



The Beagle Speaks

Jack Kohler Campership Association

FALL 2012

"HELPING MAKE EVERY SCOUT A CAMPER" Since 1986



SUANHACKY LODGE TO MERGE WITH OTHER 4 NYC LODGES TO FORM ONE ALL-CITY OA

by Al O. Watt

What many had seen coming for many years is finally becoming a reality. The 5 Order of the Arrow Lodges of New York City, will be merged into one Lodge as of the target date April 1, 2013.

After 83 years of serving as the Queens Council OA Lodge, Queens' Suanhacky brothers will now have the opportunity to share with the other 4 lodges, their knowledge, work ethic, dedication to service and traditions and in turn, receive the same in kind, from the other lodges.



Over the past few years, our 5 NYC Lodges have seen a dip in membership numbers, a drop in the amount of camp promotions being done, a significant dip in those being selected for OA membership and an overall decline in the amount of service hours to the Council camps.



It is envisioned that this merger, which has become a very common occurrence over the past 25 years for OA Lodges, will allow the NYC Lodge a new beginning. A chance to start fresh, using the best of what was already in

place, and enhancing those aspects of the lodge programs that needed to be improved upon.

We look forward to a strong, vibrant and productive Order of the Arrow in the 5 boros and at the Council camps.

It was some 60 odd years ago that Jack Kohler became the very first Advisor to the 5 Lodges. A position that in later years was also held by our own Chairman and Founder, Mitch Morgenstern.



UNITED WAY CONTRIBUTIONS

At this time of year, many employees have opportunity to put in for United Way contributions. If you contribute to the United Way, please consider designating the Jack Kohler Campership Association (United Way code # 012596).

2013 CAMPERSHIPS 27TH YEAR OF CAMPERSHIPS

At our most recent Directors meeting, it was approved that our Camperships for the 2013 summer season will be \$3500. This will be \$3000 towards Queens Boy Scouts to attend a week at TMR and an additional \$500 to assist Cubs to go to Cub World at Alpine.



As in past years, we will have one of our Board members as a representative on the Queens Campership Committee to help select

which young men get assistance and how much it will be.

We are happy to announce that we increased the amount of financial assistance the individual Scouts going to TMR will receive. In this, our 27th season of helping Scouts get to enjoy the 'outing of Scouting', our over all tally is close to 900 who have been offered our assistance.

KOHLER CABIN

In beautiful Camp Alpine, located between Reeves Lodge and the Camp Dining Hall, stands the Jack Kohler Cabin. It is available for units to reserve for weekend overnight camp outs, like the other facilities in Alpine.



Even before GNYC formally renamed the cabin in Honor of Jack and our Association, we

have contributed to the annual maintenance and upkeep of the shelter. This past year, our assistance went towards HVAC filters, repairs to the fireplace, new smoke detectors and repairs to picnic tables at the cabin.

Once again we have allocated \$300 for this years' needs. Some of which are, new cots needed, replacement of mattress covers and resealing the floor.

Look for us on FACEBOOK, please 'friend us'.

MY MEMORIES OF SUANHACKY'S 30TH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

I thought I would share a memory of the Suanhacky 30th Anniversary O.A. Banquet that took place on August 30, 1960. Steve Bergman sent me a copy of Vol. 31 of the Suanhacky Stag, which featured an article on the Banquet on page 11. Among the pictures was one of **Jack Kohler** in a grass skirt, a second picture was of **Jack, Joe Neumann**, myself (I was lodge chief), **Steve Bergman** (Area 2-J chief and past lodge chief), **Larry Edwards**, and **Walter McCammend** with the caption "as they are about to enter the "Royal Order of the Quack Quacks". The last picture is one of a large white duck on a dog leash.

While after 52 years some of my memories of the Banquet may fade, the memories of the duck are embedded in my memory forever. My father **Leon (Von) Holden** was a frequent entertainer, along with Jack Kohler and others at these banquets. Since I was chief that year, Dad, wanted it to be special. One day as I was doing homework he announced that he was going to be a beatnik and do some poetry at the Banquet. I said great Dad. Do it. Unfortunately, he indicated that he would do the performance, but I needed to write the poem, especially since he wanted to highlight lodge issues and prominent people. So I wrote the poem. "The Village Epitaph" It wasn't iambic pentameter, but it had some cute verses that included as many lodge luminaries as I could.

Dad got a beret, black goatee and a cigarette holder and he was ready to do an Allen Ginsberg routine. The trial run was okay, but it wasn't funny. The lines were cute, but it was subdued. I told him what he really needed was a duck. Actually, I was thinking Groucho Marx, rather than Ginsberg, but it's taken me 52 years to realize that. Okay, says Dad. You're right we need something else and a duck would be great. Of course, I thought he was kidding. Not Leon Holden. If it could be done, he'd do it. So the day we are to leave for the banquet at TMR, we pack to car and he drives to slaughterhouse right off the Grand Central Parkway in Astoria. I thought they only had chickens, but sure enough they also had ducks. He asks the person there if he can have a live duck and is told sure, but he has to pay the butchered price. They hand us a brown carton with what has to be luckiest and happiest duck in Astoria. Off we go to the Banquet. Once we get there I let the duck out and gave him/her (no idea which it was) some water and food we had been given at the slaughterhouse. The duck is very gentle, eats, poops, does everything duck's do, nothing special. What none of us knew was that this was a magical, show biz duck. Either that or just a natural entertainer.

Showtime arrives. The duck is in his box back stage. My job, besides being chief, is to get the duck out of the box and put my dog (Dino's) leash on him/her. I do it well.

Dad has costume on and has now been transformed into Leon 'Be-Bop' Holden. Jack Kohler introduces him and I gently push the duck forward. What happens next is magical. Only Disney does these things. The duck stretches, pushes out it's chest and struts out following my father as if he had rehearsed the routine for ten years. The crowd goes wild. The duck begins quacking and struts like he's on a Miss America runway. My father is energized, does his poem, which is received well and then begins to ad lib, which he is famous for. He invites Jack, Joe, Larry, myself, Steve, Walter up on the stage and makes us members of the "Royal Order of the Quack Quacks." It was a fun experience and my Dad and the Duck got were rewarded with a standing ovation.

As for the duck, he continued his good fortune. **Danny O'Neil**, a member of the lodge and friend, volunteered to take the duck to the Catskill Game Farm, where I am told he continued to live out his life free of fear of becoming Duck a l'orange.

Thanks for letting me share that memory.

Best

Wishes.

Marty

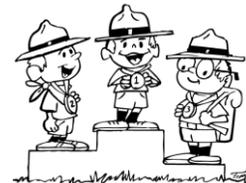


WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the newest members of the Kohler Association:

- Peter Ross
- Anthony Totaro
- John
- Joseph

Totaro
Totaro



GOOD & WELFARE

- Happy 90th birthday, Pierre Thyvaert, a founding member of our Association.
- Congratulations to Kevin Dolce, Ed Pino and Tom Carolla, winners of our Suanhacky NOAC patch set auction.

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MEMORIES OF JACK KOHLER

By Stephen Bergman

This Ten Mile River rookie first heard the name JACK KOHLER while in the mess hall of Lakeside Division of Camp Man. The circumstances were so extraordinary- - profoundly Kohleresque - - that they have remained clearly in mind for almost 60 years.

It was one day shy of the beginning of the fourth camping period of the summer and the tongue-in-cheek announcement, delivered by a Lakeside Division staff man, was that, since Jack Kohler was not officially scheduled to arrive at camp till the start of the fourth camping period, it behooved the staff to insure that his feet did not touch the ground until the sanctioned arrival time.

Hence, Jack anything but a lightweight, was carried into the mess hall on a contraption borne by four hefty staff men. He was respectfully positioned at the center of the mess hall, at his private tablecloth draped place of honor. Each course was delivered by fawning staff members who bowed and scraped in deference to the great man.

Several years passed until contact with Jack actually began. As a then, newly inducted member of Suanhacky Lodge, I saw Jack perform, as only Jack could, and heard him speak at various lodge functions. However, my first direct contact with Jack occurred during the fourth camping period of the summer of 1956, when I was a staff man assigned to the woods-lore section of Camp Lakeside.

All TMR camps were bursting with campers and Lakeside had a particular problem. With the dramatic overflow of scouts, there was a severe shortage of housing. A tent city was called for, but which campers would be assigned to this less than wonderful arrangement? Our camp director, Pierre Thyvaert, made what was recognized as a particularly tactful decision. By assigning Joe Neumann's Troop 1 of Flushing, Queens, to tent city, none of the other, often intransigent home troop leaders would be alienated.

Joe could be counted on. He was an experienced, particularly flexible, cooperative scouter who would appreciate the situation and who would explain it, in positive light, to his troop's members. Jack Kohler was, as always, housed with Troop 1.

The tent city unit, named Hilltop, was erected on a small open field between the Suanhacky Order of the Arrow Lodge House and the Tower of Friendship. The housing crisis had been solved, but feeding these campers presented another logistical nightmare. There was not a table to spare in the Lakeside mess hall, so a dining tent was erected at the Hilltop site. Three times a day, food was transported up the hill from the mess hall kitchen in devices called heaterstats. Two staff members were assigned to take their meals with the Hilltop unit, to serve as liaison between the Hilltop scouts and the rest of the camp and to function as song leaders. I was one of the chosen ones, much to the amusement of my fellow staff members. This dining arrangement was again, why Jack Kohler is vividly remembered by this scout for his leadership in times of adversity. To be specific: one morning, everyone who dined at Hilltop woke up with the runs. Clearly, the heaterstat arrangement had serious sanitary shortcomings. Many doses of kapectate later, everyone recovered, but it took Jack Kohler and his incredible sense of humor help to alleviate our suffering. His jokes and quips about the occurrence became legend. His verbal contributions helped one and all to "lighten up" and to "keep on scouting". In his unique way, Jack diffused an unpleasant situation and redirected us into positive thinking.

It was during my year as Chief of Suanhacky Lodge, (1959-1960) that I worked most closely with Jack. When I needed a second opinion on lodge policies and procedures, I sought out my lodge advisor, Joe Neumann...the same Joe Neumann with whose troop I dined that memorable fourth period. We enjoyed many a laugh about the heaterstat catastrophe and about Jack's contribution to restoring normalcy. Joe and Jack were lifelong friends, so I benefitted from Jack's expertise on more than one occasion. His wisdom, which was greatly appreciated, was invariably delivered with a chuckle or a joke.

But it is the memory of Jack being carried into the Lakeside mess hall so that his feet would not prematurely touch the ground that I cherish above all.