



Dedicated to Preserving the Memories of T.M.R. Campers

The Newsletter of the Ten Mile River Scout Museum - January 2023

The TMR Scout Museum was involved in many events in the second half of 2022. These events included TMR Alumni Day, the Steakout, a Trade-O-Ree and the NY Travel Show. This issue of Smoke Signals will highlight each of these as well as some extended stories by some Trustees.

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2022 Alumni Reunion

The 2022 TMR Alumni Reunion was held August 12 - 14th. Hosted by the TMR Alumni Association and the TMR Scout Museum, attendees had the opportunity to hike a portion of the TMR Trail and connect with friends. Ralph Daddi produced a very successful Car Show, which was well attended.

The Reunion marked the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Boy Scout Foundation of Greater New York, the predecessor to the Greater New York Councils, and the 25th anniversary of the founding of the TMR Scout Museum.

The opening ceremony was at the Museum. There were a large number of commemorative tiles installed on the Wall of Fame. Lunch was at Aquehonga and dinner was at Keowa.

The 2023 Alumni Reunion will be August 4-6.

Kintecoying Lodge Trade-O-Ree

On November 19, Chairman Mitchell Slepian and Treasurer David Malatzky worked the museum's table at the 2022 Kintecoying Lodge #4 25th Trade-O-Ree at Alpine Scout Camp. It was the first live lodge trade-o-ree since the pandemic arrived in 2020. We sold several patches, neckerchiefs, and other items.

Museum Trustee Bill Mulrenin chaired the event for the lodge. He and Trustee/Facility Manager Mikey Herbert deserve special thanks for packing a few crates from the museum and transporting them to Alpine. We were surrounded by good friends, including but not limited to Founding Chairman Dr. Gene Berman. Trustees Rich Miller and Frank Mullane, as well as Trustee/TMR Alumni Association Chair Johannes Knoops.



The Museum at the New York International Travel Show

By David M. Malatzky

In mid-October, I received an invitation from the Sullivan Catskills Visitor Association (SCVA) for the Museum to exhibit at the New York International Travel Show (Javits Convention Center, October 29-30, 2022).

The Museum has been a member of the SCVA for 20+ years but this was the first time we were invited to something like this, and in New York City, and for free! Chairman Slepian was very familiar with shows like this one and very much supported the idea.

I committed to attend. Mitchell solicited help from the trustees and Richard Miller volunteered to help on Saturday. Considering the location of the show, I thought that we would see a large number of participants from New York and New Jersey, of which some would have backgrounds in Scouting and some of them would have attended TMR. This turned out to be exactly what happened.

I suggested to GNYC that the show was an opportunity to promote NYC Scouting in general.

Marcelle Grant provided me with current GNYC literature, pens, pencils and a few patches as giveaways. I added copies of the 2022 Museum brochure and lots of old Historian patches. Having done this before, I already had a table-top display featuring photos of the Museum.

I met Rich at the Javits Convention Center early on Saturday, Oct. 29th and proceeded to the SCVA booth to set up. It was an ideal location, a short walk from the entrance. While the invitation was extended to all SCVA members, we were the only one to show up. We found the SCVA booth with two tables already covered with their stuff. What to do? Lucky for us, the SCVA staffer grabbed a nearby unused table, extending their booth a bit, and gave it to us for the duration of the show. Now we had sufficient room for our handouts and displays.

All types of persons stopped by our table and heard Rich and me pitch the Museum. This included non-Scouters and plenty of current and past Scouters, mainly from New York and New Jersey. One gentleman attended TMR in the 1950s. Rich and I had several interesting talks with participants about TMR in the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s.

Rich and I took turns manning the table so that each of us could walk around and enjoy the show. There were booths from cruise companies, travel destinations in the tri-state region and from around the world. Some were very elaborate. I recall that the booth from Nepal had their own dancers in costume, which was a treat. Most booths had giveaways including tote bags, pens, and various travel aids. Rich was giddy with all of the "loot" he was able to pick up.

The New York International Travel Show was great fun and the Museum was certainly promoted to a wide audience. I don't know if we will be invited back in 2023 but definitely would exhibit again if offered the opportunity.

For photos: <https://www.tmrsmuseum.org/international-travel-show>

Steakout 2022

Sept. 10, 2022 - TMR Museum Chairman Mitchell Slepian, Vice-Chair Anthony Zalak, Treasurer David Malatzky, Founding Chair Dr. Eugene Berman, Museum Co-Director Ira Nagel and Trustee Johnny Gonzalez worked the Museum's table at the 2022 GNYC Steakout at Alpine Scout Camp. Next to our table was the TMR Alumni Association's table, staffed by its chairman and museum trustee, Johannes Knoops.

One table over was the Ranachqua Foundation's table staffed by Marc Messenger. We displayed various items from our trading post and sold several items to the event's attendees. Several trustees attended the opening sessions and listened to several of the GNYC's speakers discussing its goals for the 2022-2023 season. We connected with Kintecoying Lodge youth to interest them in learning more about our activities.



Letter from Dick Davies

(Dick Davies was most recently GNYC Chief Executive Officer and Scout Executive.)

When I was asked by the Greater New York Councils Board two years ago to step in as Scout Executive for one year to manage the Council through COVID and the National B.S.A. Bankruptcy, I had one primary objective. If I achieved nothing else, I had to make sure GNYC had the funds required for our contribution to the national settlement, doing our part to save Scouting while fairly compensating the survivors of past abuse. Given their prominence, our camp properties were under a spotlight in the settlement negotiations. And we are New York City after all!

Readers of this newsletter, more than most, were appropriately concerned about what this might mean for the future of Ten Mile River. Unfortunately, our only realistic source of funds for the settlement was some sort of transaction to free up value from our flagship camp! From the very start of our project, the GNYC Board made it clear that maintaining current TMR camping operations and the integrity of the property was a must. Those passionate about TMR should be very pleased with the outcome. The entire acreage assembled by FDR and his friends will be conserved permanently as a natural area, which we will continue to access. Scouts not even born yet will be able to hike all the same trails that readers remember from their boyhoods. And we did our part to save the B.S.A.

Looking ahead, will we have enough campers to keep the existing camps filled and financially viable? Many of you have expressed concern over our loss of membership during COVID. While we have a long way to go in our rebuild, we had a strong start in 2022 with an overall annual membership growth of 17% - one of the best gains of any Council in the country and tops in New York. Importantly, we built the pipeline of future Scout campers with a 24% increase in Cubs. The TMR Museum does a marvelous job of reminding us of our place in the history of Scouting. To ensure a strong future for TMR, please get involved in the hard work of helping your local unit grow.

My 22 months as the Scout Executive of GNYC, while totally unplanned, will certainly go down as the highlight of my Scouting journey. At the same time, I am enjoying my return to the volunteer ranks, and will be doing my best to introduce new young people to the worlds of Scouting and Exploring.

MY ORDER OF THE ARROW ORDEAL - JULY 1959

Dr. Gene Berman-Founder and
Chairman Emeritus-TMR Museum

Back in the day, that being 1959, there were no pre-camp tap-outs (now callouts) and no special weekends for Ordeals (now called Honors weekends). TMR summer camp ran for 8 weeks divided into four periods of 2 weeks each. In those days, unless a unique circumstance required it, no scout went to camp for only one week.

Once, during the 2 week session, all the Brooklyn troops would gather at the Kunatan Ballfield at dusk for what was to be a special ceremony. There was a humongous bonfire in the center which was lit as the sun faded beyond the horizon. Scouts gathered in a very large circle, and all could suddenly hear bells and whoops from Indians who were now entering the circle complete in Native American Regalia. As a young scout I was intrigued by what was supposed to happen. There had been talk in the campsite about the Order of the Arrow, but I had not paid too much attention, not seeing the relevance to me.

But now, it was dark and one Indian, the one who looked like a Chief, (Allowat Sakima) began telling the legend of the Order of the Arrow. At some point after the legend was completed, the Indians started walking around the inside of the giant circle and with what sounded like a "war cry of Yeeow", here and there some unlucky kid (or was it lucky) would be pulled out to the center of the circle. I was so fascinated I never noticed my Scoutmaster, Henry Fuller, standing behind me and holding his sash over my head, to cue the Indians that I was to be "tapped out". When the Chief got near me and yelled, Yeeow..he pushed me so hard and I was so startled I was thrown back where I fell and landed on my back. By the grace of the good Lord, I did not fracture my skull. For those that are familiar with the Kunatah ball field just as you reach the edge there are two flat rocks, still there to this day with a small space where my head landed. Mr. Fuller thought they were dragging a "dead one" out to the center of the circle, so he related to me later. But I was fine. I do not recall ever relating this to Chief Jerry Newman, but I did relate it many years later (early 1980s) to his dad, Harry Newman who visited at our 521/109 campsite on Chappegat hill. I told him to tell his son he almost killed me.

The tap out ended and except for us, candidates, everyone else returned to their campsite. We were told some more Indian Lore tales and then "read the riot act." We were not to speak to anyone, and we were to follow a young man wearing a white sash with



a red arrow who would be our Taskmaster (now elangomat). He led us to our various campsites and each time he first would say, "Don't speak to anyone". Get your poncho, sleeping bag, pocket knife, and put on work clothes and get a flashlight and return to the edge of the campsite. We were then led on a little hike which took us down to the lake, onto the road, Cocheton Tpk. and thru the stone arches. About ¼ mile up the road we turned right and walked about two city blocks to a very old shack (pumphouse for water). We were then led up a small embankment and saw what looked like a small lake (old camp Brooklyn Reservoir). The taskmaster again warned us that if we were caught talking, we would be washed out and may never get into the Order of the Arrow.

We were also cautioned about eating. We were told to find a stick to make an arrow and if we talked or were seen eating or did not immediately obey the Taskmaster our arrow would be broken and we would be sent back to our campsite in disgrace. I found out later that they gave people 3 strikes before breaking one's arrow which was much kinder than what our predecessors in the 1930s had to endure which was one strike and your arrow was broken. But we did not know that. He then spaced us out and bedded us down at intervals along the reservoir and warned us again. Now I was alone. I was not hungry but I was tired. I found a stick and figured I would work on it in the morning, and I was just going to go to sleep. That was not to be as all I could hear was a serenade of frogs, bullfrogs and high pitched ribbits from small frogs. There was no sleeping, so I started to work on my arrow, and I guess at some point I did fall asleep.

We were awakened in the morning and we were led back past the stone pillars and just about the right turn into the Brooklyn camps. We were told to wash up at the willy (no soap, no towels, nada, but washed up we did). Our breakfast consisted of two pieces of white bread and water. YUM...I had heard other Ordeals had provided two raw eggs and two matches to build a small fire to cook the eggs or eat (drink) them raw or not eat at all, so I guess we were lucky to have what we got. After breakfast began our Ordeal. In those days, there was a lot of traffic including a lot of bus traffic in and out of the Brooklyn Camps. There was no

parking lot off Cocheton (built many years later). Buses would turn right and drive right through to Kunatah and then proceed to unload at Chappegat and then turn around (Kotohke closed in 1956) and return. When a bus wanted to turn right to go into camp from Cocheton Tpk. and another wanted to turn left to leave camp it was like a Times Square traffic jam because of the tight fit on the small road.

Our job was to create a new "Segway" road for buses turning right and the main road would be used for buses leaving camp and turning left. It was to run I would say perhaps 100-200 feet and merge into the main road producing a "Y". We all worked very hard cutting trees, pulling stumps, unearthing some rocks and sledge hammering others, but by lunch time we had a fairly nice road that could be leveled and graded by a backhoe or such. Taskmaster, always prefacing everything he said by, "Don't talk, don't speak" you all did very well so we have a special treat for you for lunch. Besides our two slices of white bread, We are going to give you one slice of American cheese and a glass of milk. WHOOPIE, I thought sarcastically.

Lunch ended around 1 PM and our Taskmaster came over with a very GRIM face and announced "I have some bad news for you candidates." He said, "apparently, no one had bothered to inform the town or the county we were doing this. Since Cocheton Tpk is a county road, it required a hearing, because it involved a change in the map. We now must find rocks and put up a large retaining wall so no one can use your beautiful road". And so, for two hours we built the wall which only came down years later when the Kunatah Parking Lot was created. Then our road could be used to access the Camp Directors house and the main road to access the parking lot.

This part is a little fuzzy, but I think prior to this Ordeal that one area was used at different times for Archery and for Skeet shooting. Our Taskmaster announced that we were so proficient in sledge hammering rocks we were going to the new Kunatah Archery Range (or maybe it was the new skeet range?) for an hour or two to break up some rocks. Some kid could not resist shouting out, "Then they will tell us we can't use the range" He got a notch in his arrow but later he said it was worth it. I was cool. No notches.

I was then taken to the rifle range by myself where I was to spend some time sitting in meditation of what the event had been so far. That lasted at least 10 minutes so with no one there I started picking up spent shells and digging bullets out of the mounting posts. Who could have imagined ten years later I would be the Kunatah Rifle Range director.

Finally, someone came to get me. They returned my sleeping bag and stuff from the night before and told me to wash up and put on my uniform. Given permission to speak I asked if we were going to get

American cheese with our dinner? The Taskmaster smiled. It was a beautiful ceremony and at the end I got my sash along with my fellow candidates. And then the BIG Banquet. Delicious real food. Once in the two weeks in camp the camp would serve what was called the propaganda meal which was a feast usually when parents came by the camp, Sunday night. This was better.

Finally, the Ordeal was over. I was a brother in Sakanenk Chapter of Shu-Shu-Gah lodge. Between college, dental school, the army, establishing a practice, trying to be a great Scoutmaster for Troops 199 and 109 and back to 199 again I did not make Brotherhood until 1988 (thank you Jess Bernstein for pushing me to do it) and I kept my Vigil during Suanhacky Lodge's 75th year in May of 2005.

Some things stick with you forever. You might ask how I can recall small details of an event that took place over 60 years ago. I guess I just have a good memory. Now what did I have for breakfast yesterday morning.



Who Found T.M.R.? - For the First Time, an Answer

By David Malatzky

The story of T.M.R.'s origin is often told, but is short on details. We all heard the story. In 1924, Franklin D. Roosevelt and his friends started searching for a permanent summer camp for the N.Y.C. Boy Scouts, to replace the crowded and leased Kanohwahke Scout Camps in Harriman State Park. After a two-year search within 50 miles of N.Y.C., no property could be found that satisfied their requirements. After another year of investigation and examining many maps, it was found that it was possible to obtain options on thirty-two small parcels in the vicinity of the Ten Mile River, which when combined, formed a 10,000+ acres property which satisfied all of the requirements.

There was a real concern that if any of the landowners knew that the N.Y.C. Boy Scouts were the actual buyers their selling price would be increased multiple times. So the landowners were never told who

ultimately would own their property. It was a big secret. In October 1927, the thirty-two landowners were invited to the Sullivan County Courthouse in Monticello to receive payment and provide titles to their properties to the buyer. And so we own T.M.R.

At least this is how Sullivan County Historian James W. Burbank described it in 1952, when he wrote a six-page T.M.R. history for the program for T.M.R.'s Silver Jubilee testimonial dinner hosted by the Narrowsburg Chamber of Commerce. All T.M.R. histories since 1952 are just updated versions of Burbank's 1952 document.

Sounds great, but who found the 10,000+ acres that would become T.M.R.? Burbank doesn't really say. He talked about "Trained and trustworthy Scout Officials" being involved in the search, but not much else.

More recent T.M.R. histories acknowledge that Gaul & Kampfer, a real estate company in Yonkers, N.Y., obtained the options and titles to the thirty-two parcels of land, and then signed them over to the Boy Scout Foundation of Greater New York. It appears that Gaul & Kampfer was brought in specifically to obtain the options from the landowners. But who found T.M.R. in the first place?

Now we think we know. It was Gaul & Kampfer that determined that it was feasible to purchase the "Ten Mile River Site," as they described it, in a 23-page report, plus map, recently received by the Museum. At a cost of \$430,000.00, the 10,440 acres would cost the Boy Scouts an average of \$41.29 per acre. The undated report was addressed to the Boy Scout Foundation of Greater New York, and informed them that Gaul & Kampfer had completed assembling the various properties and requested Foundation approval to acquire the 10,440 acres, which included ten lakes, of which six were available for immediate use. Gaul & Kampfer's plan was to obtain title to the various properties, then give the Boy Scouts one deed and title guarantee covering all of it, "thereby giving you an unquestionable title to this tract."

The report explains in detail the work Gaul & Kampfer had completed so far: "In order to secure this tract for you, we have been working in the different counties around greater New York for 9 consecutive months, and after we convinced ourselves that this was the best site obtainable from all points of view, and supported in our views by some engineers of your own organization, we proceeded to secure this tract of land, taking options on parcels and buying other parcels definitely, as no options could be secured on them and they were absolutely essential to the consolidation of the whole tract."

"In other instances we were obliged to buy other farms to use them as exchanges with people that would not sell their places, especially on the plea that

this tract is going to be converted into a great game preserve and that people left in this large tract would not in the future be able to liquidate a fair value for their property. Along these lines, we have been able to control this situation and keep prices from soaring in spite of our many purchases." They also had to purchase two parcels on June 15th and June 18th, both being absolutely essential to the plan. Notably, Gaul & Kampfer was doing this without the Foundation agreeing to spend one cent.

The report warned that unless the Foundation approved their plan immediately, the whole plan could be lost. Gaul & Kampfer had options on multiple properties set to expire on July 15th, and they were convinced that unless the options were executed, the present landowners would refuse to renew them, regardless of price. They characterized the real estate field in this area as "like a boiling pot," due to them acquiring much of the available property. Gaul & Kampfer asked the Foundation to "take immediate action and give us a definite decision." The rest is (T.M.R.) history.

The report includes detailed descriptions of each of the parcels of land and a large map identifying the various parcels in the Gaul & Kampfer proposal. For the first time, we have detailed information on the various parcels of land that made up the original 1927

TMR Wall of Fame



Do you want to recognize some individual, group or organization for their contributions to the Ten Mile River Scout Camps and/or New York City Scouting? A custom-engraved tile on the T.M.R. Wall of Fame might be

right for you. [Wall of Fame - Learn More](#)

Donate Scouting Memorabilia

Donations of T.M.R. and other Scouting memorabilia to the Museum by individuals like you are the main way the Museum grows.

These include, but are not limited to: photos, color slides, 8-mm film, videos, patches, neckerchiefs, neckerchief slides, uniforms, banners, menus, paper items, etc. We can also photograph items and return them to you, or photograph notable items at your home. [Learn More.](#)

