

# THE MOWGLIS CALL

## 2021



**MOWGLIS**  
SCHOOL OF THE OPEN  
ESTABLISHED 1903





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Cover Photo: "Roaring Cubs of 2021" by Nick Robbins

# IN THIS ISSUE

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*The Call* is Published by the Holt-Elwell

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## MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

### TOMO NISHINO ('84)

Dear Friends of Mowglis,

As I stood on the Lower Ball Field on Mrs. Holt's Day looking across the boys' smiling faces, I felt a deep sense of gratitude to be part of this remarkable community.

In these unusual times, it required true teamwork to pull off a Mowglis summer. The year-round staff—Nick Robbins, Diana Robbins, James Hart, Tommy Greenwell, Bob Bengtson, and Holly Taylor—worked their tails off so that the summer would be safe, productive, fun, and above all a true Mowglis experience. My fellow Trustees endured countless Zoom meetings to ensure that Nick and his team had the support and resources they needed. The Camp nurses and one pediatrician parent provided expert advice as the team deliberated over policy and protocols. The alumni community pitched in to make needed upgrades and renovations to the Lodge and the dorms possible. Parents and families patiently worked with us as we navigated the uncertainties of the fall and spring, then entrusted us with their boys for a full seven weeks without the opportunity to visit.

The staff made up for their smaller-than-usual numbers with bottomless energy and enthusiasm. They are the summer's true heroes, making the Camp come alive and the experience pop for the boys. The boys, both returning and new, dove into the summer with gusto, conquering many miles on the trail, rowing their hearts out on the lake, fulfilling many a requirement, and earning Ribbons galore.

The payoff for the community coming together and pulling together was the beaming faces on Closing Day.

So to each and every one of you who made this possible, thank you.

The last 18 months (as I write this) has shown just how resilient Mowglis is. To be sure, there is work still to be done. We will strengthen the financial foundations of the Camp. We aspire to make Mowglis accessible to all boys who embrace the Mowglis Spirit. We will ensure that the Staff receive the training to become and be recognized as the youth development professionals they are. We will do all this while hewing true to the timeless founding principles embodied deep in our traditions and program.

I am sure I and others will reach out to you for your guidance and support, for if we've learned anything this year, it is that it takes a Pack. But that is for another time. Today we celebrate Mowglis 2021!

Good Hunting!

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





# LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

## NICK ROBBINS

**WE DID IT!** Thanks to many Mowglis working together, 2021 was a **surprisingly normal summer**, and the Campers and Staff had a fantastic time. The challenges imposed by COVID were significant to be sure, but thanks to the careful planning of the Mowglis Reopening Task Force—composed of Mowglis staffers, Board Members, and external medical professionals—we developed a plan that allowed us to operate Camp safely while offering the Campers the same fun and productive experience they’ve come to love.

Did the Campers and Staff wear masks? **Yes**, but only for the first week.

Was there COVID testing? **Yes**. Everyone had a pre-arrival, upon-arrival, and 5th-day PCR Test, and all staff members tested weekly. Testing is what allowed us to be unmasked and mixed at Camp.

Did we have any cases of COVID at Mowglis? **No!**

Did the trips go out? **Yes!** Trips went out every week, on the same schedule and to most of the same locations as in previous summers. We sought out less-crowded alternatives for a few trips to stay away from the highest-traffic areas.

Did we have a raucous Crew Day? Competitive Sports Days? The normal schedule of duties, industries, sign-ups, inspection, soak, and campfire? Inner Circle Ceremony, Candle Light, Candle Boats, and all the rest? **Most certainly.**

Did the boys have the amazing Mowglis summer they all deserved after a year of pandemic restrictions and lockdowns? **ABSOLUTELY!**

This summer was a genuine team effort—so many people pulled together to make it a success—too many to list here. Please know that whether you’re an alumnus, a staff member, a board member, a reopening taskforce member, a camper, a parent, or other... All I can say is thank you—**thank you all!**

The Mowglis program is alive and strong, maybe stronger than ever, thanks to the persistent, tenacious, gritty strength of the Pack pulling together in the only way we know how: ***the Mowglis Way!***

Good Hunting,



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



# PACK HISTORY 2021

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

Summer 2021 will go down in Mowglis history as perhaps one of our most important summers. After closing in 2020, our boys and staff were electrified at the prospect of returning to our home beneath the pines, and the promise of a sense of normalcy amidst a trying year.

On Saturday, June 26, after two weeks of staff training, the Cubs were first to arrive on the Jungle House lawn, the first Campers to grace our campus in nearly two years! Despite the heat and the necessity of masks, summer 2021 began with a bang, or more accurately, 18 of them as the Cubs' cannon shots rang out across Newfound Lake. The sight of Gray Brothers Field full during our first Colors ceremony warmed the hearts of Mowglis near and far, with many sending their thoughts and prayers for a successful summer from afar.



As the first week kicked into high gear, the boys began their first iteration of Industries, and as though someone simply flipped a switch, Mowglis came to life with the familiar sound of laughter, the report of a .22 from the Rifle Range, and the resounding thump of a well-placed axe hitting its mark. As Baloo set off on our inaugural visit to Belle Island for the first overnight of the season, the Den made the most of their first Lone Wolf, setting goals for the summer to make the most of their final season as Campers.

Week two brought the sublime relief of leaving our masks behind. The bubble held! Despite the start of what would prove to be one of the rainiest summers in recent memory, tossing away our masks gave us just the morale boost we needed. On the 4th of July, the entire Camp was awakened by the National Anthem, and we ended the day with fireworks at the

Waterfront. We saw the mighty Cubs take their turn in the War Canoes, en route to Belle Island for their first overnight.



To kick off our third week, with a brief break in the wet weather, Land Sports Day was on the schedule! Cardigan's Cunning Coyotes won the day with a remarkable feat of strength during the tug of war. The Junior Staff's attempt to unseat the noble Senior Staff in the tug of war was unsuccessful. Perhaps a little more time on the weight rack in the Staff Room instead of your phones, gentlemen? Panther set off for the Mahoosucs, and despite their concerns, all survived the treacherous Mahoosuc Arm and Notch. They returned just in time for a talent show, headlined by the Cubs' performance of "A Seed's a Star," which resulted in a shower of, you guessed it, seeds! Ned Hanrahan stole the show with his energetic dance routine, which had the whole of Camp on their feet. No sooner than we bid farewell to the three-week Cubs, Ms. Boone and the rest of the Cub staff welcomed their four-week charges.





Week four saw the Den depart to New Hampshire's northern reaches to paddle the Connecticut Lakes and secure more than a few Canoeing requirements under the tutelage of Mr. Conklin. With the unrelenting rain, many Industries and Clubs had to head indoors, but in true Mowglis fashion, we made the most of it! Whether it was Blacksmithing in the Woodshed with Mr. Drennan or a crazy game of dodgeball in Gray Brothers, every member of the Mowglis Pack seemed to be intent on making up for lost time. New Hampshire Fish and Game Officer Josiah Towne visited for a fantastic Campfire, and with Squads just around the corner, the reality of the summer being halfway over truly sunk in with the departure of the four-weekers.



Week five began with the announcement of Squads. Gopher headed to the far reaches of the Elwell Trail, spending the night in the Crag Shelter, built nearly 100 years ago by their Mowglis forebears. Mt. Washington Squad headed to the Moose River in Maine to paddle (and sometimes walk) their canoes through the wilds near the Canadian border. Back in Camp, the hustle and bustle of Industries were evident as boys began racking up Requirements, Ribbons, and qualifying targets left and right. While the week brought with it more uncooperative weather, Mowglis Spirit prevailed, and as the Squads returned, all eyes were set on the announcement of Racing Crews and the start of Crew Week!



Crew Week began with the promise of good weather throughout the week; a rare sight this summer! Mr. Nguyen, a visiting Ms. Mira, and the rest of the Crew apparatus planned on making good use of it! As the new boys learned cheers, Crew Leaders Mr. Conklin and Mr. Harvey (Blue and Red, respectively) brought both the energy and sportsmanship needed to make this Crew Week one for the books! Mr. Greenwell, Mr. Hart, and the Junior Staff assembled a bonfire for the ages, while Mr. Slater managed to convert two old canoes into floats for each Crew. On Race Day, the good weather prevailed. Blue Crew handily secured victories on 3rd form, 2nd form, 1st form, and even the mighty Cubs, but in the end, the Red Racing Crew won the day in one of the best races seen in years! While this year was an RVD, the air of competition melted away with the raising of the Red oar and the singing of "The Mowglis Boating Song." That night a wonderful time was had by all at the Evening Program. Music feats, another dance from Mr. Hanrahan, and a visit from the incomparable Flying Zamboni Brothers, the entire Camp went to bed satisfied and hungry to make the final week of Camp a worthwhile one.



With the final week upon us, the challenges of the past year seemed far away. The last few "Regular Mowglis Days" were busy ones indeed. Announcements at meals ran long, with the heralding of Ribbons, Graduation requirements, and victories among boys of all ages. We were blessed again with the promise of well-deserved fair weather. The Cardigan assault was a resounding success, and despite the heat, Graduates' Dinner was full to the brim with heartfelt toasts and tasty food, while the rest of Camp enjoyed a BBQ and "The Empire Strikes Back." The Inner Circle Ceremony saw nine Mowglis make their way a little closer to the Campfire.

So tonight, as the flicker of candlelight disappears into the darkness, we are reminded that our time here at Mowglis, our home beneath the pines, is fleeting. As it says in "Men of Mowglis," though the days here are never long, the friendships and lessons of this remarkable place will last a lifetime.

*Mowglis 2021, we salute you!*

# 2022 w/sh list



This year, Mowglis is hoping to replace one of our 4-person shells, also known as a “coxed four.” These boats are essential to the Crew Industry and indispensable in teaching our boys about crew outside of Mowglis.

We are interested in a new or gently used boat, as well as all the appropriate equipment. Please share leads, expertise, or consider a tax-deductible donation to support this vital effort!

**Contact James Hart at [james@mowglis.org](mailto:james@mowglis.org).**

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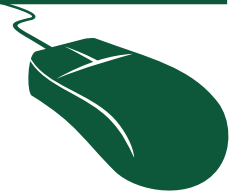
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# 2021 BY THE NUMBERS



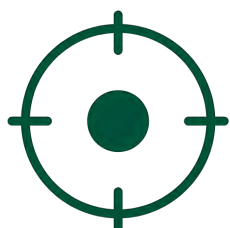
**14**  
Graduates



**9**  
Inner Circle  
Inductees



**RVD**



**832**  
Qualifying  
Targets



**225**  
Mowglis  
Miles



**62**  
Axe Tests



**62**  
Ribbons  
Earned



**32**  
Full  
Waingungas

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

For actual Mowglis uniform items, go to **[Everythingsummercamp.com](https://Everythingsummercamp.com)** and search **Mowglis**

*Have a request?* Contact James Hart at [james@mowglis.org](mailto:james@mowglis.org)



# A CUB MOM'S VIEW

By Abby Boone, Cub Mom

Cubland was quiet when I first arrived. It had the eerie stillness of a theatre before the actors arrive or a classroom before the school year starts. I sat in the quiet, contemplating what it would look like bustling with children laughing and playing. I sat hoping that I could teach them something and that they would be happy this summer.

The staff arrived; all but one of the Cub counselors were new, like me. Their nerves and excitement matched mine. We all wondered what the summer would bring and quickly got to work cleaning, organizing, and getting to know one another as a team. We held an incredible duty to the Cubs to make sure they were safe, cared for, happy, and having fun. We quickly bonded over this shared responsibility and anticipated the day they would arrive.

The day when the Campers descended upon Cubland came quickly. The counselors set to work immediately teaching and guiding Campers to their bunks, encouraging them to sit and unpack with them; our duty to teach independence and self-sufficiency had already begun in our first moments with the kids.

Unpacked, the campers immediately fled to the gaga pit to make new friends and rekindle friendships from

previous years. The excitement in the air was palpable, and you could feel the kids' craving for the social interactions melt away as they played name games and icebreakers on the field.

The first day flew by, as did the first few weeks. Campers learned quickly that reveille was the signal to arise from their bunks, and many Cubs promptly joined in with Mr. CH and Mr. Paige's "GOOD MOOOORNING MOWGLIS!" call for those who weren't roused by the bugle. Sheets were quickly stripped, and some bunks were hastily made as the kids prepared for the eagerly anticipated Soupy call. Breakfasts were scarfed down,

and Industries and sign-ups were decided. Plates were cleaned and passed down the table before heading back to Cubland for bunk-making and duties.

Cubs enthusiastically and eagerly reported to their Industries and

sign-ups, favorites being Riflery, Archery, Tubing, Arts and Crafts, and anything involving being in a boat of any kind. Hungry for knowledge and adventure, the Cubs dove into each industry with fervor. Confidence grew each day with each new skill and word of encouragement from Industry leaders and older Campers from the Pack.





Thursday Trip Days were met with mixed reactions. Many were enthusiastic and spirited; others were timid and nervous. Steep mountain trails and intense physical challenges were intimidating to many, and many tears were shed. This is where the Cubs were significantly tested for their perseverance and resolve. Step by step, with cheers and words of encouragement from peers and Counselors alike, each Cub ascended the peaks of each physical, mental, and emotional mountain, and Mowglis Men were made.

Crew Week descended upon us, and camaraderie and friendly competition ensued. The Cubs were thrilled to work hand in hand with the Pack and show off their Crew colors. Crew Day came, and anticipation was high as each Crew crossed the finish line and winners were announced. Disappointment and elation were the emotions of the day, and Cubs learned how to lose with grace and win with humility. At the end of the day, the oar was raised, bandanas were removed, and body paint was (mostly) washed away.

The end of summer arrived, favorite memories were shared, and promises to return were made. Cubs packed their bags with Counselors in a beautiful mirroring of the beginning of summer. Once bags were packed, Cubs fled to the gaga pit to solidify friendships for next summer. Tears and hugs were doled out as Campers greeted their grown-ups after long weeks away. Counselors, teary-eyed, smiled and waved as our Cubs drove away. Bittersweet emotions racing as the responsibility to keep kids safe, cared for, and happy

was lifted. These children, who were strangers seven weeks ago, had become family.

Cubland was quiet as I got ready to leave. It had the eerie stillness of a theatre after a show or classroom at the end of a school year. Echoes of laughter and singing still ringing in my ears. I sat in the quiet, hoping that my Cubs would have a good

school year and that they learned something that they could share. I sat in the quiet and smiled, knowing next summer we would all be together and we would be able to do it all again.





# 2021 YEARLING PROGRAM

*By John (Joe) Rorke (Camper '90-'95), Yearling Leader*

I was a Camper at Mowglis over 25 years ago, a fact that consistently reminds me of how time flies. I was fortunate enough to return to Camp this past summer to work with the Yearlings as they transitioned to Junior Staff. As I walked onto the grounds, smelled the white pine, and saw the shimmer off of Newfound Lake, I instantly remembered how magical the Mowglis experience was to me then and how much it meant to me now.

To be sure, I had spent a long time away from Camp. Nearly 15 years after my Akelite summer, I returned to Mowglis for an Alumni Work Weekend. I knew the minute that I set foot on Gray Brothers Field that I wanted to have Mowglis in my life again. Several times after that initial Alumni Weekend, I returned to help with trail clearing, campus maintenance, or really just to do whatever Mr. Greenwell needed help with. But until this summer, I had not had the chance, more precisely the privilege, to be a part of Camp while the Campers were around. And what a journey back to that atmosphere it would be!

After a couple of weeks with Staff getting to know what has changed at Camp, and re-learning all that hadn't, I noticed that I was unconsciously back on the Mowglis schedule. I also had embraced a new role—I had been a Camper, I had been an Alumnus, but now I was a Staff member. It dawned on me at some point that over three decades I had now seen this Camp of ours through three different lenses, and I only hoped I could be helpful in working with the Yearlings, who were suddenly moving themselves from Camper to Staff.

On meeting the Yearling group, I had a strong feeling their transition would be successful. Despite our time together being somewhat impacted by the pandemic in terms of what we could do (for instance, our safety procedures

prevented us from some activities outside of Camp), the group grew immensely over three weeks. They developed leadership skills, demonstrated proficiency in leading Industries, and repeatedly demonstrated integrity. They worked together to build a literal bridge for the Campers, learned wilderness first-aid principles, led campfires, and most importantly learned how to put the safety, well-being, and experience of the Campers first.

As Yearling Coordinator, my role is finished after these Yearlings graduate to Junior Staff. And though I returned home after that graduation, I heard a great many good things about our Junior Staff during the remainder of the summer. I hope to see them again as Senior Staff. I am confident in their abilities, and we even occasionally had fun together! And even though, as they have surely come to know by now, the days are long and can be arduous for Staff at Mowglis, in the end it's fun. I enjoy watching Campers have fun—it's about them. I enjoy watching the Staff have fun—many of them used to be Campers.

Mowglis courses through the veins of Staff, Alumni and Campers alike. My greatest realization has been that fact. A long absence and I had almost forgotten what the Mowglis experience meant to me. It was a

long road back, but I am happy to be a part of it again. For that reason, my suggestion to Campers, Staff and anyone who is interested is to keep coming back, stay involved. If you're like me, you'll miss it, and we will miss you.





# 2021 JUNIOR STAFF REPORT

*by Mitchell MacEachern, JS Coordinator*

This summer the Junior Staff was absolutely indispensable; with so many of our overseas Staff unable to join us, they found themselves doing more than ever. Beginning with only two members, the JS were thrust into their usual supporting duties, but with an added twist—our Junior Staff and Yearlings were more integrated than ever, and the JS were responsible for peer-guidance. This, of course, didn't relieve them of their traditional dishes/eyes-and-ears duties, and they proved themselves more than capable for the unique challenges of the summer. To further this new goal of JS/Yearling cohesion, the Junior Staff and Yearlings left for an overnight trip to Belle Island with Mr. Rorke and me. Weathering a powerful storm, the JS and Yearlings kept their spirits high (having forgotten the stakes, they were less successful at keeping their tents high). Though there were only two JS, they were able to help lead both of our backpacking trips.

Soon enough, the Yearlings earned their place in the ranks, and the JS were in the thick of it, running Industries and aiding in supervision. Whether in the Axe Yard, down at the Waterfront, or in the Upper Camp, the Junior Staff were assisting with, or leading Industries, activities, and even scheduling. In the Dorms or on the trail, the JS were helping their counterparts on the Senior Staff.

While the Junior Staff worked really hard this summer, that didn't mean they didn't get to have any fun. After an unprecedented run on Funspot's "Deal or No Deal" game, the JS were given a harsh introduction to the realities of exchange rate in the arcade prize-ticket market; their truckload of tickets won them an extra small shirt and a handful of plastic Army men. The inaugural East Hebron Invitational Miniature Putt-Putt Golf Championship took place late in the summer, and though all competitors played skillfully, Mr. Santiago Martinez took home the championship jacket. Finally, the Junior Staff returned to Belle Island for a relaxing day on the water and a night of burgers and bacon cooked over an open campfire.

When Crew Week rolled around, the JS broke into their Crews. Donning the famous and fabulous Junior Staff Bandana Bonnet, they led cheers, helped with the Scarlet Journal and Blue Banner, and ensured that the rivalry was as friendly as it was intense. Of course, they were also responsible for building a bonfire so large and impressive that even the Senior Staff were forced to admit that the bonfire their year wasn't bigger. Hopefully, our Junior Staff will be able to return next summer, and maybe they can mentor the next group of Yearlings. Whether they are old enough to be Senior or remain Junior, they will occupy a vital role in the Camp.





# THE TRAILS LESS TRAVELED

by Mitchell MacEachern, Trip Master



*Gopher Squad*



*Washington Squad*

This summer was like any other—unique. With the world still closed from COVID, we had to abbreviate the trip schedule and avoid most of our usual haunts, including our beloved Presidential Traverse. We took full advantage of the lake this year, with boys paddling the Cockermouth or taking the canoes to Wellington for a Bear Mountain hike. Our first overnights were base camp trips, and while Toomai headed to Cardigan, the Den explored the Connecticut Lakes. They made good use of their time, picking up Canoeing requirements and generally enjoying the outdoors. The next week, the Cubs made their way to Cardigan for a half-week adventure, while Panther gamely braved the Mahoosuc Range. Each of the three groups tackled the Notch and the Arm, and each made a great impression on the people they met along the way. Whether it was Mr. Conklin's group sharing food with another group, or Mr. Moya's group helping two hikers climb out of the ice caves, Mowglis was well represented. When the time came for Baloo to take their overnight trip, they headed out to Belle Island. They had a tough paddle in the midday wind, but their spirits stayed dry when their clothes got wet. Akela had a great first pack trip, though some of the boys may never want to even think of tuna fish again.

Before long, it was Squads week. Unlike previous years, where both Washington and Gopher Squads took on the Presidentials, our

Washington Squad headed up to Maine for the Moose River Bow Trip. Guided by Mr. Conklin's paddling and Mr. Harvey's indomitable spirit, the Washington Squad canoed 34 miles over three days; there were even claims that a moose was spotted. Mr. A. Martinez and Mr. CH led the Gopher Squad as they tackled an ambitious 13-mile trek from Cardigan to Wellington Beach, hiking their way through some genuine Mowglis history. The Cardigan Assault and Red Ribbon Trip capped off another successful season.

This summer was a unique one, but as the saying goes, the more things change, the more they stay the same. The boys still laced up their boots, threw on their packs, and tested themselves in the great outdoors. They still slogged through muddy trails and scrambled up steep rocks, braving skinned knees, sore ankles, and tick bites, never failing to take that "one last step" to the summit.





# SWINGING TOGETHER: CREW WEEK 2021

*By Anthony Nguyen, Crew Coach*

There is no greater quandary than carrying on more than a century's worth of tradition coupled with an infectious disease outbreak. And yet, all things considered, we were able to keep the Mowglis spirit of Crew Week intact. As a newcomer to Mowglis, being entrusted with the Crew tradition instilled a sense of great gratitude in me to the pioneers of this special place. Campers, Staff members, and Trustees alike were ecstatic to be back at Camp after an eventful year off. That enthusiasm was reflected most visibly during Crew Week. From the announcement of boat selections to the hoisting of the winning oar, there was something in the air, something that resonated in me. Mowglis is a truly special place. And I am glad that the boys, my colleagues, and Trustees alike got to share this sentiment.

I must admit, the seriousness and passion of Crew Week was portrayed in clear perspective to me by fellow coaches Mr. Emiliano Covarrubias and Mr. Andres Martinez. In addition, 2019's head Crew coach, Ms. Mira League, appeared as a much-welcomed special guest to provide perspective in its purest form. Our decisions for 2021's Racing Crew 1st, 2nd, and 3rd forms were not taken lightly. On the Sunday night of Crew Week, with much anticipation, the names were read. And so, Crew Week began.

Monday morning, as I walked to raise the flag in the New England mist, I was met by both leaders, Mr. Henry Harvey of the Red Crew and Mr.

Foster Conklin ('12) of the Blue Crew. Bandanas in hand, both leaders called each Dorm to receive its colors, accompanied by the proud members of Racing Crew. With their identities bestowed, practices began in full swing and fervor. Never before have I seen such passion and dedication, with the boys giving their fullest attention and effort in the boats. This spirit of the day only intensified with the older boys of the Pack teaching their Crews the proper ways to cheer. I would not be surprised if such booming voices could be heard from all across New Hampshire.

The week carried on with continued fervor. Age-old banners were carried out from their respective Crew headquarters. Posters and decorations were sprinkled on the Camp grounds. Practices continued with ever-increasing dedication and discipline. Just when I thought the spirit couldn't get any prouder, Thursday came.

Thursday was a day of great remembrance. A special practice route from Camp Mowglis to Wellington State Park with the two Racing Crews. In all the time I have spent at Mowglis thus far, the lake that day was the calmest I have ever seen. Glass would be an understatement for the serenity captured that day on Newfound Lake. We could all see the level of solemnity by the expression of the boys during the practice to and from Wellington State Park. Yes, while this practice is a reprieve from the daily schedule, I was amazed by the level of determination in the boys.

RED  
CREW



BLUE  
CREW





And so Friday came. The last chance to truly practice. Needless to say, nerves were in the air.

And yet, we knew that they reached their potential. Before the boys (and honestly ourselves as well) knew it, the Bonfire and Pep Rally were here. With fantastic construction by the Junior Staff and Mr. James Hart, the “feu de joie” was ready for ignition. But first, the Pep Rally was necessary.

With a show of force and pride, the Red and Blue Crews battled with chants and cheers learned just days ago, but certainly sounded instinctual to the passerby.

With both sides showing their tenacity, it was time to begin the illumination. As names of Racing Crews were announced and official shirts bestowed, the two Captains, elected by their own peers, lit the timber as many have done years before. With a blaze that carried smoke far beyond the White Mountains, the flames persisted well into the night as all of Camp Mowglis rested for the next day.

It was peculiar. Physically, the air was the same as it has always been. And yet, the morning of Saturday carried a different atmosphere. As the traditional steak and eggs were served to the Racing Crews, a gesture of gratitude





was extended by the Racing Crew members to those who have contributed to their growth. It still puzzles me how much these young men have grown in such little time. And so, with the preliminaries finished, it was time to race.

Attendance was not the norm, many friends of Mowglis present only in spirit. And yet, the level of anticipation was the same as in years past, perhaps with a bit of renewal, given this year's circumstances. The boys rowed their hearts out, everyone did. I think I speak for my Coaching Staff when I wholeheartedly affirm that the boys rowed well. While winners and losers are a

given in the nature of racing, what happens afterward is the real test. And those boys passed with flying colors.

And so, Crew Week 2021 ended with the Red Oar hoisted in place of Old Glory. A dignified singing of "The Mowglis Boating Song" by all of Camp Mowglis. Red and Blue faded to Gray as the Pack and Cubs returned to the unified color. And with that, memories were granted to all those witnessing and participating in the revered tradition of Crew Week at Camp Mowglis. For those who missed it, fear not. The cheers of Red and Blue echo across Newfound Lake, waiting in dormancy for next year, and years to come.





# CANDLELIGHT CHAPEL TALK

By Jay Gulitti ('06), Watermaster

Toward the end of the fifth week, we had a Campfire that ran a little later than usual—right around that time of the summer when the days begin to shorten again. The last of the light faded from the evening sky, and for the first time, we were gathered around the Campfire Circle in total darkness, save for a soft orange glow from the coals. Boys and Staff alike pulled their fleeces a little tighter to stave off the cold, and as we rose to sing “The Goodnight Song,” everyone stepped in closer to the fire. For me, this was the first sign that the summer was drawing to a close.

The readings this evening were the closing passages of the final chapter of the *Jungle Book*, called “The Spring Running.” At this point in his story, Mowgli has changed from the eager, wild-haired boy we know from his arrival to the Jungle, to a young man with many experiences under his belt. He’s had his share of challenges—ending both in victory and defeat. He’s bested rivals, forged strong friendships, and learned the Laws of the Jungle faithfully and well. He’s regarded as a leader both in the Pack, and among the rest of the community.

But something inside him feels off—he’s full of anxiety: “The Red Flower is in my body, my bones are water, and I know not what I know.” The Spring Running has begun: the animals of the Jungle have grown restless and run off to take to new trails. He’s seen the writing on the wall and knows that someday soon, a change is coming. He feels the time in his life is upon him when he must leave the Jungle.

We find ourselves in a similar situation. In a few short hours, we’ll all be parting ways to move on to new pursuits in the fall. Many of us are on our way to return to school—in person no less! Others are headed to exciting new jobs and professional opportunities. Some among us will remain here at Mowglis into the coming months to steward over the property and watch over a quiet Camp until the next season. Wherever we find ourselves, it’s likely that we’ll be leaving the Jungle for a while.

In his moment of uncertainty, Mowgli cries out to his friends and brothers, feeling at first betrayed—will he be forced out into the world? Or is this a natural change? One by one, those he holds dear reassure him and provide him support:

“Man goes to Man at the last, though the Jungle does not cast him out,” says Kaa.

“It is no longer the Man-Cub that asks leave of his pack, but

the Master of the Jungle that changes his trail,” reminds Baloo.

“All debts are paid now. Good hunting on a new trail,” calls Bagheera.

You are all returning home tomorrow, wherever that may be, but I want all of you—Campers and Staff—to know that Mowglis is never closed to you. You are not being cast out—this is simply a changing of the seasons—and you are making your own trail. You’ve made wonderful friends. You’ve developed some incredible, unique skills.







You've had your share of challenges, just like Mowgli—some ending in victory, and some in defeat. Hopefully, you've also managed to have some fun as well! All of these things can be taken with you into the coming year, and I hope you learn many new things while you are away, to return and share with us all next summer.

This morning, before most of you were awake, the Den tracked quietly down to the shores of Newfound Lake. One of their own had come up to his final Graduation requirement: earning his Swimmers by way of a Waingunga swim. His Dorm brothers came to the water to show him support, and, one by one, they all entered the lake to swim alongside him. They stayed by his side the entire way—cheering him on, and offering advice, they encouraged him to push forward, and he rose to the challenge. Together, they were able to accomplish something incredible, and the sight of them all swimming served as a powerful reminder of what makes this place so special. Like the Camp huddling around the fire on a cold night, the brotherhood of this Den was another sign—not of the closing of one chapter, but the promise of a new one to come.

The friendships you've forged here are the kind that last a lifetime, and these trails you've walked will always welcome you back. I'm so thankful to have had the opportunity to learn from you all this year and I'm thankful for the role all of you have played in helping this special place open its doors once again after a season away. I can't wait to see you all here again; if not next summer, then sometime soon, hear all about what you've been up to on your Spring Running out into the world.

So remember—change can be scary, but it can also be exciting, so look forward with confidence and the knowledge that these pines, this lake, this Pack will be here, waiting for you to return.

It's like that final line in the book:

*"The stars are thin," said Greybrother, snuffing at the dawn wind. "Where shall we lair today? For, from now, we follow new trails."*



# 2021 GRAY BROTHER AWARD RECIPIENT: COLIN SOUKUP

By Nick Robbins



As any Mowglis knows, earning Ribbons in the Industries is a crucial component of the Mowglis program. Mowglis Campers work hard every summer, sometimes over multiple summers, on the rigorous criteria we call Ribbon Requirements that must be satisfied in order to earn that Industry's Ribbon.

The Camper who has accumulated the most Ribbons of all the Campers at Camp earns the title of that summer's Gray Brother. In addition to being an immense honor and accomplishment, the Gray Brother guides that summer's Inner Circle inductees (boys who have completed four Ribbons) through the Inner Circle Ceremony at Council Rock as they take their hard-earned seat at the Inner Circle.

For the summer of 2021, the Mowglis Gray Brother was Colin Soukup ('21). Over his six summers at Mowglis, Colin has earned the following 13 Ribbons:

**Toomai:** Drama

**Baloo:** Rowboating and Camping

**Akela:** Woodworking, Canoeing

**Panther:** Photography, Sailing, Crafts, Archery

**Den:** Nature, Crew, Swimming, Hiking

In addition, at the close of his Den year, he earned his Kaa Award for achieving all of the Waterfront Ribbons and completing a service project at the Waterfront.

I asked Colin what the most challenging Ribbon he earned was, and he replied, "The White Ribbon for

Swimming was the most taxing and demanding. It culminated in me swimming a double-full Waingunga in 24 minutes and 16 seconds, with just 44 seconds to spare—on my second try. I wouldn't have done it without the coaching of Mr. Garcia, Mr. Spodick, and the encouragement from Mr. Gulitti (Watermaster)!"

When I asked him for words of wisdom for current Mowglis Campers working on Ribbons and Graduation, Colin said, "Have a really good plan. Talk to the JS or a Counselor who went to Mowglis for advice on the plan. I spoke with my brother Nick, he was really helpful. Mowglis is there for you, they're going to guide you to accomplish anything you want if you put the work in!"

Colin is an exemplary Mowglis man: friendly, thoughtful, upbeat, and always one to help out his fellow Mowglis. It has been a pleasure seeing him grow from a boy to a young man, and we look forward to welcoming him back in 2022 as a Yearling and member of the Junior Staff!

Coincidentally, Colin's mom shared an essay he wrote for school titled "From Boy to Man" about the lifelong impact Mowglis makes. Please see the excerpt on the following page, and join me in a Mowglis Cheer for the 2021 Mowglis Gray Brother, Colin Soukup!





## From Boy to Man

Why sleep away camp is important for developing young boys

By Colin Soukup

*"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! Oh hark to the call!"  
-Elizabeth Ford Holt (Graduates' hymn)*

The ultimate goal of boyhood is to turn a boy into a man; however, many communities leave some boys lost and confused searching for a place of sanctuary. Whether it's a school system that judges others for being different or a sports team that's segregated by winners and losers, sometimes boys need a different place to grow. A place that understands the different backgrounds we come from, and will help everyone become the person they want to. With a generation so dependent on the luxuries of the internet and cell phones, we leave the importance of tradition and self-reliance behind. And if we dismiss the need to learn how to build a fire or set up a tarp, future generations will forget the lessons and values taught from centuries back. We can't let the footprints of our past generations get buried beneath the dirt of the mountains that should still get climbed, and our generation needs to experience more of the true essence of nature in their daily lives. No matter the background of the camper, no matter what they've been through, the lessons and values I've learned at Camp Mowglis are ones I will never forget and have been instrumental in my continuing growth from a boy to a man.

Life will sucker punch you many times, grit and determination is the only way you can get back up. Camp has taught me to keep fighting even when success seems hopeless, if you have something to fight for then don't stop chasing it. Camp has taken a scrawny screen-addicted ten-year-old who didn't know a thing about what it means to be a good person and has put out a version of me that I can be proud of. Camp has given me trust and faith in my brothers, and they have taught me how to be my true self because as different as we all may be, we do be of one blood, brothers all.

I've met some of the most unlikely and surprising individuals at a place some might think of as just a sleep-away camp, but to me and the thousands of other alumni, it is our second home.



Two campers at Rattlesnake Overlook

# 2021 WOLF'S PAW RECIPIENTS: ERIC BECKFORD AND ERIC SOTO

By Tommy Greenwell ('98), Associate Director

The Wolf's Paw is one of the special awards a Camper can earn at Mowglis. It encompasses all of the trip, travel, and outdoor skills from several Industries. With this baseline a Camper will begin to take on more responsibilities, transitioning from the role of a student to begin to give instruction, starting with teaching other Campers knots and proper care for the tents.

Two Denites, Eric Beckford and Eric Soto, came to us early on to talk about what they needed to do to earn their Wolf's Paw this summer. Both boys have always thoroughly enjoyed going on trips at Mowglis. They like the outdoors and being in nature. It is obvious they are going to be lifelong stewards of the environment.

Wolf's Paw requires a boy to earn six Ribbons: Green (Camping), Brown (Hiking), Purple (Nature), Blue (Weather), Orange (Axemanship), and Red (Canoeing). In addition to teaching components, some of the other requirements are to help pack food and gear for another Dorm's overnight trip, earning a spot on the Washington Squad, going on an overnight trip with a younger Dorm, and to complete a project. The project this year was to make more trail signs and continue to post them out on the Mowglis Trails with a focus this summer on Mt. Crosby.

Even with several years of experience on Mowglis trips and having already spent lots of time in the Industries, both Erics had a busy summer. They worked very hard with the Counselors and their peers to successfully earn the final Ribbons and requirements. It was a proud moment to present them with the Wolf's Paws on Mrs. Holt's Day and to see them be proud of themselves for all they have accomplished.



Eric Beckford



Eric Soto



Eric Beckford, Mr. Greenwell, Eric Soto



# 2021 KAA AWARD: COLIN SOUKUP, COOPER DRAZEK, THOMAS BOULD

By Jay Gulitti ('06), Watermaster



Colin Soukup, Cooper Drazek, Thomas Bould

It takes a lot of work to keep a place like Mowglis running smoothly. Projects happen all over the property—from the comprehensive updates to the Lodge and the Den, to the new floors in the Crew bays—from across the road with the Axemanship boys, to the endless touch-ups done all over the place by the Campers pursuing their Gold Ribbon—there is no shortage of work to be done. Not all the maintenance done at Mowglis is as obvious as some of those examples. Here are a lot of things that take place behind the scenes that you wouldn't notice unless you looked in the right place. That was one of the big lessons this year's Kaa recipients learned as they tackled some of those "hidden" maintenance projects down at the Waterfront.

Cooper Drazek, an incredible swimmer who's arguably more comfortable in the water than on land; Thomas Bould, Red Racing Crew Stroke, who found himself a leader in the Pack time and time again; and Colin Soukup, who developed mastery all over Camp with a whopping 14 ribbons, all spent plenty of time down at the Waterfront during their years as Campers. All of them earned the grueling White Ribbon for swimming, infamous as one of the largest time commitments at Mowglis. They spent hours in every boat available to them - developing their skills in canoes, rowboats, sailboats, and of course, both the rowing shells and the Mowglis 6-mans. They took the time to pass on their skills to other Campers and help them make significant progress in their own Ribbons. All three Denites approached me separately this summer, hoping to find a way to celebrate their time on the Waterfront, and together, we discussed some ways to leave a lasting imprint as their time as Campers drew to a close.

Working closely with Mr. Tommy Greenwell, we realized that some of the attention the Waterfront needed the most fell into that camp of "behind-the-scenes" work, and so, with that in mind, the boys set to work. The bulk of the work found them shoring up Kaa and Waingunga, two of the main buildings down at the Waterfront, in preparation for the winter ahead and

many seasons to come. With hammers and mallets in hand, and a ready supply of cedar shims and shingles, they crawled underneath the floor of Kaa to strengthen the supports under the floor and around the foundation of the building. Working quickly, and finding the building sitting more steadily than before they started, they moved over to Waingunga to remove years of sediment that had built up on the rarely visited north side of the building.

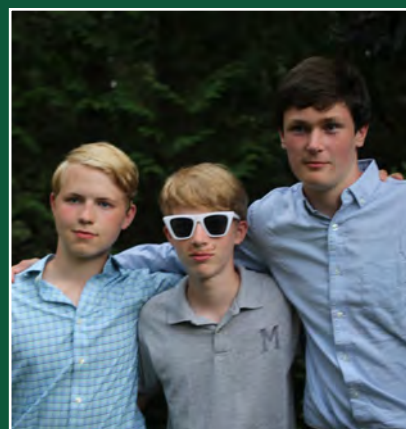
With fresh floors in the Crew bays, it was important work to keep moisture out of the building, and keep the ice and snow from putting pressure on the walls and foundation. All three of them found themselves in cramped conditions, at odd and awkward angles, pushing through a dirty and difficult set of jobs, and while the buildings themselves might not look any different from a cursory glance, I can assure you that the time and attention Cooper, Thomas, and Colin spent will have an important impact on the longevity of those buildings for years to come.

Finally, to cap things off they stained a new picnic table often used by the sailors, canoers, and rowboaters as they plan out their Industry periods and mark off requirements—something a little easier to see than the other two projects!

It has been an absolute pleasure to have these three leaders of the Mowglis Pack spend so much time down at beautiful Newfound Lake, and I'm proud to have seen them all graduate with the Kaa Award in hand on Mrs. Holt's Day. I look forward to seeing them return to the Pack someday soon.



## GRADUATES' DINNER







## INNER CIRCLE



## MRS. HOLT'S DAY





# STAFF PROFILE

## Ethan Corkin-Howell

**Where you grew up:** Chelsea Michigan

**What you do now (what do you study, what field you are looking for a job in OR what field are you working in, life goals):** I am studying Elementary Education with a Certificate in Learning Disabilities.

**Number of summers at Mowglis, what brought you to Mowglis, and what you have done during previous summers:** I have worked at a summer day camp for six years before coming to Camp Mowglis. I really wanted an adventure and to help kids.

**What you taught at Mowglis:** I was one of the mountain bike instructors.

**Which Dorms or group did you work with:** I worked with the Cubs.

**Favorite memory from last summer:** I loved when I was able to teach a Denite how to ride a bike.

**Biggest challenge you faced (and overcame) as a Staff member OR your biggest success story from last summer:** I had a hard time being away from home, but the community at Mowglis was amazing and I felt loved, so I fell in love with the Camp!

**What is your favorite thing about Mowglis:** It teaches young men discipline, grit, and love for doing things that are hard.

**What is your favorite Mowglis day? Hiking day? Regular Mowglis Day? Special Event Day?** I really loved Crew Day and the energy it brought to the Camp.

**What is your favorite Mowglis song?** The “Old Ford Hall” song, of course!

**What do you think makes Mowglis so special?** You can be you and kids get to learn about failing and getting back up.

**Closing thoughts:** If I have a son and am blessed to be able to send him to Camp Mowglis, I would do it for sure, because of the love and care the Staff have for the kids. The School of the Open transforms boys into young men full of skills and character.



*Ethan Corkin-Howell (or Mr. CH as he's known at Camp) camping with the 2021 Cubs*



# STAFF PROFILE

## Gonzalo Garcia

**Where you grew up:** I was born in Mexico City and have lived there ever since. I grew up in a house with my parents and my brothers, with whom I'm very close, and, since then I've learned the value of family.

**What you do now (what do you study, what field you are looking for a job in OR what field are you working in, life goals:):** Four years ago, I enrolled in a Bachelor of Culinary Arts program. Since I was around 13 years old, I found a great interest in cooking and also the opportunity of experimenting inside the kitchen. I believe I have always had an ability for the arts. When I was younger, I used to paint in oil, draw, and do other types of visual arts, and these crafts keep coming back to my life.

**Number of summers at Mowglis, what brought you to Mowglis, and what you have done during previous summers:** I have less than a year to finish my bachelor's degree at Le Cordon Bleu Mexico, and from August to December I'll be doing an internship in an Italian restaurant in Mexico City. I love cooking and working with my hands, but right now my mind is settling into new and different things like writing and researching, which is something I'd love to do once I finish school.

**What you taught at Mowglis:** I have been to Mowglis three times (if it weren't for Covid, it would have been four now). I came to Mowglis thanks to my brother Santiago, whose friend (also named Santiago) had come here before. He assisted three summers too, and couldn't stop telling me how awesome Camp was, so I decided to come.

Before coming to Mowglis I used to spend my summers with my family, trying to find something to do, usually swimming, visiting other places, going out with my cousins with whom I'm also very close, and some other things, like a Boy Scouts similar group, where I enrolled at the age of 12, and there is when I had my first camping experience. On the other hand, one of my uncles loves hiking, and I've hiked a few mountains in Mexico with him and my cousins.

One of my other hobbies is swimming. Since I was in kindergarten, I started to practice this sport, and I fell in love with it. I stopped doing it for a while but got back to it when I was in high school, and that is the Industry I taught at Mowglis.

**Which Dorms or group did you work with:** In all my years at Mowglis, I've been working with all of the Dorms except Toomai, but this year I was all summer in Baloo.

**Favorite memory from last summer:** It is hard to pick a favorite memory of summer, especially because it is so long and special. I could say that just being at Mowglis is my favorite memory, but one of the things I like the most is when we sing the Mowglis songs, especially because they have been there for so long and they are part of the Camp's essence.

**Biggest challenge you faced (and overcame) as a staff member OR what was your biggest success story from last summer:** The biggest challenge I faced this summer was being Lead Dorm staff of Baloo. Compared to other summers, it was a lot of work. I experienced new things I hadn't during my previous years, but it was very rewarding, especially when you realize that you can make a good impact on other people.

**What is your favorite thing about Mowglis:** I can't say I have one favorite thing at Mowglis, because I love all of it, but Soaks, meals, and when we sing the "Mowglis Indoor Good Night Song" are my preferred, and that's because those are the moments when you feel the Mowglis community at its strongest. Seeing everybody together, sharing their time together is so special, and that is what I love.

**What is your favorite Mowglis day? Hiking day? Regular Mowglis Day? Special Event Day?** I could say that my favorite Mowglis day is a "Regular Mowglis Day." I just like to get into the routine and have the Campers adjust to the Camp's life.

**What is your favorite Mowglis song?** My favorite Mowglis song is "Keep the Campfires Burning." It is a short song but it's special, from the way in which it's sung to the lyrics, which maybe don't say much but they perfectly portray Camp Mowglis.

**What do you think makes Mowglis so special?** I believe what makes Mowglis so special is the people, without them Mowglis simply couldn't be the way it is. It's a place of such a great culture, that, unlike other camps, it has been preserved throughout time, and that is thanks to the people (Campers, Staff, Alumni, and Parents) who have been here during all these years, working and giving their time and effort to make Camp happen just the way it was intended by Mrs. Holt and the way it's supposed to be.

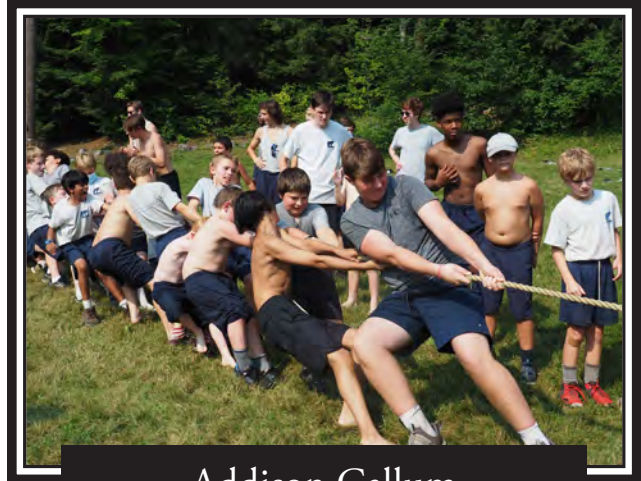


# DIRECTOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

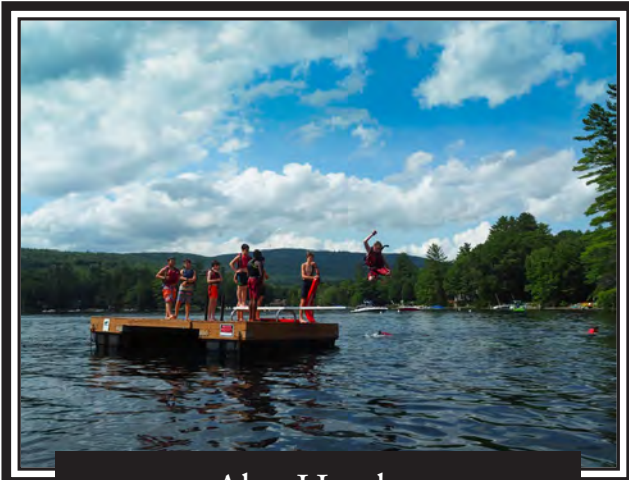
Photography has been an integral part of Mowglis from its earliest days. Colonel Elwell saw the value of photography in teaching the boys to see the world anew. He wrote: "The taking of photographs ... is an education in 'projecting thought.'" At least as early as 1907, Elwell selected "AFE Approved Photographs" and boys earned prizes in photography, and a tradition was born. Below is the output from this year's photography industry.



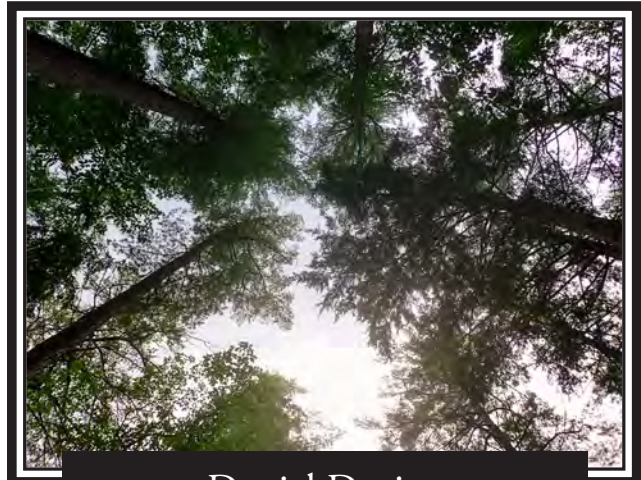
Addison Callum



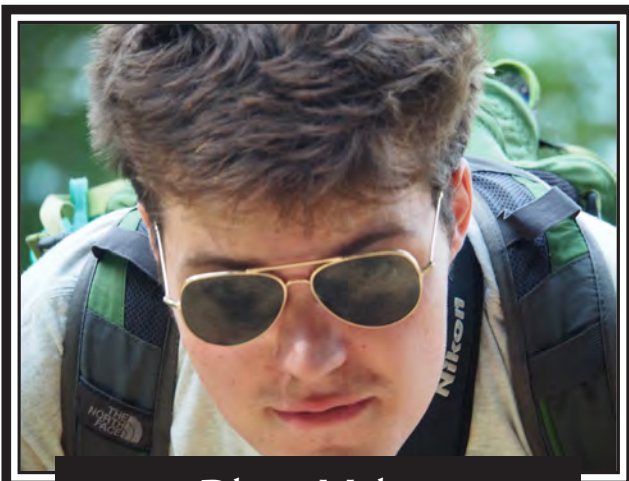
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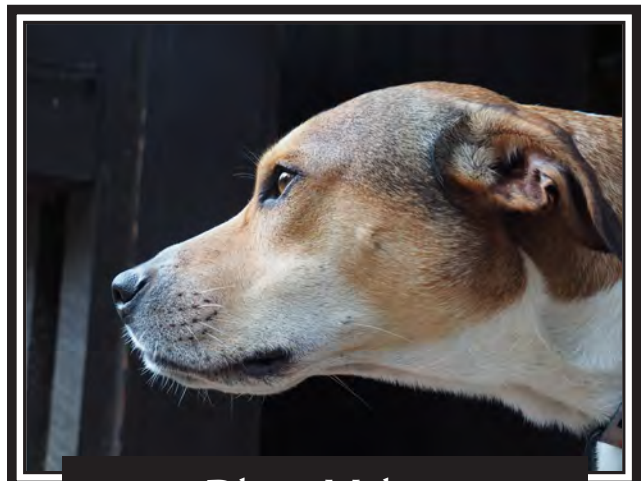
Alex Hayden



Daniel Devine



Dhruv Mohan



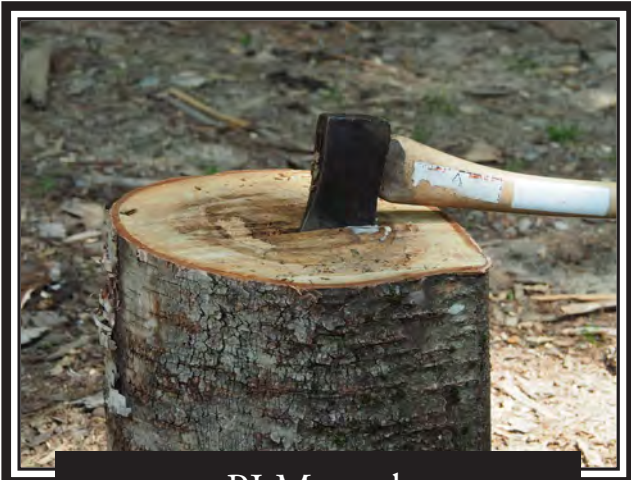
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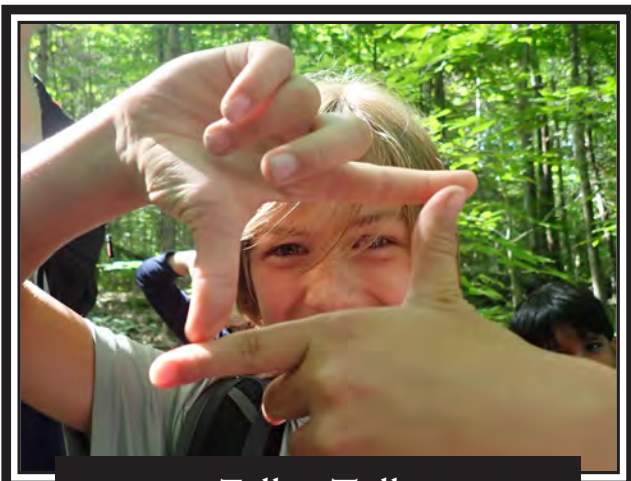
## HONORABLE MENTIONS



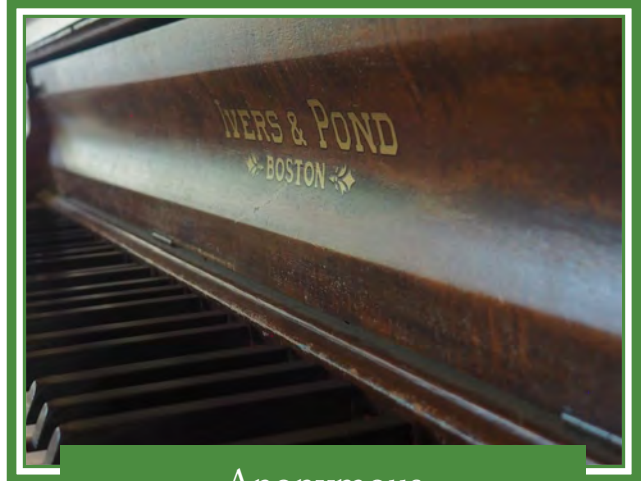
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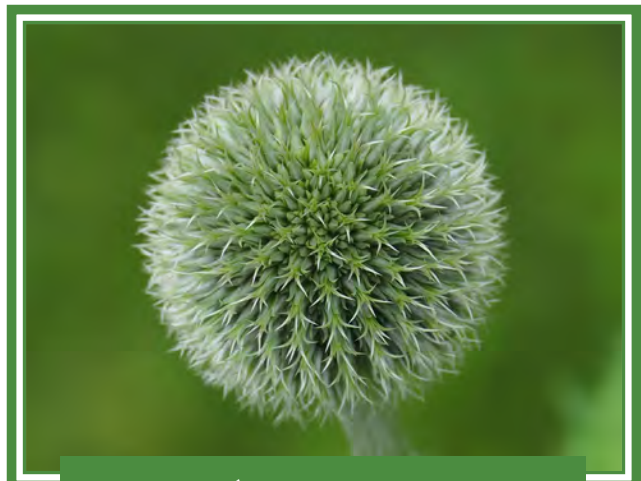
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# HEMF FELLOWSHIP 2021

*By Jay Gulitti ('06), Fellowship Coordinator*

As we were happily able to return to Mowglis in person this summer, so too was the HEMF Fellowship given the opportunity to run on property as originally intended. After a creative, if not unorthodox 2020 season, whose class of Fellows led the first-ever series of online “Mowglis at Home” Campfires and Industry-inspired activities, the 2021 class was ready to lead the Camp and Staff back on the scenic shores of Newfound Lake. Mr. Julien Nunes and Ms. Amanda Lyons, both 2020 Fellows, returned to give it an in-person go, and Messers Nick Spodick and Zach Paige joined the group to lend their expertise after several combined years as Campers, Yearlings, and on the Jr. Staff. All four of them have been a part of the Mowglis Pack for some time now, but offer unique skill sets to the Program, and took on important roles this summer.

Mr. Nunes works throughout the year in Outdoor Education, honing his skills in the well-known Nature’s Classroom program, and spent much of the summer as a point person for the older Dorms in the Pack: Akela, Panther, and Den. Additionally, he was responsible for the fleet of tents and myriad other trip essentials, helping our Trip Master, Mr. Mac, kit out the Dorms as they headed back out onto the trails this year.

Ms. Lyons has led our valiant Cubs for several seasons now, but this summer found her in a series of different roles—lending her valuable expertise in Special Education and Mental Health to all of the younger Dorms, from Cubs to Baloo, in addition to managing the slew of moving parts that is the Mowglis Daily Schedule! Mr. Spodick returned to the Pack in a new role this summer as well, serving as our first-ever Assistant Watermaster. His experience working with pool and waterfront safety was invaluable to the fast-paced world of the Mowglis Waterfront, and everyone who got into the lake this summer was safer for his presence!

Finally, Mr. Paige spent the full summer up in Cubland as a leader and important resource to our wonderful new Cub Mom, Ms. Abby Boone. Anyone who’s spent any time up in Cubland can tell you how much work it is to be there even one week, let alone a full summer! Additionally, both he and Mr. Spodick are currently studying Music in college, and they led many a Song Night and provided unique creativity and passion to the ever-changing music culture at Camp.

Outside of their individual roles, the Fellows worked together to problem-solve all over Camp during this unprecedented summer, and uniquely, worked together with the Junior Staff as direct Staff Mentors, following in the footsteps of Yearling Leader Mr. Joe Rorke to help develop the skills of this vital part of the Mowglis Staff. Helping them navigate the challenges of the day-to-day as a member of the Junior Staff, as well as preparing them for the growing responsibilities of running Industries and childcare that they’ll face as Senior Staff, the Fellows served as acting examples of an important philosophy of the Program: strengthening the Staff as a whole at every level, and ensuring well-equipped Counselors in future seasons.

As we wrap up this season of Fellows and set our sights on the class of 2022, I am reminded of how fortunate I am to work with such driven and gifted professionals in this special place, and look forward to continuing to develop the Program. As my research has shown this past year, a Professional Development Fellowship is relatively rare in the world of summer camps, so it is exciting to be a part of Mowglis’ growth in this regard. To our HEMF Fellows of 2021, thank you so much for your hard work and dedication to the Campers and the Program, and Good Hunting in the coming seasons.





# THE MOWGLIS CRAFTS PROGRAM

*By Christian Slater, Crafts Instructor*

I believe that life guides us to where we need to be, and that's how I ended up at Mowglis. In 2019, I was taking a class at Plymouth State University in childhood development, and Nick Robbins was a special guest one evening. Nick told us what amazing things were happening at Mowglis. I was truly amazed to learn of a camp where campers are given axes, guns and taught valuable life lessons. At the end of his presentation, he made his final pitch: "Come work with us, be a part of the Pack, and come have a fun summer with us." I stuck around after class to talk to Nick. Perhaps he needed a ceramics instructor? He lit up with excitement. Apparently, ceramics was a program that he wanted to expand, and right then I knew I had to come to Mowglis. After waiting through the summer of 2020, this summer I got to run the Arts and Crafts program.

Arts and Crafts shop is the most Mowglis thing to do at Camp. Art offers Campers a variety of challenges and room for an individual to grow and thrive. Even though art is very individualistic, when you get all the boys together it becomes a Pack activity, where teamwork and sharing play a major role.

I was honored to take my place in a long line of Arts and Crafts instructors at Mowglis. Each previous instructor brought his or her own take. My main goal was to have the boys carve their own path in the Shop by introducing a program that allowed them to choose what projects they wanted to do to receive their Black Ribbon. My inspiration for this choice-based program came from an amazing class I took at Plymouth State taught by Jaylene Bengtson, the wife of Mr. Bob

Bengtson and a past arts and crafts instructor at Mowglis. After giving Campers several areas of art to choose from, I had them pick at least five to master.

I particularly wanted Campers to produce projects that were unique to them. The boys can paint and do papier-mâché at their school, but at Mowglis I tried to elevate their projects to final products that were unique and required some skill. I mean what is the point of doing the same old things as back at home? Campers of course could always create items that inspired them but were not part of the curriculum. I like to let children experiment and let their creativity loose—to cultivate creativity as a part of their development. The boys truly flourished this summer, and I am so proud of them for all the amazing projects they created.

There were several recurring themes in the Shop this summer. Every week there seemed to be a "project of the week" that everyone wanted to do, even though I

never planned on it that way. One week it would be beaded necklaces, the next wood-burning, and then another week it might be copper-cuff-making. Wood carving was a popular project overall with some very interesting works created (even though I had to constantly remind the boys not to carve toward their hands). Oddly, the most hazardous tool in the shop turned out to be the hot glue gun. Fortunately, that was not a tool that could do serious harm, and it taught the boys a valuable lesson about respecting our tools.

Crew Week brought a new awakening to the Campers in the shop. It was the "week of weapons." If Camp



was ever raided by pirates, I am confident that the Camp would be well defended, for the Campers forged weapons out of anything they could get their hands on with lightning speed. The creativity was most impressive, as wood boards, sticks, and cardboard were crafted into ultimate weapons. Of course, weapons are not permitted at Mowglis, and so they were promptly put away until the last day of Camp.

During Crew Week, we also revived an old tradition. There were a pair of War Canoes stored in the Craft Shop attic. They were in desperate need of repair. Now they have a new life serving as floats for the Red and Blue Crews. With the help of James Hart, we constructed wheels for the canoes to sit and move on. Both canoes were then painted and given a themed look—the Red Crew’s float was a Viking ship, and the Blue Crew’s was a battleship from the Revolutionary War.

What does the future of the Arts and Crafts Shop look like? My ultimate goal is to have an award-winning Arts and Crafts program

at Mowglis. Camp is over for the season, but that does not mean the work stops. I have been working on introducing some new media to the Craft Shop. The most exciting addition I am looking forward to is chainsaw wood carving, stained glass, and glass blowing. I am eager to see the Campers next summer in what will be another summer full of Arts and Crafts.

Overall, this summer was one for the books, and I owe it to the amazing Campers and Staff. A large thank you to the boys, who were a joy to work with, and who poured their creativity into their projects.

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*Mr. Slater lives in Meredith, N.H. He is pursuing a Bachelor of Science in K-12 Art Education at Plymouth State University. He is also a professional artist who has been making functional, sculpture ceramic work for 11 years, and enjoys experimenting with other media such as printmaking, painting, and film photography.*





# BLACKSMITHING COMES TO MOWGLIS

By Mike Drennan ('09)

The rain abates and the sun comes out, but you wouldn't know it from inside the Axe Shed. The sound of the blast furnace drowns out every other noise, except of course that of the falling hammers. I was monumentally excited for the 2021 summer session in part because I was able to bring a small propane gas forge and a few anvils, set up a quick blacksmithing shop in the Axe Yard Shed, and show the boys how to swing a hammer, move metal, and look at pieces of metal in a whole new light.

Camp was incredibly influential on my growing personality and identity, with fire and crafting being fairly central passions that Mowglis first ignited in me. Throughout high school, my father and I slowly built up a small workshop with a drill press, various saws, dremels, etc., prompted by a shared love of using our hands and making things, not for ourselves but to give to others.

Many Christmases went by with wooden dolls, plaques, cutting boards, and a host of other handmade gifts being given. It wasn't until both my father and I read the book *Dies the Fire* by S. M. Stirling that we started to think about metal. The post-apocalyptic story saw the main characters struggle to survive in a world without electricity or explosives and had to rebuild a modern analogue of medieval technology and market their skills to the different surviving factions.

Regardless of the likelihood of such a world-ending event, we still began to think about the world around us quite differently. Many long car rides were spent puzzling over how exactly to break down and use highway signs or powerline poles for use in the shop, or the most efficient way to make plate armor using nothing but hand tools. This thinking, as so often does, led to my father giving me an Introduction to Blacksmithing class for my 16th birthday. We never looked back.

Our previous woodshop grew into an ever more metal-and-fire-bent array of equipment and eventually outgrew our garage bay and became a fully stocked forging shed in the backyard, where it stays to this day.



After my time as a Camper, I had it in mind throughout adolescence and early adulthood to go back as a Counselor some day, and with my acceptance to the University of Vermont Pure Math Ph.D. program, I was both local and had summers free. This to me was a no-brainer, and the only thing left to hope for was to let me bring a dangerous hobby to a place already well accustomed to allowing boys to try somewhat dangerous activities in a safe environment. As hoped, Mr. Robbins agreed, and the rest is, as they say, history.

During the 2021 summer session, my little portable shop was not large enough to have more than three Campers and me working at a time, so I offered Blacksmithing as a sign-up and for Sunday Clubs. This was a huge success, and as I had intended to rotate my Clubs, the demand was too high, and so even in the heat of August, three Campers and I would be in the Shop swinging away, bathed in the heat of the blast forge. This was a great exercise in teaching a difficult skill, as well as planning out exactly how I would make it a full Industry if given the chance. We made decorative wall hooks, a metal socket to act as a foot cap for a walking stick, bottle openers, a leaf keychain, and I even demonstrated how to forge a single-edge knife.

The Campers were enthralled by the glow of the metal, by the catharsis of beating on it with a hammer, and with the satisfaction of quenching the finished project and switching from tongs to holding it in their hands. As for me, I hope this experience profoundly changes these Campers and expands their awareness of the things they can do with their hands and minds both for themselves and others.

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*Mr. Drennan attended Mowglis from 2006 to 2009. He earned a spot in the Inner Circle, earning his Green, Black, and Golden Chord Ribbons, and a fourth that he "honestly cannot remember which." He currently lives in Burlington, Vermont, where he is pursuing a PhD in Mathematics.*

# PROPERTY UPDATE

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

The off-season at Camp is still a busy time of year for the property and buildings. This year a lot of projects were happening all around Camp. Some of the projects included the following: replacing the Dining Hall's window screens, new stainless-steel sinks for each dorm, the remodeling of the Jungle House kitchen with custom cabinets and new countertops installed. The Camp kitchen's oven was upgraded to a double-stack convection oven, and a section of the commissary floor was replaced. This is just a partial listing of the things that were going on in the off-season, in preparation for the summer of 2021.

The biggest project this past season was to upgrade the Lodge with a full interior renovation.

We were very fortunate to line up local contractor and Alumnus Tom Sammon ('00) and his brother Chris to take on the project. One of the biggest challenges was to remove all of the places where squirrels could move into the building. Removing the interior walls and installing sheetrock between the original framing was a challenge, but it gives the building a very clean look, while highlighting the fact that it was originally a barn before anything else.

A new floor plan for the downstairs kept the entry to the Lodge open and welcoming. The sinks were upgraded, and a small single room was added, giving patients some additional privacy, and a half-bath with a washer and dryer were also added. Upstairs now has four single

rooms with access to their own bathroom and shower, while the Nurse has a small ensuite. A big shout out to all those who helped out with the project, easily over a dozen Alumni, Staff, and others worked to have the Lodge ready to use in June. Nurse Kathy's reaction was priceless and made all the hard work worth it.

After a busy Alumni work day in June to set up for the staff, and with the Nurse happy in the Lodge, we had a great team of staff members to finish the Lodge set-up during staff training. Mr. Bengtson was busy repairing

things in the dorms, and there seemed to be a daily rotation at the Wood Shop. Things would get dropped off broken, then they were fixed and sitting by the road to be used once again. John Mitchell was back again along with Alumnus and first-time Staffer Nathan Corliss. These two were very busy throughout the summer taking care of the daily checklist and were always looking ahead to the next thing that needed to be done.



*The Lodge*

The Campers also took on some serious projects, stocking the axe yard, trail clearing in and out of Camp, and some real grunt work was done by the Kaa boys, digging earth away from Waingunga in a tight spot. Mr. Hart's always-popular Club, the "Mowglis Improvement Society," replaced tail lights, toilets, and other things. The Den Project on the Chapel path is truly a beautiful upgrade that will last for many decades to come.



# Day SPRING WORK WEEKEND 2021 & FALL WORK WEEKEND

*By James Hart ('00)*

After seeing Mowglis' campus largely devoid of activity for much of 2020, we were excited to welcome folks back for a Work Day this spring to help get Camp ready for summer 2021!

Out of an abundance of caution, we opted to host a work day in June in lieu of a full weekend, but based on how much got done, you would never have known! Alumni of all ages, current families, Staff, and members of the Mowglis community all pitched in, clearing brush, arranging dorms, moving boats, and so much more!

On the first weekend in October, we hosted a Fall Work Weekend (previously known as the stain-a-thon). With so many folks vaccinated, we felt more confident hosting people overnight, and boy, did people show up! We had over 80 alumni, current families, and friends of Mowglis drop in over the course of the weekend. They cut back invasive oriental bittersweet, moved boats, did numerous chores around camp, and enjoyed some time around the campfire.

Thanks to everyone who pitched in, and see you next spring!

## SPRING WORK DAY



*Jim Westberg ('69)*



*Tommy Greenwell ('98)*

## FALL WORK WEEKEND



*Peter Kingsley ('61)*



*Nurse Kathy Flaherty, Amanda Lyons (staff '17-'21), and Dylan Brock (staff '21)*



*Fall Work Weekend dinner*



# DEN PROJECT 2021: CHAPEL PATH REVITALIZATION

*By James Hart ('00)*

The Chapel is, and will always be, one of the most beloved parts of Mowglis' historic campus. However, the Chapel Path was in need of remediation. Erosion has left the roots of lofty pines exposed, a hazard to both the trees and passers-by, and had left the slope down to the Chapel Bridge precarious.

With financial support of the Walbridge Family Foundation, the Den of 2021 took this project on with gusto. After covering the exposed roots with substrate, they lined the path with gravel to allow water to pass

through. They then laid down steps in the steepest parts of the trail with old railroad ties. The boys worked incredibly hard, and their work shows it. The steps fit well into the Mowglis' landscape, and I suspect many might not even realize they were new!

Through a mix of support from the Mowglis community, environmental stewardship, and an eye towards the Mowglis aesthetic, this proved to be a Den Project for the ages! A huge thanks to the Walbridge Family Foundation and the Den of 2021!





# THE HOLT-ELWELL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION NEWS

*By Chris Mister ('93), Governance Chair and Will Scott ('70) Secretary*

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

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

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

## **In August 2021 we elected three new trustees:**

- Nandi Jones Clement
- Naomi Hodde
- Frank Williams

## **We renewed the terms of five current trustees:**

- Rob Cerwinski
- Anabela Perozek
- Al Reiff
- Bill Tweedy (*for a second term*)
- Tomo Nishino (*for a third term*)

## **We also renewed the terms of our existing officers elected for one year:**

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

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

## **We had two trustees with terms ending:**

- Jim Graff
- Meg Hurdman

All Board meetings in 2021 were held by Zoom conference due to the continued risks associated with COVID-19.



*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.*

## HEMF TRUSTEES

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

**Vice-President, Bill Tweedy**  
Fairfield, Connecticut – (*'80*)

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

**Secretary, Will Scott**  
Columbia, Maryland – (*'70*)

**Assistant Treasurer, Erik Bernhardt**  
Portland, Oregon – (*'88*)

**Joe Bouboulis**  
Asbury, New Jersey – (*'82*)

**Rob Cerwinski**  
New York, New York  
(*'83*) and father of Lucas (*'21*)

**Nandi Jones Clement**  
Downington, Pennsylvania  
Parent of Christian Williams (*'16*)

**Meg Drazek**  
Abuja, Nigeria  
*Mother of Cooper ('21) and  
current camper Spencer*

**Naomi Hodde**  
Cornwall, Vermont  
*Mother of Henry ('15),  
Eddie ('17), and Gus ('21)*

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

**Andrew Khatri**  
Rumson, New York – (*'93*)

**Chris Mixter**  
Arlington, Virginia – (*'93*)

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

**Ben Ringe**  
Glen Ridge, New Jersey – (*'85*)

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

**Reinhard Rother**  
Wiesbaden, Germany – (*'69*)

**Kristian Sanchez**  
Malden, Massachusetts – (*'92*)

**Caleb White**  
Wellesley, Massachusetts – (*'79*)

**Frank Williams**  
Downington, Pennsylvania  
(*'86*) and father of Christian (*'16*)

# DIVERSITY, EQUITY & INCLUSION AT MOWGLIS

## Camp Mowglis Inclusion Statement

*Camp Mowglis admits children of any race, religion, sexual orientation, disability (assuming the disability permits safe participation in the Camp Mowglis program), national or ethnic origin to all programs and activities generally accorded or made available to children at the Camp. Additionally, Camp Mowglis admits transgender and gender nonconforming children.*

The HEMF Board is committed to an environment where every Camper can be his best self. We recognize diversity makes us stronger. We also believe inclusion is a value best learned in childhood, and it is our responsibility to provide a supportive environment for all Mowglis Campers and Staff. We are not seeking to change the Mowglis program, but rather to strengthen the mission of positively influencing the development of young men and bring the experience to more boys from a wider variety of backgrounds.

With that in mind, during the fall of 2020 Director Nick Robbins formed a Task Force to explore Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion at Mowglis. Participants include alumni Abraham Unger ('83) and Frank Williams ('86); parents Nandi Jones Clement, Jennifer Devine, and Carmello and Thalia Elie; and HEMF Trustees Meg Hurdman and Tomo Nishino. The goal of the Task Force was to examine diversity and to ensure the Mowglis experience is inclusive, welcoming, and positive for the entire community. The Task Force met five times over the past year via Zoom.

The Task Force began by looking at the current state of diversity at Mowglis. To gauge perceptions the Director sent out a survey to current families and to the Alumni network. We recognize there are different types of diversity, including racial, ethnic, geographic, socio-economic, religious, and gender identification. Based on the survey results, we are in the process of identifying areas that need improvement, creating

benchmarks to measure success, and looking for ways to track progress over time. The Task Force will become an Ad-Hoc Committee of the Board, so the Board can support and monitor progress over the long term.

Initiatives that were already under way include the Mayhew Program Scholarship (restarted in 2014) that provides funding for one disadvantaged boy from New Hampshire to attend Mowglis every summer. In 2020 we announced the Asley V. Smith Scholarship in memory of the Mowglis Chef for 28 seasons. Fundraising and recruiting for this scholarship is actively underway. Finally, the newest initiative is a partnership with the Boys and Girls Club of Greater Lowell, Mass., where funding was provided by a private donor to send two inner-city boys to Camp. The first two boys attended Mowglis this past summer.

When the HEMF was formed in 1962, Trustees were given three directives:

- 1 to operate a summer camp for boys and young men
- 2 to promote education, training, and traits of good character
- 3 to provide scholarship assistance.

In 2021 we remain committed to the ideals and standards established by the founders, and we plan to expand our reach to the next generation, so more boys from a variety of backgrounds can benefit from the Mowglis experience.





## NEW TRUSTEE PROFILES

### NAOMI HODDE (PARENT '15, '17, '21)

Naomi is the mother to three Mowglis Campers: Henry ('15, Staff '18), Eddie ('17), and Gus ('21). Her family began attending the Camp in 2011. For ten summers, one or more Hodde boys have been at Camp—as Campers, Staff, or both. In her professional life, Naomi is an internal medicine physician and faculty member at The University of Vermont Larner College of Medicine. She has been actively involved as a member of the Mowglis 2021 COVID-19 Reopening Task Force, where she was instrumental in helping Mowglis prepare for a summer session with a focus on the health and safety of Campers and Staff. Naomi has already witnessed the invaluable impact Mowglis has had on her boys' growth. In joining the Board, she hopes to bring her expertise as a doctor, her insights as a parent, and a passion to broaden the reach of Mowglis for the next generation of Campers. Naomi lives in Cornwall, Vermont.



### FRANK WILLIAMS ('86, PARENT '16)

Frank arrived at Mowglis as a Cub in 1981, graduated with the Den of 1986, and served on the Staff through 1988. After Mowglis, Frank started working in IT as a co-op student at Drexel in '91. He started his career as an IT professional with the University of Pennsylvania Hospital and has been working in the field ever since. He eventually went back to school to Immaculata University to finish his Bachelors in Computer Information Systems and obtained a 2nd Bachelors in Organizational Dynamics. Frank's experience in IT spans the gamut, from data entry and help desk application development, to assembling and administering servers and even working in the mobile space. Frank is an avid fan of Martial Arts and has studied Tung Su Do for years. He is the father to Christian Williams ('16) and lives in Downingtown, Pennsylvania, with his wife Nandi Jones Clement.



### NANDI JONES CLEMENT (PARENT '16)

Nandi Jones Clement came to Mowglis as a parent to Christian Williams ('16), and spouse to Frank Williams ('86). She currently serves as the Vice President of Business Development for JEVS Human Services where she is responsible for \$110 million in annual funding to support 32 programs serving disadvantaged populations in the greater Philadelphia area. Nandi has more than 20 years of health and human services management and development experience. She has worked with over 20 government agencies throughout the United States to help design and implement individualized employment programs and human services solutions. Nandi holds a Bachelor's degree in Political Science and Public Affairs from Lincoln University, and an MBA with concentrations in health administration from Northcentral University. She also serves on the Board of Directors of not-for-profit agencies representing under-served populations in the city of Philadelphia, the Washington Metropolitan area and San Juan, Puerto Rico. She is also an avid reader and exercise enthusiast. She lives with Frank Williams ('86) in Downingtown, Pennsylvania.



**Jim Graff**



**Meg Hurdman**

## RECOGNIZING HEMF's OUTGOING TRUSTEES

If we've learned anything over the last 18 months, it is that it takes the talents, energy and commitment of so many who love Mowglis pulling together to ensure that Camp continues to thrive. Indeed Mowglis is the realization of our collective devotion to the place and the values it embodies. Few better reflect that spirit of devotion to Mowglis than Jim Graff and Meg Hurdman, two Trustees who have each served on the Board for the past decade.

Jim and Meg both volunteered to serve on the Board when Mowglis needed their talents and energies the most. The Camp in the first decade of this century was struggling with low enrollment and high turnover in not just Staff but leadership. They knew what Mowglis had once been, believed in its core mission, and set to work to help right the ship. They were part of the team that brought Director Nick Robbins to Camp, helped stabilize the Camp's finances, professionalized the governance of the Board, and built a solid foundation on which Nick and his team could rebuild.

Jim Graff first arrived at Mowglis in 1974 as a Balooite. He graduated with the Den of 1978, and served on the Staff until 1984. (I have many fond memories of Mr. Graff as a Counselor. Among other things, he taught me the various skills for the Green Ribbon. One was to light a fire in the rain, which he taught by gleefully spraying us with the 1980s equivalent of a super-soaker. -tn) His involvement at Camp has been a whole-family affair. His son James graduated with the Den of 2012 and served on the Staff for four years. His daughters, Ms. Amanda and Ms. Meredith, are both veteran staffers. He served on the Board for 10 years, four of them as President, where he was instrumental in welcoming Nick Robbins to the Mowglis family, working with Nick to immerse

him into the traditions and spirit of Mowglis, and ensuring that Nick had the Board's full support. Jim provided the steady guiding hand to bring Mowglis to its current resilient state.

Meg Hurdman arrived at Mowglis in 2002 as a Mowglis Mom. Her three boys—Chris ('05), Jay ('06) and Robby ('09)—all went through the program. She quickly became one of Mowglis' fiercest champions. She volunteered to serve on the Board as one of the first non-alumni Trustees, and one of the first women Trustees, bringing a much-needed and fresh mom's perspective. As the longtime Chair of the Governance Committee, she spearheaded the effort to expand the Board, and professionalize and institutionalize its operations. She oversaw the rewriting and modernization of the By-Laws of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation. As the Secretary of the Board for two years, she handled the myriad tasks necessary to keep the Foundation running. She was also a regular contributor to *The Call*. Meg's contribution to the Board and to the Camp are too numerous to list. We will simply note that for two Presidents, she has been the "go-to" person for the query "What are we supposed to be doing now?" For Meg, too, Mowglis has been a family affair. Not only did she serve on the Board for 11 years, her husband Charlie has been a reliable regular presence on Work Weekends, and her oldest son, Chris, met his wife Roz (a one-time Cub Mom) at Mowglis.

It takes a Pack. A place like Mowglis can exist and thrive, only because those who care deeply about it stand up and ask, "What can I do?" Both Jim and Meg are the embodiment of that ethos. We are incredibly fortunate to have had the benefit of their dedication to Mowglis and owe them immense gratitude. *Thank you.*



# Reminiscence

*By Jerry Hakes (Staff '57-'62, '64-'65)*

I arrived at Mowglis for the first time in June of 1957, having been hired, sight unseen, as the Music Counselor by Mr. Kingsley. I had little knowledge of what a “music counselor” did or for that matter, how a Camp operated. I only knew that there was a Hammond organ in the Chapel, and I was expected to play it for Sunday afternoon services.

I learned immediately that I was also to lead the Camp songs, of which I had no knowledge. Dean Hathaway, the Watermaster at the time, knew the songs and worked with me to learn them. While there was a Song Book, it didn’t contain the tunes, only the words. There was also a loose-leaf binder full of college songs and their music, but no indication as to which song went with which words.

With Mr. Hathaway’s patient coaching, I learned most of the songs well enough to play them and lead them.

My only other duties seemed to be as a Dorm Counselor and a general gofer.

I soon discovered that I very much enjoyed working with the boys—whether it was in the Dorm, at the dining table, during Duties, or assisting with games.

Hiking and climbing mountains were new experiences for me. I believe my first mountain was Chocorua, and I went through the uncertainties which I assume many first-time climbers felt of whether I could make it to the top. Not only did I make it, I also enjoyed the experience and was awed by the views from the summit.

Almost everything at Mowglis was a collective experience—hiking, living in a dorm, Campfires, singing, working on Industries. Boys who had never

lived with other boys their age soon learned to live, work, and play with the others.

Of course, the most striking collective activity was Crew racing. All Staff members at the time were assigned to one Crew or the other. I was assigned to the Red Crew. While that was a largely supervisory assignment, I was astonished by the spirits Race Week engendered and a bit dismayed, frankly, by some Staff activities, which I thought were overdone and perhaps not in the best interests of the boys. But what did I know? The races themselves were a wonderful and exciting event, even for onlookers. I knew that the boys rowing put all their hearts and energies in the race. At first, I was sorry for the losers, but good sportsmanship abounded and by nightfall, we were all one happy Camp again, gathered at the flagpole and singing “The Mowglis Boating Song” as the winning oar was raised.

By the end of my first Mowglis summer, I felt that I was a changed person. Working with children totally captivated me, and the life of the Camp, at times relaxed but often intense, had me wishing the summer wouldn’t end.

I had become good friends with a young Counselor, Joe Beckford, who, like me, was in his first year at the Camp. He was assigned to the Waterfront, and in later years became the Watermaster. We had long discussions in the evenings about the purpose of the

Camp and from there branched out into discussions of education in general.

During the winter after my first year, and for several winters thereafter, Joe and I exchanged long letters following up on the themes of growth and education. In addition to that, I’m sure I drove my university roommates crazy as I talked about little other than Mowglis.



Over Christmas break I worked with a friend who was in the Oberlin College Gilbert and Sullivan Society adapting our own version of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. I cut the show down to a bit under an hour, largely eliminating the female roles except for Yum Yum, the Three Little Maids, and Katisha.

That winter, John Adams purchased the Camp from Mr. Kingsley. Joe and I met with John in Wellesley and both signed on for another summer.

At the beginning of the summer of 1968, I put together a cast of volunteers for *The Mikado*. As is generally true at Mowglis, anyone who wanted to participate was incorporated, although a few boys had difficulty carrying a tune. The cast included Charlie Guthridge as the Mikado, his brother Danny as Yum Yum, and Charlie Whitcomb as KoKo, aka The Lord High Executioner. (I apologize for not remembering the names of the other leads. Old age has taken over my mind.)

Charlie Whitcomb, playing the comic lead, was a natural. His sense of comic improvisation and timing were attributes that couldn't be taught. In many ways, he carried the show, but it would not have been successful without the contributions of all the boys.

We worked hard during Industries, Clubs and Relaxes. Mr. Adams created two *Mikado* Training Tables in the dining room and posters began to appear.

The show was very well received, and the participants felt truly rewarded for all their hard work. Unfortunately, it was the only such production I attempted in my time at the Camp. That was at least partly due to my increasing responsibilities.

Wah Pah Nah Yah, aka Dick West, was there that summer with his family. He had come to restore the painting of Mowglis in Gray Brothers. He and his wife lived in Hathai, while Rick was in Den and Jimmy was in Toomai. Mr. West was a warm, happy man with a wonderfully dry sense of humor.

During Mr. Adams's tenure, I had various titles: Program Director; Assistant Director; Associate Director; and Cub Parent. Except for the Cubs assignment, which I held twice, the others all seemed to entail about the same duties—scheduling, supervising Staff and Campers, even one summer checking the water level in the water tower. That came about when John Adams seriously broke his leg skiing and couldn't climb the tower as he was relegated to a golf cart.

As the years passed, my love for the Camp grew and grew. I couldn't wait to return each year. After Camp for a couple of years, Joe, Jim Beckford, and I did some hiking and camping in the mountains—happy times when we could reflect on the summer and look forward to the next one.

At the University of Michigan, I was in the Music School as an organ and choir student. While it went well, I began to realize that I didn't really want to spend my life doing nothing but music. I wanted to teach. After I received my music degree, I transferred to the School of Education for a master's degree in Elementary Education.

I continued at Mowglis through 1962. At the end of that summer, I departed a little early to get married in Michigan. That was Mr. Adams's last year, and, as a surprise, he threw a bachelor party for me, with lots of hijinx and funny little gifts. I don't remember the specifics anymore, but I do remember the kind gesture. It was quite typical of John, who loved fun and joking but was also a very caring man.

It had become clear by that time that the Camp could no longer survive financially as a privately owned entity, and Alumni banded together to purchase the Camp and set it up as a non-profit organization. They saved the Camp.

After a summer off while my wife Jane and I had our first daughter, I returned to Mowglis in 1964 with Jane and newborn daughter Meg. We lived in the Cub Apartment. Jane was the Cub Mother, and I had most of my duties in the Pack, while Brooks Benjamin, Brad Kimble, Frank Hubbard, and Jane worked with the Cubs.

Mr. Hart was then in his second year as Director of the Camp, and I felt a new sense of direction. Most noticeable was the increased respect which the boys and Staff were expected to share.

Jane and I were at the Camp for two summers, but then Jane said she didn't really want to return. I believe at least a part of the problem was that there were very few women at the Camp. Mrs. King, Wayne King's mother, was the nurse. Mrs. Hart was in the Jungle House, and Mrs. Gibbs, a wonderful New Hampshire lady, was very much present, although I'm not sure just what her function was except to sew industry ribbons on the boys' hats.



Jane did enjoy those ladies when she got the chance. She was also very fond of Mr. Hart, Stewart Klein, a relatively new Craft Shop Counselor from the University of Michigan, and for one summer, Jimmy West, the former Camper, but that year a Counselor. I think at times she was lonely. I was very busy, as always, and was seldom with her.

Nineteen sixty-five was my last of eight years at Mowglis, but a large part of my heart always remained. Mowglis had profoundly changed me. It was Mowglis that showed me the way into education, and I never regretted teaching, which I did from the fall of 1962 until the spring of 2010.

I knew four Directors and worked with three of them. Although I arrived at the Camp after Colonel Elwell's tenure, he was often around the Camp during the Adams years, providing background and support. He was a very kind man, and we had some good talks. (A piece of trivia... It was he who suggested the name 'Yearlings' for the group of graduates, which began at that time.)

Sadly, I was never a Camper at Mowglis, and I've always envied the boys who were and are, but I've always been very much aware of what I learned at Mowglis—comradeship, respect, and a love of what we were all doing.

I returned for a visit in 2019. As I drove past the Jungle House, my heart began to beat harder, and I felt I had returned home. That feeling continued as I found much of the Camp virtually unchanged. There were more Campers. There were more women working. There were physical changes to the campus—the addition of the upper mines and the great improvement of the showers; the lower ballfield where the archery field used to be; a new platform tent outside of Panther. But as a former Counselor, I felt as though I could have immediately joined in. The aura of the Camp was the same. Even the schedule of the Camp was unchanged. It was with great reluctance that I drove away after three days, hoping to revisit the next summer.

Someday, perhaps, when the pandemic is over, I shall visit again.

***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](mailto: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](mailto:james@mowglis.org).



### **Online Giving**

Mowglis accepts online gifts. It's quick, easy, and secure. Please go to [mowglis.org/donate](http://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](http://mowglis.org) and click "How you can help" under the Alumni tab.

# RENEWING CRAG SHELTER: THE LAST REMAINING SHELTER IN THE CARDIGAN REGION

*By Wayne King ('69)*

Among the oldest shelters in the White Mountains is Crag Shelter, nestled on the side of Firescrew in the Cardigan Region. However, because it is in the Cardigan State Forest and not the White Mountain National Forest, it has been treated as a bit of a neglected asset for the past 100 years since it was first built in the 1920s.

The existing entangled roots of ownership; volunteer labor from multiple organizations; as well as the challenges associated with transporting building materials to a remote location create an enigmatic set of relationships without clear delineation of responsibilities.

Although it is largely speculation at this point, because there seems to be little in the way of an historic record for the Cardigan region, this may have been part of the reason that Mowglis first established predominance as "Pioneers of Trailbuilding in the Cardigan Region"; filling a need consistent with our traditions and values.

Over the years Mowglis has not only maintained many of the trails in the Mount Cardigan region but also the shelter. I remember several summers back in the late 1970s when Paul Brown ('70) and I led the Trip Department and spent more than one or two days trying to coax reliable water from the well at the shelter.

Today it's our hope that we are well on the way to refining the relationships and responsibilities among the various entities that help to maintain all of the wonderful trails on Cardigan as well as the Crag Shelter. As an important aspect of that we are planning a major rehabilitation of Crag Shelter with a new roof, chinking between the logs, and improvement of the toilet facilities and the well. All of this will serve as part of a new commitment to make the full Elwell Trail a regular part of the Mowglis Trip program.



## FROM THE BRONZE PLAQUE ATOP MOWGLIS MOUNTAIN:

*"In honor of Camp Mowglis trail pioneer in this region"*  
Original wood sign cut by Clyde F. Smith  
Fire Warden - Cardigan Mountain  
Officially Named by the NH Legislature  
1951





# REUNITED: *A Story of a Painting's Journey Back to Mowglis*

By Nick Robbins

A piece of Mowglis history was returned to the Camp last year. A painting of the Jungle House, painted by celebrated artist Glen Maresca in 1947, which she had given to Camp. The painting had been with Sara Sumner Adams, the daughter of John Adams, who was the last private owner of Mowglis before it was incorporated as a nonprofit. We express our heartfelt gratitude to Sara Sumner for repatriating this special piece of Mowglis history, and of course, thank you Glen Maresca for creating this beautiful piece of artwork!

Last spring, Glen Maresca's son and alumnus Jack Maresca ('55), along with his camp buddy Arthur Bradbury ('51), made the pilgrimage back to Camp to help out with the Spring Work Weekend and to see his mother's painting for the first time in many years. Here's his narrative on the painting's history and his family's connection to Mowglis:

*"Many, many thanks for all your efforts to get my mother's painting back to Mowglis! That painting represents one of the many small steps which permitted my family to slowly get back to a normal life in America.*

*My family was split by the Second World War. My father was the director of a historic luxury hotel in Stresa, on the shores of Lago Maggiore, in the north of Italy. It is the hotel that figures prominently in Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," where the star-crossed lovers flee the First World War in Italy by rowing overnight to the northern end of the lake, to neutral Switzerland.*

*When the Second World War loomed in Italy my American mother decided to take her two small children (aged 4 and 2) to the USA, for our safety. My father could not leave, because he was Italian, but my parents thought the war would be over shortly, and we could return to Stresa. We never saw him again. We arrived in New York with nothing, and my mother struggled to survive. She was a prize-winning painter, but became an art teacher just to*

*exist and support her two children. She had to work also in the summers and got a job as the head of arts and crafts at Camp Onaway. But she had to place me somewhere so she could work, and appealed to Col. Elwell to accept me at Mowglis, even though I was a year too young. The Colonel not only accepted me but gave me a "scholarship." I attended Mowglis every summer after that, until I became the Crew Coach, many years later.*

*During my first or second year at Mowglis, when I was still a Cub, we heard some shouting down at the main camp, while we were having our Cubs' campfire. One of our counselors ran down to the main camp to see what was going on. He came running back, out of breath. "The war is over!" he shouted. The Germans had surrendered!" But we never saw my father again -- he passed away at the hotel, alone in his office in Stresa, in the winter, when the hotel was closed.*

*Ironically I grew up to be an American diplomat and an Ambassador, and by chance, I became the American Ambassador who negotiated, over a period of about 15*

*years, the official closing of the war in Europe. The little-known "Joint Declaration of Twenty-two States," signed by the Chiefs of State of all the countries which participated in World War II in Europe, including the reunited German State and the USSR before it was dissolved, and which I negotiated on behalf of the USA, is the only peace treaty there will ever be closing the Second World War in Europe, for the simple reason that one of the key participants in that war—the USSR—ceased to exist about one year after signing that document. Such are the ironies of history.*

*Mowglis had a profound influence on me, as it does on many boys and young men, and it has stayed with me always—the Call of the Pack, reminding us all of the basic values of honor, community, and self-respect.*

*So Mowglis truly saved my family, and particularly me. My mother knew this very well, and that painting was her very small way of saying thank you."*



Nick Robbins, Jack Maresca ('55), Art Bradbury ('51), and Linda Robinson, Trustee & Archives Committee Chair

# *The History of Mowglis*

*By Alcott Farrar Elwell*

We continue our 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 1912–1914, including the first Graduate’s Dinner in 1912, the introduction of the Mowglis Cheer in 1913, and the first Mt. Washington Squad in 1914. Subsequent installments appeared in the *Howl* through 1961. We will reprint the remaining installments in *The Call* over the next several years.

## **Mowglis, 1912**

*When the assembly blows we line up,  
From the O.D. comes a speech –  
If he orders work he’s cruel,  
Says he, “Baseball,” he’s a peach.  
Each night we salute the colors,  
Round the campfire songs we sing.  
Off to bed we scoot for “reading.”  
Taps is blown and day is done.*

–Charles E. Hadley

Pole tilting is the new sport at the Waterfront. A tent pole is extended from Waingunga float to a crotched tree driven into deep water. Contestants sit on the pole and face each other with burlap bags filled with hay. You can knock the other fellow off, or missing him, go into the water yourself.

An open-air theatre called “The Samiana” is built near the Cave. Here the second “Mowglis of India” is staged. There are gray wolves in wolf masks, gray socks and gray uniforms. Bandarlogs are present. The counselors represent Bagheera, Akela, and Shere Khan.

The Den, under Mr. S. Bruce Elwell, camps in the wilds of Spectacle Pond in Groton. They pack the supplies across the lake in a canoe and then through the woods. Next day they climb Crosby mountain. Panther goes to Nutting Beach under Sugarloaf Mt., where they find an unspoiled wilderness.

Dr. Lewis Hill, the camp doctor, presents a beautiful model of a full-page thirty-four rigged schooner to the camp. On August 6 it is launched with due ceremony and cannon salute. It is named by Mrs. Holt, “The Flying Mascot.” A special alcove is later built for it in the first Gray Brothers.

The Long Trip climbs Moosilauke from the Parker House. Here, in a fast-running brook, the Mowglis tradition of “Cup Races” begins. A friendly barn at

Glen Cliff saves the group from a bad wetting. The next morning few campers could be found—all having burrowed into the hay. They come out minus sweaters, hats, blankets, etc. The staff does some deep-hay diving to retrieve everything.

The crew coaches are Mr. S. Bruce Elwell for Blue and Dr. Lewis Hill for Red. Red wins the 300 yard race by 2/5 of a second. The first Graduate’s Dinner takes place August 22 in the Jungle House Dining Room. Mrs. Holt is there with all third year staff, a few former Mowglis and the three graduates, Jack Brough, Ralph Wales, and Marcy Eager.

*When the Northern Winds of winter,  
Whistle shrill and bleak around.  
When the Jungle stands deserted,  
White and cold and without sound.  
Will its summer lesson leave us?  
Into frozen space be tossed?  
Mowglis Spirit! Give us answer -  
“Naught of good is every lost! “*

–Elizabeth Ford Holt

## **Mowglis, 1913**

The Mowglis cheer is started

*Yay, Yay, Yay Mowglis  
M-O-W-G-L-I-S Yay*

The same cheer would be used down through the years.

There are fifty-three boys, and what a change in the ease of living! There is a new 2,200- gallon tank and water pump to supply it. This means no running to the lake for a “Morning Dip,” and no more lugging water from the lake to Panther or to the Cave in dry times when the well goes dry.

The garage is built for the first automobile. However, the barn is still occupied by our faithful horse “Pots-



Gerald,” the hay-motor who does the real work with a four-wheeled sky-blue dump cart.

The Den leaves on July 15 with a hay wagon loaded with duffie and supplies for the wilds of West Groton to camp at the Harve Smith Farm. They climb to Cardigan on the old County road from West Groton to Orange, returning to their previous camp. The third day they discover and name Soup-Bowl Glide.

The Long Trip with the best hikers leaves August 11, walks to Ashland, and from there goes to Sandwich Landing by steamer and camps for the night. In those rugged days the crew walks from Sandwich Landing all the way to Chocorua, camping beside the Brook Trail. They climb Chocorua.the next day, camp at Tamworth, and return to a banquet at the Old Pemigewasset House in Plymouth.

**Mowglis, 1914**

*In Flanders Field the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row...*

**The twelfth year of Mowglis—On that memorable August the First**

World War begins. We sit in silence around the campfire as the war news is read by Mr. Stephen Wing,

little realizing that more than eighty Mowglis will answer the call to color, many going overseas.

This year the Waingunga Rock swimming test is started, for Graduates only. Also this year, Mrs. Holt appoints Alcott Elwell Assistant Director.

The first Mt. Washington Squad goes out in two open Overland cars. We camp in Pinkham Notch, on the site of the future AMC huts. It is a wild spot where during the night the “hello” of a black bear on Wildcat Mt. startles the party. Next day we go up the Tuckerman Ravine trail to the stormswept summit of Mt. Washington, and down along the Cog Railway for shelter. The party is led by Mr. Alcott Elwell and Professor Stephen Wing.

The Long Hike climbs Whiteface Mt. in a cloudburst. Everyone is drenched, but the Hermance lean-to is occupied by two porcupines. They are ingeniously removed by a long pair of improvised poles tied together like pliers. With the sun a new problem confronts the party. One of the boys burns up his shoes trying to dry them. This situation looks desperate because we have ten miles of rough trail ahead of us. Wonder of wonders! This camper finds hanging on a bush behind the shelter an almost new pair of hiking boots that fit him. Off we go to Tri-Pyramid and Waterville Valley.



The 2021 Cubs and Pack on the Summit of Mount Cardigan for the annual all-camp “Cardigan Assault” hike (Photo: Tomoharu Nishino)

# ELWELL, THE COOK?

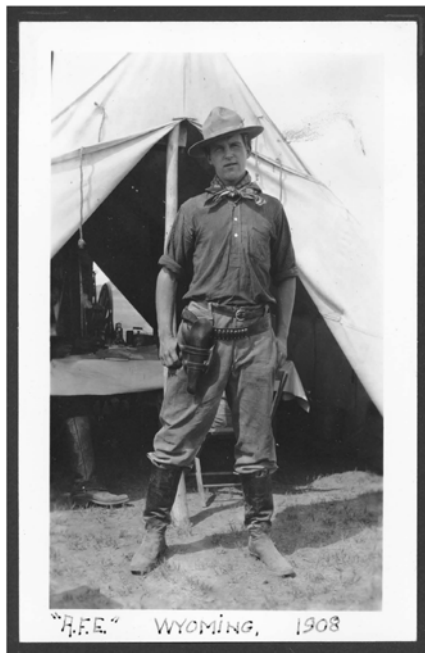
By Tomo Nishino, '84, President HEMF

*"His Wyoming experience was one of the mountain peaks of his life. Frequently referred to, it had a large part in contributing to the usefulness and success which followed."*

—Helen Chaffee Elwell

Elwell matriculated at Harvard in 1906 but had barely finished his first year when he had to begin earning his way through school owing to what his wife later described simply as "financial reversals." To fund his education, he took on an assortment of odd jobs over the ensuing decade (see A Lesson in Resilience, *The Call* 2020) returning to Harvard when he could.

In 1908 he was approached by Hoyt Gale, a fellow Harvard Man, who was leading a U.S. Geological Survey team mapping out the coal lands in Wyoming. Gale was looking for a cook for his four-man team. Of course, Elwell had no relevant experience, but, as Mrs. Elwell wrote, "He had never cooked! But like everything else, he was not afraid to try, and used to say, 'and they liked my cooking!'" A photograph from the time has Elwell standing in front of a tent in a ranger hat and riding boots, a bandana around his neck, and a pistol slung from his belt. His head is cocked slightly to the side, and he looks straight at the camera with a slight but confident grin.



He also kept a diary of his three and a half months in Wyoming, with detailed descriptions of the stunning rugged landscape he encountered and often wry observations.

He left Weehawken, N.J., on July 2 and traveled by train from Jersey City, through Philadelphia and Baltimore ("[they] dwarf after the sky-scrapers of New York, so that they look like a city of small mushroom houses"), Washington, D.C. (where he saw Washington's Bible in the Library of Congress), Virginia ("a change occurs in the earth, which becomes the red of Virginia"), and Ohio and Indiana ("flat ... and over all there is a certain sameness."). On the fourth of July, he reaches Chicago ("people look

Western; women not as well dressed as New York nor as smart-looking"). From there, he steams through Iowa ("stretched away in long rolling fields"), through Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska, then Edgemont, South Dakota ("along the track prairie dogs everywhere sit up like drum majors"), and finally reaching Sheridan, Wyoming, the whole trip taking a better part of five days.

Soon he was testing his skills as a cook. On July 9, he reports, "Up at 4:30 a.m., cut wood, built fire, and got breakfast. Pretty poor first attempt. Coffee bad, scrambled eggs and bacon." But soon he was putting together fairly elaborate meals. On July 12, he wrote: "Dinner, had roast veal, corn, potatoes and tomatoes, with tomato soup." A few days later, he noted, "At 6:00 p.m. the 'boys' all got back, and I had a full-course dinner—2 vegetables, jelly omelet, etc." Though he added, "The French-fried potatoes were very sad indeed."

He seemed to have learned some recipes from ranch women in Wyoming. ("Made a lemon pie after instruction by Mrs. Watts. The pie plate outgrew the crust, but otherwise it was good.") These recipes he copied

into a handwritten notebook, and they are surprisingly elaborate. A month in, he was proudly reporting, "Dinner, baked bean soup, roast beef, potatoes, tomatoes, chocolate ice cream, raisin bread ... The ice cream and the iced water were civilized indeed." You could almost see the proud grin on his face.

He accepts with equanimity the rigors of life as a camp cook in the Badlands. "My hands are blistered in contact with hot things; my face is, too. I wear a complexion like a pickled beet." And a few days later: "[I]t is no dream to pull water 300 yards in pails with the mud up to your ankles—but that's what I'm paid for."



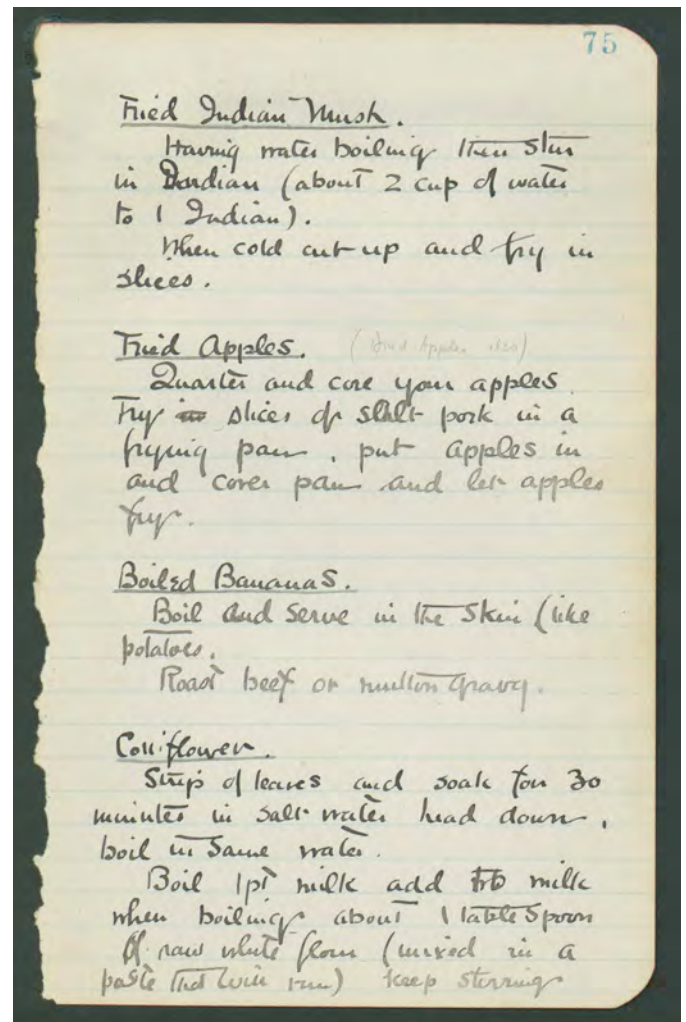
The weather could change dramatically, too. In July he reports torrential rains: "[S]weeter than going to bed wet is getting up and stepping into the mire at 4:30 a.m. to hunt for a damp pair of pants in a cool chill and yank on a pair of boots while mud jellies about you." But by early August, Elwell joked: "The Devil died of sunstroke today! Where in Hell to stay. It was the hottest we've had, and that is saying something ... Boys were nearly dead." And by late September he was writing: "1/2 inch snow at 5 a.m. Very chilly ... The water was frozen stiff on the water bags and tank, while a deep frost covered the ground."

Sometimes, like the rest of us, he just had a bad day: "Hell let loose. Everything wrong. Dinner poor. Meat, little and scant. Holmes sick. Bed 10 p.m." And sometimes, it seems, he was just too darn tired: "August 7: Hotter than a long ----- Slept and cooked."

Through it all, he maintained a wry sense of humor about the absurdity of the situation he found himself in. He was riding back to camp one day when a train from out east passed. He writes, "I waved my hat, and the people craned their necks out the window to see 'the cowboy'? What a bump they would have had if they had but known!" And later, in a handwritten letter to a friend in New Jersey, he closed "No one has died yet from my cooking."

Elwell, of course, did not forget to take in the beauty of the rugged landscape around him. "Behind Watts on the river bottom there was a most magnificent set of two rainbows--the smaller was perfect, the other a little less distinct but unbroken. The small bow was wide and rich in color, ending on one side in a field of yellow ripe wheat, and on the other against the shattered framework of a hill whose bowls had been burnt by fire. With the black-grey storm retreating over the southeast line of hills the hills themselves were filled with clear color unmixed with the dust that accumulated during the day. All the intense wonder of faint color was present, completing the blazing rainbow by its relief to eye and mind, and bringing into complete harmony the shadow of the storm behind the darker hills. The entire valley seemed breathing color - the deep green alfalfa grass, the uncut oats yellow in the last sunlight, and the blue water swinging gently from side to side on the bottom land. God must have smiled when He made this picture out of such barren material."

He had an unusual work ethic. His days consistently start at 4 or 5 a.m. The frequent down-time he had while he waited for the men to return to camp was spent reading, hunting (though apparently not very successfully), going after lost horses, securing supplies, and of course, writing down his keenly observed impressions. He seemed to take satisfaction from baking bread. And he would even



ride miles to the nearest creek to do the men's laundry. That a man of barely 22 travelled thousands of miles, to live outdoors in the rugged and harsh wilderness of Wyoming, to spend months cooking for a group of strangers, is simply astonishing. Those traits that we would today describe as "resilience" that comes through so clearly in his entries—hard work ethic, adaptability, readiness to learn, a self-deprecating sense of humor, good naturedness, and a love for adventure—made him the perfect, if unlikely, man for the job.

Helen Chafee Elwell donated the Colonel's diary and associated photographs to the University of Wyoming. In the letter accompanying the donation, she noted, "Colonel Elwell looked back on his Wyoming summer with great appreciation and enthusiasm. It was rough, tough and challenging, and he liked it. He loved the outdoors wherever he was."

The Colonel's diary is housed at the American Heritage Center at the University of Wyoming. A digitized version can be accessed here: <https://digitalcollections.uwyo.edu/luna/servlet/uwydbuwy~43~43>



## PLANNED GIVING: DEFINING YOUR LEGACY AT MOWGLIS BY JOINING THE BAGHEERA SOCIETY

### What is planned giving?

A planned gift can refer to a variety of types of gifts, but at its core, it's a donation that is made from someone's estate after they pass away. These gifts are usually pre-arranged, hence the term "planned gift."

### Why make a planned gift?

First and foremost, if you believe in Mowglis' mission, it is another opportunity to lend your support. By incorporating giving into our estate plans, we are often able to be more generous than we normally could. Also, planned gifts can provide unique tax benefits for your estate.

### Is it complicated to make a planned gift?

For many of our supporters, it takes just a few minutes. Adding Mowglis as a beneficiary to an insurance policy or IRA is often quick and easy. Of course, a formal bequest can be written into your will.

### Do I need a lawyer to make a planned gift?

In many cases, you don't; but you should absolutely consult a financial professional when making an estate plan.

### Do I have any say in how my gift is used?

Absolutely! Is there a particular program or project you want to support? We appreciate your support and can work directly with you to ensure that your planned gift honors your legacy and intentions.

### Is there a lot of paperwork?

No, but that is a common misconception. Mowglis typically only asks donors to sign a very basic letter of intent, mostly so we can be sure to acknowledge your support appropriately. We'll work with you to thoroughly document any specific requests you have for your gift so that we can honor your intent.

### I'm ready! Where do I start?

Contact James Hart, our Director of Alumni Relations at [james@mowglis.org](mailto:james@mowglis.org) or (603) 744-8095 ext. 280. You can also visit [mowglis.org/bagheerasociety](http://mowglis.org/bagheerasociety) and download our *Planned Giving Guide*.





# THE MOWGLIS INNER CIRCLE SOCIETY

This year, consider making a tax-deductible donation to Mowglis and joining the Inner Circle Society.

**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+)

Mowglis accepts gifts of publicly traded stocks and mutual funds.  
Visit [mowglis.org/stockgifts](https://mowglis.org/stockgifts) to learn more.



## 2022 Camper Registration is OPEN!

*And there are already many Campers signed up. Claim your son's spot now to ensure his place in the 2022 Pack!*

[www.Mowglis.org](https://www.Mowglis.org)

## *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](mailto:james@mowglis.org) or (603) 744-8095 ext. 280.

# Stock Donations 101

Did you know that Mowglis accepts gifts of publicly traded stocks and mutual funds?

Did you know that donating gifts of stock directly to Mowglis often means a bigger tax deduction for you and a larger donation to us?

## Here's how:

Let's say you purchased stock XYZ for \$5,000 (your cost basis) that's now worth \$50,000. Let's look at how you can maximize your tax savings and support Mowglis!

OPTION 1		VS	OPTION 2	
SELL STOCK & DONATE AFTER-TAX PROCEEDS			DONATE STOCK DIRECTLY TO MOWGLIS	
CAPITAL GAINS TAXES PAID*	\$6,750		\$0	
CHARITABLE GIFT/TAX DEDUCTION	\$43,250		\$50,000	ADDITIONAL DONATED TO MOWGLIS \$6,750
TAX SAVINGS	\$3,630		\$12,000	ADDITIONAL SAVED ON TAXES

# WIN, WIN!

For more information, visit [Mowglis.org/StockGifts](https://www.mowglis.org/StockGifts)

\*Based on long-term capital gains tax of 15%.

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.





# ALUMNI NOTES



Wayne King ('69) and Kodi recently caught up with Chris Hedges (Camper '64-67, '69) on Isle au Haut in Maine.



Doug ('02) and Kerri Westberg wrote to us that they were "thrilled to welcome baby Stella to the family on Friday, May 21. She weighed in at 7lbs 6oz and has stolen all of our hearts. Big brother Max is very enthusiastic about the squeaky new addition. We're enjoying getting to know her and adjusting to life as a family of four!" Congratulations, Doug and Kerri!



2021 Campers Yury (Toomai) and Petr (Cubs) Maslov flew from Camp to join their parents in Hawaii for a post-Mowglis vacation before returning to Russia. While there, they met up with Bob Howe ('72) and had a wonderful exchange in Honolulu. Yury & Petr's parents said that the meeting was very interesting and valuable for everyone!



Dwight "Jay" Duskin ('75) and his wife visited Mowglis this summer. It was Jay's first visit back to Mowglis since graduation!



Greg Goss ('79) hiking Mt. Eisenhower in April.



Tony Dohanos ('64) 3rd Oar, Winning Blue Crew, 1964.



From Charlie Walbridge ('62):

"Forty Conklin ('74), who learned to canoe from me at Camp Mowglis 50 years ago, picks up one of my old Hahns for his son Foster ('13), who is teaching canoeing at the Camp this summer. He drove all the way to West Virginia from New Jersey! We both hope to be there for the annual "Red Ribbon" whitewater trip on the Androscoggin River, which Foster participated in as a Camper about six years ago."



## ALUMNI NOTES



**Steve Minich ('71)** and his mother visited the Mowglis Chapel on Labor Day. Anne really enjoyed seeing Camp again for the first time in 50 years! She also enjoyed having a chance to ring the Chapel bell, as she is Matthew Baird's niece, and the Chapel bell is dedicated to Matthew Baird.



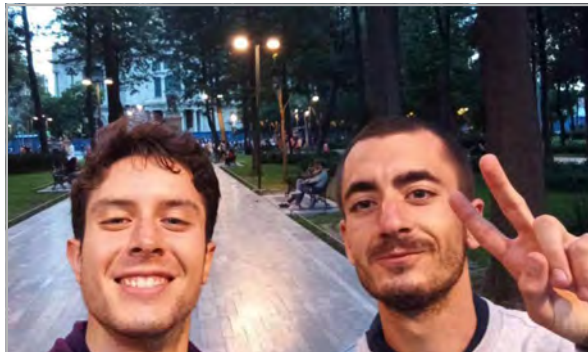
**Chris Kriesen ('80)** visited **Tommy Greenwell ('98)** at Camp this fall after a hike up Mt. Cardigan.



**Liam ('19)** and **Patrick ('19)** Jenkins caught up with their fellow 2021 JS **Alex Moya ('18)** in Alabama while on their post-camp road trip with their Mom, Kit Jenkins!



From **Steve Turnbull ('74)**, rt. in photo:  
Kudos to my Camp Mowglis buddy **Rob Werner ('74)** for scoring postseason tickets to a playoff game in Boston. Great game with the Red Sox winning the first postseason series."



Mowglis Counselor **Jose Antonio Bravo Batanero (2018 & 2019)** from Spain and **Gonzalo Garcia (2018, 2019, & 2021)** met up in Mexico City and sent us this picture. It's amazing how distance and time can't make the Mowglis friendships fade!

## ANNUAL RED RIBBON WHITEWATER TRIP







## IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO WILL BE MISSED



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

**Robert H. Moore, Toomai 1934**

**Thaddeus Harris, Aide 1945, Assistant 1946**

**Pierre Schlumberger, 1956**

**John Hoyt Stookey, Toomai 1940,  
Akela 1941–42**

farm with Roberta in Cazenovia, N.Y., as well as travelling abroad and being a tireless chef, chauffeur, and coach to his four beloved grandchildren.

John served as a Trustee of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation from 1984 – 1990, and all three of his sons, John ('81), Robert ('83), and James ('86), and his grandson, Lucas ('21), are Mowglis Graduates.

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### John Joseph Cerwinski, Former Trustee

John J. Cerwinski, 81, a longtime resident of Garden City, NY, passed away suddenly on January 20th in Syracuse, NY. John was born Dec. 2, 1939, in Jamaica, N.Y., to Stephanie Depowski and John V. Czerwinski. He graduated with honors from St. Francis High School and Fordham University, where he developed a lifelong interest in science, economics, and Catholic philosophy. Upon graduation he was selected for the Navy's rigorous Officer Candidate School and, after earning his commission, served as Communications Officer and Cryptographer aboard the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Essex. He met Roberta, his wife of 52 years, on board the Essex when she was invited by a mutual friend to dinner on the ship. It was love at first sight and the beginning of a beautiful, lifelong love story. They married in 1965, had three sons, and settled down in Garden City, N.Y. John joined the New York Stock Exchange in 1969, where he quickly rose to become one of the youngest vice presidents in NYSE history, the director of its compliance group, and mentor to many young men and women who became leading figures on Wall Street. In 1981, he was recruited by Goldman Sachs as a Managing Director, where he led the Management Controls group through the eventful 1980s and 1990s until his retirement. After his retirement he dedicated much of his free time to helping developing nations structure their securities regulation agencies, with notable service to the governments of Ghana and Colombia through work with USAID and the CIDA. He also served as a Trustee of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation and Camp Mowglis in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, which is dedicated to helping young men develop integrity, empathy, resilience, and leadership. In recent years, he took great joy in operating a small

He is survived by his wife Roberta Vaughan Cerwinski, his three sons John Malone, Robert (Shu-Min Chang-Cerwinski) and James (Dr. Thurka Sangaramoorthy), and four beautiful grandchildren, Lucas, Lea, Gyan and Ashok, as well as his sister Dolores Czerwinski. He is predeceased by his brother Edward Czerwinski and three sisters Elsie Kasprzak, Marianne Cerwinski, and Adele Cerwin. He was a most loving and dedicated husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle, and cousin, and is greatly missed by his wide circle of family and friends.

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### William I. MacDonald, Former Trustee

William I. MacDonald of Lexington, Mass. passed away on February 9, 2021, at the age of 92. Bill was born on May 28, 1928, in Somerville, Mass., to George D. MacDonald and Mildred (Irving) MacDonald. He graduated from Somerville High School in 1946. He was a Magna Cum Laude graduate of Tufts University and a graduate of the Harvard Business School Advanced Management Program. He was commissioned in the U.S. Army, assigned to the Pentagon and later to the U.S. Procurement Agency in Tokyo as Senior Credit Officer. He was Chairman of the Tufts Alumni Council and Trustee and Treasurer of the Holt-Elwell Foundation in New Hampshire. Bill had a long and rewarding career in banking, beginning at the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston. He was employed by the Bank



of Boston from 1961-1991, working in several lending and management capacities in Boston and New York City, ultimately as an Executive Vice President. He served on numerous committees of the Federal Reserve and the American Bankers' Association. After retirement from the Bank of Boston, he headed the Boston office of Leasing Technologies International for 10 years, creating financing for innovative companies and working till the age of 82. Bill loved his work and believed in doing more than expected. His end goal was always excellence, contribution over personal gain, and helping those supporting his efforts to rise to their potential. We will all miss him and his generous, lovely, gracious, kind, modest, accomplished, funny being. He was a good man, a gentleman, and a refined man with a very dear, special soul. He loved life, adored his wife of 55 years and was devoted to and so proud of his four children and his nine grandchildren. He enjoyed many activities and interests but was happiest at home, reading, listening to music, building things in his workshop, and just spending time with his beloved family. In hearing any praise for himself, he would always say, "I wish I knew that man." We were all so lucky we did. Bill was predeceased by his parents and his much loved brother, G. Dana MacDonald. He is survived by his wife, Bea (Beatrice Strand), and his children, Bruce (Beth) of Bend, Ore., Laura (Bill) Spaeth of Medfield, Mass., Emilie Strand McCarthy of West Chester, Pa., and Anne (Paul) of Duluth, Ga., and his grandchildren Brinton MacDonald, Abby, Will, Rob and Annie Spaeth, Meghan and Elizabeth McCarthy, and Tate and Billy Abdow. Private memorial observances will be held in the spring. If desired, please make memorial contributions to Camp Mowglis in East Hebron, N.H., 03241, and the Sawtelle Family Hospice House, 320 Haverhill St., Reading, Mass., 01867.

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## Clarke Trull Merwin ('39)

Born in Stamford, Conn., Clarke was raised in Scarsdale, N.Y. He served in the Army Air Corps (Air Force) during WWII. Upon discharge he completed his college education at Rider College in N.J. Clarke pursued a life-long career as a partner in an industrial supply business in Elmira, N.Y., before retiring to a life of boating adventure.



Clarke was a hard worker, loved life and lived it to the fullest. He loved boating, traveling for months at a time to the Caribbean as well as to Maine by the inland waterway. He generously shared that passion with his large extended family of which we all have fond memories.

Clarke also loved the mountains of New England. As a young adult, he worked as "croo" (crew) for the Appalachian Mountain Club, carrying heavy packs of supplies up to the mountaintop huts on foot. His own parents began a hiking tradition for all the Merwins, beginning with building a log cabin in the heart of Waterville Valley, N.H., that was used as their "base camp" many a summer.

Clarke first came to Mowglis as a Cub in 1933, graduating from the Den in 1939. In 1941 and 1942, he served on the Junior Staff.

The Merwins are a four-generation Mowglis family! Clarke's father, Gaius W. Merwin, was a counselor in 1915 and 1916, and an Assistant to Mrs. Holt from 1917-1920.

His brother, Gaius Merwin, Jr., graduated in 1937, his nephews, Gaius Merwin, III, in 1963, Bob Merwin in 1967, and Bill Tweedy in 1980, and his great nephews, Jason Merwin, in 2006, and Cooper Drazek in 2021. His great-nephew, Spencer Drazek, was in Panther this year.

Sons Michael Merwin and Russell Merwin graduated in 1966 and 1970, respectively, his grandson, Nathan Lance, in 2008, and his grandson, Reid Lance, was a Camper from 2006 - 2007.

Clarke is predeceased by his wife of 42 years, Muriel "Jean" Merwin, and a step-son, Mitchell Parmelee. He is survived by his four sons, Andrew Merwin, Douglas Merwin, Michael Merwin, Russell Merwin, his daughter, Linda Merwin, a step-son, Robert Parmelee, a step-daughter, Lin Pillard, 17 grandchildren, 35 great-grandchildren and his loving companion of 10 years, Patricia Berthold.

A donation to Avow Hospice, Naples, Fla. may be made in lieu of flowers. A private scattering of ashes and interment will be held at a later date.

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## Jim Mixter, Camper 1959-61

James Murchie Eaton Mixter, Jr., 70, of Oakton, Va., died peacefully on Friday, April 30, 2021, at his home. Jim was born in 1951 in Cincinnati, Ohio, the son of James and Phebe Mixter. He attended Cincinnati Country Day School, graduated cum laude from Amherst College, and received his M.B.A. from the Darden School of Business Administration in 1975. Jim retired from the ExxonMobil Corporation in 2009 after 35 years in fuels marketing, planning, and supply, both domestic and international. At Amherst, Jim discovered the joys of choral singing and in later years traveled the world with the Mastersingers, USA, an alumni group led by his college director. Jim was a tenor in the Church of the Holy Comforter, Vienna, Va., adult choir. He sang with the National Cathedral Choral Society in Washington, D.C., for over 20 years and served on its Board of Trustees. Jim cared deeply about his community. He was a member of the Church of the Holy Comforter, Vienna's Endowment Board and served as longtime Treasurer for the Pennywise Thrift Shop. He also donated his time and expertise to civic associations such as his local homeowner's associations in Spring, Tex., Oakton, Va., and Lake Monticello, Va. Jim had a wide variety of hobbies and interests. He was a train chaser, an avid fisherman, bowler, photographer, and devoted Washington sports fan. Jim was a longtime member of the Cincinnati Railroad Club, member of multiple chapters of the National Railway Historical Society, and a volunteer National Parks Department guide for Amtrak's Trails & Rails. He was also an active member of the Deep Water Aerobics class at Oak Marr Rec Center. His greatest joy came in spending time with his close and extended family.

Jim was a Mowglis Camper for three years, having come as a Cub in 1959. The Mixters are among those families with substantial Mowglis history. Jim's dad was a Camper from 1926 - 1929 and a Junior Staffer in 1933 and 1934. His uncle, George, an Aide, Assistant, and Counselor from 1932 - 1934, was Medical Counselor in 1940. Jim's sister, Sudie Mixter Blanchard and her husband, Pete, were Cub Directors in the 1970s. Jim's brother, Perry, Graduated from the Den in 1970, and his son, Chris, in 1992. Chris is now a Trustee of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation.



Jim is survived by his wife of almost 47 years, Lolly, his three children, Chris Mixter (Bronwyn), Allison Forseter (Dan), and Caitlin Mixter; and his four grandchildren, Owen, Natalie, Finley, and Dagny. He is also survived by his siblings Sudie Mixter Blanchard (Peter) and H. Perry Mixter (Jan) and many cousins. A celebration of Jim's life is planned for later this year when all can gather safely. To honor his memory and passion for choral music, donations can be made to the National Cathedral Choral Society, [www.cathedralchoralsociety.org](http://www.cathedralchoralsociety.org), or to the Music Ministry at the Church of the Holy Comforter, Vienna, Va., [www.holycomforter.com](http://www.holycomforter.com).

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## Dwight Newcomb, 1944-2021, Staff 1962

From Frank Hubbard, Mowglis Staff 1964-1966:

Mowglis folk who volunteered for before-Camp setup and after-Camp cleanup weekends in the past six years or so may have met my cousin Dwight Newcomb. He was a month older than I, five or six inches taller, and rode along with me because he had yet to resume his connection with the Camp, though he lived in Campton. He had served on the Junior Staff at Mowglis during the summer of 1962, starting at the same time that his younger sister Blair began her long association with Camp Onaway. He had the usual Junior Staff duties, helping where needed and especially in tennis and trips; he regarded Jim West as one of his best friends from that time and knew Bill Hart (Junior) as well. At least two people from that time have told me they remember not only his legendary appetite, but also his legendary hits on the Upper Ball Field. He went on to college at Bowdoin, where he played varsity baseball and basketball, after which he became an occasional tutor, teacher, and coach, a cab driver in Washington D.C., and for more than 25 years a pick-up basketball player on the playgrounds of the city. He loved to tell stories about the future professional players he met on those playgrounds; for instance, people as old as we are would recognize the name Connie Hawkins. He also managed his mother's investment portfolio during her last long illness. Recently, it was Dwight who told me about the post-high-school league of teams in Maine and New Hampshire, so he was still following the game 40 years later. Dwight was diagnosed with lung cancer in 2018, a result of several bouts of pneumonia, and in 2020 with brain cancer as well. He passed away June 3 of this year. Long-time family friends from Plymouth named Alan and Carolyn Hill helped Dwight through his last difficult years.

## Henry “Sandy” Phillips ('50)

Henry Alexander “Sandy” Phillips, 84, died peacefully at home from complications of prostate cancer Tuesday, March 2, 2021.

He was born July 14, 1936, in Boston, Massachusetts, to Dr. Henry Phillips Jr. and Katharine Harris Phillips and was a native of Exeter, New Hampshire. He was known as “Sandy” while growing up in Exeter, in college, and during his military service.

He graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1955 with honors. He was a varsity athlete and class correspondent for 16 years. He was a director of the General Alumni/ae Association and a member of the school's Heritage Circle.

Sandy earned a B.A. in Liberal Arts, majoring in French literature, from Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania, in 1959. He was a member of Haverford's Beta Rho Sigma Society and Jacob P. Jones Society. He captained varsity cross-country teams at Exeter and Haverford. He attended Camp Mowglis on Newfound Lake in Hebron, New Hampshire, as a Camper, then as a Camp Counselor and tennis instructor. He was a member of the Camp's Bagheera Society.

Sandy was loyal and patriotic, a joiner and a leader. He was attracted to the U.S. Marine Corps while a senior at Exeter, when the Corps' officer training program was described to him by USMC Commandant Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., who was in Exeter for a speaking engagement.

Following graduation from The Basic School (TBS) at Quantico, Sandy served three years on active duty as a Marine infantry officer (0302) at Camp Pendleton, California, and at Camp Schwab, Okinawa. On Okinawa, he served with the Transplacement Battalion Landing Team (BLT) 3/3, reinforced, Fleet Marine Force (FMF), as a Company Executive Officer and acting Company Commander. Sandy held the rank of First Lieutenant at the time he was honorably discharged. Two of Sandy's children, Brian and Johanna, also served in the U.S. Marine Corps as enlisted Marines.

On Oct. 25, 1962, Sandy joined Procter & Gamble as a retail sales representative in the Boston Case



Soap District. He held positions of increasing responsibility in sales management in New York, New Jersey; Paris, France; and Osaka, Japan. He was fluent in French. In 1980, he was appointed manager of U.S. Sales Recruiting for P&G and was based at the company's world headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio. He retired in 1994 with 32 years of service. Following his retirement from P&G, Sandy founded a human resources consulting firm, Phillips Vancil and Associates, that served major business clients in the U.S. and France until 2000.

Sandy married the love of his life, Deborah Miller Paddock, of Cincinnati, Ohio. He and Debbie moved from Indian Hill (Cincinnati), Ohio, to Wilmington, N.C., in July, 1997. Hank soon became involved in the Wilmington community and at the Country Club of Landfall. He was a founder and first Commandant of Cape Fear Detachment 1070, Marine Corps League in Wilmington. He served two additional terms as Commandant, and in 2010 he was named "Marine of the Year" by the Commandant of the Department of North Carolina Marine Corps League.

Sandy first came to Mowglis as a Pantherite in 1949, graduating from the Den in 1950. From 1951–1953 he served on the Junior Staff, and from 1954–1957 as a Senior Counselor. His son, Brian, was a Camper in 1990 and 1991.

He leaves his loving wife and partner of 31 years, Deborah Paddock Phillips; sister, Eleonore Dow Sanderson (David) of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Kennebunkport, Maine; three children, Henry Alexander Phillips Jr. (Jill) of Vancouver, Washington, Dr. Brian John Phillips (Dr. Carolina Garriga) of Colchester, Essex, United Kingdom; and Johanna Phillips Lum (Dr. Stephen) of San Diego, California; eight grandchildren, Willow Adeline Phillips, Henry Alexander Phillips III, Julia Eleonore Phillips and Phinneas Elliott Phillips, Aaden Giren Lum and Chloe Gi-Ling Lum, Mia Victoria Phillips and Lucas John Phillips; niece, Alexandra Dow Hutchins (Peter) of Kennebunk, Maine; nephew, George Flagg Dow of Kennebunkport, Maine; sister-in-law, Pamela Larson; two brothers-in-law, Col. Jeffrey Paddock and the Rev. John Paddock; and loving cats, Smokey (RIP), Max (RIP) and Max 2 of the home.

A memorial service will be announced at a later date.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests memorials be made to the St. James Parish Foundation, 25 S. Third St., Wilmington, N.C., 28401; or charity or nonprofit of one's choice.



## Alice Merwin Tweedy, 1929-2021

Alice Merwin Tweedy, 91, passed away on April 29, 2021, at the Macky & Pam Stansell House of Coastal Hospice at the Ocean.

She is survived by her son Bill Tweedy, daughter-in-law Susan Fales Tweedy, daughter Meg Drazek, son-in-law Greg Drazek, and grandchildren Catherine, Cooper, Meredith, and Spencer. Alice, born in 1929 in Scarsdale, N.Y. to Gaius Warner Merwin Sr. and Margaret Hubbell Merwin, married Lloyd Fraser Tweedy (1926-2005) in 1959.

Receiving degrees from Western College for Women and University of Pennsylvania, she worked as a physical therapist with a professional focus on disadvantaged children. Throughout her life she followed her passion for the outdoors and her love of skiing, canoeing, and hiking. In 1952 she scaled New Hampshire's Mt. Washington in the winter to ski down Tuckerman's Ravine, and on her 65th birthday she bought herself a windsurfer. During her 20 years in Pelham, N.Y., she participated in League of Women Voters, PTA, and the Pelham Garden Club. Dedicated



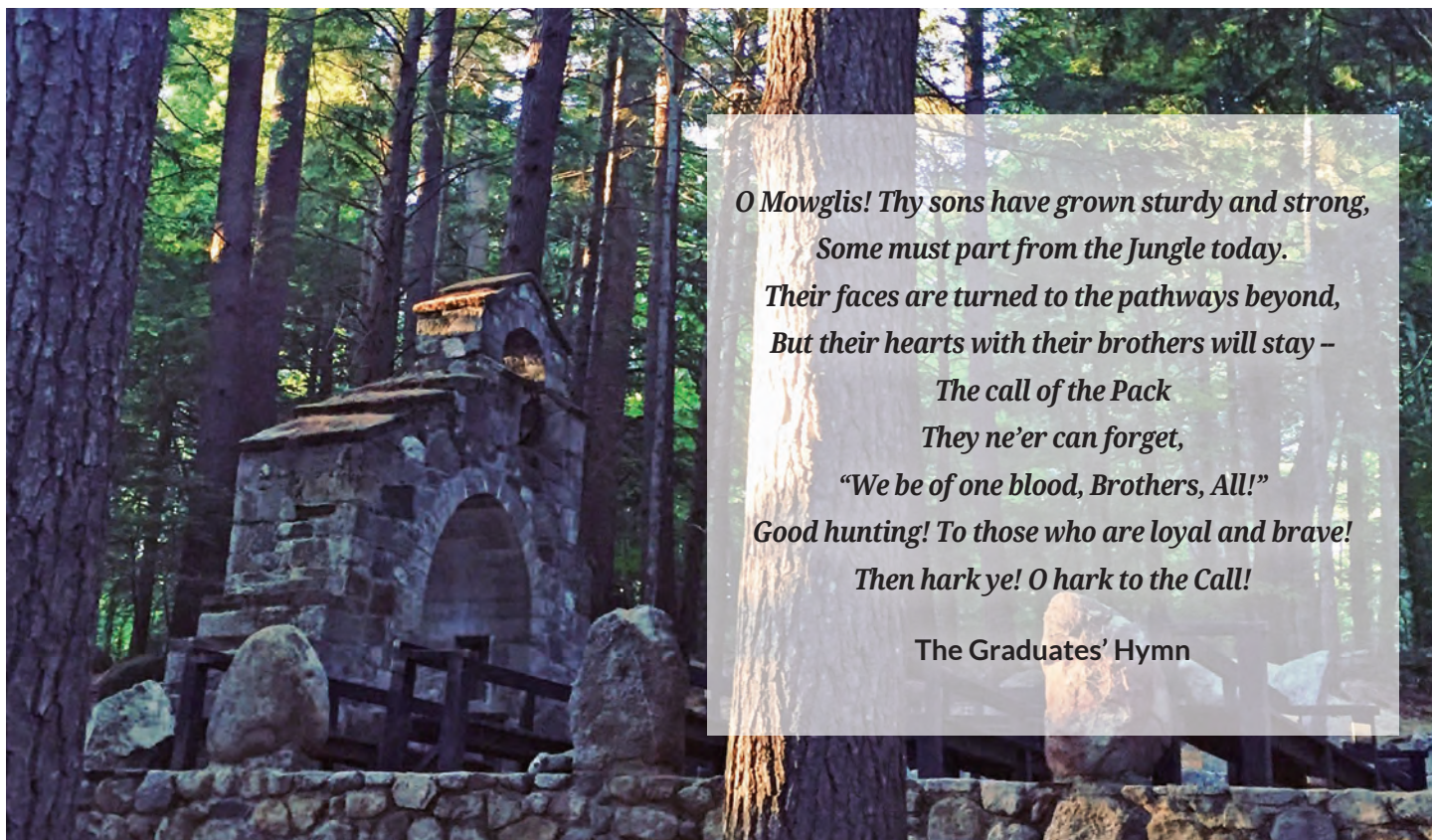
to the ideal of developing honesty, leadership, and courage in young women, she spent 51 years on the Board of Trustees of pioneering summer camp for girls, Camp Onaway, in Hebron, N.H., which she attended as a Camper and Counselor. She fulfilled 30 years of service in retirement as a Hospice volunteer in Maryland and demonstrated life-long dedication to her churches, including Christ Church in Pelham, N.Y., and All Hallows' Church in Snow Hill, Md. Her natural grit and dedication to her beliefs will guide us forward. We miss her deeply.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made in her name to Camp Onaway: Camp Onaway (Office), 26 Summit Grove Ave. Suite 130, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010 or visit [www.camponaway.org](http://www.camponaway.org).

*"When I stand alone by the lake, by the lake,  
Tall pines bring me peace just to see,  
To relive again friendships old, life so free,  
I'll be coming back, wait for me."*

A memorial service will be held at a later date.

Arrangements are in the care of Holloway Funeral Home, PA, 501 Snow Hill Road, Salisbury, Maryland, 21804. Please visit [www.hollowayfh.com](http://www.hollowayfh.com) to express condolences to the family.



*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 Tribute to Alice Tweedy*

*By Meg Tweedy Drazek, Trustee and Parent*

Mowglis daughter, mother, grandmother, sister, aunt, and great aunt Alice Merwin Tweedy passed away in April 2021. The Camp connected her to so many of her Mowglis men. Her father, Gaius Warner Merwin, Sr., a college friend of Colonel Elwell, began on the council at Mowglis in the 1910s. Alice remembered playing a game as a child with Colonel Elwell, trying to open his vise-like fingers to pry out a nickel. Her brothers Gus (Gaius Merwin, Jr.) and Chuck (Clark Merwin) attended Mowglis in the 1930s, and Alice started at Onaway in the early 1940s. She spent a decade as a Camper and Counselor and 51 years as Trustee, President of the Board, and Honorary Trustee at Onaway. Alice's father and brother Gus were two of the original Trustees for the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation, and her daughter Meg Drazek and son Bill Tweedy currently serve on the Board.

Alice's nephews Gaius III, Bob, Mike, and Russ Merwin attended Mowglis in the 1960s and '70s as Campers and Counselors, her son Bill attended in the 1970s,

and grandnephews Nate and Reid Lance and Jason Merwin attended in the 2000s. Great-grandnephew Beck Peppinger attended in the 2010s. Grandsons Cooper (Den '21) and Spencer Drazek ('22) are current campers.

When Cooper and Spencer first tried on their Mowglis Sunday uniforms in the spring of 2015, Alice teared up. It felt deeply right to her that they were connecting her again to her father. Over the years she closely followed Mowglis' progress and governance and believed firmly in the opportunity that the Camp provided in the development of confidence and character in young men. Her service on the Board at Onaway acquainted her with the challenges facing small institutions in the 21st century. Alice was able to visit Cooper and Spencer at Camp several times in recent years and see for herself the renaissance of Mowglis under the direction of Nick Robbins. Her optimism for the strong future of Mowglis added to her peace of mind in her final days.



*Alice with grandsons Spencer (Den 2022) and Cooper ('21) Drazek*



*Alice's Merwin/Tweedy/Lance/Drazek/Peppenger clan gathered on Parent's Weekend in 2018.*



*Alice, Gaius Merwin, III ('63), Bob Merwin ('67), Jeannie Merwin, Susie Vocca, and Jason Merwin ('06) attend 2017 Crew Weekend*





# WILLIAM I. MACDONALD

*A remembrance at his live-streamed memorial service on May 28, 2021 by K. Robert Bengtson, Director Emeritus.*

Hello Everyone,

My name is Bob Bengtson, and I am speaking to you from Camp Mowglis on Newfound Lake in East Hebron, New Hampshire. The song you just heard, played in Gray Brothers Hall, is "Men Of Mowglis," very familiar to Mr. MacDonald. I am very proud and happy to be participating today, for as you all well know, Mr. MacDonald was a truly unique and substantial man. I said Mr. MacDonald because I wasn't ever comfortable calling him anything else. While a boy at Mowglis in the 1960's, along with Bruce (his son), I knew him as Vice-President and Treasurer of the Mowglis Board. And for fifteen years as a camper and later a counselor, I saw him every summer. He never looked any different! In the 1980's, I became Director of Mowglis for ten years, the first time. It was then that I came to understand and appreciate his intelligence, professionalism, integrity, sense of humor, wit, kindness and gentleness. You all know what I mean. In the early 2000's, I became Director the second time. While it took him a few decades, it was then that he invited me to call him Bill, but I couldn't, and I didn't want to. For most of us, no matter our age, I think we need influences to look up to, whether we realize it or not. For me he was one of these, and he always will be.

A little trivia for all you MacDonalds. You may already know this, but perhaps not everything. Mr. MacDonald first applied for a staff position at Mowglis in 1945. On the day he filled out the application, he said his age was seventeen years and THREE DAYS! He said he was in good physical condition in every way, and that he was capable of teaching Archery, Canoeing, Carpentry, Crafts, Crew, Life Saving, Modeling, Rifle Marksmanship, Swimming and Tennis, and that he could tutor the boys in Arithmetic, English and Latin. Moreover, he said he was interested in being at Mowglis for only one summer, and that he expected a salary of \$100.00. Well, he and the Camp were a good fit for each other, as he was a counselor in the Cub Department, working with boys ages seven through nine for six consecutive seasons, earning \$400 in 1950. Having been founded in 1903, Mowglis was privately owned and managed for its first sixty years. Under

the threat of permanently closing due to financial collapse in 1962, several key alumni organized to save it. Mr. MacDonald was one of three whose efforts were extraordinary! Hundreds of alumni were contacted for support, loans were secured, the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation was formed, and nonprofit status was established. An original Trustee, Mr. MacDonald served as Vice-President and Treasurer until the mortgage on the property was extinguished, and then beyond for more than twenty years.

I often think of the wisdom that Mr. MacDonald shared. As a young Director, I was still in my twenties and the Trustees were meeting in Richmond, Virginia. At some point I became a little heated over something. Later, he very nicely pulled me aside and told me that while there is room for emotion, it isn't appropriate in the Board Room. It was during my second Directorship that we began spending more time together. In part I expect this was because Beth (his daughter-in-law) was serving as a key member of the staff, and Brint (his grandson) was a Camper, but it was more than that. We had grown closer and he wanted to be of help, to me and to the Camp. During one of his visits, he gave me the book "Good To Great." There are three pieces of his advice which have served me particularly well. One: "Every night, think about and even write down your priorities and agenda for the next day. You'll be more productive." Two: "In a position of leadership, understand what only you can do, and what you should delegate." Three: "No matter what is going on in your life, get up every day and do the best that you possibly can."

Bea (Mrs. MacDonald), thank you so much for including me on this very special day. You may or may not know that one of my lifetime joys has been building and taking care of the large flower garden behind the Mowglis Jungle House. In it are just four rose bushes, all in memory of folks that we very much treasure. At our Annual Work Day on Saturday, June 5th, with some of the current Trustees present, one will be planted for Mr. MacDonald. I will now close by playing "The Mowglis Goodnight Song" which Mr. MacDonald, Bruce, Beth and Brint have heard countless times.



*William MacDonald, 1st in, back row*



*William MacDonald inspecting the Cubs in Ford Hall*

# KIPLING IN AMERICA: 1889–1899

By James Hart

Today, Kipling is considered a distinctly British author, steeped in the language of colonialism, and his reputation defined by it for many. Nevertheless, during his nearly decade-long stay in the U.S., his fascination with American authors and rapidly developing “American” culture only grew. He felt the U.S. and Britain to be kindred spirits, and in some ways set out to be an “American writer” in his own right. Some would argue that he succeeded in that endeavor, penning *The Jungle Book*, which has stood the test of time and serves as the foundation of Mowgli’s ethos.

Kipling first arrived in America in 1889 with a singular mission, to meet his literary hero Mark Twain. At just 23, he quite literally sailed around the world from India to San Francisco, then traveled by train to Elmira, N.Y. He showed up, unannounced, at Twain’s home, where they met and shared a warm and rather lengthy exchange. Shortly thereafter, Kipling briefly returned to London, where he met Wolcott Balestier, an American with whom he became fast friends. Together, they wrote *Naulahka: A Story of East and West*. Unfortunately, before the book was even published in 1891, Balestier passed away. Just six weeks later, Kipling married Wolcott’s sister Carrie, and they set off for Vermont, the Balestiers’ home in the U.S.

This brought Kipling to Brattleboro, Vt., a place that he would reflect on in his writings many times throughout his life with great affection and longing. He and his wife rented a small cottage, and in December of 1892, welcomed Josephine, their first child. Perhaps motivated by the growing population of their modest cottage, Kipling began construction of the now-iconic Naulakha. Nestled into a hillside overlooking the Connecticut River, Kipling settled into one of the most productive periods of creativity of his life. It was during this time that he wrote *The Jungle Book*, *Captains Courageous*, and *Kim*. It was also during this time that he was visited by Arthur Conan Doyle. The Sherlock Holmes author taught Kipling to play golf that winter. They are rumored to have painted their golf balls red to aid in finding them in the snow,

many finding a resting place on the bottom of the Connecticut River.

Kipling’s creative and familial bliss continued until 1896, when the Kiplings welcomed their second child, Elsie. His marriage to Carrie was deteriorating, due in part to her tumultuous relationship with her brother Beatty Balestier. Beatty had a reputation as a heavy drinker with a short temper. Beyond the impact that had on his relations with Carrie, he drunkenly accosted Kipling one evening, resulting in his arrest. The incident garnered national attention. Kipling was so frustrated by the whole ordeal that they packed their bags, and he, Carrie, Josephine, and Elsie returned to England.



Rudyard Kipling, 1885



Naulakha

Three years later, the Kiplings returned to America, but it was a doomed effort. The now infamous “White Man’s Burden” had just been published. Met in the U.S. with equal parts celebration and disdain, Kipling found the latter intolerable. Even worse, shortly after their arrival, Josephine, stricken with pneumonia, passed away in 1899. Kipling, perilously ill himself, was delirious,

and once he regained his senses, returned his family to England and never returned to America again.

Rudyard Kipling’s time in America was both integral to his legacy, and wildly tumultuous. He wrote some of his most celebrated works in the library of Naulakha, cemented his adoration for American grit and sense of adventure, met his idol Mark Twain, and sowed the eventual unraveling of his marriage to Carrie. It should be no surprise that the hills of Vermont inspired Kipling’s imagination. It should also be no surprise that Rudyard Kipling’s legacy remains as ambiguous as his own brief but fruitful time in America.



# “MOWGLIS MEMORIES” PODCAST

By Wayne King ('69)

Alumnus and former staff member Wayne King ('69) has been hard at work collecting reminiscences of Mowglis. The Mowglis Memories Podcast recently hit a milestone, with its 50th episode featuring Rob Werner ('74). Below is a full list of episodes to date. All episodes can be found at <https://www.mowglis.org/podcast/>. And if you would like to share your memories of Mowglis, and contribute to this project to build an oral history of Mowglis, please reach out!



## MOWGLIS MEMORIES EPISODE LIST

David Concannon  
Frank Punderson, Jr.  
Jim Hart  
Arthur Bradbury  
Charlie Feuer  
Charlie Walbridge  
Alphonso Coles  
Alejandro Medina Mora  
Benji Ringe  
Steve Minich  
Bill Boicourt  
Roger Farrington

Tony Dohanos  
Peter St. John  
Ken Crowell  
Wes Pullen  
Jay Gullitti  
Jerry Hakes  
Mitch Draper  
Joe Boubulis  
Kenyon Salo  
Ethan Christenson  
Frank Punderson  
John Rafferty

Andy Popinchalk  
Jim Storie  
Paul Brown  
Jon Hulme  
Jan Greven  
Jim West  
Dwight Newcomb  
Tim Coons  
Perry Smith  
Chris Kriesen  
Chris Phaneuf  
James Hart

Bill Hart, Jr.  
W. Richard West, Jr.  
Jack Maresca  
Daniel Dennett  
Stuart Klein  
Tom Hazzard  
George Hulme  
Tony Wagner  
Rob Werner  
Peter Kingsley



# LINER NOTES

## THE STORIES BEHIND OUR FAVORITE MOWGLIS SONGS

By Tomo Nishino, '84

One person—Charles Elmer Hadley—wrote the lyrics to more Dorm Songs than any other, having authored *Old Ford Hall*, *Panther Beata*, and the 1920 *Den Song*. He arrived on the staff in 1918, returning each summer through 1927.

Hadley was born in Madras, India, in 1893. He grew up in Lewiston, Maine, and attended Bates College in his hometown, graduating in the class of 1914. He was a member of the Bates Glee Club and an accomplished singer. The

December, 1912, issue of the *Bates Student*, remarking upon a concert given by the college's music societies notes: "Generous applause was given each number ... the solos rendered by Charles Hadley being especially well received." We know that in the years following his graduation from Bates, he was a teacher at Hartford High School in Connecticut.

How he had come to be at Mowglis is unclear. At Camp, he had a rather broad range of responsibilities, from the Rifle Range to the Weather Bureau, and initially was in charge of Akela. Somewhere along the way, he and his wife became the Cub Parents. The Howl of the time only lists her as Mrs. Charles Hadley, but thanks to the *Bates Student*, we know that her name was Mona, a classmate of Charles at Bates, and an educator in her own right. They would both go on to graduate school—he to Harvard and she to Columbia—

and he would eventually earn a Ph.D. in Biology in 1928, thus marking the end of his time at Mowglis. He would teach first at the Teacher's College (present-day Montclair State University) in New Jersey, and later at Wabash College in Indiana.

It didn't take him long upon arriving at Mowglis to compose the lyrics to the first Dorm Song—he wrote the lyrics to the *Panther Beata* in 1919. As was

common in the age of looser copyright, he borrowed the tune from a song he must have come across as a student. A proud native son of Maine, he pointedly instructed that the song was to be sung to the tune of the *Bowdoin Beata*, without mentioning *Wake, Freshman, Wake*, which



1912 Howl

was the true original song (as any fan of the East Hebron Madrigal Society will tell you).

He also failed to note that the *Bowdoin Beata* was, well, a drinking song.

*"So it's clink, clink, drink, drink, drink!"*

*Smash the glasses to splinters when you're done!"*

But no matter.

The following summer, Hadley would compose the 1920 *Den Song*, this time setting the song to the tune of *Marching Through Georgia*, a song by Henry Clay



Work. This song, written at the end of the Civil War, portrayed General Sherman's march through Georgia.

*"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea  
While we were marching through Georgia."*

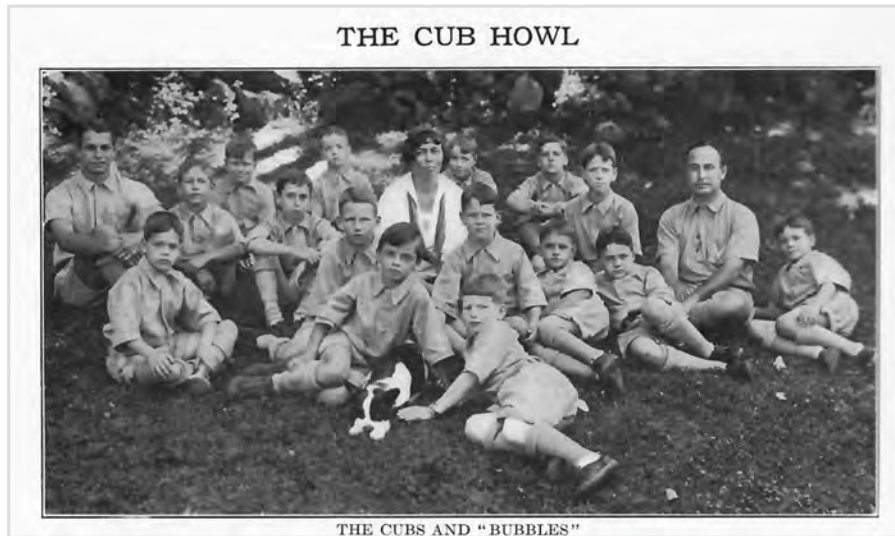
That Hadley settled on this tune is not surprising. It was probably the most popular tune to come out of the Civil War. The composer is said to have sold more than 500,000 copies of the song. It was everywhere, so much so that Sherman himself is said to have remarked, "If I had thought when I made that march that it would have inspired anyone to compose the piece, I would have marched around the state." It was popular through the

end of the 19th century and well into the 20th, and achieved cultural touchstone status. It was quoted by Charles Ives in *Three Places in New England*, appeared in numerous movies, most famously, *Gone with the Wind*, and has been turned into a Princeton football fight song. Japanese and British soldiers are said to have used it as marching songs as well. (And it was

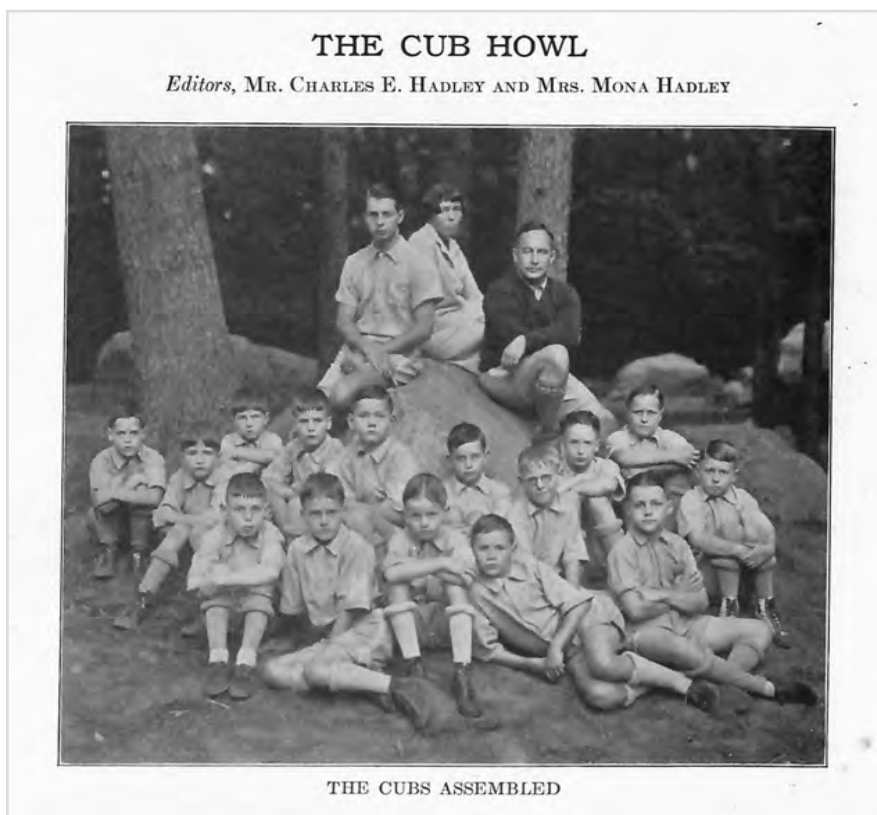
broadly featured in Ken Burns's film *The Civil War*, both in its original martial form, and as a slow and sorrowful lament.)

As Cub Parent in 1925, Hadley would go on to write the lyrics to *Old Ford Hall*, this time setting the song to the tune of that of the alma mater of his one-time employer, the Hartford High

School. Indeed, he (and at times Mona, too) seems to have been a rather prolific writer of verse, judging by his frequent appearances in the Howls of the time.



1926 Cubs



1927 Cubs

He and Mona even wrote an alternative set of lyrics to *Dunderbeck*, titled *Come to our Campfire*. The song contains eight verses, the first of which is:

*"If you want to spend a summer  
in a most delightful way,  
Just be a boy at Mowglis,  
and you'll find it's bound to pay.  
For we swim and row and ride and  
shoot  
and climb from peak to peak,  
And a lot of other fun to boot  
that lasts us all the week."*

Perhaps we can get the boys to revive this one summer.



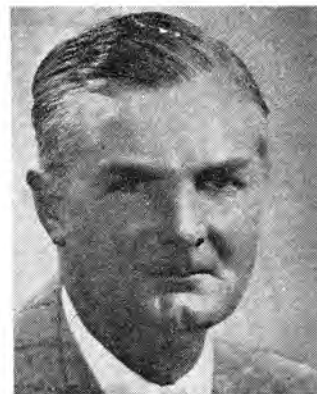
# OBJECT LESSONS: THE MATTHEW BAIRD BELL

*By James Hart*

## Matthew Baird, 1901-1972

The “Matthew Baird Bell,” first placed in the old wooden tower and later moved to the present stone archway, was made possible largely through his efforts. First at Mowglis as a Camper in 1912, was later to serve as a Staff member, Tripmaster, and Cub Director.

Much of what he experienced at Mowglis he took with him to the Arizona Desert School, of which he was the founder and headmaster. His devotion to Mowglis never ceased. He served as a Trustee of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation, delivered several “Chapel Talks” and in 1970 became Trustee Emeritus. His influence at Mowglis continues to this day.



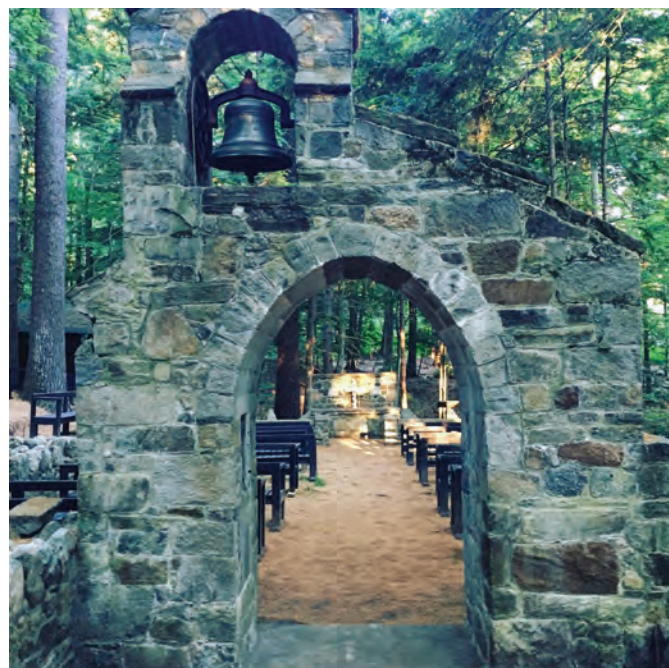
MATTHEW BAIRD  
1901-1972



Anne Minich, Matthew Baird's Granddaughter, visited the Chapel in 2021 with her son Steve ('71) and rang the Chapel Bell

Text from the plaque that used to hang on the old bell tower:

*Ring! Chapel bell, through the Jungle woods,  
Ring out the shadow of Shere Khan --  
Ring in the Brotherhood of Man,  
Ring, Ring your message through the woods.*





# NOTES FROM RAKSHA

*By Kit Jenkins, Trustee*

They had barely walked out of Gray Brothers after Graduation on Mrs. Holt's Day 2019, and my boys, Liam and Patrick, were already talking about next summer. After three weeks of training and new adventures, they would proudly don their Junior Staff shirts before the Mowglis Pack. They beamed in anticipation.

In 2020, the Gray Brothers stage sat silent and empty. In 2021, they ascended the stage as the rest of the Camp looked on. Alas, there was no Parent's Weekend, so all I could do was imagine the evening from afar. And just like that, Mr. P Jenkins and Mr. L Jenkins were Junior Staff (JS), responsible for "their kids."

"When you went out into the night after the ceremony, what had changed?" I asked. They replied nearly in unison: "A sense of responsibility for the Camp and the Campers."

What were they able to bring to their kids right away? "A love of Mowglis. That's what we were all about."

"My Toomaites look at me, and see this big guy, the coolest person in the world," Liam said. "They see I'm into it...Into everything that fills a Mowglis Day. When we move through Camp with passion for Mowglis, the younger kids will follow our lead,"

What about surprises? "You see how really impactful Camp is. These kids develop every day." For these youngest members of the Pack, Liam felt that he could help to set them up for success, to help build their own Mowglis legacies. For example, he talked about his



kids being still nervous to talk to the Senior Staff, so he would model this for them and occasionally act as a bridge.

Patrick worked with the Dennites. As JS he was suddenly heading a table at mealtime, sleeping in a bed in the Counselor's area. "That was pretty cool," he said, "But from there, I really had to earn their respect."

"These were guys that I used to hang out with. And sure, I could still have fun with them. But earning their respect meant relating to them a little differently. I felt the responsibility to pass down the lessons that I learned in my Den year. I wanted to be a voice of encouragement. They had a lot of goals, or requirements they needed to complete. These were now my guys. Their success was going to be my success."

While Liam mediated for his Toomai-ites, Patrick taught the Dennites to advocate for themselves.

They both found something special in teaching Industries. "There is teaching Canoeing, and then there is teaching Mowglis Canoeing. It's pretty rigorous. As past Campers we know the challenges these guys face. But we also want them to feel the satisfaction that comes from really earning their Ribbons."

I asked Liam what he saw anew. "I saw myself in the Campers. I saw myself in Jake being so nervous just before Crew Week. I saw myself in Rafi not being able to lift the canoe over his head. I also saw how much I accomplished over the five years—what Mowglis gave me. And I saw the opportunity to pay it forward."



"Sometimes a Camper would be struggling. I would stick with him till he figured it out. I remembered when a Counselor patiently worked with me—those moments when I was closest to giving up. When I saw my Campers were most uncomfortable, I remembered what helped me. As a JS, I could help them do something they would remember—accomplish things that they could always have for themselves."

For Patrick, his message to members of the Den reflected his years-long experiences at Camp. He tried to get his Dennites looking beyond themselves and beyond the moment. "I tried to plant the idea that they were becoming leaders at Mowglis—that they could help make this a great summer for the Camp, not just a good year for their friends in Den". I remember the Den of 2015, my first year at Camp. Those guys really set the tone for the whole Camp. They interacted with everyone, even the youngest kids. That Den made me want to keep coming back." Patrick saw his role as encouraging "the guys" to be "that Den." So how did "his Den" do? "Yeah, the Den of 2021 was a good Den."



Both boys reflected on this particular moment in the life of a Mowglis Man. "We are in that 'in-between' time, we still have that feeling that we are fresh out of Den, and we don't have the work that Senior Staff has. But we can be a bridge for the Campers and show a way forward for them. And that is part of the way forward for ourselves."

As "a Raksha"—the mother wolf—this conversation left me deeply moved. Patrick and Liam, and all of their fellow Yearlings are still teens but are full of the Mowglis Spirit. So powerfully shaped by their Mowglis years, they bring that spirit to the Campers who are in the process of, themselves, growing into the Mowglis Men they will become.

This is how the Mowglis Spirit ripples out through each individual in the Pack. Mowglis continues to inspire each Graduate to become "Gray Brother"—in the *Jungle Book* the oldest and leader among Raksha's four cubs—to palpably feel this experience of and pride in sharing lessons learned with the next generation. Witnessing my boys grow into their own potential as leaders is something for which I have profound gratitude.



# ONE OAR'S LONG ROW BACK TO MOWGLIS

By Nick Robbins

On October 7, 2021, I received the following message:

*Dear Mr. Robbins, We have recently discovered an old oar with the Camp Mowglis logo stored in the eaves of one of our historic structures. Would the camp be interested in this object? Looks to be 1920-1930's. Sincerely, Lauren B. Hewes, VP for Collections, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, MA (<https://www.americanantiquarian.org/>)*

I enthusiastically responded, "YES!"

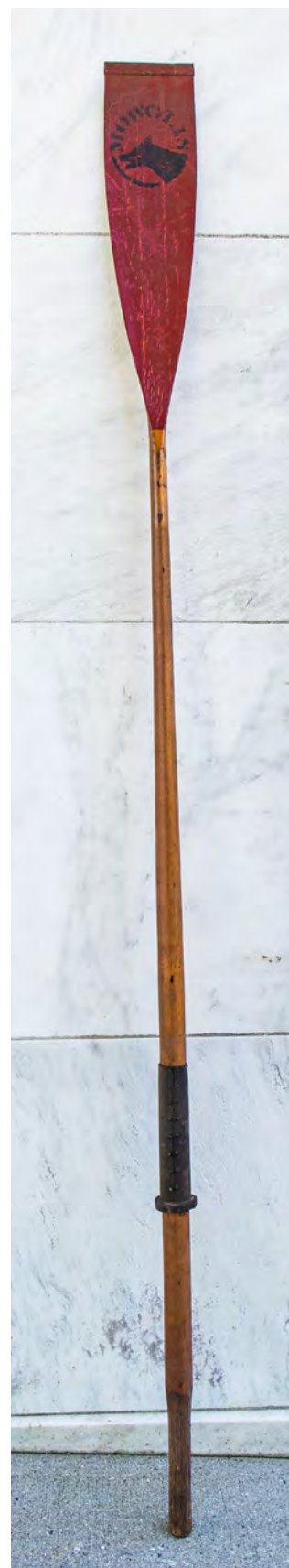
She continued, "I am glad I took the chance to get the oar back to where it can be appreciated and out of our rafters! The head of our IT department summers up in NH near you—he recognized the logo on the oar right away. The piece was found in the carriage house of the Goddard Daniels house here in Worcester (which is now the home to our admin and exec offices). The carriage house is about to undergo some restoration work and this turned up during a structural evaluation. I wonder if one of the children who lived in the

house before it became part of AAS (either the Daniels or the Goddards) were campers with you?

Later that day, I was speaking with HEMF Treasurer and Mowglis Mom Anabela Perozek, who mentioned that she was bringing her son Sam ('21) to Worcester that very weekend for his first high school crew regatta and she enthusiastically agreed to pick it up... which they did. Sam went on to win his race—rowing with full Mowglis Spirit, I am sure!

After consulting our alumni database, I called alumnus Fred Daniels ('69) to see if the oar may have belonged to his father Bruce Daniels ('34). As it turns out, Bruce was the #4 seat on that summer's winning Red Crew Boat and, as was the tradition, he took home his oar and stored it up in the rafters of what was his home, but now is the Antiquarian Society's office.

So after 88 years, Bruce Daniels' Red Racing Crew Oar is headed back up to Mowglis where I know it will continue to inspire Mowglis oarsmen for years to come!





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- You make a difference







## 2022 SUMMER CALENDAR

Saturday, June 25 .....Arrival Day!  
 Saturday, July 23.....Four-Week Campers and Cubs Depart  
 Sunday, July 24 ..... Three-Week Cubs Arrive  
 Friday–Sunday, August 5–7 ..... Crew Weekend  
 Sunday, August 14 .....Mrs. Holt’s Day

*Please call or email us with any questions about the  
 2022 Mowglis Calendar: [info@mowglis.org](mailto:info@mowglis.org) / (603) 744-8095*





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