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1963



THE
MOWGLIS
HOWL
1963

THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

VOLUME XLII

1963

TO KEEP THE COMRADESHIP AND THE MEMORY OF THE PACK



1963

EDITORIAL BOARD

Mr. William B. Hart

Mr. William B. Hart, Jr.

Mr. Brooks Benjamin

Mr. Butler Lampson

Den

Nicholas Shelness

Akela

James Edwards

Panther

William Holland

Stuart Williams

Toomai

John Bowne

Peter Kingsley

Cubs

Robert Cummings

Scott Veale



THE JUNGLE HOUSE

*Low gabled,
Long and squat of stature, East;
Yet wide of hearth within.
Three stories West, it falls,
To watch the century pass on Cardigan
And hold in arms, these sixty years,
The best in Boyhood's dreams and deeds.*



"We be of one blood, brothers!"

1963 Mowglis Pack History

The fresh air of New Hampshire's hills was welcomed heartily by the thirty boys who climbed out of the Greyhound Bus and filed under the Butternut Tree to greet Mr. and Mrs. Hart. They were joined on the following morning by boys arriving by motor, and the entire camp assembled for the official opening of Mowglis' sixtieth season. As the cannon echoed across the lake, many of those present felt the unusual significance of the occasion. Mowglis was re-establishing and reinforcing old and tested traditions, and yet she was e m b a r k i n g, too, upon a new era. Everyone was to have a part in the very first year of that era, and it was with real anticipation that we faced the coming weeks.

The sunny skies which prevailed through the entire summer were a pleasant backdrop as the familiar routine of industries, duties, and dormitory activities began. Athletic teams were chosen, and, in spite of dubious feelings on the part of the

staff, were named rather successfully after well-known brands of tooth-paste! These teams were to continue in competition throughout the summer.

Trips were underway almost as soon as the boys had settled in their dormitories. Akela went to Hi-Cabin on Cardigan, the Den shot rapids on the Saco, Toomai travelled to Belle Isle, and Panther climbed along one ridge of Franconia Notch. Due to the information gained on these trips and because of the sense of the past which was revitalizing the Mowglis philosophy, the trip program was reviewed and partially revised with Mowglis again assuming its responsibilities and interest in the Cardigan Region. Most campers could soon identify mountains and trails in this area as the Thursday Day Trips took groups of Mowglis boys to the nearly legendary sites of Soup Bowl Glide, Cardigan Fire Tower, and Crag Shelter. Trails were cleared and reopened by the

Aides and older campers, and once again Mowglis could take pride in the woodsmanship which has so often led to praise from professional organizations like the A.M.C.

Inevitably the high point of the Trip Program is the Mount Washington Squad which hikes each summer through the Presidentials. Composed of the outstanding hikers and campers — boys who have shown unusual spirit and skill — the Squad spends each of three nights at one of the famous AMC Huts. This summer as in others, the views were magnificent and the cooking of the Hut-boys indescribable.

On the heels of the Washington Squad came Crew Week, and excitement mounted rapidly. The boys, who had been rowing for about four weeks, concentrated more intently upon their stroking form while plotting and cheering with their energetic Crew Leaders. A revolting Blue Monster ran freely through camp, and the FBI arrived to ferret out Red subversive elements. Crimson-tonius the Red led his crew majestically in their struggle while the Blue employed the strategies and services of history's best-known vamps. On Saturday each member of the Pack rowed in at least one race. The Form contests were evenly divided, and it was left to the Racing Crews to settle the Day. On a rough lake surface the Reds employed a strong finish sprint which pulled them ahead of a spirited Blue boat.

It seemed that nothing could follow the excitement of Crew Week, but the final week had a character all its own. The new emphasis on Ribbons led to frantic last-minute activity

as the boys worked to finish requirements. Many of the Husky Marks were awarded and seven boys were admitted to the Inner Circle as a result of their having earned four or more. Then Dennites stopped work on their Graduation requirements long enough to enjoy the annual Graduates' Dinner, complete with *hors d'oeuvres* and civilian dress. And on Sunday evening the entire camp attended a Candle Light service in the Chapel which seemed to all to be one of the most beautiful in memory. With Mrs. Holt's Day exercises and Candle Boats, the season came to its close — an end which always seems sudden and which is filled with the nostalgia of departure. So many things play upon our memories — the campfires on cobras and elephants, the cricket games, Water and Land Sports days, the Saturday night entertainments, evening sunsets, and the Chapel Services. Yet stronger than all these memories is the knowledge that we have realized the hopes and anticipations of that warm June day when camp began. We have begun a new era and established an old. It is with new meaning that we read the poem written by Colonel Elwell:

Across the lake the echoes ring
The cannon's strident shout —
The night is quiet, closing in,
The candle boats sail out —
They float and twinkle on their way
And one by one the lights remote
Go out.

Yet ever on thru all the years,
Those happy lights sail bright,
For those whose hearts have Mowglis loved
Can ever see their light.

MOWGLIS, 1963,
WE SALUTE YOU!

MOWGLIS OF THE FUTURE

Beyond lie other years for Mowglis, and the first of tomorrow is 1964.

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

MOWGLIS, 1964, WE SALUTE YOU!

★ ★ ★



GRADUATES OF 1963

LEFT TO RIGHT, Richard Punderson, Peter Kent, Gaius Merwin,
Nicholas Shelness, Bruce Hulme, Judson Kendall.

PIRATES

One week ago I was awakened by a blast, and I looked outside the dorm. There were Blackbeard and Long John Silver. Long John came running through our dorm. Later in the afternoon we had a treasure hunt. Some of the camp was on Blackbeard's side and the others were on Long John's side. Black Beard won, and that was the end of the treasure hunt.

BARRY BEAL



*Pirates' Day,
July 15, 1963*



CANNON BALL

During Crew Week the Red and Blue Second Forms went to Kimball Falls. It was fun. When we got there everybody went swimming off the lower ledge. Dave Souerwine was the first one to dive off the upper ledge. Everyone asked me to do a cannon-ball off the upper ledge. I did. Boy, my rear hurt!

PETER O'CONNOR

UNDERWATER AT PAUGUS

Sam Bettel was underwater for twenty-seven minutes. He had Big Bertha our cooking pot over his head and we fed him air with tin cups and Little Bertha. No one could beat Sam's record.

JOHN PARKER



TRENCHING

On the second day of our trip it rained. Mr. Harmon told us we did not need to dig a trench around our tent. Boy, was he wrong! Water came in from all sides, and we dug a lot of holes so that the water would seep into them instead of into our gear. We put the gear in the middle of the tent and sat on it so we wouldn't get wet. That night we worked hard to make the tent rain-proof only to find that it did not rain again.

DOUG GEORGE

THE BEAR

When Akela went to High Cabin, we played a joke on some of the boys. Mr. Brown put a blanket over himself and played bear! The guys got scared and came into the cabin. Doug George hid behind a chair. Finally Mr. Brown came in yelling. Doug almost had a heart attack. After all the commotion, we told everybody that it was only a joke.

PETER PUNDERSON

PAUGUS MILLS

Wednesday, Akela went to Paugus Mills. It took a long time to get there. Three or four of us brought fishing rods. Danny Hertzler caught two trout — one was 3½ inches and the other was 4 inches long. On the second day we couldn't climb Chocorua because it rained, so Mr. Harmon led an expedition upstream. We wore sneakers so we could walk in the water. We had a good time.

JA JA HULME

CLIMBING

Have you ever climbed a mountain? Even if you haven't, you can probably imagine the thrill of it. From a distance, a mountain looks bare and challenging. As you near it and no longer see the summit, the mountain looks like an endless slope of spruce and hardwood trees. After hours of climbing through thick woods you reach the treeline. Above this is nothing but rock, grass, and some brush. After a little more climbing you reach your goal — a rock cairn marking the top.

MIKE NEWELL

SEARCH

During our trip to High Cabin, we climbed to the top of Cardigan. On the top we found names and dates carved into the rocks that started with about 1850. Mr. Hart, Jr., told us a story about a person who fell off the top while chasing his hat in the wind. He said that someone had chipped a picture of the man chasing his hat. Mr. Hart said that he would give his candy bar to the person who found the picture. We started looking desperately. We found a lot of things that looked like it but weren't. After about half an hour we had not found it, so Mr. Hart did not have to sacrifice his candy bar.

DOUG GEORGE





DOWNSTREAM BY TANK

On Akela's trip to Paugus Mills a group of us went upstream to find the mill. While everyone else went by rocks, Sam Bettie and I went by water all the way. Every once in a while we would come to a pool — that's when the fun came in. We ploughed right through while everyone else went very timidly. That was some of our trip up and down river by tank.

PETER PUNDERSON



THE LENNY STEAM-ROLLER

Coming down the Snapper Ski Trail on Mt. Moosilauke, there was a steep hill. Everybody got out of the way of Lenny DiMasi. He came running down and didn't stop where the trail curved. He kept on going through some bushes and finally flipped and landed on his back laughing.

COURT TRIMBLE

THE TWENTIETH DIP

One day Toomai went to Franconia Falls. I went over the falls nineteen times. On the last time I made a great big splash! Mr. Dulany was pulling me out of the water when I slipped on a rock, and he fell in with all his clothes on — he *was* mad!!

BARRY BEAL



DAM ENGINEERS

While we were at Paugus Mills we constructed a dam out of rocks. After we had finished, Mr. Harmon made a waterwheel. We took two forked sticks and placed them at both ends of the dam then we placed the wheel between the sticks. It worked as a rinser for the dishwashers — too bad we couldn't run a dishwasher with it!

DOUG GEORGE

TOOMAI PICNIC

Thursday, August 15th, was the last trip day of the season. Den and most of Panther went trail clearing. Toomai and Akela stayed in camp. For lunch Toomai went to Cub Point, and while we were eating we saw and chased several chipmunks. We watched the clouds make shadows on the mountains.

PETER KINGSLEY

CLOSE CALL

On Akela's trip to Paugus Mills we found a tree across the stream on which we sat. Mr. Harmon decided to follow the example of the campers and got up on the tree. Coming down Mr. Harmon slipped off, but with his superior co-ordination he grabbed a log hanging above the water saying, "This is for the birds."

CHRIS SPINDLER





THE EATON AWARD

As the 1963 winners, the Red Racing Crew will be the first to have its members' names inscribed on the plaque in the Robert C. Blake Library of Gray Brothers. This plaque constitutes the Eaton Award, to be given annually to the winning Mowglis Racing Crew, to mark the skill, spirit, character and sportsmanship which combine to perpetuate the sport at Mowglis, and to honor the larger tradition which it represents. This award has

been made possible by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Eaton, in memory of their son Randolph C. Eaton, at Mowglis as camper and staff member from 1930 to 1938, where he distinguished himself in crew, tennis, and many other camp activities by his own ability and sportsmanship; killed in action, in the American Field Service, while attached to Montgomery's Eighth Army in Africa, 1943.

THE RACING CREWS

Red
David Rittenhouse
Jonathan Feuer
Gregson Pullen
Bruce Hulme
Peter Kent
Richard Punderson
Judson Kendall

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

Blue
David Beall
William Holland
Anthony Dohanos
Gaius Merwin, III
Nicholas Shelness
Robert Feuer
Samuel Hertzler



THE RED RACING CREW

THE BLUE RACING CREW





CRIMSONTONIUS CONQUERS

Monday, the fifth of August, started with a bang. Just before breakfast the Red Crew gathered around a big hole which had blue footprints leading away from it. Mr. Harmon said that in the middle of the night a creature from outer space landed and made the hole. He was seen walking off and was identified as the Blue Creep.

Crimsontonius the Red came to help us in our conquest of the monster. Just before Crew Day, Crimsontonius captured the Creep. We put him in a Monster Masher and changed him into a fat and friendly Red Monster. We had a lot of fun with him.

STUART WILLIAMS



RED MILK

During Thursday's breakfast, the Red Crew decided to put red food coloring in the milk. Immediately after grace was said and the milk passed around a loud shout of protest arose. Mr. Dulany said it was the worst stuff he'd ever seen. Mr. Johnston told Mr. Harmon that it looked all right in a cup but not in cereal. The entire Blue Racing Crew refused to drink any, and even the Red Crew didn't take more than one cup. After the meal many Blue Crew members were lying on the porch of the Lodge.

BILL HOLLAND





THE TETHERBALL COURT

The Den refinished its tetherball court. First, we got a wheelbarrow and shovel and then we started to transport sand to the court. We shoveled and shoveled. Finally there was enough sand to go around. It looked very good until it rained last night. Now we know, we need more sand and a waterbar to keep it from washing away.

GAIUS MERWIN

HEBRON

A while ago, on Friday afternoon, my friend and I hopped into a canoe and were off to Hebron. We paddled across Newfound and down the Cockermouth River. Mr. Hart said to go to the first bridge — but where was it? We paddled on and on; On through fallen trees and white water; Finally, ahead — the bridge!

BRUCE HULME

FLUFF

In case you don't know who Fluff is, he is Mr. Thayer's pet dog who likes to howl at Colors. You can't tell whether he knows what's going on or not. He always howls at the second bugle after the cannon fires. Harroo, harroo!! — all the way through the call. Then he stops and doesn't do it again until the next Colors.

DAVE SOUERWINE

HOWLS

Mr. Hart, the "Howl man", wants more Howls. Last week was the best yet. Over twenty-five Howls were received. The Cubs gave quite a few. One boy wrote eight. Mr. Hart and the Howl editors try to persuade the boys to write more so that we will have a lot by the end of the year.

PETER KINGSLEY

THE OLD ELM

Last Tuesday the elm tree by the tennis courts was taken down. It was a long process. First, the man used a power saw; then he used a wedge. Suddenly it fell. Everyone climbed on it and played Tarzan. During duties they cut it into logs.

JIMMY KINGSLEY

LATE AT NIGHT

Sometimes, late at night, I wake up. Strange, but Akela isn't very quiet at night. Beds squeak; counsellors snore; and sometimes Sam Bettie has the urge to scream in his sleep, as if someone was going to stab him! that causes a good many boys to change their positions, and by doing so make a lot of noise.

There are other sounds, too: a motorboat passing on the lake, cracklings in the woods, and the sighing of the wind through the trees. Sometimes I hear crickets, and quite often a big truck passes on the highway.

Akela is quite dark at night: the moon sheds a whitish light outside the dorm, but inside it is quite dark; the hydraulics light is about the only thing that gives it light, and it makes a fancy design on the rafters.

I don't stay awake long; before I know it I am asleep, and soon reveille is blowing.

JAMES EDWARDS

CUB POINT

It was the last week of camp when we went to Cub Point. The clouds on the beautiful blue sky made dark shadows going across Bear Mt. A water skier skied by on one of his skis. Ten or fifteen minutes later he got his other ski. Some people went by in a canoe. Later we went back to Toomai and had relax.

BOB MERWIN

RACCOONS

Mr. Harmon the nature counselor told the Nature Club to make a raccoon trap. We are working on them. Ours is a big steel container with trap doors. We are going to put the traps in the swamps near the Den Bridge. We have found proof that there are raccoons there. They eat frogs!

SAM BETTIE



TAPE RECORDER

Today we set up a tape recorder in Den. We recorded Rick Punderson. Mr. Gibson came in and we got him. He made a beep that sounded funny on tape. Mr. Hart, Jr., came in to tell us to write Howls, and we recorded him too.

JUDD KENDALL

INSPECTION PRIZE

The other day Toomai got ten inspection points. We were pretty happy. We picked the fifteen minutes of reading after taps as our prize. The other things we could have chosen were ice cream cones or a marshmallow roast.

JOHN BOWNE

LONE WOLF

On July 6, Den had its first Lone Wolf meeting with Mr. Hart, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Thayer. Discussed at the meeting were the fixing of the tetherball court near Den, the court by croquet, and the issuing of milk by the new machine. It was a very successful Lone Wolf.

If anyone would like to have something brought up at the next meeting, he should see one of the Dennites.

PETER KENT

INVADERS

In Den we are aware that there are two flying squirrels. A few days ago we gained three more, and they make a racket every night. If you shine a flashlight on them, they will stay still as if they are frozen.

RICKY PUNDERSON

ASSISTANCE

On Friday Mr. Bradstreet and I were sailing at First Industries in the Sunfish. We saw a man stranded in a motor boat. We asked him if he needed help, but he said he didn't and pulled out two oars. However, one broke in half, and then he did need help. After a long time we were able to tow him to the Marina channel where he thanked us for our help.

TONY DOHANOS

GOODBY, MR. PUNDERSON

What is it? It's Mr. Punderson and Mr. Livingston. What are they running from? It's Fluff. Who's Fluff? Fluff's a dog who doesn't like being howled at. Mr. Punderson trips to get into the Personnel Office — it's locked! He runs into Grey Brothers and dashes up the stairs with Fluff close behind. Then about a minute later Fluff runs out. What do you think happened?

RANDY WRIGHT

BEDLAM

Whirree!! A slipper takes to the air. Heaven knows where it will land. Too bad — this time the victim is poor innocent Tony Dohanos. But there's still life in this lad! Whirree!! The slipper whirls across the dorm toward Sam Hertzler. Boom! Crash! That's no slipper — that's a hiking boot thrown from the mighty arm of Greg Pullen who has joined with his Panther friends raising Cain. Mr. Brown peers in the dorm as a slipper whirls past his head. This puts an end to the Panther fun for one night.

SAM HERTZLER

COMPASS COURSE

Scratch! Ouch! Darn, this compass course goes through a briar patch. This is a compass course for my Wolf's Paw. For the past fifteen minutes, I've been going through briars, wind-falls, and rocks. Oh no! There's a swamp up ahead. Oh well — I'll try again tomorrow.

JUD KENDALL

MARSHMALLOW ROAST

On Saturday night the whole camp had a marshmallow roast. Everyone had fun. I think all of us had more than five marshmallows. Some people had twenty-two!! One person had six marshmallows roasting on one stick! I don't think anyone will forget that night for a long time.

PETER KINGSLEY

ESCAPE

Today a bee flew into a spider's web out on the dining hall porch. The spider came tearing down the web and started coiling thread around the bee — but alas, the bee stung the spider and made his escape.

JIMMY HART

OOPS!

SPLASH! This was the sound when I was trying to get my face wet and fell into the Baker River clothes and all. I felt quite stupid but quite refreshed.

JIM PATTON



MY FAVORITE DUTY

Maybe I shouldn't write this Howl for fear I'll be fired from my favorite duty — director's table boy. I guess I like being director's table boy because I hear all the director's gossip. Like all the director's table boys I go on special errands, like asking the chefs why we have graham crackers with our soup instead of saltines. I also enjoy hearing and seeing the director's reactions to certain happenings in camp. But best of all, I can eat all the extra desserts!

JIMMY EDWARDS

THE IPANAS

Yesterday was Watersports Day. The best team in camp, (with Gay Merwin), the Iridescent Ipanas, won as always with a booming score of thirty-eight points. That day was a lot of fun.

DAVID SOUERWINE





MR. FARUQI

This year we have a very interesting counselor named Shad Faruqi. He comes all the way from India and teaches tennis for an Industry. He also coaches soccer and cricket. He knows many stories about his native country. The one that interests me most is about the mongoose and the cobra. Whenever they meet they have a fight. Usually the Mongoose wins after a long battle. This is only one of many stories Mr. Faruqi tells. You can see why I call him interesting.

STUART WILLIAMS

HAIRCUTS

Today we had haircuts. Some people like Mr. Lampson really looked queer when they came out of the craft shop. Mr. King, the barber, said he was going to make Mr. Hertzler and Mr. Walbridge sweep out the craft shop because they had so much hair.

JOHN BOWNE

COBRAS

One night Mr. Faruqi told us about Cobras. He told us how snake charmers trap snakes and crowds gather to see them. Then he told us about his own experience seeing a mongoose and a cobra fighting. Mr. Faruqi said that sometime he will tell us about elephants.

JIMMY HART



THE PANTHER PLAY

Panther put on a play one Saturday, and I thought the most fun was the preparation. It was fun rehearsing our parts and getting everything ready. We had to find costumes and props. Staging the play was a lot of fun too. Before the curtain went up it was very confusing back-stage because everyone was either changing or getting ready for the next scene. I think that all of Panther had a good time putting on the play, and I know I did.

STUART WILLIAMS





1963 STAFF

"There is no place better than a summer camp for a boy to realize that he isn't the 'whole thing.' The old saying, 'take a man camping and you will soon know what he is' also means that the man himself will know it too — and this is as true of the boy as the man.

"Under the right influence this knowledge brings strength. A boy's camp must stand for all that is best. It is one of the places where a boy ought to see into God's own country and know 'the strength of the hills.' "

*Elizabeth Ford Holt, writing for the
Mowglis Howl of 1910.*



MOWGLIS

O'er mountain and lake boys mention
its name
And many men can attest to its fame.
Though many years will quickly flow
past
The spirit of Mowglis forever will
last.

For Mowglis means kindness, beauty,
and love
For those of the forest and creatures
above.

NICK SHELNESS



"Mowglis has striven to quicken, unfold, and develop the good which is inherent in every boy's character; to bring him the companionship and friendship of the finest type of boys and men; and to establish the foundation of successful group adjustment. During these years Mowglis has witnessed the fruitage of its work in the lives and character of those now grown to manhood."

ALCOTT FARRAR ELWELL, JANUARY, 1943

"When a man becomes a counselor for six boys he assumes a big responsibility — a bigger responsibility than he sometimes likes to realize.

"His influence, the little things he says and does, are magnified six times — in six different directions. What he is the boys are, and his strength and character carries them unconsciously forward without a spoken word.

"He must have faith and sincerity in the work with a love for the boys. He must be just and kind and true, without favoritism or prejudice — thoughtful to others and untiring, ever on the watch to help with a word where it is needed.

"If he fails to grasp what his responsibility as a counselor stands for, he has no place at Mowglis. If he can say at the end of the summer 'Had I a son he should be a Mowgli,' he has done his best."

Elizabeth Ford Holt, 1910 Howl



SINGING FOR SUPPER

At every meal Toomai shrieks their dormitory song, and at each meal everyone hopes that Toomai will not sing so that they can eat their food in peace. As soon as they start singing all the counselors plug their ears and make anguished faces. All of us campers begin yelling at them to stop. I hope next year's Toomai sings better.

BILL HOLLAND

BIRD TRIP

One morning I was awakened by Mr. Harmon who was stirring those who had signed up for an early morning canoe and nature trip down Mud Creek. As soon as we got there we noticed a family of seven ducks. After much deliberating we decided they were Mergansers. At this time a bird flew overhead and everyone exclaimed, "It's a sea gull." This frightened the Mergansers off the log. Mr. Harmon fumbled through his birdbook and quietly explained that the bird was a Little Blue Heron. After about twenty minutes of bird-watching we raced back to shore and scrambled up to breakfast.

BILL HOLLAND



Mr. Hart and Mr. Johnston ponder — (the food budget?)

DAY IN THE LODGE

A day in the Lodge is very exciting. You wake up ten minutes before reveille. When you hear reveille, you shout into the nurse's ear. "Reveille blew!" You hear "Soupy," and then an Aide brings your breakfast. All morning you play games. After dinner we listen to the radio and then go to sleep.

JIMMY KINGSLEY



GRADUATE'S DINNER

Thursday was Graduates' Dinner. I was lucky and got to be a waiter. The rest of the camp had stew, but we had turkey. The Graduates all ate like horses! When they were finished eating, they read toasts — they were hilarious!! Some of us who were waiters brought ice cream and cake for the counselors down in camp. Danny Hertzler tripped and spilled some cake because we didn't have any flashlights. Later Danny picked it up and ate it! We got to bed late — around 9:45. It was lots of fun.

JA JA HULME

THE TRUSTEES

Yesterday I was a tableboy for the Trustees. At first it was easy. There were only six at the table — Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Elwell, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Merwin, and Mr. Kent. But then some friends of Mr. Merwin arrived, and I had to serve two tables. I didn't have time for dessert, but it was fun — especially talking to Mr. Kent about Mowgli.

JUDD KENDALL



1963 Mowglis Cub History

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

For the Mowglis Cubs of 1963, the call sounded loud and clear, bringing a summer filled with fun and adventure. The eleven boys in the Cave will certainly remember long after the summer's end the never-ending stream of games, sports, trips, and special events.

The beautiful weather provided a grand opportunity for the Cubs to work at the Waterfront. Under the direction of the Pack staff five boys passed their Beginner Swim tests; two passed the Intermediate tests; and two passed the Swimmer's test. In addition the Cubs managed one Half and three Full Waingungas. Along with all this instruction came lots of time for free soaks at Baloo Cove, where many a sand castle was erected.

At the Rifle Range — an old favorite of the Cubs — each boy got his

Pro-Marksman medal, and several received even higher awards. The Cubs took other Industries in addition, among them Nature, Crafts, Tennis, and Archery.

Throughout the season, the two athletic teams — the Jaguars and the Leopards — competed in nearly every sort of event. From games of baseball and waterpolo to Land Olympics and Watersports the teams looked eagerly to each opportunity for new kinds of competition and fun. On each Thursday Trip Day the Cubs climbed one of the nearby mountains including that old Mowglis friend — Cardigan! The highlight of the trip program was a three day overnight to Belle Isle at the height of the blueberry season.

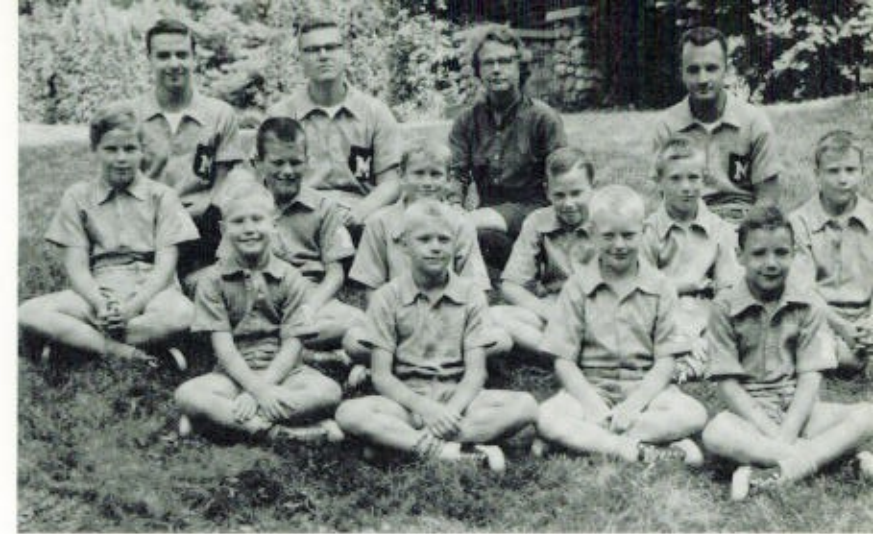
The Cubs participated in several special events. Crew Day was, of course, a favorite; and at the Fancy Dress Ball the Cubs made their entrance as Ten Little Indians. "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter", a Cub skit, was presented to the Pack with great success as one of the Saturday night Entertainments.

And yet these are only a few of the things which the Cubs will remember. Many others will be recalled months and even years from now. Most important is the knowledge that a fine group of boys has grown sturdily through a summer of wonderful experiences.

"Some day the Pack will be proud to know

Us as we come to the camp below."

CUBS of 1963, WE SALUTE YOU!



Mowglis Cubs and Staff, 1963

Cub Howls for 1963

FUN AT KIPLING

We had pillow fights at Kipling,
and I always got knocked down. After
that, we had wrestling, and I won
twice.

SCOTT VEALE

WILDLIFE AT MOWGLIS

Mowglis is a home of wildlife,
With creatures everywhere;
Chipmunks walking in the building,
I don't know how they dare.

ROBERT CUMMINGS

AQUAPLANING

On Friday afternoon,
We went to Gray Rocks Beach,
And Mr. Johnston came
Aquaplaning us to teach.

You would kneel on the board,
And when you do feel ready,
You would try to stand up
If the aquaplane felt steady.

ROBERT CUMMINGS

CAMPFIRES

I particularly like campfires because
you hear such wonderful stories! Some-
times you also have a marshmallow
roast.

As you sit under the trees, watching
the flickering fire, you have a funny
feeling that lasts a long, long time.
And then, when you go to bed, you
dream about the marvelous stories
heard.

CARTER YOUNG





ATTENTION, MR. BENJAMIN!

On Thursday, we went to Benson's Wild Animal Farm. We saw Rex Trailer and Pablo — they work for WBZ, Channel Four in Boston. Later we went into the monkey house, and we saw a baboon, and we all agreed that it looked like Mr. Benjamin.

DWIGHT SHEPARD

FANCY DRESS BALL

We had a Fancy Dress Ball. The Cubs were Ten Little Indians. Then we had ice cream and a skinny dip at Baloo Cove.

SCOTT VEALE

FUN AT THE BEACH

One day we took the war canoe, and we went to Gray Rocks Beach. When we got there we had relax. Then Mr. Johnston came with some water skis and an aquaboard, and everyone went on the aquaplane. It was lots of fun.

DAVID COLWELL

NATURE BOOKLETS

We had a nature test. We also made nature booklets. We went out and picked leaves. We traced the leaves.

DREW SOUERWINE



THE ECLIPSE

On July 20, we had an eclipse. I thought it would be all dark, but it wasn't. We looked at it through two pieces of exposed film.

SCOTT VEALE

PLYMOUTH MOUNTAIN

Once we went up Plymouth Mt. in the rain. I wore my fireman hat and my boots and rain coat. I pretended I was an army tank. Mr. Benjamin said that if we said "rest" we would have to go on further.

CHRIS PECK



GRAY ROCKS

We went to Gray Rocks. We made a human sand bank. Mr. Johnston came to Gray Rocks and we tried something like water skiing. The motor-boat pulled the aquaboard; it was fun.

GARY WRIGHT

WILD ANIMAL FARM

We went to Benson's Wild Animal Farm, and the monkeys smelled. The mother kangaroo had a baby; they smelled too.

WAYNE KING

JUMPING FROG

I found a frog and Scott caught him and we put him in a bag. We put some grass and rock in the bag. I could not catch him; he jumps too much.

GARY WRIGHT

FUN AT FORD HALL

Some nights before bed, we have tickle-fights. One night, Mr. Benjamin almost laughed himself silly.

DWIGHT SHEPARD

CARDIGAN

We climbed Mt. Cardigan. Since I was tagging along, they put me in the front of the line. Boy, was I tired when I got to the top!

SCOTT VEALE

CANDLEBOATS

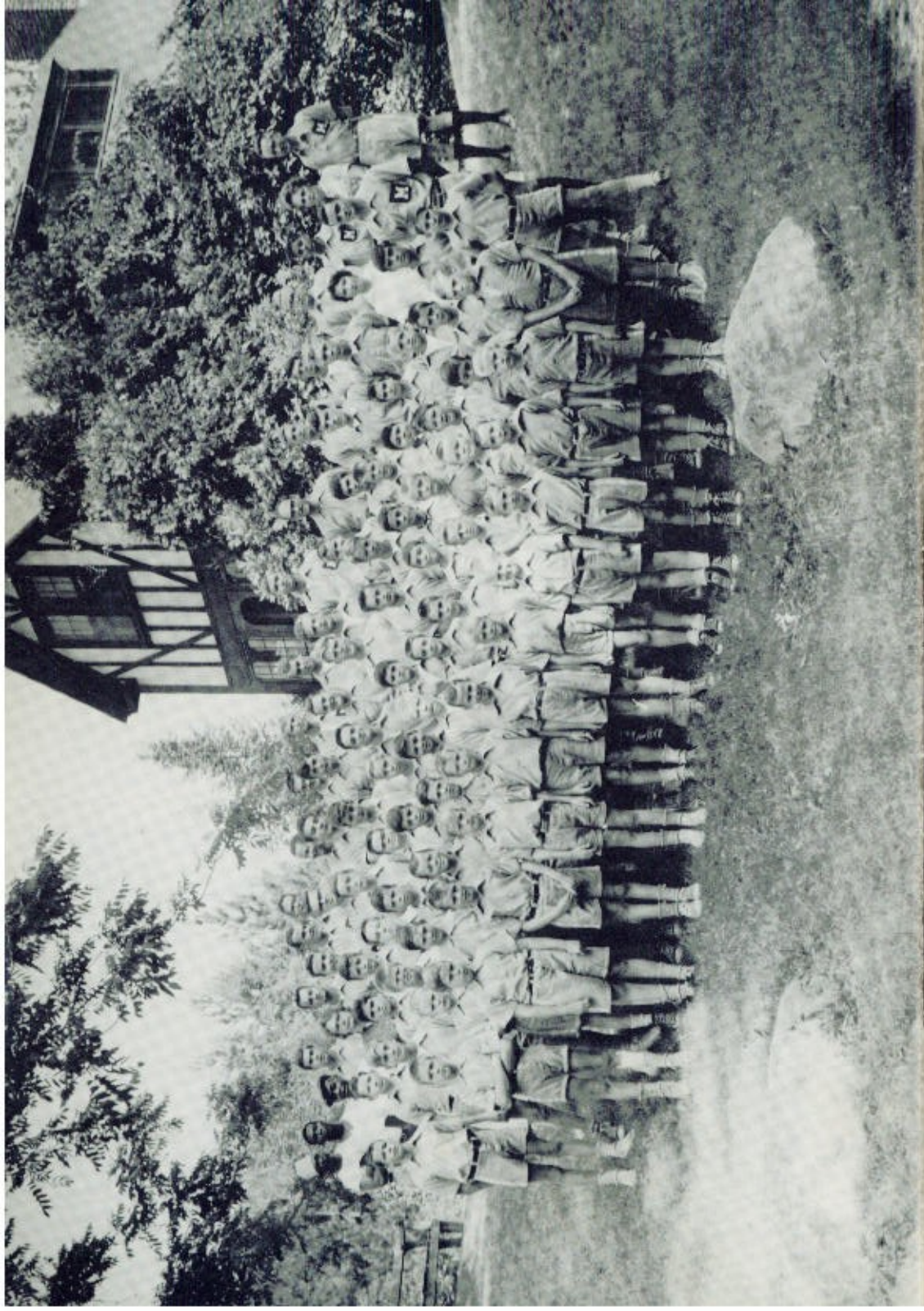
I like to watch the candleboats glide out on Newfound Lake, each with its shimmering light. It's even fun to see some burn and sink if they crash against the rocks. And when you wake up the next morning, you're excited and in a hurry to go to breakfast and find out who won the race!

CARTER YOUNG

AQUAPLANING

We made a human sand bank out of Drew; we covered him with sand. We also went on an aquaboard. When Mrs. Souerwine went on it, she fell off.

JOHN CHISHOLM



The Trail of The Pack, 1963

TODD VOORHEES BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. 1963.

WALTER BARRATT BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. 1963.

DAVID PALMER BEALL, 4966 West Road, Washington, Michigan. 1963.

SAMUEL BETTLE, 331 Station Road, Wynnwood, Pennsylvania. 1961, 63.

JOHN SIDNEY BOWNE, Cat Hollow Road, Bayville, Long Island, New York. 1963.

RALPH DAYTON CARPENTER, 12 River Road, Scarsdale, New York. 1961, 63.

JOHN FREDERICK CHISHOLM, East Hebron, New Hampshire. 1963.

DAVID J. COLWELL, 36 North Hancock Street, Lexington, Massachusetts. 1963.

ROBERT PAINE CUMMINGS, Paine Avenue, Prides Crossing, Massachusetts. 1962, 63.

THEODORE MICHAEL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

THOMAS PAUL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

LEONARD NICHOLAS DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

ANTHONY JOHN DOHANOS, 279 Sturges Highway, Westport, Connecticut. 1962, 63.

JAMES DEANE EDWARDS, 284 North Oxford Street, Hartford 5, Connecticut. 1961-63.

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JAMES DARWIN KINGSLEY, 128 West Main Street, Westboro, Massachusetts. 1963.

PETER BERNARD KINGSLEY, 128 West Main Street, Westboro, Massachusetts. 1963.

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ROBERT LOTHROP MERWIN, 11 Sage Terrace, Scarsdale, New York. 1963.

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STEPHEN EDWARDS PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. 1961-63.

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GARY EUGENE WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, New York. 1962, 63.

RANDOLPH BROOKS WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, New York. 1962, 63.

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Mr. FREDERICK REASON, 501 Blue Hill Avenue, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Missing grad
✓ Judson Kendall

1962



**THE
MOWGLIS
HOWL
1962**

THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

VOLUME XLI

1962

TO KEEP THE COMRADESHIP AND THE MEMORY OF THE PACK



1962

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Christopher Peck

*Counselor and Assistant Director under Mrs. Holt, 1903-1925
Director of Mowglis, 1925-1953*



Across the lake the echoes ring
The cannon's strident shout —
The night is quiet, closing in
The candle boats sail out —
They float and twinkle on their way
And one by one the lights remote
Go out.

Yet ever on thru all the years,
Those happy lights sail bright,
For those whose hearts have Mowglis loved
Can ever see their light.

A. F. E.



"We be of one blood, Brothers All!"

Alcott Farrar Elwell gave over fifty years of service to Mowglis. Elizabeth Ford Holt, before him, had given an extraordinary measure of devotion to the same cause. For both, Mowglis was the embodiment of an ideal. The ideal was unselfish service to boyhood. It took the form of gathering together each summer, on a New Hampshire hillside, a group of boys who would be exposed, in a very intensive and fundamental way, to the teaching and example of a staff selected partly for their talents, but most of all for the contribution they could make to the building of character in boys.

The group of alumni who in the late spring of 1962 learned that Mowglis might not continue, and then formed the Holt-Elwell Memorial Foundation, was only implementing the thoughts and hopes of many Mowglis who had, in March, tried to say what Mowglis and the Colonel had done for them. This was not an impulsive undertaking. It was not a mere indulgence in a nostalgic memory of happy days of the past. It was a thoughtfully conceived plan which had two very practical purposes. The first was to acquire the Mowglis property and insure the continuity of the Mowglis ideal. The second was to provide a means by which deserving boys, otherwise unable to be at Mowglis, might take their places with the Pack. The Foundation, a non-profit corporation, is the best method which the trustees have been able to devise to accomplish this practical result and sustain the attitude of selfless devotion exemplified by Mrs. Holt and Alcott Elwell.

The efforts of the trustees and the generous support of Mowglis friends everywhere have made the future secure. The task is not finished, but there is the assurance that in the years to come, other boys will sit by the Mowglis campfire, will hike the trails of Cardigan, and will watch the stars come out over a quiet lake.

Mowglis, 1963, we salute you!

William Baird Hart
Director

* * * *

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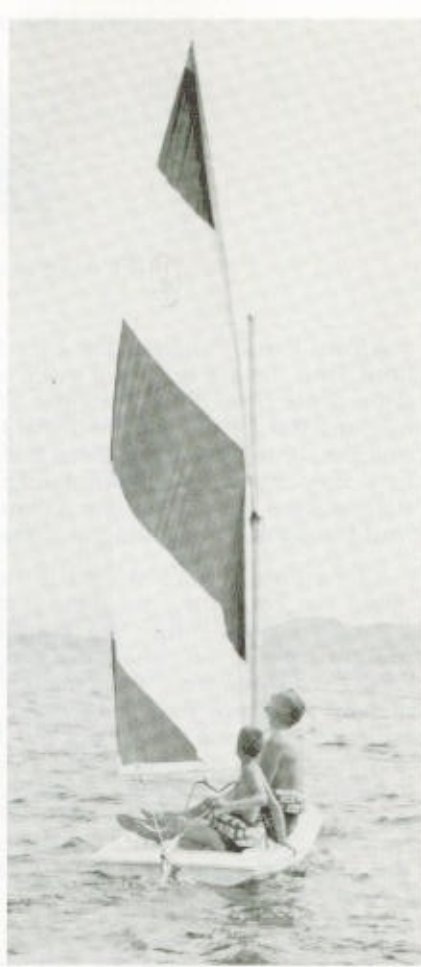
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THE 1962 SEASON

As counselors cavorted across the stage, singing, shedding mock tears, and swinging graceful legs to the Watusi-a-la-Marshall, newly arrived campers began to wonder just what they were getting into. But by the time the annual opening night staff show drew to a close, they had become familiar with all of the faces and some of the talents of a versatile staff. The following morning, blasts from the cannon announced to neighbors on the lake that Mowglis was officially open for its sixtieth season. Campers were soon involved in choosing industries, improving swimming strokes, and striking up new friendships.

Seemingly, almost before camp opened, trips began. These first trips, intended to stimulate dorm unity and acquaint new campers with Mowglis hiking and camping procedures, took the four younger dorms to Belle and Cliff Islands for two days of camping and climbing, and the Den to Crag Shelter for three days of hiking and trail clearing.



As Mowglis moved into its second week, rumors of a pyromaniac lurking in the vicinity aroused fear and trembling in the souls of many campers from Baloo through Den. A scream in the woods after taps one night did little to quell the rising tide of apprehension. The following morning, campers were awakened by fierce painted savages who raced through the dorms, and by the four cannon blasts which traditionally open July Fourth festivities. There followed a full day of excitement: Indians appeared from nowhere throughout the day; the red and green tribes fought a fierce battle for possession of the land; and in the evening the entire camp was ambushed and escorted to an Indian burial ground where mollified gods produced marshmallows and a story teller for the entertainment of all.

After two weeks of the finest weather, the "clouds came tearing by," and Mowglis was doomed to intermittent indoor programs for the remainder of the summer. This did not prevent gremlins from appearing and creating general havoc on Friday the thirteenth. Nor did it dampen the spirit of friendly competition which ran high throughout the summer. Team points were received for everything from winning a game of "Kelly Says" to amassing the greatest number of points in Water or Land Olympics. Another memorable source of points was the Circus, which, thanks to the patient efforts of Mr. Benjamin, provided a full afternoon of skits, games of skill, freaks, refreshments, and pounds of non-contraband candy.



Above: three warriors from the Lost Tribe of July Fourth.

Below: Lennie and Smitty try their skill at breaking balloons and Pete Driscoll waits hopefully for the ball to drop in the cup.



LAND OLYMPICS



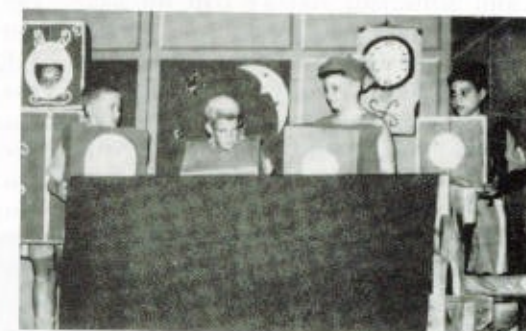


"THE KNOTHOLE"

Mr. Marshall's dramatics group prepared two plays this summer. A. A. Milne's, "The Clock Shop", is a wonderful musical-comedy filled with humorous puns and some lovemaking by a group of animated timepieces. Robert O'Connor and B. J. Driscoll were the hero and villain while John Ross played the sought-after female clock. All of the players were part of the chorus which sang throughout the show, and kept the audience amused with the songs' lyrics. For the mystery entitled "The Knothole" the group used two stages. With the rush of the last week Bill Holland and B. J. had to display their dramatic skill at ad-libbing.



"THE CLOCK SHOP"



MOWGLIS ON THE TRAIL

"There's a Trail that thou must follow . . ."



This year's trip program was the most extensive in recent years. In length the trips varied from day-hikes to three-day canoe trips and five-day pack trips. But the same aims were behind them all: To prepare each camper to handle any situation he might encounter in the woods; to increase his awareness of himself and of his relation to other campers; and most important to instill a sense of love and appreciation for the outdoors. To this end each dormitory got out on at least three overnight trips. Among the more memorable ones were those of the Den to the Saco River and Greeley Ponds; Panther's trips up Passaconoway, Whiteface, and Kinsman; Akela's trip up Chocoma and their survival of the rugged conditions at High Cabin; Toomai's Squam Lake and Franconia Falls trips; and Baloo's Cliff Isle and Kimball Falls trips. While some trips were somewhat dampened by rain, encounters with unusual wild life specimens (bald eagles and Red Fox girls, to name only two) kept spirits up. Available to all campers from Toomai through Den, pack trips reached their culmination with the Pemi Peaks Hiking Squad, which spent five days hiking across the Pemi Wilderness, sliding down falls, and watching clouds lay eggs on the summit of Mt. Garfield. In the sixth week of camp five Denites and two Pantherites were selected to make up Mowglis' traditional Mt. Washington Squad. These boys, who were met on

the summit of Mt. Washington by the one Denite and three Pantherites of the Gopher Squad, spent four days hiking through the Presidentials and adding to Mowglis' already fine reputation at the AMC Huts.

The Yearlings were active both in camp and on the trail. Opening their trip program in canoes, they paddled down the Saco from Kezar Lake to Hiram, Maine. But they were not content to take their trips sitting down. The third week of camp saw them hiking with packs across the Franconia Range, where they were able to gain a view of the Presidentials and the Pemi Wilderness before hailstones (reportedly as large as soccer balls) drove them temporarily under the rocks of the Lafayette Knife Edge. Finally, following additional preparation and conditioning they reached the peak of their climbing program with an extensive four-day pack trip in the Presidential Range. But even in camp, the Yearlings were unwilling to remain on the ground for long. One intrepid Yearling made it as far up as the top of Colonel's Pine, while at the waterfront the entire Yearling group took off in the opposite direction, descending to unheard of depths as they learned the fundamentals of scuba diving. Back on solid footing again they spent many hours with industry counsellors, attempting to earn instructorships in camping, swimming, riflery, crafts, tennis, and archery.



A view of the Great Gulf in the Presidential Range.





Lennie DiMasi and fellow Akelites demonstrate how not to climb a mountain.



CREW

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



As always, crew played a large role in the camp program. By the end of the third week Mr. Hart was taking the boats out on the lake every day, and the intensity of the practice increased as Crew Day drew nearer. The whole of Crew Week was a time of mounting excitement, of rallies, of songs in the dining room, of daily publications by the *Scarlet Journal* and the *Blue Banner*, and of rumors concerning a Sable Knight who was threatening King Horthgar's peaceful kingdom of Cardigan with his derisive cry, "Death to Chivalry". Crew Day dawned cloudy, but any fears of postponement were soon lost as the crews assembled for the traditional parade to the dining room. In the afternoon a well-presented pageant involving all of the campers told visitors of the death of the Sable Knight and of the ensuing argument between Red and Blue forces as to who should receive the reward for this conquest of evil. King Horthgar ordered his knights to settle their dispute in an honorable way, and all proceeded to the waterfront for the races. Following Red First and Second Form victories, the racing crews proceeded to the starting line, urged on by the enthusiastic support of all on shore. By the narrowest of margins the Red Crew won one of the most exciting races in many years and made a clean sweep of the day.

First Forms

RED CREW

Peter Punderson
James Edwards (Captain)
David Rittenhouse
Bruce Hulme
Mark Shiff
Jonathan Feuer
Randolph Wright

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

BLUE CREW

Bernard Driscoll
Samuel Hertzler
Thomas DiMasi
Anthony Dohanos
Theodore DiMasi
William Holland (Captain)
Daniel Hertzler

Second Forms

Stephen Punderson
James Stillman
Christopher Spindler
Jonathan Hulme (Captain)
Robert O'Connor
Michael Newell
Christopher Peck

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

Peter Wagner
James Hart
John Ross
Robert Loss
Leonard DiMasi
Robert Dexter
Peter Driscoll (Captain)



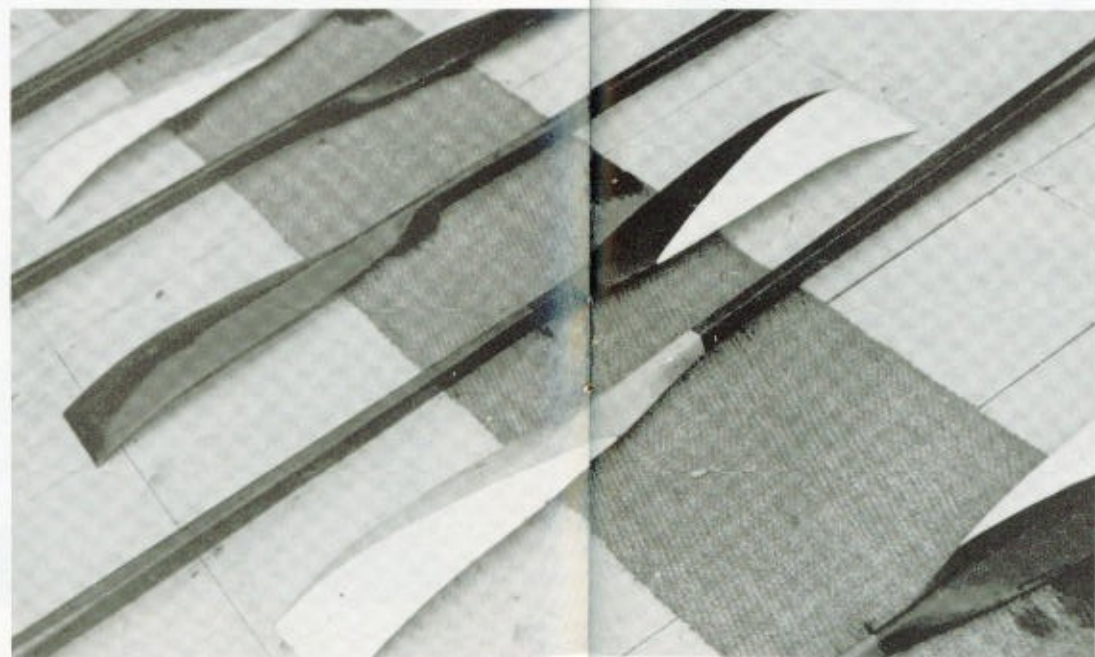
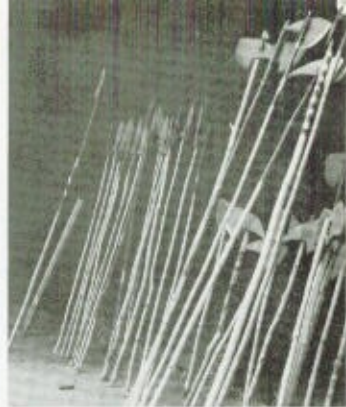
WINNING RED RACING CREW

| | | | | | |
|----------|-----------|------------------------|--------|--------|-----------|
| Merriman | Punderson | Punderson | Pullen | Gilfoy | Guthridge |
| Stroke | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | Bow |
| | | Kendall captain cox | | | |



BLUE RACING CREW

| | | | | | |
|----------|-----------|--------|----------|---------|-------|
| Hertzler | Walbridge | Murray | Fisher | Hoppock | Feuer |
| 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | Bow |
| | captain | | Hertzler | | |





History of the Racing Crews
25 Blue victories — 21 Red victories
4 ties



*And when the race is finished
And oars are put away,
Our joy is undiminished
If we've rowed in the proper way.*

FINAL WEEK

With all of the excitement that Crew Week offers it's hard to imagine how the last week could hold the boys' interest; but there are many events which are as memorable as pulling an oar or participating in a pageant. The first two days were spent clearing some of Mowglis' sixty miles of trail in the Cardigan Region. Then followed the mad rush as all the boys hastened to finish requirements for the rifle team, swimmer classification, and ribbons. This was especially true among the Denites and Pantherites who had their eyes on Inner Circle and Graduation. Mr. Alessio was working with boys on their trip ribbons right through the last industry period. But the whirl of excitement gradually merged with the many ceremonies that ended the summer. The Graduate's Dinner was held with the whole camp present while the Denites occupied seats of honor and *Henri* served them in the best French tradition. There were toasts to each graduate (see p. 24) made with S. S. Pierce's finest ginger ale.

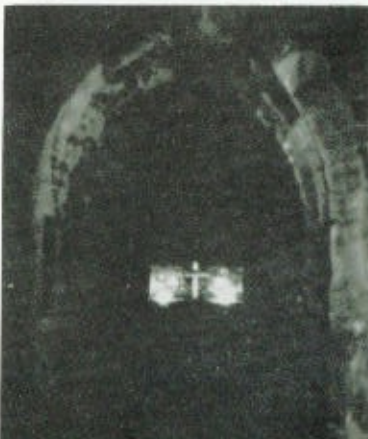
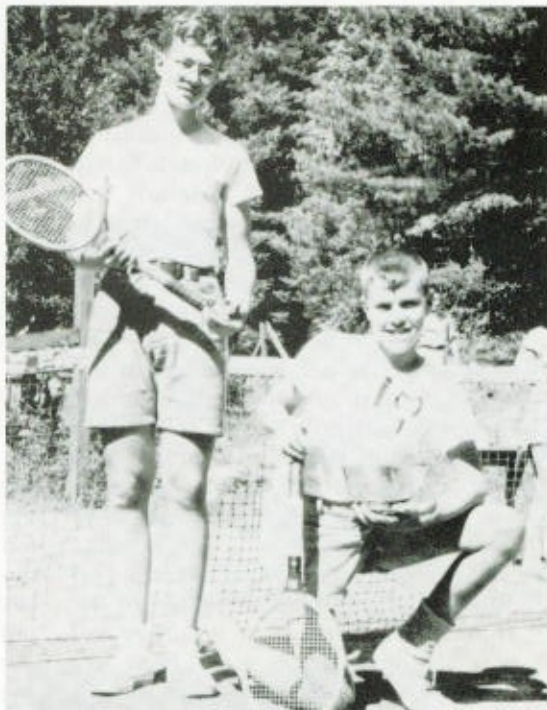
On Friday night five Denites and two Pantherites were admitted to the Inner Circle, indicating that they had earned four ribbons and been approved by the Council. After each of the candidates was introduced and spoken for, Akela instructed them to be seated while Gray Brothers lit the fires at the foot of each boy's seat. All of the old members then filed by and dropped a fagot into the new member's fire. By the end of this ceremony dusk had settled and the whole camp filed silently to the waterfront for the racing of the candleboats. It was a perfect evening this year; there was a

gentle breeze sweeping down from the mountains with just enough force to move the boats and yet leave the candles lit.

The following day included, among other things, the finals of the Junior and Senior Tennis Tournaments. In the Juniors two boys from Toomai played a close match of three sets, in which Tom DiMasi finally triumphed over Jon Feuer. The final match of the Seniors, between John Murray and Woody Merriman, climaxed three weeks of preliminary matches. John, the only camper to receive the yellow ribbon, beat Woody in two sets. Both played very effective tennis showing excellent form on ground strokes and good control in serving and net play. All four finalists were presented, immediately after the matches, with sterling cups newly donated by Mr. and Mrs. Hulme.

As far as we know Mowglis was the first camp to have a candlelight service when it began the tradition in 1921. Ever since it has been a service which brings home in a special way the significance of the whole summer. With the chapel lit only by candlelight, the organ playing music now familiar to everyone, and with the last morning only hours away, it is inevitable that memories are brought to mind which one could have at no other time. And afterwards it is a sad night as everyone files back to his dormitory in silence.

The last day, called Mrs. Holt's Day after the founder of Mowglis, marked the real end. Each boy received his Birchbark enumerating all of his achievements of the past summer. Other special awards were given, and finally the graduates were called forth to receive their Graduate Ribbons, the medal of which appears on the frontispiece of this book.



MRS. HOLT'S DAY

Mr. Hart and Mr. Newcomb
accept the new memorial tennis
cups from their donor, Mrs. Hulme.



*O Mowglis! thy sons have grown sturdy and strong
Some must part from the Jungle today
Their faces are turned to the pathways beyond
But their hearts with their brothers will stay*

*from the Graduation Song
Mrs. Elizabeth Ford Holt*



DEN 1962

This year's Den was a group of individuals — individuals who were soon to learn the advantages of unity. We started off with eight boys and ended up with six men who now have a summer of great experiences behind them.

This was probably the "trippiest" Den Mowglis has had for some time. There were far more trips than last year for the whole camp in general, and Den was certainly no exception. To start off the trip season we went on a three-day conditioning trip to Mt. Cardigan. Using Crag Hut as our base, we arose the first morning to clear the trail to Hanging Rock and Gilley's Cave, a trail unused for six years. We then circled around to Welton Falls for a refreshing swim, and then on to the A.M.C. Ski Lodge. After a short break during which Coke flowed freely, we hiked at a brisk pace back to "Fag Hut" as we now called it. When we hiked out the next day we felt prepared to accept the challenge of any trip we might face.

Although some of the counselors had their doubts about our canoeing ability, we proved them to be utterly unfounded for the most part when we packed up John Murray, the frisby, and five canoes and set off to conquer the Saco. The trip was a 100% success thanks to the culinary masterpieces and patience of Mr. Abbott. The blast of the century was had when we broad-jumped, ran, bounced, and tumbled down the hundred-foot sand cliff on which we camped. The cliff proved to be a pain, however, when water had to be brought up to the campsite. A two-hour wait for the truck ended a trip we shall all remember.

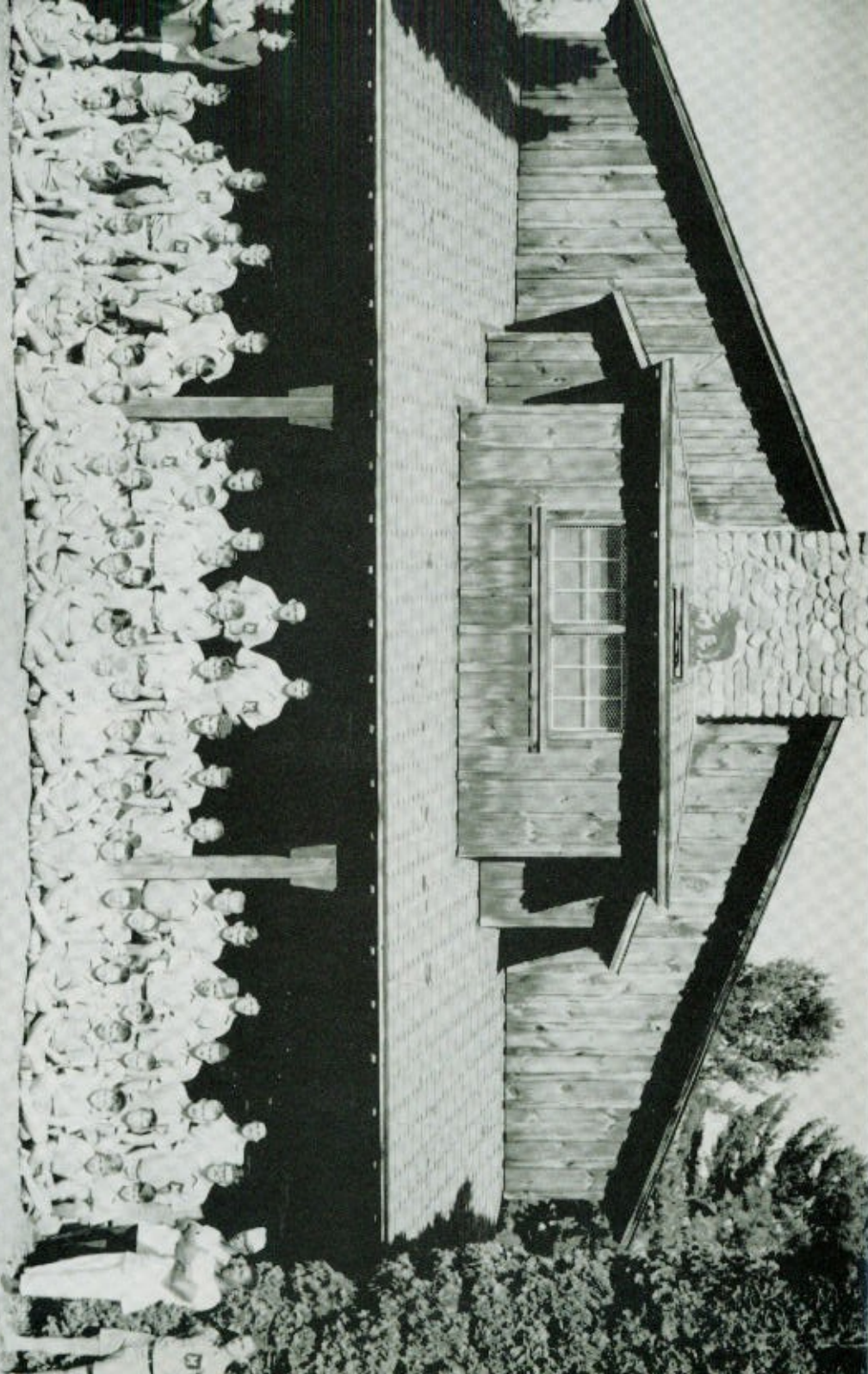
The Greely Ponds trip was the wettest, most enjoyable trip I have ever

taken. The weather could not dampen our spirits in the least. Firewood was hard to come by, but we still ate a seven-course breakfast before coming down. For safety reasons we did not climb the Mountain whose name I still can't spell for the life of me (Osceola -ed).

Using the previous trips as a basis for decision, the trip staff chose four Denites for the Pemi-Peaks honor trip. After being rained-in for a day at Ethan Pond, we were able to continue the trip, the height of which was reached at Mt. Bond, where we got a view we shall never forget. Guyot, Bond, Zealand, Zeacliff, South Twin, and Garfield were conquered in rapid succession until bad weather caught up with us again. Alas, Lafayette was left for some other day as we left in the rain.

The Mt. Washington Squad, the highest honor at Mowglis, was composed of five Denites — John Murray, Jay Punderson, Tim Hertzler, Danny Guthridge, and Charlie Walbridge. Mr. Clyde Smith, a mountain goat on two feet, made the trip most enjoyable with his moose calls and alpine flower identification lessons. We conquered one of the toughest trails in New England, The Huntington Ravine Trail, to the summit of Mt. Washington. After lunch, we hiked over to Mt. Jefferson, on the summit of which we sang "As the Clouds Go Tearing By", a song traditionally sung there by Washington Squads.

Crew Week came only to find a slight Red advantage prevailing in Den. Despite this fact, The Blues held up as they attempted to build a Racing Crew from scratch. All week there was never a dull moment, between practices, the pageant, and the crew papers; one sometimes wished there was. Pressure built up, and before we knew it, we were rowing down



the course. Red Crew won by 1.5 seconds, thus giving them a clean sweep to end an eight-year Blue monopoly. However, sportsmanship was impeccable on both sides, which made it one of the best Crew Weeks in Mowglis history.

The closing week brought the Ribbon Clutch, causing the Denites to run around begging counselors to pass them. The last week summed up the summer perfectly; who will forget the candlelight service, The Graduates Dinner, or the Graduates Hymn at the end of the Mrs. Holt's Day ceremonies?

Now for Den's statistics. At the end

of the season Den held 32 ribbons with 100% of the Den in the Inner Circle. Four of the Denites held all three trip ribbons. The finals of the Senior Tennis Tournament was all Den: John Murray over Woody Merriman. All of Den was on either the Washington or Gopher Squads.

I would like to give tribute to Danny Guthridge, who led his team from last to first place on sheer determination.

We Denites feel we have had a good year, and are looking forward to serving the camp in other capacities in the years to come.

CHARLES WALBRIDGE

Feet stuck out; arms hung over; blanket stretched from head to toe.
It's Rectory's own; it's football's best; and truly Mowglis' own.

He's at his best when on the trail
and carries with him exciting tales
Of Montezuma and Tripoli
and how the army cannot fail.

At Ripley Falls he's made a splash
from top to bottom quick as a flash
But in a canoe he's quite all right —
a single stroke and he's out of sight.

His speed is ideal for the football team
for to catch this end takes a lot of steam.
And on the mats he can't be beat;
a twist and a nelson and you're on your seat.

With a giant step he's trod the mountains,
With a gentle hand he's led his team
With a gentle word he's shown us all
How the Mowglis spirit can be carried tall.

So let's all stand and give a toast
To a man of whom Mowglis can really boast
A toast to Charles Walbridge.

The terror from Bronxville all muscle and might
Who single-handed gave Duffie Brown a big
fright.
He roams with his gang ready to fight
For any fair young maidens in plight.

And of fair young maidens he has his share,
Though he loudly proclaims he couldn't care.
"Those babes!" he says, "they get in my hair
And all the attention often does wear."

But it seems he talks of them frequently
They are seven wonders, to believe, you must
see.
However, he isn't all talk; he does have proof,
The letters he gets prove it's more than a
spoof.

He has more than girls — he has lots of skill
Which in tennis and the arts he uses at will.
In crew he pulled a strong oar at three
And with a few more lessons he might water-ski.

To Johnny, then, for Mowglis a boon
An emphatic toast — KA-BOOM, Lorna Doone.

A toast to John A. Murray, III.

Let me present a Denite
who's a Mowglis in every way
He comes from good old Richmond
where all the Rebels stay.

For 5 long years he's been at camp;
singing soprano and playing the piano.
He's earned most ribbons that can be got,
in Inner Circle he's on the top.

He talks with a drawl that will make you crawl;
and covers with cream his every seam.
A pill he takes for all his aches;
and with each trial he simply smiles.

Although he's only five-foot-ten,
let me give you all a tip;
He has the kind of Southern grace
that put's a big guy in his place.

He's good in Chapel reading
and he pulled a strong Red oar
Here's to you Danny boy,
you rate a big encore.

A toast to Daniel Guthridge

"He crosses the line in 3:54!" (well not quite)
But give him about five years and he might.
For as an athlete, at Mowglis he has no equal
This strong-chested Denite, Ben's famous sequel.

But more than an athlete, this great stone face
Grooms the Den with his dulcet bass.
Known as a scholarly sign collector
"Slow Down" zippy cart, you'll hit Gayot Shelter.

He serves as correspondent for the inarticulate
Den,
Words to Red Fox flow from his pen;
To Anna Cosmin and Camp Navarre
He writes Johnny's letters and reads answers back.

But he who wears a flapper's hat to cover his
curls,
Is not just a secretary — he's stealing their girls,
When he's not busy cracking his jokes
Often rewarded by early morning soaks.

Let us now leave his amorous pen
And to his accomplishments turn again
For as hiker and camper his feats they accrue
And but one year was needed to stroke the Blue
Crew.

Then a tribute to Tim; we hope he'll be back
To impart skill and leadership to the Pack.

A toast to Timothy Hertzler.

They say deep in his thoughts, highest in
his fancy,
Are visions of a sweet young thing named Nancy.
But the fickle are many — the faithful few,
And Pundy has to have something to do.

"Now listen, my Colby lass, I'll tell you
a tale
Of my feats and exploits on water and trail
Mature for my age, though I don't like to
crow,
I'm a sophomore from Dartmouth with a T-shirt
to show."

And, of course, she was snowed. Then he went
away
Searching "Don Juanish" for a new girl and
new day.
Armed with his prep cut and red eighteen,
He invaded Red Fox though pickings were lean.

But at Mowglis (alack) where girls can't be
found,
Jay has achieved — kept his feet on the ground
Rowing a second year on the winning Red
Sleeping aristocrat, high in his bed.

So on crew, in Den, on the trail,
A chip off the old block let us hail.
Lift your glasses with a "Como esta
usted?"
And offer a toast to the inimitable Jay.

A toast to James B. Punderson, Jr.

Strew on her roses, roses
and never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes,
ahhh — my Yvette Mimieux.

This could be the poem of a Shelley or Keats
but 'tis only the lyric of the minstrel of Den.
As he tells of his night and noble feats,
en route to Greece and back again.

He comes from a line of Mowglis men
and now himself has reached the Den.
At crew he's best as winning stroke
and in tennis he hopes to make the Mooney croak

So let us lift our beverage clear
And to Woody Merriman give a hearty cheer.

THE CALL OF THE PACK

*"O hear the call! Good hunting all,
That keep the Jungle Law."*

THE FALL OF "ADOLF" ABBOTT

One morning amid groans and screams heard in Panther, a sole survivor of reveille snored on — a heavy sleeper. We, in our usual manner, stomped over to his bed and planned a sudden awakening. A sudden crack — a gasp — and a thundering thump — his bed toppled over, and Mr. Abbott lay on the floor between two bureaus, head leaning against one and his feet slopped over another. Asleep — Mr. Abbott? YES, he still was! However, good old Mr. Bradley came over and whispered in his ear that he had to teach archery. Then Mr. Abbott finally did wake up.

MARK SHIFF
Panther

CAMP MOWGLIS

Mowglis is a camp for boys
Where days are filled with different joys.
With campers playing here and there,
It's almost like a very large Fair.
At Mowglis it is very much fun;
At night you dream of things you've done.
And when you've finished your last year,
You won't forget Mowglis, never fear.

ROBERT CUMMINGS
Junior Baloo

SUNSET ON MT. BOND

The trees broke and a clearing came into view, and before I knew it, the whole of the Pemigewasset Wilderness was spread out before us. The sky was almost completely clear except for a few clouds. It was, in fact, as close as you could come to the perfect view, for the top of Bond is situated in almost the exact center of the wilderness.

The mountains were so clearly defined that they resembled a model of the range. The ridges, valleys, and surface features of Mt. Washington, usually only a grey outline, could be seen in all their magnificence, and many of the places we had passed previously could be seen clearly. The ponds glistened in the rapidly setting sun.

The sunset, itself, was perfect. The sun first settled under a thick bank of clouds then came out again, thus treating us to a double sunset. The lone cloud to the south first turned red, then purple. As the sun finally set on the top of Garfield, forming a

perfect "ice cream cone", the clouds above Washington turned a delicate baby blue, bathing the entire landscape in a glow of light. Before I realized it, the wilderness was covered by a cloak of darkness.

I don't believe that I shall ever forget that view.

CHARLIE WALBRIDGE
Den

INSPECTION

After afternoon soak we all go to our dormitories to get ready for inspection. Mr. Hart and Mr. Denninger struggle to get Toomai started, and once we have begun, we move very slowly. We jabber away while we make our beds and then do the best we can sweeping. Sweeping is awfully hard and so is getting all the papers off the ground. That is my job, and it's no fun. Finally inspection blows and we run around to make last minute checks and put the brooms away. A yell comes from one end of the dorm — "The inspectors are here!" We rush to the end of our beds, and they walk in, big flashlights in their hands. One goes outside the dorm to find the papers I might have missed, and the other inspects the dorm. He feels our bureau to find dust, looks under our shoes, and then under our beds.

"Did you sweep under your bed, Mr. DiMasi?"

"Yes sir!"

"Well, look at all those cats; not a good job I'd say."

"Yes sir."

Then the grounds inspector comes in, dumps a pile of papers, and says, "Look at this, gentlemen."

We look.

"Four black marks," says one, "a point." Then they leave. Whew! Sometimes we don't get a point.

JIMMY EDWARDS
Toomai

WHY MR. HAKES SHOULDN'T GET MARRIED

Mr. Hakes shouldn't get married because women use too much money! When they wake up in the morning they usually have pincurlers in their hair and are a mess; and when the first breakfast comes Mr. Hakes would have burnt toast, watery eggs, and many other awful things!

Well, at least that's my opinion of it, and if I were him I would never get married.

PETER PUNDERSON
Toomai

THE CIRCUS

Yesterday was the Mowglis Circus, and my team, the Opels, had a frisbee throw. The object of the game was to throw a frisbee through a swinging hula hoop. There were other concessions such as Miniature Golf, Stone Throw, Ping Plunk, Fan Fare, and Tennis Ball Swing. After about half an hour Camp Red Fox came to the circus, and around that time the freaks started dressing up. There were two wild men, one fat, little old lady, and a giant. The top half of the giant was me! It all turned out very well.

JA JA HULME
Toomai

"NORMAN"

One day at dinner Robert Feuer had a "spazz attack". He pretended the table was a piano and started playing on it. When dessert came he finally stopped to eat his popsicle; but after everyone except the table boy and me had left he played his masterpiece — "Norman" (Den style). Before he started he set up four spoons; when the four "booms" in the song came, he hit a spoon for every boom, and they all went into orbit! We almost died laughing.

LENNIE DiMASI
Akela

THE COLONEL'S PINE

Among the many landmarks here
In Mowglis, claimed through time
The greatest one of all, no doubt,
Is Colonel's aging pine.

He stood beside it years ago
And touched its top so fine
And through the passing years did see
It called: "The Colonel's Pine."

But every landmark has its day
As life which now is mine;
And as I will to stand life's storms
So willing, stood the Pine.

But as the pine stood tall one day
Beneath a darkening sky
The fury of a July day
Beset the Colonel's Pine.

The lightning fingered through the air
Then centered on a line
That caught and sent a blinding flash
Which cracked the Colonel's Pine.

And now it seems as I pass by
That God deemed all to know
That in the year when Colonel passed
His pine should cease to grow.

J. G. THAYER

"THE CLOCK SHOP"

Last Saturday Mr. Marshall's dramatics class put on a play called the "Clock Shop." Before the play the counsellors did some square dancing — four men and four women! Mr. Underwood's dress almost fell down!

The play started out with Ja Ja Hulme singing a song called the "Clock Shop." Later when Doug George came in, laughs were heard all over. The applause lasted for five minutes. I thought it was a good play.

PETER O'CONNER
Baloo

TWO IN ONE

One night on the Pemi Trip we went to the top of Mt. Bond to see the sunset. There was a cloud bank hanging over the mountain, and when the sun went down it sank into the clouds. A minute later it looked like the cloud was laying an egg — right on the top of Mt. Garfield!

RICHARD PUNDERSON
Panther

THE INSTANT BED

I have been criticized and utterly stomped on because my instant bed has been banned. It is said to be unsanitary! I beg to differ with this unreasonable conclusion. My great invention is a landmark in the world of bedmaking. The people are behind me, and any day now we are going to revolt!

The Instant Bed will have a comeback!

ANON.

TOOMAI'S TRIP TO BELLE ISLE

After a night in the rain at Belle Isle we all woke up and got ready for breakfast. I yelled, "What's for breakfast?", and Mr. Hart said it was cream of wheat. Finally we all started to eat — at least we tried to. The cream of wheat was just like paste. After everyone had about one bite, we decided to wash out our cups. Then we left our little humble camp and went home.

PETER PUNDERSON
Toomai

BELLE ISLE

On the fourth day of camp Toomai went to Belle Isle. After we had unpacked, we took a swim, and later we ate dinner. That night Mr. Hart told us a neat story about a mad guy. After that story everyone moved into the tent to sleep — everyone except Jimmy Edwards and me (we were the brave ones). There were lightning bugs and fireflies zooming around our heads. Finally we dozed off. Soon we awoke to the sound of thunder. We grabbed all our gear and ran for the tent, and by that time it was pouring.

DOUGLAS GEORGE
Toomai

THE TRAIL OF THE PACK



CHRISTOPHER ADAMS. CUB 1958, 59, 60, Pack 1961, 62. 28 Bryon Road, Weston, Massachusetts.

Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; Burnt Umber Bugattis; "The Clock Shop"; "The Knothole"; Red Crew; Dormitory, Toomai.

ROBERT CUMMINGS. 1962. Pain Avenue, Prides Crossing, Massachusetts. NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; ARC Beginners; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Opalescent Opels; Blue Crew; Howl Editor; Horseshoes Tournament Runner-up; Dormitory, Junior Baloo.

WINTHROP DAVIS. YEARLING 1962, PACK 1958, 59, 61. Box 4011, Greenville, Delaware.

Camping Instructorship; Archery Instructorship.

ROBERT DEXTER 1962. 305 Edgevale Road, Baltimore 10, Maryland.

ARC Beginners; Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Blue Second Form stroke; "The Knothole"; Dormitory, Akela.

LEONARD DIMASI. CUB 1959, 60, PACK 1961, 62. 79 Woodard Road, West Roxbury 32, Massachusetts.

ARC Intermediates; Half Waingunga; Full Waingunga; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; Sapphire Citroens; Blue Crew Second Form, No. 5; Tetherball Tournament Runner-up; Dormitory, Akela.

THEODORE DIMASI. CUB 1960, PACK 1961, 62. 79 Woodard Road, West Roxbury 32, Massachusetts.

NRA Marksman; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; Ping Pong Tournament Winner; Tetherball Tournament Winner; Pimento Peugeot; Blue First Form, No. 5; "The Clock Shop"; "The Knothole"; Dormitory, Toomai.

THOMAS DIMASI. CUB 1960, PACK 1961, 62. 79 Woodard Road, West Roxbury 32, Massachusetts.

ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Canoe Safety Test; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; Ping-Pong Tournament Runner-up; Tetherball Tournament Runner-up; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Blue First Form, No. 3; Dormitory, Toomai.

ANTHONY DOHANOS. 1962. 279 Sturges Highway, Westport, Connecticut.

Golden Broomstring; Orange Ribbon; NRA Pro-Marksman; ARC Intermediates; Skippers Test; Axe Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Sapphire Citroens; Blue Crew Form, No. 4; Dormitory, Akela.

B. J. DRISCOLL, JR. CUB 1960, 61, PACK 1962. Berry Hill Road, Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York.

NRA Marksman; NRA Marksman First Class; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Hatchet Test; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; 1 Day Trail Clearing; Pimento Peugeot; Blue First Form, Bow; "The Clock Shop"; "The Knothole"; Howl Editor; Dormitory, Toomai.

PETER DRISCOLL. CUB 1960, 61, PACK 1962. Berry Hill Road, Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; ARC Intermediates; Half Waingunga; Knife Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Ping Pong Tournament Winner; Sapphire Citroens; Blue Second Form Cox and Captain; Dormitory, Junior Baloo.

JAMES EDWARDS. 1961, 62. 284 North Oxford Street, Hartford 5, Connecticut.

ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Hatchet Test; Sapphire Citroens; Red First Form, No. 2 and Captain; Graduates Dinner Waiter; Howl Editor; Dormitory, Toomai.

JONATHAN FEUER. CUB 1960, PACK 1961, 62. 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

Silver Arrow; NRA Sharpshooter; NRA First Bar; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Knife Test; Hatchet Test; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Burnt Umber Bugattis; Red First Form, stroke; Jr. Rifle Team; Second highest Jr. individual target; Dormitory, Toomai.

ROBERT FEUER. 1959, 60, 61, 62. 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

NRA Sixth Bar; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Axe Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Horseshoe Tournament Winner; Tetherball Tournament Winner; Opalescent Opels; Blue Racing Crew, Bow; Sr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Akela.

DONALD FISHER. 1962. 60 Farmington Avenue, Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

Orange Ribbon; NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; NRA Marksman First Class; NRA Sharpshooter; Blue and Gold Ribbon ARC Swimmers; Full Waingunga; Axe Test; Kinsman Pond Trip; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Tetherball Tournament Runner-up; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Blue Racing Crew, No. 4; Jr. Rifle Team; High Jr. Individual Rifle Target; Dormitory, Panther.

DOUGLAS GEORGE. CUB 1960, PACK 1961, 62. 65 Mountain Road, Concord, New Hampshire.

NRA Sharpshooter; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; Blue Crew; "The Clock Shop"; "The Knothole"; Dormitory, Toomai.

JEFFREY GILFOY. 1960, 61, 62. 289 Hillcrest Road, Needham, Massachusetts.

Brown Ribbon; Green Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; White Ribbon; NRA Third Bar; Inner Circle; Axe Test; Belle Isle Trip; Pemi Wilderness Trip; Mt. Whiteface Trip; Pemi Peaks Trip; Washington Squad; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Red Racing Crew, No. 2; Jr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Panther.

DANIEL GUTHRIDGE. 1958, 59, 60, 61, 62. 206 Amphill Road, Richmond, Virginia.

GRADUATE; Brown Ribbon; Green Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; White Ribbon; Axe Test; Crag Hut Trip; Saco River Trip; Greeley Ponds Trip; Pemi Peaks Trip; Washington Squad; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Winning Crimson Corvettes, Captain; Red Racing Crew, Bow; Sr. Rifle Team; Grey Brother; Candlelight Service Leader; Candleboats, third; Dormitory, Den.

JAMES HART. CUBS 1960, PACK 1962. 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; ARC Beginners; Franconia Falls Trip; Burnt Umber Bugattis; Blue Second Form, No. 2; Knife Test; Dormitory, Toomai.

DANIEL HERTZLER. CUB 1960, 61, PACK 1962. R. D. No. 1, Box 280, Mansfield Center, Connecticut.

Golden Bowstring; NRA Marksman First Class; NRA Sharpshooter; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Hatchet Test; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Sapphire Citroens; Blue First Form, Cox; Jr. Rifle Team; Canoe Safety Test; Dormitory, Toomai.

SAMUEL HERTZLER. 1959, 60, 61, 62. R. D. 1, Box 280, Mansfield Center, Connecticut.

Golden Bowstring; NRA Second Bar; Silver Ribbon; ARC Intermediates; Half Waingunga; Rowboat Safety Test; Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Blue Racing Crew, Cox; Blue First Form, No. 2; Dormitory, Akela.

TIMOTHY HERTZLER. 1959, 62. R. D. 1, Box 280, Mansfield Center, Connecticut.

GRADUATE; Brown Ribbon; Green Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; NRA Marksman; NRA Marksman First Class; NRA Sharpshooter; NRA First Bar; NRA Second Bar; Silver Ribbon; Inner Circle; ARC Swimmers; Full Waingunga; Rowboat Safety Test; Canoe Safety Test; Axe Test; Crag Hut Trip; Saco River Trip; Greeley Ponds Trip; Pemi Peaks Trip; Washington Squad; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Opalescent Opels, Captain; Blue Racing Crew, stroke; Sr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Den.

WILLIAM HOLLAND. CUB 1960, PACK 1961, 62. Khakum Wood, Greenwich, Connecticut.

NRA Sharpshooter; NRA First Bar; NRA Second Bar; Hatchet Test; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; High Cabin Trip; 1 Day Trail Clearing; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Blue First Form, stroke and Captain; "The Knothole"; Jr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Akela.

PETER HOPPOCK. 1962. 15 Royalston Road, Wellesley Hills 81, Massachusetts.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; Orange Ribbon; ARC Swimmers; Full Waingunga; Axe Test; Kinsman Pond Trip; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Opalescent Opels; Blue Racing Crew, No. 2; Jr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Panther.

JOHN HULL. 1962. 2776 North Quincy Street, Arlington, Virginia.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; NRA Marksman First Class; ARC Beginners; Knife Test; Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Pimento Peugeot; Blue Crew; Dormitory, Baloo.

BRUCE HULME. 1961, 62. 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. Brown Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; Green Ribbon; Blue-and-Gold Ribbon; Inner Circle; ARC Swimmers; Full Waingunga; Skippers Test; Belle Isle Trip; Pemi Wilderness Trip; Mt. Whiteface Trip; Kinsman Pond Trip; Gopher Squad; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Tetherball Tournament Winner; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Red First Form, No. 4; Jr. Rifle Team; Axe Test; Dormitory, Panther.

JONATHAN HULME. CUB 1961, PACK 1962. 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts.

ARC Intermediates; Half Waingunga; Knife Test; Hatchet Test; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Opalescent Opels; Red Second Form, No. 4 and Captain; "The Clock Shop"; Graduates Dinner Waiter; Dormitory, Toomai.

JUDSON KENDALL. 1962. 9550 Old Bonhomme Road, St. Louis 32, Missouri. Brown Ribbon; Green Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; NRA Marksman First Class; ARC Swimmers; Full Waingunga; Rowboat Safety Test; Canoe Safety Test; Knife Test; Axe Test; Belle Isle Trip; Pemi Wilderness Trip; Mt. Whiteface Trip; Pemi Peaks Trip; Kinsman Pond Trip; Washington Squad; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Sapphire Citroens; Red Racing Crew, Cox and Captain; Graduates Dinner Waiter; Jr. Rifle Team; Howl Editor; Dormitory, Panther.

ROBERT LOSS. 1960, 61, 62. 39 Meadow Way, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts. Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; 1 Day Trail Clearing; Pimento Peugeot; Blue Second Form, No. 4; "The Knothole"; Candleboats, Second; Axe Test; Dormitory, Akela.

LOCKWOOD MERRIMAN. 1959, 60, 61, 62. 12 Hillcrest Road, Middlebury, Vermont.

GRADUATE; Brown Ribbon; Green Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; NRA Third Bar; Inner Circle; ARC Swimmers; Full Waingunga; Rowboat Safety Test; Axe Test; Crag Hut Trip; Saco River Trip; Greeley Ponds Trip; Gopher Squad; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Sapphire Citroens; Co-Captain; Red Racing Crew, stroke; Sr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Den.

JOHN MURRAY. 1959, 60, 61, 62. 42 Highland Circle, Bronxville, New York. GRADUATE; NRA Second Bar; Silver Ribbon; Yellow Ribbon; Green-and-White Ribbon; Inner Circle; ARC Swimmers; Axe Test; Crag Hut Trip; Saco River Trip; Greeley Ponds Trip; Washington Squad; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Pimento Peugeot, Captain; Blue Racing Crew, No. 3; Dormitory, Den.

MICHAEL NEWELL. 1962. Sherman, Connecticut.

Golden Bowstring; NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Canoe Safety Test; Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Horeshoes Tournament, Runner-up; Burnt Umber Bugattis; Red Second Form, stroke Graduates Dinner Waiter; Dormitory, Akela.

PETER O'CONNOR. CUB 1961, PACK 1962. 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, New York.

NRA Pro-Marksman; ARC Intermediates; Half Waingunga; Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Sapphire Citroens; Red Crew; Tetherball Tournament, Runner-up; Dormitory, Baloo.

ROBERT O'CONNOR. 1961, 62. 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, New York.

NRA Marksman; NRA Marksman First Class; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Skippers Test; Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Burnt Umber Bugattis; Red Second Form, No. 5; "The Clock Shop"; Graduates Dinner Waiter; Rowboat Safety Test; Howl Editor; Dormitory, Akela.

CHRISTOPHER PECK. 1962. 559 Providence Street, Albany 8, New York. NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; ARC Intermediates; Half Waingunga; Knife Test; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Red Second Form, Cox; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Howl Editor; Dormitory, Junior Baloo.

GREGSON PULLEN. 1962. 276 North Avenue, Westport, Connecticut.

NRA Pro-Marksman; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Axe Test; Canoe Safety Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Pimento Peugeot; Red Racing Crew, No. 3; Sr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Akela.

WESTON PULLEN. YEARLING 1962. 276 North Avenue, Westport, Connecticut.

JAMES PUNDERSON, JR. 1961, 62. 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

GRADUATE; Brown Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; NRA Second Bar; Silver Ribbon; White Ribbon; Inner Circle; ARC Swimmers; Full Waingunga; Rowboat Safety Test; Canoe Safety Test; Knife Test; Axe Test; Crag Hut Trip; Saco River Trip; Greeley Ponds Trip; Washington Squad; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Sapphire Citroens, Co-Captain; Red Racing Crew, No. 5; Sr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Den.

PETER PUNDERSON. 1961, 62. 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

ARC Swimmers; Full Waingunga; Skippers Test; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Pimento Peugots; Red First Form, Bow; Dormitory, Toomai.

RICHARD PUNDERSON. 1961, 62. 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

Brown Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; Silver Ribbon; ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Rowboat Safety Test; Knife Test; Axe Test; Belle Isle Trip; Pemi Wilderness Trip; Whiteface Trip; Pemi Peaks Trip; Gopher Squad; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Burnt Umber Bugattis; Red Racing Crew, No. 4; Graduates Dinner Waiter; Jr. Rifle Team; Dormitory, Panther.

STEPHEN PUNDERSON. CUBS 1961, PACK 1962. 257 Pease Road, Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; ARC Beginners; Rowboat Safety Test; Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Ping Pong Tournament Winner; Tetherball Tournament Winner; Pimento Peugots; Red Second Form, Bow; Dormitory, Baloo.

JUAN RADA. YEARLING 1962. Apartado Este 4597, Caracas, Venezuela.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE. 1959, 60, 62. 72 Palmer Street, Pawcatuck, Connecticut.

Golden Bowstring; NRA Marksman First Class; Rowboat Safety Test; Axe Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Paugus Mills Trip; High Cabin Trip; 1 Day Trail Clearing; Opalescent Opels; Red First Form, No. 5; "The Knothole"; Howl Editor; Dormitory, Akela.

JOHN ROSS. 1960, 61, 62. 441 Main Street, Hudson, Massachusetts.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; Green-and-White Ribbon; Axe Test; Belle Isle Trip; Pemi Wilderness Trip; Mt. Whiteface Trip; Opalescent Opels; Blue Second Form, No. 3; "The Clock Shop"; Rowboat Safety Test; Dormitory, Panther.

ANDREW SHIFF. CUB 1960, 61, PACK 1962. 406 Pleasant Street, Framingham, Massachusetts.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; NRA Marksman First Class; ARC Beginners; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Burnt Umber Bugattis; Red Crew; Dormitory, Baloo.

MARK SHIFF. 1960, 61, 62. 406 Pleasant Street, Framingham, Massachusetts.

Black Ribbon; Brown Ribbon; Silver Ribbon; NRA Expert; Green-and-White Ribbon; Inner Circle; Rowboat Safety Test; Axe Test; Crag Hut Trip; Saco River Trip; Greeley Ponds Trip; Gopher Squad; 2 Days Trail Clearing; Burnt Umber Bugattis; Red First Form, No. 5; "The Clock Shop"; Sr. Rifle Team; Howl Editor; High Sr. Individual Rifle Target; Dormitory, Panther.

CHRISTOPHER SPINDLER. 1961, 62. 90 Woodland Street, South Natick, Massachusetts.

ARC Intermediates; Full Waingunga; Hatchet Test; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; Opalescent Opels; Red Second Form, No. 3; Dormitory, Toomai.

JAMES STILLMAN. 1960, 62. 473 South Halifax Drive, Ormond Beach, Florida.

NRA Sharpshooter; ARC Intermediates; Half Waingunga; Axe Test; Pimento Peugots; Red Second Form, No. 2; 1 Day Trail Clearing; Dormitory, Akela.

GARY STUDWELL. 1961, 62. 4 King Street, Fredriksted, St. Croix, U. S. Virgin Islands.

NRA First Bar; ARC Intermediates; Half Waingunga; Axe Test; Crag Hut Trip; Saco River Trip; Greeley Ponds Trip; Pemi Peaks Trip; Opalescent Opels, Co-Captain; Blue Crew; Dormitory, Den.

STEPHEN UNDERWOOD YEARLING 1962, PACK 1956, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61. 134 Woodbine Road, Roslyn Heights, Long Island, New York.

Camping Instructorship.

PETER WAGNER. CUB 1961, PACK 1962. Golf Course Road West, Owings Mills, Maryland.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; NRA Marksman First Class; ARC Beginners; Hatchet Test; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Burnt Umber Bugattis; Blue Second Form, Bow; Dormitory, Baloo.

CHARLES WALBRIDGE. 1959, 60, 61, 62. 164 East 66th Street, New York 61, New York.

GRADUATE; Brown Ribbon; Green Ribbon; Orange Ribbon; Silver Ribbon; Inner Circle; ARC Swimmers; Rowboat Safety Test; Canoe Safety Test; Crag Hut Trip; Saco River Trip; Greeley Ponds Trip; Pemi Peaks Trip; Washington Squad; 3 Days Trail Clearing; Burnt Umber Bugattis, Captain; Blue Racing Crew, No. 5 and Captain; Sr. Rifle Team; Howl Editor; Candlelight Service Leader; Dormitory, Den.

GARY WRIGHT. 1962. 30 Ridge Drive, Glen Cove, New York.

NRA Pro-Marksman; ARC Beginners; Cliff Isle Trip; Kimball Falls Trip; Winning Crimson Corvettes; Red Crew; Candleboats, First; Dormitory, Junior Baloo.

RANDOLPH WRIGHT. 1962. 30 Ridge Drive, Glen Cove, New York.

NRA Pro-Marksman; NRA Marksman; ARC Beginners; Belle Isle Trip; Merrill Isle Trip; Franconia Falls Trip; Opalescent Opels; Red First Form, Cox; "The Knothole"; Dormitory, Toomai.



Mr. and Mrs. John C. Adams

*Mr. Adams was Director of
Mowglis
from 1958 to 1962*

*"Good Hunting!"
from all the Pack and Staff*

MOWGLIS STAFF 1962

DIRECTORS

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Adams, East Hebron, New Hampshire.

ASSISTANTS

Mr. Jerry Hakes, Executive Director, Director of Music, 912 Stadium Blvd., Ann Arbor, Michigan.
Mr. Jerome Johnston, Pack Director, 1937 Boston Blvd., Detroit 6, Michigan.

THE YEARLINGS

Mr. David Settele, Director, 118 Main Street, Northboro, Massachusetts.
Mr. Barry Travis, Assistant, Elm Street, Canaan, Connecticut.

PACK STAFF

Mr. Donald Abbott, Trips, Millbrook School, Millbrook, New York.
Mr. Ronald Alessio, Tripmaster, 225 Highland Avenue, New Kensington, Pennsylvania.
Mr. Brooks Benjamin, Junior Balooite Director, 172 Alberta Avenue, San Carlos, California.
Mr. Richard Bradley, Watermaster, Water Skiing, 33 Sudbury Road, Weston 93, Massachusetts.
Mr. Fayette Brown, Swimming, Farmhill Road, Sewickley, Pennsylvania.
Mr. Gary Deakinger, Rifery, 338 John Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.
Mr. William Hart, Jr., Crew Coach, Tennis, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut.
Mr. Bradford Kimball, Junior Balooite Program, Crafts, 20 Mayfair Drive, Slingerlands, New York.
Mr. Butler Lampson, Swimming, Office, c/o Mr. H. H. Bundy, Manchester, Massachusetts.
Mr. Thomas Marshall, Dramatics, 1612 Dogwood Drive, Alexandria, Virginia.
Mr. Steven Saunders, Trips, 3528 St. John, Kansas City 23, Missouri.
Mr. Garland Thayer, Crafts, Route 1, Abingdon, Virginia.
Mr. John Underwood, Junior Balooite Program, 134 Woodbine Road, Roslyn Heights, New York.

THE DAY CAMP

Mr. Barry Travis, Director, Elm Street, Canaan, Connecticut.

SPECIAL STAFF

Mr. Leonard Davis, Assistant Cook, Pembroke Parish, Bermuda.
Mrs. Jan Settele, Nurse, 118 Main Street, Northboro, Massachusetts.
Mr. Asley Smith, Cook, 51 Savin Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

JUNIOR STAFF

Mr. William Bradstreet, Second Year Yearling, Sailing, 112 Sweetfern Road, Governor Francis Farms, Warwick, Rhode Island.
Mr. Rozier Dulany, Second Year Yearling, Trips, Assistant Crew Coach, 4511 Potomac School Road, McLean, Virginia.
Mr. Philip Hart, Rifery, Kitchen, Maintenance, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut.
Mr. Henry Livingston, Jr., Tennis, Kitchen, Maintenance, 115 East 90th Street, New York 28, New York.
Mr. Dwight Newcomb, Assistant Tennis Instructor, 3108 North 30th Street, Arlington 7, Virginia.
Mr. David Swanson, Canoeing, Rowing, 59 Marlboro Road, Delmar, New York.

GEORGE D. GIBBS

May 20, 1893 — July 27, 1962
Superintendent at Mowglis,
devoted friend of boys and men
for over forty years.



Missing grade

John Murray