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**THE
MOWGLIS
HOWL
1966**

THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

VOLUME XLV

1966

TO KEEP THE COMRADESHIP AND THE MEMORY OF THE PACK



1966

Dedicated to the Memory of
Elizabeth Ford Holt, Founder of Mowglis
Alcott Farrar Elwell, Director, 1925-1953

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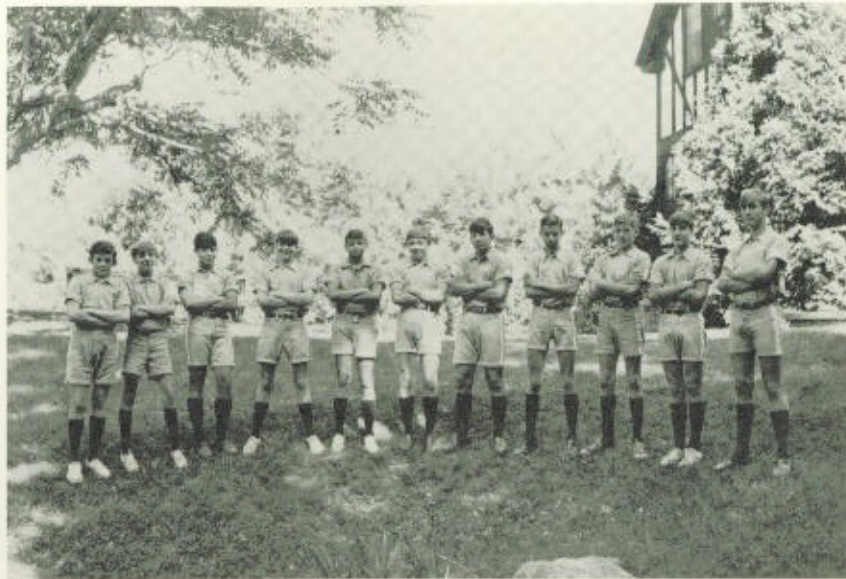
Den
Dan Hertzler

Akela
Scott Veale

Panther
Scott Brown

Toomai
Chris Smith
Larry Berking

Baloo
Stuart Carothers



GRADUATES OF 1966

Left to right: Peter Kingsley, Nat Hemenway, Ted DiMasi, Dan Hertzler, Tom DiMasi, Steve Tobey, Doug George, Will Shand, Mike Merwin, Peter Punderson, Jonathan Feuer.

"There's a trail that thou must follow,
O thou man-cub of tomorrow!
Strong of limb and clean of heart,
Let thy hunting help the weaker
Toward a path that's straight and narrow —
On the trail that shows no favor —
Brothers all, we hunt together."

* * *

**THE STAFF,
1966**



"We be of one blood, brothers!"

Mowglis Pack History: 1966

The fourth year of the Holt-Elwell Foundation ends with the sending of candleboats onto the lake. Graduate's Dinner, the Inner Circle Ceremony, the Candlelight Chapel Service, and Mrs. Holt's Day have all warned that this end was coming. And the warning has been heard, as boys and counsellors put in long hours to complete the work of the summer in the few days dwindling away. The hard work led to graduation medals, ribbons, passed tests, and birchbarks, and the other honors that Mowglis can give.

But it would be wrong to leave Mowglis with just the beauty of these final days alone in our memories, because the summer has been made of very different things from these ceremonies. And it would be wrong to think that even the highest honors can be taken to stand for all the summer has meant, in fun and work. It is not easy to remember the whole summer, once the last days have prepared the camp for going home.

Right through the summer, though, there have been very special times sprinkled through the weeks, that can be remembered without difficulty. The echoes of the opening cannon suggest the making of new friends, the choosing of what each boy will do and

learn during the summer. Almost immediately trips began, that set some days apart, days when the Den got rained on going down the Saco, when Panther got caught in a storm on Osceola, when Akela got rained in at Akerman's Field. And with the hard times came good ones on trips — the finding of the lost summit of Plymouth Mountain, encounters with the Mad Axeman, and, of course, "But for Breakfast, we had . . ." The Washington and Gopher Squads had new routes, covering holy mountains and braving the worst weather in New England. Everywhere, Mowglis trips met compliments on Mowglis' excellent reputation in the mountains, and the reputation was left brighter than it was found, just as the many trails we maintain in the Cardigan region were left wider than they were found.

Who could forget Crew Week when the tensions raised by skits and cheers and preparation came to focus first on a pageant and then on a race? The noise and pressure grew, as Reds and Blues competed for "life-gas" in outer space, and the Ruler of the Universe had to step in to propose the race. And when the race was over, and the Red Oar hung from the flagpole, the singing of the rowing song made another moment that was easy to remember.

teams' competition, with mathematical living things contending in land sports, water sports, soccer, volleyball, and hunting games? Remember it was the Tripod Tarantulas who took home the trophies. No one who saw the Indian Show could forget Mr. West and the dancing of his Indian Lore boys. For Costume Night, Mr. Klein painted a middle-aged mermaid in the 2nd Annual Klein Mural, and the staff acted out the tragedy of "Mr. Truebluemowglisman", "20,000 Leagues under the Sea." Other nights were special, too — the magician, the gun demonstration, initiations into the Siamese Mongoose Society, charades and music.

* * *

PANTHER ON CARDIGAN

The other day Panther climbed the Holt Trail up Cardigan. We beat Akela to the top. We stayed there for a few minutes and then climbed over to Firescrew. There we ate lunch. After that we climbed down to the ski lodge.

BARRY BEAL

events were the planned ones, the ones every boy could count on seeing, though without knowing how each would turn out. Once again, the unplanned collection of boys and counsellors, in the familiar routines of regular days, duties, and industries, tetherball and horseshoes, made up most of the summer. As the summer ends, we should also remember these times, that everyone forgets, the small unplanned moments, as well as the large planned ones. And those small moments depended for their success, just as much as the large ones, on the people at Mowglis, so

MOWGLIS, 1966,
WE SALUTE YOU!

* * *

THE DENITES

The Denites have a trick of saying that there is a Den Mouse underneath the building. They told that to a counsellor and underneath he went. Coming out, he got wet by a boy who had dumped a pail of water on his head.

MARK WILLCOX



WATERSPORTS DAY

Yesterday was Watersports Day. We had a chance to get in first place, but we goofed it up and came in third. I had fun and I think a lot of the other kids did too.

PETER MARX

CAMP

Camp is the out of doors, and it is the place where your achievements can be seen and rewarded and where you can be helped in areas where you aren't so good. Camp is friendship and much fun.

JOHN WOODS

INSPECTION

This week Baloo caught up and took the lead in inspection points. Last week Mr. Kranz said he would never give us a point. But it was so good that he gave us one. It was Mr. Conners and Mr. Phil that pulled us through, but I bet if it hadn't been for Mr. Kranz we would have gotten two points!

PAUL DERVIS

WATCHING NATURE

Last Thursday most dorms went out on trips, but the Den stayed in camp, because we had just gotten back from the Pemi trip. During lunch on the writing porch, we noticed a chipmunk only a few feet away. We threw a few small pieces of bread to him. At first he was frightened, but he gradually became braver and made a pig of himself. Although he was twice frightened away, he kept coming back. At times like this, it is fun to watch nature instead of not noticing it.

PETER KINGSLEY

TENNIS

We have two clay courts here at Mowglis. It's pretty hard because you don't know which way the balls are going to bounce. You have a chart and all the tennis players are seeded. You're supposed to work your way to the top of the chart.

GEORGE HURST

A SOCK FIGHT

Last night Baloo had a sock fight in which we had to stay on our beds, which was very discouraging. The fight ended after Mr. Conners saw a few people off their beds.

GARY WRIGHT



PRE-CAMP

This year as usual I arrived four days early. These are the really easy days of camp. The first day is Sunday and it is a rest day. The most fun is that you watch all these counsellors slaving away while you jump in and out of the water at the waterfront. Another thing is that all the counsellors do the dishes and you get to sit at a separate table.

PETER O'CONNOR

WHAT IS MOWGLIS?

It is the world of the open.
It is the world of fresh air.
It is the world of mountain climbing.
It is the world of crew racing.
It is the world of swimming.
But above all it is the world of fun.

STEEL STILLMAN

SCALPS

At the dinner table Mr. West gives out "Scalps" to people with bad manners and elbows on the table. So far I have 12, but there's more coming. Six scalps, no dessert, and twelve scalps you're table boy. Every day you have a clean record. So far I've only lost desserts, but in the future I might not be that lucky.

SCOTT VEALE

CAMP

Camp is a place to be during the summer, to see the birds and to play with each other, a place to play and a place to climb.

TODD BEAL

GOOD GUY-BAD GUY

July 4th we had a good guy-bad-guy baseball game. The bad guys were a sloppy, messy, dirty bunch of toughies and the good guys were clean and healthy. The good guys won, 8-1, after 3 innings of hilarious baseball.

JOHN WOODS

A DOG?

Today at Howl-writing period, Todd Beal wrote a letter to his dog Gee-Gee. He thinks that she is smart enough to write him back, and I'm just waiting to see her reply.

PETER DERVIS

MARINE BROOMS?

My worst duty is Gray Brothers. Mr. Kranz works you to death. Sweep, sweep, sweep, that's all you do. During Crew Week, the Blue Crew boys had to work over-time. Ich!

GEORGE HURST

CAMP

This is my first year here at Mowglis and believe me, it's been quite an experience. There is a certain schedule to follow every day, yet you feel free to do what you want to a certain degree. It's a chance to express yourself in what you do, and to be rewarded for it. It's a time to meet other guys and make friends. It's a time when you learn new skills and are able to use them. It's a time when you can get away from the sometimes boring, and a little bit repetitious life of home. All in all, camp is a time to have fun.

STU CAROTHERS



AKELA'S 5TH OF JULY

The 5th of July will go down in Akela history. The first chapter was when Tim Coons tried to teach Mr. West to do a flip. Mr. Kranz knelt down on all fours just in front of the mat. Mr. West came tearing down the dorm, flipped over and fell backwards smack on Mr. Kranz' back. After Messrs. West and Kranz recovered, I asked Mr. West to stand in front of the doorway so I could see whether I could knock him down. I got at the other end of the dorm and let out for Mr. West, only he apparently didn't understand me, and dodged to the side, and I met the doorjamb instead of Mr. West. At dinner we were recounting the day's adventures when Scott Veale spilled his water all over the table. For a grand finale Mr. West spilled his entire lamb dinner in his lap.

BRUCE MCINTOSH



LAME DUCKS

Last night we had a marshmallow roast. Some of the marshmallows caught on fire and we had to blow them out before we could eat them. Everybody had fun.

JOHN KNOTT



TOOMAI AND THE TOP OF PLYMOUTH

One day Toomai found the top of Plymouth Mountain. We climbed up to the near top first, and thought that we had reached the real top, but we hadn't. We ate lunch and then we had a relax while Mr. Klein went to a little lower place that they thought was higher. When they came back, we all followed them up there. But it wasn't really higher so we stayed there while Mr. Klein and Mr. Di-

Toomai Plymouth Mt. Expedition



Masi snooped around. All of a sudden Mr. Klein gave out a big roar and yelled as loud as his voice would let him, "I found the real top of the mountain." So we went over there and found some gold markers. Then we took the good sign from the wrong summit and put it on the right summit and took the one from the old summit back to camp.

MARK WILLCOX

SPEEDING CANOES

On the second day of the Saco trip we hit some fairly big rapids. Doug George was in the bow of the canoe, and I was in the stern. We got stuck on a rock and we had to jump out into the water which was neck high. Suddenly I looked behind me and saw a huge aluminum object coming towards me. I took another look and saw that it was Jon Feuer and Dan Hertzler coming towards me in their canoe. Smack! They ran right over me. Doug George started yelling at them and he lost his footing. Well, we finally got back into the canoe, soaking wet and a little bit bruised.

PETER PUNDERSON

"THE THING YOU DO"

The thing you do on Soup Bowl Glide,

Is soap up your rear and sit and slide. After a few times down the thing, Boy, does your rear ever sting!

CHRIS BAER



GETTING CONFUSED ON THE GIBBS TRAIL

Baloo went past a trail and kept on going. There was a junction in the trail, and Mr. Ulery got mixed up, so we had to go back. Then Peter Burke fell through a bridge. Then we had to go back.

JIM WESTBERG

OUR TRUSTY TENT

On Wednesday night Peter Kingsley and myself were lucky enough to sleep in the same tent with Mike Merwin. The early part of the night went well until Mike began to move around in his sleep. He knocked over the paddle holding up the tent. All three of us awoke finding ourselves in the middle of a downpour without a tent. We were too tired to put it up again, and by morning everything was soaking wet.

NAT HEMENWAY

ATWELL'S BROOK

Last Thursday Baloo went up to Atwell's Brook. First we set up camp and then we went to Kimball Falls for lunch and for a swim. When we got back to the brook, the staff started to make supper while some boys built a dam to make the swimming hole deeper and other boys dug the garbage hole. Then we had dinner and went to bed. The next day we went on a ten mile hike which took eight hours in all. We went up Oregon Mt. and Mowglis Mt. When we got back to the brook everyone was very tired. That night Mr. Boicourt and Mr. Klein came with marshmallows and everyone had six of them. That night we hit the sack early. All in all, the trip was very nice and the truck ride was all right.

ED GOODMAN

Den on the Saco





*LAKES OF THE CLOUDS
LAUGHTER!*

Knives, forks, dishes, spoons
Flying through the room.
Navarak, the girls camp,
Was in the dishes room!

Dry, dry, dry, a dish
Then pretend it's a flying fish!
On the floor, out the door
Went the hut's every dish!

Put the bread on the table,
Dump the meat as in a stable.
Tear the cards in pieces asunder
Then hide them on the table, under.

SCOTT BROWN

*THE POEM OF SOUP BOWL
GLIDE*

This is the poem of Soup Bowl, and
it is true, through and through.
The times that Mr. Ross went down
Was 21, with nothing on,
It was fun as it could be,
And we were all very happy.

PETER HOWARD

1966 Mt. Washington Squad

A LONG DROP

On the Mt. Washington Squad we stayed at 3 huts, Mizpah, Lakes and Madison. They were all great. At Lakes and Madison there were 2 rooms, one for men and the other for women. The beds are stacked up 4 high, about 7 feet to the top one. The second night the 2 squads met at Lakes. As I got into bed that night I said it would be bad news if I somehow fell from the top. Well, that night I rolled all over and fell all seven feet. Almost! Mr. Boicourt's Kelty pack cushioned my fall; but the pack broke. I climbed up into bed and this time I tied myself in. The next morning when we saw the Kelty we felt it was better the pack than me. The next night I slept on the bottom and didn't fall out.

MIKE MERWIN

*PANTHER VERSUS PAUL
REVERE AND THE RAIDERS*

On Thursday we went on a trip up the Holt Trail on Cardigan where we met up with what we called Paul Revere and the Raiders. We started out first up the trail and about half way up they passed us, then we passed them, then they passed us and then we passed them and went up the mountain. Around 5 minutes later the first 4 of Paul Revere and the Raiders came up then 3 more and around 10 minutes later the rest followed all sweaty and tired out. Then somebody said to him — Paul Revere — "it's a pretty hard trail huh!" and he said "nah, this is just a trail to warm up the little kids for the hard trail."

GREG SHELNESS

ACKERMAN'S FIELD

Yesterday we came back from Ackerman's Field. It was a fun trip, I liked Welton Falls the best.

NICK DAVIDGE

WHITE CAPS AT BELLE ISLE

The second day of Toomai's Belle Isle trip, it was quite windy after our lunch. We all ran to the other end of the Island. We saw white caps by the million. We looked over where we thought Camp was, and saw a heavy bank of fog covering everything. We thought we were going to have a terrible storm. We didn't, luckily, and it cleared off and the sun came out so it was a nice day again.

GEORGE HULME

FRANCONIA FALLS

On Wednesday we went to the Pemigewasett Wilderness. We went to Franconia Falls. Everyone except two people went over the Falls. The water was cold but we all had a good time.

DWIGHT SHEPARD

Panther on Carrigain



CREW

"Swing, swing together, thinking not of yourself but the crew."



RED RACING CREW

Stephen Punderson
Peter O'Connor
John Davidge
Peter Berking
Peter Punderson
Jonathan Feuer
Timothy Coons (Captain)

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

First Form Red

Peter Hubbard
Harry Kendall
Henry Coons (Captain)
Randy Wright
Terry Hopkins
Jonathan Hulme
Chris Church

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

Second Form Red

Wayne King
Scott Veale
Stuart Carothers
Barry Curran
Bruce McIntosh
Geoffrey Nolin
Ed Goodman

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

Third Form Red

Kevin McCarthy
Richard Morgan
Steel Stillman
Marcy Watson
Jim Westberg
Nick Davidge
Peter Burke

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

BLUE RACING CREW

Thomas DiMasi
Peter Kingsley
Stephen Tobey
Michael Merwin
Theodore DiMasi (Captain)
Douglas George
Dan Hertzler

First Form Blue

Gregory Shelness
Barry Beal
Dwight Shepard
Scott Brown (Captain)
Jim Van Schaick
Jim Hart
Todd Beal

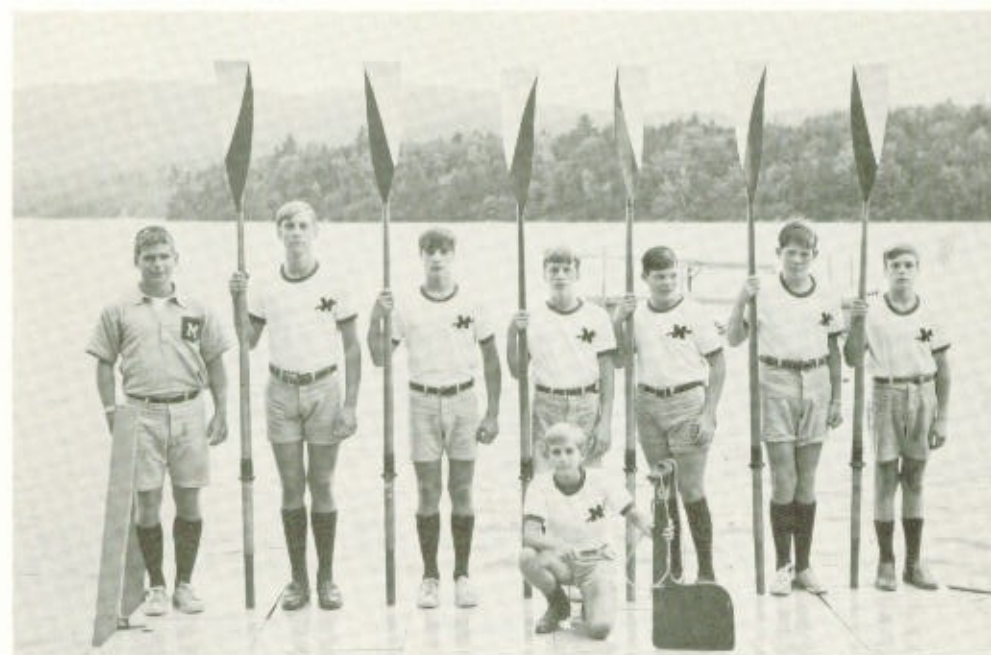
Second Form Blue

Will Shand
John Chisholm
Reinhard Rother
Wayne Somersall
George Hurst
Andrew Stewart
Nathaniel Hemenway

Third Form Blue

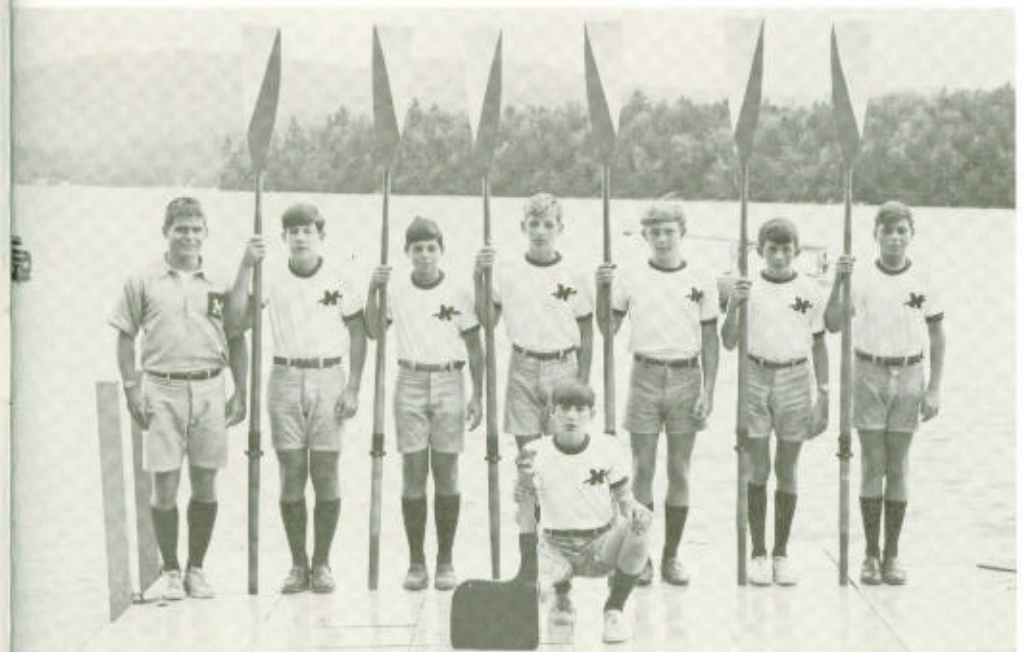
Karl Schwarzkopf
Peter Dervis
Chris Nulty
John Woods
Mark Lawrence
George Ketcham
Simon Hare

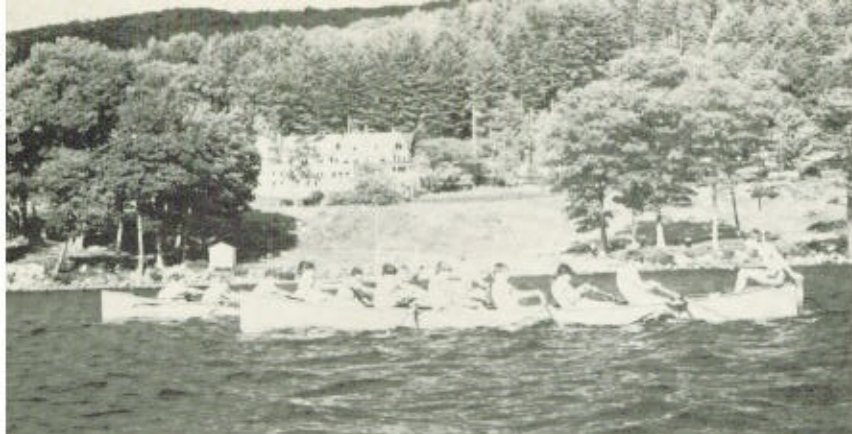
Coach: Mr. Sanford Gaines



THE RED RACING CREW

THE BLUE RACING CREW





The Race

CREW DAY

Saturday was Crew Day. The 1st race was Third Form, won by the Reds; the Second and the First Forms were won by the Blue. The last Race the Reds won, so the Reds won Crew Day.

CHIPPER SMITH

CREW DAY

Yesterday was crew day, a big event. My form lost, but the Red Racing Crew won the big race. Before the race we strung up crepe paper all over camp. Half of it got ripped down before the parade started, but it turned out fine.

SCOTT VEALE

CREW WEEK

Crew week is in my opinion the finest week of camp, not just for the tangible things it represents but for the intangible qualities it gives to every boy. Qualities such as determination and drive, which are displayed at crew practices, and later on Crew Day. There are still other qualities, of spirit and of confidence. These all are the things which give a boy an interest in his crew and the assurance of its future. All these qualities are planted as seeds during a Crew Week and in the future will soon prove helpful.

STEVE TOBEY

Blue Crew Leader



CREW DAY FROM THE BOW

In yesterday's racing crew race, I was in the bow and could see everything that went on. When it started the Reds took the lead. But during the middle drives the Blues caught up a half length. At the final drive the Reds pulled up a length and won by 1½ lengths.

STEVE PUNDERSON

CREPE PAPER JUNGLE

Saturday morning was Camp decoration, With crepe paper, tacks, and imagination.

Paper was everywhere: red and blue, Hanging on trees, poles, and buildings, too.

Up a tree, over a limb, Somewhere new at every whim, On the bushes: from dorm to dorm, Until the Camp looked like a crepe paper storm.

Paper from every object dangled, One could hardly walk without getting tangled.

More fun than spreading them around,

When it was time to tear them down!

JIM VAN SCHAICK



Red Mystery Car

RAISING THE OAR

After every Crew Race it is a tradition to raise the winning Stroke's oar. This year it was the Reds who won. Mr. Hart called the racing crews over and then the rest of the Camp. Jon Feuer raised the oar while the Camp sang the Boating Song.

CHRIS CHURCH

Flush of Victory!





THE MOWGLIS ORCHESTRA

We have a fantastic orchestra. We actually managed to botch both our great pieces up. It is an amazing feat, but we only practiced once. I certainly hope we get better next time.

PETER BERKING

THANK YOU MR. WEST

All of the Indian Lore boys would like to express their deepest appreciation for Mr. West, who without his sleepless nights working on our costumes, the Indian Show would never have been able to be so successful.

SCOTT VEALE & THE INDIAN LORE BOYS

INDIAN DANCES

Last night there was an Indian Dance produced by Mr. West. The first dance was the slow war dance. Then there was the Eagle Dance and next the fast war dance, plus the Shield Dance. Mr. West ended it with the Lord's Prayer in Indian Sign Language which I thought was very impressive.

ED GOODMAN

LAST NIGHT

Last night Mr. West and the Indian Lore people put on an Indian Dance and Mr. West said the Lord's Prayer in sign language. After that we all filed quietly to our dorms to bed.

CHRIS NULTY

FANCY DRESS BALL

Last night was Fancy Dress Ball. As usual, Mr. Klein painted a fantastic mural in Gray Brothers Hall. Before the Ball, the Craft Shop was in an uproar, and nobody seemed to be getting anything done. But when the night finally arrived, everybody had a good costume. The people with the best costumes won candy bars. I would say that costume night is one of the best nights in Camp.

HARRY KENDALL



TRY TO REMEMBER

*Try to remember that wonderful summer
When we were young, and life was merry,
Deep in the sea, twenty thousand leagues under,
The creatures were weird and some were scary,
Thousands of crayfish, and monsters and mermaids,
Of walking down under made some of us wary.
Deep in the ocean we wandered and wanted to tarry.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE

'Twas the night before Sunday,
When all through the hall,
Monsters were crawling
At this wonderful Ball!

In the ocean,
Twenty thousand leagues under,
The man from Goshen
Introduced with wonder!

We laughed and we sang,
And watched the show,
Of Backus and Klein,
And the rain, their foe.

Ice cream was last,
To end the show,
The staff was last
To finally go.

SCOTT BROWN

With and without halo





THE DEN RASPBERRY BUSH

Today during clubs I was working in the garden and I looked over at the Den raspberry patch and it looked like a bunch of weeds. On closer inspection I found out that it WAS a bunch of weeds. From the evidence I deduced that the Den Raspberry Patch does not exist.

Somehow I have the impression that the Den is lazy. (?)

MARK LAWRENCE

CAMP

Camp is a time to have fun. Camp is a time to meet counsellors. It is a time to meet campers, and especially to live out of doors.

PAUL DERVIS

AN AIRPLANE

This morning an airplane buzzed the camp. It flew about 200 ft. or more above the trees on the lake. Everybody at the waterfront was amazed at how low he was flying. Everybody was saying different things about what they thought of it.

GARY WRIGHT

MOWGLIS A GO GO

There's a man in our camp named "Go Go";

But he is not a romper room NO NO. He blows Taps and Retreat and boy can he eat!

The nuclear man named "GO GO."

HENRY COONS

THE ROCKET CLUB IS DISSOLVED

The fast growing Rocket Club has suffered a sad fate. One of its wonderfully reliable rockets has burned up. The Rocket Club, which was born early in the year, has put on many fantastic demonstrations at assemblies, and we are sure that the whole camp is unhappy that this great tragedy has occurred. Because of this occurrence the Rocket Club is now officially dissolved.

HARRY KENDALL

SKEET-SHOOTING

Just today most of the Denites and those boys who have their Red, White, and Blue Ribbon, were allowed to go up to the upper ball field and shoot some skeet. We used a 16 gauge shotgun, and a hand trap thrower. It took a considerable bit of skill to do it correctly, but most of us either missed or partly hit it. Better luck in the future, I hope.

PETER BERKING

LAND SPORTS DAY

Yesterday Land Sports Day was different for me. In past years I crowded around my seemingly giant captain with the rest of my teammates screaming and complaining about what event I would be in. He would try again and again to make everybody happy, never succeeding completely. Yesterday I was the "giant" looking at the infinite rays that shone from the faces of my team. I had the difficult task of assigning them their job for the team. In the end I saw them take up their assignment and do their very best for the team.

DAN HERTZLER

RIFLERY

The Rifle Range is a really interesting place with a lot to offer. It's a fifty foot range mainly, but also has a fifty yard range. But it seems a lot shorter. Mr. Phil Hart is one of the nicest counsellors I've met.

GEOFF NOLIN



"Report at once to 'Grounds-Barrells'!"



TENNIS FINALS

Yesterday were the Tennis Finals in the Junior Division and the Senior. George Hurst and Todd Beal played and George won. In the Seniors, Jon Feuer and Barry Beal played. Jon Feuer won. It was very exciting.

STEEL STILLMAN

CANDLEBOAT WINNERS, 1966

PACK:

1. John Woods
2. Andy Stewart
3. Peter Burke

CUBS:

1. Peter Blight
2. Elliot Titus

APPRECIATION

The editors are not certain that the list is complete, but they record special appreciation to the following friends for their gifts and courtesies to Mowglis boys:

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hulme, who again permitted the use of their fine motor boat for crew and other Mowglis water activity.

Miss Marguerite Ross, who provided funds for additional equipment for the Lodge.

Mr. Arthur Bradbury, who presented an exciting and educational firearms demonstration.

To the Messrs. William B. Wadsworth, Senior and Junior, for the use of their Spectacle Pond property for camping trips.

To Mr. Joseph Ahrens, of the New Hampshire Department of Safety, for special help and courtesies on Crew Day.

To Mr. Myron C. Braley, for the use of his property near Mount Crosby for overnight camping.

To Mr. John Knott, for his lecture and exhibit on firearms and ammunition.

To the anonymous donor who established a "Transportation Safety Fund," thus making possible the purchase of seat belts for two of the Mowglis vehicles.

To those who have made special contributions toward the publication of this newest issue of the Howl.



IN MEMORY
of
GREGSON THORP PULLEN
MOWGLIS 1962-1964
April 3, 1950 — June 25, 1966

O Mowglis, thy sons have grown sturdy and strong,
Some must part from the Jungle today;
Their faces are turned toward the pathways beyond,
But their hearts with their brothers will stay.
The Call of the Pack they ne'er shall forget,
"We be of one blood, brothers all!"
Good Hunting to those who are loyal and brave,
Then hark ye, O hark to the call!

The Graduates' Hymn

Elizabeth Ford Holt

* * *

CHAPEL

Chapel is a place where we seem closer to God and to nature's things, with the tall pines that stayed up through a hurricane in 1938.

You sit in the Chapel made by hand, and you can listen to the birds, and the music and the breeze in the woods.

ROBERT ROOT

EXPLORING

Monday Mr. Backus took us up the White-Footed Mouse trail, identifying ferns and trees on the way. On the way back, we bush-whacked and found an old broken down pump house. We all thought it was very interesting.

JOHN WOODS

TRIP DAY

On Thursday we went to Bear Mt. It was a lot of fun. We picked a lot of blueberries, and then we fixed the trail that we took back. It was fun.

MARCY WATSON

THE MINUTE OF SILENCE

The minute of silence is a time to think of all the fun you've had. And to look at all nature around us like the trees, flowers, birds and animals. It is a time to think of all the new friends you've made, and that gives you a deep feeling of satisfaction. And to think of the day's events and of the day to come.

WAYNE KING

MR. BOICOURT AND HIS BANJO

The night of Graduate's dinner, Mr. Jim Boicourt entertained us with his banjo. He played songs and later told us trip reports. Everybody that saw it liked it.

PETER MARX



THE SKINNY DIP

One night after Tattoo blew, a surprising thing happened. All of a sudden we heard soak blow! Charge! Everybody went down to the waterfront, counsellors and all. You should have seen some of the people. Some people were half dressed, and others were in their pajamas. When everyone got to the waterfront, they started going into the water with nothing on. The counsellors went out to the float and went off the diving board with nothing on too! But soon some motorboats started approaching the waterfront and then everybody started getting dressed and going to the dormitories. Boy! We really had a ball.

LARRY BERKING

A TRIP UP MT. CROSBY

On Thursday we went up Crosby. We took the truck to Myron's hunting cabin. Then we climbed the north side of the mountain and stopped at the Vista. We stayed there for lunch and climbed the cliffs and picked the blue-berries. Later we went to the summit where Mr. Klein read to us from the 2nd Jungle Book.

REINHARD ROTHER

THE GUN SHOW

Sunday we had a gun show. I thought that it was very interesting. After the show, we ran to the green opposite the Hebron General Store. There we held races. Stu Carothers was first, Peter Burke second, Jim Westberg third, George Ketcham fourth, and John Chisholm and I tied for fifth.

WAYNE KING

MY MOWGLIS HAT

My hat sure doesn't deliver the taste. How do I know what my official Mowglis hat tastes like? I ate it! Do they taste terrible! I was just sitting there minding my own business on the Den Saco River trip when I yelled to Pundy, who was gaily fishing away. "If you catch a fish I'll eat my hat!" He caught a fish.

DOUG GEORGE

"SLOW MOTION"

On Saturday night, the East Hebron Madrigal Society dedicated the singing of a song, "Slow Motion Time," to Den. This was done because of how slow we get out of bed in the morning. For example, Doug George stayed in bed until First Call on Sunday morning until Mr. Klein asked him if he would like to go to breakfast in his pajamas. Doug got out of bed and told Mr. Klein No! So this is how slow Den is in the morning. But just think of what the extra sleep does in getting out the "Den Daily!"

WILL SHAND

THE NEW BALOO SONG

Of all the Pack there is
No other dorm that is
Quite so spectacular
As old Baloo!
She really has the class,
All others does surpass
In all particulars,
Does old Baloo!
Out on the mountain trail
She leads them all,
She has the spirit
And she's on the ball! (hey)
Here's to the dorm that's best,
She'll always lead the rest,
Stand up and give a cheer for old
Baloo!



MR. KRANZ AND THE DEN WEIGHTS

On Saturday, big, bad "push-up" Kranz came stomping into Den. He stood at the door and told us to get into our robes and up to the Red Cross House for heights and weights. Meanwhile, Den was using Steve Tobey's weights. We were seeing what we could do with all 90 lbs. Mr. Kranz, being present at the time, was supported by all to try his luck at the weights. Boy, did he need support! He could not even budge the bar. As he tried he counted him down with pushups, 5, 10, 15. Right then and there I knew I could make the Marines.

TED DiMASI

Flying "Saucers"

MUSIC AND THE STARS

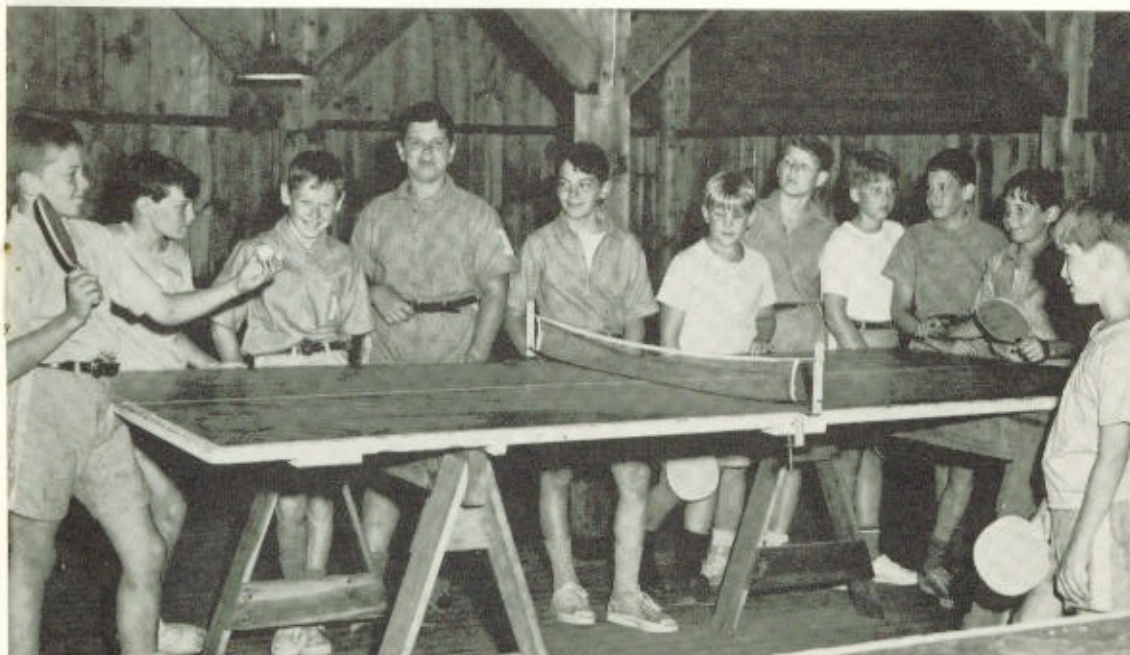
Last night about ten minutes after Taps, Mr. Gaines came up to Akela and said for me to come down to Gray Brothers field with a bathrobe and blanket. When I got down there I saw fellow music club members and we lay on our blankets and listened to Beethoven's Third Symphony under the stars for about an hour. Then we went to bed.

PETER DERVIS

FLY DOPE, MR. ULERY?

One night on our trip, Nick Davidge asked me to get Mr. Ulery's fly dope. I got it and passed it around. When I put it back in his pocket, the cover came off. Mr. Ulery didn't notice it until he got it in the tent, and then he chucked it out.

RICHARD MORGAN





CREW DAY

Yesterday was Crew Day. The Blues and the Reds were arguing about who was going to win. And then finally the time came when the arguments were to be settled. Five days before Crew Day the Forms were being decided. I knew I was going to be on 3rd Form. We found out who won when the announcer announced the Red Victory. I was a bit disappointed but I had a lot of fun.

KARL SCHWARZKOPF

SOUP BOWL GLIDE

Last Thursday a small portion of Panther went to Soup Bowl Glide. After we were all ready to leave, confident Dwight Shepard walked across a thin slippery ledge of rock just at the top of Soup Bowl Glide. He accidentally slipped on the ledge and went sliding down the Glide and splashed into the pool below with all his clothes on. Well, it looks as if Dwight Shepard has done it again.

P.S. You should have seen the expression on his face.

ANDY STEWART

A PANTHER TRIP

On Thursday Panther climbed Mowglis and Oregon Mountains. After we had ascended and descended Mowglis, we came upon an old shack on the road to Soup Bowl Glide. We climbed through the brush, and started to explore around it. We found the side of an old Quaker Oats carton. Mr. Conners tested the stairs, and one by one we climbed up and down the stairs. There were about four or five rooms on the second floor, all of them with hay and straw on the floors. Mr. Conners saw some film on the second floor. We all explored around for about five minutes, and then we left for Soup Bowl Glide and Sculptured Rocks.

TERRY HOPKINS

Please hurry, Mr. West!



A GREAT NIGHT

At campfire on Saturday night we had a marshmallow roast. Mr. Klein was swamped with cries of "Please Mr. Klein, gimme another!" After campfire we returned to the dorms for bed. But the C.O.D. and others had another surprise: a skinny dip. This was going fine until a motor boat went by and the docks and floats were deserted. After that soak we went to bed.

RANDY WRIGHT

BOAT PERMISSION

Last Friday we all went down to the waterfront for campfire. One war canoe went out, and all the canoe paddles were used either in this or in a regular canoe. No canoes or rowboats were left ashore. I think everyone had fun and many boys got experience to help pass canoe and rowboat safety tests.

PETER KINGSLEY

THE ROCK

Today in Garden Class, Mr. Klein wanted a rock moved. So Mr. Merwin and Mr. Rittenhouse came to the garden and started to drill a hole. Finally they gave up that idea and decided to use a block and tackle. They tied a chain around a tree and started pulling . . . CRACK! . . . that idea foiled. Then back to the hole.

WAYNE SOMERSALL

CAMP

Camp, as said in other Howls, is fun. When you first hear about it you think that it is too long. But when you are here, it goes by quickly.

KEVIN MCCARTHY

ANOTHER SKINNY DIP

It was a Saturday night and everybody was getting ready for bed. Then suddenly soak call was blown and everybody gave a whoop and we flew down to the waterfront to go skinny-dipping. Everybody jumped in and finally we had to get out.

SIMON HARE

THE DAY THE SUDS CAME OUT

It all started with someone putting too many soapsuds in the dishwasher. Then, when Mr. Gaines turned the machine on all the suds came out. They came out suddenly and went all over the drainboards and on the floor. Mr. Gaines drained the dishwasher and it was all right.

PETER BURKE

HAIRCUTS

Today we had haircuts. Everyone had one in Panther including Dave Anderson. Dave went into the library hoping that the barber wouldn't take all his long hair, but they did. Look at him now!

BARRY BEAL

I WAS SECOND

Yesterday we had a cross country race. We had to run about a half-mile. Henry Coons came in first and Tim Coons came in second. Then we had a nature hunt. We had to find ferns, pine cones, leaves, berries, rocks and many other things. I'm sure everybody had lots of fun.

TIM COONS

THE BALOO TRIP

After 9 miles of mountain we were pooped! As soon as we sighted camp we hit the sack. But it was fun anyway.

FRED DANIELS

OH JOY!! OH JOY!!

Oh joy!! Oh joy!! It is time for boating after supper.

Oh look!! There is Scott Brown in his chauffeur driven canoe.

And there, to the right is that marvelous crew of Bruce Hulme and Stephen Underwood, with Karl Taylor as an admirer.

Now there is a sight never to be seen again. Mr. Phil Hart and Mr. John Gilbert out in a canoe. Well it looks like Mr. Phil is bored already, he wants to get out.

He is now stepping out of the canoe. He is now stepping into the water bringing Mr. Gilbert and the canoe with him. Oh joy!!

So ends boating night, Mr. Phil is going off to cry.

JA JA HULME

THE MOTOR BOATS

At Camp there are two motorboats. One is a fourteen foot wooden boat made by Cadillac. This has an Evinrude 35 h.p. out board motor. The other motorboat is 18 feet long with a Mercury 80 h.p. motor. The motor boats are used for crew, emergencies, and a little water skiing. I hope in the future the campers are going to be able to ride in these boats more often.

ED MITCHELL

THE GARDEN CLUB

In the Garden Club we were turning over the dirt when we found a big rock. Mr. Merwin and Mr. Rittenhouse tried to chip it. That didn't work so they tried to bore a hole in it. That didn't work either. So they got some rope and tied it to the rock, put the rope around the apple tree and pulled. Then the apple tree started to crack, so Mowglis has a rock garden.

JOHN CHISHOLM

TSK! TSK! MR. MERWIN

After soak today I was walking up to the Lodge, when I noticed there was a light on in the trip closet. Well, I thought, Mr. Merwin was getting things ready for the Panther trip tomorrow! So I went over to say Hi. You'll never guess what he was doing! Mr. Merwin had a little gas stove going full blast and he and Mr. Rittenhouse were eating marshmallows!

JOHN DAVIDGE

MIDNIGHT AWAKENING

I was sleeping soundly when all of a sudden I heard John Davidge moan and sit up. Then he got out of bed and, still asleep, grabbed his blanket and started making my bed. I heard Peter O'Connor tell me to wake him up, so I knocked him on the head. He sat down on my bed, and after I hit him a few more times, awoke, and immediately told me to get out of his bed. After looking around just to make sure I was in my bed, I told him he was crazy. I knew he was awake when he bet me his Sunday night's dessert. I grabbed my flashlight and shined it on the name tag above my bed. He then said, "Oops, I'm sorry," climbed into bed and went back to sleep.

JIM HART

AFTERWARDS

After the crew races on Crew Day, the Red oar was hoisted to the top of the flagpole. After dinner the Rocket Club fired off a small rocket. The music show afterwards was very funny and interesting. All together we had a fine day.

RANDY WRIGHT



FLASH! (DEN DAILY NO. 3)

Could this be? Yesterday in Den, Steve Tobey vs. the wonderful Pansy, alias Doug George, in a weight lifting match. The muscle-bound Steve Tobey presses 90 lbs. for four consecutive times; but Pansy presses 90 lbs. five times! It was a great upset for Pansy. What a man!

Reporter, TOM DiMASI

HOWL READING CAMPFIRE

On Headquarters porch sat a man on Sunday afternoon.
He was looking at all the Howls he'd have to read so soon.
He picked up the Howls that were the best,
And threw away the rest.
Then as evening goes,
And the cannon blows,
And campfire draws so very near,
He brings up all the wonderful Howls that we are going to hear.
So happens that campfire,
That Howl reading campfire
That's one of our favorite still.
And the man that I mean, you all know, so three cheers for Mr. Phil.

HARRY KENDALL





Cub History: 1966

"Up on the hill in old Ford Hall
We've listened to the Mowglis call".

And certainly none of the Cubs this year has failed to respond to the call of the Pack. With great zest and enthusiasm, the compatible group of twelve has gone forth from one exciting adventure to another just to find that each day calls for a man-cub who is "strong of limb and clean of heart."

Weeks of sun-filled days kept spirits high as the Cubs went about their work. What greater excitement could there be but learning to shoot at the rifle range, or daring the depths of Newfound by swimming the Wain-gunga course? Keen interest and persistence brought the delight of reward, for eight Cubs earned their promarks-

man medals, two their marksman, and one his sharpshooter. Similar achievements came from the waterfront where just about all passed the preliminary tests.

Hours of happy relaxation were spent at Baloo Cove which soon turned into one massive complex of sand castles and waterfalls. Sunday evening suppers were enjoyed by the lakeside with an occasional dip after dessert.

Back up on the hill by the Cave the Cubs enjoyed trying projects which called for the artistic touch. Alert and ready for something a little different, they set about decorating soap and making their own balsam pillows. Trudging through the wilds of Mrs. Gibbs' Hebron farm, they cut

their balsam, stuffed the pillows, and cut Mowglis wolves to decorate them.

Sparked by the keen competition which soon developed between the Crickets and the Grasshoppers, games of softball, kickball, soccer, land and water sports days, scavenger and treasure hunts have been enjoyed by all.

The excitement of novelty was expressed by one Cub when he said, "Thursday morning I was so happy because I was going on my first overnight trip." Camping by a refreshing wilderness stream, the Cubs enjoyed roughing it, even though a midnight drenching tried to dampen their spirits. And taking with them the knowledge gained on the Crosby Mountain trip, the Cubs later enjoyed the prize trip of the season — three days on Belle Isle. Swimming, frisby tag, blueberry picking, and pinecone fights added to the success of the trip. Other trips found the Cubs on top of Plymouth, Stinson and Bear Moun-

tains; at the Morse Museum and the New Hampshire Fish Hatchery; at Soup Bowl Glide and the chair-lift up Tenney Mountain.

Even the quiet evenings spent around warm campfires brought new horizons before the Cubs. They enjoyed learning about the stars, Indians, axes, photography, the camp organ; and with eager minds they anxiously awaited the next chapter of Donn Fendler, the true story of a lad lost on a Maine mountain.

Mrs. Holt said that "there's a trail that thou must follow, O, thou man-cub of tomorrow," and the Cubs have certainly gained the knowledge and ability which will enable them to follow this trail into the Pack. They have learned the laws of the jungle well.

**CUBS OF 1966,
WE SALUTE YOU!**

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Benjamin





THE JUNGLE GYM

We play on the Jungle Gym. And do we have fun! We play tag on it and climb on it too.

CHRIS SMITH

MY FAVORITE

In all of Cubland my favorite thing is the Jungle Gym. We always play Jungle Gym tag and we have a nice time.

JOHN HURST



COLORS

We have Colors when the sun goes down. It is when they lower the flag. They shoot the cannon and blow the bugle. That's what they do in the Pack. In Cubland, we line up in chapel order and have Colors.

CHRIS SMITH

PICNIC SUPPER

We eat at Baloo Cove every Sunday. We eat hotdogs or hamburgers. Mr. Benjamin brings the monkey down with him. The monkey gets into the food.

ALAN KIRSCH

ROWBOATS

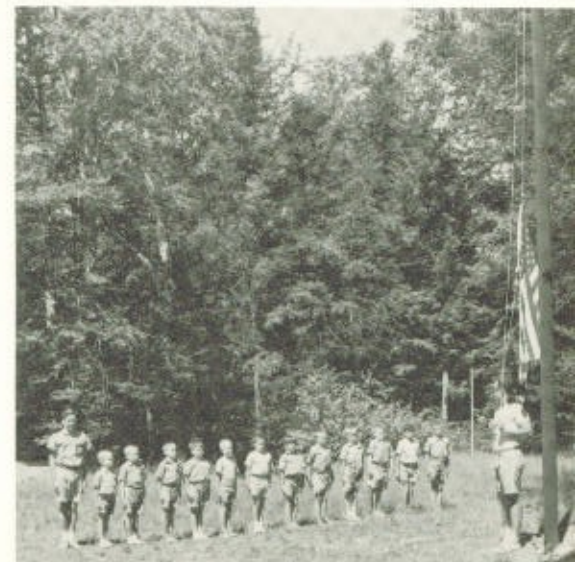
One night two people and I went in a rowboat.

ROSS DUGAN

PINE CONE FIGHTS

There was a big rock on Belle Island that you could climb on. Six of us would get on the top and six of us would get on the bottom. The top people would climb on the top and throw pine cones on the bottom people. When the top ran out we had to sneak down and gather pine cones. Sometimes we got hit down there.

CHRIS HEDGES



REDISCOVERY OF CROSBY

We climbed Crosby. It was fun. We found 16 salamanders. We got to the top of Bald Knob and saw the top of Crosby which was estimated about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile distance. On the way up we saw beech trees with bear claw paw marks on it. It was fun.

ELLIOT TITUS

BLUEBERRIES

We went to Belle Isle, and had a blueberry hunt. Once in a while we would find a jackpot. The teams were the Grasshoppers and the Crickets. I'm on the Crickets and the Crickets won.

DOUG BEAL

SWIMMING ON BELLE ISLE

On August 9th we went to Belle Isle. It was fun. We went swimming at the north end of the island. We did dives. And we tried to see who could swim under the water the farthest.

CHRIS SMITH

CAMPING

We went to Crosby Mountain. At the top it was fun. Mr. Braley let us go on his land. We made our campsite on his land also. The V.W. was late so we walked to Hebron. When we got home we took hot showers.

BRUCE MACDONALD

BALSAM PILLOWS

We made balsam pillows. It was fun. Boy! It was hard. But when we got finished they smelled nice. My pillow is blue because I am on the Blue Crew. My pillow has a wolf on it.

ELLIOT TITUS

TRIP DAY

Every Thursday is trip day. And this week we went to a part of land which Mr. Braley owns for an overnight trip. The second day we started for a trip up Crosby Mountain. On the way we saw beech trees with bear marks on them. On the path we saw red salamanders by the hundreds. On the way up, I collected quartz and when we got to the top I put them on a rock so I wouldn't have to carry them around on the top. But I forgot to bring them down. So if you ever climb it look for my quartz.

JOHN HURST

FANCY DRESS BALL

In the Fancy Dress Ball we were seaweed. Mrs. Benjamin helped us make the costumes. We won a prize. It was a Milky Way.

MAURICE DAITZ

VISITING THE MUSEUM

Friday we went to Indian Leap and we had lunch there. Then we went to the Morse Museum. We looked at jewelry and guns, tigers, mummies, daggers, and spears.

DAVID LAWRENCE

HAIRCUTS

When I came back from haircuts I looked so queer. I thought I would get all my hair cut off. My brothers were nervous too.

DOUG BEAL

OVERNIGHT

We found the real top of Crosby mountain. The trail was very slippery. We saw bear marks on the side of a tree. I helped the counsellors take down a tent.

FRANK McCLELLAND



THE MORSE MUSEUM

The Cubs went to the Morse Museum. We saw a hairy baboon, a lion, a tiger, and two mummies. One of the mummies was a king from Egypt. We saw some guns and knives, too. Out back there were some fish. They were fat. We fed the fish bread.

CHRIS HEDGES

MY BIRTHDAY

It was trip day. We went to Bear Mountain. At the top we picked blueberries. It was my birthday at last! At my birthday party we had a cake and lemonade. We had balloons and ice cream. We went boating.

BRUCE MACDONALD

SWIMMING

We went to Belle Isle. It was fun. On one side of the island there was a big rock in the water. Everybody was swimming out to it. We played "King of the Mountain" and "Frisby Tag".

ELLIOT TITUS

THE CAMP FIRE

On July 6 we had a camp fire. It was fun. We had a minute of silence, too. Then Mr. Benjamin told us some stories. He told us some stories about camp life.

CHRIS SMITH

PLYMOUTH MOUNTAIN

When we climbed Plymouth Mountain we came to two places that we thought were the top. We also gathered pine cones for Mrs. Benjamin's wreath while we were there.

PETER BLIGHT

INDIAN LEAP AND THE OLD MAN

We couldn't go to the raspberry patch so we went to Indian Leap. We ate lunch up there. I came to the big rock and looked down. I was scared for a minute. If you looked down you see what I mean. I found a red salamander, but I could not get it. Then we went to the Old Man in the mountain. There was a man's face carved out of rock. The mountain was very big.

ALAN KIRSCH

The Trail of the Pack, 1966

DAVID ROGER ANDERSON, 482 North State Street, Concord, New Hampshire. PANTHER, 1965-66.
CHRISTOPHER KIMBALL BAER, 4 Hickory Drive, Rye, New York. TOOMAI, 1965-66.
DOUGLAS WELCH BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. CUB, 1966.
TODD VOORHEES BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1963-66.
WALTER BARRATT BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. PANTHER, 1963-66.
LAURENCE NOYES BERKING, Drake-Smith Lane, Rye, New York. TOOMAI, 1965-66.
PETER MAXIMILLIAN BERKING, Drake-Smith Lane, Rye, New York. PANTHER, 1964-66.
PETER ANDREW BLIGHT, 3020 Bronson Road, Fairfield, Connecticut. CUB, 1966.
SCOTT FOSTER BROWN, Farmhill Road, Sewickley, Pennsylvania. PANTHER, 1964-66.
PETER MICHAEL BURKE, 1172 Park Avenue, New York 28, New York. BALOO, 1964-66.
STUART CAROTHERS, 125 Library Place, Princeton, New Jersey. BALOO, 1966.
JOHN FREDERICK CHISHOLM, East Hebron, New Hampshire. BALOO, 1963-66.
CHRISTOPHER WHITE CHURCH, 828 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1964-66.
HENRY ROBERT COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, Long Island, New York. PANTHER, 1965-66.
TIMOTHY STEVEN COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, Long Island, New York. AKELA, 1965-66.
BARRY DALE CURRAN, Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1966.
MAURICE JOSEPH DAITZ, 417 West 120th Street, New York, New York 10027. CUB, 1966.
FRED HAROLD DANIELS, Trapelo Road, Lincoln Center, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1966.
JOHN WASHINGTON DAVIDGE, III, 3933 Fordham Road, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20016. PANTHER, 1964, 1966.
NICHOLAS APPEL DAVIDGE, 3933 Fordham Road, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20016. AKELA, 1964-66.

PAUL WILLIAM GEORGE DERVIS, 8 Whittier Place, Boston, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1965-66.
PETER ANDREW DERVIS, 8 Whittier Place, Boston, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1965-66.
THEODORE MICHAEL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1960-66.
THOMAS PAUL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1960-66.
JOHN ROSS DUGAN, JR., River Road, Weston, Connecticut. CUB, 1966.
JONATHAN TAYLOR FEUER, 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1960-66.
DOUGLAS EVANS GEORGE, 107 Mountain Road, Concord, New Hampshire. GRADUATE, 1960-66.
EDMUND N. GOODMAN, 1185 Park Avenue, New York, New York. BALOO, 1965-66.
SIMON WILLIAM MICHAEL HARE, 738 Waverly Road, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. BALOO, 1966.
JAMES FRANKLIN HART, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1960, 1962-66.
CHRISTOPHER LYNN HEDGES, 248 Main Street, Schoharie, New York, CUB, 1964-66.
NATHANIEL THAYER HEMENWAY, 67 Green Street, Milton, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1965-66.
DANIEL HERTZLER, R.D. 1, Box 98, Mansfield Center, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1960-66.
ALBERT LAFAYETTE HOPKINS, III, 8 Lincoln Lane, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. PANTHER, 1965-66.
PETER CHASE HOWARD, 130 Stuyvesant Avenue, Rye, New York. TOOMAI, 1966.
PETER MAYNARD HUBBARD, 13 High Rock Road, Wayland, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1964-66.
GEORGE FOSTER HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. TOOMAI, 1965-66.
JONATHAN FITTS HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1961-63, 1965-66.
GEORGE JOSEPH HURST, 7400 North Mingo, Cincinnati, Ohio 45243. AKELA, 1966.
JOHN DANIELS HURST, 7400 North Mingo, Cincinnati, Ohio 45243. CUB, 1966.
HENRY COCHRAN KENDALL, 9550 Old Bonhomme Road, St. Louis, Missouri 63132. AKELA, 1965-66.

GEORGE BONBRIGHT KETCHAM, 298 Ocean Ave., Lawrence, Long Island, New York. BALOO, 1965-66.
WAYNE DOUGLAS KING, East Side Road, Campton, New Hampshire. BALOO, 1963-66.
PETER BERNARD KINGSLEY, 470 Latch's Lane, Merion Station, Pennsylvania 19066. GRADUATE, 1963-66.
ALAN JONES KIRSCH, 50 Righters Mill Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. CUB, 1966.
JOHN DELBERT KNOTT, JR., Tamarack Hill, Danbury, New Hampshire. TOOMAI, 1965-66.
DAVID LAWRENCE, 927 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. CUB, 1966.
MARK LAWRENCE, 927 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. AKELA, 1965-66.
BRUCE SARGENT MACDONALD, 64 Liberty Avenue, Lexington, Massachusetts. CUB, 1966.
BRUCE AINSLIE MCINTOSH, Newtown Turnpike, Weston, Connecticut. AKELA, 1966.
KEVIN TAIT MCCARTHY, 14 Kathy Lane, Ansonia, Connecticut. AKELA, 1966.
FRANK KEPPLER MCCLELLAND, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. CUB, 1964-66.
PETER BRIAN MARX, 12 Oxford Road, Troy, New York. TOOMAI, 1966.
MICHAEL GAIVUS MERWIN, Watercure Hill, R.D. 2, Elmira, New York. GRADUATE, 1964-66.
EDWARD VAN BEUREN MITCHELL, Cliffdale Road, Greenwich, Connecticut. BALOO, 1966.
RICHARD RISING MORGAN, North Sandwich, New Hampshire. AKELA, 1965-66.
GEOFFREY ALEXANDER NOLIN, 11 Channing Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1966.
CHRISTOPHER TUCH NULTY, 15 Whittier Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1966.
PETER SCOTT O'CONNOR, 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, Long Island, New York. PANTHER, 1961-66.
PETER STIMPSON PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1961-66.
STEPHEN EDWARDS PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1961-66.
ROBERT WALDRON ROOT, 258 Beverly Road, Newark, Delaware. BALOO, 1966.

REINHARD ALFRED ROTHER, 330 East 33rd Street, New York, New York 10016. BALOO, 1964-66.
KARL FREDERICK SCHWARZKOPF, 18 Canterbury Street, Andover, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1966.
WILLIAM SHAND, III, 222 Fiveoaks, San Antonio, Texas. GRADUATE, 1965-66.
GREGORY STEPHEN SHELNESS, RFD No. 1, South Salem, New York. PANTHER, 1965-66.
DWIGHT BURGE SHEPARD, 21 Hillside Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1963-66.
WARREN WAYNE SOMERSALL, 37 Eliot Street, Sherborn, Massachusetts 01770. PANTHER, 1964, 1966.
CHARLES CAPEL SMITH, JR., 71 Stonehedge Drive South, Greenwich, Connecticut. TOOMAI, 1965-66.
CHRISTOPHER TREJCHEL SMITH, 71 Stonehedge Drive South, Greenwich, Connecticut. CUB, 1966.
ANDREW BLAIR STEWART, 100 South Thurlow Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey. PANTHER, 1965-66.
GEORGE SCHLEY STILLMAN, JR., Turtle Point, Tuxedo Park, New York. BALOO, 1965-66.
CURTIS ELLIOT TITUS, 42 Queen Street, Newton, Connecticut. CUB, 1965-66.
STEPHEN MICHAEL TOBEY, 5 Juniper Street, Wenham, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1964-66.
JAMES ROBERT VAN SCHAICK, R.D. No. 1, Oakhurst Drive, Center Valley, Pennsylvania. PANTHER, 1964-66.
SCOTT CARRINGTON VEALE, 311 Quarry Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1963-64, 1966.
WILLIAM MARCY WATSON, 5 Sassamon Road, Natick, Massachusetts 01760. AKELA, 1964-66.
JAMES GORDON WESTBERG, 240 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1965-66.
MARK WILLCOX, III, Ivy Mills Road, Wawa, Pennsylvania. TOOMAI, 1966.
JOHN MAYNARD WOODS, 11 Church Street, New Canaan, Connecticut. BALOO, 1966.
GARY EUGENE WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, New York. BALOO, 1962-66.
RANDOLPH BROOKS WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, New York. PANTHER, 1962-66.

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JAMES BOICOURT (Amherst), 43 Butterfield Terrace, Amherst, Massachusetts.

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