





Louis M. Fleisher - Master Camper

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enture, teaching, friendship, ship, and suspense: words describe the life of a recondite Philadelphia lawyer who paradoxically ramped the Maine woods in the style of that American design which is lost forever and found again in Cooper novels, but here read in the thoughts of his students and staff who each summer in the first half of the twentieth century led thousands of neophyte, sick boys (girls were anaemic) to the joys of the pastoral life.

This is a narrative which emphasizes death, philandering masquerades, masters of the woods, watery graves, and an unexpected suicide. Most of all, however, it is the story of one man's love for his younger men.

This is not a maudlin memoir, but a affectionate chronological perspective culled from the memories of loyal subordinates who followed a natural, dedicated leader. Louis M. Fleisher emerges as a charismatic leader and frequently quoted philosopher who had the uncanny ability to combine an urban background with the pastoral hardships of outdoor life. He recognized the necessity of individuality, independence, and cooperation and had the empathy to understand that he dealt with innocence.

In a world which now knows that it has destroyed, Louis Fleisher remains a mentor of the values that made this nation. In a world which tries to recover the irreplaceable, it is enlightening to know such men existed.







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*Compiled and Edited By The Kennebec Staff, Campers and Friends.*

## Foreword



Many can qualify for the term "gentleman", but only a special few are also truly *gentle* men. My very good friend, Louis Fleisher, was one of these. He was a great scholar, a brilliant and learned person, whom it was my privilege to have known and held in affection for 25 years.

Louis was concerned about his fellowman, but it was the underprivileged youth to whom he devoted his time and energies. A great humanitarian, he was truly his brother's keeper, as this book bears testimony.

In these days of overwhelming verbosity, Louis Fleisher holds the distinction of being the one man I knew, besides my father, who could make a three minute speech and say something of consequence.

Surely the world is a better place for his having passed this way. If I may paraphrase the well-known poem about About Ben Adhem, I should say of Louis Fleisher, when the "book of gold" was opened "and show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd, . . . lo! Lou Fleisher's name led all the rest."

Mary S. Roebling





## Biography

Louis Morton Fleisher was the son of Penrose and Amanda Fleisher. His father was a banker versed in finance and securities and a leader in the community. Amanda Dann came from a family engaged in the manufacture and importing of silks and millinery. Louis was born in his grandmother's house in Cape May, N.J. Later, as a growing boy, he enjoyed sailing in the bay there.

He graduated from the Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, completing his high school courses in three years. In 1904, he received his bachelor's degree from the University of Pennsylvania, also after three years of study. He graduated from the University's law school in 1907 and shortly thereafter was admitted to the Bar.

While a student at Penn, his apartment, with a fireplace, which he shared for a year with a Japanese student, was a gathering place for friendly intellectual discussion. He was a member of the fencing team at Penn and participated in intercollegiate, international and Olympic meets. After his admission to the Bar, he practiced law as a member of the firm of Sundheim, Flez and Fleisher.

Prior to U.S. entry in the First World War, Fleisher served overseas with the American Red Cross. After our declaration of war, he was commissioned a lieutenant on the staff of General John J. Pershing, where his legal background, his athletic ability and his knowledge of French, German, Italian and Spanish proved of vast value. He also used his camping knowledge and experience with staff problems in assisting the great general.

As a young man closely concerned with the problems of youth, Fleisher was quick to recognize the value of the Boy Scout movement. When the British leader in scouting, General Baden-Powell, visited the U.S. in 1910, Louis joined Dan Beard and James West in welcoming him. The three worked with Baden-Powell in forming the Boy Scouts of America.

Louis was commissioned Scoutmaster of Troop 10, which he helped to establish. He was assiduous in organizing the Philadelphia Council, and his signature is on the charter of the Council which hangs prominently in the office of the Chief Scout Executive on the Benjamin Franklin Parkway.

Fleisher's lifelong love was the camping program, which he felt was the area of scouting of the highest value in character-building for the young. He was chairman of the Camping Committee from 1915 through 1924, except for the period he was in the armed service.

He was awarded the Silver Beaver on December 15, 1931, his certificate being signed by his old friends, Dan Beard and Jim West. The former was National Scout Commissioner and West was Chief Scout Executive. He was also honored in 1954 with the Mary Hart Award of the Philadelphia Council, and was an elected delegate from the Philadelphia Council to the National Council, regularly attending meetings in the U.S. and occasionally overseas. He was a valued advisor on camping committees and was called upon to assist in selection, planning, and development of camp sites. Also in interviewing and selection of executives, (career scouters) for the Philadelphia Council.

Louis Fleisher was never one to seek personal glory in his Boy Scout projects. He was mainly concerned with helping others to learn the fine points of organization, finance, and practical camping, so that he established an excellent group of assistants.

He became actively interested in camping when he was 12 and 13 years old, spending two summers at a boys' camp, Marienfeld, near Chesham, New Hampshire. The youth was indoctrinated into camping by the owner and direc-

Lieutenant Fleisher



tor, Dr. C. Hanford Henderson, a brilliant educator and a lover of all things beautiful, who taught Louis the beauties of nature, music, art, poetry and science. He carried the interest generated through all of his life. He painted in oils, loved music, ballet, and the theatre.

The boy was to say later that no camp he ever saw was more beautiful and few were as clean and orderly. His parents gave him a canoe, blue in color, which became a special part of his camp life and which helped inspire his lifetime enthusiasm for that Indian craft.

The education he received at camp—the forest, the lake, the wildlife, the lore of the Indian—influenced Louis Fleisher more than the honors he was to win at Penn Charter, the University of Pennsylvania and its Law School. This influence, with his flair for suspense and the dramatic, made him a master of the camp fire. Who will forget the Vendigo?

He found, during two wars, that former campers and staff members served with distinction in the armed services, some with high rank and exceptional records. They profited from their camping experience by being able to adjust to hardships and to respond quickly, efficiently and enthusiastically to leadership challenges under combat conditions. Unfortunately, when some counsellors returned to their old camps, the military manner had rubbed off on them and they suffered from delusions of grandeur because of their former officer status.

From the time of his first joyous days at Marienfeld, Louis Fleisher had as his goal the establishment of a camp of his own. After an inspection of many possible sites, he chose one at Kennebec, in Maine, and it was there that he opened a boys' camp in 1907, when there was only a handful of children's summer camps in the East.

After World War I, he opened a Junior Camp, with Guerdon Messer as first headmaster. This proved a wise choice. Messer had imagination and he inaugurated many ideas which later became Kennebec traditions. He was athletic director at Williams College and a graduate of Springfield.

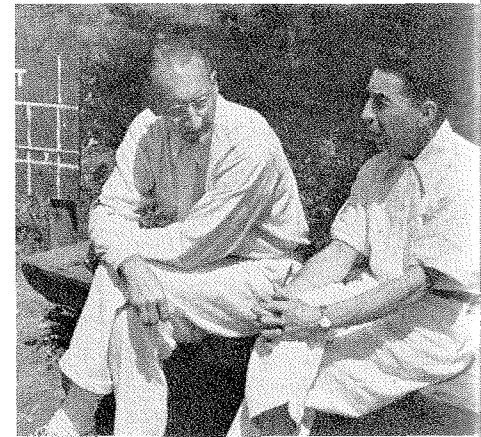
He and Louis assembled a fine staff of educators to help run the camp, which held 72 boys with a counsellor for every five or six. The camp flourished for the ten years Messer served as headmaster, until his untimely death.

It was the fall of the year and Louis and his wife Olga were staying in Maine at the Junior Camp prior to going to Europe for the winter. They played tennis and cooked meals in the fireplace until late October. They received a message from Guerdon Messer: "Come quickly, I need you, I am in terrible shape."

The Fleishers packed and drove through the Berkshire mountains in a blizzard to Williams College, where they offered Messer medical and financial aid. After three days they left, confident that all was well. Two months later they received word of Messer's death.

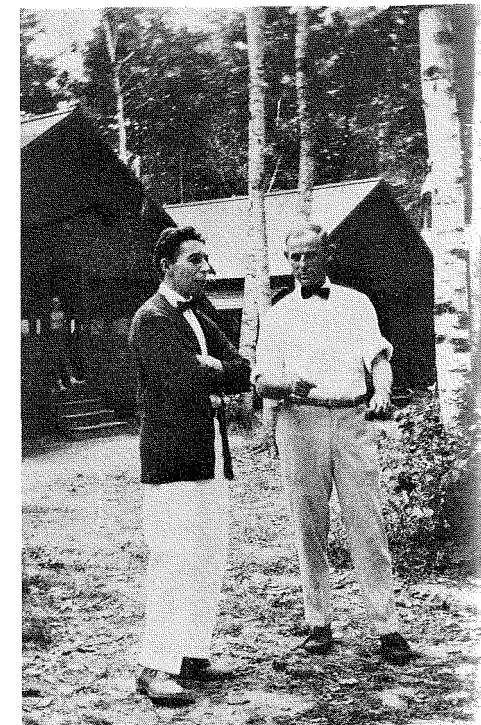
A new headmaster had to be chosen. After culling the field, Louis on his wife's recommendation, named Charles B. Frasher to the post. He was a graduate of Springfield and was working for his doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania. With new educational trends coming in vogue, Frasher proved an excellent leader. He had a way with campers and parents alike and the Junior Camp flourished under his direction until he went overseas during World War II.

Russell McGrath, who had shared leadership responsibilities for some time, now took command. During the war period and until 1957, he performed a masterful job as director. Always a leader and a representative Kennebecer, he gave everything to the job of controlling a sometimes rambunctious group of campers



*Mac McGrath and Uncle Lou*

*Uncle Lou and Guerdon Messer*



and counsellors. He met all problems head on and his death in 1957 was a great loss to Kennebec and the camping world and was felt keenly by Louis and Olga Fleisher. To many persons, these had been the golden years of Kennebec glory.

It is probably unfair to pick out individual counsellors as Kennebec had so many outstanding ones. However, Kennebec Junior was built by men like Roy Clogston, later football coach at St. Lawrence University and athletic director at North Carolina. John Lewis and John Roth were exceptional counsellors who formulated many programs.

Dusty Miller was something special. He came to Kennebec about 1926 and added a great deal to the fun and color of camp life. When he was named waterfront director, he assumed the task of converting the stony lake shore into a swimming area. Under his direction and with help from the campers and staff, the spot was transformed into one of Maine's finest facilities for swimming, boating and sailing.

Frank Barsby designed and built the benches in the Wigwam. He also designed and built most of the Nature Lodge. Lucky Rinehart, Bob Strine, Charles Archer, Ray Dallaire, Henry DiClemente, Steve Namit, Bob Bigelow and many others contributed much to camp life over the years.

Kennebec, guided by "Uncle Lou" Fleisher, always believed in helping the local community and its residents. His generosity and foresight did much to enhance the welfare of the North Belgrade area and many of its inhabitants.

For many years both camps were supplied each summer with fresh vegetables, coming direct from the gardens of Charlie Mills, who was renowned as one of the best farmers in all Maine. Many Kennebecers will recall shelling bushels of peas for the evening meal during rest periods. They were always glad to collect their reward of ice cream or a treat from the candy store.

Campers' clothing and bedding were laundered by local people, providing a substantial income for many families over the years. All camp building and maintenance was in the care of Uncle Lou's good friend Alvah Watson, who became a camp celebrity known to all. Alvah's staff consisted of his neighbors Reggie Ellis and his family, and Ormond and Oscar Stevens, who were occupied most of the year repairing and preserving canoes, removing snow from rooftops, and other tasks.

Nearby stores benefited from Kennebec's patronage, in thousands of dollars each season. Many enterprises were given a boost by Kennebec. Lou Fleisher was held in high esteem throughout the entire community, which appreciated both his patronage and his support of local charities and projects. One of these, the Colby Scholarship Fund for Belgrade students, has and still is giving helpful support to worthy students in the region.

**A**s written in the Annual Report of the town of Belgrade in 1969—

In Memoriam  
Louis M. Fleisher  
1884-1969

American Pioneer in Boys' Camping and Boy Scouting  
A Founder of Camp Kennebec in 1907  
Appreciator of the Woods and Lakes of Maine

# Across My Fifty Years as a Camp Director

by Louis M. Fleisher

*Written for and dedicated to the hundreds of fine boys who were my camp family over the many years and who are now grown to man's estate with families of their own.*

Louis M. Fleisher  
North Belgrade, Maine  
1962

*Gentlemanly  
Manners*

This is not in any sense to be a history of THE KENNEBEC CAMPS since their beginning in 1907, but rather a patch work of memories and bits of camp philosophy, of people and events that have enriched my life over the fifty odd years I have been engaged in organized camping.

Before the turn of the century my parents had heard of Dr. Henderson who had just moved his camp for boys from Milford in the Pennsylvania Poconos to Chesham, N.H. I spent my twelfth and thirteenth summer there. That is where my career in camping began. C. Hanford Henderson was a fine educator and he was also an esthete and a lover of all things beautiful. Simple as Marienfeld of necessity was, compared to the elaborate developments of today, no camp, I have seen, was any more beautiful and few were kept as clean and orderly. I have felt strongly ever since that with desired emphasis on simplicity, the "roughing it" in camping should be confined to the trips and living in the woods and that most camps can be criticized for bad housekeeping. Dr. Henderson by his presence emphasized that we were gentlemen and that camping did not entail crudity. His own manners were intuitively beautiful and his example was persuasive.

Despite the passing of so many years, I have some memories of my camper days that I am sure have strongly influenced my own camp direction. We lived eight to a tent in upper and lower bunk beds, but I have no use for double deckers. Let them remain in ship cabins where elbow room must be sacrificed. We all had instruction, tutoring in music, art and science, but little if any actual athletic coaching, swimming or camping-out.

But Marienfeld had a fully professional staff of teachers. It was that above everything that made Marienfeld a worthwhile experience—a point I will have occasion to emphasize again and again. I do recall much interest in track and field events and that I developed a little skill in pole vaulting, using a clothes pole to get over the bar. It gave my tent leader a job in extracting the splinters I got in my hands from the rough pole. The camp was beautifully located on top of a hill with a view. It was a long, hot discouraging climb to and from the lake that looked so pretty in its woodland setting as seen from the hilltop. I do not think children are greatly interested or impressed by the outlook from their bunks and I would never pick a camp site distant from the all important swimming area. I do not recommend sleeping quarters on the shore itself. For younger children especially there is the danger of night walking; also it increases temptation on hot nights of an unauthorized midnight dip.

I think Marienfeld did furnish a few row boats, but I was one of the more fortunate boys whose indulgent parents furnished us with a canoe at their own expense. Mine was a lovely blue and I loved it like a living pet. It started an

enthusiasm for this craft of Indian origin that I still feel in this day of outboards and Cris Crafts.

Following my summers as a camper at Marienfeld with Dr. Henderson, I camped with various groups of friends in the Adirondacks including canoe trips through the Fulton Chain and a summer tenting on Deer Island in Lake Placid. From there I learned the adventurous pleasure of mountain climbing and have always felt it should be made a part of an organized camping program.

### *Inept Faculty*

Then, following my graduation from college and my second year in the law school, I was a counsellor in one of the earliest organized boys camps in Maine. Our faculty consisted of a director, who was strictly a Business Man on the make, and six counsellors for eighty boys. The staff included a medical student, the director's brother-in-law. I think his chief qualification was a set of obstetrical instruments given him by our director on graduation.

I know we all pitched in and amongst other things did a lot of first aid work. The staff lived in 3 tents, separate from the boys, at the end of the tent street and led a merry life. But it was a strong and competent staff and I learned a lot both good and bad about camping and child guidance. I introduced some canoe trips and camping-out into the program. My knowledge gained in the chain of lakes of this region was helpful when I began sending out trips from my own camp from the neighboring Belgrade Lake Country. Late in the summer I had a visit from a couple of friends that was to result directly in starting my own camp the subsequent summer. They had asked me what I thought of the camp. I replied that it left much to be desired in top direction and despite this it was so successful that I wondered what a really well directed camp might do. After I returned from a post-season canoe trip down the West Branch of the Penobscot, my friends suggested that together we should start a camp of our own.

I protested my inexperience and lack of professional training as an educator. To their very persuasive arguments I countered with a condition which I thought would end the project. I said we might risk it if we secured Metzenthin as our head counsellor. Metzenthin had been all American quarterback from Columbia and had been coaching football and teaching high school English. He had been the strong arm of our camp staff the past summer— mature, with a personality appealing to boys. However, from what he had told me of his future plans I was pretty sure he was not interested. It was a good out. But after a week my friends returned with the surprising news that he was interested and receptive.

### *Fleisher's First Camp*

So our enterprise was launched and now we had to secure campers, a location and a staff. My associate was my dearest boyhood friend, Charles Fox, who later served Philadelphia as an eminent District Attorney. He was very popular and with his contacts in many cities we had little difficulty in recruiting forty-eight campers for our first season. Even our first year we had enrollments from New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago, in addition to Philadelphia, our home town.

The bringing together of children from many sections seems very desirable if possible. Kennebec happily has been able to assign quotas to the centers from which most of our campers come so as to prevent a metropolis, like N. Y. or Philadelphia to complete our limited enrollment. Of course this has meant a lot more traveling to meet prospects and keep contacts. But that in itself, makes for interesting experiences and friendships. We always like to have our boys form groups from different home cities. Aside from the broadening outlook, this has proved of great practical value to our boys. As they have moved and traveled in later years they have quickly found friends they had known from camp.

But now it was also necessary to find a site for our camp, and then build it in time for summer's opening date. With my love of the Adirondack lakes, I immediately started a search in that lovely region. I combed it from Schroon Lake to Star Lake but returned without finding the combination of land and water for which I was looking. There was scenery aplenty, but not ample terrain for playing fields in close proximity to the lake shore and within a price range we could afford.

Upon my return from this fruitless trip I was met with the news that our head master Metzenthin, upon whose help I had conditioned my proceeding,

had resigned and all the eloquence of my partner had been unavailing. I argued that without him, and with no suitable camp site in hand, we must abandon our enterprise.

It happened that the following Saturday Penn and Michigan were scheduled to play football in Philadelphia. In going over the list of players on the Michigan team, I was struck with an unusual name, Eber Kanaga. "Why, that must be my much loved and admired bunk leader at Marienfeld", I exclaimed.

I went to see him when the squad came to town. I told him how near I had come to starting a camp of my own. He was excitedly interested in our plans, and before he returned to Ann Arbor had agreed to replace Metzenthin on our staff.

Kanaga was an outstanding director of physical education who, after years in school work, had gone back to study Medicine, his first love. His background, experience and maturity were invaluable in setting up our camp program, balanced between directed activity and free time; between sports and wood craft; social interests and craft skills. Kanaga was a beautifully built man with fine physical coordination. He was a native of the Northern Michigan peninsula, of part Scandinavian parentage, and a member of an Indian tribe. He shared my love of the canoe on inland waters. Some of my happiest recollections are as bowman to his stern paddle or setting pole. A canoe in his hands became a living thing. We set a record of paddling around the circle of the Belgrade Lakes, including the carries, between sunrise and sunset, and challenged any of our campers or staff to equal it. Then, after the end of the season, four of us in two canoes made the famous Allagash trip with its many big lakes, fast river and unbroken woodland wilderness. This is a trip that has become a climax to the camping trip program of many of the camps in Maine. It should not be missed by any canoe enthusiast. Ours certainly was one of the merriest as well as most unorthodox descents down these waters. In our quartet was a wild Irishman, McDonough. He had been a great full back at Swarthmore, and as nice a giant as you could find. He had been wonderfully tender with our littlest boys all summer. Once when my pole had stuck and held fast in bottom rocks, as I pushed the canoe around a swirl of water, it had lifted me clean out of the stern of my canoe, which went down the current without me. McDonough suddenly sensing a change of balance and turning saw me yards behind standing waist deep in the river, shouted "Lou, why did you jump", and then he crashed. His idea of the way to run the Rankin Rapids was to stride the bow, stark naked with a leg stretched out in front of each side of the canoe to shove off from the rocks which threatened to the right and left of the channel. Each kick was accompanied with a mighty shout of glee. None of us had any previous knowledge of the course to follow other than some maps showing the streams and lakes, but no notes of portages or where to put in or take out. So when we were puzzled where to make Mud Pond from Umbazooksis, and while we were studying the lay of the land and debating alternate routes, a canoe with a single paddler came down the lake—obviously a woodsman who knew his way. When we asked him for directions, he countered by asking who was the registered guide in our party. He was a state ranger on patrol.

Maine requires parties who build fires in its wild lands to be in charge of a licensed guide. He must be a resident of the state and recommended as qualified. Aside from the safety precaution, this is to protect the State from costly forest fires caused by incompetent picnic campers. To carry out our program of trips into the North Woods we now always include a goodly number of men from the schools in Maine on our Camp staff, for whom we secure guide licenses. But, on this trip none of us had secured such a license, and the warden suggested we go back to Greenville, whither he was bound, to face charges. We held a council and explained that we preferred to have him go on with us to our trip's destination at Fort Kent on the St. John River, the Canadian boundary.

Then it was time to make camp for the night. We had the warden as our guest, and after a fine dinner we sat around our fire and swapped yarns long after the stars rode high. The superlative camping skill of Kanaga and the Irish blarney of McDonough worked their charms. When we broke camp in the morning we were all pals. Our warden regretted he could not continue down

*Kanaga on  
the Allagash*

## *Search for a Site*

the Allagash with us. He gave good directions and wrote out a temporary license just in case we ran into some other warden along the way. We made it fine, but such a trip has its dangers and to take a party of children through the big woods by trail or canoe imposes a great responsibility. I learned my respect for them then. It has only increased with time. Leadership must be of the best. The tragic loss of drowning from an upset canoe from a camping party recently emphasizes the need for judgment when it is safer to stay wind bound on shore than risk swamping in the storm-tossed waters of a lake, or in rapids of a stream too fast for inexperienced canoemen.

But I have gotten way ahead of my story. We had solved the problem of leadership, but still had not found a site for our camp for which we had started recruiting. Now I had to wait 'til Christmas vacation from my law studies, and it was winter. My next exploration took me to the Belgrade Lakes in Maine. After being snow bound in a farm house, I located a tract on the shore of North Pond. We got out a little prospectus, and in it described this location extolling the beautiful view it had of Mt. Blue. Then Fox went up to complete our deal. He was told about the Watson tract on Neighboring Salmon Lake. He arrived after dark and went over the fields and out on to the frozen lake with old man Watson on snow shoes in full moonlight, and decided then and there it was the spot for us. I do not recommend this romantic approach as a scientific way of camp site selection, but we have never regretted our choice. Of course, we do not have a view of Mt. Blue—full or otherwise.

Our terrain was mostly open pasture fields with a fine rock and sand shore. It was bare of trees except for a fringe along the shore. It faced a beautiful unbroken forest across the lake, but our own tract, ideal for buildings and play fields, has required much landscaping, tree planting and beautifying. It takes time, but now we have a fine pine stand of my planting 25 years ago and many shade trees and they are just where we want them.

It seems that nowadays any one wishing to start a camp looks for a ready built plant located by a former owner. This is especially true of private profit enterprises, for I have helped locate a number of institutional camps, Boy Scout etc. where we have bought land, cleared and built from scratch.

I have also observed that the buildings in organization camps, mess halls, assembly halls and shops—tho not the living quarters—are far more elaborate and costly than even the most expensive private camps. They must be impression creating to justify the large capital funds donated by the public. It is quite the reverse, however, when it comes to programs, staff, activity facilities and play equipment.

It has been my belief from the start, which the passing years have strengthened, that all camps should remain as simple, natural and primitive as possible, and still provide the necessary adequate facilities and comforts. I have no use for the country club atmosphere I have found in many of the most expensive camps, which depend on making a hit with visiting parents.

When Kennebec was started back in 1906, there were but a handful of operating children's summer camps in the East. I visited six or seven and was impressed by the two great "Y" camps, Becket on Lake George in New York, and Dudley in Massachusetts. So there was no question of walking into somebody's discarded shoes. My next big job was to lay out and build my camp. With my new law degree in my pocket, I rushed North with barely a month to go. Using carpenters rather than builders from the nearby town, we slapped up some board structures that somehow performed remarkably well until replaced one by one over the years. With the exception of a little storage shack removed from its original location, not a single structure of the original buildings remains. It amuses me when some old campers drop in for a visit, as many do, to have them tell me how well they remember camp and how little has changed. Well, the old spirit and atmosphere are happily still the same.

During the last pre season month, while watching the progress of our building, and the leveling of a ball diamond and tennis court, I lived in the old Salmon Lake House whose proprietor was a poet of local fame, his ode "When the fish begin to bite", was on a par for local color with his inn. After our supper the guests, all fishing sports, would sit around the open log fire and tell of their

## *Pastoral Setting*

day's catch, and hear old Spaulding tell of the famous fish of yesteryear. I have never been a fishing enthusiast, but I had a boat to make the trip to camp, and pretty soon I rigged a sail and spent free time cruising the lake. One of the carpenters had a teen-age daughter, a lively miss who sometimes came out with her father, and without much persuasion acted as my crew. Despite the anxiety of the job, and considerable apprehension for what lay ahead, it was a pleasant lovely month of June.

Our assembly hall was a four square box with a fireplace at one end and two rows of board seats behind a low rail around three sides. The center like a cockpit was a cleared floor for action. In general effect, it resembled the Quaker Meeting in downtown Philadelphia which I had attended as a school boy. Our first lighting was from kerosene lamps in brackets on the walls. Civilization's advance might be measured by our changes in lighting. The lamps, nasty smelly things, requiring constant wick trimming and cleaning, and were shortly succeeded by an acetylene gas system. It operated from a shed by the lake with water on carbide, and the white slag made a point of interest on the shore. The light was brilliant but erratic, with lights going up and down, and sometimes out at critical moments because of the varying pressure. This was followed by a pressure gasoline system using incandescent mantles and a hand pressure pump. This lasted until the modern age caught up with us, and we ran a pole line into the property and secured electric power. Even now, it is hard to remember to what an extent this revolutionized our chores. Even a gasoline water pump requires an electric spark. It took squad work to hand pump water into a storage tank. Washing and tooth brushing were part of morning setting up drill; refrigeration depended on dragging huge slabs of ice from the saw dust shed to the overhead ice rack in the cooler.

### *Self-Reliance*

If, as I contend, one of the major objectives of bringing boys and girls into camp environment is to emphasize simple self-reliant living as a balance from the gadgets and softening influences of our push button age, then camp people are faced with the dilemma of how far these so-called advances of civilization are to be introduced. For example, it is hard to explain why you should not have electric lights in sleeping cabins, and even space heaters when all other buildings are wired. I feel sure that having had my campers retire by flash light tended to speed the process, reduce after-taps activity, and increase the feeling of its being really a camp. I do not think any kind of dormitory system has any place in a camp.

I had an illustration of how dependent even our back woods communities are on furnished power when hurricanes knocked out all power lines. Fortunately, the big winds came just after the close of the season. But my farmer neighbors were paralyzed—no lights, no refrigeration, no water from their wells, no gas for their cars. A more backward community, such as this was in the days when Kennebec started, would have been disturbed only as long as it took the men, all skilled axemen, to clear the roads of fallen trees. Is it not the function of our camps to restore this self-sufficiency and ability to survive crises?

Our first assembly, with the audience seated around an open center, would seem to have pre-dated the "Theatre in the Round". It was admirable, and this form was much recommended by Ernest Seton Thompson and his Woodcraft League as an indoor council ring. Our new and far more elaborate assembly halls and theatres have not followed this plan, but I think that has been a real loss.

Around two sides of the assembly building ran a wide porch. This was the dining hall. It was connected by a covered walk with a kitchen. Long tables were fastened at one end to the porch railing, and left a serving aisle on the building side. Long benches provided seating. If the meat was tough, look out for an elbow in the ribs from the guy carving away on your left. The tables were covered with oilcloth tacked to the sides of the tables and dropping below on each side. The trick was to point out something of interest on the lake and while your neighbor was gazing out to sea, you made a trough of the hanging oilcloth into which you poured a handy liquid. It would funnel nicely into his lap. I still think good table manners and etiquette marks a gentleman even in camp. I fear the comments on their son's table manners as they have come to me in counselors' reports would bring a tinge of red to many mothers' cheeks. Still, I hold



that a camp community should evolve a joyous free atmosphere—as free from reproof and restraint as possible. There are limits, and it is not difficult to pick out children who come from homes of refined culture with habitual consideration for others. Also, generally you can tell the child where parents have been too busy or occupied with society and worldly affairs and left their offspring to the care of servants.

One of the sure indexes of this is the youngster who has become accustomed to getting his food by self service directly from the refrigerator. His tastes are very fixed, and how he does hate vegetables, fish, liver and a balanced diet. Snacks are his conception of a meal. Amongst others, I will never forget a little fellow from Park Avenue, New York, who would eat nothing but bread and peanut butter washed down with many glasses of milk, and this, if permitted, three times a day.

When a separate and beautiful dining hall, and a very efficient food plant, was added to the growing camp, round tables to seat eight were standardized, with regular comfortable dining room chairs. Tilting these back from the table is a major offense. One thing we omitted in building was sound proofing. It would be a blessed relief. Also, there is no need for an impressive fireplace, which is found in many fine camp mess halls, but never used.

The table should accommodate a section or squad of campers of the number standardized in the camp, with its leader. This group had best maintain its identity through the season as a family unit. Of course the unit breaks up for activities and play, even as members of a family separate. But they come home to a secure background and familiar personal equation at table and in their cabin or section group. A family atmosphere at table seems very desirable.

Frequently I have been asked if it would not add variety and interest to have the table groups shift frequently. That is possible, but the disadvantages outweigh it.

It is habitual for the leader of each table group to claim that his bunch has the very worst behavior and disgusting eating habits. The men do occasionally shift to other tables. Then they are happy to come back to their own. Bad as they are, they are still a known quantity. It must be each summer that I have been asked at a morning breakfast staff meeting whether a camper must eat everything that is served, and what to do about the little underweight who does not eat, and the big fatty who stuffs himself? I hold that food should never be made a problem. It is a blessing, and meals should be happy social gatherings. It is very upsetting to see, as I frequently have, a child sitting at the table after the rest have finished their meal, with tears dripping into the dish he has been told he must finish before he can leave. Surely the psychological block this can create outweighs any good that food can do. The best procedure is first never to overload the plate, and persuade the child to try at least a sample. Then at some time, away from the table, discuss with him the importance of various food elements to build strong bodies. The example of the counselor in rejecting or commenting adversely on a dish is disastrous. "Please," I say to them, "bring your complaints directly to me or the person responsible." I remember a summer when any cheese preparation was greeted with a gesture of noses being held because a popular counselor declared he could not stand the smell, and for a long time no pudding whatsoever could be served because the then head counselor would wave the dish away with a gesture of dislike.

And now we have allergies. There were no allergies back in the days when these camps began. True some foods did not agree too well with some little people, and some had a lot of runny noses, and there was hay fever. Now it is an unusual and rare doctor's pre-season report that does not indicate an allergy. The line up for periodic inoculations resembles induction into the army. At least, I seldom am asked any more if our region is free of golden rod or rag weed.

I have wondered what it possibly does to us to have our bodies shot full of serums and foreign organic bodies. Apparently these marvelous machines of ours take care of a lot. Do these inoculations possibly contribute to future trouble as well as defend against present threats? How long before the race develops total immunity to all prevalent diseases? We know that even now normal diseases of childhood like measles are a minor illness, altho it decimated the Indian

tribes, who suffered frightful epidemics when exposed by the white pioneers. Even now I discourage the use of antibiotics by our young staff doctors, unless their need is clearly indicated.

As soon as the last of our campers has finished breakfast we gather our faculty each morning for a round table discussion of the day's program and our campers' problems. Until our staff grew too large and the consequent loss of time excessive, I served them their breakfast coffee at the meeting. It was very pleasant and we made it a social function with an electric percolator on the table and a special coffee service. I feel we lost something unusual and pleasant when we started serving their coffee at the table. But, the gathering still is an important way of acquainting all the staff of what problems individuals face and a great help in keeping the director in touch with his community.

Each season I use an early faculty meeting to point out that there is no necessary connection between "discipline" and "punishment." Even the graduates of our teachers colleges with class room experience are often at a loss to handle so called problems of discipline in their group. Discipline is the acceptance of behavior patterns in conformity with the accepted conduct of the community, and is best taught by fellow campers and by admonition and example. Rewards and punishment comes largely through the approval or rejection by the group, both campers and leaders. However, one of the questions most frequently asked by a new counsellor is how we handle disobedience and infraction of rules. "Wherever possible," I say, "let the punishment fit the crime"—always be sure it is deserved, understood and tempered with mercy. Never punish to satisfy anger. If possible discuss the situation both before and after and draw the sting of resentment. We have faced the situation where a camper feels he has been punished solely because the counselor did not like him or was working off a grudge of his own or for his own selfish interest. I point out that if the punishment is to deprive the child of his dessert, for instance, because of misbehavior at table, his portion must never be eaten by any one else at the table. Or if he is under house arrest in his cabin, the penalty should never extend over normal meal times or be for a protracted period.

With all of the leaders at the post breakfast counselors meeting and the campers presumably busy with their housekeeping chores, we did run into problems of lack of supervision. Frequently sounds of conflict would hasten our adjournment or the hurried departure of the senior officer of the day. Now the officer of the day and the man who had served, in rotation, the preceding day, remained with the campers. They are subsequently briefed as to what had been discussed at the meeting. This has worked out well.

Fifty years ago it was taken for granted that if you went camping you slept in a tent. We have continued the tent quadrangle altho there are few long term camps that still use canvas. As a summer shelter, properly erected on a platform, and in the open, a tent has real merit. From a camper's viewpoint it means a smaller unit of occupants, a real outdoors' shelter, as the four walls can be rolled up, a good hide-away, as there is no window or door when the flaps are buttoned down. A tent is less desirable for the owner-director. The wear and tear and replacement far exceeds that of a cabin, and the need to have canvas bone dry for storage makes for anxious consideration of weather predictions about closing time. Then too, a bare tent platform is no place to store beds, or contents, between seasons. But our boys have begged us not to replace tents with cabins.

Water, toilet facilities or closets, cannot be installed in tents. Fifty odd years ago boys (there were no girls' camps then) started older than now. When I began enrolling younger children it became desirable to build cabins and provide facilities. Still there is very little privacy in cabin living—it would be actually dangerous to put locks on doors and the inhabitants are about as private as the denizens in the proverbial fish bowl. I do not think many camp people realize how great an adjustment is required by a child who has never over-nighted away from home. It came to me forcibly when the mother of a Baltimore boy told me she had difficulty in getting the real reason for her boy's hesitation to return, following what had seemed a happy first camp summer. Johnny and I had a good talk. I had him tell me about his trouble to accept the free wheeling of the crowd, all of them his friends. I assured him I understood and that in a greater or lesser

## *Morning Round Table*

## *Discipline and Justice*

## *Lack of Privacy*

Modern  
Recommendations

degree most people had to meet the same problem, but as he would go on into school, athletic and army situations, it was important to accept group familiarity. I could help him by making available the counselors' facilities in their Lodge when he felt embarrassed. With this he was anxious to return, and actually has never availed himself or apparently needed special consideration. This problem I found was much more evident where there was a single child than where there were brothers and sisters. That camps help teach adaptation to a community life with all its give and take—teasing and clashing personalities is an important contribution to maturity.

If I built camp cabins today, I would do better than what was done. I would arrange an alcove with a low partition for the counselor's bed, and give him room for paper work. I would provide more hanging space for bath robes, rain coats and towels. But two features I have not found in other camps I would retain: the box trunks on racks by each cot to store belongings. This permits sweeping the floor, and when closed provides a table top. It also solves trunk storage, and our shutters drop instead of being hinged at the top to give maximum light.

I have never decided whether it is better to permit a cabin group to continue as a unit summer after summer, if they request it, or to persuade them to broaden friendships by new associations. I have seen it work both ways. The first season I necessarily made up section groups with little to guide me beyond age and home town. If possible, I place at least one camper of previous acquaintance together. In subsequent seasons I have request lists which require careful consideration—often much diplomacy in affecting desired changes. Proper combination and balance can make or break the summer for the entire group. I look back and find many squads that became so integrated that I never think of any of its individuals without having the others of the team come to mind. In most instances these cliques continued right into adult life, and exist today, and invariably they have included fellows from widely separated localities and vastly different temperaments.

What should one do with the unpopular child that no group wants? Better to put them all in one cabin to concentrate misery or scatter them, one to a group all around? No answer to that one either. My best solution generally was to consider what problem produced unpopularity, and place with a counselor as his special responsibility, to help the child in his adjustment.

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Leadership in camping, like in everything that has to do with people, big or little, is the most important ingredient. There is no substitute for it. Nothing takes its place. Through the long years, it has been my boast—"Give me my trained and devoted staff and I can run a successful camp in the Sahara." I know some camps with far more elaborate buildings and equipment where I would not enroll my dog. In the early days it was not too difficult to make selection. Then training and indoctrinization and the weeding out process did the rest. The great training schools for physical educators like Springfield Y.M.C.A. College were anxious to give their students training. A letter to the dean would provide me with a fine line-up from which to choose by interview. Then members of the staff would spread the gospel and bring friends they felt measured up to our high standards. Many of these men have remained to consider their Kennebec connection a most important event in their lives. Considering that this is only a two months' occupation out of the year, their continued interest and devotion is fabulous. Many of our faculty have returned year after year from boys fresh out of school through marriage, and have had their sons as campers, as assistants, and finally as counselors as enthusiastic as their fathers. Little in life has been as rewarding as my dear friendships with these men and their families.

Kanaga was a wonderful first head master. Unfortunately, he could only give us two seasons. When he graduated in medicine he moved to the apple country of Oregon out west, and practiced in a newly settled region until his recent death.

My next choice was a sad one—a big fellow from the coal regions of Pennsylvania who had been in law school with me and a football star. He did well enough as a counselor under Kanaga, but was utterly sedentary as program director and in charge of staff. His greatest prowess was exhibited at meal time. In a long line of subsequent trencher men, he would still rate in my books. At the end of that summer, as our train pulled into Broad Street Station, he was met with a warrant sworn out by a lady he'd done wrong, happily with no camp connection.

A wonderful fellow whom everyone called Morey succeeded him. He had about everything needed for a boy's leader—presence, athletic ability, decision, personality. He was my life long devoted friend. During the first war we met by accident in France when we were both attending an advance officers' training course, and bunked together joyously. He held the big job at camp until his success at the top of one of New York's leading insurance agencies took all his time.

During Morey's administration we staged our one and only big top circus. It was complete with acrobats, animal acts (hilariously funny), clowns, a side show, pink lemonade, and a rodeo in which I participated. My father had horses, and I was put astride before my legs were long enough for stirrups. I included riding as a regular and compulsory camp activity. Rising costs forced it to become, at a later date, our only elective extra. But I strongly felt that it was part of a gentleman's education to learn to ride. That was before every child knew how to drive a car before the age of sixteen. It took a doctor's certificate for a camper to skip his riding lessons. At one time we had a stable of eighteen saddlers—and a ring for instruction. At first, we promoted our advanced squad to the dirt roads of our area. When the roads were all macadamized, I negotiated for lovely bridle paths over the fields and through the woods with our neighbors. I loved the breakfast rides we took at dawn to an adult camp some five miles distant on another lake.

My own riding had included a fine rough riding class for many years. It was ably directed by Jim Littlefield. His wife did the annual children's Christmas ballet at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. His daughter Catherine became a well known ballerina.

For some years my rodeo group did bareback ring riding—drilling, mounting at various gaits, tandem and picking things off the ground. Then we started indoor polo and met teams from West Point and other cities.

School riding was slow in the summer, so I signed up Jim to direct our program at Camp. He emphasized the difference between learning to sit on a horse and equitation. A dance show at camp staged by Catherine and her sister, age twelve and ten, was a dubious success. The campers preferred a lively boxing match. But after Catherine became a ballerina of note they could brag of their camp contact with so glamorous a personality.

My associates, first Charley Fox and then Brod Friedman, were as fond of riding as was I. Back in the city we rode regularly over the superb bridle paths in Fairmount Park. Some of our biggest decisions were reached during these saddle sessions. A jogging trot stimulates the flow of blood to the brain and increases imagination and mental activity. I would recommend strongly this type of directors' meeting in place of a stuffy smoke filled boardroom with the participants sunk in their upholstered chairs in somnolent repose.

It was also my colleague Fox who developed our long horseback trips. Under him they grew into real safaries, whose weeks' long preparation turned camp upside down. They formed part of our regular camping-out program. Every boy in our Senior Camp goes on a different one each season. The horseback trip early in August lasted from ten to twelve days, and the route was scouted in advance with reservations for the overnight stops, feed depots for the horses and an interest point as an objective. The lucky boys selected for this excursion were outfitted with uniforms, including ten-gallon hats, kerchiefs and gloves, all very tidy and smart. At last on departure our entire camp turned out at dawn to watch the inevitable confusion of getting under way. For there always were last minute hilarious episodes. Like the time Charles decided there should be pack horses instead of a wagon to carry the camp dunnage. But this was not out

## *Philandering Headmaster*

## *Equestrian Skills*

## *Over-Coming Fear of Horses*

west, and our horses were unfamiliar to diamond hitches, and all the equipment loaded on their back landed in a mess on the ball diamond. The amount of equipment for the overnight stands grew more elaborate each trip. When we became motorized, a platform truck was added to leap frog the column and set up the camp for each day's march. As two campers travelled on the truck besides the extra staff as driver, it made it possible for each camper to have a non-riding day. When the squad rode into camp, tired and dirty from a long day in the saddle, the camper's first duty was to his mount. After unsaddling, he was ridden bareback to the water. This inevitably led to many a ducking and plenty of excitement, as it was likely the horses would want to roll in the drink. Then they would cut up on the gallop back to the picket line. There were plenty of breathtaking episodes, and looking back, I still wonder we escaped serious accidents. We did have some boys who were thrown in the ring, and by horses they failed to control on the road. They were what I call permissible accidents normally incident to the sport, for we took all possible precautions. It is a fact that riding in both boys' and girls' camps is rated an extra hazardous sport. The liability Insurance rate for camps having horses is extremely high. Aside from a slight concussions and a twisted ankle, we did exceptionally well. It is a good rule that if possible a thrown rider must remount and ride, to prevent any fear fixation. We did have some campers who were afraid of horses, in the saddle or off. It is always dangerous to generalize, but it seemed this was more common in children from the mid-western cities, like Cleveland and Cincinnati. Just as many of our best swimmers seemed to originate in Baltimore. I remember a youngster whose parents were most anxious to have Johnny learn to ride; I think they had a farm in the country and horses. Johnny was really afraid. The thought of the ordeal in the ring even bothered his sleep. Instead of forcing him to mount a horse I took him into the stable with me daily, where we got acquainted with a lovely mare, feeding, petting and eventually even grooming. It worked, and before the season was over he was enthusiastic and one of our most accomplished riders. When Charles Fox organized the trips, it became a tradition that the last evening's meal should be a full fledged banquet. The final camp site naturally would be back near home, and the makings would be brought out by the specially invited v.i.p. guests. It was the occasion for luscious outdoor cookery stimulated by much rivalry, followed by toasts, songs and stunts. All of us who participated will remember these nights under the stars—unfortunately they did not always shine. But canvas shelter took care of the wet ones. Then after a short sleep the boys remounted to ride into camp and arouse the stay-at-homes before daybreak or the bugle call.

After Jim Littlefield, I had a succession of varied riding masters, both good and bad, but all colourful. Amongst them I remember a specimen from Brooklyn who taught at Durland's Riding Academy off Central Park. He taught the campers a brand new repertory of four letter words. His brief tenure was followed by a real gentleman, General Harmon, a West Pointer, retired, who left us for distinguished service in the Second War. The last chapter of our riding was under a school man, a Vice Principal in a large suburban high school. He was a fine executive and kept a good stable. His teaching may have erred by being over cautious and on the conservative side. Under him we had an annual horse show with amusing games; egg and spoon races, pajama rides, and also form demonstrations.

About this time intercamp activities between boy and girl camps were sponsored. It seems the girls were most anxious for dances and parties—Kennebec was much solicited, but the boys were not enthusiastic, and I feel it has many potential dangers. But I do think an intercamp non-competitive horse show has possibilities. I invited a girls' camp that had horses to join in putting one on. I still regret that it was never attempted.

I feel much disappointment that riding is no longer a camp activity, and the once so busy stable now only serves as a storage place for some of our trucks. Being devoted to horses, we made every effort to continue the sport, even heavily subsidizing it against the steeply rising cost. It was a losing battle. Except for a few enthusiasts, interest fell off from season to season. There were too many unavoidable program conflicts. Boys who were signed up with paid up rides

begged off when they had to report for team practice or a game. Arbitrarily forcing them to ride was a bad alternative. I concluded that if less than fifteen per cent of our campers expressed interest, the odds were too great, and the stable doors stayed closed.

I think riding generally continues more popular in girls' camps. Also many children, both boys and girls, enjoy a break in their summers at organized camps by spending one or more seasons at a Western ranch. I strongly approve of this.

We have tried to make our camp summers varied and progressive from season to season, but it may be interesting and more stimulating to vary the succession of camp summers with a break. A season spent at a ranch, a trip with the family abroad, or even a summer at school. Though it seemed against interest, I have often advised and endorsed it. It has worked out well, and we frequently get an enthusiastic camper returning the summer following. However, I have little use for European tours, especially the usual coed variety, for teen-agers. Venus de Milo or Mona Lisa can hardly compete with the cuties at Monte Carlo or the Lido. Sightseeing is no substitute for healthy active sports at that age. The culture of Europe can be better appreciated beyond the ages for organized camping. I have seen several of my nicest boys return from such a tour so sophisticated they seemed many years beyond their age and were craving new excitement and sophisticated adventures.

*Culture Can  
Corrupt*

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I am not sure whether our first invitation intercamp all sport tournament was started the first season, or very shortly thereafter. It was held at Poland Springs, the resort famous for its bottled water. At that time the hotel was owned and managed by the bearded Riker brothers—rather austere and formidable New Englanders. I went down to beard them in their den. I wanted use of their tennis courts, fields and swimming facilities. They were interested but not cordial. I ended by securing a permit with limitations. We could camp on designated fields, play a tournament, but must give assurance that we would not visit the hotel or contaminate their lake. In the many years since then I know many of the parents have paid handsomely for their entertainment there, and the Rikers themselves died heavily indebted to the banks.

The following season Moriarity made the arrangements. We met on the Lewiston fair grounds. We used the harness-racing track for our running races, and Bates College athletic facilities—the actual encampments were on the fair grounds. Next year our Meeting was attaining stature, and we moved to the commons in front of the State Capitol in Augusta. We had the Governor in the reviewing stand. Two Cleveland brothers who were exceptional boy athletes piled up points, and assured us the Meet. With that, these all-sport Camp Olympics ended.

Intercamp competition in baseball, swimming, tennis, and lately in sailing, and even photography are of immense importance to the American boy. I cannot envisage a summer in camp without it for the older, competitive-minded camper. Isn't life competitive? And, if you enter a sport or play a game, it is wrong training not to enter to win. Of course, that does not exclude good sportsmanship or knowing both how to win and lose gracefully. But I have no use for the defeatist spirit "play for fun, the game's the thing—it does not matter who wins." I say it does very much matter to at least try one's hardest not to lose. I have always insisted on the best coaching obtainable, on faithful practice, on team spirit. There was a period when our senior swimming teams were losing with great regularity and equal nonchalance, and the men responsible said it did not matter—they were enjoying the sport. So I sent the coach of my juniors to take charge and coach them. He was a hard competitor and he expected the boys to win, and they did, and have ever since. The important thing is not to glorify the winner as a boy hero. When the match is over there should be no victory celebration and in defeat no alibi. And I hate medals, trophy cups and banners, even though the assembly hall in Senior Camp is full of them.

*Philosophy on  
Sports*

With the advent of so-called modern education where the child is supposed to call the shots, so as not to block development of personality, we heard a great deal about a non-directed program, free from any formal organization. A newly established camp in our region, our nearest neighbor, became very aggressive for enrollments, advising parents that Kennebec was too competitive, suited only for outstanding performers. The experience of their campers was boredom and a wasted summer. Now this same camp enters teams in all our open meets and stages an invitation Swimming Meet, the toughest competition our boys face.

There is another facet to good instruction and form in sports; the social aspect. Our boys not only play tennis or swim, or sail a boat well, they do it in beautiful form. They come back and tell me frequently how the competence gained has opened doors in college, country club and resorts. An American is sport loving, and we play games, increasingly so with our ever increasing leisure.

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### *Charles Fox Leaves*

I have delayed telling where I lost the association of my dearest friend and associate, Charles Fox, who really started me on this camping career. We were also briefly associated in the practice of law. It was easy to share the first few seasons, each being in residence for a month with an overlap and combined closing. Charles and I separated when I took a position in a Trust Company and he became an Assistant District Attorney. Also, his private practice increased 'til he came to me at the end of a fine camp season with the upsetting proposition that he would turn over his interest to me on most advantageous terms. But where was I to find an associate to compare? Fox was a born boys' leader; he generated sympathy and enthusiasm. He was not a very good camper and lacked my background in that and educational administration which I had been studying. But he had a gift of organization and influencing people, young and old. So we made a team. He fortunately continued to maintain his own home on our Belgrade Lake, always a point of interest for our campers. Much of his vacation time was spent in camp. This continued until his lamented death, and the summers during the first war when I was in service in Europe he resumed direction pending my demobilization, like the great friend he was. He was a great book man. He believed that the influence of good books was an inspiration in forming the character of young people. In his will he left a handsome bequest for a camp library. Dedicated to his memory we built a lovely new headquarters' lodge. Overlooking the lake, it contains a quiet reading room lined with book shelves. It's restful atmosphere and lovely outlook, over the water, draws the boy who wants to escape for a bit from the more active and busy group life. I think every camp should have a quiet spot apart.

### *Books Inspire*

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When President Wilson led us into the World War, we organized camp as a cadet corps. We secured two officers with marvelous military backgrounds—one from The New York Military Academy, the other an Annapolis graduate who had resigned from naval service to enter teaching. A part of every morning was given over to the manual of arms. We drilled with dummy wooden guns. We had close and open formation drills, parades and war games. These extended over considerable territory, and on through the night. Sentries were posted, and I still in memory hear "Officer of the guard—post number one" resound in a frightened youngster's falsetto. We developed a fine drum and bugle corps. We had a diminutive drum major, a member of a prominent Atlanta family, who strutted his stuff, proud as a peacock. Then I was commissioned, and went over, and missed the second season of a military camp, to return just before the close of the 1919 season. I had a greater thrill reviewing the muster to welcome me home than my participation in the pass in review for General "Black Jack" Pershing in Trier, Germany.

I think our boys really enjoyed the experience, and of course it fitted the times, but I felt then, and my observation of strictly military schools and camps, even the best, like Culver and Valley Forge, confirms my dislike for the repressive

discipline, and even more the fostering of class consciousness which military establishments seem always to engender.

The effect on camps of War number two was very different. It was memorable for little that was heroic. It brought many irksome wartime restrictions, ration stamps, gas shortages, loss of staff. It was a time of anxiety with the outcome long in doubt. It called for sacrifices and devotion to country. Many of our campers were called to serve, and there were losses of boys I had known well and loved. At camp we did our bit. We had a bean patch where the boys hoed and picked. The beans went to a cannery, and the boys were paid by the weight of the bag they picked in teams. "Uncle Pritch," our head counselor, came from Indiana farm folks and loved to work in the soil, and the job was his, and splendidly handled, so that the boys took pride in their achievement. A plane spotting service on a hill near camp was manned around the clock. Squads worked in farmers' fields and pitched hay. Everyone tried out on a really hazardous obstacle race course, laid out to regulation.

Finally the Japanese surrender came before the end of our summer. The announcement to the campers was a great occasion. We gathered on the shore of our beautiful lake as the sun went down, a particularly spectacular sunset, and symbolical, in the light of Japan's flag emblem. Each camper launched a candle boat with a dedication to the souls adrift on the sea of time. As the daylight faded we watched the fleet of little lights drift out across the waters. There were no speeches beyond the announcement, and then we joined in patriotic songs and a victory banquet set up in our dining-room.

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One of the incidents of wartime restrictions—limiting passenger rail transportation—has a curious echo in what we are facing today, now we are flying all our campers to bus terminals in Boston. It will do away with the famous Bar Harbor Camp Special that has carried our parties to and from Maine for over fifty years. That fantastic night in the old style twelve-section and drawing-room Pullman cars was all excitement and frenzy, and precious little sleep. Despite advance notice that water pistols would be confiscated on sight there always was plenty of sniping. And the way little human animals swing from upper berths across the aisles, and up and down, would have done credit to a monkey garden. Lack of tails seemed to be no handicap. Of course, pillows are made for throwing. Add to all this the children who are strange—scared and often car sick. Then there were foolish conductors who attempted to check the count and the half-fares when even I and my helpers couldn't be sure of an accurate count even though we had checked off our list as our people reported in at the various stations. And, despite guards at the car doors, I feared the loss of campers whenever the train stopped.

As an instance, on one of our return trips we had a dining car put on our section at New Haven for breakfast. It was cut off at New York, for our cars were divided beyond that station. A well known dance band leader, who is often called to perform at White House parties, expected to meet his son when the train arrived in Philadelphia. When I reached my office, where I had gone from the train, happy that my big responsibility was now over, I had a frantic phone call from him. No son had gotten off the train, and no one had seen him after the train left New York. I assured him he was not lost, only temporarily mislaid. The boy had not finished breakfast and had stayed on the dining car. He was forwarded on the next express. But papa was temperamentally quite disturbed. Incidentally mama was a splendid pianist and is affectionately remembered for the time she entertained us all one horribly rainy Sunday visitors' day.

Anyone who has seen the huge milling crowds of parents and children, all loaded down with ungainly packages and tripping over tennis rackets and fishing rods, must consider it a near miracle how they get sorted out and aboard their own camp train. There is the story that appeared in the New Yorker about the little girl who got to an entirely different camp from the one in which she had been enrolled, and it was weeks before the parents or the camp tumbled to the fact. I do not know if or how a transfer was effected, or if indeed she finished

## *The Effect of War*

## *Railroad Rambunctiousness*



the season in the camp of her adoption. From what I know of some camps this could indeed happen.

There are two travel details I introduced which have served us well. All our campers are instructed to travel in the camp uniform and bring no city clothes. This makes for cleanliness and easy identification. There was a time when we collected and tagged all the city suits, and had a storage closet and it was a mess. Some suits would be used for a trip to town or a play—then, with tags removed, identification became difficult. The older fussier boys wanted their suits cleaned and pressed for the trip home—all this is obviated by travelling in the camp uniform.

The other gimic was a "Travel Permit Card." We sent a form which contained a statement to be signed by the parent that to their knowledge the child was well and had not been exposed to any contagion. It also stated where an arrival telegram should be sent if desired.

Working out the schedules, making reservations, the listing and baggage details, both going and coming, are a serious problem. It may not be bad where a great majority come from a single geographic area. But where, as in many camps, they draw from many and widely scattered cities, it takes a traffic engineer to do the job. It was simpler when I was a boy camper. My parents were told where the rail station was and the date camp would start. It was their responsibility to get me there. I recommend a return to that system. After all, the big boarding schools like Lawrenceville or Exeter do not have chaperoned parties to bring students to school.

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I do not recall where the tradition of calling all counselors "Uncle" began. Whether it anti-dated Kennebec, and we just picked it up, or rather, as I think, it developed with us and spread and became generally adopted by many other camps—I like it, for it neatly characterized the intimate relationship. Curiously, I believe it is not customary in girls' camps to call their leaders "Auntie." They seem to prefer the formal "Miss Smith," or just the given first name. I wonder why.

So our next head counselor after Mory was "Uncle Pritch." Beloved and respected by thousands of our ex-campers whose names and characteristics he miraculously remembered years after their graduation. He is retired from his teaching and football coaching in the Newark High Schools, as well as from his camp duties. He still spends his summers in his cottage across the lake from camp and most of his mornings working in camp. Twenty-odd years ago I had several thousand pines set out in a section of our land not suited to camp activities. They have grown into a fine stand, but much too dense. Pritch has undertaken practically single-handed the job of selective cutting and trimming, and it is a wonderful contribution, and will be a memorial I hope to us both. I love to go in the grove and find him there, stripped to the waist, swinging axe or saw. We sit on a log and chat of the experiences shared and the years gone by. Though the years have mellowed him, he is still a rugged individualist. We pretty well agree in our contempt for an over paternalistic government's care for the shiftless incompetents. I think there should be social security—within limits—but not automatic handouts. The story of New York's Porto Ricans entering without restrictions to go on relief fills us both with nausea. A Miss Tandy from Elizabeth, N. J., had a small girls' camp at the far end of our lake, called Tandyland. Pritch's mother lived in Elizabeth, and knew Miss Tandy. Pritch went to pay his respects, met his Agnes there and they married. On my staff in those distant days there was another rugged individual—Harry Bickford, a real Maine down-easter, a great woodsman, hunter, canoe man and guide. Big of bone and big of heart. He and Pritch were great friends, and Bick also married a girl counselor from Tandyland. All that summer the two paddled across the lake on their nights off to do their courting. "Bick" and Mabel were married on the last day of the season in the town Grange, turned into a chapel for the occasion. The campers attended in a body—it was a lovely day. I will have more to tell of Bickford by and bye.

*"Uncle Pritch"*

*Disaster on  
the Kennebec*

One of the episodes Pritch and I liked to recall as we sat in the fragrant shade of the pines in lazy heat of a summer's day was the canoe trip down the Kennebec River on which I sent him before he became our head master. It seemed logical that a trip down the Kennebec River should be the big trip of the Kennebec Camps. We studied maps to find that the River began with tributaries and an outlet from Moosehead Lake, a hundred miles to the north. At that time it was in the domain of the Great Northern Paper Company and a true wilderness. It was to be a pioneer trip of exploration, and we chose some of our oldest strongest boys, with Pritch as guide and leader. The railroads were still in business, including the Somerset Short Line connecting the nearby town of Oakland with a terminal on Moosehead. We shipped three canoes to what we thought was the head of navigable water. Our party with canvas and camping gear, and boxes of provisions, followed to the jumping off place with a considerable hike and carry-in. Our campers must have been more rugged then. Today they complain if they have to carry a camera and fishing rod.

It was not long before they met disaster in the fast water and rapids of the descending river. The upper Kennebec was never a canoe stream, as Pritch soon discovered. They were swamped, crashed on rocks, grounded on shoals, and forced to abandon ship. The canoe journey resolved itself into a hike for home. Now they ran into further trouble of shortage of rations and of money. The expenses had far exceeded estimates, and provisions had been lost or abandoned with the canoes. I think the last day's march may have been made on empty stomachs. It was a famous catastrophe.

Actually, I learned a lot more beyond the fact that the upper Kennebec is not a canoe stream. It is interesting that years later in reading Roberts' fine story "Arundel" I learned again what I should have remembered from my history courses, that Arnold in his march on Quebec left the Kennebec at the Carry Ponds, above Bingham where the great dam is now located. Of course, some of this trip wisdom did not crystallize all at once. Fifty years of wilderness camping still leaves plenty of room for improving techniques.

This I can say is now basic at Kennebec. The terrain and route of every trip is scouted anew before the party leaves camp. We try never to enter unknown waters with children before we have explored for unexpected hazards. A near tragedy in a little over night trip of younger children on our own Belgrade stream again drove home need for this precaution.

After a night in sleeping bags on the shore of Long Lake, one of our Belgrades, the party went on a boat ride with outboards to the end of the lake and into the stream that empties its waters eventually into the Kennebec. They were proceeding, three boats in single file, with motors humming merrily to where a road bridge crossed the stream. It hid a dam in the river just beyond the bridge. The first boat was under the bridge when my wonderful counselor "Uncle Pitt" saw the danger. There was a great head of water rushing over the dam with a wild swirl of boiling water below. Pitt stood up and grabbed the timbers of the bridge overhead. He was able to hold the boat against the current while the children scrambled to safety. Then he pulled himself up onto the bridge and let the current carry the boat and motor over the dam. I subsequently recovered a compromised verdict from the power company on the grounds that adequate warning by buoys or signs were not provided to warn of a hidden danger to navigation. It would not have compensated had we suffered a loss of life. The other two following boats had put into shore.

*Dam Drama*

Another thing the trip down the Kennebec emphasized. Divide the provision and other duffle so that one canoe does not carry all the food, another the canvas and bedding. If one of the fleet capsizes, and the contents are lost, you may go on short rations but have enough to carry on. We have also learned to establish credit along our trip routes. It has happened that a leader's wallet with the exchequer has made an independent voyage down river without its owner. Other adventures have also established this as basic precautions. Every party must have at least two adequate responsible leaders, so, if it is necessary for one to return to camp with a sick or injured camper the other can continue.

Once I was having a wonderful time with an overnight fishing party. We had set up a production line preparing our big catch with a scaler, a gutter and

a cooker. Our party was large and our catch rewarding. Then a boat with a lone messenger hove into shore. An urgent message had arrived in camp to immediately get one of our older boys off his canoe trip in the Northern-Woods to fly him home to Cincinnati. The funeral of his father was being held up for his arrival. A Chartered plane flew into a lake where my party was scheduled to be. The boy was picked up and brought to camp by one of the counselors. There was adequate supervision left for the trip to continue.

Finally, two to a canoe with duffle is a load. We have long since given up the economy of an extra camper in each canoe to rotate and relieve the paddler. Recently a neighboring camp had a tragic drowning where an overloaded canoe was swamped in a wind swept turbulent Northern lake. It does not pay to overload.

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As my memories turn to these wonderful limitless Northern Woods, and more particularly to Mt. Katahdin and the waters of the Allagash. I remember the trip I took with my then much loved associate. Brod Friedman, and Harry Bickford of our staff. Put the six foot-one of Bick in store clothes—he was one of the gawkiest, most awkward figures of a scare crow. But in a checkered shirt and a battered felt hat ornamented with trout flies stuck in the band, he was a fine figure of a man, rather of the Abe Lincoln type. Expert with axe, paddle and setting pole, he became a living part of his canoe. He was the first of a long line of Maine teacher guides to lead us into the big Woods.

Incidentally, I remember his two beautiful daughters. As they grew into teen-agers and beyond, a Sunday visit to their dad in camp would visibly raise the temperature of our quad. Harry Junior loved the woods, like his father, and I remember him as an outstanding camper on trips. But he gave up his early dreams of a life in the North Woods, sold his father's camp on Chesuncook Lake, got a good job with the DuPonts, and acquired a national reputation as a racer and builder of outboard speed boats. There is irony in this. One of Bick's few hates was the outboard kicker that, with their noisy put-put, threatened to replace the beloved silent canoe on our lakes.

That fall the excursion we made with Bick had a very serious purpose. We proposed establishing a base camp for our oldest campers where they would have wilderness camping and an outfitting post to jump off for the Allagash and other long canoe trips. Harry already had a log cabin at the northern end of Chesuncook Lake where the West Branch of the Penobscot comes in. There were a few other cabins and a rest depot for lumberjacks of the Great Northern Paper Company, to whom most of these lands belonged. The little settlement was generally known as Smithtown, and Ma Smith baked bread and pies, and there was a fire warden's phone line which sometimes worked. For many years, when the lake was free of ice, Alex Gun ran a mail boat three days a week from Ripogenus Dam and back the following day. Our boys came by truck to the end of the Company road at the Dam, then in Alex Gun's mail boat up the twenty-five mile lake to our camp. I called it Kennesuncook. It was there we kept our twenty-odd canoes and camping gear.

We secured a ready built cabin on the lake shore and secured a courtesy lease to a nice tract from the Paper Company at a nominal rent. We had the local woodsmen build a set of log cabins—a good sized lodge for living and eating, a number of bunk houses, and cleared a volley ball court and some horse shoe pitching pits.

My original intention was to make this a separate independent unit where the boys who had outgrown Kennebec would spend their summer. Bickford was to pick a staff and be in absolute charge. It did not work out that way. Our city boys have loved the time spent at Chesuncook and the great canoe cruise through Umbazooksis, Chamberlain and Eagle Lakes, down the Allagash around the falls, through the Rankin Rapids and the St. John to take out at Fort Kent on the border. What memories those names bring back of adventure and mishap and wonderful cook-outs and campfire stories. But they also wanted to share in the organized sports and social life of the big camp. So that is how it has been—

*Wilderness  
Camp Established*

a summer equally divided between the two.

Bick would remain in his own cabin through the fall hunting season. Often he would guide parties of sports or just hunt, trap and fish alone. He was a sociable guy, but he claimed he enjoyed his own company best in the woods—no responsibility for what a tenderfoot could dream up. One year he told me he got lost coming out. Chesuncook Lake had frozen solid, and he had driven his Model T over the ice with supplies from the dam. The day he drove out he was caught in a blinding snow storm when in the middle and far from shore. He drove and drove expecting to strike the shore. Then he became aware that he was repeatedly crossing other car tracks in the fresh snow. How could it happen that there were several fool drivers out on the frozen lake in this near blizzard? Then he realized he was crossing his own tracks as he was driving blindly in circles.

Then late one fall came the sad news that Harry had not come out, and a search party had found his loaded sled and gun half submerged on the bank of a stream, where he had a little outpost camp. His body was recovered the following spring when the ice went out. He had gone through a fault in the ice and drowned. The shallow water in the little connecting creeks can freeze early, and overnight. I well remember the time we hurried out, to save dragging our canoes over the ice, not as easy or pleasant as paddling a loaded boat. Even so, the thin ice had formed a crust. We rocked our boats to break a passage through, and none too soon.

It was probably on this trip that I was a guest in a lumber camp, and I carried away vivid memories both of sights, sounds and smells. The good and ample food served the men the two meals they get in camp is a compelling lure to get the crews into the woods. The expression of a table groaning with the weight of vittals may well have originated there. There was no conversation at the table. The business of shovelling down the food was all absorbing. Nor was much time lost in conversation when the men rose from the long wooden benches that flanked the boards on trestles that made the table. In the bunk house there were tiers of uppers and lowers. The sleeping boxes were filled with spruce boughs and the coverings were quilts. It was nippy weather and an iron pot bellied stove glowed cherry red. The barracks had no windows, except skylights, and the atmosphere was soon stifling, also our hides were not cutie hardened. For this and other persuasive counts of bodily comfort we soon took our sleeping bags under the stars. Only there were no stars that night. We pulled our beds under the shelter of an overhanging roof. It was a long night. We were up before dawn with the men, and had a washup at the pump. No dip in the lake that morning. And we did full justice to a man size breakfast, pies and all.

After we lost Harry Bickford a fine young graduate of the University of Maine took command of our Kennesuncook group and camp. Frank McGinley was our head guide and trip leader for many years. In the winter he taught in the Bangor High School and coached football. He acquired a wife and a hilltop farm where he now harvests blueberries for the market. He became a noted bird-dog man. He raised and trained pointers. I delighted in going after grouse and woodcock with him, to see how these beautiful dogs took up the bird scent, pointed and retrieved, through my own shooting was erratic, and plainly disgusted the dogs.

Frank had a commission in War II and was an instructor in a Southern training camp. He was driving his car alone when he suffered a near fatal head injury in a head on collision. After months of hospitalization he made a long slow recovery of memory and motor function. The following summer, with some misgiving, I reengaged his services, as a canoe instructor, not as head of the senior division. He improved during the season, and the year following was back in his old job.

Unhappily, the accident affected his personality beyond what I realized. He was no longer as companionable or popular a leader as before. Many of the boys were actually afraid of him, finding his temper and reaction to their pranks unpredictable. On the Allagash canoe trip an incident occurred in which Mac really acted for what he knew was right and for the interest of camp. Unhappily, on top of previous irritations, it produced a near mutiny.

*Harry Bickford's  
Icy Death*

*Frank McGinley*

## *Backwoods Extortion*

There then existed a most important wagon carry over three miles of difficult trail into Mud Pond. The old logger had a team of Northern Paper Company horses who could negotiate the treacherous footing. It took several trips to transport all the canoes and duffle of so considerable a party. Before the camp season opened McGinley had scheduled the carry and bargained for the charges. It was a monopoly and the old man had raised his portage fee to a monopoly charge. When Mac had his first canoes on the wagon he recalled the price as per the pre-season agreement. The carry man refused to move on those terms. Mac was in a high rage. He ordered his boys to unrope and unload the canoes. They carried both their canoes and all their cargo across by hand. It was a tough all day job with many heavy loads across, and a hike back for more.

As a camping party should always be kept reasonably small to camp comfortably and for happy control, it is customary to split our Allagash trips into two or three separate parties with a day or more between. So that generally one group pulls into the best selected area where the previous party spent the night. Mac McGinley always led the van.

When our party number two arrived at Mud Pond carry Mac's group, delayed by their hand carry, were still on shore and they were not happy. McGinley requested the veteran and experienced counselor in charge of the second Allagash to back him up and refuse to be held up for ransome. But Charley Graham did not see it that way. He would not sour the trip for his boys, and paid the extortionate fee. Back in camp there were plenty of repercussions. The boys of trip one called the campers of trip two softies. But in general, public opinion was all for Graham, and Mac was rated a slave driver. I became aware that it would be difficult to enroll campers for the following summer who dreaded being in charge of McGinley and on the trip with him. Very reluctantly I replaced McGinley as head of our Kunnesuncook campers. I lost a very devoted leader and a good friend. I have seen Mac since then, but relations have been strained, and he refuses to visit camp or attend reunions. He still hunts, and I read of his dogs carrying off honors in the local field trials.

There is an interesting sidelight in this as to qualities of leadership. McGinley was a fine canoe man, and he realized that it required both paddle skill and endurance to stand the pace for many hours each day that a long trip demanded. As the normal routine of camp life on our lake required no long sustained paddling he introduced "conditioning paddling" around our Belgrade Lakes after the evening meal. He would set the pace in the lead canoe and the long line of these graceful little boats strung out in a long file made a beautiful picture as they passed in front of the shore of my cottage which faced the setting sun. But it was more work than fun for the campers, and Mac, a perfectionist, was sharp and critical of the form and progress of his crew. It was a major element in his growing unpopularity.

The recent head of this section is a real boys' hero, and has unusual leadership. The canoe conditioners are still very much a part of the pre-trip program, but they are rather popular than otherwise. It is a distinction to be called out for them. It is the same with every activity. There just is no substitute for enthusiastic leadership. It is the quality that makes a memorable teacher or a great coach. It does not depend upon outstanding knowledge or skill. It most certainly has nothing to do with what is taught at Teachers' Colleges. It is contagious enthusiasm pure and simple.

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## *Enthusiasm*

There are many important activities that, on their own appeal, would have scant following in competing for the interest of the average child. Certainly shop work, nature study, art, music or even dancing, will not be as popular as any of the competitive sports, or swimming, sailing or water skiing. But I have seen all of them become of absorbing interest whenever we found the true enthusiast to spark the campers' interest. So I have dropped or added activities to match the competence of the staff. There would be a season when photography, for example, would seem of major importance, with clothes-line shows and competitions,

only to sink into very minor interest as the activating leader failed to return. The same for nature lore when cabin groups begged for their turn to be taken on early morning bird hikes; or archery or dramatics or Indian lore, would be the rage. And the same was true of the major sports. I also found that these enthusiasts could be very expensive. For they fought for ever more and finer equipment in their specialties, more and better courts for tennis, more and finer sail boats, bigger and better stage equipment for dramatics, more telescope sights for rifles. But this is what the smart camp executive needs and wants, as long as it paces the interest of his campers.

My own early boyhood summers were spent in Cape May, the southern most tip of New Jersey. In fact, that was where I was born one sultry June day. There I grew up with little sail boats on the "thoroughfare" as a boy's dream of what was most fun in the world. We sailed and raced catboats with center boards. Many a day the wind would drop and leave me far from dock. There were no auxiliaries and no patrol launches to tow becalmed boats home. So I would arrive at our cottage long past supper time. I marvel now at the forbearance of my parents, and only now realize the anxiety I must have occasioned.

When I proposed adding a couple of sail boats to our camp equipment, my partner Charles Fox bitterly opposed sailing as an activity too hazardous. In vain I argued that there were no bars, channels or tides in our lake. So it was not until he had withdrawn as co-director that I included sailing as a regular camp activity. I am sure there is none more popular or that has more enriched the lives of the hundreds of campers wherever small boat sailing has become part of the program. Its appeal is as strong to the athletic minded as to the less competitive. It is wonderful to see the child who needs self assurance and a feeling of accomplishment beam as they reach the coveted rank of "skipper." Like riding, it seems that sailing has a special appeal in our girl camps, where the more rugged competitive games have limited participation.

We have been most fortunate in finding a true devotee of sailing, with a scholar's approach to this skill, in a college professor, who has continued his association because he so loves his summers afloat. As there is a very real conflict between the need to teach sailing by handling a boat with full responsibility for consequences and the safety factor; good judgment and vigilance with adequate rescue facilities are a must. So after very short basic instruction with a skipper a learner should be given command of a boat and be coached by the sailing master from a motor boat, rather than inboard.

I have taken endless delight in watching the deep blue waters of a lake rippled by a summer's breeze and dotted by the many white sails of many shapes and sizes as they skim and maneuver. For it is important to handle a variety of boats with various rigging, from the sailfish, which is a glorified surf board, to complicated racing craft. For racing is the cream of small boat handling and its complicated rules in itself are a stimulating study to differentiate a sailor from a drifter. This gives the victory to the skilful handler rather than merely to the fastest boat. The decision when to tack and what canvas to carry under varying conditions of wind and weather is what counts.

As intercamp sail boat racing gained in popularity there was an attempt to secure a standard boat design so that visiting crews would be familiar with the kind of boat they would be required to handle. The association of Maine Camp Directors had many boat designs submitted to meet the requirements at a price that would appeal. But as far as I know, few camps secured boats of any standard type.

Some of the boys who did their first sailing on our Belgrade Lakes have gone on to become yachting enthusiasts. We have had participants in the famous Bermuda challenge races, and campers now grown into men who own and sail magnificent craft on sounds and bays. I know several whose family vacations are spent under sail from New York to Maine. I can see much merit in a specialized sailing camp for the unusual type of child who might be lost in a camp whose activity program is mainly on so-called sports.

## *Early Sailing at Cape May*

*Conservationist's  
Lament*

Now the latest in water sports is speed boating and water skiing. Gone the lazy peace and quiet of our inland waters. All day long and far into the night we hear the roar of motors. It is as perilous to cross the pond as to walk across Broadway against the light. It seems we will need traffic lights and marked lanes and speed laws to control this new menace.

I attended a public hearing of a committee of the State Senate to consider legislation to regulate motor boating. The Senate chamber was crowded, standing room only. There were representatives of boat liveries, motor salesmen, resort owners, racing organizations and private enthusiasts. On some points there seemed general agreement; the boats should be licensed, for instance. That would put a fee in the Treasury. The danger of irresponsible driving into swimming areas and boat landings should be forbidden. These provisions were finally incorporated into a law. It was also made mandatory that two people must handle a water skier so that the man steering would not have his attention diverted. This is a step in the right direction, but there is no adequate power of enforcement like the cop on the motor cycle. I also recommended that there be an age limit for operators of boats of over a fixed horse power, similar to auto licensing. This idea was impressed on me when I observed some youngsters, not campers, who dashed up and down the lake daily at top speed and wide open throttle around and around, going no where. Then as this became monotonous they tried buzzing anything else afloat, seeing how near they could come to a collision and turn away. Surely, I felt they could be better employed developing muscles, skill and endurance in swinging a paddle or pulling an oar.

Skiing has come to stay, and it is a thrilling sport. It too requires careful supervision and preliminary passing of tough swimming tests. Then it develops strength and courage. I found it, like sailing, was a prime incentive to the reluctant swimmer. A lad who for several seasons was content to have passed his sinker's tests suddenly got busy when he wanted to try skiing. He became a beautiful swimmer, and lost all fear of the water in less than a month.

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In the era following the end of the first war, camping came into its own. Many camps of many kinds were started; organization sponsored, private, for boys, for girls, and coeducational. The American child was to expect a camp experience as part of his heritage. He was urged to attend the Scout boy or girl camp, or a camp run by his church. He could go to a so-called work camp, or specialize for tutoring or art, riding, dramatics and dancing. Many of these have not survived.

From very early years I had limited the enrollment, and have felt that a camp must be kept small enough so that top direction could take a personal interest in every member of the community, and no child be overlooked in the crowd. At this time pressure for placement caused a steady rise in this enrollment figure. I felt it was time to divide and multiply. A junior camp entirely apart and separate but jointly owned and operated was the answer.

When Kennebec started there was no question or problem as to a camper's age, for there was then no thought of sending very young children away from home for a summer. Perhaps a younger brother might tag along, though seldom if he was under ten. Older boys and girls were the rule, for there was little competition from Youth Hostels, European Tours, auto jaunts and country clubs. But now there was insistent demand to take care of much younger groups. In the big Eastern cities like New York, the problem of outdoor supervised play during the long school vacation could be solved by sending Johnny away to camp and this would at the same time provide a welcome vacation for parents. At this point there were camps ready and willing to accept campers in diapers.

For a long time the minimum age I favored was twelve. It seemed to me that allowed the important teen ages for camp. But as many children were being sent to a camp that would accept them at eight or even younger we lost desirable prospects that should normally have come to us.

In developing a definitely Junior Camp I wanted a set-up and program that would be tailored for the pre-adolescent—the year spread from nine to twelve. It should be imaginative, adventuresome and without outside competition to avoid

Varsity teams for which these youngsters were not ready. An Indian Nation made a fine back ground for tradition and activity.

When junior started, my first concern was to secure a dynamic head for my staff. As I did not want to start with any carry over of ideas from the old established unit, I determined to start with an all new staff of counselors. There was now a new need for some feminine influence, I felt, in handling younger children.

I thought there should be a camp mother—a completely erroneous idea. So I was interested in both Guerdon Messer and his family. He was a Springfield graduate and his wife was the daughter of Dr. Searley, its dean. I drove to Troy to meet them at Ranslear Tech where Guerdon was head of Physical Education. Guerdon was a fine organizer and a natural leader. His wife Ethel, and the two beautiful daughters who occupied a cottage on the camp shore proved more of a liability. I have concluded that the feminine influence in a boys' camp is much like seasoning in cooking. It is most important but should not be obvious, and if there is too much of it the dish is spoiled. My associates have all been married but in the Senior original camp, the wives never intruded or became a part of the community. Their visits were as limited as were those of parents; it was strictly a man's world.

The summer after I returned from France with a wife, I gave up my little cabin in the circle where the boys lived. This was a great sacrifice, and I have missed that intimate contact with my campers. Ever since Guerdon Messer the head counselors, and all of the married men have had their families live outside of camp.

Following our marriage and honeymoon in Europe, Olga and I had a stormy March crossing on the Northern route, and when confined to our staterooms I spent time designing the house I would build for our Maine occupancy. I sent the plans to my friend Watson who did the camp building. It has a lovely location on the shore facing the setting sun and we have loved it through the years, making few alterations. But when we first stepped into the living room we found a stout post plumb in the center of our living room. Watson explained that it was a security against the weight of winter snow on the roof when we were not there to shovel it off. Despite the removal of that precaution our roof had not caved in. Then the lakeside door I had indicated in my plan opened wide into outer space and a drop of ten feet or more to the ground. The sunset balcony to which it was to give access had been forgotten. I suppose my builder's idea was just open the door and step out into the sunset.

The real home atmosphere of our cottage on the edge of the camp grounds has played an important role. At no time has Olga assumed any official position; she has never been a "camp mother" or assumed any fixed responsibility. Yet many an ex-camper remembers his visits with her in our house,—and "You must meet Aunt Olga" was a frequent greeting to visiting mothers. The very fact that there was no official connection and that visits to our house were purely social, unscheduled and voluntary, made them so important. Frequently a young child, away from his parents, yearns for a little family life which he cannot get in the typical camp environment. And it constituted a veritable haven for the homesick.

Fortunate, indeed, those of us who have not experienced the blues of home sickness at some time or another. I have seen it in all degrees and stages, and go on record that it is far from a merely imaginary illness. In a junior group of a hundred children about ten cases of varying severity are average. Curiously too, it is impossible to predict in advance the child most likely to succumb. Again and again I have been warned by mama that her child has never been from home overnight and will doubtless be homesick. Often, I think, she was disappointed to find him enthusiastically happy from his first day of separation. On the other hand, the real aggressive go-getter with advance billing that here is the type for whom camps are built may be the woe begone babe in the woods.

The successful handling of homesick cases varies as much as the children themselves. Often it takes time and patience to find the right solution. Sympathy and understanding at first, then more direct suggestion, and finally a bit of stern authority are indicated.

A little red head from Texas came to me after his first breakfast, "Uncle Lou," when does the next train leave?

He just needed friends—to be integrated in a group. I turned him over to

*Masculinity  
Only*

*Olga Contributes  
Her Charm*



*Homesickness  
Can Be Cured*

his section leader.

A wonderful sensitive fine little performer could not understand why he woke up early each morning with such a lost feeling and couldn't control his tears. He needed sympathetic reasoning and an understanding that we all must learn adjustment to new situations as part of the process of growing up.

Then there was the chap we picked up on the high road several miles from camp. He was going to go home if need be on foot; quite an undertaking, as he came from the deep South. And we had a most difficult case of the boy whose father, a former camper, had oversold the camp and the boy, although he had plenty of his friends with him, missed his affectionate family too terribly. He was physically upset to the point of not eating or sleeping, and this for days. My wife adopted him until he recovered, and she has been a major resource in many of the worst cases I remember. This boy was a gifted musician and when things got too blue he would come to our house and thump our piano. It was a bit distracting for us, but in a good cause. A bit later he was helped out of his slough of despond by having all his gang come to us for a party and getting him to play for an applauding group.

Inevitably the first move will be an insistent request to telephone home. This I temporize; the wires are not free—the parents would be worried—maybe if he made a brave effort we might consider it tomorrow. Two things are of prime importance—to get the patient to fight along and for the parents to cooperate. I have had some real difficulties when over-anxious parents have entered into bargains and promised to take Johnny home with them when they came up for their mid season visit.

I have felt that it spelled a bad defeat for any boy or girl to yield to home sickness and leave. To be a quitter must leave a scar of acknowledged weakness, a record of defeat. I can only remember one or two instances of finally losing a homesick child, though I have come close to giving up on a few stubborn cases. Then I would be reinforced by my sympathetic wife, my interested staff—and oh very helpful indeed—a group of older campers who had suffered in their day and were now enthusiastic old timers.

There was one well remembered case I did not win. Sam came from a lovely home way down in Mobile. His over anxious mother brought him to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York. When he joined our group there he felt lost. There were so many excited reunions, back-slapping and hilarity, he felt out of it. He decided he would go home. Told he would have to at least make the trip and see what camp was like, and assured once there he would like it, he became hysterical. Then he was lost by the senior in whose charge I placed him. Before train time he was found hiding in the men's toilet. Mama was naturally upset and unfortunately decided she would make an independent journey and stay near camp 'til Sam adjusted. We were on a fair way to winning Sam over when Mama sailed into view. Following a day of conferences in which the decision changed from hour to hour. Sam left rather reluctantly. The parents admitted they had been to blame. He came to camp the following year on his own request.

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**I**t has been my observation that women are far better housekeepers and that where there are only men in charge of the premises, camps tend to be dirty, even if maintenance is tops. This unhappily is true not only of the grounds and premises, but maybe more importantly of the personnel and campers. It does not seem necessarily the mark of a good woodsman to go unshaved and in disreputable apparel. A terrific trip leader who headed up groups that spent entire months on the tough East Branch trip was meticulous and always changed to clean whites before starting cooking for his party. I am impressed when I visit a camp to see the girls or boys smartly attired in clean uniforms.

If I over stress the point, I have a recollection of the horrible problem, highly contagious skin impetigo can be. It is a dirt strep infection. My first personal encounter with impetigo happened when I spent a summer camping under canvas with a couple of chaps from our law class, on Deer Island in Lake Placid. We were just too busy having a good time to bother with the housekeeping details.

*Cleanliness  
and Infection*

It must have been pretty bad, for we all ran face and buttock sores which were no end humiliating, as we were socially in demand at the swank summer hotels.

I learned a lot more about impetigo when I ran into multiple cases during successive seasons in our camps. We did not have antibiotics to fight the lesions in early days, but our doctors ordered strict segregation of any one infected. One summer it really got out of hand, and we set up an isolation encampment in our shop buildings. Impetigo is not a disease of the system, so those in quarantine needed a full time program of activities—a camp within a camp. One of our senior campers was a natural as a comedian. He since became the successful head and program director of the Metropolitan radio-television network. He helped to keep up the morale of the afflicted by organizing them into an "Imp Village." He conducted tours through the compound, had native exhibitions, dances, and ceremonies but the comedy failed to amuse me.

I called in an eminent New York dermatologist to study cause and advise cure. We installed hot showers with an adequate water supply, and insisted on their scheduled supervised use.

Beyond this, I found the insistence on attention to personal as well as organizational hygiene at times hard to meet a woman's rigorous standards but have been happy with the results when I did. Girls' camps generally do better. My connection with Boy Scouts, Y's and Big Brothers have taken me into many organization camps where no women are in evidence. Many would be improved by providing more soap and water and by a more liberal application of the scrub brush.

But for me personally, I was at times driven to near distraction by my wife's desire to shield little children from undue exposure to what I felt were legitimate risks and necessary hardening adventures. For instance, arrangements have been completed for a two day camping out in the woods. Bedding rolls have been packed in the boats for transport, provisions, carefully rationed, have been stowed. The boys await the signal to pull out. Then a sudden summer storm darkens the sky. Distant thunder rolls. Frantically my helpmate cries to me:

"Are you crazy to send these children into the woods in this weather?" I try to explain that this is part of what I believe camps are for. No harm will come from a little rain. People do not dissolve. The experience of a storm shared is high adventure, and ample protection and shelter is provided. The leadership is adequate.

I do not convince her. The campers come back unharmed and enthusiastic. But I will have the same hurdle to surmount next time. It is a salutary brake to keep my hardiness in check. I must evaluate my plans more carefully—must be sure I am safely within my margin of "permissible risk."

There were more serious illnesses than impetigo to test our medical facilities and add to a director's gray hairs. We ran our share of epidemics of mumps and measles. And when the first three weeks of the season had safely carried us past the normal periods of incubation, a big load of worry was taken from me. Naturally, the younger the group age, the greater is the chance of contagious children's diseases.

I remember one time when a case of measles had been diagnosed and isolated, I secured immunizing serum by air mail and it arrived so late that the campers were asleep when necessary arrangements for inoculations were completed. We aroused the boys a cabin at a time, marched them to the dispensary, and packed them back in their beds. Many of them had absolutely no recollection next morning of what had happened and could not understand why their bottoms seemed sore and why everybody seemed to be limping.

We had one very tragic drowning incident and one narrow escape from a mass disaster. Seashore, the nineteen year old son of the Iowa University professor who made up many of the army mental fitness tests, was drowned in Lobster Lake. He was a young counselor with our camping party of twelve year olds. He was on our staff as a swimming instructor—a splendid performer. After the camp on the pond shore had been set up, a game warden came by in his canoe equipped with an outboard motor. Following an exchange of pleasantries, he invited young Seashore to go with him on his scouting round. Influenced by the circumstance

## *Inevitable Camping Risks*

that it was the young man's birthday, head counselor Pritchard who commanded the party gave exceptional consent to Seashore to go. A squall kicked up a rolling surf. It soaked and stalled the little motor. The canoe drifted broadside to the waves and swamped not far from the shore. Why Seashore failed to swim ashore remains a mystery. He was hampered by his rain coat and shoes. His wonderful parents gave me an unforgettable example of understanding and forbearance in their bereavement.

An interesting part of Kennebec's equipment is its war canoes. They are sturdy thirty-four foot long canvas boats and can hold eighteen paddlers, a cox and helmsman.

This is how one was loaded plus some dunnage and personal packs on a bright summer morning; the start of a trip to another lake. The plan was for them to cross our own lake to a taking out point for a short hike to the town of Oakland where they would take train transportation. The lake on our shore was wind protected and calm, but as the boat got out of the shelter of the lea there was a stiff breeze and some choppy water. The boat was overloaded and there was little free board. The boys were not a crew or accustomed to paddling together. When the splash of the waves hit the paddlers on the port side they flinched over to starboard. This added to the weight of the boys already on that side, and caused the canoe to roll over. In an instant the water was full of struggling boys, bedding rolls, knapsacks, cameras, fishing rods and miscellaneous parcels. With the help of the waterwise leaders all the party reached shore safely. The loss was confined to the missed trip and the bedding, etc. which sank. Lady Luck surely was with us that day.

\* \* \*

When the Junior camp came into the picture, the original two 34 foot war canoes became a part of the important equipment of the new unit. As a war canoe it worked into the Indian tradition. A new additional boat was built to order at Old Town so that each of the three tribes, Penobscot, Passamaquody and Micmac was assigned one. In the first few years a tribe was made up of the boys and Uncles in three of the cabins of six boys each, since changed to seven and as the camps grew the Malacite and Norridgewock tribes were added. A new canoe joined the fleet with each addition. I doubt if any more could be gotten or built today. These boats are babied as is no other part of camp. They have been repaired, rebuilt and fiber glassed and have served remarkably well. As they hold 20 boy paddlers and a cox and stern Uncle, we can put the entire camp afloat in them. They serve as transports to Senior, when the Juniors go visiting their older brothers, or to other points on the lakes.

The unique and very special use of these big canoes are the inter-tribe races held on Sunday mornings, with the big Nation race on the big parents visitors day. The little braves become extraordinarily proficient under the drive of this competition, for rivalry is very keen. It is a great sight to see all the little brown bodies bending in rhythmic unison to drive the graceful boats down the course. I imagine that in the snap shot albums of every parent who has had a son at Kennebec there must be at least one picture of the finish of a war canoe race.

\* \* \*

One of the things I treasure is a beautiful bronze plaque inserted in the stone face of the fireplace of the old original assembly lodge in Junior Camp. It was placed there by the parents in appreciation of a heroic and successful handling of a polio scare following an early camp case of that dread disease.

As soon as the case was diagnosed I secured the services of a woman doctor from the New York Rockefeller Clinic who stayed in camp for the entire three weeks of our quarantine. She had temperature readings of every one in the community charted twice daily. We modified activities and cut off all contacts with the outside world. The parents were immediately notified and told they would get a daily bulletin, but that they could not visit or break our quarantine. The

## *Indian Tradition Survives*

State health authorities were very helpful. They ruled that no child could be removed by public transportation or taken into any other location without the written permit of its health officer. There were some wonderfully cooperative parents, also some who were determined to get their child by hook or crook, come hell or high water. There were some cops and robbers plots to abduct children by force or ruse. But my staff had orders and were on the alert, and there were no successful kidnappings.

From the beginning of our ordeal we separated the cabin group to which our patient had belonged. There was a little primitive log cabin in our woods a short way down the shore. I set up a camp for the five boys and their really remarkable leader there. I say "remarkable" advisedly, for when their isolation ended they were unanimous in declaring it the best three weeks of the camp season. There were no other cases and when it was all back of us as history our parents recognized it as a well handled emergency with a happy ending.

Actually, I had at least a couple more experiences of kidnapping attempts or scares. Soon after the Lindbergh horror there were some threats of children being held for ransoms. I had the son of one of the richest American merchandising tycoons enrolled. He asked if he could place a personal guard to keep constant watch over his son in Camp, as he had received a set of threatening notes. I convinced him we could do a competent job of security policing without outside help.

More exciting was the fight for possession and custody of one of my campers between his separated parents. The father, a resident of New York, seemed the responsible parent and he had sent the child to us. The mother, who had deserted was English and was fighting for a large settlement. She secured a court order that the boy was not to be removed from the jurisdiction of the New York Courts pending settlement of the case. The papers, however, could not be served and she hired private operatives to get possession of Johnny. The father advised us by phone and asked me to prevent any one reaching his son, and to have me get him back to New York and into his own custody. The joker in the plot developed in that it was just then that Johnny developed a fine case of mumps and was in an isolation ward in the Waterville Sisters' Hospital. When the mother's representatives arrived and asked to see Johnny I could safely invite them in to find him, and regretted that I could not produce him as "he had left camp." That night I picked up Johnny, mumps and all, at the Hospital, despite his quarantine, and drove him to Augusta, where I had reserved a room at the Augusta House. Fortunately, I had friends in both places. Johnny's father meanwhile had driven up from New York. The next night, we wrapped up Johnny in blankets, and I started him on the drive back with his father, to remove any contempt charges for taking the boy out of New York State jurisdiction against court orders. So the divorce action was successfully defended and the boy placed in the custody of the father's family. I must say I enjoyed playing my part in this cat and mouse game, with camp as a cheering section.

\* \* \*

When Guerdon Messer and I organized our Kennebec Junior Indian Nation and divided the boys into tribes for their ceremonial and sports, I was interested in getting as authentic a background as possible. I found the Algonquin Abenaki had been native to Maine and that we could use such tribal divisions as Penobscot and Passamoquoddy and add such others as need might indicate.

Besides some research in state archives and the help of Dr. Frank Speck a professor of anthropology at Penn who had just completed a study of the Penobscots on Indian Island, near Old Town, I was fortunate in getting Princess Watawatso to be our guest. She attended our ceremonial camp fires and we organized Grand Councils of our Abenaki Indians. They have become a fine ceremony and a prized tradition over the years.

In a tree enclosed little clearing on top of a hill, a massive granite boulder is decorated with a painted Thunder Bird—next to it is the platform for the Sachem and the big chiefs. In a circle with the deep woods as a background is a double row of log benches.

*Cloak and  
Dagger Shenanigans*

There has been no set time or schedule for these campfire meetings, and there is excitement in trying to figure out and anticipate them. The beating of an Indian drum, the runner's call to council comes when campers least expect it, and is followed by a wild rush to get ceremonial gear. Then led by the messenger the single file enters the ring by tribes.

The lighting of the fire, the invocation to the great spirits of Sky, Earth and Winds, the solemn smoking of the peace pipe precede a varied program of audience participation, scout reports, games of skill or clowning, and a final story. Much of the fun was due to the variety of tricks used in lighting the council fire. At the first council it was usually done with the traditional friction fire drill, or flint on stone. Thereafter the ball of fire descended from heaven. Of course, the first time we use it the boys are not fooled; they see the man up the tree who ignites the tinder. But the next time there is no one up a tree. Then, using buried fuses, we have the camper chieftains dance with torches and light individual fires arranged in a circle around the big one. *I told them how by uniting their strength the little single fires will light the Nation. By timing the fuses the spectacular center blaze is ignited to this cue. And there are many more variations so that we do not exhaust the possible surprises in any one season.*

Messer and I also developed a "coup" tally incentive. In our Indian lore a "coup" is won and claimed for a meritorious deed or performance. It can be in a regular test as in swimming or in any recognized activity—or a dramatic or musical performance, or an act of citizenship. The record is kept on a "Birch Bark Scroll" and the coups are claimed at Grand Council.

But to me the great moment is when the first leaping flames are reflected in the eyes of all those intense expectant young faces. The closing story sets the mood of the camp fire and is the opportunity for the trained story teller to assure the success of the council. I like a story with heroic action in a back woods setting, Indian or pioneer. I find there is a great preference among boys much more than in girls groups for scare stories—ghost or horror. I have only sanctioned these on limited occasions. But I have one such story called the "Wendigo," based on an accredited Indian legend of a supernatural beast that carries its victims into the high air at such terrific speed it gives them the sensation their feet are burning. This story I have told at special story campfires and it has become traditional. Stories of this type I find no longer make the impression they did before the advent of television with its "Hitchcock Presents" and "Suspense." Still an occasional story night is an event, especially if followed with a wiener and marshmallow roast over the dying embers and a night hike back to Camp.

One of my most rewarding experiences over the years has been my reading to the boys as part of their Sunday night assembly. It has taken much time and care in the selection and preparation of material. This differs radically from the occasional story night and is far more successful as a fixed anticipated program. I am constantly asked by the boys, "Uncle Lou, are you continuing the book tonight?"

I choose only books of true adventure and high heroism written for adults. I cut out long descriptive passages—whole chapters. I divide my text about equal episodes, six or seven, the number of readings I anticipate. I am thoroughly familiar with my material. I almost know it by heart. I dramatize—there are times of intense excitement, as the action rises. *The boys say I always stop at the most exciting part. I try to. That is secret of any successful serial.*

Here are the titles of some of the books I have used. There is no royalty fee.

Men of Colditz—Reid  
Sledge Patrol—Howarth  
Escape from Corregidor—Whitcomb  
You'll Die in Singapore—McCormack  
Master of the Princess Pat—Osborne  
Twenty Seconds to Live—Land  
Wasa-Wasa—Macfie  
Crocodile Fever—Earl  
Tigrero—Siemel

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Evening programs bring to mind one of my most interesting counselors. Charles Archer, "Uncle Archie" came to us considerably younger than what I usually required. But he seemed unusually responsible and had a fine Scouting background. During the many seasons at Kennebec Junior Camp he successfully directed wood lore, some craft programs, and finally our assemblies and evening entertainments.

Archie came from a suburban Connecticut community where he became Scout executive. Then he was a house master and lower grade teacher in a well known private academy near New York. His progress there was restricted because of his educational limitations. After his second summer in Maine he decided to remain and became a teacher in a back woods primitive typical "little red school house." As he described it, there were no facilities, no washroom, and if a child was thirsty he went outside to the well, provided it wasn't frozen. And he loved it. He soon was on terms of fond intimacy with the families of his pupils who adored him. He introduced and coached athletic teams; he organized entertainments, square dances, and rehearsed dramatics.

Abandoned farms in Maine could be had for the asking. Archie bought one near his school and lived there alone through the long Northern winter, giving scant attention to his own physical needs. He had been a devoted son to a domineering mother and remained a confirmed bachelor after her death. At no time did I see him show any interest in any girl though he enjoyed going out with the unmarried members of the camp staff who often dated girls. Archie's great and only love was for the boys under his care—well, not quite his only interest, for animals claimed a large share of his affection. He had rabbits, a cat, and eventually two magnificent large German shepherds—Robbie and Mickey. All of these he loved devotedly and neglected even as he neglected himself.

One winter day, while he was at school, his farm house and the barn burned down to the ground. Archie had a little insurance and sold the land—some of it was pond shore—advantageously. He then bought a nice house on a main high road not too many miles outside of our city of Waterville, and took the job of organizing and directing the new Boys' Club of that city. He still spent his summers with me at camp, which more and more became his outstanding interest. Archie is still remembered for the unusual roller skating ballet routine his youngsters staged. And another year his boys did a tumbling act under his coaching.

His own cabin group always were knit into a unit. He took fatherly care of them and they went off on separate and many secret adventures. He preferred having boys who had problems instead of the easily adjusted fellow, and some of his successes with these black sheep developed devoted friendships which extended into their homes and future camp years. But still his heart went out to the under privileged lads of the poor country side and the mill end of the town.

During the bitter cold months he would leave his two shepherd dogs after his hasty breakfast of cold cereal and the coffee on which he principally lived to drive his old car over the icy roads to the Boys' Club where he spent not only his days but much of the night. His meals were sandwiches and coffee, and the dogs were left in a fenced in yard with kibble rations and an occasional bone. But their love was constant and mutual.

At the end of his final camp season one of Archie's boys had been hospitalized and he insisted on carrying him from the infirmary to the parents' car. It was a long uphill portage and the burden was heavy. I had not known that Archie had a heart condition from a childhood case of rheumatic fever. When camp officially closed that evening, I had no idea Archie was suffering. But next day a call from the hospital in Waterville brought me an alarming report and an urgent request to look after the dogs left in his house.

We found both dogs deserted, hungry and frightened. They were overjoyed to see us, and we took them with us. Both the dogs knew us well. My wife had taken care of Mickey, the younger dog, when he first came as a six-week old puppy. They both adored my wife and we were happy in their new home, but kept going to Archie's cabin in camp looking for him.

From this acute heart attack Archie surprisingly rallied. He returned home within the week. Despite warnings of the need for rest and no activity of any kind, Archie immediately resumed taking part in a campaign his Boys' Club was

*Charles Archer,  
Individualist*

## *Adjustable Dock*

staging for supporting funds. This I heard when I got an emergency call from the hospital. He had been picked up late at night with a much more serious attack. From this he never rallied.

When I next saw him he knew he would die. His concern was for his dogs. He asked me to take and keep them. This I promised. Archie lingered a few more days. The day and hour of his demise my wife and I were with the dogs and suddenly the older, Robbie lost consciousness, and we had great difficulty in reviving him. Was it a coincidence?

When the time came to close our house on the lake and return to Philadelphia we faced the problem of two big dogs who had roamed the woods all their lives without restraint. They were not house dogs and I feared that I could not let them run the city streets. A desperate solution was to board them for the winter with the lady who had a nice set of cabins for summer guests on a neighboring lake. I knew Louise Nickerson as the wife of the plumber, a handsome likable fellow who not only kept our pumps operating but had installed an ingenious dock system. It consisted of pipe horses set in concrete slabs which rested on the bottom of the lake. The uprights were sleeves of 5/8 inch pipe into which fitted 1/2 inch sections. These had holes and pins so tht the height of the dock could be adjusted to changing water level in the pond.

Nickerson, my plumber friend, had installed the plumbing in Louise's cottages when she had come to Maine from New York with her blind husband. Louise had been trained as a concert pianist by her German parents. She met her husband when she gave music instruction and recitals at the "Light House," the social center for the blind in New York City. Nick married her after the blind husband died.

Louise had grown to love shepherd dogs through her blind husband's Seeing Eye guardian. She had known and admired our Robbie and Mickey. At the time we placed the dogs with her both her plumber husband and the Seeing Eye dog had passed out of the picture.

When I returned to Maine the following spring, I found the dogs, despite their excellent care, were still very much our dogs, eager to go with us. Both spent that summer in camp. The boys, many of whom missed their own pets, sometimes apparently more than their brothers or sisters, made much of Robbie and Mickey.

It obviously is not feasible to let children bring their pets to camp. They miss them and to have a dog as a community pet helps a youngster adjust and overcome feelings of homesickness. Our dogs got so much petting they got badly spoiled. Unfortunately, after the end of that camp season, while we and the dogs were enjoying the freedom of the untenanted woods, I had to have Robbie put to sleep. A leg cancer which developed from an early injury progressed to a tragic infirmity, and as no cure was possible release from suffering was indicated.

Mickey missed his comrade and became more firmly attached to Olga, my wife, and more than ever became my shadow. Meanwhile it became impossible to return him to the care of Louise Nickerson for the winter. Reluctantly we decided, now with only one dog, that we would chance taking Mickey home with us. It has proved remarkably successful. He still prefers the freedom of his days in the Maine Woods even as do we. But when the chill winds presage winter's advent, he adjusts to the attraction of city sights and smells and the traditional fireplug.

\* \* \*

**K**atahdin, this northern peak, beloved by Thoreau, has great memories for me. I led a scouting party of young campers up the Hunt trail, through the eye of the needle and down to an overnite camp on Chimney Pond. It was such a merry happy-go-lucky group, with every mishap a source of laughter. And songs went with us all the way. To me Katahdin is the mountain that stands on tip toe to prove itself tall. There is a pile of rocks some feet high on the summit to make the elevation an even mile over sea level.

I am distressed at what has been happening to take this camping high spot out of the wild lands to make of it a picnic area—Baxter State Park at its foot, now

accessible by excellent motor roads. It was not so as I first knew the way in by canoe from the West Branch of the Penobscot or over the tote road from Millinocket. I have the same feeling, about the motor road to the top of White Face which dominates Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, or the excellent highway to the top of Cadillac on Mont Desert, Bar Harbor.

For many years we sent a rather large party of the first year Senior campers to spend a week in a setup camp on Lobster Pond. A feature of this excursion into the deep primitive Northern wilderness was the climb of beautiful Spencer. This was a fine test of the strength and courage of these youngsters, and for us a great help in estimating character and potential in our boys.

A real comic interlude was provided by a German refugee doctor the year we had him on our staff. He was the dignified professor. He started the climb encased in a black rubber rain coat to his boot tops. This was to protect him from the mosquitoes, he explained. He also wore dark glasses and carried a lantern. He soon fell behind the single file on the blazed trail, got himself lost, and when found at the end of the day kept plaintively inquiring, "Aber where was dot mountain."

We abandoned this camping trip finally when the way in to Lobster became too difficult. The boat on Moosehead Lake was no longer available to carry people and duffle to Northeast Carry, and the West Branch was so clogged with the logs of the Great Northern Paper Company that our canoes could not get through to Lobster Stream. The last time the trip was attempted it met with near disaster. The boys were led in by following the river along its banks when the loaded canoes could not make it. The camp baggage was supposed to come in by river bateaus but were held up by log jams and failed to arrive. A miserable night added to the misadventure with shelter under overhanging rocks and only hikers' snacks as food until the camp baggage arrived next day. But good leadership saved the day, and it was voted high adventure. How resilient and wonderful is young America!

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Living so intimately over so many years with thousands of children it would seem but natural that I had developed the critical insight into their characters and future potentials and prospects. I cannot claim that this is quite true. If I had rated them at the time they finished their camping years as to "those most likely to succeed" and "those more likely to prove failures" in after life, I think my batting average would be improved by reversing my lists. I have followed the brilliant careers of many of my former campers as doctors, lawyers and other professionals; also there have been captains of industry, financiers, artists of renown, and men who have figured at the top of the entertainment field. We have numbered eminent professors and promoters, and a few have held high office. Curiously enough, only a very limited number of this group made an outstanding record in their school years.

Of course, in the camp community the limelight was focused on the star performer in sports—the tennis champion or the fellow who broke a swimming record. Still it must be noted that it takes courage, ambition, ability and will to learn, and to work hard besides given brawn and good muscular co-relation to achieve outstanding skill in any sport. This should be reflected in character development and lead to success in life's conflicts and opportunities. I am sure it often so proved itself. Still, I find in review of those men whom I knew as boys and who have had notable careers, that surprisingly few were the outstanding boys of their group in camp.

In quite different perspective, I recall the children who, despite real handicaps or unhappy starts, made good. There was the little boy who was first rejected by his group because of his inability to perform such simple fundamental tasks as making his bed or frying an egg. He was just all thumbs. But he gained stature by reciting in sequence the names of all our presidents and the capital cities of all our states. Then there was the son of a fine surgeon from New Haven who couldn't throw a baseball, but, encouraged by an understanding father, became

*Successes  
and Failures*



proficient at tap dancing and was a regular performer on our stage. There was the child who seemed such doubtful camper material that after his first season I debated the wisdom of inviting his return. But he established a niche for himself in our Hall of Fame as a brilliant chess player who created a vogue for this great game and as an ad lib humorist. Recently a boy whom I rated as an inept performer too indifferent to really try in any activity surprised us all by suddenly developing an intense passion for archery, and developing a skill that brought him the championship in final competition.

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**A**t the end of the war, all sorts of war surplus material became available. I secured some prize water equipment, large rubber life rafts which are still the joy of our waterfront. The game of climbing on the black monster's back and bouncing or being shoved off into the water never ends. There were also doughnut floats. But we drew one prize which came consigned from some nameless skipper which I never ordered or bought. One day back in the city I got a wire from my camp caretaker asking what I wanted done with a full sized metal life boat which was sitting on a flat car on a siding at Belgrade Station. It's weight was astronomical, and no cranes were available to unload it or trucks to move it. Somehow my ingenious Yankees devised levers block and tackles, and got hold of an eight wheeler and moved the craft to the open shore of Senior Camp. I found it propped up with blocks when I arrived in Maine. The Seniors found no possible use for this ocean-going craft on a Maine lake, but the leader of the papoose group in the Junior Camp had an idea that it would prove a fine pirate ship if only it could be launched. Senior staff wagered a lobster dinner that Junior staff would never get it off its blocks and into the water without their help. Now the operation assumed proportions of a major sporting event. Loud were the Juniors' cheers when the boat was inched into the drink and christened with a bottle of pop the "Queen Mary," (after what was the the largest liner afloat).

*The Queen Mary,  
A Prize from  
World War II*

The Queen came fully equipped with sweep oars, a mast and sails, water casks, lockers, flares and emergency gadgets.

A pirate crew boarded her and under the Jolly Rodger the ship made a number of cruises around the lake that summer. She would proceed slowly and stately under sail if the wind was on her tail, otherwise by relays of galley slaves manning the sweeps. A stop for lunch was made at a beach and, after a siesta on deck, a swim. Then any of the crew convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors would be made to walk the plank blindfold. This took courage, but with proper adult supervision was never fatal.

This was unfortunately the one and only season that Mary cruised. It was almost as difficult an operation to get her back on shore and berthed for the winter as it had been to launch her. So there was little enthusiasm to get her back into the water. For a number of years she was a point of interest on the Junior shore. Eventually I sold her for \$25, to be used on another lake as a lumber barge.

\* \* \*

**M**uch has been written in truth and jest of the size and bite of the mosquitoes of Alaska or the Jersey coast, but for real discomfort I doubt if they equal the tiny poisonous black fly of our Northern Woods—When the ice of lake and stream goes out, and fishing is at its best, these swarming pests can drive the most enthusiastic devotee running for cover. Nets and dopes help a lot, but the persistent fly will find the weak spot in the armour. Fortunately the worst of this pest is past by the time our Summer Camps start. But then comes the mosquito freshly hatched from larva wherever spring rains have left a puddle.

Take a child fresh from its air-conditioned bug-proof city dwelling, a bit strange in the new world of camp, let him fight a buzzing lot of hungry insects through his first long night and you have the markings of a case of real homesickness.

This I had very much in mind when I built cabins and living quarters by providing what I thought would be adequate screening. To my dismay, my cabins not only were not bug free, they actually were mosquito traps. The bugs did not come through the screens, they entered through the cracks of the loose fitting floor boards and openings where green board sheathing had shrunken. A linoleum floor cover and some chinking provided temporary but expensive relief—Now all our floors are double and tight. A good hard wood fitted floor in all buildings pays off. It helps keep floors clean and prevents checking and splinters.

But even so the frequent opening and closing of screen doors will let in the enemy which is most active as the sun goes down. That is the very time the campers are in and out of their cabins. So one of the cabin masters' scheduled routine jobs is to spray his cabin when the children have reported in for the night. Some of the new repellent sprays are really effective. I would caution against leaving the spray guns in the hands of even quite mature campers, however. The temptation to mistake a comrade for a bug can be irresistible, and the fog spray is very irritating to eyes and sensitive membranes.

The problem of protecting sleeping campers in tents has been met by including a mosquito canopy to fit over the cot in every outfit. First, camp supplied them, and they were laundered and mended at the end of the season. But campers soon learned to take them along on their trips in the woods. What happened to them there, plus abuse in camp, convinced me that a season's use was par for the course.

The nets were pinned by the tapes at the four corners to the roof of the tent, and when, as in the beginning, giant blanket pins were used, caused extensive damage to the canvas. Now we issue reasonably sized safety pins and our tents are equipped with tape loops.

An experienced trip leader will try to select a wind swept point when the bugs are biting for his overnight. But it is not possible to escape the pests in the woods. Altho a smudge may help, it can never do the job the less romantic but more efficient repellent bombs accomplish. Nor will these take the place of mosquito bars erected on forked sticks over sleeping bags.

Some of the well known and aggressive companies selling chemicals, detergents and sprays recommend area bug spraying. They even furnish devices to blanket the camps at stated intervals with insect lethal mist. Also they sell residual spray for the building. Undoubtedly there exist exceptional instances where this is justified. Also where outdoor meetings, campfires, or theatricals are held after the sun goes down they will hold audience attention which otherwise might turn into a slapping chorus. Our own well equipped stage faces a natural amphitheater with concrete benches and a canvas roof. The sides are open and delightfully breezy. But when the flood lights were on, it became a dance hall for the winged pests. Mist spraying performed wonders. But before the season was half over a nasty fetid odor noticeable. Investigation by the sanitary squad blamed it on the repeated spraying which had impregnated the earth between the benches. A wrong spray also has been used, one intended for stable use only.

There is a very tragic side to all outdoor spraying. The lethal effect is not confined to the insects of the area; bird life is also eliminated with much damage to all the wild inhabitants. After even very limited and restricted spraying I have found many dead birds, and practically all nestlings perish either from hunger, as parents cannot find bugs to bring to the nest, or from the paralyzing affect of the spray with which they have come in contact. As we camp people are conservation minded I feel we should resist the siren call of the makers of chemical sprays and limit their use to where there is real need.

\* \* \*

Although I am still able to climb the steep hill from the lake to the Junior Camp cabins, many times a day, with out loss of breath, we are none of us immortal. My two successors, Uncle Hart and Uncle Harry are well prepared and competent to assure the future of Kennebec. I am happy to still retain my small interest and to spend my summers as a member of the camp community. At first it was difficult to sit back, exercise restraint when decisions were being made and to no

## *Fighting Mosquitoes*

## *Camping Professionals*

longer preside at Grand Council as Sachem. But I really have found I now have more time to spend with the boys and in activities and my interest in camping continues as keen as in the first years I spent on Salmon Lake.

During the life time that I have spent in organized camping I have seen ever so many camps come and go. They have included both camps for boys and for girls and coeducational, private and institutional; camps with special objectives and programs. I have seen fine and successful camps diminish and disintegrate. Some have then passed into new hands and have had a rebirth. Some camps, especially those connected with some Youth organization, have varied from good to bad and back again. Now there is no question in my mind that the reason behind success or failure lies in the quality of the leadership it has had. Parents considering the choice of a camp have often asked, "But after all aren't all camps just about the same—so many weeks of outdoor play?" And the answer is "Yes, as to externals." There is the same general more or less primitive living, community activity, attention to land and water sports with remarkably little variation at comparative price levels.

That tells only the superficial story. For, as water will not rise above its own level so the character training, the art of living, the skills acquired will be a direct response to the quality of leadership and inspiration which will always distinguish the good and successful camp. As camp leadership and direction becomes recognized as a profession and not a business it will acquire stature, and call for both high qualification and adequate training and preparation.

## *Valedictory*

Once again the final campfire burns low, and once again another First Section is becoming a memory. For the present group, it will be a memory that will last for the rest of our lives. For the rest of the camp, the time that we are remembered will judge the success of the group.

Naturally, all of us stand here with mixed emotions. We will all be glad to return to our homes and the comforts that accord, but we are sad, for we know that never again can we return to camp and look at it with the same perspective to which we have been accustomed these past years; and we know that many boys with whom we have become very friendly we still see again at best only occasionally.

Kennebec has been a large part of our lives. Regardless of whether we come back as a waiter or a counselor, whether we only visit, or whether we do not come back at all, our summers will always seem to lack something. We cannot forget the memory of an Allagash, or of the First Section Show, or of the face of the guy who sleeps in the next bed.

We would never have returned to Kennebec all these years if we had just wanted to have a good summer—for good summers can be obtained in easier and less expensive ways. We are here, of course, for the sports and the trips, but it is the intangible things that keep us coming back, the close and unified spirit that permeates camp, the emphasis and effort that camp extends to build our characters, and especially the many friends we have made and the opportunity to bind these friendships through constant close association. In the city we can put on our masks and pretend. We can fool others and ourselves into believing we are what we are not, but when people live together twenty-four hours a day they can only be themselves. Only as a camper can we utilize the close association with people and nature to develop such qualities of maturity as self-reliance, self-confidence, unselfishness, and understanding.

If we could start over as Pioneers; I think all of us again would someday stand here as First Sectioners; but we realize this is impossible and prepare to accept our responsibilities as young men about to become adults. We hope we can all return often to Kennebec and that it will always mean as much to you as it has meant to us.

As the final embers give off their red glow and send an occasional spark into the night, we, the First Section of 1958, say good-bye to all of you. We will never forget you or the camp you represent.

*Read at the final campfire,  
August 26, 1958  
by Nelson Luria*



It is difficult to realize that my original contact with Lou occurred fifty years ago, doubly difficult, I might add, for aside from an understandable reluctance to admit so swift and inexorable a passage of time, my memory of him in 1923, the third year of the existence of Kennebec Junior, is as vivid as if it were yesterday. It was indeed a memorable time which was followed by eight additional summers during which I continued in one way or another my felicitous association with Kennebec.

Amiable, without lacking resolve, Lou was an excellent leader, who possessed a remarkable aptitude for surrounding himself with an excellent staff. I recall with particular relish persons like Chief Messer, Charlie Graham, Beanie Suloff and others who stood in our adolescent eyes as models of splendid men who served us not only as teachers and guides but as aids in our acquiring a sense of our own identity. Lou possessed, moreover, a keen love of camping and of the outdoors which he succeeded in transmitting to others.

Yet he embraced no exaggerated view of the virtue of the physical life or the merit of athletic prowess. He was as keenly responsive to matters of the mind and spirit and he possessed a remarkable sensitivity to the complex thoughts and tastes of the boys entrusted to his care. For me this proved to be especially fortunate.

It so happened that my first year at Kennebec Junior coincided with the first year of his marriage to Aunt Olga, whose keen interest in music became a strong and lasting bond between us. Surely it was providential that during the same summer when I was learning how to paddle in a war canoe and to light a fire in the damp woods, through her, possessed of a beautiful singing voice, I enlarged my knowledge of music and became acquainted with a rich world of vocal music, notably the classical and folk songs of her native Russia.

For these several reasons and many others, it was a rare experience to have known Lou Fleisher. Throughout his life I never ceased to maintain at least some kind of connection with him. It is, therefore, a particular pleasure at this time to be able to contribute these words in his memory, the memory of a friendship initiated a half century ago.

Bernard C. Meyer, M.D.

### *Some Personal Memories of Uncle Lou*

Of all the varied facets to his life, it seems to me that The Kennebec Camps must have been the core, the very heart, of his life. And it is in this context that I know and remember Louis M. Fleisher. I remember him when, at age ten, I first walked down the long road into Kennebec Junior and he was there to smile and ease the fears and apprehensions of the new boys. Even at that point in time he had greeted nearly fifty years of new boys, so the quiet reassurance that emanated from him was at once natural and profound.

Uncle Lou did not seem old to us. We didn't assign ages to our counselors and directors, but surely Uncle Lou was younger to us than many of the counselors who were thirty or forty years his junior. Uncle Lou, in the summer of 1955, was wiry and strong and his hair was jet black. He walked up and down the hills of Junior Camp with a pace that tired us all. He was on the ball field and at the waterfront and everywhere at once. He was with the campers, watching and encouraging and instructing and consoling. The manner in which the boys speculated about Uncle Lou made him something of a legend. We suspected that he was the definitive authority on the Indians of the Abenaki Nation. At Grand Council, where he stood before us as the Sachem, and presented us with the Birch Bark Scroll, we were transformed into another world which was as fantastic as it was real to us with our blankets and feathers, and to the Chieftains with their headdresses and war paint.

But no one can deny that with all the exciting activities of the summer, the Nation Race was Uncle Lou's favorite. He stood proudly at the end of the pier and, megaphone in hand, announced the tribes as their canoes passed the reviewing stand. Even the sophisticated mothers and important fathers were totally caught up in the thrill and drama of the event. The race itself took a mere sixty

seconds but at the end the cheers and hollering died away and the standing audience waited silently for Uncle Lou to announce the decision of the judges.

In the summer of 1956 there was an evening in the Wigwam called "This is Your Life, Uncle Lou." It was a takeoff on a popular television program and the Kennebec camper of that year reminds me that I had the frightening distinction of being "master of ceremonies". As I look back on it, the whole matter was rather presumptuous of us, but Uncle Lou cooperated with spirit and good humor and actually seemed to enjoy his guest appearance on stage. As a result of the program I became an authority on the life of Uncle Lou and fellow campers would corner me and ask, "Was he really an olympic fencing champion?" "Did he really start the Boy Scouts in Philadelphia?" "Does he really speak twenty-eight foreign languages?" "Is he really blood-brother to an Indian Chieftain?" No doubt I always answered yes with assuredness.

My generation of Kennebecers associated Uncle Lou with Junior Camp and Junior Camp with Uncle Lou. He was always a friend, though, as we went on to Senior Camp, and I could always count on his support and advice as I went on to be a counselor and eventually a director. We met several times during the last summer of his life, 1969. The love and concern for camp was there; he was interested in the smallest details of the summer, and the broadest issues and philosophies on which Kennebec grew and developed over the years. That summer, one day, I saw him skippering his small sailboat solo, and in retrospect it pleases me to know that it was so like any summer.

Thomas A. Wilson

## *Reflections on Uncle Lou*

### *The Man*

Uncle Lou was a man's man who was secretly but deeply devoted to his staff. He was generous and considerate to those who shared his devotion to Kennebec Junior and the boy campers. He had a "Listening ear" for those who sought his counsel. His advice was sound, and his recommendations produced good results when followed. He was the leader of a mature staff and some 112 boys.

### *The Counsellor*

Uncle Lou was experienced and wise in the ways of working with and handling boys—Many of whom were away from their parents and home for the first time. His philosophy, that the camp existed for the boys, was wise and well founded; this resulted in an excellent program for the well being of the campers. He was a good provider of excellent food. He established a sound medical program, staffed with competent doctors and nurses. He was truly "The Sachem" of the Abenaki Nation.

### *The Husband*

It was a partnership with his beloved Olga, who shared his concern that every boy have a well rounded experience; that every boy must be a happy boy; that a "loner" must be brought into the group. In my 12 years at Kennebec not one boy ever returned home because of home sickness or because he was not accepted by the group. This was not allowed to happen, and every man on the staff worked hard to prevent, and overcome, these two negative re-actions to camp life. Who can ever forget the birthday parties given by Aunt Olga and Uncle Lou? Who can forget the concern for the diet of the boys? Fresh Fruit-Berries, Watermelons, peaches, apples, cantelope, fresh vegetables in season, corn, tomatoes. We could hardly wait for nature to ripen these savory foods.

Uncle Lou the man, the Counsellor, the Husband, will never be forgotten. This memory is so pleasurable. His contribution to staff and campers alike is everlasting.

Uncle Bob Strine

## Reflections on Uncle Lou

I remember Uncle Lou's patience in answering the dozens of questions I had about Kennebec Junior during the winter reunion in Baltimore prior to my first summer there. His sense of humor was apparent, too, and helped see me through several minor problems at camp. I suppose I most remember him then for his ample interest in Indian lore and his appearances as sachem at various tribal councils throughout the summer.

It was not until I was much older that I realized the work that was necessary to accomplish things I had just taken for granted. First was the staff—mostly teachers—certainly more mature than could be found at most camps. I remember once happening on a letter from Uncle Lou to our counselors: I could see that he was concerned with more than just amusing us and was, in fact, an educator. Then there was the program—which had wonderful variety—and, for campers at Senior, it was even more flexible. I can not imagine another camp with more attractive activities or a better series of trips (especially the Allagash!).

From just a brief return to Kennebec a couple years ago, I realize how much care must have gone just for the physical plant alone—whether new equipment or preventative maintenance. I did not even realize that Watson Hall, destroyed by a storm during the previous winter, had been replaced with a duplicate structure until Uncle Dan Alexander pointed this out to me. It was indeed a treat to find the ways of camping unspoiled by the changes of time, and I believe we can largely thank Uncle Lou for having set up distinct traditions so worthy of being continued.

While my memories of camp are often of the fun I had and the people I met (some of whom I am still in touch with), it is impossible to think of camp and not also remember Uncle Lou—so thoroughly was he involved in everything. I feel that Kennebec was a very lucky part of my growing up, and I am glad I had the chance to personally visit and thank Uncle Lou the summer before he passed away. Although he is no longer physically with us, I believe he will live on in the hearts of many former campers, and will indirectly affect untold numbers of campers yet to arrive through the many acts he performed while he was here.

Thomas H. Goodman

Thousands of Kennebec boys, whose lives have been touched by his special type of kindness and understanding, and dozens of us who worked on his camp staff, now find the world a little dimmer, a little poorer without him—but far, far richer a place than if he had never lived at all.

Ethan Webster

He lived a full and useful life and he left us all a heritage—a community which is a little better because Louis lived and worked in it. I think, too, of the generation of youngsters who are now useful citizens because of Louis's influence.

Nochem S. Winnet

Louis was a remarkable man. I always felt that he had deep inner feelings and did a lot of good which was not known.

Mr. Terrone's work would be unknown if it had not been for Louis. Leo's message is ahead of the times, but eventually it will take hold.

Florence Ahfeldt Rodgers,  
M.D.

It is surely going to be different for us when we visit Kennebec which has meant so much to me and my family since 1930. Much of the greatness that came to Kennebec was due to the imagination and brilliance of Uncle Lou. He had a unique intuitive understanding of boys, particularly small boys. Many men are "good with boys" and make wonderful counselors and leaders. Uncle Lou had the additional facility of being able to sense their problems and their fears and help them through the very sensitive pre-teen years.

We held him in enormous awe and respect as youngsters and the affection came later. It was a personal thrill for me that you and Uncle Lou were still involved at Junior Camp when *all three* of my sons were Junior Campers. It was particularly interesting to see how eagerly each of them looked forward to visits at your cottage during their camp years and also as alumni. Uncle Lou knew just how to talk to them. And so do you!

James L. Woolner

Uncle Lou was always so very kind to me. I loved to come and visit you and him when I was at camp. Uncle Lou has always been close to my heart and will always remain there.

David Fox Sandmel

I shall always remember Louis for his sincerity, dignity, and a gentility. It was a privilege to have known Louis during the years.

Arthur Bennett Lipkin

He was such a loyal friend for so many years, a sage counselor, and one who did so much for so many for such a long time. He certainly was always wonderful to me, and we all will miss him terribly.

Robert J. Kaufman

Our hearts are heavy with the knowledge that we will see our beloved Louis never more. The world would seem to have been made a drearier place by his passing, but we know he would not have us feel so. His wonderful philosophy, his wit and delightful whimsy, his superb intellect and oh, so gentle spirit, all this that was Louis, reached out and embraced all who knew him well, enriching their lives.

We admired and loved him. As with you, he will ever live on in the hearts and memories of his friends.

Lucy Van Horn

While we have seen but little of Louis in these past years it would be hard for me to describe just how much his life has influenced mine. He was, to me, always the ideal camper and far beyond that the ideal of a perfect gentleman.

John Riseman

Louis was a gallant, courageous gentleman beyond compare—gentle, but with a core of finely tempered steel with which to meet life's challenges and disappointments—a character who still stands first among all I have known—prime ministers, chief justices, great artists.

Herman Ettinger



## Reflections on Uncle Lou

John R. Tobey, M.D.

On a Saturday afternoon in January 1933, I went to the Hutchinson Gymnasium to watch the first fencing meet that I had ever seen—the Penn Varsity against the Alumni. As a freshman in the College, it was my first opportunity to see what some really experienced fencers were like. The Alumni team consisted of Louis, Dr. Hettinger, and Dr. Feo. I was strongly impressed by this triumvirate, individually as well as collectively. That impression has lasted through the years, and especially those difficult ones after W.W. II when the Committee-of-Three worked together to accomplish what we felt was right. During that time, I had the rare privilege of being elevated to and enjoying the company of Louis and Dr. Alilfeldt. On many occasions, Louis gave us his wisdom and advice; it always was good to have his guidance.

I met Uncle Lou about forty years ago in Maine at Camp Kennebec. My contacts with him then were on camp matters. I taught art at Junior Camp. I sat in on morning meetings concerning the individual campers and other camp affairs. I had very few personal talks with Uncle Lou that year, but having been asked to return the following summer I felt he was satisfied with the work I had done with the campers.

In my second year at Kennebec I discovered the warm interest he had for the arts and in the serene and beautiful atmosphere of the north woods I came to know Uncle Lou and Aunt Olga. The seeds of a lifelong friendship were sown and grew to have a very personal meaning that has remained with me until today.

Uncle Lou visited me when I built my studio. He gave me my first commission, to do a portrait of Aunt Olga. This was a wonderful experience for me in getting to know Uncle Lou's views and his appreciation for the arts. I discovered his rare insight and his love of the arts. He was sympathetic toward artists and their problems. When he was a young man he acquired paintings and sculpture frowned on at the time. Today, these works are not only accepted but are the creations of the great artists of our times.

My last conversations with Uncle Lou were concerning a studio I planned to build in the Canadian wilderness. His advice was sound and realistic and I followed his recommendations in designing the building. He knew all the details of building a house to withstand the rigors of the northern winters and what would require the least maintenance. I followed his suggestions. His knowledge in this field was endless.

I know he is missed by all the men who knew him, but his memory and having known him makes him live on with us. He was Uncle Lou to me from the beginning at Camp Kennebec and I still think of him as Uncle Lou to me now. He will always remain in my thoughts as a giant of a man.

Gerson Keyser

I have read every word of your little book—almost tasting each as I went along—with thorough enjoyment. Thank you for writing it, and for sending me a copy. It took me over ground which I traveled at a time which is becoming dim, and it recalled fine people I will always be fond of—like Charles Fox, Moriority(?), Pritchard and Harry Bickford. You couldn't mention them all. I thought of many others.

You, more than I, have walked a long road which had many rough stretches, hazards and anxieties. I'm glad that Fate put me on that one. It has brought countless precious friendships and satisfactions.

I liked all of what you had to say. You "saved the best wine for the last" when you ended your book:

"As camp leadership and direction becomes recognized as a profession and not a business it will acquire stature, and call for both high qualifications and adequate training and preparation."

That seems all the more apt to me now, since for a year I have been talking and writing with considerable scorn to camp people—nation-wide—about ACA's weakening and permissive attitude regarding the tipping of camp counselors, which ACA has every reason to know is wide-spread. I won't bore you with the details. Androscoggin has always banned it as to counselors *and* patrons.

Edward M. Healy

## Recollections

**I**t was probably during the 1940's that a huge car drove into camp on visitors day. The owner came down the hill and sought out his son's counselor. He pressed a twenty dollar bill into the young fellows hand with the admonition, "take good care of my boy." That is what Kennebec always did, but the counselor was new, and not indoctrinated in the "Kennebec Way."

The news soon spread about the young man's good fortune and eventually reached Uncle Lou's ears. At an opportune moment he discussed the matter and said accepting money under such circumstances made one a servant and that he looked on us as educators. The counselor sorrowfully returned the money to the parent with an explanatory note and then moaned his misfortune for the balance of the summer.

Imagine his surprise when he received his check at the close of camp. Uncle Lou had very generously included an extra twenty dollars and a very happy counsellor left on the camp train to return to the land of the palefaces.

**D**uring the season of 1930 or 1931 it was my pleasure to be selected, along with several others to take the Junior camp canoeists on a trip over some of the Belgrade lakes. It was under the leadership of Guerdon Messer the headmaster.

We had a fine group of boys who were the best canoeists in camp, and some outstanding counsellors, including Vic Gabriel, and Roy Clogston. We camped on, and explored Great Pond, on the first day out, and also tramped over Oak Island.

We dipped in next day at Belgrade Lakes and paddled downstream. We stopped and ate lunch where the lake narrows and is crossed by a bridge. A small store there was operated by a family named Castle. Proceeding down Long Pond, Chief Messer decided we should split into three groups and fan out in search of good camping sites.

After several hours of searching we came up with several fine places, but one spot stood out above all others. It was far down the lake near a small island and was well sheltered. It had a sandy beach, a good camping area, and the fishing looked very promising.

We camped there that night and after a fine supper we had the best impromptu campfire program and entertainment in my memory. We were really enthusiastic about the place. We camped out one more night and then began a furious competition up Messalonskee against the wind to be the first one home.

When our enthusiasm pervaded camp Uncle Lou was impressed and a day or so later he visited the site. He too was delighted with the prospects and at once made an agreement and leased camping rights for Kennebec. It became the big annual trip for Junior camp and the site is used also by many Senior groups. It has ever since been known as The Castle Island Trip.

## Recollections

One summer in the thirties, a young counsellor named Ernie came to Kennebec Jr. from Springfield, Massachusetts. A few days later it was discovered that he had a rifle stowed away in his cabin. It was against all rules and regulations to have firearms where they could be dangerous to campers.

Uncle Lou encouraged the young man in his hobby of target shooting but persuaded him to keep the rifle in a gun closet at the office. There it would be available when wanted, but out of reach of curious youngsters. This was a satisfactory arrangement and Ernie was enabled to pursue his hobby in spare time.

He went on to become a trick shot and for many years made appearances all over the United States and Canada at sportsmen's shows, county fairs, and other sporting events.

Ernie also told a tale during his summer at camp about a Massachusetts man that could freeze vegetables and other foods that could be eaten years later. We thought he was putting us on but a short time later Birdseye frozen foods started to appear in the markets.

I arrived for my first summer at Kennebec Jr. at 7 a.m. on the camp train which was a special section of the Bar Harbor Express. I was awed to see the opening party at the station in their red and black plaid shirts and a week's growth of heavy beard.

As was the prevailing custom then, all campers were nattily attired in a dark city suit, dress shoes, white shirt and a necktie. These were carefully stowed upon arrival at camp in a vermin-proof room. A few days before camp closed, the suits were neatly pressed for the return trip. This procedure had been in effect for many years.

One summer we had a young live wire, Bobby Rosewald, in camp whose parents were close friends of Uncle Lou's. At departure time he astonished everyone by appearing at the railroad station in camp shorts and jacket, and his handbag. Everyone was horrified but as Uncle Lou mulled it over in his mind between seasons he reasoned that it was a smart idea.

The next season city clothes and shoes were left at home and all campers arrived at North Belgrade attired in camp uniform. Uncle Lou's wisdom was soon realized and shortly the idea was adopted by other camps and of course today that is the way they all travel. Another first for Kennebec.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years ago there was a funny fellow named Bleiler who was a counsellor in Junior Camp, and affectionately called Tabby by everyone. He could make his body rigid horizontally in the water. With a cigar in his mouth and head resting on elbow he would slowly sink four to five feet in the water and return to the surface without moving a muscle. This act delighted the campers.

One day he took several boys out in a rowboat and supervised while they fished. After an hour with no luck he volunteered to show them how it was done. He secured a long tree limb, some string and a bent pin and fashioned a line. Then standing in the boat and striking a dramatic pose he cast the line into the lake.

Suddenly the law appeared and it proved to be the game warden, who promptly placed Tabby under arrest for having a line in the water without a license. Poor Tabby protested his innocence and that he was clowning but to no avail. He had to appear in court and was fined twenty dollars.

Uncle Lou thought it was quite humorous and a good lesson for the boys and a few days later refunded the fine much to Tabby's delight.

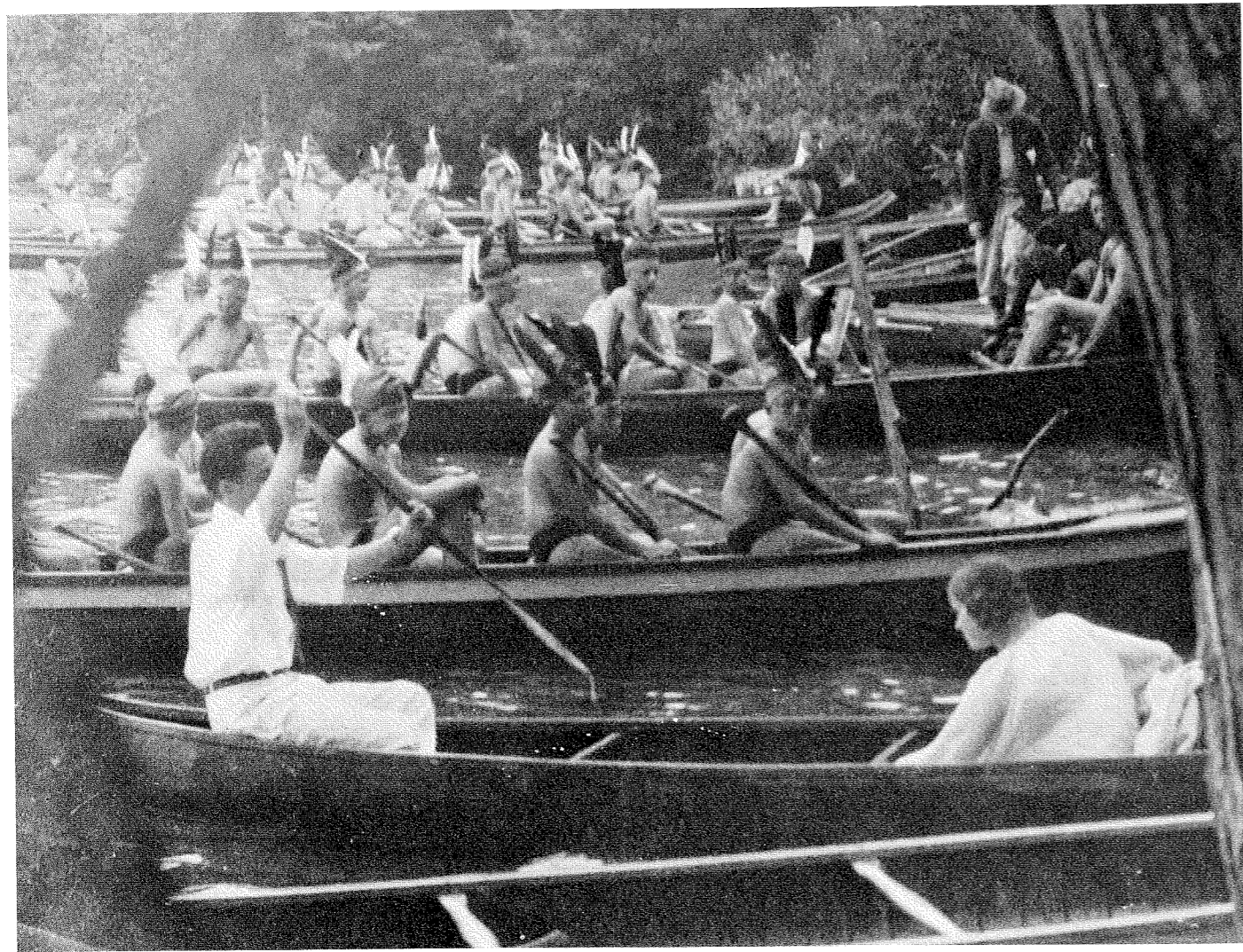
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Uncle Lou always tried to employ well qualified and mature people for his staff and made few mistakes. He was usually quite proud of the organization that he assembled.

One summer when the opening party was preparing camp a variety of activities were underway. Some were pouring concrete, while others were welding some metal horses for the waterfront. Benches for the new Wigwam were being built in shop while much painting and carpentry was being done on the buildings.

After camp opened, a group was discussing all this activity at a meeting. Aunt Olga said "Louis, you are lucky to have such men that can do these things for you." He replied, "that's not luck, it is the kind of people that I hire".





# Excerpts from Kennebecamper Yearbooks over the Years

## *Uncle Bick and Kennesuncook*

**I**n November, 1924, Louis Fleisher and I hunted deer with Uncle Bick in the stretch of woods between Umbazooksus and Caucomgomoc streams, only several hours distant from the camp for grown-ups which Uncle Bick had established at Chesuncook—that fascinating little settlement which for one hundred years has nestled at the head of Chesuncook Lake.

We lived in the quaint remains of a lumber camp—a cabin big enough for the three of us to comfortably sleep and eat. Hunting deer is great sport—I have never gotten one, but what a thrill to see them! and I have enjoyed the meat from those that Uncle Bick can invariably bring down. That is delicious food, particularly when one has spent the day from sunrise to sunset in those wintry woods. With the venison eaten, the pots and pans cleared away and the rifles cleaned, on other hunting trips we have been ready to turn in and call it a day. Not so on this trip.

The summer after the start of Kennebec Junior, the father of one of our boys had suggested the idea of a separate camp for the older Kennebecers. He was enthusiastic over the success of the idea by which younger boys were for the first time given the opportunity, entirely in a group of boys of similar age, to learn the fundamentals of all that is part of the joy of the out-of-doors. This suggestion, that campers of sixteen and seventeen years of age would also get greatest joy in a small group of their own age, made the kind of an impression on me that a dream might have made—a perfect idea if only it could be made practical.

There, in that lumber cabin, Mr. Fleisher, Uncle Bick and I talked of this idea into the wee hours of each morning, and turned that dream into a practical plan—made possible because Uncle Bick, the counsellor who for years had supervised camping-out at Camp Kennebec, was available to take charge personally of this camp for the older fellows. Before we left Chesuncook that November, we had purchased two cabins on the shore of Chesuncook Lake, about one-half mile from Uncle Bick's own Camp Chesuncook. During that winter Uncle Bick built three additional cabins—all five now constitute Kennesuncook—Kennebec at Chesuncook—a dream come true.

Samuel G. Friedman

## *Twenty Years with Kennebec*

**T**wenty years—a long time, but it seems only yesterday that it was 1912 when I came to Kennebec for my first season. I took charge of campcraft and canoeing for the first month of the season and then I went on Kennebec's first canoe trip to the woods, a trip through Moosehead Lake and its tributaries, taken by the older boys. The next year we tried sending the younger boys up to Moosehead Lake and the First Section took the present Little Allagash trip with a few side

trips. In 1914 we took the first full Allagash trip of 200 miles. We had four boys or masters in a canoe and those who have taken this trip can well imagine how awkward the placing of the duffle must have been. From 1915 through 1925 the Allagash trips remained about the same—two in a canoe and taking the trip in 15 to 17 days with numerous side-trips. We took it easy as we were out to enjoy the beauty of the woods and the joy of camping—not to see how many miles we could do in a day.

In 1925 Mr. Friedman and Mr. Fleisher established Camp Kennesuncook at Chesuncook, the farthest north of all Maine boys camps. Here the First Section comes every August to spend from a week to two weeks enjoying the rustic simplicity of the town which I am proud to call my home. From Chesuncook we take some short trips and practice poling and shooting the rapids on the Penobscot River and up the numerous fast water streams surrounding Lake Chesuncook. Thus, we get in shape for the best canoe trip in the world—the Allagash River trip. Two persons in each canoe can go through the white water with ease, but three is too much of a load, as McGinley found out rather disastrously on the St. John last summer.

In my twenty years at Camp and on the Allagash trips, I have had the finest of help and cooperation from the directors. No expense ever was spared for the comfort and safety of the boys. These men represent the very soul of Kennebec, which, though it is indefinable, is the thing that stands out in my memories and associations with Camp.

Harry M. Bickford

### *Kennebec Junior-Leadership*

Progress in all phases of camp policy and administration has certainly been the "motif" and impelling force back of the policy at Kennebec Junior. "Change for the sake of change" has had no place in the program of Camp. Every change made and every step taken was carefully analyzed and thoroughly experimented with through a long testing period before it was accepted and incorporated into the progressively changing program and administration of the Camp. An underlying guiding philosophy was evolved early in the existence of the Camp, with clearly defined and clear cut objectives. The criteria of this philosophy have been under constant fire and subjected to innumerable acid tests ever since, until even this vital cog of camp motivating power has undergone many evolutionary changes.

As one reminisces, one is impressed with the fact that the progress achieved has paralleled the lines of the most advanced educational thought. Such results could not possibly be achieved by one or two individuals alone. Ideas may be conceived by individuals but in a big project like the operation of a modern camp, it is the leadership and *esprit-de-corps* created within the group, by the combined and united efforts of every separate unit of the group, that secures permanent and lasting results.

Reviewing the past in terms of leadership, one cannot fail to recall sterling characters like Abe and Jack Long, Charlie Grossman, Charlie Graham, Joe Lerew, Ly Suloff, Tabby Bleiler, Doug Lawder, Bob Parks and many others. Glancing at the staff of the past season, one again recognizes the great contributions made by the Uncles, many of whom have been associated with the camp for several years. Boys can never forget Uncle John's bird hikes; the swimming periods with Uncles Dusty, Si and Ack; the hours spent around the fire with Uncle Al; the tales of Spinning Wheel technique as spun only by Uncle Archie; the jovial chuckle of Uncle Rog; the embryo actors led by Uncle Dick; Uncle Doc, with his coming Tildens; and Uncle Frank with his beaming countenance.

Guerdon N. Messer

*If-(with all apologies)*

By UNCLE STAN

If you can rise and smile each morning,  
Face the buglers blowing reveille,  
And stand at more or less attention  
While Colors blow in various flats and keys  
If you can take a dip—pretend to like it,  
Brave a lake that's frigid and a frosty breeze,  
And not betray your chattering teeth and shaking knees  
If you obey each Rule and Regulation  
Or break them—and face Uncle Pritchard's frown  
And take your punishment when given,  
And do your penance and face the music down,  
If you can fill each precious fleeting minute  
With real sport or game or duty done,  
Yours is the camp and all the best that's in it,  
And you'll be a Kennebecer, son.



*Thirty Years Ago*

I have long wanted to write the story of how Kennebec came to be. Now the golden opportunity presents itself—no need to force my reminiscences upon a reluctant public. "Mirabile dictu," I am invited, ordered, to gaze into the embers of long forgotten campfires and spin my yarn. So gather 'round me, boys of former years, throw an extra log or two upon the blaze, get the old corn cobs drawing free, for now it shall be told.

One day in the fall of the year 1906 my friends Charley Fox and Micky Katzenberg suggested that the three of us start a new camp together and I said "No, we can't do it"—so we did. That's really the way it was, and it came about like this—exactly: I had been a counsellor at another well-known camp that past summer, where these friends of mine had visited me, and in an unguarded moment I had suggested that successful as it was, it left a vast field for improvement. Charles and Milton thought if this were so, why not do it. And I told them we were all too young—that you know was thirty years ago. Then they said I had lots of camping experience, which was true, and they could manage the business end and recruit campers. I finally yielded on a condition I thought was



next to impossible. We must secure the services of an athlete who was also a camp man as our head master.

Then the curious little coincidence that Penn played Michigan football at Philadelphia that year definitely put Kennebec on the map. For on the Michigan squad was a man named Kanaga and this same Kanaga had been my ideal counsellor when I was a camper at "Marienfeld." He was the man who became our first head master of cherished memories. But when the football season approaches an end winter is not far away and still we had no location.

So we took turns exploring Maine, and shortly after the turn of the year appeared Kennebec's first prospectus describing a camp on the shores of North Pond "facing beautiful Mt. Blue." But all this was changed when Charles at the end of a cold day's sleigh ride turned into the Watson farm for a bit of thawing out and some road directions. Quite casually old Andrew Watson, Alvah's father, reckoned they had some Pond shore too, and, walking out on the snow-covered frozen surface of Salmon Lake, under a brilliant winter moon, the present site of Senior Camp was then and there selected. In this brief history there is no place to recount other and sundry adventures—when I was snow-bound on a farm on the north end of Long Lake for two days with nothing but a Bible and a farm journal for reading matter; or a sleigh journey starting from the Elmwood in Waterville for China Lake with a coachman who asked his way at each farm and a drink of hard "Down East" cider, 'til he dumped us all into a snow drift so deep only the soles of our shoes were visible from the road.

With the first thaw, building operations began and the original assembly room, dining porch and kitchen, of which you have seen pictures, with a ball diamond in the rough and a tennis court, were just completed in time to welcome Kennebec's first campers of thirty years ago. What we then lacked in buildings and equipment was more than made up in enthusiasm and spirit. We had a great crowd of campers that first season to start Kennebec tradition in the right way.

And so was planted that little Camp seed from which all our Kennebec forest has grown.

Louis M. Fleisher  
1907-1936

### *From Our First Headmaster*

**T**he invitation to the Thirtieth Anniversary Reunion stirs many memories, all clamoring for recognition. Many of these will be recounted by the old campers during this celebration of the thirtieth anniversary.

This satisfaction, however, I desire to record. Youth, well-founded in character, equipped with well-trained capacities, actuated by motives properly altruistic, whose incentives are above reproach—when such are banded together for a thoroughly worthwhile end the spectacle is inspiring. As time and the problems of development test the judgment, the devotion and the stamina of the builders, and we see them in maturity with an insituation building so valuable a product as characters—the accomplishment is deeply gratifying. To the small band that so conceived and so developed Kennebec I owe no inconsiderable pleasure, pleasure that has been mine through the years.

The problems of the early days should not be discounted. It is to be remembered that Kennebec was born in the pioneer era of the camp idea. Those who sat about its council tables at that time will realize that fields of endeavor were not well mapped, that trails were but poorly blazed, that what is just a formula now was then a trial—and a prayer it be no error. That no serious mistakes were made; that wisdom and good judgment were ever at the crossroad, the fact of this anniversary attests. The basic idea and the spirit of Kennebec I sincerely commend. Its success is well earned.

To all who are gathered with you, my greetings. I am planning to attend the Golden Anniversary and will meet you then.

EBER KANAGA, 1907-1908

## Alumni Reunion

August 17-21, 1936

## Those Present

- Asher, Sydney S., Jr., '26-'28.  
 Barnet, Wm., '24-'29.  
 Becker, Richard, '22-'28.  
 Behal, Arthur B., '21-'24.  
 Binswanger, Frank S., '14-'18.  
 Blau, Wm., '07-'12.  
 Casey, Geo. W., '12-'20.  
 Dancyger, Si, '17-'23.  
 Engelsman, Ralph G., 12.  
 Ehrlich, Wm., '17-'19, '23-'24.  
 Feustman, Bernard H., '07-'08.  
 Feustman, Carl, '07-'09.  
 Fleisher, Henry, Jr., '20-'25.  
 Fleisher, Herbert K., '24-'29.  
 Fleisher, Oscar T., '09-'13.  
 Fleisher, Louis M., '07-'36.  
 Foreman, Frank, '09-'10.  
 Fox, Charles Edwin, '07-'36.  
 Frank, Robert J., '09-'12.  
 Frank, Victor, '18-'20.  
 Freedman, Stephen G., '20-'27.  
 Friedlander, Alfred J., '14-'17.  
 Friedlander, John W., '14-'18.  
 Friedlander, Samuel G., '16-'36.  
 Gerstley, Wm. 2nd, '20-'26.  
 Gimbel, Benedict, Jr., '10-'15.  
 Goldsmith, Richard, '09-'11.  
 Hagedorn, John Joseph, '21-'23.  
 Harris, Nelson, '08-'09.  
 Hess, Fred Lee, '12-'14.  
 Heymann, Albert, '20-'24.  
 Hirsch, Gould, '07-'08.  
 Hirsch, Mason, '09-'14.  
 Hochheimer, Lawrence, '09.  
 Jacoby, Stephen, '09-'15.  
 Joseph, Edwin, '10-'16.  
 Katz, Louis, '23-'26.  
 Katzenberg, Lucien, Jr., '24-'29.  
 Katzenberg, Marc J., '07-'08.  
 Katzenberg, Milton R., '07.  
 Katzenberg, Wm., '27-'31.  
 Kind, Oscar, Jr., '20-'24.  
 Klein, Richard H., '16-'21.  
 Lang, Lawrence, '10-'13.  
 Langsfeld, Morton A., Jr., '25-'28.  
 Levy, George B., '18-'21.  
 Levy, Lester S., '12-'15.  
 Levy, Richard L., '26-'27.  
 Levy, Ted, '20-'24.  
 Lipper, Arthur, Jr., '18-'19.  
 Loeb, Frederick, '26-'30.  
 Loeb, William S., '15-'21.  
 Loewenstein, Benjamin S., '25-'29.  
 Louchheim, Henry S., '14-'19.  
 May, Arthur, '07-'13.  
 Mayer, Clinton O., Jr., '11-'15.  
 Miller, Jacob, 2nd, '20-'26.  
 Muhlfelder, Lewis, '24-'29.  
 Pretzfeld, Jas., '21-'23.  
 Pritchard, Herman, '10-'36.  
 Raphael, Gail, '28-'29.  
 Rauh, Edgar, '14-'15.  
 Reinthal, Arthur, '12-'14.  
 Rosenau, Edgar, '18-'24.  
 Rosenau, Frank L., '09-'12.  
 Rosenau, Walter, '10-'15.  
 Rothschild, H. Leonard, '08-'13.  
 Schoenman, Charles, Jr., '28.  
 Simon, Fred M., Jr., '24-'28.  
 Silverman, Lewis, '10-'13.  
 Silverman, Meyer, '09-'12.  
 Silverman, Robert H., '20-'26.  
 Skall, David, '16-'22.  
 Snellenberg, Nathan J., '13-'18.  
 Solis-Cohen, Francis, '07-'08.  
 Stecker, Jack, '12-'17.  
 Stecker, Robert D., '12-'18.  
 Steiner, Sig, '10, '12-'14.  
 Stern, Richard, '18-'19.  
 Stern, R. Hartman, '20-'24.  
 Stern, Robert, '23-'26.  
 Stern, Wm. A., 2nd, '07-'08.  
 Sternfeld, Henry B., '23-'29.  
 Yankauer, Walter, '14-'15.

## Prophecy

'Twas at Chesuncook in '66  
 That these 25 again did mix  
 The winter night was cold and long  
 But the music at McGinley's blared out strong  
 The manager of this famed hotel  
 With each lock of hair combed well  
 Was Jeff Goring, once known by all  
 For the power with which he hit the ball,  
 Across the room, behind the desk  
 Jim Woolner might be seen to rest  
 Behind him, attesting Adelberg's skill,  
 A stuffed duck rested upon the sill.  
 Bruce Sundlun sprinted through the door  
 With Tom Mills, his pal of yore,  
 While Hechy, still trying to build a fire,  
 Had been chosen by all as town crier.  
 Mac, still famed for hitting rocks  
 Was thrown out for taking off his socks  
 And Loeb, still in stern man's pose,  
 Neared the fire to warm his toes.  
 Leo, tennis racket in hand,  
 Had come from a distant part of the land,  
 The invitation meet he once had won  
 And now he was the world's champion.  
 And Habe, still willing to lend  
 Wished to be in McGinley's bow again.  
 In a corner, face cold and hard.  
 Sat Steppy, the famed lifeguard.  
 From business in the heart of the nation  
 He had come to take his summer vacation.  
 There were two doormen standing at the next entrance  
 Rog. Kaufman and John Sloss stood there very tense.  
 A gambling room now was shown  
 In this Sonny's riches had grown.  
 At the blackjack table a miner with a six inch beard  
 Could be recognized as Bob Marcus as you neared.  
 At the roulette table stood a croupier  
 "Place your bets," he would say  
 This was Nat Levy, who, showing great age,  
 In this manner now gained his wage.  
 Wally Cohen, still skilled at laying odds,  
 Exclaimed, "The wheel is crooked, by the Gods!"  
 And now a crowd began to collect  
 Among whom Robbie we could detect.  
 Through this mob there pushed two boys  
 To see if they could stop the noise.  
 But Ned and T. were too late  
 So they gently kicked Wally through the gate.  
 Pete Sloss, with one track mind,  
 Grabbed his sheckles from the line  
 When the noise had disappeared from the scene.  
 Bob Graham at the bar was seen to lean,  
 Miller, our diver in the deep blue sea,  
 Decided that gambling was not for he  
 As he left by the door in the rear  
 Umpire Gerstley stepped up for a beer.  
 Suddenly the whole scene fled,  
 I found myself safely in bed  
 "What a nightmare," I exclaimed, "Phew!  
 Never again will I eat McGinley's stew."

Murray Makransky,  
 John Hechinger.  
 THE KENNEBECAMPER

## Section Fourteen

In the first hour after rising, the day's routine of Section Fourteen was usually set. It was a rare morning for the section when Maurice Rashbaum was not found awake before Uncle Pritch's gong. Then it was but a short time before the voices of John Deutsch and Jimmy Bacharach were heard—the one talking baseball and the other either horses or track. A heated discussion is usually in order on some subject such as the relative merits of the classical school and the modern. In the ensuing hubbub, Maurice R. presides by sheer weight of conversational power, while Tishman sleeps blissfully, awaiting the strains of reveille. From all save the three early birds reveille meets with little response. However, these other four suddenly become aware of the time slipping through their fingers unused, and so begin, even at this early hour, to do their bed making.

In the interval between this bugle call and flag raising it is normal to see Tony Hecht, sleepy-eyed, but cheerfully calm and composed, thinking over his activities on the water front as an energetic "sinker". He discusses the matter with Maurice R., who, in turn, shows his intense enthusiasm for horses and tennis racquets. At the same time Harold Spear is a little apprehensive of the big swimming meet that afternoon, and finds talk about his chances in the meet a match for the claims of fisherman Bobby Bry.

Then, with the first strains of the bugle and flag raising, too often Section Fourteen has not yet formed its proverbial "straight line" in the quad. Cooperative Bobby Bry held down "first out" position with commendable regularity, while Jimmy B., Tony H. and Spear alternated for second place, with Johnny Deutsch behind them. In last place invariably were Maurice R. and Billy Tishman—the former was usually too busy talking to hear the bugle, while the latter enjoyed his bed too much to desert it.

## Section Fifteen

"Hello, Mom. Did you hear me?"

"Yes, I said they are a swell bunch of kids."

"Yes, kids. . . . Oh, you want to know more about them?"

"Well, let me see. There is Stanley Isenberg. He is always cracking jokes or working on the stage. Shooting and annoying Bill Hagedorn are his favorite sports."

"No, Mom, he didn't shoot Bill Hagedorn. You know Bill is on the championship indoor team, the Dodgers. So is Merrill Conn, who plays first base."

"Yes, Mom, that's what I said, the Dodgers."

"Then there is Charlie Miller, who plays center field for the Junior Ball Team. . . . Yes, he's the same boy who won the prize for ball playing at Junior last year."

"I'm speaking as loud as I can."

"Now we have Arthur Dannenberg. . . . No, not Hamburg, D-A-N-N-E-N-B-E-R-G. Did you get it? Well, Arthur is our council representative. He's a great camper-out, and is coming along nicely in canoeing."

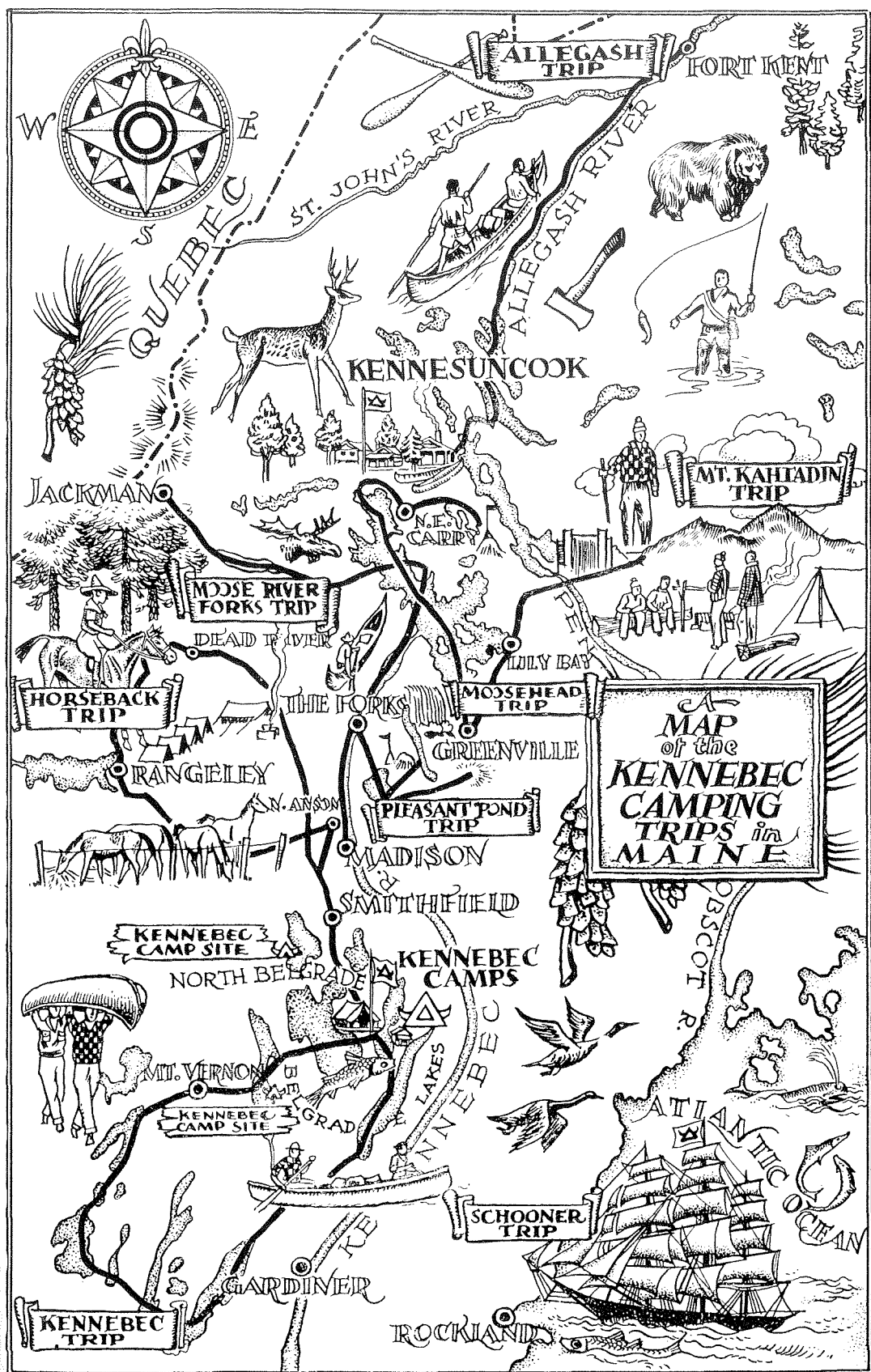
"No, Mom, I never get my feet wet canoeing. And by the way, Jimmy Mayer is also a good little canoeist. His swimming isn't bad either."

"Just a minute, Mom, someone is calling me."

"Oh, Mom, I'll have to hang up. . . . Yes, really."

"Eddie Fernberger has just gone on a diet. . . . Yes, a diet! Something must be wrong."

"Well, goodbye. . . . Yes, Mom."



## *Trips-1908*

On August 27, 1908, the third last day of camp, a group of boys, under Mr. Fleisher, set out for the unknown northern end of Long Pond. They took practically the same route as our great circle today—riding to Great Pond, where they put in and paddled to Belgrade Mills. They stopped for lunch and a dip along the way. Next, they made the carry to Long Pond, and set out for the northern end where they found a camp site. They climbed a mountain which was so dangerously steep that Mr. Fleisher had to tie ropes around the boys' waists and pull them up the rocks to the summit. A supper of eggs, bacon, potatoes, hot cakes and cocoa was served and then Mr. Fleisher told some stories as only he knows how. The next morning they arose early, set out at 9:00 o'clock and arrived back in camp by 11:30. There were only two canoes in the party, four in each!

On the same day Dr. Kanaga and Mr. McDonough set a new record for the Great Circle trip. They left the camp dock at 1:25 P.M. and arrived back at 7:51 the same day.

## *Moosehead-1936*

On August 14th twenty-six industrious Freshmen, led by Uncles Pritch, Beanie, Dick, and accompanied by the Doctor and Jim Madore, left by bus for Moosehead Lake and the north woods.

A lake steamer took us to the far end of the lake at North West Carry. Here we spent the first night. In the morning we were off on the lengthy hike to Lobster Pond. We were fortunate that it was raining hard because no dust could accumulate on the trail. We got settled on the camp site and enjoyed a few lay-over days, during which we did very little "laying" but practically everything else.

Then came the day for the expedition to Spencer. It was a tough climb, but we took time off at the "halfway" house, which may be half way but we don't know what it's half way to.

The Falls was another choice scenic spot which we visited. Among the other activities was a very exciting horseshoe tournament.

Everyone was sorry to see Uncle Pritch leave us at the end of three days so he could see the old campers at the Reunion—the fellows who in their day had each enjoyed the same grand experiences in the North Woods.

## *Katahdin*

After being gently awakened by the touch of our Uncle Hat, eight boys, Uncle Ray, Steve Saltzman and the same Uncle Hat were Katahdin-bound at 2:00 in the morning. His Honor, the Mayor of Waterville, drove us into the North Woods—past Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Ripogenus and Chesuncook Lake.

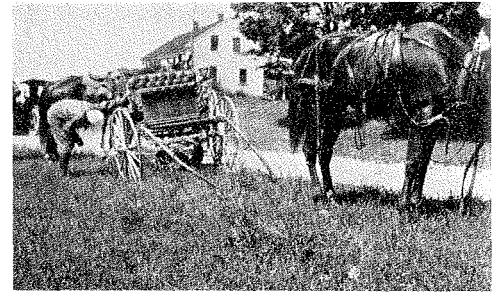
The first night the uncles proved their proficiency as cooks when they prepared a delicious meal in the rain. The next day brought better weather and "a hiking we did go" to our permanent camp site near York's sporting camps. Uncle Hat gave us the surprise of our lives when he arrived, a little worse for wear, and told us we were to sleep in a cabin with modern conveniences—beds, a fire place, swimming docks, and such.

The first two days were spent in getting things in shape. Then came the big day. The trip up mighty Katahdin was quite a climb, but the view at the summit made up for it all. We saw, spread out before us, a thousand lakes and rivers, the wild mountains and the lonely quiet of the great North Woods. We stood where, through the ages, Indians had worshipped; where, a century ago, Henry Thoreau had gazed down in wonder. It was a thrill we shall not soon forget.

The Horseback trip for 1936 started off with a grand group of horses and boys. Uncle Vince was in charge assisted by Doc and Roopie and Jay and Tony. Mr. Friedman came along for the first two days.

Mishap number one was when Big Boy went lame and had to be left at North Anson. Mishap number two was when the "Alumni" defeated us at Rangeley. Mishap number three was when some boys had to go back to camp—four boys and Jay too. Mishap number four was Joe-Joe.

But despite all this—the trip was a great success as all Keenebec trips are.



## *Horseback*

Uncles Hank and Hy led M.R.F. 1 successfully despite the assistance of Bud Stein. A cooperative group of boys were always willing to pitch in and help.

#1

One of the features of the trip was the visit to Kineo on Moosehead Lake, and the climbing of Kineo Mountain. We visited the spot where "once upon a time" a princess suicided herself to the jagged rocks below.

Probably the most exciting part of the trip was the stretch of almost continuous rapids between Moosehead Lake and Indian Pond. This journey took some four hours and brought many thrills, not to mention spills (Uncle Hy).

And then, of course, every night we had a delicious supper awaiting us. Chicken dinners, beans, slum gullion—all had the master touch of Uncle Hank.

It was with a feeling of deep regret that we completed the last lap of the trip. It will stand, without a doubt, among those many other Kennebec experiences of pleasant memory.

## *Moose River Forks*

After a thrilling battle with the rocks of Moose River, M.R.F. 2 finally reached Brassua Lake with everything ship-shape, or at least some shape.

#2

The earlier paddling was easy. We sailed down Long Pond with no effort whatsoever. Rain prevented our scheduled climb of Mt. Sally, and the condition of the canoes kept us away from Kineo.

The last few days were spent at the exciting rapids of the Kennebec River. The boys did most of the sterning, which was a lot of fun for everyone but the canoe.

There's always something sad about the last campfire. Even if the prophecy is full of jokes and the awards, very humorous. You can't escape the feeling that it's the end—that tomorrow you go home with nothing more than memories. Lester Steppacher expressed this idea in his Valedictory:

"Tonight we of the First Section come to the end of our camp life. Not again will we know the friendship that results from living together in a spirit of unselfish cooperation. Not again will we know the thrills of camping out, of close competition. We have come to camp from scattered homes. Here we have become imbued with Kennebec customs and traditions. Slowly these have woven themselves into the pattern of our lives. To us Kennebec is more than a camp; it represents the best things that are eternal and real. . . . For some of you this campfire is only the beginning of the joys to come. But for us it means the end of the trail."

And that feeling persists until you realize that the Kennebec trail has no ending.

## *Last Campfire*



*Passamoquoddies*

## *Abenaki Nation*

1936 will go down as a happy and successful hunting season for the Passamoquoddies. We were really the veteran tribe of the nation, since most of our braves were second or third year men.

In athletics, we were most successful. Coxed by Uncle Mac and Uncle Dusty, with Uncle John doing the sterning, we came thru the war canoe racing season without a defeat to win the championship race and also the handicap. In swimming, we were likewise very strong, winning the big swimming meet of the year.

We failed to win the baseball championship, but that wasn't the fault of Dick Weintraub's pitching or Bill Kaufmann's catching.

Of course, we all had fun on the reservation. It was rebuilt to some extent, especially the commissary. Our war games were quite exciting, particularly the raid which we started against the Mallies.

All in all, our tribal activities were quite successful, and we were all well satisfied with the hunting season.

Jimmy Meyers

## *Micmacs*

This year the Micmacs had a very enjoyable and successful hunting season. We owe it all to the friendship of the boys and the interested Big Chiefs, Uncles Ski, Archie, Max and Jack.

Because of the braves' interest and support, we had a very fine athletic record. We came in second in baseball, due largely to Jimmy Rosenau's pitching and Buddy Goldberg's catching. Bill Jacobs led the tribe to victory in the rowboat races. With Uncle Ski coxing and Uncle Jack doing the sterning, our crew came in second in the championship race, and the handicap. One of our braves, Billy Mayer, became nation champ in ping pong.

We were all well satisfied with the reservation trips. Since one of our Big Chiefs played the saxophone and another played the ukelele, we were well entertained. Uncle Ski, the head Big Chief, was a very fine cook so we naturally enjoyed our meals quite a lot. We made out exceptionally well considering the number of new men in the tribe.

Billy Tishman

## *Penobscots*

Headed by Jimmy Greenebaum as Chieftain and Bobby Makransky as Medicine Man, the Penobscots enjoyed a good hunting season. The eighteen new men and seven old were led by Uncles Joe, Bob, Johnny and Ralph.

On the reservation we had many good times. Twice we were awakened by rain, but exciting raids and war games made up for it. Our tribal champs were not good enough to win many nation championships. In war canoeing we won our first race in three years by beating the Malacites. We proved ourselves supreme in soccer when we beat the Mallies in the final of a round-robin.

The tribe was particularly successful in dramatics, with many of its members the stars of the season. Among those who participated were Bonnie Beach, Harold Deutsch, Bob Makransky, John Pritchard, Bob Conn, Jimmy Dannenberg, Sam Title and Jimmy Greenebaum.

In all it was a wonderful season, and I hope Kennebec campers of future years do as well.

Jimmy Greenebaum



## Nation Project

Taking as their motto, "Never let a stump root you or a root stump you," feather conscious and other loyal braves of the Abenaki tugged, dug and pulled on several afternoons in an effort to uproot stubborn stumps and clear a place behind the baseball back-stop for a new archery site. When a stump refused to be budged by ordinary methods, a block and tackle was called into play which quickly either removed the stump or pulled down the tree.

In all seriousness, however, it can be truthfully said that most of the camp worked hard on the nation project and deserve recognition on that score.



## Cabin Seven

Cabin Seven's congenial group of Philadelphians was outstanding for neatness and promptness. We easily carried off the inspection prize besides leading in many other activities.

To HERMAN OBERMAYER goes the distinction of being the cabin cut-up. Obie always did the right thing at the wrong time and kept us on our toes with his antics. His favorite pastime was throwing shoes at CHARLES KAHN, but his aim was usually poor. Who can ever forget Obie at Castle Island, fishing with a pencil and a piece of string and pulling in six fish?

When Charles Kahn and Obie were together there was never a dull moment. A new argument every minute, but always with a happy ending. Charles was outstanding in war canoe, baseball and he climaxed his season as interlocuter in the Minstrel Show.

EDDIE BLOCK was one of our stand-out, first year men. With his sunny smile and a fine disposition, Eddie led our cabin in feathers and set a fine example in all activities. He was a member of the camp crew and active in many sports.

BOB ROSSHEIM, our ideal camper was spending his first year with us and made good in a big way. His first triumph was to be elected Medicine Man of the tribe. He soon became the camp's best first baseman, and leading tennis player. Bob made the camp crew, tennis team, baseball team and he was an excellent swimmer. He was admired by all for his accomplishments both on and off the field.

DAVID BAYERSDORFER, our diminutive third baseman, was usually as quiet as a mouse. But when a pillow fight started, he was always in the thick of it handing out man-size wallops to everyone in reach. Dave made a great record in spite of his size and won a spot on the camp baseball squad.

LEONARD ISENBERG was our tallest brave. He will probably be a politician, for Landon and Roosevelt were his chief topics. Len took an active part in all the camp activities and was one of our leading fishermen. He ran a close race with Obie to see who could sleep longest, but usually lost.

## Cabin Ten

"GOOD LITTLE CAMPERS ALL: That's the best way to describe you fellows when I had you as campers thirty years ago, and now here we are gathered around the supper table at another one of our yearly reunions, recalling those happiest days of our lives at Kennebec Junior.

"Remember when we would go up to the sandy beach by ourselves and play war games in the boats and the old raft. Never once did we think that EDDIE KAUFMANN, then a bundle of nervous energy who was always keeping us entertained, would be the successful doctor he is today. Look at him down at the other end of the table peacefully smoking away on the big cigar and smiling. And never for a moment thought that BOBBY CONE, the little genius of the cabin with his hundred questions a day, would today be Broadway's best playwright. Little though, have the ravages of time changed his handsome features although his hair is graying.

"I have in my hand a telegram from MALCOLM GINGOLD, which tells how much he regrets missing a reunion for the first time. As you all know, Malcie is awfully busy with an embezzlement case he is handling for the government.

"Look at Mr. LOUIS ULLMAN sitting across from me. I believe that he has gone off his diet again, and, if I remember clearly, he put away three of those large steaks tonight. Remember how we used to kid Louis about eating back at camp? And now he is one of our most famous educators.

"I know you all recall how OSCAR FLEISHER continually fought with Eddie Kaufmann so that we always told him he was going to grow up to be a boxer. Tonight he sits down along side of me a very successful engineer and a bosom pal of Eddie's.

"One would hardly recognize BERT ROSENBERG with his newly acquired moustache. However, I suppose all successful brokers on Wall Street have them. I remember distinctly how Bert used to settle most of the disputes between Eddie and Oscar and how he was always boosting his home town of Cincinnati."

## Micmacs Cabin Five

Dear Mr. Fleisher:

I thought you might be interested in knowing that on my last tour of the country I ran into a number of old Kennebecers.

I went to New York, first, and since I planned to be there some time I looked for an apartment. Much to my surprise I found that Billy Tishman was owner of the The Tishman Realty Co., which controlled most of the apartment houses in the city. I had a nice chat with Billy and found out thru him that Sidney Kay, the little fellow who worked so hard to pass his minnow test back in 1936, was the curator of the new Municipal Zoo.

The second leg of my journey took me to Cleveland, where I found another old Cabin Five fellow, Bobby Reinthal. I met him at the airport as our planes both came in at the same time. I was surprised to find that Bob had just returned from another trip to the North Pole where he had been searching for a radium deposit. He had become a famous explorer and has written several very interesting books. He took me to League Park to see Cleveland play the Yankees the day that "Rosy" Rosenau, the Yankee's ace hurler, was to pitch. I sent word to "Rosy" that we were there and he treated us to a wonderful exhibition of pitching by twirling a no-hit, no-run game as in Kennebec Junior days.

My last stop was on the West coast where I saw a preview of the latest picture starring Gerry Bissinger. Gerry is the new Robert Taylor of the talkies, and he had just won the Academy Medal for his sterling performance in the year's sensation, "The Man From The Past." Gerry was out on location so I did not have an opportunity to see him, but I did meet John Cone, who is now internationally famous as head of the Chemistry Department at Stanford University.

I understand that Kennebec Junior is still going strong and that all is well in the Maine woods. If I get up in that section, I will drop in to see you.

Uncle Ski Smith

## Cabin Eight

Way back among the tall trees at the far end of the circle lived the six members of Cabin Eight and their Uncle Jack. All but JIMMY GOLDMAN were first year Kennebecers, but we weren't slow in learning the ropes.

Unanimously, we would say that our hobby was arguing. In this respect we were led by Jimmy Goldman himself. A feather to you 1155, for teaching the art of Billy Kellner. Besides winning the most nicknames of any camper, Jimmy had time for riding, tennis, swimming and diving. We all envied his neatness.

SYDNEY PRINCE, Micmac War Canoe stroke held bed No. 2 down to the floor, that is when he wasn't flirting with nurses in our Waterville annex. It was Sydney's first year in camp and he made out unusually well.

BILLY MAYER honored us all by winning the nation championship in ping pong. His pet hobby was saying, "Really, Uncle Jack, I haven't been so bad," and really he wasn't.

BILLY KELLNER would always be seen with his tennis racket and his smile. His greatest ambition in camp was to stay in bed until first bell. Because of Uncle Jack, he never, no never, was rewarded with victory.

That cute little fellow who used to hide behind a combed, but unparted lock of hair was JERRY LEWINE. Poor Jerry; how he used to struggle to keep his things out of the lost and found. We all forgive him, for he was a swell member of our gang.

BILL JACOBS stopped talking only when he was asleep and how thankful we were for that. The only trouble was that we were asleep too and couldn't enjoy it. Bill was the most ambitious boy in camp. You couldn't hold him down. He even went without a meal to pass a scout test! Yes, scouting is his hobby; he went home with six more merit badges tucked under his belt. Nation champ in rowing, tribal champ in archery, most feathers in campcraft and a genuine woodsman, Bill is an all around camper.

We had a dandy cabin trip to Long Pond which climaxed our camping season. And we had a wonderful camping season which has climaxed our young lives.

## Cabin Nine

Gentlemen:

Your letter at hand and I wish to advise you concerning the present whereabouts of some of the men who spent the season of 1936 in Cabin Nine. It is interesting to notice how they have carried into later lives the activities in which they participated while at Kennebec Junior.

Jimmy Lefton fighting professionally as "Kid Candle" (one blow and he's out) has a training camp on Little Pond. You will remember that his pugilistic career began with an evening lodge program and that he learned the advantages of Little Pond from his cabin trip.

Dick Goodman is connected with the Lakewood Players during the summer and spends the winter traveling from one golf tournament to another. He is quite an all around athlete though he never amounted to much in tennis because he is unable to cover the court fast enough. He was in the recent Olympics as a weight lifter for which he got a lot of practice lifting himself from chairs.

Lloyd Marcus is already gray haired from worrying over inconsequential matters. He is employed as Chef at the Waldorf in New York. He said he got his start on the three-day cabin trip in 1936. He writes well and his recipes are widely read.

Howard Samuel is at present out of the country leading an expedition to South America for the American Museum. He spends his time at home playing semi-pro ball and studying insects—catching flies in both.

Billy Feigenbaum is playing a trumpet with a radio band. He may be reached at Radio City where he is billed as the Cleveland Beau Brummel. His hobby is yachting in Lake Erie.

Howard Gilman is improving his paddling by taking Canadian canoe trips in search of new stands of timber for paper pulp. He still is an earnest amateur naturalist and ping pong player.

If there is anything more I can do please write and let me know.  
Best regards and happy hunting season to all,

Uncle John

## Penobscots Cabin Two

"Oh, Sachem, I, Big Chief Pathfinder of the Penobscots, wish to report on Cabin Two's successful hunting season."

"Proceed, Big Chief," replied the Sachem of the Abenakis.

"Little Brave Greentree (Jimmy Greenebaum) and Little Brave Running Wolf (Bill Weinberg) were the seasoned warriors of Cabin Two. In all the sports, particularly baseball, canoeing and soccer, they were men to be reckoned with. Jimmy was the Chieftain of the Penobscots and led his tribe in a most commendable manner. Bill was the cabin's best brave with the hook and angle-worm. His camping ability was shown when he captured the nation water-boiling contest.

"Little Brave Leather-Worker (Eric Cone), Curly One (Billy Lese), Quiet Water (Billy Rosenfeld) and Smiling Face (Dick Sanger) were the first year campers in the group. Eric became Big Chief Red Wing's assistant and did fine work for him. He paddled well in the crew, and showed theatrical ability with his fine portrayal of the thwarted lover in the cabin show. Billy Lese came to the fore in baseball, swimming and track. The brave with the curly hair was constantly using his ingenuity in making games for the cabin to play. In the cabin show, he brought down the house with his antics as the heart-broken mother. Also a fisherman of renown, he was always looking for the 'big one.'

"Billy Rosenfeld started the hunting season saying that he couldn't do the things required of a warrior. In no time at all, Billy proved to himself and his cabin that he could do the hard things and do them very well indeed. He proved to be the best swimmer in the cabin, and was always in every activity. Dick Sanger was always laughing and smiling. He entered into every thing and proved his mettle on the reservation when he captured several of the game championships. Dick pulled a strong paddle, and gave a good account of himself when the Pennies played soft ball.

"In all, Sachem, Cabin Two enjoyed an excellent season, which was climaxed by our trip to Little Pond with Big Chief Iron Head's cabin. There we found the joy of camping together and experiencing those things which only a camping expedition can give."

Uncle Max of Cabin Twelve  
Has versed about his braves  
So gather closer Cabin Six  
While I tell how you behaved.

BEN ALEXANDER from Philly far,  
Better known as "Winnie the Pooh"  
Excelling in archery, baseball and crew  
There wasn't a thing he couldn't do.

A swell little camper was SAM TITLE,  
Who hailed from Hartford, Conn.  
In dramatics and baseball he was a wow,  
And we'll all miss him when he's gone.

JOHNNIE FERNBERGER, the Germantown Flash  
A high jumper and runner of note,  
Was teased and called "Ronnie"  
But they never could get on his goat.

JAMES DANNENBERG, "man mountain" to you  
Who talked to himself when he swam,  
Ate more than the rest  
But he was one of the best and a man what am.

DICK LEVY—bad man of Cabin Six,  
A punster and player of pranks,  
He could swim and play ball,  
So for the good times—from all, many thanks.

Now BOBBY CONN with his big brown eyes,  
And the smile that was always there,  
Though he didn't like Grapenuts,  
And didn't eat much, he never got in your hair.

And so little men of Cabin Six  
I have told of each member true,  
And through the winter is long and very blue  
Still my thoughts will all be with you.

*Cabin Six*

On a comfortable chair before an open fire sits Uncle Johnny puffing meditatively at his favorite briar pipe. As the flames of the fire die down, his mind rambles down over the years and finally comes to rest on the 1936 camping season and the boys of good old Cabin Eleven. The interior of the cabin slowly takes form.

There is BOBBY MAKRANSKY, the camp expert, head popped out of his blankets, wondering whether it is time to arouse the bird hikers.

There too, is HENRY JACOBSON, the best camper of the season, his lips moving to form the question, "But, Uncle Johnny, can't I have just one more portion of that good spinach?" Uncle Johnny catches himself slowly shaking his head.

At one end of the cabin busily stuffing away his belongings in a suit-case much too small for them is a little fellow wearing an old Kennebec baseball cap. Surely enough, it is BONNIE BEACH, the neatest boy in the cabin, carefully folding away his clothes without being told to do so.

Another boy sits before his trunk in deep thought. Time and again, he scratches his head. His trunk seems filled to the brim with a huge pile of stuff overflowing upon the floor. It must be PHIL SAMPLINER, the ukelele player, wondering why trunks aren't made with elastic sides.

In one corner is JOHNNY PRITCHARD, the cabin's athletic ace tucked to the ears in an Indian blanket and reading a month-old comic sheet. On the floor beside his bed stand a huge stack of funnies borrowed from every boy in camp.

The peace of the cabin is rudely broken by the slam-bang entrance of HAROLD DEUTSCH and MALCOLM SKALL. Harold ("Hysterical Pete" to his cabin mates) rushes to his neatly made trunk, grasps a musical kazoo and proceeds to dance a horn-pipe upon his perfectly made bed. Mackie, the cabin's "Zioncheck," grabs a baseball bat and begins to muss up Uncle Johnny's mattress, shouting that he's "even up." Uncle Johnny begins to threaten them both with being sent to bed before supper—when,

The last embers of the fire die out leaving Uncle Johnny cold and thinking "them was the days."

*Cabin Eleven*

Uncles



*UNCLE SKI*—"Come on, I. Q., come on!" Quoting Uncle Ski, the grand old man of baseball. Most versatile uncle in camp . . . "spike-man" on his volley ball team . . . conscientious . . . good worker. Hobby: Raiding the Penny Res.



*UNCLE BOB*—"Great galloping gaboons!" He didn't learn that expression at West Point whence he came, but it was the one he used most often. A ladies man . . . tennis player . . . well liked. Hobby: Singing love songs.



*UNCLE FRANK*—"Hello there handsome!" That's how Uncle Frank, the Babe Ruth of the camp, would greet everyone he met. Jovial . . . camp's best cook, excluding the chef . . . quiet . . . conscientious . . . rare ability in handling tools. Hobby: Making sail boats.



*UNCLE JACK*—"See that star up there? That's like the one I met in Waterville." However, this doesn't describe Uncle Jack as well as it might. He was the best natured and kindest uncle in camp . . . hard worker. Hobby: Writing letters to Betty.



*UNCLE JOHN*—"Come on there, Goodman, clean it up." A typical John Roth command that could be heard coming from Cabin Nine at inspection time. Also a good volley ball player. Hobby: Buying new pipes.



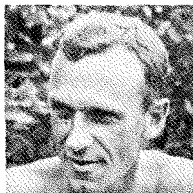
*UNCLE DAVE*—"Howdy Champ!" Uncle Dave could be found each noon swimming a quarter or half mile to keep his Tarzan torso. Friendly . . . helpful . . . popular. Hobby: Dressing up and singing love ballads.



*UNCLE JOHNNY*—"Do you see that bird up there?" Beloved nature head well liked by all except for one thing; early morning bird hikes. Good natured. Hobby: Early morning bird hikes.



*UNCLE MAX*—"It Max no difference!" The handsome Californian really could play tennis when he wasn't punning. Winner of the Uncles' tournament. . . . good mixer . . . conscientious. Hobby: punning.



*UNCLE ARCHIE*—"All boys who want belts report to my cabin." He could take it and did. Quiet . . . good natured . . . dependable. Hobby: Selling Uncle Dave horses.



*UNCLE RALPH*—"Come on, Donald, make your bed." Uncle Ralph had the baby section and did a mighty fine job with them. In fact, did a mighty fine job in everything he undertook. Hobby: Acquiring a tan.



*UNCLE GUS*—"Keep quiet; aw nuts!" The head of the art department. Popular with all the boys and uncles . . . flashiest dresser in camp. Hobby: Taking pictures.



*UNCLE BILL*—"Oh, me, oh, my." This is the eighteenth year that Bill has used that expression continually. Had charge of the office . . . always in demand . . . quiet . . . peach of a fellow. Hobby: Beating Uncle Gus at bridge.

*Nature*

The big development in nature this year was the enlargement of the exhibits in the Nature Lodge. The new exhibits, planned by Uncles John and Johnny, took up all the available space on the tables and on the wall. For the featured habitat group Uncle Gus painted a beautiful background. Another feature was the new plant display rack on which nearly all varieties of wild flowers were placed during the summer.

Bird walks again proved popular. Most of the boys in camp attended one or more of these early morning trips. The season ended the first week in August, when the qualified bird-hikers spent a night along the shores of Great Pond. Good food, a splendid campfire, interesting stories, the olive-sided flycatcher and the bald eagle's nest will be things long remembered. The bird list of the season totaled ninety species, five more than in any previous season.

Interest in rocks and minerals was revived by the return visit of Dr. Chapman, who gave an informative, illustrated talk on mountains and mountain climbing. The geology field trip following Dr. Chapman's talk brought many new rock specimens to the Nature Lodge tables.

Some thirty-three nature tests covering almost every phase of nature found in the neighborhood of camp gave the campers a fairly complete idea of the things they contacted throughout the summer. Longer instruction periods gave the opportunity for more work in the field than in previous years. The result was a great increase in the number of feathers gained in nature.

Evening nature programs ran from slides to sound movies. Many topics were touched upon. Birds, wild flowers, trees, stars, and the like all found ready response on the part of the campers.

Campcraft at Kennebec Junior is designed to teach the campers the most important essentials about camping in the great out of doors. As the various cabins around the circle visited the campcraft plot of the ball field, they were instructed by Uncle Jack in knife and axe work, fire building, trail blazing, fireplace making, tent pitching and knot tying.

The experience thus gained is a prerequisite to successful camping on trips and on the reservation. And it comes in handy around camp, too. For example, the axemen helped construct a new bridge at the Pasamaquoddy Beach and also helped build council fires and clear out the path to the reservation. In this they were led by Billy Jacobs who spent a lot of time and energy earning his outdoor scout merit badges.

Others who did unusual work were Jack Makransky, Dick Sanger, Jimmy Goldman, Billy Mayer, and Sam Title.

This year the Council functioned to greater advantage than ever before, due, mainly, to the good sense with which the representatives attacked the problems before them. One of the major developments of the season was the policy of posting the minutes of the meetings. I believe that this policy will make the campers realize that the Council is their representative, and will thus broaden its activities in future years.

The Council is regularly responsible for A. A. classifications and awards, Maroon and Gray, team awards, and spending allowances. It also discusses any matter that is brought before it by the campers or the directors. At the end of each season it compiles a list of suggested improvements. This year's list was particularly outstanding. Many of the suggestions will be carried out in 1937.

Jim Woolner

*Members of the Council:* Jim Woolner, President; Bob Kaufmann, Vice-President; Lester Steppacher, Secretary; John Loeb, Ned Goldwasser, Teddy Miller, John Mayer, Herb Sterzelbach, Arthur Hoffheimer, Henry Steinhardt, Bill Wolfsten, Dick Willstatter, Roddy Wolbarst, Eddie Rothschild, Joe Barr, and Arthur Dannenberg.

*Campcraft**Council*



<i>Name</i>	<i>Activities</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>What He Thinks He Is</i>	<i>What He Really Is</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Future</i>
JOHN SLOSS	Shooting letter, scorekeeper, Theater Guild, Yearbook.	John	Storekeeper	Bookie	Stern Uncle Mac's canoe	Total Sloss
PETER SLOSS	Theater Guild, prize for still life pictures.	Pete	Railroad expert	Dead freight	Own New York Central	Red Cap
HENRY SONDEHEIM	Baseball letter, Theater Guild, Dream Game scorer, co-captain of Cleveland in Indoor League.	Sonny	Off color	Colored	Cohen's bridge partner	Stooge
LESTER STEPPACHER	Swimming letter, President of Theater Guild, Secretary of Council, first squad canoeist, senior life saver.	Steppy	Expert canoeist	Bow man in Robby's canoe	Expert canoeist	Department store demonstrator of Yiddish Guide Stroke Atlantic City
BRUCE SUNDLUN	Baseball and shooting letters, Track Jersey, silver medal, Boot & Spur Club, tied for first place in Kennebec race, Clarence Mills Cup for winner of senior canoe singles.	Bruce	Track star	Star-gazer	Newport	
JIM VAN RAALTE	President Boot & Spur Club, Cine Club, shooting squad, Theater Guild.	J. V. R.	Big Chief	Half pint	Show horses	Shovel "it"
TOM VAN RAALTE	Theater Guild, Boot & Spur Club, Cine Club.	T.	Hechy's bow man	Ballast man	Shining star	Rather dark
JIM WOOLNER	Baseball and swimming letters, Swimming Suit, Charles Edwin Fox prize for best camper, President of Council, Cine Club, prize for best movies, Boot & Spur Club, Theater Guild, captain of Cleveland, voted best natured.	Goose	Weber's right hand man	Office cat	Yale	Jail



To my Abenaki:

The memory of no summer at Kennebec Junior would be complete without those gatherings of the four Indian tribes at Council Rock. They are certainly a very special tradition and probably nowhere else are similar ceremonial camp fires held of equal interest and solemnity. For it is at Council Rock that the tribal Indian lore that is so much a part of our entire organization for sport and play and camping-out, and all the rest, finds final expression.

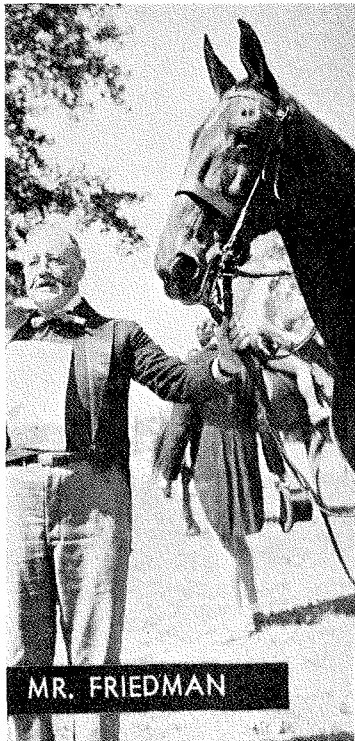
There is excited anticipation that runs like an electric current through the whole camp when it is sensed that a Grand Council of the Abenaki is being planned. The big chiefs are busy preparing the ring that only assumes its real beauty and picturesque colors when ready for the entry of the braves who solemnly file into the clearing at the measured deep throb of the big drum, with its call to Council. From my seat as Sachem of my Nation, I always feel a thrill as I see my braves file into the circle and silently take places at the four tribal totems. Of course, no one knows in advance how Council will be opened. It is different almost every time. Following my words of greeting and call on the Medicine Man, comes the most exciting moment of all—when the Council fire is lighted—will it be by the rubbing of sticks in the fire drill, or will Wakonda send down a ball of fire from Heaven—or will the fire suddenly blaze of itself in answer to the magic medicine? No matter how it starts, it is a sight we never forget, as the flames suddenly leap on high and pick out the faces of the tribesmen and the colors of war bonnets, feathers and blankets. Of course, also impressive is the peace pipe ceremony, the scout reports and then the telling of the coups at the Sagamorechecks the birch bark tally, with its picture story writing and record of every Abenaki's triumphs. The serious business having ended, we enjoy our council-ring games and challenges. So you all remember the exciting string-burning and water-boiling? Now the fire burns low, and as we gaze into the embers, a big chief steps into the ring to bring us a story of frontiersmen or Indian legend. Then we join in our closing prayer:

"Oh, Thou Great Spirit  
As I close my eyes in slumber tonight  
Have I done enough today  
To have earned the right  
To live again tomorrow?"

The little Chiefs of the Malacites, the Micmacs, the Passamaquoddies, and the Penobscots lead their braves down the trail to the Wigwams on the hill. May the dreams and memories of all our happy camp fires together go down life's long trail with all of you—my braves, with the blessing of Wakonda and your Sachem.

—Louis Fleisher

## *A Message from Uncle Lou*



MR. FRIEDMAN

## Faculty

Camp, as usual, was quietly, efficiently run by Uncle Pritch, bothered for the first time in 29 years by the presence of a close relative on campus, by the song "Flat Foot Floogie". Manager of the defeated Unbeatables, momentarily an enthusiast of the tennis tournament.

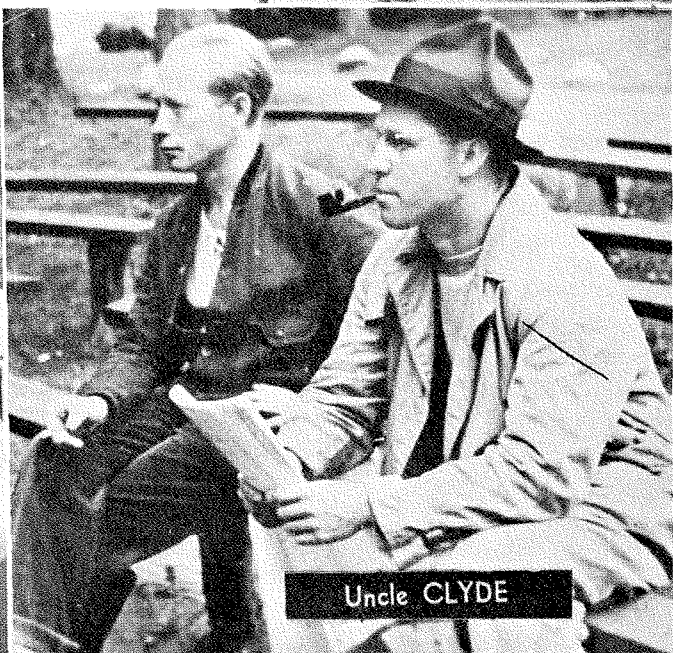
Always calm and cool, even-tempered Mr. Friedman had the most successful of his 23 years at Kennebec due to consistent winning of faculty pools. Manager of the triumphant Invincibles and leader of the longest trip out of Camp.



Uncle PRITCH



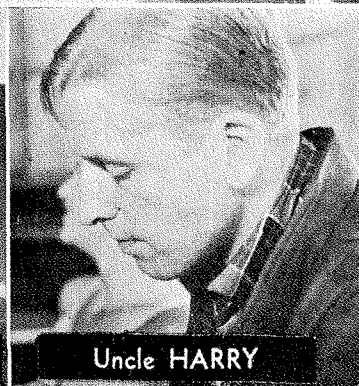
Uncle RAY



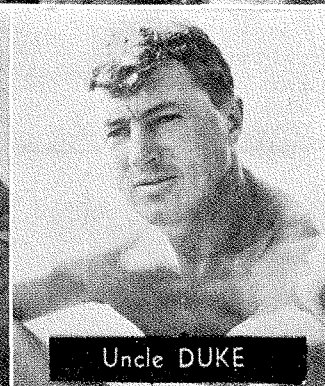
Uncle CLYDE



Uncle ARNIE



Uncle HARRY



Uncle DUKE

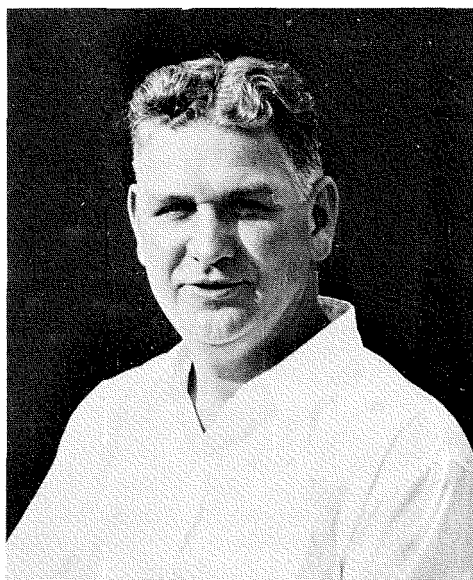


Uncle TONGE

## Dedication

### THE STAFF OF THE 1943 KENNEBECAMPER

*DEDICATES* this volume to Frank M. Barsby, "Uncle Frank," whose unfailing good humor, efficient and tireless effort in behalf of Kennebec Junior, and devotion to the American way of life and all that it stands for has been an inspiration to all Kennebecers for the past sixteen years.



FRANK M. BARSBY  
Kennebec June 1928-1943

When the opening party arrived at camp this year we again had Uncle Frank in our midst—this time for his sixteenth season at Kennebec. During these years many of us have come to know him intimately and to admire him for the kind of thing he stands for—the finest in every phase of fellowship and sportsmanship.

Uncle Frank has sponsored our craft department for these many seasons and his activities are among the most popular in camp. His own particular hobby and vocation is wood-

working and all the campers and counselors have had an opportunity to learn this art from his skillful and lucid demonstrations. His talents, however, do not stop here because he is one of the camp's top-flight entertainers, with a particular penchant for minstrel shows. Indeed, a minstrel show without Uncle Frank as end man just wouldn't click—His witticisms are always a highlight.

Versatility, Friendliness, Helpfulness, Sympathy, Humor—all are qualities possessed by him. As a leader of boys, both at Kennebec and Lower Merion, he has made many lifetime friends. To him who has inspired and helped everyone in camp and to him who has worked unceasingly in behalf of the men and boys at Kennebec Junior for sixteen glorious years, we express our appreciation in this, the Kennebecamper of 1943

Russell S. McGrath

## Foreword

I hope that the reading of the pages that follow will bring to all of this season's Junior Campers memories of many happy hours spent together. Fortunately it was the last camp held under wartime conditions, but even so I feel that we had only reason to be thankful that in every respect we could be so well provided and equipped. Especially and most importantly was that true as to our various staffs: the uncles, both old and new; the men in the kitchen and bakeshop; the boys who waited on table; and the maintenance crew. With this help and leadership and a fine co-operative lot of campers it could not be otherwise than a most successful year.

On the physical side of camp we added some nice and valuable improvements. These included a complete mechanical refrigeration and freezing unit; some new roofs; new pontoons under our big float; a better water system; a new canoe dock; new stepball, tether ball, and basketball courts; and, of course, we pay special notice to the handsome bridge built by the pioneer groups under "Uncle Jim" over the ravine near the infirmary.

Camp activities, I felt, followed their normal course with the weather exceptionally in our favor—of these, however, you can read in the following pages. I enjoyed my personal contacts with all of you, and hope to hear from you during the winter months and to see you at reunions or when we all gather for another journey into Maine.

Louis M. Fleisher

*Uncles* (1945)

Along about June, up in North Belgrade,  
Maine,  
Assembles our staff, who come mostly  
by train.  
This year was no different than some of  
the rest;  
The staff, deemed by some to be one  
of the best,  
We argued, and fussed, and sometimes  
we fought,  
But 'tis nice to look back to see what  
we've wrought.  
There's Freddie, the salesman, Goos is  
his name.  
His pep is eternal, and softball, his game.  
Bob Strine, who is next, is a principal,  
no less,  
And as a tennis coach is no part of a mess.  
Joe Hardy, from Sharon, held down  
minor sports,  
And could often be seen cavorting  
in shorts.  
While Uncle Dusty, in four, was a man  
with a goal;  
He made medicine, taught swimming,  
and cooked beans in a hole.  
In campcraft, Jim Getty, who to camp was  
quite new,  
Built a bridge that's a marvel, down near  
Uncle Lou.  
Next is Burkholder, who's known as  
Lower Merion Jack,  
He's done a good job, and we hope  
he'll be back.  
Bill Firing Will painted and plugged all  
our boats,  
In his line of work he sure knows what  
are oats.  
Uncle Frank is the man, who, with  
hammer in hand,  
Might be fixing a screen, or leading  
a band.  
Lockie Rinehart now hails from

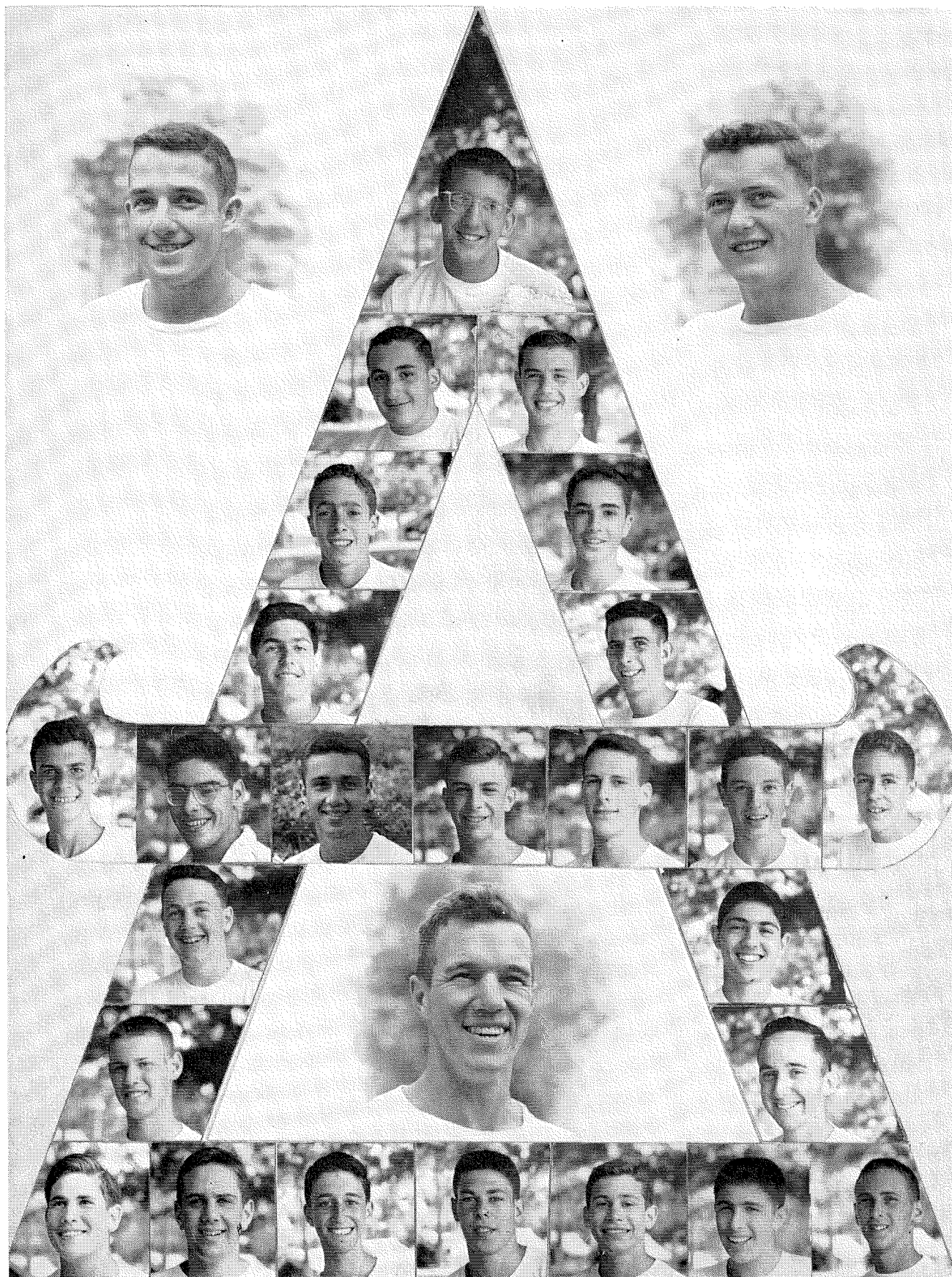
Asbury Park,  
In softball his hitting has set a new mark.  
Milt Schulman had metal work and  
laundry, too.  
He raved about Brooklyn until we  
were blue.  
In leather shop Don Moon, a new man,  
held sway,  
A tale from the Navy he gave us each day.  
Now Albie, the rascal, whose last name  
is Kent,  
Plays ball, sings songs, and is always  
hellbent.  
Pres is the Wawanock who knew all the  
best dives  
His jokes have more than the traditional  
nine lives.  
Uncle John is a demon who dotes on  
his firsts,  
Kit flying and tennis are some of his  
worsts.  
Al Mounter, the shepherd, who watches  
his flock,  
Loves coffee, works hard, and never sits  
on the dock.  
Uncle Deke had dramatics and did a  
swell job,  
With his songs and his plays he quieted  
the mob.  
Now Uncle Reed in 16 had a job that  
I crave,  
No section, no assignments, and to work  
was no slave.  
For letters and postals we chased  
Uncle Will  
(The only thing that I ever got was a bill!)  
George Schneider in 16 is efficiency plus,  
And everyone marvelled when he drove  
the camp bus.  
Uncle Mac was the headmaster, the boss  
of us all,  
But when he umped, he sure missed  
that ball!

*Visitors*

Visitors were particularly welcome at Kennebec last summer. This was so perhaps because many of the visitors were returning service men. The most spectacular "pre-arrival" letter was literally delivered by air. Jack Grabosky and Charlie Marks, both Navy pilots buzzed their fighters over the quad, baseball field and tennis courts many times. All heads were turned upward when the planes, just missing the tree tops, buzzed the tennis courts. It was then that the pilots, taking careful aim, dropped their so-called bomb. This was in the form of a little red sack containing a stone and a letter. The aim of the pilots was so perfect that Uncle Paul, playing tennis on one of the courts, had merely to stoop over, and instead of picking up a tennis ball he retrieved the prize package. The enclosed letter informed Uncle Brod that two ex-Kennebecers who hadn't been back to camp for ten years were now returning in a fashion they had hardly expected ten years previous. Charlie and Jack caused plenty of excitement and a few days later Jack returned for a little longer visit. This time he left his plane at the airport and quietly entered camp. Among the other visitors were Uncle Don White, just released from a German prison camp, Garry Davis, who of course had to put on an evening program in assembly, Uncle Hat, Uncle Frank McGinley, Doc Borowsky, Ed and Bob Kaufman, Bruce Beach, and Phil Rosenau. Many of these are once again in the ranks of the civilian, and for those who are not, we wish a speedy out.



PERISCOPING THE FIRST SECTION



## Points Of View

By RUSSELL McGRATH, Headmaster

With the increasing popularity of summer camps, one reads more and more frequently the humorous aspects of letters written by children to their parents during the camping season. Even our staid NEW YORK TIMES published not too long ago a number of amusing rules for writing to Camp "Noosa Woosa," which included many of the typical mistakes, attitudes, and reactions most parents experience at one time or another during their children's early summers away from home.

Such an all-pervasive feeling among campers, counselors, and parents should afford us an excellent opportunity for closer scrutiny of the objectives of community living in a summer camp. With this in view we would do well to approach it from all three points of view.

First and foremost let us remember values and relationships remain fundamentally the same, regardless of place, generation, or opportunity; then, let us consider the summer camp from the Camper's viewpoint.

"Johnny Q" will have a swell summer if all the guys in his bunk are good guys; if all the uncles are impartial and understanding, and if, when meal-time rolls around, there is an abundance of hot dogs, roast beef or whatever else is the gustatory appeal to a hungry boy just catching his breath after a good ball game or a long swim.

The character building, the fine association, or the inspirational talks out under the stars before bedtime are not the things Johnny emphasizes or even is aware of at least not while he's going through them. For the counselor, the success of his season, depends more or less on the number of wins his favorite tribe or prodigy may accumulate. He will appreciate the quality of the men he has around him to work with and play with; and he may seize any opportunity he gets to improve himself and advance toward his own goal. Since free summers are limited to a comparatively small and transitory group of men interested in counseling, perhaps the objective of this group claims the least attention of all three. Certainly the counselor's point of view is the least controversial.

It is undoubtedly the parent who reaches out with the greatest hope. Parents are ambitious to secure the best in camping for their children. Whether the parent has ever been a camper himself or not has little effect on what he wants. There must be improvement in all the skills familiar to campers on the land and in the water. There should be a noticeable improvement in table manners and eating habits when Johnny returns to the formal dining room. Language responses and companionships are eagerly observed to note trends. New hobbies are fine assets to be developed for the rainy Saturdays and Sundays that follow all through the winter. All these and many more personal problems should and could be resolved during the short eight weeks of community living, on the camp scene.

It is without doubt that few parents have all these high hopes realized in anyone camp in anyone season. Growth in youth doesn't come that fast. It takes the steady purpose of a good director with vision that alone can put into motion all the mechanism necessary to contribute to the development of the skills with emphasis on the character building. This takes both a lot of doing and a lot of vision; and herein lies the secret for the real guide post to parents. It's not the lush equipment and it's not the extravagant layout that builds boys into men. It's the ideals of the director with uncompromising standards who has been seasoned with years of building that can recognize the warmth of a summer sun working its magic in the heart of a boy. And parents this magic works slowly but ceaselessly. You have only to find the camp where the director has these high standards and all else in achievement and inspiration will follow as night the day in Times due course.

*Junior Faculty-1954*



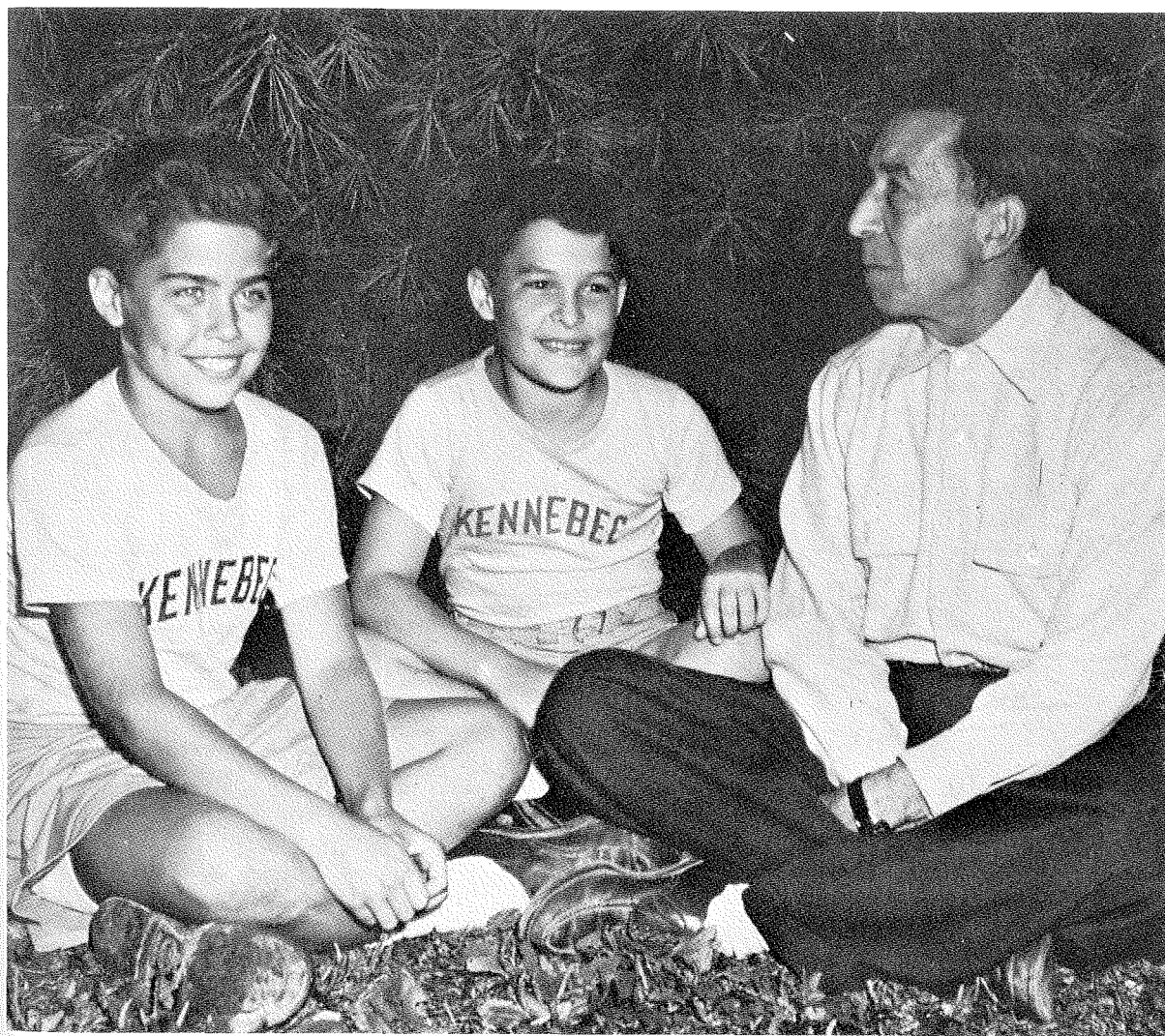
*Kennebec Junior Faculty 1954*

*Back Row: Dr. Sataloff, A. Unger, D. Moon, W. Biechele, B. Long, L. Welsh, J. Yatsko, J. Welsh, D. Gilhoi, V. Festa, R. Miller, R. Dallaire, R. Miller, Jr., P. Goldsmith, F. Barsby, R. Hill, J. Roth, A. Krinke, R. Strine.*

*Front Row: M. Spira, S. Namit, A. McGinnis, J. Namit, Louis Fleisher, O. Fleisher, R. McGrath, P. Mason, B. Friesch, C. Johnson, F. Brown.*



*Junior Camp-1955*



## *A Message From Uncle Lou*

The Sachem has summoned the five tribes of the Kennebec Abenaki Indians to a Grand Council of the Nation. The medicine men have invoked the spirits of the Earth and the Winds and Wekonda, the great Spirit whose dwelling is above the Thunder Bird. The council fire has been lit "not after the manner of the white man," and we watch the flames ascend in the center of the magic circle. Now is the time for our braves to claim their coups as they are recorded on the Birch Bark Scroll. This is a Kennebec Junior tradition of great importance to every one of us who ever sat around the council fire.

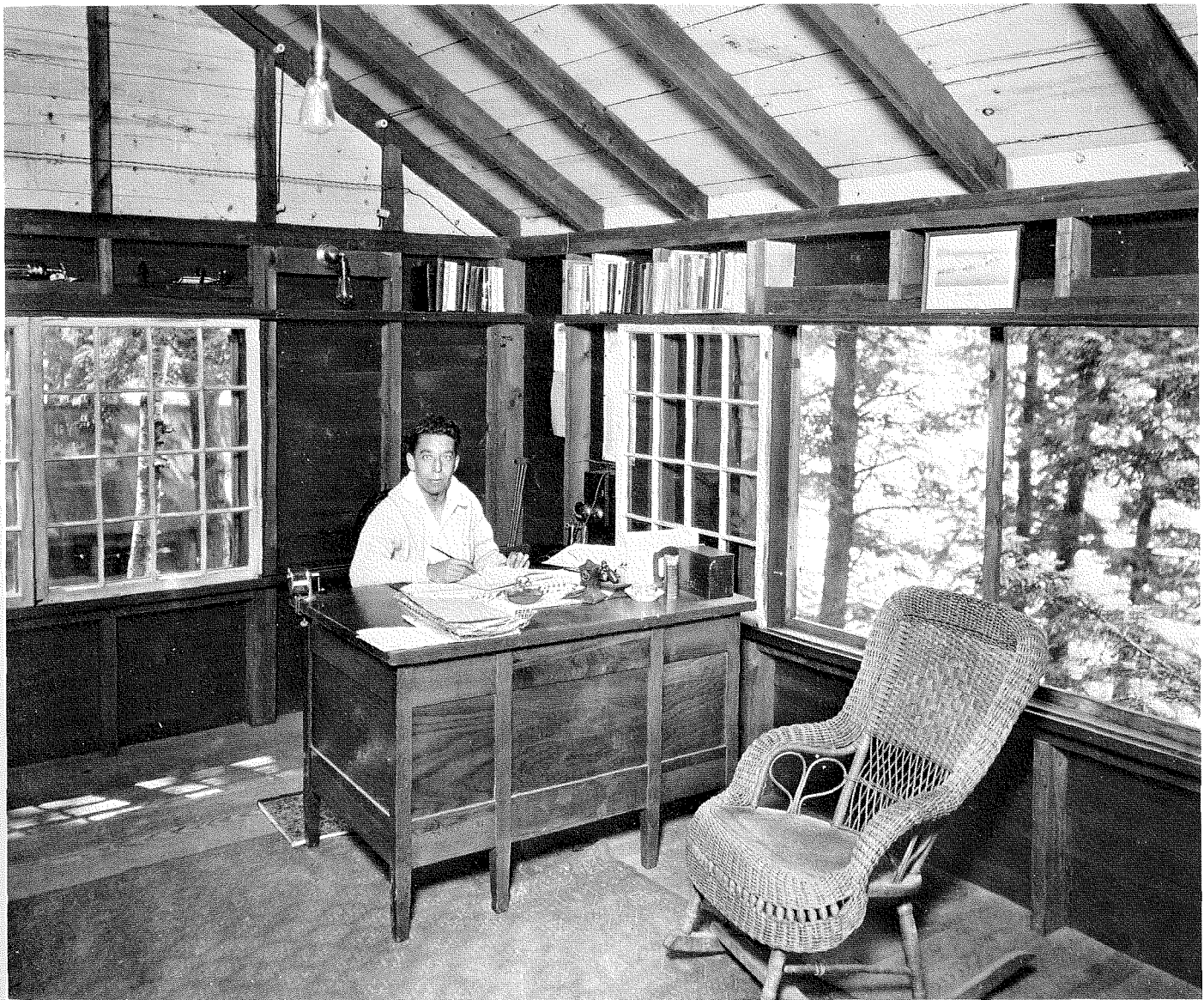
A "coup" is a French Indian term used to designate a personal victory. As used in our incentive system, a fellow wins a coup for a meritorious performance in almost any field of activity in which he participates. If he passes a test in swimming, baseball, or tennis, or successfully fries an egg in campcraft, or makes something in one of our shops in wood, metal, or ceramics; he wins a coup just as he may in actual sports participation.

It is of interest to note the great number and variety of things in which these coups may be won. Besides those mentioned, the list on the scroll includes the following, although not all may be used in any one season: canoeing, swimming, baseball, canoe tests, tennis, track, archery, rowing, hiking, basketball, kickball, pingpong, checkers, mumbly peg, volleyball, riflery, soccer, reservation games, cock fighting, hand wrestling, pull-ups, water boiling, story telling, citizenship, nature lore, out-door living, camp cooking, photography, dancing, wood working, metal working, projects, ceramics, dramatics, music, art.

A coup is not a tangible reward won in competition, unless we consider any achievement incentive—competitive. Participation or winning in team sports is not rewarded by coups. On the other hand non-athletic activities, which generally would be crowded out by the more popular sports, gain attraction.

A coup entitles a brave to a feather to be proudly worn in his head band. He has made this in the color of his tribe and decorated with its totem. At the end of the season, a felt emblem to be worn on his jacket will replace the feather head dress, for these might look incongruous in the cities of the paleface. At the top of the list, but with no fixed number of coups, stand the "Feather Chieftains," who have won plenty of coups in a spread of all the activities. These are the leaders in the tribes, in addition to the chieftains, who earlier in the season, were elected by the comrades. It is interesting to see how frequently the chieftain rank awarded for achievement coincides with the popular award.

Years after our campers have gone from Junior into Senior and on into life, they return to visit camp and look for their names as recorded on the Birch Bark Scroll to bring back memories of their first days at Kennebec.



## *A Message From Uncle Lou*

There are but few if any private camps that can boast of fifty years of continued operation under the same management: actually with one of the original directors still actively at the helm. But that is so at Kennebec which operated a camp at its present spot on the shores of Salmon Lake the summer of 1907. What a lot of camping history has been made through all those years. But even so, although it was a much cruder, rougher camp, without electricity or running water, the activities and trips and supervised program were not so very different. Now, as is fitting, we are planning a big golden anniversary for next summer. Although the campers of next season will not be directly involved in this, it will no doubt affect the fathers of many of our campers, who in their day were Kennebecers, and form part of our large alumni group.

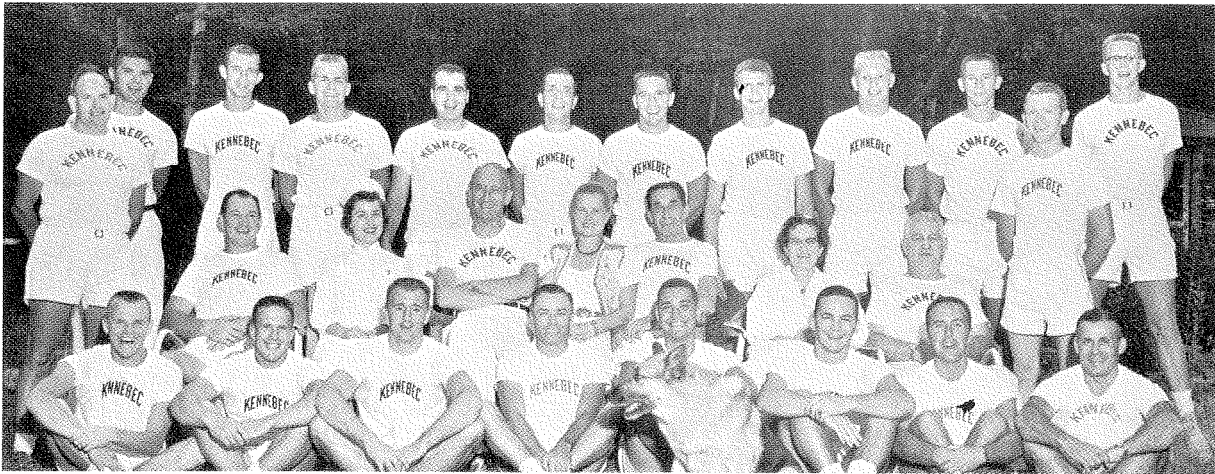
Ever since our twenty fifth reunion, we have invited our old campers at five year intervals to return and be boys again for a weekend at Kennebec. In the past, these reunions have been held during the camp season, when most of the Seniors are away on their long camping trips. Our plan for this important Reunion is to get as many of our older former campers as we can accommodate in Senior Camp to return for a long weekend and before the regular campers come to Kennebec. We know that any of the men who were fortunate enough to attend any of our previous alumni reunions will want to be included, for we still tell tales of what they did and what was done to them. And certainly a marvelous time was had by all.

We will try to get as many of our old time staff as possible to stay on or come back to take charge of the "boys." George Washington Casey has promised to again act as head master and in charge of the Reunion Committees, many of whom are already active. I feel sure that new camp history will be in the making, and that all of us who are Kennebecers will want to share in the spirit of the occasion, whether we are eligible or able to attend the Reunion or not. Supplies of liniment, bandages, crutches, and stretcher bearers will be available; and new obstacles of fiendish ingenuity are promised for the big Kennebec Race. We have even contacted the weather bureau for extra special Maine weather. For 1957 will be Kennebec's Golden Year.

## *Memories*

I remember the time when I came to it first  
 In the dust of a hot summer's day,  
 How the cabins and quadrangle struck me as strange,  
 How the summer slipped swiftly away.  
 In the vague world of shadows far back in my mind  
 I can still recall things happening then.  
 I recall many partings and happy "hellos"  
 When I left, came, and then left again.  
 I recall many places and many events  
 But their details are blotted by time.  
 For the higher we go, the more memory fails  
 On the ladder of years as we climb.  
 I forget many faces, and those I recall  
 Soon perhaps may no longer be clear.  
 And, when the years stretching before we have passed  
 Who knows what will still remain dear?  
 But I'll always remember that time when I left  
 In the cool of the end of the day,  
 How something inside of me made me feel strange,  
 How the years had slipped swiftly away.

Written for the  
 First Section Service  
 Bruce Bennett



Front Row: Joe Reed, Max Riley, Ray Cunneen, Kip Breese, Hal Rappaport, "Mickey," Robert Schaye, Jack Reilly, Steve Namit. Second Row: Eugene Reilly, Martha Skoner, Mac McGrath, Olga Fleisher, Lou Fleisher, Josephine Namit, Frank Barsby. Third

Row: Don Moon, Don Tashjian, Curt Donat, Rip Miller, Vince Festa, Len Vinnick, Dick Medve, Lee Lynch, Ron Remy, George Chingery, Al Healey, John Champlin.

## Junior Camp Faculty 1957

LOUIS M. FLEISHER, L.L.D., Director. Uncle Lou celebrated his 50th year since he, along with Mr. Fox and Mr. Friedman, founded CK. It seems as if he never tires in his interest and enthusiasm for every activity in camp, from presiding as Sachem at Grand Council to story telling in the Wigwam on Sunday night.

FRANK M. BARSBY. Uncle Frank is now in his 30th year at Kennebec. As head of the kitchen and the maintenance departments, he sees to it that everything runs smoothly. He teaches woodwork at Bala-Cynwood Junior High School in Cynwood, Pennsylvania.

CLIFFORD L. BREESE. Uncle Kip worked under Uncle Pitt at the waterfront. He hails from Hamilton Square, New Jersey, where he teaches physical education and driver training, coaches basketball and baseball, and directs the intramural program at the high school.

JOHN R. CHAMPLIN. Uncle John, a newcomer to Junior helped Uncle Lee at the wigwam and played the piano there. He also umpired the baseball games. Coming from Windham Center, Connecticut, he is a freshman at Swarthmore College.

GEORGE P. CHINGERY. Uncle George spent his first year teaching swimming and being mentor of Cabin Five. From New Brunswick, New Jersey, he is an English major at Rutgers University.

RAYMOND A. CUNNEEN. Uncle Ray, another Freshman at Junior, had charge of Section 12. A native New Yorker and neighbor of Uncle Jack, Uncle Ray is a history and economics student at Hofstra College.

CURTIS A. DONAT. Uncle Curt was in charge of the metal shop. He is a Senior at Millersville State Teachers College, and is majoring in industrial arts. He is a native of Millersville.

VINCENT A. FESTA. Uncle Vince is by now a permanent fixture at the archery range and in Cabin Two. The fates crossed him up, and alas, he was a Mally. He lives in Lake Ronkonkoma, New York, where he teaches science at Schem High School.

ALFRED D. HEALEY. Uncle Al, one of the writers of the Junior camp portion of this yearbook, teaches track and field. He is a commerce and finance student at Villanova. He lives in Philadelphia.

OLIVE B. JAMISON. Mrs. Jamison kept all the loose ends tied up in the office as Uncle Lou's secretary. In the winter she works in the Kennebec Camps office in Philadelphia.

LEE LYNCH. Uncle Lee continued as the able head of the Wigwam and dramatics, Hailing from Minneapolis, he is a senior at the University of Minnesota.

RICHARD MEDVE. Uncle Dick, a new man, was counselor of nature. A graduate of California, Pennsylvania, State Teachers College, where he received a B.S. degree, he plans graduate work in biology at Kent State University. He will also be a graduate counselor in charge of the Men's dormitory.

HARRY M. MEYERS, JR. Uncle Harry, as a former camper and head of the alumni organization, was a welcome sight around Junior enjoying himself and helping others. In the winter he is a partner in the advertising firm of Martin Meyers Company.

RALPH W. MILLER, JR. Uncle Rip, another former camper, taught swimming, boating, and canoeing. He also is a colleague of Uncle Curt as a Senior, majoring in Industrial Arts, at Millersville State Teachers College.

RUSSELL S. McGRATH, Headmaster. Uncle Mac continued to keep Junior running smoothly as he has for years. He acted as Sagamoe in Grand Council. In the winter he is the director of the technical division at Lower Merion High School in Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

DONALD E. MOON. Uncle Don, one of the veterans on the faculty, was in charge of ceramics shop. He lives in DeKalb, Illinois, where he is an assistant professor of Industrial Arts at Northern Illinois University. He also conducts a home workshop program on television.

JOSEPHINE K. NAMIT. Aunt Jackie continued as one of Junior's very fine nurses and was of great help to Dr. Sataloff with her wide experience. She is a nurse at Millersville State Teachers College and also takes courses on public school nursing.

STEVE A. NAMIT. Uncle Pitt was head of Junior's waterfront. He is supervisor of physical education, math, and health at Millersville State Teachers College. He also is tennis coach there, and basketball coach at a local Junior High School.

HERBERT I. RAPPAPORT. Uncle Herb, an import from senior, taught baseball and was in charge of the microscope club. A New Yorker, he is a student at Cornell University Medical College.

FRANK J. REED. Uncle Jo was a swimming counselor and in Cabin Eight. He is a Junior at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia majoring in accounting. A native of Philadelphia, he plans to enter the Air Force as a pilot upon graduation from R.O.T.C.

EUGENE REILLY. Uncle Gene was in charge of the tennis department. Coming from Levington, New York, he is director of adult education at Island Trees Public Schools in Levittown, New York.

JACK REILLY. Uncle Jack, brother of Uncle Bill at Senior, is the baseball coach and commissioner. He is a Senior at St. Francis College, majoring in economics.

RONALD REMY. Uncle Ron, a member of the waterfront department, is a first year man. He is a Senior at California State Teachers College and is studying biological science.

MAX RILEY. Uncle Max again headed up a successful season in the campcraft department. He is a science teacher at Kennard Dale High School in Farm Grove, Pennsylvania.

ROBERT C. SCHAYE. Uncle Bob, a First Sectioner in Senior two years ago, was in charge of the trading post, the Post Office, and the umpiring duties. He is entering the University of Michigan in the pre-business school and plans upon graduation to go to the Business Administration school there.

MARTHA M. SKONER. Aunt Martha, the second nurse, was new at Junior and brightened up the dispensary as she and Aunt Jackie worked. She is a part-time staff nurse at Shadyside Hospital in Pittsburgh and studies public health there.

DONALD TASHJIAN. Uncle Tash, returned to Kennebec after an absence of several years. He taught camp craft, and helped prepare the Junior camp section of the yearbook. He is a Sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania's Medical School.

LEONARD VINNICK. Uncle Len, another novice Uncle, was in charge of crafts. He is a medical student in Philadelphia where he resides.



LOUIS M. FLEISHER  
*Director*

## Opportunity at Kennebec

Anyone turning the pages of this book must be impressed with the variety and scope of activities in which Kennebec campers take part. There is opportunity for every conceivable taste and talent—the athletic boy has had his day on the ball diamond or tennis court, the water-minded in sailing, canoeing, and swimming, while the less motor-active has found his mark in shooting, photography, shop work, or on stage.

But it must be plain as you review these happy summer days that first always is real camping—the living and learning to live out of doors—with its trips and adventure. This is the heart of a Kennebec summer. The memory of adventure shared with camp buddies on the long trail in sunshine and in rain will far outlast the victories won in sports or games. We take pride in our success in baseball, swimming, sailing, and shooting, but it is our real camping program, not competition, that makes Kennebec outstanding as a really great camp.

Lou Fleisher

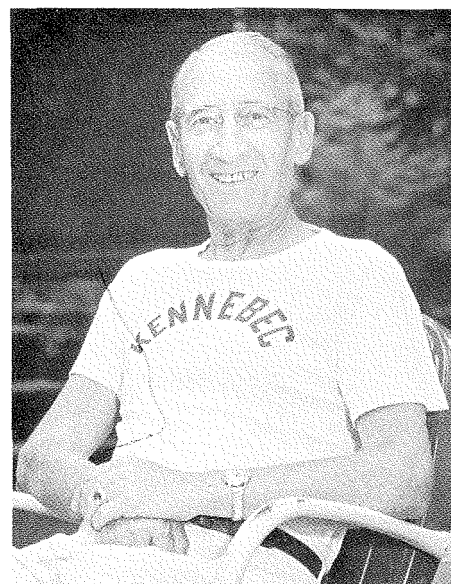
## The "New Look" at Junior

For many years Kennebec Junior has been steeped in rich Indian lore and tradition. The mere mention of a name such as Penobscot, Micmac, Malacite, or Passamaquoddy, could evoke warm waves of nostalgia or stimulate rousing cheers in any group of Kennebecers who could think back far enough to remember the good old days of reservation camping.

Then, there were but four tribes; and the familiar phrase, "once a Passy, always a Passy," brought with it a rather deep-felt emotion.

About ten years ago a new arrangement became popular when the accent shifted to better competition between the tribes. Then began an interchange of tribal affiliation that made for a more even distribution of talents. No longer did the War Canoe trophy give the nod to the same tribe season after season. Each tribe could hope to see the summer moon set upon a new champion.

This year—1957—brought another innovation to the braves and chiefs of Kennebec Junior. A new tribe known as the Norridgewocks settled on the shores of Salmon Lake between the Passamaquoddy Beach and the Micmac Ledges. They built a fine camp site, made good medicine, and showed the way to their Abenaki brothers in war canoeing, baseball, and soccer. They took their share of scalps in the annual battle on the hill out beyond the Penobscot Reservation and won their share of coups at the Council fires.



RUSSELL S. McGRATH  
*Headmaster—Junior*

That the addition of this tribe to our nation was good goes without saying. Their leadership, skills, and fine example have helped make the summer of 1957 one of the best ever.

Mac McGrath



Grand Council—Uncle Mac, Uncle Lou, and Uncle Pitt.

## Tribal Activities

"To run, to jump, to ride, to swim. To sit in the shade of trees by flowing water. To dream in the silence that lies amid the hills. To feel the solemn loneliness of deep woods. To learn to know, as one knows a mother's face, every change that comes over the heavens from the dewy freshness of early dawn to the restful calm of evening, from the overpowering mystery of the starlit sky to the tender human look with which the moon smiles upon the earth. All this is education of a higher and altogether more real kind than is possible to receive within the walls of a school; and lacking this, nothing shall have power to develop the faculties of the soul in symmetry and completeness."

Bishop Spaulding

## Grand Council

- Uncle Lou—Sachem
- Uncle Mac—Sagamoe
- Uncle Pitt—Medicine Man



Malacite

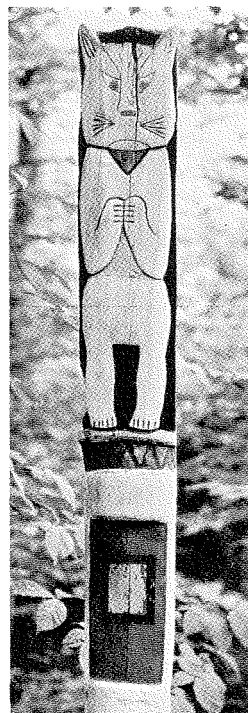
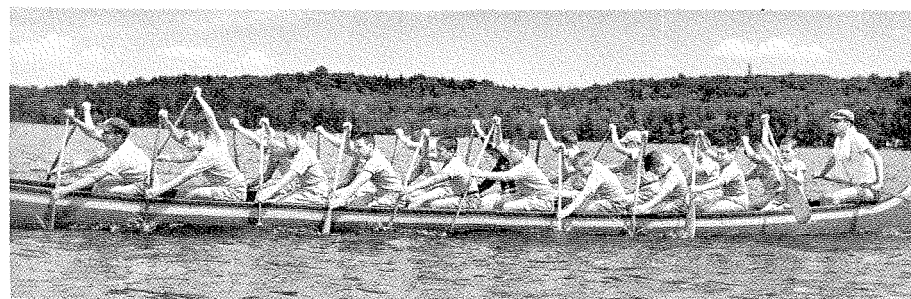


Uncle Mac determines which Brave can call the loudest to the Indian spirits.

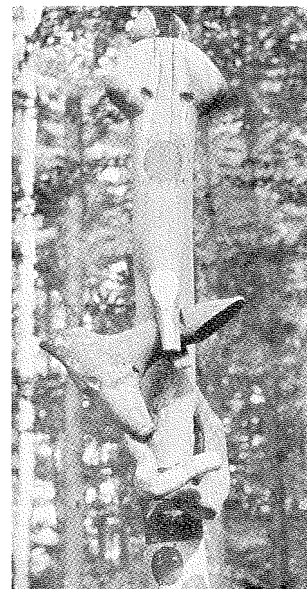
## War Canoe

One of the unique features and activities of Kennebec Junior is the war canoe competition. Each tribe spends many hours practicing the precise co-ordination necessary for a fast race. This year the Norridgewock Tribe captured the war canoe race.

At the end of the season, the best in Junior Camp are formed into one crew and pitted against the Pioneers. Corky Carliner, a First Sectioner of 1955 spent many hours training the Pioneer crew. But in the final showdown, they were left far behind in the spray of paddles of the Junior Camp crew.

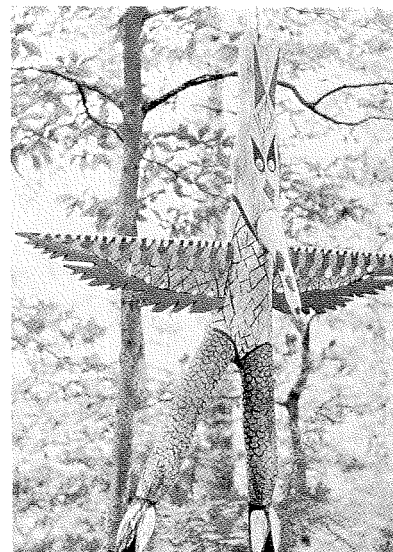


Passamaquoddy



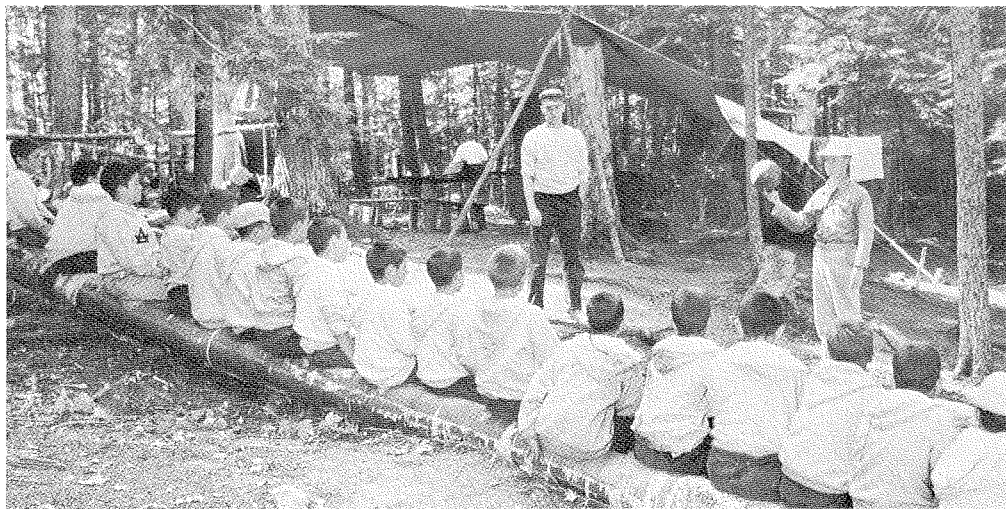
Penobscot

Micmac

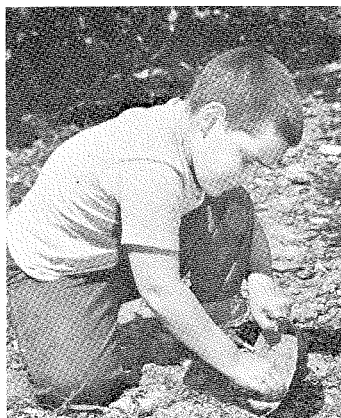




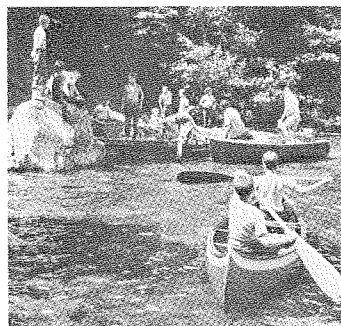
*The Sacred Forest*



*The traditional morning assembly is held as usual while on reservation.*



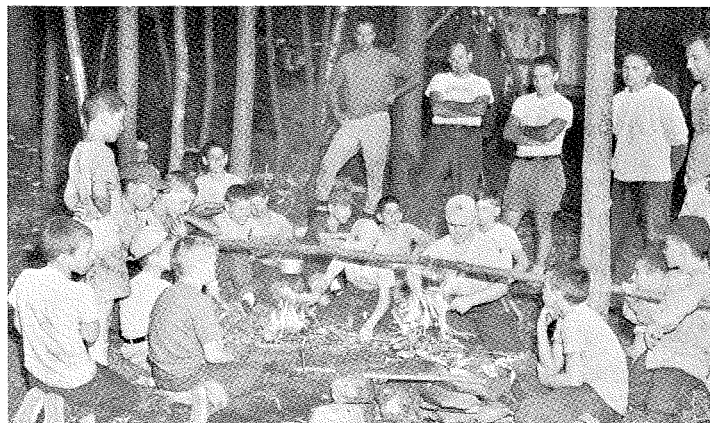
*Washing dishes.*



*Canoeing and boating.*



*Clean-up time.*



*Water-boiling contest.*

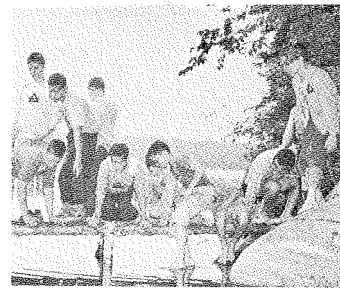
## Camping Out

By the end of the first reservation trip, most Kennebecers never want to see a sleeping bag again; by the end of the second trip, most would prefer a sleeping bag to a cot. A slight exaggeration, to be sure, but it proves the point that camping out a Kennebec Junior is a gradual conditioning of the untrained mind and body toward an awakening appreciation and curiosity in the out-of-doors.

On July 23, following a preliminary day at the "rez," the five tribes moved out; the Passys and Pennys to their beaches, the Micmacs and Mallys to their rock-floored hill sites and the Norrys to an uncertain future on what was Story Point. Both Norry campers and Uncles worked that first trip to shape up a model camp site that included a strong, functional commissary, lean-tos, and excellent swimming and docking areas.

During the day the boys would swim, fish, canoe, or explore the cold springs and cedar forests. They might have a treasure hunt in the afternoon; and, certainly at least on one afternoon—this time during the second trip, battle for each other's scalp on Cowflop Hill. This year the cunning, fleet-footed Passys made off with the most scalps.

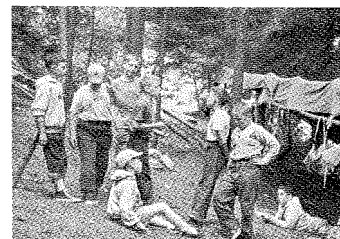
In the evening the warriors, braves and scouts of each tribe would gather around the council fire, square off among themselves and choose champions in hand and leg wrestling, cock fighting, water boiling, and story telling. Then a final story, told as only an Uncle can tell one, and to bed . . . a full day . . . an experience in living out-of-doors.



*Looking for frogs.*

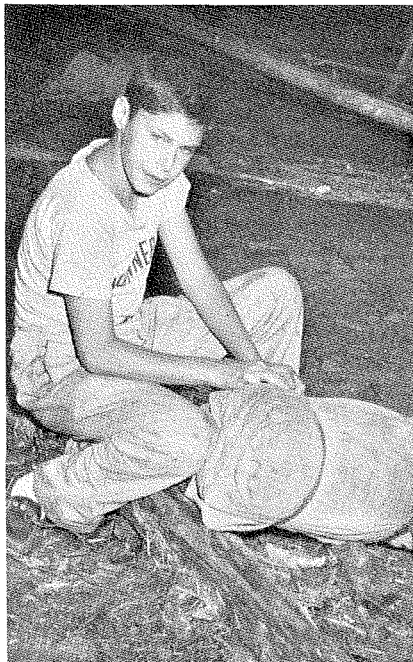
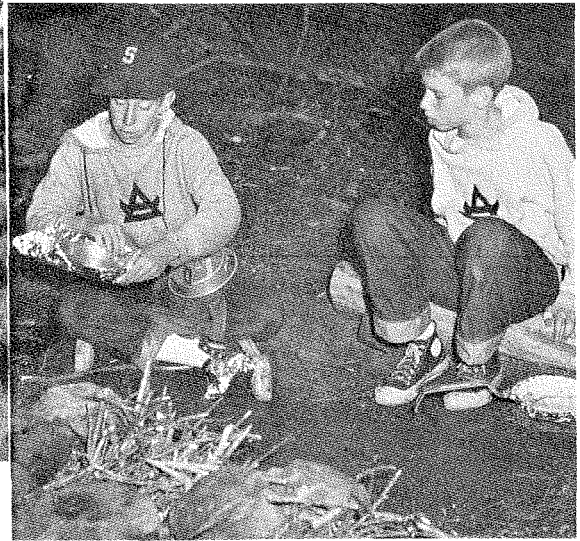
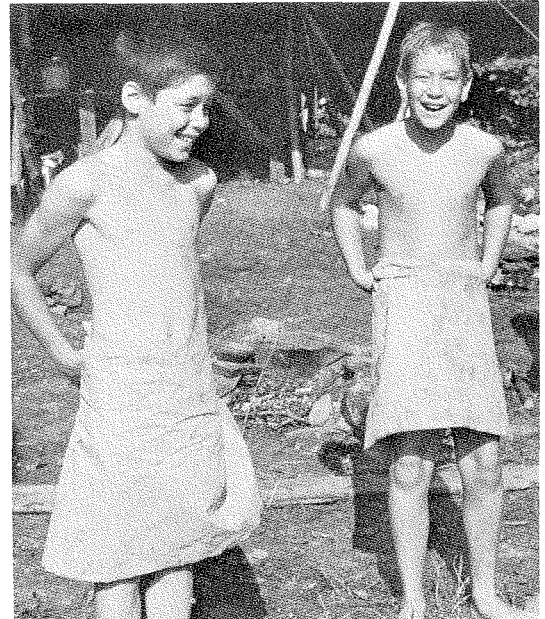
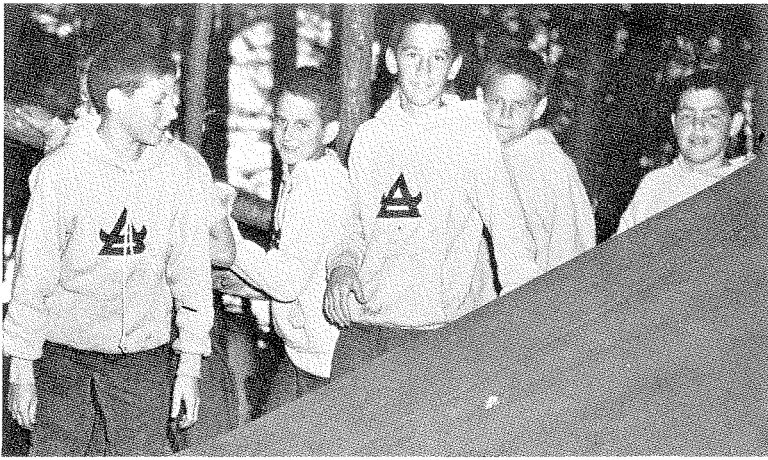


*Swimming and canoeing.*

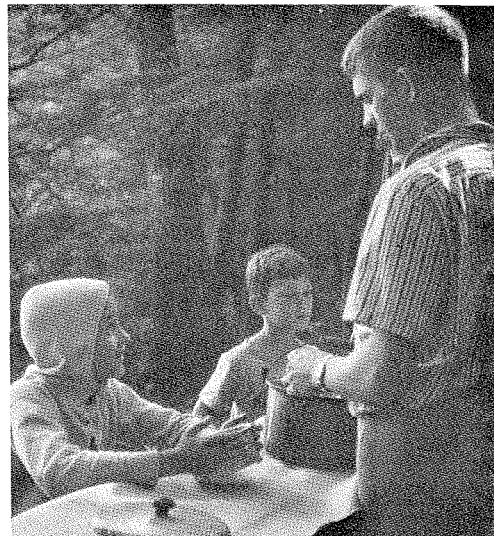


*Loafing around.*





## Reservation

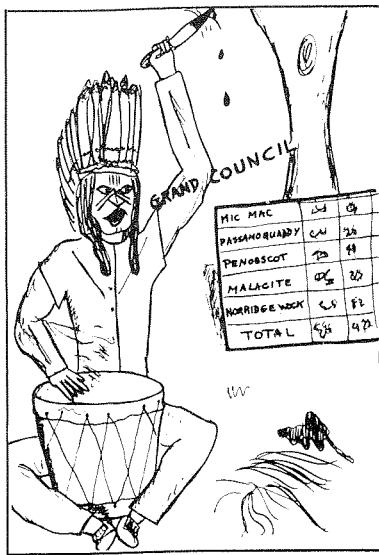


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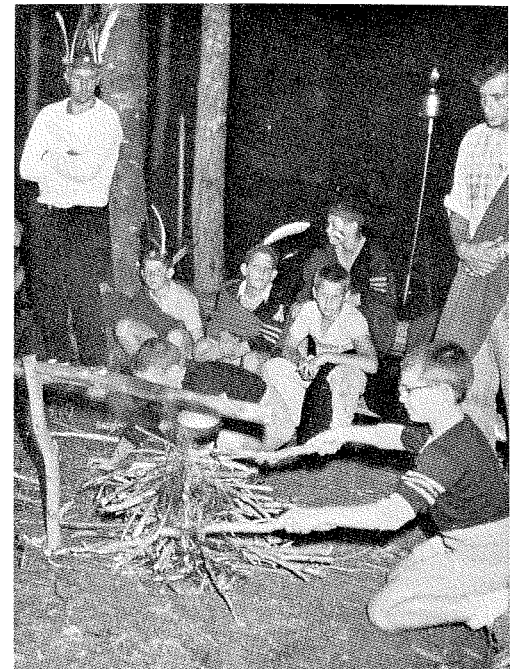


Front Row: Gene Cohen, Paul Lanning, Andy Stich, Dick Kaufman, Earl Ferguson, Dick Jacobs, Tom Barnet, Middle Row: John Cohn, Bill Shutzer, Jon Stern, Dick Kavey, Bob Hirsh, Hal

Gross, John Selman, Jim Mendelsohn. Back Row: Jeff Miller, Mal Levi, Ed Levi, John Klein, Stu Schloss, Billy Stroock, Barry Hofheimer.

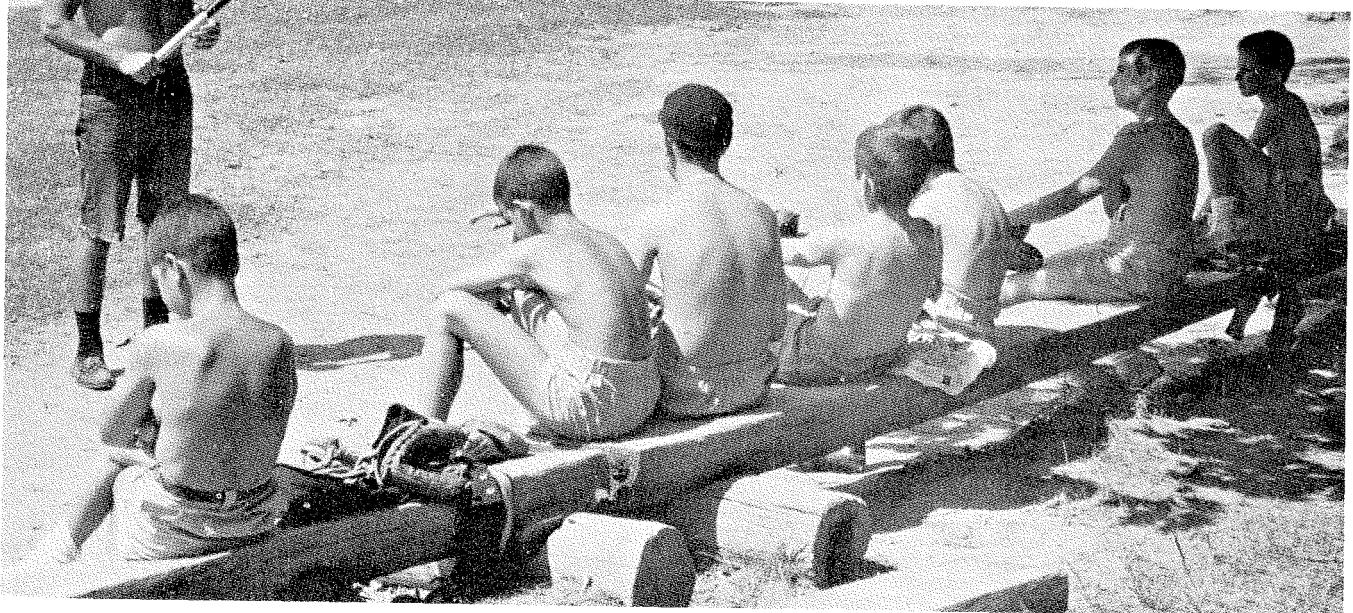
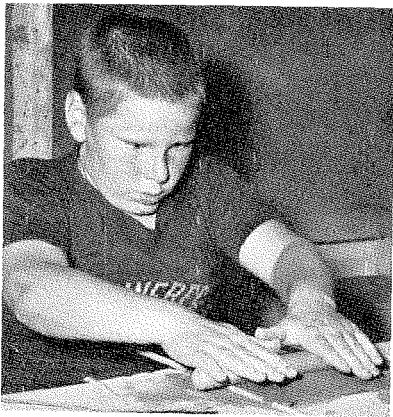


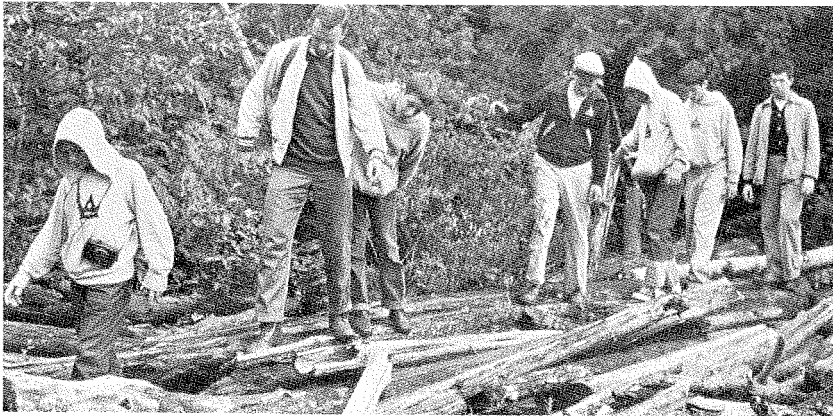
## Norridgewock





## Land Activities





# Katahdin

## TRIP ITINERARY

FIRST DAY—Left CK by bus for Millinocket—truck to campsite York's Camps.  
 SECOND DAY—Climbed Mt. Sentinel then walked to Little Niagara.  
 THIRD DAY—Climbed Mt. Katahdin.  
 FOURTH DAY—Layover day stayed at Campsite.  
 FIFTH DAY—Rained—remained in the tents.  
 SIXTH DAY—Went to West Branch, swam there and then went to Little Niagara.  
 SEVENTH DAY—Went to Mt. Doubletop, but rain forced a return to camp.  
 EIGHTH DAY—Took truck to Millinocket—got on bus there for CK.

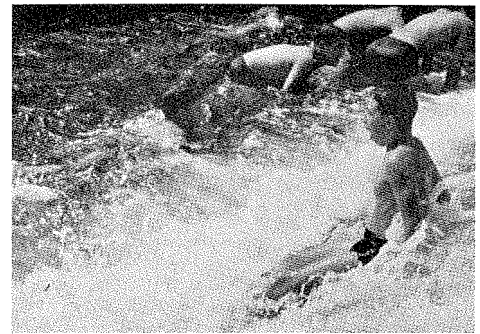
### KATAHDIN I: August 5 to 12 UNCLES

Uncle Dave Blake	Uncle Bob Hufstader
Uncle Ronnie Eick	Uncle Dave Malone
Uncle Don Hoon	Uncle Fred Prender

### CAMPERS

Ed Allen	Tom Block
Ted Baer	Bob Burka
Charlie Bensinger	Selden Campen
John Fox	Mike Klineman
David Godine	Andy Kresch
Jim Grotta	Chuck Levy
Mike Hirsh	John Mekelburg
Mitch Jacobson	Lee Salomon
Gerry Joseloff	Bob Sinks
Dick Kline	Dick Stotter

Jerry Winegarten

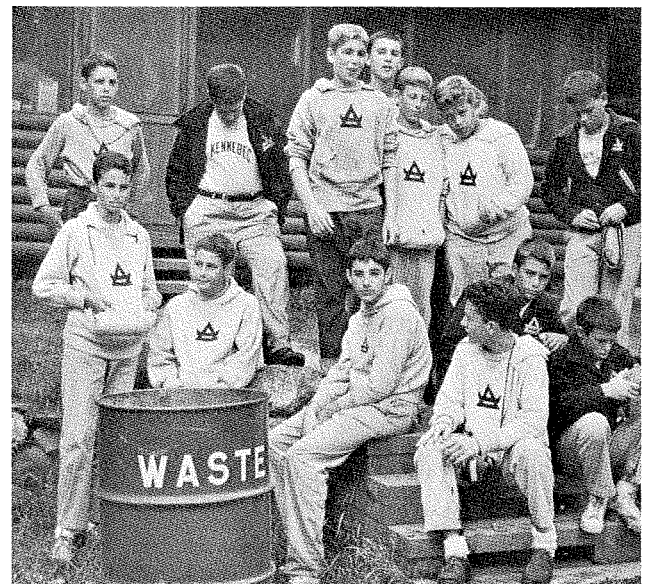
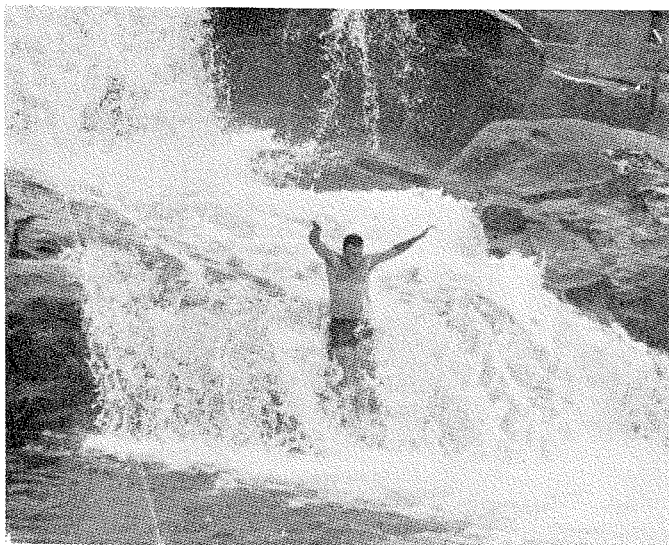
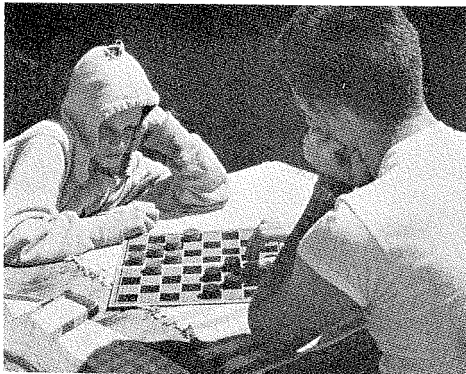


### KATAHDIN II: August 12 to 19 UNCLES

Uncle Dan Alexander	Uncle Bob Hufstader
Uncle Harry Davis	Uncle Don Prayzich
Uncle Dick Wardman	

### CAMPERS

Harry Blumenthal	David Gordon	Jeremy Reitman
Tom Brylawski	Jon Haber	Bob Rosenwald
Andy Burger	Lew Hirschler	Larry Wallerstein
Steve Fischer	Bill Leidesdorf	Jim Weinberg
Jim Freeman	Jim Meyer	Tom Wilson
Roger Friedman	John Reis	Dick Zuckerwar



CHARLES EDWIN FOX was a man who believed, heart and soul, in boys, boys as they were at the moment, throwing a baseball, reading a book, talking with a friend, and boys as they would be later, developed by what they did in their boyhood.

CHARLES EDWIN FOX

As a young man he founded Camp Kennebec, with Louis Fleisher and Milton Katzenberg. He went on to devote the rest of his life to the welfare and interest of boys. Although he was a director for ten years only, his active partnership, in spirit and counsel, was never broken. He returned to Camp every summer to become again a part of the ideal life he had helped to build, to talk with campers and read to them around the campfire, to join them on trips, to get to know them with that quick penetrating understanding that made boys revere him and try all their lives to uphold the standards he made them want to attain. What he expected of the boys in whom he believed he set forth in his Camper's Sermon, built now into the hearts and the hearth of Kennebec.

Kennebecers who remember him with respect and affection and Kennebecers who never knew him share alike his deep and abiding faith in the ability of boys to achieve the best that is within them. Kennebec stands for that faith.

SAMUEL G. FRIEDMAN was above all a friend, a human being of tremendous warmth and compassion. To an unusual degree he combined irresistible heartiness and gentleness. He had a laugh that reached all the corners of the quad, and an understanding that could reach the hidden corners of what a boy wanted to have understood.

SAMUEL G. FRIEDMAN

His enthusiasm for everything that was happening at camp; his enjoyment in planning, or participating, or simply being a spectator; his direct interest and pride in every boy that took part in these happenings drew people to him; and he evoked in them the affection they could always recognize in him.

Uncle Brod always had time to listen to anyone who needed him. He was sympathetic to the urgent importance of even small matters at the moment they occurred, but his humor could help a boy separate the great from the small and understand himself the better for it after things had been talked over.

The light heartedness of Kennebec and the determined values of fineness and fairness that it maintains reflect Uncle Brod's own unique balance of qualities and the mark they made upon the camp he loved.

To generations of campers at Kennebec HERMAN PRITCHARD has stood for authority, the kind of authority that remains pressed firmly into the memory as an example of integrity and rightness. Not only his high uncompromising standards, but his rocksure insistence that individuals live up to them, have made boys and men feel that Uncle Pritch is head and shoulders above them, and love him for making them feel outdistanced. The gruff voice and the smile hidden deep in the blue eyes, the strong wide hand, skilled in so many tasks that test the camper, these and deeper memories of moral value are the gifts that, by his very presence among them, Uncle Pritch has given to everyone who knew him during the many seasons of his vigorous, matchless leadership at Kennebec. The full measure of honest excellence that he demanded of others was never as full as that which he gave, dependably and unceasingly, of himself.

HERMAN PRITCHARD

When he first came to Kennebec, fresh from the college campus and the football field, they watched him and called him "The Perfect Man." In all his years at Kennebec, he has confirmed that title a thousand-fold.

LOUIS M. FLEISHER, who founded Kennebec with Charles Edwin Fox and Milton Katzenberg, has been with Kennebec every step of the way, from its earliest dream to its present fulfilment. With wisdom and astute judgment with vision and a patience with endless small details which over the years have led to great purpose, he has guided Kennebec into what it is, and has set it in the direction of what it can become.

LOUIS M. FLEISHER

Kennebec has always been a woods camp, with a full tradition of forest lore, of tents and canoes and white water, of trips and a wealth of outdoor experience. It has been Uncle Lou's woodsmanship, learned in the days when summer camping was a pioneer venture, that has made and kept Kennebec this way, a real camp, true to the ideals of simplicity and character upon which it was founded, despite the mechanized sophisticated world that has grown up around it. His leadership and the sustained excellence of the men he has chosen to help him, has kept this quality of Kennebec unchanged through fifty years of progress.

With tireless energy, he contributes in full measure to each active day of each camping season. A man with a half century of such camping days to look back on is a tall tree in the forest. He can look ahead, from his height, to future summers. There is no one man who knows Kennebec so well.

### Cabin Fourteen:

### Cabin Thirteen:

RICKIE SIMON was the first to become a second testman in boating. With this honored distinction went the privilege of racing for the Pennys in the "singles" of the regatta. Although not the winner, Rick gave his all, as he did all summer in everything.

CHUCK FREEMAN was the "human fish" of the cabin. He had the third best time in camp for the 25 yards, even though this was only his first year. In the cabin, Chuck was always found supervising comic distribution during rest period.

FRED SUMMER was master of ceremonies for the cabin skit, "\$64,000 Gold Rush", which received the largest ovation. Fred also earned more feathers than any other boy in the cabin for his excellent work in Crafts. He could be found continually helping others with their problems.

ANDY ROTHSCHILD, a smiling Micmac and Cardinal fan, turned into one of the outstanding paddlers in a canoe. At the chow table he refused only one item, "Prunes"—but who can blame him?

JOHN WOLF III. First in bed, first to rise was John. He set a good example for the other boys in the cabin, although at first they did not go for the idea. John kept everyone hopping and this helped the cabin become one of the most respected.

JIM GUTMAN, the top "chow hound" of the cabin, never refused seconds or thirds. In baseball Jim starred. His powerful throwing made him a feared outfielder in the league, an asset to the Mallys, and once he learns to hit a curve, greatness will be his.

UNCLE JACK REILLY, clean-up hitter for the "Drips", worked with the Wawanocks. His cabin (with a four way split personality) had the neatest looking beds in camp. Economics maybe. St. Francis College, Brooklyn.

### Cabin Fifteen:

MAL BERMAN gets around rather amazingly for his weight. He got off to a slow start but began to show his ability in baseball, softball and track. Boxing and wrestling appeal to him also. Mal, neatest in the cabin, captains the Wawa softball team, and loves to row and swim.

ROGER COHEN loves to catch sunfish, is the best block builder of the tribe in the game room, and is tops at weed pulling on Mills' farm. Captain of the Wawa swimming team, Roger was also stroke of the Wawa war canoe.

JOHN COHN is the fastest runner and the longest baseball thrower of the Wawanock tribe. He enjoys boxing and wrestling, and was captain of the Nock softball team. John's the first member of cabin fourteen that eats his cereal dry.

DAN CRONE, the "senator", loves to voice his opinions about practically all matters. He was the promoter of "racket" for comic books during wet weather, and the first to fall in the "drink" on "rez". He is the best soccer goalie in the cabin and captained the football team.

JOHN HARRIS enjoys baseball, rowing, tennis, and war canoeing. He hits well in softball and baseball, and did a fine job on his lanyard and fire building for cooking. His pet expression is "How very funny". John captained the Wawa touch football team.

MIKE SIMON really got his money's worth at the table. His choice of activities include kickball, which he captained for the Nocks, baseball, archery, and football. His pet expression—"Oh boy! Candy store today."

UNCLE STEVE (PITT) NAMIT. Head of the Wawanock program, he still has plenty of "hungarian" on his fast ball. Latest of the Kennebec uncles to help Maine's tax burden. Supervisor of Math and Physical Education, Millersville, Pa.

JAMES ROTHENBERG, the Wawanock medicine man, was one of a terrific cabin. Runner up for chieftain and medicine man. His leadership ability and all-round potential made him an outstanding boy in an outstanding cabin.

EUGENE COHEN, the tribal chieftain, will long be remembered for his sense of humor and his "I dare you . . . I double dare you . . . You're chicken!" A wonderful athlete, he was varied in ability and talented in all camp activities.

TERRY LEFCO, the good-looking Wawanock, spent much of his time playing ball and studying insects, both of which involved catching flies. Usually the last of the cabin to arrive at activities or getting to bed . . . but he tries!

RICHARD BERKMAN, spent a lot of time trying to invent a combination mattress and bed which would prevent the sleeper from being thrown out, but he never succeeded. He arrived late in camp, but soon caught up with the other boys.

HANK BARNET, the neatest boy in the cabin and the one who disliked swimming most, was always willing to give anyone a helping hand. Most cooperative and pleasing boy in the cabin.

ALAN ABRAHAMSON, one of the greatest guys you could ever meet, loved every minute of camp. He was the tribal rowing champ, and entered each and every activity with vim and vigor.

JOHN OPPENHEIMER, the Louisville Slugger, should be a winner in the tribal league next season. He has a future as a major league manager if he does as well as he did managing the Nock team. Hazanga!

UNCLE JOHN ROTH spent part of the "Drip-Drop" season on the disabled list. He enjoyed listening to Radio Moscow and assorted time signals. Associate Professor of Science Education, State Teachers College, Millersville, Pa.

## Grand Council

When all is quiet in the circle, and the braves are wearing their blankets over their shoulders, one can hear in the distance the beat of the Indian drum and see the Abenakis moving on to Grand Council. The trail leads through the woods and over the hill to Council Rock, where the braves always gather for this conclave.

The torches are lighted and the totem pole of each tribe stands in full view. The council fire is laid ready for some Indian magic to set it off. The Sachem rises and speaks solemn words of wisdom to his assembled tribes and calls upon the Medicine Man of the nation to make good medicine. Wakonda smiles upon his children, and suddenly a bolt of fire descends from above and starts the great fire in the center. Slowly the flames rise higher and higher till the circle is aglow with warmth and light.

The Sachem calls for scout reports and the braves tell of their wonderful experiences in the woods—many tales are told of far-off camping sites and tribal campfires. The Sagamore reads the Birch Bark Scroll—the braves hear how many coups they have earned since last they met.

Contests are held and the braves eagerly challenge one another. The fire-tender leads the Sacred Horse from the stable on occasions and the braves try to mount the wily steed. Water boiling, leg wrestling, pull-ups and cockfighting also try out the skill and speed of the young braves. These the Sachem follows by speaking to his braves and again having the Council in silence. The embers in the fire burn low and the Story Teller takes his place in the center of the ring. A tale such as "Wind in the Night," an Indian story of the far north, is told and the braves learn of great courage.

The story completed, the Omaha Prayer ends the proceedings. The braves throw their blankets over their shoulders, dance around the dying fire, and then follow the trail through the woods to their wigwams.

The totem poles are covered again, the embers in the great fire are burned out—the ring is closed. The braves long remember their happy times there and wish each other good hunting till next they assemble at Council Rock with Wakonda to guide them.

## Thirty-Five Years of Kennebec

Campers coming back to Kennebec in its thirty-fifth year were indeed fortunate to be returning to a camp where traditions had lasted for a third of a century. There were many new things about Kennebec; the first thing that greeted the eye was the new iron back-stop on the ball field. This was only one of many improvements, however. Near the dock a high-bar had been erected, the row-boat dock had been moved down the lake a little, and there was a beach, created by Salmon Lake's extremely low water. Kennebec is a much more modern camp than it was in the first year, 1907. But Kennebec has kept its many traditions through thirty-five years, and this is what has kept it at the top.

For a thirty-fifth year, camp could not very well have had a better year on all fronts. In athletics, Kennebec's success was evident. The swimming team went undefeated and won the Winnebago Invitation Meet for the fifth time, to gain permanent possession of the cup. The tennis team, under Coach Ray Bramall, won the Kennebec Invitation Meet for the sixth consecutive year. In addition, the baseball team did creditably and the Senior and Junior rifle teams both placed fourth in the N. R. A. country-wide tournament.

Many new counselors were seen at camp. Bill Woolner, an old camper, worked at the waterfront, taking care of canoeing. Jerry Addoms helped Uncle Ray coach a victorious tennis team, Dr. West Churchman also entered the canoeing department, Harold Boehm (brother of Bob and Wally) was in charge of sail-

ing, Paul Herb did a fine job at the stage, and Tony Hecht stepped into Uncle Buck Ball's shoes.

Maroon and Gray competition was keen and close this year. The score would see-saw throughout the year; the winning team could not be decided until the tennis singles and the shuttle-relay, which was new to camp. The winning team, the Grays, edged out its victory by only  $14\frac{1}{3}$  points.

However, the climax of the season was the alumni reunion held while trips were out. Out of this reunion will come two grandstands on each side of the diamond. (The alumni *had* to build a new grandstand, they tore down the old one for firewood.) Key man of the reunion was Uncle George Casey, who put the old campers through their paces in a throwback to their camp days of long ago. This Reunion was a huge and hilarious success. General opinion was that Uncle Casey was the outstanding man. Certainly *he* would be the man; possessing a wonderful personality and brilliant sense of humor, he is the type man that should be better known by the campers, and so this Kennebecamper is dedicated to him.

The most important announcement to come to the ears of camp was the announcement that Lenny Rothschild was to become the third director of Kennebec, starting in 1942. We wish Uncle Lenny good luck in his new role in camp. He, if anyone, typifies the spirit of Kennebec after a third of a century.





## *Pull To On The Right*

*A local boy remembers Camp Kennebec at North Belgrade in Maine.*

Sometimes in winter I will seat myself on the old pine timber dock in front of the Kennebec Senior Camp waterfront, securely locked in the ice, a dock that I recall seeing A. B. Watson's crew building from the green pine about the 1928 season. Here in the rays of a winter sun a curtain in the panorama of memory is very likely to draw aside, and I will see, not the cold, bleak ice, but a scene filled with Kennebec personalities and events from a romantic and legendary past on the shores of Salmon Lake. Most of them I was eye-witness to; others I heard about from participants.

I can see a canoe leave the Kennebec shore and another leave the east shore. In the first are two young camp counselors, Herman Pritchard and Harry Bickford; in the second, two young women. The canoes meet on the lake; this was that romantic event in the life of Camp Kennebec, when the four eventually became the two memorable Kennebec couples, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Pritchard and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bickford.

I personally remember the local camp life of the Pritchards and the Fleishers in the 1920s, when they were the young and charismatic leaders of Camp Kennebec. This was the time when Beanie Suloff, Frank McGinley, Roger Lininger, Rex Beach, Russell McGrath, Frank Barsby and Dusty Miller arrived upon the Kennebec scene, young, vital men that Uncle Lou had somehow found and who stayed with Kennebec for generations.

And I can see a local teen-age boy, John Alexander, driving his father's team across Sandy River one night in the late summer of the early 1910s, his hayrack filled with Kennebec boys, in the midst of the great lightning storm that destroyed the Wither's barn near camp.

My first Kennebec recollection dates from about 1920, and it happened in my grandfather's white house in the hollow by the Mill Stream. I can vaguely see a woman sitting in a chair in the kitchen and a small boy brandishing a short tangled fish pole. Something is being said about the boy's father seeing black bears recently on the Allagash. The woman was Mrs. Harry Bickford and the boy was Harry Bickford, Jr. They were staying with my mother and grandfather that summer. I was about three years old, but I have held this dim memory through the years.

I remember how a day towards the last of June would come, in these years of the early 1920s and after, when suddenly, over the hill just south of the Mill Stream bridge, would appear the head of a long column of boys, in dress clothes, fresh from the city, with paddles, tennis racquets, and other valuable paraphernalia, carefully hand-carried, making for Senior Camp. The rear of the line would stretch back well towards North Belgrade Station, point of detraining for the entire Senior Camp party, after the long ride from the city. Frank Altimore first arrived in North Belgrade in just such a column of marching boys in the early 1930s. Although a very valuable counselor from the start, he was physically of small stature. He often told me, in after years, that in this first march, Uncle Pritch and Uncle Beanie mistook him for one of the campers. For years this arrival of outlanders was an event to look forward to.

About this same time, a day or two after the close of Senior Camp, my brother, Dana (1915-1972), and I would scavenge through the tall grass back of the tennis courts, the shores east of the ball field, and under buildings and tent platforms looking for castoff and lost and broken tennis balls, baseballs, softballs, and bats. These items would be repaired and taped up, and served us very well for our own games forty and fifty years ago. We planned and followed this piratical routine for years unending.

It was on one of these after-season expeditions in the middle 1920s that I looked from the softball field up towards the west entrance of Watson Hall. Approaching it were two tall, young counselors, as they made their way around

*The First  
Counselors*

*The Long  
Line from  
North Belgrade*

camp locking up. Wearing college letter jackets, in my memories' eye, they were Uncles Beanie Suloff and Frank McGinley.

I of course knew very little about the grand design of camp planning in those years, and I mostly refer to some of the simple things little commented on by those much better versed in the main stream of Kennebec lore, but nevertheless fundamental and necessary. I was observing small things fifty years ago: a line of fifteen horses and riders, led by Brod Friedman, stopping just north of my mother's house to nibble at the verdant grass in the ditch; here I would observe and listen and learn something about the vocabulary of horse lore, the different kinds of saddles, the preferences of riders; the relative speeds of horse versus model T, as a white horse and rider would go tearing through the hollow, neck-and-neck with the bake truck from Junior Camp.

Camp canoe trips in those days would often carry from the Salmon Lake Mill Stream over to Great Pond, and I would closely watch the shouldering and carrying of the canoes and the handling of the equipment. It was a good time and place for a young boy of summer to be alive.

In 1926, Bert Bickford (1872-1955), the long-time camp supplier, became my stepfather and came to live at my mother's house. At that time he had a 1914 model T made into a small truck. His orders for supplies, poultry, veal, and lamb would come from frequent conferences in the Kennebec camps with Lou Fleisher and his head chefs. A large amount of camp provender was still being procured locally at that time from the small, one-man, one-horse farmers, the organic farmers of that day, of the region. Hundreds and thousands of miles I travelled in that old truck—the lights had been converted from acetylene to magneto operation, one white spare tire had no tread whatsoever, it having been made in the early days before tires had any tread—in response to the direct orders of Lou Fleisher. This was in the Golden Age of Kennebec, the early time between the Wars, the time when athletes and sportsmen, the things that Kennebec stood for, were national celebrities and household words. We carefully followed and knew all about Jack Dempsey.

### *Provender for Hungry Boys*

I remember going to the Ross Guptill farm on a Sunday to look for likely lambs in his sheep herd in response to those orders, and seeing them come running up out of the woods and over the wall for grain. And to other tiny farms from the Norridgewock plains to the mountains of Mt. Vernon and Vienna, farms that today, a half century later, have gone back to the woods with the white birch a foot through standing in the cellar holes.

When a large order came for as many as sixty hens and roosters ("chicken" were not provided here in those days), we would start off for a hill farm in Vienna late in the day, and just at dusk, when the layed-out hens had gone to roost, bag them up, pay the farmer what would today be a very trifling sum, and return home. The ignition system of the 1914 Ford and the lights went "on the mag." This meant that the lights were controlled by the speed of the vehicle. Going down hill they would reach out over the countryside like searchlights; going up hill about like a lantern hitched on front.

The following day we would deal with the birds very shortly back of the barn beside an outdoor boiler. We would fire up the boiler with dry slabs, scald the birds and quickly remove the feathers. The job of keeping Kennebec boys from hunger would be completed by 2:00 in the afternoon, and we would head for the waters of Great Pond with our friends for the rest of the day.

During this time I often heard my stepfather refer to Louis Fleisher and his particular supply orders. He had rather an old-fashioned accent; he pronounced Fleisher as "Flasher." This was the common pronunciation locally at that time.

Camp Kennebec in those years was much more than just what went on within the borders of camp itself.

From the 1920s to 1955 my mother's house by the Mill Stream was a kind of gathering place for Camp personalities, news, and gossip. When the Pritchard family arrived in town from New Jersey for the summer, they would soon drive into my mother's yard; they had been acquainted from the early days of Camp. I recall the time in the 1920s when the Pritchard family spent their summers in the Anderson camp on the west shore, before the Pritchard twins were born.

Symbolic of what we have left behind, it probably was about 1924 when Mrs. Pritchard's younger sister, as I recall it, came to Maine for a short summer stay. Something of the atmosphere of the times was indicated when I somehow overheard Mrs. Pritchard relate, in a shocked undertone to my mother, that she had noted the odor of cigarette smoke on her sister's breath when bidding her goodbye at the railroad station.

In the later 1920s, I began to do a little business of my own with the Kennebec community. Milk (unpasteurized) was delivered at my mother's house early in the morning from a farm on Bickford Hill. In a special container I would carry the round glass quart bottles out to my old Rangeley rowboat moored in the Mill Stream not far from the dam, load up the cargo, and row out to the shore of the Lake. My first stop was at the camp nearest the mouth of the Mill Stream then, a camp that is still standing today. The young Frank Barsby and Rex Beach families jointly had this camp. Young Beach was just able to see over the upstairs window sill, when I awakened him with my delivery on the dock in the morning. I would then proceed up to the McGrath camp dock and turn around at the Pritchard dock, where I would make a large delivery, as I recall, of four quarts on some days. The milk sold for ten cents a quart, and I received two cents a quart for delivery. I would then return this great rowing boat to the mooring in the Mill Stream, and await my cargo for the following morning.

On some of these trips to supply Kennebec counselors' families, I remember taking for an outing my aged Aunt Lora Spaulding my grandfather's half sister. She would then tell me about sailing on Great Pond in the 1880s with the greatest North Belgrade man she had ever known, Uncle Albion Spaulding, brother of the owner of the Salmon Lake House, Alpheus Spaulding, known to early Kennebec boys and parents.

About this time in the late 1920s, my brother, Richard (1909-1964) was prominent in local baseball circles, and he would organize town teams to play Kennebec Senior counselors on summer Sundays. Some of these games were very exciting, as the counselors simply could not afford to lose out in front of campers to local townies. I recall one game when the battery was my brother catching and Joe Kinney pitching. (You might say they were seven of the nine men; they would recruit any available person for the field positions; they would place George Nutter, who had played pasture baseball in the north country before the First World War, on third base with no glove of any kind.) In their recent high school days they had been the battery, but it was not known in camp that Joe Kinney had gone on to semi-pro baseball for Wilkes-Barre and Cedar Rapids. Strike out, strike out, strike out! Occasionally a fast pitch would get by my brother and slam like a cannon shot into the dry hemlock boarding of the old wooden back stop. The Fox and Friedman families and many counselors' families were in the stands. The camp kids were all around and on top of everything with cameras. Tension grew to a high pitch. Famous counselors, college coaches, were going down like ninepins. Finally it was clear—the townies were going to win! In utter discouragement, a camp counselor came back from the plate saying, and I recall it well: "You can't hit it if you can't see it."

And so passed Kennebec's golden years of the 1920s.

At my mother's house, from time-to-time, based on winter planning and contacts made by Uncle Lou, quite a few counselors' wives and camp female personnel roomed for the summer over a period of about thirty years. Their camp friends would often call, and this made my mother's house, for decades, an off-campus extension of Camp Kennebec. My mother enjoyed these social contacts from beyond the Maine world, and Bert Bickford, my stepfather, born in nearby Smithfield in 1872, (William Allen White said of Calvin Coolidge, born in rural Vermont in the same year, that he seemed to have been born right after the Revolution), was full of tales of old-time rural lore. He would often entertain Camp personnel, and other summer friends from far places, with his stories of local people and happenings that he had witnessed in the country around in the 1880s and 1890s, before the machine had much influence on these parts. He could tell of Trustram Bickford (1811-1892), his grandfather, when he came into this country as a pioneer boy. He personally had known a number of local men

*Baseball  
in the 1920s*

who, at the time of the Civil War draft in 1863, walked to Canada to escape it. He often was at Squire Dinsmore's house in the 1890s, when the Squire still performed the full official, rural role that dated back to England. He had worn the copper-toed boots of romance, and remembered how cruelly cold they were on childrens' feet. He had the clearest recollections of the old-time country schools where knowledge was not so much taught as beaten into the children. He remembered the day when the news of the President Garfield assassination was brought to Smithfield. And he had many stories to tell of his own trapping and hunting adventures, and observations of wild animals. These oft-told tales made their own contributions to the summer life of Kennebec families thirty and forty years ago, when there weren't as many ways to find entertainment as now.

Recently from the campus of the University of Pittsburgh, John Roth brought his young, red-headed wife, Ruth Roth, in June, 1936, to my mother's house. Uncle John would come over from Junior Camp on his nights off and their intelligent young company had a certain meaning to my mother and stepfather in their declining years. When my brother and I were overseas during the Second World War summers, Ruth Roth was still coming to my mother's house, now with young Reese, later to become so well known in space science.

It was about the end of July, 1933, when I got a call to go to Senior Camp to replace one of the kitchen crew who had fallen down on the job. My task was rather to help, in general, Johnny Rogers, as I recall, one of Uncle Pritch's athletic proteges, washing and drying dishes, or help the table waiters from time-to-time. Among this Senior kitchen crew, I found Bill Woolner, Arnie Adelberg, and Joseph Seaman Iseman. They were great Kennebecers; they had been all through both the Junior and Senior camping experiences, and their conversation was sprinkled with tribal lore, featheritis, camp personalities, various trip, and Chesuncook and Allagash stories. They saw Uncle Lou and Olga Fleisher, in their teen-age minds, as aged, legendary persons, and they would often amuse themselves by references to them in some sort of word caricature. Other than the occasional visit of Uncle Pritch to their cabins, where they lived in unkempt squalor, they were quite carefree and unconcerned.

### *Smartest Camper*

On long summer mornings in the yard back of the kitchen, they would arrange their chairs and sit around a large stock pot filled with potatoes, from which they were supposed to be extracting the eyes, chattering away. Occasionally they would lift out a potato and work upon it. They told the stories of their Camp Junior and Senior lives over and over again. In those days they were excited, and gifted, as they spoke of their Camp past and their future in Harvard and Yale. I was in the yard when their friend, Tony Stowrooski, second cook for many years in Camp Senior, stepped out of the kitchen door and announced to the world that news of his admission to Harvard College had been received in Kennebec; in after years of the 1930s I used to watch for his name in the football lineup for the Harvard games.

I believe that Joseph Seaman Iseman was the smartest Kennebec camper I ever knew, and he often befriended the local country boy with a mutual drink of the best contents of the refrigerator. He became a kind of assistant trip arm in transportation for Uncle Beanie; he possessed a phenomenal memory of every landmark in the roads for sixty miles around, where he would be destined to pick up or supply a trip. He would stand by the truck while Uncle Beanie questioned and warned about water and oil, then Joseph Iseman would proudly ribble off, for all listeners, countless landmarks in order to his destination for the day.

It was entertaining and pleasing for me a few years ago to read in the *New York Times* of one of these Kennebec boys of the 1930s, Arnie Adelberg, becoming president of a large dairy company in Pennsylvania.

In July of 1936, I was haying for John Damren in East Mt. Vernon. By the end of the month I was home in North Belgrade recuperating from a bad case of poison ivy. I recall Aunt Olga Fleisher going by on the road and seeing me in the yard one day, and coming in to consult with my mother on the cure, from her large Camp experience with this seasonal trouble.

Suddenly right in mid-summer, old Jim Madore, Senior Camp handyman

since before the First World War, had to leave Camp and return to Norridge-wock. I was conveniently available and was called to replace him. First I talked with Uncle Beanie on my daily remuneration, I sticking for \$2.00 per diem and he for \$1.50 as sufficient for a new man; he wanted to go for a day of about 7:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., and I from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. I remained adamant; Uncle Pritch was called for; and we three solemnly conferred on the long gray steps of the dining hall. It was finally agreed that I should have the \$2.00 per day, and after supper, after making sure that I had stoked the coal water heater in the shack near the wash and shower house, I simply voluntarily headed for home.

## *Wage Dispute*

I looked the job over, found shovels, wheel barrow, brooms, and put the hose to work wherever possible. I was able in the remainder of the season to show the directors what I could do as a camp handyman.

One of the best things about that call is that it was 1936, the year of the great Thirtieth Reunion. In looking back on it, this is probably one of the reasons why Uncle Beanie and Uncle Pritch gave in to my large wage demands, although I did not know at the time of the plans. Being a local boy, and because of the maintenance nature of my work, it was easy to ask me to stay on for the Reunion of Kennebec pioneer campers and uncles for its several days after the boys had returned home; and help close camp after that, and I was glad to do it.

Perhaps in part because I had heard Bill Woolner and Joe Iseman and Arnie Adelberg speak so excitedly about collegiate life, I had made up my mind to matriculate at Farmington Normal School, one of the small but historic nineteenth century normal schools, established in the 1860's about thirty miles north-west of Belgrade. It now was clear that if I could have at least a Kennebec handyman job in the 1937 summer, I would be able to enter Farmington in the 1937 fall. So early in the 1937 winter, I wrote to Uncle Lou Fleisher at 404 Sansom Street, Camp winter address for so many years. Shortly I received a brief response from Uncle Lou accepting me and giving me the handyman job for Camp Junior. I eagerly grasped this opportunity in the midst of the Great Depression. (After I was fifty years old, I realized that I had worked relatively only a few years under Social Security; I checked with Baltimore to know my status, and I found that Uncle Lou started taking Social Security for me in 1937, and somehow, with that early start, I had gotten in all the necessary years for complete coverage.)

When June, 1937, came around, I joined the Kennebec Advance Party under Uncle Beanie's supervision, and raked tons of leaves in both camps in myriads of mosquitoes.

It was during this 1937 opening party that one day when crossing A. P. Watson's field towards the ball diamond someone brought me the tragic news that a Kennebec founder, Charles Fox had just passed away. Mr. Fox was known and highly respected by local persons in generations somewhat earlier than mine. In my time he had ceased to have a close or active part in Camp affairs, and I had only seen him from a distance on the road or at Kennebec games, where all of us might gather.

In after years some local old-timers recalled for me some of their experiences with Mr. Fox. About 1922 Charles Elwell was on a horse back trip with him and a party of Kennebec boys in the far country of Franklin County. As I recall it, Charles Elwell was handling the supply truck. One night the party was camped on a hill overlooking a small village. This was the time of the high tide of the old silent films that had built movie houses in the farthest reaches of the country. Some of the boys had discovered that such a movie house was located in the village, and they hinted that they would like to spend the evening in it. Charles Elwell never forgot how Mr. Fox handled this lapse of good taste. With great tact Mr. Fox said: "Boys, soon you will be back in the city. All of this will be behind you. I wouldn't suppose that any boy would want to miss the opportunity to sit at the nice camp fire we are going to have here tonight." The movie venture was given up, and Charles Elwell, who himself did many fine carpentry jobs in both Kennebec Senior and Junior in following years, often retold for me his experience with Mr. Fox and this Kennebec party on a far Maine hilltop.

## *Charles Fox Cancels Movies*

James Tukey who built many of the stone fireplaces for local camps early in the century, remembered how in the early days of Kennebec he was working in the hot sun at the Fox camp at the north end of Salmon Lake. Many times I heard him recall how the thoughtful Fox family brought cold drinks to sustain the laborer at his work. In such small ways did the considerate character of Kennebec pioneers impress itself on the local people.

When Camp opening was finished, I went to Junior Camp to assume my duties. Here I met Charles Frasher, headmaster. His anchor men, Russell McGrath, Frank Barsby, Dusty Miller, and John Roth, I already knew after a fashion. Soon I was summoned in to Charlie Frasher's snug cabin for a solemn conference with him and Uncle Mac. I was fully advised, in most reasonable terms, about the task before me, and who and what to watch out for. When we finished, Uncle Mac handed me a typewritten list containing my daily routine. It is testimony to his skill as an administrator that for the four consecutive summers that I held the job as Camp Junior handyman, the list was kept pinned to the wall of the shower house and only one change was ever made in it.

Sawing wood for the Uncles' Lodge, brushing down the cabins, keeping washrooms swept and clean, controlling the incinerator and care of hardware in the waste, and handling any other job that didn't seem to fall to any other camp specialty, made up my job as camp "handyman." One of those four years was very difficult for all of us, as it rained every day in July. Then the weather straightened out, and we had a fine August.

On the kind of a job I had, I would get around everywhere and see everybody and be aware of just about everything happening in Camp. I had many opportunities to see camp personalities at work, and the arrival of visitors by land or lake. I remember seeing, one day when I had been cleaning around buildings on the shore, a rubber-capped mermaid come up out of the waters of the cove on to Uncle Lou's cabin dock. This was, as it turned out, Margaret Wasserman Levy, an old girl-friend of Uncle Lou's, who owned the camp on the opposite point. Frequently then, and in after years, she would swim across for a visit. About 1930 Uncle Lou had encouraged the Levys to establish on the Hasey Point, and it seems to have been a happy idea, as, after these more than forty years, the family is still there each summer.

In the Junior Camp kitchen these were the best years of Chef John Poole and Rivard, the "Bake." When I see the phrase "Old Roman," I think of John Poole. His conversation was sprinkled with stories of good times the winter before, and his dinners at the Gourmet's Club in Boston. Perhaps to protect himself among knaves, his kitchen manners tended to be somewhat imperious and melodramatic. Along with the waiters, it was my custom to eat a few minutes before the main camp gathered screaming and howling on the dining room steps. During this time I had an opportunity to observe the kitchen maestro, as the moments of tension heightened. First he would glance at his watch, and then, importantly and self-consciously, step to the bell rope reaching into the high tower just over the stove. The bell would loudly clang, and the whole camp, from Uncle Lou's cabin to the Circle, would pay heed. With this loud summons, Chef Poole established complete control of camp events; he knew it and enjoyed his hourly, thrice-daily regimes. This bell tower arrangement was not one of Uncle Lou's best designs. Looking across the kitchen from the china closet, where we lesser personages ate, in the bright rays of a summer sun, I could see a cloud of dust and cobwebs drifting down from the ringing bell in the soup kettle and frying pans below. But hungry campers cared not for that.

Now the stock pots would be heaved around, the frying pans loudly slammed against the iron, a cry for the "Bake's" assistance, and then the maestro would bring the food flying off the stove into the platters.

If something had gone wrong that day, hell-raising among the waiters, Armour's man had failed to show up, or a failure in the assisting kitchen knaves, then everything was given double emphasis in the kitchen melodrama. (I remember Chef Poole scornfully say, aside: "Worked in a hash house for two weeks and calls himself second cook!") Poole's steps were longer and quicker. At the serving table a stream of critical and vituperative language would be uttered to

a cruel world. Then he would scale the platters across the serving table onto the huge waiters' trays, as so many wafers.

On summer days, when the campers were out on the Res, sometimes Chef Poole would seat himself in the kitchen yard on the little board seat between the beeches; here, with his hands folded across his aproned belly, he would reminisce for us about his life as a Boston sport in the Edwardian age. I remember one of these days, when he referred to his honeymoon in 1910, and seeing Jack Waln and Nora Bayes, a famous popular music hall team of the time, sing "Shine on, Harvest Moon." The character and mood of that time stayed with him.

What I earned in those Kennebec Junior summers made it possible for me to go to Farmington Normal School for three years and graduate in 1940. It was important for me to note the character and methods of Kennebec counselors who worked in some of the best schools in the country. A good opportunity for this would come after the campers went to bed at 9:30 or 10:00 in the evening. In the morning I had cleaned the Uncles' Lodge and made ready any fuel for the fireplace that might be required. In the evening I would find a seat in a far corner of the Lodge. Shortly the Uncles would start to come in; Uncle Lou would have his reserved chair to the left of the fireplace always, and Charles Frasher to the right. The Camp day, the season, and reminiscences of many past years would be brought up and surveyed at this time. Probably it was here that I first commenced to hear Uncle Lou speak of Marienfeld, his unforgettable boyhood camp of New Hampshire of the 1890s. Since that time I have believed that Marienfeld was the most powerful and impressionable experience in the life of Lou Fleisher; this was the vital factor, without which there would have been no Kennebec. You can disregard many other elements that, of course, played a role; Marienfeld was the original seed of the Kennebec Idea. And I think that this evening hour before the fireplace was about the most pleasurable time of day for Uncle Lou. All was quiet in the Circle and the Kennebec Idea seemed to have triumphed again.

Kennebec was very dynamic, vital, and very successful in what were, after all, the years of the Great Depression. The worse times for the country, but not for Kennebec. The administrative acumen of Lou Fleisher and his partners, the willingness of mature teachers to become counselors for prolonged periods of years, and other generally social factors kept Kennebec eminently successful.

But before I finished my Kennebec Junior years there were manifestations of change. Uncle Lou and Brod Friedman commenced to give summer hospitality to European refugees, not without some reservations about the influence of this on camp character. In reference to making arrangements for one of these unfortunates, I overheard Uncle Lou say to Uncle Brod, "I would rather not, but I suppose we have to." I remember one very personable and intelligent Viennese doctor, a student of Freud's, who was just getting his feet placed in this country with a summer in Camp Kennebec Junior. I loaned him two nineteenth century books, Henry Thoreau's *Walden*, and John Fiske's *American History*, to read as an assistance in his Americanization.

In 1939 Charlie Frasher was in camp with a Studebaker convertible coupe of some vintage. At the end of the season, he asked me and two kitchen boys to drive it through to New York City for him, as he was going down on the train with the boys. We made the passage to the great city via the White Mountains, establishing a rule not to proceed faster than fifty miles per hour. The first night out, we stopped in Northampton, Mass., at what was then a common feature of the American road, a tourist home. The next morning, as we were going through Danville, Conn., a newsboy handed a paper to our car with the headlines announcing the German attack on Poland. And so it was on this Kennebec mission that I learned of the beginning battle of the Second World War. Uncle Charlie's car we left at a Park Avenue address; I went up in the building and notified Uncle Charlie's friend, and left the keys; the whole thing was somewhat awesome for a country boy. The New York streets were almost totally deserted that day, as I recall it; we seemed to have the city to ourselves. Then I was off for a day or two to the New York World's Fair of that year to see the famous Time Capsule, pioneer television, the Russian building and other wonders of that memorable event.

## *The Influence of Marienfeld*

## *Kennebec's European Refugees*

On my return home to Maine, I visited Uncle Lou at his cottage, where he then, and always after, remained for six weeks or more after the Camp season, and recapitulated the New York trip.

In the 1940 spring, A. P. Watson built the Wigwam in Camp Junior with a crew of the best carpenters that North Belgrade could provide, Leslie Damren and Charles Elwell among others. I put on the floor sealer and prepared a routine of the best possible maintenance for this new and best building in the Camp. As I was sweeping the floor that summer I would put on the player a new and very popular record, "God Bless America."

During this 1940 summer, Uncle Mac took charge of making a nice, flat stone walkway to the main door of the Wigwam. In the fall at Uncle Lou's request, after Camp closed, I took white pines from a deserted farm field on the Oakland road, loaded them into the old Model A. station wagon, and brought them into camp to transplant bordering this walkway. These are the pine trees that stand there to this day; they all lived with the exception of one or two.

In the 1940 spring the Selective Service Act to train an army for possible war had passed Congress by one vote. It provided for a year of military training. In the 1940 fall I decided to volunteer for a year of this training, the period originally set up. Elementary school teaching jobs, for which I had been fitted at Farmington Normal School, were not very plentiful at that time, and in northern New England few paid beginners more than fifteen dollars per week; because of this, and to prevent future interference with plans of life, this seemed a practical course. Although the war was now very warm in Europe, we had a dream that somehow we would avoid ultimate involvement. As it happened, the year turned into more than five.

As far as I know, I was the first Kennebec staff person to go into the Second World War army. Serial numbers started with 31,000,001; I was 31,000,039.

Those of us who went in November, 1940, to the posts of the country were not given much military training. Very quickly we were mostly assigned to the logistical branches to establish the foundation for the combat arms. Late in the year, I was sent from Fort Devens to the 54th Quartermaster Battalion in Boston Army Base, a kind of concrete dungeon. Yearning for the trees and open skies of Maine, I soon managed, early in 1941, to transfer to the Quartermaster Detachment at Fort Williams, at Cape Elizabeth, the key bastion of the Harbor Defenses of Portland, the home port of the North Atlantic Fleet.

I spent two long, not very exciting years in Fort Williams, an old Coast Artillery post named for Seth Williams of Augusta, Maine, and Adjutant General of the Army of the Potomac. Slowly, very slowly I climbed from purchasing clerk to sergeant technician in charge of the clothing warehouse for all of the Coast Artillery posts in the Harbor. In January, 1943, after examination, I was promoted to army warrant officer and transferred to the Headquarters, Second Replacement Depot at Camp Edwards. With this organization I landed in Casablanca in February, 1943, shortly after the historic Anfa Hotel Conference; and then went on with this organization, that stored replacements of men, to Lion Mountain near Oran, to Italy, and Southern France.

Perhaps having some precedence solely in time, I was shortly followed by other Kennebec men to much more important roles. McGinley went to the Air Force; Duke Nelson to the Navy; Hatfield to the Army to make the legendary "return" to the Philippines. And other worthy men stayed home to help Uncle Lou keep Camp going during the very difficult War years.

I do remember in the summer of 1941, probably in August, having a few days off from my work at Fort Williams, and calling on Uncle Lou and Olga Fleisher on the north porch of the green cottage. We discussed at this time the inroads of the recently launched German invasion of Russia that had been so sensationally successful. I remember the air of concern that prevailed during that visit, because the ultimate fall of Russian arms, that at that time seemed imminent, could be disastrous to the future Allied cause.

I have no doubt whatsoever that Kennebec camp life, of any duration at all, made the army life of the field campaigns that much easier to endure for many former Kennebec boys, that it gave them a head start and helped on the road to promotion, the aim of every healthy soldier. I had not been in the army

*From Clerk to  
Warrant Officer*



long, when I had a letter from Uncle Lou inquiring about equipment and the general life and calling for suggestions for improvement.

When the War in both Europe and Asia ended almost simultaneously in 1945, we all commenced to be drawn by the magnet of home, and the necessity of getting on with delayed careers.

I came back through the Port of Marseilles on the *Marine Raven* to Hampton Roads in October, and went on to the University of Maine in January, 1946, to pursue the career that I had planned ten years before. This meant that I would be available in summer for some years. As I recall it, Uncle Lou almost automatically assigned me as a counselor in the quadrangle at Senior Camp. There and with the First Section, I did duty for six summers through 1951, as it turned out.

Kennebec in 1946 seemed to me to be at the end of an era; it was the old regime in camping that controlled the program. It was depending vastly on repetition and what it had done before the War, in that period that seems to me in hindsight to be the Golden Age of boys' camping, an age that closed with Pearl Harbor. Kennebec Senior in the postwar years was not at all receptive to new ideas. The official feeling seemed to be that they had their lines out in the best waters and they didn't have to change.

The return of some counselors, who had followed the call to arms in 1941 and 1942, was disappointing. The winds of war had blown camp and kids quite out of their minds. They made no proper readjustment; some discovered this as early as the close of the 1946 season, and others only after the passage of several seasons. Uncle Brod, whose own days were obviously numbered, took particular note of this failure in 1946.

I do recall that in this period Uncle Brod Friedman, even in his decline, still made a good contribution to Camp. He was a past-master at fireside talks to the entire assembled Camp under the stars. His own sentimental personality, that probably stemmed from the age of romance at the turn of the century, his understanding of the juvenile heart, made it possible for him to contribute to stability at a time when formerly promising counselors were falling out of the Kennebec Idea.

Herman Pritchard, headmaster of Kennebec Senior for decades, was still vital and still made a natural working team, because of the compatibility, with Brod Friedman. It would not be unfair to say that his best days were behind him, and that at this time he was the leader of the old regime and the traditional and unchanging programs of the earlier Kennebec.

My intuition told me that Kennebec should embark on imaginative change and new adventures and programs for boys; the old-timers wanted to replay the experiences of the past. I was a counselor of minor influence, and of course could not prevail; for years to come "tradition" was the upcry when innovation was proposed.

I thought I could see a good reason for a much better manual arts program; I wanted completely new trips, new Maine regions, and perhaps even beyond Maine. I wanted to cut down the Kennesuncook stay to just a day or two and then be on the trail for three weeks or more; a lessening of the time put into Camp dramatics, and a new sport with high discipline for older boys. It is exceptionally difficult to turn the head of an old regime that appears to still be successful.

But in 1946 I was very fortunate to have the opportunity to go north with the First Section to Kennesuncook and the Allagash, an adventure that I had been hearing about for so many years. McGinley was back from the wars and in charge of the Kennesuncook party, as he had been in the 1930s, but I went down the River with Uncle Rog and Fred Kelley, Chesuncook Camp cook for many years and Moosehead guide and trapper. Duke Nelson went out with Uncle Mac in the first party.

In accordance with a plan of Uncle Mac's, we took a very interesting side trip early on the expedition, from Eagle Lake up Haymock Stream and into the the virtually virgin Haymock Lake. Here we had a chance to see an isolated glimmer glass in the deep forest, about as the pioneers first saw the Belgrade Lakes. I will always remember it. Going up to the Lake, we broke passages to

*Peace Affects  
Camp Routine*

*Resistance to  
Change*

*Bobby Binswanger:  
Carefree and Lost*

slide canoes through numerous beaver dams, we saw the towering King's pines with a small tassel at the top only, and finally the crystal clear water of the Lake itself, as our gray canoes quietly moved out upon the calm surface. That kind of wilderness is hard to find today.

We had good camping here at Haymock in '46, with only one untoward incident. It was decided that I should take a party of boys to the lower end of the Lake in the afternoon to climb Haymock Mountain, leaving Uncle Rog and Fred resting in camp. As it happened, we had in our party Bobby Binswanger, the youngest scion then of that incomparable family of Kennebecers, the Frank Binswangers. Bobby was a devil-may-care and happy boy, but not at that time a woodsman. He felt no danger and therefore was completely without ordinary caution or fear.

We got up the Mountain trail with only a few warnings about falling rocks, and admired the view, and all seemed well among my charges. On the Mountain-side itself we saw giant cedar of a size quite unknown in the lower part of the State. After relaxing for some time on the pinnacle of Haymock and admiring the far country, we slowly wound our way back, in roughly single file, as I believed, to our canoes on the Lake shore. There I counted heads and discovered Bobby Binswanger and his chum missing. Instantly I knew what this could mean; in the midst of a great wilderness two carefree boys lost. We waited a bit with fast beating heart: no boys. So I sent a swift courier canoe down the Lake to report the serious plight at our main camp. The messengers hadn't been gone long when the two errant ones appeared on the Lake shore about a hundred yards from where we were anxiously waiting. By pure luck they had gravitated in their brief wanderings towards the Lake and not back into the dense thickets and swamps of the Allagash region. This, as it proved, was just the beginning of the Bobby Binswanger adventure of 1946. This boy seemed possessed that year to turn the heads of his counselors and guides as white as the driven snows that in a few months would blanket the Allagash woods.

We left Haymock the next day and proceeded back to the lake chain previous to starting the main Allagash River below Churchill Chutes.

After a night camp south of the Dam, we arrived early one morning at the point where we embarked at the head of Chase's Carry just below Churchill. Canoes all stowed for nice balance and all set, we shoved off into a few yards of deceptively placid water that quickly funneled into a narrow, deep, and fast part of the River. Just at this beginning point, when the water is not very high, can be found a large copperhead rock, the top just out of the water and the powerful stream boiling around each side. The fearless Binswanger and his chum made for the fast run east of copperhead, shouting and paddles flailing, didn't pull to on the right with sufficient force, and got caught in the current carrying them sidewise square amidships right onto copperhead. Instantly the tremendous force of the whole River grabbed on the tumblehome, tipped the canoe upstream and wrapped it around the rock, like a broken toothpick. Every gunnel and plank was broken, and the canvas torn down to normal water level on each side. As I recall, it took Uncle Fred, myself, Uncle Rog and several boys to lift the remains of the broken canoe off the rock. Paddles lost down the River, all equipment wet.

By several feats of woodsman's legerdemain, Fred Kelley planned and carried out the rough repair of the Binswanger canoe. With spruce saplings, nails in our kit, some old boards found on the shore, we put the canoe back together. Somehow with borrowed paddles and poles we got to the eddy at the end of the Carry, where one lost paddle was found going around on the surface of the water. Another one was roughly shaped from an old board that we found on the shore. Thus revived and reequipped, the Binswanger party descended the Allagash River in the year 1946.

In those Kennesuncook years, I took some pleasure in talking with old-timers of Chesuncook village. I had a chance there to see the aged Charlie Smith, a descendant of the Chesuncook Smiths described by Thoreau in his famous book on this very country of one hundred years before. He was a great woodsman and canoeman, and had acquired some of his art from the Penobscot Indian camp on the east side of Chesuncook in the nineteenth century when they would come there in the spring for maple sap gathering. Nick Mulligan lived

right beside our camp in his own log house, and told stories of guiding in the old days at Kineo Hotel on Moosehead, and when he first came into the West Branch country as a woodsman. In the 1920s he had taken a party down the Allagash River from Chesuncook to the St. John; their enthusiasm was such that they asked him to take them back up the River to their starting point, an effort of poling and paddling that took twenty-two days.

During these summers, and for many years before that, old Hiram Johnson, the Hermit of Chesuncook, would come down from his northeastern cove back of Gero's Island, and we would see him as he rounded the lower end of the Island and started paddling across to Kennesuncook with a perfectly uniform stroke. Here he would pick up the garbage from our kitchen for his few stunted pigs, deliver a few very brief remarks, and then start back to his lonesome cabin. I visited there several times to talk with him, and saw him reading magazines more than twenty-five years old. On his beach was a fair-sized stone of Kineo flint, brought there forty miles through the West Branch by Indians, perhaps a thousand years before. Hiram was a fine canoeman and a true hermit. Late in the Second World War, he had picked up a lot of old iron from abandoned camps around the north end of the Lake, placed it on a raft—some tons of it—and poled and drifted the twenty miles down to Ripogenous, only to find that the price had dropped lower than he wanted to receive. Stubbornly he had rafted the iron back to the north end of the Lake, and dropped it off on the Kennesuncook lawn, where it was in my time years later.

Alec Gunn and his family would spend the winter at the Grant Farm, a lumber camp depot about half the way up from Greenville. One year the morning of Christmas Eve, old Hiram decided to spend Christmas with the Gunns. He strapped on his snowshoes, and headed down the frozen Chesuncook early that morning. Late that night, Alec heard a knock at the door of the Grant Farm home, and opened it to see a veritable snowman standing there, Hiram Johnson. He had trekked forty miles since that morning from the head of 'Suncook, and he was covered with ice and snow from head to foot. Alec grabbed a broom and commenced to brush the snow off the hermit, only to hear him protest, "I'm all right, I'm all right." He didn't want to be touched. Alec said, "I know you're all right, Hiram, I'm just trying to get the snow off."

Years later in the 1950s, Hiram, from the door of his cabin at the head of 'Suncook, shot and killed a man who tried to enter without his permission, a man who intended him no harm; Hiram then set his cabin afire, and shot and killed himself. No, never argue with a hermit.

One of the great old gentlemen of the northwoods that we always met on our down river trip was Jim Clarkson, keeper at the Lock Dam on Chamberlain Lake. He was well-known for his hospitality to all northwoods travelers, winter and summer, and Kennebec counselors would have the opportunity to stay overnight in his comfortable cabin, if they wished, and listen to his countless stories of his adventures with black bears, and other tales of the northland of Maine. He had become completely oriented to his lonely, woods life in the Chamberlain country, and wasn't contended to stay outside for a single day. If Chamberlain was rough when our party was coming up the Lake, he would post himself on the shore to help us debark and get settled for the night on our campground to the rear of his cabin.

In a summer in the late 1940's we broke in two parties at Kennesuncook for the down river Allagash trip and Alec Gunn, with his large mail boat, towed Uncle McGinley and Uncle Rog and their boys off early, leaving Uncle Charlie Graham and me and one other young counselor and the boys of the second party to close camp and follow on in the late morning hours later. As a rule we would not see the first party again until we reached the St. John River camping ground at the end of the trip. However, on this day, after we had left Alec Gunn at the head of Chesuncook, and paddled and poled up Umsaskie stream, we looked across Umsaskis dam and the lower end of the small lake to the start of Mud Pond Carry and saw canoes on the ground. Then we saw boys running back and forth with equipage. We were astonished, as the plan always called for the canoes and equipment nearly all being carried by horses and hayrack across the very difficult and muddy two mile Carry long before. As we afterwards learned,

*Hiram Johnson:  
Hermit and Suicide*

## *Difficult Portage*

we were witnessing the fall-out of the Great Altercation between the McGinley party and the Hermit of Mud Pond Carry, old Frank Cowan, who for many years would go in to the Carry in the spring to an old lumber camp with a team of crowbait horses for the purpose of carrying canoes and equipment for fisherman, trippers, as we were, and fall hunting parties across the Carry for a small fee per canoe. This year when the McGinley party arrived that very morning, Frank announced a rise in carrying fees, that all-told was a small figure, and Uncle Mac refused to pay it. At the time we arrived and witnessed the aftermath of the scene of struggle from about three hundred yards away, the Hermit was sulking in his cabin, the horses were unharnessed and in the pasture, and the McGinley party was manfully at work making repeated trips through the mud with canoes and equipment. After they had all disappeared, we moved across the lower end of Umsaskis Lake, and camped on the ground of the dispute, the buggiest night that any Kennebec camp boys ever put in on the Allagash, as I believe. That afternoon Uncle Charlie Graham visited Frank Cowan, tactfully dealt with him, and brought him horses and hayrack out early in the morning to move us from our slough hole camp ground, across the Carry. Lesson; never argue with a backwoods hermit; they have standards of prestige and importance and sensitivities not at all visible. Frank Cowan was an old north-country woodsman. He would go "outside" to Ripogenous for the winter. He had been camp cook for the great Moorehead, pioneer American Indian archaeologist during his Maine expedition to the Allagash in 1916. He was Alec Gunn's father-in-law. Altogether a key man and not a man to trifle with.

And yet it was impressive, when Uncle Mac's boys debarked from Jackson's bus beside the dining hall at Senior Camp late in August, after the long trip down from northern Aroostook; I especially noted them remarking that this was the very greatest trip they had ever experienced. There is much to be said for an "Uncles'" camp.

In one of these Chesuncook years a very melancholy event took place within sight of Kennesuncook. We had been up at the head of the Lake canoeing one of the tributary streams training for the Allagash. We were returning in our canoes a hundred yards off from the Hotel, when we saw a few persons running back and forth on the shore. Something was wrong! We soon knew what it was. A little boy was lost. We hoped he would be found in the woods. I took the boys on back to our camp, and one of our young counselors went in directly to the shore and started looking around the Alec Gunn wharf, where the boy had last been seen, not many minutes before; diving near the wharf, he soon found the body of the boy entangled in the roots of a submerged stump. The boy had been brought to Chesuncook village by his grandfather, and they went down to the Gunn wharf for a visit. The grandfather, while the boy was back towards the shore, sat facing the Lake on the outer end of the wharf talking with Alec Gunn. The boy had silently fallen into the water and never came up.

The true story of Kennebec is not smooth, greased, and untroubled; it was never just a garden of roses and fortuitous events.

## *The Camps Compared*

Being in both of the Kennebec Camps for many years, I had a chance to compare the operations. Camp Junior was tightly run and tended to reflect much more the personality of the director, Lou Fleisher. Senior Camp was much more informal and loosely run, with individual counselors much more in the forefront of daily operation. This reflected the personalities of Brod Friedman and Herman Pritchard, and what they thought a camp atmosphere for the children they had in charge, should be. This was carried to quite an extreme at Senior Camp; a casual observer might have been impressed that Camp was being operated for the entertainment and feeding of counselors. Various counselors often loudly boasted in this period that Kennebec was an "Uncles'" camp. And Brod Friedman is supposed to have said: "If the counselors report a good time on a trip, I *know* the campers had a good time." Senior Camp was not child-centered; it was staff-centered. And there is so much to be said for this and the atmosphere that it creates.

Early in this postwar period, Brod Friedman passed away, and Uncle Lou was left alone, as the single old-time director. For some years previous, Lenny Rothschild, a pioneer Kennebecer, helped by Tommy Weiner, had been doing

much of the Senior Camp director's work. Under these popular persons, the old-time Pritchard-Friedman regime went on without much of a hitch.

It should be remembered that both Junior and Senior camps drew men back year after year magnetically. And yet the counselor used very little of his technical ability and knowledge in the camps. His contribution was largely his personality, verbal communication of an informal character with the campers, a limited athletic example, and occasionally, judgment in personal security matters. The unlimited teaching role of the winter schools and use of the outside range of the man were not a characteristic of a counselor's camp life.

All counselors were not equally successful. Highly ambitious, erratic, fast-changing personalities were not likely to be in camp many seasons. Men who presented about the same mood, remained in the same mold year-after-year, were more likely to be the long-timers. On the whole the counselors from the middle Atlantic states seemed to make a greater contribution to camp life than the Maine counselors. They were more ready to engage in repartee with the campers. Maine men tended to resist the confinement of boys' camp routine; of course there were exceptions. Uncle Moxie, from Bangor, at this late time (1973), is the last Kennebec counselor who used to come to my mother's house by the Mill Stream in the late 1940s for a few social minutes and to play the piano.

It is impossible to think about Camp Kennebec, even at this day, without Uncle Lou Fleisher being in the center of the scene. His experience at Marienfeld in the 1890s gave the compass to his entire life. Many of the curious, puzzling contradictions about Camp operations stemmed from his own experiences in the American society of his own youth in the Victorian age. Because of his intellectual ability and strength of character, many careers were open to him, but he chose boys' life in camping. In thinking all of this over recently, I am of the mind that he could have done no better; he lived the best life that he could have made for himself; he had the best of many worlds.

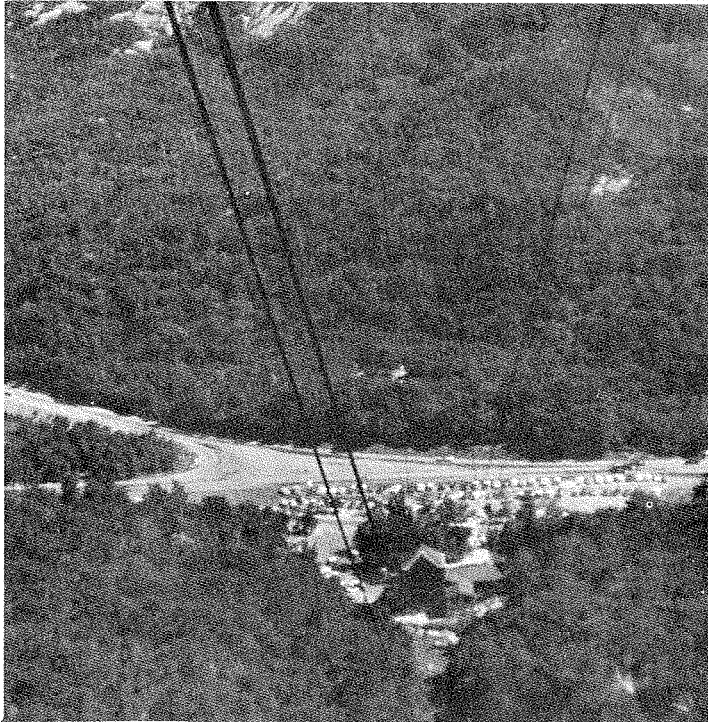
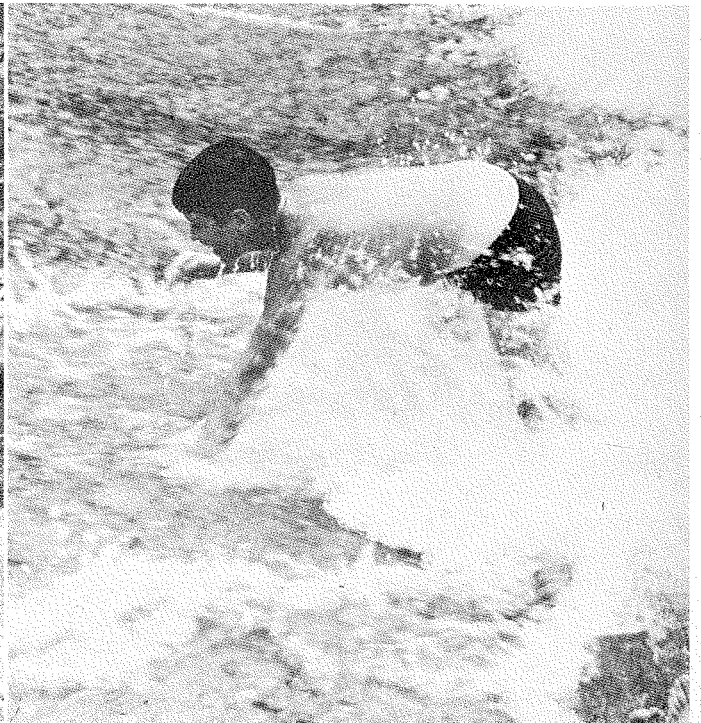
Uncle Lou lived outside of camping, but he compartmentalized his experiences to the extent that it is difficult to deal comprehensively with him, from the lack of detailed factual knowledge of the lesser phases. In some way all of these other lives were tributary to Camp Kennebec, and that is what added so much character to Camp Kennebec in that Golden Age between the Wars, when, for so many, Kennebec was Camelot. When Friedman was Arthur, Pritchard was Lancelot, and Lou Fleisher was Merlin.

In that postwar time, when Camp policy was controlled by such a continuous turn to tradition, one single opportunity for change to a new day briefly emerged. This was in 1951, when it seemed for a short time that the young, energetic Camp medic, former boy scout, and ex captain of U.S. Marines, Dr. Joseph Sataloff, would take the place of Brod Friedman in Senior Camp. At this age Dr. Sataloff was a very youthful, new man, bursting with energy and ideas. The influential faculty was middle-aged; concerned about the possibility of revolution in long-established Camp matters, the internal politics of the powerful old counselors forestalled the dangerous new intrusion. This opportunity will always remain a might-have-been in Kennebec lore.

1951 was my last season in Kennebec. My Camp recollections largely end at this point. For some time I had been getting restless in the Camp routine and it seemed that I should be doing something more relevant to my own future. When I brought this season's camping career to a close, I had personally known, in the time between the Wars, the Richards family, founders on Horse Point of Camp Merryweather, the first boys' camp in Maine in 1900. I had worked at the personal direction, for years, of Lou Fleisher, co-founder of Camp Kennebec in 1907; and I went to Good Will in the late summer of 1950, when George Walter Hinckley (1853-1950), founder of the first boys' camp in America in the 1870s, as well as of Good Will Homes in 1889, was still living. Perhaps this rather curious experience entitles me to these recollections of minor features of a large subject, of the American boys' outdoor movement.

Since time immemorial, it was Uncle Lou's custom, after depositing the Camp boys at the end of the summer in their city homes, to immediately return to his green shingled cottage by the shores of Salmon Lake, built in 1923 by A. P. Watson. In the colorful falls of the 1950s and 1960s, when the lakeshore

### *Middle Atlantic Counselors Best*







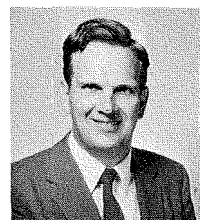


## *Acknowledgements*

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We also want to thank campers, counselors and friends for their wonderful contributions of material to the book.

Aunt Olga Fleisher



George Winters

