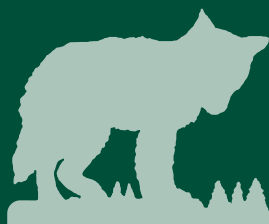


THE MOWGLIS CALL

2023



MOWGLIS
SCHOOL OF THE OPEN
ESTABLISHED 1903



CONTACT INFO:

MOWGLIS SCHOOL OF THE OPEN

PO Box 9, Hebron, NH 03241

(603) 744-8095 • info@mowglis.org

Nick Robbins, *Director*nickrobbins@mowglis.org

Tommy Greenwell, *Associate Director & Property Manager*wtgreenwell@mowglis.org

Jay Gulitti, *Assistant Director*jgulitti@mowglis.org

James Hart, *Director of Alumni Relations*james@mowglis.org

Holly Taylor, *Registrar*holly@mowglis.org

Bob Bengtson, *Director Emeritus*krbengtson@mowglis.org

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Cover Photo by Amanda Lyons

IN THIS ISSUE

The Call

Editor-in-chief: Kit Jenkins

Managing Editor: Holly Taylor

Editorial Committee:

James Hart, Meg Hurdman, Nick Robbins,
Tomo Nishino, Kimberly Soukup,
Holly Taylor, Will Scott

Contributors:

K.R. Bengtson, Ian Brown, Foster Conklin,
Charlie Feuer, Tommy Greenwell,
Jay Gulitti, James Hart, Catherine
Horstmann, Meg Hurdman, Kit Jenkins,
Liam & Patrick Jenkins, Andrew Khatri,
Wayne King, James Mida, Shoh Nishino,
Tomo Nishino, Julien Nunes, Chris
Phaneuf, Al Reiff, Nick Robbins, John
Rorke, Will Scott, Kimberly Soukup

Photography:

Antonio Bravo, Amanda Lyons,
Barbara McIntosh, Tomo Nishino,
Israel Ojeda, Nick Robbins,
Maurice Schmetzer, Holly Taylor

Copy Editors:

Kit Jenkins, Tomo Nishino, Will Scott,
Kimberly Soukup, Holly Taylor

Layout Design: Jen Libby

**The Call is Published by the Holt-Elwell
Memorial Foundation (HEMF):**

President: Kit Jenkins

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Reinhard Rother
Kristian Sanchez
Bill Tweedy
Caleb White
Frank Williams, Jr.

Camp Mowglis / HEMF

P.O. Box 9

Hebron, NH 03241

Phone: (603) 744-8095

Email: info@mowglis.org

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MESSAGE FROM THE OUTGOING PRESIDENT

TOMO NISHINO ('84)

Dear Friends of Mowglis,

What a summer 2023 was! Sure it was a bit wet and a bit hot. But it was a summer filled with excitement and accomplishments—in short, just another Mowglis summer. On my occasional visits to Mowglis, it was wonderful to see the place so vibrant. So much fun being had, so many requirements fulfilled, and so many ribbons earned. It was particularly poignant watching my younger son Hiro ('23), serving as Grey Brother, helping to induct a record 18 boys into the Inner Circle.

I am entering my ninth and final year of service on the Board of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation. It has been an honor and privilege serving as the Vice-President, and then President of the Foundation. Effective November 1, I have passed the torch on to our new President, Kit Jenkins. I am immensely grateful for having had the opportunity to work with so many talented and dedicated people with a shared passion for Mowglis.

I graduated in 1984 and served on staff in 1987. I came back to the shores of Newfound Lake when my older son Shoh ('18) joined the Cubs in 2011. The Camp was a little quieter back then. I was thrilled to be part of the board as we welcomed Director Nick Robbins to the Pack, and was amazed as Nick transformed the Camp into a place even more vibrant than I could have imagined. We are indeed fortunate to have him as our Akela.

Mowglis has been transformed over the past eight years. The summer enrollment is full and full of returning campers, a mark of a successful program. For the first time in quite a few years, we had a waiting list of boys wishing to join the Pack. More than 80 percent of the counselors were returning staffers who could not wait to spend another summer at Mowglis sharing their talents and energy with the boys. Under the expert stewardship of our Director of Alumni Relations James Hart we successfully completed an endowment campaign that more than tripled our endowment from less than \$2 million to over \$6 million in just five short years.

Combined with the annual donations that have more than doubled over the same time, we have been able to invest in the mission of the camp. We have completed numerous upgrades to our beautiful campus. We have established the HEMF Fellowship to provide professional development opportunities for our most dedicated staff. We have created numerous scholarships and partnerships to make the Mowglis experience ever more accessible. We even survived a pandemic!

We were able to do these things and so much more because of the tremendous amount of time, energy, and talent brought by the many people devoted to Mowglis. The work is never finished. But the future of Mowglis burns brighter than any bonfire the staff can build for Crew Weekend. I am confident because I have had the privilege of working alongside so many people—Nick, Di, James, Tommy, Holly, Bob, Jay, the summer staff, the trustees, the army of volunteers who show up for work weekends, alumni, parents, and the boys—who care so deeply about this singular place.

My time as a trustee is almost over, but I will remain active in helping the Mowglis Pack in any way I can. I was fortunate to have come to Mowglis as a boy. I am incredibly grateful that Mowglis was here for my two sons. And it has been immensely gratifying to witness a generation of boys benefit from the Mowglis experience. Indeed there are few things so rewarding, and I encourage everyone who cares about Mowglis to join in the work of securing its future.

Thank you, and good hunting!



Tomo Nishino ('84)
Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation



MESSAGE FROM THE INCOMING PRESIDENT

KIT JENKINS

Dear Mowglis Community and friends,

I had never heard of Camp Mowglis the evening that I was told in no uncertain terms by a charity auctioneer that I MUST bid on this seven-week (seven-week?!) camp session. That it would change the life of my family—how did he even know I had a boy, never mind TWIN boys?! I'll never know, but he was 100% right. And for this reason, it continues to be a pure joy and an honor to be a part of this community, as parent and Trustee.

As I continue to witness the lessons and gifts which Mowglis has embedded in my own boys and their Mowglis brothers, I have the deepest gratitude for the young men—many of them Mowglis alums—and the seasoned mentors on staff who have collectively provided such excellent role modeling for my boys (and ALL Mowglis boys) over so many years. This has been absolutely transformative, and critical to my own parenting journey, especially as a single mom. And I couldn't be more proud that my boys, actually now young men, are also Mowglis staff members.

But whenever I am asked about “that camp in the mountains,” I always start by talking about a woman. I tell the story of Mrs. Holt, an educator whose concern was that boys were losing touch with lessons of the natural world in their hurried lives, and was determined to do something about it. In 1903. And that the world would be a different place had she not courageously transformed her beliefs into the place that we all hold so dearly.

Yes, the auctioneer had convinced me of the imperative to get my boys to Mowglis, and my initial call with this incredibly enthusiastic Camp Director Nick Robbins had me totally fired up by the notion to send them away for those impossibly long seven weeks. But it was the phone call with a woman, a mom of three Mowglis men that truly sealed the deal for me—thank you, Diane Sears!

Calling oneself “deeply humbled” can sound cliché, but I can think of no better phrase to call myself as part of the lineage of strong, determined, and fabulous females who have been instrumental in the history of Camp Mowglis.

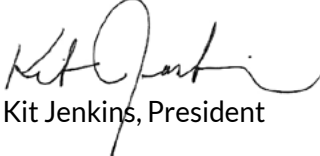
From Raksha who fiercely protected and nurtured her cubs, including little Mowgli, to Mrs. Holt, to the countless nurses, cooks, Cub Moms, campers' moms, Industry leaders, donors, staff members, fellow Trustees . . . I am indeed humbled to be a part of the sisterhood that is every much a part of the history and tradition of Mowglis as the phenomenal Mowglis men who have given so much to and care so deeply about this institution.

I am honored to be the first woman voted to lead our esteemed board of Trustees, a position I would only consider because of the integrity, smarts, and hearts of my extraordinary fellow board members. It is with so much excitement that I look forward to the coming two years as President, continuing to work with Nick and our outstanding board. I gratefully follow in the footsteps of Tomo Nishino and so many other AMAZING Trustees and Leaders. I have bottomless appreciation for all that they, along with Nick, his remarkable team, and our supporters have given and done. Mowglis is on a strong solid footing with so much to look forward to.

And all of this is firmly rooted in a heart that is SO FULL of admiration and care for our campers, our Cubs and the members of the Pack. It is your accomplishments, your joy, your resilience, your courage, your hard work, your humor, and your hope, that is the magnificence of Mowglis.

Campers and alums, women and men of Camp Mowglis School of the Open community, I salute you all.

Good hunting!


Kit Jenkins, President



LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

NICK ROBBINS

Mowglis 2023 was terrific! It was excellent! It was fantastic! But potentially most significantly, it was a relief. Finally, after three summers, we had a summer where the challenges we dealt with were regular camp challenges, like homesick first-time campers and finding missing dodgeballs, rather than face mask policies and COVID testing protocols. Hallelujah!

While the summer got off to a rainy start, the boys still had a ton of fun, and many a Mowglis memory was made hiking (or camping) in the rain! I will never forget a day I spent hiking with Panther on the Elwell Trail; as we embarked uphill in torrential rain, the boys spontaneously broke into a (raucous) rendition of the Panther Beata song “So let’s fight, fight, fight, fight for the right! Fight and keep on fighting till you die!” Where else, in this age of cell phones, social media, and video games, would you get a group of 20 13-year-old boys gleefully singing as they hike uphill in the rain? They belted out their dorm’s song in utter jubilation just to be Mowglis brothers together at camp. It was a true example of Mowglis Magic.

Mowglis was perfectly full this summer. We welcomed 124 boys—93 of whom were with us for seven weeks (the rest were partial-season Cubs or first-timers in the Pack), and 84 were returners from a previous summer. We had 63 staff members (including the counselors, nurses, chefs, maintenance, and admin staff), 52 of whom were returning to Mowglis from a previous summer.

The close, positive, supportive community this large number of returning campers and staff engenders is palpable. People love

Mowglis. They believe in it and have a deep reverence for how special it is. The stresses and challenges presented by the pandemic have made the bonds that the campers and staff have even more potent. Returners don’t take their time at Mowglis for granted—they are mindful of how special a place it is and know how quickly a summer at Mowglis goes by.

I’d like to thank everyone who helped make Mowglis 2023 happen. We have a special thing here at Mowglis, and like most good things, it goes by too fast. I hope you enjoy reading about our return to “normal” in the following pages—the pictures say it all—it was a fantastic summer!

Mowglis 2023, I salute YOU!

Good hunting,



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



PACK HISTORY 2023

By Jay Gulitti ('06), Assistant Director

120 Years. That's a long lifespan for any organization—but the start of summer 2023 saw 115 campers arrive to walk the same trails and swim the same lake as the first Mowglis did back in 1903. While first impressions don't always give the full picture, Arrival Day kicked things off prophetically rainy, welcoming the pack back together under a gray, cloudy sky. The rain continued into the evening, forcing our first campfire to take place in Gray Brothers Hall—so we all gathered around a roaring fire as Director Nick read the opening chapter of the *Jungle Book*.

Little did we know, but the weather would continue to send us inside for campfires, calling to quarters during Industries, and running for cover during open periods and assemblies for the first several weeks of camp!

Not to be stopped by a little thunder and lightning, our first week kicked off strongly as 18 cubs fired 18 cannon blasts, signaling the start of Industries, duties, and trips which departed out into the wilderness undeterred by the rain. The Akelites packed up and paddled across Newfound to the distant Belle Island, while the Den tackled the Baldfaces, leaving the rest of the dorms to start earning requirements, and building friendships back in Camp. After their return, and with the camp together again, we assembled during the weekend to join up as Athletic Teams for the first time, and so were born the Skittles Superior Sharks, the Caspian Kraken Kit-Kats, the Everchew Eerie Eels, and the succinctly named Ginger Saltwater Taffy Lake Quinn-Sigmund Lobsters.

As their first epic battle would have to wait until Landsports Day the following weekend, we continued with another regular Mowglis week. Now fully back in the swing of things after the first week, campers and



staff dove into their many challenges and adventures with a persistent drive, still unswayed by the weather which seemed to grow more and more ruinous with each passing day. The Yearlings learned the ins and outs of being a counselor as they studied the staff manual in their free time between service projects and trips, and, in preparation of their skit, quietly began to make a list of the sights and sounds of the summer. Just like them, we all quickly learned to make the distinction between the hum of the golf carts carrying schedules, tools, and injured campers, and the powerful roar of Director



Nick's unstoppable mini-bike as he flew up and down the hill. Well, almost unstoppable, but it wasn't long before some campers provided their much-welcomed engine tuning expertise to keep it running in tip-top shape!

After the storms stopped our planned July 4th celebration, we welcomed friends and family from Camp Onaway a few days later to answer back with some thunder of our own, as Mr. Greenwell and Mr. Gulitti set off an explosive volley of fireworks from the waterfront.

Toomai, Baloo, and Panther traveled out to Cardigan, Cliff Island, and the fabled Franconia Ridge respectively, only to return just in time to join their Athletic Teams for Landsports Day. A much-welcomed respite from the storms saw a sunny day filled with



shirt of a Jr. Staff. The weekend brought Watersports Day—which made it all the way to the end this time in a classic, clear day—culminating in one of the greatest finishes of any Watermelon Tussle ever to take place in Newfound Lake. Out of sight and mind of the opposing team, and even some of the judges, Anton Falconer broke away completely underwater to carry both the Watermelon and the Ginger Saltwater Taffy Lake Quinn-Sigmund Lobsters across the line to victory.

While the halfway point of the summer sits in the middle of the fourth week on paper, it feels as if the back half of the summer speeds up and hurries on with the increased momentum of Ribbons Earned, Squads, Crew Week, and special events. As Panther undertook the infamous Mahoosuc Pack Trip, the Toomaiites settled on Cliff Island, and Rock Climbing and Mountain Biking left camp each day to explore the rocks of Rumney and the many local trails. Soon, some of the Pack would depart for the summer, so everybody set to task making the end of the summer memorable for the Four-Weekers. Mr. Soukup led a star-struck talent show evening, featuring musical performances of all kinds, a hilarious Yearling skit full of spookily



Olympic-quality events from Javelin to Slip and Slide, except for a poorly-timed rumble of thunder to postpone the closing Tug of War. Despite that, we wrapped up a few days later as the Everchew Eerie Eels pulled off the first big win of the season.

Week three continued on with campfires on stand-up comedy with Mr. CH and Mr. Aronesty, snakes with Nurse Diane, and life in Alaska with Ms. Arin, as Mr. Hart returned for his famous "Stump the Storyteller." Mr. Conklin and his paddlers pioneered an ambitious new Mowglis Whitewater program, leaving camp each day to learn the ins and outs of life on the river. Our newer Industries of Blacksmithing, Fencing, and Mountain Biking proved to be incredibly popular, as the sound of a hammer and anvil, bikes ascending the hill, and swords being swung and parried, rang out through the wind and the rain. The Cubs, led by our New Cub Mom Cat, braved their first overnight trip at the Cardigan Base Camp, while the Denites enjoyed their last, making their own mark exploring the CT lakes. The Yearlings bid a solemn farewell to Mr. Rorke as the week drew to a close, looking ever forward to their graduation, and the coveted white-pocketed dress



accurate staff impressions, songs from the famous East Hebron Madrigals Society, and a stirring rendition of It Was Friday Night When We Set Sail, as the Cubs serenaded our very own Lovely Mermaid (who looked an awful lot like our beloved Mr. Cosgrove). The Yearling Program came to an end as they graduated into full-fledged Jr. Staff, and we looked forward to the close of the summer.

As coveted spots on the Gopher and Mt. Washington Squads were filled up, the time-honored tradition of a tour of the Presidential Range and visits to the AMC Huts continued again in earnest. Waterville Valley saw the arrival of the Balooites for their second overnight trip, as the intrepid new group of Cubs, so soon after their arrival to camp, took off across the lake to stay at Cliff Island. The third and final competition of the Athletic Teams, Woodsman's Day, capped off the week as the whole pack took part in Timber Sport of all kinds, from displaying true mastery of the axe under the watchful eye of Mr. Hall, to cooking the perfect flapjack with Nurse Kathy. Perhaps the most Mowglis of Sports



biggest event of the Mowglis season with the help of returning Coach Miss Mira. Days were full of cheers, posters, bandanas, banners, journals, practices, and most importantly—lots and lots of water. Progress towards ribbons seemed on hold as the whole camp got ready to swing together out on the lake. The Jr. Staff and the indomitable Trabajo Squad built a gargantuan structure on Gray Brothers Field during trip day, and guests began to arrive Friday evening as both crews met for the pep rally. Despite the best efforts of a deluge of rain the night and day before, like any good Mowglis fire should, the bonfire went up in a monstrous plume of smoke and flame. Racing Crews were introduced, Crew Shirts were awarded, and everyone turned in for a good night's rest before Race Day.



Days was a rousing success, accented by a banjo and some good old fashioned cowboy songs. As if on cue the thunder returned once more to put a damper on the final event of the day, right after the competitors had prepared for an epic Sled Drag of Mr. Cosgrove and the Jr. Staff across the field. While the day ended early, the teams would meet one final time before the summer was over to answer the question of Sports Team greatness once and for all. For now, the camp turned its sights forward to a competition of a different kind, as tension built up on Sunday in anticipation of the announcement of Crews and Boat lineups.

Mr. Aaron Cosgrove and Mr. Marcos Hall rose to the occasion as Red and Blue Crew Leaders, spearheading a week of spirit, competition, and sportsmanship. Now veteran Crew Coaches Messrs. Liam and Patrick Jenkins molded a new set of rowers, preparing them for the

It wasn't long before the waterfront was filled with a massive crowd of friends and families from near and far, all gathered to see the six-man boats glide across Newfound once more. The mighty Blue Crew shot out of the gate with two early victories in the Third and Second Form races, presided over by veteran judges and trustees. The Red First Form broke the streak, and as the Racing Crews punted out towards the starting line, a hectic and contentious Cub Race took a detour into the Intermediate's Section and ended in another Red win. For a moment, the waterfront was quiet, as campers, staff, and guests waited with bated breath for the start of the main event.





As soon as the race began, the shore exploded with a chorus of cheers and songs, as the Red and Blue Racing Crews tore across the lake. After a powerful showing from both boats, a breakaway sprint decided the day and ended Crew Week in an RVD. The oar was raised, the Boating Song sung, and as everyone removed their bandanas, we joined again together as one camp for an evening of good food and quality entertainment courtesy of the many talents of the Pack, and the return of the illustrious, death-defying, internationally-renowned Flying Zamboni Brothers. Camp Moogles was indeed pleased to welcome them back after their well-earned hiatus.

As the festivities wound down, the final week arrived, and the final accomplishments of the summer began to roll in. Camping Solos, Waingunga Swims, Music Recitals, and more saw campers complete ribbon after ribbon in the race to the finish. Mt. Cardigan was hiked in every possible way as boys and staff joined on the summit for the annual watermelon and photo. Thursday saw the Denites in all their finery as they celebrated their careers at the Graduate's Dinner, masterfully prepared by Chef Hardy. As the final days sped past, those vying for a seat in the Inner Circle finished Ribbons right under the line to make it in time for the induction ceremony Friday evening.

Saturday saw the finals of a record-breaking string of tournaments: Tennis, Archery, Fencing, Ping-Pong, Riflery, and Chess.

The long-awaited final event of Woodsman's Day finally took place, as, despite losing a few members of their team along the way, the Caspian Kraken Kit-Kats won the Sled Drag, and the day itself. When all was said and done, however, and final scores tallied, it was the unstoppable Everchew Eerie Eels who came out on top. The Denites enjoyed their last soak by carrying out the now-yearly tradition of "stealing" the swimmer's raft, and led the camp in a powerful chorus of the Den song as the final dinner in the dining hall drew to a close, reminding us all why we all long to be Denites tomorrow.



As we gathered under the candle-lit chapel pines one final time, the pack reflected on a summer that could not be stopped by rain or thunder or lightning. The Mowglis way is to push on, to lift up with spirits high to help one another strive for the next summit, no matter the challenge or hardship. If ever there was a summer to prove that to be true, it was this one.

Mowglis 2023, we salute you!



2023 BY THE NUMBERS



10

Graduates



18

Inner Circle Inductees



RVD

124

Campers Enrolled

84 boys returning from last summer!

30% campers had family attend Mowglis

REPRESENT!

States and countries represented at Mowglis in 2023



International Campers: Ethiopia, France, Germany, Mexico, Spain, The Netherlands



745

Qualifying Targets



346

Mowglis Miles



17

Axe Tests



43

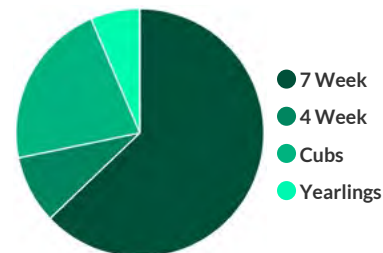
Ribbons Earned



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

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

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



2023 CUB REPORT

By Catherine Horstmann, Cub Mom

My very first moments at Camp Mowglis had me winding my way by the woodshop and past former Director Bob Bengston, who greeted me with a smile. He not only provided a very warm Mowglis welcome, but a sincere proclamation that the Cub Mom is the hardest job at Camp. I replied with a nervous laugh: “How hard can it be!? It’s camp!” Was I up for the challenge? Absolutely! Did I know what I was getting myself into? Not quite.

What I do know is that the summer flew by, easily the fastest season of my life. I was told on more than one occasion, “The days are long, but the weeks are short,” and that could not have been more true. During one of our weekly staff meetings, Director Nick passed around pieces of paper with the famous Muhammad Ali quote: “Don’t count the days, make the days count.” I hung this above my desk in Ford Hall to serve as a friendly reminder.

I can proudly say we made the most of each Mowglis day, whether we had bright sunny skies to romp in, or torrential downpours that saturated our overnight camping trips. The Cubs are a resilient and fun bunch! Getting our group from point A to point B often felt like herding cats, but we always made it where we needed to be, usually by (aptly named!) “Cub Time.”

The most rewarding part of being with the Cubs is that much of what we did was a “first” for many of them. Rock climbing and rappelling with Mr. Lottmann is one such first that comes to mind. Not only was it the initial rock climbing excursion for the boys, but it was also the first time the newly established route was traversed—the Cubs were part of Mowglis history being made as they

scaled *Rama on the Run*! It was so rewarding to see how willing these Cubs were to try new things and meet challenges with eagerness and excitement! The ropes course swing with Director Nick was another favorite, sending the kids flying out over Newfound Lake! Hoisting each Cub took quite a bit of Mowglis manpower and definitely a lot of teamwork! The hikes were by far one of the most challenging activities. Often met with a bit of kicking and screaming, quite a few bathroom breaks, and boatloads of encouragement and camp songs, we still managed to summit the mountains. The joy and sense of accomplishment that the Cubs exuded far surpassed the tribulations to get to the top. They also enjoyed picking blueberries at local farms this summer, representing our Camp well, and demonstrating kindness and respect in the greater community.

Being responsible for 18 boisterous boys for seven weeks is quite the task. It absolutely takes a village and I couldn’t have done it without the help of Cub staff and former Cub moms, Mama Boone and Ms. Amanda. On Mrs. Holt’s Day, I was able to share words with outgoing Mowglis President, Tomo Nishino, who further reassured me that the Cub Mom role is one of the hardest at Camp Mowglis. Was it hard? Of course. Was it worth every minute? Absolutely! I am beyond grateful I had the opportunity to witness the Cubs fully embody what it means to be unplugged and authentic—accessing the outdoors as their playground, connecting with peers, and developing integrity, empathy, resilience, and leadership. I am confident they will carry forth these values as members of the Pack, at home and in their broader community. *Mowglis Cubs 2023, we salute you!*



2023 YEARLING PROGRAM: TRIOMPHE

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

Every summer, I continue to be surprised by the young men who find their way to our Yearling program. We can all be assured that the 2023 Yearling experience will be one of particular importance for all our Mowglis family going forward, continuing the legacy of this special place in a special way. A few months ago, a group of diverse young men arrived at our camp to start this summer as an adventurous lot of graduated campers. A few weeks later, the same group emerged as focused young staff, continuing the tradition of their Yearling brethren. These young men did their very best to set the bar of excellence for our Junior Staff, and before ultimately returning to their off-season endeavors, they impressed many of the Mowglis leadership.

As we all look back in reflection on this summer, I have the distinct honor of writing this Yearling report. A report that at its best highlights the ups and, at worst, the downs, of our time together this summer. The Yearling program is at its core a leadership program, one that can be seen as a culminating experience at our beloved camp. These Princes of Mowglis, many Den graduates and/or former campers with a seniority that will benefit all of our Pack, have by now surely recognized their potential as community members, students, and leaders, through our adventure-based leadership program.

These young men—scholars, athletes, artists, but Mowglis men all—spent weeks transforming from campers to counselors. They learned to put the welfare of their campers above all, to plan their trips ahead, and to ensure that all responsibilities were covered by a caring staff member. These Yearlings ascended the highest peak of Maine, forded rivers, and learned to survey their surroundings, strengths, and limitations to the betterment of the group. An astonishing 30+ miles through Baxter State Park will ask a lot of any young person, it will ask a lot of an adult. I had not previously encountered a group with such specific dietary considerations, but I had also not seen a group so sound that the whole group's well-being was of paramount importance. Enormously up to the task, they consistently looked out for each other, made

decisions that had real-world implications, and excelled when even I was unsure of the outcome. Perhaps it was our Yearling duties that harkened our sense of Triumph—Triomphe, or more commonly called by other names in these United States, a simple card game, consistently reminded us of our brotherly obligations, to trust each other, about the reward in calculated risk, and the eventual sink or swim of our teamwork.

This group conquered mighty Mt. Katahdin, via a truly gnarly route known as the Cathedral Trail. They learned invaluable lessons about planning and rationing, the importance of providing for their campers first, and about making group decisions on their trips to Cliff Island and

Zoar. They demonstrated a persistent commitment to service by improving pathways that campers will traverse for years to come, by creating literal and figurative bridges with the local community that knows the Mowglis name. While we experienced struggles—trip execution, policing our own space, and frankly recognizing that an impressive intellect can outweigh pragmatic judgment—I must confess that as this group boldly declared they were “halfway

there” to the whole camp, and insisted on demonstrating the proper way to change out a Mowglis trash can, JS Coordinator Mr. Mida and I couldn't help but swell with pride in just how much they had grown.

Though these Yearlings were at times living on a prayer, they showed that they had no quit in them. And, if that is ever in any doubt, please walk the path from Gray Brothers to the lower mines, involve a past Yearling in your trip planning or execution, or if you are truly up for a challenge ask any pair of this year's Yearlings to a game of Euchre (which likely derived from Triomphe). In any of these, you are likely to find a group dedicated to the principles of brotherhood, integrity, and service. I look forward to working with these colleagues in the future. And to any considering a summer spent in this program, I encourage you to reach out to any of these past graduates, and let's find out which new paths and traditions we can create!

Good Hunting!



2023 JUNIOR STAFF REPORT

by James Mida, JS Leader

We started off the summer with just two members of the Junior staff: Mr. Jack Dros and Mr. Colin Soukup. Both of these young men, having experienced last year as Yearlings and JS, knew what to expect coming into this summer. Mr. Dros started the summer with dedication and resilience, not complaining about any job he was assigned. Mr. Soukup led the charge with much of the summer programming, including the eloquently run talent shows.

After week four, this year's Yearlings became JS, following the precedent set by last year's JS, and they fully lived up to the standards set in the past. From building the bonfire to leading trips and hikes, to helping campers and staff with everyday mundane tasks, there was no asking for the JS to do any better, as they easily met the ideology of striving to exceed expectations.

Because of this level of excellence, multiple senior staff members, led by Ms. Pi Salo—a dedicated Mowglis,

graduate of Yearlings, JS, and Mowglis—suggested some kind of award for the dedicated young men. The creation of the Colin's Cup was dedicated to its first recipient, Colin Soukup. This award took inspiration from the Good Sport Award from the early history of Camp Mowglis.

"So, in honor of his dedication, we created the Colin's Cup, which is an award given to a Junior Staff member who always showcases the true Mowglis Spirit in everything they do at Camp. This award may not be presented every year and can't be awarded to the same Junior Staff member twice. Each recipient of this award will have their name engraved on a plaque and put on the Cup for all to see."

We look forward to seeing how many more may be inspired by the trail-blazing Junior Staff of 2023!

Keep on keeping on, boys!



2023 TRIP REPORT

By Julien Nunes ('06), Trip Master



Gopher Squad



Washington Squad

The summer started out nice and easy with two “regular” Mowglis Days before we sent our first trips out. I say “regular,” as the first week and a half of camp was pretty damp, the sky was dark, and the sun barely showed itself. As a result, we sent our first three dorms out on the traditional rainy Mowglis trip.

That Wednesday, two groups of Denites left for our Bonds trip in the Pemigewasset Wilderness, Akela left for Belle Island, and the Yearlings headed out to Cliff Island. After passing Franconia Falls and continuing on the Wilderness Trail to the Bondcliff Trail, the northbound group of Denites neared the summit of Bondcliff and the skies let loose with rain, thunder, and lightning, so the they had to turn around to be picked up due to weather conditions, after hiking more than 14 miles that day. Though they were exhausted and hungry, they never felt defeated and they recognized the importance of this experience, learning to persevere through challenges and making tough decisions. The group headed out with the Pack on Trip Day the very next day. The second group beat the storms to the tent site that day, allowing them to finish the trip without incident. As for Akela, Mr. Greenwell, Ms. Boone, and Mr. Nunes rode with the storms to Cliff Island and helped the campers and staff set up their tents and avoided having their equipment get soaked.

On the second week, due to the 4th of July, half the camp left on Wednesday for their respective trips. Toomai base camped at Mt Cardigan. Baloo followed the Yearlings’ lead to Cliff Island. Toomai decided to challenge themselves by hiking the Holt Trail and going down the Manning Trail, arriving back at the campsite in the dark. Baloo set out for Belle Island in the Grumman canoes. Even though some of those campers had already been there, it was a great time for new campers to bond with the rest of the dorm without any “distractions” from Industries.

Panther, in three separate groups, explored the opposite side of the Pemigewasset Wilderness on the popular trail of Franconia Ridge as well as the middle part of the Pemigewasset Wilderness at Thirteen Falls and hiked up Owl’s Head. The two groups hiking the Ridge met up on top of Mt. Lafayette and had to hike down to the Greenleaf Hut to replenish water bottles, as it was in the high 80s, and they were only halfway through an eight-mile day. The last group also went out to look for some water, but instead of drinking it, they refreshed themselves with some cliff jumping (tested and approved by staff). Once all of the hikes were back, they all enjoyed the delayed fireworks for the 4th of July, some seeing Onaway sisters and cousins for the first time since camp started, some enjoying the company of other dorms and friends.

On week three, the biggest week for trips began: six out of seven days that week, trips were either going out or coming back to camp, leaving Sunday as the only day with a full Camp. Den left on Monday morning for a three-hour drive to the traditional Connecticut Lakes trip, way north in New Hampshire. The goal is to see wildlife, such as moose. To achieve it, they wake up before the sun rises and set out to the different Connecticut Lakes. The dorm also took the chance to practice some canoeing skills under the direction of Mr. Conklin to earn their Canoe Safety, which is one of the requirements for Graduation. In three groups, leaving Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday and coming back three days later, Akela hiked Kinsman Ridge. During that hike, campers and staff summited three 4,000-footers: South Kinsman at 4,331 ft, North Kinsman at 4,265 ft, and Cannon Mtn. at 4,082 ft. Meanwhile, the Cubs left for their first base camp trip to Mt. Cardigan under the supervision of Cub Mom Cat and the help of Mr. Schmetzer and Ms. Amanda, taking

seven hours to reach the summit. The boys were all in good spirits and were fascinated by the work being done to take down and rebuild the fire tower.

Week Four was the second biggest trip week of the summer, with Toomai leaving for Cliff Island and Panther testing their resilience on the Mahoosucs. Panther did a traverse of the Mahoosuc Ecological Reserve across the border into Maine. This included four summits, a beautiful ridge walk across some bogs (everyone got muddy, some up to their waist), the hardest mile on the Appalachian Trail followed by one of its steepest with the Mahoosuc Arm (about 1,700 ft elevation gain over 1.5 miles).

Week Five was the last week for overnight trips, which included trips to Waterville Valley for Baloo, a little paddling over to Cliff Island for the Cubs, and the long-awaited Washington and Gopher Squads. All those trips had some weather challenges, with some of the biggest downpours of the summer. One of the Baloo tents got flooded and some kids slept in the comfort of the van. Even so, as they were about to be picked up and pancakes were being made, their spirits never failed to shine and their enthusiasm was through the roof. As for the Squads, Gopher started with a downpour and big winds and

conquering three of the Presidential summits—Mt. Eisenhower, Mt. Franklin, and Mt. Monroe—before settling down in the highest hut of the White Mountains, Lakes of the Clouds Hut (5,032 ft). Mt. Washington Squad headed out in the rain which let up upon arrival at the trailhead, clearing for the rest of their hike. They hiked through nine mountains, all of them near or above 4,000 feet, including Mt. Washington.

As for the day trips on Thursdays, the campers explored traditional mountains such as Mt. Cardigan, Bear Mtn., the Sugarloafs, and Plymouth Mtn., as well as more distant ones like Mt. Lafayette and Mt. Crawford. We also explored new trails on the Kancamagus Highway, such as Hedgehog Mtn., Mt. Hancock, and East Osceola, now accessible due to an increase

in vehicles that Camp Mowgli's owns—many thanks for those three new vans!

All in all, the summer was incredibly busy with hiking, whether the weather was foul or fair, climbing either low or high summits. The campers and staff persevered through all of those challenges, growing and learning about themselves, and understanding the environment and the necessities that it brings to us.



SWINGING TOGETHER: CREW WEEK 2023

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

2023 was another incredible season for the Crew program at Mowglis, and although Crew Weekend may not have culminated in as epic a fashion as 2022's literal thunder and lightning, the racing was certainly no less exciting.

Returning for our second season as the Crew coaches, we felt confident coming into both the Industry and Crew Week that we would be able to apply the lessons we learned over the course of the '22 season to present an even more exciting week for the boys.

After four fast, intense weeks of rigging and de-rigging boats, teaching in the singles, and practice in the new 4's, it was time for us to put away the shells and start trying campers out for the Red and Blue line-ups. This year, we made a point of having every single camper in the Pack try out at least once, so we saw a lot of talented rowers.

As the Honor Squads rolled back into camp, fresh off their trek across the Presidentials, the camp was buzzing with excitement over boat announcements. A slow Saturday rolled into the Sunday of the announcements, and as Crew Leaders were announced at the campfire circle to an eruption of cheers, we were confident that the boys were just as excited as we were for the week ahead.

As we've come to expect as the Crew coaches, deciding who will make the illustrious Racing Crew was made very difficult by the large pool of capable and strong Denites and Pantherites. Red Crew

found itself without any veteran coxswains, and the top rowers on the Blue Crew were so neck and neck that the actual line-up wasn't complete until 20 minutes before we announced them.

The week got off to a start typical for the season, and time began melting away as it always does. Red Crew was without its powerhouse for the first two practices, and Blue was having trouble figuring out who needed to be sitting where. While the intermittent rain and windy conditions threatened to slow down the practice schedule, the boys managed to hold it together as they went out onto the water for their first official practices. As always, we owe an enormous thanks to the staff who helped to keep the boys excited and competitive off the water, as crew-vs-crew activities and crafts for the parade began to ramp up, and camp slowly began to dress up in the week's signature colors. Monday night's mini pep rally was a great way to end a first day of practice and give the boys a chance to warm up for the coming bonfire.

As the boys started to get more comfortable in their boats and practices started to run a little smoother, Tuesday and Wednesday were full of



Liam and Patrick Jenkins

RED
CREW



BLUE
CREW



improvement, hard work, and excitement for the races. Posters were made in Headquarters, cheers practiced, skits ran in the dining hall, and spirits continued to rise towards Saturday's peak. Although we avoided the stormy weather that plagued much of the season, strong winds and heat meant that although the boys stayed dry, being on the water was no less arduous than being pinned in their dorms or under cover. At the midpoint of the week, the boys were beginning to feel ready for the races—but Thursday brought Trip Day, and with it, a break from rowing for most of camp.

As dorms went out on their day trips, the Racing Crews came down from breakfast, ready for their longest day of practice yet. While the boys were begging to run their time trials first thing as we began our traverse across Newfound Lake toward Wellington Beach, we asked them to slow down and run some classic Racing Crew drills as our steadfast Ms. Pi Salo captured footage of the indomitable Crew Leaders and their respective boats. Both boats had found their swing.

The boys enjoyed a long day on the beach (catered by our very own Chef Hardy) and, with the help of some family-sized bags of Doritos, learned that although they were still in the depths of a week designed for them to

compete, they could work as a bigger group. Time trials were a perfect way for the boys to end the day—and for Ms. Pi to get plenty of footage—both boats confidently dashing through their trials with vicious speed and shocking strength. This gave them a taste of what to look forward to come Saturday.

Friday was, for the most part, another uninterrupted day of practice and preparation for Saturday and that night. The morning ran smoothly as boys went out onto the water for the last time before racing, and skits at lunch provided a perfect precursor to the night's events. The afternoon's practices followed much the same—until disaster struck, as an enormous storm rolled over the lake as our final boats were on their way into the dock. It was as though the tension of 100 years of tradition, of victory and defeat, of the competitive spirit of Mowglis manifested itself in a violent lightning storm. The boys sprinted to Baloo Cove, and we all took shelter for the next few hours as New Hampshire showed us exactly how brutal the weather in the mountains could be.

We immediately began to wonder how we would be able to run the bonfire and finish their practices, and as lightning continued to pound the lake through the rest of the afternoon and into dinner, we had no idea

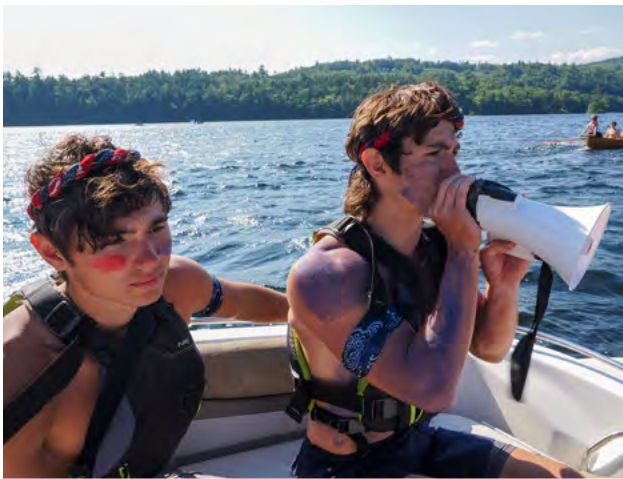


how we would be able to run the pep rally in just a few hours time.

The bonfire was held despite fears the thunder might return. The captains lit the fire using the rather unorthodox method of improvised flamethrowers as dusk gave way to the night sky. The result was an incredibly dramatic scene of the massive plumes of smoke billowing up into the stormy gray skies. War-like chants and barbaric shouts echoed across Newfound until finally, the campers found their way to bed. A little bad weather had done nothing to dampen the boys' spirits.

Saturday morning came and brought with it more Crew

Week traditions and perfectly clear skies. Duties saw camp getting properly dressed up for visitors to arrive, and by lunch, the boys were almost impossible to contain. As Relax dragged by, anticipation grew to a peak—and then continued to rise as the parade began to roll through camp. The afternoon at the waterfront was full of excitement, and absolutely electric racing from the boys. The Third and Second Forms were decisively Blue wins, and for a moment, things looked right for a Blue sweep. Their hopes were dashed by the victorious Red First Form who convincingly defeated Blue with a powerful sprint. Following a bit of a raucous Cub Race, the Racing Crews finally were lined up at the start. Palpable anticipation



hung in the air, and at the start of the race, both boats exploded off the line.

In our many years of coxing, rowing, and coaching, we have never seen a boat take strokes quicker than the Blue Racing Crew did off the start line. The Red boat, on the other hand, soared through the water like a missile with each much slower, but massively more powerful stroke. It was impossible to tell who really had the edge.

Blue's stroke rate was unbelievably high, and the Red boat pulled with so much force we almost feared for the boat's integrity. After about a minute of all-out, intense neck-and-neck rowing, the Red boat began to edge ahead. Blue remained focused and continued to pull together. As they approached the finish line, Red stumbled and their oars clumsily banged into one another, and for a moment a look of fear and desperation came over the Red boat. The Blue boat furiously increased the pace and began to shorten Red's lead.

As they approached their final sprint, Red recalibrated and found its swing once again. They seemed to be pulling even harder to make up for their missed strokes. In the end, the Red boat finished about a boat length or two in front of Blue. It was an RVD. As the Red oar was once again hoisted up the flagpole, the Boating Song began,

bandanas came off, and once again camp became whole.

Bloodlines of wins generations ago were restored, losses of past years were avenged, hearts were broken, and dreams were fulfilled. We were all suspended in a mix of sorrowful defeat and triumphant victory, and a newfound maturity was bestowed on each racer. Red was humble in their victory and Blue was graceful in their defeat. Both boats rowed with focus and determination for the entirety of the race. There had hardly been a single missed stroke. Both boats had won respect and admiration.

The boys who rowed showed incredible courage, and willpower, and together, the 14 members of the Red and Blue Racing Crews delivered us a fantastically thrilling and competitive Crew Week. It was a privilege and an honor to call ourselves their coaches, and we look forward to watching the Denites take their newfound maturity with them as they travel their pathways beyond camp. We excitedly await the returning Pantherites, as we expect they will be eager to etch their names onto the golden wall in Gray Brothers as so many Mowglis have before them.

Good hunting Red and Blue! We await your arrival in 2024 for another incredible race.

Crew Week 2023, we salute you.





CHAPEL TALK: 2023 CANDLELIGHT SERVICE

By Tomoharu Nishino ('84)

It's hard to believe but another Mowglis summer is almost over. Tomorrow we'll gather in the Lower Ball Field one last time for Mrs. Holt's Day to celebrate all that you have accomplished this summer. Before we celebrate, it's fitting that one of the last things we do as a Pack is to come to this Chapel-in-the-Woods for the Candlelight Service, to reflect on the summer about to end.

Some of you are graduating tomorrow as the Den of 2023. For those in the Pack, many of you will return in 10 months' time, but for some of you, this will be your final season here. Whatever the case may be, I hope you will all take the Mowglis Spirit home with you.

What is the Mowglis Spirit?

A few years ago, the Trustees wrestled with this surprisingly difficult question. There are so many important things we do at Mowglis that it was difficult for us to choose just a few. We decided that there were four things we really wanted each and every one of you to take into the world beyond Mowglis: Integrity, Resilience, Empathy, and Leadership.

First, act with integrity. Integrity is a word you don't often hear in the world outside of Mowglis. Here, you're reminded of it every day. Mr. Robbins often says there are only two rules at Mowglis—the first is: to always act with integrity. At Mowglis, doing the right thing and being honest with yourself and those around you is almost second nature. Remember that. What is integrity? We often say that integrity is doing the right thing when no one's looking. So, will you step up and live with integrity at home, even if no one from Mowglis is watching you? I know that's hard, and sometimes we will slip up and make mistakes. But I hope in those moments when you are faced with difficult choices—and sooner or later we are all faced with difficult

choices—you will remember what you learned here, and choose to act with integrity.

Second, be resilient—have what Colonel Elwell used to call “the can-do and see-it-through spirit.” At Camp, we ask you to do all sorts of remarkable and challenging things. Very few places will send a group of 7–14-year-olds out into the White Mountains every week or expect 13- and 14-year-olds to conquer the Presidentials. Few places will expect boys to learn how to row in a crew boat, swing an axe, shoot a rifle with precision, or teach a boy all he needs to know to sail on the lake by himself. At Mowglis, we do all this and more. The Mowglis experience

is truly extraordinary, but it's easy to forget how special it is because that is just what happens at Camp every day. The magic of Mowglis is that it takes something extraordinary and makes it ordinary.

One thing you don't realize, though, is along the way you were building resilience. You were developing the willingness to try new things and stick with them. Many of the things we ask you to do at Camp you've never tried before. Some things turn out to be pretty challenging. Yet you inch toward mastery over many summers. You meet requirements until you earn a Ribbon; you earn Ribbons until you make Inner Circle.

Some of you will keep going and earn your Wolf's Paw or Kaa award. For each of you, Graduation means you've satisfied an extensive list of requirements. In crew, you start at Third Form and work your way up to Racing Crew. On the trail, you learn to push on, rain or shine, past false summits. Throughout, you were building resilience—the ability to keep going, to never give up. I saw three great examples over this past week. Last



Saturday on Crew Day, by the time the boats were past Kaa, the Blue Racing Crew knew the race was lost. But they kept rowing with every ounce of strength they had left. Last Wednesday on the top of Cardigan, I saw the Cubs scale the mountain, some for the first time. The wind was blowing hard, the rocks were wet and slippery, and some were scared. But they just kept coming. And I've watched as many of you scrambled to make the most of this last week to satisfy requirements, earn Ribbons, and put the finishing touches on your summer experience. Tonight at dinner, the very last night, many of you capped off your summer with one more achievement, one more Ribbon. By now, you've learned that if you have resilience—the courage to try something new, the stick-to-it-ness to do it every day, and the grit to see it through to the end—you can pretty much do anything. You know this because you've already proven it to yourselves here at Mowglis. Each of you has the power to make the extraordinary ordinary if only you have the will to keep going.

Third, live with empathy for others, because nothing matters more than the people and the community around us. Many years ago, Mr. Gulitti asked me what I remembered most from my time at Mowglis. I didn't have a good answer for him. The problem was, he was asking the wrong question! If instead he had asked who I remember from camp, I could have given a long and

passionate answer. There's an old photograph hanging on the dining room wall, near the entrance to the Jungle House. It's a picture of the 1984 Den. My Den. Nearly 40 years later, I can tell you all their names—Andrew Kapala, Chris Thompson, Chris Whiton, Tom Hazzard, Sam Prud'home, Oscar Montiel, Jose Laya, Serge Pepper, Pete Natalie, Damon Guarino, Matt Byrd, Mark Raymond—and the stuff we got into. I have really fond memories of the staff back then, too, and if I had the time, I would share with you many a Mowglis story. What makes this place so special are the people. The bonds you form here are truly lifelong. At camp, you live together as part of a Pack. You triumph together as a Pack. You're able to explore far and accomplish many things because you have your brothers

behind you. You help and support each other. You encourage each other on the trail and through grueling crew practices. You cheer each other as you satisfy a requirement or earn a Ribbon. You learn the meaning of good sportsmanship and friendly competition through tetherball and Gaga, Sports Days, and Crew. Mowglis is a strong place because we live as a Pack—because we “be of one blood, brothers all!” And what makes

the Pack work is the respect and kindness with which we treat one another. What is Mr. Robbins' second rule? The Golden Rule—treat everyone the way you would like to be treated. Outside of Mowglis, sometimes people are mean just for the sake of being mean. Never forget that





how we treat others—the Pack we create—is the only thing that really matters. *The strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the pack!*

Finally, show leadership. Leadership is something that you exercise every day. It's about living with integrity. Always. A moment ago, we said that integrity is about doing the right thing when nobody's watching. That's really important. But sometimes quietly doing the right thing isn't enough. We live in a world where many people concern themselves with being popular. People often brag about how many followers they have on Instagram, how many "likes" they get, or the reactions they receive on Snapchat. Sometimes the hardest thing to do is to do the right thing when everyone is watching. All of us will at one point be asked to choose between publicly doing the right thing and doing the popular thing (or maybe hiding and not doing anything at all). The willingness to openly do the right thing, even if it is unpopular, is leadership. Mr. Bengtson was telling me a story earlier today about Mr. Allyn Brown, a Tripmaster from the days when Colonel Elwell ran the camp. (For those of you who remember the Mowglis Movie, he was the guy with the huge 200-pound pack). One day, Mr. Brown learned that the other counselors were planning to have a food fight in the Jungle House. He wanted none of it and quietly left the meeting. He did the "right" thing, right? Well, the Colonel woke him up at three in the morning and demanded to know why he hadn't done anything. Mr. Brown was

confused. After all, he hadn't participated, he hadn't done anything "wrong." But that wasn't enough. The Colonel was upset because Mr. Brown was in a position to stop something wrong from happening, and he didn't. The Colonel was disappointed he didn't show leadership. Mr. Robbins reminds us of this, too: "If not you, then who?" Don't wait for others to step in to lead, take it on yourself. Don't be afraid to show your Mowglis Spirit.

Tomorrow is Mrs. Holt's Day. One final celebration of all that you have accomplished both individually and together. It's also a celebration of this unique place and community that you're part of. A place with long and deep traditions, a place with unique bonds of brotherhood, a place where character and integrity matter. In short, a place with true Mowglis Spirit. I hope you'll take this spirit home with you. It should be a part of you now. It doesn't matter if anyone else knows. Act like you're still at Mowglis. Live with integrity, resilience, empathy, and leadership. Mrs. Holt, the remarkable woman who founded this camp 120 years ago, also wrote about the Mowglis Spirit. She said: "To be good-natured after a week of rainy days, to keep a stiff upper lip when the other fellow beats you out for the prize you are working for, to be cheerful over the ups and downs of Camp life. That is 'Mowglis Spirit' The whole secret of it is this: Think of the other fellow. **Take this thought with you and live it out in your own home.**"

2023 GREY BROTHER AWARD RECIPIENT: HIRO NISHINO

By Jay Gulitti ('06), Assistant Director



At Mowglis, there are many ways in which we recognize a camper's accomplishments. Riflery medals for prowess down at the range, access to new swim areas as they advance down at the waterfront, and of course, the goal of most campers, ribbons for mastery of a particular Industry. Distinct from individual awards, some accomplishments result in earning a role, or a title, such as Captain of the Red or the Blue Crew, reserved for only one member of each crew per year. The Grey Brother is one such title—a role that comes with both a celebration of achievement and a responsibility to other members of the Pack. Awarded to the camper with the highest ribbon count amongst their peers, the Grey Brother is responsible for inducting new members of the Inner Circle—those boys who have earned four Ribbons—passing the torch by symbolically lighting their individual campfires.

The Grey Brother of Summer 2023 is a Mowgli with many years of experience under his belt, going all the

way from Cubs to the Den, all the while mastering skills and picking up achievements all around camp. Already recognized in this publication as a recipient of the elusive Wolf's Paw award, it should come as no surprise that this graduate found himself as a leader of the Pack, both in the number of ribbons—eleven in all, black and white (photography), black (crafts), silver (rowboating), purple (nature), red (canoeing), gold (woodworking), brown (hiking), blue (weather), orange (axemanship), green (camping), maroon (rowing)—but also in his ability to inspire others to reach for their goals as well. With a fitting tribute to a wonderful Mowglis career, Hiro Nishino joins the ranks of Mowglis leaders as the 2023 Grey Brother.



2023 KAA AWARD RECIPIENT: DIEGO SAENZ

By Jay Gulitti ('06), Assistant Director



Sometimes, you just can't get away from the lake. While there is no shortage of exciting Industries and activities throughout camp, perhaps there is no spot at Mowgli's more iconic than in and on our beloved Newfound Lake. As such, it's a big draw for boys and staff alike. While many campers spend their days spread between all corners of the campus, others are content to swim the pristine waters or pilot a vessel across the surface, day after day, summer after summer. Diego Saenz is an example of one such Mowgli that embodies the latter. From day one, Diego has gravitated toward the lake. While pandemic restrictions kept him away from Newfound for a few years, he wasted no time when he returned as a Pantherite in 2022.

The recipient of the Kaa Award is required to demonstrate mastery by earning every waterfront ribbon available: Maroon for crew, red for canoeing, white for swimming, silver for rowboating, and the golden anchor for sailing. In addition to learning all of the waterfront skills, campers reaching for Kaa must dedicate time and energy into the permanent

improvement of the waterfront itself. Working closely with freshman watermaster Rodrigo De Velasco, with whom he developed a solid friendship over the years, Diego set to the task with all manner of tools and good old-fashioned Mowgli's grit. The result was a clean and maintained shoreline so that future Mowgli may enjoy it for years to come. Receiving the Kaa Award along with his Graduate's Medal on Mrs. Holt's Day, Diego proved that it doesn't matter if life prevents a return to Mowgli's every year. What matters is making the best of the time you do have—and if you set your mind to it, you can make a lasting impression on our whole community. Thank you for all your hard work, and for sharing your love of Newfound Lake with the rest of Mowgli's. Congratulations, Diego!



2023 WOLF'S PAW RECIPIENTS: ISAAC SPRUNG & HIRO NISHINO

By Foster Conklin ('12)

On Mrs. Holt's Day, Camp Mowglis recognized Isaac Sprung and Hiro Nishino for their perseverance and determination in achieving the Wolf's Paw Award. Earned by campers who demonstrate general camping excellence, the list of requirements takes multiple summers of intentional planning and execution to complete. To qualify, campers must earn six ribbons—blue for weather, purple for nature, red for canoeing, orange for axemanship, green for camping, and brown for hiking—and demonstrate mastery in all trip-related fields.

In addition to earning said ribbons, Wolf's Paw candidates must also lead a trip with younger campers, fulfilling the duties of a staff trip leader; learn to clean, maintain, and repair our camping equipment, demonstrating a deep understanding of our trip program; complete a solo night hike, reflecting their ability to keep their heads about them during stressful situations; and teach many of these skills to a younger camper, confirming their level of expertise and knowledge. Earning the Wolf's Paw distinguishes a camper from his peers, and is a source of pride that recipients carry for years to come.

In my many summers as a member of the staff, I've never observed more motivated students. Hiro and Isaac arrived at Mowglis and immediately began organizing their summer to ensure they had time to meet their lofty goals. Camp Mowglis doesn't offer the Wolf's Paw (or hiking or weather) as an Industry, so the motivated pair sought me out during moments of shared free time to work on their requirements. Rest periods that found other campers playing with friends or dozing in dorms had the three of us rigging tarps, bomb-proofing tents, repairing camp stoves, orienteering around camp, and learning advanced knots. Hiro and Isaac earned their Wolf's Paws through hard work, confidence in the face of uncertainty, and excellent time management skills.

The final days as a Mowglis camper hit with an intensity unfamiliar to most young teenagers. As Mrs. Holt's Day approaches, the precious moments with friends grow more poignant and the scramble to complete final requirements becomes all the more hectic. In the case of Hiro and Isaac, only a few requirements separated them from their Wolf's Paw, the most daunting being the solo night hike. The three of us agreed that there would be no better way to conclude their triumphant summer than tackling the nighttime hike after Graduate's Dinner. With approval from Headquarters, Hiro, Isaac, and I, still sporting our Graduate's Dinner suits, carried daypacks stuffed with hiking clothes up to the Jungle House. Isaac and Hiro received their toasts while enjoying dinner, then the three of us ditched our suits in the Lodge (Thanks, Nurse Kathy!) before piling into the minivan to traverse Mayhew Turnpike, toward Plymouth Mountain. Though only a mile and a half from camp, our muscles tensed as the road to the trailhead grew narrow and muddy and the sky opened above us. Thoughts of turning back flashed through my mind, as we were drenched within seconds of exiting the van. The newly-minted graduates in my care showed no such hesitation, and Hiro valiantly charged up the trail with Isaac right on his heels. I followed at a distance that kept the glow of Isaac's headlamp in sight, but far enough to allow them the experience of questing up Plymouth Mountain in the pitch-black pouring rain by themselves. My radio was sounding with echoes of "Mr. Conklin, I'm scared," "Mr. Conklin, I'm soaking wet," and "There's a trail sign! We're getting there!" We summited at 10:25 p.m., snapped some triumphant pictures, and booked it back to the warm, dry van as fast as our boot-clad feet could get us there. We hooted and hollered in celebration all the way back to Den. I don't think I have ever slept better on a Mowglis cot than I did that night.

Voluntarily undergoing hardship in the outdoors strengthens our mind-body connection, allowing us to define our own mental and physical boundaries. Because of the adversity I choose to face in the natural world, I walk with confidence that I can respond to life's challenges that may arise. Camp Mowglis introduced this skill to me at a young age, as it has done with thousands of boys in their formative years. Not only do Hiro and Isaac understand the value in this, but they demonstrate the Mowglis Spirit as well as any member of our community could hope to. I, along with the rest of the trip staff and the greater Mowglis family, was overjoyed as they accepted their well-earned Wolf's Paw awards, and sincerely hope they return to Mowglis to share their talents in future summers.



Isaac Sprung



Hiro Nishino

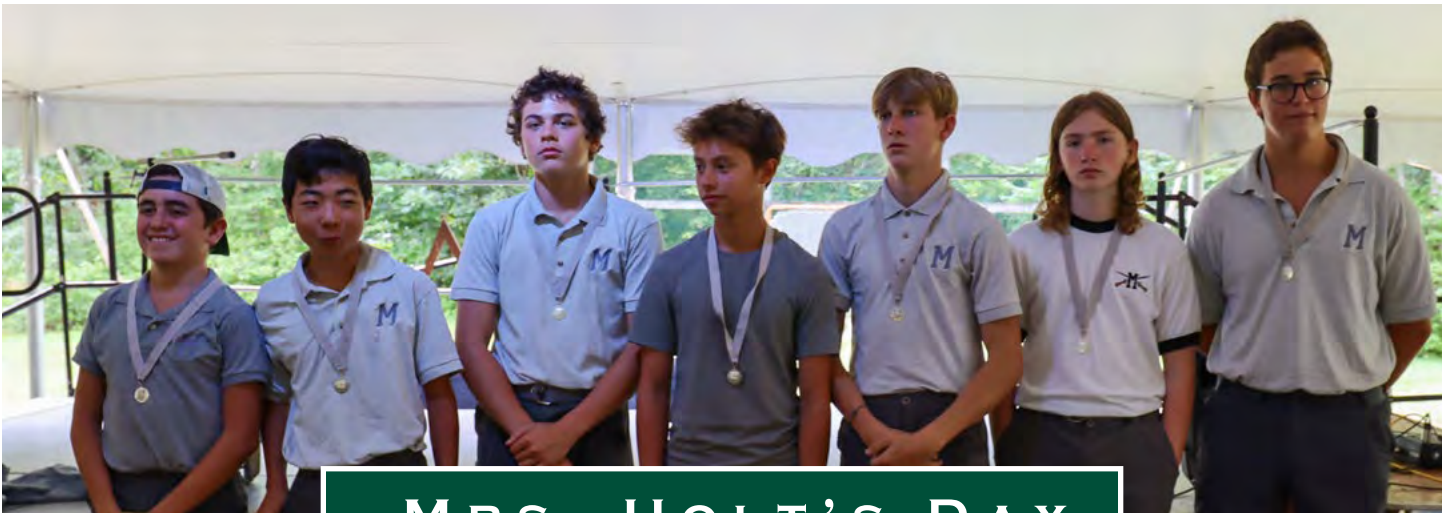


GRADUATES' DINNER





INNER CIRCLE



MRS. HOLT'S DAY



STAFF PROFILE

Noakai Aronesty ('19)

1. Where you grew up:

My early years were spent in Durham, North Carolina, a small college town and home of Duke University. When I was ten, my family moved to New York City, which was a lot busier! I loved growing up in both places, but I blame the fact that I still don't have a driver's license on my time in NYC!

2. What you do now (what do you study, what field you are looking for a job in OR what area are you working in, life goals):

I'm attending the University of California, Irvine, studying Computer Science. I'm exploring different career paths, but leaning towards specializing in artificial intelligence because I'm pretty sure I need to understand that stuff if I want to have a job in the future! The only real jobs I've had so far have been at Mowglis, including the great opportunity to put something computery on my resume in the form of the Mowglis website. I created a scheduling interface this summer along with Mr. Nguyen that worked really well.

3. Number of summers at Mowglis, what brought you to Mowglis, and what you have done during previous summers:

I just completed my fifth summer at Mowglis. For the first three years I was a camper (Akela-Den), and for the last two, I was a staff member. I was initially drawn to Mowglis because I wanted to attend a sleep-away camp, and my dad, Erik Aronesty ('84), is a former camper and enjoyed it. I kept coming back because I've had a lot of fun!

4. What you taught at Mowglis:

As a camper, I did as much archery as I could, and as a staff member, I still mainly did archery! I taught archery for most of my time as a counselor but also helped out with fencing on occasion. The archery industry is a fun juxtaposition of chill and challenge and I love teaching (and occasionally showing off to the kids!).

5. Which Dorms or group did you work with:

This past year I was with Den for the first two weeks. I was with the same group in Panther for most of 2022, so it was great to be with them again and see how much they'd grown. Much to my (initial) dismay, I was taken away and dropped into Toomai for the third week. Despite the fact that each camper had more energy than all of Den, it was a very fun experience meeting the Toomaiites and I felt really close to many of them after just a few days. Needless to say, I didn't want to leave this dorm either, but I was bounced to Baloo the following week. The Balooites were unusual. Unusual in that they weren't weird. Eleven-year-olds are usually a bit crazy, but this group was surprisingly chill and I got along with them very well during my final two weeks at camp (I had to leave early this summer). Looking back, it was good for me to move among the dorms. Though I never wanted to leave the dorm I was in, I see that as a positive, indicating that I bonded with the kids in each dorm I was a part of.

6. Favorite memory from last summer:

My favorite memory from last summer was right before my departure. The staff members I told were sad, and the Balooites were in denial. When the time came, they tried to physically block me from leaving! This may seem like a strange memory to cherish, but it made me realize how strong the connections were that I had made, and how much the people I cared for cared for me as well.

7. What was the biggest challenge you faced (and overcame) as a staff member, OR what was your biggest success story from last summer:

I think my greatest success is that I was able to overcome my biggest challenge from the summer of 2022. Last summer was my first year as a staff



member and a difficult one. No singular thing was particularly hard, but all my new responsibilities built up and ended up draining my energy. By the halfway point, I had already felt as if I couldn't go on, and by the end of camp, I didn't know if I wanted to come back. This summer was entirely different. I was much more used to my workload and knew which responsibilities I had to balance at which times. My sleep schedule improved and I had much more energy to teach and shoot archery. By the time I had to leave this summer, my battery was hardly drained, and I felt like I could've kept at it for another five weeks!

8. What is your favorite thing about Mowglis:

My favorite thing about Mowglis is, and always has been, the hikes. When I came here as an unsuspecting 12-year-old, I had no clue that I would be forced into what were possibly the most physically punishing endeavors of my life. Despite this, I like a good challenge, and getting through these difficult treks leaves me with a profound sense of accomplishment. This ability to push myself to the limit and beyond is something that I learned at Mowglis and it has proven invaluable throughout my life. Also, the views are pretty great.

9. What is your favorite Mowglis day? Hiking day? Regular Mowglis Day? Special Event Day?

My favorite day is the same as when I was a camper—Sunday. Chilling in a club is always fun whether staff member or camper. My appreciation for Chapel (and the peace and quiet that comes with it) has certainly grown as I've gotten older, and picnic supper is still a highlight of every week!

10. What is your favorite Mowglis song?

Men of Mowglis. Without question, it's the best song at Mowglis. Great melody, a great tune, and it sounds grand with all the deep voices singing it.

11. What do you think makes Mowglis so special?

It's the challenges; the difficulty. Nothing that comes easy is truly rewarding, and nothing at Mowglis is easy. The hikes push us to our physical limits. An Industry ribbon isn't something you can get just by participating but is a demonstration of mastery in a certain field. Learning to organize oneself without parents around, and keeping a schedule (not to mention waking up at 7:15 every morning) can be very hard. All of these achievements, however, are incredibly rewarding. Pushing past personal limits, learning to master a skill one step at a time, and just being able to take care of one's life are skills that I, and many others, learned at Mowglis. If these skills have been as useful for others as they've been for me, then I say that it's what most makes Mowglis special: the challenge, the process of overcoming, and the reward.

12. Closing thoughts...

Mowglis is a place where men come out stronger, no matter who you are or what role you play. It's played a huge role in making me who I am today and provided definitive, observable benefits that I'm still reaping. It's a place I recommend for all boys. I hope it can continue to do for others what it has done for me.



STAFF PROFILE

Sabrina Smith

1. Where you grew up:

I grew up in the small town of Mason, New Hampshire.

2. What you do now (what do you study, what field you are looking for a job in OR what area are you working in, life goals):

I am currently a student at the University of New Hampshire. I am majoring in Anthropology and have minors in Forensics, Classics, and Wildlife Biology. In the future, I aim to pursue my PhD in order to work as a professor in my field and be able to continue conducting research in either Forensic Anthropology or Archaeology.

3. Number of summers at Mowglis, what brought you to Mowglis, and what you have done during previous summers:

This past summer was my first time being at Mowglis. Previously, I had worked at a local restaurant in my town where I felt a growing desire to be outside exploring and a heightened sense of purposelessness with each passing shift. I found out about camp from my fencing teammate (and now friend) Counselor Cat, whose enthusiasm and stories about Mowglis led me to instantly apply.

4. What you taught at Mowglis:

I primarily taught Archery, but also assisted with the Fencing and Canoeing/Kayaking Industries.

5. Which Dorms or group did you work with:

I worked with the Cubs all summer.

6. Favorite memory from last summer:

My favorite memory at camp this summer was helping instruct and motivate campers who were close to getting their Golden Arrow Ribbon, and then watching them all achieve it in time for the end of summer.

7. What was the biggest challenge you faced (and overcame) as a staff member, OR what was your biggest success story from last summer:

My biggest challenge was definitely finding my voice and confidence at the beginning of the summer. However, the welcoming environment at camp and the nature of needing to collaborate with other counselors as well as be heard by the campers definitely made this problem obsolete.

8. What is your favorite thing about Mowglis:

At the very beginning of the summer, I noticed how rooted in tradition Mowglis

was, particularly with the way so many generations of families return year after year. It is this and the vast array of traditions camp has that gives it a distinct culture, particularly as an Anthropology student witnessing and becoming part of this was one of my favorite aspects of camp.

9. What is your favorite Mowglis day? Hiking day? Regular Mowglis Day? Special Event Day?

My favorite Mowglis days were always the Trip Days. There is no better feeling than summiting a mountain or spending the day paddling out on Newfound Lake. Furthermore, the nature of trips and being outside of the Regular Mowglis Day also meant that it was primarily up to the counselors to structure the time and ensure the trip was enjoyable for all the campers, and I greatly enjoyed the innovation that was required.

10. What is your favorite Mowglis song?

My favorite Mowglis "songs" would be the Crew chants. The energy around camp at this point is infectious, and the cohesion and pure passion that campers and counselors alike put into shouting them is unmatched.

11. What do you think makes Mowglis so special?

I think part of what makes Mowglis so special is the sense of purpose it gives you. While being at Mowglis, I never questioned why I was there; the only thing to question was how to keep contributing to an amazing summer.

12. Closing thoughts . . .

Ultimately, I am very thankful I ended up at Mowglis this summer and can't imagine having done anything else.



STAFF PROFILE

Marcos Hall

1. Where you grew up:

I was born in the outskirts of Madrid and grew up there until I moved to England for high school and currently university.

2. What you do now (what do you study, what field you are looking for a job in OR what area are you working in, life goals):

Right now, I am studying at the University of Southampton in England, halfway through my bachelor's degree in philosophy. In the next few years, after I graduate from university, I hope to move to the US (preferably Boston), to continue to study and try and get a master's degree.

3. Number of summers at Mowglis, what brought you to Mowglis, and what you have done during previous summers:

The summer of 2023 was my fourth summer, second as a senior staff. My father was the first in my family to attend Mowglis in 1976/77 and then my brother in 2007/08. Graduating from Mowglis became a family tradition and so I graduated in the summer of 2018. Between 2018 and 2022, I moved to England for high school and unfortunately could not attend Mowglis until I graduated and came back as a staff in 2022.

4. What you taught at Mowglis:

As a camper, my favorite Industry was Axemanship. Taught by the legendary Aaron Cosgrove, I achieved my orange ribbon after two summers and so decided that the axe yard was where I belonged in Mowglis. When I made my return as senior staff, I had the privilege to work with Aaron and learn how to teach the way he taught me. In 2023, I had the task of running Axemanship on my own which made this summer the best so far.

5. Which Dorms or group did you work with:

This summer I spent the first week in Akela, the second week with the Cubs, and then moved to the Den for the rest of the summer.

6. Favorite memory from last summer:

Although hard to choose, I would have to say my favorite memory was Woodsmen's Day. I was given the opportunity to help with setting up and running the events and it turned out to be a real action-packed and fun day.

7. What was the biggest challenge you faced (and overcame) as a staff member, OR what was your biggest success story from last summer:

This past summer my best success story would have to be my week as Blue Crew leader. I remember my name being called out and everyone cheering—at that moment I knew that it was going to be a great Crew Week. A special thank you to Foster Conklin, and Liam and Patrick Jenkins for all their hard work and support, whether it was helping me finish posters late at night or leading cheers for the mighty Blue, all together it turned out to be a spectacular Crew Week.

8. What is your favorite thing about Mowglis:

My favorite thing about Mowglis would have to be the waterfront. Although I spend most of my time in the axe yard, my favorite part of the day has always been Soak. I never miss out on a chance to jump into Newfound Lake.

9. What is your favorite Mowglis day? Hiking day? Regular Mowglis Day? Special Event Day?

The Regular Mowglis Day would have to be my favorite. Although trip days and weekends are really fun, the good old classic regular Mowglis Day has always been my go-to. There is nothing like jumping in the lake after a successful day doing your favorite Industries.

10. What is your favorite Mowglis song?

It would definitely be *Show Me the Scotchman*. A close second would have to be *The Den Song*.

11. What do you think makes Mowglis so special?

Many things make Mowglis special in my opinion. One that stands out to me every time I go back is how nothing changes. While there are physical changes and improvements being made every year, the essence of Mowglis always stays the same.

12. Closing thoughts . . .

This past summer was truly special. My second year as a senior staff turned out to be great fun and an unforgettable experience. I hope to return next summer and continue to teach axemanship and make the summer of 2024 even better.



PASSING THE TORCH: A FAMILIAR PRESENCE IN A NEW ROLE

By James Hart ('00)

Over our 120 years, many counselors have left an indelible mark on not only the history of the camp but the lives of the boys there. It is no small task, and as Mr. Bengtson is fond of saying, "Being a counselor at Mowglis is the easiest job you'll ever have ... assuming you aren't particularly invested in it. But if you are, it might be one of the toughest jobs you'll ever have." Those who embody the latter approach often do so with gusto and develop a mystique of sorts. Jay Gulitti ('06) was exactly that counselor for many years, and that passion made him the heir apparent to serve as our new Assistant Director this past summer.

Jay came to Mowglis in 2002 as a Toomaite, known for a potent sense of humor and genuine enthusiasm for all things Mowglis. He graduated in 2006, returning in 2011 as a counselor. I was fortunate to meet Jay in 2014 upon my own return to Mowglis after a decade-long hiatus. We both served as counselors, Jay teaching Crew while I wiled away my days at the Rifle Range. I learned quickly that he was a gifted musician, enthusiastic ultimate frisbee player, unyielding advocate for the boys under his charge, and a skilled purveyor of Mowglis ghost stories.

It was Crew Week that instilled in me a distinct admiration for Mr. Gulitti. He balanced the necessary energy to make the week's event fun with the sportsmanship that holds the whole tradition together. During the bonfire, his arrival parted the crews like the Red Sea. He donned a terrifying mask, stoking the fire of their enthusiasm,

enthraling Cub and counselor alike, the entirety of camp forgetting, if only for a moment, that a world existed beyond the bonfire's light.

As I got to know Jay better over the years, I learned that we shared a rare connection to Mowglis. We each had lost a parent during our years at Mowglis. It is a strange thing, indeed, but one that often has the effect of binding you to Mowglis in ways that are hard to describe. Mowglis becomes a second home, a safe harbor. As I joined the year-round team as Assistant Director, I had the opportunity to watch Jay grow as a leader at Mowglis. He served as Watermaster, and lifeguard instructor, and even managed to reclaim the spider-infested apartment above Kaa, the first to call it home in decades.

Jay believes in Mowglis. He believes in the boys, the staff, the mission, and the traditions. And to any who might doubt it, listen to one of his Chapel Talks, or better yet, one of his Graduate's Toasts, which are some of the best I've ever heard. Thus, as I stepped away at the end of the 2022 summer, there was little doubt about who would take my place in HQ.

It is with great pride, enthusiasm, and Mowglis Spirit that I celebrate Mr. Gulitti's first summer as Assistant Director. I can breathe easy knowing that my good friend Jay is taking on my role as a key member of the leadership team of the institution that has impacted the lives of so many.

Mowglis cheer for Mr. Gulitti on three!



THE 2023 HEMF FELLOWSHIP: A SUMMER OF NEW CHALLENGES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

By Jay Gulitti ('06), Assistant Director and Fellowship Coordinator

While our 2023 HEMF Fellows came from all over the world and have had very different Mowglis experiences over the years, they had one thing in common—the willingness to try new things and face new challenges. With that perspective in mind, each member of the group spent this summer in a new role in some capacity or another, assuming roles with new responsibilities and more people relying on them as the summer went on. Starting the summer as a team during Staff Orientation, the fellows worked together to write up training modules focused on subjects like self care at camp, teaching what you love, resolving staff conflicts, and understanding identity. They lead games and activities right out of the gate, setting themselves up as resources for the rest of the staff, a position in which they would find themselves time and time again throughout the season.

Kicking things off, **Rodrigo De Velasco** returned to Mowglis after several seasons in various roles—starting as a dorm staff, then Lead Dorm Counselor, and eventually Head Counselor, all the while teaching Sailing. This summer he dove into the challenging job of Watermaster for the first time. Using his experience built up from years down at the waterfront, as well as leading the boys and managing other staff in his previous roles, he quickly learned what it took to keep the waterfront running smoothly and safely, making sure that the various Industries ran without a hitch, and that each soak was fully lifeguarded. No small task!

Next on the 2023 lineup is **Peter Zirnkiltion**, a graduate and staff member of several seasons. Long after his inheritance of the Rifle Range from Mr. James Hart, Peter came to the staffing team last year looking for a new challenge and found himself one as the new Lead Dorm Staff for the dorm of Akela. It was a summer full of busy days at one of Mowglis most popular Industries, followed by busy relaxes, meals, clean-ups, inspections, and evenings in perhaps the most infamous dorm tucked furthest away in the woods. Akela is always a difficult year. Campers are right at the age where they really begin to push themselves (and push boundaries), and start to develop their identity as a dorm, but Mr. Z. rose to the task and led a group of many veteran boys joined by fresh members of the Pack through a successful summer.

Cat St. Hilaire joined us for their second summer on the staff, and after a 2022 full of willingness to learn, and so

much kindness and availability for the rest of camp, it was an easy decision when the year-round team discussed their place in the Fellowship. Starting as Cub Staff last season, Counselor Cat made a point of branching out into the rest of the Pack, wanting to learn to work with all the dorms and see what it's like to teach and guide campers of different ages and in different stages of their development. In addition to that, they spearheaded the continuing development of what is quickly becoming one of Mowglis' most popular Industries, fencing. The fencing program saw an influx of new equipment and new skills being taught as campers of all ages developed their sportsmanship and skills not just with the traditional Foil, but Epee and Sabre as well. To top it all off, Cat was voted as a leader of the Gopher Squad, hiking some of the most famous peaks of the White Mountains with a wonderful group of veteran campers, a well-earned and fitting celebration of a summer full of taking on endless new tasks with a seemingly endless well of energy and availability.

Following suit as a second-year staff member, **Maurice Schmetzer** stepped into two new roles this season: Assistant Tripmaster and Fleet Manager. Working with Mr. Julien Nunes, Maurice learned the ins and outs of our Trip Program—planning trips, buying food, writing itineraries, packing gear, and of course, continuing to go out on the trail and lead trips themselves. With a specific focus on making sure that staff and trip leaders were prepared for the trails ahead, our itineraries saw a series of rewrites to ensure that everyone knew where they were going, and when, how much food to prep and eat at each meal, and the many intricacies of leaving camp. On top of that, with the addition of three new vans this summer to our crucially important fleet of vehicles for trips, days off, supply runs, and the like, it became evident that we needed one person keeping a watchful eye on their use, the location of the many keys, and their regular refueling and maintenance. Mr. Schmetzer was absolutely the right person for the job. With him stepping up to the plate, we found ourselves ready to hit the road throughout the summer.

Finally, **James Mida** rounded out the 2023 Fellowship Team as our third second-season counselor in the Fellowship. Making a strong impression working with Mr. Rorke and our Yearling program in 2022, this summer saw Mr. Mida working more closely with the Yearlings, and following up to manage the Junior Staff (JS) after

the Yearlings graduated. Making sure that these staff members stay on task isn't actually the bulk of the work—we're fortunate year after year to have capable, reliable JS who are so willing to learn. The real challenge of managing the program is making sure that they are given work that helps them grow and develop into the responsible adults that we hope return as Senior Staff. James was in the unique position as an educator to help develop a JS "curriculum" concurrent with the values being taught in our rapidly growing Yearling Program, and spent the bulk of his summer making sure that they spent their time always pushing themselves to do more and expanding their comfort zone. While work at Mowglis is not usually about recognition, making sure that they receive the respect and constructive feedback from the rest of the staff is so valuable to developing counselors, and Mr. Mida saw to it that they were all welcomed and acknowledged as the vital members of the counsel that they are. As a fitting example of this ideal, he worked closely with a small group of our staff to create a new staff award: Colin's Cup, intended to recognize and celebrate the achievements of JS members who go above

and beyond their expectations and truly excel, and was awarded this first summer to our own Mr. Colin Soukup.

The HEMF Fellowship has proven to be a different thing from season to season. Some seasons have gone by with lots of oversight and collaboration, while this year saw the members striking out on their own and developing new skills and roles with a strong degree of independence and clear ideas of what they wanted to accomplish. Eschewing large group projects in favor of more individualized responsibilities, the 2023 class found themselves often doing quick one-on-one check-ins with me before heading right back out there, back to work. It has been a privilege to work with and watch this talented group of driven individuals as they continued to set and attain goals, focusing on the needs of the Pack as the lens through which they would achieve personal and professional growth. I look forward to hearing about their continued accomplishments and endeavors in the years to come, and, perhaps a bit selfishly, hope that they continue to return to Mowglis and lend us more of their care and attention—at least for a few seasons more!



INDUSTRY HIGHLIGHT: MOWGLIS DRAMA

By Nick Robbins and Tennessee Callie

This summer, the Mowglis Drama Industry was vibrant and rejuvenated with the joint efforts of alumnus and staff member Colin Soukup ('21) and Mowglis Nurse and thespian Tennessee Callie bringing it to new heights. They brought years of experience and enthusiasm to the Industry, which had struggled to compete with other, more “exciting” Industries . . . not that the theater is not exciting! The following is a description of the Industry from Nurse Tennessee:

Given the honor of leading the return of the Mowglis Drama Industry, we chose to structure a typical Industry period much like a professional theater class. The campers started with fun improvisation games to get their imaginations warmed up and then we delved into our drama work for the day. The campers performed scripted scenes, monologues, and stand-up comedy. The campers truly enjoyed comedic improvisation scenes where they acted as their favorite counselors. They also got to know Shakespeare by watching excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and also by reciting Shakespearean quotes of their choice.

Theater is not just acting—the Drama Industry also includes set design. Set design education was structured around making up a play, or taking a play of their

choice, and making a set diorama. On some days we got acquainted with Musical Theatre, watching *Shrek*, *Hamilton*, *Les Misérables*, and some *Music Man*. It was a treat to have some of our seasoned acting campers perform musical numbers for the class. Drama favorites of the campers were learning stage combat and making up their own fighting choreography that included their new knowledge of stage make-up with realistic special-effect cuts and wounds. Additional requirements for the Drama Ribbon encompassed all the facets of the theater including stage direction lingo, directing fellow actors, lighting, technical theater, and drama knowledge of Uta Hagen, Stanislavski, and touching on Meisner: “Acting is being.” Our season ended with our Drama enthusiasts helping to make props for our final performance of “Dunderbeck,” starring the Mowglis Cubs.



Mowglis campers performing Dunderbeck

INDUSTRY HIGHLIGHT: CAMP MOWGLIS MUSIC PROGRAM

By Colin Soukup ('21), Junior Staff

Music is vital in what makes Mowglis so special. It's hard to imagine what the Camp would be like without dorm songs bellowing through the dining hall and the buses on Thursday's Trip Day, or the good night songs sung at the campfire circle, or in Gray Brothers Hall. Currently, music at Mowglis can be separated into three categories: the Camp's timeless songs, the Music Industry, and the performances done at the talent show and Parent's Weekend.

I was able to run the Music Industry this past summer and have seen incredible growth and passion in many campers. Camp Mowglis was the place that inspired me to pursue piano. The brilliant piano playing of Mr. Bengston and the older campers and counselors who played during the Parent's Weekend shows are what have led me down this path in life.

I believe Camp Mowglis can be the perfect starting place for music, and because of its tight-knit community, Mowglis welcomes all musicians who have the courage to play. Mowglis's music has given me and many others so much, and I believe that it can do even more. Ensembles can be created, duets can be played, and styles of music many have never heard before like jazz, classical, and the blues can be seen and performed at camp. I encourage everyone at Mowglis to try a new instrument or to go up there and play something during the Talent Show, because there's no other place I've ever seen that has been as supportive and distinct in music as Camp Mowglis.



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INDUSTRY HIGHLIGHT: WHITEWATER KAYAKING PROGRAM

By Foster Conklin ('12)

Since the 1970s, whitewater canoeing has been a pillar of the Mowglis season, as prominent and consistent as axemanship, hiking, and riflery. Until 2021, the paddling program had remained largely unchanged, speaking to the strength and spark of its foundation by the legendary Charlie Walbridge. In addition to a lifetime of paddling challenging whitewater, Charlie Walbridge is responsible for formalizing and codifying river safety protocols and rescue procedures, producing one of the most meaningful and positive legacies a Mowglis graduate could strive for.

My paddling can also be traced to Charlie, as my father learned how to canoe from Mr. Walbridge on the Mowglis waterfront in the early '70s and passed that same love of the sport to me at a young age. Though Charlie's tenure as a senior staff had ended by the time I arrived as a Cub in 2007, Mr. Walbridge continued returning to Mowglis each summer to lead his Red Ribbon Trip, formerly the only opportunity for campers to run whitewater during the season.

In 2021, I was fortunate enough to become the Red Ribbon Instructor myself. Feeling the immensity of the shoes I had to fill, I reconnected with Charlie for guidance on how we could modernize our whitewater program for the 21st century. The aluminum Grumman canoes in which I paddled down the Androscoggin as a camper are likely the same boats my father paddled. While these metal boats will still be on the lake for our bicentennial, their capabilities on the river leave much to be desired. Charlie Walbridge saw both the need and the opportunity to revolutionize our paddling program, donating eight whitewater-specific canoes to Mowglis in 2022.

Following in his footsteps as best I could, I joined the Columbia University Whitewater Kayaking Club in the Fall of 2021, learning how to control a kayak in whitewater reignited my passion for paddling that Mowglis had instilled in me. In the spring of 2022, during a visit to Charlie and

Sandy's home in West Virginia, Charlie taught me how to roll a canoe, and we discussed our shared visions for the future of paddling at Mowglis. During this visit, Charlie shared that he too had always dreamed of expanding paddling at Mowglis to include whitewater kayaking.

Thanks to Charlie's immense generosity and my growing experience as a kayaking instructor, this past Mowglis summer marked the triumphant beginning of the future of our whitewater program. Our fleet has expanded to

include 22 whitewater-specific boats: eight Esquif canoes, six sit-on-top Dagger kayaks, and eight closed-cockpit Jackson kayaks. When I was a camper, the only opportunity to paddle whitewater came at the very end of the season: two days on the Red Ribbon Trip in our aluminum lake canoes. We now work with a local outfitter, Outdoor New England, to run whitewater day trips twice each week. Tommy Greenwell and I have taken over running Charlie's Red Ribbon Trip, but now the trip represents a culmination of a summer of paddling rivers rather than the kids' first exposure to

whitewater. Our campers are more capable and confident paddling rivers than ever before.

One of the many beauties of Mowglis is our ability to embrace our rich traditions while adapting and evolving to keep camp relevant in the 21st century. Charlie's passing the torch to me demonstrates this cycle perfectly. My life of paddling began fully thanks to his sharing his own love of the sport with Mowglis. By next summer, I plan to introduce the Red and White ribbon, awarded to boys who demonstrate excellence in the field of Whitewater Kayaking. Camp Mowglis is thriving in the 21st century because a group of younger Mowglis alumni have heard the call of those before them. We will guarantee the longevity of the Mowglis program for generations to come.



2023 PROPERTY UPDATE

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

It was another busy year on the grounds around Mowglis. The Internal Affairs Committee was planning out capital projects, timelines, and budgets. We had our local excavator contractor make improvements on the road to Cubland and install a concrete pad between Kipling and Akela to allow us to build a new staff cabin for the next season. Jason Merwin ('06) made numerous electrical improvements and finished up some of the past "wish list" jobs. Jay Gulitti ('06) and James Hart ('00) were on the hunt for new vans to expand the camp's fleet of vehicles, successfully finding one 12- and two 15-passenger vans that fit into the budget. Bob Bengtson ('69) was busy in the woodshop building and repairing benches, along with ensuring another leak-free summer with the water system. Prior to Work Weekend, a vast and diverse project list was being punched out by myself and Bob. Fixing floorboards and stairs, building some new tables for the dining hall, and replacing some footers and posts under the dining hall were just a few of our projects.

Alumnus and Internal Affairs Committee member Bartolo Governanti (camper '76-80) joined the team to head up the maintenance crew along with Nate Corliss (camper '18) this summer. Bartolo started prior to the Spring Work Weekend to help finish off the remaining items on the project list and to do prep work for the weekend. Once again, a fantastic group of folks tackled a massive list during Work Weekend, helping to set

up camp and to lessen the workload on the staff. Rest assured, the staff still had some long lists of projects to accomplish, while also setting up their Industries and going through staff training. The maintenance team kept camp in great shape all summer long. They were busy with day-to-day checklists, keeping up with the unexpected, and making numerous improvements to the landscaping, buildings, roads, paths, and helping things run more efficiently than ever. They were a hardworking team all summer long!

The summer repair projects slowed down as the campers seemed to break things in new and unusual ways, as only boys can do. I don't think this would be news to any former maintenance team members or even parents of boys. Their creativity and curiosity to try new things inevitably end with a few things being broken. Only a few times did the boys earn the right to assist in fixing such things. However, there are also components to the woodworking, axemanship, and hiking ribbons that require camp projects, and of course, boys going for their Kaa or Wolf's Paw also have a service project.

The Denites helped with several projects as well. Steps replaced water bars going down to the Lower Ball Field, done by Hiro Nishino and Iker Medina-Mora. Isaac Sprung built a bridge over a wet spot on the path to the axe yard finishing it off with some saplings





for railings. There was a lot of staining down at the waterfront for the Kaa Award by Diego Sanez and Alex Hayden. Hiro and Isaac took on the tedious job of taming the extremely invasive bittersweet out in front of the Jungle House. For the Den Project, the dorm and their counselors scraped and restrained the 330-foot fence along 3A. All took turns wearing the yellow reflective vests, and we also set out orange cones to make it very clear to motorists that the Mowglis boys were at work.

The Yearlings built a set of stairs with railroad ties and stones heading down to the lower tennis court. The Specials duty boys and staff helped keep drainages clear and took on all sorts of helpful projects every day.

The annual Den prank of stealing the swimmers' raft continued and seems to have become more of a tradition than a prank. They really enjoy it as a final Den group project, and it's helpful to camp as it's one less thing for us to do. The staff diligently packed away camp after Mrs. Holt's Day, ensuring that equipment will be kept safe in the off-season and easy to unpack



next spring. The War Canoes found a new winter home inside Gray Brothers Hall, where they will be able to have a few repairs made. The docks came out of the water the day after staff departed. For more than 20

years, Dean Rogers and Gary Marsh have not only built all the current docks but have installed and removed them annually. Fall Work Weekend gave us a chance to welcome alumni, parents, some summer staff members and even some campers and siblings to campus for a wide array of fall projects. Local alumnus and contractors Tom ('00) and Chris Sammon will be over this fall to repair the rotting spaces on the exterior of Headquarters and to put a new roof on the building.

With all of the land and buildings we have at camp, there will always be an on-going list of projects, as well as improvements to be made.

Once again, we're very grateful to all of those folks who help take on the tasks needed to keep Mowglis safe, functional, and pristine, ensuring many future "best summers ever" for the boys and staff who make Mowglis their summer home.

COL. JOHN HILL WORK WEEKEND

By Chris Phaneuf ('77)

As much as I enjoy visiting Mowglis when camp is in session, perhaps my favorite time on campus is the annual Colonel John Hill Work Weekend, held in early June before camp opens.

Mowglis' Work Weekend has its origins in the mid-1970s when Colonel Hill, a camper and counselor in the late '20s and '30s (and later a Board member), had the idea of helping then Director William B. Hart prepare the camp for the coming summer by asking members of the board to spend a weekend cleaning up the property.

The early work weekends, then called Trustee Work Weekends, were small affairs consisting of eight to ten trustees and alumni. Days were spent raking, clearing brush, and moving boats and chapel benches to their summer homes. Given the group's small size, it would adjourn to one of the local restaurants for refreshments and dinner. Afterward, and late into the evening, the group would share stories around the fire of their time as campers. I learned much of what I know about Mowglis' history and its notable figures during these memorable evenings.

In the early 2000s, after Colonel Hill's passing, the Mowglis Board of Trustees passed a resolution to formally adopt his name to the Work Weekend he founded.

Over the years, the Col. John Hill Work Weekend has expanded both in number participating and in scope. This year, more than 60 alumni and friends of Mowglis enjoyed a weekend of teamwork, camaraderie, and the satisfaction of giving back to our camp. Attendees were rewarded for their hard work with delicious meals in the dining hall, a Saturday evening happy hour at the waterfront, and reminiscing around the campfire.

Perhaps the most important part of Work Weekend is that summer staff, who arrive just a week later for training, can focus on ensuring a safe, happy environment for the boys, rather than spending time preparing the campus for their arrival.

Keep an eye out for next year's invitation . . . then pack a fleece, don some work gloves, and bring your Mowglis stories with you!



**MARK YOUR
CALENDARS!**

**Col. John Hill Work Weekend
May 31-June 2, 2024**

**Fall Work Weekend
September 27-29, 2024**

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 organization established in 1962 specifically to provide governance and financial support, including assistance in the form of tuition grants and reductions. Each year the HEMF awards over \$100,000 in scholarships in order to enable boys from all income levels to benefit from the Mowglis experience.

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

In August 2023 we elected two new trustees: Phil (Jan) Greven (Den '80) and Alejandro Medina-Mora (Den '00). **We renewed the terms of current trustees** Joe Bouboulis and Chris Mixer **for second three-year terms** and Kit Jenkins, Reinhard Rother, and Caleb White **for third three-year terms**.

We elected a new President and Vice-President and renewed the terms of Treasurer and Secretary for one year:

- **President:** Kit Jenkins, mother of Liam ('19) and Patrick ('19)
- **Vice President:** Al Reiff ('77) and father of Alex ('09)
- **Treasurer:** Anabela Perozek, mother of Max ('15) and Sam ('21)
- **Secretary:** Will Scott ('70)

The Board bid farewell to outgoing Trustees Naomi Hodde, Andrew Khatri, and Rob Cerwinski.

Board meetings are held four times each year, with the winter and spring meetings conducted remotely via Zoom to minimize travel, and the summer and fall meetings held 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 President Kit Jenkins at kjenkins@hemf.org or Vice President Al Reiff at areiff@hemf.org if you would like to learn more.



HEMF TRUSTEES

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

Vice-President, Al Reiff
Watertown, Connecticut ('77)
Father of Alex ('09)

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)

Nandi Jones-Clement
King of Prussia, Pennsylvania
Parent of Christian Williams ('16)

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

Philip Greven
Mamaroneck, New Jersey
('85) and father of Nate ('22) and Will ('22)

Alejandro Medina Mora
Coral Gables, Florida ('00)

Chris Mixer
Arlington, Virginia ('93)

Tomo Nishino
Glen Ridge, New Jersey
('84) and father of Shoh ('18) and Hiro ('23)

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

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

Reinhard Rother
Wiesbaden, Germany ('69)

Kristian Sanchez
Malden, Massachusetts ('92)

Bill Tweedy
Fairfield, Connecticut ('80)

Caleb White
Wellesley, Massachusetts ('79)

Frank Williams
King of Prussia, Pennsylvania
('86) and father of Christian ('16)

NEW TRUSTEE PROFILE

ALEJANDRO MEDINA MORA

Alejandro spent over 10 summers at Mowglis as a camper, Junior Staff, and Senior Staff member. He graduated with Den 2000.

Alejandro is an attorney with experience in both the private and public sectors.

He has served as counsel and trial lawyer in two prestigious law firms in Mexico City, representing Mexican and international clients. In the public sector, he's worked as an advisor to the Chief Justice of the Mexican Supreme Court, as Legislation Director at the Mexican President's office, and General Counsel of the Mexican National Water Commission.

After attending law school in Mexico City, Alejandro earned a Masters in Law and Business at Penn and the Wharton School, this was a joint degree. He also earned a Masters in Public Administration from Harvard University.

Alejandro currently lives in Miami, Florida, where he is the International Vice President of Grupo Expansion, one of the largest media companies in Mexico.



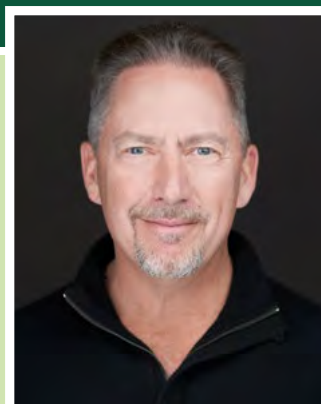
NEW TRUSTEE PROFILE

PHILIP (JAN) GREVEN

Jan first came to Mowglis in 1972 as a five-year-old Cub, graduating in 1980 as a member of the Washington Squad and stroking the winning Blue Crew. He was also a member of the Mowglis Junior Staff and Senior Staff from 1981–1985. His grandfather, J. Tyson Stokes, came to Mowglis in the 1920s and helped found the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation in 1962.

His twin boys, Will and Nate, graduated Den in 2022 and his family has now sent four generations of campers to Newfound Lake. Jan has worked in the nonprofit sector for more than 20 years, specializing in corporate and foundation giving. He currently runs institutional giving for Kids in Crisis, a children's services organization in Connecticut, and is the Business Development Manager for Cloud 9 Fundraising in New York.

He graduated from the University of California Santa Cruz, and has practiced Tai Chi Chuan and other martial arts for more than 30 years.



INTRODUCING KIT JENKINS, PRESIDENT HEMF

By Tomo Nishino ('84)

120 years ago, Mowglis was founded by a remarkable woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Ford Holt. By all accounts, she was a fierce Raksha—the mother wolf—devoted to the well-being of the boys under her care. Her vision to create a unique program designed to instill enduring character in young men lives on in Mowglis today.

This year, we return to our roots in a way. For the first time in its history, the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation will be led by another Raksha, Kit Jenkins.

She confesses that her boys arrived at Mowglis almost by accident. She was attending a charity auction where a summer at Mowglis was one of the items on offer. The auctioneer (who apparently knew neither her nor Mowglis) approached her and whispered: “You have to bid on this summer camp.” When she demurred, he doubled down, saying “You must bid on it. It will change the life of your family.” How could she turn down such a declaration? So, she did, she won, and the rest is history. Well, almost. She had twin boys, so what to do? The Mowglis alumnus who had donated the Mowglis summer generously agreed to send both boys to camp that year. Her boys, Patrick and Liam, graduated with the Den of 2019, and just completed their eighth season at Mowglis, having served the past two summers as Crew Coaches extraordinaire. Serendipity is a wonderful thing.

Kit has served on the board of HEMF for the past six years. She is one of the strongest advocates for the impact that the Mowglis experience has on the lives of young men. Over the past several years, she has chaired the External Affairs Committee, and we have all seen her work as the Editor-in-Chief of this very publication,

The Call. And of course, her perspective as one of the several Rakshas on the board has been invaluable in guiding our deliberations.

She came to the HEMF with more than 30 years of experience in creative youth development, with more than 20 of those years as Executive Director of a nonprofit youth development organization in the Boston area called Raw Art Works. She has also

taught about art therapy, youth development, and nonprofit management at Lesley and Tufts Universities. She now has her own consulting practice, Kit Jenkins Consulting, guiding nonprofits in fundraising and program development.

The Mowglis/HEMF team will undoubtedly benefit from her deep experience as a youth development professional and nonprofit executive. She will help us to consolidate the progress we have made over the past decade and help us to build a robust foundation for the future.



RECOGNIZING HEMF'S OUTGOING TRUSTEES

By Tomo Nishino ('84)

The Trustees of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation have one thing in common—our deep love for Mowglis. We all believe in its mission and want to see it thrive. Each Trustee works tirelessly behind the scenes to help bring to life the singular experience that is the Mowglis summer. At this summer's meeting, three members of the board completed their terms as Trustees.



Andrew Khatri graduated from the Den in 1993 and joined the board in 2014. He served on the board for three full terms—nine straight years. He was there as the Mowglis community welcomed Mr. Robbins to the pack, helping to ensure that he had the support he needed to steer the Camp into a new, more vibrant decade. He also worked closely with Director of Development and Alumni Relations James Hart starting at the very beginning of his tenure, sharing with him his experience in nonprofit fundraising.



Rob Cerwinski graduated from the Den in 1983. His son Lucas joined the Pack in 2017 and graduated with the Den of 2021. His ties to Mowglis have been a whole-family affair. His two brothers both attended Mowglis, as did his nephew, and his father John Cerwinski served as a Trustee for many years. As a lawyer, Rob guided the Foundation and Camp in managing and mitigating our risks—ensuring that the Mowglis experience is fun, exciting, and safe. The process that he helped devise for the Camp to review its safety record each summer is still affectionately known as the “Cerwinsky Process.”



Naomi Hodde joined the board in 2021. She is the mother to three Mowglis men, Henry ('15), Eddie ('17), and Gus ('21). She volunteered to serve on the board when we needed her expertise the most. As a physician serving on the 2021 COVID-19 Reopening Task Force, she gave invaluable expert advice to Nick and the Board, devising policies and procedures that allowed us to safely reopen Camp with a true Mowglis experience for the summers of 2021 and 2022.

The strength of the Pack is the Wolf. A place like Mowglis works because of the deep devotion of the individual members of the Pack. They volunteer innumerable hours, boundless energy, and invaluable expertise that makes a Mowglis summer possible. We are indeed fortunate to have had the benefit of their dedication to Mowglis and owe them immense gratitude. Andrew, Rob, and Naomi—*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, we learn about the origins of some of the iconic elements of our campus—the Baird Bell in the Chapel, the Lodge, and the “dishes room”—as well as long-lasting traditions such as the Lone Wolf meetings that Denites participate in to this day. We will continue to reprint the remaining installments in *The Call* over the next several years.

Mowglis, 1917

*Lone Wolf – The wide world calls for men,
For men who strive to reach those high ideals
That others dare not risk; for gentlemen
Who in their self-respect, respect and love
Their fellow men.*

–Henry S. Redmond (aide)

The First World War begins. The United States declares war on Germany. Over the nation Mowglis men are answering the call.

The Mount Washington Party heads skyward August 9 with Mr. Gaius W. Merwin, Sr. leading. For the first time it goes through Jackson to Carter Notch AMC, then to Glen Carriage Road, then the Raymond Path to a snowball fight in Tuckerman’s Ravine. Then a night at Tip Top House with a perfect sunrise and a 50-mile-an-hour wind, then across the Gulf Trail to Madison and down the Knife Edge.

This is the last summer at Mowglis for Stephen Remington Wing, Professor at Cornell University, who since 1911 is a moving spirit, loyal, and inspiring to us all. We shall miss Mr. Justin Brooks Atkinson who established the Weather Bureau while he now conditions the atmosphere for New York playwrights as Drama Critic for the *New York Times*.

During the early summer the rustic “Chapel-of-the Woods” is reconstructed. It is dedicated at the first service on July 22 by Bishop Courtney of Canada. On the last Sunday night, the newly-built wooden Belfry Tower (long since gone) with new bronze bell is dedicated by Rev. Wolcott Cutler, a former, well-loved counsellor. This bell is given by the boys, staff and friends through the work and enthusiasm of Mathew

Baird III. The bell is therefore cast as “the Mathew Baird Bell.” The story is current that everyone at camp added a ten cent piece to be fused with the bell metal to add sweetness to the tone. At any rate, the bell has a beautiful ringing tone for over 45 seconds if rung correctly.

The carved wood tablet on the Belfry Tower reads:

*Ring Chapel Bell, through Jungle Woods
Ring out the Shadows of Shere Khan –
Ring in the Brotherhood of Man,
Ring, Ring your message through these woods.*

–Mrs. Elizabeth Holt

Mowglis 1918

Early this Spring, Mrs. Holt enlarges the Jungle Dining Room and makes the Dish Washing addition (as they are today). The architect is Mr. S. Bruce Elwell.

The Barn is reconstructed into the Lodge (the present Infirmary) including the “Chamber of Horrors,” so-called by the boys. This is the room with the bath tub.

Baloo Dormitory is built except for the wash porch to be built in 1926, and the two room Suite under the piazza in 1931.

Mr. Gaius Merwin, Sr., Assistant to Mrs. Holt, leads the Mt. Washington Squad on August 6 up the Edmund Trail and Crawford Trail to Lake-of-the-Clouds Hut. There they “dip” in the lake, catch none of the invisible fish, and spend the night. Next day they go down Boot Spur to Hermit Lake, then up Tuckerman’s to Tip Top House. Then next day over the Gulf Trail to Madison Hut where they spend the night and finally down the Knife Edge and home to Mowglis.

Since 1916 we have had the Court of Honor. It is a group for cooperation in standards. It is represented by the Directors, certain counsellors, Mowglis graduates and one delegate from each dormitory. Its purpose is three-fold, as given below:

1. To uphold Mowglis Honor
2. To represent the boys in camp matters
3. To combine all interests for the general good

This assembly is suspended in 1919 by Friday evening meetings at Lone Wolf Island where the Graduates and selected staff, some chosen by the Graduates themselves, get together. The graduates speak for the boys and if their recommendations improve any situations they are put into effect immediately. Lone Wolf meetings continue to be successful.

Mrs. Holt adds these words under 1918 history:

"To those Mowglis who answered the call of duty, as it came to them on land or sea; in factory, and in public office, with loyalty and with unselfishness—through them to every Mowglis the call passes—Carry on! Brothers of the Pack, Carry on!"

*It's supposed to be hard to lose and grin,
When luck's heading down the coast
But a much stiller job you always find
It's to win and not to boast.*

—Kenneth W. Webbs, 1919

MOWGLIS CUB HISTORY, 1983

By John and Sandee Brown

In 1983, Jay and Sandee Brown, who were then Cub Parents, wrote that year's Cub History for *The Howl* in the form of a poem. It was the only time that the Cub History was written in verse, reflecting Jay's love for poetry.

*Up on the hill in old Ford Hall,
we are twelve strong Cubs most ready for all.
Having great spirit and ready to sing,
Believe us, we can do almost anything.*

*Mountain climbs were part of our weekly endeavor,
Whether Cardigan, or Oregon, or Crawford, whatever.
We Cubs are known, too, for our heroic dramatics,
"Perfect Mowglis Man" and "Puff" being superbly climactic.*

*Though we joined pack campfires right many a time,
We hosted many more, showing talent sublime.
Mr. Hart's narrating camp stories is an event quite traditional,
Auto racing, and theater games were campfires additional.*

*Mr. Staples with the autoharp, the Kings with guitar,
and then there was Dave Merrill, who came from afar.
All added great spirit to our Cub Point campfires.
They all really kindled some far out desires.*

*A former Cub parent with harmonicas and history,
Matched other campfires with world charm and mystery.
Determined to learn all that Mowglis has to offer,
We excelled in archery, tennis, riflery, and in the water.*



THE CUBS OF 1983

*Earning Intermediates, Advanced Beginners,
and Beginners respectfully,
Were five boys, seven boys, and six boys respectively.
Nature and Crafts were a favorite among many, block printing,
Craft boxes, clay, and sun printing.*

*These projects and more were part of the plan,
To help make our summer as exciting as one can.
Stilt walking and croquet were a special flare,
Cubs became proficient, at least those who dared.*

*With all these new games and those from the past,
We've all gained new things, including friendships that last.
It is good to compete and our Cubs did so well,
the Titanics and Bismarks, how they excelled.*

*Points earned with Sports Day and many outdoor games,
Winning and good sportsmanship counted the same.
Fine lessons were learned through wholesome competition,
Individual glory is not the Mowglis tradition.*

MOWGLIS CUBS OF 1983, WE SALUTE YOU!

CLIMBING KILIMANJARO

By Shoh Nishino ('18)

I attended Mowglis from 2011–2019, starting as a Cub when I was seven and spending my last summer serving on the Junior Staff when I was fourteen. Although I haven't been able to return for a full summer since, I've continued to nurture the passions I developed from my time at Camp. One is my love for hiking, which started in the White Mountains. From Cardigan all the way up to Washington on the Squads, and Katahdin as a Yearling, through my years at camp I conquered many of the Appalachian's hardest trails. This past summer, my father, Tomo Nishino ('84), and I decided to take this a step further and attempt to climb Mount Kilimanjaro, one of the Seven Summits.

At 19,341 feet, Kilimanjaro is the tallest mountain in Africa. It sits on the border between Tanzania and Kenya and is nearly 7,000 feet taller than any mountain I had climbed in the past. It is made up of three separate volcanic peaks, Kibo (the true peak), Mawenzi, and Shira, and is the tallest free-standing mountain in the world. While Kilimanjaro is widely considered one of the easier of the Seven Summits, as it requires no specialized skills or equipment, its height alone serves as a formidable challenge.

Our ascent took six days, starting at the base of the Rongai route at an altitude of 6,548 feet, already taller than Mount Washington. We had a team of 12 porters and guides for just the two of us, including a head guide, an assistant guide, a chief porter, a chef, and a team of eight other auxiliary porters who carried everything but the gear and water in our packs. We were incredibly grateful for this team, and although it may not seem like the "Mowglis Way," we would have been wholly unequipped to handle the mountain ourselves. Each day, they greeted us with enthusiastic singing at an already set up campsite, with a basin of warm water to wash our hands and faces, a cup of hot tea, and later a hearty meal. Our first day and night were spent trekking through the relatively flat moorlands, covered by a blanket of clouds and heavy moisture that lingered on our clothes and packs. At night, our chef cooked us a delicious meal

of fried fish, potatoes, and vegetables, and the clouds cleared, revealing one of many breathtaking views of the unpolluted night sky. I have truly never seen stars shine so bright.

Our second day started at 8,615 feet, hiking approximately 7.5 miles from the Simba campsite to the Kikelewa campsite at an elevation of 12,070 feet. Despite the elevation gain, this was one of our easiest days. We rose above the lowest layer of clouds, revealing a breathtaking and expansive view of the summit. Despite being so high up already, the peak seemed to rise once more, as if we were at the base of a completely new mountain. The scenery changed from thick brush to dry shrubs and minimal tree cover. From here, we planned to hike to one of the other peaks, Mawenzi, to help us acclimatize for the summit push. As we spent more time at the campsite, the early effects of altitude sickness started emerging, with both myself and my father experiencing mild headaches throughout dinner and as we attempted to sleep.



The next day we had the least amount of hiking ahead of us. A mere 3 miles with 2,000 feet of elevation gain to 14,117 feet at the Kibo huts. We arrived around noon, setting up camp and eating a hearty lunch before embarking up the ridge of Mawenzi's crater for a brief acclimatization hike. While sheltered from the elements at night, the altitude brought with it very uncomfortable headaches and ringing ears that prevented us from truly settling down. To make up for our discomfort, the skies once again parted, revealing the Milky Way above the peak of Mawenzi and the Kibo peak shrouded in clouds.

The fourth day gave us some time to rest and recover. Seven miles of gradual descent over the plateaus back into the shadow of the mountain. We descended nearly 1,200 feet to allow our bodies to recover from being in an oxygen-deprived environment, and settled down for the night at the Third Caves campsite, at an elevation of 12,913 feet. This campsite was completely exposed to the elements, and the harsh wind chilled us while the sun



beamed down from above. On our way to the campsite, we encountered fresh droppings and footprints of buffalo, an animal native to the mountain that comes up as high as 3,000 feet below the summit to lick salt deposits off the rocks.

The fifth day gave us a taste of what was to come: three miles and 2,500 feet of grueling elevation gain that took from around 7:00 a.m. to noon when we arrived at Base Camp. At this point, we were instructed to sleep immediately after eating lunch. We made our best attempts to sleep despite the splitting headaches, loud ringing in our ears, and nausea and hunkered down for the next six hours or so. We were woken up again only for dinner, where neither of us was able to stomach any food. Our guides Harold and Dula looked mildly amused as they explained the plan for the summit day, as if to say that we had underestimated their mountain.

Our final day started at midnight, equipped only with our headlamps and bundled in thick clothing for the harsh summit cold. Our guides took our packs, an offer that we did not hesitate to accept. Hike isn't the word I would use to describe the next nine hours after that. It was more of a concerted effort to resist the overwhelming temptation to keel over on the trail and fall asleep while continuing to put one foot in front of the other. This proved to be a monotonous and daunting ordeal. Every time it seemed as if we had covered significant ground we looked up and saw a trail of headlights hundreds of feet above us. The trail was a series of switchbacks that snaked up an almost sheer face. The water in our hydration bladders froze. Finally, as the sun rose and shone what can only be described as an ethereal light on the sprawling land below us, we reached a summit ... which turned out to be a false one. At around 9:30 a.m. we reached Gilman's point, at 18,727 feet, after over 8 hours and 3,000 feet of elevation gain. For myself, the next several hours were a blur. We trudged around the volcanic rim up to the true summit (Uhuru Peak) which was an additional mile, and I began losing motor functions. My loss of balance was evident, my headaches became increasingly intense, and I even began hallucinating. While Kilimanjaro is

traditionally not hiked with supplemental oxygen, my experience is evidence that the altitude is still nothing to take lightly. Although we took all the necessary precautions to mitigate my symptoms, I still experienced severe altitude sickness, and we were forced to descend at around 12:30 p.m. The afternoon consisted of eight miles of steep descent to the Horombo camp, and as we came down from the peak my symptoms subsided.

The last day was a leisurely 12 miles down to the Marangu gate, giving us a gentle sloping trail and breathtaking views of both the valley down below and the summit we had just conquered behind us. We descended, received our certificates, had lunch with the crew, and bid the mountain goodbye.

In that moment, I felt nothing but relief. Relief to have made it off the mountain in one piece, and to have conquered one of the Seven Summits. I have spent much of my summer reflecting on the hike, and I have realized how lucky I am to have gotten to experience that. While the views from the top of the White Mountains are beautiful, nothing compares to standing atop that peak and looking down upon an entire country and continent spreading out beneath you. The sheer beauty and power of the mountain were impressed upon me, and I hope to go back one day and see that view again.

There were many times during those last two days when I doubted my ability to get up the mountain, and I would be reminded of the time when on my Franconia Ridge trip we were forced to trek on to the campsite at 10:00 p.m. by Mr. Nunez because of how slow we had been moving that day. I recalled staring up at what looked like an insurmountable wall on the Holt Trail on Cardigan, and I used the hiking song to keep myself in rhythm and keep putting one foot in front of the other. Hiking isn't for everyone, but camp showed me that it is for me. There is a certain rush of adrenaline I get from pushing through pain and tiredness, through false summits and dreary Thursday trip days, to get to the top of a mountain covered in clouds, and still be happy that you made it. I think that embodies the Mowglis spirit.



MOWGLIS AND THE 4,000-FOOTERS

By Will Scott ('70)

In 1957, the Appalachian Mountain Club began to promote all New Hampshire summits surpassing 4,000 feet in height so as to introduce hikers to less visited areas. I recall memories of touring the 48 on Mowglis trips with my father John Scott ('32), and a few solo hikes. Some memories are clear, some partly cloudy ...

In my early years, I enjoyed Mowglis despite the trips. In 1969, I failed to keep pace with Panther in climbing **East Osceola** from Greeley Ponds. Thanks to Mr. Jud Kendall for staying back and encouraging me. In time I reached the summit. Despite my wheezing, I found the views down the slide dramatic.

Later that summer, Panther entered the Pemigewasset Wilderness from Sawyer River Road and climbed **Carrigain** by the Desolation Trail the next day. I reached the summit well after my dormmates. Thanks to Mr. Barry Beal for hanging back with humor as I made slow progress. I savored views from the fire tower, often held as the best in the White Mountains.

After Camp, my father proposed climbing **Liberty** and **Flume**. I proposed to lie on the beach, but I caved. Up Liberty Spring Trail and down the Flume Slide Trail which in those days passed right through the Flume. I assumed the Mowglis hiking pose, hoping no tourists recognized me from the Osceolas or Carrigain.

Over the winter I walked a Schenectady Gazette paper route and found that come June, I could keep up with the 1970 Den. Our first pack trip reached **Lafayette** and **Garfield**, and featured a chance encounter with Mr. Kevin Kane, Mowglis Crew Coach in 1968, along the many bumps of the Garfield Ridge Trail.

The Den split in two for the Carter Range Trip. Our first night was at the gloomy but atmospheric No-Ketchum Pond. Mr. Charlie Walbridge led us over **Carter Dome**, **South** and **Middle Carter** to Imp Shelter; this remains my

longest day with a pack. Mt. Hight, which doesn't make the list for lack of prominence, had the sharpest views of the day. Moriah is on the way out via Rattle River Trail.

Later that summer, the Mt. Washington Squad visited all of the Presidential summits, save Mt. Jackson. **Monroe** after dinner from Lakes of the Clouds. After the second night, at Madison Spring Hut, we reached **Madison** and **Wildcat A** on the same day. Thanks to Mr. Steve Underwood, and also to the UK's Mr. Leslie Ridings, who told stories of mountain climbing in the British Isles.

Director William Hart arranged for some junior staff to spend the night at the Dartmouth College Ravine Lodge. Mr. Jim Boicourt led us up along Jobildunc Ravine to **Moosilauke**. His dog Rainier covered twice the mileage as the rest of us.

The aides' trip in 1971 followed the Montalban Ridge (Isolation) over Washington and on to the Northern Peaks. As we were cruising past Clay, Mr. Andy Popinchalk

directed a sharp right down the Sphinx Trail into the Great Gulf. Was he mad? The next day we climbed the ultra-steep Six Husbands Trail, with its ladders, to **Jefferson**.

Also in 1971, I accompanied Panther on a pack trip in the Pemi. We hiked in the rain to **Bondcliff**. While on the summit, the clouds suddenly blew off to reveal a bluebird day, the only such transition I have experienced in New Hampshire.

In June 1972, my father and I spent a night at Lonesome Lake Hut and hiked Cannon and **North Kinsman**, but the rains and mud of Hurricane Agnes kept us from South Kinsman (but see the next page).

After Camp, he and I made a loop over **North** and **Middle Tripyramid**. I had the sensation of nearly falling off the mountain on the North Slide.



1970 Mt. Washington Squad: Mr. Leslie Ridings, Ted Draper, John Hemenway, George Hulme, Will Scott, Rick Hulme, Chris Baer, Mr. Steve Underwood

On another aides' trip to Franconia Ridge, I knew to keep an eye on Mr. Popinchalk. Sure enough, somewhere near **Lincoln**, he directed us down the trailless eastern slopes of the Franconia Ridge to Lincoln Brook at the foot of the **Owl's Head Slide**. Mr. Chris Smith joined me before breakfast for a scamper to that wooded summit of 4020'. Maybe it was that same trip, we set camp at Guyot Shelter, brought flashlights, and watched the sunset from **West Bond**.

Before Camp in 1973, I tried a solo backpack, and spent a cold, rainy, and lonesome night at Camp Heermance near the summit of

Whiteface. Since that night, I always bring a ski cap above 4000' in summer, and I've not backpacked solo again.

From the mid-1970s through 2000, I would sometimes reach New Hampshire in summer or fall from Maryland to hike my favorite mountains, often with John Hemenway from my Den or my cousin Jonathan Scott. I recall a mild feeling against peak-bagging at Mowglis, as it suggested that checking a box outweighed the camaraderie of the Pack and the thrill of the ascent. But as I passed age 45, I decided I would finish my list to forestall any regrets after I became too infirm to hit the trails. I checked the ledger in my 1969 White Mountain Guide: five summits yet to visit, five solo day hikes in 2003.

Galehead by the Gale River Trail; wisps of clouds on the distant Osceolas reminded me of 1969. **South Kinsman** from the Reel Brook Trailhead; a twitch (near fall) on my first hike with poles taught me not to use the wristbands. A dispute with a landowner had closed the regular trail to **Cabot**, so I approached from the north by the charming Unknown Pond and the Horn. I estimated from distance and altitude that I could manage **Wildcat D** in half a day; still a goofer, I nearly fell off that mountain too, and emerged exhausted in late afternoon. Finally, **Waumbek** with its close-up look at the Northern Presidentials.



Rod Mitchell, Peter Howard, John Knott, and Will Scott

My count is 30 peaks visited on Mowglis trips, five others on solo hikes, and the rest with my father. So, 18 without a Mowglis component? Hardly! Mowglis staff taught me to read a topo map, not to step on an uphill root, to pack a sweater and poncho. My dorm mates encouraged me without snickering. I learned to respect the woods on trips below and above 4,000 feet

and that I could take a breather and safely climb a bit higher than I thought I could. I hope to keep hiking White Mountain summits of all heights, wearing my Camp Mowglis t-shirt.

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 alumni@mowglis.org or (603) 744-8095 ext. 280.

GHOSTS AND SPIRITS AT MOWGLIS

By Tommy Greenwell ('98)

I was quite excited when initially asked to document ghost stories that originated at Mowglis over the years. After mulling the task over, however, I became concerned that a spot on Ghost Hunters could very well work against our enrollment goals! I know there are folks out there who have experienced something strange or even “supernatural” at camp, but am also aware that some of these incidents were merely well-executed pranks. No naming names here—you all know who you are—and hats off to you!

Several in the Mowglis community claim to have witnessed Mr. Bill Hart’s old rocking chair move on its own. And observed locked doors open and slam shut. Others have seen lights in locked rooms turn on spontaneously. Personally, starting as a Cub in 1993 and leading to my present-day status as a year-round resident of Jungle House, I have experienced some strange and unusual things. Hearing things, seeing things, being spooked in numerous ways—I’ve experienced it all. I’m grateful that only once was I so unnerved that I hopped in my truck, worked my way around the lake, and questioned why I lived in this old house.

Of all my “close encounters,” here is one event that I’ll share in detail. It took place one summer when I was assigned to Baloo with fellow counselors Pablo Nieto ('00) and Hunter Nadler ('97). One night, we all woke to smoke detectors going off in Gray Brothers Hall. We quickly slid our feet into shoes and made a plan to search the building from the bottom up. Starting on the ping-pong porch, we worked our way through the lending clothes closet (now bouldering room), then made our way around the green room and all of lower Gray Brothers. We found nothing, yet continued to hear the beeping. We arrived in the main hall, and checked the piano room, library, post office, and old staff phone

booth, detecting not one wisp of smoke. We were thoroughly relieved but confused. After catching our breaths, we stood there puzzled. All three detectors were still beeping, then suddenly . . . they all stopped. We proceeded to exit the building, then halfway to Headquarters, they all went off again!

We ran back into the building, where they continued to blare before stopping once again. We all held posts at camp that didn’t require us to live in the dorms, but weren’t yet in positions to have keys, so going to get a ladder wasn’t an option. Thinking fast, we went and got our rock climbing gear, outfitted ourselves, and ascended some ropes to get on the collar ties, reach the smoke detectors, and take them down. After accomplishing our task, back to bed we went, confident that the building wasn’t and wouldn’t catch on fire. Arriving at breakfast a bit more bleary-eyed than the rest of camp, we were amazed to learn that no one else at camp heard these smoke detectors . . . the blaring that woke us despite the steady hum of our box fans. We couldn’t believe that no one else heard the noise, not even in the closer dorms of Toomai and Baloo. The puzzle remains unsolved.

Believe it . . . Or Not!



HOWL REFLECTIONS

By Andrew Khatri ('93)

Thirty-two years ago, I wrote one of my first Howls for my first year at Mowglis. While reviewing Howls to remind myself of the wonderful memories of my experience, I was surprised by what I found. In my head, I was expecting to read multi-paragraph, illustrious descriptions of these wonderful events that took place during my camper tenure. While I was capable of writing complete sentences with proper punctuation and a beginning, middle, and end, apparently anything beyond three sentences was just ludicrous to consider. I guess that is all I should have expected from a sub-12-year-old male who was probably more interested in getting in a nap during relax, or maybe trying to procure contraband (AKA candy) than composing a haiku.

Despite my shortcomings in written prose, I will say the limited context was still enough to bring my adult self back to those moments in New Hampshire. As a kid who grew up in New York City surrounded by a concrete jungle, these were not your typical experiences of a city kid. My Howls ranged from expressing my excitement for the Friday night Bonfire before Crew Weekend (I mean, I lived in a city, and fires were frowned upon) and the freedom of learning to sail (going in either river—East or Hudson—was also frowned upon) to raving about watching *Superman IV* (okay, this is probably more in-line with a city kid, no wonder I loved that rainy day movie!). But the Howl that struck me the most was about our Akela trip day to Wellington Beach:

WELLINGTON BEACH

On Thursday Akela went to Wellington Beach. Canoeing to the beach was fun. Once we got there we ate lunch and then played water sports with Mr. St. John. It was a great time.

ANDREW KHATRI

Okay, fine, this one was four sentences, but it should have been seven chapters long! Our entire dorm piled into two camp war canoes, very long canoes from the 1920s that could hold ~20 kids. We then had to paddle these prehistoric beasts some 20 miles, into the wind both ways to get to Wellington Beach. (Google tells me it's only six miles but that must be wrong!) My recollection of the amount of time it took us to paddle ourselves to and from that beach in those canoes must have encompassed seven hours alone! Exactly the experience needed to mold Mowglis Men. Mind you, our beach time was incredibly pleasant, as spending time away from camp was always a special treat, especially amongst civilization. We saw other humans (not from camp), we got popsicles from a local store (also not from camp), and all around had a "great time."

I had just experienced an incredibly typical Mowglis day trip which was so incredibly atypical to anything I had experienced in my life to that date. We had voyaged across a huge body of water using manpower! No city bus, no taxi, no paved roads. For all that travel, all that effort, and all that fun, I only wrote FOUR sentences?!

Despite my succinctness, I guess I will take solace that the Howls worked. They worked to force us "School of the Open" students to practice our writing skills and reflect on the highlights from our week. And they worked to take an alumnus, a former counselor, and now a former HEMF board member back to 1991 like it was yesterday. Without that School, I would not be where I am today . . . and, apparently, able to write 500 words worth of sentences!

Mowglis, I salute you!



KEEP THE CAMPFIRES BURNING ENDOWMENT CAMPAIGN: MOWGLIS SPIRIT IN ACTION

By James Hart ('00)

For the first half of Mowglis' history, it operated as a for-profit entity, though rarely with much actual profit. In the early 1960s, the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation was established to oversee the operation of Mowglis as a nonprofit. This model has proven infinitely more successful, and until recently, that transition was likely one of the greatest guarantees of Mowglis' long-term success. Funds had been set aside over the years to fund a modest endowment. A campaign in the early 2000s sought to grow the corpus, and while it found some success, it fell short of its goal.

Nevertheless, the promise of predictable income and the security of a robust endowment proved a growing necessity. In 2017, we began the earliest stages of a campaign to add \$4 million to our \$1.5 million dollar endowment. This was, without question, the most significant effort Mowglis had ever undertaken to safeguard the future of the Camp since the founding of the HEMF in 1962.

The campaign, aptly named after Charles Jathro's song (1916), began in earnest in 2018, gaining steam until the COVID-19 pandemic canceled the 2020 season, stalling our momentum. All efforts were devoted to weathering a season without Mowglis. Thanks to the support of the Mowglis Pack, we emerged in 2021 as strong as ever, but the campaign was forced in many ways to start over. But as the song goes, "Play the game, and play it well, with a good comeback!"

This past summer, we had the pleasure of announcing that we had received just over \$4 million in gifts and pledges, exceeding our goal! We hit many milestones along the way, including the receipt of Mowglis' first-ever \$1 million gift. We also saw the creation of new endowed funds to put toward scholarships, the Cub program, and professional development for the summer staff.

It took the strength of the entire Mowglis Pack to make this incredible effort possible. Gifts of every size helped move us ever closer to our goal. A huge thanks to our donors, volunteers, and Chris Phaneuf ('77), our campaign chair! This investment in Mowglis' future will shape our mission for years to come!

Original Funds

The General Fund – Our "unrestricted" fund directly supports the operating budget. It allows us to put gas in vans, pay our staff, and so much more!

The Hart Buildings and Grounds Fund – Named for longtime Director William B. Hart, this fund supports improvements around Mowglis' historic campus.

The Russell Scholarship Fund – Named for sisters Mary and Ruth Russell—close friends of Mrs. Holt, staff in Mowglis' early years, and devoted supporters of the camp—this fund provides scholarships to Mowglis families in their honor.

The Don Cumming Scholarship Fund – Named for former Mowglis staffer, Donald Cummings. Don served as Col. Elwell's secretary before becoming a trustee in the early years of the HEMF. This fund provides scholarships for boys of all backgrounds.

New Funds

The Perry M. Smith Eva Ribarits Fund – Named for alumnus and former trustee Perry Smith ('72) and his wife Eva, this fund helps to provide scholarships to boys from Hebron and the surrounding towns to attend Mowglis.

The Maria H. Daniel Memorial Scholarship Fund – Named for Maria Daniel, the mother of alumnus Ken Daniel ('98), provides financial support for first-time Cub families, welcoming boys to Mowglis!

The Jay and Sandee Brown Cub Fund – Named for long-time Cub Parents, Jay and Sandee Brown, this fund supports improvements to Cubland, the Cub program, and financial incentives for returning Cub counselors.

The Asley V. "Smitty" Smith Scholarship Fund – Honoring the memory and Legacy of Asley "Smitty" Smith, this fund fosters diversity among the Mowglis Pack by providing scholarships to boys from a variety of lived experiences.

The Nishino Family Fund for Staff Development – Named for the Nishino Family: Tomoharu ('84), his wife and fervent Mowglis supporter, Chiaki, Shoh ('18), and Hiro ('23). This fund provides financial support for the retention and professional development of Mowglis staff, as well as direct support for the HEMF Fellowship Program.

SCHOLARSHIPS AT MOWGLIS: A MODEL FOR SUCCESS

By James Hart ('00)

Mowglis has provided need-based financial aid to families for many years to make the Mowglis experience accessible to boys from a variety of backgrounds. It is our belief that diversity of lived experience makes the Mowglis Pack stronger and helps to impart empathy and compassion that is at the core of the Mowglis Spirit.

This past spring, the Board of Trustees pledged nearly \$60,000 in matching funds to specifically support scholarships and financial aid at Mowglis, in the belief that providing financial support to our families is an investment in the future of Mowglis.

Even full tuition (\$9,750 for a full season in 2023) does not cover the cost of each boy's experience at Mowglis, which amounts to **nearly \$14,000**. Mowglis relies on the generosity of the Pack to ensure that our seven-week program is able to operate with roughly 100 boys each summer. This helps us continue the tradition of our close-knit Pack, and allows the boys to build lifelong

friendships while learning the lessons of camaraderie and Mowglis Spirit.

In 2021, we began an entirely new approach to scholarships at Mowglis. Thanks to the support of the **Charles C. Kourkoulakos Memorial Scholarship Fund**, we partnered with the **Boys and Girls Club of Lowell, Massachusetts**. The Boys and Girls Club identified boys who would benefit from the Mowglis experience, and the **Kourkoulakos Memorial Scholarship** provided the financial support to make that experience possible.

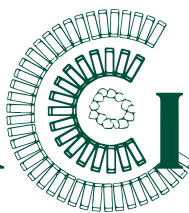
These boys, who otherwise would not have found Mowglis, have not only flourished at Mowglis, but taken those lessons home to their brothers and sisters at the Lowell Boys and Girls Club.

In recent years, we have extended our partnerships to other nonprofit youth development organizations, and through the generosity of the Mowglis Pack more than a dozen boys have joined the Pack.

If you or someone you know would be interested in learning more about these incredible partnerships, supporting one, or connecting us with a youth-facing organization in your community, contact James Hart, our Director of Alumni Relations at alumni@mowglis.org today!

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.

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 MOWGLIS 50TH REUNION: DEN OF 1973

By Charlie Feuer ('73)

On June 20, 1959, my father dropped off my two older brothers for their first summer at the School of the Open. I was born three days later, extending the Feuer family connection to Mowglis for the foreseeable future.

When I was five years old, visiting my older brothers on Crew Day, 1964, I asked then-director Mr. William B. Hart when I could join them at camp. Fast forward four years, and on June 22, 1968, the day finally arrived. So began my trajectory at Mowglis, graduating with my Den in 1973, returning as Staff in 1978, joining my brother, Jonathan on the Board of Trustees in 1995, and dropping my son, Taylor, for his first summer as a Cub in 1996.

How fortunate I am to return to Mowglis each year on Crew Day/Alumni Weekend to see my fellow Denites.

Bruce MacDonald is one such friend, who started as a Cub with me. His father, Bill MacDonald, was an original founder and trustee of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation. Crew Day, 1973, had me sitting in front of Bruce on our winning Red boat, a position I took pride in, as I had his back as Stroke. The weekend also connected me with John Moukad and Jonathan Scott, both of whom I hadn't seen since our graduation 50 years ago. And yet, we sat together, reminisced, and carried on with all of the other Mowglis men there, as if it were yesterday. We missed our brothers who couldn't attend for various reasons, but we know that connection is always there to be reignited. Mowglis will always be Mowglis and for that, we are grateful and lucky men!

DEN REUNION: DEN OF 1974

This coming summer, the Den of 1974 will be celebrating their 50th Den reunion. This iconic group includes current and former trustees, recent parents, longtime staff, and no shortage of Mowglis legends! We're so excited to welcome you all back for Crew Weekend, taking place August 2-4, 2024.

If you're hoping to attend or persuade your fellow graduates to do the same, contact:

Rob Werner, Den of 1974
rob_werner@lcv.org

—or—

James Hart, Director of Alumni Relations
alumni@mowglis.org
(603) 744-8095 ext 280



BROADCAST NEWS: SPOTLIGHT ON OWEN KINGSLEY AND STEVE MINICH

By Meg Hurdman, Portland, Maine, parent of '05, '06, and '09 graduates

Portland, Maine is known for many things—a beautiful coastline, a vibrant arts scene, and a charming downtown. Another stand-out feature is Owen Kingsley ('09) and Steve Minich ('71), who have become household names in the region. Both Kingsley and Minich report local news to the people of Portland. Their commitment to journalism coupled with professionalism have made them trusted sources of information in a time when accurate reporting is more important than ever.

Owen, with his charisma and storytelling skills, has become a beloved fixture in Portland's news scene. His journey through the field of journalism started at a young age, and after 10 years of hard work and dedication, he became the anchor of the weekend evening news at WGME Channel 13 (CBS), one of the city's leading stations. Kingsley has a unique ability to connect with viewers, making them feel like they're part of the news they're watching.

Together with his brother Julian, Owen was born and raised in Portland and was an integral part of Mowglis from 2006 to 2009. He later attended Quinnipiac University in Connecticut, where he received his BA in Journalism in 2018 and MS in Journalism in 2019. In his free time, Owen enjoys canoeing and kayaking the lakes of his home state with wife Danielle and dog Clover. Owen's grandfather, Darwin P. Kingsley (Den '42) was a camper and counselor under Colonel Elwell, and became the owner and director of Mowglis from 1954 to 1957. Owen's father, Jim Kingsley, was also a camper from 1963 to 65. Jim is a career educator and was a Mowglis staff member from 2006 to 2009.

Steve Minich brings a wealth of experience to the news desk. His career spans over three decades, which landed him at WMTW Channel 8 (ABC), another leading Portland station. Minich's calm and composed demeanor, combined with his extensive knowledge of the local area, makes him a trusted voice in times of crisis. Steve's reporting has

earned him an Emmy Award as well as numerous accolades from the Associated Press and the Maine Association of Broadcasters.

Steve's first job in television was in Miami as a high school intern at the age of 17. He received a BA in Broadcast Journalism from Ohio State in 1979, followed by an 11-year stint at a Columbus, Ohio, news outlet. A nearly 50-year veteran of the TV news business, Steve hosts *Total Maine with Steve Minich* on Sunday mornings and produces three special features each week: Monday's *Hometown Maine* series, Wednesday's *Made in Maine* lineup, and Friday's *CommUNITY Champion* program. Steve's role in the

newsroom has evolved over time. He previously anchored the 5, 6, and 11 p.m. newscasts, but is now known as "Maine's Storyteller," for the array of feature stories he covers across the state.

A native of Coral Gables, Florida, Steve's connection to Mowglis dates to the early 1900s when his great uncle Colonel Matthew Baird was a camper. Colonel Baird graduated in 1916 and later became a counselor, part of the director's staff, and eventually a Trustee. Steve was a camper from 1967 to 1971 and on the staff from 1973 to 1975. He served as a Trustee of the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation from 1998 until 2011 and was also the board secretary. Steve credits Mowglis for the

influence it had on his career. It was the eight weeks in New Hampshire every summer that enticed him to move to Maine when the opportunity arose in 1991. An avid outdoorsman, Steve loves to ski and trek in the Maine woods, and during the summer he's often on the water or scaling a mountain.

What sets both Kingsley and Minich apart is their commitment to the community they serve. They are both involved in charitable organizations and events, going beyond their roles as news anchors to give back to the community that has embraced them.



ALUMNI NOTES



Kit Jenkins (mother of Patrick and Liam, '19) and HEMF Trustee, getting a little punchy at mile 15 in Caldas de Rei, Spain, while walking a 200+ mile portion of the Camino de Santiago in September.



Continuing a post-summer season tradition, the Jenkins boys hosted friends from the summer staff for a couple of days of R&R at their home. Here they are not long after jumping off the town wharf in Nahant, MA. **Liam Jenkins ('19)**, **Foster Conklin ('12)**, **Marcos Hall ('18)**, and **Patrick Jenkins ('19)**.



Ollie McGreevy ('22) competed in the Montclair Fencing Tournament this past winter, which was organized by **Donovan Holtz ('97)**. Ollie took 2nd place in Foil!



In June, three members of the Den Class of 2021 rowed at the US Rowing Youth Nationals Regatta in Sarasota, Florida. **Thomas Bould** and **Sam Perozek** rowed together in Community Rowing's (CRI's) second Varsity 8 boat, placing 6th in the A Final. **Cooper Drazek** rowed for St. Andrew's School in the Varsity 8, placing 2nd in the D Final.



Thomas Bould also attended US Rowing's four-week Selection Development Camp in Dayton, Ohio this summer. The four-week program helps develop promising young rowers with intensive training both on and off the water, culminating with races at the US Rowing Summer Nationals Regatta in Cincinnati, Ohio. Thomas's boat finished 5th in the Youth 8 Final. He wore his Mowglis hat for good luck!



... And he graduated! **Connor Soukup ('19)** after this morning's ceremony! He's off to Army Ranger training, then Umass Amherst. He's following his dream.



Amir LaGasse ('19) recently sent us the following note: After graduating in the Den of 2019, I decided to reflect on the gifts Mowglis gave me. One was the importance of brotherhood and friendship, another was the importance of preserving a love for nature in my life, but I would say the most important was my utmost passion for the sport of crew. As soon as I arrived home from camp in early August, I began training ... HARD. The drive and the mindset that the sport of rowing requires had been developed during my time at Mowglis for the past four years, so, in turn, I didn't need to force myself to work out. I truly loved the grind. After three weeks of training, I tried out for the Varsity team at CRI on the Charles River (which I now see as a home, just like Mowglis). All of my hours put in on the erg and in the singles, both in and out of Camp, had paid off as I was awarded a spot on the team. Flash forward three years, and I'm racing in a Pair with my close friend Will down the line at Youth Nationals. After a series of races, we finished 6th in the whole nation! I owe a massive thanks to my home away from home for molding my body and mind into who I am today. Thank you, Camp Mowglis!

ALUMNI NOTES



We're sending well wishes to **Luke Redling ('18)** on his next adventure at the University of Tampa!



Congratulations to **Stephen Nass (Staff '17, '19)** and Mackenzie Boedeker, who were married on May 22nd in the middle of the woods in northern New Hampshire. Mackenzie and Stephen now live in Middleton, NH, where they are working on fixing up an old homestead.



Congratulations to **Victor Yeng ('15)**, who graduated from NYU this spring!



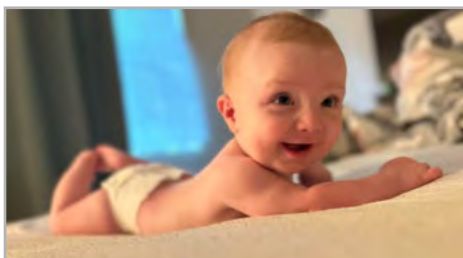
Jose Bravo (Staff '18- '23) and **Hudson Smith ('18)** had a chance to get caught up this spring in Spain.



HEMF Trustee **Reinhard Rother ('69)** and **Maurice Schmetzer (Staff '22- '23)** had a chance to meet up in Germany this spring for some great Mowglis conversation!



Jay Hurdman ('06) and his wife Ali Cornish Hurdman welcomed their first child, Emmett Pomeroy Hurdman on April 4, 2023, in Medford, Oregon.



Theo Harris ('10) and his wife Savannah Clark welcomed their son Paul Glynn Harris on April 19th. Paul is the youngest of three brothers, and Howard & Seamus love their baby brother. Congratulations to all!



Liz Cecere (Staff '14-'00) participated in the Vermont Overland, one of the toughest gravel-bike races in the northeast.



Chris Hurdman ('05) and his wife **Rozlin Alber Hurdman (Staff '10 and '12)** welcomed their second daughter, Margaret Grace Hurdman, on April 10, 2023. She joins her big sister Sierra Jane in Rye Brook, NY.



Alumnus and former staffer **Adam ('03)** and **Aleksandra (Staff '15) Billingslea** welcomed Liliana Sofia into the world during a snowstorm on March 1st. She weighed 8.8 lbs and was 21.5 inches long. The three visited Camp this summer, and Lily loves her Mowglis onesie. Congratulations to the Billingslea family!



Mira League (Crew Coach '18-'19), Kate Burgess (former Tripmaster & Staff '16, '17, and '19), and Amanda Lyons (former Cub Mom and Staff '16-'21, and '23) went to Puerto Rico to experience all things sea and land. Their camp days prepared them well for hiking the Puerto Rican Mowglis mile (read: steep) in el Yunque National Forest, exploring underwater caves, and surfing whitewater (don't worry Mr. DeVelasco, no one got docked). Nurse Kathy's words of wisdom echoed throughout the trip, "Sunscreen, bug spray, and water bottles!"



David Concannon ('79) was recently awarded The Golden Trident Award for his lifetime of underwater exploration and efforts to improve diving safety. In 1960, the Accademia Internazionale Di Scienze E Tecniche Subacquee (International Academy of Underwater Sciences and Techniques) established the Tridente d'Oro (Golden Trident) award to honor underwater explorers, educators, and technologists who have made significant contributions to the underwater world. Past recipients include Walt Disney (1960), Jacques-Yves Cousteau (1961), Hans Hass (1960), Jacques Dumas (1968), Albert Buhlmann (1991), Dr. Alessandro Marroni (2014), Sylvia Earle (2017), and Sir Rick Stanton (2022).
Congratulations, David!



An update from Mowglis legend and paddler extraordinaire **Charlie Walbridge ('62)**: For the past few years I've been dealing with a knee injury and Lyme disease, which put a crimp in my whitewater paddling. Although I can't fit comfortably in my C-1, I still paddle regularly, using either an open canoe or a small Shredder raft. When I was stronger, the Class IV-V Upper Yough in Maryland was a favorite run, and after a four-year absence I got to revisit it with Jeff Gette, a guide for Precision Rafting. He kept us out of trouble, mostly! The photo is of "Charlie's Choice" rapid, where in April, 1972 I got hammered on a high water run and carried out. I also recently got to run Stony Creek in PA in my new solo open canoe and the Cheat Canyon in WV with a friend's wife, Michele. I've come a long way since learning to canoe from Roger Farrington at Mowglis in 1962, and I hope to get wet regularly in the coming years.



Sending our best wishes to **Ian Concannon ('10)** and Shawna Wagner who were recently married in Jamaica!



On June 20, 2023, Alumnus, author, artist, and public health expert **David Werner ('49)** was awarded an honorary doctorate (doctorate honoris causa) from the Autonomous University of Sinaloa in Sinaloa, Mexico, for his years of work in the field of community health. Visit www.healthwrights.org for more information on David's work.



Charlie Feuer ('73), Jim Kingsley (Camper '63-'65, Staff '06-'09), Steve Punderson ('67), Woody Merriman ('62), and Reinhard Rother ('69) at Crew Day 2023.



Ethan Corkin-Howell (Staff '21-'23) AKA Mr. CH, handing out water filters on a mission trip in Colombia this past spring.

ALUMNI NOTES

Shad Faruqi (Staff '63-'65) recently shared some wonderful Mowglis memories with Wayne King after listening to one of Wayne's podcasts:

Thank you so much for the Mowglis Memories. The Interview with Richard Morgan was just fantastic. Both of you are so full of warmth and humanity. Richard and you have such a fantastic recollection of all that was good in our colleagues.

I was a Camp Counselor from 1963–1965 under William Hart and have very warm memories of working under him. I was from India and only 17 years old. He made me feel at home and accepted my foreign idiosyncrasies. In some respects, he treated me like a son.

I was in charge of the tennis activity and I introduced badminton (which was not in fashion at that time). At campfires, I told the campers the "true" Indian version of Mowglis, Akeela and Bagheera. In an act of great tolerance and transcendence, Mr Hart allowed me to do that!

I gave a Hindustani song some American words and we sang that at many functions!

I had three memorable summers at Mowglis. Fifty-seven years have passed and the memories run deep and remain tender. At night after the campers had gone to sleep, we used to go up to Mr Hart's residence and enjoy Mrs. Hart's baked biscuits and cakes. After that, if the moon was out, we would go to Lake East Hebron, take a canoe, paddle to the middle of the lake, lay down the oars, and just sit there and listen to the sounds of silence and the occasional wild call from the woods.

The weekly trips to the mountains, the challenging climbs, the camping by the rivers, the improvisations required for cooking of pancakes and burgers in the woods, the facing of a storm on the way to Mt. Washington, and so many other incidents left a lasting impact on my life.

In the '70s I settled in Malaysia and raised a family and I used to sing Mowglis songs to my kids. The favourite one was "Evening sunset paints the sky, smoke from campfires drifts on high. Songs and stories we like best."

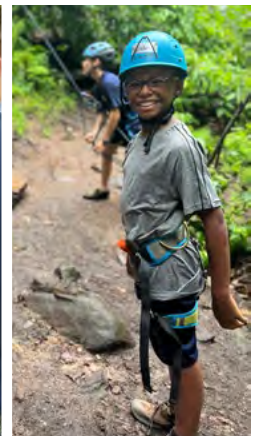
Thank you for rekindling those memories. It was my dream to send one of my kids as a camper to Mowglis. Sadly, that didn't work out. But I hope that if I have time left, I will on my next trip to the USA to visit my daughter in New Jersey, visit my alma mater (Wesleyan, Middletown, CT), and Mowglis for one more time.

Till then, may I send you the warmest regards. Today is Christmas and I wish you the blessings of this Holy Season and the best in the approaching New Year. May you have health and happiness and love and laughter in your home and in your heart.

May the Lord bless you and your family.

May there be an end to war and the triumph of peace in all theatres of conflict. May justice and goodwill roll down the hills and fill the streams of our lives.

From across the seas, our warmest regards and good wishes. Good Hunting!





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:

David Dawley ('50)
Thomas "Tim" Fisher ('53)
Allen Gilbert ('58)
Charles Heffernan (Staff '49-'54)
Stuart F. Klein (Staff '64-'68)
Peter Ratledge ('54)
John "Jay" Brown (Cub Staff '77-'84)

DAVID ALBERT DAWLEY ('50)

July 5, 1935–May 1, 2023

Dave initially came to Mowglis as an Akelite in 1948, graduating from the Den in 1950. He returned the next four summers as a member of the staff, serving as Tripmaster in 1954. As a camper, Dave distinguished himself by earning what was a remarkable number of Ribbons, and both the Kaa and Wolf's Paw Awards. To achieve both the Kaa and Wolf's Paw is rare indeed, but for those who knew Dave, it is not surprising that he managed to do it. He had an abundance of energy and motivation!



While it was as a Senior Counselor in 1976 that I first met Dave, (his son, John ('79), had come to Mowglis that season as a Balooite), it wasn't until I became Director in 1983 that I really began to know him. Dave had joined the Board Of Trustees in 1977, and so in addition to summers and work weekends, I saw and communicated with him periodically throughout the year, particularly after he became the Foundation's Treasurer. Although warm, engaging, humorous, and fun (he had a lot of wit), Dave was no-nonsense when it came to the numbers. Being off three cents with whatever was never OK. I admired his conscientiousness and the very positive attitude with which he consistently pursued it. During the years he was Treasurer, and later, he often called about non-financial matters to ask how I was, what was going on, and if he could help. He was a very kind and thoughtful man.

Dave truly loved Mowglis! Long after he stepped down from the Board (he served for approximately fifteen years), and I had returned as Director for the second time, he continued telephoning as referred to above. He made one such call in 2008 which is particularly memorable. The camp was striving at the time to acquire forty acres of abutting property, about which the owner was sensitive to us, thankfully. We all understood the consequences that if purchased by another entity, it would likely be developed. Without hesitation, during that very conversation, Dave committed to what was needed to bridge the necessary funding gap and enable us to move forward.

James Hart, our Director of Alumni Relations, visited Dave at his home in Freeland, Washington, back in February. He reported how pleased Dave was to receive this attention, how happy he was to learn that enrollment for the 2023 season was nearly complete, and that the endowment was substantially growing. Further, he shared that Dave's Blue Racing Crew oar, Howls, and other memorabilia were prominent in his home, and that eventually he would like them returned to the camp.

Dave was exceptionally devoted and generous to Camp, and he was a wonderful friend to me. Mowglis is a better place for having known him, and his good work and what he made possible will always be indelible.

He is survived by his second wife of 21 years, Annette, his daughter, Diane, and his son, John.

THOMAS "TIM" FISHER, III ('53)

March 31, 1940–August 8, 2023

Tim first came to Mowglis as a Cub in 1949, graduating from the Den in 1953. As an Aide in 1954, he assisted at both the Waterfront and in the Trip Department. His son Jamie was a camper from 1977–1981.



Tim grew up in Gladwyne, Pennsylvania, and attended the Haverford and Hotchkiss Schools. After graduating from Princeton as an English major in 1962, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy and was assigned aboard a destroyer for one year in Pearl Harbor, followed by two years aboard a minesweeper stationed in Long Beach, California. The latter included a 10-month cruise in the Mekong Delta, Vietnam. Tim's first civilian position was with the hospital ship 'Project Hope.' An international medical program, his job was to operate the ship as a vessel and coordinate the logistics and supply, both medical and maritime. After seven years with 'Hope,' he went to Villanova Law School, married his classmate, Pamela Holmes, and practiced maritime law in Philadelphia for 15 years. Before moving to Grasonville, Maryland, in 1989, he and Pamela sailed the inter-coastal highway to the Bahamas, New England, and back down to the Virgin Islands and lower Caribbean before returning to the Chesapeake. Later, they purchased a 39' boat and sailed as far east as Israel and as south as Trinidad. Since 2000, he lived a retired life filled with family and friends, sailing, singing in chorales, fundraising, playing rugby, reading, and traveling. He lived life to the fullest! In addition to his wife, Pamela, and his son, Jamie, Tim is survived by his daughter, Amanda.

ALLEN GILBERT ('58)

December 5, 1943–May 16, 2022

Allen first came to Mowglis in 1943 from Radner, Pennsylvania. He graduated from the Den in 1958.

CHARLES WILLIAM "SLUG" HEFFERNAN (STAFF '49-'54)

January 11, 1929–
January 8, 2022

In 1949, prior to the upcoming Mowglis season, Director Col. Alcott F. Elwell advertised the position of Song Leader. Charles Heffernan, a student at the New England Conservatory in Boston from East Waterboro, Maine, answered the call and successfully applied for the position. Clearly it was a good fit, as he served on the Mowglis staff for seven consecutive summers through 1954.

The above photo, taken in the Mowglis chapel during the summer of 1949, was printed in the Christian Science Monitor in 1950. The caption, which acknowledged Mowglis, read, "Music at camp can mean much to campers, and organ music under great trees is unforgettable. At this camp a very beautiful outdoor chapel is much loved by the campers, and



under shelter is an organ, whose sweet notes blend with the music of the woods and lead the boys in favorite hymns."

Slug, as he was affectionately called, not having been at Mowglis since 1954, returned for the Centennial in 2003. What a grand time he had seeing the camp and visiting with his old friends!

STUART F. KLEIN (STAFF '64-'68)

September 7, 1942–April 24, 2023

Stuart Klein died peacefully on April 24, 2023, at Northern Dutchess Hospital in Rhinebeck, NY, following a brief unexpected illness. As his mother Lillian used to say, Stuart came to Woodstock in 1976 to attend his sister's wedding and never left. He lived in his mother's home, caring for her in later years, while slowly turning the house into an uncompromising personal statement of art, assemblage, and curated "stuff!" He was a self-described "artistic hermit" and Expressionist painter, collagist, and lithographer with devoted collectors around the country.



Born in 1942 in New York, Stuart's family moved from NYC to Detroit and back again in his early years. He attended the University of Michigan, was a very popular counselor for many summers in the 1960s at Camp Mowglis in NH, and made an indelible impression on everyone he met. He held strong opinions about art and life and tended to evoke similar responses from those around him—everyone has a "Stuart" story, and usually more than one.

Typical comments when people learned of his death—"irrepressible, eccentric, passionate, irreverent, idiosyncratic."

On June 10, 2023, his Woodstock friends hosted a wonderful memory show of Stuart's art with friends and family hanging pieces from their collections at a private studio space. A fitting tribute to a long-standing Woodstock artist, friend, and character. As one of his oldest friends said, "He helped liberate me from a life of the 'normal'."

He is survived by his sister Jill, her husband Steve, nieces Katy and Molly, brother Warren, his wife Hong, partner William, and a host of friends around the world.

Thanks to Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in NYC, Northern Dutchess Hospital, and Hudson Valley Hospice for helping take care of Stuart. He will be missed.

PETER B. RATLEDGE ('54)

February 8, 1940–March 10, 2023

Growing up in Townsend, Delaware, Pete came to Mowglis as an Akelite in 1951. Graduating from the Den in 1954, he returned as a Trip Department Aide in 1955, and as a Kitchen Assistant in 1956 and 1957. Pete loved Mowglis, a place that held a forever special place in his heart! It was through his Camp experience that he discovered his lifelong passion for climbing, particularly with family and friends in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

After graduating from Middletown High School in 1958, Pete was employed by Acme Markets before



starting his upholstery business in 1979. He and his wife of 62 years, Mary, loved antique furniture and cars. Hard working and good with his hands, he restored two Model T Fords for which he won numerous awards. Founder of the Delaware T's, his cars have appeared on the covers of the Model T Ford International and the Model T Ford Club of America magazines. Pete also had a passion for bluegrass music, and he found great pleasure in playing his upright bass with various musical groups.

In addition to his wife, Mary, Pete is survived by his three daughters, Christine Brown, Linda Heiden and Carol Shane, along with seven grandchildren and eleven great grandchildren. At the time of his memorial, in lieu of flowers, his family requested that contributions be made to Mowglis at P.O. Box 9, Hebron, NH 03241, or online by visiting mowglis.org.

REMEMBERING JOHN “JAY” THOMAS BROWN

By Ian Brown ('83)

My father, John Thomas Brown (he went by Jay), went home peacefully to be with the Lord at the age of 82 on February 28, 2023, the day after my mother's birthday. My mother is Sandee Brown. Together, they were the Cub Parents from 1977 to 1984. They then served another two years on staff, including as Headquarters Staff.

Jay was born on April 17, 1940, on Cape Breton Island, in Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada. At the age of 12, he was taken in by his foster parents, Malcolm and Mamie MacDonald, of Nyanza, Nova Scotia, where he learned life on the farm from Malcolm, as well as many other special skills from Mamie.

Dad graduated from Baddeck Rural High School in 1958 as Valedictorian. Malcolm paid for his first year of college at Acadia University in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, Canada, per the request of a local doctor, lawyer, and minister. Then my father received a scholarship from the university on account of his academic excellence.

In fact, he was editing the English papers of freshman when he was only a sophomore! And it only took him three years to graduate. To say that he was smart was an understatement.

There was a classmate in high school, a rival academically speaking. She was so jealous of his intellect, that on the day before a big test, she threw all of his books out of the

window of the school bus while it was driving down the road just so he couldn't study for the test. But he still got the highest grade on the test! He even read the dictionary for fun. Who does that? My father, that's who.

He met my mother at college. She had only been there for three weeks as a freshman before he swept her off of her feet. He knew that she was an amazing woman and was not about to take any chances. But she was not an easy catch. In fact, he nicknamed her “Kip,” because she was as slippery as a kipper (a fish).

He went on to receive a Bachelor of Arts (1961) and a Bachelor of Education (1962) from Acadia University, and later received his Masters of Arts Degree in English from Trinity College in Hartford, CT.

In 1963, he married my mother, who was the love of his life for 60 years up until the day he passed. Their love for each other was the strongest bond I have ever known.

My father had a very successful career teaching English and public speaking. He was also an adjunct professor at Central Connecticut State University, as well as at several community colleges. Teaching was in his DNA. He absolutely loved to teach. Dad dedicated much of his life to education. He loved guiding young minds to appreciate the world of eloquent speaking. He also helped them to



value the English language and the expressive language of poetry which he loved to recite, especially poems by Robert Frost and Emily Dickinson.

He had a great sense of humor, and had wonderful stories to tell, along with having a plethora of jokes to share for entertainment. He often started laughing uncontrollably before he even told you the punchline, which caused you to start laughing before you even heard the entire joke. It was quite an uplifting experience listening to him tell a joke.

Working with youth was a complete joy for my father, especially as student council advisor. He was always known as "Mr. Positive!" He taught a course for many years called "Adventures in Attitudes" for group classes, as well as for companies such as the Lego Corporation. He incorporated those teachings into the program for the Cubs at Mowglis. In fact, every morning, rain or shine, he would run into Ford Hall and exclaim, "What a wonderful day to be at Camp Mowglis!" He loved to inspire the Cubs to be their best.

My father actively served in the First Church of Glastonbury as a deacon, as an usher, on church boards, and was active in the Church School. Music was very special to him. He loved the spiritual singing of the hymns! His Church and faith were a big part of his life.

He loved to jog. And he shared that love of jogging with Perry Smith, a Cub counselor. Every morning, without fail, they both would get up at the break of dawn and go jogging around Mowglis. He absolutely loved it. He was also great at exercising, especially at the gym, when he and I would go together during his retirement years. Canoeing, kayaking, climbing the White Mountains, gardening, and enjoying summer weeks at our cottage on Leetes Island in Guilford, CT, (when he was not at Camp Mowglis) were just some of my father's favorite activities.

Travel was a very large part of my father's life. Each year, we would go to Canada together as a family. We visited the Maritimes, stopped by to see his home in Nyanza, and went to visit family and friends in Baddeck, Sydney, New Brunswick, Ontario, and more. He also traveled with my mother to Vancouver, Newfoundland, and the Canadian Rockies, which included white water rafting and mountain climbing. They went to places far and wide together including Spain, Italy, California, Alaska, Hawaii, Wyoming, Nevada, and more. The trip of his lifetime was when our whole family was invited to travel to Japan to tour the country with our Japanese family, the Nishinos. That was amazing.

At Mowglis, during the eight seasons when they were the Cub Parents, my father and mother created a wonderfully exceptional Cub experience. The Cubs had a campfire each evening in their very own campfire circle, where they would share the lessons they learned. On rainy days, my father would tell stories or read to the Cubs under the moose head in Kipling. He was a great storyteller, and would act out the parts, which would make the story that much more enjoyable, and made the kids laugh.

Under my parents' guidance, the Cubs ventured out to Little and Big Sugarloaf, Bear Mountain, overnights at Cardigan, and took the War Canoes to Belle Island. They taught the kids to swim in Baloo Cove, and each week would be concluded with a remarkable Sunday night cookout at Cub Point.

My father and mother created a program that was unique to Cubs, but unmistakably Mowglis. They loved Mowglis for all that it stood for, and incorporated it into their Cubs program: from developing strong character, to learning life skills, to developing team spirit, to nourishing their souls, to feeding their minds, and to strengthening their bodies. In short, they set the standard for what the modern Cub Program would look like.

The love for Mowglis was shared by our entire family. Not only did he and my mother serve at Mowglis for a decade, eight years as Cub Parents, and then as Headquarters Staff, but I also attended Mowglis for a decade, starting in Cubs, graduated with the Den of 1983, and served on the junior staff for three years. My sister, Wendi, also attended Mowglis by serving on the kitchen staff for a year.

My father had another love . . . for poetry. His love for poems was so strong that I wanted to honor him by closing with a poem that I wrote commemorating his love for Mowglis:

*How Jay Brown loved Camp Mowglis,
Yes, he certainly did.
He was always so happy to be there,
No matter what the weather did.
He'd be up at the crack of dawn,
With a cheerful disposition.
Inspiring all of the cubs
To create their Mowglis mission.
He'd be the first one up the mountain,
And the last one down.
He wanted to make sure,
That everyone was safe and sound.
He switched canoes with my mother,
In the middle of a thunderstorm,
Because he wanted her to be safe,
While he took care of things in good form.
He's still with us now,
I'm very sure of that.
He will always be in our hearts
As a leader of the Mowglis Pack.*

He will be deeply missed by us all, and his life will live on eternally.

To honor the lasting contributions of my parents to Mowglis, the HEMF has established the Jay and Sandee Brown Cub Program Fund in its endowment to support the specific needs of the Cub Program. Gifts to the Fund can be made through the Mowglis website.

REMEMBERING STUART KLEIN

By Wayne King ('69)

To this country boy from New Hampshire, Stuart Klein was the epitome of the 60s. He came to Mowglis in 1964, my second year in Cubs. Stuart had been through his first year at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor (of course!) where, through serendipity, he had met Jerry Hakes and through Jerry's guidance came to Mowglis—the place he would come to call “the one spot on earth where I had the least to complain about!”

One year Stuart would arrive with shoulder-length hair and a fu-manchu mustache and the next he would come with a regulation military cut, one that he insisted my father trim up twice during the summer when my dad, the barber, arrived for the required haircuts.

While the Craftshop was initially his domain, it was not long before Mr. Hart saw past the quirky iconoclast veneer to the strong and empathic leader that Stuart would be to all of us and made him a part of the Headquarters staff.

I can't possibly convey the vignettes of Stuart that swirl through my brain as I reflect on those years. No doubt it was a measure of the faith that William Hart Sr. had in him that led Mr. Hart to assign Stuart the task of meeting a young African-American boy, Singleton Bender Jr., “Junior” to all of us, in New York City, fresh off a bus from his home in rural Piney Woods Mississippi, to escort him safely to Mowglis.

Junior was our Jackie Robinson. The young boy who broke the “color barrier” at Mowglis and captured the hearts of every Mowglis in large part because Stuart and Mr. Hart, with a whole lot of help from Shad Farouqi and Jim West, saw to it that he was made to feel a brother of the Pack right from the start. I still laugh at the mental picture of the short Jewish guy and the young African American boy facing the good, the bad, and the ugly together in the Big Apple. Going to a Yankees game and a wrestling match at Madison Square Garden, even having to turn to Gaius Merwin to throw his legal weight around

to secure a room at a posh New York hotel that “just couldn't seem to find their reservation.”

But there were so many other memorable moments. On a day-off hike up Mount Washington with Steve Underwood, Stuart and Steve were caught in a storm and took refuge in the weather station. As they emerged from the station Stuart was dumbfounded by his inability to move against the wind, until he realized that he had caught his poncho in the door!

I can still picture Bill Boicourt and Phil Hart leaning against the fence on Gray Brothers Field sharing a funny

story with Stuart. That same winter he and Bill would go out clubbing in Manhattan and ended up finding their way into a performance by Frank Zappa. Then there was the time he knocked, unannounced, on Irene Gibbs door with Charlie Walbridge and the two were greeted by Irene toting her shotgun, quickly traded for a warm hug.



Myron Braley, Bill Hart, and Stu Klein

There were the private moments as well . . . when Stuart helped Jim West create an engagement ring for Elaine. Or when Myron Braley taught him to use a lathe as he described the process he and his father had used to castrate a huge boar. Stuart treasured his friendship with Myron.

However, the picture that most boys from those days will have vivid memories of is that of “Mr. Klien” covered with paint, a brush in each hand and one in his mouth as he labored away on the massive murals that he would create for the fancy dress ball costume night held annually in those days. One year he painted a nearly floor-to-ceiling homage to Phil Hart and another capturing Mr. Bill Hart, Sr., on Council Rock.

Thank you, Stuart, for helping us all to see the very best in one another. Good hunting on a new trail. Remember that the Pack loved thee.

KIPLING CORNER: RUDYARD KIPLING & WINSTON CHURCHILL

The framework for this article was generated by ChatGPT (AI). Additional details were sourced from The Churchill Project at Hillsdale College. The information was gathered and organized by Meg Hurdman and edited by Will Scott.

The acquaintance between British writer Rudyard Kipling and statesman Winston Churchill was a notable and enduring one. These two influential figures, although from different fields, formed a strong and often overlooked connection that spanned decades.

Early Encounters and Mutual Respect

The initial encounter between Rudyard Kipling and Winston Churchill took place in the late 19th century, during a period when both men were establishing themselves in their respective careers. Churchill, already a member of the British Parliament, had begun to gain attention for his political prowess and fiery speeches.

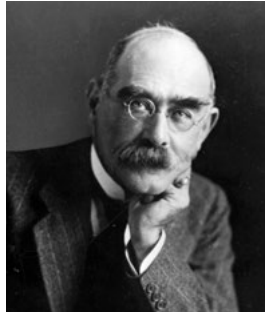
Kipling was earning recognition as a prolific writer, best known for *The Jungle Book* in 1894 and *The Second Jungle Book* in 1895, as well as his earlier short stories and poems.

The turning point in their developing friendship came during the Boer War (1899–1902) when both men were supporters of British imperialist ambitions. Both were war correspondents at the time; Churchill for the military journal *Friend of the Free State*, and Kipling for *The Morning Post*. Kipling's writing captivated Churchill's attention and imagination, and celebrated the strength of the empire.

Their paths crossed again after WWI as members of the Imperial War Graves Commission. Churchill was its chairman and Kipling joined in part to mourn and honor the loss of his 18-year-old son, John, in the "Great War." As a poet, Kipling composed inscriptions for memorials commemorating the dead and missing. Headstones of unknown soldiers included the words, "A Soldier of the Great War – Known unto God."

Shared Values and Worldviews

The kinship between Kipling and Churchill was cemented through their shared values and worldviews. Both men believed in the strength and responsibilities of the British Empire. Kipling's literary works often exuded a sense of duty and patriotism. Churchill shared these sentiments. His political career saw him championing policies that aimed to



Rudyard Kipling



Winston Churchill

protect and expand British imperial interests. Their mutual belief in the importance of British influence on the global stage reflected prevailing attitudes of the time.

Correspondence and Lifelong Bond

Regular exchange of letters and messages between the men further sustained their bond. These missives not only served as a platform to discuss political matters, but also revealed their personal thoughts, ambitions, and challenges. In 1933, Churchill sent Kipling the first volume of *Marlborough*, a biography of his ancestor John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough. Churchill's writings showed his admiration for Kipling's literary talents, and his books and speeches were enhanced with Kipling references. Darrell Holley's Churchill's *Literary Allusions* cites 20 references to Kipling over 60 years. Both men were recipients of the Nobel Prize in Literature, Kipling in 1907, and Churchill in 1953.

In the early days of WWII (1941), when Prime Minister Churchill visited his old school at Harrow on the Hill, he quoted Kipling's famous poem *IF*: "Another lesson I think we may take, is that appearances are often very deceptive, and as Kipling well says, we must 'meet with Triumph and Disaster. And treat those two impostors just the same.'" Written around 1895, but not published until 1910, those two lines are also inscribed on the wall above the doorway to Centre Court at Wimbledon. To this day *IF* remains Britain's favorite poem.

The link between the two men extended beyond their political and ideological alignment, where they did not always agree. They discussed matters of art, literature, and history, demonstrating a shared intellectual curiosity. This deeper connection was a testament to the strength of their friendship.

Later Years and Legacy

As the years went by, both Kipling and Churchill continued to make their marks on history. When Kipling died in 1936, Winston Churchill paid tribute to his friend's memory by reading Kipling's poem *Recessional* at the author's memorial service. Churchill himself passed away in 1965. Kipling's writings, although often criticized after his death for their imperialist perspectives, maintain their popularity. Churchill's political career reached its peak during World War II, when he led Britain with resilience and determination through one of its darkest periods.

OBJECT LESSONS: MOWGLIS OARS

By James Hart ('00)

So much of the Mowglis experience is one-of-a-kind, and Crew is no different. Our boats, lovingly replicated in preparation for our centennial in 2003, are an adaptation of the Adirondack guide boat. Ours are entirely unique, which means that much of the equipment essential to rowing at Mowglis is as well, and our oars are no different.



An Adirondack Guide Boat

The oars themselves have their own historical significance as a component of the Mowglis program, even beyond their use during Crew Week. At the height of the week, both Red and Blue Racing Crews face off in a head-to-head match that ultimately decides which Crew claims victory. Crew Weeks end with the winning stroke's oar being raised on the flagpole while the entire team sings the Mowglis Boating Song, a fitting end to a week full of intense competition.



The winning red oar being raised at the end of Crew Day 2023

In years past, the stroke would take the winning oar home with them, and in more recent years, we've been fortunate to see many return to Mowglis. The tradition ended as the cost of replacing the oars grew, along with fewer and fewer builders able to make them.



Alumnus Rick Sneider's ('57) winning oar retains an honored place in his home 66 years later

For much of the camp's history, our oars were made by Joseph Garafolo, who operated Worcester Oar & Paddle Company out of Worcester, MA from 1947 to 2003. Joe was an accomplished, highly regarded oar, paddle, and boat builder. One of Joe's final projects before he died in 2003 was a new set of oars to accompany our brand-new Crew boats.

Today, finding a builder capable of replicating our unique oars is no small feat. Only three shops in the world still make custom wooden oars in this style, and we are incredibly fortunate that one of them, Shaw & Tenney, located in Orono, ME, was up to the task! Shaw & Tenney has made oars, paddles, and boat hooks since 1858. The business was operated by members of the Tenney family until the late 1970s when Paul and Helen Reagan purchased the business. This past spring, we were introduced to Steven Holt, who, along with his wife Nancy, has run Shaw & Tenney since 2003.

When we sent Steve pictures of our oars, and not especially good ones at that, he noted, "Joe Garafolo made these, didn't he?" His keen eye let us know we had found the right place to build new oars for the Mowglis boats. This summer, Hiel and Jennifer Gutekunst purchased Shaw & Tenney, and in our conversations, we learned more about the incredible process they undertake to replicate our oars. First, an original Mowglis oar is sent to the University of Maine at Orono to be scanned 3 dimensionally. Those scans are used to build the forms that will ensure the new blades match the current oars' curvature. As Steve assured me, the blade and shaft will be inlaid with ash to strengthen the oars to last a lifetime.

It is a great pleasure to partner with a family-owned business whose history predates Mowglis and who shares a passion for unique boats and the lessons learned on the water.

NOTES FROM RAKSHA

*By Kimberly Soukup, mother of Nicholas ('14), Nathan ('16), Connor ('19),
Colin ('22), Johnnie (current camper), and Hannah*

It's the same every year. In August, a quiet resignation that camp is over, spontaneous eruptions of Den Song sounding from the back seat on the drive home. In December, the arrival of registration reminders and rumblings of "Camp?? But it's still winter!" March brings a pining for fair weather adventures on the shores of Newfound Lake ("Mom, did you sign me up yet?"), and in May, the official countdown begins: "How many weeks until Mowglis?" These annual refrains have played out in our family for 12 consecutive years, and the prospect of this rhythm no longer driving our calendar's schedule is almost inconceivable. We are a Mowglis family that holds tight to our cherished camp and aren't ready to ponder a summer without it, despite our youngest son's impending graduation in two years. Such is the effect Camp Mowglis has on its own.

What is it about Mowglis that spurs families to build much of their year's agenda around those seven weeks from June to August? Is it the allure of Newfound's crystal clear waters? Time away from the pressures of school, screens, and to-do lists? The lifelong friends that are created after sharing days and nights, week after week, in the woods of Hebron? Yes, it's all of that.

Yet it's more. It's the respect that's so often missing in the world outside of Mowglis. Staff members—there to guide and lead the boys (often former campers themselves)—are addressed by surname. The humble bandana—a simple square of cotton fabric—takes on new meaning when worn around the forehead. This placement is reserved for members of Racing Crew;

campers know if they continue to work hard, their time for racing boats will come, too.

It's about brotherhood—putting "we before I"—weekly Trip Days find slower hikers placed in front to set the pace, ensuring no one gets left behind. And pulling one's weight during cleanup—no one wants to be the lone impediment to inspection points that could earn their dorm a trip to ice cream. And the emphasis on honesty—doing the right thing when no one's looking. Your bunkmate's dresser top is his space; if your leg is hit during Gaga ball, step out of the pit—you're out (even if no one saw it). And when it's your turn as table boy, you retrieve one dessert per person, despite knowing no one would be the wiser if you scooped up more. And in our climate of "everyone gets a trophy," Mowglis politely bows out, standing firm in the belief that hard work does pay off, resulting in Inner Circle status, Squad trips, spots on Racing Crews, and earning those esteemed Ribbons, all of which culminate in the 120-year-old tradition of graduation on Mrs. Holt's Day.

The seven weeks each summer that I'm without my boys are easier knowing they are immersed in a program that manifests so many values— respect, honesty, hard work, brotherhood—that our family holds dear. Now that I have sons who are years beyond their Mowglis graduations, with jobs that pull them in directions far from their beloved camp, it has been the most pleasant of surprises that the messaging they absorbed in their seasons at camp has extended far beyond the tree-lined boundaries of Mowglis.



The Soukup Family:
Connor ('21), Colin ('21),
Nick ('14), Kimberly,
Hannah, Mark, and
Johnnie (current camper)



2024 SUMMER CALENDAR

Saturday, June 22Arrival Day!

Saturday, July 20.....Four-Week Campers and Cubs Depart

Sunday, July 21 Three-Week Cubs Arrive

Friday–Sunday, August 2–4 Crew Weekend

Sunday, August 11 Mrs. Holt’s Day

*Please call or email us with any questions about the
2024 Mowglis Calendar: info@mowglis.org / (603) 744-8095*





HOLT-ELWELL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
P.O. Box 9
HEBRON, NH 03241

