



Let's Go Camping

Remembering the Happy Days of Scouting at
Camp Glen Gray 1955-1965

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The days we spent as Boy Scouts are among our
most indelible memories. As Scouts at Camp Glen
Gray during the 1950's and 1960's, these were the
best of times.

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Preface & Dedication

This book is a collection of memories by a group of old friends. In the centennial year of celebration of the founding of Camp Glen Gray (2017), we can't recount the times other than when we were Scouts at Glen Gray. All of those involved in this writing project left by the mid-1960's and have only returned for anniversaries – or never.

Regardless, the creation of our story brought old friends back together. The sharing of events and anecdotes by email and critique of stories as they unfolded helped sharpen our memories. More often we were surprised as we found out about things we didn't know – or remember.

While it might go without saying, it ought to be said, we, as Scouts, boys-to-teenagers-to-young men, experienced something unique that was the Scouting experience associated with Camp Glen Gray.

My time in Scouting would likely not have happened were it not for the influence of one man, OK Taylor. Thus, this book is dedicated to him.

For a relatively short man, he was a giant.

O.K. (Osborne Kent) Taylor was Scoutmaster of Troop 12, Montclair, NJ for over 50 years. A life-long bachelor and senior executive of Standard Oil of New Jersey (Esso), he left a selfless legacy that lives in the hearts and minds of thousands of boys, mothers, and fathers. He was more than the Scout Law: Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Brave, Clean, and Reverent (Figure 1, No. 1).

Memories are captured in “snapshots” of Friday night Scout meetings, Troop Leaders' Council meetings, campout weekends, efforts to climb the scout rank ladder, and merit badges.

Marty Suydam remembers:

“At age 11, before joining Troop 12, I had joined another troop. The general lack of adult leadership and hazing by older boys became a real turn off. Several of my school classmates had joined Troop 12.

The troop met in our elementary school gym on Friday nights and friends were all very excited about what they did. I joined. From that moment, my life changed, and Scouting would fill the next 30 years of my life. Until I graduated from high school Scouting was the most important part of everyday life.

The troop meeting where OK presented me with my black and yellow neckerchief (only troop in the country that had two neckerchiefs sewn together) and I was launched on becoming a Tenderfoot, can be “instantly-replayed” in my memory.

If you seek an ideal leader role model, this one man would be “head of the class”. OK was not only a visible and “in charge” leader, but he was a great friend and counselor. He was also a great recruiter of adult volunteers and seamlessly delegated so that contributions were made by all, boys, dads, moms, and adult leaders, most who didn’t have sons in the troop. Every boy felt a personal tie with the man – then, and to this day. (Figure 1, No. 2)

Friday night troop meetings always started on time – 7pm and ended at 9pm. There were early activities that would exhaust some of the young boy energy. We then lined up in a military-style formation, by patrols, with patrol leaders reporting presence and absences. There would then be a competitive relay-type game such as a compass game where scouts lined up by patrol would race, in turn, to a board at the other end of the gym floor, pick up a 1”x2” cardboard piece with a compass point on it and place it in the correct location, then race back for the next relay scout.

Each troop meeting had a major event that required preparation, such as string-burning contests, with flint-and-steel, First Aid races and graded “disaster” events. A Troop Leaders’ Council followed the troop meeting where the next events were coordinated – OK always skillfully guiding the effort, but the boy-leaders were in charge.

During the year, there were special patrol projects like mapping parks and reservoir areas. Scouts would have to hike to various locations, without adult involvement, to accomplish the project. These were always a challenge; not only from a technical and skill perspective, but managing boys to ensure all participated and were meaningful contributors.

There were two annual Courts of Honor, fall (December) and spring (May), which were very formal ceremonies where Scout Ranks and merit badges were awarded and publicly recognized.

The fall (October) and spring (April) Camporees were events we planned for months to get ready. Everything patrols did was evaluated as part of the annual patrol competition and the camporees had the most competition points available. Scouts had to prepare menus and buy their own food. The weekend would start with a train trip (Figure 1, No. 3) from the local train station to Midvale, NJ, where we would then hike 5 miles to Camp Glen Gray with all our gear on our backs (no moms or dads in cars carrying supplies). We slept on straw ticks – no sissy air mattresses. Competitive events included: knot tying, lashings, fire building, tent pitching, campsite layout with emphasis on drainage, and other scout outdoor skills. Campfire on Saturday night with skits, songs, and stories, and church service on Sunday morning were all part of the regular schedule.

There was the troop cabin with a 6-foot wide fireplace where staff (adults, Junior Assistant Scoutmasters and Senior Patrol Leaders) slept (Figure 1, No. 4). Keeping the cabin clean and orderly was always a priority. Splitting 4-foot logs and storing in the woodshed for the colder months was a major undertaking – a “payback” for being able to stay in the cabin. The cabin looks the same today, 50 years since I “graduated”, as it did then (Figure 1, No. 5). OK always slept outside on the porch, regardless of weather. Adult scout leaders, whether at troop meetings or camping, always setting an example, in uniform and acting as mentors, not bosses.

To this day, when I stop to listen to birds singing, I think of OK – in addition to everything else he did he was a member of the Audubon Society and led very early morning bird watching hikes for Bird Watching merit badge.

I’m sure the birds must be in direct contact with OK.”

Date written: 12/2/14 revised 9/14/2017

Figure 1 Dedication ¹



1. OK Taylor Court of Honor



2. OK Taylor Patrol Leaders' Council



3. Boarding Train, Watchung Station



4. Troop 12 Cabin Fall Camporee



5. Troop 12 Cabin Fireplace and Firewood Room

Scout Summer Camp

Camp Glen Gray is 750 acres of rugged, mountain wilderness located in a state assumed to be mostly urban/residential. Active since 1917, the camp, founded by Frank Gray, one of the country's earliest Scoutmasters, is in the Ramapo Mountains of New Jersey. The center of the camp was Lake Vreeland, a man-made lake created especially for a Scout camp. Glen Gray has many prepared camping areas with shelters and tent platforms as well as troop cabins surrounded by unprepared camping areas. The area has much Revolutionary lore. For example, Cannonball Trail runs through it. Supposedly this route was used for transporting cannonballs from the iron mines and foundries of Northern New Jersey to the war (Figure 2, No. 1).

During the 1950's the Matless family lived at Glen Gray where, Dad, Len Matless was Camp Director. One of his daughters, Sue Matless was only 4 years old at the time.

Sue Matless Delmonico remembers:

*"I remember some things about Glen Gray - such as learning what the bugle calls meant, George and Jenny Marshall, the lake, campfires and hearing people sing a song "There's a long, long trail a winding ", a scare that there was a bobcat near our cabin and a song about one of the staff members - Alex Onderdonk that basically went -
Oh Onderdonk, oh Onderdonk, how could you be so mean
To ever have invented the sausage meat machine
For all the rats and pussycats will never more be seen
They've all been ground to sausage meat in Onderdonk's machine." (Figure 2, No. 2).*

Marty Suydam remembers:

"It was 60 years ago that I first went to Scout Summer Camp at Camp Glen Gray. For many years family, including my grandparents, went to the Connecticut shore during the month of July. When I was 12 years old, however, I would spend the first two weeks of July at camp, and then I went to Connecticut. I loaded all my gear in a duffel bag almost as tall as I was." (Figure 2, No. 3).

I desperately wanted to complete challenging requirements for scout ranks and this was the best time to do things that involved: camping, cooking, hiking, marksmanship, nature, pioneering, Indian Lore, archery, canoeing, rowing, and swimming.

Swimming was my nemesis. Although I had spent summers swimming with the family in Long Island Sound, I wasn't a good swimmer. My first year, I hated that round swim buddy tag that was not colored to show that I was a non-swimmer. I thought about the dreaded swim test all year. That humiliation ensured the next year I was prepared to qualify as a swimmer (Figure 2, No. 4).

My first summer I lived in a platform tent with 3 other scouts in Lower Bluntville, a camping area named after a WWII battle. One of those tent mates ended up in my wedding party. As tentmates we had a challenge to see if we could kill the witch hazel bush outside the tent by peeing on it – it thrived! The next two years I was in a lean-to shelter in Gilwell (named after Gilwell Park in the UK of scouting origins).

All meals were served in the large, log Mess Hall near the lake dam. Each table had to “invite” a member of the camp staff by getting that person’s name block (usually a carved and painted cedar triangular block of wood).

Each camper scheduled activities throughout the day for periods that were timed by bugle calls – the same bugle that awakened you at reveille and signaled time to go to sleep with taps. There were flag raising and striking every day with bugle accompaniment.

Every week there would be an all-camp council fire with skits, songs and awards for the week. The lighting of the fire, often a log cabin of firewood reaching six-feet in height, was always a magical event. Sometimes the fire would magically light by electrical detonator, sometimes by an “Indian” shooting a flaming arrow across the lake (guided safely by an invisible wire).

We were organized in troops of 15-20 boys. To the extent possible, scouts would be grouped with their home troop, although often there were non-home troop members. Scouts were expected to wear summer uniforms with light-weight shirts, shorts, knee-high socks with green- or red-colored tassels with name tags sewn into each clothing item we owned. We looked good and usually didn’t lose much clothing (Figure 2, No. 5).

I often spent hours at the rifle range accumulating bars (I had 9!) to my NRA shooter’s medal. The range was always my first scheduled event of the day. Even days when it was raining I would be there to shoot, often the only shooter – in the company of a lone staff member.

We worked projects to improve the camp and accumulated points to earn the coveted “GG” patch. The top camper of a week would receive the coveted “Tulip Leaf” patch. I never received the Tulip Leaf, but I became a member of the honorary Old Guard, while still a young, not old, teenager.

After spending three summers at Glen Gray, I went to the newly opened Philmont Scout Ranch in Cimarron, New Mexico, with a couple of my Glen Gray summer camp friends of prior years.

I returned to be a camp staff member for another 3 years. As camp staff we graduated to living in places such as Gilwell Cabin – neither tent nor open sided lean-to. I did that for two years.

As a staff member the highlight of every week was the Saturday visitation day when parents, and better yet, teenage sisters, visited. The last year on camp staff, four of us decided to create a new tent platform area on the hill above the Mess Hall. We named it Valhalla. For many years camp maps showed the location as though it had been created back when the Glen Gray was started.

My first job was as Field Sports Director. That meant I was responsible for the rifle, archery, and skeet ranges – scary, since I was only 14 years old at the time – maybe we were considered more grown up 55 years ago. My moment of truth was before camp started when I had to demonstrate how to shoot skeet to the camp staff – and my boss, Ray Snider. I had never fired a mo-skeet rifle. I proceeded with my “class” and hit every pigeon. I was amazed – everyone else was impressed!”

Jim Giblin remembers:

“My first trip to Glen Gray during the summer was a two-week period during July 1956 with about twenty members of my troop. We camped in the long-since abandoned, but never forgotten by those who camped there, ‘Stumbleup’. Roger Hook from Upper Montclair was our provisional Scoutmaster and Carl Hess from Verona was our provisional Assistant Scoutmaster. I had a picture of all those folks that was taken in the camp’s council ring but, as with many other things, it has been lost over the 30-plus years of moving while I was on active duty in the Navy. As best as I recall, my tent platform was number seven which was almost at the top of that semi-mystical, quasi-legendary camp site. Over the course of that summer, we came to appreciate first hand why it was branded as ‘Stumbleup’!

Trying to get hot, or at least warm, water for a shower in ‘Stalingrad’ – another semi-mystical, quasi-legendary “convenience” of Glen Gray – proved to be a humbling experience. But, like many other things, my skirmish with the showers in ‘Stalingrad’ had a positive side to it because it introduced me to Bob Holfelder, the camp’s Ranger. One day, I was assigned to help Bob pump-down the tank at ‘Stalingrad’. My part of the job was relatively simple – just help him haul a hose from a tank truck parked in front of ‘Mothercroft’ to the latrine. Over the course of the pump down, Bob struck up a conversation with me. Most of it focused on how to get hot water for the showers. He showed me how to regulate the draft of ‘Stalingrad’s’ near-prehistoric wood stove to heat the water more effectively as well as showing me how to set a nearly non-operational mixing valve on the equally ancient hot water tank. Faithfully following his advice coupled with the fact that a new mixing valve mysteriously appeared a few days later improved the shower situation in Stumbleup such that the folks from Troop 1 elevated Bob Holfelder to the status of a minor celebrity that summer. During that pump-down, Bob and I also talked about the Navy. He was a Navy veteran and I found it interesting what he had to say about his experiences in the Navy.

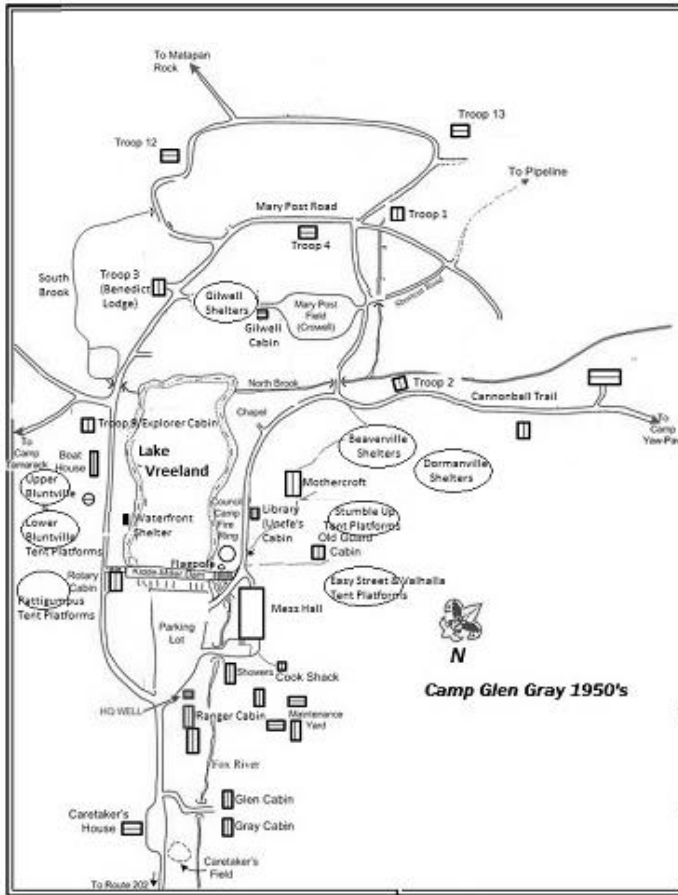
I checked into Camp that summer as a newly minted Second Cass Scout and, after passing Troop 1's Board of Review in the Library on the last Saturday of our term at camp, left as a First Class. Glen Gray afforded me the opportunity to complete the requirements for that rank as well as earn the First Aid, Swimming, Athletics and Pioneering merit badges. The Pioneering badge was indeed a challenge. Only a very few of the folks at camp during that period chose to pursue that badge and we all agreed with our merit badge counselor, Ralph DeCamp, that building a monkey bridge from the flag pole to the shore just below the bridge over the spillway was the best way to satisfy the badge's requirement to build "...without the use of nails, spikes or wire, a bridge capable of supporting two hundred pounds in weight..." Those words and the decision to commit to building a monkey bridge as the way to satisfy this requirement taught me two enduring lessons – words have real meaning, and everything is generally harder than you think it will be! It was a demanding project and one that proved to be more a test of our will than our skill! But, we succeeded thanks to our persistence, the help of Bob Holfelder in getting the "stuff" that we needed, and the guidance and encouragement of Ralph DeCamp. I distinctly recollect getting up one morning at reveille in late July and turning on my portable transistor radio to learn of the collision between the SS Andréa Doria and the SS Stockholm in the North Atlantic somewhere off Nantucket and the moment of silence that was observed at breakfast in the Mess Hall that morning. Later that day we learned that Andrea Doria had sunk. My time at camp that summer also offered me the opportunity to qualify as a 'Sharpshooter' at the Bar 5 level at the rifle range. Glen Gray's old range was not the most shooter-friendly place given that it was usually a sea of mud and the target holders were about to disintegrate because of age as was the old wooden backstop. I also earned my first 'GG' that summer. I was uncertain about the true purpose of the 'GG' until a few years later when, during a conversation with the late Jud Leonard, I realized that this small patch, which had no meaning per se within Scouting at the national level, was a unique, very practical way to challenge campers and make scouts like me aware of just how much Glen Gray offered to them during the summer camping season.

The large, log Mess Hall was impressive as a complex log structure as well as for the meals that it served. It was a place where we had the opportunity to meet other members of the camp's staff not directly associated with our provisional troop on a day-to-day basis. Each table was responsible for inviting a member of the camp staff to their table for each meal. That responsibility fell to the Scout designated as the table's waiter. I was never quite sure if the purpose of this requirement was to provide adult leadership at the table or to create a means to socialize the campers with all the staff. Maybe it was both. In either case, it was probably a good idea. Indeed, it became almost a contest to get the preferred staff member's name block from the mantel piece above the large, open fire place in the Mess Hall. Living in 'Stumbleup' afforded its waiters an opportunity to get to the Mess Hall promptly when the camp bugler sounded "Waiter's Call." Some of the folks from the more distant campsites such as Dormanville and Beaverville figured out that they

could pocket their desired guest's name block ahead of time. But this practice was strictly against the rules as laid down by Wade Bartlett from Upper Montclair, the Steward of the Mess Hall. Wade had a way of knowing just who was subverting the rules and always levied some form of "extra instruction" in the etiquette of the Mess Hall for such a digression. That process enabled members of Troop 1 to get to know some truly impressive folks such as the late Jud Leonard, the camp director and professional Scouter who served Scouting with distinction for more than twenty five years; the late George Gimbel from Glen Ridge when he was in camp; Gene Byrne from Montclair, a gifted, practical leader and the only scout up to that time to be awarded two Tulip Leafs at Glen Gray; and, my good friend and fellow member of the Old Guard Mel Lyman from Glen Ridge who preceded me at the Naval Academy and served with distinction for twenty six years in the Navy's nuclear submarine force."

Date written: 7/14/15 Revised 11/12/17

Figure 2 Summer Camp ^{2 3 4 5}



1. Camp Glen Gray 1950's



2. Matless Family: Len, Sue, Sue



4. Buddy Tags



3. Heading to Summer Camp



5. Summer Camp, Lower Bluntville, 1955

Campfires and Pranks

The ceremonies and skits of Camp Glen Gray Scouting are built around campfires. Some ceremonies involved recognition of accomplishment, or disaster, others honored individuals or groups (patrols, troops, or campsites), others were part of the long Scouting heritage.

The catalog of campfire and prank memories could be a book, but this piece is only a sampling of “memorable” memories of ceremonies, skits, and pranks during the 1950’s. Campfire ceremonies usually following a routine of: dramatic campfire lighting, recognition of camper achievement and awards, skits and songs, a solemn closing, followed by silence.

Perhaps one of the most memorable ceremonies is the Calling of the Old Guard. That ceremony has changed little in the nearly hundred years since it first started. The following is repeated from the booklet of the early history of the camp published in 1941:

“With the founding of Glen Gray, the ‘calling of the Old Guard’ became in some respects, the most impressive of all camp ceremonials. It takes place still at the end of the summer camping season...The actual “calling” takes place at campfire. Names of the newly elected members are announced from the principal points of the compass by members stationed on the hills. The echoing reverberations produce an impressive effect. Senior members welcome the accessions around the campfire and lock arms with them. Singing of “Taps” and a benediction close the ceremony.”⁶

Honored members would receive the coveted neckerchief and cedar coaster with GG brand (Figure 3, No. 1).

The campfire closing usually involved a singing of taps:” Day is done, gone the sun, from lakes, from the hills, from the sky, all is well, deeply rest, God is neigh”. The summer campfires also included a tradition that started in early years of the camp of: “the campfire going all through the season and then at the end saving some of the charcoal to start the fire the next season.”⁷ (Figure 3, No. 2).

Skits were a “main event” of most Scout campfire programs. Scout skits can be funny, scary, slapstick, or are often gross. There is a long history of skits at Glen Gray from its founding. Some skit memories last a lifetime. According “Thirty Years of Scout Camping”, in 1932, for example, the following was one skit:

“One patrol went on an exploration hike. It was accompanied by an Indian, Wani, as a guide. The patrol blazed a trail through the woods with the Indian's sense of

direction as a guide. This patrol later dramatized an Indian legend, called Lover's Leap, which was performed at campfire and vigorously applauded. Wani was able to flip a rope and tie knots at the loose end without using his free hand. He was also a remarkable swimmer.”⁸

Then there was the skit that was part of the initiation of new campers. The new campers were assembled before the older members and were instructed:

Leader: I have discovered the secret to better leadership, inner peace, and better rest. It is a simple mantra to be repeated every morning upon waking. I will now teach you so that you may prosper, and you may teach it to others, being the great leaders that you are, now, repeat after me.

Leader: (puts arms straight down) OWHA!

Leader: (puts arms straight out) TAGOO!

Leader: (puts arms straight up) SIAM!

Leader: Very Good! The meaning of this mantra is ancient and difficult to translate

Leader: Try the mantra one more time. (repeats leading it.)

Leader: Good, I think you have it! Now say it faster.

All: Owhatagooselam

Jock Gist remembers:

“One tradition I do remember was at the end of the final camp fire of the period while scouts and parents were making their way to the parking lot, many members of the staff (including me) would gather at the flagpole and sing "Hark the Herald Angels Sing two more weeks (however many weeks were left in the season) until we get out" and then jump into Lake Vreeland. "Management" was not happy with this performance, but we thought it was the right thing to do -- seemed like a good idea at the time.

I do remember Ray Snider and our trip to Philmont -- washing up in Lake Michigan, staying overnight in the Kiva at La Junta, CO and returning to NJ by way of Niagara Falls. When I reflect on this trip, I'm amazed the adult leadership kept us under control, and we came back with the same number of scouts that left.”

Then there were pranks. Of the many memories from the summer camps of 1959-60 are the following:

Jim Giblin remembers:

“That summer (1960) also witnessed the case of the mysterious afloat Volkswagen that somehow magically appeared on the swimming float in the middle of the lake one morning. My abiding respect for the importance of ‘sources and methods’ prevent me from discussing this clandestine, or perhaps covert, operation any further.” (Figure 3, No. 3).

Jim Bunting remembers:

"We used to throw water on scouts and staff, but Ben Pierce said: "I wash my own uniform and press it and you aren't going to throw water on me"...we figured out a way to have the water just hit his face."

As my Dad used to say, "If you want to catch a boy, build a fire". Campfires and pranks are always fond memories. Maybe the saying ought to be: "If you want to reignite an adult's memory, start talking about campfires and pranks."

Date written: 8/19/17

Figure 3 Campfires & Pranks ⁹



1. Old Guard Coaster with GG Brand



2. Camp Glen Gray End-of-Week Council Fire



3. Volkswagen on Raft?

Unsung Heroes – Eagle Rock Council Scout Professionals of the 1950's

Scouting is a volunteer business, but it also involves dedicated professionals. Professional Scouters were moved around like they were in the military, so our time with them was short. In the 1950's we were lucky to have some great professionals in Eagle Rock Council: Robert (Bob) Holfelder, Camp Ranger; and Scout Executives, Len Matless, Judson (Jud) Leonard, Hal Morin, and Raymond (Ray) Snider, Field Scout Executive. This does not imply there weren't many other heroes and professionals, but these men stood out in our minds as great examples of leadership.

Bob Holfelder – Robert D. Holfelder was born in Lichtental, Germany in 1921. Bob was a Pacific-theater World War II veteran who had worked as a machinist after the war and before becoming Camp Glen Gray Ranger in the late 1950's. He was called to membership in the Old Guard in 1961. He and wife, Christine, lived in the cabin that is now Camp Headquarters. Bob passed away in January 2003, age 81 (Figure 4, No. 1).

Jim Giblin remembers:

“Trying to get hot, or at least warm, water for a shower in ‘Stalingrad’ – another semi-mystical, quasi-legendary “convenience” of Glen Gray – proved to be a humbling experience. But, like many other things, my skirmish with the showers in ‘Stalingrad’ had a positive side to it because it introduced me to Bob Holfelder, the camp’s Ranger. One day, I was assigned to help Bob pump-down the tank at ‘Stalingrad’. My part of the job was relatively simple – just help him haul a hose from a tank truck parked in front of ‘Mothercroft’ to the latrine. Over the course of the pump down, Bob struck up a conversation with me. Most of it focused on how to get hot water for the showers. He showed me how to regulate the draft of ‘Stalingrad’s’ near-prehistoric wood stove to heat the water more effectively as well as showing me how to set a nearly non-operational mixing valve on the equally ancient hot water tank. Faithfully following his advice coupled with the fact that a new mixing valve mysteriously appeared a few days later improved the shower situation in Stumbleup such that the folks from Troop 1 elevated Bob Holfelder to the status of a minor celebrity that summer. During that pump-down, Bob and I also talked about the Navy. He was a Navy veteran and I found it interesting what he had to say about his experiences in the Navy.”

Jock Gist remembers:

“Bob Holfelder...all around good guy and very hard worker – Bob and his spouse always were friendly and integral parts of the summer camp experience. I believe they were the first occupants of the ‘new’ Ranger quarters.”

Len Matless – Leonard Ingalls Matless IV was remembered in his 1944 Bloomfield High School Yearbook with: “Mat is known for being a fine drummer and an expert rifleman – dotes on swing, football, and the Army – pals with Bob Strand – pet peeve is people who don't know what it's all about – ambition, to play in a name band – at present serving in U.S. Army” (he enlisted before graduation in 1943). He was an Eagle Scout. He served with distinction in WWII, and was a sole survivor of his unit earning the Silver Star for

heroism and Purple Heart. The citation read, in part: "...for gallantry in action in Normandy, France, 14 June 1944. The company with which Private MATLESS served encountered a heavy concentration of machine gun, mortar and artillery fire which brought the advance to a definite standstill. Private MATLESS immediately set up his machine gun and delivered intense and accurate fire upon the enemy in his sector..."

After the war he attended Dartmouth College on the GI bill, graduating in 1950.

He was the Glen Gray Camp Program Director in 1955 and Camp Director 1956-1959. He was called to membership in the Old Guard in 1954. Len and Sue Matless had two daughters and two grandsons. The family moved from Cedar Grove, NJ in December 1965 and was the Scout Executive at the Hiawatha Council in Syracuse, NY. He was the Camp Director of the Sabattis Scout Reservation in the Adirondack Mountains from 1966-1971. The family moved to Hanover, NH in June of 1973 where Len ran a gift shop called The Hillwinds Shop and headed up and ran a home show yearly. After that he was president of the Chamber of Commerce. He passed away January 3, 2003 in Hanover, NH at age 77 (Figure 4, No. 2).

Jim Giblin remembers:

"...my Scoutmaster, the late Mr. Bill Weber, of Troop 1 thought most highly of him and often invited him to Courts of Honor, camping trips, trips to Troop 1's cabin, etc. I remember him camping with us at the cabin on a Patrol Leaders weekend sometime in 1957. I also remember him as Camp Director in 1956 and 1957 and, I think, in 1958. He was a tall, lanky man who had a grip like a vice. I remember this because of the way he shook my hand when he presented me with my first Tulip Leaf in 1957. I seem to recall someone, perhaps it was Mike Scillia, saying that he was an Army officer in WW II."

Bob Murphy remembers: (in a response to an email from Marty Suydam -- "Do you remember Len? He was Camp Director when we were campers. He died in 2003 in Hanover, so I wondered if your paths might have crossed.):

"Wow, I never made that connection. He was a customer of mine at the bank, then I got to know him and his wife quite well. They ran a little gift store on Main Street, real fixtures in town."

Jud Leonard - Judson Leonard served as Second Lieutenant in the US Army during WWII and the D-Day invasion of Europe. He was a lover of music. Following the war, he graduated with a degree in Economics from Oberlin College, Oberlin OH. He was the Glen Gray Camp Director in 1959 and 1960 and was called to membership in the Old Guard in 1959. Jud enjoyed a 25-year career as a district executive with the Boys Scouts of America. He retired from Campbell Soup Co. in 1983 where he worked as a computer programmer. Judson G. Leonard, 93, passed away August 25, 2011 (Figure 4, No. 3).

Jim Giblin remembers:

"There were exceptionally heavy rains in the summer of 1959 and they had an impact on the lake and the spillway. In early August, a portion of that spillway began to show signs of cracking. The repair called for the replacement of two spillway boards. Bob Holfelder prepared them and then the question arose of who was going to go down on the face of that spillway to remove the old boards and replace them with the new ones. I remember the late Jud Leonard looking at me as the job was being discussed with the staff in the Mess Hall. Somehow, and I'm not certain how it happened, there was a consensus that I was the right person for the job because I was a strong swimmer. I'm still not sure what that skill had to do with the task at hand. But, I agreed to volunteer if Bob Holfelder was in charge of tending the safety line that I insisted on. Luckily, the boards that needed replacement were side-by-side in the spillway so that I could at least minimize the on-rush of water from the lake when I removed a board. I was able to replace the first board relatively easy but the second one proved more of a challenge. Soaking wet and a bit cold, I was relieved when I finally got back on 'dry land' on the bridge above the spillway."

Jim Giblin remembers more:

"About 4 years ago I was in the International Airport in Toronto coming back from a business trip to Halifax, Nova Scotia. I struck up a conversation with a gentleman who was sitting next to me in the airport. After some conversation, it turned out that both of us had been in Scouting and had achieved Eagle. He had retired from a position with Campbell Soup a few years earlier and asked me if I knew a man named Jud Leonard. I almost fell off my seat and told him that the Jud that I knew had been a professional Scout executive in the council where I grew up and that I knew him quite well. He confirmed that the Jud he was talking about had been a scout executive for something on the order of 25 + years and, after retiring from Scouting, Jud had worked for him at the Campbell Soup Co and was one of its IT honchos. He told me that Jud had lived in Cortland NY after retiring from Campbell's. He then told me that Jud had passed away in 2011."

Jock Gist remembers:

"Jud Leonard...true gentleman who loved to drive the camp fire engine – yes, there was one – and really looked good sitting in the Director's Chair at campfires. "

Hal Morin – Harold M. Morin was the Glen Gray Camp Assistant Camp Director in 1959 and Camp Director in 1960. His wife Shirley was the Camp nurse. He was called to membership in the Old Guard in 1961. He was professional that had to restructure the summer camp program after the mess hall burned. He died in Port Saint Lucie, Florida in 1998 at age 70 (Figure 4, No. 4).

Jock Gist remembers:

"Hal Morin... came to Eagle Rock Council and Glen Gray from New York City and Ten Mile River. Hal had the great leadership skills and vision to get the Camp back on its

feet following the Mess Hall fire, including the construction of the new mess hall (where the staff stayed during set-up and take-down). My last year was 1966, and he was still there but I did not keep track of him – wife (Shirley) was camp nurse. They also brought two small children with them to camp for the summer...

Mickey Chavous came with Hal and was a great Program Director. He was a full time Presbyterian Minister in Jersey City and would leave camp on Sundays to run his services. Mickey was a major baseball fan and always wanted to play softball in the parking lot. He also accompanied some of us (18 or older) on 'visits' to New York state. He would take great pride in coming by your camp site very early the next morning to make sure you were ready for the day at camp. He and his wife stayed in one of the two cabins – Hal Morin, as Camp Director, stayed in the other."

Ray Snider – Raymond Robert Snider served as a Navy Corpsman assigned to the First Marine Provisional Brigade that deployed on short notice in July 1950 from Camp Pendleton, CA to the Korean Peninsula and immediately entered combat. Though we do not know what, if any, personal recognition Ray received for his service with the Brigade at the time this is being written, we do know that the Brigade received the Presidential Unit Citation (Navy) for its actions in combat in the defense of the Pusan Perimeter in 1950. Navy policy then, just as it is today, was that this award was presented for "extraordinary heroism in action against an armed enemy" and that the Brigade "must have accomplished its mission under such extremely difficult and hazardous conditions to set it apart from and above other units participating in the same campaign." It is significant to note the degree of heroism required for the award of a Navy Presidential Unit Citation "is the same as that which would be required for the award of a Navy Cross to an individual." Following release from active duty he became a Scout Executive with Eagle Rock Council and was the professional leader of one of the earliest treks to Philmont Scout Ranch in 1958. After Scouting he lived in Lewiston, NY (near Niagara Falls) and worked as the state manager for employment. He had three sons and a daughter. Ray passed away March 22, 2008 at age 78 (Figure 4, No. 5).

Marty Suydam remembers:

"I was one of the Senior Patrol Leaders on the trek to Philmont Scout Ranch in 1958. Ray was the responsible professional leader on the trip and I ended up bunking with him when we were on the trail. It was during those nights I learned of his service and wounds suffered during Korea. He had a lot of scarring across his face and many people felt he was sensitive about it, but he was very up-front with me."

"I also remember the discussions he and I had about the design for the 1959 Glen Gray Summer Camp patch. I had designed many patches for the Council, so, while we were encamped at the Philmont Deer Lake area, we collaborated on a picture that resembled that area, but also might be Glen Gray. He made it happen."

Jock Gist remembers:

"One of the things that really got my attention with all the material you guys have compiled was the group picture of our Philmont Scout Group in 1958 -- I was

absolutely struck by the fact that we were a totally integrated group, including our adult leadership. I don't think any of us thought that was remarkable at the time, but the more I think about it, the prouder I am."

Jim Bunting remembers:

"I remember a skit we did at one of the campfires and the main character of the skit was Rod Snitters (Ray Snyder). Guys said not to make fun of Ray because he was a little uneasy about some things, but we did the skit...and Rod Snitters had a pipe and a huge burlap bag filled with leaves, which Rod explained was his tobacco...everyone got a good laugh and Ray actually liked it, maybe because it made him feel included in the group."

Jim Giblin remembers:

"The ride on the train from Brick Church Station in East Orange, New Jersey to Raton, New Mexico and the return trip were long ones and, I'm sure, ones that tested the patience of our adult leaders. I think Jock Gist may have got it about right when he remarked that we were amazed that 'we came back with the same number of scouts that left'. A good deal of the credit for that feat belongs to Ray Snider. Much like the First Marine Provisional Brigade in which Ray served, we were a 'pickup group' to say the least with few, if any, 'shrinking violets.'

After checking in at Philmont's HQ and going through orientation, we traveled to our first base camp at Cimarroncito in the central part of Philmont. Our first destination after departing Cimarroncito was Deer Lake Mesa. In terms of distance, we didn't expect a long hike. But it required us to hike up the western slope of Deer Lake Mesa. I remember taking a look at my Philmont map the night before we pulled out of Cimarroncito and focusing on the contour lines of that slope; they told me in no uncertain terms that it was going to be a steep climb to get to Deer Lake Mesa. I'd be less than honest if I didn't say that trek up that incline was a tough introduction to Philmont on a very hot day under the New Mexico sun in July 1958. I remember taking a short break about three quarters of the way up with the rest of our expedition and seeing Ray Snider move past us and continue to hike up that slope almost as if it wasn't even there. I'll never know what Ray intended by doing this. But I do know that he motivated me to get off of my butt and move out."

Jim Giblin discovered:

"Just heard via e-mail from an old friend of mine who is Director and Chief of Marine Corps History in Quantico...Ray's service with the First Marine Provisional Brigade and the First MARDIV...He told me today that one of his folks during a "paper chase" on this subject had come across a document listing that indicated that there was some sort of "Medical After Action Report" that described what the First Provisional Medical Battalion, the unit to which Ray was assigned as a Corpsman, had done during the defense of the Pusan Perimeter...My friend, who is a retired Marine officer, again cautioned me not to expect too much. Some of the documents of this

era are incomplete and, in some cases, have deteriorated because of their previous storage in a warehouse on the "back lot" of Quantico with all the humidity that that implies."

I'm sad that I didn't take the time over the last fifty years to reconnect with these men – they were an inspiration. But, as we used to repeat Scout benediction: "And may the great Scoutmaster of all Scoutmasters be with us until we meet again.

Date written: 8/19/17 revised 8/28/2017

Figure 4 Unsung Heroes ^{10 11 12}



1. Bob Holfelder, Ranger



2. Len Matless, Camp Director



3. Jud Leonard, Camp Director



4. Hal Morin, Assistant Camp Director,
Camp Director



5. Ray Snider, Philmont Advisor,
Assistant Camp Director

Knives & Axes

To become a Tenderfoot Scout, you were required to learn and practice often the basics of knife safety. Requirement 2 of the “Scoutcraft” group stated¹³:

“Explain what care should be taken before building a fire in the open. Describe the harm to a live tree that results from hacking it with an axe or other sharp tool.”

To become a Second Class Scout, Requirements a and b of the “Cook a Meal in the Open” group stated¹⁴:

- a. Preparing Fire Wood – Sharpen a knife and axe, and use these sharpened tools to prepare kindling and fuel.
- b. Fire Building – Locate and prepare a suitable fire site. Lay and light a fire (this should normally not take more than two matches). Keep the fire going for cooking a meal.”

You received frequent critique as you performed many practical knife-uses such as fire building. Chapter 15 in the 1950’s Scout Handbook taught you all you needed to know (Figure 5, No. 1). Of all the knives I owned in my life, I loved my Official Boy Scout, 3-blade, Whittler’s Knife the most. It was the easiest to hold and it fit nicely in your pocket. The main blade was long and pointed for intricate carving of objects made of wood. I learned how to sharpen the blade “to a razor’s edge”, make fuzz sticks, split small sticks into even smaller sticks, carve neckerchief slides, and play knife games like mumble peg (Figure 5, No. 2).

As we became older Scouts we all had a sheath knife. However, the Scout sheath knife just seemed too small to do anything, so most us bought larger (Bowie knife-like) knives that you could use to split kindling and carve hiking sticks (Figure 5, No. 3).

As young Scouts, we learned to handle a hatchet safely. But the hatchet was always too small to do much more than splitting kindling. When we grew to be more man-sized we were introduced to the $\frac{3}{4}$ axe. I still have my Scout $\frac{3}{4}$ axe. It was always part of my backpack. With it I could pound tent pegs, fell trees, and split logs with ease. There were also many other uses for the $\frac{3}{4}$ axe. As a Philmont Ranger, my $\frac{3}{4}$ axe was lashed to the back of my pack and I considered it my “survival weapon” in the event I was (Figure 5, No. 4) ambushed by a bear or mountain lion as hiked back to base camp during darkness after leading a group for several days on the start of their trek.

Ralph Najarian remembered the $\frac{3}{4}$ axe as a “deicing” tool.

Ralph Najarian remembers:

“One winter camp, probably Jan '59 or so, our troop’s adult leader went home right after we got there. Another father was supposed to come up after work. A horrible

storm of drenching freezing rain came down on the entire camp....The sky cleared and it froze all over. My clothes were ice, my shoes frozen to the floor. Had to walk naked to the cabin in the morning to get the 3/4 axe off the wall to break my shoes loose from the floor. The ground was frozen with spikes of ice sticking straight up from the ground and hurt like hell walking on them. I got myself and my clothes to the cabin, built fire, made a bucket of oatmeal for everybody and clothes dried enough to put on and somehow that Sunday we got home.”

On another occasion:

“There was a creek just behind the cabin. As I was an early riser in those days, when I awoke my job was to take the 3/4 axe off the wall, go to the creek, cut a hole in the ice and bring a bucket of water, build a fire in the stove, heat the water and make a bucket of oatmeal.”

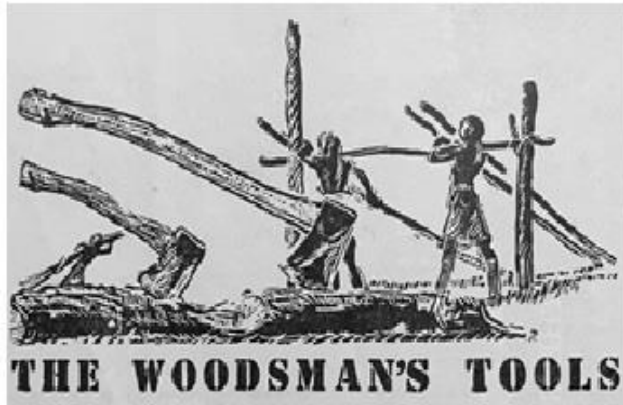
Jim Giblin remembers:

“An axe and the ability to use it effectively and safely were invaluable skills to us as Scouts. One’s ability to use an axe was a mark of that scout’s level of proficiency in living outdoors. Shortly after joining Troop 1 and having proved that I understood how to use an axe safely and effectively, my grandfather gave me one of his most treasured possessions -- his Snow and Nealley Hudson’s Bay axe that he had had since 1927 or 1928. As a young boy, I had watched him and my father cut and split firewood using this axe at his cabin in New Hampshire’s North Country when my family would visit him and my grandmother when they were on vacation there. They made it look easy with that axe. I always marveled at their ability to use what had become to me an almost mystical symbol of being able to live in the forest. I was also impressed with the care that he and my Dad gave to that axe and their absolute insistence on safety when using it. I carried it as part of my backpack when I went camping at Glen Gray or, for that matter, anywhere else including our trek to Philmont in 1958. I remember that our ranger, a fellow named Viet Howard from Texas, was fascinated by it. Because it was mostly used in the forests of the east and the Upper Peninsula in Michigan, he had heard of the Hudson’s Bay axe but had never seen or used one. He wanted to trade something – I can’t recall what – for that axe. No deal! I still have that it today at our cabin in New Hampshire’s North Country.”

When I handle my knives and axes today I still use care and am always reminded of my early safety lessons as a Tenderfoot and Second Class Scout.

Date written: 8/19/17

Figure 5 Knives & Axes ^{15 16 17}



1. Chapter 15, 1950's Boy Scout Handbook



2. Whittler's Knife

MARBLE'S KNIVES



Favorite knives of the great explorers, adventurers, sportsmen and scouts.

Sport Knife No. 60 — 4-in. blade, leather handle, sheath included. \$3.50

Expert Knife No. 545 — 5-in. blade, leather handle, sheath included. \$4.25



Woodcraft Knife No. 49 — 4½-in. blade, leather handle, sheath included. Price \$4.00

3. 1950's Scout Handbook Sheath Knife Ad



4. Philmont Ranger with 3/4 Axe on pack

Daylight Saving and Troop Camporees

This year Daylight Saving Time began on May 13, 2016 and ended on November 6, 2016. The phrase “spring forward” has been in use since the early 20th century. In Britain, it is called “Summer Time”.

Marty Suydam remembers:

I have vivid memories of the 1950's when the time change was always mid-April and mid-October, which always coincided with our Scout Troop Spring and Fall Camporees. Other than the time we lived in Arizona, when I first learned not every location adopted a change of time, I had assumed the dates were the same – everywhere -- until I heard recent news about various jurisdictions not wanting to change.”

During the 1950s and 1960s in the U.S. each locality could start and end Daylight Saving Time as desired. The law was so arbitrary that you could have several (up to 23 in Iowa alone) different start and end dates within a given state. On one bus route from Ohio to West Virginia, passengers might have to change their watches seven times in 35 miles!

Railroads were the impetus for Standard time zones in the U.S. and Canada and were instituted on November 18, 1883. However, the railroad-inspired concept was not universally adopted, and it was many years later that it would be more universally used.

With the Standard Time Act of 1918, 'An Act to preserve daylight and provide standard time for the United States', Congress adopted standard time zones based on those set up by the railroads, and gave the responsibility to make any changes in the time zones to the Interstate Commerce Commission, later transferred to the newly created Department of Transportation in 1966. Not popular, the law was later repealed.

President Franklin Roosevelt in 1942, instituted year-round Daylight-Saving Time, called "War Time." But it took another 31 years and an energy crisis for President Nixon to sign into law the Emergency Daylight Saving Time Energy Conservation Act of 1973.

Marty Suydam remembers:

“Each year during the October weekend that included the time change, the troop had a Fall Camporee. This was a competition from beginning (buying train tickets from Watchung Plaza to Midvale stations, getting patrol menus and provisions procured, backpacks loaded and inspected, proper clothing evaluated) to the end (clearing campsite and making sure fires were out). After debarking the train at Midvale the Troop hiked the 5-mile trail to Camp, again patrols being evaluated on how they looked, hiked, and didn't have any clanging noises from their gear. The traverse

across Matapan rock, with backpacks, for 11-year old Tenderfoot Scouts was always an experience remembered.” (Figure 6, No. 1)

Marty Suydam remembers:

“On Fall and Spring Troop Camporees our patrol campsites were our homes. Between Camporees we camped in the same locations often during the year. Sometimes making elevated fireplaces, bridges, and other improvements that made it our own. We always left the place better, but still natural. When we camped we paid strict attention to cleaning anything burnable, ensured proper drainage from the campsite and for each tent and properly organized/located: tents, latrine, water bucket, firewood, fireplace, and a lashed logs eating table with seats.” (Figure 6, No. 2)

Marty Suydam remembers:

“Yet, for me, when the year gets to the middle of April and middle of October I’m ready for a change. I think about Fall and Spring Camporees, but I no longer want to go camping. I am ready to change the time. However, I now have to wait until mid-May and early November.”

Date written: 11/15/2016

Figure 6 Daylight Saving and Troop Camporees ¹⁸



1. Hike to Glen Gray from Midvale Train Station



2. Patrol Campsite, Fall Camporee

The Dreams Made From Books

Marty Suydam remembers:

“While emptying our attic recently I came across a box that contained books I hadn’t seen, nor used, in close to 60 years. It was my collection of Boy Scout Merit Badge pamphlets, Scout Handbook, and other Scout memorabilia.

Joyce and I are downsizing. For every item or box, we look at we say: “what would happen to this if we died tomorrow...” or “if we can get it on the Internet, it’s history...into the trash or donate “.

I read a lot as a boy. Boys Life, the official monthly magazine for Scouts, was first published in 1911. I didn’t get to subscribe until 1955, when I became a Scout. Each month I read it cover-to-cover. The cartoons were the best, but the articles on “how to” were special. These articles were mostly practical, out-of-doors subjects, such as building an aluminum sun reflector to cook a meal, or “lofty” enterprises like building a signal tower with only logs and rope. I would dream for months about how I could get those things to happen. They all did happen, but not immediately. Some had to wait until I was a Scoutmaster and could mobilize enough boys and adults to complete a project.” (Figure 7, No. 1)

The Boy Scout Handbook is probably the book I have read more than any other (Figure 7, No. 2). The copy I have has been in my possession since I was 11 years old – 60 years. It is dog-eared, worn, dirty, but remains a book of plans, dreams, hopes, and success. I was constantly poring over the pages of merit badges requirements to decide on my next objective, and then, always going to Scout Headquarters to buy the complete pamphlet that gave all the knowledge and tips on how to achieve the requirements. They were well written, never boring, and always practical.” (Figure 7, No. 3)

To this day I am still a master of the things dreamed and learned in those books.”

Date written: 9/22/15

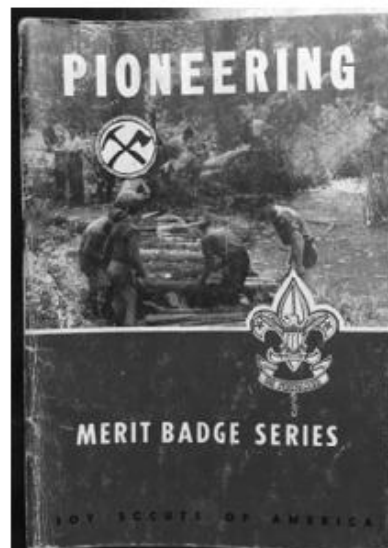
Figure 7 The Dreams Made from Books ¹⁹



1. Boys' Life Magazine, February 1955



2. BSA Handbook for Boys, 1948



3. BSA Pioneering Merit Badge Pamphlet, 1942

Trails and Tales of Glen Gray

Scout camps, created for youth in the 1900's, were breeding grounds of imagination and invention. Historical tales and ghost stories told around campfires over many years, whether fact or fiction, are vivid memories to thousands of Scouts – me included!

Camp Glen Gray, one of the oldest Scout camps in the United States, is a rugged property carved by glaciers in the Ramapo (Native American Lenape for “land of the rounded lakes”) mountains of Northern New Jersey (Figure 8, No. 1).

Before Scouts made it their own, this wilderness was crossed by many peoples – native Americans, traders, hunters, trappers, and Dutch, English and colonial settlers. The relics of Cherokee, Delaware, Algonquin and of settlers’ stone foundations and millstones have been found scattered in the area over the years.

Spending nearly every weekend and all summers from 1955 through 1961 at Glen Gray, the camp was my life. As a camper, I walked, slept, and ate in the woods. As a summer camp staff member, along with some of my best friends, I was able work at the camp year around. During the late fall and winter of our high school years, when weather forced campers and adults to stay home, Glen Gray was our private hunting and fishing preserve. We had little adult supervision.

Now the camp has become part of Northern New Jersey’s wilderness hiking trail system. Those that visit today, either as a campers or day hikers, are not likely to get the full flavor of the rich history of the area, particularly its mysteries and lore only related around campfires.

While ghost stories and other tales recounted by older Scouts were likely invented, the stories made the fabric of legends. Yet, it took me nearly 55 years to decide to want to know if they were more than pure fiction.

One Revolutionary War-era legend is about Mary Post. During the summer of 1959, I was on the Camp Staff as the Field Sports Director. My job was to create and run the skeet and archery ranges that were located on what was called Mary Post field. While I knew that area well, I only vaguely remember, from a campfire story, how it got its name. But it is a story that has dogged many, for a long time.

Mrs. Post, an innkeeper of the house on the current Mary Post field site, was hanged by the British for harboring two spies. As she was being hanged she put a curse on the hanging tree saying that: “... any who harmed the tree would suffer terribly”.²⁰ Attempts to validate the story led to a history of “suffer terribly” stories as catalogued in a 2015 “seeking ghosts” website²¹, as follows:

“In 1935, a scoutmaster wishing to stamp down belief in this curse cut a limb off the tree to prove the curse did not exist. Three days later he and his family perished in a house fire.”

“A camper that knew nothing about the curse unwittingly carved his initials in the tree in 1940. Everything was fine when he fell asleep in his tent that night but when he awoke the next morning he felt severe pain. He discovered one of his legs had a compound fracture.”

“Fifteen years later a camp worker decided to defy the curse. He chopped off pieces of the Mary Post tree to sell as souvenirs. Soon after, he started to have horrible nightmares—they continued until he went insane. This man lived the rest of his life in an asylum”.

“By 1969, this tree was so diseased New Jersey officials decided to have it chopped down. Two men were sent to do this job. The first professed he did not believe in the curse—the night before they were slated to cut down the tree he died of a brain hemorrhage. His partner left quickly.”

“Another six years passed, and the tree still stood but by this time it was dead. Some believed the curse would now end, but they were wrong.”

“In 1980 on Friday the 13th a group of 13 men including 3 scouts decided to tempt the old curse. With chainsaws, they succeeded in felling the tree. A portion of this tree can still be seen at Park Headquarters—when the Boy Scout camp closed in 2001 public officials in Bergen County turned the old camp into a public campground. So, what happened to the 13 who finally felled the tree?”

“One was killed in a car accident two weeks after the tree came down. A second man perished in a ski accident and the third died of liver disease—he started to drink after he participated in the felling. The other 10 participants did not escape misfortune. All suffered bad injuries within 12 months after the tree came down.”

I remember that during the summer of 1959 I thought using the old tree as an archery target would be something campers would think was fun. Given the history of the “suffering terribly” curse I’m glad I decided it was a bad idea.

Another scary campfire story was about the “Jackson Whites” who supposedly still roamed the mountains in the mid-twentieth century. Although we never saw one, wandering around in the dark woods always had risk of encountering one of these blood-thirsty, animal-like people described in 1911 by noted University of Pennsylvania anthropologist, Frank Speck, as:

“Algonquian Indians, probably Minisinks of the Delaware, with some of the Tuscarora who lingered for a rest in the Ramapo Valley on their way from Carolina in 1714 to join their colleagues, the Iroquois, in New York State. To this small nucleus became added from time to time runaway Negro slaves and perhaps freed men from the Dutch colonial plantations in the adjoining counties in New Jersey. Vagabond white men of all sorts also contributed a share to the community from the early days until now. The Jackson Whites may be regarded, therefore, as a type of triple race mixture.”²²

Then, beyond the excitement of myth and lore, there is Glen Gray history of trails and roads naming. While native Americans of the area likely had names for trails, they had no written language and the people had largely disappeared by the early 1700's. Some of the first recorded names, provided during Colonial times, may be the same today, such as “Cannonball”. Throughout the area there were many Cannonball trails—Glen Gray's Cannonball trail is just one. These were the routes for transportation of munitions during Colonial and Revolutionary War periods.

Then, there is the Millstone trail that passes by locations where millstones, in various states of production, were found. No one seems to have an idea, or record, of why they are there – they just are.

Mary Post Road marks the dirt road that passed by the house (Figure 8, No. 2) of one of the major settlers, the famous Mary Post of Ramapo Hills. And, was she related to the Mary Post of Rochelle Park, New Jersey, who sold the property to the Boy Scouts of America in 1917?

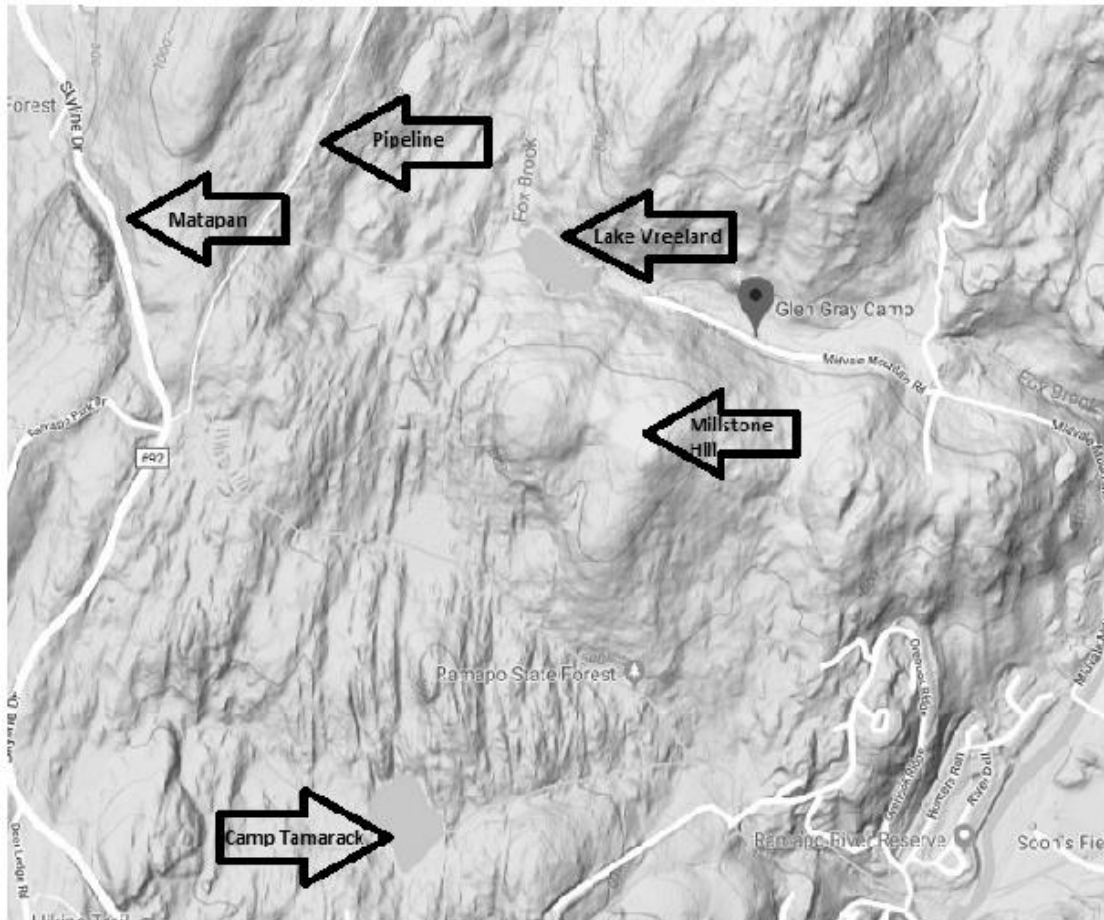
The Old Guard trail, while appearing to be of “old history” is more modern. It was named in recognition of the Old Guard of Glen Gray. The Old Guard was a special honor that occurred at the last campfire of the summer season each August. In the Calling of the Old Guard ceremony, the handful of men selected for the honor heard their names called four times, first from a voice in the north, then the east, the south and the west – dignified, memorable, and a great honor. An Old Guard member takes an oath to protect Camp Glen Gray for life. I am privileged to have been selected.

Matapan (Native American Lenape for “sitting place”) Rock Trail marks the route across a large smooth-faced rock escarpment overlooking Skyline Drive.

Marty Suydam remembers:

“I remember Matapan as my first, scary hiking adventure – no ghost story, just being scared. As a 12-year Tenderfoot on my first Fall Camporee, we took the train from Montclair to Midvale and hiked to the camp. After hiking four miles, the last mile involved a rock traverse across what I remembered was a sheer rock face with my fully-loaded backpack. We all made it – tired, knees shaking, scared, and just starting a great adventure in life and a love for Camp Glen Gray.” Date written: 1/10/2017

Figure 8 Tales & Trails of Glen Gray ^{23 24}



1. Topographic Map of Ramapo Mountain area of Northern New Jersey



2. Mary Post House and Inn

Crossing Lake Vreeland

The major effort to develop Camp Glen Gray during WWI, after the land was acquired, was to create a lake that would be the centerpiece of the camp. The story of the development of the dam that created Lake Vreeland is well documented, but lesser known fact is that the construction started with Boy Scouts damming up the stream, rock-by-rock. Every camper who went to Glen Gray had to help bring in materials to build the camp. The price of a swim in those days was "...bringing in a rock the size of your head".

By the mid-1950's the lake area was the hub of many camp activities. In summer, canoeing, rowing, swimming, lifesaving, rope swings, and great "naval" battles. In winter, the frozen lake would host sled" dog" races and ice skating.

Marty Suydam remembers:

"In the summer of 1959, one adult Scout leader, John Buffington, proposed to construct a monkey bridge across the lake – a span of about 300 feet. This was like the type of bridge you might see in jungle, adventure movies. (Figure 9, No. 1)

While austere in its design, a 3-rope bridge was still a monumental, and scary, feat for a group of pre-teen and teenage Scouts. Selecting tall, stout anchor trees on each side of the lake was a challenge. Not only did the trees need to be tall, but they needed to be situated high enough on the land to allow for the sag caused by the weight of the bridge. The next task was to get the ropes across the lake and winched tight without breaking trees and anchors. An old Army 6x6 truck with winch was used for this task. Normally Scout monkey bridges were much shorter and ropes would be used as stays keeping the three catenaries from separating. As it turned out, the initial attempt to do so proved too unwieldy. The bridge, particularly with smaller Scouts, would flip around and was much too unstable. It was decided to use saplings lashed in a "V" for stays every 2 feet – however, this added a large weight to the structure (Figure 9, No. 2). I'm not sure anyone went through the strength calculations to see if the 1-inch diameter ropes would handle the stress of the added saplings weight...and the weight of the bridge-crossers. This was "Cro-Magnon" engineering – make something and see if it works, or breaks. Breaking strength, not considering any safety factors, of 1-inch manila rope, in good condition, is approximately 8,000 pounds. Lashing each "V" was also a challenge not only because you were doing it over the chasm, but you had to stand on the single bottom rope making tying a lashing impossible. The solution was the creation of a sliding aluminum "U"-shaped frame that would hook over the two top, hand ropes and under the bottom rope. This worked, but each lashed set of "V"s" was still a grueling process. And, crossing the bridge was a "mountain-climbing" exercise. You climbed up 30 feet using a rope ladder to a "V" in the tree that was another 30 or more feet above the water level. Then you walked foot-over-foot on a single rope that was a

steep down-slope and then a steeper up-slope (because now the crosser is part of the load in the center – about 30 feet off the water). And, there were those who opted, or otherwise had shaky legs and gravity opted for them, to make the drop into the lake.

As Scoutcraft Director, the next year, 1960, I led the bridge building, but we never did it again.”

Date written: 1/23/2017

Figure 9 Crossing Lake Vreeland ²⁵



1. Monkey Bridge Across Lake Vreeland



2. John Buffington Making Crossing

View from the Lake Vreeland Bridge

June 2017 marked the 100th anniversary of Camp Glen Gray. In this wilderness part of northern New Jersey, from my first trip in 1955, I have felt at home, regardless of whether I was living in a tent, Adirondack shelter, or cabin.

Today, a person could stand on the same location as the Scouts on the bridge in the mid-1950's picture with water rushing over the weir on the dam and much of the camp would look the same (Figure 10.1, No. 1). Note: In 2017 bridge was removed as being unsafe and has not been replaced as of the writing of this book.

To the Scout leaning on the railing looking at the lake, he would see the swim dock area off in the distance. The floating docks were put in before June of each year and pulled at the end of summer. To the right was the rock outcropping with its flag pole mast that during summer would be used for daily flag raising and lowering—dawn and dusk. Behind the flag pole was the camp council ring where weekly campfires were held on weekends and where pictures of campers and staff were taken. A 1960 camp staff picture was taken in the council ring. Around the sides of the council ring were sawn logs for seats with each side having a stone chair – the largest of which was the Campmaster's with its higher stone back to the lake (Figure 10.1, No. 2).

The weekly campfire was always a big event. It usually started with different fire lighting rituals of the 5-foot high log cabin pyre. Sometimes it would be a flaming arrow shot from the other side of the lake (guided by an invisible wire. Other times the fire would be lit by matches connected to a tungsten toaster element with car batteries that were hidden behind the Campmaster's chair, or by a dancing Indian carrying a flaming torch – always exciting.

Turning to the right you might see through the trees to Mothercroft, a large, open log building that would house various inside activities and displays of nature study and Indian Lore. Funded by the Montclair Community Chest, this recreation building was completed in 1922 and was dedicated to Scout Mothers who have been an important part of Boy Scouts in America.

Today, if the Scout in the picture could turned around, he would see a mess hall, but not the one that was there when I was a kid. The original mess hall was the largest structure at Camp Glen Gray and dates to 1926. Built from hundreds of large, straight tulip trees locally harvested by Maine lumberjacks, it was the essence of pioneer spirit. (Figure 10.2, No. 1).

At the far end of the building from the entrance was a large stone fireplace with a wall enclosing the kitchen behind it. The rest of the building was open with no provision for screens nor windows – this was a camp, not a spa. In summer, tables were arranged to feed all campers and staff in a single sitting. For many years, during Scout summer

camp, we ate three meals a day prepared by the same Marshall family supported by Scout kitchen staff – those in white in the picture identify the staff that worked in the kitchen were an important part of the staff. When the Marshall dad, George, retired, his son, Sonny and wife, Portia, ran the kitchen. (Figure 10.2, No. 3).

Three great “showtime” performances a day were a testimony to the kitchen staff. The meals ritual started with campers picking up a name block for a “favorite” staff member and invite him to their table. Meals often involved songs and skits. On rainy days, activities, other than rifle range, skeet, and archery, might be moved from outdoor locations to be under the large roofed area.

The camp store was located outside the kitchen area. Not always open, as campers we would plan our daily schedule so we could buy the things we most needed, such as patches and candy bars.

The mess hall was destroyed in 1961 in a fire caused by defective electrical wiring. Only the stone piers remained. A few years later, the current enclosed building was erected on the same piers (Figure 10.2, No. 2).

Marty Suydam remembers:

“I never worked in the kitchen, but I do remember the kitchen shelves would be lined with #10 cans. These large metal cans held all kinds of foods, such as powdered eggs, powdered milk, vegetables, and the “deadliest of all food combinations” for Scouts, baked beans and prunes. Much of these food stores were acquired under cut-rate deals for US Government surplus after the Korean War. Shelves also had C-Rations that campers could request when going on camping and backpacking adventures. With C-rations we learned important military skills such as the use of the very small, ingenious P-38 can opener.”

The can designation, #10, refers to the type and size of can. The actual weight and volume of the contents will vary depending on the product. On average, the #10 can hold 109 oz. For sake of comparison, the average soup can is a #2. To get the same amount of food as one #10 can requires a total of 5-1/3 soup cans. #10 cans measured 7” high x 6-1/4” diameter and were perfect for making camp stoves. When the camping season was over, for those of us who would return on weekends throughout the winter, we would hoard supplies of unopened #10 cans – and, we learned that four teenage men can eat a can of prunes in a single sitting, but the results are painful.

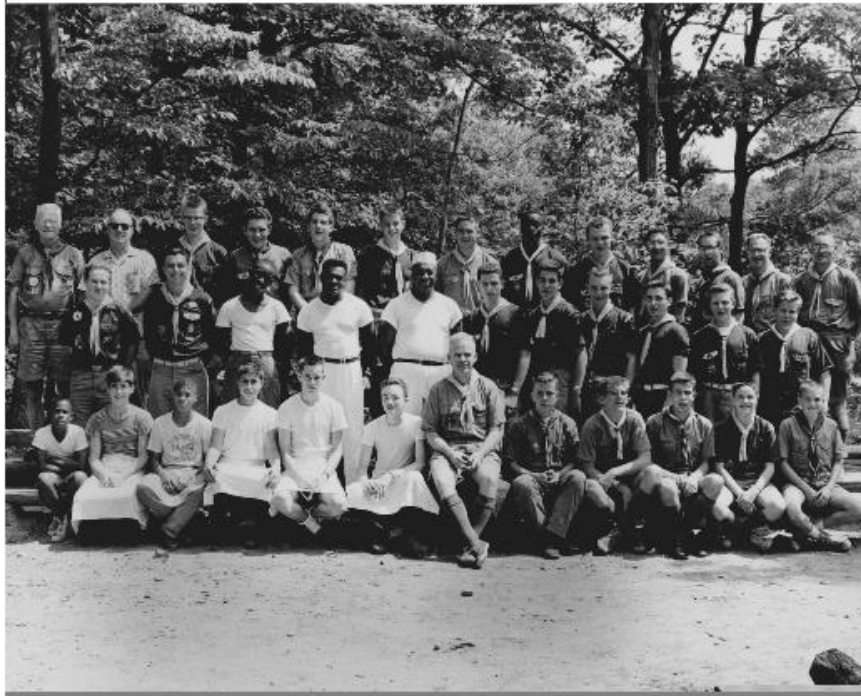
Memories are easy to pull up when you can stand in a place that has changed little in a hundred years.

Date written: 1/23/2017

Figure 10.1 View from the Lake Vreeland Bridge ^{26 27}



1. View from the Bridge, Eagle Rock Council, BSA, mid-1950's Camp Glen Gray brochure cover



Front row: ?, ? Aaron Young, Dave Rosenberg, Dennis Crosby, Jim Cole, Jud Leonard, John Leuzarder, Don Muhlenheler, ? Jook Girt, Alan Adler
Middle row: Jim Gliblin, ?, ? Sonny Marshall, George Marshall, Jr., Doug Dobson, Mel Lyman, Alex Cole, ? Charlie Proudfoot, Ray Ledward
Back row: ?, ?, ? Don Voorath, Jim Lyman, Jim Bunting, Steve "Gub" Hodgson, Ben Pierce, Marty Buydem, Larry Nazarian, Ross ?, ? John Buffington

2. Glen Gray Summer Camp Staff, 1960

Figure 10.2 View from the Lake Vreeland Bridge ^{28 29 30}



1. Original Mess Hall <1961



3. New Mess Hall >1962



2. Mess Hall Staff

The Memory of Fires of Glen Gray

Marty Suydam remembers:

"My Dad used to say '...if you want to catch a boy, build a fire'.

We were, from the time we were Tenderfoot Scouts, drilled in fire safety and the proper building of fires (Figure 11, No. 1).

When camping, we had to learn how to collect "squaw wood" (dry twigs and branches) and, with hand and three-quarter axes, chop and split kindling (processed lumber) and cut and split larger logs into something that would burn properly in a campfire.

On campouts we usually cooked three meals a day on campfires within a circle of rocks and had larger "council" fires at night with songs, skits, and other "rites" and the special times, particularly if it was very cold, we had a campfire in the troop cabin.

In our patrol campsites the fireplace was usually the only thing that remained after a weekend ... and embers had to be "dead out", inspected by a member of the troop staff, before we were allowed to head home (Figure 11, No. 2).

We honed our fire-making skills by patrol competitions at troop meetings and on campouts with a patrol-competitive event called "string burning". We had to use flint (piece of flint rock) and steel (usually a file) along with our treasured pouch of very dry, charred cloth and tinder. It was a timed competition.

Strings were stretched horizontally between sticks at 12 inches and 18 inches off the ground. On the "go" signal you started to split your kindling, creating teepees no higher than the bottom string and with a "door" allowing you to insert the smoldering charred cloth and tinder "bird's nest" into the teepee. Once lit, you could not touch the fire, but were allowed to blow (slowly) to add air, gently, to the small flame. The winner was the patrol who burned through both strings first. Competition was always fierce – lots of yelling and gently puffing air (Figure 11, No. 3).

In the summer camp, the weekly campfire was always lighted with a mysterious and magical lighting event and the roaring fire and remaining embers before taps are an indelible memory."

Jim Bunting remembers:

"One of my memories of campfires at summer camp was the tradition of leaving the campfire in silence and without lights as we walked back to our campsites. There was

enough light from the stars to see where we were going, and we could hear the sounds of the woods. It sure made me feel a strong connection with the natural world, and the feeling we were part of something very big and very wonderful.”

Jim Giblin remembers:

“I will always remember that there were always a few folks from Troop 1 who wanted to engage in one final shout-out across Lake Vreeland with Pattigumpus and/or Upper and Lower Bluntville when they got back to Stumbleup. But for some reason unknown to me, most of the scouts from Troop 1 made it clear to these folks that there was not going to be any shout-out that night and that the custom and tradition of silence was going to be observed.”

But there were other fires at Glen Gray.

Marty Suydam remembers:

“During one of the long Fall weekends we spent scraping, sanding and painting the Troop 12 cabin in 1955 I remember OK Taylor, the man who was Scoutmaster of Troop 12 for more than 50 years, talking about the forest fire in 1947, that nearly destroyed the camp and how they had to protect property. Taking work breaks we would walk the areas that had burned only 8 years earlier, not far from the cabin – probably another teaching opportunity to impress on us to the importance of preventive fire safety.”

Bill Nunamacher remembers:

“I was a senior in Grover Cleveland High School in math class when an announcement came across the PA system that informed all Scouts to leave school and head to Glen Gray to help fight the forest fire. I decided to go to see what was happening. When I got to the camp, along with many other Scouts, they were handing out equipment and I got an Indian Pump. We formed as a crew and went out on the Cannonball Trail. I had no previous experience fighting fires, but made many trips to fight the fire and refill my Indian Pump. On one refill trip I was fed a sandwich. We fought the fire until dark, probably after 9 pm, but didn’t spend the night at camp.”

The other fire that is burned in memory was the one that destroyed the mess hall in the winter of 1961– a memorable, but sad story of its own.

Date written: 2/5/2017

Figure 11 The Memory of Fires of Camp Glen Gray ³¹



1. Troop 12 Cabin Fireplace



2. Patrol Campfires



3. String Burning Contest

Order of the Arrow – Oleleu Lodge No. 515

As Scouts, our view of the world was mostly about our patrol and troop. We participated in Council-run events such as camporees and First Aid competitions and we expanded our association with Scouts from other troops at Glen Gray summer camp. Scouting also has some honorary organizations, separate from the troop organizations. Membership in Order of the Arrow (OA), national honor society of the Boy Scouts of America, was by nomination from each troop. The motto of the OA was “brotherhood through cheerful service”. The primary unit of the OA was the lodge, usually aligned with Scout councils, in our case Eagle Rock Council. In the 1970’s Eagle Rock Council merged with other councils, and disappeared, as did Oleleu Lodge No. 515. Oleleu, means bullfrog in Native American Lenape. Our ceremonies were usually conducted the Lenape language.

Those of us selected for induction in 1956 were among the first, since the lodge was chartered in 1955.

Once nominated a candidate went through an ordeal that was a solo survival campout culminating in an induction ceremony complete with torches along a long trail to a council ring in the upper-mountain boundary of Camp Glen Gray.

Marty Suydam remembers:

“Once inducted, the Scout was eligible to wear the distinctive pocket-flap patch and authorized to wear a white sash with embroidered red arrow. For some reason, I was asked to redesign the patch a couple times – I was the “go-to artist in residence” or maybe it was that I was free. For our lodge, the bullfrog holding an arrow, was the consistent logo.” (Figure 12)

“We were a very active Lodge. Our “money maker” was the Indian interpretive dance team that would perform, often weekly, at clubs and other places like the Montclair 4th of July Fireworks celebration. We danced with live snakes, flaming hoops, and costumes, including body paint, that made us look like real Indians – except for those of us with blue eyes that seemed even bluer when our skins were painted dark. Regulars were: Doug Dobson, Alex Cole, Jim Cole, George Delatush, Adam Forbes, Ben Pierce, John Watson, and Marty Suydam.”

Jim Giblin remembers:

“I was always impressed over my years at camp with the exceptionally close association between the members of the Order of the Arrow’s Oleleu Lodge and Glen Gray. Having been elected to membership in the Oleleu Lodge, I completed the Ordeal at Glen Gray in May of 1960 and reaffirmed my commitment to the OA in the Brotherhood ceremony at Glen Gray in May 1961. Being in the Navy and spending a significant amount of time at sea didn’t give me much opportunity to be active as an adult in Scouting. But I usually tried to affiliate with a local OA lodge wherever I was

stationed. My experiences with those lodges enable me to say without hesitation that the relationship that I witnessed among the Oleleu lodge, its members and Glen Gray was significantly stronger than any other such relationship between a lodge and a council's camp that I observed in Japan, Italy, Hawaii, Washington State, California, Texas, Massachusetts, Idaho, Rhode Island and Virginia."

With the consolidation of Boy Scout Councils, the lodge was successively merged, starting in 1976, with Mohican No. 178 and Ken-Etiwa-Pec No. 362 Lodges to form the Meechgalanne No. 178 Lodge, but we remained brothers in the brotherhood of cheerful service.

Date written: 9/19/17

Figure 12 The Order of the Arrow –Oleleu Lodge No 515 ³²

Pocket Flap Patches of the 1960's



Camp Staff

As campers, we saw members of the camp staff as gods – even though most of them were only a year or two older than we were. I was a camper for 1956 and 1957, but the people who guided us through our two-week to all-summer camping experience were great mentors and are still in our memory as they were in the camp staff picture – young, helpful, and good examples of manhood. This year, 1956, may have been the first year that the whole staff was gathered for a picture (Figure 13, No. 1).

Being a member of the Camp Glen Gray Staff, was my goal through the non-summer months of 1958-59. Getting the job meant you were not only recognized as a leader, but got paid.

Jock Gist remembers:

"I started on staff in 1959 (Figure 13, Nos. 2 & 3) as Trading Post (and library) then became a Provisional Scoutmaster – in the later years, living and working in Dormanville, Gilwell, Hawk Ridge, Eagles Nest, Bobcat Hollow, and Fox Den. For that first year, I was paid \$65 for the summer, and my Mother wouldn't let me cash check, she framed it, but unfortunately, it's lost now.

When I was Trading Post located in the Mess Hall, I stayed in Mothercraft along with the Nature Director and all the critters, including rattlesnakes, we would accumulate over a summer season. For a couple of years, staff from the Bronx Zoo would come to camp, give a snake handling and milking demonstration to the campers and staff, and take the rattlesnakes back to the zoo – seemed like a good idea at the time. Over the course of my summers on staff, I also was the Counselor for Rowing and Canoeing merit badges – where was that Navy guy, Jim Giblin, for these seagoing (Lake Vreeland) adventures!

I was fortunate enough to participate in two ceremonies while on staff – my induction into the Order of the Arrow and my calling for the Old Guard – great memories.

One of the great things about working as a staff member was the "can do" attitude of everyone on the staff. If you were a "newbie", the "old" guys would offer help, guidance and advice. And when you became an "old" guy, it was your job to pass on lessons learned and the great traditions we had."

I drove the red Jeep – believe it was a 1947 model – only year the shift was on the steering column. I also drove the green Dodge Power Wagon – believe this was purchased new and had nice Camp seals on the doors – a real work horse.

The last Glen Gray truck I remember was a blue Chevrolet pick-up with a stake body – primarily used to make the food runs from the caterer (Graulich) in Orange. I think this truck replaced a Chevy (?) stake body truck that was very busy all around the camp, and most importantly, when benches from the Mess Hall were added, became our chariot to go to the Drive-In in New York state,

*Also remember two other vehicles -- the fire engine (see Jud Leonard) -- no idea how acquired -- seemed like it was around for a couple of years and a blue, ex-AF Power Wagon, which I believed was acquired as surplus property from the government. Also recall it came loaded with lots of useless stuff the government wanted to give away. Speaking of Government surplus "stuff" ... I also remember Government surplus food -- peanut butter and cheese -- I'm sure there was other stuff."
"Visitor Sundays: waterfront competition, including staff competition in canoe gunnel pumping (not yet an Olympic sport) and staff members checking out campers' older sisters!"*

Jim Giblin remembers:

"During the summer of 1959, I returned to Camp as a member of its staff serving as the Steward in the Mess Hall. Once again, I lived in 'Stumbleup.' In case anyone who is reading this piece hasn't noticed, there seemed to be a real pattern of me living in 'Stumbleup'. I was fortunate to have a great kitchen crew working with me that included David Rosenberg of Montclair, Aaron Young of Montclair, and Dennis Crosby from Caldwell. This position also afforded me the opportunity to get to know the late George Marshall who had served as Glen Gray's cook since the very early 1940s. George was a near-legendary Club Steward at the Cap and Gown eating club at Princeton University. Though I did not realize it until years later, the things that George taught me about managing a food service operation as the Mess Hall's Steward and the importance of accountability in such a position served me well while serving as the commanding officer of the three commands I was privileged to have while in the Navy. George was also most gracious to me and to my teammates on the Seton Hall Prep swimming team when we would visit Princeton for the state championships each March. Somehow, several bags of fresh oranges would magically appear where we were staying before the preliminary heats and the finals of each event."

The Pay Check: I had completely forgotten about this. I too got a check for \$65.00 and had big plans for it. But, just as in the case your [Jock Gist's] mother, my mom had other ideas. She decided that \$65.00 would cover a good deal of the cost of my books for my junior year at Seton Hall Prep and my dad, of course, agreed. And so, it did!

During the final campfire of that season, I was overwhelmed to hear my name called four times from the cardinal points of the compass around Lake Vreeland as part of the traditional Calling of the Old Guard ceremony. Sitting in that council ring that night as the fire burned low and listening to the eleven other new members' names, most of whom were old friends, being called first by an Old Guard member in the north, and then other members in the east, the south and, finally, the west was a profound experience for me.

Over the years, I have reflected on that 'Calling'. Institutions do indeed have customs and traditions and the Old Guard and the 'Calling' are certainly two of the abiding traditions of Glen Gray. Such customs tend to be rooted in the early or formative experiences of the institution and its members and the Old Guard is no exception. Indeed, the 'Calling' ceremony and the Old Guard are tangible ways to help link generations of previous Old Guard members with present Glen Gray campers and their future counterparts. But, they are more than traditions. In short, the Old Guard is in many respects Glen Gray's "anchor to windward", if you will permit me to use a nautical analogy, that has helped keep Glen Gray headed fair along the course established by Frank Fellows Gray.

During the summer of 1960 I served as the camp's Rangemaster at what was then a new rifle range near Troop 1's cabin. Oftentimes I think I can still smell the creosote that we used to preserve the firing platform and the target holder. John Hickey, another old friend from Cedar Grove, and I lived in tent platform number one in the long-since gone area of Lower Bluntville. Marty Suydam, John Watson, George Delatush and the late Adam Forbes also lived in Lower Bluntville with us. It was, to say the least, quite a crew. There were times when I wondered if other members of the staff were comfortable with visiting us there. I recall Jim Bunting coming up into Lower Bluntville from the Waterfront lean-to to see Marty Suydam or George Delatush and remarking to me quite candidly that he 'wondered whether (he) was permitted to enter into this rather special place.'

Almost the entire camp was, at one time or another, involved with the late retired Sergeant Major John Buffington from Troop 4 of Verona in building a monkey bridge across the lake. That summer also witnessed the case of the mysterious afloat Volkswagen that somehow magically appeared on the swimming float in the middle of the lake one morning. My abiding respect for the importance of 'sources and methods' prevents me from discussing this clandestine, or perhaps covert, operation any further."

Jock Gist remembers camp staff members:

"Dale Stevens was an Explorer Scout from Verona. Dale was Quartermaster the first year I worked in 1959, and he and I would cover for each other on our day's off. In later years, Dale was a key member of the staff as truck driver, handyman and general helper. In addition, Dale and I lead many overnight camping trips (favorite spots – above Camp Yaw Paw overlooking Wanaque Reservoir and Mattapan Rock), and multiple canoeing trips, including the Delaware and Ramapo – never lost a camper or a canoe. Dale was a fellow traveler on nights off to the Drive-In in New York state with a stop in Suffern to purchase adult beverages – rumor – empties buried in the chapel area.

Dale was a good guy and enjoyed working with and teaching our campers. Dale passed away several years ago. He worked as a CPA on Long island, and we would meet him in DC.

Speaking of time off, we also would get a night off – what excitement – doing laundry at home or at the laundromat in Oakland with a meal at the Chuck Hut.

Steve Hodgson was Waterfront Director while I was a camper and back as Waterfront Director later when I was on staff. Upon his return to Glen Gray, he was accompanied by his spouse -- they may have stayed in the hospital. Believe he was a school science teacher during the rest of the year. A great swim teacher and dedicated lifeguard when it came to running the General Swim – who can't remember Buddy Check!

Ralph DeCamp was a gentleman pioneer with great scouting and pioneering skills– always helpful and a true professional. Same family that owned the bus company.”

Bill Nunamacher remembers:

“I was Summer Camp camper from 1942 to 1946. In 1946, when the camp bugler became sick, I became the bugler. After graduating college in 1952 I became the camp business manager and Summer Camp Assistant Camp Director from 1954 to 1957. My family lived in the Gray Cabin and the Camper Directors lived in the Glen Cabin. I was the business manager up until 1961 when my job was eliminated after the Mess Hall fire.”

As the old Scout benediction says: “Until the great Scoutmaster of all Scoutmasters is with us when we meet again.

Date written: 9/19/17

Figure 13 Camp Staff ³³



Front row: Bill Korman, Tom Carlson, T. T. T.
 Second row: T. T. T., Lee Wilkins, T. T. T.
 Third row: T. T. T., T. T. T.
 Back row: T. T. George Marshall, Dr. James Marshall, Ralph DeCamp, Bill Collins, Gene Spivey, Alvin Christensen, Phil Smith, Don Tompkins, T. Noel Barber, P.

1. Camp Glen Gray Staff 1956



Front row: T. T. Karen Young, Dave Rosenberg, Dennis Crisley, Jim Cole, Bud Leonard, John Leuzinger, Don Mullenbaker, Jack Gist, Alan Adams
 Middle row: Jim Giffin, C. J. Sonny Marshall, George Marshall, Dr. Doug Johnson, Bill Lorenz, Alex Cole, T. Charlie Proudfoot, Ray Leonard
 Back row: T. T. T. Don Vearath, Jim Lyman, Jim Bunting, Steve "Shik" Hodgson, Ben Pierce, Marly Sappan, Larry Nezzarian, Ross T. T. John Buffington

2. Camp Glen Gray Staff 1959



Front Row: Karen Young, Bob Burke, Peter Baubler, Jack Gist, Dale Stevens, Bud Leonard, Jim Giffin, Barry Nezzarian, John Hickey, T. Charlie Proudfoot
 Middle Row: Dave Rosenberg, T. Tom Gilman, T. Alex Cole, Gary Spulak, Jim Cole, John Lawrence, Don Mullenbaker, George Deltsch, Jim Powers,
 Bill Rosenberger
 Back Row: Adam Forbes, Jim Bunting, Don Poldeman, Marly Sappan, Sonny Marshall, Fortia Marshall, Shirley Martin, T. T. Jerry Smith, Bob Hollister,
 Phil Smith

3. Camp Glen Gray Staff 1960

Glen Gray Troop Competitions

When a group of old friends share their memories of over sixty years ago via email, the times we spent as Scouts can be as clear today as if they happened today. The memories are often vivid and fun. On occasion a comment by one friend will wake up long ago archived memories.

Competition and teamwork were persistent themes for nearly everything we did as Scouts. Everything was a “life lesson”. It doesn’t take much to bring back these vivid memories.

Camporees: Fall, Winter, & Spring

Jim Giblin remembers:

“My first ‘expedition’ to camp was in May 1956 to participate in Troop 1 Cedar Grove’s annual spring camping trip. My initial impression, and one that was permanently etched into my memory, was the drive up ‘the road’ – that narrow, less than smooth “path” that led to Glen Gray. We arrived late on a Friday afternoon and trudged up the hill past the Old Guard Cabin to our camp site. Being one of the two newest members of the troop, I found myself making several trips with Bill Mathes, my neighbor in Cedar Grove, up and down a portion of that hill over the course of that weekend to the old water tank above the Mess Hall to get fresh water for our patrol’s campsite. Why we didn’t camp at the troop’s traditional site near its cabin is still a mystery to me.

Saturday dawned bright, clear and very, very windy and was the first time I got to see more of Camp by hiking to Matapan Rock with a portion of the troop. During that hike I began to realize just what a striking portion of the Ramapo Mountains was available to the Scouts of the Eagle Rock Council. When we reached Matapan, we begin a signal flag relay across Skyline Drive and thence by runners across the ‘pipeline’ to the head of Lake Vreeland where the message was again passed by signal flag to the patrols’ teams on the Dam. We got back to our campsite site just in time to cook dinner before it started to rain, and I do mean rain. It poured all night Saturday and all day Sunday. The only break from that downpour was attending Catholic mass in the Mess Hall on Sunday morning. Cooking breakfast and breaking camp in that rain were memorable experiences as was “lugging” those very, very wet and very, very heavy Baker tents down that hill.”

Jim Giblin remembers more:

“Over the years, Troop 1 had developed seven camp sites near the cabin. Each patrol was responsible for use and maintenance of its site. We used them regularly for the

Fall and Winter Camporees. While both events across my time at Glen Gray were productive and memorable, the winter encampments at these campsites were perhaps more distinct in my memory. I particularly recall the January 1957 Winter Camporee; I think it was the coldest I had ever been up to that point in my life. These winter events also afforded the troop the chance to exercise another of its longstanding traditions associated with Glen Gray. The Scoutmaster, Assistant Scoutmasters and the senior Patrol Leader would prepare hot cocoa early each morning on the cabin's large wood cook stove during winter camporees for the entire troop. It was a clever way to conduct a "health and welfare check" to make sure that everyone was OK after a night in the cold and give them a chance to come inside the cabin for hot cocoa before they started cooking breakfast at each patrol's campsite. To say that this "tradition" was appreciated by the entire troop, especially those participating in their first Winter Camporee, is an understatement!"

Council and Troop First Aid Competitions

Marty Suydam remembers:

"The troop would have several competitions each year to select those patrols that would go on for the Eagle Rock Council competition. The events were for time, accuracy of diagnosis, and proper treatment of patient. There was always a 3-man carry and the strongest Scout was always at the patient's head!!" (Figure 14, No. 1)

Jim Giblin remembers:

"We had one other competition in Troop 1. It was a targeted first aid competition requiring the patrol to respond to a set of specific symptoms of a patient. These were very realistic at times and required more than a passing knowledge of first aid by the patrol -- maybe a bit unfair but it certainly generated a driving force for folks in the troop to complete the First Aid merit badge as soon as they could. The troop leadership invited the folks from the Cedar Grove Rescue Squad, many of whom at the time were former combat medics and corpsmen, to judge the competition among the patrols. You not only had to treat the symptoms, but you had to explain why you were doing what you were doing in some detail. The scenarios were established in such detail that it was virtually impossible for one person to carry the patrol. Great way to teach leadership because the patrol leader had to understand the strengths of each member of his patrol. It was also a good education and training experience for the patrol's members. Moreover, it was not uncommon for the judge to "take out " the patrol leader from the competition to see how the patrol functioned in his absence. That was always FUN!!!!!"

Tent Pitching

Jim Bunting remembers:

"This competition determined which patrol could pitch a Baker tent the fastest. The Baker tent was a large square four-man tent made of heavy canvas, I think they were green.

Each patrol had a tent team of four scouts, all the patrols put their tent and poles on the ground, with hatchets which we used to pound in the tent pegs, and stood about 20 feet away. When the starter said start, the teams ran up to their tents and put it up...unfold it, poles in, tent pegs in, guide lines adjusted so everything was tight. When they were finished, and everything looked good, they would shout done. The first patrol to put up their tent won. Tents were inspected to make sure pegs were in properly, the poles were straight, and the canvas sides and top were tight.

This was a serious competition and our patrol practiced many days after school getting ready. We figured out how to fold the tent, so the ropes were just sticking out a little, and when we all pulled the ropes the tent spread out flat ready for the poles...no unfolding necessary.

I think we did well with our "pop-out" fold invention, and maybe we won one of these. Our main objective for all the competitions was to beat Marty Suydam's patrol which was just about impossible.

I think there are two main ideas with the tent competition. The first one is teamwork. Our scoutmaster, O. K. Taylor, always emphasized team work in everything we did. All the competitions involved the patrol and the patrol worked together as a team. The second idea is doing the job well. If you are putting up a tent, make sure you do a proper job." (Figure 14, No. 2)

Jim Giblin remembers:

"Troop 1 had those same competitions albeit executed a bit differently in some cases. I still have nightmares about those Baker tents!!!"

Fire starting

Jim Bunting remembers:

"This competition determined which patrol could start a fire the fastest.

The troop 12 leaders did a great job setting up this competition. They set up a line of stakes in the ground, about five feet apart, with two strings running between the stakes. One string was about 12 inches off the ground and the second string, directly

over the first was about 18 inches off the ground. Each patrol was assigned a five-foot section of double string, with a 12-inch long log about six inches in diameter.

Each team had an ax, hatchet, knife, flint and steel and a can containing dried tinder with charcoal cloth. We called this event "String burning" even though the real name was fire starting. The object was to run up to your section of double string, split the log into small pieces of kindling and shavings; make a tent of kindling up to, but not over the first string, leave a door in the tent for tinder. Then take out the dried tinder nest (very fine wood shavings which you had cooked in the oven). In the tinder nest was a piece of charcoal cloth, a cotton cloth which had been burned and was now very fragile charcoaled cloth. The charcoal cloth could catch a spark and spread the spark until it caught the tinder.

When the kindling tent was ready, we would take out the dried tinder from the can, put it on the ground and strike the piece of flint against a metal file to create sparks. When a spark caught the charcoal cloth we would hold the tinder nest up in the air and blow through it until it produced flames. Once it was flaming we would put the flaming nest in the kindling tent and adjust the kindling, so it would catch fire and the fire would grow to burn the second string.

It sounds easy, but a lot could go wrong. Sometimes we couldn't get the tinder nest to ignite. Sometimes we could get the tinder nest to ignite but it would burn out before it ignited the kindling wood. Sometimes we could get the kindling wood to burn but the fire would not burn high enough to burn the second string (Too hasty in starting the fire before a proper kindling tent was built.) Sometimes the kindling tent would fall over which was very discouraging.

One of the keys to success was the flint and steel. Each patrol had their special piece of flint which was passed down from one patrol leader to the next. One patrol, when I was there, had a piece of flint which showered sparks with each strike. Rumor was that the patrol leader's father worked for the Ronson lighter company and the flint was a big chunk of the flint used in lighters. We grumbled about that, but I guess it was legal.

The lessons for the fire-starting competition were: planning, preparation, practice, and teamwork. Plus, proficiency with an ax, knife, flint and steel. Mainly practice and teamwork. "

Signaling

Jim Bunting remembers:

"When we were at a troop 12 camp-out at Glen Gray we usually had a signaling contest. We used wig-wag signaling and Morse code. The signaling scout used one

flag - waved to the right for dots, and waved to the left for dashes. The letter A would be one wag to the right, one wag to the left. dot/dash. (Figure 14, No. 3)

All the patrols would form up at the Troop 12 cabin and hike to Matapan Rock. Each team had four members; two signalers and two scribes.

When we got to Matapan Rock two scouts (signaler and scribe) from each patrol would stay on the near side, on top of Matapan Rock, and two scouts would hike down the rock face, cross the road and hike up to the top of the mountain on the other side.

Once everyone was in place, we used binoculars to find our team members on the other side, and needed binoculars to see the flag signals.

When the competition started, the teams on top of Matapan Rock were given a message and they wig-wagged it to the other side. Upon receipt of the message, the other side sent a return message. After the messages were received we gave our messages to the judges and hiked back over to the top of Matapan Rock.

Nothing to it.

Good wig wagers made very clear left/right motions with the flag and were easy to read. Sloppy wig wagers were difficult to read.

The receiver would call out each letter received, and the scribe would write it down. Sometimes after the scribe had written down a couple of words the scribe would say: "This doesn't make any sense. "One of two things were happening; either the signaler on the other side had his dots and dashes reversed, or, the receiver had the dots and dashes reversed. It was important in this situation not to panic. A good receiver would reverse the dots and dashes and go from there. Then, at the end of the message, go back and try to decode the first words by reversing the dots and dashes. A good team could usually figure out the first words and complete the message. We were judged for accuracy.

The key to the signaling competition was knowing Morse code so well you could instantly see and say the letter received, there was no time to think about it...same for sending the letters. Again, the competition stressed excellence, practice and teamwork."

Mapping

Jim Bunting remembers:

"During troop campouts, we would sometimes have a mapping contest. Each patrol had a mapping team consisting of a scout who would take compass readings,

someone holding a pole for the compass scout to shoot, and a scribe who would record the compass readings and the distances for each reading.

We would be assigned a course to map, for example the path from the Troop 12 cabin to the lake. We would start out at the cabin, the scout with the pole would go as far as he could in a straight line, the compass scout would take a reading, and then measure the distance. The pole guy would move again, and we would repeat the process until we got to the lake.

We ended up with a list of compass readings and measurements. Next, we hustled back to the cabin and drew a map using a round plastic 360-degree plastic compass and a ruler. (Make sure you have the correct scale....1 inch = xx feet.) The map had to be completed within a time limit so there was a little pressure to get everything completed in time.

I remember that the judges were a big help and one time I got stuck with something making the map and a judge patiently helped me figure it out.

The judges put a plastic overlay of the trail (the correct answer) on our map and judged our map for accuracy. We were good map makers. Once I thought we would win. It turns out Marty Suydam's patrol not only had an accurate map, he included leaves from prominent trees along the path, notes about topographical features, and things like the angle and direction of the sun...how are you going to beat that?

Gosh those competitions were fun."

Compass race

Jim Bunting remembers:

"I've been thinking about how all our competitions emphasized teamwork, and how important teamwork was in everything we did. One more example comes to mind.

At our Friday night troop meetings at Watchung school in Montclair, NJ, we usually had a relay race of some kind, probably to burn off energy. One race I remember is the Compass relay race.

The patrols would form single lines at one end of the gym. The first scouts in each line would run to the other end of the gym. At the other end, there would be a large cardboard on the floor with a big circle with the 16 points of the compass, but no compass markings, just 16 lines on a circle.

On the floor, next to the blank compass board were 16 pieces of cardboard face down. Each piece was a compass reading (NNE, NE, ENE, etc.) The scout would run

up, pick up one of the pieces of cardboard, look at it and place it in the proper place on the compass board, run back and the next scout would go.

The first patrol to place all 16 pieces won. There would be penalties for incorrect placements.

I remember some scouts would not be so good at the compass board and when they got back from their turn we would ask what they got and where they put it; sometime right, sometimes wrong. The trick was, if you knew one of your guys had made a wrong move you had to go up, pick up your piece and place it and correct the other guys piece, or, correct other pieces that were wrong.

The Compass race was another example of knowledge, teamwork and fun.”

Inter-Camp Competitions

Jim Giblin remembers:

“The last one that I remember was in 1957 probably during the second camping period. As I understand it, Tamarack has long since passed into history. Yaw Paw is, according to my younger brother, still open but only as some sort of day camp for Cub Scouts.”

Jock Gist remembers:

“3-camp competitions – Glen Gray, Yaw Paw, and Tamarack – held at least three times with each camp taking a turn as host – other camps would hike over. The competitions included scout skills as well as waterfront activities.”

Date written: 2/5/2017

Figure 14 Glen Gray Troop Competitions ^{34 35 36}



1. First Aid - 3-man Carry



2. Baker Tents



3. Signaling - Matapan Rock

Glen Gray Cabins & Buildings of the 1950's-1960's

Names and purposes of buildings may have changed, but for those who lived Scouting at Camp Glen Gray in the mid-20th century, those buildings are what they were then – same name and relatively unchanged in purpose. Some buildings were common-use and others belonged to scout organizations. There are buildings and sites that didn't exist in the 1950's (Tindall Lodge, Channel Cabin, McMullen Field, Schroeder Rifle Range, and Giapa Leanto area), thus they are not included in this piece. The map sketch was created by Nancy Pi-Sunyer and was included in the booklet printed for the 2017 Centennial Celebration and in the handout for the Camp Glen Gray Homecoming (Figure 15.1, No. 1). Of note, from a before-Scouting historical perspective, are the locations of the Cannonball Trail of the Revolutionary War, Fox Brook (original stream creating Lake Vreeland), and Mary Post Field (original homesteads of Peter and Mary Post-Francis Price and nearby Sanders Farm 1700-1800's).

Mess Hall (Figure 15.1, No. 2)

Jim Giblin remembers:

"The large, log Mess Hall was impressive as a complex log structure as well as for the meals that it served. It was a place where we had the opportunity to meet other members of the camp's staff not directly associated with our provisional troop on a day-to-day basis. Each table was responsible for inviting a member of the camp staff to their table for each meal. That responsibility fell to the scout designated as the table's waiter. I was never quite sure if the purpose of this requirement was to provide adult leadership at the table or to create a means to socialize the campers with all of the staff. Maybe it was both. In either case, it was probably a good idea. Indeed, it became almost a contest to get the preferred staff member's name block from the mantel piece above the large, open fire place in the Mess Hall."

Jim Bunting remembers:

"Before meals we would line up, by campsite patrol, on the dam. Camp leaders stood on the point with the flagpole and would call out the name of each patrol, starting at one end and going down the line. When a patrol's name was called, the patrol leader would call back: "All present or accounted for, SIR." It was all very official. One day the camp leader was going down the line, calling out the patrols. As one of the patrols was called the patrol leader answered: 'All prescafore babe'. Everyone cracked up. The leaders out on the point were cool and just kept going to the next patrol. It is funny how some things just stick in your mind."

"Waiters would go to the mess hall as soon as they heard the bugle call for waiters, which sounded like:

*Waiters, waiters come to the messy hall,
Waiters, waiters come to the messy haaaaall.*

Waiters would set their table and once everyone was in, would rush into the kitchen to get the main course. Sometimes it wasn't ready and waiters had to wait in line. After the main course waiters would rush to the kitchen for desert. Sometimes the waiters were too early and would have to return to their table or wait in line. A lot of rushing into the kitchen when the kitchen wasn't ready.

One day we came into the mess hall and there were three colored lights on the wall to the kitchen. I think they were red, green and yellow. The red light meant stay at your table. The green light meant the main course is ready; yellow light meant desert is ready. The new lights sure organized the waiters, but I think it was less fun for the waiters.

Then there were Mess Hall songs. We would often sing songs after meals. One of the songs we sang was the Titanic song. 'Oh it was sad, it was sad when the great ship went down to the bottom of the ...' For the life of me I can't figure out why we were singing about the sinking of the Titanic."

Marty Suydam remembers:

"The original mess hall was the largest structure at Camp Glen Gray and dates to 1926. Built from hundreds of large, straight tulip trees locally harvested by Maine lumberjacks, it was the essence of pioneer spirit.

At the far end of the building from the entrance was a large stone fireplace with a wall enclosing the kitchen behind it. The rest of the building was open with no provision for screens nor windows – this was a camp, not a spa. In summer, tables were arranged to feed all campers and staff in a single sitting. For many years, during Scout summer camp, we ate three meals a day prepared by the same Marshall family supported by Scout kitchen staff – those in white in the picture are the staff that worked in the kitchen and were an important part of the staff. When the Marshall dad, George, retired, his son, Sonny and wife, Portia, ran the kitchen. Three great 'show time' performances a day were a testimony to the kitchen staff. The meals ritual started with campers picking up a name block for a 'favorite' staff member and invite him to their table. Meals often involved songs and skits. On rainy days, activities, other than rifle range, skeet, and archery, might be moved from outdoor locations to be under the large roofed area.

The camp store was located outside the kitchen area. Not always open, as campers, we would plan our daily schedule, so we could buy the things we most needed, such as patches and candy bars.

The mess hall was destroyed in 1961 in a fire caused by defective electrical wiring. Only the stone piers remained. A few years later, the current, enclosed building was erected on the same piers."

Jock Gist remembers:

"...George Marshall...George's wife also helped. They lived in that tiny cabin right next to the Mess hall. Family always came to the Camp fires. Believe they worked at a Princeton Dining Club during the year. Most importantly, they made very special desserts."

Jim Giblin remembers more:

“Government surplus food: I became intimately aware of it and what it meant to Glen Gray when I was the Steward in the Mess Hall in 1959. The late George Marshall and I checked the inventory that was left over from the previous summer during the first two days of ‘set-up’. He then decided how much of what we needed to get, and I went with someone who had a driver’s license-- read that as Bob Holfelder (I didn't have one yet) -- in that big old ‘6X’ down to Bayonne to what was the old naval base on the waterfront there. As best as I can recall, it was still a naval supply facility then with some ‘tenants’ using the massive amount of warehouse space that it had available. There were also still a few logistics force ships based there and quite a few ships in “mothballs” to include a battleship and one or two carriers. (Thanks to Bob Holfelder for this bit of education.) I think the Navy transferred Bayonne to the Army in the late 60s and that it closed sometime in the late 90s. I don't know what happened to the surplus food operation. That place was a treasure trove, and, for some reason, Glen Gray was treated very well by the folks who ran the warehouses there.

We left with a large quantity of 5 pound blocks of cheese (not processed cheese -- real cheese -- pretty good stuff as I recall); powdered milk in almost-unmanageable containers that were the size of 55-gallon drums (George had a way of mixing that stuff with real whole milk as a way of extending our milk supply when the dairy bill started to get a bit out of control during one of the camping periods in 1959); yellow corn meal in those same containers (George made some mean corn bread for breakfast with that stuff); flour in those same kind of containers; lard -- yes, I said lard -- in large metal containers; sugar (never figured this to be government surplus but I remember one of those folks in Bayonne telling me that they had this sugar as a result of some law that required the USG to purchase excess sugar from the producers in LA, TX and HI); cases of various kinds of vegetables and fruit in #10 cans (always fun to stock the high shelves behind the Trading Post with those -- seems to me I recall you helping on occasion); butter in one pound blocks in cases of 48 blocks (I think); large 25-pound tins of cocoa; and, large bags of rolled oats so that we could have oatmeal for breakfast.

And, wait for this one, coffee. Yes, I said coffee. This availability of this commodity was not well known among the camp staff since few drank it at that point in time. But George and my crew (Denny Crosby from Caldwell, Aaron Young from Montclair and Dave Rosenberg from Montclair) dutifully prepared hot coffee for every meal so that it would be available. I remember that Jud Leonard, Ray Snider, Steve Hodgson and I think Ben Pierce were particularly ‘needful’ of a cup of coffee in the morning as was George Marshall and that Ray liked to be able to get a cup or two during the day -- must have been his time in the Navy where coffee is second only to the CO in terms of godliness and, on some ships, you could get an argument about which is more important. When I got back to camp and was storing the coffee, I was fascinated by

the markings on the 5-pound tins. They said something like 'Roasted by U.S. Navy Pearl Harbor HI 1954' or words to that effect. I later learned at the Naval Academy that the Navy was in the coffee business for over one hundred years until Eisenhower ordered it to go to the commercial market for its coffee supply sometime in 1956 or 1957. I wish I would have kept one of those tins.

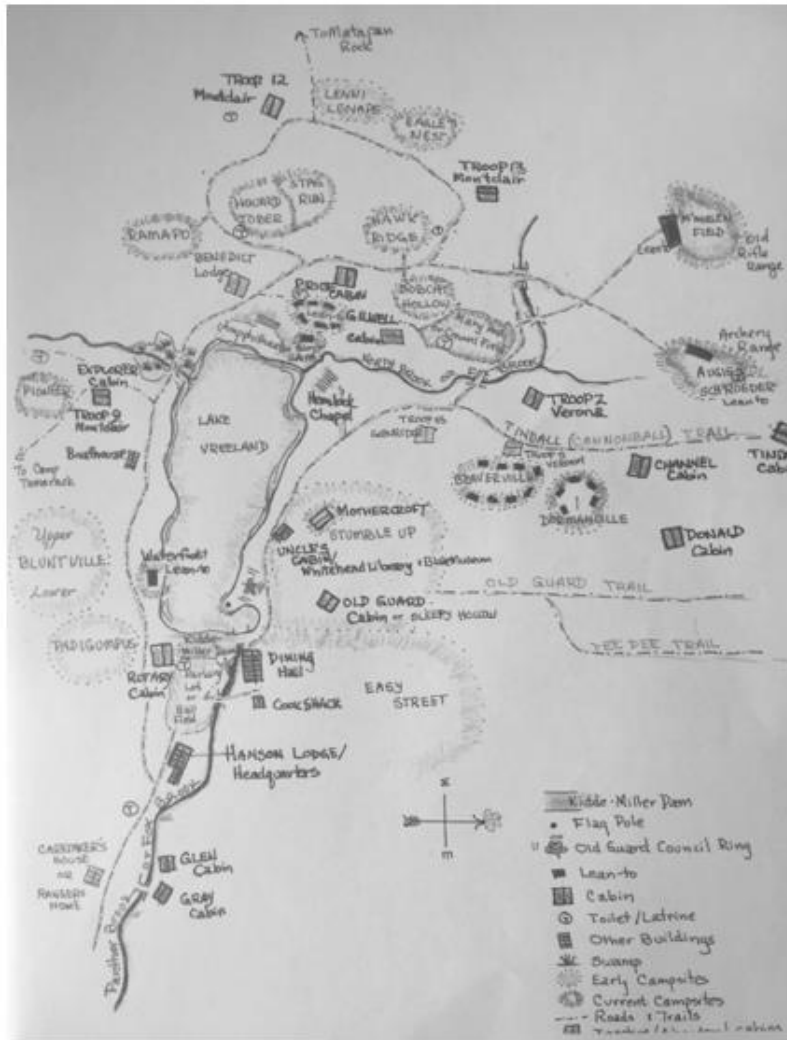
We also picked up canned hams (they were good!) and canned 'luncheon meat' -- translate that to mean 'Spam'. We also got a very limited quantity (not sure exactly why our ability to draw more was limited) of USDA surplus ground beef that was frozen. Though limited, it got us thru the first period at camp that year. We could have picked up almost an unlimited quantity of canned bacon and some kind of canned sausage, but George refused to use that stuff. After seeing where it was stored, I can understand why. We also picked up a fair amount of that old Navy staple -- powdered eggs. Though I grew to hate them while I was at sea, George Marshall had a unique talent to prepare them by mixing them with fresh eggs. I actually liked them at Glen Gray! We also were able to get some generic 'housekeeping supplies' such as paper towels for the kitchen, some kind of liquid detergent and some other 'stuff'. George gave me some latitude to 'experiment' if I saw something we had not picked up before but cautioned me to 'be careful'. I found surplus raisins in #10 cans but was promptly dissuaded from taking some on the advice of a worker there. I also found surplus honey in 'usable size' glass jars. I got about a case or two of them and they turned out to be a hit with George because he used honey as a natural sweetener in some of his recipes. The honey didn't last long that summer.

But the one staple, as you quite correctly cited, that was essential -- no, vital -- was the surplus peanut butter. I kind of remember Jud Leonard shouting to Bob and me as we were heading for Bayonne 'Don't come back without the peanut butter' or words to that effect. Though I recall it being somewhat 'stiff', George had a way of mixing it to make it seem 'smooth'. I never could master that technique.

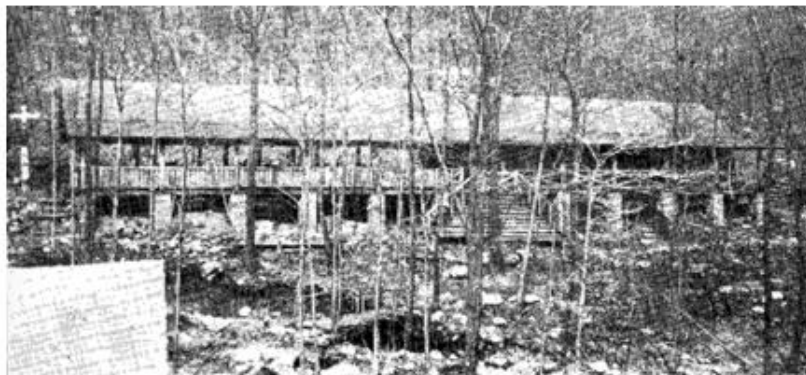
I came to appreciate the importance of that government surplus food. I learned from Ray and Jud that the ability of the Eagle Rock Council to keep the cost of 2 weeks at camp to \$40.00 (I'm pretty sure that was the cost back then or at least it was close to \$40.00) was based on keeping the cost per ration (one day's worth of food) to something on the order of \$2.00 per day or about \$26.00 for 13 days. Glen Gray couldn't do this without that USG surplus food. Consequently, it got a lot of attention early on because we were not sure just how much and what that trip to Bayonne would yield until we got the 'take' back to camp. I guess I never really appreciated the 'ration cost' until I realized that Navy officers got about \$48.00 per month back then for what was called a "subsistence allowance" or about \$1.60 per day."

Date written: 3/1/17 revised 11/23/17

Figure 15.1 Glen Gray Cabins & Buildings of the 1950's-1960's 37 38



1. Glen Gray Map, 2017 Centennial Homecoming



2. Original Mess Hall, circa 1930's

Camp HQ (Ranger Cabin) (Figure 15.2, No. 1).

Marty Suydam remembers:

"This was Bob Holfelder, Camp Ranger's house, built in 1931 and changed little since. Bob was a kind and caring steward of the camp who lived in pretty austere conditions with his wife. Bob, a World War II veteran, having served in the Pacific, had a vintage map on the wall of the Pacific campaign. The building also had maintenance shop space where, once we were of driving age, we could get to 'maintain' and drive the Army surplus 6x6 truck, and work with all sorts of chain saws. Adam Forbes, our high school classmate, spent more time there than we did, being more like an Assistant Ranger."

Old Guard Cabin (Figure 15.2, No. 2)

Marty Suydam remembers:

"After we became OG members we spent many nights in the cabin. Each time, we made improvements (e.g., repaired beds, built firewood racks). On returning recently I was surprised at how small the cabin seemed. We were man-sized then, but it just seemed small."

Rotary Cabin (Office & Infirmary) (Figure 15.2, No. 3)

Marty Suydam remembers:

"The Rotary Cabin lower level housed an administrative camp office for the clerk during summers. The upper level was quarters for the camp nurse and infirmary. It was the source for bugle calls that signaled the beginning and end of each day and the times for events during the day. Sometime between 1956-1959 a transition was made from an actual bugler blowing into a large, 4-foot diameter, sheet metal megaphone to recorded bugle calls over an electronic system with wired speakers at key locations around the camp. Whenever I hear bugle calls the memories echo in my mind, but the ones from a real bugle are most memorable."

Troop 1 Cabin (Figure 15.2, No. 4)

Probably one of the earliest troop cabins, formerly located to the north of Mary Post Field. Only a sign post remains.

Jim Giblin remembers:

"Some of the best times I had at Glen Gray were the weekends that we spent at Troop 1's cabin, a striking log structure that has, regrettably, long since passed into history. Too bad! A great place with a long, storied history! It was located near where the Hawk Ridge site is positioned today as I understand it. The fireplace in that cabin was majestic to say the least. The troop used its cabin as a base of operations

for fall and winter camping trips as well as making it available to individual patrols during the year. When I became a patrol leader, we made it a practice to use the cabin at least five times during the year as a way to get more time at Glen Gray and as a means to work on advancement and merit badges. But mostly we went to the cabin because we liked being there.

Over the years, Troop 1 had developed seven camp sites near the cabin. Each patrol was responsible for use and maintenance of its site. We used them regularly for the Fall and Winter Camporees.”

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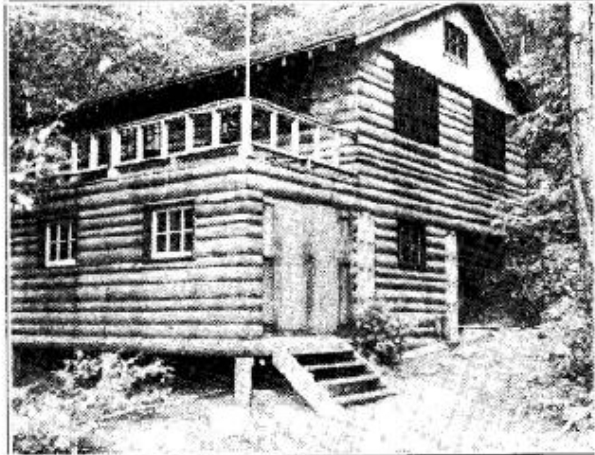
Figure 15.2 Glen Gray Cabins & Buildings of the 1950's-1960's 39 40



1. Ranger Cabin, circa 1930's



2. Old Guard Cabin



3. Rotary Cabin (Office & Infirmary)



4. Troop 1, Cedar Grove, Before (1930's) and 2017 (demolished)

Troop 2 Cabin (Figure 15.3, No. 1)

Mothercraft (Figure 15.3, No. 2)

Jim Bunting remembers:

"We caught a rattlesnake and the nature counselor took it to Mothercraft and put it in a big cage. We called it Fang. Someone caught a mouse and put it Fang's cage for food. Mostly the mouse cowered in a corner. The next day we came to Mothercraft and the snake was dead. The mouse had jumped on the snake and killed it. The mouse was a hero. We called it Wang, killer of Fang."

Troop 9 & Explorer Cabin (Figure 15.3, No. 3)

Marty Suydam remembers:

"I first tried to join Scouts with Troop 9 in 1954 at the age of 11. The troop was very rowdy. Our first campout was in the fall and we stayed in the cabin sleeping in the attic which was entered by a rickety wooden ladder through a hatch-like door. The attic floor was covered with rusty bedsprings laid out on the floor. There were no lights other than our flashlights, assuming we could find one with the jumble of backpacks, clothing, and sleeping bags. I had dreams years later of not being able to find the hatch to get out of the place. The whole weekend was non-stop hazing. We must have had adult supervision, but I don't remember ever seeing anyone controlling anything. It was just a 'free-for-all' weekend. I decided Scouts wasn't for me.

In school I had many friends who were part of Troop 12 and it had a great reputation – organized, challenging, and always fun. I joined and loved every part of the experience – and still do.

A couple years later, when I was 16, in addition to continuing to be a member of Troop 12, I joined a newly formed Explorer Post 9. As I recall, Troop 9 declined and finally dissolved, but some of the remaining boys, once they became 14, joined with some of us from Troop 12. As it turned out, the old Troop 9 cabin became part of our Explorer camping experience. In the coldest of winter days we could fire up the stove in the small kitchen area and cook our beans or stew. However, whenever I stayed in the cabin, I was always reminded of my first 'hell' of an experience there."

Troop 12 Cabin (Figure 15.3, No. 4)

Jim Bunting remembers:

"When staying in the cabin, and you scoop a ladle of water out of the water container to get a drink, don't let any of the undrunk water go back in the water container....one of about a million things I remember from staying in the cabin."

Marty Suydam remembers:

"The years we spent as Scouts in patrols our campsite was our home and the cabin was like a headquarters. The cabin was a place for staff meetings, Troop staff bunks and chapel on Sunday mornings. OK Taylor the Scoutmaster always slept on the back porch, no matter the weather. Ed Smith, an Assistant Scoutmaster, ran the kitchen, and when there were times we ate meals cooked in it, we ended up also having duties of cleanup of "pots and pans" – I hated that. We never left camp, but that the cabin was always spotless. Sunday mornings we all had to attend church service. OK Taylor was the "pastor". He would stand behind a vertical log "pulpit" in front of the huge rock fireplace in the main room and deliver some message. I remember little of what was said, since I was tired from the prior days adventures and had been up all night. I only remember daydreaming at a far wall that had a topographic map made of jig-sawed sheets of wood and staring at Mr. Taylor's uniform with all his awards."

Troop 13 Cabin (Figure 15.3, No. 5)

Uncle Frank's Cabin and Library (Figure 15.3, No. 6)

Jim Bunting remembers:

*"When I was a counselor at Glen Gray, during the summers, we used to hang out in the library building after supper, listening to records, reading and talking. We had a record player and I remember one of the records that got a lot of play was the sound track of Oklahoma. (Poor Jud is dead).
The problem was...because the floor was a little rickety, the record would skip when we walked across the floor. Marty Suydam came up with the idea of hanging the record player from the ceiling to eliminate floor vibration and it worked great. I wonder if the Library is still there."*

Jim Giblin remembers:

"I recall the Library for a different reason. It was the place where Troop 1's Board of Review came each summer to assess the folks in the troop who had completed the requirements for advancement -- usually to Second Class or First Class but, on occasion Star or Life. I recall one of the members of the Board telling me on completion of my First Class Board in July 1956 that the Library was where he had appeared before the troop's Board of Review for advancement to First Class some twenty years earlier. He emphasized that as long as he was the Chairman of the Board of Review, it would continue to travel to camp each summer to conduct its business there. He and the other members of that Board of Review made it iclear to each scout from Troop 1 who came before it that their purpose was to not to give them a test such as you would take in school but rather to assess your progress about what you have done as a Scout and what you were doing to help your patrol and the troop. I guess I left the Library that afternoon thinking that these folks on the

Board were more interested in my development for the future than what I had accomplished. I've always associated the Library with that idea."

Troop 4 Cabin (Price Cabin) (Figure 15.3, No. 7)

Ralph Najarian remembers:

"One winter camp, probably Jan '59 or so, our troop's adult leader went home right after we got there. Another father was supposed to come up after work. A horrible storm of drenching freezing rain came down on the entire camp. This kid in the cabin was really worried about his father as he was way overdue. Kid kept whining about his father being lost in the storm. Out I went in the freezing rain to search for lost adult. That trail was more of a road as it was wide enough for a jeep or a car as it was along the same side of the lake as the library, Mothercroft, Stumbleup. I got about 200 yards down the road and I see a flashlight right in the middle of Gilwell swamp. I yelled for him to stop moving and wait for me to get there. There he was knee deep in swamp and me approaching from the road also knee deep. Got to him and led him out of the swamp and onto the road to Mary Post. I was soaked to the skin long before we got to the cabin. There was no room in the cabin for everybody so I and another slept in a Gilwell leanto. The sky cleared and it froze all over. My clothes were ice, my shoes frozen to the floor. Had to walk naked to the cabin in the morning to get the 3/4 axe off the wall to break my shoes loose from the floor. The ground was frozen with spikes of ice sticking straight up from the ground and hurt like hell walking on them. I got myself and my clothes to the cabin, built fire, made a bucket of oatmeal for everybody and clothes dried enough to put on and somehow that Sunday we got home."

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Figure 15.3 Glen Gray Cabins & Buildings of the 1950's-1960's ⁴¹



1. Troop 2 Cabin



2. Mothercraft



3. Troop 9 & Explorer Cabin



4. Troop 12 Cabin



5. Troop 13 Cabin



6. Uncle Frank's Cabin and Library



7. Troop 4 Cabin (Price Cabin)

Gilwell Cabin and Shelters (Figure 15.4, No. 1)

Marty Suydam remembers:

"As a camper for a two week period during the summer of 1957, we had a provisional troop (mostly of Troop 12 Scouts) that lived at Gilwell. The Adirondack shelter in the center of this picture was one I shared with Bill Hughes, George Delatush, and John Gist. Neb Kehoe, a charismatic "grown-up" with a goatee, in his early twenties, was the Scoutmaster. We had a lot of campsite esprit in everything we did. One night we had a raid on another camp area, sneaking through the dark woods to harass the "enemy" sleeping campers. Two years later, when I was on the camp staff as Field Sports Director I lived the summer in Gilwell Cabin along with George Delatush. The location wa sperfect, since Mary Post Field was right behind the cabin and it is were I had Skeet and Archery ranges. Now that I look back George and I spent nearly every summer together from our first camping experience until we went to college."

Beaverville Shelters (Figure 15.4, No. 2)

The lore of the name Beaverville, built in 1955, dates to 1938 when:

"The additions to the camp and the new sections by this time had progressed to such an extent that the partitions of the site received a variety of names. The camp has such famous cities as Tokio [sic], Berlin, Hamburg, Potsdam, Rome and Vienna. A new camp site was developed at the westerly end of the lake and was referred to as "not a Dam (n) site; this is a Boy Scout Camp." Beavers had been introduced and a Beaverville was planned. Four beavers soon developed into eight beavers. They kept industrious according to the tradition of the species. Bluntville was extended until there was an Upper Bluntville." ⁴²

Shelters were added to the site in 1955.

Dormanville Shelters (Figure 15.4, No. 3)

Built in 1956 and named after Theodore T. Dorman, an early Montclair Scoutmaster and Scout Commissioner, friend of Frank Gray, and one of the first inductees into the Old Guard, in 1915.

Benedict Lodge (Troop 3) (Figure 15.4, No. 4)

The Lodge itself appears to have been named for a Walter Benedict, was built in 1936, and once boasted a sign that read "Benedict Lodge - John J. Pershing Troop 3 Caldwell NJ".

Bill Nunamacher remembers:

Inserted in Benedict Lodge story

"I joined Scouting in Troop 1, North Caldwell, in November 1941 at the age of 12. I had not been a Cub Scout, but my parents were convinced I should join Scouting. I became the first Eagle Scout of Troop 1 in March 1945. Back in the 1940's we had two Scout Districts in Eagle Rock Council, Grover Cleveland District (the Caldwell, Fairfield, Essex Fells, Roseland, and part of Verona) and Frank Gray District (Montclair, Glen Ridge, and part of Verona). My first Christmas, as a Scout, I received my complete Scout uniform and camping equipment that I still have. Our first campout was in winter and we 'camped' in Troop 3's Benedict Lodge that was shared by the Caldwell troops. The cabin had a huge stone fireplace with a kitchen. That weekend we had 13 inches of snow and played ice hockey on a frozen Lake Vreeland. I remember everything that happened that weekend clearly as though it was today."

Troop 3 Cabin (George Gimbel's cabin)

Cabin no longer exists, but was a "haunt" of George Gimbel, a legendary Scoutmaster and dynamic, caring, and often thought of as eccentric leader. The cabin deteriorated during the 1960's and was razed.

Waterfront Shelter (Figure 15.4, No. 5)

The Waterfront Shelter was the living quarters for the Waterfront staff during summers. During the 1950's and 1960's it was open like the rest of the Adirondack (or Lean-To) shelters, but was closed off on the front side some years later.

Marty Suydam remembers:

"The Waterfront Shelter was often our living quarters when John Watson, George Delatush, and I worked at the camp during the non-summer season. We had a great view of the lake. Nearly every morning George would be up, while still dark, and go fishing – usually successful enough to provide us breakfast. Once in a while we would go out early and hunt pheasant for another meal – usually not as predictably successful as George's fishing."

Glen and Gray Cabins (Figure 15.4, No. 6)

Built in the mid-1950's these cabins housed the Summer Camp Director and Assistant Camp Director and their families.

Date written: 3/1/17 revised 11/23/17

Figure 15.4 Glen Gray Cabins & Buildings of the 1950's-1960's ⁴³



1. Gilwell Shelters and Cabin



2. Beaverville Shelters



3. Dormanville Shelters



4. Benedit Lodge (Troop 3)



5. Waterfront Shelter



6. Glen and Gray Cabins

Glen Gray Summer Campsites

The mid-20th century summer campsites at Camp Glen Gray were of two types, tent platform and Adirondack shelter. Each tent or shelter would accommodate up to four Scouts living on metal spring beds with single mattresses. The tents were canvas with a rain tarp stretched across the ridge pole and tied off to rails on each side of the tent platform. Adirondack shelters had built-in bunk beds.

Stumbleup, Lower and Upper Bluntville, and Pattigumpus had tent platforms and Gilwell, Dormanville, Beaverville, had Adirondack shelters. There was also a short-lived tent platform area northeast and up the hill from the mess hall named Valhalla that was used by some camp staff. Stumble Up was closest to the mess hall, and Upper and Lower Bluntville were northwest of and between Pattigumpus and Troop 9/Explorer Cabin, but are not shown in maps since the 1960's.

Jock Gist remembers:

"When I was a camper, the camp sites included: Easy Street (mostly staff), Stumble-Up, Pattigumpus, Bluntville (both Upper and Lower), Gilwell, Beaverville, and Dormanville. Gilwell, Beaverville, and Dormanville were Lean-Tos while the other sites were sites with 4-person platform tents. I believe US Navy Seabees built Dormanville..."

The loss of the Mess Hall had a major impact on Glen Gray. In addition to losing morning and evening color ceremonies, the focus of the camp moved west with new campsites using two-person tents and large, tarp-covered dining shelters since all meals were at the camp site until the new Mess Site was completed. The two-person tents made set-up and take-down more difficult as tents, beds, mattresses and tent platforms had to be stored.

Benedict Lodge became center of camp with evening color ceremonies reinstated for days when evening meal was served in the new Mess Hall.

These new campsites included: Hawk Ridge, Eagles Nest, Bobcat Hollow, and Fox Den (teepees) The teepees – what an adventure trying to erect them – went from logs to bamboo poles, – scouts loved it, and lucky for me, staff lived in old four-person tent. Since moving to Austin in 2012, I have become fascinated with the stories of the Comanches who also used teepees – maybe we should have hired them to help us with setting up the camp site.

After the Mess Hall fire, meal preparation was at the campsites, including Chuck Boxes (remember them?) for breakfast and lunch with 'hot' catered dinner. Since there was no longer a kitchen, food was catered by Graulich Caterers in Orange, NJ with the camp truck making a Monday through Friday pickup. Dick Bartlett, who made the food runs and was the "Mayor" of Benedict Lodge, became Ma Graulich at Camp fires."

Jim Giblin remembers:

"Received your message LIMA CHARLIE -- loud and clear. It reminded me of those cross-lake shout-outs between Stumble Up and Pattigumpus and Bluntville. I was never sure who came out on top of those because they always seem to have been cut short by a zealous scoutmaster telling everyone that taps had sounded, and it was time to go to bed just about the time they really were getting good."

Stumbleup

Jim Bunting remembers:

*"Stumble Up, Stumble Up
Eat your lunch.
Stumble Up, Stumble Up
Munch Munch Munch."*

Jim Giblin remembers:

"My first trip to Glen Gray during the summer was a two-week period during July 1956 with about twenty members of my troop. We camped in the long-since abandoned, but never forgotten by those who camped there, Stumbleup. Roger Hook from Upper Montclair was our provisional Scoutmaster and Carl Hess from Verona was our provisional Assistant Scoutmaster. I had a picture of all those folks that was taken in the camp's council ring but, as with many other things, it has been lost over the 30 years of moving while I was on active duty in the Navy. As best as I recall, my tent platform was number seven which was almost at the top of that semi- mystical, quasi-legendary camp site. Over the course of that summer, we came to appreciate first hand why it was branded as 'Stumbleup'!

Living in Stumbleup afforded its waiters an opportunity to get to the Mess Hall promptly when the camp bugler sounded 'Waiter's Call'. Some of the folks from the more distant campsites such as Dormanville and Beaverville figured out that they could pocket their desired guest's name block ahead of time. But this practice was strictly against the rules as laid down by Wade Bartlett from Upper Montclair, the Steward of the Mess Hall. Wade had a way of knowing just who was subverting the rules and always levied some form of "extra instruction" in the etiquette of the Mess Hall for such a digression."

Bluntville (Upper & Lower)

Marty Suydam remembers:

"My first summer I lived in a platform tent with 3 other scouts, George Delatush, Kirk Usher, and Luis Pi-Sunyer in Lower Bluntville. Carl Hess was the Scoutmaster. Of those tent mates, Luis was the Troop 12 Senior Patrol Leader; George was my tent mate for summer camps both as a camper and staff, went to Philmont with me, and

ended up being in my wedding party; and Kirk and I received our Eagle at the same ceremony. As tent mates, we had a challenge to see if we could kill the witch hazel bush outside the tent by peeing on it – it thrived!”

Jim Giblin remembers:

“During the summer of 1960 I served as the camp’s Rangemaster at what was then a new rifle range near Troop 1’s cabin. Oftentimes I think I can still smell the creosote that we used to preserve the firing platform and the target holder. John Hickey, another old friend from Cedar Grove, and I lived in tent platform number one in the long-since gone area of Lower Bluntville. Marty Suydam, John Watson, George Delatush and the late Adam Forbes also lived in Lower Bluntville with us. It was, to say the least, quite a crew. Almost the entire camp was, at one time or another, involved with late retired Sergeant Major John Buffington from Troop 4 of Verona in building a monkey bridge across the lake. That summer also witnessed the case of the mysterious afloat Volkswagen that somehow magically appeared on the swimming float in the middle of the lake one morning. My abiding respect for the importance of ‘sources and methods’ prevents me from discussing this clandestine, or perhaps covert, operation any further.”

Latrines

Latrines were memorable for many things, mostly “fragrant” memories.

Ralph Najarian remembers:

“I remember the one down the hill from mess hall was Berlin. I think Stumble Up was Moscow, Easy Street was Stalingrad, and Pattigumpus was Rome.”

Jim Giblin remembers:

Trying to get hot, or at least warm, water for a shower in Stalingrad – another semi-mystical, quasi-legendary ‘convenience’ of Glen Gray – proved to be a humbling experience. But, like many other things, my skirmish with the showers in Stalingrad had a positive side to it because it introduced me to Bob Holfelder, the camp’s Ranger. One day, I was assigned to help Bob pump-down the tank at Stalingrad. My part of the job was relatively simple – just help him haul a hose from a tank truck parked in front of Mothercroft to the latrine. Over the course of the pump down, Bob struck up a conversation with me. Most of it focused on how to get hot water for the showers. He showed me how to regulate the draft of Stalingrad’s near-prehistoric wood stove to heat the water more effectively as well as showing me how to set a nearly non-operational mixing valve on the equally ancient hot water tank. Faithfully following his advice coupled with the fact that a new mixing valve mysteriously appeared a few days later improved the shower situation in Stumbleup such that the folks from Troop 1 elevated Bob Holfelder to the status of a minor celebrity that summer. During that pump-down, Bob and I also talked about the Navy. He was a

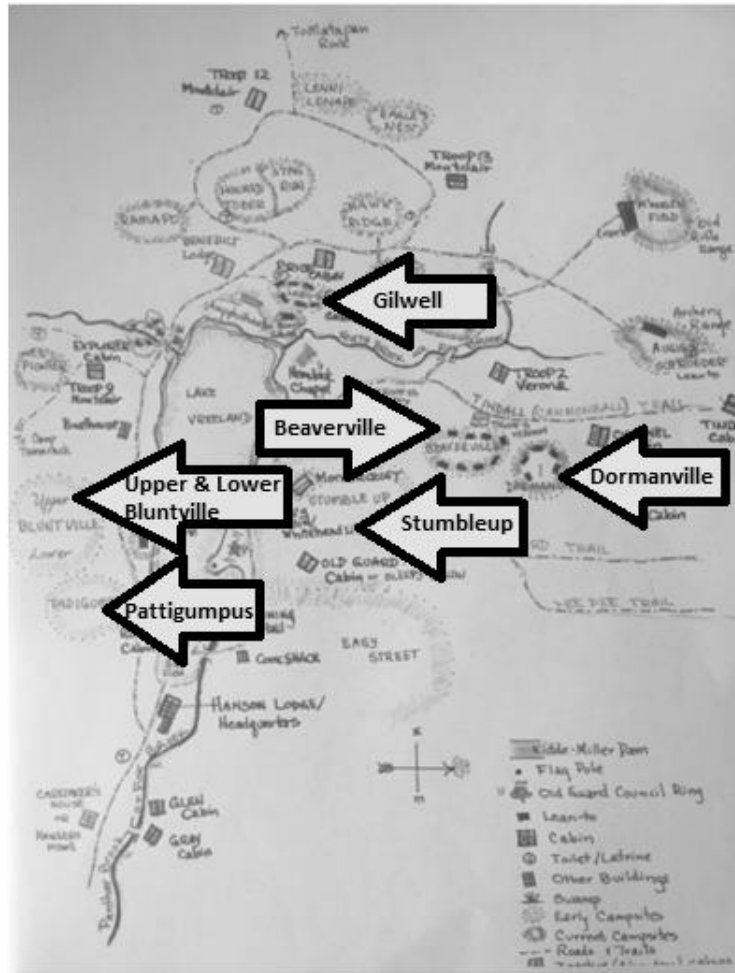
Navy veteran and I found it interesting what he had to say about his experiences in the Navy.”

John Watson remembers:

“Stalingrad was Stumbleup's latrine as per his (Jim Giblin's) recollection of pumping it out with Bob Holfelder... He said the pumper was parked in front of Mothercroft indicating Stumbleup. I don't recall Easy Street as having their own. My brother Ned said that Easy Street had only 2 tent platforms and they used the Stumbleup latrine. He also mentioned a camper losing a retainer or some sort of dental apparatus and having to capture his turds before they went down the hole, then inspect them.”

Date written: 2/13/2017

Figure 16 Glen Gray Summer Campsites ^{44 45}



1. Summer Camp Areas (1950's-early 1960's)



2. Tent Platform

The Wars of Glen Gray Summer Camp

There is a long history of war games at Glen Gray starting back as far as the 1920's. According to a couple citations in the collection of articles that comprise "Thirty Years of Scout Camping"⁴⁶:

"The war games...As a rule they were held at night and were interspersed with kidnaping adventures. Some of the war games lasted many hours with a minimum supply of rations...Though rival Scouts were sometimes stung by yellow jackets, or suffered scratches and bruises, there was no case in which a Scout was bitten by a snake or suffered any serious injury. However, certain parents continued to object to the games...camp officials decided that the activity was getting too rough and requiring too much supervision."

During the 1934 summer camp, it was reported that:

"Scoutmaster O.K. Taylor camped his Troop 12 of Montclair on the Pattigumpus side of the lake this season. One night the Lenni Lanapes [sic] and Piogumpians waged a "terrific" battle with a surprising climax when the neophyte campers found that the battle had left them stripped of garments in an unusual initiation prank. The rival camp veterans stole away with the habiliments as booty. The yearling campers were well baptized in the lake."⁴⁷

War games weren't every year events and arose sporadically over the years, largely the result of fears and concerns of parents.

Marty Suydam remembers:

"I can't recall ever hearing of war games in my first years as a camper during the 1950's. Then in July 1957, at 5 am one day we were awakened by our Gilwell Campsite Scoutmaster, Neb Kehoe, and were briefed on the plan. We moved as raiders, under cover of darkness, to wage war on Beaverville. It was an early-morning toilet paper and water balloon attack. Kehoe led the assault. I was convinced he'd get fired for pulling off this stunt, but never heard anything. In later years, I came to learn these "wars" were part of the "olden days" of Glen Gray camping. This must have been the "resurrection" of long-ago abandoned war games. In 1957, we not only had land battles, but naval battles with rival campsite enemy forces in battleship canoes."

The next year, during the summer of 1958, I went to Philmont Scout Ranch, so didn't go to summer camp. However, recently I found a lone copy (first page only) of the August 23, 1958 edition of The Tulip Leaf, the summer camp newsletter. This camp newspaper appeared for the first time, August 21, 1932 and contained the following editorial statement of purpose:

"The Tulip Leaf ... serves as a medium of expression for campers themselves... the paper does not contain news..."⁴⁸

The August 23, 1958 edition contained a news article entitled, THE OVERNIGHT WAR GAME (Figure 17). The article read as follows:

"All were victorious in the war game. The decision of the jury was – tie. Congratulations to both armies. Gilwell was surprised to be aroused at 530 AM Wednesday with the news that the war was on and that they were to move out in ½ an hour. Breakfast was ready for them. It was prepared for them by Troop 11 of Beaverville. At 715 the blue army was aroused. At breakfast news leaked out that the war was on. After breakfast, the blue army assembled and were on their adventure trail. Although the reds were farther up than expected on the cannonball trail The Blue Army outflanked them. However, the battle proved well for the reds. After the battle had ceased it was plain to the reds that the Blue Army was not camped out at Matapan rock as previously suspected. Both armies retreated for dinner. "The Fate Squad" decided that night raiding might be harmful to the cause. The next day both armies prepared for the big and final battle. This "Gop" fight included oatmeal, water balloons, water, and several other "unmentionable items". The reds came out on top in this battle. Due to the failure of the Blue Army Supply Train 100 water balloons failed to arrive at the battlefield until the truce was enforced. When the armies arrived back in camp all were glad to step in to the shower."

Jock Gist remembers:

"I must have missed the war games, but I do remember many games of Capture the Flag."

Jim Giblin remembers:

"The Great Raid of 1957 into "Pattigumpusland": After attending the fifth National Jamboree at Valley Forge as a representative of Troop 1 from Cedar Grove, I returned to camp once again with about twenty other members of the troop. Somehow, I was assigned to the same tent platform in 'Stumbleup' as I occupied in the summer of 1956. Charlie Porter from Caldwell was our provisional Scoutmaster.

As best as I recall, sometime late on the first Monday we were in camp, Charlie Porter called a few of us from the troop together and told us to plan to raid "Pattigumpusland" on Thursday or Friday morning very early. I did not know much about the tradition of "war games" at Glen Gray at that time. But I do remember that the folks from Troop 4 from Verona had "attacked" 'Stumbleup' in July 1956 when I was a camper. That assault, though successful, was a minor annoyance in that the "Pattigumpians," for some unknown reason, only focused their assault on the first 3 or 4 tent platforms closest to Mothercroft at the bottom of 'Stumbleup.' Though we were embarrassed, we didn't let the minor humiliation get to us. We were able to soundly defeat the "Pattigumpians" that weekend in the swimming events that were part of the Sunday routine when visitors were in camp.

OK – back to 1957. The plan that evolved was simple one – Split the troops from ‘Stumbleup’ into a main assault force and an advance force to conduct a coordinated, so we hoped, raid into ‘Pattigumpusland’ at 0530 on Friday morning, Charlie Porter led the main assault force and I was tasked with leading the advance force. I don’t recall the exact number of scouts in each element, but the main assault force had more than the advance force. I do recall that Bill Mathes, Tony Madge, and I think Brad Blodgett were part of the advance force with me.

The main assault force was supposed to position itself to the south of ‘Pattigumpusland’ and on signal, attack with water balloons and toilet paper. The new “weapon” available to the assault force was the lacrosse stick that one of the folks from Troop 1 had brought to camp. And it proved to be a truly “transformational capability” by adding accuracy to the water balloons that were launched during the raid. The advance force was to depart ‘Stumbleup’ about 30 minutes prior to the assault force and stealthily cross the dam, ‘liberate’ the 10-gauge cannon and one shell that sounded reveille from the camp’s office and proceed to a point just above ‘Pattigumpusland’ via the outskirts of ‘Lower Bluntville.’ When in place, the advance force was to fire the cannon at precisely 0530 as the signal for the main assault force to “commence ops.” The advance force would then attack from the opposite side of ‘Pattigumpusland’.

Well, what can I say ...the best laid plans ...!! We had synchronized our watches before turning in the night before. The advance force was in place and fired the cannon as planned. However, the main assault force was not quite on station yet. But, the raid came off quite well and the withdrawal was unchallenged with all members of both forces back in ‘Stumbleup’ and the cannon returned to the camp’s office just before reveille. All of us had mixed feelings. On the one hand, we were proud that we had pulled this off even if it wasn’t exactly a real “coordinated” attack. On the other, most of us wondered what the retribution would be like. I’ve got to admit that I had visions of being sent home early and losing the position of Senior Patrol Leader that I was to assume in the fall. Even if I didn’t get booted out of camp, I was certain that the late Steve Hodgson, the Waterfront Director at the time, would somehow find out that I was the guy that fired the cannon well before reveille and wreak a terrible vengeance on me. Steve was known to like his sleep and did not like to be disturbed.

It all turned out OK. The folks from ‘Pattigumpusland’ congratulated us on a well-planned and well-executed raid at breakfast and put us on notice that they too could conduct a raid. Most of the ‘Pattigumpians’ from Troop 4 Verona attended Our Lady of the Lake School in Verona and there were about 5 or 6 folks from Troop 1, including me, who attended that school with them. Steve Hodgson thought the whole thing was GREAT and gave us all a “Well Done.” Steve was a former member of Troop 1 and had been the subject of raids by ‘Pattigumpusland’ on, you guessed it, ‘Stumbleup’ in years gone by. He gave Troop 1 a brief history of ‘war games’ at Glen Gray from his perspective. No one said anything about the cannon – at least not to me. As far as I know, no one reprimanded Charlie Porter.

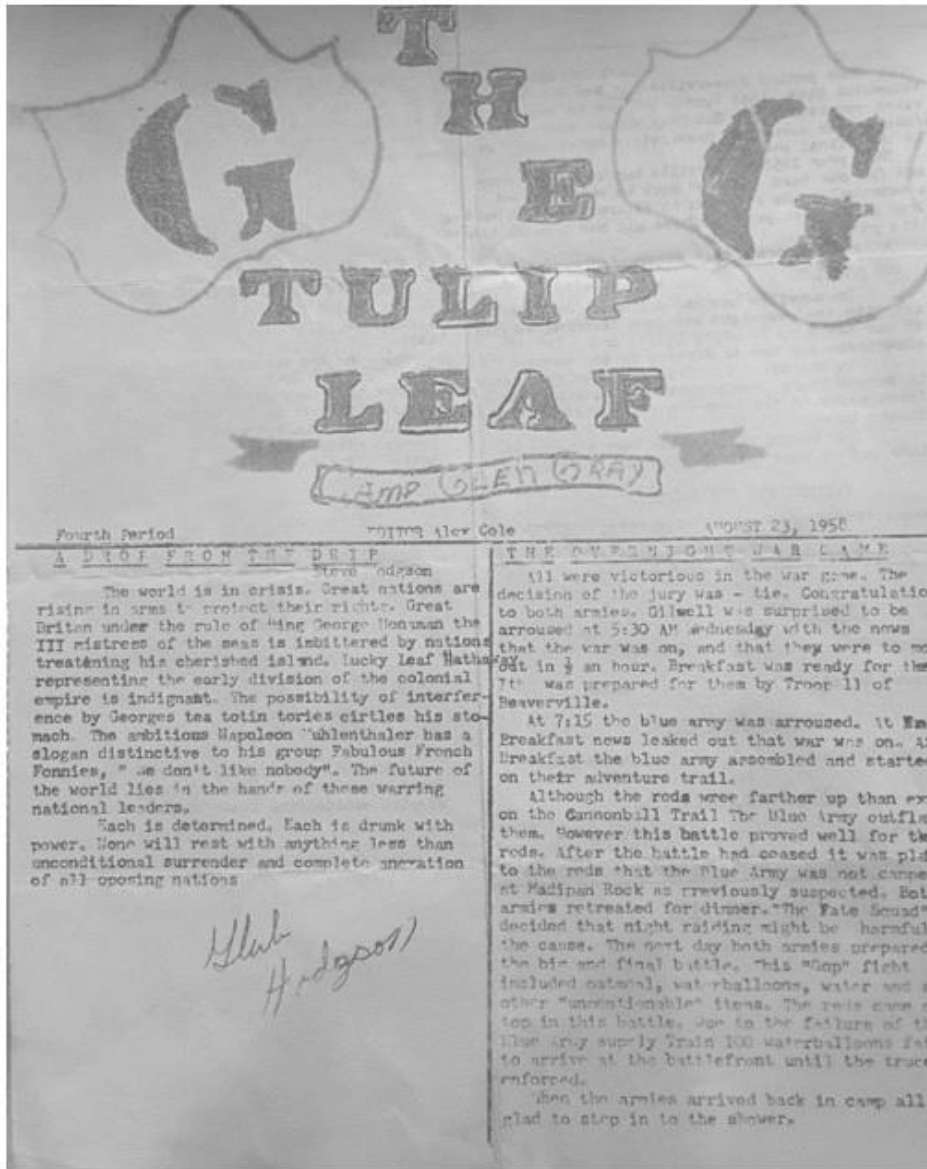
But Bob Holfelder, in his unique, inimitable way, cornered me one afternoon the following week and wanted to know how we developed the plan. After some “hemming and hawing,” I told him that three of us from Troop 1 who were going into our first year at Seton Hall Prep in the fall had been tasked to read Kenneth Roberts’ Northwest Passage over the summer and be prepared to discuss it during English and Literature class that fall. We patterned the attack after the plan used by Major Robert Rogers of Rogers’ Rangers fame to attack the Abenaki village at St. Francis in Quebec in the late 1750s. Bob didn’t say a thing – he just gave me a rather deep, guttural “Hmmm” and walked away.

And, by the way, the ‘Pattigumpians’ tried to retaliate by raiding into ‘Stumbleupland’ the following week. Their attack was unsuccessful because of a treasure trove of “human intelligence” that we were able to collect and the fact that we posted sentries around ‘Stumbleup’ on the morning of the expected raid.”

These were the times of outdoor fun and excitement and being part of wild adventures – likely not allowed with today’s Politically Correct standards. In only a couple of years many of these boys were men and went to a real war in Vietnam.

Date written: 8/1/17

Figure 17 The Wars of Glen Gray Summer Camp 49



The Tulip Leaf, August 23, 1958

Winter Camping

My winter camping started in 1957. Winter camporees at Camp Glen Gray were Eagle Rock Council-sponsored events and Scouts usually slept in their troop cabins. I remember little about that first winter campout -- only the cold. Surviving the cold must have been the only competition that year.

In 1958, I was 13 years old and was patrol leader of the Hound Patrol. This year in January, we had the Klondike Derby theme for the winter camporee. Although Boy Scouts of America started Klondike Derby in 1949, 1958 was Glen Gray's first. This was a Scout Council-level patrol (not troop-level) competition, based on the heritage of the Klondike Gold Rush -- where 1800's gold prospectors traveled the sub-zero reaches of Alaska by means of dogs and sleds. They had to survive winter weather needing survival skills, which they learned from the native Eskimos -- we were doing the same, except we traded being trained by Eskimos for training by dedicated Scout leaders -- who also braved the cold. Troop patrols were always fiercely competitive, but for this event, we competed as a composite patrol made up of members of other patrols from the same troop. I believe Troop 12 fielded two of these special patrols. The purpose of Klondike Derby was to have Scouts exercise their problem-solving skills, put their Scouting skills to work in the field, demonstrate teamwork, and to have fun outdoors on winter days. I don't recall any Derby being held at Camp Glen Gray before or after 1958. The competition involved several stations where a patrol was tested on Scoutcraft skills (e.g., knot-tying, fire building, first aid) run for time and accuracy. Leadership and teamwork were part of the evaluation.

The Scouts also had to navigate between stations and transport their equipment on an improvised sled pulled by patrol members acting as huskies. Patrols earned spendable "gold nuggets" to be used at the trading post. The winning patrol members received gold medals. Our team must not have won, since I don't recall receiving a gold medal -- but maybe that is just fading memory. Those were the days when kids received patches for participation and medals for winning.

A ditto-reproduced map of the 1958 Klondike Derby at Camp Glen Gray, discovered in the Glen Gray archives, sketches the plan of events. (Figure 18, No. 1)

For the winter camporee of the following year, 1960, the January weather was expected to drop below zero. The competition was again to survive the cold. The temperature dove to -10. This allowed all participants to receive a special (and coveted) patch recognizing that achievement. My most vivid memory of that weekend campout was sleeping in a cave on the north side of the camp. It was long night, with wind howling and snow blowing. Scouts huddled together and a fire blazing at the mouth of a cave. I stayed close to my friend Ralph, injured in a pyrotechnic accident the prior week, who had a raging fever. He wanted to stick it out, but in middle of the night became delirious, and the adult leaders decided to evacuate him across frozen fields to a nearby troop cabin. He survived, and so did we.

Jim Giblin remembers:

"I always enjoyed the winter events. Not only were they fun but they also gave me a good sanity check on just where I stood as a leader as well as with my personal cold weather skills. Although the competition was between troops, I seem to recall that each troop designated one or two patrols to represent it in each of the various events... I do remember the first aid and fire building competitions during what I remember was a very, very cold weekend. It seems to me that we had a council fire in the camp's council ring on Saturday evening with a pretty good crowd in attendance. I also seem to recall that this weekend was one of the times when George Gimbel did one of his 'ice rescue' drills. I could never figure out how he could go thru the ice into the lake and then coach someone to come rescue him".

Jock Gist remembers:

"I do remember the Klondike Derbies and running all over pulling the sleds."

Ralph Najarian remembers:

"Klondike derby was January 1958. The thing in the caves below north lookout was January 1960. I remember a group was formed at large and they wanted me because I could split wood and get a hot fire really quick. We had to boil water and a judge would tell us to move on to the next thing. The group came in first, we all got gold medals, can't remember rest of group I think Jerry Smith, Deli, Rusty Wood. I remember running to the spring to wet my hair, so I could comb it for the pic, but running back to the cabin the water froze and I couldn't comb it. There was an article and photo of us in the Times...

...I can't remember much of that stuff, but the record of my badges is hanging on the wall, and they are dated. The thing in the cave badge is a 10 below badge with an extra blue outer border...the medal upper left is from Klondike derby. to the right of the leather patch is the 10 below thing and the crescent at the bottom with the dark blue is from the night in the cave below north lookout, dated 1960. Klondike Derby patch is lower right corner 1958." (Figure 18, No. 2)

Jim Giblin remembers more:

"While both of these [Fall and Spring Camporees] events across my time at Glen Gray were productive and memorable, the winter encampments at these campsites were perhaps more distinct in my memory. I particularly recall the January 1957 Winter Camporee; I think it was the coldest I had ever been up to that point in my life. These winter events also afforded the troop the chance to exercise another of its longstanding traditions associated with Glen Gray. The Scoutmaster, Assistant Scoutmasters and the senior Patrol Leader would prepare hot cocoa early each morning on the cabin's large, wood cook stove during winter camporees for the entire troop. It was a clever way to conduct a "health and welfare check" to make sure that everyone was OK after a night in the cold and give them a chance to come

inside the cabin for hot cocoa before they started cooking breakfast at each patrol's campsite. To say that this 'traditio'" was appreciated by the entire troop, especially those participating in their first Winter Camporee, is an understatement!"

Jim Bunting remembers:

I remember a little about the Klondike Derby at Camp Glen Gray. I was in Troop 12 and we had a good team lead by Marty Suydam. At troop 12 Marty was my nemesis. He was the patrol leader of the Hound patrol and I was the leader of the Cougar patrol. No matter how hard our patrol tried in our troop competitions -- map making, tent pitching, string burning -- we could never beat the Hound Patrol...but that's another story.

At the Klondike Derby, we were on the same team. Marty made sure we were prepared for all the events and knew that at the start of the Derby our team would have to run across the frozen lake. Marty made a harness, like a dog sled harness, so we could all pull the sled without falling over each other as we ran across the ice. We tested it in his basement before the Derby. It worked great and I think we got a jump on the other teams. The sled carried all the supplies we would need for the events: axes, hatchets, tents, etc.

From that point on my memory is a little hazy because I was freezing fast...it was probably the coldest day of the decade.

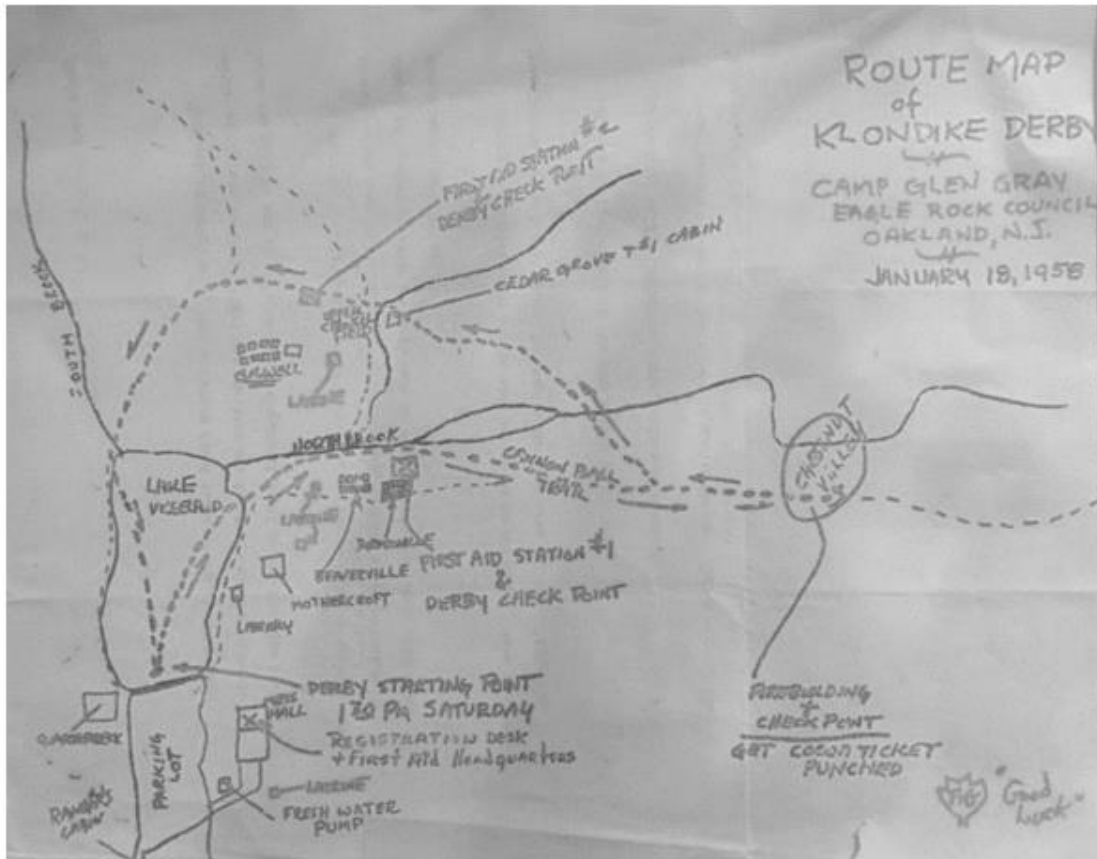
Our team made it to each event station and we got gold nuggets depending on our score at each station. We made it back to the end of the Derby which was an 'assayer's office'. I remember this part well. The assayer determined the value of our gold and give the team something -- maybe credit in the store in exchange for our gold. The assayer made it seem real and took his time figuring out the weight, measure and quality of our gold nuggets, and I'm thinking: 'Give us a break, we're freezing out here!!'

All-in-all it was a good day, well organized and a good test of our camping skills. It was great being a member of Marty's team and I think we did a good job for troop 12. But gosh it was cold.

Winter camping is not for sissies – nor is it for old men looking back on 60 years!

Date written: 8/1/17

Figure 18 Winter Camping ⁵⁰ 51



1. Map Klondike Derby, 1958



2. Patches "Buckskin" Collection

High Adventure

The Montclair Times, August 14, 1958: "Twenty-three Explorers and two leaders from Eagle Rock Council, Boy Scouts of America have just returned from a rugged three-week trip to Philmont Scout Ranch."

The picture that accompanied the article, taken the day we arrived in Cimarron, New Mexico, is now very faded with age, thus the actual picture is shown (Figure 19, No. 1).

Marty Suydam remembers:

"I'm the Explorer with the buff-colored cowboy hat. That hat, while I thought it looked like it belonged to Hopalong Cassidy, was a New Jersey State Trooper hat with creative shaping – the only cowboy-like hat my mother could find. I always felt as though I stood out in the crowd. While we called them 10-gallon hats, I felt mine was bigger than the rest by at least a gallon."

We traveled across the country by train and spent two weeks hiking in the New Mexico Rockies.

Jock Gist remembers:

"Highlights of the trip included: the train rides to/from Raton, NM, 'bathing' in Lake Michigan, Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry, Niagara Falls, and staying at the Pueblo in La Junta, CO (where I think we bought our hats). Great expedition and adventure, including the bears raiding our food and packing the burros. After the expedition, I returned for last two-week period at Glen Gray as a camper– boy, was I in shape! Incredible group of leaders and fellow hikers – I can't help but notice from the group photo – we were an integrated team, and none of us probably even thought about it – I'm proud of that!"

Marty Suydam remembers:

"The train trips, to and from New Mexico, were an adventure of their own. Going west we made a stop in Chicago and toured the Museum of Science and Industry. Traveling west, the train had a long stop during the night. As teenage boys might be expected to engage in bathroom-like antics, we decided that it might be interesting to validate the rumor that trains dumped their waste directly on the tracks and not into holding tanks. We were in the last car on the train, so we were confident we could confirm the hypothesis. As the train pulled away, sure enough, there was a toilet paper sandwich piled between the tracks."

In La Junta, Colorado, we spent the night camping in a Koshare Indian kiva. At Cimarron, New Mexico we finally detrained, piled all our hiking gear outside the train station and walked around town shopping for artifacts. I bought a silver hatband with Indian markings and a leather belt that I still wear (Figure 19, No. 2). We met our Ranger, the person who would guide us through the first couple days, and took a bus to the ranch headquarters. We found our way to 'tent city' – hundreds of tents on wooden platforms and began the training process for our trek. Philmont Scout Reservations is a rugged, 127,000-acre ranch in the Sangre de Cristo range of the Rockies. For two weeks we hiked daily, covering most of the reservation, and camped each night. Every day was an adventure of fishing, panning for gold, mule-packing, and horseback riding. On two occasions, our nights were disturbed by black bears anxious to tear open the food we had suspended in trees in metal-wire baskets – one bear managed to tear open a metal container and also a couple backpacks where hikers had hidden candy bars – a sleepless night listening for the sound of sniffing bears around our tents. In a recent email exchange with one of the Explorers on the trip, he recalled: "The night the bears came into camp, just about all of us... were running amuck, whooping and hollering, me included. In the middle of all this chaos, I came upon Mr. Jackson sitting alone on a rock next to a campfire. I first admonished him for not running for safety and then for not being excited about the intrusion of the bears. I cannot remember his words, but his response was something implying that there was no sense in his getting excited because it would not lead to the bears leaving. He further explained that he thought it best for him to just sit, relax, as the chaos going on around about him would play itself out. And so, it did."

On the return trip east, we again stopped in Chicago and a daylong stop of Niagara Falls including a ride on the Maid of Mist boat. I don't remember too much of the last couple days since I had had an accident knocking loose my front teeth and I was living on aspirin and beginning to experience the pain of abscessed teeth. By the time we returned to Montclair my mouth was badly swollen and painful. Our dentist saved my teeth, but it required a root-canal treatment – long-term memory reinforcement.

I would return to Philmont three years later as a Ranger. It was another high adventure and my first time to fly, taking a United Airlines flight to Denver. My high school friend and fellow Philmont hiker from 1958, Mohot (given the nickname because he was so skinny, like Mahatma Gandhi), was staying in Boulder, pretending to be a student and so I decided to visit before I was to catch the bus to Cimarron. I had seen Mohot in California the previous summer when I'd hitchhiked across the country. Mohot lived in a commune-like building with a number of Asian students, who only seemed to eat "fried lice". Mohot was working in local bar and was told he had to get a haircut. He asked me to cut his hair. However, he only had toenail scissors and the results looked just like his hair had been cut with toenail scissors! Mohot and I hadn't connected again until just a couple years ago, nearly 50 years

later, and it was a brief conversation. We have since reconnected via Facebook and email with more tales to follow.

*That summer I managed to hike every trail on Philmont Ranch. I have always had a love affair with Philmont. On my return from that high adventure I did not fly, I hitchhiked back to New Jersey across the middle of the U.S. through New Mexico, Oklahoma, Missouri, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Maryland – a nearly continuous trip using my Explorer Scout uniform as a draw and thereby making record time. I applied decals of all my adventures to the backboard I carried starting with the 1958 Philmont trip and continued using through my years as an adult Scout leader.”
(Figure 19, No. 2)*

Jim Giblin remembers:

“I spent a good part of the summer of 1958 at Philmont in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains near Cimarron, New Mexico as part of the Eagle Rock Council’s expedition to that storied place. There were twenty-three of us who made that memorable trek. It afforded us the opportunity for some truly unforgettable backpacking in wilderness country punctuated by a ‘close encounter’ one night with a rather large black bear that, for some reason, chose to sit on me in my sleeping bag. Several of us bought Stetson cowboy hats in La Junta, CO and put them to good use on the trek around Philmont. I still have that hat. But more importantly, the expedition to Philmont enabled me to get to know a number of folks who would serve as members of the Camp’s staff with me in 1959 and 1960. These included Marty Suydam, Jim Bunting, John Gist, Ralph Najarian and George Delatush from Troop 12 in Montclair; Don Polderman from Troop 5 in Montclair; and, John Leuzarder from Troop 4 in Verona. On return from Philmont, I joined my troop at Glen Gray and was astonished at the final campfire of that camping period to be presented with a second Tulip Leaf award.”

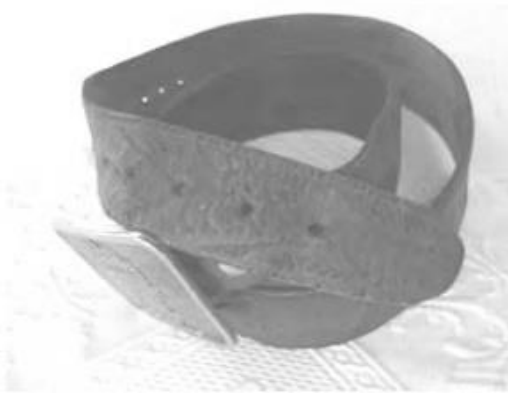
Date written: 3/30/15 revised 9/14/17

Figure 19 High Adventure 52 53



Front Row: John Leuzarder, Stephen Sharfman, Don Johnston, John Gist, Larry Cassio, Bill Bruett
Second Row: Howard Tolley, Kenneth Barnes, Billy Ricks, Advisor Hary Jackson, Advisor Ray Snider, Ranger Viet Howard, Richard Redman, Ralph Najarian, Phil Pierce
Third Row: Bobby Olen, Tommy Culbreth, George Delatash, Marty Suydam, Donald Polderman, Tom McCrann, Jim Bunting, Jim Giblin, Russell Jackson

1. Eagle Rock Council Philmont Trek, 1958



2. Belt Purchased in Cimarron, NM



3. Pack Board That Has Traveled the US

Washington Birthday Trek 1960

Adventure under your own power is always memorable.

The experience of back packing is different from walking, different from riding a bike, different from riding in a bus or a car. When you are carrying a load, you are connected to the ground in a unique way, you are more aware of the feeling in your feet, your shoulders, your back, and are more aware of the sweating, freezing, or just pleasant weather. When you are long-distance bike riding your focus is on your seat and legs, and the wind or flies brushing against your face.

These same experiences are different when you are alone or when with a group of people, you like, or dislike.

I experienced these feelings when, at the age of 17 years I was part of a historic trek following one of the routes traveled by General Washington during the Revolutionary War. Our adventure was highlighted in The Montclair Times newspaper on February 23, 1960:

“76 Boy Scouts Retrace Path Early Troops MONTCLAIR, N. J., Feb. 23 —(UP)—During the American Revolution members of George Washington's Army marched over 81 miles of countryside.... Monday a group of 76 Boy Scouts completed the four-day trip...”
The Newark Evening News of the same date reported:

“400 Aching Feet, Scouts Hike 81 Miles to Montclair – About 200 Boy Scouts...”

It is astonishing how history is recorded differently only the day after. Makes you wonder how accurate a memoir can be after 55 years.

Yet, while the copy of the newspaper articles yellowed with age and different in content, my memories are as vivid as if they happened yesterday.

Marty Suydam remembers:

“As I remember, about 200 boys started, and about 25% dropped out – mostly the younger hikers who also had parents trailing the column in their cars – Washington’s soldiers weren’t so lucky.

Our trek was a 5 day back packing hike sponsored by the local Scout Council and was planned to cover the same route taken by General Washington from Newburgh, NY, to his new Headquarters (Crane House) in Montclair, New Jersey. It was also planned to coincide with the 50th anniversary of Scouting in the United States.

George (brown hat), John (legs in center), and I (tan hat) were best friends – we did everything together. Jerry, the person in the center of the picture, was an occasional (only camping and hiking) friend – he became an actor. We didn’t do school events; outdoor adventure was what we loved. We had spent nearly every weekend in the out-of-doors camping, hunting, fishing for the past several years. Surprisingly, we have rarely seen or communicated since graduating from High School.

By piecing together, the reports in the various newspapers and memories of those who participated, the following is a brief, but accurate, representation of journey:

Day 1 *Thursday at 4pm one hundred (or is it two hundred?) hikers, ages 11 to 17, left by bus for Newburgh, New York. We arrived at Stewart Air Force Base in time for supper and a basketball game and then a 10-mile-hike to Willow Avenue School in Cornwall to spend the night in the gymnasium. We were a “gaggle”. The adults asked us (George Delatash, John Watson, Jerry Smith, and Marty Suydam) to lead the way – which we were happy to do.*

Day 2 *Friday we hiked 20 miles, through West Point, camping at Tompkins Cove Friday night. I don’t remember much about that part of the trip. We did what we had done a hundred of times before – hike and make it to the designated camp site.*

Day 3 *Saturday during the 15-miles of hiking many hikers dropped out when high winds and snow whistled through the valley as we traversed Bear Mountain State Park Saturday night. We were cold, wet, but we were doing something our “social” classmates weren’t doing – and we liked what we were doing and we were good at it. John joked at one point that his socks were like oatmeal – changing socks becomes a real personal pleasure! State police provided flares and the Scouts camped along the roadside near Camp Glen Gray, our “home Scout Camp” in Oakland, New Jersey.*

Day 4 *Sunday night, after 16 miles of hiking, the group had reached the Colonial Dey Mansion in Wayne Township, where we slept on the same attic floor Washington’s soldiers slept. The floor boards were still as hard as when Washington’s soldiers slept on them more than two hundred years earlier.*

Day 5 *Monday we proceeded on the last 20-mile leg across the Ramapo Valley to Montclair and “paraded” down one of the main streets in Montclair to cheering crowds and cameras flashing. Based on various newspaper accounts, somewhere between 76 and 200 Scouts “survived” the trek. I can still feel the cold, the aching legs, the sore shoulders, and the exhilaration of completing the trek – we had re-traced a route in history and became history in the process. Ten to twenty miles per day backpacking in mountainous terrain in winter is a challenge even for experienced trekkers.”*

But we were friends, having a great time and adventure. An adventure that gave us a real touch with history and a connection to the father of our country – and a picture in the newspapers!

Date written: 5/12/14

Figure 20 Washington Birthday Trek 1960 ⁵⁴ ⁵⁵



1. Sketch of photograph taken on last mile of Washington Birthday Trek



2. Washington HQ (Crane House, Montclair, NJ)

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End Notes

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- ¹ Pictures (5), DVD, History of Troop 12 Since 1924.
 - ² Camp Glen Gray Map, 2017, <https://glengray.org/camp-map.html>
 - ³ Picture, Matless Family, property of Sue Matless Delmonico.
 - ⁴ Pictures (2), Heading to Summer Camp and Buddy Tags, owned by author.
 - ⁵ Picture, Summer Camp, Lower Bluntville, owned by author.
 - ⁶ Price, Luther; Thirty Years of Scout Camping, 1941, page 76.
 - ⁷ Ibid, page 62.
 - ⁸ Ibid, page 91.
 - ⁹ Pictures, owned by author.
 - ¹⁰ Pictures (3) (#1,3,4) extracted from 1960 Camp Glen Gray Staff, owned by author.
 - ¹¹ Picture (#2) extracted from 1956 Camp Glen Gray Staff, owned by author.
 - ¹² Picture (#5) extracted from 1958 Philmont Trek, owned by author.
 - ¹³ Boy Scouts of America, Handbook for Boys, 1948, page 15.
 - ¹⁴ Ibid, page 107.
 - ¹⁵ Boy Scouts of America, Handbook for Boys, 1948, page 280.
 - ¹⁶ Pictures (2) (#2, 4), owned by author.
 - ¹⁷ Picture (#3), Ad, Boy Scouts of America, Handbook for Boys, 1948, page 567.
 - ¹⁸ Pictures (2), DVD, History of Troop 12 Since 1924
 - ¹⁹ Pictures (3), owned by author.
 - ²⁰ Debra Gallant, NY Times, 4/1/2001, <http://www.nytimes.com/2001/04/01/nyregion/breaking-camp.html>
 - ²¹ <https://seeksghosts.blogspot.com/2015/11/a-revolutionary-spy-and-cursed-hanging.html>
 - ²² Blog, <http://weirdnj.com/stories/fabled-people-and-places/jackson-whites/>
 - ²³ Map, Ramapo area, Google Earth, topographic view.
 - ²⁴ Picture of Mary Post House, Price, Luther; Thirty Years of Scout Camping, 1941, page 35.
 - ²⁵ Pictures (2) of bridge, owned by George Delatush, friend of author.
 - ²⁶ Picture, Eagle Rock Council, BSA, mid-1950's Camp Glen Gray brochure cover.
 - ²⁷ Picture, 1960 Camp Glen Gray Staff, owned by author.
 - ²⁸ Picture, Original Mess Hall <1961, Eagle Rock Scouting, 1937, Price, Luther, Part VI, no page number.
 - ²⁹ Picture, circa 2017, owned by author.
 - ³⁰ Picture, Eagle Rock Council, BSA, mid-1950's Camp Glen Gray brochure.
 - ³¹ Pictures (3), DVD, History of Troop 12 Since 1924.
 - ³² Pictures (3), owned by author.
 - ³³ Pictures of Camp Staff (3), owned by author.
 - ³⁴ Pictures, First Aid DVD, History of Troop 12 Since 1924.
 - ³⁵ Picture, Baker Tents, Montclair Public Library, Digital Collection, p0659.php
 - ³⁶ Picture, Signaling, Eagle Rock Council, BSA, mid-1950's Camp Glen Gray brochure.
 - ³⁷ Nancy Pi-Sunyer, Map, The Centennial Journal for Camp Glen Gray, page 69, 2017 and Camp Glen Gray Homecoming booklet, October 22, 2017.
 - ³⁸ Picture, Mess Hall, Price, Luther; Thirty Years of Scout Camping, 1941, page 27.
 - ³⁹ Pictures (4), Glen Gray Buildings, Personal collection of author.

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- 40 Pictures (2), Troop 1 & Rotary Cabin, Price, Luther; Thirty Years of Scout Camping, 1941, pages 27-28.
- 41 Pictures (7), Glen Gray Buildings, Personal collection of author.
- 42 Price, Luther; Thirty Years of Scout Camping, 1941, page 102.
- 43 Pictures (6), Glen Gray Buildings, Personal collection of Marty Suydam and Camp Glen Gray website
<http://glengray.org/cabins.html>
- 44 Nancy Pi-Sunyer, Markup of Map, The Centennial Journal for Camp Glen Gray, page 69, 2017 and Camp Glen Gray Homecoming booklet, October 22, 2017.
- 45 Picture, Tent Platform, owned by author.
- 46 Price, Luther; Thirty Years of Scout Camping, 1941, page 61
- 47 Ibid, page 94.
- 48 Ibid, pages 90-91.
- 49 Tulip Leaf, Archives of Camp Glen Gray
- 50 Map, Klondike Derby, 1958, Archives of Camp Glen Gray
- 51 Picture, Patches Collection, property of Ralph Najarian
- 52 Picture, Philmont Scout Ranch, Photographer Unknown
- 53 Pictures of Philmont (2), owned by author.
- 54 Picture, Sketch of photograph taken on last mile of Washington Birthday Trek, Newark Evening News, February 23, 1960, created by author
- 55 Picture, Crane House, owned by author.