

Tecumseh In The 1960's

From Jay Crawford, 1960 - Spencer Garrett was a speedy camper in the early late 50's and early 60's. One summer, everyone in camp was waiting to see how much he would lower the camp records in the sprints. Ever the event planner, George Munger had been thinking about how he could use Spencer's speed to bring the camp together. Soon after the season started he began hyping a 4th of July 100 yard race between Spencer and his favorite thoroughbred. By dawn on the 4th, George and the counselors had whipped the campers into a frenzy about the outcome. Everyone had at least one theory to support why their candidate for victory would win.

After lunch, we all gathered on Grant Field to await the arrival of the unlikely competitors. Spencer appeared first, much to the pleasure of his fans. They cheered him enthusiastically. George's charge to the field from the barn was spectacular. It shook the confidence of even the most committed of Spencer's fans. As he rode up over the baseball field and down to Grant Field, we all felt part of an ancient gladiatorial event. The fans went crazy. Jim Fraser quieted the unruly crowd, shouted a few short instructions, and slowly delivered the start: Ready... Set... GO!

Spencer fired out of the blocks, opening a huge early lead. His supporters shouted cheers of pride and encouragement. Half way through the race George and his horse were hopelessly behind. His fans hung their heads wondering how they would ever be able to withstand the next few days of ridicule. At 75 yards, the gap appeared to widen. The race was over! Or was it?

Instantly, George and the horse began gaining ground at an incredible pace. Spencer seemed to be standing still. We all realized that the thoroughbred had suddenly reached his stride and passed Spencer - who hadn't slowed a bit - in a flash. George crossed the finish line, ahead by at least 15 yards, with a broad smile on his face, and his advocates left the field with final bragging rights.

From Jules Korner, 1963 - There is one semi-humorous event that sticks out in my mind. As a camper I was very much into horse back riding. One day I rode a horse down to the Lodge to get my mail. I tied the horse to the Lodge rail, just like in the westerns. However, while I was in the Lodge, something spooked the horse. It broke the reins and took off for the Barn. Needless to say, George Munger was not pleased. There was no harm to the horse, it just went home. The bridle however needed new reins.

On a more serious note, my five summers as a camper were life defining experiences. Tecumseh taught me not to quit. You always have one more step or one more paddle stroke in you. I can remember many mountain trips when I thought that my legs could not take another step but the counselors would not let you stop, and guess what? We always made it to the top. On many canoe trips, when I thought that my arms could not make another stroke, we ended up paddling for another hour. Learning to push yourself beyond what you think you can do is what I mean by a life defining experience. In life, we all are faced with challenges and obstacles to our goals. However, to be able to pick yourself up and keep on trying has to be learned. Tecumseh taught me that you can do more than you think you can.

From Cynthia Rugart, 1966 - (Note: Cynthia is the daughter of former Tecumseh camper Karl Rugart, the sister of former Tecumseh campers Trip, Conrad and Eric Rugart and the mother of current Tecumseh members Greg and Mike Maicher.) One Saturday before camp ended, I was speaking to Mr. Munger down by the waterfront, very close to where that 21 foot rope hangs (the "Monster"). My brother, Trip, and I had just won a canoe race and received our blue ribbons. (Mr. Munger's daughter, Carol, was my 6th grade teacher at Agnes Irwin.) I have no recollection of the subject of our discussion with the man, but, its duration was long enough for him to hear happy encouragement from a family behind him as a young boy successfully completed the climb to the top of the rope. In mid-conversation, Mr. Munger whipped out that little notebook and pen of his, went right up to the kid after nearly peeling his mother off of him, congratulated him with a hand shake and noted his name for receiving a CT shirt. As disappointed as I was that our conversation had been cut short, I can to this day clearly see that proud child's face as he shook the hand of the Mighty Munger, signifying the traditional welcome into the club of successful, mature, winning CT shirt recipients.

From Mark Luff, 1966 - As a camper, I couldn't wait until Friday night Prayers! Bertram "Pinky" Shover always presented a short sermon at Prayers on Monday through Thursday, but on Fridays he always told a story! And he had some great ones! There were stories about the Willey mud slid and the Old Man with his fiddle, goat and skiff (small boat). There were numerous stories about the accomplishments of Tecumseh's three founders. And even stories about Camp Tecumseh itself ... Mary B comes to mind! But the best story of all was that of Dr. Ball's Perilous Adventure on Mount Washington! Pinky used to create a cliffhanger and tell us the story over two nights – it captured the imagination of many a camper! What a treat and what a tradition it was to hear that story each summer.

This past Christmas, I was visiting my brother in New Hampshire. We took a day trip to the base of Mount Washington. It was there he bought me the best Christmas present ever – a paperback copy of *The Perilous Adventure of Dr. Ball on Mount Washington*. It is my intention to reinstate the tradition of reading this classic story to current Tecumseh campers!

From 1967 - Graham Harkins was a junior camper in 1967. He was waiting his turn to water-ski on the platform on the edge of the dock. The driver had just finished taking another camper for a ride and spun the boat around for the next skier. The driver noticed that the ski line had been tangled somewhere so he went to the back of the boat to untangle it. He did not realize that the boat was drifting straight toward the ski line. Before Graham could get up off the platform, the boat smashed into his leg, causing severe damage. Graham not only missed the rest of the 1967 season, but also the 1968 season. He returned to Tecumseh in 1969 and kept attending Tecumseh through 1979.

Graham wound up with a nasty scar on his lower leg. Over the years, when a camper would ask how he got the scar, he would tell the camper that a lake coddle bit him. The more gullible campers were told that a lake shark bit him. Graham deserves a lot of credit for never giving up on Tecumseh. To come back from such an injury and be a part of the Tecumseh family for many decades is a tremendous thing. In 2000, Graham was elected to the Board of Trustees.

From Biff Sturla, 1968 - It was my first summer going away to Tecumseh. We had a night time bus ride up to camp. Being a very small 11 year old, I crawled up to the luggage rack above everyone's head and slept much of the way. I only knew three other people going to camp, all older than me (Steve Ramsey, Bill Campbell and Steve Baker). When we arrived at camp in the morning, I could not find my trunk in the Alumni. My counselor, Andy Weiland, went with me to all of the other cabins in camp to find my trunk. We couldn't find it anywhere. We even went to the senior campus and the Trunk Room, but with no luck. Finally, we got back to the Alumni. Almost immediately upon returning, I found my trunk under a bed. It had been in our cabin the whole time. Andy nearly killed me for that.

I couldn't stand camp at first. During the first week, I counted down the days until camp would end. I even wrote home, telling my parents that I was sick. I hoped that they would be sympathetic, drive up to New Hampshire and take me home. No such luck. For meals, I was at Table 17 with Maestro Csiszar. During dinner on the third day of camp, we had blueberry pie. One of the older campers, Eddie Korn, told me that the pie smelled funny and asked if I would smell the pie. When I put my face down to smell the pie, he dunked my head into the blueberry pie. I was really upset and told Maestro what he did. Maestro looked at me and smiled, then went about his business. I was furious that he didn't punish Eddie. I didn't realize that this was a tradition at camp and I was just the latest victim.

After a week, I started to like camp. By the second week, I really loved the place. When my mother came to pick me up at the end of camp, I was playing touch football on the little field outside the Dining Hall. When I saw her, I immediately ran up to her and gave her a big hug. The very first words out of my mouth to her were "Mommy, can I come back here next year." She smiled and said yes. She reminded me of this story for many years. I have made it up to Tecumseh now almost every summer from 1968 through 2002, some as a camper, some as a counselor, some as a guest instructor for clinic and most recently as a Trustee. I hated the place my first week, back in 1968, but I have loved it ever since. And, since getting dunked in the blueberry pie, I estimate that I have pulled that trick on at least 50 people over the years. I even managed to get one poor soul to fall for the trick twice in two days. Several years after that trick was pulled on me, another camper pulled the same trick on a camper when lemon meringue pie was served. There was one major problem this time. The victim was allergic to one of the ingredients in the pie and had to go to the hospital.

From 1968 - The Junior III's went on a trip to some nearby Animal Farm. The place had a wide variety of animals there, sort of like a small zoo. One of the animals that they had there, was an ape named Francis. The ape was separated from people by a set of very sturdy bars and a fence. Several of the Tecumseh campers were watching Francis The Ape playing in his cage when suddenly the creature became very rowdy and began throwing things around in his cage. Suddenly, Francis picked up some gorilla dung and flung it out of the cage. The gorilla dung landed smack in the face of Scott Taylor, a 10 year old Tecumseh camper. Needless to say, the next issue of *The Sunbeam* had a great drawing of Francis The Ape in action.

From 1968 - This story involved a counselor by the name of Kip Lachner. I might have the details a little bit off on this, but here is what I remember: One night, Kip awoke from his bed in one of the junior cabins with a bad stomach problem. He quickly got out of bed, managed to get several yards into the bushes and went to the bathroom. When he finished, he grabbed some leaves to wipe himself. Unfortunately, he did not realize that the leaves were Poison Ivy. A few days later, he realized his mistake and was in very bad shape. Kip had to go in town to the hospital to get this very embarrassing problem taken care of. The following was reported in the final edition of *The Sunbeam* in the infirmary article: "... Lachner took counselor honors because he was frequently seen in the infirmary because of the redness and rash on his cheeks."

From 1969 - One of the most historic world events of the 1960's was our country sending astronauts to the moon for the first time, in July, 1969. Because of schedule delays, the astronauts made their first moon walk at about 3:00 AM. Tecumseh moved a large television into the Opera House for this event. Many campers brought their sleeping bags to the Opera House to watch the historic event. The building was packed with Tecumseh people. Almost everyone there stayed up all night and watched this great accomplishment in its entirety.

From 1969 - One of the most athletic campers at Tecumseh during the 1960's was 13 year old John Spofford. On Awards Day at the end of camp, John won the Rae Butler Junior Baseball Award, the Jack Glascott Memorial Track Award and the Junior Tecumseh Boy. Very rarely has one camper taken home three trophies in one year.

From Peter Von Maur, 1969 - This is a story that Peter wrote when he was a Junior III. Peter wrote the story as part of his tutoring work, under the guidance of Pinky Shover.

"Life at Camp is one big mud puddle on a football field. You come down in it and gush, splash, wham!

Life at Camp is tough. You wake up in the morning to the first bell with the booming voice of the counselor yelling, "Everybody Up!"

Life at camp is rough with pain. When the director declares the junior threes have track instruction, there's a big silence across the room. Then you hear a couple of moans around.

Life at camp is wet. When you walk out on the dock, the next thing you know, you're being thrown in by a big, gigantic counselor. Then you hear in the distance a couple of laughs. You say the next person gets it. They shut up and walk silently off the dock.

And that's life at camp, but I love it."

Peter was nine years old when he wrote that. 1969 was the second of his eight summers at Tecumseh.

From Mark Luff - Tecumseh has always been known for the highest of standards. At camp, your best effort is expected as an athlete and a person – everyone knows that. There are two Tecumseh men who held their charges to those same high standards in the Opera House. Curt York, the music director in the 60's and early 70's was a hard taskmaster. Rehearsals seemed interminable and we sang the same song many, many times! Mr. York wasn't the only taskmaster. Henry Williams, the founder of the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition and its director until 1977, would make us run a scene countless times. He was forever correcting our pronunciation, staging, and gestures. Surely, we never would get it right! I admit there were times when my young mind questioned the validity of such high standards; that is until *The Mikado* in 1971. This show was of the highest musical and staging quality in my 36 years in the G&S productions. I, along with many in the cast, learned a valuable lesson that summer. Hard work pays off.

Life At Tecumseh In The 1960's - The 1960's decade was one of the most stable decades in the history of Tecumseh. George Munger continued to run camp in a way that made every summer a fun and memorable one for every camper and counselor. Below are some random memories from assorted people who attended Tecumseh in the 1960's:

Each junior cabin was assigned a particular week night to go to McCormack's Store (now Jo-Jo's Country Store). At the end of dinner, campers going to McCormack's would anxiously wait for announcements to end in the Dining Hall so they could sprint up to the Lodge and get in line to withdraw money from Pinky's Store. As Mr. Munger would end his dinner announcements with an enthusiastic "Awwwright", campers would begin their mad dash up the hill. Everyone would assemble in the Lodge and listen to one of Pinky's post-dinner stories from the huge wooden podium which still exists today.

After all members of the cabin got their money, their counselor would walk the boys over to McCormack's. We would walk through the senior baseball diamond and through the McCormack's property (beyond left field) and exit in front of the store. Only three campers were allowed in the store at a time. Most campers would bring one or two dollars and bring back a full shopping bag of junk. Howie McCormack would stand outside the store, waiting for a car to pull up to the gas pumps, then pump the gasoline into the car. If Howie wasn't out front when a car drove in, his mother would yell out "Howie, the pumps, Howie" in a thick New Hampshire accent which was often imitated by Tecumseh people. Sodas were sold in glass bottles in those days. On the way back to camp, several campers and counselors would throw the empty glass bottles at a huge rock just beyond left field, smashing the bottles into pieces. This giant rock was known as "Glass Rock."

Lunches would always end with George enthusiastically shouting, "Happpppy Rest Hour." Most campers would head back to their cabin for rest hour, some would go to Shover Hall for tutoring with Pinky or his wife, Ruth. Pinky was at camp for over 50 years and loved the place dearly. He and Ruth would get in their car every June and drive from Grosse Pointe, Michigan. The shortest route to Tecumseh was through Montreal.

There were a few health issues in the 1960's that illustrate a major difference in philosophy from today's world. First, several of the senior staff and their spouses would smoke cigarettes on campus. Some counselors would smoke in the Counselors Shack (now known as the Sunbeam Shack). Today, nobody would ever be seen smoking on campus. The second notable difference was that everyone was strongly discouraged from drinking significant amounts of water during or after clinic. It was a common belief throughout the sports world that drinking water during an athletic competition would cause severe cramps and also prevent weight loss in overweight athletes. Today, the regular intake of water during periods of heavy training is expected. In the 1960's, this was not the case.

Boxing matches were a regular feature in the evening. It was the main way that arguments were settled. One camper would "call out" another camper. Many evenings would feature a card of five or more boxing matches. The boxing gloves at Tecumseh however were so big and heavy that the combatants would tire themselves out quickly, just trying to swing the gloves. It was a great way to get a lot of anger and hostility out of two campers. At the end of almost every match, the referee would declare the match to be a tie. In 1969, the members of the Rock (8 and 9 year olds) almost always seemed to be involved in a boxing match. Members of the Rock that year included: Kirby Behre, Jeff "Derby" Brandt, Steve Dixon, Chris Dunham, Pierre DuPont, Tom Latta, Hedley Rannie and Cuyler Walker. Despite their young age, they were probably the toughest group in camp. A Brandt vs.

Rannie boxing match was always in top demand.

Cabin challenge matches were also big. The Lookout would challenge the Crow's Nest in some sport, or the Ship would challenge the Mack's Shack. Cabins took great pride in these challenges. Another evening highlight was the weekly movie that was rented and shown on Wednesday evenings. Back in the 1960's, movies would be ordered by mail and would arrive in the form of several giant reels of film. VHS tapes would not be invented for another 20 years. The movie projector would often break down in the middle of a movie and the projectionist would have to endure the wrath of the audience while he attempted to fix the projector.

At the beginning of each summer, the maintenance crew would go into each cabin with a giant machine known as "the Zapper" and fumigate the cabin. The machine would spray some white foggy substance in the air in the hope of killing the mosquitoes. I was convinced that the only damage that this machine could possibly do to the mosquitoes was cause them to laugh themselves to death. The mosquitoes were always back within hours.

On the first night of camp each summer, Mr. Lawless would give his famous "Don't play with fire" sermon. Mr. Lawless would warn the campers of how fast camp and the entire Moultonboro area could go up in flames with just one match. He would also lecture on not swimming anywhere in the lake except in the swimming area by the dock, and only when there was a lifeguard in the tower.

Any junior or intermediate who dared walk on senior campus would be dragged into a tent and given a rather nasty haircut. Some offenders were given a dreaded "white elephant." (Sorry, I am not going to explain what a white elephant is.) On some occasions, the seniors would close off the trail to the junior cabins and force the younger campers to take a different route back to their cabins.

Two of the more notorious personalities at Tecumseh in the 1960's were Percy Stewart and Alfred Curry, both of whom were on the kitchen staff. Percy was the main cook at Tecumseh for many decades. His Sunday lunch cinnamon buns were legendary. Alfred was legendary for some of his more famous quotes, most notably "Feel Like Money," which he seemed to recite regularly. Alfred claimed to own a Lear Jet and claimed to own the state of "Georgia-lina." Alfred was deaf, campers would often come in and mock him. When provoked too much, he was known to chase campers (and even counselors) around the kitchen with a meat cleaver. A very religious man, he always wore a giant cross around his neck and proudly showed it to people.

Whenever there was a birthday at camp, we would have ice cream and cake after dinner. After the standard Tecumseh cheer for the birthday boys, each one would have to stand up and give a speech. Every speech always seemed to start off with "I'd like to thank Mr. Glascott, Percy, Alfred and the kitchen crew for this lovely cake."

The athletic facilities at camp were not nearly what they are today. The high jump pit, located just beyond the playing area on Grant Field, was just a set of giant nets with lots of pieces of old foam inside. The pit smelled nasty, especially on wet days. The high jump bar was a long piece of bamboo that was often bent down several inches in the middle. The basketball program was not big back in the 1960's. There was only one court back then, and it was not paved. It was just a dirt court with no lines.

Dave Spooner ran the corn picking brigade until around 1970. Every day, several campers would walk up to the corn fields in front of the Barn and pick corn for an hour. The fresh corn was taken to the kitchen and prepared for the next meal. Corn was the food to be grown on Tecumseh property. Corn picking was discontinued when Tecumseh changed from an eight week camp to a seven week camp since most of the corn would not have been ready until after the campers left for home.

Horseback riding was a popular activity back then. Advanced riders would take horses all over camp. Horse dung was often found on the trails back to the cabins. With many campers walking barefoot, it was a common occurrence to wind up stepping in a pile by accident and having your feet covered with horse dung.

Mr. Munger, or someone else, would inspect each cabin and tent daily and post an inspection score on the door of the Dining Hall. Almost every cabin got a score of 10 each day. Cabins that got a "10-" or a 9 on a particular day would need to spend extra time the next day at sweep and rest hour in order to get a "10+" or 11 so that their yearly average would get back to 10. Cabins would often be seen painting rocks, raking the areas in front of the cabins, etc., after a bad inspection score. Also posted on the Dining Hall door were the table assignments, which changed weekly. When the new table assignments were posted on Sunday evening, campers could be heard cheering or groaning, depending on who was assigned to their new table.

Campers were required to walk “20 paces” when peeing at night. Of course, most scared campers would try to pee off the steps, then claim that they were at least 20 paces from the cabin.

Riding in the trip trucks was always an adventure. The cold wind would feel nice on a sunny day, but sometimes it would start to rain real hard and the drivers either wouldn’t or couldn’t put the tarp up. One time the back gate of the truck came off and a couple of campers almost fell out of the moving truck. Bathing suits, socks and other items would often be seen flying out the truck, never to be seen again.

One of the most popular trips, no longer done today, was the canoe trip to Lake Sebago in Maine. This was a two night adventure and always included a stop at “Friar’s Leap,” a giant cliff that we climbed up and then jumped off. The cliff was about 30 or 40 feet high and was straight down. Mike Lawless was the only one brave enough to dive off of the cliff.

Two very popular sports in the 1960’s were Capture The Flag and Ammunition. These games often resulted in bloody noses or worse. These games definitely tested each camper’s manliness. On more than one evening, an all camp Capture The Flag game was organized on Grant Field.

Counselor vs. senior softball games were often played on the Junior Baseball Diamond. When Big Jim Fraser came to bat, all the spectators would begin taking bets on whether Jim would put the ball into the woods in deep left field. Some of the balls he put into the woods were never found. Nick Warnock and Dave “Shotsy” Fritz could also be seen hitting balls out beyond the tree line.

For some campers, catching frogs, toads and snakes was a popular pastime. Jim Cooke was famous for catching toads and then using matches and mosquito repellent to blow torch his prey to death. He also smashed a few toads on rocks and was given the nickname “Crusher.” In the early 1970’s, Winslow Murdoch would become famous for walking deep into the woods and finding a wide variety of snakes. Reptiles were often found in the water surrounding the putting green at the waterfront, as well as the stream just below the two new tennis courts.

Several sports popular in the 1960’s are now extinct at Tecumseh. Rowboat and canoe races were quite popular back then. Each group would have at least boating regatta each year and medals for this were given out on Awards Day. This was discontinued in the 1970’s. Fencing with Maestro Csiszar was very popular in the 1960’s. Many future Olympic champions came to Tecumseh to train under Maestro. Fencing lessons and competitions were held on the fencing strip after almost every dinner. Many campers would often go around camp imitating some of Maestro’s more famous sayings: “double touch,” “parry - return,” and of course the most famous “2 to 2, you are winning.” Fencing was discontinued soon after 1997 when Maestro passed away at the age of 93. Horseback riding was also eliminated in the 1990’s.

Dances with girls camps were known as “functions.” When Tecumseh traveled to a girls camp, it was considered “an away match.” When held at Tecumseh, it was considered “home field advantage.” Dances were held with Robindel, as they still are today. Another popular girls camp down the Neck Road was Camp Plumfield, which went out of business in the 1980’s.

The waterfront was a bit different back then. Everyone swam on the right side of the dock (until a new dock was built in 1976). There was a diving board on the end of the dock for many years, and the ski jump was a popular piece of equipment for both water-skiing and sunbathing. Both the diving board and the ski jump were removed for insurance purposes. Water Polo games in the shallow end were popular and there were very few rules. If a person had the ball, they were allowed to be held under the water until they let go of the ball.

Sunday nights were always reserved for cookouts back at the cabins. There would be just one bell on Sunday nights. Each cabin would get their boxes of food and cartons of milk and take them back to the cabin. Each cabin would make a fire and cook the hamburgers or hot dogs. Marshmallows were also a popular item. Campers would often cook Jiffy Pop popcorn on the flames or over sterno cans, purchased at McCormack’s Store. Naive campers were often told to go to another cabin to get “a hundred feet of shore line” or “a left handed smoke shifter.” First year campers would go from cabin to cabin in search of these items and wind up missing the entire meal.

Cabin raids were popular at night. The lightweight medal bunk beds were easy to tip over, especially the double decker beds in the junior cabins. Senior vs. intermediate raids were a yearly occurrence and the intermediates always seemed to come out on the short end of things. One year, both groups got in a lot of trouble when the seniors took revenge on the intermediates and wound up throwing their beds through the screen windows.

Ed Lawless was pretty much “second in command” at Tecumseh in the 1960’s. He often organized interesting, spontaneous events in the evening hours. One of the more memorable events he set up was to get about 20 campers to sit on the benches by the tennis courts, facing the Trunk Room. Each camper would have a football, soccer ball or something similar hidden away. When an unsuspecting camper or counselor would walk by, Lawless would pretend that he was giving a lecture on the proper throwing technique for a quarterback. He would ask the passerby to catch his pass so that he could demonstrate the technique. As he threw the ball high in the air to the passerby, all the campers on the bench would immediately get up and throw their ball at the person who was waiting to catch Lawless’s pass. The person would get pelted with a wide range of balls. Immediately after that, everyone would retrieve a ball, run back to the bench and wait for the next “victim” to walk by. Other events that Lawless would organize would be “Baby In The Air” games or water bucket fights.

Another popular activity around the Trunk Room was “zap ball.” One person would stand by the end of the Trunk Room with a bat and try to hit a tennis ball pitched to him by another player. There were usually two or three fielders on each team. The batter would be credited with a home run if the batted ball went into the tennis courts, a double if the ball went over the Lodge and a single if the ball could not be fielded cleanly by the fielders. Zap Ball was a very popular game until 1979, when camp installed a batting cage in that location.

Mary Bee night was always a fun time. Each year, horses would wind up in the tennis courts, canoes would wind up on the roof of the Lodge, funny messages would be written on the tennis backboard and older campers would try to terrorize the younger campers.

Another fun and popular activity was roof ball where a camper would throw the ball up on the roof of the Lodge. His opponent would stand just under the porch balcony and “listen” carefully to where he thought the ball would land. The player throwing the ball would get a point each time his opponent was not able to catch the ball.

The 1960’s was definitely a great period in Tecumseh history. George Munger was a tremendous role model and a tremendous leader. Those who played football for him at the University of Pennsylvania all thought the world of him, as did those people who were campers or counselors at Tecumseh. Junior campers aspired to grow up to be counselors at Tecumseh. Some people even went to graduate school after finishing college, just so they would have a few more summers to work at Tecumseh.

Munger cared about the people at camp. He took a personal interest in everyone. Unfortunately, he wasn’t very good at names. He would call someone “Squire” whenever he couldn’t remember someone’s name. Tecumseh during the Munger years had very few rules, but you did not dare break the few rules that were in place. Almost everyone who was at Tecumseh when George was in charge will forever have the highest respect for the man and have some fantastic memories of a tremendous place.

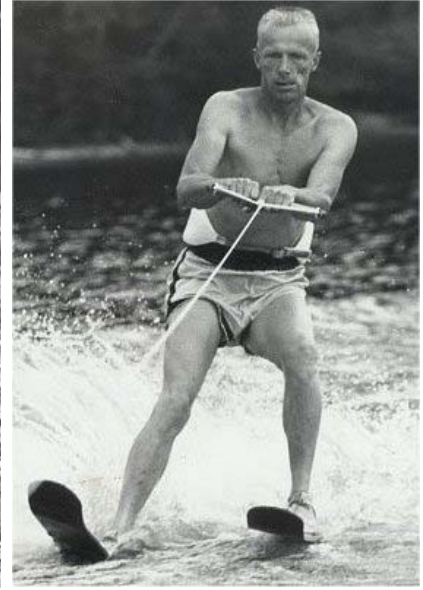
“Happy Rest Hour” “Hi, Hi Squire” “Now boys, please don’t wreck the counselors” “Awwwwright”
“Two feet, two inch” “Easy Day” “Way Down, Way Back” “O.K., you little cherubs” “Fire!”



Top: Clinic on Grant Field in 1960.
Middle: Ed Lawless going over the ski-jump in 1960.
Bottom: John Armstrong leading the riders through the horse-ring in 1964.



Members of the Ship, 1962.



Ed Flintermann, 1960.



The Tecumseh counsel in 1966.

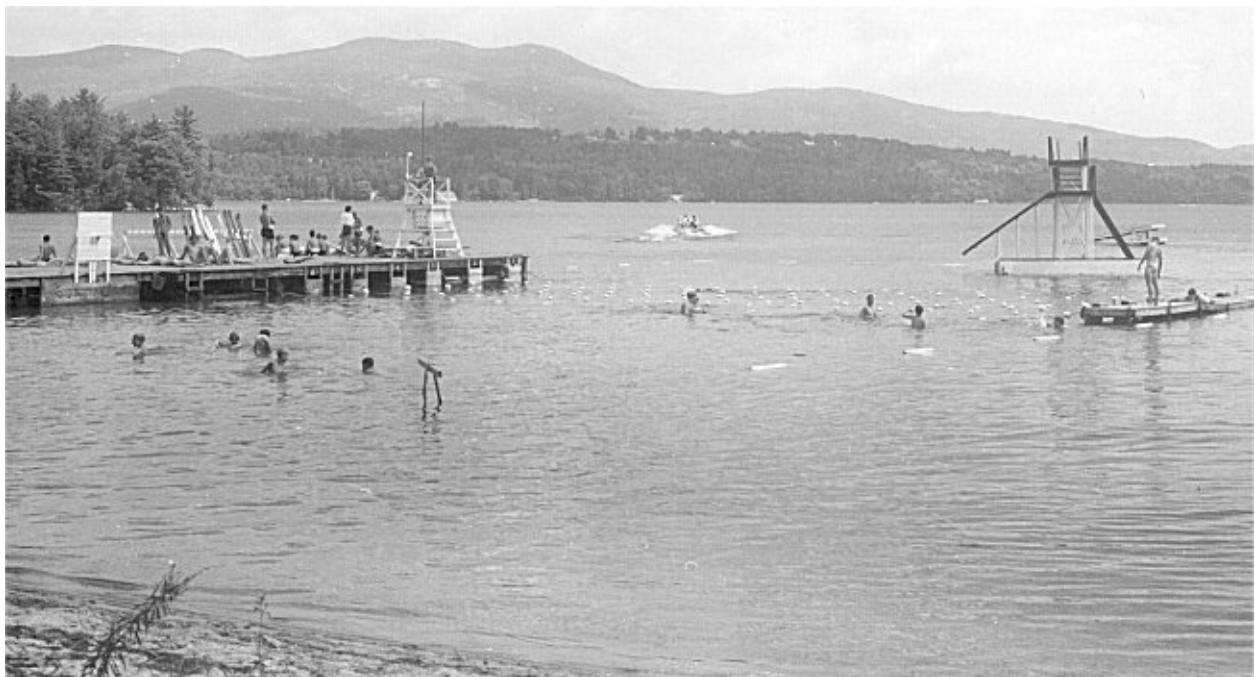
Top row: Nick Warnock, Sam Linglebach, Mike "Moose" Brennan, Jon Butler, Rae Butler, Terry Boyle, Lou Young, John Musselman, Sandy McAdoo, Unknown (camp "doctor"), Bob Kain, B. J. Wilson, Fitz Roach, Ed Flintermann.

2nd row: Paul Woody, Steve Worth, Tom Northrup, Jack Welsh, Wynn Jessup, Rob Hillas, Dave Strawbridge, Jim Foster, Henderson, Gene Kain, Jack Baizley, Unknown (horseback riding guy).

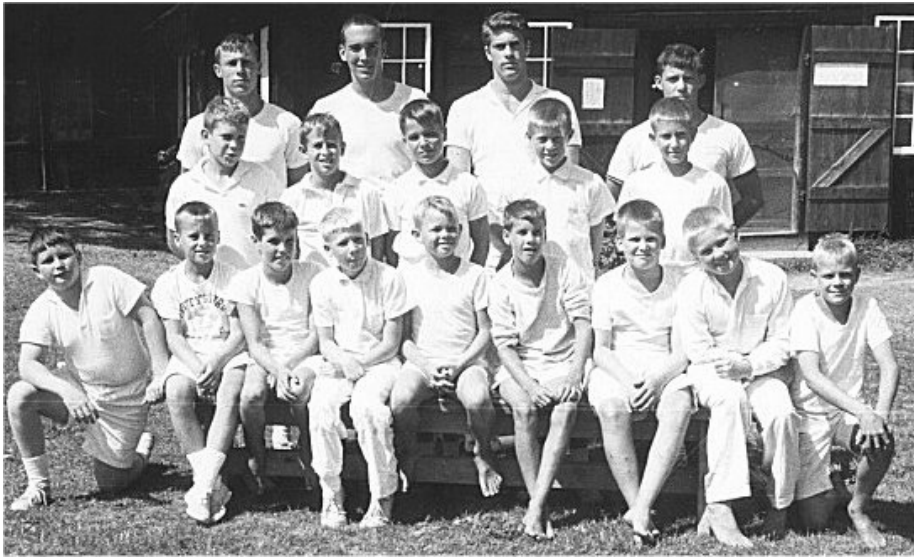
Bottom row: Pinky Shover, Forrest L. Gager, Bill Jessup, Bruce Brown, Skip Sykes, Ed Lawless, George Munger, Beetle Fiero, Pat Glascott, Bob Glascott, Dave Spooner, Al Molloy, Jim Perry.



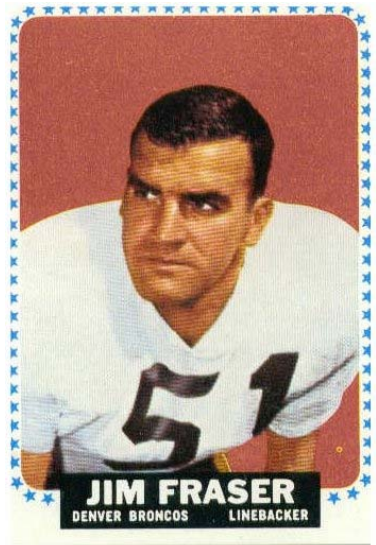
Members of The Alumni in 1962.
Back Row: Sam Griffin, Tom Deubler, Pakradooni, Howie Howenadex
Front Row: Hank Hoke, Alfred Van Ranst, John Ray, Steve Spooner, Tom Bentley, John Armstrong, Tom Armstrong.



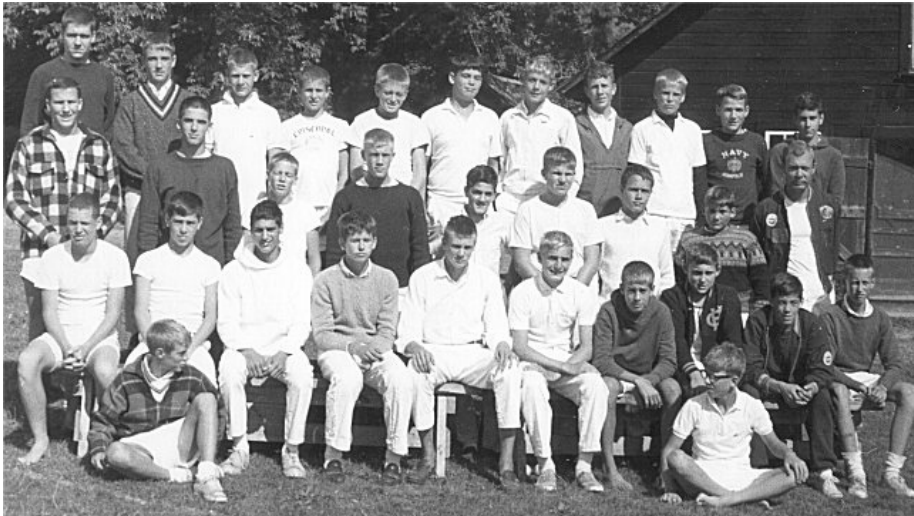
The Dock and the Outer Float in 1966.



Members of the New Pagoda in 1964. Back row: Rick Shaw, Bruce Brown, Jon Snellenburg, Bob Shipman. Middle row: Nick Bennet, Alec MacMoran, Hacker Wilson, Jim Spofford, Jim Woodward. Front row: Jon Bradshaw, Steve Kain, Ted Leisenring, Eben Kent, John Armstrong, Chauncey Willis, Pat DeShazo, Sam Griffin, Dan Nauer.



Jim Fraser's football card in 1964, his third year of professional football.

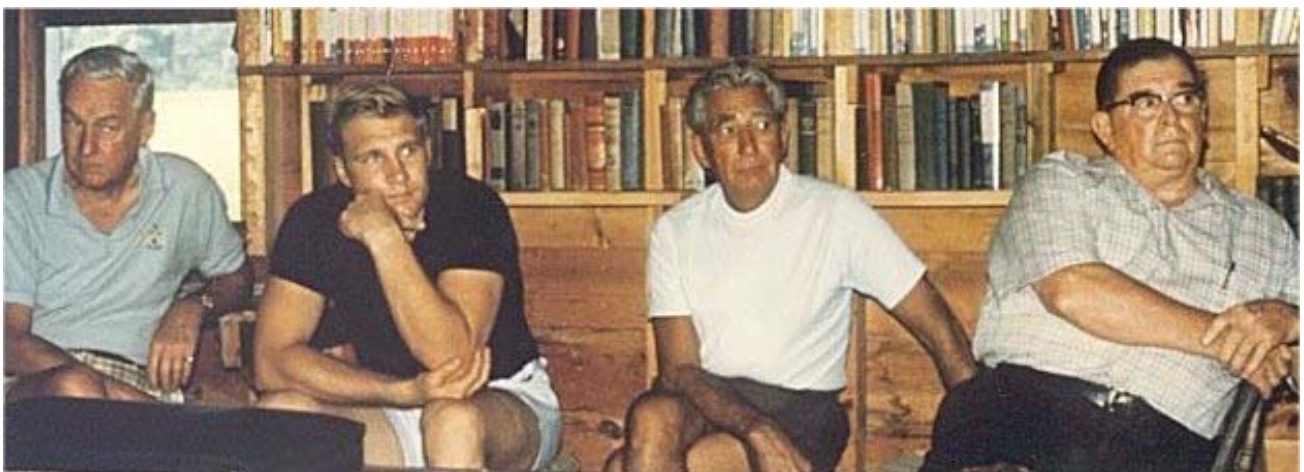


Above: Intermediates in 1965. Back row: 2) Eddie Lawless, 3) Jamie Warren, 4) Steve Shadler, 5) Ted Stehle, 7) Ty Griffin, 8) Hank Hoke. Middle row: Paul Woody, Bruce McCracken, Bob Scott, Spike Buckley ... Beetle Fiero. Front row: The next to last person is Jay Luff.



George Munger in 1969. George was Camp Director from 1968 through 1976.

Below: Trustees in 1965: Dave McMullin III, Barney Berlinger, Maestro Csiszar, Forrest Gager.





The Tecumseh council in 1967. Top row: third from left is Bruce McCracken, Mike "Moose" Brennan, and Jon Butler. Second row: fifth from left is Bob Kain and Jack Baizley. Third row: Ed Lawless, Maestro Csiszar, George Munger, Forrest L. Gager, Unknown, Gene Kain, Eddie Lawless. Front row: Skip Sykes, Bob McAdoo, Pinky Shover, Pat Glascott, Bob Glascott, Jim Fraser, Beetle Fiero, Dave Spooner, Ed Flintermann and Al Molloy.



Left: *The Pirates of Penzance* in 1968, with Gilson Killhour, Sam Griffin, Scott Bullit, Conrad Ruggart, Steve Kain and Ty Griffin.

Below left: Tecumseh Day winners in 1965: Mark MacCracken, Unknown, John Armstrong, Rich Sheppard and Ed Flintermann.

Below: Two campers go over the ski-jump in 1968.

