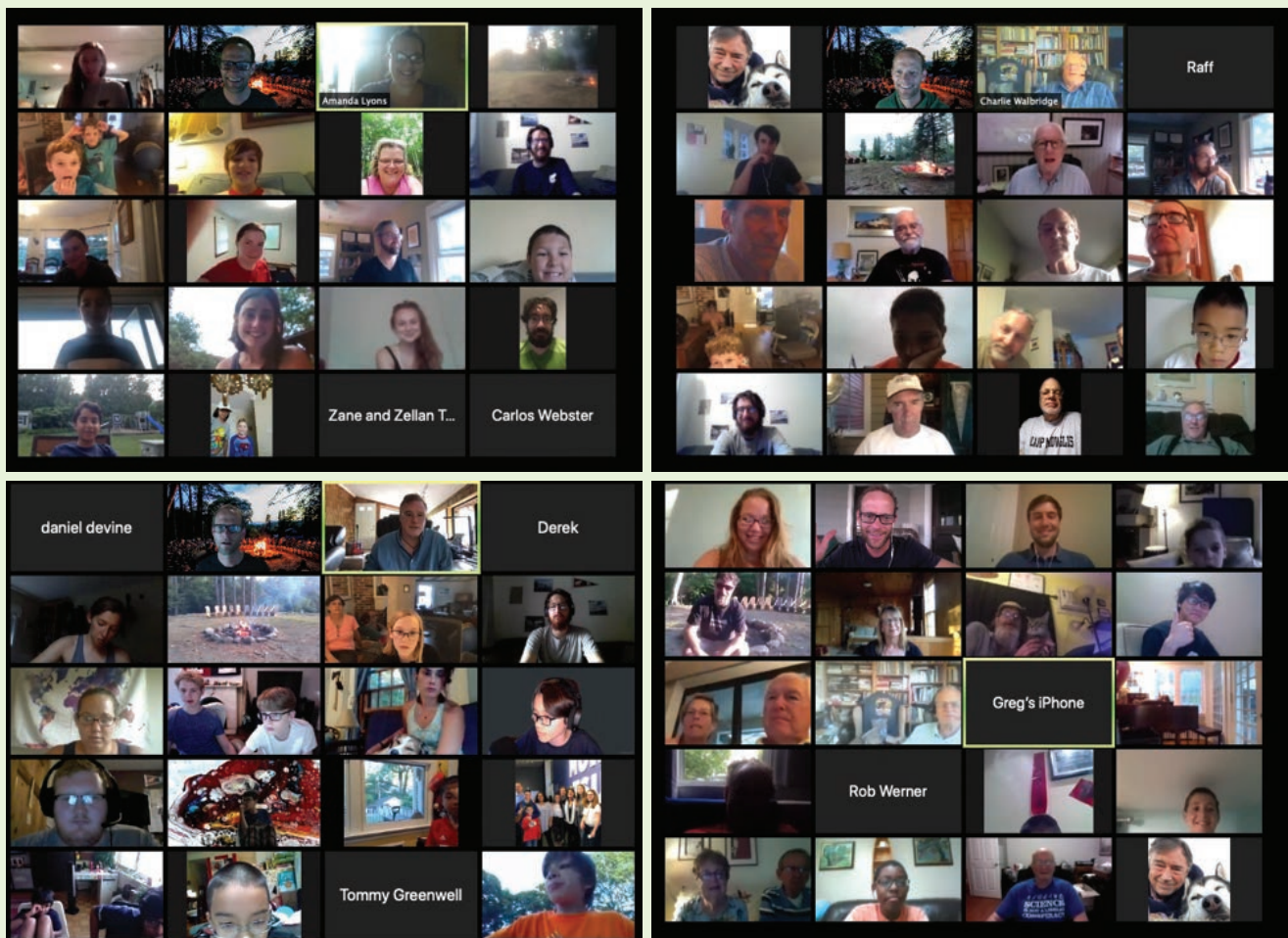
The actual Campfire at Mowglis was dutifully lit by Mr. Greenwell, who even demonstrated his Green Ribbon skills by lighting one in the pouring rain!

Every week saw new and inspiring guests: Alumnus Charlie Walbridge talked about his storied career in whitewater and outdoor leadership; Alumnus David Concannon brought us to the bottom of the ocean floor to the Titanic; Mr. Gulitti lead Mowglis "Name-That-Tune;" Mr. Bengtson played Mowglis songs; and of course, I told some spooky stories from the depths of the Green Room!

We CANNOT WAIT for the Pack to return to Mowglis for in-person campfires, but these virtual campfires helped keep the Mowglis campfire burning bright in all of our hearts. Thank you, EVERYONE, who attended and helped make them such a special part of this "off" summer.

Good hunting!

—Mr. Robbins



THE STRENGTH OF THE PACK EXHIBITED

By Nick Robbins

Twenty-twenty tested and illustrated the strength of the Pack in ways we could have never anticipated. With the absence of Camp, paying for necessities like maintenance and administrative staff presented a real challenge. But we are making it, in no small part, thanks to the generosity of the Pack!

In a typical summer, donations to the Mowglis Annual Fund pay for roughly a quarter of the operating expenses. Our ability to keep tuition at a reasonable level and pay for expenses such as Camp supplies, trip permits, and food, not to mention scholarships and capital improvements, rely on the Pack's generosity. We are so fortunate to have such a generous community helping keep Mowglis secure and solvent!

In addition to generous donations to a special summer fundraising appeal, we applied for and received grant money from the Paycheck Protection Program and New Hampshire's Nonprofit Emergency Relief Fund. While we certainly cut expenses and tightened our belts, we have not loosened our grip on maintaining the campus and have even completed the planned Den addition, which looks GREAT and will allow all of the Pantherites to fit into the Den of 2021!

Mowglis would not be the same without those who know, love, and believe in it, doing their part. This year truly illustrated that. Thank you loyal members of the Pack. We couldn't do what we do without YOU!

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.*



Don't just leaf it ... Donate it!

Donate your car, truck, or boat and do good with it!
The pick-up is free and your gift is tax-deductible.

To learn more, call or visit us online
603-744-8095 | mowglis.org/giving



The Fabulous Den of 1970

By Will Scott ('70), Secretary HEMF

With the closing of Mowglis for 2020, this article on the 1970 Den precedes its 50th reunion, now postponed to 2021!

The Den remembers Mr. Steve Underwood (Tripmaster), Mr. Art Bradbury (Watermaster), pack trips to the Franconia and Carter Ranges with Mr. Charlie Walbridge, Mr. John Baldwin, and Mr. Leslie Ridings, tennis with Mr. Andy Popinchalk, preparing for Crew Day with Mr. Cliff Lingwood, archery with Mr. Nat Hemenway, swinging lively lads on the Elwell Trail, a slightly awkward social with Onaway, and a host of large spiders within the dormitory.

Of 13 graduates, 11 have returned as Junior Staff, six as Senior Staff, and two as Trustees. An unusual duty on Junior Staff was shoveling mud from basements in Plymouth after Hurricane Agnes (June 1972).

The Den honors the memory of Ted Draper and Rod Mitchell, who died in the 1970s and 2000s, respectively.

Until its reunion in 2021!



Back Row: Mr. Walbridge, Charles Smith, George Hulme, Ted Draper, John Knott, Mr. Ridings

Middle Row: Rick Bengtson, Russ Merwin, Rod Mitchell, John Hemenway, Chris Baer

Front Row: Peter Howard, Will Scott, Perry Mixter, Rick Hulme

ALUMNI NOTES



Shoh ('18) & Hiro (Akela) Nishino, Samantha & Gabrielle Ringe (Ben Ringe's daughters), and Miranda & Jordan Eisenman ('15) on top of Mt. Willard.



Hunter Nadler ('97) and Marisa Welch were married in early August in Marrion, Mass. Congratulations, Hunter and Marisa!



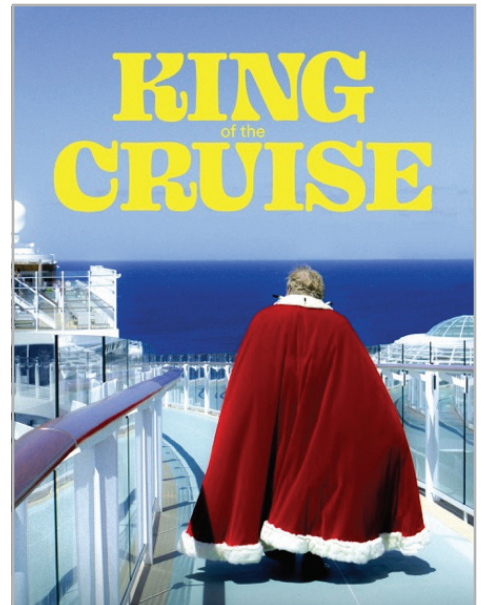
John Rourke (Camper 1990-95) at the summit of Mt. Katahdin in Maine.



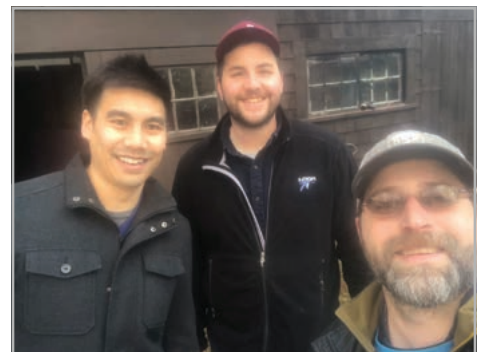
John Davidge, IV (Den '09, Staff 2014-17) and Dan Rubin (Staff 2014-17) recently summited 14,259-foot Longs Peak in Estes Park, Colorado.



This photo of Alumnus Rob Morrison ('89) atop Mt. Cardigan went viral on Reddit when a professional photographer caught him at just the right moment.



Prior to COVID-19, Alumnus Baron Ronald Busch Reisinger (Camper 1957-58) of Inneryne spent his leisure time on cruise ships. *King of the Cruise* is the third feature directed by Dutch filmmaker, Sophie Dros. Previously screened at the Thessaloniki Documentary Film Festival, this movie is now available to the general public via Amazon Prime Curiosity-Stream or Apple TV. Against a backdrop of blue skies and turquoise waters cinematographer, Boas van Milligen Bielke is masterful in framing the story. Among other themes, this film explores the human longing for recognition and validation. For a more in-depth look at the Baron, see Ronnie's profile previously published in *The Mowgli Call* (Fall 2014).



Harry Li (Staff '03) was nearby in Boston early in March and popped into Camp for a visit with Jason Merwin ('06) and Tommy Greenwell ('98).



Mark Popinchalk (Staff '11-13) climbed Mt. Lafayette and Mt. Garfield this summer. He even got a chance to carry an extra pack for half a day, which truly brought him back to a Senior Staff state of mind.



Alfonso (Staff 2010-13) and Alvaro ('99 & Staff 2010-13) Gutierrez visiting their Mom, Malena, in Mexico City, for her birthday.



Charlie Feuer ('73) spent some time in N.H. this summer and sent us photos of a couple of his hikes.
(Top: Mt. Jefferson; Bottom: Mt. Willard)



The West Virginia Land Trust now owns the Jenkinsburg Access to the Cheat and Big Sandy Rivers in Preston County, West Virginia, protecting public access here forever! This was the result of a two-year effort by **Charlie Walbridge ('62)**, representing Friends of the Cheat (FOC), and Dave Hough, the landowner. Charlie helped create an access agreement with the landowner in 2006, then lead a fundraising campaign that raised almost \$20,000 to repair horrendous environmental damage and build a parking lot. The project qualified for a matching grant from the State. He visited the site regularly over the next 14 years, cleaning up trash and repairing other damage. FOC will continue to manage the property for the WV Land Trust, and Charlie plans to stay involved.



Allie Davidge (Staff 2016-17), John Davidge ('09 & Staff 2014-17), and Connor Stewart (Staff 2014-19) on Mount Pierce.



A group of Mowglis 2019 year-round and summer Staff attended the annual American Camping Association Tri-State Conference in Atlantic City in early March. Pictured are Jay Gulitti ('06 and Watermaster), Diane Palmieri (Nurse), Julien Nunes ('06 and Head Counselor), Holly Taylor (Registrar), Liz Cecere (Head Counselor), Kathy Flaherty (Nurse), Amanda Lyons (Cub Parent), James Graff ('12 and Lead Dorm Counselor), Cameron Carothers ('05 and former Watermaster), Nick Robbins (Director), Tommy Greenwell ('98 and Assoc. Director), James Hart ('00 and Alumni Director).

REFLECTIONS: A SUMMER WITHOUT CAMP

By Connor Stewart (Staff 2014–19)

As some of you know, I was lucky enough to help Mr. Bengtson run the Woodshop from 2016 through 2019. When I first started working there, one of the things that struck me the most was the number of tools in the shop. We have power tools and hand tools for just about any job you can think of. But after my first couple of weeks in the shop, I learned that there were a few tools that we used all the time for a variety of different projects and in many different ways: like the square, the table saw, the chisel, and the cordless drill. Thus, as I gained experience with these essential tools, I was able to build out my knowledge and take on more and more complicated projects, ranging from designing chess boards to replacing floorboards in dorms all over Camp.

This past summer, my first not at Mowglis in the last six years, I had the opportunity to reflect (as many of us have) on what Mowglis means to me and what a summer without Camp looks like. Even though this summer has been different from any of the past several years, I believe that a piece of Mowglis still remains with me. Like the tools I mentioned, Mowglis has given me essential skills and characteristics that I carry with me every day and that keep me connected back to Camp. The lessons I've learned at Mowglis have stayed with me more than any others, and I started learning them from the very beginning.

I often think back to my first Mowglis experience. I had just finished my junior year of high school and had signed on to be a member of the JS. Before our official duties began, we all were a part of the Yearling program, led by Mr. Jesse Synder. After a couple of days in Camp, we set out on a legendary backpacking trip—and that's not a term I use lightly. No, this would be a weeklong excursion through some of the major highlights of the White Mountain National Forest, from Moosilauke to Crawford Notch. Along the way, we'd bag many of the peaks featured in classic Mowglis trips, including the Kinsmans, Lafayette and the Franconia Ridge, the North and South Twins, and Guyot.

This was my first backpacking trip, and as many of you know, there's a lot that goes into a backpacking trip that's different from standard camping trips—and

that's before you consider the length and challenge of this trip. Within the first couple of days, I was learning skills that would be essential when I was eventually leading trips of my own, like how to use a backpacking stove, how to read a topographic map, how to purify water, how to estimate the distance we'd covered, and countless others.

All these skills are critical to any successful trip outdoors, but the other lessons I learned out there have served me well in everyday life. As you might imagine from the brief itinerary I mentioned, this trip wasn't exactly a walk in the park, and it was made even more challenging by the fact that it rained for most of the days we were out there. In fact, I can pretty confidently say that the trip was one of the most difficult things I've ever done. In terms of days and mileage, it's still the longest trip outdoors I've ever been on.

The trip started well enough, with all of us getting used to the packs we were carrying and settling into a comfortable pace. It was sunny and warm as we got onto the trail at the base of Mt. Moosilauke. At the end of the day, when we settled into our campsite, we had made it up and over the mountain, which was the first 4,000-footer I had ever hiked. By the third day of our trip, we had made it through Moosilauke and the Kinsmans. We had met many interesting characters, including a few Appalachian Trail thru-hikers. We were up at around 4,000 feet at the Kinsman Pond Campsite, and our route for the day took us down into the valley and to the base of Mt. Lafayette, where we would spend the next night. But as we started hiking, our morale started sinking lower. Because of the rain that just wouldn't let up, I had spent the previous night in a wet sleeping bag and soaked clothes. It felt as if I was lying down in a puddle of water. Apparently, I was so uncomfortable that I angrily talked in my sleep all night, waking up my tentmates throughout the night. Things got worse as the day went on; the rain continued and one of the Yearlings slipped on a rock and hurt his ankle, which led to our group splitting up the gear in his pack among the rest of us. Our pace slowed as we climbed down into the valley, giving back about 2,000 feet of elevation.

As we approached the campsite, a conspiracy formed among the Yearlings. We had had enough of the rain, the backpacking food, the tough miles, and the cramped tents. When we met Mr. Greenwell at the Lafayette Place Campground, we were going to ask – no, demand – that he take us back to Camp. We all agreed that this was the only reasonable plan in conditions like this.

We eventually got to the campsite, and I can honestly say that I've almost never been as happy to see someone as I was to see Mr. Greenwell there. The rain had stopped, and he had started a campfire with some wood he'd brought along. We dried our gear by the fire as he and Mr. Snyder made a meal of pasta alfredo with chicken. He even gave us each some change so we could take a hot shower at the campground's bathroom. Most importantly, Mr. Greenwell showed me how to pack my sleeping bag in a trash bag so it wouldn't get wet again.



Mr. Stewart and the Den of 2019

Warm, dry, and full, we decided to abandon our plan and continue with the trip. And I'm so glad we did. After restocking on food and fuel, we set out the next day for the summit of Mt. Lafayette. Over the next four days, I got to experience for the first time some of the places that remain the most special to me. We climbed Mt. Lafayette in the fog, saw the sunset from the top of Mt. Garfield, and took in the view from Mt. Guyot. Many of these places I would revisit years later leading Mowglis Trips of my own and with my brother on weekend hikes. These spots are just as beautiful as when I first saw them. Of course, there were definitely challenges along the second half of the trip – the hiking was still difficult and when the rain finally stopped, we were constantly attacked by bugs, but the challenges seemed more manageable after everything we had already experienced. As we emerged in Crawford Notch seven days after we had set out, we all knew that we had just done something unbelievable that all of us would remember forever.

More than just about any other experience I've had, this trip taught me the value of perseverance. One of

the reasons why I enjoy backpacking trips like these is that the challenges are very real – being out in the woods in the rain, carrying everything you need to keep you going for a few days is about as real as it gets. But balancing that is the fact that the rewards are real too – getting up the mountains we climb at Mowglis is a great achievement, and one that nobody will ever be able to take away from you. When it comes down to it, only you can get yourself up the mountain, and the reward for your hard work is something that you'll always remember. I might not be able to tell you the themes of some of the books I read in high school and college, but I can certainly remember the feeling of making it to the top of Lafayette for the first time.

The perseverance that I learned at Camp has served me well in many other areas of life. It's gotten me through many late nights in the library in college as well as through difficult projects at work. But the lessons we learn from Mowglis aren't only from singular, challenging experiences like the one I described. I

believe that just about everything at Mowglis has a powerful lesson to teach. Cleanup and Inspection teach us attention to detail, Duties teach us respect for the place we live, going for Ribbons teaches us the value of hard work and mastering a new skill, and living in dorms teaches us the power of people working toward a common goal, as the Den of 2019 showed me time and again. The truth is that just about everyone who's spent time at Mowglis has learned something from it, whatever that lesson may be.

So, even though like all of you I wasn't at Mowglis this summer, I believe a piece of Mowglis has been with me in the form of all the lessons I've learned from Camp. Like the tools I mentioned, they've helped me to take on all the challenges I've faced this past year. And as I plan new challenges for myself, like going on more trips to my favorite mountains when it's safe to do so, I know that a piece of Mowglis will be with me as I take them on. So, as we head into uncharted territory, keep a piece of Mowglis with you and you'll be well-prepared.

KIPLING CORNER:

RUDYARD KIPLING AND THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

By Meg Hurdman

In 1895, Alfred Nobel finalized his will, giving the largest share of his fortune to a series of prizes in Chemistry, Medicine, Physics, Literature and Peace. In 1968 the Prize in Economics was added (in his honor) by Sweden's Central Bank. Most of Nobel's estate was invested in securities deemed "safe," and the income was to be distributed annually "to those who during the preceding year have conferred the greatest benefit to humankind." One prize was to be dedicated to "the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most outstanding work in an ideal direction."

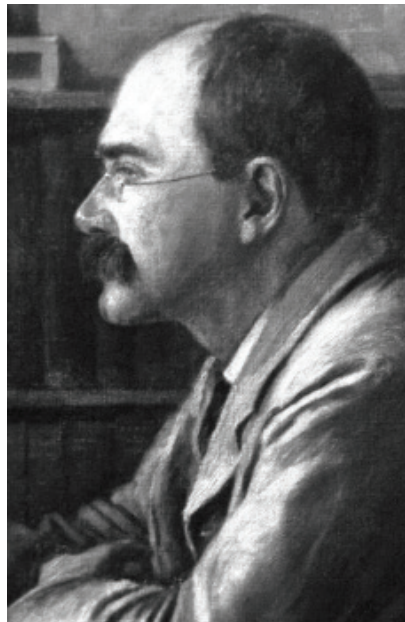
When his will was unsealed, it caused controversy in his home country of Sweden, and around the world because his family opposed the establishment of the prizes. It was five years before the first Nobel Prize was awarded in 1901.

To date, the youngest Laureate in Literature is Rudyard Kipling, who was 41 when he was awarded the Prize in 1907. The word "Laureate" signifies honor because in Greek mythology, the god Apollo is represented wearing a laurel wreath, which was awarded to each winner in Ancient Greek competitions.

The Swedish Academy, in awarding the Nobel Prize to Rudyard Kipling, was paying homage, not only to Kipling, but also to a long tradition of British literature. He was the first English author to be so honored. He was selected "in consideration of the power of observation, originality of imagination, virility of ideas, and remarkable talent for narration which characterize the creations of this world-famous author." Unfortunately, there was no

banquet in 1907 because of the death of King Oscar II of Sweden in the same year.

By the time Kipling was awarded the Prize, he had completed four novels: *Kim* (1901), *Captains Courageous* (1896), *The Naulahka: Story of West and East* (1892), and *The Light that Failed* (1891). He was also well known for his short stories and the *First and Second Jungle Books* (1894 & 1895). And he had, by then, published multiple collections of poetry.



Rudyard Kipling

Joseph Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay (Mumbai) on December 30, 1865. At the age of 6 he was sent to England to be educated, but he returned to India at 17. His first writing assignments were on the staff of *The Civil and Military Gazette* and *The Pioneer*, both published in India. As a journalist, he traveled throughout greater British India. On those trips he became familiar with Hindu culture and customs and English military life on the subcontinent, gathering material for his future stories.

Kipling is often described as an imperialist because he believed strongly in the bond between England and her colonies. For Kipling this meant not only devotion to the island kingdom, but also an affection for the entire British Empire. The closer uniting of the members, through duty and loyalty, was among his most cherished aspirations.

As evidenced by the Nobel Prize, Kipling attained fame and success as a young man, and *The Jungle Books* made him a favorite author among children and adults all over the world.



IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO WILL BE MISSED



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

William Damerl ('47)

Rev. Richard Henry, Cubs 1929-30

Jared Smith, Akela 1986

Arthur Norris (Noddy) Milliken

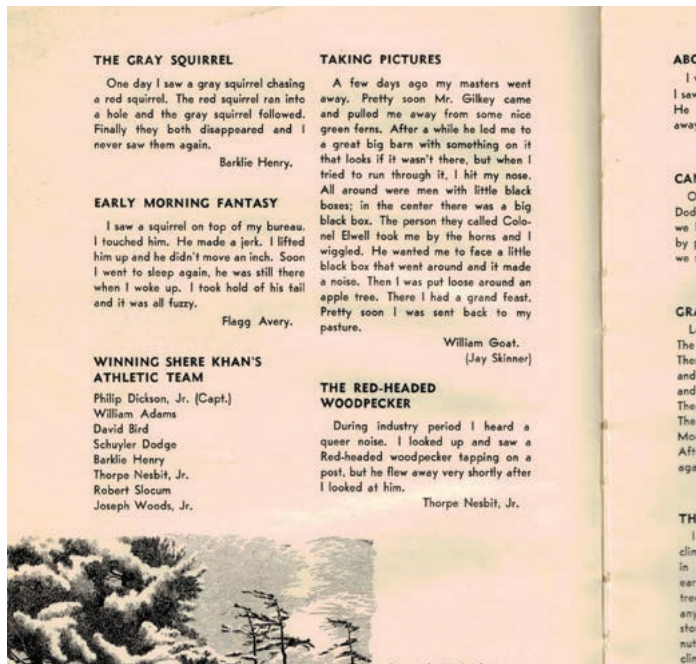
Arthur Norris (Noddy) Milliken of Simsbury, Conn., was in Baloo in 1939 and Toomai in 1940. (A bit of trivia: Prior to the 1960s, 10-year-old boys were in Baloo and 11-year-olds were in Toomai!).

Paul "Flagg" Avery, Jr. ('44)

Paul "Flagg" Avery, Jr., from Winchester, Mass., was a Cub from 1936-1938 and a Balooite in 1939. He Graduated in 1944, was an Aide in 1945, and an Assistant in 1946.

Robert Rose

Robert Rose of Franklin, N.H., was our Archery Instructor in 2002 and 2003. He had a wonderful, enthusiastic personality and he was a fine example for our boys. He is dearly missed by his cousin, Wayne King ('69).



Page 34 of the 1936 *Howl is a Howl* by him entitled "Early Morning Fantasy."

Charles "Chip" Pough ('54)

Charles "Chip" Pough ('54) passed away on February 28, 2020, in Bangkok, Thailand, after suffering from Parkinson's Disease. He lived in Plymouth, N.H., with Ivan Gibbs and his family for a couple of years when he was in high school. Chip enjoyed being a dirt bike racer in his younger years.



He was a very successful businessman, and at one time he owned the only combination Honda motorcycle and car dealership at the time on the Main Line of Philadelphia, Pa.

He sailed the South Seas solo for a good 20 years, stopping at hundreds of islands, and making friends with the natives on so many of them.

Having never had any kids of his own, he loved animals of all kinds, treating them as his children. Wolves especially.

Frank Edwards Punderson, Jr. ('47)

Frank Edwards Punderson, Jr. ('47) died peacefully on Jan. 3, 2020, at his home, surrounded by his immediate family. Frank was born in 1933 in Springfield, Mass., the youngest of three children, to Beulah Boden and Frank E. Punderson. He attended Deerfield Academy and graduated from



Middlebury College in 1955. While at Middlebury, Frank was instrumental in establishing the men's soccer team, was an avid skier and ski-jumper, played drums in a swing band, and took flying lessons at the Middlebury airport. After graduation, Frank enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps and flew the F9F-2 fighter jet in the 3rd Marine Airwing (VMF-311). Frank later returned to Middlebury College to coach the fledgling men's soccer team. In 1961, Frank married Linda Ide and together, they raised four children: Martha Graf of Loma, Colo., Ebenezer of Weybridge, Ingrid Jackson of Cornwall, and Samuel of Carrabassett Valley, Me. In 1965, Frank and Linda purchased and renovated a property on Fire Hill in Florence to make their first home in Vermont. They operated a small inn in Pittsford from 1968 to 1971, while Frank established his real estate business in Rutland. Subsequent moves brought them to Weston, Landgrove, and finally to retirement, where they built their home in Cornwall. In 2017, Frank and Linda settled in at Eastview in Middlebury, where, among their wonderful friends and neighbors, Frank lived out his final years. Frank lived his life with vigor and a passion for just about everything, including his friends, flying, skiing, golf, and soccer, but his greatest love was Linda, their children, and their wonderful spouses, David Graf, Jill Madden, Woody Jackson, and Kate Webber; and grandchildren Asa, Sam, and Noah Graf, Dorothy and Harlow Punderson, Ebenezer and Silas Jackson, and Calvin Punderson. His greatest joy was being surrounded by his family, for whom he spent his last few months chronicling its family history. His family is extremely grateful for the warm, competent and accommodating care received from all who intersected with Frank over the past year and especially in his final days. A joyful celebration of Frank's life will follow in the spring. In lieu of flowers, donations in Frank's memory can be made to Porter Medical Center or Helen Porter Rehabilitation and Nursing.

Amory Houghton Jr. (Cubs '33-'35)

Amory Houghton Jr. (Cubs '33-'35) was born in Corning on Aug. 7, 1926. Amory Sr. would become president and chairman of Corning Glass Works and later ambassador to France under President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Mr. Houghton's mother, Laura (Richardson) Houghton, a native of Providence, R.I., was a philanthropist and former chairwoman of the Girl Scouts of America.



His grandfather Alanson Bigelow Houghton, also a Corning President and member of Congress from New York State, served as Ambassador to Germany under President Warren G. Harding and to Britain under President Calvin Coolidge.

After serving in the Marine Corps in 1945 and 46, Mr. Houghton earned a bachelor's degree and a master's in Business Administration, both from Harvard. He followed the family line into Corning in 1952, rising to chairman and chief executive 12 years later. He was the fifth generation of his family to head the company.

He went on to guide Corning to recovery after it suffered severe financial reversals during a national economic downturn in the 1970s.

Inheriting a company that had been a leading maker of cookware, fine crystal glassware, and glass casings for television tubes, he pushed it toward developing optical fiber and other new materials. Corning products today include clean-air technologies, advanced components for the semiconductor industry, and display glass for high-performance digital tablets, notebooks, and televisions.

Mr. Houghton's marriage to Ruth Frances West in 1950 ended in divorce. His second wife, Priscilla (Dewey) Houghton, died in 2012.

He is survived by two daughters, Sara Houghton Grayson and Quincy Houghton; two sons, Amory III and Robert; his brother, Jamie; nine grandchildren; and a great-grandson.

Well after leaving Congress, Mr. Houghton remained outspoken about national politics and, in frequent interviews and letters to the editor of upstate New York publications, was rueful that the partisan differences he had worked to overcome in the House had grown only more bitter, both in the House and

among Americans generally. He was openly critical of President Trump, calling him divisive.

But Mr. Houghton remained optimistic. "The pendulum swings back and forth in life, and it sure does in politics," he told *The Leader*, a newspaper in Corning, in 2017. "I really believe in my heart that we've got a terrific future ahead of us."

Tony Ostheimer ('49)

Tony Ostheimer ('49), 82, of St. Ignatius and Missoula, passed away on Tuesday, Dec. 18 at home, surrounded by family.

He was born Jan. 27, 1936, in West Chester, Pennsylvania, to Alfred James Ostheimer III and Ruth Eloise Magargle.



He attended the Booth School, Devon, Pa., the Episcopal Academy Middle School, Overbrook, Pa., and Middlesex School, Concord, Mass., and then Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., graduating with a bachelor's degree in economics and minors in French, geology, and Marine Corp Military Science, and was commissioned 2nd Lt. in the USMC, won the Merritt A. Edson Trophy for marksmanship, graduated from Combat Engineer School, was deployed to Lebanon, Cuba, and Vieques, Puerto Rico, and was honorably discharged after 12 years total service at the rank of Captain.

Tony Ostheimer and Mary Bacon "Polly" Parke were married June 22, 1957, at Downingtown Friends Quaker Meeting in Pennsylvania.

Following his service in the Marine Corps, Tony started a career with Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. and was awarded his Chartered Life Underwriter degree in 1962. In 1974, Tony and Polly moved to St. Ignatius, where they continued to raise their children on the family ranch. Tony loved gardening, restoring John Deere tractors, flood irrigating pastures, pulling weeds, and preserving open spaces. He loved liberty, his country, his family, and his Creator.

Tony was preceded in death by his parents, his brother Dr. John Ostheimer, his older half-sister, Barbara St. Georges, and his wonderful companion of 54 years, Polly.

Tony is survived by his four children, Carolina Jesus of Hawaii, Edward McIlvain Ostheimer (Shawn), Richard Knight Ostheimer (Nan) and William Bacon Ostheimer (Kelly) of Montana, eight grandchildren, Marlee, Kailun (Heather), Ashley (Clint), Joshua (Amber), Sai (Alana), Christopher (Lindsey), Colby, Abigail, and 10 great-grandchildren, Rylie, Gavin, Ellis, Caius, Silas, Aravah, Hendrix, Marlena, Isaac and Jedidiah.

Tony is also survived by his sister, Martha Luster of Oregon; half-sister, Margaret Hill of New Mexico, and half-brother, James Ostheimer, of Maine, as well as many wonderful nieces, nephews, cousins, and "in-laws."

A memorial will be held on Tony and Polly's wedding anniversary, Saturday, June 22, 2019, at the Western Montana Veterans Cemetery, followed by a private family gathering at the ranch.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests donations in his memory be made to, Miracle of America Museum in Polson, Free Cycles Missoula, or Hospice of Missoula.

Terry Douglas Stenberg ('52)

Bowdoin College Overseer Emeritus and member of the Class of '56 Terry Douglas Stenberg ('52) died on July 5, 2020, in Camden, Maine, at the age of 86. A longtime educator and a lifelong musician known for his perfect pitch and his celebration of Bowdoin in his own music, Terry spent his retirement years in Maine



and remained an active member of the Bowdoin community. He was recognized by the College in 2005 as a winner of the Polar Bear Award for his many contributions to the life of the College.

Terry was born July 1, 1934, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He spent his youth in Milton, began playing piano at the age of four, later formed a quintet with other pre-teens, and graduated from Milton High School. He arrived at Bowdoin on an Alumni Fund scholarship.

A government major, with a minor in music, and member of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, Terry was a James Bowdoin Scholar and the recipient of a second

Alumni Fund scholarship. He was vice-president of his class. He won the Wooden Spoon award, given to the student who most exemplifies the spirit and character of Bowdoin. Members of the Bowdoin community who were fortunate enough to have known him will likely best remember Terry's passion for music. He was a member of the Glee Club for all four years, serving as its president, and was a dedicated member of the Meddiebempsters, the College's a cappella augmented double quartet. He wrote vocal arrangements for the group and traveled with the Meddies on summer tours of U.S. military bases in Europe. In his sophomore year he was also a member of the Emanons, a Bowdoin jazz quintet that performed on campus and at other colleges in New England. They also recorded an album.

He was also active in ROTC at Bowdoin and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Army Signal Corps after graduation. Terry was stationed at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. He married Shirley Lindgren in October of 1956. He went on to take the first of many positions in education at the Peekskill Military Academy in New York. He taught math at Peekskill and was Assistant Commander there, then went on to New York Military Academy, where he was the head of the lower school. In 1960 he and Shirley and their growing family moved to Massachusetts, where he took on the position of Director of Admissions at Pine Manor Junior College. While working at Pine Manor, he began a master's program in education at Boston University, receiving that degree in 1970. He earned a Ph.D. in Education from the University of Minnesota in 1976.

Terry continued to thrive in academic environments; his next move was to the Summit School in St. Paul, Minnesota, as Headmaster in 1967. He held similar positions at the Hillsdale-Lotspeich School (1970–74) and Seven Hills School (1974–76) in Cincinnati and at the Hawken School in Cleveland. He was a member of many professional organizations, including the National Association of Secondary School Principals and the Ohio Association of Independent Schools (which he served as Secretary-Treasurer and President).

Active in Bowdoin clubs in Boston and Cincinnati, Terry joined the Alumni Council in 1971. He was the Cincinnati Area Chairman for Bowdoin's 175th Anniversary Campaign Program and in 1983 was named an Overseer of the College.

In 1991, Terry and Shirley relocated to Maine and made Cushing their permanent home, leaving temporarily when Terry accepted a three-year appointment in 1993 as the Director of the American Collegiate Institute in Izmir, Turkey. He stepped down from Bowdoin's Board of Overseers at that time. The couple's time in Turkey inspired Shirley to pursue her interests in art history. Upon their return, Shirley plunged deeper into that interest, becoming a dedicated docent to the Farnsworth Museum.

Meanwhile Terry, while continuing his work in education as a consultant, devoted much of his free time to his long-standing interest in music. While Terry struggled with a debilitating, auto-immune condition, he worked on music for instrumental ensembles. In October 2012 the Portland Symphony Orchestra performed and recorded his medley, "Remembering Tilly: Five Songs of Bowdoin College," inspired by Professor Frederic E. T. "Tilly" Tillotson. For Terry it was a true labor of love. In recent years the Bowdoin College Concert Band has also performed and recorded several of Terry's other arrangements: Forward the White, Bowdoin Beata; Three Mountain Songs, A Jazz Medley; and Songs of World War One Soldiers.

He was predeceased by his mother, Harriette Dolliver Stenberg; his step-father, John William Stenberg; his sister, Susanne Stenberg Scull; his brother, John Tileston Stenberg; and his son-in-law, Lawrence Berk.

He is survived by his beloved wife of 63 years, Shirley Stenberg, of Cushing, Maine; son Douglas G. Stenberg '79 and his wife, Kari Nordhoy Stenberg, of Robesonia, Pennsylvania; daughter Gretchen Ford Stenberg Dismukes and her husband, Walter W. Dismukes, Jr., of Harpswell, Maine; daughter Sarah Osier Stenberg Berk of Bearsville, New York; and three grandsons: Jonah S. Berk of Joliet, Illinois, Adam O. Berk of Portland, Oregon, and Isaac D. Berk of Bearsville, New York.

A service is planned for a future date at the First Congregational Church of Camden, 55 Elm Street, Camden, Maine.

[At the family's request, gifts in Terry's memory may be made to the Meddiebempsters Scholarship Fund, Office of Stewardship Programs, 4175 College Station, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine 04011.]

H. JAMES MARSHALL III, JAN. 21, 2020:

A REFLECTION ON JIM

By Nick Robbins

The year-round Mowglis team is close-knit. We work together throughout the year to bring the Mowglis program to the campers every summer. With the passing of H. James Marshall (Jim to us), we lost a truly wonderful member of our team.

Jim and his wife Fran are both members of the Mowglis Team, Jim, serving as our CFO, and Fran as our bookkeeper. Having the Marshalls as our trusted financial service providers brought truly professional financial management to the operation. Our current strength and stability are in no small part thanks to their skill, intelligence, and care for Mowglis and the Pack.

I always loved seeing Jim's car pull into Mowglis - his license plate said it all "Upbeat." I am so glad to have known and worked with him - he was an example of professionalism and a consummate gentleman. Thankfully, through what has been a difficult year for all, Fran has stayed on as our bookkeeper.

So with this, I raise a Mowglis Toast to Jim and Fran Marshall. While Jim is sorely missed, we are deeply thankful to have both of you as members of the Mowglis Pack. *Good hunting.*



*O Mowglis! Thy sons have grown sturdy and strong,
Some must part from the Jungle today.
Their faces are turned to the pathways beyond,
But their hearts with their brothers will stay —
The call of the Pack
They ne'er can forget,
"We be of one blood, Brothers, All!"
Good hunting! To those who are loyal and brave!
Then hark ye! O hark to the Call!*

The Graduates' Hymn

A LESSON IN RESILIENCE

By Tomo Nishino ('84)

In the fall of 1906, Alcott Farrar Elwell started his Harvard career along with his twin brother, Stanley Bruce, as a member of the class of 1910. As a result of what is only described as “financial reversals” in his personal history, he left Harvard in 1907. Over the next 10 years, he would find a wild assortment of work, and would return to Harvard intermittently for his studies whenever finances allowed.

By 1905, his father, Francis Edwin Elwell, had come to some renown as a sculptor (see *The Call* 2019 “What’s in a Name”), and perhaps more importantly, he was the Curator of Ancient and Modern Statuary for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. But in the summer of 1905, an intense disagreement with the Curator of Paintings resulted in his being escorted out of the Museum by police and his dismissal later that year. One imagines that being left with the uneven income of a sculptor, funding two Harvard tuitions was simply out of the question. His brother Stanley stayed in Harvard, and Elwell did what he had to do.

His first job was as a mechanic at the French Panhard-Lavasser Automobile Company in New York City. To give a sense of just how extraordinary and “cutting edge” this was, we should remember that this is just 20 years after the first gasoline-powered automobile was built by Benz in 1885. In 1907 America, even in a place like New York, horses far outnumbered cars. At the time, there were fewer than 150,000 cars compared to 23 million horses in the U.S. The mass-produced Ford Model T was still a year away. Cars of the time, including those of Panhard-Lavasser, were strictly hand-built bespoke affairs, and maintaining them was an art.

In 1908, he joined the U.S. Geological Survey in the Wyoming Badlands as a cook, even though by his own admission, he had no relevant experience. (He left a journal from his time in Wyoming, now housed at the University of Wyoming, chock full of observations and quite a few recipes he picked up along the way.) This year of his life surely deserves a story on its own—perhaps in a future issue of *The Call*. He served on the USGS for much of the summer and into the fall. The winter of that year

through the following spring found him in Kassel, Germany—a city in which he had lived as a boy—working as a nurse at a friend’s hospital, again presumably with little prior experience or training. Later he found himself in Mexico, and spent the year of 1912 working as a bookkeeper in Boston. He came to Mowglis for the first time in 1905, and spent as many summers as he could at Camp.

It seems, though, that working with young people was never far from his mind. In 1914, a group of parents in Cleveland, Ohio, chose to opt their five boys, aged 6 to 8, out of the existing Cleveland schools. They gathered in a barn on Euclid Avenue to be tutored by Elwell. It is not clear how Elwell came to be hired by these parents. What we can surmise is that these parents, who highly valued education and aspired to have their children attend the most esteemed colleges in an era when just 3 percent of the American population had a college degree, must have chosen the tutor with care and diligence. One suspects that they chose him because of, rather than in spite of, his resume—a unique mix of the traditional (he attended the famed Cambridge Latin in Massachusetts and went on to Harvard) and the unexpected (he was the son of a famed sculptor who had lived in France and Germany as a boy, was an irregular student at Harvard, and had held a colorful assortment of jobs).

His former students recall him as a “tall and strongly built man with extremely blue eyes, a tart Boston accent, and graying hair.” He held the youngsters’ attention by drawing super monsters on the blackboard while teaching geography. Apparently, sketching was a skill he had developed during his time with the USGS. This choice of teaching methods—of engaging the students—was quite outside the norm for the time, which emphasized rote learning through teacher-centered knowledge transfer through sheer repetition. The thought that learning should be student-centered, that students needed to be engaged by doodling on the chalkboard would have been unusual, to say the least. Just as the “school” was starting to grow, with more parents signing up their children to be tutored by Elwell, he decided to resign and return

to Harvard to complete his studies. The school that he helped launch is the Hawken School, an independent school that continues to this day in Cleveland.

This experience seems to have solidified Elwell's interest in education. Upon returning to Harvard, he set off to complete a Bachelor of Science degree in Education. His senior thesis was titled "The American Private Summer Camp for Boys, and Its Place in a Real Education," and in it he lays out the basic ideas that he would more fully develop in his doctoral thesis eight years later, and would serve as the foundation of Mowglis' philosophy and program to this day.

Writing after Elwell's passing, his wife Helen V. Chaffee noted that he regarded these years as the "mountain peaks of his life"—one gets a sense of both the magnitude of the challenges as well as the sense of accomplishment. He thought "it had a large part in contributing to the usefulness and success which followed." These years surely were challenging, but Elwell seems to have simply resolved to make the best of them. In addition to completing his degree, Harvard records indicate that upon returning to campus, he began a club for

young men related to working in modern business—perhaps he wanted to impart to his classmates the lessons he had learned over the preceding 10 years. One wonders if Elwell had a sense of irony—the theme of the club was "How to get a job and how to keep it."

Today, we would describe Elwell's trajectory with the word "resilience"—to meet life's biggest challenges without despairing, remain diligent and focused on the goal, and get as much out of every experience as you possibly can. Even as this word has come to seem a bit overused, we are confronted by a world that requires all of us, and especially our children, to be resilient. Elwell once wrote, "As living examples, counselors can do more than in any other way." Indeed.

(As this was being written, we discovered another connection between Mowglis and the Hawken School. In the mid-1950s a young Bowdoin man named Terry Douglas Stenberg served on the Staff at Mowglis. He would later go on to serve on the Board of Trustees of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation in the 1970s while he was the headmaster of the Hawken School. He passed away earlier this year, and his obituary is included in this issue.)



LINER NOTES

THE STORIES BEHIND OUR FAVORITE MOWGLIS SONGS

By K. Robert Bengtson ('69), Director Emeritus

Dr. Harvey Roswell Russell, Mowglis Songwriter

1911–1993

While a student at Yale, class of 1934, Harvey Russell was close friends with William B. Hart and Nelson Ordway, both Mowglis. Also in this group of friends was Harry Woolley, whose Daughter, Sandra Woolley Brown, alongside her husband, Jay, would become longtime Cub Directors beginning in 1977.

One Winter at Yale, prior to ever coming to Mowglis but inspired by Bill Hart, Harvey wrote the song “Hail to Mowglis.” Upon receiving the manuscript, Colonel Elwell was sufficiently impressed as to invite Harvey in 1938 to join the Cub Council under Lewis and Jane Clough. Hence began four consecutive summers in the Cub and Music Departments which included writing “The Jungle Song,” “A Cub Song” (Words by Lewis W. Clough), “The Candlelight Hymn” (Words by George Mixer, Jr.), and “The Mowglis Goodnight Song” in 1941. The latter is what we have come to know as ‘the indoor goodnight song,’ the ‘outdoor song’ being “There’s a Lake in the Mountains Gleaming.” All five of Harvey’s songs contain wonderful melodies and harmonies. These, along with his words and those of Clough and Mixer, which truly capture the essence of Mowglis, are why they have been so endearing and enduring.

Over the years, Harvey visited Mowglis whenever he could. I came to enjoy a very warm association with him, as did Joe Vitacco ('82); this somewhat resulting from a shared interest in the pipe organ. One Staff Orientation Week in the late 80s or early 90s, I remember him coming into the Dining Room during dinner. It was fun and gratifying for him to meet the Staff and Counselors who appreciated and knew his songs so well. It was also during this visit that he suggested writing a ‘staff song,’ which he did begin, but never finished.



Harvey was a revered teacher, scientist, and musician. A native of New Haven, he earned his B.A. (1934) and his M.A. (1936) degrees at Yale. He also held a Doctor of Education degree from Columbia University. Prior to joining American Cyanamid, with which he served for 30 years, he taught at Muhlenberg College, St. Paul’s School, and Yale. In his will, in addition to establishing a trust for an annual recital on Yale’s Newberry Memorial Organ, he was very generous to Mowglis.



OBJECT LESSONS: THE CANNON

By James Hart

"Across the lake, the echoes ring, the cannon's strident shout..." wrote Col. Elwell in 1934. Since the earliest days of Mowglis, the use of a cannon has (quite literally) punctuated not just the rhythm of our days, but also our history.

We've used a few different cannons over the years. Colonel Elwell first brought a signal cannon to Mowglis in 1910 for the Colors ceremony. The first Mowglis cannon was a Winchester Muzzle-loaded 10-gauge black-powder cannon, which is now on display in the Jungle House. These signal cannons date back to 1901, when Winchester secured the patent. Coincidentally, they were first made available for purchase in 1903, the same year of Mowglis' founding!

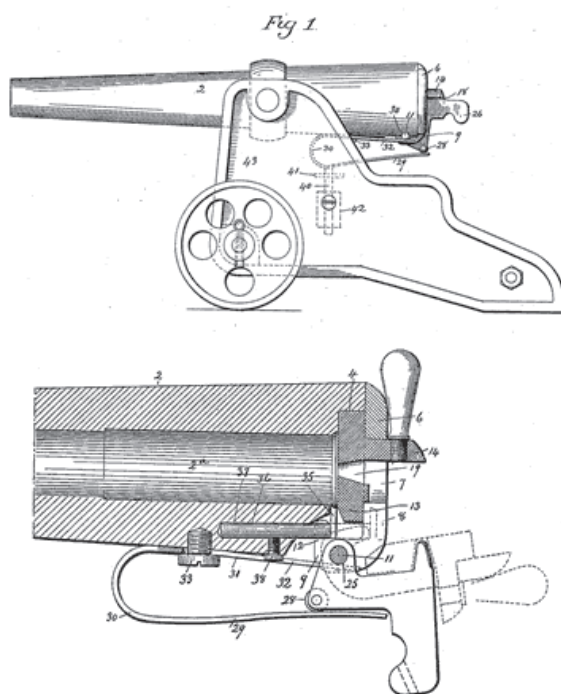
Mowglis currently employs a Winchester Breech-loaded signal cannon, firing a 10 gauge black powder round. We believe that our current cannon was manufactured in the late 1930s, as Winchester began inscribing serial numbers in the early 1950s, which ours lacks. Winchester stopped production of the signal cannon in 1958, having made approximately 18,000 of them.

These days, the cannon still marks the opening of each summer with each Cub firing one round. Then, except on Sundays, the cannon is fired out across the lake during Colors, the boys remaining at Parade Rest until the echo of the blast returns from across the

lake. On Crew Day, the boys and spectators anxiously await the firing of the cannon as the Racing Crews make their way back to the dock. One blast for Red victory, two for Blue, or three for a tie.

The wooden case in which the cannon currently resides was lovingly built by alumnus Julian Kingsley ('06) some years ago. The cannon itself was restored, nearly in its entirety, by me in 2017. The hammer was replaced, along with the breech handle. The entire cannon was disassembled, stripped, and repainted. The wooden case was adorned with an engraved plaque reading, "Hathi's cry sounds as the thunder."

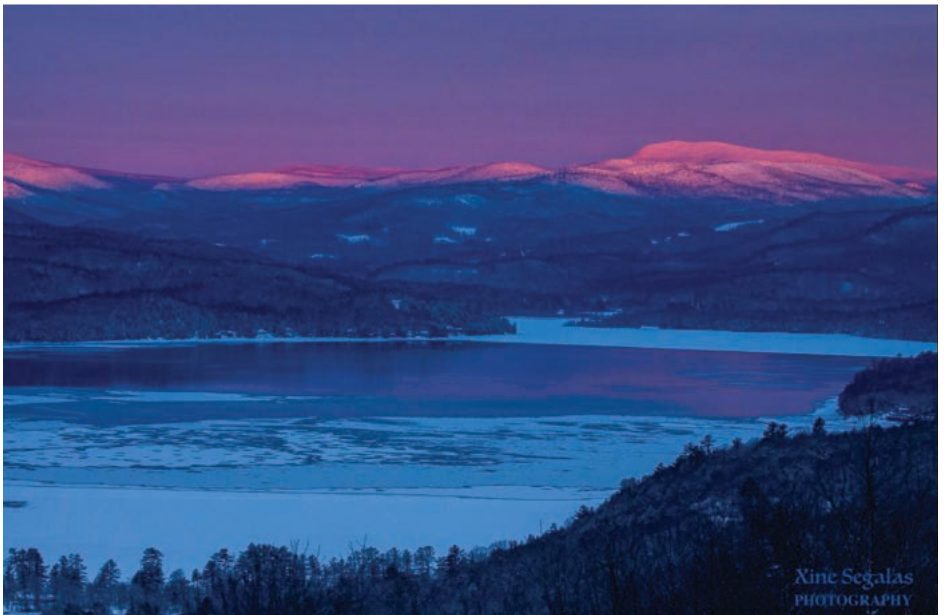
This winter, the cannon will return again to my home in New Haven for "rebluing" in preparation for next summer. The cannon was originally manufactured in New Haven as well, so perhaps a fitting place for its refurbishment.





We Regret the Error...

On page 45 in the 2019 *Mowgli's Call*, the 1969 JS photo was misidentified as the 1969 Den.



In 2020, the wild turkeys had their run of the Mowglis campus. Don't get used to it you turkeys, the Pack will be back in 2021. Good hunting!



MOWGLIS
SCHOOL OF THE OPEN

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