Camp Winnebago

The First One Hundred Years

by
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Contents

The pine trees stand sentry. From inside Camp's gates and scattered throughout the grounds, the trees that were planted in Winnebago's early years guard over Camp. Taller in feet than they are old in years, their thick branches reach out and up to the sky, sheltering ecosystems and providing shade and comfort to those running to and fro far below. The trees have internalized and housed the shouts of joy and exhortations that emanate from around Camp. From the beginning of the fourth quarter of the Patrol Game to the words spoken at the B&G Rock during Rock Dedication, from the notes of "Good Night Winnebago" that float out on the night air from the Lodge each evening to the tears and hugs of goodbye as campers and counselors bid farewell at the end of the summer, knowing that they experienced something unique and profound—all this they capture and hold, steady and true.

Introduction

If the trees could speak to us what would they say? Probably, they would begin with stories of the people; the four owners who have shepherded Winnebago through the decades; the dedicated staff who watched over their charges with a mix of humor, instruction, and caring; and others who gave their love and life to helping make Camp the place that it is.

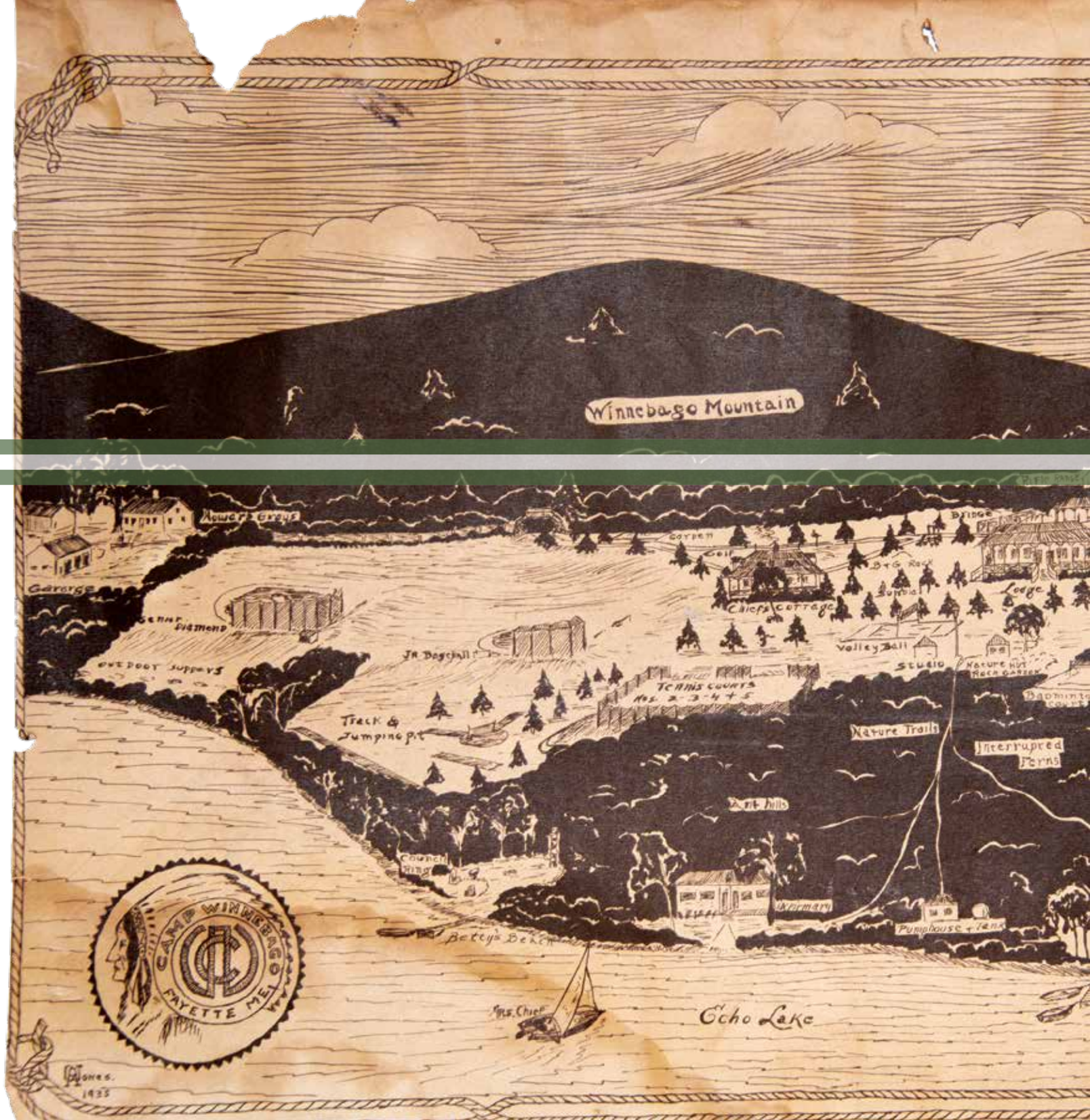
During the course of 100 years, like the trees that maintain a steady and strong foundation, Winnebago has held fast to a people-centered and values-oriented philosophy. Through the generations, we trace a perambulating line that delineates Winnebago's responses to societal changes intended to meet the needs of the campers and staff while maintaining the integrity and traditions that make Winnebago a unique institution. Certainly, Winnebago is a special place, and yet, without the people, it is nothing but a collection of shingled wood buildings set into and among the landscape.

It is a place of soul and character that embodies so much for so many and, despite the profound impact it has had on thousands of campers and staff, it remains reliant on those same people to ensure another year of existence.

How fortunate Winnebago is to have survived and thrived for a century when so many other camps have not. There is not one single reason for its longevity. Rather, there are many, and in the following pages, I hope that you will enjoy reading about many of the characters and reliving many of the events that gave life to the first century of Winnebago.

It is with great respect and gratitude that we honor all those who have helped Winnebago arrive at this historic moment. Thank you for helping to make Winnebago the fun, edifying, and life-changing place that it is.

—UNCLE ANDY, FAYETTE, MAINE



RIGHT: Hand-drawn 1933 map by George Jones, who worked on the maintenance staff

Values

Winnebago alumni agree on the fundamental importance of the rich experiences they had at Camp. Many believe that such foundational moments resulted from Winnebago's basic values, which have contributed to making them the people they have become. What is it that makes Camp so important in a camper's life?

Is it the simplicity of living with no electricity and plumbing in the cabins? Is it the environment that gives campers independence, control over their camp lives, the chance to hone their existing skills while also being pushed with new challenges and to keep practicing to master new skills?

The camp community is inclusive and relies on every camper and staff member to be part of its fabric, fostering a spirit of loyalty, brotherhood, and community. Each camper arrives as an individual and is quickly integrated into the program, where he feels a part of the Winnebago family.

Throughout Camp Winnebago's first 100 years, sportsmanship, integrity, and community have been among its most important values.

The values on which Winnebago has been based, both enduring and evolving, have impacted campers throughout their lifetimes and helped ensure the impact and success of Winnebago's first century, while carrying it forth into its second century.

For Frederick "Chief" Guggenheimer, the founder and first Director, Camp was Olympian in tone. While "Faster, Higher, Stronger," was not the camp motto, physical fitness and team competition were emphasized. However, Winnebago always recognized the boy with non-athletic interests, and Guggenheimer frequently called it "the camp that is different."

Chief was an educator, interested in the development of character as well as achievement. Winnebago campers, he said, "would develop to be virile and intellectually alert adult citizens." Chief was strict and could appear aloof to the younger campers, but his heart and principles were in a caring place. He wanted to develop a community that formed character and valued integrity, while also ensuring fun for the campers.

TOP: Uncle Phil at Carnival Night

LEFT: Uncle Leo, Chief, and Uncle Howie at the Council Ring

BOTTOM: Uncle Andy greets arriving campers.

When Howard Lilienthal became Camp Director in 1956, after Chief's death, the values were reflected clearly with his words: "Winnebago is not only for the boy who can, but especially for the boy who will." Campers were encouraged to show their true efforts, receive praise and encouragement, and be willing to try again . . . and again.

In 1974, Winnebago's Director changed for the third time upon Howie's death. As Director, Phil Lilienthal brought to Camp the values of respect for one another and for learning new skills. He emphasized principles such as social justice and critical thinking. The camp community became more geographically and racially diverse as more campers and counselors were welcomed from around the country and the world. He brought women to the staff and made them a more integral part of the camp community.

Thirty years later, in 2003, Andy Lilienthal became Winnebago's fourth Director. The notion of Winnebaganism was unpackaged to include the twenty-first-century central values of community, creativity, empathy, integrity, leadership, resilience, and responsibility. The staff embodies these core values and they are present in all of Camp's activities. These values are instilled during staff training and are echoed throughout Camp as the summer unfolds.

From 1920, the values and principles of Camp Winnebago were established and set the standard for the years to come. While these bedrock values and principles have endured, they have also evolved to echo the unique focus and era of each of Camp's four Directors.

1919

Frederick "Chief" Guggenheimer purchases Smiley Farm, future home of Camp Winnebago, from Mr. Craig

1920

The Lodge, Dining Hall, and Chief's Cottage are built by Weston Bishop from Casco, Maine, with assistance from local farmers

1920

July 1–August 31, first Camp Winnebago season with 29 campers and eight "councilors"

1921

Best All Around Camper's Cup, forerunner of Chief's Cup, is started

1922

The trees are so small the campers can jump over them

THEMES

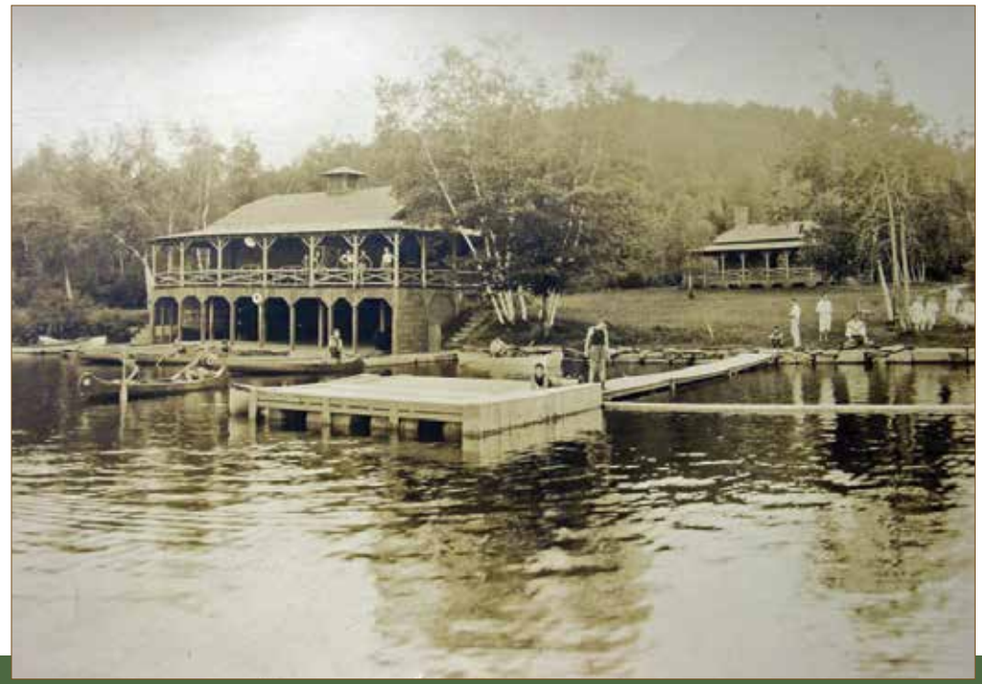
As enduring and timeless as the values are that frame the camp experience, since 1992, an annual theme has been chosen that reflects and enriches these values. The theme then creates the framework for the entire summer and is integrated into staff training, campfires, programs, and beyond. A unique part of each summer's theme is a contest to create a design that embodies the theme. Each camper and staff member receives the summer's special T-shirt with the winning design emblazoned on it.

Yesterday and Today

BY ANDY KAUFMAN

Camper 1942–1946 Counselor 1947–1951

My 10 years at Winnebago, five as a camper and five as a counselor, played an outsized role in my life. Those 10 years—really only 20 months—were very important in shaping the whole rest of my life. My guess is that I am not alone among Winnebago alumni in feeling that way.



I came to Winnebago as an 11-year-old in 1942, during the first year of the second World War. That year marked the end of the first era of camp life—not just the years of its birth and the formation of so many of the camp traditions that still exist, but rather the end of the era when the tone was set by Seniors who were in their late teens. It is difficult to imagine today that there were large numbers of campers who were in their late teens, already young men. Camp life, especially trips and athletics, was doubtless more rugged in many ways. All that disappeared at once with the beginning of war, and the older campers have never returned.

> My years as a camper were almost all war years. The values that one heard about were those connected to the war effort.

Restrictions imposed by war, and then by the polio epidemic, kept campers closer to home base. The values, at least those of which we were aware, were those associated with the war effort and reacting to the horrors of war, as they became more and more apparent.

We did volunteer work on local farms and understood that some traditional camp trips and activities had to be curtailed because of gasoline rationing. But, by and large, campers had been sent to Camp during wartime summers to shield them from some of the effects of the war. Notwithstanding the change in camp life brought on by the war, the essential worth of Camp as a place where campers learned to live together with a group their own age continued.

TOP: Old Boathouse, built in 1930s, with the Library in the background
BOTTOM: New Boathouse, built in 1965

UNIFORMS

Uniforms have always been part of the foundation of Winnebago—shorts, T-shirts, sweats—in brown, green, and white. Through the years, the uniforms have changed in appearance to reflect the shifting tastes of each generation. However, the reason behind uniforms is as it was 100 years ago: Uniforms take away the differences, signal that material goods are not important, and show that everyone—regardless of background—is equal.

TOP: 1921 uniforms **BOTTOM LEFT:** 1947 uniforms, in Bunk 1, with Uncle Phil, second row, second from left; Uncle Paul Wrubel, first row, second from left; Uncle Paul Schwarz, first row, third from left
BOTTOM RIGHT: Early 2000s uniforms

For many of us, I suspect for most of us, that was what Camp was all about. We loved doing what we did with the people with whom we did it, and we learned to coexist with those who were not going to be our best friends, or perhaps not even friends at all. Camp was both pleasant and a learning experience, and most of us were pretty sad when it ended in late August.

The fact that the composition of the camper body at Winnebago was all-Jewish and all-white also spoke volumes as to what counted as "normal" in the United States of the 1940s. For most of the campers, their daily existence in the other ten months of the year was very different—not so much in racial terms but certainly in terms of the religious composition of the society in which we lived. At Camp one was not "different," at least in one important aspect of one's life.

Compare that brief picture with the Winnebago of today. Three generations of Lilienthals have "modernized" the values of Winnebago. It still affords an outdoors, athletics-and-nature-filled, communal experience in the summer. But the experience is lived more in the context of the population of our country and of the world than was the purpose of the original Camp. Campers still experience most of the same daily activities, but with so much more awareness of the diversity and richness of today's world. Other peoples and other worlds and, I hope, some awareness of the problems of other peoples and other worlds are part of Camp's daily life. Instead of living behind drawn, canvas shades, as it were, Winnebago has opened a window on the world for itself and its campers.

One wonders whether it would still be thriving, still be a place worth sending one's children, if it had not done so. I cannot express any opinion about the way today's campers feel at the end of each camp period, but I would be greatly surprised if they did not depart with the same feelings of sadness at leaving that we, their predecessors, felt in our time.

Awards

Awards have always been part of the heartbeat of Camp, from its earliest years to the current day. The awards recognize campers in meaningful and unique ways.

CHIEF'S CUP FOR OUTSTANDING CHARACTER

Chief's Cup was donated in 1956 by John and Andy Kaufman, brothers who were campers and counselors in the 1940s and 1950s. In their donation statement, they wrote: "We have something in mind quite different from an award for popularity, all-around ability, or improvement. We think the Chief's Cup should be awarded for more fundamental values. Greater preciseness is impossible. The qualities that make for outstanding character cannot be defined, but we are confident that they can be recognized."

BEST ALL AROUND CAMPER'S CUP

In 1921, Mr. Shour, a patron of Camp Winnebago, donated the Best All Around Camper's Cup. It was awarded from 1921 to 1958 to recognize the top camper, from among the older campers, as selected by Chief. The cup was succeeded by Chief's Cup.

JUNIOR MERIT CUP

The Junior Merit Cup was donated by Uncle Phil Bernstein in 1924. It was intended to be the same as the Best All Around Camper's Cup, but for the "younger fellows," as selected by Chief. It was awarded from 1924 to 1958.

LEO LEHRMAN AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE

Donated in 1964 by Paul Schwarz and Paul Wrubel, the award "singles out and honors extraordinary and unselfish service which makes a true contribution to the Winnebago community."

BENNETT MEYERS AWARD

Donated by the 1980 Senior Lodge upon the retirement of Uncle Bennett as Head Counselor, the award states, "Since 1953, Bennett Meyers has exemplified the essence that is Winnebago. His spirit, sportsmanship and total dedication to making the lives of others more enjoyable have left their mark on every individual he has touched. The Bennett Meyers Award can be presented annually to the first-year non-alumni counselor who most represents characteristics of Uncle Bennett."

WINNEBAGO AWARDS

The Winnebago Awards (formerly Good Camping Awards) are given to "the campers in each division who have achieved a standard of good camping, marked by a high degree of camp citizenship, but also embracing a positive attitude, involvement, cooperation, and a contribution to Camp. Effort and motivation are emphasized. The campers must have demonstrated in their varied activities a sincere interest to improve themselves as well as to accomplish according to their abilities. These boys are not only involved in the camp program, but they have contributed to make Camp better and more enjoyable because of their presence."

CAMPER AWARDS

Campers get to choose their own award winners in fun categories. In 1929, the Favorite Athletic Activity was baseball; in 2000 it was basketball. Not surprisingly, girls' camps were a continuing focus of this boys' camp, with Pinecliffe and Walden often chosen as the favorite girls' camp.

- Most Popular
- Best Athlete
- Most Likely to Succeed
- Most Intelligent
- Most Handsome
- Most Humorous
- Best Worker
- Most Cheerful
- Favorite Athletic Activity
- Favorite Selected Activity
- Favorite Girls' Camp

Winnebago: The Sum of Its Parts

BY ELIZABETH SOSNOW
Parent 2010–current

In the early days of motherhood, I recall being vaguely astonished that we had created three very different sons. Even more surprising, it quickly became clear they each craved customized rules and experiences to reach their full potential.

From ice cream cone flavors to sports preferences, from potty training behaviors to their first bike lessons, from having a small group of friends to having a cast of thousands . . . each son made different choices. So, we learned to anticipate and embrace their individual styles.

LEFT: Campers and staff sing "Goodnight Winnebago" after an Evening Assembly in the Lodge.

Put another way, I discovered that being a good mom meant understanding how to respect, nurture, and guide those differences.

Our oldest son, Ben, has a sweet, generous, and empathetic nature that thrives in community settings. Our middle son, Nick, is adventurous, competitive, and has a social ease that allows him to connect with lots of different kinds of kids. Our youngest child, Luke, is shy, curious, and a focused athlete.

There's really only been one time that we've made a significant parenting choice that's benefited all three children equally: Camp Winnebago.

Like every extraordinary experience, there are many layers of Winnebago. Let me share a few of our favorites.

- Arriving: During the first day of Camp, the new boys are quickly scooped up by their camp Big Brothers, who immediately begin weaving them into the community.

- Befriending: Each of my sons has made friendships that will last a lifetime. I see it in the letters, texts, emails, and visits that happen during the school year. Plus, these friendships deepen with time. Many boys meet each other at age 9 and spend every summer together through age 15. They grow up together, and that's a precious gift to take with them.

- Playing: Swimming, baseball, tennis, soccer, kickball, sailing, archery, and riflery are all a constant and productive part of Camp. But while sports activities are a firm backbone to a camper's day, at no time is being an athlete prized above being a stellar community member.

- Living: Each boy lives in a bunk with a small group of other boys, as well as several counselors. In the early years, the counselors give tremendous support (and hugs) as the boys learn how to live away from home. As the kids get older, the counselors become your favorite older cousins, offering a playful game of hoops or gentle firmness, whatever is required in that moment. And no matter what kind of son you have, no child is left behind. That's just not the Winnebago way.

- Hearing: When technology is removed, and there are no screens or even electricity in the bunks, your son can suddenly hear the hum of nature in his ear . . . and in his heart.

- Leading: Twice a summer, in the younger divisions, two boys per age group are voted Captains for their Brown or Green team. It's worth noting that, almost every time, the boys who win this title are not the best athletes in the division. Instead, they are regarded as the best leaders.

- Eating: Being in Maine has its privileges, so there is a Lobster Night halfway through the summer. My boys also love Birthday Night, with a cake for every month of the year!

- Traveling: Older boys hike Mount Katahdin and canoe the Allagash River, while younger boys start with trips to Mount Blue and Parker Pond. Every trip encourages self-reliance, teamwork, and adventure.

- Savoring: My sons love the annual traditions, from Carnival Night to Mr. Winnebago to the Patrol Game to B&G to the Circus to Casino Night.

- Visiting: We love Visiting Day, when parents get to join in the fun, which always includes consuming delicious brownies and cooling off with a jump in the beautiful and pristine Echo Lake.

- Receiving: Over the years, all three of my children won a Winnebago Award for contributing to Camp by demonstrating good character. I cherish how Winnebago gets them to recognize their "best self."

- Giving: As each of my sons grew older, the early lessons of Camp were fulfilled, and each actively made time for the youngest kids in Camp. It's absolutely normal to see a 15-year-old cheering on a 10-year-old in a race or game.

ABOVE: Luke, Ben, and Nick Sosnow

- Leading: During Senior Year, the oldest campers lead the entire camp, not just in B&G color war, but in role modeling what being a good human looks like.

- Reflecting: Camp's extraordinary Director, Andy Lilienthal, takes enormous care over every aspect of Camp. That includes sending us a highly thoughtful evaluation of how the summer progressed for each boy at the end of the season, with comments woven in from key counselors and coaches. As you read it, you swiftly understand how well they see who your son is . . . and how he has the potential to grow.

- Returning: As I write this, my oldest is coming closer to the time when he can become a counselor. There's nothing he wants more than to pass on the joy of Winnebago to someone else.

Camp Winnebago is all of these experiences, blended into an extraordinary whole. It truly is the sum of its parts. For my very different sons, Camp achieved the impossible—seeing and giving each of them what they needed, at the right times, and in the right ways. Ben became stronger, more self-confident, and realized that he could be a leader. Nick learned that he could marry his athletic competitiveness with his sociability to achieve even greater success. Luke saw that he was his own bright light. He realized how to proudly stand alone, without always being in the background of two older brothers.

In the end, as parents, we have a similar opportunity. Our job is to provide a childhood that is the sum of its parts. Over time, we find that knee scrapes and holiday meals, school plays and homework, camp and college applications all unite into a precious whole. Your child becomes the adult he was meant to be.

CHIEF ON CAMP

Chief's thoughts and ideas were formative for Camp in its early years and remain so today. While the writing is formal, the sentiments are timeless.

The Echo, 1921

"There must be a spirit of loyalty and brotherhood if things are to go as they should. Camp spirit is something you cannot lay your hands upon, but everyone knows when it is present. It is the cement which unites the camp body into one unit and changes many individuals, with their separate purposes, into one great group, working for the common good. This is the element of camp life toward which every boy can make his contribution."

"Each boy has come to know his fellow campers; he has met different types, and he has learned the customs and manners of fellows different from his home associates. He has learned sportsmanship and good fellowship. Camp teaches him how to be a good loser and a good winner, and accustoms him to getting along with other fellows. Fair play and obedience also are things a fellow learns from Camp. The first comes from his association with other boys. The second is emphasized by the camp motto: 'Obey first, discuss afterwards.'"

ABOVE: Chief in the Library with campers, 1943

WAG, 1941

"During the 21 years of Winnebago's existence, it has always been our keen objective and ambition to help build a strong, self-reliant, democratic group of citizens out of boys entrusted to our care . . . . Build strong bodies, develop independence, and initiative, be self-reliant! . . . May it be a profitable summer for each one of you in the building of body, mind, character, and the higher qualities of citizenship."

RIGHT: The Lodge and original Dining Hall

FAR RIGHT: Uncle Andy walking down Eagle Row

Directors

The Camp we know today was formed through the passion, genius, and commitment of four very different men—Frederick "Chief' Guggenheimer, who founded Camp, and the three Lilienthal men who have continued and enriched the life of Winnebago—Howard Lilienthal, Phil Lilienthal, and Andy Lilienthal.

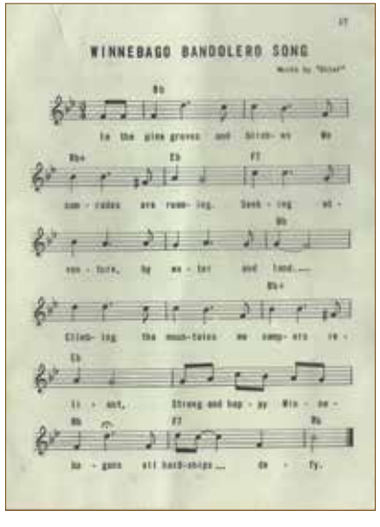
FREDERICK "CHIEF" GUGGENHEIMER

Director 1920–1956

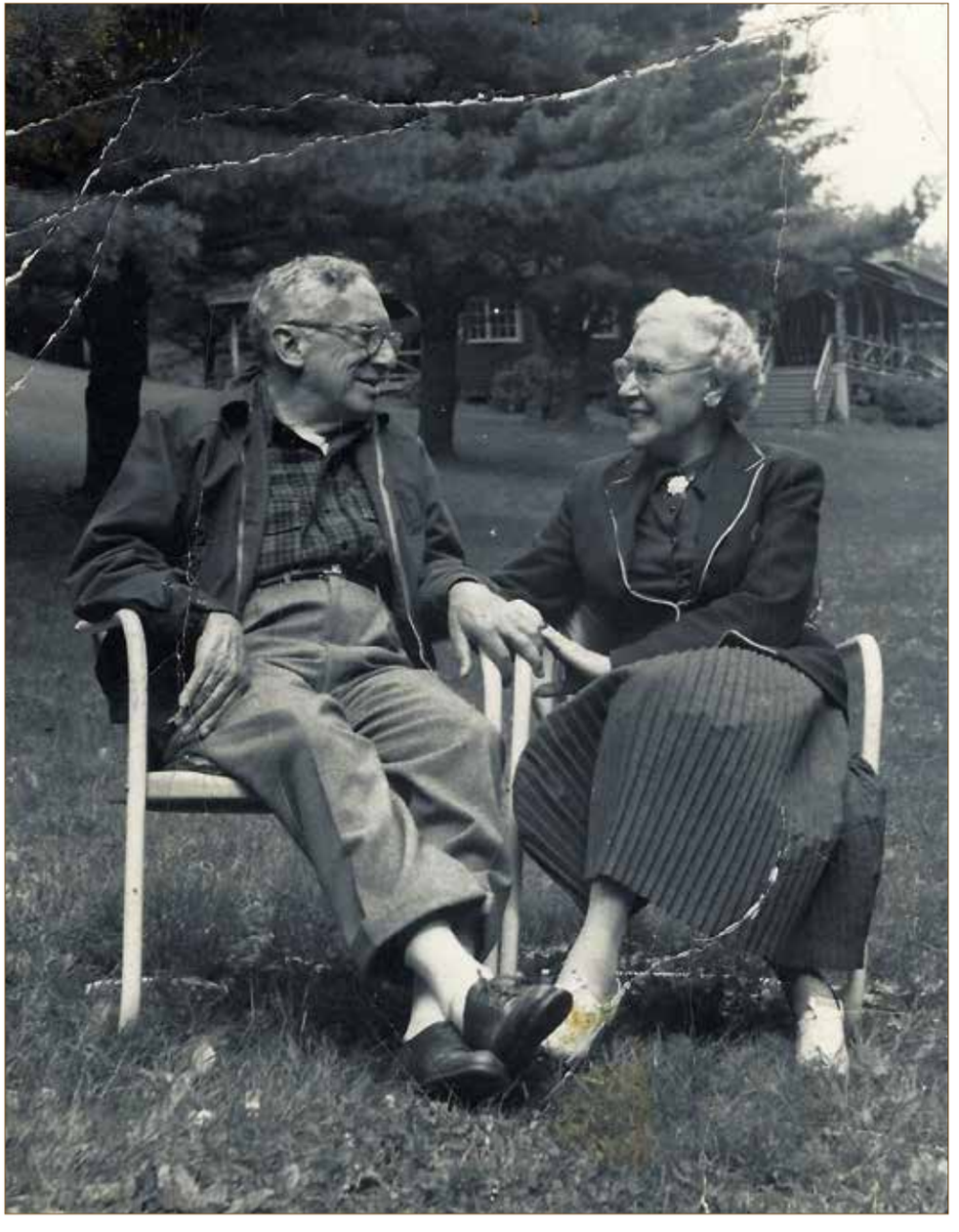
Frederick Guggenheimer, at the age of 37 in 1919, had the motivation and the opportunity to buy a beautiful piece of land on Echo Lake in Maine. He had the vision to create a community of boys and men where everyone lived together to create a spirit of unity and service. Boys learned values that were inherent to positive citizenship, trust, and caring.

Chief laid out his vision for the camp. In the early years, the campers helped build some of the buildings, the front gate, and the Indian Village located past today's Senior Lodge. The daily program included sports, swimming, and Occupations such as woodcraft, theater, and arts and crafts. In subsequent years, enrollment increased and the camp program expanded.

Chief brought his family to Maine for the summer. His wife, Rose (known as "Mrs. Chief"), their daughter, Betty, and Mrs. Chief's mother, Mrs. J.H. Blatner, all lived in Chief's Cottage, on the lawn overlooking Camp.


WINNEBAGO BANDOLERO SONG

Knowing that neither his daughter, Betty, nor her husband, Malcolm Steiner, would be interested in taking over Camp, in the early 1940s, Chief considered who would carry on his legacy. He was introduced to Howard Lilienthal, a Harvard Law School classmate of his son-in-law. Howard was practicing law in New York City at the time and volunteering his time working with teenagers.



ABOVE: Chief and Mrs. Chief by Chief's Cottage

LEFT: Chief had many talents, including writing the words to the "Winnebago Bandolero Song."

Frederick Guggenheimer

The Echo, 1921

"Two years of the camping experience have come and gone, and they have taught us many lessons. Our opportunity to contribute in future years may be summed up in three thoughts: make of ourselves first-rate campers; try to bring those into our number who will improve our camp; and, lastly, help those who are now of our number to measure up to the Winnebago ideal."

ABOVE: Chief playing checkers on the porch at Chief's Cottage, on the same checkers table that now sits on the porch of the Museum

HOWARD "UNCLE HOWIE" LILIENTHAL

Associate Director 1943–1956, Director 1956–1974

Howard worked with Chief starting in the summer of 1943 as the Associate Director. After Chief's death in the fall of 1956, Howard became the sole owner and Director of Camp Winnebago. Howard was a personable man who enjoyed interacting with people, stimulating conversation, and being with the campers. Camp continued to expand and attract boys from all over the country.

Howard maintained the traditions of Winnebago: Campers rode the train from Grand Central Station in New York City overnight to Readfield Depot near Camp, women were few and far between, skinny dipping was a rite, and trips and sports continued to delight the campers.

In 1944, Howard's wife, Emmy Lou, and 3-year-old son Phil joined him at Camp. Emmy, Phil, and later his younger brother, Bob, stayed in Chief's Cottage, where the walls didn't meet the ceilings and were so thin that Emmy was continually "shushing" the boys so they would not disturb Chief and Mrs. Chief. In 1957, one of Howard's first acts as Director was to move out of Chief's Cottage and down to the lakefront, into the former Infirmary. After the years in the dim interiors of Chief's Cottage with the surrounding trees blocking off the light, Emmy cut down many of the trees around their new cabin to make sure the sun would shine in. Howard and Emmy planned separate cottages for Phil and Bob, to be built along the water's edge so they would have privacy and independence as their families grew.

Howard and Emmy had the opportunity to purchase 250 acres of unspoiled acreage across Echo Lake in 1950. Emmy remarked to Howard, "Dear, you don't want little girls running around across the lake, do you?" The deal went through, and the acreage has been kept in tree growth ever since, serving as a wonderful protection and vista for Camp, the lake, and its environs.

ABOVE: Uncle Howie

RIGHT: Uncle Howie and Aunt Emmy, with their sons Phil and Bob

Howard Lilienthal

The Echo, 1973

"As I sit back and ponder the direction Camp is taking, all I can say is, 'There is nothing new in camping' and 'The more things change, the more they stay the same.' I hope Winnebago, while changing, developing and growing, will always remain essentially the same: a place for boys of all types to live naturally with nature, to develop and grow to appreciate what each boy has to offer, and to accept each other for what each offers, that no boy is made to feel uncomfortable because of a lack of skill or ability or non-conformity or difference in race or religion."

PHIL "UNCLE PHIL" LILIENTHAL

Pre-Camper 1944–1946, Camper 1947–1956,
Counselor 1960, 1963, Director 1974–2002

Phil Lilienthal returned to Camp Winnebago as its third Director upon Howard's death in 1974. Phil loved being at Camp. After working all winter to prepare for Camp—traveling to see every new camper and recruiting staff—he was thrilled to focus on spending time with the boys and enjoying camp activities in the summer. The poem "Ithaka" was read by Phil at many campfires to remind the campers of their journey. As a result of his global view and experience overseas, an increasing number of counselors and campers came to Winnebago from all over the world, from Russians during the Glasnost era to Chinese with the opening of China.

Throughout Phil's 30 years as Director, he expanded and improved upon the facilities. Each year, there was a new project—sometimes moving a building or constructing a new one. Phil was fortunate to work with David True, the camp caretaker, whose own family had helped build Camp beginning in the 1920s.

Phil Lilienthal

Winnebago Alumni News,
January 1987

"Camp might be the only place in a boy's life where he discovers that tolerance, sportsmanship, and honesty have very direct positive effects. There may be no other institutions in a boy's year that challenge him specifically to attempt new activities just because they are there—no grades, no promise of getting into a better school if he does well. Camp might provide his only chance to talk about things that are really important to him."

ABOVE LEFT: Uncle Phil and Aunt Lynn with their children, Ben, Cathy, and Andy

ABOVE RIGHT: Uncle Phil with his ever-present phone

ANDY "UNCLE ANDY" LILIENTHAL

Camper 1974–1981, Counselor 1985, 1987–1989, Assistant Director 2000–2002, Director 2003–Current

Phil and Andy planned a transition period before he assumed the directorship of Camp Winnebago, a luxury Phil never had with his father. After three years of working together, Andy became the owner and fourth Director of Camp Winnebago in 2003.

Andy grew up at Camp. In 1974, he started in Bunk 1 as a seven-year-old. During his years as Director, Andy has put his brand of management on Camp. He has strengthened the counselor training program, bringing professionalism to the staff. He has continued to refurbish and remodel buildings, and, in 2013, built the magnificent Field House, fulfilling a longstanding need for an indoor space for rainy day activities and a myriad of other uses. With intentionality always in the forefront, Andy continues to examine how Camp best meets the needs of the campers and staff, balancing tradition with evolution in an ever-changing world.

Andy Lilienthal

The Echo, 2010

"Camp and life should provide us with opportunities to grow, change, and better understand ourselves, whether through personal challenge, games, or even having a difficult conversation with a friend . . . . The uniqueness of Winnebago is how we pride ourselves on living by a code of fundamental values; accepting people for who they are and appreciating what each contributes to Camp. Being or doing something 'Winnebagan' is a powerful coda that encapsulates what is right and good. Impossible to exactly define, like being Winnebagan, we as a community strive to do the right thing. We impress upon each other the need to support, respect, and help each other. Whether it is working together as a bunk, on a team, or sharing a canoe paddling in rhythm against a strong head wind, it is the collective that brings the greatest strength."

1930

Alumni Hut, funded by camper parents, is built in the back of The Circle bunks

1932

Weekly round table with campers and Chief meets in the library

1934

DV, a secret honor society at many Maine camps, including Winnebago, is dissolved

1934

New Council Ring is built by lake

1937

Annual visit from Morris Frank, former camper and founder of Seeing Eye Dogs for the Blind, and Buddy, his Seeing Eye dog

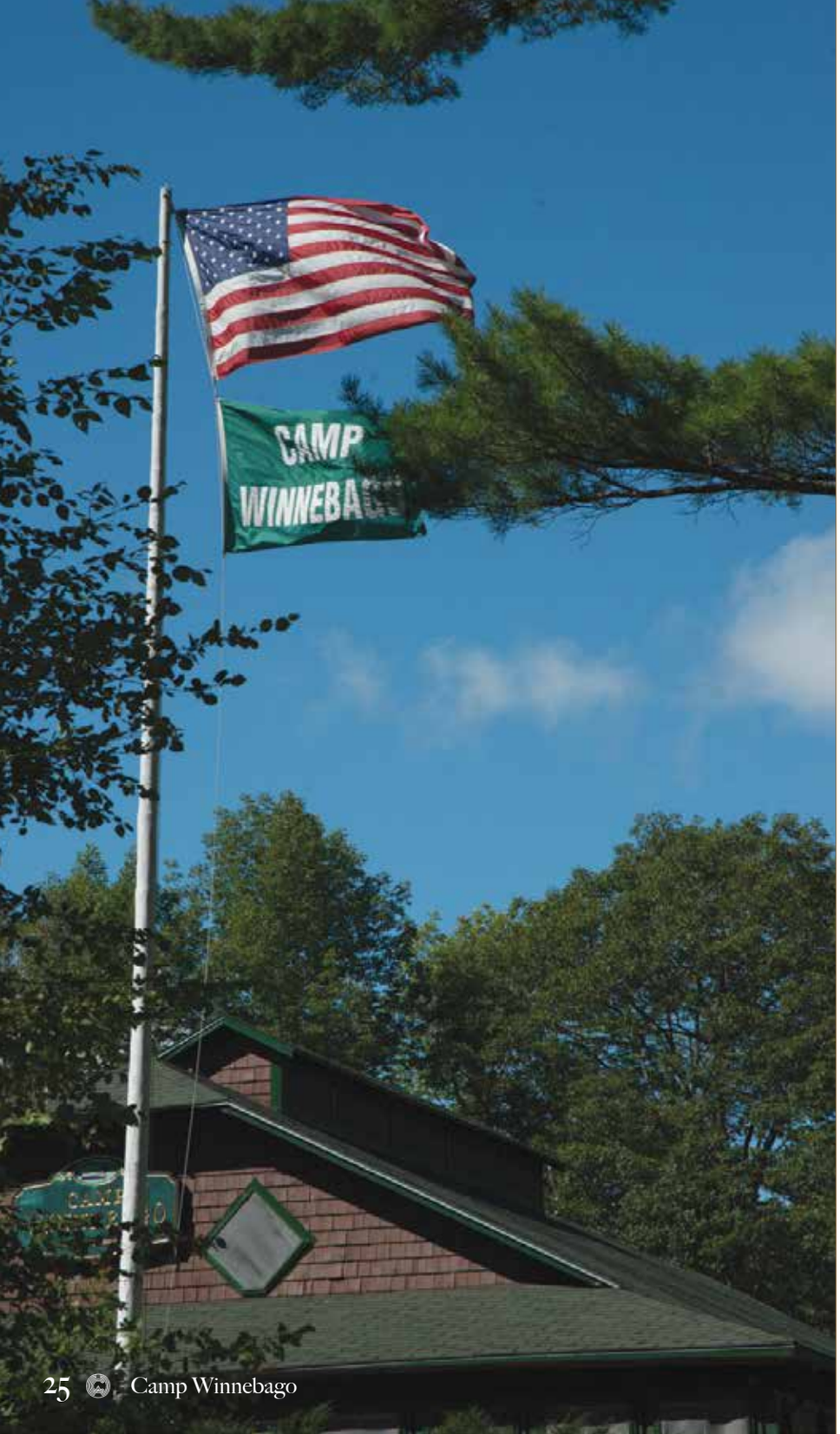
There is a timelessness about Camp, ever evolving, traditional yet modern, intimate yet expansive. Part of the charm and magic of Winnebago is that it has intentionally remained a relatively small camp. Andy says good night to every young camper each evening, knows each camper by name, and with 160 boys and some 60 staff, campers feel that it is an intact family.

FAR LEFT: Uncle Andy and Aunt Laura with their sons, Rafe and Levi

LEFT: Uncle Andy at the Council Ring

Andy enjoys watching boys return to Camp and the generational cycle that never changes. Boys become men, values remain constant, and traditions continue to affect lives.

All four Directors of Camp Winnebago have been stewards of its traditions and the land it is on. They have nurtured each young white pine, blue spruce, and birch tree; built facilities that blend with the landscape; and remained steadfast in the importance of the values and the community that gathers each summer on the shores of Echo Lake.



Directors of Camp Winnebago

BY PHIL LILIENTHAL

Director 1974–2002

I have had the experience and privilege of knowing all four Directors.

My most vivid memory of Frederick "Chief" Guggenheimer was during a drive to Maine. Yes, my family drove with Chief from New York City to Maine every June. It took two days (before interstate highways) and we stayed at old inns along the way.

Most people never had a close a relationship with Chief, as he seemed aloof and removed himself from general contact with the campers and counselors. Anyone summoned to Chief's office went with fear. He had a stern demeanor and seemed much more the president of the company than someone who would mix with the campers by going to activities or chatting with them. His stern look belied a dry humor and an impish manner.

Two customs were memorable to this young pre-camper. The first was his slogan, "Obey first, discuss afterwards." This was in keeping with the times and the accepted top-down form of leadership we all knew. The second was the elimination of chewing gum, after he found it on his shoe three times. We all were sure he searched for pieces of gum on the ground.

TOP: Mrs. Chief and friends relax on the lawn in front of Chief's Cottage, 1930, in wooden chairs still in use at Camp today.

BOTTOM: Camp with snow, as it must have looked when it was being built during that very snowy winter and spring of 1920.

He preached democracy and Camp as a breeding ground for the exercise of democratic principles. Chief wanted Camp to build a "strong, self-reliant, democratic group of citizens out of the boys." He spoke of the "Winnebago Spirit" in terms that avoided precise definition and which represented the best that people could do for each other.

Chief seemed removed from the daily activities and often only addressed the camp at Morning Assemblies and Council Ring talks. Annually, he would recite the Sam Walter Foss poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," with its theme of being a friend to man.

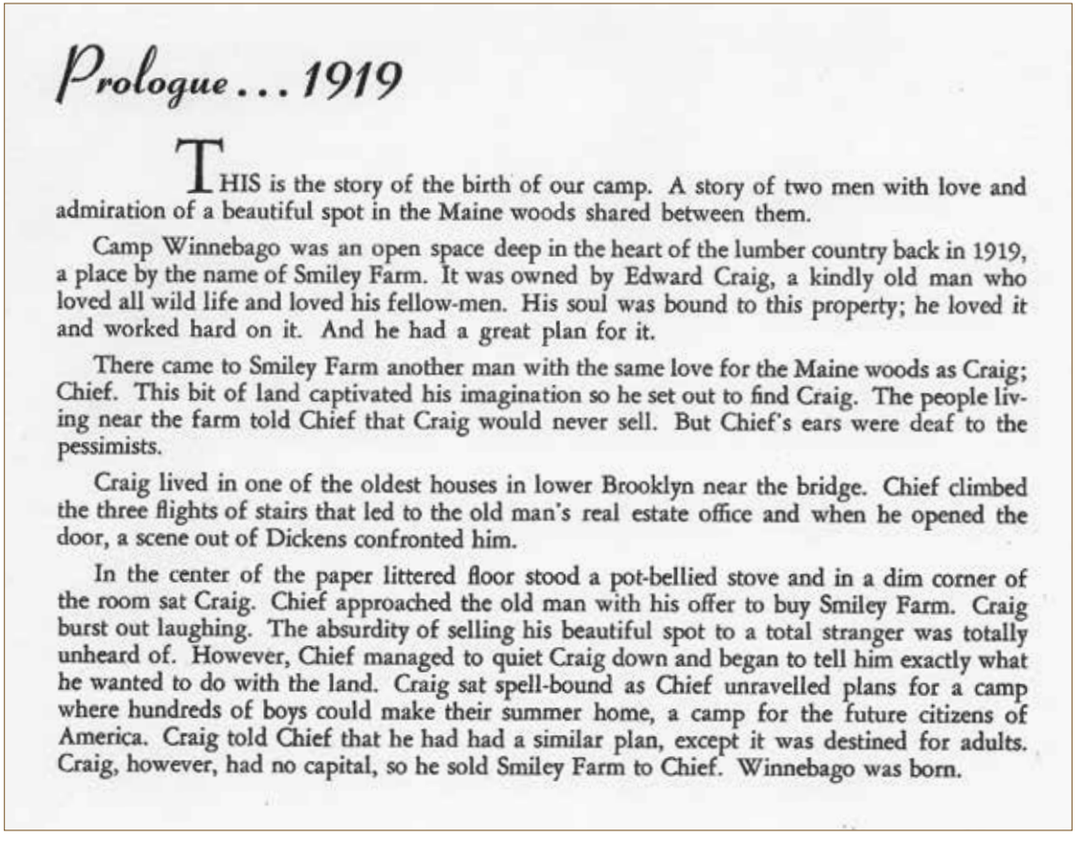
On Parents Visiting Weekend he would have luncheon for the parents, with chairs and rustic tables on the lawn between the Lodge and Infirmary, served by the kitchen and maintenance staff. I recall him and Mrs. Chief dressed in summer whites and how formal the occasion seemed in contrast to the informal fun of camp life.

From my child's view, I could not have wrapped my arms around the vision that this man had in founding Winnebago: The passion he must have had in convincing a farmer named Mr. Craig to sell what he had never considered selling to a man he didn't know; the persistence with which he confronted a winter that saw 15 feet of snow on the fields of Camp on April 1, 1920; the dismay he must have felt when faced with a nationwide rail strike that further delayed building materials; the frantic and nerve-wracking movement when construction was begun on the first buildings on May 1; and, finally, the joy of Camp Winnebago opening on July 1, 1920, with 29 campers and eight staff.

Chief's successor, my father, Uncle Howie, changed Camp in ways that were positive and reflective of the changing times. A Harvard Law School graduate, he soon soured on law as a full-time career and so was most receptive when the offer was made to come to Winnebago. Howie was, like John Kennedy, of the twentieth century and a breath of fresh air.

> A man who radiated joviality, Howie had a firm handshake and big smile that was in stark contrast to his predecessor.

Of course, the world was changing, too. Greater informality and involvement with campers was more natural. He came to camper activities and, when visiting the cabins to say goodnight, went to the boys' bedsides, called each by name, and inquired about their day. With some boys he would gently roughhouse, and with others he would jokingly sit on them on their beds, but always with the appreciative involvement of a father figure.



Prologue . . . 1919

THIS is the story of the birth of our camp. A story of two men with love and admiration of a beautiful spot in the Maine woods shared between them.

Camp Winnebago was an open space deep in the heart of the lumber country back in 1919, a place by the name of Smiley Farm. It was owned by Edward Craig, a kindly old man who loved all wild life and loved his fellow-men. His soul was bound to this property; he loved it and worked hard on it. And he had a great plan for it.

There came to Smiley Farm another man with the same love for the Maine woods as Craig; Chief. This bit of land captivated his imagination so he set out to find Craig. The people living near the farm told Chief that Craig would never sell. But Chief's ears were deaf to the pessimists.

Craig lived in one of the oldest houses in lower Brooklyn near the bridge. Chief climbed the three flights of stairs that led to the old man's real estate office and when he opened the door, a scene out of Dickens confronted him.

In the center of the paper littered floor stood a pot-bellied stove and in a dim corner of the room sat Craig. Chief approached the old man with his offer to buy Smiley Farm. Craig burst out laughing. The absurdity of selling his beautiful spot to a total stranger was totally unheard of. However, Chief managed to quiet Craig down and began to tell him exactly what he wanted to do with the land. Craig sat spell-bound as Chief unravelled plans for a camp where hundreds of boys could make their summer home, a camp for the future citizens of America. Craig told Chief that he had had a similar plan, except it was destined for adults. Craig, however, had no capital, so he sold Smiley Farm to Chief. Winnebago was born.

ABOVE: The story of the founding of Camp, from the 25th Anniversary *Echo* in 1944

In his years as Associate Director, he and the Head Counselor, Leo Lehrman, were responsible for the daily running of Camp and dealing with campers. They would jokingly vie for position against each other, playing tennis at Rest Hour on Court 1. I remember the excitement of watching those matches, for those of us given permission, but only after we had completed a shower or a letter home. Leo was the more formal disciplinarian; Howie was the good guy who always made the campers feel appreciated.

After taking over as Director in 1956, Howie began an incremental but important era of change for Camp. Trying to instill democratic principles, he pushed the Campers Council, which served as the voice of the campers regarding suggestions for improvements in the running of Camp, for more creative and new ideas for Camp.

TOP LEFT: Uncle Howie with his jovial smile
TOP RIGHT: Campers show their Winnebago spirit.
BOTTOM: Uncle Howie and Head Counselor Leo Lehrman

While he spoke of Camp as an educational vehicle, he wanted participation to be part of that process. He encouraged campers to be critical of changes at Camp if they thought the changes were not in keeping with what best represented Winnebago. One recurring issue of this fledgling democracy involved paper towels in the Greenhouses (the boys' bathrooms). Campers Council took this suggestion to Uncle Howie and he added the paper towels. But because democracy is not always perfect, he was then faced with the complaints of the maintenance staff that some towels ended up plugging the toilets.

Howie brought a globalism to Camp, being one of the first summer camp directors to hire international staff. He hired the first international counselors in 1960 and continued in the years to come, with counselors from the United Kingdom, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Hungary, Cuba, and Ethiopia.

Early in the 1960s, when Howie created the Winnebago Scholarship Fund, he reinvigorated the Alumni Association and asked that it take a role in funding scholarships and identifying potential campers.

He reached out to the Native American Winnebago tribe in Nebraska and received funding from the Bureau of Indian Affairs for campers' transportation expenses. Camp Winnebago absorbed the tuition expense, so that these Native American boys from Nebraska were able to attend Camp for several years in the 1960s and 1970s. When the funding for transportation dried up, Howie extended the offer to the Maine Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes, whose sons also attended Camp.

Under his leadership, the daily camp program changed dramatically. Selected Activities twice a day replaced once-a-day Occupations, swim instruction and free swim replaced the swim period, and athletic instruction and competitive athletics (Brown and Green) replaced the single athletics period. Concerned that Winnebago was placing too much emphasis on team sports, he developed the more varied program seen in Camp today, giving more emphasis to skills that had lifelong impact and were less team-oriented.

Instead of food that was "good" for you and stayed the same through the years, Howie, through his wife, Aunt Emmy, established a "Food for Thought" committee and was more tuned into what campers liked to eat, having two of his own campers at home.

In January 1974, Howie was suddenly diagnosed with cancer. I was living overseas with my family, and immediately returned to the States to begin working with him. Sadly, he passed away in June, shortly before the start of Camp. He had built a solid program and staff to work with, and the sad summer of 1974 was made smoother by old hands and younger counselors all being particularly supportive.

Two of the consistent threads during my tenure at Camp were making Camp more diverse and updating and improving facilities. I loved traveling, and remember being very determined to get a more diverse camper population. It was tough, but we eventually built a broader base.

Though I don't know the first thing about building facilities, the caretakers David and Carol True were staunch and trusted allies, and with them we expanded the facilities. When we needed something built, they would find the best and most economical way of doing it.

> By having a project a year, we expanded the facilities and became known as a camp on the move.

I think I was more of a camper's Director, loving the interaction with campers, playing Rest Hour volleyball and After Supper League (ASL) softball, and happily joining in Evening Assemblies. Backing me up, Paul Schwarz, Head Counselor during most of my entire tenure as Director, did a great job of working with and supporting the staff.

FAR LEFT: Uncle Phil with campers

LEFT: 1974 Camp staff photo

ABOVE: Uncle Andy flips the coin for Big Captains Charlie Quill and Matty Shenkman to choose their team colors, 2016.

Due to my difficult, sudden transition to the Director's position, when Andy was ready to return to Camp, we decided to have an intentional, three-year transition. We wanted to give him the experience he needed before he became solely responsible for Camp.

Andy seized the opportunity to use his background in training and created a more thorough and relevant staff training program. He made a great decision in hiring EJ Kerwin as Head Counselor to work in a year-round capacity and further expanded EJ's role by making him primarily responsible for counselor recruitment. Following in Jim Astrove's charismatic stint as Head Counselor was no easy task for EJ, as Jim had been a camper, a long-term counselor in more areas than anyone had served, and a very popular Head Counselor.

Andy boldly extended by a year the time alumni needed to wait before returning as counselors. Previously, alums could return at the end of their senior year in high school. He moved it to the end of freshman year in college and, as a result, the alumni staff grew in numbers and were better prepared for the challenges of being counselors.

Andy's biggest physical mark on Camp has been the Field House, an undertaking of major proportions, which has helped the program evolve while being a model for other camps to emulate.

Winnebago has progressed continually under its four very capable Directors. They have each cared about the campers, the counselors, the facilities, the program, and the alumni in their own individual ways, making Camp stronger and more vibrant as a result. While all four Directors have had different personalities and different styles, they each served their times well.

Winnebago Wives and Families

While Winnebago is definitely a male domain, wives and families have always had significant roles at Camp, starting in the earliest years.

Chief and Mrs. Chief created a feeling of family, bringing their young daughter and Mrs. Chief's mother and aunt to Camp. In 1924, Betty Guggenheimer, Chief's daughter, brought a young friend to Camp, Ruth Froehlich, and both participated in the camp Glee Club.

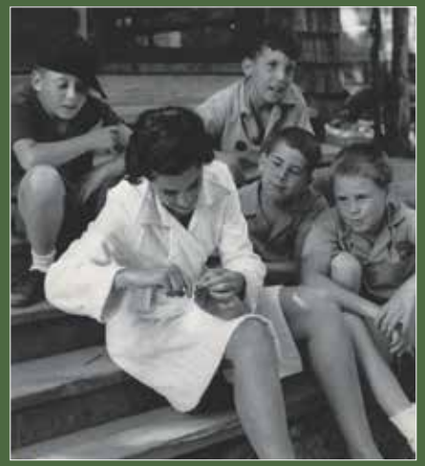
In the 1944 *Echo*, the "Year in Review" notes the arrival in Camp of Aunt Emmy and King Philip, later known as Uncle Phil. The women and children were banished to less visible areas of Camp, whereby the famous Betty's Beach (named for Chief's daughter), a natural sandy cove along the lakeshore behind the tennis courts, came into being. It was where women, girls, and boys too young to be campers could play, laugh, and relax, out of sight. It has continued to the present day.

FAR LEFT: Mrs. Chief with birthday cakes at the Outdoor Supper Field

LEFT: Aunt Emmy with birthday cakes at the Outdoor Supper Field

TOP: Aunt Emmy, Mrs. Chief, and Betty Guggenheimer Steiner

BOTTOM: Betty's Beach, where the wives and families play



FAR LEFT: Aunt Emmy cuts campers nails, getting ready for Visiting Day.

MIDDLE LEFT: Aunt Lynn

LEFT: Dr. Aunt Laura in the Infirmary

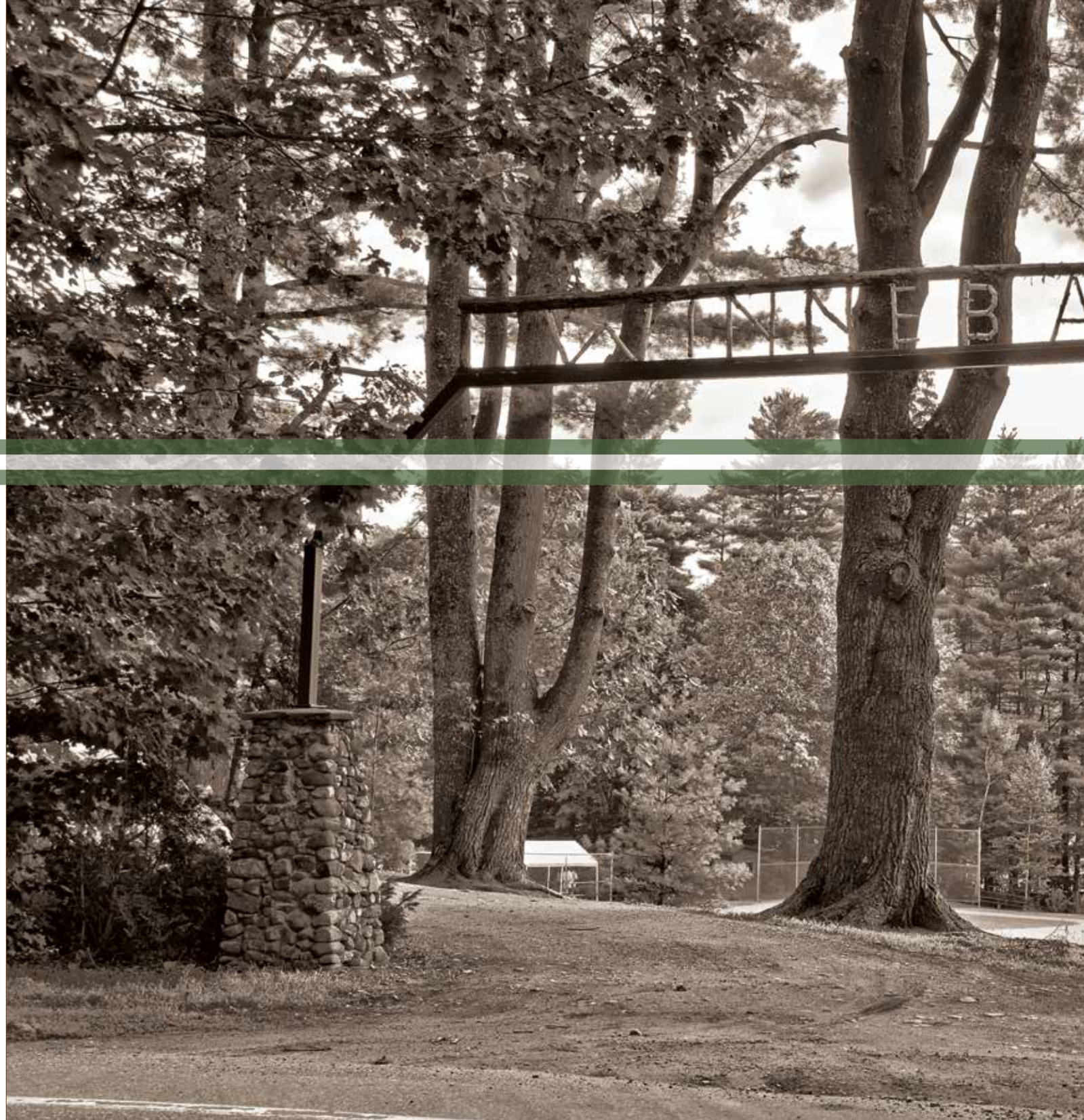
BELOW: Andy and Ben with their grandmother, Emmy Lou

Aunt Emmy (Howard's wife) will forever be remembered for sewing on earned patches in the evening, cutting boys' toenails, and having the whole Camp participate in assembling boxes for lunches on Visiting Day. Aunt Lynn (Phil's wife) started an important new tradition of an all-camp 10-foot-by-8-foot latch hook rug, made by the campers and the counselors, to celebrate every 10th-anniversary year at Camp. Starting with the 60th anniversary rug made in 1979, all four rugs are proudly displayed in the Dining Hall, soon to be joined by the 100th-anniversary rug. Lynn created and curated the Winnebago Museum for the 75th Anniversary in 1994. Mrs. Chief, Emmy Lou, and Lynn were all involved in menu planning and making sure the kitchen functioned at the highest level, producing nourishing meals for the camp community. Aunt Laura (Andy's wife), a practicing pediatrician, revamped the Infirmary and health care program and oversees the wellness of the Winnebago community.

In addition to the Directors' wives, there are the wives of Head Counselors and senior staff, who spent many a summer day sitting at Betty's Beach, with or without small children. Some also worked as counselors. For example, Aunt Anne Astrove (counselor 1993–2005) taught tennis for many summers. The support and help of the wives and families of Directors and senior staff has made a major impact on Camp.

"As a camper, I remember blowing bubbles and drinking Cokes on her sofa next to Echo Lake when the counselors thought I was at free swim."

—Ben Lilienthal
Camper 1981–1988, Counselor 1991, 2000,
remembering his grandmother, Emmy Lou

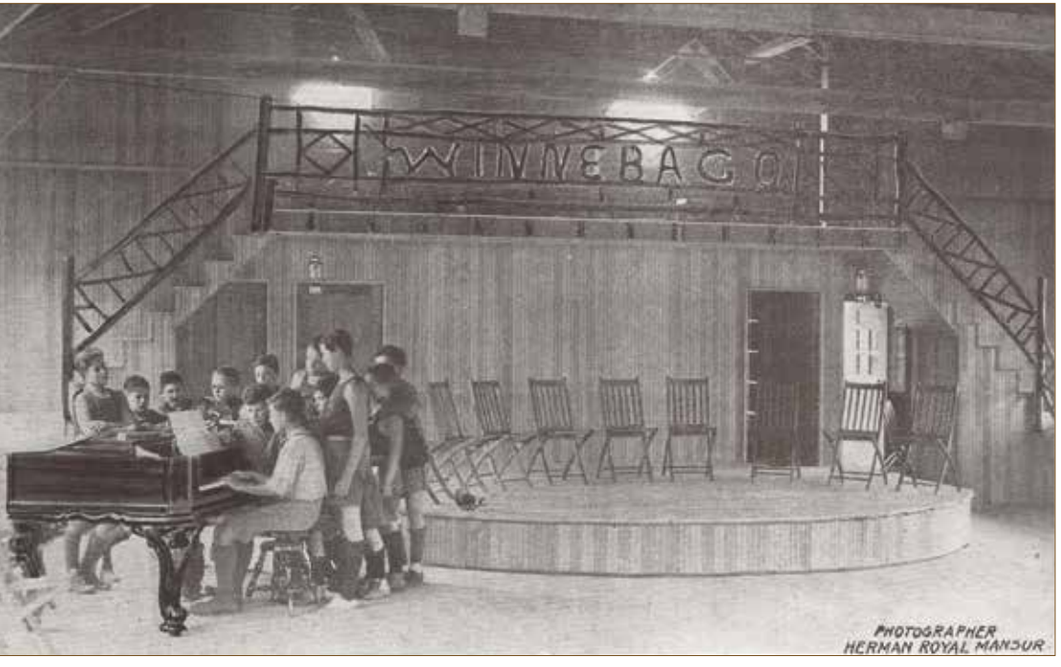


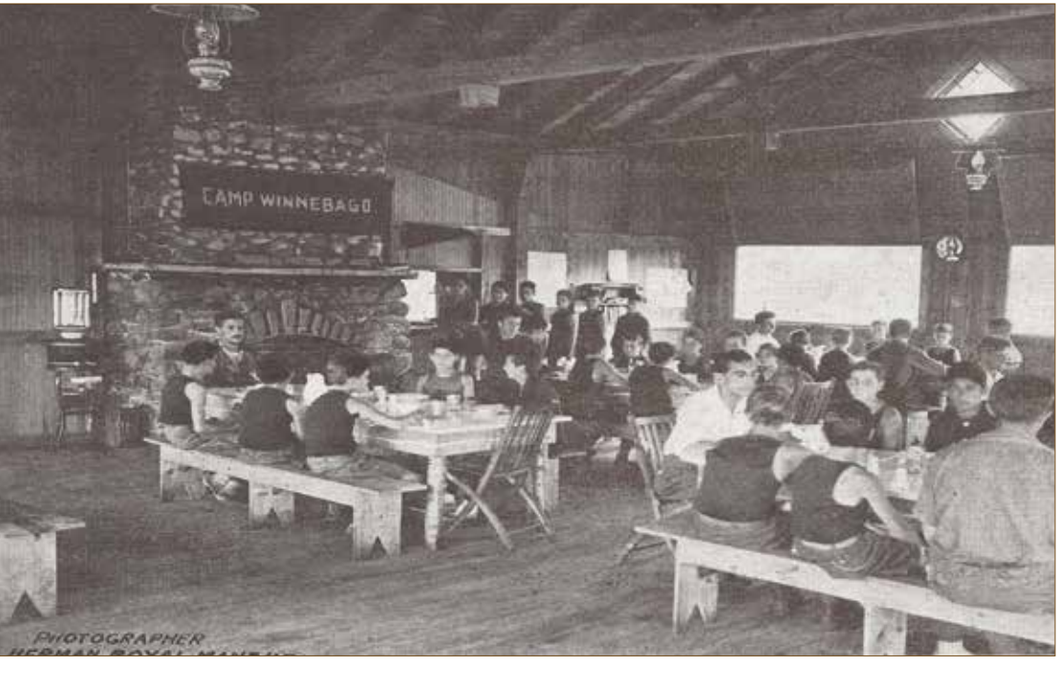
RIGHT: Main entrance to Camp with the stone pillars and birch-log sign

FAR RIGHT: Council Ring

Places

How thrilling it is to see Camp Winnebago for the first time. After passing the Fayette Country Store, the road turns to the right and there it stands, the first glimpse of Echo Lake, shimmering toward the horizon. There is a sudden flush of excitement as Camp is so near you can almost taste it. The green-and-white sign appears on the left, and across the road, the beautiful stone pillars frame Winnebago spelled out in birch logs high overhead. In through the archway and suddenly you are immersed in Camp.





For every camper, for every counselor, for everyone who treasures Winnebago in their hearts, the buildings and nooks and crannies of Camp evoke their own unique and strong memories. When Chief first saw it in 1919, it was farmland, with barely a tree to be seen. The Camp Winnebago we know today has emerged from the original 70 acres and two-thirds of a mile of waterfront to today's almost 500 acres of breathtaking landscape, two miles of waterfront, sports fields, and a myriad of buildings, all built in its inimitable rustic brown-shingle-and-green-roof style.

ORIGINAL BUILDINGS

Camp looks much the same today as it did in 1920. While the trees are taller and there are more buildings, the overall layout of Camp remains.

The Lodge, with its great stone fireplace, continues to serve as a focal point for Evening Assemblies. For many campers, memories of their first performance on stage, watching a favorite counselor in the Counselor Show, raucous talent shows, and the echoes of "Do you have any banana cream pie?" are seared into their minds. Most poignantly, if you try, you can almost hear the faint notes of "Good Night Winnebago" sung after each Evening Assembly, accompanied by the old piano.

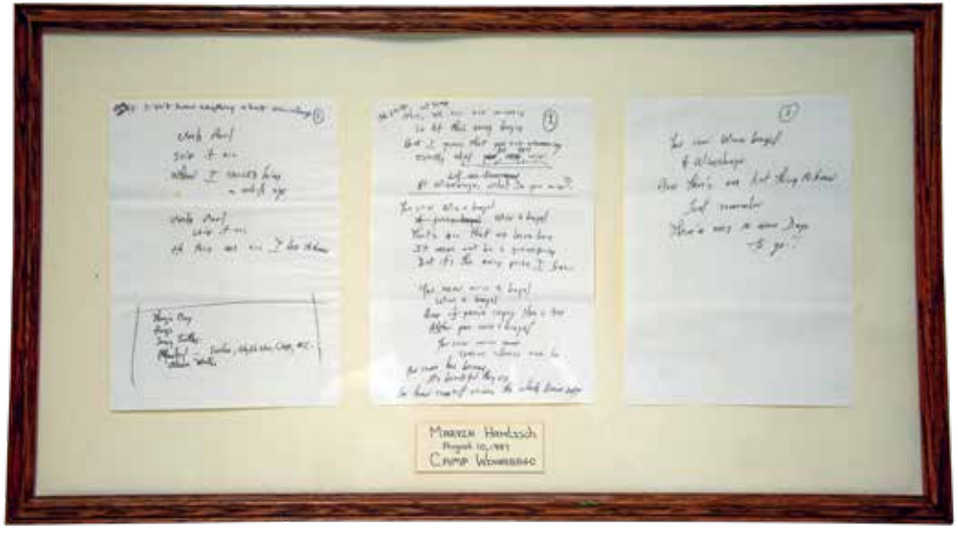
TOP: The stage and piano in the Lodge in 1921
BOTTOM: The Dining Hall in 1921

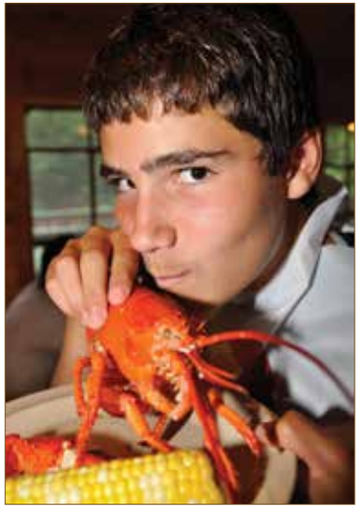
The stage, in the Lodge, framed with the birch-log "WINNEBAGO" sign, was fashioned in 1920 and remains in its prominent place. Likewise, the original wooden folding chairs, still used today, can be seen in early camp photographs.

Through the years, bits and pieces have been added to the Lodge—the wraparound porch, the shuffleboard deck, the Athletics Office—but its principal purpose as a gathering place has remained. The walls have become adorned with the faded college pennants donated by counselors, old bleach bottles inked with the faint scores of long-ago swim meets, year plaques celebrating the highlights of each camp season, and memorabilia for important occasions in the life of Camp.

> The camp pictures that hang on the back wall of the Lodge are almost inevitably the first stop when a former camper comes back to visit.

Today's Dining Hall, enlarged and remodeled from the original 1920 building in 1947 and several times after that, is the epicenter of many a camper's culinary delights. The stone fireplace, with its welcoming, crackling fire on cool mornings, the ceiling fans wafting soft breezes on a hot day, dinner at the round tables with the wooden chairs or outside at the picnic tables on the deck—all these bring back memories of many wonderful meals and perhaps even some not-so-wonderful ones: bug juice, spaghetti on the first night of Camp, fried chicken for Captain's Dinner, steaks grilled outside on the old bedsprings for Final Banquet, your first lobster.





TOP: Marvin Hamlisch visited in the summer of 1987 and wrote a song about Camp for the Evening Assembly. Hamlisch's original words, scribbled on sheets of paper, are hanging in a frame in the Lodge.

LEFT BOTTOM: The joy of the once-a-summer lobster dinner

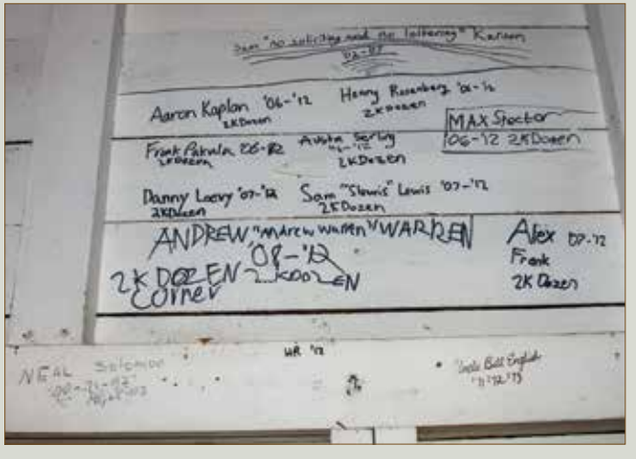
RIGHT BOTTOM: The ending of the classic Winnebago skit, *Do You Have Any Banana Cream Pie?*, 2016

CAMP STORE

How exciting was it when the announcement, "Camp Store for Eagles," rang out in the Dining Hall and the cheer went up! Then, you hurriedly finished lunch and raced over to line up in front of the small, dimly lit, brown-shingled building to experience the pure joy of a frozen Charleston Chew and a paper cup of thirst-quenching soda on a hot summer afternoon.

For some campers, Camp Store is the closest to Nirvana they'll get all summer. It's the source of candy, soft-serve ice cream, soda, and necessities such as batteries, toothpaste, etc. And finally, when you're a Senior Lodger, you get to write your name on the inside wall. Today, these walls are a trip down memory lane.

The popular soft-serve ice cream was the brainchild of Aunt Lynn in the 1990s. It's been a huge hit ever since. Today, campers and staff enjoy soft-serve ice cream after the Outdoor Supper Field dinners on Trip Day. Campers are very inventive about how best to enjoy their ice cream. At least once, a camper even convinced a not-to-be-named Unk into letting him put his mouth right under an open soft-serve ice cream machine spout.



TOP: The tradition of writing your name on the Camp Store wall
BOTTOM: The joy of a Camp Store soft-serve ice cream

TOP: The nightly ritual of a counselor reading aloud at bedtime

MIDDLE: The bunks on Park Avenue

BOTTOM: A messy bunk—probably not inspection time

BUNKS

The dim, cool interiors, the creaky wooden floors, the heavy canvas tarp window coverings, your trunk, living without electricity or running water, snuggling under a wool blanket on a cold night, laughing, joking, reading by flashlight after lights out, your counselor sleeping close by—shut your eyes and remember what it felt like to sleep with your summer friends in a bunk and awake in the morning.

One of the most enduring parts of Camp is that the bunks remain what they were 100 years ago—simple, wood-frame buildings with room for a few campers and one or two counselors, no running water, and no electricity. While bathrooms were added to the younger campers' bunks at one time, they were soon taken out (not Winnebagan!). It is the very simplicity that speaks to the heart of Camp and helps create the camaraderie so important to every summer. The very first bunks were on Eagle Row; as Camp grew, the capacity of the first bunks was soon exceeded, and bunks were slowly added on Park Avenue, Flatbush, The Circle, and Senior Row. Senior Lodge was built in 1957 and The Birches in 2002.

Ask campers about their bunks and they'll talk about falling asleep listening to the loons or the patter of rain on the rooftops, their first night in Bunk 1, and bunk inspection, replete with mandatory hospital corners. Bunks have always been known by numbers, and this simple formula was thrown into disarray with the addition of The Birches in 2002 (Bunks 13–15). The old 13 is now 16 and 14 is now 17 . . . and on and on. There are important bunk traditions—stay away from Senior Row and Senior Lodge, sign your name somewhere on the walls of the bunk, and enjoy the bedtime ritual of having your counselor read aloud at night from a favorite book or engage in a discussion about the day's events.

The tradition of being in Senior Lodge is, for many campers, a dream come true. A new Senior Lodge was built in 2002, which enlarged the capacity and provided a firm foundation and storage underneath the building. The building, the camaraderie, and the kinship created in the Lodge are enduring markers of a Winnebagan's life.

SPORTS FIELDS

For many campers, their strongest memories are of the hours spent on the athletic fields. Legends and myths were born there . . . as well as tall tales. Who hit a softball over the soccer field fence, who scored the goal to win the season? Remember the game that secured your place as a key figure on the team, the time the ball rolled down the hill past Eagle Field to the cheers of "in the lake," or the ball that was hit up the hill and onto the road in right field of the softball diamond? That was the stuff of legend.

> From the very earliest days, the fields followed the sporting interests of the times.

Tennis courts were present from the outset, along with the volleyball, baseball, and soccer fields. Eagle Field, the site of many athletic contests for the younger groups, soon was added. As interests changed, softball fields, a street and roller hockey rink, sand volleyball court, climbing wall, ropes course, and gaga pit were added. The archery range was relocated from its location below the softball field to its present home behind the video hut.

The riflery range, originally on the other side of Route 17, was relocated across Echo Lake Road. Indoor pursuits were added, including the Ping Pong building and the Weight Room. In 1998 the New Field for baseball, soccer, and lacrosse was added across Echo Lake Road on the site of the old dump, and in 2013 the Field House was built.

LEFT: A drone's-eye view of the soccer and softball fields
RIGHT: In 1989, campers voted archery as their favorite activity
FAR RIGHT: The Field House, built in 2013

1943

75 percent of former campers are in the Armed Services

1943

Those same trees that campers could jump over in 1922 have grown a lot taller

1944

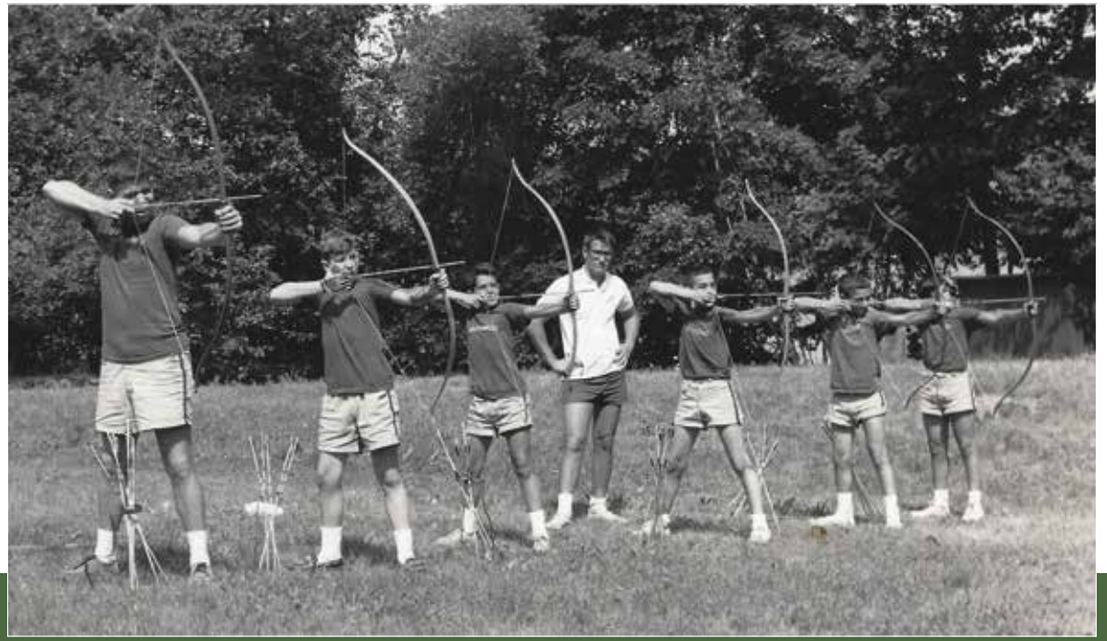
Uncle Clem Barton composes "Silver Sails on Echo Lake" for the 25th Anniversary of Camp Winnebago

1947

The new Dining Hall is built

1948

The new Alumni Hut is built



ABOVE: The Museum, built for Winnebago's 75th anniversary, preserves the memories of Camp.

OTHER BUILDINGS AND SPACES

There have been changes through the decades as some places have disappeared and reappeared—the World War II Victory Garden was reincarnated in today's garden across from Arts and Crafts. Eagle's Nest is now the Head Counselor's cottage. Other small buildings have stood the test of time.

The Library, built in 1928, houses a collection of more than 2,000 volumes, many added by campers, former campers, and parents. Arts and Crafts, today above the Boathouse, began as the Workshop on the current site of the Library.

Among today's 65 buildings are some that served different purposes through the years. The original Ice House, which housed the ice that was cut out of the lake in the winter and hauled up by horses, was the source of ice for the homemade ice cream made by the kitchen staff up until the 1970s. Today, the building is the Laundry. In Camp's early years, all laundry was sent out to be washed. Washers and dryers were installed in 1975, earning back their weight in gold within the first summer. Camp and the laundry crew have never looked back.

The Alumni Hut housed generations of campers returning to remember their summers on the shores of Echo Lake.

It was originally constructed for the 10th anniversary of Camp in 1929, funded by the grateful parents of campers, and was rebuilt in 1948. Today, it is Bunk 13 and part of The Birches. The first totem pole at Camp was added in 1934, and was replaced by another one in 2001; in 2019, there will be a new one installed in honor of Camp Winnebago's centennial.

In 1992, a lean-to was added across the lake for the younger divisions to use. As new Occupations and then Selected Activities were added, buildings were added or remodeled to house them, such as the *WAG* (*Winnebago Afternoon Gazette*), nature, video, and radio.

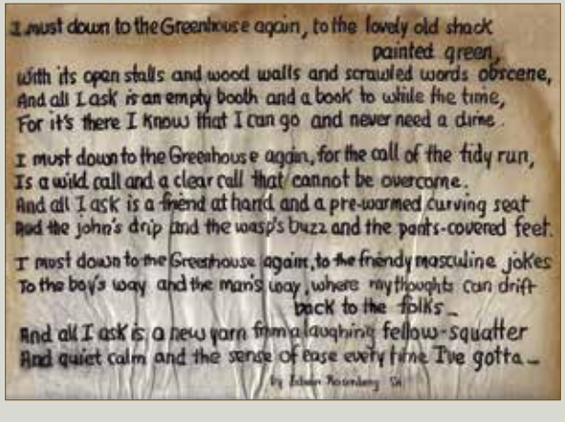
The Farmhouse, located just south of the entrance to Camp on Route 17, was the home of the Smiley family. It subsequently housed generations of the Gray and True families, who were responsible for Camp's construction and maintenance. After burning down in 1992, the Farmhouse was rebuilt, and today houses the female counselors.

THE GREENHOUSE

The Greenhouse—there is nothing like spending time at the urinal and reading that memorable poem, "I Must Down to the Greenhouse Again," adapted by Edwin Rosenberg Sr., the parent of a camper, from the John Masefield poem, "Sea Fever." It has hung on the wall in the Lower Greenhouse since the 1960s.

One of the benefits of having no running water in any of the bunks is that the bathrooms, called Greenhouses, are part of the shared camaraderie of Camp. The Greenhouse, for many boys, marks the first time they have shared such intimate space.

Change comes slowly to the Greenhouses, but through the years, doors were added to the toilet stalls and faucets were changed from separate hot and cold spigots to a central one so your left hand didn't scald while your right hand froze. The old ceramic trough, now proudly planted with flowers, lies beside the Counselor Building. When Senior Lodge was completed in 1957, a second bathroom, the Upper Greenhouse, was added. In 1990, roofs and privacy partitions were added to the showers, and in 2007, shower curtains were hung. But that still didn't make the obligatory showers any easier for the youngest campers.



I must down to the Greenhouse again, to the lovely old shack
painted green,
With its open stalls and wood walls and scrawled words obscene,
And all I ask is an empty booth and a book to while the time,
For it's there I know that I can go and never need a dime.

I must down to the Greenhouse again, for the call of the tidy run,
Is a wild call and a clear call that cannot be overcome.
And all I ask is a friend at hand and a pre-warmed curving seat
And the john's drip and the wasp's buzz and the pants-covered feet.

I must down to the Greenhouse again, to the friendly masculine jokes
To the boy's way and the man's way, where my thoughts can drift
back to the folks.
And all I ask is a new yarn from a laughing fellow-squatter
And quiet calm and the sense of ease every time I've gotta.

By Edwin Rosenberg '58

TOP: Shower time! **ABOVE LEFT:** The shared camaraderie of the Greenhouse **ABOVE RIGHT:** The immortal piece of poetry, "I Must Down to the Greenhouse Again"

ABOVE: Campers sing at the Council Ring, accompanied by the piano in the wooden hut.

COUNCIL RING

What one place at Camp is most iconic in your memory? If your mind went silently toward that majestic semi-circle of stone seats facing out toward the lake and surrounded by the grove of hardwood trees, you are in good company.

> The Council Ring is a place of beauty and reflection and, for many, the most sacred place in Camp, as it symbolizes the depth and importance of Camp's values.

You can almost hear the crackle of the campfire and the soft whisper of the breeze in the trees, see the full moon rising over the lake, and hear the sound of voices singing "Silver Sails on Echo Lake." Many times, it is not what is said but how it is said that makes an impression on so many young minds. Sitting at a Final Campfire, with the summer coming to an end and the specter of the long trip home in the morning, is a ritual filled with emotion, not easily replicated.

The original Council Ring was a simple opening in a grove of hardwood trees facing the lake; in 1934, the current Council Ring was constructed. In former years, the Council Ring was the site of Services, similar to today's assemblies, and Big Captain speeches. The Winnebago Choir and Glee Club often performed there and there was a piano housed in a small wooden hut, used to accompany the campers singing their favorite camp songs.

From the evenings of song and laughter to reflective talks and introspective words of campers and counselors, as well as weddings and memorial services, events at the Council Ring serve as the basis of enduring memories, and allow camp members an opportunity to reflect and share the deepest of thoughts and opinions germane to the time.

TOP: Chief, at the new Council Ring, in the 1930s

BOTTOM: The Council Ring and the evening campfires give everyone at Camp the opportunity and time to reflect on pertinent issues in an open and thoughtful forum.

My Winnebago

BY DAVID SHRIBMAN

Camper 1964–1968 Counselor 1973

You may remember the Lodge. Maybe the Dining Hall. Perhaps the old Photo Hut, with its aromatic smell of developer, fixer, and stop-bath. And of course, the Greenhouse, Upper or Lower, and that poem that is just short of unforgettable, "I Must Down to the Greenhouse."

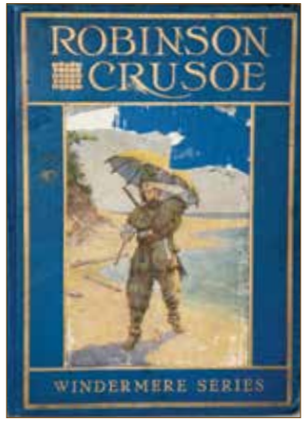
But for me—a confirmed bookworm, a terrible first baseman, a hopeless point guard, a swimmer who, to this day, more than a half-century later, cannot dive—the Winnebago venues that make my heart leap in nostalgia are . . . the Library and the old *WAG* office.

> For it is in those two places—in my heart I treasure tender thoughts of them—that I discovered, even at age 10, who I was and who I wanted to be.

I was a reader, and I wanted to be a writer, and no amount of Selected Activity archery fortnights or 5-point Falcon Newcomb games could cure me of it. (Though I make this confession without embarrassment: I wouldn't have minded playing pro ball—not for the Mets, then in only their third year of existence, or the Yankees, whom I hated with all my heart, then as now, but for the hapless Red Sox, mired in my first Winnebago year in eighth place in the American League, 18 games below .500 and desperate enough that even I might dream of making the Fenway nine.)

And so, these days—hair gray, that adolescent waist bulge from Bunk 4 now solidified into a permanent presence, but memories sharp, vivid, even heartbreaking—when I return to the shores of Echo Lake, I head straight for the Library. Let me whisper a quiet truth: It's always unlocked, even as the winter chill descends, reminding me of that old Roger Miller song, "King of the Road," and not only because it speaks, poignantly, of the "third boxcar, midnight train, destination: Bangor, Maine," but also because it tells of a man who knows "every lock that ain't locked when no one's around."

Step into that building—unlocked, hard by the lake and across the grassy way from Park Avenue—and you will notice, across the decades, that smell: musty, to be sure, but also the fumes from the book bindings, perhaps the sweetest scent known to humankind. It's still there. The new-car smell from your latest roadster has long since disappeared. That Winnebago Library smell persists.



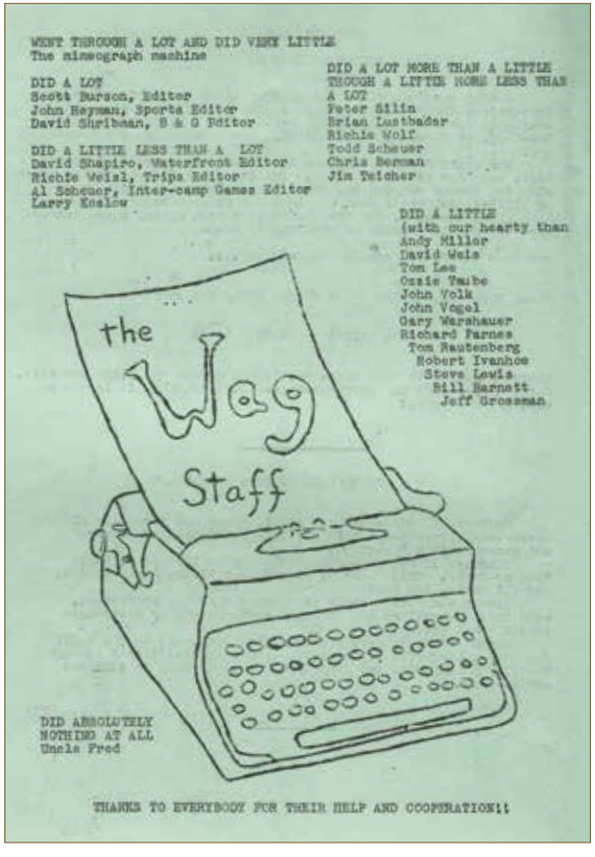
And on its shelves, behind those glass doors (turn the latches carefully, not that anyone else will notice if they break), you'll find the same volumes, ignored by most but well-loved by me, many with British Empire themes filled with adventure tales. No one reads *Kidnapped* any more, or *Treasure Island*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, but I did then, and am marked by them still. No one reads books about seafaring lads anymore, or about African expeditions, but I did then, and remember them now. It is a character flaw of mine, and awfully non-PC. Then again, even though Kipling is out of favor and in a generation very likely will be out of print, a newspaper editor such as me can do worse than to live by these words, which I first encountered in our camp Library.

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

LEFT TOP: David Shribman in the *WAG* office

LEFT BOTTOM: The Library

RIGHT: The *Robinson Crusoe* book that David Shribman loved and read as a camper is still on the shelves in the Library in 2018.



I spent hours in there, among those books, sitting with the wasps and the spiders and the occasional squirrels—I don't remember the visit of even one B&G captain—and then I would squirrel myself away in the *WAG* office, at the time situated in the same building as Campcraft and also possessing a distinctive smell, this one vivid in twentieth-century memory but absent in the twenty-first century: duplicator fluid.

These were, of course, the years before the Web, and only a year after Xerox introduced its model 813, which revolutionized copying. We produced the *Winnebago Afternoon Gazette* with a crank wheel mimeograph machine. Note, please, the middle word of the newspaper, which was distributed at dinner a few times a week: *Afternoon*. There isn't a big afternoon newspaper left, but in those days, the afternoon papers had a certain nobility. (I worked on three of them, four if you count the *WAG*. There's nothing better than a work shift that ends at 3 p.m.) We produced that paper lovingly, pecking at a Royal typewriter and erasing our errors with a pen knife. It was an imperfect art, but it seemed like art itself.

There I worked with David Shapiro, who became a lifelong friend, and with Chris Berman, who became a bigtime star. For a couple of years, Chris and I stayed up through the night, listening on a primitive transistor radio to the midsummer All-Star Game, proudly producing a play-by-play *WAG* for the next morning, noting whether Al Kaline had a hit or whether Bob Gibson had a string of strikeouts. And though we knew no one actually read it, we got to stay up late. In truth, being head of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (and staying up late for a story, usually on Election Night) is my second run at the title of editor. I was editor of the *WAG* in 1968. You could look it up, though probably not on the Internet.

The stories we produced were simple—a softball win against Menatoma, a swimming victory at Androscoggin Junior, a basketball triumph at the Powhattan Tournament; reviews of plays, which always praised the cast, deserving or not, and very often not; the annual *Final WAG*, with superlatives (Most Likely to Succeed . . .) and the banquet menu (always chilled cantaloupe, even though in adulthood I know that melon's taste is richer if at room temperature) and the names of all the campers, fodder for the most irritating ritual of the summer. *If Astrove can't do it* . . . .

We also wrote about mock political conventions—everyone in 1964 was for Governor Bill Scranton of Pennsylvania, whom you will notice is not on your ruler with all the faces of the presidents. That was my first political convention. I would eventually attend a dozen real ones, seeing Jimmy Carter and Donald Trump win their nominations and hearing Ted Kennedy and Mario Cuomo give landmark speeches.

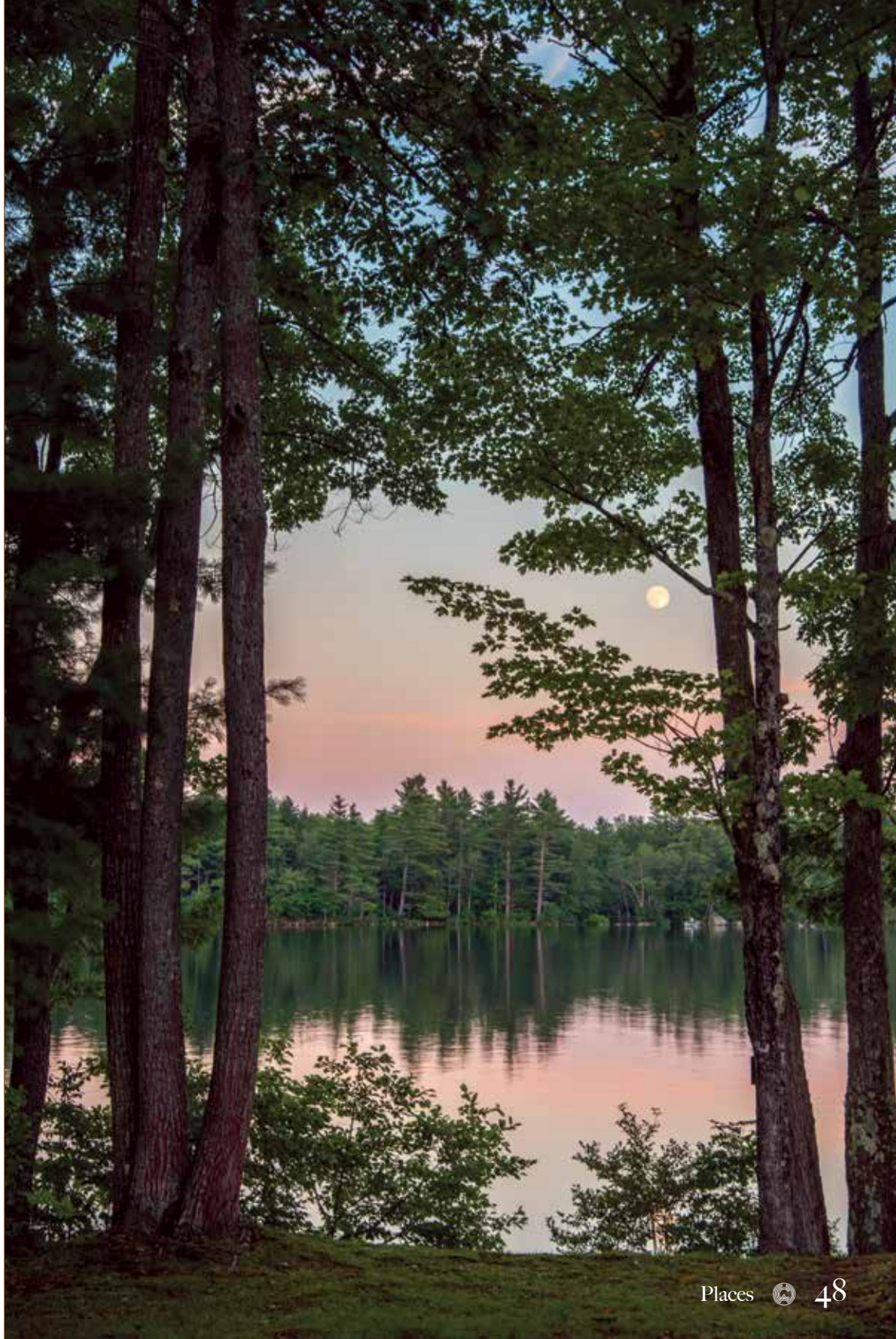
My interest in—my obsession with—those spectacles, which H.L. Mencken described as "better than the best circus ever heard of, with a mass baptism and a couple of hangings thrown in," dates to that event at Winnebago. It was there that I also viewed the movie, *The Making of the President 1960*, which prompted me to want to cover presidential politics. I've chronicled every election but one since 1972.

Those were wonderful days, and I was lucky enough to reprise them as a counselor, joined by my steady friend Chris Berman, who, like me, came *back, back, back*, as he would inevitably put it, to Winnebago in the Watergate summer of 1973. I got the newspaper in the mail and followed the Washington, DC, follies with rapt attention, comparing notes with Uncle Howie and Aunt Emmy, the latter a Nixon hater of prodigious passion. We knew then the importance, the indispensability, of newspapers, the *WAG* among them.

> So, for me, as for so many of the readers of this luminous volume, it all started here, on a wooded hilltop high among the pine groves and birches.

I don't know about you, but I have proof. Open up the green covers of the 1964 Winnebago *Echo.* Turn to the back pages, where all the counselors and campers are listed with their addresses and a little nickname and quote. You'll see mine: "Junior Journalist." Not so junior anymore, but still a journalist. And a Winnebagan.

LEFT TOP: The 1965 *WAG* editorial staff, when David was a camper
LEFT BOTTOM: The former *WAG* office, at the end of the Ping Pong building



Indian Village

In the first part of the twentieth century, many summer camps were named after Native American tribes and tried to incorporate Native American customs into their camp traditions. In these early years, there was not the sensitivity there is today with respect for Native American traditions; rather, it was seen as a way to get back to the land and nature.

No one knows why the name of the Winnebago Native American tribe was chosen for Camp; today, the Winnebago Indian Reservation is located in Nebraska and Wisconsin. Strangely enough, the word *Winnebago* comes from an Algonquin term, "People of the Filthy Water," which certainly doesn't describe the pristine waters of Echo Lake.

In the 1930s, a program of Indian lore was developed for the younger campers and the Indian Village was created in the woods along the shoreline of the lake. In 1936, Oscar "Red Hawk" Pete, from the Albuquerque Indian School, spent the summer at Camp as the Indian lore counselor.

By the late 1940s, Uncle Clem Barton (counselor 1935-1941, 1943–1950, 1952) had developed an entire program of Native American–related activities for the Eagles. Bunks 1–5 all had Indian names assigned to them—Pawnee, Shawnee, Apache, Comanche, and Sioux—and each young camper was considered a member of that tribe. The campers made baskets and trays, woven out of reeds, as well as tried their hands at beadwork.

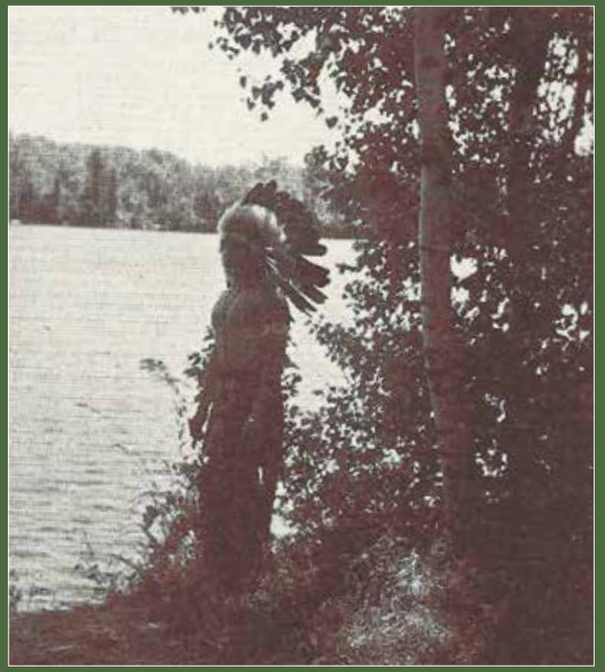
Each week culminated in an Evening Assembly at the Indian Village. The evening would start out with all the Eagle campers and counselors piling into a couple of the famous, long war canoes and paddling along the lake to the Indian Village. Uncle Phil remembers the Indian Village assemblies and that, to a young boy paddling the waters of Echo Lake after dark, it often seemed a very long way to go.

FAR LEFT TOP: Crafts made by campers

FAR LEFT BOTTOM: The Indian Village campfire ceremony

LEFT: A war canoe takes the young campers to the Indian Village.

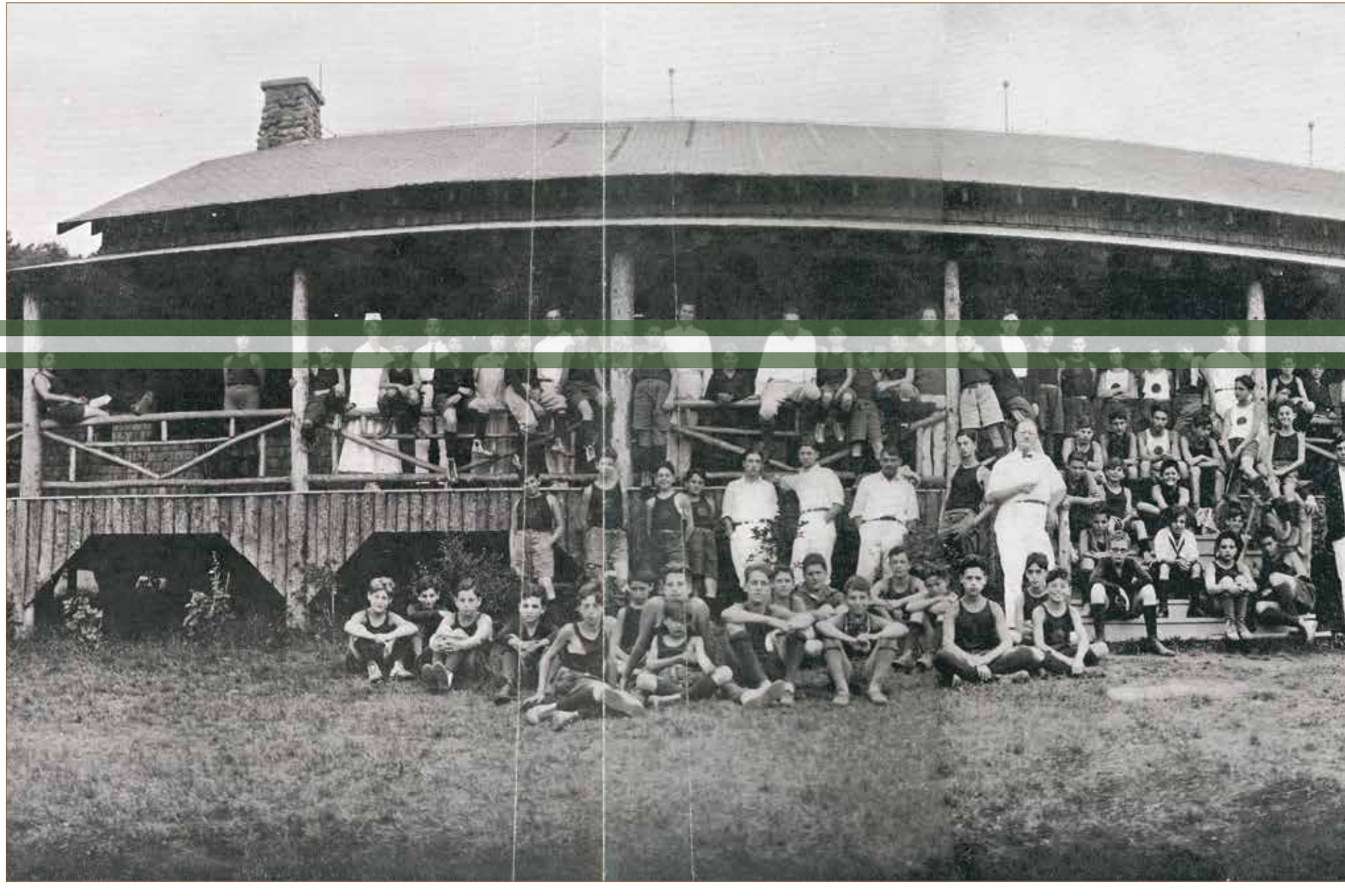
BELOW: A counselor on the shores of Echo Lake, dressed for an Indian Village ceremony



The evening ceremony was patterned after what Uncle Clem believed a traditional Indian ceremony to be, and awards were given to each bunk for various levels—Tenderfoot, Brave, Bravest of the Braves, Guide, Chief, Chief of all Chiefs—reflecting an assessment of how well each bunk and camper had done that week in their camp activities. Each recipient was given a colored feather corresponding to the award level. Uncle Clem would get dressed up in his version of a traditional chief's headdress, paint his face and body with war paint, and dance around a campfire. Even the young campers had painted slashes on their faces.

At the end of the ceremony, the ashes of the campfire would be buried in a secret place to be used to start the next week's fire. Today, the tradition of burying the ashes is continued at the Council Ring, when the ashes of the last campfire of the season are placed in a can and then moved to the first campfire of the next season.

After Uncle Clem left Camp in 1952, the Indian traditions and use of the Indian Village were discontinued.



ABOVE: Campers and counselors, 1923 **RIGHT:** Uncle Andy and the alumni staff, 2007

Staff

Hundreds of counselors have spent summers at Winnebago, working with and guiding thousands of campers. Some counselors made careers of Camp, pairing their Winnebago job with off-season professions. All kinds of disciplines and skill sets are necessary to adequately staff the program, including those of athletes, naturalists, watersport enthusiasts, craftspeople, tennis players, and trip leaders with wilderness experience.

The trick is to combine both continuity and freshness in the staff, many of whom are alumni with only a certain number of summers available before committing to fulltime work that does not include the luxury of summer vacations.

Early on, the counselors were for the most part college graduates, eager to be part of Winnebago, helping to mold and establish its traditions. Many senior staff returned to Camp for 20 plus years as, in those years, men frequently made a career in one organization for the span of their working lives. Winnebago was happy to have these talented staff members continue to return to establish and carry on the Winnebago lore.

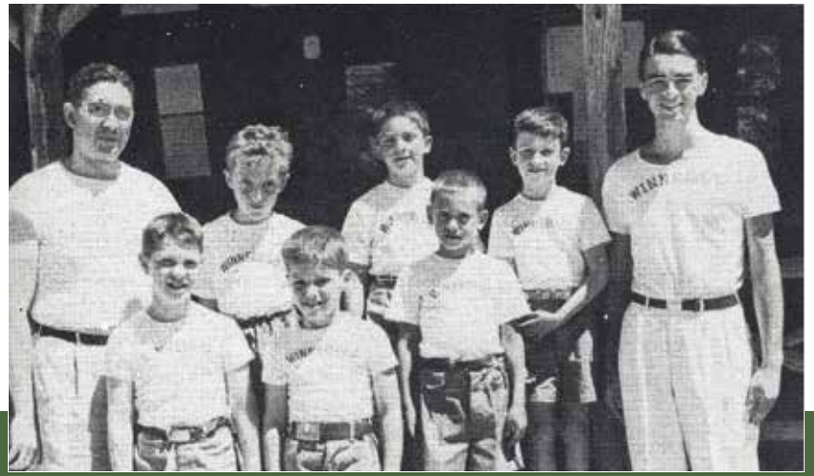
The staff highlighted here represent just some of the many dedicated and talented Winnebago counselors who have worked so diligently at Camp this past century. The counselors are grouped chronologically.

> Campers and counselors from the early era of Winnebago couldn't think about Winnebago without remembering Charlie Roth and Clem Barton.

Charlie Roth (counselor 1930–1942, 1946–1953) was the Athletic Director, head of Senior Row and a riflery counselor. On the range, his manner was strict and stern, though he was caring toward the campers, who loved and respected him. Charlie was a diver extraordinaire doing half twists off the high dive. "Take a back flip, you won't get hurt," he would encourage the campers.

Clem Barton (counselor 1935–1941, 1943–1950, 1952) was head of the Eagle division, the youngest group of boys in Camp at the time. He was the music counselor and wrote original shows for the campers to perform, which included 40 original songs through the years. Clem organized an orchestra that would play at camp dances and Saturday services. In his era, the Brown and Green Song Contest was an important event. Clem would spend time prepping both teams to learn the camp songs and do their best for the team.

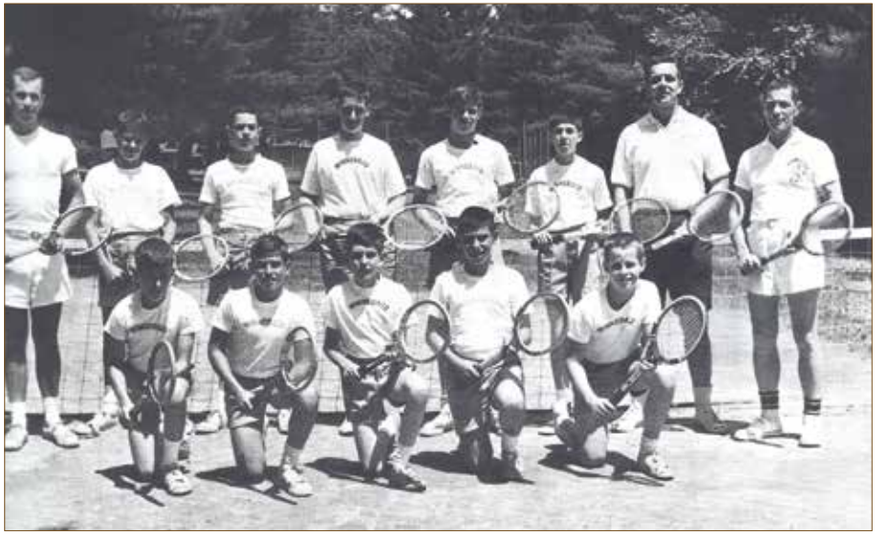
Concurrent with Clem in the theater program was John Desch (counselor 1936–1940, 1943–1950). John always provided lively entertainment in the plays. He is remembered as rather flamboyant and theatrical, wearing a cape and a broad-brim hat. Jack Sterling (counselor 1960–1961, 1964–1967, 1969–1970) directed *Swing School* for the younger boys and the campers responded with rousing songs to the delight of the audience.



LEFT: Uncle Charlie Roth

MIDDLE: Uncle Clem Barton, on the far left

RIGHT: Uncle John Desch



Nature was an integral part of Camp in the early years. Sam Roller (counselor 1930–1949), a keen environmentalist, engaged the campers in nature. One year, he would concentrate on flower arrangements, the next, on pet snakes. Sam was also a fine arts painter and used the scenic views of Winnebago to create museum-quality pictures.

Following in Sam's tradition, Michel Szivos (counselor 1968–1975) taught Campcraft and was beloved by his campers for his outdoor teaching skills and his artwork. Several of his pastel drawings are now displayed in the Winnebago Museum.

There was a middle period of Camp when men who had established careers joined the staff. They were mature, serious about their work, and excellent role models to younger staff. Mike DeArmott (counselor 1962–1975) lived down the road in Fayette and was head of the tennis program. He revamped it from a largely competitive program to one where tennis was available to all campers regardless of their skill level.

ABOVE: Uncle Mike DeArmott, far right

FAR LEFT: Uncle Tom Hoegeman has helped document Camp since 1993 through his photographs and videos

LEFT: Uncle Sam Roller

BELOW LEFT: Uncle Jack Sterling gets ready for a theater program.

BELOW: Uncle Michel Szivos

BELOW: An Uncle Michel Szivos drawing of the campfire

BELOW RIGHT: Uncle Tom Amendola

LEFT: Uncle John Parola, Program Director, introduced the water slide, used on hot days, down the hill from the softball field. **MIDDLE TOP:** Uncle John **MIDDLE CENTER:** Uncle Noel Darrohn **MIDDLE BOTTOM:** Uncle Emmanuel Pinto, top row, second from right **RIGHT:** Uncle Noel introduced gaga, a form of dodgeball, to Winnebago before it was popular.

As Athletic Director, Tom Amendola (counselor 1957–1967, 1969–1974) was quiet, organized, and thorough in his work. While he avoided the limelight, he was a great manager and excellent coach.

John Parola (Program Director 1977–1990) was as outgoing as Tom was not. John came to Winnebago with new ideas for the athletic program. He liked to have fun and worked harder than anyone. He introduced the evening activity Mr. Winnebago, sporting tan lines, talent, and testing the contestant's ability to answer a serious question on the spot. John's saying about the Patrol Game, "When is the game won? In the fourth quarter," is still used as a coda today.

Whenever Noel Darrohn (counselor 1992–1993, 1996, 2001–2002) came to Camp, he would bring with him something new and creative to share. Noel taught the campers to play jungle croquet over the roots and rocks of Camp. He also had a puppet theater, where he would entertain the Falcons and teach them to put on shows in the Lodge.

International staff were introduced to Camp through organizations such as BUNAC and Camp America. Among the international counselors at Winnebago was Emmanuel Pinto (camper 1981–1982, counselor 1989). Emmanuel gained the distinction as the first foreign alumnus to return to Camp as a counselor. Selim Benbadis (counselor 1979–1987) came to Camp from France. He was a tennis counselor and an excellent soccer player. Sabi Szilagyi (counselor 1991–1992, 1994, 1996, 1998–2000) came to Winnebago from Hungary. A thoughtful, quiet, lovely man, Sabi was a Boating and Canoeing counselor and played mean games of soccer and volleyball.

Today's counselors have a variety of backgrounds and talents. While the majority are college students, many come to Camp with already established careers and lend a diversity of life experiences to the staff.

1951

Johnny Pesky, "Mr. Red Sox," comes to Camp and hits baseballs across Route 17. Chief stops exhibition as baseballs are depleted

1952

Chief falls in spring, breaks his hip, and arrives at Camp in August to big cheers

1952

Flag pole falls on table in Dining Hall, missing boys at Bunk 30 table by inches. Howard Gray says something was rotten

1954

Rectangular tables with birch-log legs replace old tables in Dining Room

1957

Howard Lilienthal enjoys his first summer as Director

Uncle Mark Davis (counselor 1974–1976, 1981–1982) was Athletic Director. Mark was enthusiastic, easygoing, and sensitive. He always operated on a level that the campers understood. Having a good sense of each camper, his insightfulness was reflected in his very special Final Reports.

Gerard Senehi (counselor 1978–1986) was a thoughtful, talented counselor who cared deeply about the campers. He was a superb soccer player and coach and taught skills and values on and off the field. A talented magician, Gerard created illusions and told stories that gave campers a sense of possibility.

Uncle Jacob Addelson (camper 2003–2006, counselor 2011–2012, 2014–2016) served as Program Director, guided by a moral compass that earned him respect from his peers as well as campers. Jacob was playful, witty, and sophisticated and molded the program to make it interesting, relevant, and fun.

HEAD COUNSELORS

Leadership starts at the top. The Head Counselor's job requires organization, attention to detail, and, most importantly, being a leader of the men and women who work at Camp. Many Head Counselors returned to Camp year after year; others stayed a short time. All contributed to Camp and its staff in their own unique ways.

LEFT: Lt. Ford **RIGHT:** Uncle Louis Woronoff

LEFT: Uncle Bob Stout **RIGHT:** Uncle Leo Lehrman

John Miller (Head Counselor 1920)

Lt. Charles R. Ford (Head Counselor 1921–1922) came to Camp from Canada and brought with him the klaxon, used in World War I. The klaxon is still used for Patrol Games and other special camp events.

Louis B. Woronoff (counselor 1920–1922, Head Counselor 1923–1941) was on staff at Winnebago its first summer, having just graduated from Harvard College, teaching drama and woodcraft. His leadership skills were quickly recognized.

Ralph "Bob" A. Stout (counselor 1923–1941, Head Counselor 1942–1943) was the Athletic Director for most of his career at Camp, stepping into the Head Counselor role when Louis Woronoff went to war.

Leo Lehrman (counselor 1924–1943, Head Counselor 1944–1963) was also Associate Director during the entire 20 years that he served as Head Counselor. Thorough, Loyal, Long-serving. Leo is remembered on the swimming docks, where he taught many a frightened young boy to swim. He had a bamboo pole that he would dangle before the child, motivating him to the end of the lane. On rainy days, Leo always reminded campers to wear their raincoats and rubber boots and then would announce the much-anticipated Major League Baseball scores.

LEFT: Uncle Bennett Meyers
RIGHT: Uncle Paul Schwarz

LEFT: Uncle Jim Astrove **RIGHT:** Uncle EJ Kerwin

Bennett Meyers (counselor 1953–1963, 1981–1984, Head Counselor 1964–1980) was an All-American baseball player at Amherst College and a competitive tennis player. Mentor, Gentleman, Friend. This quiet man thought through and solved issues with counselors after giving a thorough and respectful hearing to everyone who sought his counsel. He was a leader in the truest sense.

Paul Schwarz (camper 1947–1953, counselor 1959–1967, 1969–1971, Head Counselor 1981–2002) was a man of detail and thoroughness. Dedicated, Naturalist, Teacher. He worked during the winter to plan trips and make reservations at campgrounds when they opened for business in January. Paul's clipboard was legendary. When Marvin Hamlisch visited Camp in 1987, he spontaneously wrote a song about it.

Jim Astrove (camper 1969–1975, counselor 1978–2002, Head Counselor 2003–2009) had many counselor jobs at Winnebago in his long career at Camp. Enthusiastic, Devoted, Creative. As the Program Director prior to his stint as Head Counselor, Jim led many of the Evening Assemblies and put his mark on comedy, song, *Saturday Night Live* skits, and game shows at Camp. Jim brought his family to Camp; his son, Bennett, was a camper as well as a counselor, and his daughter, Grace, was a counselor. He continues his relationship with Camp as president of the Alumni Association.

EJ Kerwin (Head Counselor 2009–present) has a style to which most everyone can relate. Wise, Respectful, Thoughtful. EJ manages the counselors and the campers with strength and has created an atmosphere that encourages the staff to be competent, creative, and do their best work.

ABOVE: Head Counselor's office

BEHIND THE SCENES

It is fortunate that when Chief decided to build Camp at Smiley's Farm, he found Howard Gray living in the Smiley farmhouse just across from Camp. For 30-plus years, Howard was Camp's official caretaker. He was followed by his sons, Roy and Kenneth Gray, and then his grandson, David True. David's wife, Carol, succeeded him, followed by Carol's brother, Greg McCourt, when Carol retired in 2011.

Along with the Maine crew, there were most steady assistants in Leroy Carroll and George Jones. These gentlemen came to Camp in 1925, hired by Chief on the recommendation of campers who attended the George School, a Pennsylvania boarding school where Leroy and George worked. Leroy remained at Camp for 51 years.

Leroy and Howard Gray were intimately familiar with Camp's "underbelly"—they knew every pipe and leaching field. They knew how to solve the most complicated problem and how to build and add to the property in an organized way. The men built expertly constructed buildings without blueprints and they were often found tending and manicuring the tennis courts.

Leroy met and married Hilda while she was at Camp working for Chief and Mrs. Chief, and their daughter, Marie, grew up at Camp. Leroy was always happy to see Winnebagans in the winter in New York City, where he was the chief doorman at Broadway's Booth Theater. If there was an empty seat in the theater, he would sneak the Winnebagan in to enjoy the show.

LEFT: Leroy Carroll and Howard Gray **RIGHT:** George Jones, Kenneth Gray, and Uncle Howie

LEFT: Carol and David True, 1972 **RIGHT:** Greg McCourt

George Jones, who worked with Howard Gray and Leroy, was a blithe spirit at Camp. One of his side jobs was to make the sets for the theater productions at Camp. In the late 1950s, George moved to Maine and lived year-round in Camp's cabin in the woods. George was known for hooking rugs long before campers hooked rugs for Camp's anniversaries later in the century; some of George's rugs are on display in the Museum. In addition to hooking rugs, George also wove rugs on a Shaker rug loom. After he passed away, the loom was found under his house and was set up in the Arts and Crafts building. Several years later, when the Arts and Crafts building was redesigned, the loom was given to the Livermore Falls Historical Society.

Legends were made in the kitchen. Among them were Walter "Mac" McFarland and Charlie Johnson, both bakers. Mac worked at Camp from 1934 to 1966 and Charlie followed him, working at Camp through the 1970s. Can you taste the buttery Parker House rolls that were served hot out of the oven, the banana cream pie, and the delicious cinnamon rolls on Sunday? Charlie was often seen at the back gate giving away baked goods to friends he had made in the neighborhood.

It is a partnership between Winnebago and those who care for it that sustains the institution. Winnebago is fortunate that many people care so much about Camp that they take on a life-long commitment to preserve and improve it.

TOP: George Jones was a trusted and beloved member of the Fayette community. He was named Scoutmaster for the Fayette Boy Scouts, Troop 403. Their banner hangs proudly in the Winnebago Museum.

NEAR RIGHT: Walter McFarland

FAR RIGHT: Charlie Johnson outside the kitchen door

Lt. Masters and the Monster

BY PAUL WRUBEL
Camper 1947–1953 Counselor 1958–1967, 1969–1970

In my other life, I was a counselor at Camp Winnebago, a first-rate boys' camp in Fayette, Maine. My cabin, Bunk 10, was the summer home of four 11-year-olds. One of my favorite times of the day was after Taps, when the kids were in bed and looking forward to a needed sound sleep on a cool Maine summer night. But first, it was story time, and I told some pretty good ones.

You see, I was a kid during a time when radio was the medium of choice. As I was growing up, I listened to the radio almost every night. It was the theater of the mind at its best. A thousand people could tune in to an episode of *The Shadow* or *The Lone Ranger* and every single listener saw each character and every slice of action in a different way. Clayton Moore, the TV Lone Ranger, never came close to measuring up to my imagined radio version. My campers were growing up without the radio experience, so it was my role to give them a taste, and I certainly managed to do that.

One of our favorite stories involved a human-like monster or, depending upon the year, a part of a monster that had been crazed by an over-dose of radioactivity and had taken to roaming Maine at night and doing some pretty evil stuff.

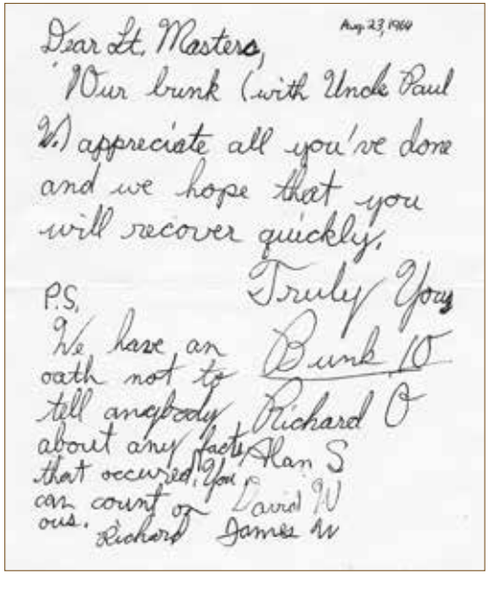
ABOVE: Uncle Paul Wrubel with his campers, 1964

Prompted by the ghastly nature of the crimes, the FBI had been brought into the case. Because I had spent so many years in Maine, I, along with my best friend, Paul Schwarz, who was also a counselor at Camp and is still my best friend, had been deputized to assist the FBI. The head of the Maine Bureau was a Lt. Masters. Because of the heinous nature of the case, I made all of my campers swear to secrecy so that they wouldn't alarm other campers.

The key to a new chapter was related to the kids' behavior, particularly Inspection, that time in the morning when the campers made their beds and cleaned up in and around the bunk. It is safe to say that Bunk 10 was one of the cleanest summer cabins in Camp or maybe anywhere. There was critical news about important stuff hanging in the balance!

Every chapter was an adventure even for me, since I was making up the story as I told it. I was as anxious to tell the story as my campers were to listen to it. For instance, one night, one of the kids asked me how we knew where the monster was, how did we track it? The ad lib answer that emerged was that the radioactivity of the thing created a streak in the high atmosphere on a moonlit night, so all we had to do was to look up and see where the streak had terminated. So, every night before the story began, I would scan the sky looking for contrails from a passing jet. If there was a good one, my pajama-clad "deputies" would be invited to see it so the story could begin that night with a specific action zone in place. To the kids, it was all beyond any doubt, utterly real.

The story progressed throughout the summer, and it was clear that slowly but surely the FBI and Lt. Masters were making progress and gaining the upper hand. The final confrontation always seemed to occur about two or three days before the campers went home. The story that night began as usual, but this time there was a sense of urgency in my tone. Lt. Masters had contacted me just an hour earlier and had told me to be on standby for immediate action in case he had the thing cornered in a choice location that was apparently very, very near Camp.


Aug 23, 1969

Dear Lt. Masters,

Our bunk (with Uncle Paul W.) appreciate all you've done and we hope that you will recover quickly.

Truly Yours

Bunk 10

Richard O

Alan S

David W

Richard James IV

P.S. We have an oath not to tell anybody about any facts that occured. You can count on us.

ABOVE: Wishing Lt. Masters a speedy recovery

I had just shared that information with the kids when a breathless Paul Schwarz came bursting into Bunk 10 and, in a practiced stage whisper, said, "I just heard from Lt. Masters. He has it exactly where we want it and he needs us right away." That was all my kids needed to hear. I told them I had to leave immediately and that they should try to get some sleep. If all went well I would see them in the morning . . . and out we went on a mission to serve Lt. Masters.

BELOW: Making a tight and tidy bed meant a new chapter in the Lt. Masters saga

The next morning, I opened my eyes and there were four campers already standing next to my bed in the chilly morning air. "What happened?" "Did you get it?" "Are we safe?"

I responded, "Yes, we finally rid the world of that terrible scourge and you are indeed safe. But I regret to tell you that Lt. Masters was seriously injured in the final battle. He is at the Augusta General Hospital in Room 111 and clinging to life. We are pretty sure he will make it but you never know!"

Then, every year that I told the story, on the certainty scale only a small notch below the probability of the sun rising, a letter would appear on my bed later that day. It happened without fail every year.

To my knowledge, none of my former campers have been carted off to the "funny farm" or diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder, so I guess there were no lingering scars. And I'll wager they still remember the brave Lt. Masters and many will continue to look at long, slim clouds accented in a moonlit sky in a very special way.

Note: Lt. Masters did recover, but he retired in 1970 as a result of his injuries, which included the loss of his voice. He is still alive and resides in many places.

WOMEN AT WINNEBAGO

While Winnebago is a mostly male environment, women have always been an important part of the camp community. Starting in the 1920s, Chief introduced women in supporting roles at Camp, as a nurse and secretary. In 1920, Barbara Roberts was the camp nurse; Aunt Irene was the nurse for years in the 1940s and 1950s; and Nancy Doernberg was Uncle Howie's secretary from 1969 to 1971. Barbara Schwarz, the wife of Head Counselor Paul Schwarz, was the first female counselor in 1971; she worked in Arts and Crafts.

Uncle Phil began hiring female counselors in 1975. The women were counselors to the youngest campers on Eagle Row, and often provided a comforting presence to those boys away from home for the first time. The female counselors did not live in the bunks; at first, they took up residence in the Infirmary, and in later years moved to the Farmhouse.

Jill Demeny was a nature counselor for many years, and before trip leaders were hired, she was proud to be given that responsibility. Katie Stebbins holds the distinction of being the first female athletics counselor, in 1996. In their own words, they talk about what it was like to be a female counselor at Camp.

TOP: Counselor show *Grease* with Aunt Cathy Lilienthal, 1986
BOTTOM: Aunt Jill Demeny

Jill Demeny (counselor 1985–1987, 1991): Women were assigned positions in all selected activities based on skill, not stereotypes. Women were able to take the State of Maine trip leader test and lead many of the trips. I led the Mount Bigelow, Mount Tumbledown, and Penobscot River trips, among others. We helped lead Evening Assemblies and had input in developing new programs. We manned the grills for the Outdoor Suppers. We sang the songs—many of the lyrics are still present in my mind (even singing staccato for the second verse of 'Cheer Winnebago'). We hid in the counselor hunts; we cheered for Brown and Green, and female counselors even won the Bennett Meyers Award. Though Camp Winnebago is steeped in tradition, and that is one of its defining attributes, it still was ahead of the game in gender equity.

Katie Stebbins (counselor 1996–1998, 2001, 2003): It has been nearly 22 years, and I still have recurring dreams about Camp Winnebago. Not only does Camp live in my subconscious, it is also in my daily breath. I fell in love with the energy the moment I drove through the birch-log arch, past the Counselor Building, and parked near the Office. All those happy voices wafting through the air! I did not know at the time that this place would become part of my soul and shape me to be the person I am today.

During my stint, I worked in the Office, Campcraft, as a lifeguard, and on the athletics staff as the first female athletics counselor. Some of us joked that I was the Jackie Robinson of Camp Winnebago. I think being a counselor was as much fun as being a camper. I'm not an alum, so I can't say for sure, but that first week of staff orientation, the bond we created with others, was the beginning of a lifetime of kinship. I have fond memories of after-hours bonfires and those classic Rest Hour beach volleyball games where you swear you blinked and time warped because the fun ended so quickly.

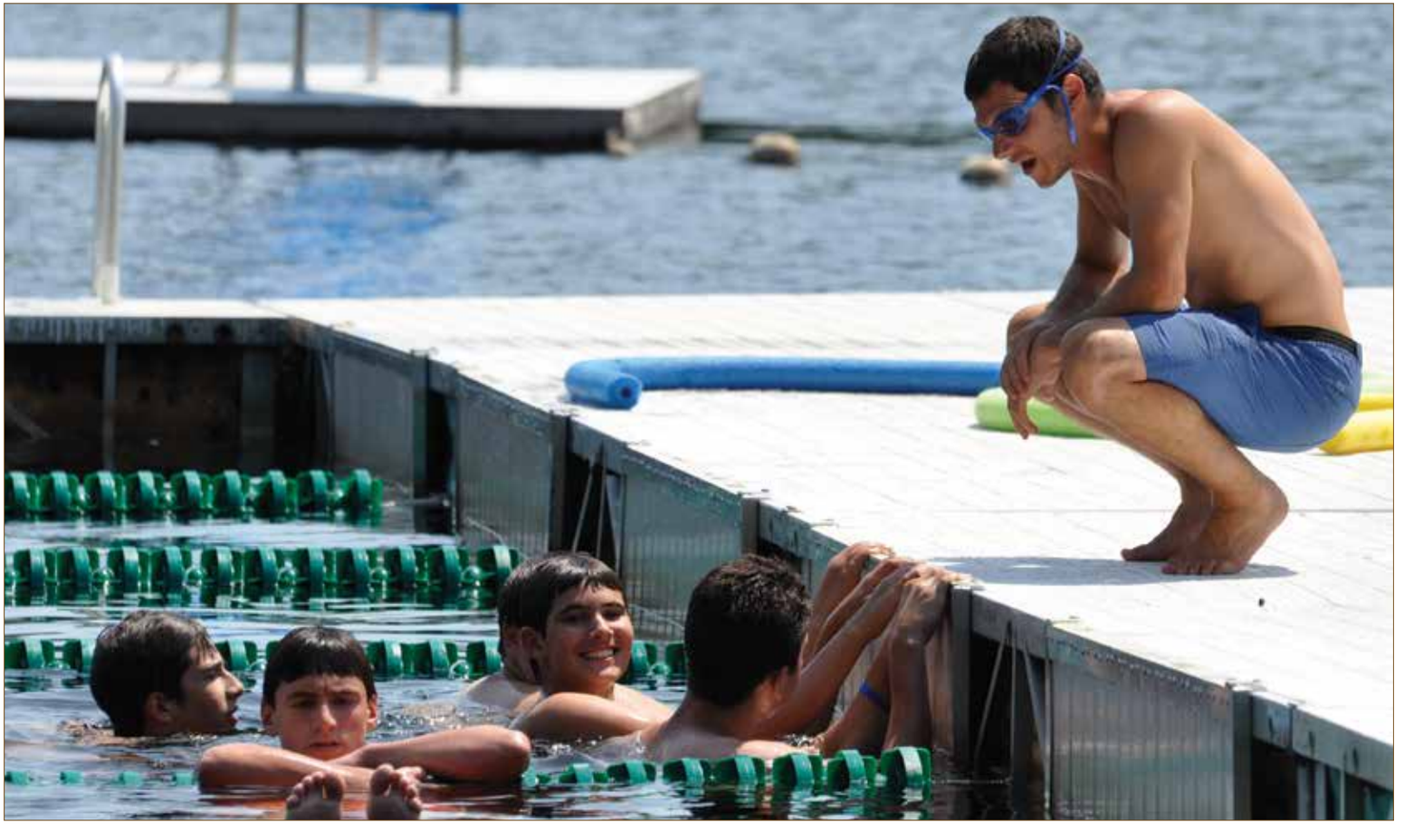
It doesn't seem that long ago that I was leading cheers, singing rounds of 'Fish and Chips and Vinegar,' passing out corndogs for Carnival Night, dealing cards for Casino Night, coaxing boys into the cold water, and many other fond memories. The lessons I learned and the person I became because of my experience at Camp Winnebago is incomparable to any other life event I've experienced, not teaching English in Tokyo, being a Peace Corps volunteer, or tramping across New Zealand solo. "In our hearts we'll treasure tender thoughts of you."

The Winnebagan Way

BY MATT SIMON

Camper 1995–2000 Counselor 2004–2006, 2008–2013

As early as a 9-year-old camper, I consciously recognized Winnebago counselors as role models. These were the people I looked up to and wanted to emulate. They were smart, cool, good-natured, and seemingly incredible at every activity. What's more, they fostered a safe and constructive environment for us, the campers.



ABOVE: Uncle Matt Simon in his favorite place in Camp, on the waterfront

As the summers went on and I grew older, the counselors prompted thoughtful conversations and deeper reflections about my experience both at Camp and in life. Nowhere does this stand out more clearly to me than on the St. Croix River trip as an Arrow. While paddling the river is a memorable adventure in its own right, there were equally powerful lessons that were deeply imparted to me.

First, I learned how valuable it is to carry oneself with a high degree of equanimity in the face of adversity—a classic Winnebagan lesson. Second, the Unks facilitated night after night of deep, fun, and intriguing discussions and consistent moral guidance around the campfire in the context of what otherwise would have been obnoxious conversations with 14-year-old boys.

During the course of 10 summers as a staff member, I underwent an arc of growth that wasn't entirely dissimilar from what I experienced as a camper. It began in the summer of 2003 with a misguided notion that we, as staff members, were primarily charged with making sure campers had a lot of fun and to ensure the summer was rife with excitement and camp tradition.

I matured through my first several years as a counselor and a new awareness began to percolate: If we, as the Winnebago staff, operated with a high level of intentionality, we could guide the campers to become self-reliant, caring, thoughtful, open to deep learning, and engaged participants within their community. Through that awareness came an awakening that suddenly put in perspective the fact that, although the influential counselors in my life consistently exuded a light-hearted pep and vim, they also carried out their duties with a steadfast sense of purpose.

It's been a profound experience to, on one hand, feel such deep gratitude for the camp counselors who helped shape who I've become, and, on the other hand, receive messages from past campers of mine sharing the immense, positive impact I've had on their lives. It's a trite analogy to conjure an image of the circle of life, but there's honestly no better way I can describe it.

Each summer, approximately 60 Unks and Aunts commit 10 weeks of their lives to facilitate deep personal growth for campers by providing a cohesive unit of foundational energy, positivity, and support. In doing so, they often experience deep personal growth of their own. To what/whom do we collectively owe for this enduring cycle of positive personal growth? Winnebago—an establishment, community, and culture that is so deeply committed to the Winnebagan Way.

The Accidental Counselor

BY LARRY WOLK
Counselor 1992–1993 Camp Doctor 2002, 2004–2007, 2009

It was as a sophomore in college that I first heard about Camp Winnebago. I was trying to find a fun summer job and, thanks to the likes of my best friend, Doug Thea (longtime camper and Big Captain 1978), I was introduced to Uncle Phil and became a surprisingly successful theater counselor.

> While my theater productions brought me great respect and accolades, my performances on the After Supper League fields and tennis courts ensured that my humility related to my athletic prowess would always keep me balanced.

I could not seem to get enough of Camp, leading me to a 10-year, off-again but mostly on-again career as camp doctor. While my professional stature may have increased, the level of my athletic stature persisted. I continued to lose many a tennis match and perpetually fell short as ASL captain. As a competitive guy, even in loss, I can't ever remember having been so happy as I was at Camp Winnebago.

As a non-camper, I remember being jealous of those counselors who had been campers. There was a palpable divide, not because former campers treated us as outsiders but because we wanted to have those stories, those memories, those Brown and Green rivalries, and the fabled trips down the Allagash or to Pemaquid for lobster. So, the challenge became apparent—you can't change the past, so embrace the present and make your own memories for the future.

The theater was a great vehicle for making memories. Donning persona from the old *SNL* days, I was seemingly able to get away with saying or doing almost anything, so long as I was wearing a wig or a costume and doing so as Joan Rivers, Gilda Radner, or Tim Kazarinsky. Camper Andrew Gropper could sing beautifully, and casting him as Grizabella in *Cats* to sing "Memory" brought down the house and, in my belief, changed his outlook on Camp and Camp's outlook on him.

As a pediatrician, I was proud of what I could accomplish during my one-to-two-week stints as camp doctor. The surgeons, adult doctors, researchers, and psychiatrists before me would fill the Infirmary with malingerers and frauds, masking their homesickness, nurse crushes, and preference for sleeping in Chief's with coughs, nausea, aches, and pains worthy of an Oscar. I relished the opportunity to clear out the Infirmary upon my arrival, sending everyone back to their bunks, only long enough for me to inform the nurse that I would be available by walkie talkie in the rowboat at the dam, fishing.

Tough work, but I needed to be rested and refreshed for the onslaught of injuries anticipated in the Patrol Game later that week. All told, it was a great preparation for pediatrics—where else can you learn so much about a wide array of pediatric conditions, overprescribed medications, healthy and not so healthy food, exercise, clean air, clean artesian well water, and, of course, climate change caused by greenhouse gas emissions from not one but two Greenhouses!

As I think back on all of it, I'm left with two significant contributions in my life: the people and the place. From a "place" perspective, one need only hear the words: the Greenhouse, the Outdoor Supper Field, The Circle, the Lodge, Betty's Beach, Chief's, and a hundred other locations to conjure up thousands more memories and stories. The people are even more luminous and too numerous to mention.

I'm no longer jealous that I wasn't a camper—because I have my own memories and an enrichment to my personal and professional lives that is solely attributable to Camp Winnebago. Sure, I feel as though I made my mark on Camp, but Camp has indelibly left its mark on me.

LEFT TOP : Larry Wolk, the accidental theater counselor, and camp doctor

RIGHT: Winnebago's own radio station, WINN, 640 AM

FAR RIGHT: Evening Ping Pong tournament in the Lodge

A Day in the Life

The deep ethos of Winnebago is reflected in so many ways—the air, trees, lake, people, the place, the idea. In some ways, the most memorable are the activities and what campers learn from them. These day-to-day activities and traditions can seem almost immutable. The 1921 *Echo* reports on a hard-fought baseball game against Androscoggin, while a quick review of decades of *Echo*s will show almost identical photographs of boys diving off the high dive into the lake.

The 1920 *Echo* documents that, in its first summer, Camp had "games, sports, woodcraft, campcraft, nature study, and entertainments." In the 1939 *Echo*, Uncle Bob Stout wrote about Camp's beliefs as to the purpose of athletics: "These activities should first, furnish fun and enjoyment for all, second, develop fundamental skills in some boys and increase or supplement these skills in other boys, and lastly, provide the opportunity for all boys, regardless of their proficiency or their lack of it, to participate in athletic contests. We believe that competent values so vital to character and happy social relationships are also encouraged and developed."

In 1977, Uncle Phil wrote in *The Echo* about a key element of activities, "In athletics, as well as in other areas of life, one cannot always be the winner and must learn to accept losing gracefully."

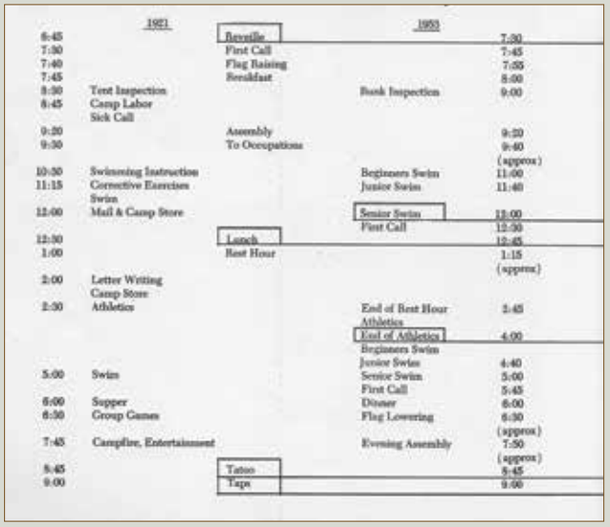
Winnebago offers a summer experience not just for the aspiring athlete, but also opportunities for the budding journalist or sailor. Some activities have come and some have gone and many have stayed for the century. What is enduring has been the inclusion of a wide range of activities that signals the importance of a broad-based curriculum and the development of the whole child.

LEFT: Tetherball in the 1960s was played with paddles
MIDDLE: An Evening Assembly tetherball contest **RIGHT:** Success on the ropes course

LIFE BY THE BUGLE

The bugles are an immutable, deeply memorable part of Camp. Reveille at 7:30 a.m. (diving under your blanket when you heard it), then first call 15 minutes later (you really better be out of bed by now), flag raising, and, finally, second call at 8 a.m.

From the first notes of morning Reveille to the soulful sound of Taps around 9 p.m. signaling the formal end to the day, the various bugle calls move campers through their day. In the very early days of Camp, a live bugler played the calls; that was phased out after WW II and replaced by a tape recording that morphed into a CD recording. At the Final Campfire on Camp's last night, Taps is played live by a camper from the hill overlooking the Council Ring.



1921		1953	
6:45	Reveille		7:30
7:30	First Call		7:45
7:40	Flag Raising		7:55
7:45	Breakfast		8:00
8:30	Tent Inspection	Bunk Inspection	9:00
8:45	Camp Labor		
	Sick Call		
9:20	Assembly		9:20
9:30	To Occupations		9:40 (approx)
10:30	Swimming Instruction	Beginners Swim	11:00
11:15	Corrective Exercises	Junior Swim	11:40
	Swim		
12:00	Mail & Camp Store	Senior Swim	12:00
		First Call	12:30
12:30	Lunch		12:45
1:00	Rest Hour		1:15 (approx)
2:00	Letter Writing		
	Camp Store		
2:30	Athletics	End of Rest Hour	2:45
		Athletics	
		End of Athletics	4:00
		Beginners Swim	
		Junior Swim	4:40
5:00	Swim	Senior Swim	5:00
		First Call	5:45
6:00	Supper	Dinner	6:00
6:30	Group Games	Flag Lowering	6:30 (approx)
7:45	Campfire, Entertainment	Evening Assembly	7:50 (approx)
8:45		Tattoo	8:45
9:00		Taps	9:00

The camp schedule has seen some changes through the years. The 1953 *Echo* sports a comparison of the 1921 and 1953 daily schedules with the comment, "Much moaning is heard around Camp when the Reveille bugle blows, and much chattering when Taps sounds. But if you think you have a gripe about your schedule, compare it to the camp schedule of 1921."

LEFT: 1921 schedule compared to the 1953 schedule

RIGHT: Waking up the camp, 1940

Today, after flag raising, breakfast, and Inspection, there are three periods in the morning, from 9:15 to 12:25 ,that rotate among Selected Activities, swimming, and athletics. Lunch is at 12:45, followed by Rest Hour (for showers and writing letters home), and then back to a similar three periods in the afternoon, from 2:30 to 5:40. Flag lowering is followed by dinner at 6 p.m., and then After Supper Leagues, free time, and mixed-age group games. Evening Assembly is at 7:45, with the coda of Tattoo and Taps to end the day.

GETTING TO CAMP

As if Camp itself wasn't exciting enough, traveling to Camp often started out the summer with high jinks and lots of laughter.

From the early years of Camp through the 1960s, campers from the New York metropolitan area traveled by train from Grand Central Station in New York City. Entering the busy station, campers and parents met east of Track 11 and identified their group by the wooden paddles held high by counselors. They embarked after dinner, and the fun began with candy, games, laughter, and horseplay. Eventually, most everyone bedded down in a curtained berth for the night, but in reality, few got much sleep. In the morning, campers arrived at the Readfield Depot, exhausted, happy, and eager to start another summer at Camp. In the earliest years, horse-drawn hay wagons transported the campers the final seven miles to Fayette, and campers remembered getting out and pushing the wagons up to Kents Hill. Later, there was the "Old Tin Can" truck, with its open sides and perilous wooden benches that brought the boys to Camp.

As a presage to the future, in the summer of 1945, when most trains were being used for transporting service men and women home from the war, campers flew on Northeast Airlines, on a three-and-a-half-hour flight to Maine. By 1946, the boys were back to taking the train. Today, the majority of campers arrive by chartered bus, supplemented by air travel and parents driving their sons to Camp.

TOP LEFT: Wooden paddles, held by counselors at Grand Central Station, denote the group. **TOP RIGHT:** Campers arrive by train at Readfield Depot.
MIDDLE RIGHT: The "Old Tin Can," with its open sides, took campers from Readfield Depot to Camp. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** On the overnight train to Camp, nobody slept much.
BOTTOM LEFT: Boys fly to Camp in 1945.

TOP LEFT: Tug of War—pulling or pulled?

TOP RIGHT: When reaching the top of the climbing wall, campers shout "Mordecai!"

BOTTOM: Soccer has always been one of the most popular activities.

In the early years of Camp, athletics consisted primarily of tennis, volleyball, baseball, basketball, and swimming, with instruction, Brown and Green, and intercamp competition. Other athletic activities soon began to appear—archery in 1927 and horseshoes in 1928. Boxing was introduced in 1921; fencing and horseback riding were also taught in the next decades. The ever-popular tetherball began in 1960, and judo was added to the program in 1976, Frisbee golf in 1982, and waterskiing in 1986. Fencing made a comeback in the 1970s but was limited by the availability of instructors. The all-camp Tug of War took place from the 1920s through the 1970s.

Today's Camp includes time for both the traditional range of athletic activities, including volleyball, basketball, and softball, supplemented by newer sports, including street hockey, lacrosse, and ultimate frisbee.

The ropes course was added in 1985 in the woods down near the lake. The low course provides a dozen or so elements focused on group dynamics and cooperation. Have you gotten caught in the Spider's Web or did you drop the Nitro swinging across the pit? The upper course provides adventure and thrills. Traversing the precarious elements toward the zipline platform necessitates a mastery of focus, balance, and overcoming nerves.

The Indoor League was the forebear of the After Supper Leagues. Started in the first year of Camp with teams named after the colleges of staff and counselors, ASL continues to be popular as older campers and counselors join to compete in after-dinner softball and volleyball games, with the winners of each earning coveted Hershey bars.

In the first decades of Camp, Occupations included a wide range of activities that introduced the boys to new ideas. In the late 1950s, Occupations became Selected Activities, and the breadth of activities has continued to increase through today, reflecting new and developing interests.

The *WAG* (*Winnebago Afternoon Gazette*), Winnebago's newspaper documenting the goings-on around Camp, was produced by the campers starting in 1921. At first, it was outsourced for printing, then printed at Camp after a mimeograph machine was purchased. Campers muse about fixing typing mistakes with a razor blade and the purple ink that stayed on their hands from operating the mimeograph. Gratefully, in 1993, desktop publishing replaced the purple fingers.

BELOW: During the 1920s, much emphasis was placed on winning tournaments, especially against arch rivals Androscoggin and Kennebec. Silk banners, proudly displayed in the Winnebago Museum, show the scores of early meets.

BELOW: As campers improve their skills in various activities and sports, they are awarded patches, which are displayed on their jackets.

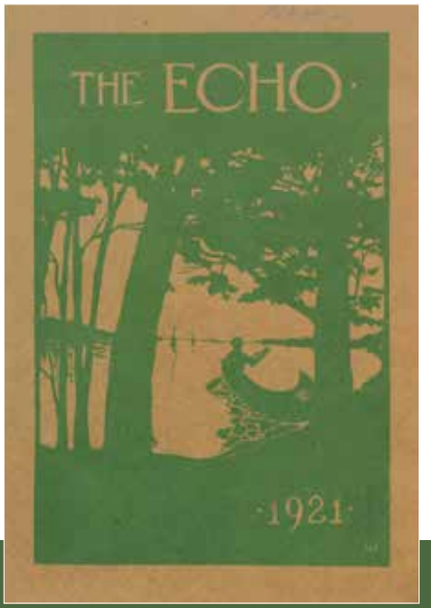
RIGHT: Taking notes for the *WAG*

FAR RIGHT: The first edition of *The Echo* in 1921

The very first camp yearbook, *The Echo*, was published after the 1921 camping season, with campers serving as the primary writers and editors.

Campers solicited paid advertisements and subscriptions from friends, family, and businesses to fund the publication, and the editor and his staff worked hard all winter to produce it. Frank G. Black, the faculty advisor, noted, "This issue will teach us valuable lessons for the future and will help us toward the production of a well-balanced paper." Beginning in 1955, *The Echo* became primarily a counselor responsibility. It is a wonderful reflection of the commitment to continuity and tradition that the model of the very first *Echo* can be seen in today's yearbooks.

Other literary pursuits were also popular during the 1920s and 1930s, with the *The Echo* including poems praising the beauty of Camp and plays written by campers. Camp also focused on the academic pursuits of the boys, with regular tutoring sessions on the schedule.



Nature was so popular early on that there was a wildflower competition among camps. A Winnebagan documented 67 specimens in a two-week period to win. Arts and Crafts began in 1922, with leatherwork, toymaking, linoleum blockprinting, and metalworking added in 1924. Photography started in 1923 with Camp's own darkroom, still in use today. Radio was introduced in 1981 and video in 1993. Some activities appear and disappear: geocaching in 2008, Building and Architecture in 2012.

There have always been traditional Evening Assemblies, with plays, games, talent shows, counselor hunts, and camper hunts among the regulars. Dances with Maine girls' camps were held both home and away; Camp Vega, "'Nuf said," notes the 1937 *Echo*. One tradition in the 1960s and 1970s was a mock political convention in years with a presidential election. In 1964, Bennett Katz, a Maine state legislator, was the keynote speaker, and the campers nominated Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton and Massachusetts Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. to the Republican ticket. In 1976, Angus King, then a public radio commentator, gave a rousing and informative keynote. Perhaps this helped launch him into politics and his subsequent success as governor and U.S. senator from Maine!

TOP LEFT: Hooking the 100th Anniversary Rug in Arts and Crafts, 2018

TOP RIGHT: There's also time for drawing, reading, and thinking.

LEFT: Video

TOP RIGHT: 1976 Mock Republican Convention, keynoted by Angus King

RIGHT: Winnebago dances, "'Nuf said"

JUNIOR MAINE GUIDE

The Junior Maine Guide (JMG) program was a highlight for campers from the late 1930s through the 1970s. The JMG activity was always considered one of the most difficult at Camp, and the certificate was highly prized. Authorized in 1937 by the Maine State Legislature, the JMG program was designed to teach youths the skills to master the wilderness. Campers who chose to try to earn the JMG certificate learned a great deal from studying and practicing their outdoor skills.

In 1938, only 22 participants from summer camps throughout Maine, including four Winnebagans, were ready to take the test. They had to spend two nights in the wilderness, make a shelter with a poncho, build a wet-wood fire, and create a bough bed. They also had to write essays on what they would bring on a five-day canoe trip and on the State of Maine. One Winnebagan, Jules Gutterman, passed the test that year and went to the State Capital, where the governor awarded him his prized JMG certificate.

During World War II, many counselors joined the war effort. In 1942, Mrs. Chief planted a Victory Garden. Campers picked 1,162 pounds of beans and sold them for $26.97, which was donated to the Red Cross. In 1943, *The Echo* reported that 75 percent of Winnebago alumni were in the armed services. Defense "occupations" such as air raid protection, auto mechanics, and communications by learning Morse and semaphore codes were added to the program.

FAR LEFT: The Junior Maine Guide (JMG) manual, which the boys studied to pass the difficult test

TOP: Mrs. Chief planted a Victory Garden in 1942 as part of the war effort.

BOTTOM: Today's vegetable garden, near Arts and Crafts and tended by the campers, produces food for Camp's salad bar.

1962

Campers get milk and cookies once a day as an extra snack, from the Milk Squad

1965

Camp Winnebago signs

1961

A large group of international counselors from England, Hungary, Japan, France, Netherlands, and Switzerland arrive

1969

The psychedelic canoe is given to Camp as a 50th Anniversary gift

1969

Uncle Clem Barton composes the new song, "Silver Sails Have Turned to Gold"

FAR LEFT: There has been a long tradition of singing the songs of Winnebago at Evening Assembly.

LEFT: Skit night in the Lodge

CAMP DIVISIONS

From the very first year of Camp, all campers were divided into divisions based on age and grade. Until the 1950s, there were five divisions, starting with the youngest campers as Eagles, and through Darts, Crescents, Bows, and Arrows. Today, there are seven divisions, with the youngest campers in the Falcons, progressing up to the oldest campers, the Senior Arrows.

Campers who have been at Winnebago for seven years receive the Seven Year shirt, awarded at a midseason campfire.

Beginning in the late 1970s, Sundays became a sleep-late morning, with afternoon signups for varied, unique activities. The morning starts with a buffet breakfast from 8 to 10, followed by a two-period morning activity schedule. In the afternoon, staff lend their talents to special signup activities they lead with small groups of campers. Juggling, boomerang-throwing, strawberry- and blueberry-picking at local farms, golf, fishing trips, running groups, Dungeons and Dragons, and discussion groups, among others, are enjoyed.

Uncle Andy wrote in the 2017 camp brochure, "When he leaves camp, a Winnebagan understands that playing is as important as winning, effort is integral to development, and the journey of life is the reward."

The key value of Camp—that success is defined by effort rather than outcome—combined with the wide variety of activities available to campers throughout the decades, has helped ensure that for many Winnebagans their life journey has been enhanced by what they have learned at Camp.

LEFT: The graphic for the Seven Year shirt

ABOVE: The Snipe Hunt is a long-beloved tradition at Camp. The youngest campers are awakened late at night and told to grab their pillowcases, and then they set out to find the elusive snipe through the dark night, usually on the soccer field.

RIFLERY

Riflery has long been an integral camp activity, having been introduced in 1930. By 1931, campers were recognized for their prowess on the riflery range with National Rifle Association awards. The 1931 *Echo* notes, "It develops teamwork, careful attention to minor details, nervous and muscular coordination, willingness to take instruction, and finally develops, probably to a higher degree than other sport, that great essential of successful manhood—self control." By the summer of 1942, it was voted the most popular Occupation.

With the April 1999 shootings at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado, some parents expressed concern about continuing to offer the riflery program at Camp. Responding to this concern, Uncle Phil wrote to the parents of campers, alumni, and friends of Winnebago noting "the large number of boys who pride themselves on the focus they bring to the activity," reflecting the 1931 intent.

A subsequent interview with Phil in *The Boston Globe* echoed the words of his letter: "If Camp were the only place where rifles were found, I would do away with the activity. Judging from the abundance of toy guns, sticks transformed by the imagination into guns, and pointed fingers serving as weapons, it is obvious that our discontinuation of the activity would not affect their use in fantasy play. But by having the boys carry rifles to the range in a careful and orderly way, learn how to place the rifle down before loading, how to receive ammunition, when to load, lock, and fire, and be trained to respond only when the command is given, we are a long way from creating menaces. In fact, we are creating citizens with a healthy respect for weapons and not people who glorify them. People learning about guns in a setting like ours are, I suspect, better educated about their use and less likely to misuse weapons."

TOP: Campers at the riflery range

BOTTOM: Camp Winnebago creates citizens with a healthy respect for guns.

Riflery has continued to be offered at Camp as a Selected Activity, beginning with campers who have finished fifth grade.

Traditions

BY ERIC BENSON

Camper 1995–2000 Counselor 2003–2007

When I was an intern at *Harper's Magazine* in New York City in the fall of 2008, I met an editor there who used to say, "I don't like magazines, I like *Harper's*." What he meant was that he regarded most magazines as frivolous products, but he thought *Harper's* was different. I understood exactly what that editor meant, not because I felt that way about *Harper's*, but because I did about Winnebago and its relationships to "camps."

To me, camp—the generic thing—is a place you might have visited on an inter-camp swim meet or seen depicted in a movie or TV show such as *Meatballs* or *Salute Your Shorts*. Camp is disposable and just for fun. Winnebago is not those things.

Sure, Winnebago is often very fun, but at Winnebago, you learn quickly that you are part of a select order. When you sit in the Dining Hall or the Lodge or even your bunk, you stare up at plaques and scrawled names that memorialize a century of triumphs and achievements and extraordinary events. Before you go to sleep at night, you literally and sincerely pledge your undying loyalty to the place in song. Winnebago isn't a camp you go to for seven-plus weeks and quickly forget about. It's a proud tradition that you get to be part of.

Winnebago wears its traditions lightly, as a source of inspiration that can be added to, revised, and reinvented whenever a good new idea comes along. But what are Winnebago's traditions? I think of every moment of a camp day as being suffused with one distinctly Winnebagan practice or another.

There's the way campers address staff as "Uncle" or "Aunt." There's the mealtime call-out of "What's the word?," which is usually followed by a shouted inside joke that's understood by half the camp at best. There's the "Happy Birthday" song and the number 19 and letter-writing at Rest Hour and the nightly rounds that Uncle Andy makes to wish a good night to every lower-division camper.

There's spaghetti and meatballs on the first night of Camp and lobster dinner after the first-four-weekers depart and steaks at Final Banquet. All of Final Week, in fact, from Captain's Dinner to the Apache Relay to the Ashes Ceremony, is a grand Winnebago tradition.

When Winnebagans approach each summer's big endeavors, they do so with a keen awareness of history.

In my camper years, every Big Captain election was preceded by Uncle Paul Schwarz describing Winnebago's unique "curveball democratic process" of electing two leaders. He would then acknowledge every past Big Captain in the room, from Uncle Phil Lilienthal down to the 18-year-old alumni counselor who had served in the position only three years earlier. Even as an Eagle, I understood the stakes were high. Big Captains were Big Captains for life.

When we'd embark on an epic overnight trip such as the St. Croix or the Allagash, we had a sense of who had tackled these challenges before. Alumni staff would give us warnings (the protruding rock in a certain set of rapids that had once dented a canoe) and tips (there's an unmarked spring at this campsite). But, more than anything, we left for each trip with the sense that we weren't just canoeing down a river but engaging in an age-old rite of passage.

The historical fidelity of traditions at Camp has never mattered. What matters is that our traditions force us to see ourselves as part of something that's bigger than any individual camper or individual staff member or single summer. Our traditions tell us that we're Winnebagans, and that the things we do every summer won't be lost to time. Every day at Camp builds toward new traditions that future Winnebagans will practice and new stories that future Winnebagans will tell.

VISITING DAY

Campers and parents alike look forward to the midsummer Visiting Day. When they find each other at the camper's first activity, there are hugs and kisses and parents happily follow their son along as he progresses through his daily schedule. There is the traditional Visiting Day buffet lunch, with seating on the lawn and porches. Long gone are Aunt Emmy's box lunches, when the whole Camp participated in assembling the boxes in the days leading up to the weekend. At the day's end, parents depart by 5 p.m., tired and happy, having seen their son busy and involved in his activities. Any lingering homesickness quickly abates as campers plunge into the first Patrol Game of the season on Saturday night.

LEFT : Evan Feldhausen and Eric Benson shake hands after their election as Big Captains in 2000.
RIGHT: Parents and campers on the lawn have lunch on Visiting Day.

Pranks

BY JIM ASTROVE

Camper 1969–1975 Counselor 1978–2002
Head Counselor 2003–2009

For as long as I've been part of the Winnebago community, pranks have been a part of Camp's DNA. Whether it's an all-camp prank, a Senior Lodge prank, or a prank on an overnight trip, pranks have evolved, repeated themselves time and time again, and in some cases been laid to rest. The best live forever in camp folklore.

Why pull pranks? Beyond the simple fact that we can, it's the desire to shake things up, bring a smile to the community, and perhaps leave some people shaking their heads. Pranks can take many forms. A prank can be the underground *WAG* or the even more salacious *WAD* (*Winnebago After Dark*). It can be a prank on the Dining Hall roof and decks, the famous 1969 Fiftieth Anniversary prank involving missing campers whistling the theme song to *The Bridge on the River Kwai* while sauntering into the Dining Hall for breakfast, or boats on Eagle Field spelling out a message from the Seniors.

Whatever form a prank takes, though, a truly Winnebagan prank must follow some guidelines. First and foremost, it must be done with pep and vim. Both the pranksters and the pranked need to be able to share in laughter at it. Second, once done, a prank must be completely undone—and quickly. No one passing by the site of a prank afterward should ever know that it happened there.

VEGA PRANKS

There's a girls camp down the road—and during camp summers since 1936, Vega's first year, Winnebagans have had a natural place to pull pranks. Whether it's Vega's horses—one famously ending up at our flagpole—or the ubiquitous Vega sign, which has ended up in scores of places at our camp (even at Uncle Howie's 60th birthday celebration at the famous Luchow's restaurant in New York City), campers and counselors and sometimes even administrators have heard the siren call from down the lake and made sure that each summer (or, at least, many of them), the high jinks continue.

The Vega prank of the early 1980s was a classic. It was truly a three-pronged attack: a lake assault combined with two land campaigns, all coordinated well after Taps. The two overland parties that entered Vega via the road were diversionary in nature. Many of those counselors were caught by Vega security and staff, among them the camp's Director, Dick Courtiss. While Uncle Phil drove down to Vega to broker the release of those apprehended counselors, the principal raiding party snapped to action. A Winnebagan regatta of canoes, kayaks, and rowboats laid siege to the Vega waterfront, eventually towing every Vega boat back to Winnebago's docks and swim area. With everyone back at Camp, and the loons and the Milky Way taking over the night, the counselors asked an unwitting Uncle Phil to come to the waterfront to see what they'd done. His phone call to Courtiss was short. "Dick, sorry about tonight. But before you go to bed, please check your waterfront."

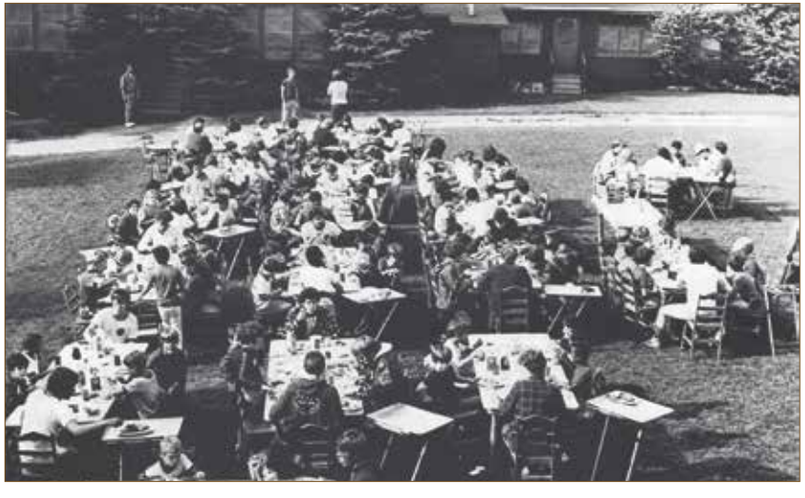
ABOVE: The almost-annual Vega sign prank

There surely have been hundreds of other Vega pranks, and I'll end with another favorite: the Streak. It's the mid '70s. Counselors streaking through the Vega staff meeting. They are moving with precision, speed, and naked alacrity very much in the style of the era. And, sure, the Unks were game, but most critical were the Aunts who made it possible—Aunts Emmy, Lynn, and Carol—who were waiting to drive the getaway car!

NABBY & THE DINING HALL

Sometimes a prank doesn't work the first time, and it takes another effort to be successful. And sometimes, the second effort is the very next night. In the late 1970s, Uncle Nabby (Richard Nabatoff, camper 1966–1970, counselor 1975–1977) was visiting Camp and roused a large crew of counselors armed with flashlights and the Dining Hall layout map. Their plan: to clear out every table and chair in the Dining Hall. On the first try, a lack of silence gave them away. The administration heard the racket and halted Nabby's Dining Hall evacuation about three-quarters of the way through.

The counselors put all those tables and chairs back in the dark, a task made all the more difficult given that no one outside of the pranksters themselves had an opportunity to appreciate their work. When Second Call blew that next morning, everyone settled into the Dining Hall as they always did.



TOP: Coming into breakfast in the Dining Hall, campers were greeted by canoes instead of tables.

BOTTOM: Uncle Nabby's tables on Eagle Field

The next night, Nabby was at it again. Who else would have considered another attempt so soon? This time, the pranksters were silent, and when Camp awoke the next morning, the Dining Hall had been transferred perfectly onto Eagle Field, all the way down to the phone on the head table. During the breakfast, numerous campers and counselors were sent to the head table, told that they had a phone call. Of course, it was disconnected.

Music and Theater at Winnebago

BY PAUL SCHWARZ
Camper 1947–1953 Counselor 1959–1967, 1969–1971 Head Counselor 1981–2002

It is impossible to think about the Lodge without hearing music or seeing that green curtain opening upon a stage set. Sure, lots of other activities take place in the Lodge, but it has that curtain, stage, lights, and piano. It is and always has been Winnebago's center of music and theater. There's not a single Winnebagan who has not sung in that building and been on that stage. Music and theater are a part of Camp's core.

It is safe to say that Camp Winnebago has never been without songs. "Goodnight Winnebago" dates to 1921, Camp's second season, and has closed every evening since then. Virtually all the songs we know today were created in Winnebago's earliest years. The beautiful "Winnebago Glorious" was created by three campers and immediately adopted as the new alma mater in 1947. A later addition was the beloved "In Hush of the Evening," Uncle Clem Barton's celebration of Camp's 30th. With its more complex intervals and harmonies, it is harder to sing than his earlier "Silver Sails on Echo Lake," composed for Camp's Silver 25th Anniversary in 1944, and perhaps the most treasured song of all.

The rest of the early canon consists almost exclusively of fight songs ("Fight for Winnebago," "Cheer---," "Hail----," etc.). And while a couple have original melodies, most are adapted from existing college songs. For example, the familiar "On, Wisconsin" became "Carry On."

Two major projects preserved this music; a two-disc set of 78-rpm recordings was made in 1948, and a more expansive 33-rpm disc in 1964 included music from camp shows as well. In that latter year, Uncle Howie undertook a most important effort, preserving the songs in a small-format *Songster* booklet that included every camp song of the time.

And how were these songs used? In Camp's early years, there was a daily Morning Assembly that always included singing an opening and a closing song. If there was an intercamp game, the team got a musical send-off. The last vestige of that Morning Assembly tradition has been the Wednesday Trip Day Assembly, closing with the "Trip Song," a song reprised by every returning overnight trip.

There was a camp orchestra and a real emphasis on instrumental music in the 1920s and 1930s. There were formal choirs, or Glee Clubs, which presented evening programs. Alumni from the 1940s to 1960s will recall the weekly, nonsectarian services in the Council Ring, which included "sermons" by staff members and musical performances by one division; they were replaced in the 1970s by campfire programs. For many summers, Winnebago had a music counselor with a strong background in music, starting with Uncle Clem Barton, followed by Uncle Dick Pisano, and then, throughout the 1960s, by Uncle Jack Sterling.

In addition to the songs, there were musical shows, of course, including some major undertakings, such as full productions of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, *Ballad for Americans*, and *Lonesome Train*. Serious and comic productions were weekly program highlights, with a printed playbill handed to audience members. Through the 1950s, a camper with a passion for theater could be in multiple productions, due to the very open schedule and flexible rehearsal times.

With the new daily schedule in the 1960s, plays featured boys from two divisions. By the 1980s, with the aim of giving all boys an equal opportunity, one play was scheduled for each division. Two productions have always been Final Week highlights: the Senior Play and the Counselor Show, the latter almost always a valiant attempt at a full Broadway musical. As with the music counselors, drama counselors have often been people with professional careers in the field, such as David Shookhoff, Marty Johnson, and Terry Greiss.

A boys' camp poses an obvious dilemma for theater. All-male shows? While plays such as *Twelve Angry Men*, and *Stalag 17* have taken the first option, more often staff and campers have rummaged in the costume closet and come out on stage in female roles, sometimes with extremely comic effect and at other times in a quite straightforward manner.

One of the great features of the Winnebago stage is that there are no failures. There is no embarrassment, only support and applause. It has been for so many campers a place to try out their wings. Winnebago theater has been a platform for the discovery of an inner talent and a place to gain a new self-confidence, buoyed by the ever-enthusiastic camp audience.

FAR LEFT: The *Winnebago Songster*, 1964, and the Winnebago stage in the Lodge, seen from backstage

TOP LEFT: Young campers in a theater performance

TOP MIDDLE: Singing their hearts out

TOP RIGHT: The old, beloved piano

RIGHT: The Boathouse and docks on Echo Lake, 1960s

FAR RIGHT: Setting out on a canoe trip on Echo Lake, 2016

Echo Lake

While the Council Ring is seen as the soul of Camp, Echo Lake truly stands as its heart. Winnebago wraps around its shores, in and out of small coves, cool water splashing on rocks, sun glinting off the deep blue, clouds mirrored on its pellucid surface, rays of moonlight transecting the still, dark waters. Campers are drawn to the lakefront when returning to Camp every summer. Standing at the end of the dock, raising your arms skyward toward the warm sun, remembering the joyous sounds of play, Echo Lake means summer has arrived.

RIGHT: The chip board helps keep track of who is swimming or on the docks.

FAR RIGHT: Morning setting up exercises on the waterfront, 1922

BELOW: The coveted Dolphin swim patch

The waterfront has always been an integral part of the Winnebago experience. There is the shallow area, called the Crib, and then the deeper area with lanes for racing, instructional swim, and water polo, surrounded by the floating docks. Farther out is the Quad, with the waterslide and diving platform, scenes of much horseplay, graceful swan dives, and cannonballs. The Boathouse and docks continue along the waterfront, housing sailboats, rowboats, canoes, and other assorted watercraft.

In Camp's first years, activities and sports focused on Echo Lake. Mornings started with setting up exercises on the shore or a dip in the often-chilly lake. Swimming lessons were compulsory for all campers, and Canoeing and Life Saving were among the early Occupations. Swim meets were some of the highlights of the camp season, with campers racing against perennial opponents Kennebec and Androscoggin. The 1925 *Echo* proudly noted that Winnebago beat Kennebec 81½ to 51½, with a gleeful note that Kennebec had been defeated at swimming only three times in five years!

> For the first few years, there was an Occupation titled Non-Swimmers, which was the bane of Uncle Leo Lehrman's existence.

The August 30, 1925, *WAG* highlights the demise of this Occupation: "The remarkable exploits of Jules Schwab Jr., 10, of 817 West End Avenue, finally puts an end to the Winnebago non-swimmers class. Schwab, in a superb exhibition of natatorial skill, coupled with a rigorously trained physique and magnificent courage, swam, on August 22 last, not only from one pier to the other, but also from the other back to the first. The entire swim totaled fifty yards. Mr. Leo Lehrman, well-known mentor of swimming, said: 'The non-swimmers class was an evil which cried out for abolition.'"

In the 1938 *Echo*, he went on to advise on why "swimming should probably be the most important activity in camp life." He wrote, "From the awakening shock of a dip in the cool lake in the morning, to the delightful sensation of the refreshing water after a good work-out, there is nothing better one could wish for."

Today, swimming is still compulsory and the swim chip board is an enduring part of the waterfront docks. Swim meets are still an integral part of the B&G competition, and water polo has also become a standard camp activity. As campers become stronger swimmers, there is the opportunity to try out their expertise on longer swims across the lake to White Rock or even down to Turtle Island, with the Dolphin swim patch the ultimate goal. Free swim in the afternoon is an opportunity for fun on the docks, and the waterslide and the high-dive provide platforms for timeless joy. After dinner, nothing is better than an all-camp swim to end a hot day.

1974

Phil Lilienthal begins his first summer as Director

1975

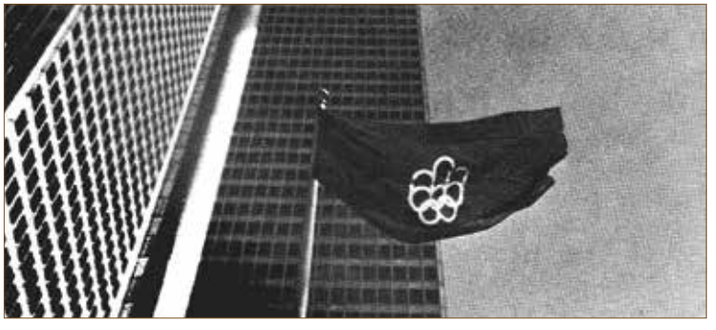
Laundry is added with washers and dryers in the former Ice House, near the Kitchen

1975

The basketball court is paved

1976

Senior Arrows, Arrows, and Bows (SAAB) go to the Montreal Olympics



1977

Campers visit the Volvo Tennis Tournament in New Hampshire on Trip Day

Since the earliest years, there has been a Boathouse on the shores of Camp, with the stand of birch trees at its entrance. The first Boathouse consisted of a simple, single-story wooden building with two portals with ramps for launching the canoes stored inside. This was soon replaced with a two-story building with an open front. The second floor, with its log balcony and iconic lake view, housed a variety of activities, starting with woodcraft in the earlier years and today's Arts and Crafts and woodworking.

In 1966, the Boathouse burned down one night, as campers and counselors watched from the docks. The cause was a fire started in the pottery kiln. Quickly rebuilt, the new Boathouse has continued to serve the waterfront faithfully. Many an evening after dinner, campers wait patiently for the oar with "CLOSED" painted on it to finally come down so once more they can enjoy the smooth waters of the lake.

LEFT: Uncle Charlie Roth diving off the platform, 1931

TOP RIGHT: The original 1920s Boathouse

BOTTOM RIGHT: The Boathouse burning down, 1966

Boating and Canoeing, or B&C as it is known, has introduced generations of Winnebagans to the joys of boating sports. Canoeing has always been a favorite activity, with a canoe fleet including the legendary long war canoes of the 1930s to the 1970s, the famous psychedelic canoe gifted to Camp in 1969, and the beautiful wooden canoe handmade by campers in 1987 and proudly displayed at the Museum.

The youngest campers faithfully practice their strokes, crisscrossing the lake in anticipation of their first overnight canoe trip and dreaming of the Allagash adventures to come. Learning how to swamp and unswamp a canoe is a rite of passage and practicing canoe-over-canoe rescue is an elevated feat.

Rowboats have always had an important place at the docks. They serve as a primer on the water before moving on to canoes and, more recently, kayaks. Sailing also has been an integral part of campers lives, with sailboats ranging from the old wooden-hulled ones named *Chief* and *Mrs. Chief* to the Javelins aptly named *Winne* and *Bago* to today's Sunfishes and Lasers. Other types of watercraft have been part of the Winnebago flotilla through the years, from windsurfers to stand-up paddleboards to water bikes.

Waterskiing was a controversial addition to the waterfront, with Uncle Phil reluctantly adding a ski boat in 1986. Today, it is a popular activity, with the laughter and screams of campers on skis or tubes echoing over the lake.

FAR LEFT: The *Mrs. Chief* sailboat

TOP MIDDLE: Waterskiing was reluctantly introduced in 1986.

BOTTOM MIDDLE: Kayaking is a popular activity.

TOP RIGHT: The infamous psychedelic canoe, a gift to Camp from Lenny and Maxwell Sturtz, for the 50th Anniversary, 1969

BOTTOM RIGHT: Canoe-over-canoe rescue

Winnebago has developed some popular lake traditions. Gunnelling, where one stands on the narrow platform at the stern of a canoe and pumps up and down to propel the craft, has been a camp favorite for decades.

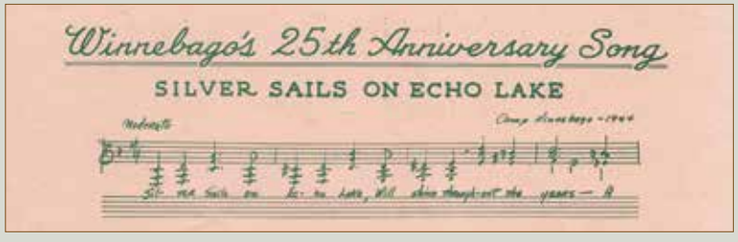
> Then there is sitting under the waterfall at the dam, where, for years, the boards could be taken out of the dam, to create a three-foot waterfall, under which generations of campers have sat and frolicked.

What is the sound of Echo Lake? It is often the light lapping of waves against the shore or the mournful call of a loon that pierces the silence of the night, sending shivers up campers' spines. Echo Lake—beautiful in its serene, placid surface, exciting with its wind-driven waves, a journey of discovery in canoes, cool and refreshing—is the heartbeat of Camp.

ABOVE: Gunnelling, a long-time camp tradition

RIGHT: Fishing has caught the imagination of many a camper, with huge smiles when a big one is landed.

SONGS OF INSPIRATION



Echo Lake has been the inspiration for many camp songs, with perhaps the best known being the 25th Anniversary song, "Silver Sails on Echo Lake," by Clem Barton, with its elegiac words.

Silver Sails on Echo Lake will shine throughout
the years,
A glow no tide can ever break, through laughter,
smiles or tears.
Silver sails beyond the shore will linger on and on,
And drift right through our lives with you, though
many years have gone.

Uncle Clem then doubled down with the 50th Anniversary song, "Silver Sails Have Turned to Gold," in which he optimistically wrote,

Fifty years on Echo's shore,
May there be a hundred more.

The Mythology of Echo Lake

BY NATHANIEL RICH

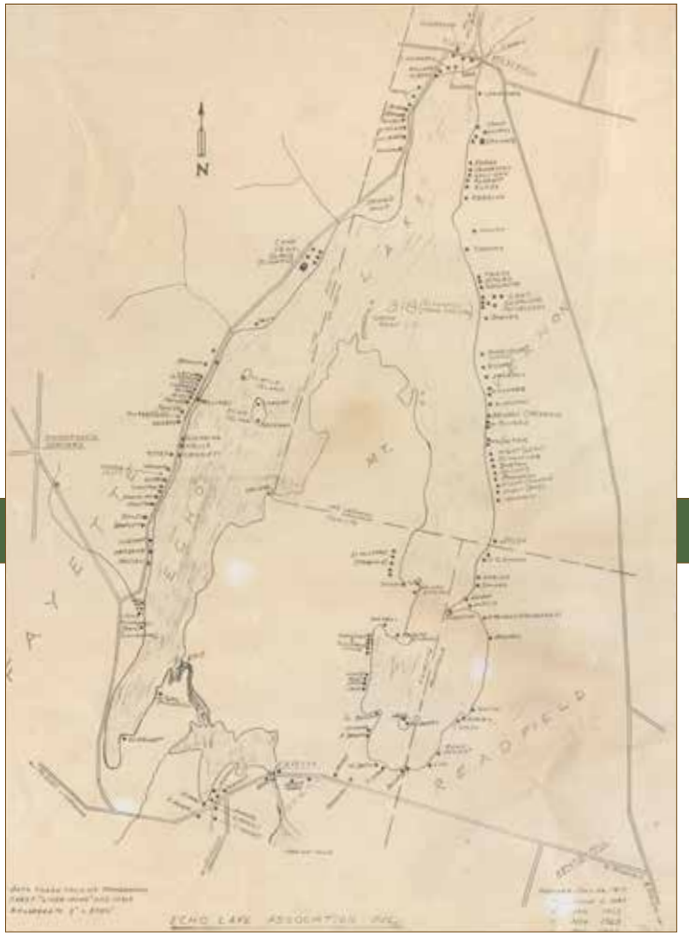
Camper 1990–1995 Counselor 2000

A little more than a century ago, there was no Echo Lake. There was only Crotched Pond—named, it would seem, for its shape, which resembles the lower half of a tall, slim man. Green's Point marks the tall man's crotch; Camp Winnebago perches on his left ankle.

According to the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife, the lake encompasses 1,185 acres, averages a surface temperature of 71 degrees Fahrenheit, and has a mean depth of 21 feet. But I think any Winnebagan would contest those details.

When, as a 10-year-old from Manhattan, I first stared out from the docks, I did not see a crotch-shaped pond, but the kind of fearsome, wondrous watery vista depicted on medieval maritime maps—the kind filled with illustrations of capsized ships, mermaids, and sea monsters. Echo Lake seemed to have the dimensions of a great inland sea. The first time I jumped in, shortly after breakfast on a cool June morning, I was certain that the lake was not 71 degrees Fahrenheit, but approximately the temperature of an ice cube.

And once I moved beyond the swimming lanes to the area then known as the Triangle, the bottom plunged into an abyss—to the center of the earth, as far as I could tell—which I figured was for the best, given the creatures I imagined slithering across the lakebed. The sea monsters soon arrived—the snapping turtles whose shells, the size of trashcan lids, floated into view below our furiously treading feet—causing panicked evacuations.



After a series of encounters with one especially persistent visitor, a brave counselor trapped the creature inside an actual trashcan. Its claws could be heard scraping against the walls of its aluminum cage. It was released in a different watershed, miles away, out of respect for its cunning and ancient wisdom; otherwise, it was believed, it would eventually find its way back to Echo Lake, and its kingdom fortress, Turtle Island.

The White Rock, looming just above the waterline opposite the Boating and Canoeing dock, had a similarly enchanted aura, even after I learned that its whiteness had first been deposited by birds, and later by counselors with paintbrushes. It was said that to obtain Senior Canoeist, the highest B&C rank, you had to canoe, solo, around the White Rock and back in under three minutes—a feat that even on calm days would have required a Herculean effort. When I became a B&C counselor, my superior, Sabi Szilagyi, made me an Expert Canoeist, an honorary distinction even higher than Senior Canoeist. It didn't matter that the title was invented—I lorded it over my campers, fielding awestruck questions about how I managed to pull off the White Rock Challenge.

El Dorado was the Fayette Country Store, reached by armada, paddling up the lake's left leg and down the other. Its bounty included Italian subs, salt-and-vinegar chips, and Jolt Cola, the closest thing to ambrosia—and cocaine—legally available to a child. Even more thrilling was the shorter trip to the dam. Its man-made waterfall was the first image I had of Winnebago, featured on the VHS tape that Uncle Phil brought to my apartment on a recruiting tour. In the video, campers sat on the dry ledge of the dam behind the curtain of water, which they broke by dunking their heads through it. Having never seen a waterfall before, the idea of sitting dry beneath one—albeit a "waterfall" with a three-foot drop—seemed uncanny, a violation of natural law, and made Winnebago seem like a fantastical neverland.

LEFT: Echo Lake, or Crotched Pond, as it was originally known

ABOVE: Lying in our sleeping bags on the swimming dock, staring up at the Milky Way

The paddle to the dam passed over Echo Lake's own sunken wreck, a largely intact rowboat visible through the sunlit water that was the subject of wild-eyed speculation. Its unfortunate inhabitants, Winnebagans no doubt, surely had gone down with the ship, but where were their skeletons? The snapping turtles were suspected.

There were yet other wonders: the elusive red-eyed black and white loons, whose calls echoed eerily at night, but were only glimpsed about as regularly as the Loch Ness monster; and Winnebago's own mermaids, whose splashes and tinkling laughter could be heard off Betty's Beach early on the mornings of Final Week during the Polar Bear Swim.

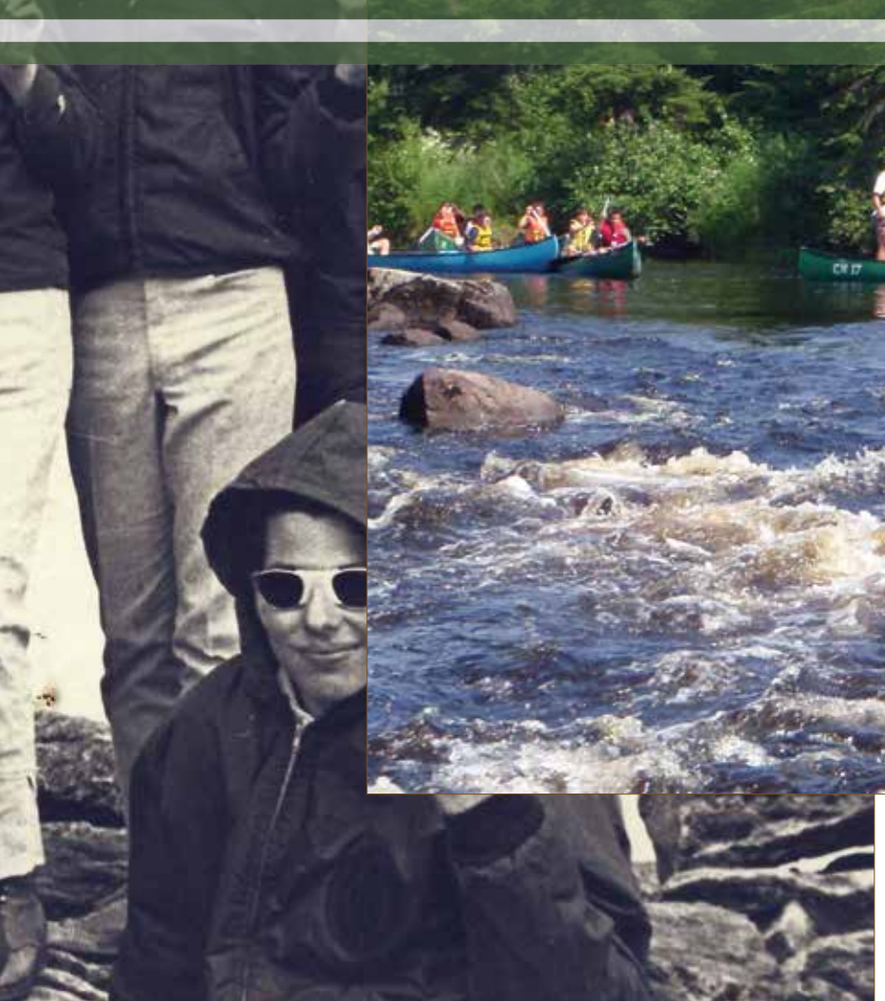
What else? The tradition of making the largest counselor cannonball off the diving platform; the exhilaration of tilting a Sunfish parallel to the water on the rare gusty afternoon; the swim to Turtle Island to earn a Dolphin patch, an accomplishment on the order of crossing the English Channel; and the clear night, at the end of my Eagle year, when my bunk counselor, Erik Hartog, took us after Taps to lie in sleeping bags on the swimming dock and stare up at the Milky Way.

You would think that, as the years passed, the mythology of Echo Lake would dim, that the lake would come to resemble just about any other pond in Maine, but the opposite is true. Echo Lake has only grown grander every year, its 1,185 acres expanding to oceanic proportions, assuming all the majesty of childhood itself.

RIGHT: Senior Lodge summitting Mount Katahdin, 1967

FAR RIGHT: Canoeing down the rapids, 2012

Trips



Some things never change. Hear the words of a 1926 camper, "A trip—the thing most every fellow in Camp wants to go on." Braving the wilderness and learning to coexist and enjoy the great outdoors has always been an integral part of the Winnebago experience. Winnebago's sustained commitment to wilderness trips, overnight canoeing, backpacking and hiking trips for all campers is what helped create a niche in the camping world.

The sighting of a moose, the persistent sound of rain on your tent, aching back and legs after miles on the Appalachian Trail (AT), killer portages, the exhilaration of the summit of Mount Katahdin, the glory of surviving your first overnight trip and returning to Camp dirty and happy—all these are the memories that campers treasure.

There is a rich, wonderful, and sometimes humorous history of trips at Winnebago.

In 1921, the first-ever camp trip to climb Mount Washington started out with the campers hitchhiking along the back roads and sleeping rough. "An occasional snake wriggled by, a stray cow licked our noses now and then, playful chipmunks jumped about over our blankets, but no serious catastrophe happened." The seeming spontaneity of this Mount Washington hike was only improved upon by the speedy 13-hour trip in 1953 by Uncle Howie Lilienthal, Uncle Dick Rodwin, and Uncles Andy and John Kaufman. They left Camp at 6 a.m., climbed the mountain at a blisteringly fast pace set by Andy Kaufman, jumped back in the car and were back at Camp by 7 p.m.

Trip reports all too frequently mention canoes bent around rocks and returned with painfully earned gashes in the bow or stern, and campers getting lost on the trail or encountering unexpected visitors, sometimes of the female variety. By the 1990s, those visitors weren't unexpected, as Winnebago did a number of trips with the girls from Camp Tapawingo.

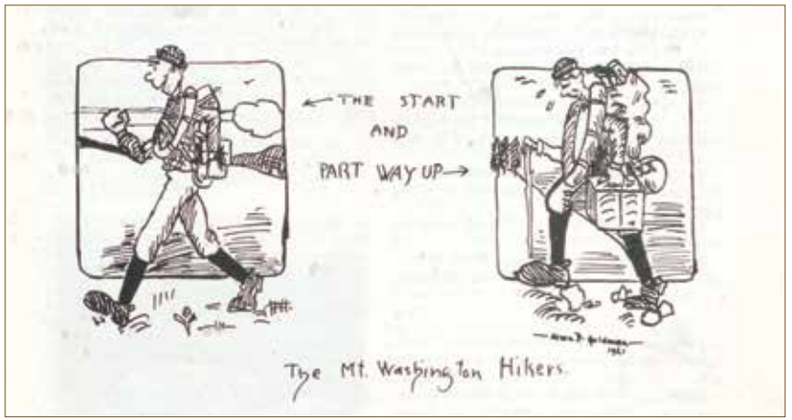
For many of the early years, all campers were out on trips from the end of July through early August; today, trips are spread throughout the summer and each camper enjoys one canoe trip and one hiking trip. Starting with skill building through Campcraft, canoeing on Echo Lake, and weekly outdoor suppers, campers learn the skills necessary to succeed on overnight trips, which grow successively longer and more difficult as the boys get older.

Canoe trips have ranged throughout Maine. Close to home, younger campers have ventured overnight to Browns Point, the Circle Trip through Mount Vernon, the Belgrade Lakes, and Lovejoy Pond. Today, the younger divisions paddle Cobbossee Lake, Parker Pond, and the Moose River.

BELOW: The early *Echo*s often had wonderful hand-drawn cartoons, with these Mount Washington hikers, 1921, a fine example.

MIDDLE: Campers climbing Tuckerman's Ravine on Mount Washington, 1922

FAR RIGHT: Oops! Wrapping a canoe around a rock.



TOP LEFT: Campers set out on a canoe trip with the horse-drawn canoe wagon, 1924.

BOTTOM LEFT: Exploring the mountains of Maine, 2016

TOP RIGHT: In Campcraft, boys learn the skills needed for their trips, including how to pitch a tent.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Perfecting your knots will keep you safe in the wilderness.

For the older campers, the Penobscot and the St. Croix Rivers are much-anticipated canoe trips. The Allagash, or as it is fondly known, the 'Gash, remains the climax of a camper's canoeing experience, with the first campers canoeing the Allagash in 1925. Starting in 1940, campers were introduced to sailing trips out of Boothbay Harbor or Pemaquid. During World War II, canoe trips were very limited due to the gas shortage, so all campers explored the local ponds, lakes, and waterways.

While for some campers canoeing the lakes and rivers of Maine were favorite expeditions, others preferred exploring the mountains of Maine and New Hampshire. From the early 1930s to the 1950s, Bert Morris, a hardy Maine guide, was a trip leader, accompanying them on their outdoor adventures.

TOP: Sometimes, it takes a counselor to get the canoe off the rock

BOTTOM LEFT: Loading up to leave on a trip

BOTTOM RIGHT: Sea kayaking at Acadia National Park, 2010

1982

Windsurfing and Frisbee golf are added to the program

1984

Jeff Steiner, Chief's great-grandson, is a camper in Bunk 1

1986

Waterskiing arrives at the waterfront

1987

Uncle Chris Pond and campers build a wooden canoe in Arts and Crafts

1989

Winnebago Egg Drop Evening Assembly makes its debut

RIGHT: In the 1930s through the 1940s, some campers explored local areas by horseback.

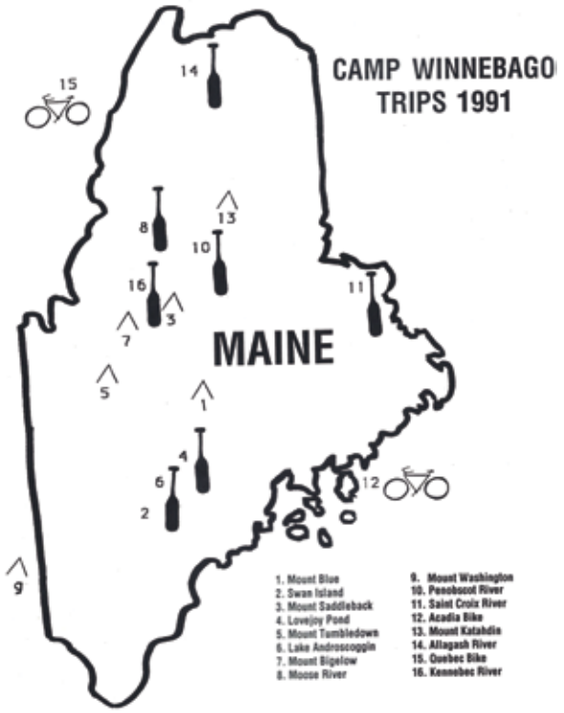
The Eagles had a special treat, going on their overnight hiking trip by horse-drawn covered wagon. After the end of gas rationing in 1946, campers once again began to explore farther afield, and both the Mount Washington and Mount Katahdin trips were back on the schedule.

In the 1950s, campers began to explore internationally, with trips to St. John, New Brunswick, and Quebec City. In 1976, three groups went to the Olympics in Montreal. Long bike trips were popular, including to Mount Washington, Rockport, Camden, and Bar Harbor, as well as Senior trips to Montreal and Quebec City in the 1970s and 1980s.

Today's youngest campers start with an overnight hiking trip to Mount Blue, moving on up to Mount Saddleback, Mount Tumbledown, and Mount Bigelow. By Bow year, campers begin a three-summer trek along the last 110 miles of the AT, with Senior Arrows triumphantly summitting Mount Katahdin.

> Trips remain in the consciousness of alumni for years—and the memory of crossing the Knife's Edge or rounding a river bend and coming face to face with a wading moose is indelibly imprinted.

Also, indelibly imprinted is learning to respect and appreciate the environment, the intensity of teamwork, and the elation of making it through Chase's Carry on the Allagash unscathed. These are some of the enduring memories and resulting values that campers carry with them because of their trip experiences.



LEFT: Map of Maine with Winnebago trips, 1991

RIGHT TOP: Crossing the Canada border in the "Old Tin Can," 1961

RIGHT BOTTOM: Biking at Acadia National Park, 2009

FAR RIGHT: Success! Summitting Bald Mountain, 2012


MOXIE BALD MTN.
ELEVATION - 2630 FT.
M.A.J.C.

We Survived

BY DICK LEWIS
Camper 1950–1953, 1955–1958

Seven years of Camp Winnebago canoe, mountain, hiking, and biking trips on the rivers, lakes, highways, and byways of Maine have taught me I can survive almost anything. Well, not me, *we*.

Working together as campers, counselors, and friends, *we* can light fires, cook meals, pitch tents, dig trenches around tents to keep out the rain . . . and manage to survive together, soaking wet and cold, following tree-marked trails, conquering rock-filled river rapids, climbing challenging mountains, portaging canoes, fighting the elements, meeting every challenge as a team.

It is one of the many important lessons we all learned on Winnebago trips, to be part of a team, encourage and help each other, learn together, get along together, survive together.

1950. I'm in Bunk 1, Eagle Row, I'm a Pawnee. Our first trip, one cold night, through the woods with Shawnees, Apaches, Comanches, and Sioux to a secret Indian Council Ring along Echo Lake. Next trip Mount Blue overnight. Trekking up a never-ending trail, I wondered, is there a top to this huge mountain?

Fast forward to summer 1958 and my final camp trip, the Allagash. Five canoes put in at Chesuncook Lake at 10 p.m. and paddle through the night to our first campsite. We portage to Mud Pond, paddle Chamberlain, Round Pond, Churchill, and enter the mighty Allagash River up to the St. John River to Fort Kent on the Canada border . . . not without incident.

One afternoon, at a campsite on the banks of the Allagash, we were squirrel hunting. Uncle Ray Londa (counselor 1956–1958) used his pen knife to skin the squirrel we caught and a few brave campers cooked and ate the squirrel meat. Uncle Ray pinned the squirrel skin to a piece of birch wood as a souvenir.

On the St. John River, we came to an island with a choice of right or left forks. Four canoes took the left fork and Uncle Ray Londa and camper Jim Weiss alone took the right fork. As the four canoes rounded the island from the left, we watched the squirrel skin pinned to birch wood float by on the right.

We found Uncle Ray and Jim in the water on the other side of the island trying to pull a bent aluminum canoe off a rock it was half wrapped around. A nearby farmer brought his pickup truck and attached a steel chain and floored it. The chain broke. The farmer then brought back two pack horses, which managed to pull the canoe about an inch off the rock. We lifted the canoe and finally it came free.

In that capsized embedded canoe was the large can of fresh eggs in sawdust for tomorrow's final bacon and egg breakfast. As I told the story many times, John Buchsbaum carried the can of fresh eggs out of the canoe to the campsite and tripped on the rocks, breaking all the eggs . . . eggs that survived the rapids but not the Buchsbaum trip. Only last year, after telling the story to another 1950s camper, he took out an *Echo* and I found out John Buchsbaum wasn't even on the trip!

So, our final Allagash 1958 breakfast was toasted white bread and bacon, no eggs. Then, off we went in the camp truck with four trailing canoes, picked up the crumpled canoe, painted our names on it, and, once back at Camp, presented the decorated canoe to a concerned Uncle Howie, who was only glad no one was hurt in the river accident.

After climbing Mount Washington in 1956, and Mount Katahdin in 1957, my penultimate Winnebago trip in 1958 was the Appalachian Trail hike, planned to end with a second climb up Katahdin.

A few years ago, I had a conversation with Steve Gold, who I had known from many years at Post Camp, comparing that Appalachian Trail trip to his. I told him I carried a 50-pound backpack on our trip. He said his backpack was 75 pounds. I told him about the waterfalls and the pond in which we took baths. He said on his trip they also soaped up at that pond.

Then, I told him of a campsite infested with no-see-ums that penetrated our mosquito netting, entering our noses, mouths, ears, and eyes. Shortly after getting into our sleeping bags and catching too few hours of sleep, it became necessary to dress, roll up our gear into the backpacks, and take off into the night with flashlights, trying to follow the tree markings to stay on the trail, to avoid the dreaded daylight, bug-filled hours. He had the same experience.

By the time we reached the end of the Appalachian Trail at the foot of Mount Katahdin, we were so exhausted we decided on the day of the climb we would not climb the mountain, as we had done it the year before. So, we stayed at the campsite, rested, and didn't climb but said we did. He had the same experience.

FAR LEFT: Dick Lewis at the waterfront

TOP: Making sandwiches from the trip supplies carried in the well-used green Wannagans

BOTTOM: So glad to see the pillars at Camp after a trip, in the "Old Tin Can," 1958.

At that point in our conversation, Steve got his *Echo* of 1958 out and found out we were on the same trip. I looked at *The Echo*. I didn't recognize that cute, curly haired Stevie Gold who I knew well 63 years earlier. We came clean. Those backpacks were probably only 35 pounds.

Six decades later, all my camp trips blend into one. What stand out are seminal events and personal experiences that shaped my life and gave me confidence and great memories. Thank you, Winnebago.

The Moose

BY SIMON RICH

Camper 1994–1999

The Moose River wasn't my first rodeo. By Crescent year, I was a canoe-trip veteran, having braved both Lovejoy Pond and Androscoggin Lake. I had multiple days of camping experience and had recently been awarded Junior Canoeist, a rank I took seriously. Yes, the Moose was known for being challenging: We'd face Class 1 rapids, I'd been told, and a nearly one-hour portage. But, if anything, these obstacles only strengthened my resolve.

My bar mitzvah was still a year away, but with the Moose River, I would prove to the world that I was already a man. I strolled up to the Lodge with some bunkmates and confidently signed the trip sheet. It was around this time that I heard an odd laugh coming from the shadows. I turned and saw a Senior Arrow, smirking down at us from a hammock, idly eating a Butterfinger.

"Have fun," he said.

I felt my shoulders tensing. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I just hope you know what you're in for," he said, his voice lowering. "They don't call it the Moose for nothing."

During the next free half period, the Senior educated us about the beasts that had given the Moose River its name. Apparently, the waterway was crawling with the monsters. They were 4,000 pounds apiece, with serrated horns and snarling, yellow teeth. They could run up to 35 miles an hour and were double-jointed, allowing them to kick in all directions. The Moose River was their sanctuary, the last ground they had left, and they were determined to defend it at all costs.

"What do we do if we see one?" I asked.

"There's nothing you *can* do," he said, sympathetically. "When they decide to charge, that's it. It's 'Light's Out, Irene.'"

My friends and I were worried, but also skeptical.

"If it's such a dangerous trip," I challenged, "and there are so many moose and they're so violent, why do they send Crescents?"

The Senior took a bite of his Butterfinger and chewed it thoughtfully.

"I think it was a typo," he said, finally. "Like some counselor meant to write down 'Senior Arrow,' and he wrote down 'Crescent,' and it never got corrected. Or something like that. Like, you know, on the computer. How sometimes there's a mistake and you type in the wrong thing and then it gets printed like that, or whatever."

We nodded glumly, accepting this tragic explanation. "Has anybody died?" I asked.

The Senior took another bite of candy. "Once," he said. "A long time ago. Some kid was paddling and a moose saw his eyes and they made him crazy. What's the most disgusting movie you've ever seen?"

"Braveheart?"

"It was like *Braveheart*."

"Oh my God."

The Senior had one bite left of Butterfinger and he solemnly offered it to me. I shook my head. I wasn't hungry. We went to the Ping Pong building to discuss the situation. The first few minutes were devoted to a passionate debate about the correct way to pluralize "moose." (Was it "meese," "moose" or "mooses"?) We decided to leave the issue unresolved and move on to the larger question: How would we survive this trip?

A counselor overheard our discussion and said we were overreacting. "The only time a moose attacks is if it thinks that you're coming for its young."

"Why *wouldn't* the moose think that?" I demanded. "It's not like we can explain to the moose why we're actually there. It's not like we can just say, 'Hey, don't worry, moose, I'm not after your young, I'm just on a camping trip with Camp Winnebago.' The moose can't talk—they're *moose!*"

"Meese."

"Whatever!"

There was only one solution: We had to back out of the trip. We'd signed the sheet in pencil. I had an eraser in my pocket. All it would take was a few quick swipes and we'd be out of Dodge.

But then, what kind of Winnebagans would we be? Hiding in our bunks while our Crescent brothers battled Moose(s) on our behalf?

Besides, we'd faced challenges before. At Lovejoy, there'd been frogs. And on Androscoggin, there had been that bumpy van ride to the lake, where someone threw up and it was gross. We'd survived both those ordeals and, somehow, we would get through this one, too. Besides, if we saw a moose, we could always get away using the J-stroke, which we had learned to get Junior Canoeist and knew pretty well, at least when paddling on the left side. I put away my eraser and we nodded solemnly at each other. A bugle sounded brightly in the distance. It was time to face our destiny.

I don't remember if we saw any moose on the Moose River.

Katahdin and the 'Gash

For Seniors, the bookends of their final summer are summitting Mount Katahdin and canoeing the Allagash.

Mount Katahdin

ABOVE: A view of Mount Katahdin from the basin below, 2004

The first year that Winnebagans climbed Mount Katahdin was 1937, when seven Seniors and two counselors commented that it was too misty to afford a good view and complained that the Hershey bars they had carried up with them froze. In 1938, in a bit of competition, the 11 Seniors commented that some of the Seniors of last year had stopped below the summit and their objective was to "go higher than them and perhaps reach the fleece-lined clouds"; some of them did reach "the absolute top." The 1939 trip report included, "Two hours of steady climbing rewarded us with a sign saying, 'Three miles to the top.' Jack Wachtel almost fainted then and there."

Marshall Steinbaum, Senior Lodge 1999, describes the classic climb along with his 16 fellow Lodgers and four counselors.

"We woke up at 5:30 and immediately headed up to the mountain. The weather was perfect. We started on about a three-mile stretch of fairly flat hiking through the woods to Chimney Pond, where we took a break and some pictures of the steep sides of the mountain. Then, we started the really steep part up the rocky slope of the mountain to a beautiful meadow with wildflowers. We then walked across the top of the mountain to the summit. The views from the top of the mountain were spectacular. We could see the Penobscot and Allagash Rivers and a huge swath of beautiful Maine wilderness. Then, we began the treacherous Knife's Edge Trail, a very narrow path with rocky cliffs dropping away on both sides. Everyone completed it, and we all posed for a picture at the end. Then, we began the mad two-and-a-half-hour descent down the mountain with no breaks chasing after a crazed and thirsty Uncle Jeff."

The Allagash

Remote, vast, endless lakes with long sets of churning whitewater. Once you enter the wilderness, it envelopes you and fills you with images of green conifer forests, sparkling water, and a sense that life stands still. The wildlife is abundant. Moose, eagles, and martin rule the shores and sky, while trout swim abundant. There is nothing like spending nine days traversing 140 miles of water alone with your group to emerge dirty, full of memories, knowing you have accomplished something extraordinary that no one else can know, unless they, too, have experienced such a journey. It is the stuff of dreams and a fitting end to your Winnebago career.

TOP: Campers on the Allagash, below Allagash Falls, 2014

MIDDLE: Uncle David Schanzer enjoying the Allagash, 1981

BOTTOM: Morning on the Allagash, 2017

The first Allagash trip was in 1925, and the trip report provides a sense of the excitement experienced by generations of campers.

"It was only a two-mile paddle until we reached the real beginning of our trip—the Allagash River. Bob thought that the earth had swallowed the Allagash, but, to his surprise, we found the opening. A short mile down the river, we came to the head of Chase's Carry, which is three miles of extremely fast rapids. Joe took the first canoe, Uncle Dick and Jonie the second, and Bob and Louie the third, while Dick Keller, Johnny, and Charlie were obliged to walk. The walk was not very exciting but the rapids were. Bob's head proved heavier than his feet, for he managed to fall out of the canoe four times. Not only that, but after the worst part of the rapids was over, he somehow dropped his pole, and Louis, quick as a flash, jumped from the canoe. He crawled, climbed, slipped, and swam, and finally retrieved the pole. Immediately after the pole was restored to Bob, he cracked Charlie over the head with it, proving that poles were of some use besides poling, after all."

STORIED TRIP LEADER

Graham MacGregor
Counselor 2003, 2005, 2007–2013

Graham MacGregor, a trip leader at Winnebago, spent nine years honing both the skills and values of campers. Graham was no neophyte in the outdoors, after many years in New Zealand hiking, climbing, canoeing, and developing a superb set of outdoor skills. He arrived at Winnebago at age 55 as one of Camp's first trip leader counselors.

On a visit to Camp in 2018, Graham remembered some of his Winnebago highlights. His seven trips on the Allagash, watching the boys work as a team, capable and caring, and seeing them go in as youths and come out as young men, ranked at the top. He recounted teaching the boys self-sufficiency and common sense, how to manage unforeseen circumstances—such as six inches of rain during 36 hours on the St. Croix River—and teaching boys how to catch a 12-inch trout using just a couple of pointed sticks, then how to gut and roast it over an open fire. Graham carried an infectious sense of humor, which endeared him to so many through the years.

A stalwart at Winnebago, he epitomized why trips are, and have been, an enduring and integral part of the Winnebago experience, and how the values of Winnebago are reflected in the trip program.

ABOVE: Graham MacGregor teaches a young camper how to tie off a knot.

TRIP DAY

"Are we going to Pemaquid? To Mount Pisgah?"

There is an excitement and bustle on Trip Day as campers jostle for the choice of meats and cheeses when making lunch in the Dining Hall, go to the Assembly in the Lodge after Inspection, and then break into the Trip Day song of "March On, Oh Brown and Green" before piling out of the Lodge. The Trip Day tradition dates back to the 1930s, and allows campers to explore Maine while ensuring that the kitchen staff gets a day off.

Trip Days include hikes at Camden State Park or Mount Pisgah, beach time at Popham State Beach, or a trip to the Maine State Museum in Augusta. For years, campers have set out in flotillas of canoes, kayaks, and sailboats to explore Echo Lake, and for the youngest campers, there's a "perilous" trip over the Echo Lake dam and then a walk through the woods to the Fayette Country Store for ice cream or grape Popsicles in earlier days. Perhaps everyone's favorite Trip Day is to the Pemaquid Point Lighthouse. The long drive to the coast, scrambling over the rocks, dodging the waves, and then lobster or other tasty treats at Shaw's Lobster Pound in New Harbor makes for a perfect Maine day.

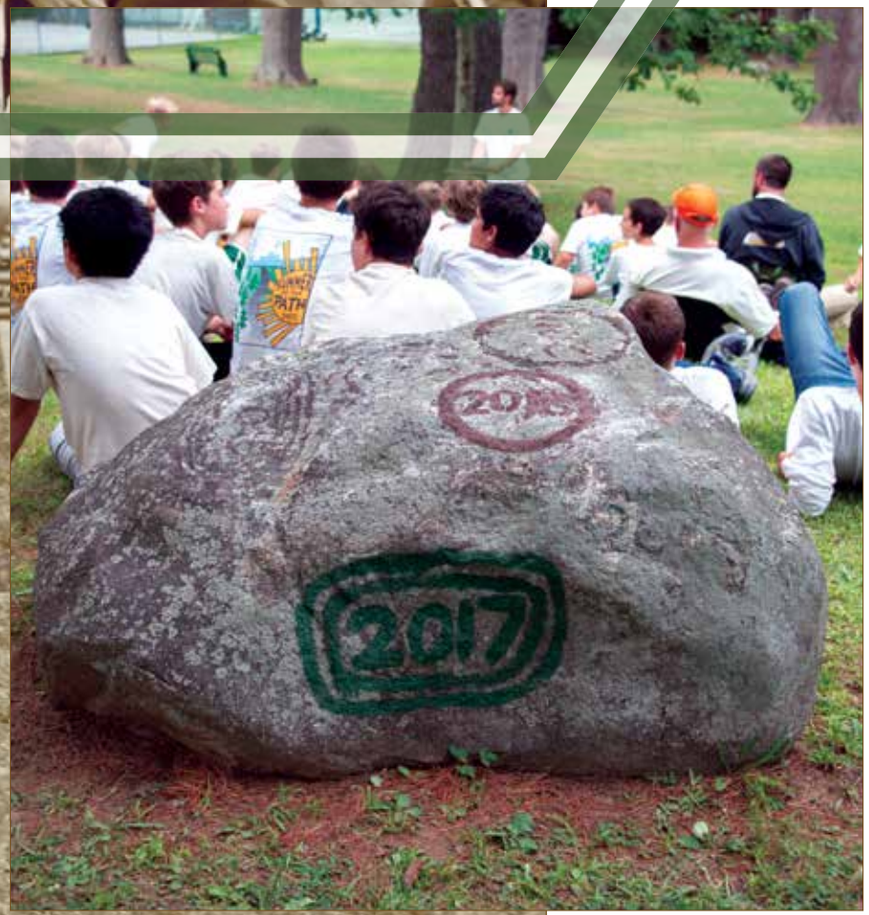
Back to Camp for a late-afternoon swim, then to the fabled Outdoor Supper Field for dinner. Hotdogs and hamburgers, delivered in the wooden green Wannagans and grilled over a fire, combined with chips, watermelon, and Camp Store ice cream are what campers look forward to at the end of a Trip Day.

TOP: Looking toward Camp across Echo Lake, with a canoe passing through the original dam, 1921
MIDDLE: The lighthouse and rocks at Pemaquid, a favorite Trip Day location
BOTTOM: Cooking Trip Day dinner at the Outdoor Supper Field, 2013

RIGHT: The chaos of a Patrol Game

FAR RIGHT: The Brown and Green Rock

Brown and Green



Brown and Green brings together the values of Camp Winnebago, deepening the bonds and experiences of campers in ways sometimes complex and unexpected. Brown and Green is more than just being on a team, it's about the ethos of teamwork, friendship, sportsmanship, leadership, winning . . . and losing . . . gracefully, and learning to "Leave it on the field."

At Winnebago, Brown and Green, or B&G as it is called, puts the concept of competition in a broader context. The value of competition is partnered with cooperation, and effort is valued over winning. Your best friend may be on the opposing team and you commiserate with him when his team comes up one run short; your brother is a teammate and you cheer with pride when he taps one over the volleyball net. You don't gloat and you don't jeer—these are life lessons that will carry you far.

> It's easy enough to win: then, it isn't very difficult showing one's spirit. But when one loses and doesn't utter a peep, that's honest-to-goodness spirit.
>
> —*The Echo*, editorial, 1930

At the start of every camp season, after the Big Captain election, a long evening of choosing that summer's Brown and Green teams gets underway in the Library, with the newly elected Big Captains and athletic staff gathered around the table with a variety of snacks on hand. Good-natured haggling goes on long into the night as the attempt is made to create perfectly matched teams.

The next morning the B&G *WAG* greets the campers at breakfast. Campers excitedly scan the teams and shouts of "Here We Go Brown" and "Green Machine" are heard throughout the Dining Hall. Each division elects its own Brown and Green captain before its first game that day and the season is off to a rollicking start.

B&G has been part of Camp since the very early days, with Brown and Green teams appearing prominently in the report of Final Week for the 1921 *Echo*. Traditionally, athletic contests have been at the heart of B&G competition but, in the first decades, other interesting competitions were included for points, such as oratory, song contests, photography, nature, trivia, storytelling, and vaudeville. B&G's Treasure Hunt, one of the sole remnants of the non-athletic contests, started as an all-day affair in 1925.

B&G games begin the day after teams are picked. The score is posted by the Athletic Director in the Dining Hall to the right of the fireplace on a wooden scoreboard, with the numbers hanging by hooks.

And then comes Final Week.

ABOVE: Leo Eisenstein and Aaron Nathan, at their Big Captain election, 2003

RIGHT: Division captains, 1947

1994

The 75th Anniversary is celebrated and a time capsule is filled and placed in the Museum

1994

Uncle Phil first reads the poem "Ithaka" at a campfire

1995

A new Counselor Building and Weight Room is built

1998

The New Field is built across Echo Lake Road

1999

"Camp is about people—how they are treated and how they treat others." —Uncle Phil, 80th Anniversary summer

A combination of athletic contests, zany fun, camaraderie, and the madness of a rolling, non-traditional schedule, Final Week is, for many campers, the zenith of their summer. The first night starts out with Captains' Dinner, replete with a traditional fried chicken menu and the stirring words from the summer's captains. It is an opportunity for these campers, who have provided support and leadership to their teams through the summer, to share what Winnebago has meant to them and their thoughts about the broader world. Big Captain Matthew Kaplan, in 2017, spoke about the responsibilities of being a Winnebagan.

"In this society at such potential, it becomes our job to decide how to fulfill that potential, as a community, as a camp, because Camp is not the B&C docks, Camp is not Park Avenue, Camp is not the softball diamond. Camp is the people that fill this room with laughter, cheers, and "What's the word?" three times a day. It's all of us, and every single one of us has the power to change this society we've created– and that's not even a power, that's a responsibility, it's a "must," because whether we mean to or not, the actions that we take and the interactions that we have at Winnebago are what build this society, are what constantly change this society. We make a difference—each of us. Every one of us has already made an impact here, to create the world we live in, whether we've been here for fifty years or three weeks."

RIGHT: The first morning of Final Week starts out early with a noisy parade through Camp.

FAR RIGHT TOP: The cover of the *Final Week WAG*, 1993

FAR RIGHT BOTTOM: The Final Week New Zealand World Cup soccer team, 2007

> "I have been a camper at Winnebago for seven and a half summers. Of all those years, I don't remember who won or lost."
>
> —Josh Stein, Big Captain, 1993

The first morning of Final Week begins with campers and counselors parading through Camp, banging on garbage can lids to wake everyone up and welcome them to the start of Final Week. After gathering in the Lodge, campers break into teams and cheers ring out; Camp soon reverberates with shouts and cheers from the fields and courts with basketball, softball, hockey, team handball, two-circle dodgeball, and tennis. The Echo Lake Relay, formerly the Apache Relay, dates back to the 1960s and has camper teams all competing against each other in fun traditional camp activities, such as bedmaking, firemaking, and hauling cups of water, albeit with holes in the bottoms of the cups.

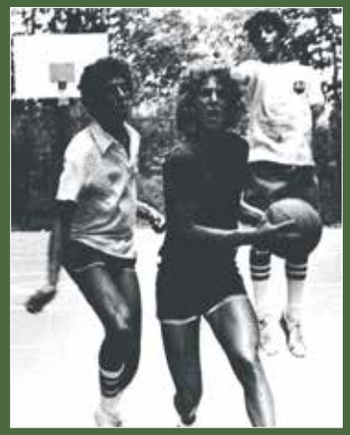
Throughout the week, the tension mounts as campers can be seen scurrying around Camp, clutching their copies of the *Final Week WAG*, carefully noting the scores of the various contests, and then hustling into lunch and dinner to see the latest point score on the scoreboard. How close is it? Have we clinched? What is the magic number?

The Final Seconds of the Final Event of the Final Day of Final Week

For 1978 Big Captains David Schanzer and Doug Thea, it could be said that the apex of their then-short lives was experienced on a beautiful August day in 1978 during the very last event of Final Week. The B&G score was tied, so the fate of the season was soon to be decided.

David's brother, Gary Schanzer, Big Captain 1980, tells the story well.

"Great sportsmanship was on full display at the historical climax of the 1978 B&G season. The entire season came down to the last event of the Senior Arrow/Arrow 1st-string swim meet, the freestyle medley, with the entire camp on the grass nervously watching. The relay was a virtual dead heat through the first three laps, with the two Big Captains, my brother, David, and Doug Thea, bunkmates for all seven of their summers, anchoring their respective final legs, swimming neck and neck all the way. What we all witnessed after the race was their immediate embrace, the congratulator and the consoler. With all of the incredible drama and emotion of an entire season coming down to the last twenty-five yards, the first instinct of the two Captains was a great demonstration of Winnebago sportsmanship."



ABOVE: David Schanzer and Doug Thea, Big Captains, bunkmates, best friends, and fierce competitors, 1978

Uncle Bennett Meyers wrote about it beautifully in *The Echo.*

"It was a storybook situation and a classic confrontation between two antagonists who are also the best of friends. We seemed to sense then that, while one team would finish with fewer points for the summer, everybody would be a winner, so hard, so sportsmanlike was the competition."

Uncle Phil described his feelings.

"I was thrilled as the moment synthesized as no words could ever do, the feelings that I believe express the meaning of Winnebago athletics. We were left, at the end of that race, and at the end of that Brown and Green season, and at the end of the 1978 summer, with something far more important than a Brown victory or a Green victory; we went away tingling to the pure, honest, sportsmanlike effort that went into that race and provided all of us with some of the greatest thrills we have ever experienced at Camp. How exciting it is to be aware that the event itself was so much more important than the outcome of it."

"I take participation to mean exactly what you've made it mean in B&G—giving your all in everything you do, pushing beyond your comfort zone, reaching for excellence. If you do these things, the outcome is beside the point—the victory has already been achieved."

—Eric Benson, Program Director, 2007

Trip Day during Final Week takes on a different flavor when the Darts, Crescents, and Bows compete throughout the morning in an Olympic-style track meet and spend the afternoon striving to take home the World Cup soccer trophy. The Falcons and Eagles descend on Pemaquid Point, while the Seniors and the Arrows spend the day setting up for Senior Circus. The ASL softball and volleyball tournaments come down to the wire, with each team vying for the Hershey bar. The Treasure Hunt, with its intellectually challenging clues—riddles, anagrams, and puzzles relating to people and places at Camp—tests the minds of all campers.

And then there are the memorable evening activities. The Senior-Staff softball game, Casino Night, Senior Circus, Birthday Dinner, Patrol Game, Video Night, Senior Play, and Counselor Show all have deep roots in Winnebago traditions.

Memories: No candy tasted better than the stash you won at Casino Night, what fun it was to Dunk the Unk at Senior Circus, getting to celebrate your birthday at Birthday Dinner, and watching and cheering on your favorite counselor in the Counselor Show.

TOP: Casino Night—how much candy will the dollars buy?
BOTTOM: Cakes for Birthday Dinner

> "Brown and Green competition gives every camper a choice not only to show they are good at sports, but, more importantly, that they *are* good sports."
>
> —Andy Gilbert, Big Captain, 1982

All too quickly, Final Week comes to an end. The B&G season is finally decided, ASL champs are crowned, the entire camp piles into the Lodge at noon of the last day to watch the summer slideshow, campers receive their patches, and then, in the late afternoon, Camp gathers on the lawn below the Office for the Brown and Green Rock Dedication. If you look carefully, you can still see the faint outlines of 1927 painted on the rock, not quite covered over by decades of years painted in green or brown, some circled in the winning team's color for a win of more than 100 points or with a square signaling a win of more than 500 points.

With Hershey bars in hand, the winning team celebrates one last time. Stephen Schwarz, the Green Big Captain in 1990, has never eaten his Hershey bar—it is a treasured memento of his camp years. The Brown and Green plaques from each summer, with the final score and the names of the Big Captains, are mounted around the Dining Hall, ensuring that the memories of the season live on.

TOP LEFT: Unk Dunk at Senior Circus, Uncle EJ gets wet

TOP MIDDLE: Senior Circus pillow fight, 2014

TOP RIGHT: Hershey bar winners

BOTTOM LEFT: A B&G plaque in the Dining Hall memorializes a palindromic summer.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Campers celebrate the end of the season at the B&G rock, 2013.


2013

> "When the B&G season is going well, Camp seems to have a little something extra. Camp's energy is fueled by B&G. We build up our summer-long war to unite us."
>
> —Mike Kadin, Program Director, 2012

Final Week ends with the traditional steak dinner at Final Banquet and awards to campers, followed by the Final Campfire. This is an evening for laughing at the Year in Review, written in the inimitable Winnebago style, "It's all in fun," for sharing space with your best friend sitting next to you on the stone circle, for gazing at the stars above Echo Lake and hearing the lonely cry of the loons, for watching the older campers collect the ashes of the campfire to be saved and reintroduced at next season's campfire, and, for many, tears of gladness and sadness that the summer is over.

As the Seniors realize that this is their last night . . . ever . . . as a Winnebago camper, the import of their years at Winnebago sinks deeper and the lessons and values that have been inculcated through their years move deeper into their hearts and minds.

The 1934 *Echo* summarizes the first-ever Final Campfire held at the then-new Council Ring, "Everything was quiet. As the last notes of Taps floated down from the hill, we closed our eyes in silent thought. The moon still sent long shadows over the encircled gathering. The last embers flickered and died low. And we dreamt of another year on the shores of Echo Lake." Some things never change.

Brown and Green is about much more than winning or losing. At Winnebago, Uncle Howie's mantra, "Winnebago is not only for the boy who can, but especially for the boy who will," serves as the touchstone for the values embedded in this camp tradition. It is frequent that alumni remember a game, lessons learned, and perhaps the values gained over the summer, rather than remembering who actually won or what the score was.

FAR LEFT: B&G Rock Dedication and a moment of reflection on the summer

LEFT: Lingering at the Final Campfire

Teamwork and Sportsmanship

BY GARY SCHANZER

Camper 1975–1980 Counselor 1984, 1987

Over the years I've had many conversations with friends who attended or sent their kids to other summer camps. Consistently, they are surprised to learn that Color War at Winnebago is a season-long activity as opposed to a single-week diversion from the balance of the summer schedule.

I could not imagine it any other way.

As a camper who never felt comfortable around water and had mixed feelings about trips, my fondest memories of Camp are largely related to Brown and Green. Most of the memories relate to the excitement and the intensity. I can still hear the cheers reverberating off the walls in the Ping Pong building during pre-Patrol Game rallies or Final Week team meetings. *Green Machine! Green Machine!* But as I think about the lessons I learned at Camp, the majority of them also tie back to my experiences in B&G.

I have no recollection of how or why it happened, but for some reason I was elected captain as a first-year camper in 1975. I had literally never been a captain of anything before and certainly never saw myself as a leader among my peers back at home. As Camp did for many of us in different ways, I was thrust into unfamiliar territory. I know I took it all too seriously and learned many things the hard way. I guess I had some success in the role as I was given the same opportunity in other years, finally as a Big Captain during my Senior Lodge summer of 1980. As a result, I saw myself and what I was capable of in a new light. I firmly believe that these experiences gave me the confidence to seek out and attain leadership positions in high school, college, and ultimately in my professional career.

We all learned important lessons through B&G competition. Teamwork and sportsmanship are the two universal lessons that come immediately to mind.

Teamwork is obviously essential for any group trying to work together effectively. But B&G raises the bar on the importance of teamwork, particularly relative to organized sports played by many back home, as the same team must learn to work together across such a wide variety of activities. Some will excel on the soccer fields and softball diamonds, some at swimming and water polo. Final Week competition features campers excelling in nontraditional sports such as archery, riflery, and sailing. Mental agility is front and center during Treasure Hunts. Everyone has an opportunity to be an important contributor to the team—and as a result, boys learn to appreciate the contributions of all team members, day in and day out.

FAR LEFT: The Big Captain's W

RIGHT: Intense play during a B&G soccer game

BOTTOM: Gary Schanzer, far right, with his campmates Jimmy Ballan and Harry Loewenberg

Sportsmanship may be one of the most important values taught at Winnebago. It's likely that your adversary on the basketball or volleyball court is the boy sleeping in the next bed to you—so keeping harmony in the latter also requires showing mutual respect and consideration on the former. It is an ingrained part of the Winnebago culture, not only expected but demanded, right down to the fact that the end-of-the-game cheers honor the other team.

My memory of the end of the B&G season during my Senior year is so very vivid. Practically sweeping the morning's final All-Stars, Green was in the midst of a massive comeback, only trailing Brown by 15 points as the camp descended on Senior Arrow/Arrow/Bow softball, the last game of the season. The drama, however, was spoiled by the fact that most of Green's strongest softball players were terrible swimmers, so were not in the first-string swim meet. Not surprisingly, the game was a blowout, a 17–1 score, by the time everyone arrived. But as the game finally met its merciful end, my most lasting memory is my fellow Big Captain, Tony Barkan, immediately walking onto the field in his stylish terrycloth bathrobe (unlike me, he could swim) to congratulate me on our remarkable comeback. We both love the fact that we were Big Captains during one of only seven ties in Winnebago's 100-year history.

Excitement, intensity, team spirit, sportsmanship, teamwork—B&G gave us all so much—incredible memories and lifelong lessons.

Patrol Game

What is a combination of summer-long anticipation, organized chaos, whispered plans, brilliant secret strategies, Lt. Ford's klaxon, roars of competition, and almost fearful anticipation? If you answered, PATROL GAME, you have played the game.

Some of the old Patrol Game rules include the following.

- A man may capture only one flag or one pin at a time. One foot in the pin box entitles player to a flag if it has not been captured—ditto for a pin.
- The pin box may be guarded by a maximum of eight men within a radius of ten yards of the pin box.
- Each prisoner counts one point except one man each period who will be chosen before the start of the game. These men (a different one each quarter) whose identity will not be disclosed until the end of the game, will count five points each time he is captured.

These rules are from a two-page document, dated July 10, 1948, that provide, in excruciating detail, exactly how the game is played. The first mention of the Patrol Game is in the 1936 *Echo* but it doesn't really matter what years you were at Camp—the famous Patrol Game really never changes.

TOP LEFT: The Patrol Game brings out fierce, painted faces.

BOTTOM LEFT: An early Patrol Game was reported in *The Echo*, ". . . and all they have for their team."

RIGHT: Charging in the Patrol Game

Eric Benson, Big Captain in 2000, writes about his experience as a Senior with the Patrol Game. "Planning out Patrol Game strategies, my fellow Seniors and I knew we were just the latest group to try to crack the code. Like NFL offensive coordinators talking about the evolution of the modern passing game, we could tell you about the almost constant shifts in rules and boundaries and why last year's audacious tactics could just as easily backfire this summer. We hoped our own approach wouldn't just win us the game but elevate us into the historical pantheon."

LEFT: "Unkie! Unkie! Unkie!" Keeping the complex score
TOP RIGHT: Big Captains arrive for the Patrol Game.
BOTTOM RIGHT: Ready to win it, Green Machine

On the Saturday night of Visiting Weekend and during Final Week, the Patrol Game, which is Winnebago's own version of Capture the Flag, is played as the campers descend on two pin boxes on Eagle Field and two pin boxes next to the softball field and act out their summer fantasies and aggressions . . . all for the glory of their Brown or Green teams. For counselors, refereeing the game is like being inserted into an agitated mob or the running of the bulls, and it is important to stay out of the way as the scrum screams past. There are legendary stories of Patrol Games, such as when Chip Freed in 1960 dressed up as Hilda, stooped over and walking slowly with a shawl, meandered from behind the kitchen onto Eagle Field, and in 1955, the Green team holding a team meeting in the Brown's prisoner box, or Sam Colin jumping out of a tree into the pin box.

For campers, they may never again have such an opportunity to engage in organized and authorized mania . . . and as such, their memories of the Patrol Game live on in legend.

RIGHT: The Dining Hall with the flags of international campers and counselors

FAR RIGHT: Friends

Winnebago in the World

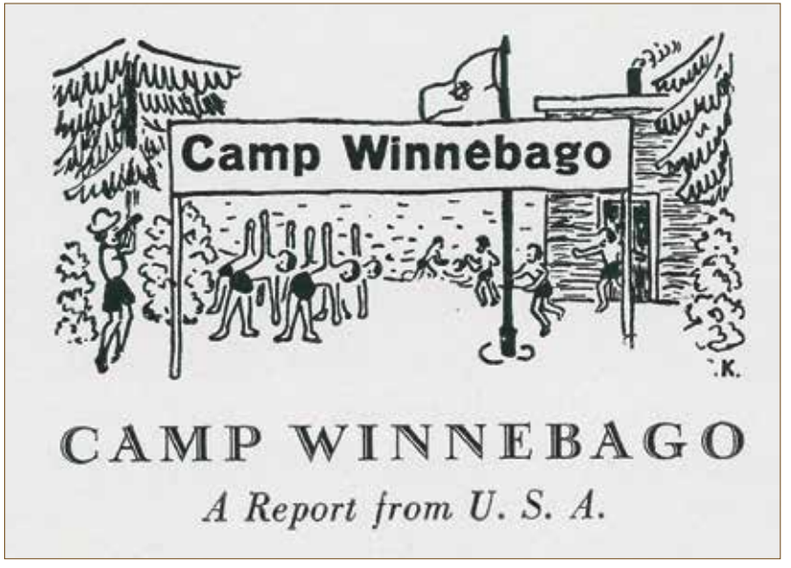
From rural Fayette, Maine, Camp Winnebago, from its earliest days, reached out to the wider world. Barely 15 years into existence, Winnebago welcomed its first international camper, Otto Schaler, in 1935 and 1936. By 1960, the camp employed its first international counselors.

Over the years, Winnebago has welcomed campers from around the world, including Austria, China, Mongolia, Columbia, Italy, France, Japan, and the United Kingdom.

One of the most interesting and meaningful international relationships Winnebago enjoyed was with the Soviet Union. After Uncle Phil's experience as a Peace Corps Volunteer (1965–1967) and a Peace Corps staff member (1969–1974), he was always interested in international programs. He assumed a leadership role in the camper exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union.

"Through person-to-person contact we find that we have much more in common with our peers in the Soviet Union than we have in conflict," Uncle Phil wrote in the *Winnebago Alumni News*. It began after students from Novosibirsk, Russia, were hosted in Reston, Virginia, in 1986. From this came Uncle Phil's trip to the Soviet Union in August–September 1988 where he led a delegation of U.S. campers to a five-nation international camp in Murmansk.

Uncle Andy, who served as a Peace Corps volunteer (1992–1994), helped lead a group of campers to Novosibirsk in July 1989. Winnebago was one of 11 Maine camps to host Russian campers and in 1990 campers from Novosibirsk spent the entire summer at Winnebago.



TOP: Otto Schaler, Winnebago's first international camper in 1935, wrote a letter to his father in Germany to describe in detail the full camp summer, with its various activities and trips, and ended by declaring, "One departs with the consciousness that one has a second home to which he can return any time."

BOTTOM: Campers from the Soviet Union, 1990

2002

Senior Lodge is rebuilt

2002

Arrow's Rangeley trip is co-ed with Camp Tapawingo

2003

Andy Lilienthal begins his first summer as Director

2005

The sunken rowboat is raised from Echo Lake

2007

A new slide is installed in the Quad

RIGHT: Uncle Phil, Uncle Andy, and Aunt Lynn have dinner with former camper Boris Shlomm and his family in St. Petersburg, 1997.

FAR RIGHT: Uncle Phil, Uncle Andy, and Aunt Lynn in St. Petersburg for a camping conference, visiting the Hermitage with Boris Shlomm, 1997

In 1960, Uncle Howie invited the first counselors from other countries to work at Camp. Uncle Al Burkhart, from Switzerland, saluted Camp with an "Es lebe Winnebago" in the 1960 *Echo*, and his fellow counselor, Uncle Michel Peguy, from France, remembered, "The most important souvenir I'll keep of this summer is the wonderful hospitality. I began to discover the heartland of America through Camp Winnebago."

Uncle Gam Bongco from Bataan, Philippines, remembered as a child fleeing jungle homes in the mountains of Bataan. At Winnebago, he found another kind of camping experience in the bunks of Winnebago beside streams and in nature that reminded him of home. "The boys have been contagious in their pep and joviality, and they have been friendly and respectful, too," he wrote in the 1964 *Echo*.

As the world grows ever more interconnected, the diversity, awareness, and plethora of ideas that the international staff brings to Camp is integral to the Winnebago community.

TOP: International counselors, 1964

BOTTOM: International counselors, 2011

Hearing the Echoes

BY DEBO ADEGBILE
Camper 1977–1981

We leave Echo Lake as we find it and we are all changed by our summers at Winnebago. My first summer at Winnebago was more than 40 years ago. I was drawn to Camp from the asphalt baseball diamonds of my youth in New York City by the promise of a sports-filled summer. Even now, I can vividly summon Uncle Phil's slideshow that projected a euphoria to my 10-year-old eyes.

BELOW: David Sheehy and Debo Adegbile, Big Captains, 1981

Lush fields, well-kept clay tennis courts, and, of course, the lake. The prospect of becoming a Winnebagan was exhilarating, and I attended Camp as a beneficiary of the effort to broaden the pool of boys who could have the Winnebago experience through Camp's scholarship program.

With my fellow campers, I honed my skills at familiar sports, developed an appreciation of some new ones, and earned patches marking some activities whose charms I would leave behind in Fayette, Maine. Then, it all seemed like summertime fun. Now, it seems these were the ephemeral privileges of youth.

Winnebago kept its promise each summer, but our various victories, defeats, and even the occasional gametime humiliations at Camp Androscoggin are not what endures for me. What I remember about Winnebago decades later are the "ties that bind"—the lessons we learned about people, human motivation, perseverance, leadership.

Similarly, the appreciation that we developed for campers with different abilities, life experiences, national and geographic origins, and interests endures. Some examples stand out.

Lenny Jackson and John Guiski could have led any camp basketball team to intercamp victory by themselves, but with both on the court together, it often seemed unfair for our opponents. Lenny polished his game on the East Harlem courts that were famous testing grounds of many pro basketball players, and Guiski, it seemed, learned to square his shoulders to the net in what I imagined to be a rural setting in Maine. Their upbringings, appearances, and basketball and personal styles were worlds apart. Their greatness came in equal measure from their differences and common love of the game, and we witnessed that differences could be perfectly mixed in service of a common mission.

Sometimes, recreational sports can teach important lessons too. On a bike trip in New Hampshire, where we rode through the beautiful and challenging White Mountains, we were accompanied by a van for transport on an as-needed basis. As the days wound on, an interesting pattern emerged.

> It was a week of learning that your assumptions may be wrong—you just never know what another person is capable of or when they might surprise you.

One by one, all the campers who regularly dominated our frequent ball sports would tap out and ride in the van, whereas a small group of unfazed cyclists, who were almost never the heroes on the soccer field, tennis court, or baseball diamond, soldiered on. The key characteristic of most of the small group of triumphant finishers with no van time was that they often rode their bikes to school daily. It turned out that their lives and experiences prepared them for that specific challenge, and that general athleticism overall was no substitute for the training they had.

In my Winnebago days, playing soccer consumed my thoughts and a great deal of my time. But as I think back on all the games, my lasting memory is of David Cooper's on-field heroics. David joined us from Israel late in our years at Winnebago. He loved soccer and had an uncanny ability to strike the ball so that it would carry long distances. During a soccer game during Final Week, the Greens and Browns were in a pitched battle and a late goal threatened a loss that my team, the Greens, could not afford.

As I placed the ball on the center spot for a final restart, I looked down the field and noticed that the opposing keeper was well off his line. I huddled with David and told him that I would simply tap the ball to him and feign like I was expecting a return pass, but wanted him to run on and strike the ball and shoot it over the unsuspecting goalkeeper's head. David did not like the plan. It seemed, and perhaps it was, crazy. We had never seen it done on that field. David had to take the shot. He resisted. I looked at David and told him that we needed him to take that shot. I tipped the kick-off, ran to ask for the ball back, and David took the shot heard round the world and tied the game.

Even as I write, I cannot remember who would go on to win in overtime. Nor do I care. Of course, the outcome, 40 years on, does not matter, but what does matter is remembering that, on every team, we have distinct talents and moments when our special gifts can make the difference. This is a lesson that was inculcated to me at Camp.

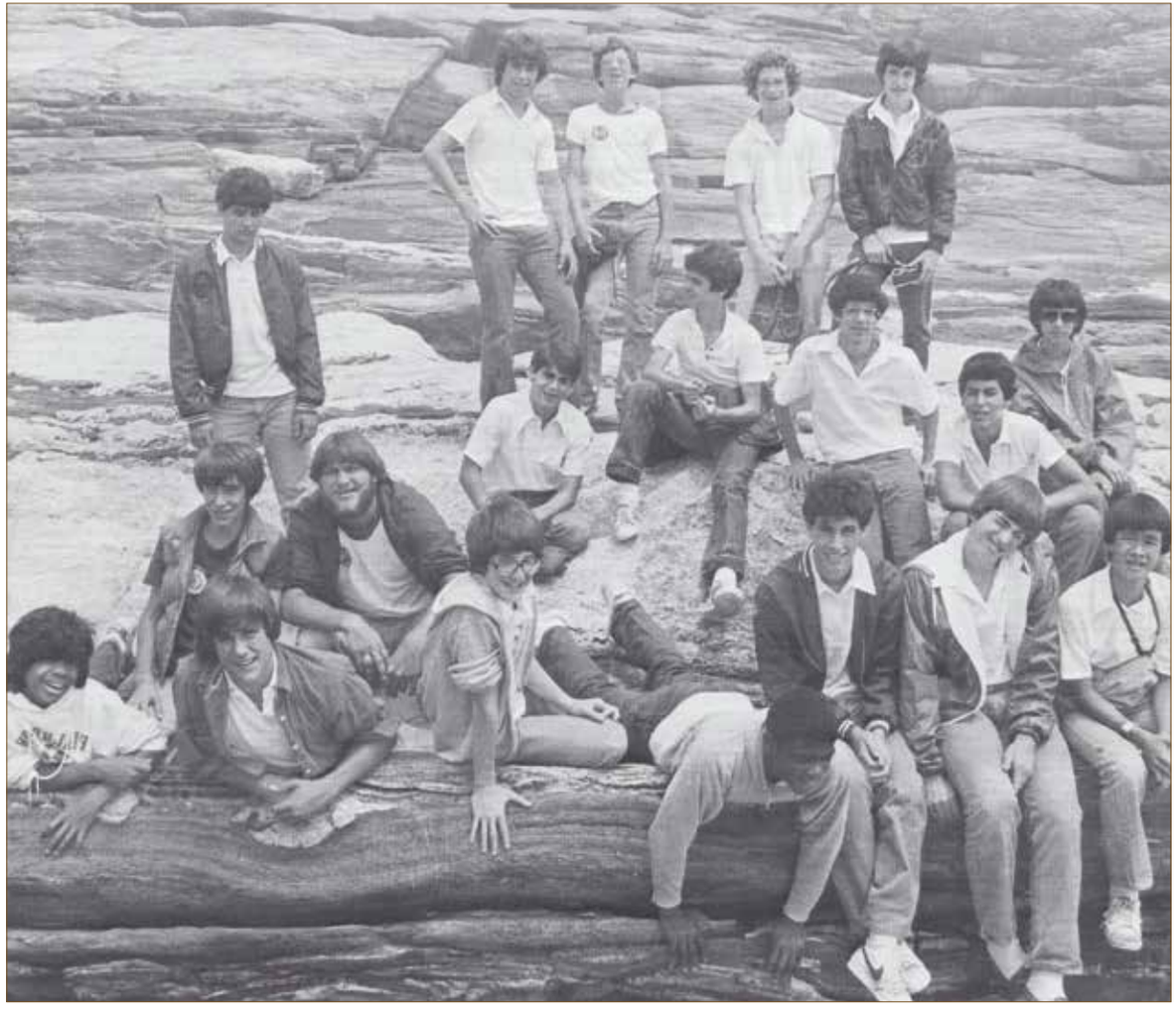
Finally, Camp is designed with the knowledge that we have different talents and need opportunities to highlight them. I will never forget what Eric Mindich was able to do during the Treasure Hunt that was both uncanny and even now inexplicable. During the hunt, most of us muddled through a clue or two or perhaps combined with others to piece together an answer. Eric would read the clues, pause for a second, and then direct a runner to a bunk or building where the next clue or treasure would invariably be found.

The ultimate humbling experience for me was when Mindich directed the team to my bunk to grab the treasure on the strength of the clue "A dead goat." Somehow, Eric understood that my surname, Adegbile (A-deg-bih-lay) sounded like a "a dead billy [goat]" a nexus clear to Eric but lost on me, such that I would still be running around looking for that treasure had it not been for Mindich. Even as teens, we all saw that at a camp that has a healthy diet of sports, brains matter, and Eric's brain was clearly special.

Winnebago is in part about competition and honing one's skills and pushing through limitations. For me, however, the magic of Winnebago, on the field, the court, an overnight trip, or in a bunk, is about what we learn, not so much about ourselves, but about others. We learn about teams. We learn about different experiences. We learn about the power of encouragement, perseverance, motivation, and leadership. We benefit from advice. I would later follow older campers who were my role models to my high school and later to college, in large measure on the advice of Doug Thea, Cliff Levy, and Jim Astrove.

> Winnebago's greatest gift is in helping us understand and value others and to understand their varying but important contributions to community.

Now, 40 years on, I realize that Winnebago was and is a place to form and engage in deeper relationships that affect the trajectory of our lives. I became a civil rights lawyer, through which I attempt to create and guard opportunities for many others to pursue their goals. The fights are hard, victories are not guaranteed, and many people make contributions, not just individuals. I do this work knowing of the richness that lives in differences and how we can all benefit from viewing things from someone else's perspective.



So, yes, after 100 years, Echo Lake endures when the ripples of canoes, kayaks, swimming, and water polo meets all subside. And when we leave Winnebago, we are forever changed and continue to hear the echoes of the summers we spent together.

ABOVE: Debo (lower left) and his Senior Lodge bunkmates on the rocks at Pemaquid, 1981

RIGHT: Post Camp, 1987

Ties That Bind

After seven, maybe eight summers on the shores of Echo Lake, is that all there is? Does it end there? For many, the answer is a resounding *no*. Winnebago stays in campers' lives, deepening the memories and impacting their thoughts, values, and friendships. It becomes a very part of the fiber of their beings.

TOP FAR LEFT: 90th Anniversary Rug

TOP LEFT: 80th Anniversary Rug

BOTTOM LEFT: 70th Anniversary Rug

BOTTOM FAR LEFT: 60th Anniversary Rug

FAR RIGHT: Camp's first wedding—Nancy and Dick Doernberg—in 1970

The sometimes heady topics discussed at campfires, the intentional mentoring from counselors, the experience gained on trips, the important values of sportsmanship and tolerance, the summer themes—all these become part of a Winnebagan for life. For some it may seem too deep to acknowledge, but the reality is that it is there and it is part of the camper lexicon.

Camp has become a place for some former campers and friends of Winnebago to celebrate important occasions in their lives. Nancy and Dick Doernberg were the first couple to be married at Camp, in 1970; Uncle Dick was a camper from 1960 to 1964 and a counselor from 1966 to 1971.

Nancy happily remembers the day, "Like a typical camp day swarming with activity, the ceremony was sandwiched between swimming, canoeing, tennis, and softball. Charlie Johnson prepared a sumptuous buffet lunch in the Dining Hall (and even shared the recipe for his mouth-watering Parker House rolls)."

2010

Levi Lilienthal, Andy's son, is a camper in Bunk 1

2012

Building and Architecture is added as a Selected Activity; campers construct a geodesic dome

2013

The Field House is built

2015

"Community, integrity, respect, resilience, effort, creativity, empathy . . . with a watermark of fun define camp." —Uncle Andy

2016

Rafe Lilienthal, Andy's son, is a camper in Bunk 1

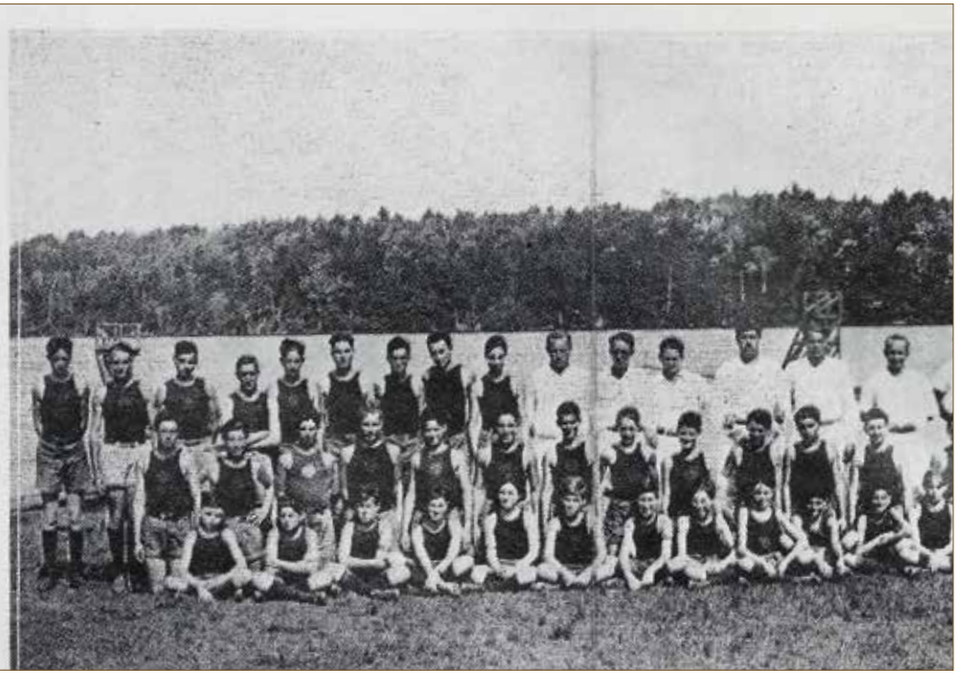
2017

Weck Pool, Chief's great-great-grandson, is a camper in Bunk 1

The Council Ring has also served as a solemn spot for memorial services for loved ones. Trees planted throughout Winnebago honor the memory of alumni and former staff.

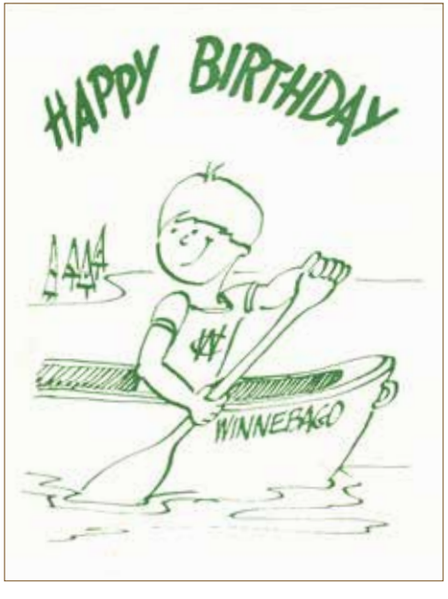
Winnebagans always find ways to connect. Uncle Phil remembers the evenings in New York City when he would come back to his car, with its WINBGO license plate and 1919 bumper sticker, parked on the street, and find a slip of paper tucked under the windshield wiper with a note from a former camper. Two Big Captains and their families meet for dinner in a small town in the Berkshires, and before parting, everyone puts their arms around each other and they happily sing "Good Night Winnebago."

EVERY camp has its goody-goody, and Camp Winnebago had Dick Salant. Salant was editor of *The Winnebago Afternoon Gazette* and *The Winnebago Echo*, a literary magazine. He won an Honorable Mention for Best Camper's Cup and played the chaplain in the camp play, *The Valiant*. It was as good training for the presidency of CBS News as anything else he could have done. (Salant is pictured at right. You find him. We can't.)



TOP: The 1980 *Esquire* magazine article about Dick Salant and Camp Winnebago

BOTTOM: Every year a birthday card recalls those summers at Camp.



Starting college and spotting a familiar face across campus, walking into a business meeting and seeing a remembered face, and realizing that the last time you saw him was in your bunk 20 years ago.

Increasingly, campers stay connected through social media and they reconnect through regular camper reunions held around the country. The Winnebago Alumni Association also holds alumni gatherings during the year. One thing alumni, campers, and staff can count on every year is that perfect birthday card, with the green drawing of the canoeist, and a handwritten note from Uncle Andy.

The impact of Camp reaches widely. In 1980, *Esquire* magazine had an article about the summer camp experiences of notables; Winnebagan Dick Salant (camper 1926–1931, counselor 1933–1936), president of CBS News, got his start as editor of the *WAG* and *The Echo*, and the article referred to him as a "goody-goody" at Camp. Salant, writing in the 25th Anniversary *Echo* in 1944 while serving in the Navy in Washington, DC, remembered, "I've not for a moment forgotten about Winnebago, and I must confess that during July and August, I still think of what I'd be doing at the moment were I at Camp."

Lifelong memories and lifelong influence—these are the ties that bind.

Tender Thoughts of You

BY DAVID SCHANZER
Camper 1972–1978 Counselor 1981–1982

I was a camper well over 40 years ago, but the memories come back so vividly, virtually at any time, for no apparent reason. Nine seasons at Winnebago; only about 500 days total, a mere fraction of a life. But it is these Winnebago memories that keep flooding back over all the others; again and again, as if they happened but a blink ago.

It is after Taps and one of my bunkmates is swinging from the rafters, as our counselor, Chris Berman, is re-enacting the call of a horserace from Belmont Park, and the horse chosen by the bunkmate in our summer long parlay was sprinting from last to first. "They are coming down the stretch," Chris crooned in his best imitation of the race-calls, "and it's Delmonica Hanover ahead by a half a length. But here comes Trudy's Delight on the outside." And a different bunkmate cried out, probably loudly enough to be heard as far as the waterfront, "Here they come, down to the wire, neck and neck, nose to nose and it's . . . Delmonica Hanover." Bedlam breaks out and Chris is trying to keep us quiet, but is also laughing at our excitement, the simple joy of it all.

My "tender thoughts" of Winnebago are not always about excitement and triumph, but often about a lesson learned, a relationship built, an emotion felt. I remember that a counselor on one of my canoe trips often had the same answer every time a camper asked why they had to do a particular task: "Because it builds character," the counselor repeated over and over.

Ref's whistle. "No, David, you got him on the arm." That was Uncle Benn's way of telling me I had committed a costly foul during overtime in a Final Week Senior Arrow-Arrow first-string basketball game. My dear friend and rival of seven years, Doug Thea, had already fouled out, but I had just squandered this advantage by fouling out myself. Uncle Benn and the scores of campers surrounding the court knew it, too. The error would come back to haunt me, when we lost the game and then lost the whole season six days later by only a few points.

I only realized it when I got a bit older, but Winnebago taught me to appreciate time. Winnebago moves at its own special pace. Breakfast, Inspection, first period, second, third. The bugle calls mark the passage of the day, but no one is keeping time. You take a canoe out on the lake not because you want to get anywhere, but to enjoy the moment.

"Schanz, come here, you have to see this." Jim Astrove was beckoning me to the shore of Chamberlain Lake from a knoll in the woods where 10 of us had spent the night, tent-less, exposed to the elements and bears, having failed to find our campsite. The lake winds the prior afternoon drove us ashore, calming only at sunset. After canoeing by flashlight for an hour, we had relented, tied up the canoes, and slept in sleeping bags on pine needles. Jim pointed a mere 200 yards up the lake—there, in the early morning light, stood the empty campsite.

Winnebago has always been conservative, a bulwark against the encroachments of the modern world. The Winnebago way came first; only compatible innovations would be accommodated. Polyurethane canoes eventually made it. Lights in the cabins did not.

The buzz of the Vega waterskiing boat disrupts a placid day on Echo Lake. We see it in the distance, coming toward what we considered "our" part of the lake. Our beloved canoeing counselor Nabby starts lining up the available campers and counselors on the swimming and boating docks. "Wait for my count," he barks out as the boat approaches, "one, two, three." In unison, a couple dozen campers and counselors all turn around, bend over, and drop their shorts and suits. We hear girl-like shrieks from the boat over the roar of the outboard. Vega gets the message about what Winnebago thinks about waterskiing. They don't return to our part of the lake again that summer.

Change happens slowly at Winnebago, if at all. Leroy Carrol would tell us he used to jump over the pine trees that now soar over the drive from the Route 17 gate; that is the normal pace of change at Winnebago. The B&G Rock sits by the Lodge, solid, unchanging, but for the slow erosion of paint from bygone summers and one fresh mark added every August.

TOP: Teaching canoeing

BOTTOM: Memories of the Apache Relay, trying to fill a container with water using a cup with holes and spit

The traditional Apache Relay: Light a fire until a tin can of water boils, dribble a soccer ball to Eagle Field, unwrap tinfoil off 25 raisins and eat them, sing the 'Bandolero' song perfectly. I loved doing the event where you fill a coffee container with about 4 inches worth of water using a paper cup with holes and your mouth, running back and forth from the Dining Hall spigots. As the contest goes on, the ground around the containers becomes muddier and muddier. Someone inevitably slips, knocks over his container, and has to start all over. With all the saliva going into the containers, you would think it was below the dignity of Uncle Benn, but he loved it, always there with his yardstick to measure the water/spit levels in the containers and authorize a team to proceed to the next event once precisely 4 inches had been accumulated.

There is a Winnebagan way of doing things; it gets passed down from one generation to the next. Pouting on the athletic fields—they did that at other camps.

The bunks that brought a lot of birch bark to the Outdoor Supper Field rarely got their hamburgers cooked first. Learn how to make a real hospital corner, or you don't pass Inspection. Expediency has always been very un-Winnebagan.

I am teaching canoeing as a counselor. Two kids go across the lake and back, their J-stokes are fine. They come up to me, "Did we pass, did we pass?" "Do you think that was a perfectly straight line," I ask, "the very best you could do? Go do it again." The bugle blows, but out they go, as the sun starts to decline and the lake begins to get its early evening glow. They canoe straighter than they ever have before. "Great job, you pass. Now get out of here and get to dinner." You hear them talking excitedly, on the way back, "If we pass two more things, we can go on the canoe trip next week." They will be on that trip.

For some, Winnebago is just summer camp; but for many of us, it enters our bones, becomes one of our identities. You can't really explain it to the people who are closest to you—your wife, your parents, your kids. The only people who can really understand that is, well, other Winnebagans.

It is the first night of my first summer at Camp lying in bed in a dark, unfamiliar place. On his goodnight visit, Uncle Howie seems to linger over my bed for a tad longer than he did for the other campers. It had been more than 15 years since a relative of his close friend, Frederick "Chief" Guggenheimer, had been a camper, but here I was, Chief's great-great-nephew, in the bunk next to the gurgling stream that divides Eagle Row from The Circle. A soft pat on the head, a link between Winnebago's earliest days and the sweet promise of youth.

How is it, Winnebago, that, after all these years, these tender thoughts of you keep coming back, in college, during young parenthood, and now entering middle age? Maybe it is because I started with you as a boy, then left as a man. Even parents can't teach a child how to think and act for himself. But you did, Winnebago. You did. Sweet dreams, indeed.

POST CAMP

Starting in the 1950s, Uncle Howie decided that it wasn't enough to have just eight weeks of summer camp, and that it would be even more fun to extend the summer for another week and invite former campers and their families and friends to join him and Aunt Emmy on the shores of Echo Lake. And so started the tradition of Post Camp.

For some former campers, Post Camp was a way to relive their "glory days," as packed into the week were many of the treasured traditions of their camp days: living in the bunks, re-reading the Greenhouse poem, having your life defined by bugle calls, blueberry pancakes for breakfast in the Dining Hall, fluffernutter sandwiches at the dam, pranks, softball and volleyball, canoeing the lake, Trip Day to Pemaquid, Evening Assemblies in the Lodge featuring Monomultidigital and Charades, and even a Final Campfire replete with a Review of the Week, written in the same Winnebago style as the Review of the Year.

However, the addition of a new activity on the schedule—Happy Hour on the Infirmary porch at 5 p.m.—became an important new tradition.

TOP: Post Camp, 1986 **BOTTOM LEFT:** If you have pranks at Camp, then you need pranks at Post Camp. Lynn Lilienthal, Margie Lewis, Henry Felt, and Anne Marie Gold steal the visiting team sign from Camp Vega, 1989. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** Favorite Post Camp Trip Day lunch at Shaw's, near Pemaquid, with Debbie Mink and Sally and Diane Lewis

Alumni introduced their wives and children to the joys of Camp—sometimes it took a few years for the wives to understand the joys—and old friendships were renewed and new friendships formed. Kids loved seeing their dad's memorabilia at Camp—bunk photos, names scratched on bunk walls—and hearing reminiscences of their years at Winnebago. For many dads, it was a way to introduce Camp to their young sons, who would go on to become campers themselves.

ABOVE: Purple and Violet Forever—the tradition of Post Camp softball

In 1986, a new element was added to Post Camp when the Irondale Theater Ensemble from Brooklyn, New York, began holding its annual company retreat during Post Camp. In addition to enriching the mix of Post Campers, Irondale presented a play at an Evening Assembly and so introduced world-class theater to Winnebago and the Fayette community. Some campers had their first experience acting with Irondale, which in at least one case has led to a career in the theater in New York.

Generations of families gather at Post Camp, returning year after year. The names become familiar and close friendships form.

Today, some Post Campers are the second and third generations to enjoy their days by the lake in late August. It's not unusual to hear Post Campers, at the Final Campfire, talk meaningfully about the impact Post Camp has had on their lives and why they often think of their time at Post Camp as so important.

RUNS IN THE FAMILY

For some boys, Winnebago is born into their blood. For many years, *The Echo* has featured a proud picture, taken on Visiting Day, of alumni campers with grandfathers, fathers, and sons.

The 1939 *Echo* reports, in that inimitable Winnebago lingo, that on the 20th Anniversary Weekend, "Father and son games are also a huge success . . . fathers try to beat sons . . . sons attempt to beat fathers . . . . We're still trying to figure out who won." The 1956 *Echo* proudly notes eight alumni campers, and in 2017, there were 25 alumni camper families.

ABOVE: The Groetzinger generations—Buddy (camper 1928–1934), son Jon (camper 1960–1964), and grandson Jack (camper 1995–1999)

Today at Camp, Chief's great-great-grandson proudly continues the family tradition as a camper, while a fourth-generation Lilienthal completed his camping career in the 2018 Senior Lodge. There are so many families that have long histories at Winnebago that they are too numerous to mention; perhaps the record belongs to the Weil family, which has had four consecutive generations of boys at Winnebago, beginning in the 1920s: Robert, 1926–1927; Douglas, 1947–1950; David, 1978–1980; and Max, 2014–2018.

For those alumni with daughters, the tradition can and has continued as daughters come to Camp as counselors and then send their sons as campers. For many alums, when his son or grandson is born, one of the first things he thinks of is what year he will be in Bunk 1.

WINNEBAGO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The Winnebago Alumni Association (WAA) was initially formed in 1945 as an informal group at the suggestion of the fighting men returning from World War II, as noted in the 1945 *Echo*. In 1954, during the 35th alumni gathering, a new alumni association was formed, with Frank Rich (camper 1934–1938) as the first president. Early in the 1960s, Uncle Howie reinvigorated the Alumni Association, asking that it take a role in funding scholarships and identifying potential scholarship campers. In the 1970s, Uncle Phil established the WAA as a legal nonprofit entity.


WINNEBAGO
ALUMNI NEWS

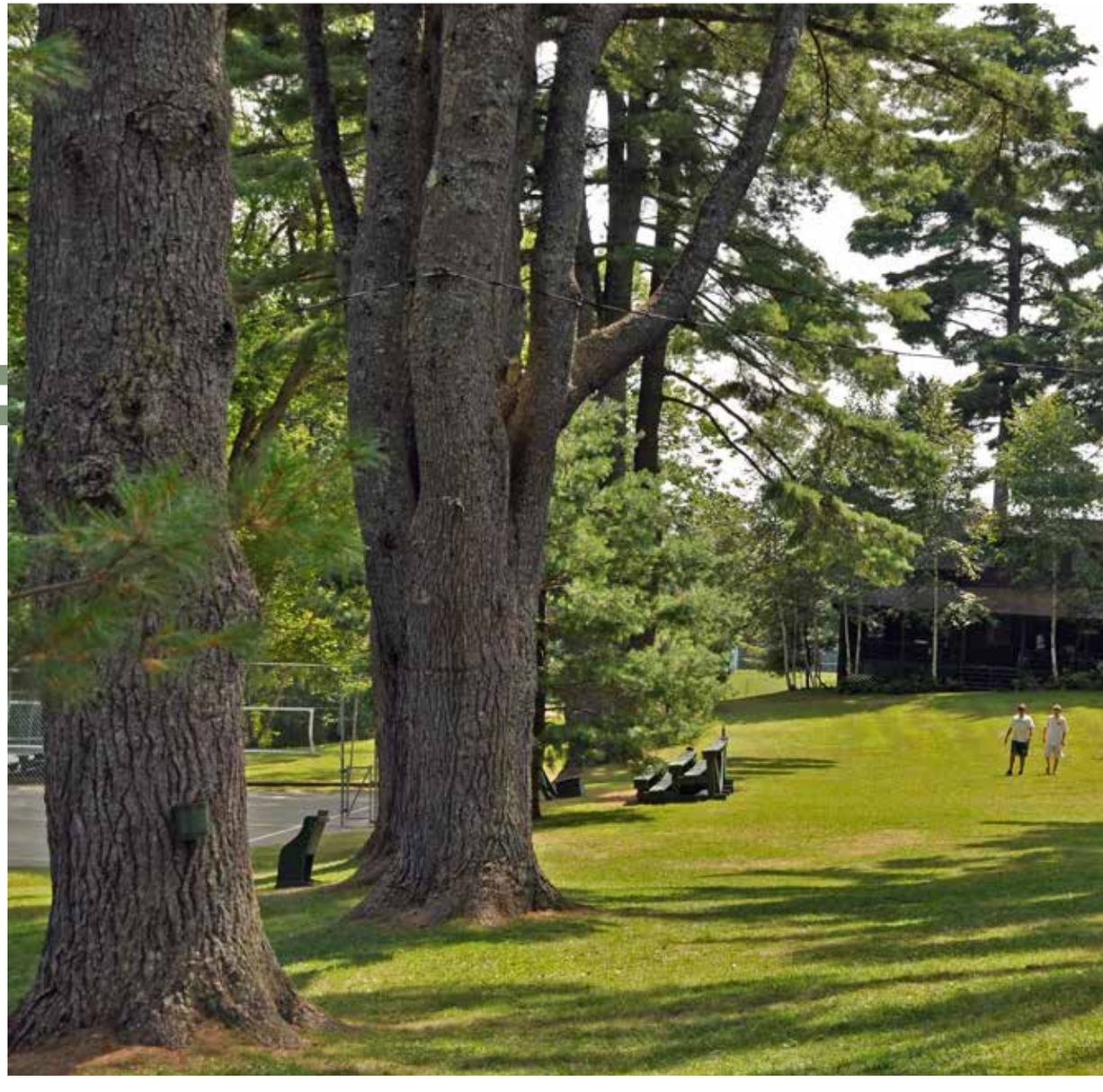
ALUMNI WITH SONS AT CAMP 1981

The scholarship fund was started in 1967 with Native American children from the Winnebago tribe as the first recipients. In 1974, donations made in memory of Uncle Howie helped build the scholarship fund. In 1976, the focus changed to urban and suburban boys of color. The benefit is twofold, with these boys broadening their lives by experiencing summer on the shores of Echo Lake and all campers broadening their friendships. More than 250 boys have benefited from the scholarship program.

In 1974, the WAA started to publish a newsletter, the *Winnebago Alumni News*, filled with news of former camper exploits, often written in the inimitable Winnebago style, as well as updates on favorite staff members, reports on Post Camp, and notes about the annual meeting. For many former campers, the arrival of the *Winnebago Alumni News* is an opportunity to stay connected to Camp and abreast of the interesting achievements and stories of a disparate and accomplished alumni group.

Today, the WAA continues its annual fundraising outreach to former campers, staff, and friends of Winnebago. For the 100th Anniversary, WAA has committed to creating a scholarship endowment fund, and profits from the sale of this book will go to the scholarship fund.

On Camp's last day, when the buses drive out through the gates early in the morning and the staff depart for disparate destinations, a somewhat jarring silence permeates throughout. No longer are the waking hours punctuated with the regular sounds of the bugle. No longer is the air filled with whistles, thwacks echoing out from an arrow hitting a target, or the shouts of campers heard from unseen and familiar venues. There is nothing but quiet.



It is at this time that I look to the trees. All summer, and for the 99 summers preceding, they have internalized the memories. They have watched over the boys completing their canoe carries from the waterfront to the Infirmary and back, monitored the myriad of softball, basketball, and other games played, and viewed from above the lick of flames rising up from the Council Ring that just the previous evening was extinguished for the summer's last time.

What I hear emanating from the trees are the echoes of the summer. It is nothing I can distinguish. Rather, it is a dull cacophony of sound that emerges and floats over and through Camp. Like getting off a carnival ride and feeling movement in a still body, there is contradiction in the silence. It is still, and yet, it is alive; charged with the latent energy of all that has occurred in the previous 10 or so weeks.

Conclusion

Where does all that energy go and what does it mean? That is a question for each of us to carry in our hearts and minds. However, I do know that as I roam Camp, a particular sound or smell will elicit a deeply held memory. Regardless of why or how that occurs, what I do think salient is that each of us carries those formative and fundamental memories. Whether they reside with us or in the grounds at Camp, they are palpable and real and something much deeper and larger than ourselves. It is a connection that binds Winnebagans together; a bond forged through a shared summer experience that extends from the center in rural Fayette, Maine, and radiates out around the world.

As we take note of Winnebago's 100 years of existence, may each one of us carry those didactic memories and connections that make us who we are for the experience of having gone to Winnebago. May it help remind us of our humanity, our connection to others, and our sense of self that defines what it means to be a Winnebagan. Good night, Winnebago, may the flame in our hearts never die.

—UNCLE ANDY, FAYETTE, MAINE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book is a both a labor of love and a commitment to memory and tradition. It is the work of many dedicated Winnebagans who have experienced Camp and continue to treasure it in their hearts.

First and foremost, thank you to Andy Lilienthal for having the vision and commitment to make this book a reality. He understood that the real story of Camp Winnebago was more than the simple sum of all its separate elements, but rather a story unique in its breadth and beauty that deserved to be told. Andy is a talented, thoughtful writer himself, and his editing and overview of the book has helped make it better.

Dasha Harte provided invaluable and patient assistance throughout the summer of 2018, organizing the hundreds of photographs, scanning old photos, and researching all manner of arcane trivia. Thanks, Dasha, for sharing the journey with us and keeping us somewhat sane.

Tom Hoegeman, camp photographer, spent countless hours searching his thousands of photographs of the past three decades for just the right picture and was always willing to take yet one more photograph to illustrate one more story. Thank you, Tom, for helping tell the story of Camp in such a stunning manner.

All chapters are enriched with brilliant essays written by former campers, staff, and friends of Camp. Thank you to all the men and women who took the time to reach deeply into their memories of Winnebago and so beautifully remind us why Camp became the touchstone of their lives. Our thanks to Debo Adegbile, Jim Astrove, Eric Benson, Jill Demeny, Nancy Doernberg, Andy Kaufman, Dick Lewis, Andy Lilienthal, Phil Lilienthal, Nathaniel Rich, Simon Rich, David Schanzer, Gary Schanzer, Paul Schwarz, David Shribman, Matt Simon, Elizabeth Sosnow, Katie Stebbins, Larry Wolk, and Paul Wrubel.

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Thanks go to all the historians at Camp throughout the last 100 years who were the keepers of the memories that allowed us to pull together the material for this book. Camp's four Directors, Chief, Uncle Howie, Uncle Phil, and Uncle Andy, all had the foresight to preserve the artifacts now housed in the Museum. A special thank you to Uncle Phil for building the Museum in 1994 for the 75th Anniversary. Thanks to Margie Lewis, wife, mother, and grandmother of campers and counselors, for her help in research and willingness to be a jack of all trades for many summers. Thanks to Henry Felt (camper 1950–1953), for digitizing many of the 16-millimeter movies of Camp to preserve their history, and to Tony Asch (camper 1963–1969), for creating the 100th Anniversary website using many of those movies. Thanks to the Maine Memory Network for documenting the Museum online, and to Steve Gold (camper 1957–1960), and Tony Asch for their oral histories. Thanks to Laura Blaisdell Lilienthal for creating the 100th Anniversary logo. Thanks to Jon Beekman for making the extra effort to provide the map of Echo Lake.

During the summers of 2017 and 2018, many Winnebagans generously gave of their time. Counselors, staff, and alumni happily offered information, often with funny and previously unknown anecdotes about their time at Camp. As we talked to people and pored through the archives in the Museum, it was often difficult not to stop and read through one more *WAG* or *Echo*, to thumb through one more treasure trove of photographs, or sit down and listen to memories come forth from yet one more person whose life Winnebago enriched.

Evelyn Feagin at the Underwood Memorial Library in Fayette was extremely helpful in providing primary resource materials about the history of Fayette. At the Maine State Library, Sally O'Kane, Adam Fisher, and Jennifer Munson provided expert assistance helping us scan photos from the delicate, one-of-a-kind *Echo*s from the first decades of Camp. Paul Sommerfeld, music reference specialist at the Library of Congress, was instrumental in tracking down the original music and lyrics to the "Bandolero Song."

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Nomad Press has been an invaluable partner in the production of this book. Thanks go to Susan Hale Kahan for the guidance she provided in creating the book, and to all the talented staff at Nomad whose work has ensured that *Camp Winnebago: The First One Hundred Years* does justice to the story of Camp Winnebago.

While we have attempted to remember everyone who has been part of this project, inevitably we may have forgotten some who provided assistance. To those we have missed, our apologies and our utmost thanks. A huge W-I for everyone who has helped make this book a reality—thank you, enjoy it, and may it bring back many wonderful memories.

Camp Winnebago Awards

BEST ALL AROUND CAMPER'S CUP

1921 Richard Morgenstern
1922 Eric C. Gordon
1923 Charles Liebman
1924 William Strauss
1925 Harold Jonas, Louis Goldschmidt, Maxwell Davidson
1926 Jay Stanley
1927 Brandon Strasser
1928 Harry Mann
1929 M.W. Feingold
1930 Harold Golde
1931 William Feingold
1932 Edward Rosenthal
1933 Herb Buckman
1934 Larry Lader
1935 Martin Tuska
1936 Harry Horvitz
1937 Bob Keller
1938 Bob Keller
1939 Jules Gutterman
1940 Herbert Marx
1941 Mark Heyman
1942 Don Markstein
1943 Donald M. Landis
1944 I. Luie Fass
1945 John Gerstle
1946 Howard Goldstein
1947 Richard Scherzer
1948 Paul Cohen
1949 Jim Barnett
1950 James Barnett
1951 James Barnett
1952 Joel Newman
1953 Joel Newman
1954 Ray Londa
1955 Ray Londa
1956 Steve Kaplan
1957 Steve Caplan
1958 Steve Hoffman

CHIEF'S CUP

1957 Allan Gropper
1958 Dick Weiss
1959 Dick Halle
1960 Stanley Greenberg
1961 Carl Gropper
1962 Rich Addelson
1963 Ray Levy
1964 Ed Rosenberg
1965 David Grossman
1966 Roger London
1967 Ozzie Taube
1968 Stan Golbert
1969 Andy Kaufman
1970 Chris Berman
1971 Evan Bash, Charlie Modlin
1972 Robert Whytock
1973 Lee Gertsley
1974 Bill Beres
1975 Arthur Flatto
1976 Scott Wilder
1977 David Schanzer
1978 David Schanzer
1979 Jimmy Janover
1980 Tony Barkan
1982 Andy Klein
1983 Andy Goldstone
1984 Jeff Newman
1987 Jeremy Alper
1988 Doug Flamm, Tyler Alper
1989 Matt Baum, Mark Kleger
1990 Adam Fruitman
1991 Brian Williams
1992 Ethan Lasser
1993 Andy Herson
1994 Mike Greilsheimer, Brian Rose
1995 Dylan Ris
1996 Owyn Fischer
1997 Alex Mir
1998 Felipe Ardila
1999 Jay Alson, Michael Pressman
2000 Eric Benson
2001 Mike Kadin
2002 Nick David, Andrew Waldholtz
2003 Leo Eisenstein
2004 Corey Benson
2006 Matt Hershey
2007 Jacob Addelson
2008 Tommy Reid
2009 Drew Zwetchkenbaum
2010 Jacob Gilbert, Caleb Kirshner
2011 Gabe Taylor
2012 Aaron Therien
2013 Sam Schiff, Alex Quill
2014 Alex Quill
2017 Matthew Kaplan, Theo Perl
2018 Jonathan Geller, Aaron Hirschhorn

JUNIOR MERIT CUP

1924 Walter Salant
1925 Charles Norberg, Henry Levy
1926 Robert Heavenrich
1927 Harold Golde, Richard Salant
1928 Martin Wortman
1929 W. Blatner
1930 Spot Salant
1931 Julian Adler
1932 John Loeb
1933 John Loeb
1934 William Fisher
1935 Sonny Peck
1936 William Keller
1937 Don Robinson
1938 Jack Wachtel
1939 Horace Liberman
1940 Steve Judson
1941 Donald Landis
1942 John P.Gerstle
1943 Arthur Fass
1944 William Kaye
1945 James Barnett
1946 Paul Cohen, Jim Barnett
1947 Harvey Towvim
1948 Joel Newman
1949 Joel Newman
1950 Steven Baruch
1951 Leonard Bickwit
1952 Steven Caplan
1953 Jeffrey Albert
1954 John Engel
1956 Dan Eitingon
1958 Marc Rogers

SENIOR SERVICE AWARD

1928 Dave Kaufman, John Preis, Ben Rinaldo
1929 Dave Kaufman
1930 Stanley Sittenfield
1931 Fred Wise
1936 Max Sturtz
1937 Bob Keller
1938 Frank Rich
1939 Lennie Horvitz
1940 Lennie Horvitz
1941 David Becker
1942 Jerry Frank
1943 Gerald B. Frank
1944 Gerald B. Frank
1945 Lee Frank
1946 Richard Rodwin
1947 Richard Rodwin
1948 Buzzie Lewis
1949 Buzzie Lewis
1950 James Barnett, Stephen Lewis
1951 James Barnett
1952 Thomas Nathan
1953 Harry Tishman
1954 Ray Londa
1955 Ray Londa
1958 Alan Spitzer
1959 Mike Freed
1960 Arthur Boehm
1961 Ricky Rudy
1963 Earl Starkoff

LEO LEHRMAN AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO WINNEBAGO

1964 Ray Levy
1965 David Grossman
1966 John Fagelson
1967 Ozzie Taube
1969 Paul Wolman
1970 David Doernberg, Jim Felix
1971 John Doernberg
1974 W.P. Lauder
1975 Chuck Davis
1976 Chuck Slaughter
1977 James Lifter Jr.
1979 Jimmy Janover
1980 David Landis
1984 David Newman
1987 Doug Flamm
1988 Tyler Alper
1989 Asa Scott
1991 Matt Schaenen
1992 Jeffrey Steiner
1994 Michael Kobler
1996 Evan Glaberson
1999 Alex Fishman
2000 Zack Seward, David Spear
2002 Winston Clement
2006 Wacira Maina, Tucker Risman
2008 Will Janover
2013 Ben Weiss
2017 Caleb Newman

BENNETT MEYERS AWARD

1980 Steve Grant
1981 David Christmas
1982 David Antonioli, Kevin Gile
1983 Larry Wolk
1984 Arnie Angerman, Michael Kidd
1985 Jill Demeny, Chris Peters
1986 David Stearns
1987 John Ralston
1988 Russel Jabara
1989 H. James Taylor
1990 Peter Velasco, Hilton Ward
1991 Kim C. Woller, Fred Niederer
1992 Noel Darrohn
1993 Dan Luby
1994 Steve Yates
1995 Jason Alday
1996 Eduard Tiozzo
1997 Rob Villa
1998 Mike Bradecich, Wayne Wheatley
1999 Jeff Marr
2000 Tamas Pekar
2014 Bobby McFail
2015 Emyr Barton, Michael Cochran
2017 Cameron McLure
2018 Sherri Billings, Jared Stapor

HARVARD TROPHY FOR IMPROVEMENT

Presented in 1923 by four counselors, all graduates of Harvard College, including Head Counselor Louis Woronoff, it was awarded from 1923 to 1952 for the camper who had made the greatest progress each camping season.

1923 Harold Jonas
1924 Irving Galpeer
1925 Joseph Berlinger
1926 Edward Regensburg
1927 Perry Meyers
1928 Ira Mendel
1929 Morton Ollendorf
1930 Harry Kahn
1931 Robert Fox
1932 Jack Alexander
1934 Gerry Levy
1935 Max Sturtz
1936 Lawrence Davidowitz
1937 John Simon
1938 Harold Krause
1939 Albert Gerstle
1940 Mel Gordon
1941 Buster Jaffe
1943 Richard Springer
1944 Harvey Leventhal
1945 Donald Pragerson
1946 Danny Cohen
1947 Robert Howard
1948 Bobby Teitelbaum
1949 Ronnie Rosenthal
1950 Roger Rosenkrantz
1951 John and Paul Herring
1952 Michael Spring

BEST SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD

Presented by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Davidson, it was awarded from 1927 to 1932.

1927 Robert Heavenrich
1928 John Preis
1929 Robert Hirschbein
1930 Arnold Hatch
1931 Ned Goldwasser
1932 Edward Rosenthal

TED HEAVENRICH MEMORIAL CUP

The cup was donated by the parents of Ted Heavenrich, a camper in 1922–1923, who passed away in the spring of 1924. The award was for an Arrow or Bow who does the most for the younger campers; it was voted on by the Crescents and Darts. It was awarded from 1924 to 1931.

1924 Robert Bernheim
1925 Charles Bensinger, Warren Davidson
1926 Harold Strasser
1927 Max Heavenrich
1928 Harry Mann
1929 Richard Altheimer
1930 Dick Altheimer
1931 Edward Altheimer

Ithaka

C.P. Cavafy (1863–1933)

As you set out for Ithaka
hope your road is a long one,
full of adventure, full of discovery.
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,
angry Poseidon—don't be afraid of them:
you'll never find things like that on your way
as long as you keep your thoughts raised high,
as long as a rare excitement
stirs your spirit and your body.
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,
wild Poseidon—you won't encounter them
unless you bring them along inside your soul,
unless your soul sets them up in front of you.

Hope your road is a long one.
May there be many summer mornings when,
with what pleasure, what joy,
you enter harbors you're seeing for the first time;
may you stop at Phoenician trading stations
to buy fine things,
mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,
sensual perfume of every kind—
as many sensual perfumes as you can;
and may you visit many Egyptian cities
to learn and go on learning from their scholars.

Keep Ithaka always in your mind.
Arriving there is what you're destined for.
But don't hurry the journey at all.
Better if it lasts for years,
so you're old by the time you reach the island,
wealthy with all you've gained on the way,
not expecting Ithaka to make you rich.

Ithaka gave you the marvelous journey.
Without her you wouldn't have set out.
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have fooled you.
Wise as you will have become, so full of experience,
you'll have understood by then what these Ithakas mean.

The House by the Side of the Road

Sam Walter Foss (1890–1911)

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
  In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
  In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
  Where highways never ran:
But let me live by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
  Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
  As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
  Or hurl the cynic's ban:
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
  By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
  The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
  Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
  And mountains of wearisome height:
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
  And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
  And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
  Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
  Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
  Wise, foolish—So am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
  Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

Brown and Green History

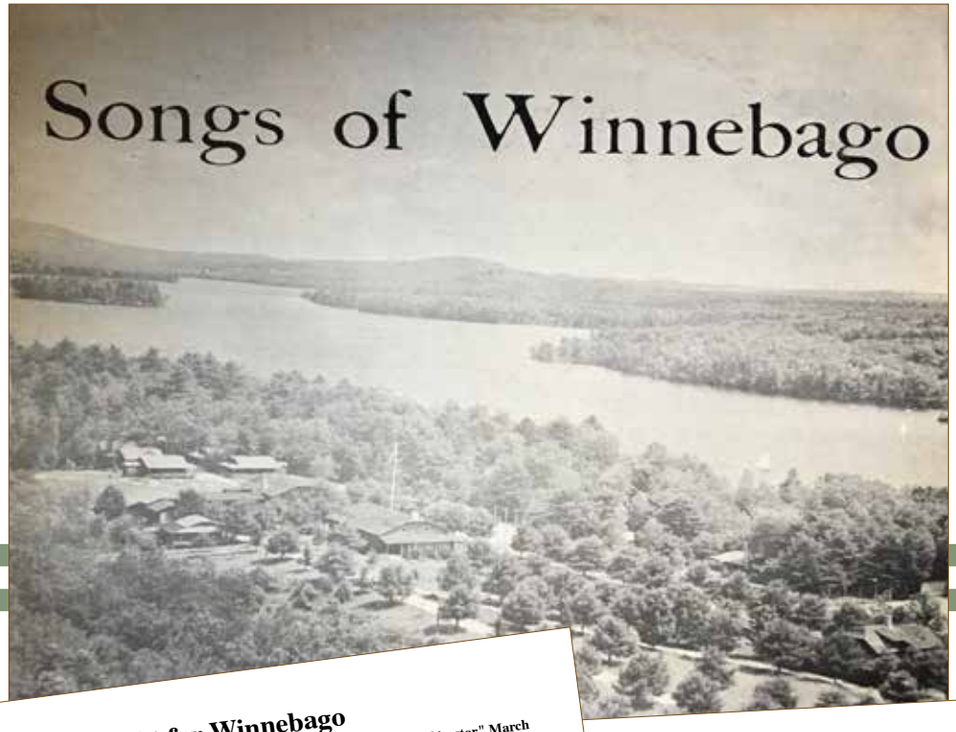
	BROWN CAPTAIN	SCORE	GREEN CAPTAIN	SCORE
1922		**TIE**		**TIE**
1923	Allan Goldman	150	**Bill Strauss**	**160**
1924	**Stan Holzman**	**165**	Bill Strauss	150
1925	**Max Davidson**	**200**	**Bill Strauss**	**200**
1926	Lou Goldschmidt	240	**Phil Lisper**	**255**
1927	**Harold Strasser**	**380**	Warren Davidson	190
1928	**Henry Levy**	**400**	John Salomon	360
1929	Ben Rinaldo	330	**Charles Norberg**	**545**
1930	Harold S. Golde	350	**Peter M. Cohen**	**400**
1931	Richard Helstein		**M.W. Feingold Jr.**	**Winner**
1932	Robert L. Hirschbein		**Edwin Rosenthal**	**Winner**
1933	**William W. Blatner**	**Winner**	Robert A. Rosenthal	
1934	**Burton Bookstaver**	**Winner**	Louis Stern	
1935	Edward Schechter		**Harry R. Horvitz**	**Winner**
1936	**Leo Minken**	**435**	**Harry R. Horvitz**	**435**
1937	**Bob Keller**	**Winner**	Jules Gutterman	
1938	Bob Keller	430	**Joe Maimin**	**575**
1939	**Harry Perlberg**	**435**	Jules Gutterman	350
1940	Edward Gilbert	530	**Morton Thalheimer**	**540**
1941	**Lew Aronowitz**	**535**	Ed Simon	460
1942	Don Markstein	665	**Lewis Aronowitz**	**675**
1943	**Don Landis**	**Winner**	Ralph Schaler	
1944	**Luie Fass**	**720**	John P. Gerstle	655
1945	**Dick Rosenfeld**	**858**	Johnny Gerstle	745
1946	**Dave Constine**	**1,177½**	Howie Goldstein/Hank Einstein	622½
1947	**Dick Scherzer**	**675**	Howie Goldstein	630
1948	**Paul Cohen**	**803¾**	Marty Caine	801¼
1949	**Jimmy Barnett**	**615**	Jimmy Settel	605
1950	Fred Levy	550	**Dick Eisner**	**615**
1951	**Tom Schwarz**	**Winner**	Steve Endlar	
1952	Joel Newman	846	**Harry Tishman**	**958**

	BROWN CAPTAIN	SCORE	GREEN CAPTAIN	SCORE
1953	**Ed Bloomberg**	**990**	John Rees	830
1954	Pete Engel	1,020	**Ray Londa**	**1,220**
1955	**Steve Kaplan**	**Winner**	Phil Lilienthal	
1956	**Bruce Brandaleone**	**995**	Frank Sachs	880
1957	Steve Caplan	935	**Andy Shapiro**	**1,145**
1958	**Steve Hoffman**	**1,277**	Bob Lilienthal	1,207
1959	Bobby Johnson	815	**Mike "Speed" Freed**	**1,065**
1960	Dick Weiss	1,095	**Steve Gold**	**1,165**

ABOVE: One of the oldest Brown and Green plaques, from 1960, hangs in the Dining Hall. Dick Weiss was the Brown Captain and Steve Gold was the Green Captain.

	BROWN CAPTAIN	SCORE	GREEN CAPTAIN	SCORE
1961	Andy Spitzer	1,005	**Roger Marcus**	**1,040**
1962	Bill Michaels	1,042½	**Tom Blatner**	**1,149½**
1963	**Jim Tanenbaum**	**1,192½**	Ray Levy	1,087½
1964	**Ed Rosenberg**	**1,020**	Doug Levy	980
1965	**Ricky Michaels**	**1,172½**	**Richie Casden**	**1,172½**
1966	**Hank Maimin**	**1,190**	Dan Obler	930
1967	**Doug Schoen**	**1,372**	Stan Golbert	1,250
1968	**Ben Mack**	**1,367½**	Charlie Schlesinger	1,317½
1969	**Mort Thalheimer**	**1,326**	Andy Kaufman	1,310
1970	**Jim Flatto**	**1,450**	Richard Kahn	1,360
1971	Charlie Modlin	1,050	**Evan Basch**	**1,170**
1972	Dan Hirschhorn	1,060	**Andy Berman**	**1,160**
1973	**Bob Whytock**	**1,130**	Andy Simon	1,085
1974	Bill Beres	950	**Steve Aron**	**1,195**
1975	Cliff Levy	987½	**Arthur Flatto**	**1,147½**
1976	**Bob Markstein**	**1,155**	Scott Wilder	1,145
1977	Ken Gerstley	1,178½	**Ted Salazar**	**1,548½**
1978	David Schanzer	1,321	**Doug Thea**	**1,341**
1979	Jon Garfunkel	1,218	**Doug Hill**	**1,443**
1980	**Tony Barkan**	**1,424**	**Gary Schanzer**	**1,424**
1981	**David Sheehy**	**1,556**	Debo Adegbile	1,326
1982	Andy Goldberg	1,161	**Andy Gilbert**	**1,246**
1983	**Steven Courtiss**	**1,502**	Scott Hirschfield	1,422
1984	Jeff Newman	1,306	**Andy Goldstone**	**1,573**
1985	**Todd Parola**	**1,299**	Erik Hartog	1,269
1986	Bilal Al-Amin	1,248	**Alex Guiski**	**1,716**
1987	**David Berns**	**1,556**	Steven Kay	1,451
1988	**Chris Klatell**	**1,586**	Ben Lilienthal	1,499
1989	Asa Scott	1,458	**Mat Baum**	**1,708**
1990	Billy Kravitz	1,300	**Stephen Schwarz**	**1,375**
1991	Brian Williams	1,194	**Adam Fruitman**	**1,249**

	BROWN CAPTAIN	SCORE	GREEN CAPTAIN	SCORE
1992	Adam Meyers-Spector	1,123	**Ethan Lasser**	**1,393**
1993	Tim Gray	1,152	**Josh Stein**	**1,302**
1994	**Mike Greilsheimer**	**1,382**	Brian Rose	1,292
1995	Matt Grillo	1,475	**Nat Rich**	**1,685**
1996	**Mike Brosterman**	**1,505**	**Mark Goldberg**	**1,505**
1997	**Ben Stein**	**1,635**	Chris Milliron	1,230
1998	**Andrew Van Raalte**	**1,575**	Bart Singer	1,310
1999	Ted Kaplan	1,227	**Simon Rich**	**1,672**
2000	**Evan Feldhausen**	**1,525**	**Eric Benson**	**1,525**
2001	**Mike Kadin**	**1,560**	Nick Yglesias	1,510
2002	James Stoeckle	1,420	**Archie Abrams**	**1,425**
2003	**Leo Eisenstein**	**1,750**	Aaron Nathan	1,475
2004	Eric Tanner	1,189	**Corey Benson**	**2,024**
2005	Andrew Rafkin	1,590	**Daniel Nathan**	**1,625**
2006	Jared Davis	1,433	**Jon Franzel**	**1,488**
2007	Daniel Rafkin	1,445	**Jacob Addelson**	**1,605**
2008	Josh Strupp	1,335	**Ben Kirshner**	**1,410**
2009	**Robbie Tanner**	**1,695**	Adam Baer	1,335
2010	**Michael Eppler**	**1,705**	Caleb Kirshner	1,255
2011	**Alex Stotter**	**1,370**	Will Kaye	1,175
2012	Daniel Handwerker	1,293	**Jacob Cohen**	**1,413**
2013	Zach Weiss	1,270	**Ben Weiss**	**1,325**
2014	Scott Gellman	1,290	**Alex Quill**	**1,375**
2015	**Charlie Markell**	**1,476**	Nate Lee	1,466
2016	**Matty Shenkman**	**1,689**	Charlie Quill	1,502
2017	Matthew Kaplan	1,354	**Theo Perl**	**1,588**
2018	**Adam Kirsch**	**1,562**	Jon Geller	1,382



Fight for Winnebago

Tune: "Our Director" March
by F.E. Bigelow

March with Swing 8th Notes

C F
Fight for Win - ne - ba - go, fight with pep and
C G7 C D7
vim. Now raise a cheer, boys. Our own team must
C G7
win for win for Win - ne - ba - go. Brown and Green to -
C C°7 F C
geth - er, vic - tor - i - ous go. Three hus - ky
piano only
C F C G7 C
cheers for Win - ne - ba - go! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Silver Sails Have Turned to Gold

The 50th Anniversary Song

Uncle Clem

G Am7 D7
Like a rain bow in the night,
Gen - tle winds and sum - mer rain
Fif - ty years on Ech - o's shore,
G Am7 D7
stands our camp a bea - con bright
stop to sing a sweet re - dred frain.
may be a hun - more.
Bm7 Am E7 C6
way - ing in glo - ry now be - hold:
This is the time for bells toll:
This is a sto - ry proud - ly told:
G Fine
A m7 D7 G
Sil - ver sails have turned to gold. gold.
1. 2.
G7 Cm7
Long may we live and live to see
D7 D.C. al Fine
take second ending
A7
Camp Win - ne - ba - go's dia-mond ju - bi - lee.

In Hush of the Evening

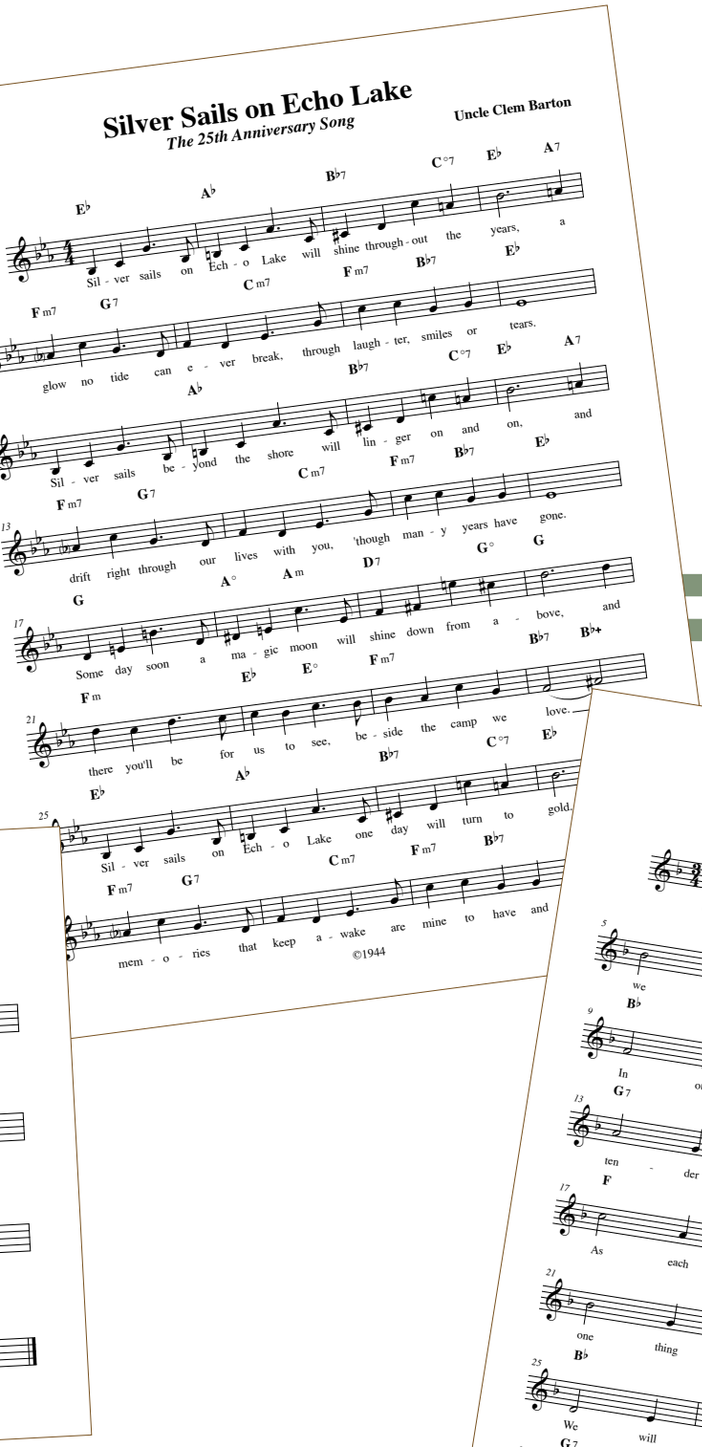
The 30th Anniversary Song

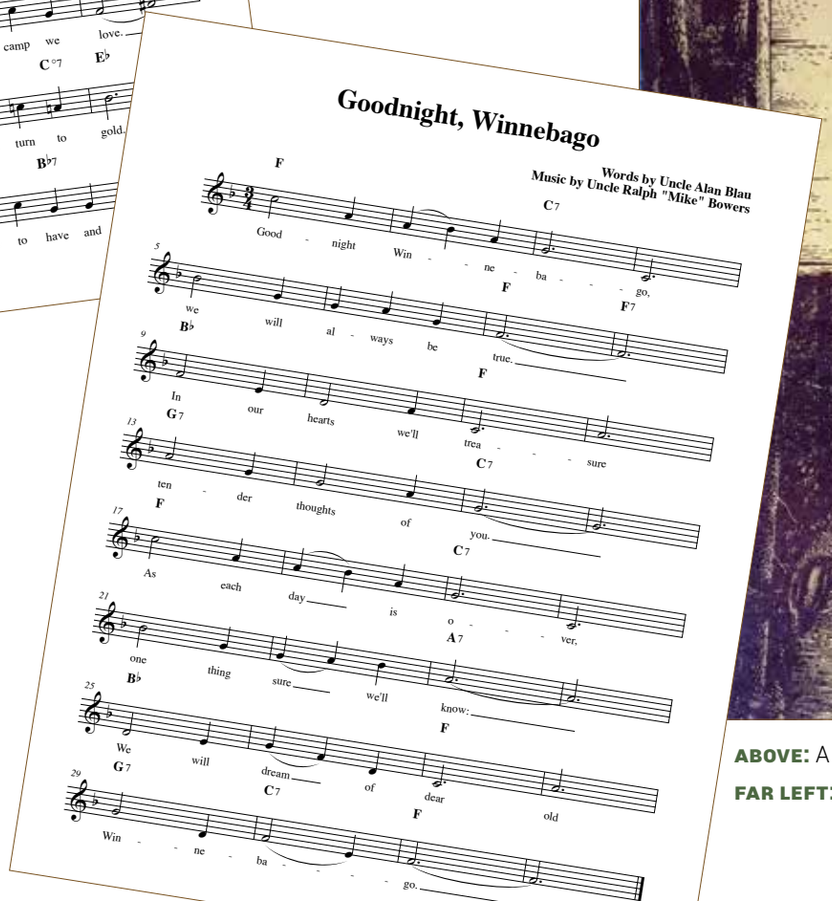
Uncle Clem Barton

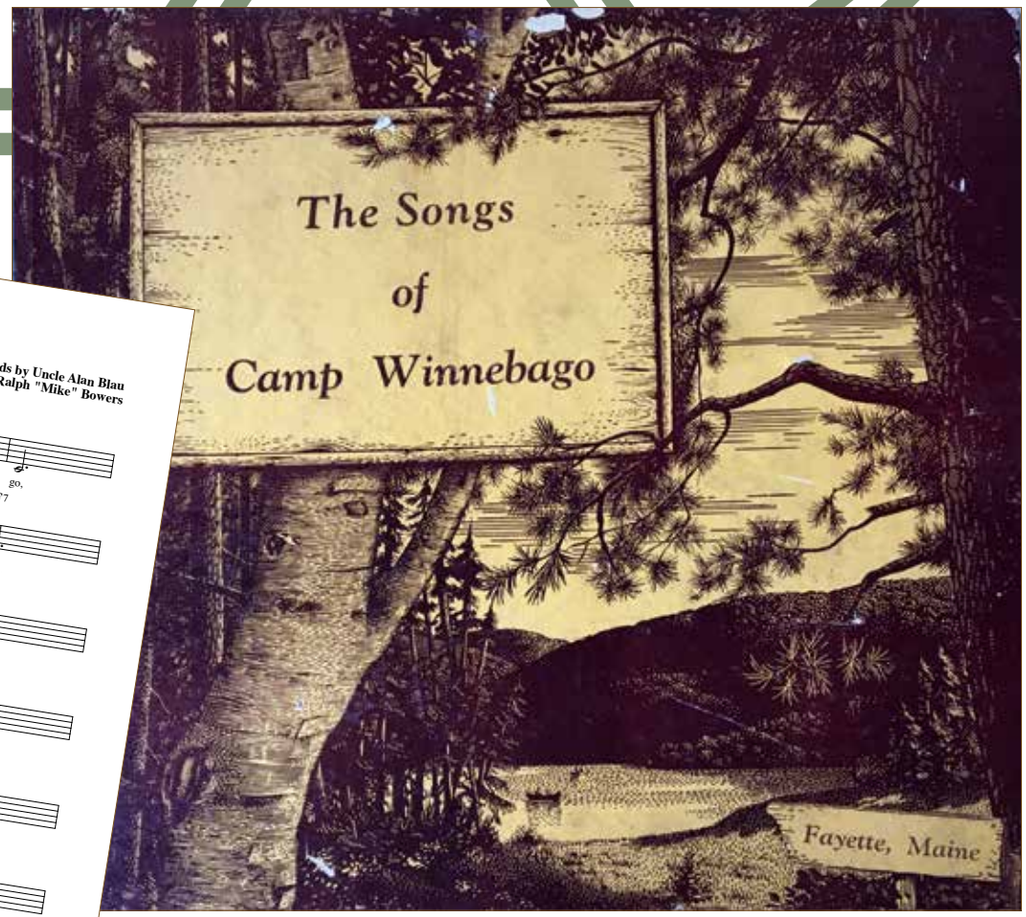
E♭6 Gm7 E♭6 F7
In hush of the eve - ning, when sun - set sha - dows climb, our
E♭ Fm7 B♭7 C7 F7
hearts, Win - ne - ba - go, beat in time. While
Fm7 F♯°7 G m7 B♭m6 C7
still re - mem - b'ring the joys we knew; The
A♭maj7 A♭m6 Fm7 B♭7
lake, the cry of a lone - ly loon. Our
E♭6 G m7 Cm7 F7 B♭7
hearts, Win - ne - ba - go, re - fleet the gol - den view that
B♭m6 C7 Fm7 B♭7
some day the fu - ture will hold for you. As
Fm7 A♭m E♭ D7 B♭m6 C7
we re - min - isce, though years may swift - ly fly, the
Fm7 B♭7 E♭6
flame in our hearts ne - ver die.

Cheer Winnebago

F C7 A7 Dm
Cheer Win - ne - ba - go, cheer ev - er - more.
B♭ F G7 C7
We're here to see the Brown and Green score and score and when we
F C7 A7 Dm
give a big cheer, boys, they'll sure - ly know:
B♭ F C7 F
We are loy - al sons of Win - ne - ba - go!







ABOVE: A two-disc set of 78-rpm recordings was made in 1948.

FAR LEFT: A more expansive, 33-rpm disc in 1964 included music from camp shows as well.