

IN THIS ISSUE

The Call

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MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

TOMO NISHINO ('84)

Dear Mowglis Community,

In many ways, 2022 was a milestone summer.

Camp operations returned to normal with few concessions to the COVID pandemic. The boys conquered many miles of trails and earned ribbons galore. The Honor Squads went out to Mt. Washington, and guests cheered on the crews as the boys rowed their hearts out on Crew Day. In short, it was just another awesome Mowglis summer.

I write this every year, but again my hat goes off to Director Nick Robbins and his hard-working staff. They were perhaps the most experienced staff we've had in some time, and I heard many a boy exclaim that this was their best summer yet. Their dedication, energy and hard work make the camp really pop for the boys. They are the true heroes of this and every summer.

The strength and vibrancy of the Mowglis community also shone through. Not only did a record-setting crowd gather for Crew Day, but an army of volunteers also pitched in for the spring and fall work weekends. I am always amazed by the dedication of the Mowglis community on display on every such occasion.

The Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation, the nonprofit which owns and operates Mowglis, marked the 60th year since its founding. Over the course of its long history, the Foundation and the camp have experienced its shares of both ups and downs. But particularly over the past dozen or so years, the Board of Trustees has worked hard to professionalize our operations, evolve into a high functioning governance body, and lay a solid foundation for the future.

We developed a strategic plan to help support and guide Director Nick Robins, and this summer we launched the final public phase of the ***Keep the Campfires Burning***

Endowment Campaign—an effort to expand the camp's endowment from the current \$4 million to \$6 million by next summer. The larger endowment will allow us to maintain our beautiful campus, further expand and enrich our programs, and extend financial support to make Mowglis accessible to families of all backgrounds. As we look forward to the next 60 years, I look back with gratitude at the vision of the founding trustees and call on all of us to renew our commitment to and support for Mowglis.

Next summer, we mark our 120th year in operation. The future of Mowglis is brighter than ever. That is because of the incredible Mowglis Pack. So, thank you. Thank you to the parents for entrusting your boys to us. Thank you to the staff for working your tails off each summer. Thank you to the numerous volunteers for pitching in to do the myriad things that are needed to help keep Mowglis going. Thank you to the generous donors for your support. It is indeed an immense privilege to be part of such a community.

Good Hunting!



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



LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

NICK ROBBINS

Mowglis 2022 was, by in large, a REGULAR Mowglis summer. Hallelujah!

In pre-pandemic times, this statement would not have had quite the significance or gravity it bears in 2022, but in the current era, having a traditional, regular Mowglis summer was just what the doctor ordered!

On June 25th, after a rigorous two-week staff training, our elite crew of counselors sprang into action to bring the Mowglis program to life for its 119th summer! In total, we welcomed 120 campers and 13 Yearlings, who became members of the Junior Staff after their Yearling leadership training program. Not only did we have campers and staff from the US, but we were also able to welcome folks from abroad for the first time since 2019—even some Spanish was spoken on Gray Brothers Field again. Our team of counselors was robust and enthusiastic. Of the 55 folks hired, 44 of them had been to Mowglis in previous summers, and together we hit the ground running. Their collective experience helped us keep up with all those Mowglis campers who were so eager to dive into the summer.

Yes, Mowglis 2022 had typical summer camp challenges—misplaced water bottles, campers too giddy to go to bed, and homesickness, but the summer was wonderfully regular. Refreshingly, wonderfully, regular.... *Thank goodness!*

This is not to say that COVID did not impact us. Our rigorous COVID testing caught almost all the cases from sneaking into camp, but alas, early in the summer, we did have some cases. With the guidance of our medical advisors, our team of nurses navigated us through this challenge which was soon in the rear-view mirror, and we were able to enjoy the rest of the summer in excellent Mowglis fashion.

After a moving and insightful Candlelight Chapel talk from alumnus Rabbi Abraham Unger on the last night of the season, the camp filed down to the lake to launch their Candleboats. The candle-powered boats silently drifted out onto Newfound Lake, and it was a serene, timeless, and beautiful way to say goodbye to a wonderful summer.

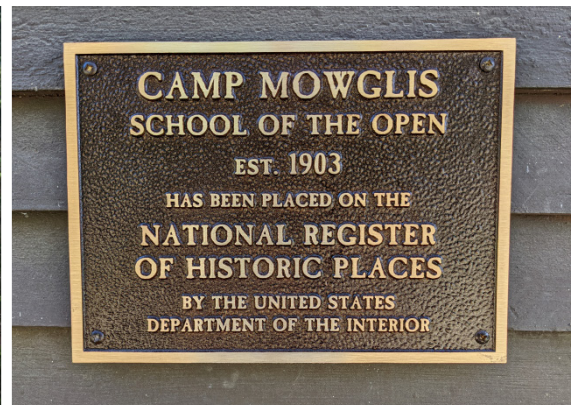
While we've weathered the COVID storm, the return to normalcy cannot turn into complacency. The challenges of the previous few years have us ever more focused on safeguarding the future of Mowglis. To ensure we can weather future storms, we've launched the *Keep the Campfires Burning Endowment Campaign* to grow the size of Mowglis Endowment from \$4 million to \$6 million this year. In the following pages, you'll read more about this vital campaign. I hope you'll join me, the entire board of directors, and several individual donors who have already made pledges. Together, we can safeguard the future of Mowglis for generations to come!

Thank you for being a member of the Mowglis Pack. Here's to many more "regular" Mowglis Days!

Good Hunting,



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



MOWGLIS SUMMER 2022: A SUMMER OF RESILIENCE!

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

Our 119th summer began with a bang—specifically 15 of them—as each member of the mighty Cubs fired our cannon on opening day. Mowglis welcomed 109 boys that day, and as parents pulled away, the hustle and bustle of a Mowglis summer was already in full swing!

The first week having barely begun, the Den set out to the Baldfaces and Akela to Cliff Island. The boys back at camp set to work on their first iteration of Industries, as Mowglis welcomed the formal addition of Blacksmithing to its repertoire. Axes were hung, the first rifle targets scored, and the lake quickly lost its early summer chill much to the delight of boys and staff. The Yearlings joined the Appalachian Mountain Club for trail clearing, and then spent an evening teaching the Cubs the camp songs, a heartwarming tradition. The first Wednesday saw paddlers, joined by Director Nick and Ms. Arin, depart to Franklin, New Hampshire, for a new addition to the canoeing program: white water instruction! On Sunday, a new sound rang out, the sound of shotgun blasts from the Upper Ball Field as Mr. Hart taught Trap Shooting as a Sunday Club.



Week two saw the return of Akela and with them the unwelcome arrival of COVID. In typical Mowglis fashion, we fought on despite the challenge, with Mr. Liam Jenkins keeping order in Akela's "tent city" on the Lower Ball Field. The cases made their rounds, and even Director Nick found himself quarantined in HQ, managing the camp from behind yellow tape. As Nurse Kathy and the medical team did their level best to keep the remainder of camp healthy, Mowglis carried on! Panther set out on the Franconia Ridge Trip and Toomai visited Mt. Cardigan. Though the few remaining "quaranteeners" had to watch from Kaa, the 4th of July brought the whole camp together to revel in what may



have been Mr. Hart and Mr. Greenwell's best fireworks display yet, each managing to return to shore with the same number of fingers and toes they started with!

Week three saw the COVID cases dissipate and we were able to welcome most of the affected back into camp (masked, of course). A sense of normalcy began to return, and with it the first ribbons were announced in the dining hall. The Mighty Cubs ventured out on their first overnight of the summer to the time-honored Mt. Cardigan. The Akelites shed their masks en route to Eliza Brook, their first pack trip as a dorm. Land Sports day celebrated the reunification of the entire Pack. The slip and slide was readily put to use, Nurse Kathy manning the hose, and we saw the introduction of actual javelins under the tutelage of Mr. Mida. Hulk's Bunches of Hurricanes took the day, and the Senior Staff easily bested the soon-to-be-minted Junior Staff in the tug-o-war.

At week four, the halfway mark of the summer was upon us and our greatest challenges were behind us. The Den began murmurs of squad picks, the Yearlings readied to receive their white pocketed shirts, and the first early morning rows in Mowglis' new crew shells brought what felt like the first "regular Mowglis days" of the summer. Mr. Hart's "stump the storyteller" reminded the boys that there's more to him than a raised eyebrow. Panther conquered the challenging Mahosuc Notch, and the Yearlings reclaimed the Presidential Traverse they were denied in 2021. The talent show that ended the week bid a fond farewell to the four-weekers. Ned Hanrahan once again wowed us with his acrobatic antics, the Yearling's staff impersonations has us all in stitches, and the musical

talents of the boys seemed endless. The Yearlings formally joined the staff, and though Mr. Rorke couldn't be there in person he was there in spirit.

Week five marked the "beginning of the end" of the Mowglis summer. Mt. Washington Squad and Gopher Squad departed with 10 boys each, a much-anticipated return after the Huts' closures last season. Back at camp, the boys made the best of every minute. Our fresh batch of Cubs arrived, 20 to be exact. Mama Boone had to make use of the Cub tent to fit them all!

Crew Week (and our sixth week) saw the camp divided into Red and Blue. Mr. Garcia led the mighty Blue, and Mr. DeVelasco the cunning Red. As the boys learned their cheers, Racing Crews took on their roles with gusto, building excitement in members of the Pack of all ages. Crew Coaches Patrick and Liam Jenkins welcomed the return of former coach Ms. Mira League. With three forms and Racing Crew, the boats scarcely made their way back into Waingunga during the week. Thursday saw the Racing Crews depart to Wellington, as the Junior Staff set to building the bonfire. For the first time in three summers, Mowglis was able to welcome guests to join in on the excitement! During the bonfire and pep rally, alumni and families watched their boys faithfully represent their crews.

Crew Day saw over 400 sets of eyes fixed on the boats, with countless guests watching from their own boats as well as from the shore. It was the largest audience in years, rivaling the centennial in attendance. The Third form went to Red, the Second form to Red, and with a delay due to lightning, the First form went to Blue,



avoiding what could have been a sweep. The undaunted Cubs saw their own victory go to Blue, evening the score for the day. As the Racing Crews took off, Red was in the lead, the cheers, drums, and horns pulsed from the shore, urging the boys on as they pulled with all their strength. As the boats neared the finish line, the race was neck and neck. Only a few boat lengths from the finish, the Blue boat pulled ahead. Two cannon blasts marked a BVD for 2022! As the winning oar was raised, the colors receded, and the focus turned to the



evening's entertainment ... and BBQ. Despite the heat, the weekend was a resounding success, and with our visitors having departed, the week culminated in a regular Mowglis Sunday.

The final week was jarringly normal at its start. Regular Mowglis days ended with lengthy staff announcements of Ribbons and other accolades, to the cheers of the boys celebrating their friends' hard work. Those precious few "regular Mowglis Days" gave way to the summer's end. Starting with the Cardigan Assault on Wednesday, every member of the Mowglis Pack met and shared watermelon atop Mt. Cardigan. The following evening saw the transformation of the Dining Hall for Graduates' Dinner, and with heartfelt toasts and more than a few misty eyes, we began the process of bidding farewell to the Graduates of 2022. Friday saw the welcoming of 12 new inductees to the Inner Circle, all while the final ribbons of the summer were secured, graduation requirements completed, and tournament winners crowned.

The final Saturday of the summer always brings with it a strange juxtaposition. Packed bags adorning porches contrasted by the familiar melodies of the piano in Gray Brothers Hall floating down through the pines. Tetherball matches, with its division of "court" and "direction," while we prepare to sit together for our last dinner of the summer. Beaming faces of Graduates completing their final requirements, blistered hands making their way to the final Soak, the resounding call of "Gazunga." The rapid pace of the summer culminated in the slow meander of Candleboats through the waters of Newfound Lake.

A summer ended as it should: with happy boys, a tired staff, the theft of the Swimmer's Raft, and the promise of another amazing Mowglis summer on the horizon.

Mowglis 2022, we salute you!



2023 w/sh list

This year, Mowglis needs to grow its fleet of vans!

We hope to find new or gently used 12- and 15-passenger vans. If you have a lead on a van, or would like to lend your financial support, email james@mowglis.org.

Send us your email address!

Please help us stay better connected with you...

Send an email directly to info@mowglis.org



2022 BY THE NUMBERS



17
Graduates



12
Inner Circle
Inductees



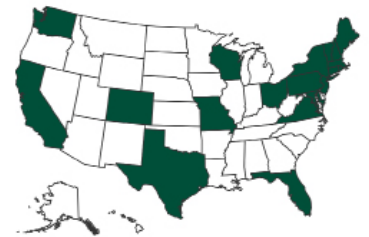
BVD

133
Campers Enrolled

96 boys returning
from last summer!
25% campers
had family attend
Mowglis

REPRESENT!

States and Countries represented at Mowglis in 2022



International Campers: Ethiopia, France, Netherlands, Nigeria,
Mexico, Spain, and Ukraine



745
Qualifying
Targets



346
Mowglis
Miles



17
Axe Tests

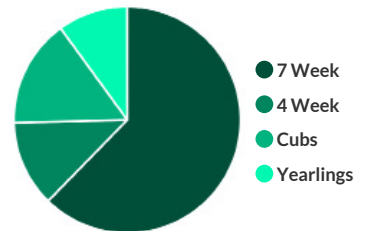


43
Ribbons
Earned



32
Full
Waingungas

CAMPERS BY PROGRAM



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

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

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

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



2022 CUB REPORT

By Abby Boone, Cub Mom

The sunshine was beating down on the field by Ford Hall when I arrived. I came straight from the last day of school up to Mowglis and wondered if this summer would be as wet as the last, or if sunshine would prevail. I was excited as I was told more times than I could count that Summer 2021 wasn't a "regular Mowglis summer" but this year was going to be just that. "Just wait 'til next year, that will be a real "regular Mowglis summer," and "I can't wait for you to experience the regular Mowglis summer." It came to be a phrase that I would greet with a roll of the eye or a dry chuckle. To someone who was still fairly new to Mowglis, I had no baseline for what a "regular Mowglis summer" was supposed to look like, and truthfully, I doubted its existence.

However, what I have come to realize in my limited experience is that nothing about Mowglis is "regular." In fact, that's why I believe that Mowglis has been in existence for as long as it has. Mowglis is special, different, IRREGULAR.

The Cub Program strays even farther from the norm of the "regular." Sure, we make the programming as similar to the Pack as we can to prepare the youngest campers for their future in the illustrious Pack, but we do our own thing. Irregular was how we spent our days.

The addition of demonstration Industry periods for the Cubs was also irregular. This meant that the Cubs were able to observe and carefully participate in Industries that are often reserved for Akela and up. This included

Industries like Woodworking, Axemanship, and our newest Industry, Blacksmithing. The Cubs consumed this irregularity with fervor and enthusiasm. They were able to be a part of something that even some members of the pack had to wait for. Irregular was fun.

Campfires are an integral part of camp and offer more personal connections with a broader audience. While this is fantastic, the Cubs may not understand Mr. Nguyen's "Metaphysics" or Mr. Drennan's "Self-Constructing Objects and Concepts" campfires, as much as they would like to. When campfires would go over Cubs' heads, our Cub campfires whisked our littlest members up to our private campfire circle with our littlest camp chairs and offered not only weekly S'mores on Thursdays, but hot chocolate with marshmallows as well. Irregular Cub Campfires had extra perks.

So, while most people considered 2022 a "regular Mowglis summer," I continued to admire the irregular camp that is Mowglis. Irregular allows children to thrive, to learn in ways not presented to them in brick-and-mortar school buildings. Irregularity forces children out of their comfort zones and into the zone where character is built.

One day I will be able to tell new counselors about the "regular Mowglis summers" that are coming. But until then, I will continue to embrace my own Irregular Mowglis Summer memories.





2022 YEARLING PROGRAM: HOOKED ON A FEELING

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

Another summer passes, and I can't stop this feeling deep inside of me—the feeling that this Yearling group was truly special. I'll proudly admit that spending part of this past summer with these Mowglis men had a lasting impact on me. I hope that their experience had some lasting impact on them as well, as they began to emerge as leaders in their communities.

Returning to Mowglis after a fall, winter, and spring away always provides an interesting reunion experience for campers. What's new? What's the same? Wait, how does this Mowglis schedule work again? What is the second verse to that camp song? Make no mistake, this is something we as staff also experience from time to time, but campers and staff alike (given the right environment and circumstances) find their 'swing' pretty quickly. The naturally immersive nature of Mowglis hearkens us back to what we learned in our Industries, in our boats. We find a swing, the same swing we find in our crew shells by the end of the summer—you definitely feel it when it's happening. As Yearlings, these young men found their swing this summer. They did it quickly, and you could feel it. And I was hooked on this group.

The young men and I got to know each other over a trip to Cliff Island. A fun trip that is a rite of passage for all campers. Our trip is where our future Junior Staff discovered the difference between being a camper and a staff member. It was where they begin to recognize the responsibility that they will be asked to take on—not just at camp, but in life. It is where they begin to understand how they can harness their brotherhood to ensure the group comes through a trip safely together. I saw boys set off in canoes to Cliff Island (less some of their gear), but I saw young men on Grey Brothers field when we returned.

The Yearlings completed a traverse in the Whites, one that many had been denied with the previous summer's COVID complications. They also spent some time learning to whitewater kayak on the Deerfield in Massachusetts. These trip experiences were surely improved by the group's attention to planning, ability to manage themselves, and the understanding that they would be a part of caring for the Pack. I saw these young men begin to treat each other, the campers, and staff, as well as the public, with respect and compassion. I saw them go from sitting at the back of the room to the front, the first to raise their hands eager to help. They led the Cubs in songs in Kipling Hall, the emphatic

sound of which rang out across the Mowglis campus during campfire. The young men began to recognize the younger campers when they were in need, and I witnessed them transitioning to compassionate leaders.

This group conducted trail maintenance with AMC, foregoing their chance to summit Cardigan in favor of finishing a project they hadn't been asked to complete. The Chapel benches were resurfaced with great care. And yet, we found our balance between work and play. Yearling Soak became one of our most treasured times of the day. And I believe we will all continue the Cave and Cub Rights—traditions that this group advanced with care for future Yearling groups. Before taking their rightful place among the Junior Staff, they developed leadership skills, demonstrated proficiency in leading Industries, and repeatedly demonstrated integrity. I am quite proud of the effort that was put in.

Mowglis will be greatly enhanced by the return of these men to this and all of their communities. I hope that they all come back to this special place, to help us pass on our knowledge and traditions. As much as we can, let's go through those interesting annual reunions, let's make those staff announcements, let us plan trips for the campers, let us lead from the front, and keep the Pack first. To the once Yearlings, and to my new colleagues, remember to have more splendid moments and more meaningful adventures! This group had me believing, so let's go swing together.

We are the Jungle.







2022 JUNIOR STAFF REPORT

by James Mida, JS Coordinator

We started off the summer with five members of the Junior Staff (JS), three of whom were promoted to Senior Staff (SS) early in the summer, as all three turned 18. This had Mowglis in a state of excitement, as the JS are the future counselors of the camp. Seeing the transition of three staff was a milestone for them, and they were welcome additions to the Senior Staff Team. One as an Axemanship Counselor and two as Crew Coaches, they all went above and beyond the call of duty. Marcos Hall and Patrick and Liam Jenkins ventured this journey of becoming Senior Staff without any specific leader to help their transition, but rather the entire staff came together to show them the ropes.

While still in the ranks of Junior Staff, Mr. McGreevy and Mr. Martinez worked their hardest to complete their transition from Junior Staff to Senior Staff members. About halfway through the summer, we were able to

welcome twelve additional JS into the fold after they completed the Yearling program. Using the combined guidance of Mr. Rorke, who instilled invaluable knowledge of leadership and lessons of improving as a person in the young men, and myself, who, while being new to the camp, was able to refine Mr. Rorke's teachings to accord and harmonize with each of the Junior Staff's learning styles, amazing potential leaders emerged into newly formed men.

The leadership and teaching abilities of these young men was rewarded with copious amounts of pizza, movies, leftovers, and endless amounts of candy (contraband). Needless to say, this year will be one that will be easy to remember in a light of positivity and fun. Camp Mowglis truly could not have run without the help of the Junior Staff and their hard work. 2022 Mowglis Junior Staff, we salute YOU!



2022 TRIP REPORT

By Julien Nunes ('06), Trip Master



Gopher Squad



Washington Squad

Camp was back with a regular Trip Program after the uniqueness of Season 2021, with two multi-day trips per dorm and all the exciting and popular day hikes we couldn't do the previous summer. The Presidential Traverse, the Kinsman Ridge, as well as the Franconia Loop, were back on the table for both campers and staff to enjoy.

To start the summer, we sent the Denites off on the first of their last backpacking trips as campers. Akela started with some canoeing on beautiful Newfound Lake to Cliff Island near Wellington Beach.

The second week of camp had a feeling of "emptiness" as the three biggest dorms were out. Panther led the way with the spectacular Franconia Ridge, summitting multiple 4,000 footers such as Mt. Lafayette (5,249'). Toomai and Baloo respectively left for Mt. Cardigan and Cliff Island for their base camp trip. That means we had less than half of our campers in camp for a period of two to three days, allowing campers and staff to focus on their Industries.

The third week was also big for trips based on the sheer number of campers out at once, as three more dorms were out. Den went out to the Connecticut Lakes. They rose very early in the morning, leaving Mowglis for a three-hour ride towards the Canadian border where everyone hoped to see a couple of moose, get some canoeing requirements to finish their Safeties or Ribbons, and bond with each other on their last trip as an entire dorm. Akela left for the Kinsman Ridge for their first backpacking trip in their camper career, learning how to pack their packs, and that every little thing in their bag counts. Lastly, the Cubs went to Mt. Cardigan for the first base camp trip for many of those young ones. They were shown how to bomb-proof their tents (secure them from high winds and heavy rain) so they could keep all of their belongings dry and still have high morale.

The fourth week slowed down to having just the Pantherites departing for the Mahoosucs. Hiking the Mahoosuc Notch, the hardest mileage of the Appalachian Trail and one of the steepest downclimbs you can experience, the Mahoosuc Arm, is a rite of passage for every Mowglis. The Yearlings got a huge reward—they had the chance to be on "Washington Squad" a week early. As the huts were closed the previous year, they did the Moose River Bow Trip and did not hike in the Presidential Mountains as Denites. This was their first time experiencing the beautiful ridges and rugged slope to Mount Washington as well as the rustic but comfortable huts up in the mountains. They did the hike in three days instead of four due to very high winds (up to 90 mph), racking up to 13.5 miles on the second day crossing from Mizpah Hut all the way to Madison Hut.

The announcement for the Squads led us into the fifth and final week of the multi-day trips. Besides the Squads, Baloo and Toomai also left for their three-day adventures. Toomai set sail for Belle Island, which is situated next to Cliff Island, to hike up Little and Big Sugarloaf, then cool down in the fresh waters of Newfound Lake. Baloo spent half of the week in the shade of Mount Cardigan, testing the waters of the pond while catching frogs. The Washington Squad set off on a journey across all the Presidential Mountains: Mt. Webster, Jackson, Pierce, Eisenhower, Monroe, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, and staying at the Mizpah, Lakes of the Clouds, and Madison Huts for a four-day traverse. Meanwhile, Gopher Squad did a two-day hike from Eisenhower to Jefferson stopping at the Lakes of the Clouds Hut.

Together the boys conquered many a peak and covered nearly 350 miles of trail. Along the way, campers and staff alike pushed their boundaries, discovered new trails, rediscovered old ones, and learned to love the journey as much as the view from the top.

SWINGING TOGETHER: CREW WEEK 2022

By Patrick Jenkins ('19) and Liam Jenkins ('19), Crew Coaches

To be asked to lead the Crew Industry—a program which means so much to the whole of the Mowglis community—was a truly unexpected honor for our first year as Senior Staff. Crew at Mowglis has had a strong influence on our lives. Having experienced Crew at Mowglis, we knew we had to go to a high school where we could row.

The bonds that we formed, the teamwork, the camaraderie were things neither of us had experienced in any other sport. The Crew program became more than just a week of Red vs. Blue. We still carry what we learned from both winning and losing, and our goal this summer was to impart this respect and reverence we had for the program in both the Crew Industry and Crew Week.

Mowglis was incredibly fortunate to have received in the offseason two new-to-camp four-man shells. Being able to give the boys experience in racing shells was important for the Crew Industry and helped set up a strong Crew Week experience.

As Crew Week neared, the air was filled with both excitement and tension. It was crunch time! Other things—like ribbons or requirements—would have to wait. Denites and Pantherites jockeyed for the few spots on their respective Racing Crews. Toomaites, Balooites, and Akelites all did their best to swing together and earn their seat on a form.

The excitement mounted on Sunday before Crew Day when we would announce the boats. In our Chapel Talk, we spoke to the boys about teamwork

and sportsmanship, and reminded them that at the end of the week there would still be one Pack. We announced the Boats and Crew Leaders, and Crew Week was officially on!

Many things at Mowglis are special. Even so, Crew Week is an experience unto itself. The first practices ran smoothly. Even as the sun beat down, high winds would plague most of the week. But the coxswains found their voices and the oarsmen began to find their swing, working with their crewmates to push their boats faster. The boys learned their crews' cheers and made posters for the rallies during campfire. On Thursday, Trip Day, most of the boys got a break from practice as the Racing Crews made their journey across Newfound to enjoy a day of fun and rest out at Wellington Beach. With the final post-practice meetings and strategy adjustments on Friday, the evening was set for a spirited rally in the light of a huge bonfire constructed by the amazing Junior Staff.

Race day arrived, and the tension in camp was palpable. When the parade finally began, a surging collage of paint-smeared boys thundered down the drive, past the spectators, on towards the



Liam and Patrick Jenkins

RED
CREW



BLUE
CREW



Waterfront. The Racing Crews helped ease the Third Form into their boats and out onto the water. Weeks of anticipation were transformed into laser focus. With uncannily intense attention to the rhythm of the blades, these young boys rowed in impressive unison. The Red Third Form edged ahead of the Blue.

The Second Form race was a spectacle of its own. We had been watching the Second Form boats with interest from the start of practices when we observed the Blue boat moving through the water with unusual ease. Earlier in the week the Red boat had struggled, but they persevered with a strong sense of commitment and a desire to win. It was a close race, but the Red boat found

their swing halfway through the race, and rowed to secure another Red victory.

The Blue First Form was indomitable all week, having found their rhythm right away. On race day, their passion, drive, and skill were clearly on display as they finished with a commanding lead. Later we learned that they were, in fact, just seconds behind the Racing Crews.

We watched nervously as the Racing Crews made their way to the start line. We knew the anxiety they were feeling—we felt it ourselves as campers. We couldn't bear to see any of our rowers lose, but couldn't wait to see some of our rowers win. Each and every one of them had fought hard for their seats. Once the boats were



announced, they worked even harder to be the best. Every one of them wanted to win with every cell in their body.

The race was incredible. Seeing so much passion and exertion packed into three-and-a-half minutes made for quite a show. The race could not have been closer. The boats hardly shifted from their initial positions, with the Red boat hanging onto the stern of the Blue boat. With a final burst of strength at the end, the Blue boat shot itself across the finish line just three seconds ahead of the Red.

As the Blue stroke's oar was hoisted up the flagpole, we couldn't help reflecting on and admiring the fighting spirit of the boys. Crew brings out something truly special in each of the boys. We watched even the most

unruly, scattered, and mischievous boys transform into focused oarsmen. Each and every one of them brought dedication of the sort we rarely see even in adults. We were simply astonished by what they had accomplished.

It was an honor to work with such a passionate group of boys and a privilege to coach such talented rowers. It was one of the best summers of our lives, watching these boys turn themselves into formidable rowers and competitive coxswains. We cannot wait for next year. Boys, remember to stay hydrated, stretch, and eat a lot.

To the rowers, the coxswains, and everyone who shouldered the boats, we salute you!





CHAPEL TALK: 2022 CANDLELIGHT SERVICE

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

Mowglis is a place where we share stories of the past, reminiscences of our summers here, and tales of those who came before us. That's important, even central to the Mowglis experience, because it is no cliché to say that at Mowglis, the past informs the present in vital ways. Stories of Col. Elwell, Mr. Hart's grandfather, and many other leaders and larger than life Mowglis personalities past and present, remind us daily of who we are and why we do what we do here. Each of us, from youngest to oldest, also has our own stories of our time here, and they energize us throughout our lives.

But there is a time for everything, and at this Candlelight Service closing out the Mowglis summer of 2022, it is not a time to reminisce. It is a time to take stock of the essence of Mowglis in order to move forward. More specifically, in about 15 hours, all of you, except for staff who'll be leaving soon enough, will be back in the worlds from which we come, returning to our home communities and neighborhoods, preparing for school and extracurricular activities and all that we do during the 10 months a year we're not here.

This Candlelight Service of reflection is the time for takeaways. Here are four lessons learned that we can take with us into the world beyond these grounds that we all hold so close to our hearts:

First, it is worth repeating what you've already heard all summer, that Mowglis is about character and integrity. These are not words used every day in the world outside. Keep them close. Don't forget them, especially in the moments when you will have to make hard choices, because none of us are exempt at any stage of life from those moments. Where will you stand as a Mowgli in fall, winter, and spring, when no one from camp is watching?

Second—and this is a critical dimension to carrying forth good Mowglis character and integrity—we are all bound to each other in one community, and that bond doesn't break when we leave here tomorrow morning. I don't think it's a mistake that this ceremony is called the "Candlelight Service," rather than the "Candlelights Service." Notice how "light" is in the singular, not the plural, even though tens upon tens of us are each





carrying individual candles. Mrs. Holt and Col. Elwell certainly knew their grammar. But our flames burn as one red flower, to borrow Kipling's term for fire. We are a community united in mission and purpose, in one candle light, so to speak.

Third—while we might all be carrying one shared flame that symbolizes a shared spirit, we are still individuals. We each carry our own candle. What makes Mowgli the most special place I know is that each person is treasured for the singular gifts they bring to the table. One Mowgli might be an athlete, the other a musician, some may be both, but all are respected so long as they stick with good character and integrity.

Fourth and final—wherever we go, we are part of this place. We represent Mowgli at home. There is accountability to that. If you meet a Mowgli by chance

somewhere, there is an instant bond, and a kind of code. Everyone here has gone through a common experience. It is our responsibility to give honor to what we've learned here. We are indeed one, and wherever we land tomorrow, and in life after tomorrow, we are part of something bigger. We are part of this place in the fullest sense, this chapel, the dorms we've been through, the waterfront, the trails we've climbed together, the staff years we might have spent, and the years after as alumni, some of us watching our sons grow here too.

The biggest takeaway of all then is to know that each of us is a unique part of something deep and steadfast. It doesn't matter if anyone knows. The world needs it; our communities need it. We know where we come from, and what our duty is. That's true Mowgli spirit, and tomorrow, we bring it back home.



2022 GRAY BROTHER AWARD RECIPIENT: NATE GREVEN

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



Each summer, the title of Gray Brother is bestowed upon a member of the Den. In *The Jungle Book*, Gray Brother was Mowgli's close friend and stalwart ally. In Mowgli's tradition, the title "Gray Brother" is given to the boy who welcomes the new inductees into the Inner Circle (boys having earned at least four ribbons).

The honor is given to the young man who has earned the most ribbons during their tenure at Mowgli's. If there is a tie, it goes to the boy who has spent the most summers at camp, and THEN, to the eldest. This was the first summer in many where the latter criteria had to be dug up from the annals of Mowgli's lore, a testament to the industrious nature of the Graduates of 2022.

Nate Greven first attended Mowgli's as a Cub in 2016. From his first day as a camper to his last, Nate had a reputation for being hard-working and always willing to lend a hand. He's been known for his impeccable sense of humor, and yes, a mischievous streak. In many ways, Nate has done it all! He earned a place on Mt.

Washington Squad, won on Blue Racing Crew, and earned 10 ribbons in total: Archery, Photography, Arts & Crafts, Sailing, Canoeing, Rowboating, Camping, Nature, Weather, and Tennis.

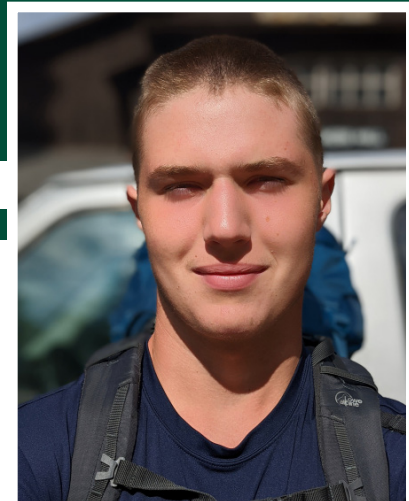
Often a figure in Headquarters, Nate was already ready to negotiate terms. Whether it was advocating for better snacks for Lone Wolf or ensuring everyone in his dorm got a "fair shake" in all things Mowgli's, Nate was combing through the details even as we were figuring out exactly which Graduate in such an accomplished Den would earn the title of Gray Brother.

Beyond his accomplishments, Nate perhaps best emulates Kipling's Gray Brother as a consummate Mowgli's man and a loyal friend to all Mowgli's.



2022 KAA AWARD: ZACH OLSON

By Jay Gulitti ('06), Watermaster



I have clear memories of Zach Olson working on his swimming as a young camper. The White Ribbon is infamous for being one of the most difficult, if certainly not one of the longest ribbons in the sheer number of requirements alone, and doubly so is its capstone requirement: the dreaded Double-Full Waingunga swim. Zach had seen other boys attempt it before and knew it wouldn't be something to just jump into—so he started to practice in Baloo. This forward-thinking mindset would go a long way to prepare him years later for the Kaa award—one of the special awards earned by those Mowglis who have demonstrated mastery over an entire area of camp, in this case, our beloved Waterfront. Contenders must earn five ribbons out in Newfound Lake, which Zach rounded out this past summer by completing his Silver for Rowboating, and his Golden Anchor for Sailing.

That only left the Kaa Project, which asks a camper to make a lasting contribution to the Mowglis Waterfront. As Zach also hoped to finish his Orange Ribbon for Axemanship before the end of the summer, he planned a project with myself, our Property Manager Mr. Tommy Greenwell, and our lead Axemanship Instructor Mr. Aaron Cosgrove.

Using an axe and some good old Mowglis Spirit, Zach felled trees and fashioned, by hand, the frame for a new bridge to cross the river between the Lower Ball Field and the Waterfront. While working closely with Mr. Greenwell, boards were cut and fastened to the frame, and the bridge now sits granting safe passage on the way to a well-earned picnic supper at the end of a long week.

Not many Mowglis have the foresight or initiative to make their way towards one of the special awards we have here, but even as a Balooite, Zach showed he had what it takes to plan ahead and put in the work to make his mark. I've been fortunate enough to work closely with him starting back when he was practicing for his Double-Full Waingunga, and though it's been years since he finished that swim, his continued presence down at the waterfront has been a pleasure. Well done, Zach, earning your Kaa—and Good Hunting in the years to come!





GRADUATES' DINNER



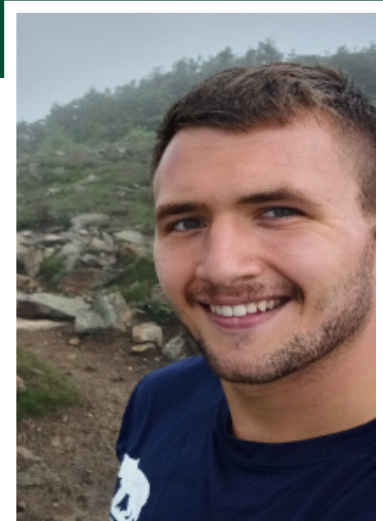


STAFF PROFILE

James Mida

Where you grew up: During my childhood, I grew up in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and moved to Chelsea when I was around nine or 10 years old.

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): After graduating from Chelsea High School, I attended Albion College and have just obtained a Bachelor's Degree in Liberal Arts in History and Political Science education at the secondary level. This has allowed me to become a teacher at Jackson Pathways High School in Jackson, Michigan, where I also volunteer to coach football and track and field.



Number of summers at Mowglis, what brought you to Mowglis, and what you have done during previous summers: This was my first year at Mowglis. My friend of around 11 years brought me on board after working here last summer. This has been a large shift in what I usually do in the summer. I am usually working on hay and log farms, carpentry, construction or demolition, landscaping, or helping people move. This has been my precedent for summer jobs for the past eight to 10 years.

What you taught at Mowglis: I was privileged to teach Archery, Riflery, and some Axemanship to the campers, while also serving as one of the many lifeguards that help Soak run safely.

Which Dorms or group did you work with: I was residing in Den for the entire summer while also keeping track of the Yearlings and Junior Staff in the rest of camp, so I was a regular face in most of the dorms.

Favorite memory from last summer: My favorite memory of this summer had to have been on the trip back from a hike that was not smooth, to say the least. I was fortunate enough to have a lengthy conversation with two young campers; this conversation lasted close to two hours. We discussed how to be a great leader and tactics to stop bullies and turn them into friends who help others.

Biggest challenge you faced (and overcame) as a staff member OR your biggest success story from last summer: The largest challenge I faced was being a new face to the campers and finding my own identity, while balancing being the disciplinarian and the fun counselor without allowing any campers to get hurt.

What is your favorite thing about Mowglis: My favorite thing about Mowglis is the drive and motivation of all of the campers, even in the worst of times, and seeing them find their own inner voice.

What is your favorite Mowglis day? Hiking day? Regular Mowglis Day? Special Event Day? My favorite event had to have been watching the campers throw an actual practice javelin and doing it safely.

What do you think makes Mowglis so special? Even though there is tough competition to be the best at every Industry, there is still the brotherly love of every member of the Pack.

Closing thoughts: Overall, I loved my time at Mowglis and how it helped me develop as a person and professional. If you have not yet had the chance to stay a full seven weeks at Mowglis, I would highly encourage it.





CHAPEL TALK: POTENTIAL OF LEADERSHIP IN US ALL

By James Mida

I have recently been reading a book by Howard Zinn in my free time. The message in this book, as he mentions in the first few chapters, is that while teaching, it is impossible to be impartial; the micromovements, the diction, and the cunning we use while speaking and teaching are unconsciously influential to everyone listening. This is a paraphrase taken from the first 30 pages of his 700-page book. Howard Zinn writes in the totality of the people's history of the United States from the eye of the beholder. This being said, Zinn takes the point of view in history not only from the victors who wrote it, but also from those adversely affected by the victor's triumph. To truly understand history, you must first be able to understand all sides of every conflict in history; no matter the tragedy or benefit, there is motivation behind every decision. The only thing we can do from history is reflect on it and understand what is acceptable to us moving forward. Some people say that if you do not learn from history you are doomed to repeat it, but I will explain my disagreement with this later.

After all this talk about history, and a book by someone most of you do not know of, how does this relate at all to leadership? Well, we just had a new group of 12 Yearlings finish their transition from campers to staff. While they have been doing an amazing job, there is still much to be cultivated from their amazing potential. The same can be said about every person sitting in this space today. In front of me I can see the future of Mowglis, but most importantly, the future of our world; you are the individuals that will shape history that will be written decades from now. You are the people who will be remembered in the history books. So, every action you take, and all the words you speak, are recorded. Saying that one conversation here at Mowglis will be important enough to make the history books might be a bit self-centered, but it is the principle. The history I am referring to is that of the thoughts and minds of all of those around you. Leading by example is the crux of education at Mowglis. But what is leading by example?

I want to know how many of you think you know what leading by example is. Take a moment and think to yourself about what leading by example means. Who wants to take a shot at it? Leading by example is a widely used ideology about how you should act in a leadership position. Connecting back to Zinn, he wrote about the colonization of the Americas; in this time period, leading by example was colonization and pushing native peoples off their indigenous lands. So, what is leading by example if the example that is being set is wrong? What can you do to change an issue that is so widely accepted? What can you do to help sinners in the hands of an angry god?

First, I want to ask, what is leadership? In this new Junior Staff group there are many strong leaders, and many quiet leaders. But what is best? We have strong leaders who trailblaze from the front and find a clear path to success. We have individuals who step up to the plate when they are asked to do so. We have leaders who assess a situation and make small changes to guide people in the right direction. We have 12 different leadership styles sitting here among you. And if we broaden it to the rest of the camp, we have over 100 different leadership styles. The best leaders practice as many styles as they can, without diluting their own personality, and apply an appropriate style to suit the situation at hand.

Too often we get caught up in the black and white of what is right, wrong, best, and worst, when in reality most situations are in a blurry gray spectrum. Looking around at the people in front of me I have the aforementioned Yearlings, but also the Senior Staff. If you ask them, they can tell you there have been times at least at one point in their life when there was no perfect decision that could be made, but only slightly good or bad ones on this spectrum of gray; only from reflecting on previous experiences can you prevail as a good leader. I mentioned earlier that I am not a large fan of the saying, "If you do not learn from history you are doomed to repeat it" because reflection is the key

to success. How many of you have made a mistake and repeated it? If you ask one of the staff members here today how they stop from making the same mistakes, I can guarantee that it is because they thought about their actions. They reflected on the decisions they made, and in the history books of their minds they made a note to never make that same mistake again.

So, ask yourself if you can be a leader. Challenge the bad precedent with a new one that is on the right path. Instead of eating that extra bag of chips and playing one more match, go and get your workout, your Industry, your ribbon, medal, championship, job, or whatever else

you want to pursue. And remember that every situation that you come across is a chance to experiment, reflect, and grow. Find what styles of leadership fit your persona and take off the training wheels. Indulge yourself with the knowledge that you have the potential to affect everyone around you in a positive, or negative, way. You only learn from failure and reflection, so don't be afraid to be embarrassed. Remember, the master has failed more than the apprentice has tried, and every part of history has two sides. Now ask yourself what kind of leader you are, what kind you want to be, and how to get there. Everyone has the potential ... all you have to do is try.



STAFF PROFILE

Dave Lottman

Where you grew up: While I grew up in southern Massachusetts, my grandparents lived in the White Mountains, and starting around five years of age, my parents and most of my extended family would spend weekends in the winter skiing in the Whites. We moved to southern New Hampshire before I went to high school, and I've now lived in the Mount Washington Valley for 21 years.

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 a year-round Mountain Guide, Avalanche Educator, Volunteer Search & Rescue Team Member, and a "Blogger" with a meager social media following (dare I say "influencer"?). I have been passionate about safe mountain recreation, having seen first-hand what can happen while we pursue these amazing mountain sports.



Number of summers at Mowglis, what brought you to Mowglis, and what you have done during previous summers: Five years ago, Nick Robbins and I connected through a mutual friend who had heard Nick was looking for someone to lead the Mowglis Climbing Industry. We met, and it seemed like a good fit. While I still guide my adult clients on the weekends during the camp season, I now spend Monday through Friday working with Mowglis campers on their technical rock-climbing prowess.

What you taught at Mowglis: Rock Climbing and occasionally Wilderness Navigation Skills

Which Dorms or group did you work with: I've worked mostly with Toomai and Akela, though I try to introduce the Cubs to Rock Climbing a couple times each summer. It is absolutely incredible to see what the Cubs are capable of when it comes to climbing an 80-foot cliff!

Favorite memory from last summer: There are so many, but I have to pick one ... Okay. It was Thursday, "Trip Day," and it was probably the hottest day of the entire summer. I had a little extra time with my climbers off campus, so we drove a bit further to a great cliff off the eastern side of the Kancamagus Highway. Despite the heat, all six of my climbers were motivated to climb both routes we had ropes on. Before making the drive back to camp, we were able to cool off in one of the most scenic swimming holes along the Swift River. Each boy jumped into the deep, cold water from a 15-foot cliff, and each came up with a huge smile on his face. "This is what being away at a New Hampshire summer camp should be like!" is all I could think to myself.

Biggest challenge you faced (and overcame) as a staff member OR your biggest success story from last summer: I was able to get a purchase approved that replaced the entire fleet of rock-climbing shoes for our campers. The Climbing Industry now has brand new high-end helmets, harnesses, and a full fleet of climbing shoes. That, combined with seeing two campers earn their Climbing Ribbons, and most of the climbers make a lot of progress on their climbing requirements, made this past summer feel particularly successful!

What is your favorite thing about Mowglis: Again, being asked to pick just one thing?! Okay, I'm going with tradition. There is so much tradition at Mowglis, and even though I have been there for only five seasons, you feel connected to anyone who ever went to the camp when you look at the pictures that decorate the Jungle House.

What is your favorite Mowglis day? Hiking day? Regular Mowglis Day? Special Event Day? Since I'm only there for Regular Mowglis Days for the most part, this question doesn't apply to me so much, but I will say I regret never having even been to a Crew Day! I will not miss it next summer!

What is your favorite Mowglis song: I really wish I could say, but since I am not on campus for campfires, I do not yet have a favorite Mowglis song, but I asked my son Alex what his favorite Mowglis song was, and while he only has attended one Crew Day in Cubs he said: "Hands down it's *Down By The River* (the Blue Crew song)."

What do you think makes Mowglis so special? There is no one answer here. History, location, staff, campers, alumni, the sheer amount of opportunity this camp gives its campers! I've looked at other camps in New Hampshire and it's hard to compare the amount of skills one can gain at a camp like Mowglis with any other camp.

Closing thoughts: Six years ago, I had never even heard of Mowglis. Today, I know Mowglis will be a part of me for the rest of my life. Rock on School of the Open!

REACHING NEW HEIGHTS: THE MOWGLIS CLIMBING INDUSTRY

By Dave Lottman, Climbing Instructor

This year was the fifth season that I managed the Climbing Industry at Mowglis. Originally, I only ran the Industry two days a week; over the years it has transitioned to a full five-day per week intensive program. Climbing has been my lifelong passion, since being introduced to technical rock climbing at a summer camp back in 1994. My passion became my career, as I am now in my 18th year of being a year-round professional mountain guide, leading technical rock and ice climbs, along with backcountry skiing from the Cascades of Washington State to Iceland.

One of the first improvements I made, with great pre-work done by my predecessors Zach King ('06), Justin Rogers, and Connor Sullivan, was to tweak the requirement list for earning the relatively new Climbing Ribbon. 26 requirements stand between the Mowglis camper and the Climbing Industry Ribbon. Along the way, aspiring climbers can earn "The Silver Nut," which recognizes about 50% progress in the Industry. Earning the "Golden Piton" signifies completion of the Industry requirements and has so far only been achieved by a small group of climbers.

The second improvement that I have made is upgrading the camp's technical climbing gear, specifically requesting, and getting approved orders for new harnesses, helmets, and climbing shoes so that our campers are using some of the best modern climbing equipment of any camp climbing program in the state of New Hampshire!

One of the things I have enjoyed most about running the Climbing Industry at Mowglis is the camp's proximity to so many world-class rock-climbing destinations. With Rumney Rocks only 20 minutes away, the program utilizes this revered climbing destination on most days. While Rumney is the

obvious venue for building some basic skills, our Industry travels to other great climbing locales in New Hampshire, namely Franconia Notch, crags along the scenic Kancamagus Highway, and the recently developed and up-and-coming hotspot Russell Crag.

My vision for the Climbing Industry is pretty straightforward. First, I'm motivated to see more campers choose to sign up for the Industry that is one of the newest at a camp filled with so much tradition via the long-standing Industries. Second, I want to see those who progress to the point of earning the Mowglis Climbing Industry Ribbon to be fully capable recreational rock climbers, with the skills and decision-making it takes to

enjoy a sport that has so many positive impacts on our physical and mental health. A Mowglis camper who has earned his Ribbon should ultimately be a skilled and well-rounded recreational rock climber who is well-prepared to take adult-level climbing courses, like the national American Mountain Guides Association Single Pitch Instructor Program.





HEMF FELLOWSHIP 2022

By Jay Gulitti ('06), Fellowship Coordinator

2022 marked the second in-person season for the HEMF Fellowship program, with a fresh class of fellows ready to take on the unique challenges of a Mowglis summer. We were fortunate enough to find a group of staff with a strong background in education and coaching skill sets crucial to the Mowglis experience, and particularly to the goals of our fellowship program. Our group members this year were all veterans of the Mowglis staff. Returning from 2021, we had our Cub Mother Ms. Abby Boone, who teaches 1st grade, Crafts Instructor Mr. Christian Slater, a high school art teacher, Cub staff Mr. Ethan Corkin-Howell who is pursuing his degree in education, and Tennis Coach and alumnus Mr. Pablo Lloyd. Additionally, from many years as a camper and staff starting back in 2007, Canoeing Instructor and Den Lead Dorm staff Mr. Foster Conklin rounded out the team, to help lead the staff into a successful summer 2022.

This season, the Fellows kicked things off right out of the gate, helping with the pre-season preparations to facilitate an effective staff Orientation. They led many trainings and activities intended to ready our staff for the arrival of over 120 rambunctious and eager campers, getting them ready for everything, from the ins and outs of a Regular Mowglis Day to approaching instruction and supervision through the lens of development and education. staff Orientation was also an opportunity to divide the staff into mentor groups that would go on to meet each week during our Saturday night staff meetings. These served as a chance to discuss successes and challenges of the week before and set goals for

the days to come. Teaching staff skills like holding one another accountable, learning to meet the kids where they stand, and recognizing meaningful personal growth, the Fellows worked to strengthen our counselors, and by extension, the overall Mowglis experience.

When we look for members of the HEMF Fellowship, the year-round team hopes to find applicants with a fondness and affinity for empowering our campers and staff to grow to do incredible things. It is, of course, helpful to be connected to Mowglis, and to have an understanding of the program, but most important is a willingness to be present and aware of the unique needs of the children that invest so much time and energy into their pursuits at camp, and a readiness to support the adults who help to safely and meaningfully build those experiences. The Fellows of 2022 have displayed all these qualities, and more, in their willingness to spend time both outside of and at Mowglis to meet the goals of the program. I'm thankful for their return to the pack this summer and look forward to their continued involvement. I'm sure that their selflessness, kindness, and work ethic will take them all to great heights.

As we look forward to what comes next for the HEMF Fellowship, I hope to rely on our past members to help shape this growing program and continue to improve the experience of Fellows to come.

Thank you, Abby, Christian, Ethan, Pablo, and Foster, for ALL your hard work and dedication. You've all done so much for Mowglis.



NEW ACTIVITY: TRAP SHOOTING AT MOWGLIS

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

For over 100 years, Riflery has remained one of the most popular Industries at camp. While we have continued to invest in the program, ensuring quality equipment and instruction, we are always looking for ways to build upon such a well-regarded Industry.

Many years ago, after a fall board meeting, a few trustees made their way to the Upper Ball Field and spent the afternoon shooting clays, which ultimately inspired an exciting new development, trap shooting at Mowglis!

This summer, we acquired six shotguns, in gauges appropriate for all ages (410, 28, and 20). Boys ranging from Cubs to Junior Staff picked clays out of the sky. Thanks to a partnership with Quail Forever's "Conservation Clays" program, every biodegradable clay was filled with New England native wildflower seeds.



AMC TRAIL ADOPTION UPDATE

By Director Nick Robbins

The Appalachian Mountain Club's Trail Adopters contribute thousands of hours to trails each year. Last summer, in keeping with our long history of trail maintenance in the Region, Mowglis contributed to this effort right on Mount Cardigan, focusing on the Hurricane Gap Trail!

Trail Adopters fill a critical role by performing annual essential maintenance on their adopted section of trail. Basic maintenance can include cleaning and shaping drainage structures, trimming back encroaching vegetation, removing fallen trees, and improving way-finding through blazes and cairns. AMC's Adopt-A-Trail program enables

volunteers to become stewards of a section of trail and perform annual maintenance.

During our pre-season training this year, members of the AMC trail crew trained our counselors on trail maintenance techniques such as using hand tools, painting blazes on trees, and building cairns, trail stairs, and scree walls. The Yearlings then returned

to work with these trainers and learned these techniques as well, ensuring that we all have the skills to be good stewards of our adopted trail.

We look forward to ongoing participation in the AMC's Adopt a Trail Program for years to come!



PROPERTY UPDATE

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

We had another very productive year and summer, full of projects and improvements around the property.

Starting in the fall of 2021, the woodshed was roofed and two of the bays had new custom-built doors added. The new doors allow us to have a permanent home for the Mountain Biking and Blacksmithing Industries. Contractors and alumni Tom ('00) and Chris (Camper '96) Sammon did a fantastic job with the project. In addition, the brothers also helped complete the next steps for the Jungle House kitchen. They also jacked up parts of Akela to replace rotten posts and also spent some time in the Den working on the floor.

The second major capital project last fall was to bury a conduit from the Craft Shop down to Headquarters so that we could run an internet fiber-optic cable down from the business office. Rich Morgan ('68) spearheaded the project and had help from Jason Merwin ('06) pulling the wire during the spring Work Weekend.

An additional capital project that we worked on during the winter was to repair a rotten sill in lower Gray Brothers. Some of you may remember the digging and the bucket brigade that took place during last year's fall Work Weekend! This project was completed by another local builder and uncle of Nathaniel Bergen ('22), Tripp Swartz of AWS Building Services.

The summer maintenance team of John Mitchell ('05) and Nathan Corliss (Camper 2018) returned for 2022 and were joined this year by Gerardo Medina. The team was as busy as ever keeping up with the day-to-day cleaning and upkeep, while tackling a wide array of projects that popped up at various times throughout the summer. The campers and staff also put in many hours of work with duties, special projects, and Orange Ribbon projects. Two campers took on the ambitious task of starting to redirect the water that flows from

Gray Brothers field down past Headquarters on the path to Toomai and the lower tennis court. Cooper Bengtson ('22) and Zane Tully ('22) installed a series of railroad ties to slow the erosion. A group effort during the Work Weekend this fall spread a dump truck load of crushed stone to complete the project, and we couldn't have been happier with the results.

It's really amazing that we have the groups of alumni attending the spring Work Weekend to help set up camp and get things ready for staff and campers. In addition, we had the fall Work Weekend where the staining of buildings, final packing away of camp, and group projects were all completed. It would literally be months of work for our small crew if it were not for those who attend these work weekends, and camp wouldn't be in as good of shape as it is. Camp is also fortunate to have some skilled local alumni who help us throughout the year with projects as they arise. So, just a few shout-outs here. Steve Punderson ('67) helped to repair metal canoes, worked on the tractor, and, somewhat last minute, came to help fix the Baloo Cove road and Upper Ballfield driveway before Crew Weekend. Jim Hart ('67) continues to take on carpentry projects, such as building a new door and frame for the entrance to Waingunga, and fixing one of the rotten pillars at the front door to the Jungle House—these are just a few of such projects. Bob Bengtson ('69) continues to build new Chapel benches and repair rot around camp. Kipling received a lot of attention and is in much better shape now for many years to come. A huge thanks to these guys and all who help lend a hand to keep Mowglis in good working order.

Looking ahead, roofing Headquarters is the next big project, as well as continuing to improve the camp's infrastructure to ensure that it is ready for many more summers for campers, staff, and alumni to enjoy as their summer home.



WORK WEEKEND

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

Mowglis welcomed our alumni and friends back this spring for the first “normal” work weekend since 2019! With more than 60 attendees, we saw alumni of all ages (14 to 85), parents, trustees, and friends of Mowglis all chip in to help prepare camp for the 2022 summer season. We set up Industry areas, got the Dining Hall ready, moved boats, campfire benches, and so much more! Just as importantly, the Mowglis community felt more connected than it had in years!

This fall, we hosted our fall work weekend in late September. Despite a chilly start, Saturday brought plenty of sun, and nearly 50 alumni and friends descended on Mowglis to help close up the campus for

the season. We paid homage to the origins of this event, so while we no longer call it the Stain-A-Thon, we kept plenty of volunteers busy with brushes! A devoted crew spent the day on an erosion mitigation project on the side of Gray Brothers Hall, while others helped button up the waterfront for the winter. In the evening, a roaring campfire took the chill out of the cool evening air.

These annual volunteer events are essential when it comes to opening up camp for the summer and preparing it for the cold New Hampshire winters. Just as importantly though, it brings the Mowglis Pack together. We are so grateful to all who have made it out in recent years, and we hope to see even more of you this spring!

MARK YOUR CALENDARS!

Col. John Hill Work Weekend
June 2-4, 2023

Fall Work Weekend
September 22-24, 2023

SPRING



Steve Punderson ('67) and Tomo Nishino ('84)



Christian Slater, Crafts Instructor



Director Nick Robbins

FALL



Top: Elizabeth Courtney (parent)
Bottom: C. Phaneuf ('77)



Top: Dan Jacobs (parent)
Bottom: Jim Graff ('78) and Forty Conklin ('74)



N. Bergen ('22), B. Governanti, K. Schwarzkopf ('66), J. Nunes ('06), R. Soltysik (parent), F. Conklin ('74), G. Goss ('78), F. Conklin III ('13), J. Graff ('78)

THE HOLT-ELWELL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION NEWS

By 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) nonprofit established in 1962 specifically to provide governance and financial support to Camp Mowglis, including assistance in the form of tuition grants and reductions. Each year the HEMF awards over \$175,000 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 2022, we elected one new trustee: Ed Redling. We renewed the terms of current trustees Kristian Sanchez and Linda Robinson for second 3-year terms and Erik Bernhardt, Meg Drazek, and Will Scott for third 3-year terms.

We also renewed the terms of our officers 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)

The Board bid farewell to Ben Ringe as his term ended.

Board meetings in 2022 were held by ZOOM conference due to the continued risks associated with COVID ... until the August meeting when most trustees again met in person at the Jungle House.



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
Havre de Grace, Maryland
Parent of Christian Williams ('16)

Meg Drazek
Pretoria, South Africa
Mother of Cooper ('21) and Spencer ('22)

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)

Ed Redling
Allendale, New Jersey
Father of Luke Redling ('18)

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

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
Havre de Grace, Maryland
('86) and father of Christian ('16)

THE HEMF AT 60

By former trustee Meg Hurdman (parent '05, '06, and '09) and HEMF Secretary, Will Scott ('70)

For its first 60 years, Mowglis was a camp operated as a for-profit institution by four owner-directors. Founded by Elizabeth Ford Holt in 1903, Mowglis was taken over by her loyal assistant Colonel Alcott Farrar Elwell in 1925, followed by owners Darwin Kingsley (1954–57), and John Adams (1958–62). In 1962, ownership was transferred to a new nonprofit called the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation. *(For a history of the early days of the HEMF please see the article written by former Director Bob Bengtson ('69) in the 2013 edition of The Call.)*

The Mowglis family remains grateful to the nine alumni who saved the camp from foreclosure and rescued the property from commercial development. For the past 60 years, Mowglis has remained private, and is now owned and operated by the HEMF and governed by a volunteer board of 20 trustees, made up of alumni and camp parents who can each serve three consecutive three-year terms.

After 50 years, in 2012, HEMF President Chris Phaneuf ('77) appointed a task force to evaluate the structure of the foundation. He invited alumnus Caleb White ('79) who had experience in nonprofit governance to assist Andrew Khatri ('93), Ben Ringe ('85), and Meg Hurdman to form the committee. After a nine-month review, the task force made a series of recommendations. The goal was to create a culture of good governance at the board level to ensure the long-term health and vitality of Mowglis, and the objective was for every trustee to understand the role of the HEMF Board as well as individual roles and responsibilities.

The governance work continued under the next President Jim Graff ('78) and continues with the current President, Tomo Nishino ('84). For the past 10 years, the board has been implementing the recommendations, including compiling a trustee handbook, updating policies required by New Hampshire law, adopting a declaration of board responsibilities, and publishing an annual report. There has also been a focus on strategic planning, led by Meg Drazek (parent '21 & '22), and raising awareness that fundraising is everyone's responsibility and critical to long-term stability.

The biggest undertaking was to review the bylaws, which had only been minimally updated since 1962. A second ad-hoc committee was formed in early 2017 and after appropriate due diligence, made recommendations. Legal advice was provided by Dave Concannon ('79) and historical memory was supplied by Rich Morgan ('68). New bylaws were adopted on April 4, 2018.

Most importantly, the board made the Camp Director the Chief Executive Officer and Executive Director. The Board

President remains the Chair of the HEMF, but is no longer the CEO, a change that was long overdue. In the early days of the Foundation, the Mowglis Camp Director was a summer employee, and the business affairs of the camp were run by board officers. Sixty years later the budget exceeds one million dollars and day-to-day management is run by the Executive Director. *(Note: The Executive Director, Nick Robbins, also remains the Camp Director.)*

The new bylaws define the most important powers of the CEO, the officers, and the board. Because oversight of the finances is critical to the health and success of the organization, the new bylaws specify four standing committees: Finance (budget & spending), Investment, Audit, and Nominating. Former Assistant Director, Al Reiff ('77), who joined the board in 2018, has created a robust Nominating Committee to recruit alumni and parents willing to serve as future trustees. The Nominating Committee actively seeks dedicated and diverse volunteers with valuable skill sets to round out the board.

The new bylaws also allow for remote participation and voting, which proved to be essential throughout 2020 and 2021 due to the COVID pandemic. This has also allowed us to recruit trustees who live outside the United States, like alumnus Reinhard Rother (Den '69) from Wiesbaden, Germany. We value his international perspective.

Additional accomplishments include ongoing board development starting with new trustee orientation. Recognizing the entire board can benefit from continuing education, over the past 10 years the Governance Committee has offered programming on topics including accounting, archives, audit, DE&I, financial reporting, fundraising, insurance, and strategic planning.

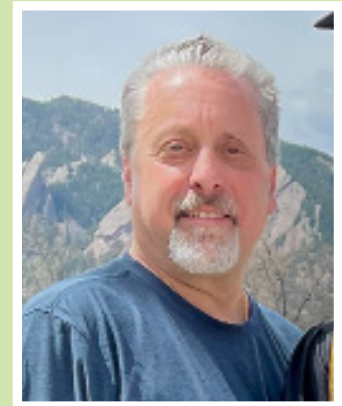
Success is defined as transforming the HEMF Board of Trustees from an average board to a "high functioning" board, where the focus is on governance, not management. This means the board sets direction, makes policy decisions, ensures adequate resources, and provides oversight of the CEO/Executive Director. The board also monitors the performance of the CEO to ensure accountability. Success is a partnership of shared leadership and responsibility between the board and the Executive Director working together to advance the Mowglis mission.

** Meg Hurdman was a trustee from 2010 until 2021. She served on the ad-hoc committee for governance in 2012 and chaired the newly formed governance committee from 2014-2021. Meg also co-chaired the bylaws committee in 2017 and was the board secretary for FY2017 and FY2018.*

NEW TRUSTEE PROFILE

EDWARD T. REDLING

Ed became part of the Mowglis family through his son. Luke graduated from Mowglis with the Den of 2018, was a Yearling in 2019, and then joined the Junior Staff in 2021. Ed's professional expertise is in Human Resources. He joined MSCI in July 2014 as Managing Director, Global Head of Compensation and Benefits for the firm. Ed is a senior Human Resources Executive with extensive experience managing the Compensation and Benefits functions of large global organizations. He has led the due diligence and post-acquisition integration efforts related to compensation and benefits on numerous acquisitions and divestitures. Previous roles that Ed has held include: Vice President of Total Rewards for Toys 'R' Us for approximately two years; Vice President, Compensation and Benefits for Medco Health Solutions for 10 years; Director, Executive Compensation for Honeywell International for five years; and Compensation Consultant with Watson Wyatt for 10 years. Ed lives with his family in Allendale, New Jersey.



RECOGNIZING HEMF'S OUTGOING TRUSTEE, BEN RINGE

By Tomo Nishino, President, HEMF

I met Ben in 1979 when we were both in Cubs. We wound our way through the program together, he a year behind. He was the five-seat on our winning Blue Racing Crew in 1984. We both graduated and lost touch for a better part of 25 years but reconnected at a reunion in New York. I told him that my then young family was looking to move to the suburbs of New Jersey, and he invited us out to his home where we met his wife Bobbi-Jo and daughters. They gave us a tour of their little town, and we ended up moving to the next block over from their house. ("Nine doors down!" as Ben would say.) A few years later, he persuaded me to join the board. Such are the bonds formed at Mowglis.

Ben has served on the HEMF board for the past 10 years. He volunteered when Mowglis needed his talents the most. In the first decade of this century, Mowglis was in crisis—the camp struggled with both low enrollment and high turnover in staff and leadership. Ben was part of the core group of trustees who set out to right the ship. He was a key part of the team that brought Director Nick Robbins to camp. He also worked with the other trustees to transform the HEMF board itself into a high-functioning professional governance organization. He along with the handful of volunteers who served on the board at this critical juncture laid the solid foundation on which Nick and the current trustees have been building ever since.

Ben graduated with the Den of 1985 and served on the staff for several summers. His involvement with Mowglis has been a family affair. His father Buzz was a long-time fixture at camp, having served on staff as well as a trustee. As a kid, I thought Buzz was the coolest dad. He worked for NFL Films and would show up on dreary rainy days with NFL highlight films. Buzz also for a long time made and delivered the actual physical Ribbons for each Industry—a task that Ben's sister Jen has now inherited. Ben's daughters attended Onaway, and his nephews Nathaniel and Jordan Eisenman are Mowglis graduates. On the Board, Ben long chaired the Internal Affairs Committee, where he worked closely with Director Nick Robbins and Associate Director Tommy Greenwell to ensure the upkeep of and renovations to our beautiful campus.

The strength of the Pack is the Wolf. A place like Mowglis, with its lean year-round professional staff, can thrive because it is supported by volunteers who contribute their time, energy and expertise—people like Ben who step up and ask "what can I do?" We are incredibly fortunate to have had the benefit of his devotion to Mowglis. *Thank you and good hunting.*



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, World War I looms softly in the background, as the Colonel recounts the development of yet more Mowglis traditions including why Ford Hall got that name, when the Craft Shop and its extensions were created, and the start of the quintessentially Mowglis tradition the Candle Light Service. We also find that some things never change—rain is the perennial damper on a Mowglis summer. Subsequent installments appeared in *The Howl* through 1961. We will reprint the remaining installments in *The Call* over the next several years.

Mowglis, 1915

*The First World War is raging—
Song of The Seventy-Five
“A flash where the road is bare,
A crash from the matted glen.
From out of the woods a flare
That flames through the dawn again.”*

–Author unknown

This is the wettest summer in all Mowglis history. It is the rainiest season since 1806, according to the U.S. Weather Bureau. Rain! Rain! Rain! Newfound Lake rises five feet during the summer.

Because of the steady downpour, The Cave is used as an extra Assembly Hall in addition to Kipling Hall. Mrs. Holt calls the Cave Dormitory used as an assembly building Ford Hall, after her son who had been Assistant Director. The building would be called Ford Hall, as well as Cave, down through the years.

At last, Mowglis has a permanent Crafts Shop. Later, in 1927, the Maintenance Shop is added and then

the Camping Closet. Wet as it is, the campers have a wonderful time. The streams are running full, and the everlasting Mowglis institution, dam-building, begins. Many are the engineers whose careers started in fast running water outside Toomai.

On July 28, the Mt. Washington Squad leaves to camp behind the Crawford House. It is very wet the next day, but by evening it has cleared and the group motors to Pinkham Notch. The party spends the next night (for the first and last time) in the Old Tip-Top House, which is to burn down later in September 1915.

*There's a lake in the mountains gleaming
With a sunset glow above
Where the crescent moon is shining
On the camp we love.
And when daylight fades to evening
And shadows creep o'er the sky,
We'll sing tonight by campfire light
To a Mowglis day gone by.*

–Theodore Spencer, M '14, '15, '16



Mowglis, 1916

*Mowglis camp is a bully place,
I like it!
It keeps you going at a pace,
I like it!
When the bugle blows at six-forty-five
And you rush to the lake for a dip and a dive
It wakes you up and makes you alive,
I like it!*

—Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson M '15, '16, '17

For the American Red Cross, Mowglis puts on a Circus, inviting Onaway. The ladies are especially impressed by the mad man in a cage chewing on a raw bone. At this circus are exhibits of “the swimming match”, “the hairless dogs”, “the speckled bat” and others.

The World War creeps into our life in another way through the organization of the Mowglis Detachment, officered by the boys. On August 16 the Detachment encamps on the Athletic field with pup tents. Suddenly there is a surprise attack—red fire, rockets, and artillery fire from the camp cannon. Quickly the detachment forms and drives off the attack.

Some veterans of this battle find themselves on the Mt. Washington Squad. Before the climb to the Madison Huts, a lady who is fond of Mowglis serves ice cream and cookies and cake. With all this extra weight, the climb to Madison is slow indeed. Foul weather greets us next morning. Refusing warnings from the Hutmasters, the leaders of another party start off in the storm. Our tripmaster, Mr. Gaius Merwin Sr.,

following later with the Mowglis party, finds them lost on the side of Mt. Madison. They gladly join as he leads the whole group to the Lakes of the Clouds, where everyone is stormbound for three days.

This year the younger boys are placed in the Cave, although a separate Cub Department is not to be created until later. The first Candlelight service takes place in the old rustic chapel. Originally a ceremony unique to Mowglis, the idea later spreads to many other camps.

CANDLE SERVICE

*Over the ridge comes a winding line,
Indistinct in the night,
With candles flickering in the dark,
Now low, now shining bright.*

*Silently up the Chapel path
The gray procession comes,
And night birds quietly sing their notes
As the organ softly hums.*

*The stars shine down from the sky above
And the wind sighs through the trees.
These are the things the Cross of Birch
This holy evening sees.*

*And when the prayers have all been said,
When all the songs are sung,
The candles slowly leave in peace,
Fading one by one.*

—Alfred Miller II, M '18, '19, '20, '21, '22



KITCHEN CONFIDENTIAL: A PILGRIMAGE TO ROXBURY

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

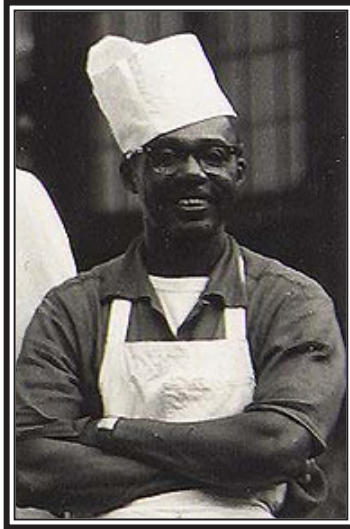
On the evening of June 20, 1969, Asley Smith, known by generations of Mowglis boys as “Smitty,” sat in the Chef’s Cottage. Like most of America at that time, his eyes were fixated on a blurry black and white television set, listening to Neil Armstrong narrate the world’s first manned lunar landing. Next to him sat Jim “Jimmy” Hart ('67), who spent three summers in the kitchen alongside Smitty. The ragged antenna atop the cottage brought in just one channel, and poorly at that, but through the static, Smitty and Jimmy watched Neil Armstrong set foot on the moon, along with most of the world.

For the remainder of the year, Smitty was a cook for a fraternity at MIT, and lived in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Despite a warm relationship with Director Bill Hart Sr, Smitty was notorious for claiming that each successive summer was his last. The work was hard, and the pay was comparatively meager. Finding a reliable cook was already a challenge, made no easier by Mowglis’ shoestring budget. So, while Bill Hart was able to coax most of the staff to return with an expertly-written letter or a phone call, Smitty warranted a different approach. Each spring, Bill Hart would hit the road and head to Massachusetts, on what he referred to as his “pilgrimage to Roxbury,” where he would visit with Smitty and implore him to man the kitchen again.

During the summers, Smitty was a force to be reckoned with. An unfiltered Camel cigarette perpetually perched on his lip, and a sniper with a rat tail, Smitty kept Mowglis’ boys and staff fed for 28 summers! Much like today, the staff referred to each other as Mister. Smitty saved that honorific solely for Mr. and Mrs. Hart. Mrs. Hart responded in kind, referring to Smitty exclusively as “Chef Smith.” For the rest of the staff, it was simply their last name, often shouted, and frequently accompanied by a few choice words, particularly if they were milling about the kitchen during mealtime. The boys and staff he was not familiar with (and a few he chose not to be), were simply called “boy,” and knew to steer clear and to keep their opinions on the food to themselves.

But to those with whom Smitty developed a friendship, he was incredibly kind. Jimmy Hart, having spent three summers in the kitchen with him, had kindled a friendship

with the cook, despite rarely arriving on time to start breakfast at 6:00 am. Nevertheless, Smitty would have the 20 lbs. of bacon sizzling by the time Jimmy arrived, and with little more than a roll of the eyes, they would set to work. Smitty knew he would make up for it.



Asley “Smitty” Smith

On one such morning, Smitty sent Junior Staff Jim Westberg ('69) to rouse his elusive kitchen aide, who was asleep in the Alcott House, a since-demolished cabin near the Chef’s Cottage. When Mr. Westberg arrived, Jimmy was nowhere to be seen, but he did find a rather startled young woman in the cabin, much to his surprise. He ran back to the kitchen, only to find Jimmy already there, who, with an intense glare, asked him if he had seen anything “interesting” during his visit to the Alcott House. “Westberg,” as Smitty called him, simply shook his head.

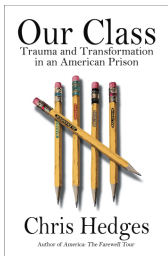
Jimmy Hart’s girlfriend had “run away from home” and managed to get a ride all the way from Ansonia, Connecticut, to Mowglis. Jimmy, knowing his father,

Bill Hart Sr., would be livid, sought to hide her in the Alcott House until he could find a way to get her back to Connecticut. Only two members of the Mowglis staff were in the know, Mrs. Bengtson, the camp nurse (mother of Bob Bengtson), and Smitty. Despite knowing full well how angry Mr. Hart would be, Smitty snuck meals down to the Alcott House for the runaway and conspired with Jimmy to intercept phone calls from the girl’s father until they could get her home safely. Mrs. Bengtson, Smitty, and Jim Westberg all managed to keep the secret, and after just a few days, Alcott House returned to being a single-occupancy dwelling, Bill Hart Sr. none the wiser.

In Smitty’s last summers at Mowglis, Bill Hart’s “pilgrimages” to Roxbury had become as much tradition as they were staff recruitment, both having devoted so many summers to the camp, and in doing so developing a warm rapport. Today, alumni recount stories of Smitty’s antics and knowing he is in no place to rebuff them, a few critiques of his culinary achievements. But to those that knew him well, he is remembered as one of the longest-serving members of the Mowglis staff in our entire history, a man who did not suffer fools lightly, and to precious few, a friend.

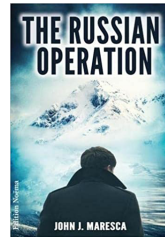
MOWGLIS BOOKSHELF

The Mowglis Pack is full of prolific authors on subjects ranging from political commentary to white water rescue. This year we are establishing a “Mowglis Bookshelf” to showcase all the Pack has to offer!



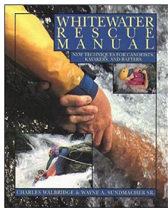
Chris Hedges ('64-67, '69)

Journalist and author, Chris has published 15 books and innumerable articles, including winning a Pulitzer Prize for his work at the New York Times. His latest work, *Our Class*, chronicles his time as an educator in the federal prison system.



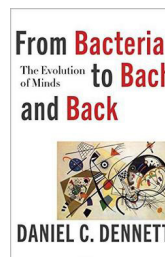
John “Jack” Maresca ('55)

Jack made a career in government service, and while he’s authored published works on diplomacy, his fiction novels featuring “Joey Torino,” an unconventional diplomat, represent his most recent works.



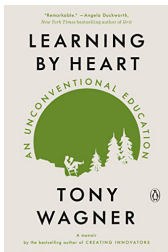
Charlie Walbridge ('62)

A legend in the white-water community, Charlie has penned nearly a dozen books on the topics of paddling and whitewater rescue.



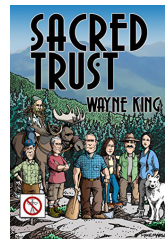
Daniel Dennett ('58)

Dr. Dennett is a philosopher, scientist, and author who has penned numerous books on religion, human behavior, and evolutionary biology. His most recent work, *From Bacteria to Bach and Back*, explores the origins of human consciousness.



Tony Wagner ('61)

A lifelong educator, Tony has published seven books on the topic of education. His most recent work, *Learning by Heart*, devotes a chapter to his time at Mowglis!



Wayne King ('69)

Wayne King is an author, podcaster (host of Mowglis’ very own “Mowglis Memories” Podcast), photographer, and storyteller. His book, *Sacred Trust*, is both political commentary and comedy, and 100% New Hampshire!

Do you know of a Mowglis author we missed? Send it to info@mowglis.org!

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amazonsmile

Camp Memories from the Summer of 1922

By John P. Schreiber / Notes by Tomo Nishino

The following story was printed in *The Call* in 2006. We decided to reprint the article with comments from current and former camp nurses, Kathy Flaherty, Colleen Krochmal, and Linda Robinson, as a few things have actually changed in the last 100 years.

We researched the author, Dr. John P. Schreiber, who was the camp doctor in 1922 while between semesters at Harvard Medical School.

While not easy to confirm, it seems Dr. Schreiber did graduate in 1924 and then spent a year's internship at the General Hospital in Rochester, New York, and a six-month internship at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He started practicing in Rochester, New York, in March 1926. In the narrative that follows, John shares his experiences at camp, and in doing so, offers us a rare opportunity to peer into the Mowglis of the early 1920s.

"This story was written by my stepfather, John Schreiber, on May 4, 1940. I found it when I was going through his things after his death. He was at Mowglis during summer vacation from Harvard Medical School.

He was in the class of 1924. He used to talk about Mowglis all the time and even kept the pin and patch from there. I have no idea what happened to his photo books of pictures from that summer. Some of the pictures were just boys being boys at that age on a hot day and skinny dipping. I think he and my mother stopped by camp in the 60s or early 70s when they were up in New England on vacation." —Bill Brownson

Nurse Linda:
"It sounds like our doctor was only a medical student and not fully licensed. That certainly would not happen these days."

Nurse Linda:
"Skinny-dipping and corporal punishment are not in vogue anymore.... But in many ways I was struck by the sameness of the routine and the joy that brings."

What does that even mean???

Gosh, all fishhooks: My oldest boy isn't any farther than the lukewarm stage in my endeavors to warm him up to the incomparable advantages of going to summer camp. Like an underexposed film in cold developer, he needs both teasing and praying. In a mature, and probably a clumsy fashion I have been telling him of the summer I spent at Camp Mowglis in the White Mountains of New Hampshire only to have him interrupt me with a well-put conclusion: "Aw, go write a story and read it down to the Museum!" which rather squelched me as he slammed the back door and went off to the nearest Hart's store to collect orange crates for a shack in the backyard.

I was very likely the same way when I was nearly thirteen. Only the summer camp movement never existed in those days, Boy Scouts were unheard of though Dan Beard had written a book or two on life in the open. Besides the stretches of miles in all directions that began at a five minute walk from my old home beckoned to the great outdoors far more invitingly than any catalog or reel of colored movies. Was I lucky or was I!

Another analogy that no one today will understand...

Wondered what a "tropical fluke infection" was. Googled it. Sounds truly awful. →

But to get back to Mowglis, it all came about this way. The assignment as the camp physician had already been allotted to my classmate, John Steidl, a swell lad who limped all through his classes at Harvard Medical School because of an old polio. Poor fellow: I felt dog-gone sorry for him when his sputum test came back positive for tuberculosis, and he had to lay in bed all that summer at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital fighting a fever with an optimism so characteristic of one afflicted with the Great White Plague. John raised up, supporting his perspiring head on an elbowed forearm, and suggested that I take his place at the camp. "Only, for God's sake, don't tell the Colonel I have tbc. He'll go tell Mrs. Holt and she will throw ten thousand fits. Say it's an unresolved pneumonia, or silicosis, or a tropical fluke infection. Anything but tbc." He emphasized. I promised him and he gave me the address of the Colonel.

Nurse Colleen:
"I think we can all relate to the fear of telling Nurse Kathy you have cold symptoms. Ten thousand fits indeed."

Colonel Elwell might have been Mrs. Holt's son-in-law had her daughter lived. As it was, he was right-hand man in full charge at the old lady's camp, and a fine specimen he was. Vigorous, clean cut with a firm kindly eye, he impressed me greatly as we sat at the City Club and talked over the duties I would assume and the problems I would no doubt, meet with. He scanned me critically.

← I wonder how Mrs. Holt would have reacted to being called an "old lady." Ten thousand fits?

"I really think we can put some weight on you while you're at camp", he predicted. "I'll see that you go up with the undernourished boys and have extra calories in mid-morning and mid-afternoon." His hope didn't impress me very much.

Nurse Linda:

→ "The train to Boston was truly a joy and I remember dropping kids off on the outskirts of Boston for the train that was going to New York, Philadelphia and south."

'Twas a lovely June morning when we assembled at the North Station in Boston. A special car with steamers labeled 'Mowglis' was attached to the long train. Kids were scurrying about with tennis rackets, musical instruments, and ball clubs while a tired porter piled duffle bags on a nearby truck. Counselors were shouting orders urging haste amidst the tender farewells of overanxious mothers and big sisters. Promises of writing home often and being good boys were half-heard by the lads as they stomped into the coach and selected seats with pals of the previous years. Someone strummed a ukulele while another puckered his lips to a shining harmonica. Strains of camp songs soothed the clanking couplers as the train sped toward the land of mountains and lakes.

← That's some service!

← Overanxious moms... Some things never change.

Newfound Lake settles silently between irregular mountain ranges of brown and green, its inaccessible situation and more likely because of its shoreline, has been taken up by summer camps for boys and girls. Then too, the state of New Hampshire protects its water from pollution.

Transportation from E. Hebron to the Lodge was uneventful. A pack of hungry kids, a score of counselors and aides, all in camp uniforms sat down to the noon repast with pretty decent table manners, considering. Then to their own respective dormitories, the Den, Toomai, Panther, and the Cub Department for the younger boys. The Colonel turned over the Red Cross house, a little first aid bungalow, to me where, close by, was erected a tent where I bunked with Mr. David Seville Mussey, the camp tutor. Mussey's dad was some professor of something at Columbia, I don't recall, and though I liked David, I didn't envy his work brushing the kids up on retarded subjects when they

← We would never use that word today, not that we don't share the sentiment...

could have been having more fun about the expansive ground where most every conceivable interest abounded from the relic house of war trophies to a well-equipped open-air theater called "Gray Brothers." All names were derived from Kipling's *The Jungle Book*.

No eight weeks with 60 live boys would obviously be replete with many a story and reluctantly I pass over many of the little incidents that gave color and charm to my stay. There were the mornings for accomplishing craftsmanship in photography, bird life, and weather forecasting; the wood shop, which afforded me an occasional finger to bandage, tennis and a rifle range, which was the Colonel's idea, despite Mrs. Holt's objections. At 10:30 the boys assembled for the Waterfront where swimming and diving held sway. Afternoons of athletics games, ball playing and hikes to nearby trails, canoeing, and practice for the Red and Blue Crews for the Annual Race to which the girls of Onaway Camp nearby were invited. What a pretty picture they made as they paddled their brightly colored canoes up the long lake and floated discreetly by as onlookers. Like sprites from a Never-Never Land only to drift away in the late afternoon to a distant cove, their wet paddles reflecting the later afternoon sun as they rose and fell in the placid waters. Not a sight to forget soon.

On rainy days there were the ping-pong tables, the books at the well-filled library, the large hall for indoor games where a huge fireplace of jagged rocks blazed with great logs and invited tall stories of adventure from the counselors. After the evening meal a great fire was lit in an open space wherein a circle formation of low chairs of the Adirondack sort permitted relaxation for a story by the Colonel or songs from the Mowgli Book, as they watched the sparks lift heavenward toward a vivid sunset reflected in the graying clouds. And then Taps and silence, broken only by a hoot owl seeming to say, "All is well."

'Twas then that the counselors not assigned to dormitories, would sneak down to the lakefront and sans raiment disport like Greek athletes in the inviting waters still warm from the summer sun. Or Mussey and myself would select the finest canoe, still bearing the name of Jack Heinz, son of the Pittsburgh pickle kind, and paddle down the lake to a lone ice cream stand. It gives one a strange sensation to paddle on a lonely lake in almost complete darkness, the inky waters lapping at the canoe's sides like the beckoning of an Undine. How stark and real was Nature; how frail were we.

Of course, there were a few accidents. Bud Sloan got too near a swinging ball club and snapped a bone in his forearm, which necessitated a premature return to Philadelphia. Bud's dad was a big linoleum manufacturer, I learned. One of the Manuel twins overturned a pan of hot bacon grease on himself on a trip to Mt. Washington, which necessitated a hurried auto trip in the Colonel's car. We motored up through the Franconia Notch where in the distance I could see the Old Man of the Mountains in a rock silhouette far to the North. Bee stings were common. Colonel Elwell warned me boys would occasionally purposely get stung to receive first aid and a bandage or some salve, to boast about to their comrades as to how brave they were and how they could withstand pain. Funny, those kids were peering thru the Red Cross house window while a dressing was being applied after a generous daub of iodine.

Nurse Colleen:

"I wonder what Dr. Schreiber would think about the ropes course, rock climbing, mountain biking, white water rafting, and some of the other newer Industries."

Some attitudes just don't date very well...

Perhaps he is referring to Kipling?

Nurse Linda:

"We don't send kids home with broken arms anymore, but we certainly would go retrieve them if they spilled grease all over themselves."

Nurse Kathy:

"The good ol' days. Fast forward to 2022—half of the racing crew was in the lodge daily for boo-boos and blisters."

Nurse Kathy:

"A camp nurse often has sleepless nights. One night we had to take the motor boat over to Belle Isle to extract a camper at 2 am. Newfound was quite a sight ... Clear and every star visible. Aside from a rocky docking of the boat, all turned out well."

We had our problem children, the smarties, the bed-wetters, the maladjusted, and the chaps who hung back and were in their shells most of the time. Frank Berrien, of New London, Connecticut, kept such a sloppy bunk and cupboard that we decided to erect a special tent for him to grovel in. This reacted quite oppositely from what we expected, for Frank invited all the boys to see how careless he could be and seemed to enjoy their disdain. I couldn't conceive of his father as a Commander of submarines of our Navy, so noted for its neatness.

Nurse Colleen:
"No SCOOPS
for you!"

Vose Greenough was always disturbing other lad's belongings, trying mean little underhanded tricks to gain attention. He opened a roommate's camera, spoiling his film and I felt that called for discipline, so borrowing a counselor's boxing gloves, I invited the two boys to "have it out" in a secluded green bordering the camp. I guess it was the only match I ever refereed and anyhow it didn't last long for poor Vose was soon en route to the Red Cross House for first aid to a badly battered nose. When Mrs. Holt learned of the bout I was called "on the carpet" and severely reprimanded. "One thing we do NOT do here is to teach boys to fight", she said sternly. All my arguments about making the lads more aware of the hard knocks of this old world and the value of self-defense were in vain when she countered with the effective reply that these children came from wealthy families, protected by tutors, governesses, and influential parents, and fighting their way through life was superfluous. Thereupon I apologized and gave up the idea of imbuing them with any red-blooded rebelliousness. It did cheer me a bit, however, when the Colonel winked and smiled as I left her office. I had at least dared what he preferred to not meddle with.

*This would
never fly today. →*

*But for
apparently
very different
reasons... →*

*This seems
unlikely. Maybe
the young John
pulled one over
on Dr. Schreiber? →*

*I guess not back
then, either. ←*

*You have to
at least smile
at this... ←*

John Braganze's mother was the Princess Barganza of Portugal, and what a little devil he was. I got back at him by giving him an unusually close haircut; with a pair of clippers, I brought to camp. As August drew on, the nights became increasingly chilly. I piled on newspapers and my raincoat and still I woke up stiff and doubled up. Despite the extra calories I weighed out exactly as I weighed in and it was my turn to wink and smile at the Colonel, I knew it couldn't be done.

On Saturday nights, we were served good old Boston Baked Beans and brown bread and never have I tasted any better. They must have baked for days in an earthenware pot in some pit of embers, though the cook never told me. It was one of her secrets. After the boys were to bed the adults of the camp conclave at the Jungle House where we discussed the progress of the various boys and were served ice cream and sugar crackers. Only marshmallows were permitted to be sent to camp by the boy's parents for toasting around the campfire. No sugar bowls adorned the tables except a tiny one by each counselor's place. But the kids ate their oatmeal without a bit of sugar on it, and there was not a whimper. "Sugar isn't good for children" vowed Mrs. Holt. She might at least have compromised with a bit of Treacle or honey, I thought. Well, so it went.

On the last day, we assembled for group pictures and fond farewells. By and large, the kids had a great summer. Their mothers and fathers likewise had probably had an enjoyable one too at some country club or on a palatial yacht. Some had been to Europe for a look around. As for me, I wondered why I should be thinking of Whittier's poem "The Barefoot Boy" as the train took us back to Boston.

Nurse Colleen:
"How do we
bring back the
ice cream?"

*Some things
never change.
Well, minus the
country club
or palatial
yacht part. ←*

Nurse Kathy:

"Of course,
I agree with
Mrs. Holt that
children don't
need sugar
at breakfast.
But since the
invention of cold
cereal is ever
present.... Some
think sugary
cereal is fine."



THE DENS OF 1970, 1971, 1972

By Bob Howe ('72)

Crew Weekend, August 5–7, saw graying Graduates gather for our 50th reunion to reminisce and marvel at Mowglis' recovery from some pretty dark times. Kudos to current Director Nick Robbins and his lieutenants Bob Bengtson, James Hart, and Charlie Walbridge from afar. Charlie was a font of knowledge on those tough times, as were some alumni with us, with stories of painful board meetings. Camp's mission never wavered—to develop well-rounded boys into young men. Crew Weekend, with its reunion after the competition, was a great reminder of this mission in these fractious political times. I brought my two boys, who only attended for one summer, my brother, who attended Pasquaney, and my wife, Lia, who still kicks me hard for not forcing the boys back for subsequent summers. There is no doubt that Mowglis builds character, which always remains so important, and particularly so during these days. Give back to Mowglis. And come back to Mowglis next summer or whenever invited.



Russ Merwin ('70), Bob Howe ('72), Steve Minich ('71), Paul Brown ('71), Ted Frantz ('72), Doug Beal ('71), Frank Mauran ('72), George Hulme ('70), Rick Hulme ('70), Will Scott ('70)

THE DEN OF 1982

By Joe Bouboulis ('82)

During the 2022 Crew Weekend festivities, the Den of 1982 celebrated its 40th anniversary. In all, nine were able to make the trip. A tenth, John Rourke, could not make Crew Weekend but made a visit to the camp earlier in the week. A good many of us had not seen each other in 40 years, but it felt like yesterday because the bonds we made at Mowglis were so strong. Seeing so many old friends and counselors brought back a flood of memories and we vowed to make sure this happens again soon.

Hopefully, some of our other Den '82 brothers who sent regrets can join us the next time. Attendees on Crew Weekend included Bruce Ferguson, Clarke Wallace, Berkeley Jeffress, Bartolo Governanti, Arthur Sculco, Greg Phaneuf, Scott Smith, and Joe Bouboulis.



Bruce Ferguson, Clarke Wallace, Berkeley Jeffress, Bartolo Governanti, Arthur Sculco, Joe Bouboulis, Greg Phaneuf



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, Assistant Director & Director of Alumni Relations, at james@mowglis.org or (603) 744-8095 ext. 280. You can also visit 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 to learn more.



Alumnus and Yearling Program Leader **Joe Rorke** (Camper '90–'95) and wife Efe welcomed their third child, a healthy baby boy named Patrick on October 26th. Cubs 2029 is filling up fast!

We want to hear from you!

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

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

Let us know so we can spread the word!

Contact James Hart at
james@mowglis.org or
(603) 744-8095 ext. 280.

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.



A PROFILE OF MOWGLIS ALUMNUS DAVID WERNER ('49)

By Director Nick Robbins

A Serendipitous Meeting in Silver Lake

During the non-summer months, my family and I live in the little town of Silver Lake, New Hampshire, which is right on the beautiful lake of the same name. Like Newfound Lake, many of the residents on Silver Lake are here only for the summer, and we see them briefly as we leave for the Mowglis season and then again briefly when we move back at the end of August.

For years, during the springtime, we'd see an older man tromping through the surrounding woods, rain or shine, and even in the height of the rugged New Hampshire black fly season, walking stick in hand, carrying a basket of mushrooms that he had foraged from the woods. He had white hair and beard, a distinct limp, and his hands gripping the walking stick and basket were distinctly curled—evidently, he had some sort of disability. He was like a John Muir figure—clearly at home in the wilderness. Not a flashy, trendy outdoors person but an actual, authentic naturalist.

Intrigued, but never seeing him closely enough, or at the right time to ask him his backstory, we heard that he was referred to locally as the professor and the Mushroom Man. And as such, seeing the Mushroom Man became a sign of springtime for the Robbins Family. We'd see him every year just as we were going to camp for the summer.

While I love nature and learning about flora and fauna, I have always grown up under the guidance that one should never consume wild mushrooms, as many edible ones have poisonous look-alikes, and only experts can discern which is which. My wife Diana is an avid naturalist, and in her native Romania, her family regularly collects, cooks, and eats wild mushrooms in the Transylvanian countryside. As a result, she developed an interest in which mushrooms that grow in New Hampshire are edible—and which ones are not! One afternoon, after she had found some mushrooms and felt 99% confident they were edible, she suggested that we go find the Mushroom Man to see if he could help identify them.

We all biked down our road to Silver Lake, in the direction toward where we heard he lived, and sure enough, there he was, walking up the road, stick in hand. Delighted to have found him, Diana introduced herself and asked him if he could help confirm her mushroom identification, which

he was happy to do. He introduced himself and his name is David Werner. After examination of

her mushroom harvest, David concluded that Diana was correct about some and incorrect about others, and he encouraged her to bring any more to him in the future but said that it would have to be before late September because that is when he leaves for California and then to Mexico, where he spends his winters.

After this exchange about mushrooms, he asked us about our story—where we live and what we do. I explained that I am the director of a wonderful summer camp called Camp Mowglis on Newfound Lake and that we move there every summer but enjoy seeing him as a sign of spring every year. He looked at me, smiled, and said, "Camp Mowglis is a very special place—I went there! Mowglis is a place where you could just be yourself and fit in." Sure enough, I looked him up in our camp database, and he attended Mowglis in 1949—for a single summer. The following summer, already an enthusiastic biologist, he took a job as a naturalist tour guide at Lost River Gorge (NH) at the ripe old age of 15.

My immediate thought was "Of course, he went to Mowglis!" Mowglis helps inspire and grow a love for, interest in, and appreciation of the natural world, and it encourages all of us to be the best version of ourselves. I was not at all surprised to find out that our beloved Mushroom Man was a member of the Mowglis Pack, but the serendipity of literally encountering him in the woods of Silver Lake continues to astonish me.

What I didn't know then, but I have since learned, is that David has written dozens of books on rural health care, and the most famous one, *Where There is No Doctor: A Village Health Care Handbook* is the most widely used healthcare manual in the world. It is given to every Peace Corps volunteer to bring with them to their outpost. From Amazon.com: "Useful for health workers, clinicians, and others involved in primary health care delivery and health promotion programs, with millions of copies in print in more than 75



David Werner and Diana Robbins

languages, the manual provides practical, easily understood information on how to diagnose, treat, and prevent common diseases. Special attention is focused on nutrition, infection and disease prevention, and diagnostic techniques as primary ways to prevent and treat health problems.”

David Werner was a co-founder of the Hesperian Foundation, is currently co-founder and director of HealthWrights, and a visiting professor at Boston University International School of Public Health. A biologist and educator by training, he has worked as a health activist for the past 40 years in village health care, community-based rehabilitation, and “Child-to-Child” health initiatives in developing countries.

Werner has worked in more than 50 countries helping to facilitate health workshops and training programs and has been a consultant for UNICEF, WHO, UNDP, and the Peace Corps. He has received awards and/or fellowships from the World Health Organization, the American Pediatric Association, the American Medical Writers Association, and the MacArthur Foundation.

Werner is co-author of the books *Where There is No Doctor*, *Nothing About Us Without Us*, *Questioning the Solution* and several handbooks and papers on health topics.

In the time since we properly met, David and my family have become quite friendly. David has a hereditary disability that impacts how the muscles in his arms and legs develop, and despite that, he has lived a truly amazing life. He recounted to me how he was teased as a child because of how he walked and how he always wanted to be seen for who he is and not for his disability. This motivated him to do extraordinary things.

He attended the University of New England in New South Wales, Australia. In his twenties, he rode a bicycle from New Hampshire to Ontario, and then flew to the UK, biked from there to France and then Germany, and ultimately to India, where he lived in a Hindu Ashram for several years. He then walked across India with the group that Gandhi founded, working to get the “untouchables” parcels of land, after which point, he biked to Japan and learned to paint at a Zen Monastery. Upon his return to the US, he taught at a Quaker school in Palo Alto, California, with whom he led biology trips to rural Baja, Mexico. There, he identified the need for a rural healthcare system to bring basic healthcare practices to the village populations. In time, the need he identified gave rise to a series of free medical clinics which led him to write the books which have helped so many people in rural villages throughout the world.

As I type this, David is still in Silver Lake until the end of September, after which time he will head to California and then back to rural Mexico, where he is still involved in a foundation that creates custom chairs for children with Cystic Fibrosis. David is an extraordinarily inspiring Mowglis Man!

To me, the people that make up the Mowglis pack are what make our cherished School of the Open so special. They are proof that Mowglis makes the world a better place. David Werner embodies the spirit of Mowglis: There is no one way to live life. There are no “right” or “wrong” Ribbons to earn—at Mowglis or in life. You can do anything.... What you do is ultimately up to YOU, but you only have a limited time to accomplish your dreams, so set goals, make things better than you found them, be a good member of the pack, chart a path for success, prepare for your journey, roll with the challenges, and go for it!



David Werner, the Robbins family, and friends

A PROFILE OF MOWGLIS ALUMNUS J. HARVIE WILKINSON ('58)

By Director Nick Robbins

One of the greatest joys of being the director of Mowglis is hearing from members of the alumni community about the profound impact Mowglis had on them.

Last March, I corresponded with alumnus and Federal Judge J. Harvie Wilkinson ('58) about a novel he recently wrote. Here's an excerpt from our exchange:

Dear Mr. Robbins:

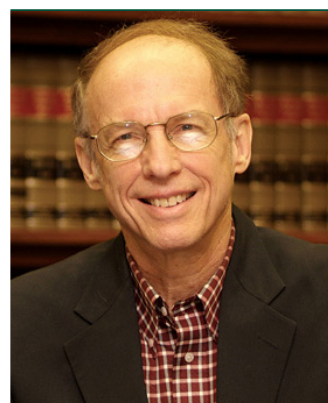
I went to Camp Mowglis for three summers during the late 1950s. I was the coxswain on the red crew and an authentic admirer of Colonel Elwell, who, though semi-retired, was the most authentic woodsman I ever saw.

I am now a federal judge in Charlottesville, Virginia, and I have just published a romantic novel entitled *Love at Deep Dusk*. I wanted to include a scene drawn from my Mowglis experience in my book. It's my way of paying tribute to those years. Writing it made camp seem like just yesterday! Several friends have told me it was "undignified" for a federal judge to write a love story, but in these difficult and challenging times, fiction can speak to our souls in a special way.

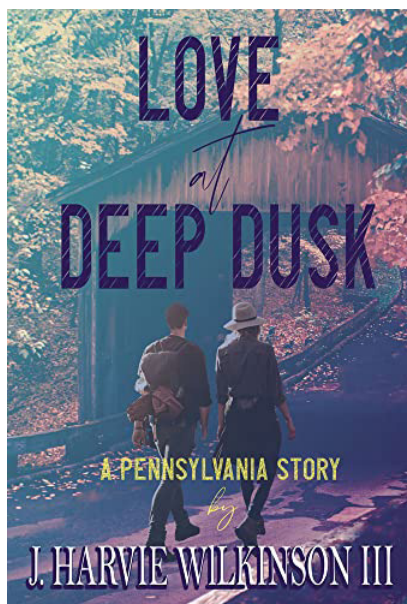
Anyhow, there is a scene near the end of the book that any Mowglis would quickly recognize as Crew Day. It's a good book in my biased view, but in this arena, the readers wear the robes and are the jury and the judge.

In a world where facts seem so grim, does there remain a place for fiction? I would argue that fiction is more, not less, important. Fiction speaks to our souls and helps to connect one part of this diverse and sprawling country with the struggles and scenery of another. So the idea is always to take the reader by the hand to another world and to discover what is both new and familiar to that reader's experience.

As for Mowglis, it put me in tune with nature in a way that no other experience ever could have. Colonel Elwell taught me by example how to love the woods. I still hike through the forests near my home and I am more attuned to woodland sights and sounds as a result of my Mowglis years. Loving the outdoors has helped me stay fit and healthy.



Judge J. Harvie Wilkinson



As a Southern camper, I was interested in staying warm, so I worked extra hard to earn the ribbons that would put me in the Inner Circle. Those were beautiful evenings enlivened by a crackling fire and songs that I still sing and whistle to myself even today.

I remember being very homesick in Toomai. By the time I reached Akela, I had so many friends that the homesickness was left behind. I was so worried about being much too skinny in relation to my peers until I found a perfect fit for a skinny lad as coxswain of the Red Crew. All my self-consciousness seemed to fade away.

As a result of my Mowglis experience, I adapted freely to boarding school and college life and the Army. Sleeping in cold weather during basic training at

Fort Knox didn't faze me after the open-air barracks at Mowglis when I routinely wore three pairs of socks!

I wish you all the best in your wonderful endeavor. It means so much to so many.

My best always,

J. Harvie Wilkinson III

ALUMNI NOTES



Alumnus and current trustee **Reinhard Rother ('69)** recently sent us this note:

"Greetings from Wiesbaden! As places in Mowglis are hard to get, I would like you to note down a reservation for Cubs, season 2030! My daughter Barbara's first son."

We can't wait to welcome him, Reinhard!



Chris Hurdman ('05) and Rozlin Alber Hurdman (staff '10 and '12) welcomed their first baby, Sierra Jane Hurdman on December 17, 2021. Chris and Rozlin live in Rye Brook, New York. Chris works for the fintech start-up "Alloy" as Manager of Data Partner Operations, and Roz is currently at home taking care of baby Sierra. Her experience as Cub Mother prepared her well for her new role.



Alexandra Cornish and Jay Hurdman ('06) were married on Saturday, May 14, 2022, at Ali's family ranch in Eagle Point, Oregon where they live. Jay finished up his service with the US Army in July 2019. He recently graduated from the Oregon State Police Academy and is now a Trooper assigned to Jackson County in Southern Oregon. Ali trains horses (hunters and jumpers) at the Double Rafter C family ranch.



Julian ('06) and Colleen Kingsley have had a busy year! They welcomed their beautiful baby girl Jacqueline Elizabeth Kingsley into the world on March 27, 2022. Shortly after, their family moved from Maine to New York while Julian attends SUNY Upstate Medical University College of Health Professions in their Clinical Perfusion program. Congratulations to the Kingsleys!



The Kingsley Family

Top row: Owen ('09), Kim, Danielle, Jim ('65); Bottom row: Julian ('06), Colleen, Jonah, and Jackie



The Hurdman brothers in May at Jay's wedding in Oregon. **Robby ('09)** has spent the past three years working in the mortgage industry. He currently lives in Brooklyn, New York, and is enjoying many NYC sporting events... although he will always remain loyal to his New England teams.



Congratulations to the Soukup family on the arrival of Hannah Lynn Soukup, born on June 1, 2022. She loves her Mowglis onesie! Her siblings **Nicholas ('14)**, **Connor ('19)**, **Colin ('21)**, and **Johnnie (current camper)** are thrilled with their new baby sister!



From the Stathos Family: **Cam ('17)** is a sophomore at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine. He is studying Economics and running cross country this fall. **Nic ('15)** graduated from Bates College this past spring and **Alex (camper 2014-2016)** is a senior at Wellesley High School.

"Over the summer, the family went on a family trip to Alaska, where Nic and Cam ran up Mt. Roberts (3,819') in Juneau, while the rest of us took the Tramway to meet them. We are hoping to get to Crew Weekend next year and reconnect with campers and staff old and new."



Max Schnorbus ('18) finished school this summer and moved to Munich/Bavaria.

His dad wrote, "As you see from his trousers he adapted very well to his new environment. The Munich Oktoberfest is his favorite place to be at the moment, although the purpose of his move to Munich is to attend the excellent University where he is about to start his studies to become a lawyer. During this summer he worked in the forests in Northern Germany. Hunting, forestry, and agriculture became a passion."



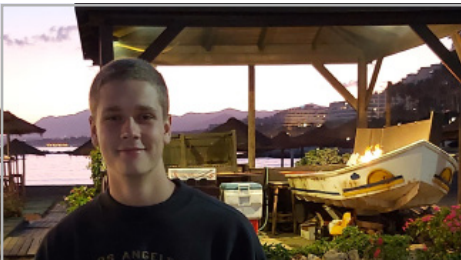
Rainer Osselmann-Chai ('18) is a freshman at Brandeis University outside of Boston, where he plays on the soccer team. Rainer is looking forward to playing away games in Cleveland; Rochester, New York; and Atlanta later this month, but still makes it home to Acton, Massachusetts fairly often.



Reece Harding ('18) enjoyed his Summer 2022 as a Mowglis Senior Staff member. In his words, "It was better than I ever could have imagined." Reece is now back at college as a Sophomore at Lafayette in Pennsylvania studying economics, rushing fraternities, and playing club tennis.



Eric Williams ('19) graduated from Sequoia High School with special honors from the Digital Art Academy and is now studying Landscape Architecture at Cal Poly Pomona, California.



Marcos Hall ('18) and staff 2022 recently in Puerto Banus.



Scott Lau ('18) graduated from Shanghai American School in June. He is now at the University of Exeter, UK studying Politics and International Relations. After he graduated from Mowglis, he planned to return as Junior Staff in 2020, but COVID prevented his return. He hopes to come back to Mowglis one day.

ALUMNI NOTES



Patrick and Liam Jenkins ('19) have both started their freshman year in the University of Massachusetts system, Patrick at the Amherst campus, and Liam in Lowell. Patrick is studying communications, focusing on journalism, and is looking forward to exploring the activities of the UMass Outdoor Club. Liam organized four of his music program classmates into a rock band by the end of the second day. He is currently directing the performance of a composition he wrote for nine musicians in the percussion ensemble. Both boys hung their blue and red entwined bandanas on their bedposts, bandanas worn during their first summer as Mowglis Crew Coaches.



Santi Martinez ('19) playing in a State golf tournament.



Sawyer Olson ('19) is in his senior year of high school in Garden City, NY, where he is captain of the football team. He has several offers to play football, including a few top-tier schools, but has not yet made a decision. His primary college admissions essay was about his experience learning Riflery at Mowglis. He participated in the American Legion's Boys State program this past summer. He was excited to visit Mowglis on Crew Day to watch his brother Zachary (Panther 2022) row to a blue victory, as Sawyer did in 2019.



Camp Mowglis staffers Aaron Cosgrove (Axemanship '18-'19, '22) and Meredith Graff ('16-'21) recently announced that they are engaged to be married. A true Mowglis romance!



Mowglis Program Coordinator **Anthony Nguyen** welcomed a new member to the Pack: a Norwegian Elkhound, named Saxon!



Best wishes to **Shoh Nishino ('18)** as he embarks on his freshman year at UCLA.

Photo (L to R): Chiaki, Shoh, and Tomo ('84) Nishino



2022 staff Member **Miguel Ayuso** with fellow Spanish Mowglis staff members **Pablo Hernandez, Jose Antonio Bravo Batanero, and Juan Sitjar.**

"I am very grateful that you are going to include the photo in the next post!

The festival is in my hometown of Corella (Navarra). The festivities are called Fiestas de San Miguel.

"They are just like the "San Fermes," the famous festivities of Pamplona (Navarra) that Hemingway wrote a lot about, just in a smaller version.

"During seven days, from the 23rd to the 30th of September, these festivities take place where every day we have running of the bulls, music in the street, meals with friends, and a lot of activities. The official costume, as you can see in the picture, is a white t-shirt and red scarf (we called it "Pañuelillo"). All the inhabitants of my town and everyone who comes from outside has to dress like this! It is very nice to see everyone in red and white."



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:

Adna Romanza Chaffee, IV ('49)
William Shepherd Cochran, III ('53)
Copeland Mitchell Draper, Jr. ('40)
Jonathan "Jon" Brigham Gellert ('85)
Timothy Hertzler ('62)
Frances Stokes Hoekstra
Lowell LaPorte (Camper '41-'42)
Frank Mauran, III ('37)
Marc John Ventimiglia ('87)

William Shepherd Cochran, III ('53)

William Shepherd Cochran, III ('53), age 80, went home to be with the Lord on August 15, 2020. On February 1, 2020, he was diagnosed with esophageal/stomach cancer. As with everything in his life, he took this challenge on with perseverance, dignity, determination, and a win-win spirit. He was born on January 24, 1940, in Houston, Texas.



Bill first came to Mowglis from Houston, Texas, as a Toomaite in 1950, graduating from the Den in 1953. He proved himself to be a real achiever, earning the Black Ribbon for Crafts, the Blue Ribbon for Weather, the Brown Ribbon for Hiking, the Golden Arrow for Archery, the Green Ribbon for Camping, the Orange Ribbon for Axemanship, the Red Ribbon for Canoeing, the Silver Ribbon for Rowboating, the White Ribbon for Swimming, the Golden Anchor for sailing, and, ultimately, the Kaa Award. Wow! Bill's brother Stephen came in 1951 and graduated in 1955, and his brother Robert was with us in 1954 and 1955.

He was passionate in everything he did, including sports and hobbies of which he had many. He was a man of remarkable discipline and enthusiasm. Bill and his wife, Mary Peyton, moved to Waxhaw 13 years ago from Houston. They found "Heaven's Gate," their home, and thoroughly enjoyed living in the country. Bill supposedly retired, but couldn't stop doing what he did in Houston, continuing his real estate development. His first project in Waxhaw was Wildwood Estates and it grew from there. He made many friends in the area whom he cherished. All who knew him would marvel at all he had done in his lifetime: polo, offshore fishing, hunting, flying (P51), master woodworker, competitive pistol shooting, and most recently, sporting clays.

Bill is survived by his wife, Mary Peyton Cochran; two brothers Steve T. Cochran ('53), (Betty), and Robert P. Cochran; his sister, Anne Cochran Frischkorn (David) in Houston, four daughters, Lynn, Carla (Jud), Lydia (Chris) and Alexandra (Kevin); seven grandchildren, Wagner, Mitchell, Caroline, Rebecca Anne, Mary Scott, Avery, and Woodson. Also, many friends.

Adna Romanza Chaffee, IV (Camper '49)

Adna Romanza Chaffee, IV (Camper '49), (SGM, Ret.), 82, passed away July 26, 2021, at his home in Hinesville, Georgia. He was born on July 8, 1939, in Manchester, New Hampshire, and was the son of Adna Romanza Chaffee, III, and Margaret Weed. Adna had 30 years of military service, including two tours in Vietnam. He dedicated his life to the needs of others. He served as the President of the Vietnam Veterans Association, and sat on the board of the Homeless Coalition, and many other organizations. He was a very humble and giving man. He will be dearly missed by his family, friends, and many others in Liberty County and the surrounding areas.



Adna came from Louisville, Kentucky as a Toomaite in 1949. While a camper for just one season, he contributed consistently to Mowglis' Annual Appeal. His brother, Jeffrey Warren Chaffee, was a Cub in 1949.

Adna is survived by his wife of 45 years, Gabriele Chaffee, two brothers, eight children, and 12 grandchildren.

The family has requested in lieu of flowers to please send donations to the Vietnam Veterans Association Chapter 789, the Disabled American Veterans Chapter 46, or the American Legion Post 168.

Adna was interred in the Georgia Veterans Memorial Cemetery in Glennville, Georgia on Friday, July 30, 2021, at 1:00 pm. Full military honors were rendered.

Copeland Mitchell Draper, Jr. ('40)

Copeland "Mitch" Mitchell Draper, Jr. ('40), age 96, formerly from Milton, passed away peacefully on July 13, 2022. Son of Copeland Mitchell Draper, Sr. and Mildred Haire, Mitch was born on September 4, 1925, in Milton where he would later raise his own family.



Mitch was educated at Middlesex School in Concord. In 1944, he graduated with a war diploma and proudly served in the US Marines, 6th division, Okinawa, Tsingtao. Upon his honorable discharge and return from China, he married his high school "sweetheart" Cheeky in June 1947 while attending Harvard University. Mitch made his career working in the insurance business as a partner at O'Brien Russell & Co., Boston. Mitch was involved in Milton town politics and served many years as Chairman of the Planning Board and as a Town Meeting member.

For fun, Mitch and Cheeky were very active in the Milton Hoosic Club where he served on the Board of Directors and as Club President (1970–1972), retaining his membership for 76 years. He was also an active member and served on various boards of the First Parish Unitarian Church of Milton.

Mitch was most proud of his role as father and husband. Known affectionately to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren as "Bear," Mitch treasured his large, loving family, and was most at peace when they were all together at the Draper family home on Squirrel Island, Maine. His spirit will live on in the hearts and memories of the many people he touched in his lifetime, and in the daily prayer he humbly led at dinnertime that has been passed on through the generations: "For this food, for health, for life, for God above, let us be truly thankful."

Mitch was preceded in death by his beloved wife Elizabeth "Cheeky" Perkins Draper and three children, Elizabeth Draper Graycar, Copeland M. Draper, III, and Edward Haskins Draper. He is survived by his daughter Elly Draper Pendergast of Weston, his children's spouses Kim Draper, Barbara Draper Millett, and Paul Graycar, many loving grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. He is also survived by his sister, Alice Draper Williams of Concord.

A Celebration of Life is planned for the summer of 2023. In lieu of flowers, donations can be sent in Mitch's honor and memory to the Squirrel Island Preservation Foundation, Squirrel Island, ME 04570.

THE THREE M's

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

Mitch Draper was a consummate Mowglis Man. In 2017, when I first joined the year-round team, Mitch was one of the first alumni to call and inform me of the three M's, the three institutions that most impacted his life: Mowglis, the Marine Corps, and Marriage. Mitch and I corresponded regularly, and even in his mid 90's, he recalled his time at Mowglis with clarity and passion. I was so fortunate to have the opportunity to visit him in person in 2019, along with Nick Robbins, to present him with his Graduate's medal, which did not yet exist when he graduated in 1940.

He shared many stories of his time at camp, particularly his admiration of Col. Elwell. Mitch's son Ted also attended Mowglis, having graduated in 1970. Unfortunately, he predeceased his father. Ted's Den held their reunion this summer, and he was sorely missed.

I'm so grateful to have known Mitch, and even more so to have gotten to know him! The article in the 2020 Call titled, Men of Mowglis in WWII, tells of Mitch's transition from Mowglis counselor to Marine. It is ultimately Mowglis Men like Mitch that bring to mind the lyrics of the Graduate's hymn:

*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—*

If you are interested in reading the article about Mitch's service in WWII, it is available at www.mowglis.org/publications.



James Hart ('00), Mitch Draper ('40), and Nick Robbins

Jonathan “Jon” Brigham Gellert (‘85)

Jonathan “Jon” Brigham Gellert, 51, of Webster Street, passed away Sunday, April 17, 2022 in Concord.

Jon was born on September 2, 1970, in Puerto Rico, the son of Donald Gellert and Carol (French) Gellert. After he turned one, Jon resided in New Hampshire. He had been a resident of Sanbornton, Holderness, Plymouth, and Laconia.

Jon first came to Mowglis as a Toomaite in 1981, graduating from the Den in 1985. He returned as a Senior Counselor in 1992 teaching Axemanship and Drama, along with his wife, Patricia, who taught Drama and Photography. Jon’s mother, Carol, was a soprano in former Director William B. Hart’s choir in Plymouth, New Hampshire. This is how his Mowglis career all began.

Jon attended Sant Bani School in Sanbornton, graduating in 1989. He went on to attend Plymouth State University, as well as Springfield College. He was an MLADC (Masters Level Drug and Alcohol Abuse Counselor). His last location of work was Keystone Hall in Nashua. His other places of work included Easter Seals and Genesis Mental Health centers. He worked primarily with the youth. Jonathan is remembered for making people feel understood.

Jonathan is survived by his children, Dylan Gellert and Archer Gellert; stepson, Adam; his brother, Peter Gellert; sisters, Penny Freeman and Wendy Gellert; and his companion, Sarah Cordova. Jonathan’s closest cousins were Marianne Gellert-Jones, Karen Gellert-Valcourt, and Jennifer Gellert-Sheerin. Jonathan’s aunts included Virginia Helton and Margot French and family friend Linda Clayberg, who was like an aunt to him. He is predeceased by his parents; and his brother, T. Matthew Gellert.



Timothy Hertzler (‘62)

Timothy Hertzler, 74, of Portland, Oregon, passed away on Friday, September 16, 2022, at Oregon Health & Science University of heart disease.

Tim was born on November 11, 1947, in York, Pennsylvania, to John and Priscilla (Bennett) Hertzler, the second of four sons; Bennett, Timothy, Samuel and Daniel. Tim graduated from Edwin O. Smith High School in Mansfield, Connecticut, in 1965. He served in the U.S. Army in Vietnam in 1969 with the 25th Infantry Division, earning a Purple Heart. After the war, he worked for the U.S. Forestry Service in Oregon. Tim

became a devout Christian whose personal ministry was a life of kindness toward people from all walks of life.

Tim first came to Mowglis from Mansfield Center, Connecticut, as a Cub in 1957. After graduating from the Den in 1962, he returned as an Aide in 1963.

Tim’s brothers all graduated as well: Ben in 1959, Sam in 1965, and Dan in 1966.

He is survived by his brothers, Sam, of Groton, CT, and Dan, of Windsor, VT, and five nephews and nieces, as well as grandnephew’s and niece.

Frances Stokes Hoekstra

Actor, writer, poet, and retired French teacher Frances Stokes Hoekstra of Malvern Pennsylvania, and Oxford Maryland passed away peacefully on June 5, 2022, at the age of 83 at her beloved farm in Malvern surrounded by her family.



She was born Frances Dallett Stokes to James Tyson and Gurney Fuguet Stokes of Villanova Pennsylvania on January 21, 1939. She attended the Shipley School and graduated Magna Cum Laude from Smith College with a major in French Literature. She had the privilege of traveling through Europe with her father, an avid mountaineer, while in college. They climbed many of the great mountains of France and Switzerland. She met her future husband, Djoerd Hoekstra of Amsterdam, Netherlands on her return voyage from Europe (after her junior year abroad in France) in the fall of 1959 as she was returning to Smith College for her senior year. They married in February 1961.

She earned a Masters and Doctorate in French Literature from Bryn Mawr College while simultaneously raising three children. She then taught French at The Shipley School, Bryn Mawr College, and Haverford College from 1975 to 1995. In 1985 she founded the Birch Hill language immersion program for high school and college students. Students studied French, German, and Spanish in two-week immersion sessions she hosted at her farm in Malvern, and on the Island of Martinique. Her passion and gift was language. She was fluent in French and Dutch and learned other languages easily. She believed the only way to learn a language and culture was to live it, which was the inspiration for her language immersion programs.

She was a published author having written several books of poetry and fiction. She was a stage actor, writer, and director and was very involved with the performing arts programs at the Coatesville Cultural

Society and at People's Light & Theater Company in Malvern. She was happiest on stage and a consummate entertainer. Ready to give an impromptu stand-up comedy routine or recite Shakespeare or Moliere at a moment's notice. She belonged to the St. Francis-In-The-Fields Episcopal Church in Malvern and served on the Vestry. She loved animals. For many years she took care of rescued horses and ponies on her farm and was surrounded by her dogs. She was an avid sailor, racing with her husband Djoerd in the International Lightning Class. She competed in numerous championships. Then, moving to larger boats, they sailed the Chesapeake Bay, as well as up and down the East Coast from the Caribbean to Maine. She was a long-time member of The Corinthian Yacht Club of Philadelphia and Chair of the Entertainment Committee for many years. She was a member of the Philadelphia Skating Club & Humane Society, and a past member of Riverton Yacht Club and Metedeconk River Yacht Club.

Fran's father, James "Tyson" Stokes ('21) first came to Mowglis in 1917 under Mrs. Holt, later serving as Assistant to Colonel Elwell in 1927 and 1928. In 1962 as the first President of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation, his efforts were extraordinary.

Her son, Roel ('76) was a longtime camper and counselor, serving most recently as Treasurer of the Board. Her younger son, Tyson, was a camper from 1976-1977.

Mowglis being a family tradition, her grandsons Chris ('07) and Carter ('13) are both graduates, and her granddaughter, Kelsey, taught sailing in 2016.

Her nephew, Philip "Jan" Greven ('80), whose sons, Nathaniel and Will graduated this past summer, was a longtime camper and counselor as well.

An Onaway camper, Fran's younger sister, Lisa, is a former Onaway Director, and her older sister, Helen, wrote the Onaway history. Lisa was a Mowglis Cub Director along with her husband, Bill Taylor, in 1972.

Frances was a loving wife, mother, and grandmother, an inspired teacher, creative, funny, intelligent, athletic, open-minded, and generous. She befriended people from everywhere and formed deep relationships with them, practically "adopting" them. She was a positive influence on many people, guiding them in positive directions and encouraging them to be their best. She lived her life to the fullest and she will be missed by all who knew her. She is survived by her husband of 61 years, Djoerd Hoekstra; her children, Roelof Hoekstra, Louise Hoekstra, and Tyson Hoekstra; her grandchildren, Christoffel Hoekstra, Kelsey Hoekstra, and Carter Hoekstra; her sister, Louise Stokes Taylor and her brother-in-law, Philip Greven; her nieces, nephews, cousins, and her god-children Ruqayya Thomas and James Walker. She was predeceased by her sister, Helen Stokes Greven.

Lowell LaPorte (Camper '41-'42)

Lowell, from New York City, attended Camp Mowglis as a Balooite in 1941 and a Toomaite in 1942. He was introduced to Mowglis by William John Bingham, Jr. and Warner W. Kent, Jr., ('35).

Frank Mauran, III ('37)

Frank Mauran, III ('37), died peacefully Friday, July 22, at home with his family in Providence. He was 97 years old. Born in Providence, he was the son of Marion Amcotts Hunter Mauran and Frank Mauran, Jr. His wife of 59 years, Esther Elise Metcalf Mauran, died in 2014.



Growing up in Providence, he attended Moses Brown School through seventh grade before going to St. George's School in Middletown, Rhode Island. As a boy in the 1930s, he attended Camp Mowglis, a boys' summer camp in New Hampshire. Always fond of Camp Mowglis, he later served as a Trustee in the 1970s. As with most of his generation, he served in the military during World War II, in his case as a paratrooper in the Army. After his military service, he went to Yale, graduating in 1949, and later to Harvard Law School. He did a second stint in the Army during the Korean War.

After law school, he worked as a lawyer in Providence, before leaving to work on the staff of Governor John Chafee. After several years on the Chafee staff, he left to manage the family's tugboat business. He worked as President of the Providence Steamboat Company from 1967 until 1982. Thereafter, he turned most of his attention to other activities, serving as a trustee for several entities and overseeing the Metcalf family farm in Exeter.

With a long family history in Providence and Rhode Island, he took a strong interest in historic preservation. In the late 1950s, he restored the Sullivan Dorr house, a house that had been built by his ancestor. The restoration of the house marked a significant milestone in the preservation of Benefit Street. From 1969 to 1977, he served as President of the Providence Preservation Society and helped oversee the restoration of Providence City Hall.

Long a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, he was active in the Rhode Island Society since 1945 and was President several times. At the national level, he served in several offices including that of President General from 1989 to 1992 after which he continued to be devoted to the Society's library. An avid rare book and manuscript collector, he worked closely with the librarian to add to its collection throughout his life.

He was a member of the Hope Club, the Agawam Club, the Dunes Club, the Clambake Club, and the York Harbor Reading Room. He was also a member of the Club of Odd Volumes in Boston and the Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association in York Harbor, Maine.

For the Maurans, Mowglis has been a strong family tradition!

Frank and his brother, Duncan Hunter Mauran, were both campers from 1932–1935, and in 1937. Frank later served as a Trustee during the early years of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation.

Frank's son, Frank Mauran, IV ('72), first came in 1967, and his grandson, John Mauran ('06), arrived as a Toomaite, in 2002. Frank, IV was a longtime member of the Board.

Hunter's daughter, Marion Mauran Mariner, was a Trustee from 1992–1994, his grandson, Ted Mariner ('95), was with us from 1991–1995, and his grandson, Hunter Mauran Nadler, was in Toomai and Baloo during the years 1996–1997. Hunter later returned as Mowglis Tripmaster in 2008 and 2009.

He leaves behind his son, Frank Mauran IV, daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Rollins Mauran, son-in-law Nigel Stirling Blackwell, five grandchildren, Georgina Stirling Blackwell O'Sullivan, Marion Rollins Mauran, Richard Raphael Holliday Blackwell, Cecily Lippitt Mauran, John Ormsbee Ames Mauran, and three great-grandchildren Connie Eliza Hedderwick O'Sullivan, Nancy Susan Blackwell O'Sullivan, and Henry August Metcalf Blackwell. His daughter, Eliza Pumpelly Mauran Blackwell predeceased him.

According to his wishes, a private burial service is planned at Swan Point Cemetery at a time to be determined. A reception will be held at noon at the Agawam Club in East Providence on Thursday, August 4. If so inclined, please make a contribution to the New England Wireless and Steam Museum in East Greenwich, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., East Greenwich, RI 02818.

Marc John Ventimiglia ('87)

Having been introduced to Mowglis by the Cerwinski and Cummings families, Marc joined the Pack as a Toomaite in 1982. From 1983–1985 he was in Baloo, Akela, and Panther. Unable to be with us in 1986, he graduated from the Den with his brother, Stephen, in 1987.

Mowglis was a very happy place for Marc. While he delighted in being mischievous and challenging for the staff, he was always positive and fun, and ready to help anyone in need! Over the years he wrote numerous Howls, including the following:

MOWGLIS (1982)

Mowglis is great because you can do anything. Every day we have relax and then we have inspection. During relax we can't talk. We also have duties every day.

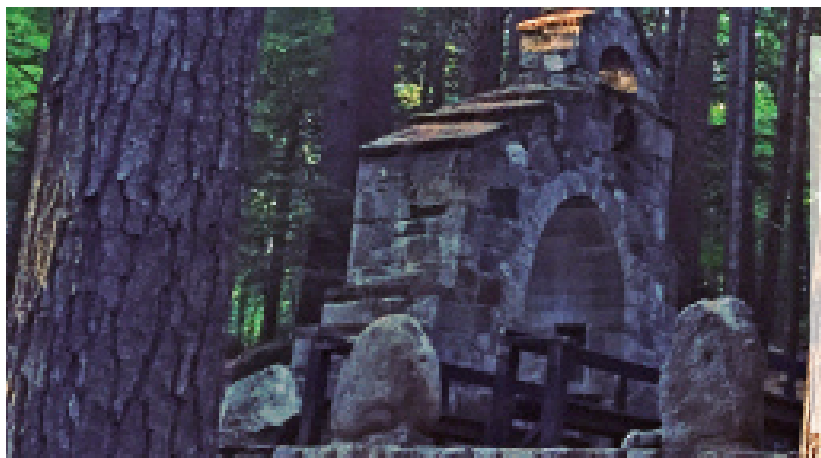
ORANGE RIBBON TRIP (1984)

On Thursday we went trail clearing up Bear Mt., Sugarloaf, and Little Sugarloaf. We started at Hobart Hill and we trail cleared to Four Corners. After having lunch on Bear Mt. we arrived at Sugarloaf and we could see our camp sailboats on Wellington Beach. When we got to the bottom of Little Sugarloaf we hiked over to Wellington Beach and relaxed for about two hours. The trip was awesome!

Marc joined the Junior Staff in 1988, and as a Senior Counselor in 1989 he taught the boys Axemanship.



Marc in 1983, middle bottom row



*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

KIPLING CORNER: THE AUTHOR READ ALOUD

By Will Scott ('70) and Meg Hurdman

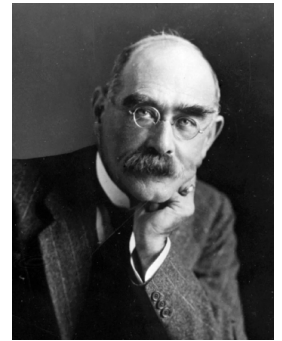
Mowglis alumni like to tell how Rudyard Kipling advised founder Elizabeth Ford Holt how to pronounce the name of the central character of his *Jungle Books* as well as how to form and to pronounce the plural she would use as the camp's name. They also like to assert that the "camp way"—where the MOW rhymes with COW—is correct and that the "Disney way"—where MOW rhymes with TOE—is not.

At a Mowglis reunion in Washington, DC a few years ago, Dr. Judith Plotz, a George Washington University expert on Kipling, was asked which pronunciation is correct. All present leaned forward. She answered that the camp way is more common in the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth, but the Disney way is more common in America. Indeed, in the 1981 Australian film *Gallipoli*, a character is heard reading aloud from the *Jungle Books* and voicing the camp way.

Kipling prepared a pronunciation guide for the *Jungle Books* for the Sussex Edition of his Collected Works. He writes "MOWGLI ... is a name I made up. It does not mean 'frog' in any language that I know of. It is pronounced Mowglee (accent on the Mow, which rhymes with 'cow')." This quote may settle the issue, but self-righteous Mowglis speakers should note that Kipling

calls for Hathi to be pronounced Hut-tee and stresses Baloo on the first syllable. The complete list may be viewed at https://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/readers-guide/rg_junglebook_names.htm.

A Kipling composition that may be less familiar to alumni is King George V's Christmas speech in 1932. According to British Heritage, the BBC, eager to promote radio, suggested



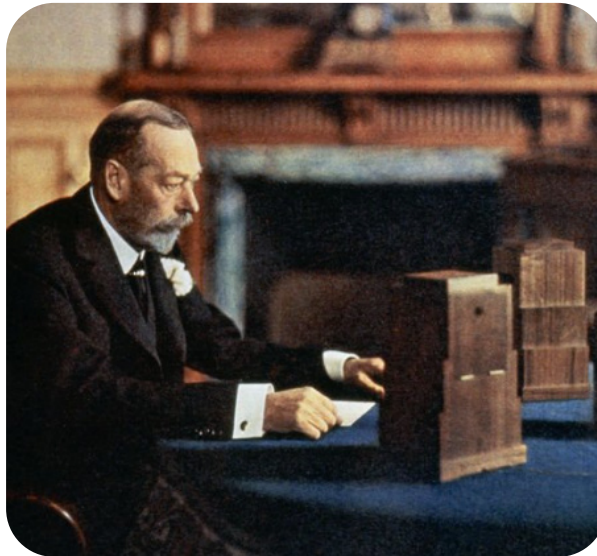
Rudyard Kipling, 1885

the first of what has become the monarch's annual tradition at 3 PM on the holiday. An excerpt from Kipling's prose:

"I speak now from my home and from my heart to you all. To men and women so cut off by the snows, the desert, or the sea, that only voices out of the air can reach them; to those cut off from fuller life by blindness, sickness, or infirmity; and to those who are celebrating this day with their children and grandchildren. To all—to each—I wish you a Happy Christmas. God bless you!"

Presumably, the King required no pronunciation guide. The

full text can be read at <https://britishheritage.com/history/first-royal-christmas-message>.



King George V giving his 1932 Christmas speech



Christmas in London 1932



King George V and Queen Mary

OBJECT LESSONS: TETHERBALL AT MOWGLIS

By Nick Robbins

Anyone who has visited Mowglis will have noticed the tetherball poles—and anyone who has attended Mowglis will have undoubtedly engaged in the game. Thanks to research by our Mowglis Historian, Mr. Bob Bengtson, we know that tetherball has been a part of the Mowglis experience since, at the latest, 1930. While it is not an Industry, it is a universal, timeless part of the Mowglis program and experience. Each dorm has its “own” 11-foot-tall tetherball pole, and the rules and regulations are verbally passed along from generation to generation.

Mowglis folks are proud of the “Mowglis Tetherballs.” Ours are not the big, soft, cushy, volleyball-style tetherballs; they are firm tennis ball-sized balls slung in crocheted sacks that whirl around at dizzying speeds. They are “old-school” tetherballs that, if you don’t watch out, can come around and whack you; watch out, they leave a mark! And boy, do the Mowglis campers get viciously good at playing tetherball with these little tetherballs. Many a four-foot-tall Toomai’ite has humbled this six-foot-tall camp director on the tetherball court!

A little-known fact is that you cannot buy the tetherballs we use at Mowglis. They consist of a

“Hi-Bounce Pinky Ball” held by a hand-crocheted nylon string sack. Since 2014, the Mowglis tetherballs have been made by my wife, Diana Robbins. Before her, they were crocheted by the craft teacher Annalisa Sher, and before her, they were made by Director Bob Bengtson’s grandmother, Ellen Baker, and then by a friend of Bob’s mom named Patricia Blood, known for her crocheting abilities.

Now, I’ve been to many camps, and I’ve never seen tetherballs like ours, but with a bit of poking around on the internet, I’ve learned that tetherball was invented in the UK as early as 1875, and the type of tetherball that we use at Mowglis was patented in 1900: “October 1900, Louise Bissell, of Arlington Massachusetts, received a patent on a new-and-improved tether-ball.” (credit to Peter Reitan: <https://esnpc.blogspot.com/2015/02/a-ball-pole-rope-twisted-history-of.html>)

So, there you have it: a brief background on the Mowglis tetherball! While tetherball will never be a Mowglis Industry, it is safe to say that Mowglis will never be without it! We just need to ensure we always have someone to crochet those little sacks!

No. 660,787.

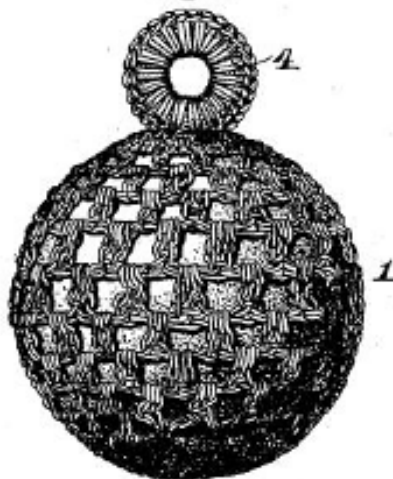
L. BISSELL.
TETHER BALL.

Patented Oct. 30, 1900.

(Application filed Feb. 5, 1900.)

(No Model.)

Fig. 1



NOTES FROM RAKSHA

By Anisha Mittal, mother of Raaghav and Kayshav, current campers

The word “Raksha,” derived from Sanskrit and used frequently in Hindi, means “Protection.” At Camp Mowglis it has come to mean the Moms of the cubs, wolves, boys, and men that go through the years of camp. Though a relatively new parent to the halls of other esteemed Raksha moms, the feeling of wanting to protect your young and not-so-young ones runs deep into the motherly soul. It is part of the role—the one we will never give up ... of wanting our children to be protected. Always.

To send our boys to Mowglis is like sending them into the protection of nature, history, tradition, and of strong human values—all of the things that Mowglis holds so dear. That is what attracted us to Mowglis. Unlike the Rakshas of old, the young no longer need that much protection from illness, disease, and famine. Their burden is so different. They need protection from online and offline predators, their own weaknesses,

and fear. They need protection from drugs, the internet, and sometimes over-the-top games, and from conformity.

They need resilience to cope, and the strength to do WHAT is RIGHT, just because it is the RIGHT thing to do. They need positive role models who live by that rule, no matter the sacrifice. And then they also need to be able to handle themselves physically and emotionally, as both parents are now needing to work full-time to maintain the same standard of life. These are such HUGE asks! Research says that a healthy family environment leads to emotionally healthy and well-rounded kids. Well, guess what? Today, this is so hard for parents to do alone. We have firsthand experience of how all our coping mechanisms and lofty values unraveled in pandemic-induced restrictions.

We never thought we would ever send our boys to sleepaway camp. We are first-generation Indian immigrants. That’s not something we do! We have immense gratitude for our friends, the Aronestys, who introduced us to the idea of sleepaway and Camp Mowglis. One chat over tea and nibbles, with their son, Noakai Aronesty, now better known as “Mr. Zesty,” was enough to convince Raaghav and Kayshav. The excitement was so palpable that Raaghav was late for his Math exam! Kayshav was more tentative, and together they agreed to try it out for four weeks. They departed in the summer of 2019 with repeated promises of “be sure to pick us up at Parent’s Weekend.” The first few letters were homesick. We were so glad Mr. Robbins prepared us for it by sending a copy of Homesick and Happy by Michael Thompson, Ph.D., early on. It was only needed for a few days. At three weeks, we got a phone call where we were duly informed that Kayshav was having a blast in the Cub program and wanted to stay for the full seven weeks. Raaghav asked for a (reasonable) bribe of a backpack with a water bladder and agreed to tough it out. They have never looked back!

The pandemic summer was the hardest, but memories of Mowglis, the virtual campfires, the giggling like fools while reading old Howls, and singing the Indoor Good Night Song in bed kept them going. When the camp re-opened in 2021, they showed up at Mowglis Drive full



*Anisha, Nishant, Vaani, Kayshav,
and Raaghav Mittal*

of pandemic-related anxiety, but absolutely certain that Mowglis was the place to be. Much of that was handled by Mr. Hart in Kayshav's counseling sessions, but hopefully, his thoughts will make for some amazing and vivid reading, when Kayshav is ready to share them. And then there was the summer of 2022! Full of such hilarity, bonding, and unique and life-altering experiences!

There was the COVID separation of Akela in "Fort George." For Raaghav, the whole dorm and the amazing team of counselors pulled together to get him to take a timed Math test at Cliff Island while on an overnight camping trip! Kayshav from Baloo learned how to sail and discussed his "plan for ribbons" with Lyon Courtney from Akela and anyone else who would listen. In 2022, we didn't get any letters home from Raaghav, and we got a few with impatient squiggles from Kayshav. Pick up in August was funny, humorous, and tearful, with promises to meet over the year.



In September Raaghav celebrated his birthday. His first card was from Camp Mowglis. We organized a surprise Zoom. His Akela buddies spread the word, and then took the time to get on and hang out, some while in a car. Kayshav organized a Gimkit (an online trivia game) with a Mowglis theme with questions like "Who do we not speak of?" and "Mooooooo...?". The answers were

indecipherable to the untrained, but the Mowglis pack was rolling over with laughter for over an hour! They were home and there was no other place that they would rather be than with each other.

Camp Mowglis, Unplugged and Authentic since 1903, has nurtured the bodies, hearts, and minds of boys, and made them into men who are responsible, kind,

and funny. Mowglis offers "Raksha" for their bodies, minds, and souls. It is our boys' safe space. It is their home. I am so grateful that Mowglis has my back in using time-tested values of old to shape men of new.



We regret the error ...

- On page 35 of the 2021 Call, Chris Mixer's name was spelled incorrectly. Sorry, Chris!

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