

1964



**THE
MOWGLIS
HOWL**

1964

THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

Volume XLIII

1964

TO KEEP THE COMRADESHIP AND THE MEMORY OF THE PACK



1964

EDITORIAL BOARD

William B. Hart
William B. Hart, Jr.

Den

James Patton

Panther

James Edwards
Worthington Johnson, Jr

Akela

Daniel Hertzler
Peter Kingsley

Brooks Benjamin
Nicholas B. Shelness

Toomai

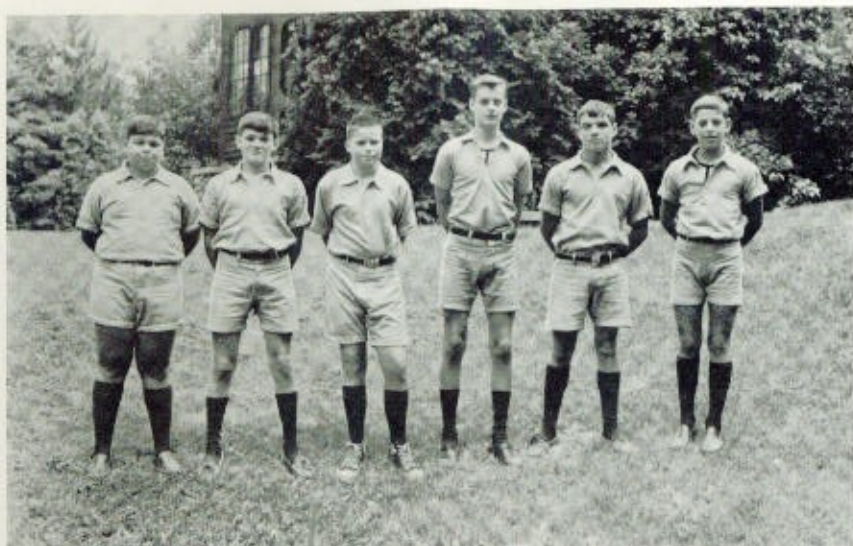
Peter Berking
Dwight Shepard

Baloo

Scott Veale
Marshall Williams

Cubs

Whitcomb Iglehart
Wayne King



GRADUATES OF
1964

Left to right: Leonard DiMasi, David Rittenhouse, James Patton, Robert Feuer, Gregson Pullen, Tony Dohanos.

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

CANDLEBOATS
AT THE LAKE, 1964



"We be of one blood, brothers!"

Mowglis Pack History: 1964

Even the mis-firings of the cannon in the opening ceremonies could do little to stem the vigor with which the summer began. The Holt-Elwell Foundation was operating Mowglis for the second summer and the success of this venture seemed sure. Old traditions had been re-established and new ones had found their place in Mowglis life. The camp had grown, and for the first summer in recent years all dormitories, including Cubland, were filled with noisy, eager campers.

Trunks had barely been unpacked when the Fourth of July struck, and soon the entire camp was involved in a lusty contest led by the great American heroes, Lafayette, John Paul Jones, the Swamp Fox, and Ethan Allen. British soldiers filled the woods, but eventually the Mowglis gold was recovered in the murky waters of Baloo Cove.

And then came the trips — the beginning of a summer which, more than many previous, was to re-establish the traditions of Mowglis as a tripping camp with responsibilities and privileges in the Cardigan Region. Mr. Harmon, with truly Harvardian spirit, pointed the way as the

boys followed to the promised land across Newfound. "Overnights" went to Derby Pond where fishing wasn't quite what had been promised, to Ackerman's Field, and to Spectacle Pond. Later in the summer the dormitories moved farther from Mowglis — to the Saco, Moosilauke, and Pausgus Mills. This entire program culminated in the Washington Squad which hiked the biggest of the Presidentials via the A.M.C. huts. The accident which occurred on this trip, though regretted by all, was a dramatic example of the general competence and flexibility of Mowglis on the trail. Once again the A.M.C. and other professionals in the mountains had cause to congratulate Mowglis on its techniques and spirit, and Dave Rittenhouse on his courage and his pluck.

In camp boys were kept busy by the myriad of activities which compose a "regular Mowglis day." Industries were in full swing shortly after the season's opening, and boys were able to choose activities for three separate industry periods. It was in these industries that many ribbons awarded in the dining room were earned. Athletic teams, named after mythological deities, competed in everything from paper airplane flying to cricket games.

Team loyalty rose to a real high for the major contests on Water Sports and Land Sports Days with the staff coaches improvising unique cheers while one team, the Thundering Thors, contented itself in roaring its might and prowess.

Costume Night was unusually successful this summer. Taking as a theme the Broadway show, "Camelot", the boys dressed themselves in the style of King Arthur's court. Once in Gray Brothers they were entertained by numerous camper skits and one staff skit complete with dragon, fair maiden, and knight. That evening was one of the more elaborate Saturday entertainments, but each week-end saw some special entertainment, including a play written by two Pantherites.

Crew Week, as always, came sooner than anyone could imagine and by Wednesday all Mowglis were veteran oarsmen. As the boats went out more frequently and finally rowed in the last practice, the excitement mounted. In camp the traditional crew newspapers were published and propaganda speeches flowed continuously. Finally on Saturday, under threatening skies, the races were rowed before a large group of parents and friends, as the Onaway girls joined us in cheers and songs. All races showed considerable skill and spirit on the part of the boys, and the final event, matching the two racing crews, was won by the narrow margin of one foot. As the winning Blue oar was raised on the flagpole many boys thought already to another year and

another summer when the Crew Week experience would shine again.

The last week of camp had a nostalgic character all its own. After the trail trips had returned with reports of newly cleared trails in the Cardigan region, the traditional commencement activities began. Graduates paused from their efforts of completing requirements to enjoy the atmosphere of Graduates' Dinner and to share the toasts and fellowship of the evening. After a rainy week-end of postponement, the Candlelight Service in the Chapel of the Woods took place on Monday — a warm, quiet evening for one of the most memorable of Mowglis experiences. Finally, with Mrs. Holt's Day exercises, the Inner Circle Ceremony, and the candleboats, the season came to its inevitable close, finding all those who had anxiously looked forward to their return home just a bit sad that the fun was ending for another summer.

And somehow the large events like Crew Week and Trips were only a part of the fun. The atmosphere of the Mowglis season had been made up of small incongruities like the Whopper Pajama Club, our own Mad Axe-Man, and stories on Indian music and Burma. It is with warm feelings, then, that we look back over the summer and even ahead to others and think as we sang on the night of our own Camelot,

"I know it sounds a bit bizarre,
But in Mowglis
That's how conditions are."

MOWGLIS 1964,
WE SALUTE YOU!

MOWGLIS OF THE FUTURE

Beyond lie other years for Mowglis, and the first of tomorrow is 1965.

"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, 1965, WE SALUTE YOU

★ ★ ★



THE TEAMS

On Saturday, July 4th, we picked teams for games which will last during the summer. The teams were supposed to be named after Greek gods of mythology. But some teams didn't pick names of gods. The teams were: the Lemon Lokies, supervised by Mr. Anderson, the Dynamic Demeters, supervised by Mr. Little, the Pomegranate Promethei, supervised by Mr. Brown, and last the Thundering Thors, who roared like thunder when their names were mentioned.

CHUCK RAFFAELE

PAUGUS MILLS

Monday Akela went to Paugus Mills and we went to the sawdust pile where Mr. Anderson and Mr. Benjamin were kings of the pile and the campers won. Then we washed up and went to our campsite.

RANDY WRIGHT



JULY FOURTH

I woke up yesterday to find out that Mowglis had been robbed during the night. At lunch that day Mr. Harmon told us that four great Americans were going to help us get rid of the British invaders. These heroes turned out to be Ethan Allen, John Paul Jones, the Swamp Fox, and Lafayette.

In the afternoon each team had a hero as leader. We had two treasure hunts.

JIM KINGSLEY

DIVING FOR GOLD

Yesterday when no one found the Mowglis gold, Mr. Harmon told us that the boat the Redcoats were escaping in blew up in Baloo Cove. We all started to dive for gold and silver rocks. We all had fun that afternoon.

SCOTT BROWN

PAUGUS MILLS

Last Monday we went to Paugus Mills. Mr. Braley took the wrong road and this delayed us awhile. That night we had a fight in our tent. It was a sleeping bag fight. Next day we climbed Chocorua. There were one hundred fifteen people on top! That night we had what I think was corn chowder. Good old Mr. Harmon, prize food packer, forgot the pie filling, and that ruined dessert. The next morning we had a "jump down on Kingsley, spin around on Pundy, pile up sleeping bag fight." Finally we got up and had oatmeal and French toast. It was an enjoyable trip.

PETER O'CONNOR

CRICKET

Playing cricket may sound crazy at a camp but we play it with Mr. Faruqi on Gray Brothers Field. It is sort of like baseball but I think it is more fun to play.

PETER BERKING

TRAIL CLEARING

On the Akela-Panther trail clearing trip up Plymouth Mountain everybody had lots of fun. Everyone was using a "lively lad" or hatchet or axe. The trail really needed clearing. We rode the truck up to the trail. We all got a chopping block. At first it was mostly grass, then gradually the trail got steeper and tougher to clear. About halfway up we ate lunch. It took us fifteen minutes to walk down a section that had taken several hours to clear. I got a candy bar for being the best trail clearer.

MIKE MERWIN

JULY FOURTH

On the morning of July 4 the camp learned that the business office had been robbed. At breakfast that morning Mr. Harmon, the COD, announced that some British soldiers were the robbers. He then announced that four American patriots were going to capture them, but that they wanted to do it separately. At this point everyone knew it was a game. The aides posed as soldiers and the teams tried to capture them from other teams. After that we all looked for the "gold." Everyone got at least one candy bar and some got two. I think we all had fun that day.

PETER KINGSLEY



SOUP BOWL GLIDE

Baloo went to Soup Bowl Glide. Before that we ate lunch. Little Soup Bowl didn't work too well, and Big Soup Bowl was dried up. We tried to dam the water but only a trickle came down. But it was a good trip.

SCOTT VEALE

SPECTACLE POND

Baloo went to Spectacle Pond. The first day we fixed camp and explored the paths which were blazed. One led us back to camp. We ate dinner and went to bed. The next day we climbed Mount Crosby and when we got back we went swimming. The swimming spot was level for a few feet and then dropped off to six feet. That night we had Spanish Rice for dinner. That same afternoon we had a toothpaste fight. It was a very enjoyable trip.

SCOTT VEALE

BEEES

Previously Mr. Dulany sat on a bees' nest. One Thursday we went to Bear Mountain and walked right into a bees' hive. So all of a sudden Mr. Dulany said "SCATTER!" So we didn't come back that way.

DWIGHT SHEPARD



MOOSILAUKE

It was a two-hour drive from camp to the base camp. We took all of the luggage down and had lunch about 12:30. At 1:00 we put up some of the small tents that some of the kids brought with them. In the meantime, Mr. Dulany was supervising dam building. He and Mr. Merwin put in all of the biggest rocks, while we boys put in smaller stones and tried to waterproof the whole thing. Then after it was all done Dan Fisher and Scot Gibbs built a dam down the stream about forty feet away. We then had a miniature swimming pool. Peter Punderson caught twenty-eight fish that day but kept only three of them. We had stew for dinner and then went to bed. Sam Hertzler and Dan Fisher got so mad at the bugs they called them "nipppers."

The next day after breakfast we climbed Moosilauke. It was hard at the end but we enjoyed the view when we were at the top. We took the George's Brook Trail up and went down the Snapper Ski Trail. After a quick swim and supper we went to bed. The next morning we packed and waited for the truck.

WORTHY JOHNSON

MOWGLIS

One reason that I like this camp
Is there's so much to do,
Swimming, tennis, riflery,
And later on there's crew.
There's archery, weather, and sail-
ing too,
And all these things are fun,
And then you can earn ribbons,
To show what you have done.
Of course there are more industries,
I've named only a few,
They make the life at Mowglis fun,
And help you learn things, too!

ROBBIE CUMMINGS

TYING PACKS

I tied a pack on Woodsmen's Day. I was very fast. Our team won the pack tying, partly because I was so fast and because of Dave Beal.

JOHN DAVIDGE

BELLE ISLAND

The first day we unpacked. Then we went swimming. The water was warm. Then we had lunch. The last two days Nick Davidge fell in and everybody laughed. It was a funny trip. We also had a good time.

MARCY WATSON

CRICKET

Mr. Faruqi is teaching a game called cricket. It is really fun and better than baseball. He gave a talk on it, too.

SCOTT VEALE

COMMUNIQUE

We protest! Our Mowglis rights are not being fulfilled! We cannot play our wonderful games. First our "monster game" was banished! because we did not give enough attention to other camp activities. Then a game similar to that was banished because of the noise. We will try to take further steps in getting these rights back.

(Signed)

BARRY BEAL,
JIM HART,
PETER O'CONNOR,
STEVE PUNDERSON,
RANDY WRIGHT,
BOB MERWIN

SAND CASTING

Gary Edmands made a mold of his face during one of the sand castings supervised by Mr. Klein. We used plaster. You press a form into the sand and pour plaster in.

SAM BETTLE





LESSON

Yesterday during Campcrafts I went to get some benches for the guests. I came back with one and un-coordinated me put it right on the newly developed bees' nest. I will think twice before I put a bench down again!

DOUG GEORGE

MR. EWING'S SURPRISE

When Costume Night was over, Akela rushed back to the dorm to scare kids as they came back. Mike Merwin climbed above the door and when Mr. Ewing came in he swung down to his shoulders. Mr. Ewing said he knew Mike was up there, even though it was very dark.

GREGG SWANEY



REVEILLE

This morning Doug George tried to blow reveille. But he didn't do it right. Everybody was laughing when he tried to play it. I was laughing so hard I had to put my head under my covers. Tonight he is going to blow Taps! I hope he does better.

BARRY BEAL

BIRTHDAY

July 17 was my birthday. I wasn't expecting a cake or anything else. After dinner I was very disappointed until Baloo went into Mrs. Hart's home. On the porch was the biggest cake I had ever seen!

SCOTT VEALE

SWINGING MR. MERWIN

Crash! Crash! was the sound from the tree where Mr. Merwin (who weighs 210) was swinging. Last Sunday Mr. Merwin and Todd Beal had had been playing horse, Mr. Merwin being the horse. Beal had to give Mr. Merwin potato chips or Mr. Merwin wouldn't be the horse. This went on for quite a while until there were no more potato chips. Mr. Merwin got mad and climbed the tree and was swinging and screeching. But we finally persuaded him to come down.

TOM MCGRAW

HOWL WRITING

"Everybody write a Howl!" says Mr. Hart. I know everybody *should* write a Howl, but what if you can't write? Some people are writers and some are not. I am not. "Come on," says Mr. Hart, "you can write a line or two." "But really I can't write," I say. Then I get that "line", "Come on, I know you can do it." Well, I can't, and I'm *never* going to write a Howl!

A Denite

(Editor's note: But he *did*!)

LETTER WRITING PERIOD

The letter writing period on Sunday in Akela is distress. Yelling and screaming, Bob Merwin and I have gotten away from it all. We go outside the dorm and write letters and Howls. But it isn't quiet there either. Mr. Hakes makes a lot of practice noise on the organ. We also have to cover ourselves with bug repellent. We don't want to go back to the woods and it is noisy in Akela. Where do we go?

DEPRESSED AKELITE



MR. SWE

Mr. Swe is our new foreign counselor from Burma, which is near India. He is a Yale graduate and plans to go to Georgetown University. So far he has had troubles when to play the bugle record. He is an awful nice guy.

SCOTT BROWN



CREW

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



RED RACING CREW
Christopher Spindler
James Edwards
Worthington Johnson
Jonathan Feuer
Robert O'Connor
Gregson Pullen
Peter Punderson

Position
Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

First Form Red
Stephen Punderson
Peter Berking
John Davidge
Garrett Edmands
Peter Punderson
Scott McMullen
Randolph Wright

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

Second Form Red
Peter Hubbard
Carter Young
Gregg Swaney
James Patton
John Ross
Peter O'Connor
Charles Raffaele

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

Third Form Red
Marcy Watson
Nicholas Davidge
Scott Veale
Thomas McGraw
Marshall Williams
Randolph Wright
Christopher Church

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

BLUE RACING CREW
Daniel Fisher
William Holland
Anthony Dohanos
Samuel Bettle
David Beall
Robert Feuer
John Bowne

First Form Blue
Thomas DiMasi
James Hart
Leonard DiMasi
Peter Kingsley
Theodore DiMasi
Samuel Hertzler
Daniel Hertzler

Second Form Blue
Robert Merwin
Barratt Beal
Michael Merwin
Christopher Howard
James Kingsley
Douglas George
Warren Somersall

Third Form Blue
Robert Cummings
Dwight Shepard
Scot Gibbs
Scott Brown
Stephen Tobey
James Van Schaick
Todd Beal



THE BLUE RACING CREW

THE RED RACING CREW



CREW DAY

Yesterday was Crew Day, a very bleak day for the Reds. The Blues (unfortunately) had a clean sweep. But I guess it was the Blues' turn to win.

A Very Saddened Red First Former
GARY EDMANDS

DECORATING

On Crew Day everyone (except Cubs) was sent to headquarters to get crepe paper and tacks. Soon everyone was told to decorate the camp. It was covered with crepe paper.

The next day we were assigned different areas to hunt for crepe paper and tacks. The team that got the most tacks got a point and the Demeters won with eight and one half ounces of tacks.

PETER HUBBARD

CREW DAY

Yesterday was Crew Day. Everyone put up red and blue crepe paper. I was in the first race. We lost. Everybody shook hands. Blue Crew won all the races. The Blues won by one foot in the last race. All the Blue Crew jumped in the water and the blue cox was thrown in.

CHRIS CHURCH



CREW DAY

This year there was a lot of competition between the Red and the Blue crews. The pageant we had on Friday night was about two tribes of Indians. We had war paint and tomahawks that we made in the Craft Shop. Our skit (the Red Crew skit) had to do with taking away the fighting spirit of the Blue Crew. Their skit had to do with sacrificing a red rat and a god coming down saying that the Blue would win this year. It turned out on Crew Day that the Blue Crew won by one foot. We had three forms and the Blue Crew won them all.

PETER BERKING

THE RACE

Despite the rain, Pundy called us in and soon we were off toward the starting line. Before long the Blue boat was along side us, and then the long process of lining up the boats began. "Touch it up, Red boat!" Mr. Hart yelled. "O.K. Reds, hold water!" "Touch it up, Blue! O.K., weigh enough! Both boats — are you ready? Get ready! Row!!"

Mr. Hart fired the gun and we, the racing crews, were off! In the beginning of the race we were ahead by a small margin, or at least that's how it looked to me. I took one peek at the Blue boat and concentrated on my rowing. Before long we were at Lone Wolf and Pundy called for a "drive 10." I was really pulling hard, for out of the corner of my eyes I could see the Blue boat edging up on us, and I didn't like that.

We were getting close to the finish line, because I could hear the people on the shore screaming. I began to wonder when Pundy would start the sprint. Finally it began, and before I knew it a white thing on a black circular object flashed by to the right of me. I figured it was the finish line. Soon we "weighed enough" and the cannon sounded twice. The Blue had won and we'd lost. To me it had been a really great race and an even finer crew week, even though we'd lost.

JIM EDWARDS

BLUE BOOTIES

I have a pair of blue booties. That's what I call them, but they're really blue tennis sneakers. Every time I wore them in the crew boat we had a good practice or time trial. But every time I didn't wear them we didn't do so well. So I put them on for the race and naturally we won. I then went to Mr. Brown and asked if I could hoist them on the flag pole with my oar. He laughed and said o.k. but to ask Mr. Hakes. I did and he said no. So I couldn't. Boy, was I disappointed!

BOB FEUER



THE WHOPPER PAJAMA CLUB (Five Installments)

I. John Bowne and I are starting a club. It is called the Whooper Pajama Club. So far we are the only members. Unless somebody gets new pajamas we will be the only members.

II. Three new members have been added to our choice membership. These are Randy Wright, Bob Merwin, and Peter O'Connor. Incidentally, in order to be a member, you must know our club song. It is a hit song of the 1920's. Also you must have whopper pajamas. Please don't hesitate to visit me in Akela with your pajamas. Sincerely, Founder and President, Dan Hertzler.

III. This week one more member was added to our choice membership. This new entry is the oldest in the club. His name is Rick Punderson. As a famous man once said, "To be, or not to be a member of the Whopper Pajama Club". (More members are needed.)

IV. We have added four new members. A very enthusiastic member is Mr. Phil Hart. Another is Mr. Thein Swe, who is very helpful by blowing the bugle calls five minutes late, so the club has a longer time for their meetings. The two more loyal members are Mr. MacDonald, who brings us money from the treasury of the Holt-Elwell Foundation for BIGGER whopper pajamas from the Mowglis Store, and Mr. Nick Shelness, who sells us the pajamas at a reduced rate without Mr. Hart's permission. The club now has nine members. I sincerely hope we succeed in our cause.

V. Last week some foolish person, most likely a Pantherite, bearing false witness upon me and my comrades, verbally tore us to pieces. I am sure no

person will refuse to help us catch this scoundrel and see that he is punished. I'm very sorry so many people have missed the exciting events in the everyday life of a member of the Whopper Pajama Club. This is our last bulletin. (Signed) Daniel Hertzler, Founder and President.

P.S. I am sorry to say, but I must tell you. The Whopper Pajama Club . . . was . . . just something . . . to write about.

DAN HERTZLER

JOTTINGS BY THE OLD LANTERN

A few weeks ago some stupid idiot kid founded the Whopper Pajama Club. Now all I hear every second is, "Can I be a member? Can I? Huh? Do I pass?" I can't stand it! I'm so glad there are only two weeks left. Every night I see everybody around that kid's bed. All they do is try to put their pajamas over their shoulders. I can't stand it! I just can't stand it!

THE OLD LANTERN IN AKELA



AFTER TAPS IN AKELA

It is after Taps in Akela. Suddenly, Fwap! a shirt ends its flight abruptly on a certain person's pillow. Back it flies across the darkened dormitory, only to sail out the window. "Shucks! Missed! Well, I'll get it in the morning." Back and forth the clothing flies until the late hours of the night. Then all is quiet until morning when the two warriors place the clothes back in their bureaus, ready for another night of action.

JOHN BOWNE

NEW GAME

In Den we made up a game. Its name is quite peculiar. It's a combination between ping pong and tennis. If you want to learn how to play come to Den and watch us play. Tony Dohanos and I originated the game, and we're the best players because we don't let anyone else play!

GREG PULLEN

TUG OF WAR

At Belle Isle we had a tug of war. I was anchor man for one team. I don't know how, but we lost. Then we played the counsellors. We lost again.

MARSHALL WILLIAMS

WOODSMEN'S DAY

Mr. Harmon thought of something to do on Saturday. He called it Woodsmen's Day. There were log lifters, log splitters, log sawers, pack tying, tent pitching and kettle boiling. The Lemon Lokis won with eight team points.

BOB MERWIN

CHAPEL

Today we went to the outdoor chapel to practice for the real chapel service. It was very pretty there and I liked it.

DWIGHT SHEPARD



GRAY BROTHERS

Gray Brothers is a big house. We have movies in it and we play in it. Downstairs is a store. That's where we get things we need. We have plays in Gray Brothers and sometimes we have meetings there.

MARCY WATSON

TETHERBALL

Tetherball is always fun to play when you're not tired. Mowglis has a tetherball court for each dorm. The court is right outside the dorm. It takes a long time to get good in tetherball. In the middle of the year they have tournaments.

PETER BERKING

BEDTIME TRICK

One night I noticed a hole in my bureau, and I could see Doug George's bed. I stuck my finger through and nothing happened. Then Doug stuck his finger through the hole and I grabbed it and twisted. He yelled! Then I stuck my finger through again and instead of grabbing it he poured toothpaste over it! What a mess!

CHRIS HOWARD

MY FAVORITE DUTY

My favorite duty is Library. After you report you can sit and look at all the Howls. They run from 1916 to 1963.

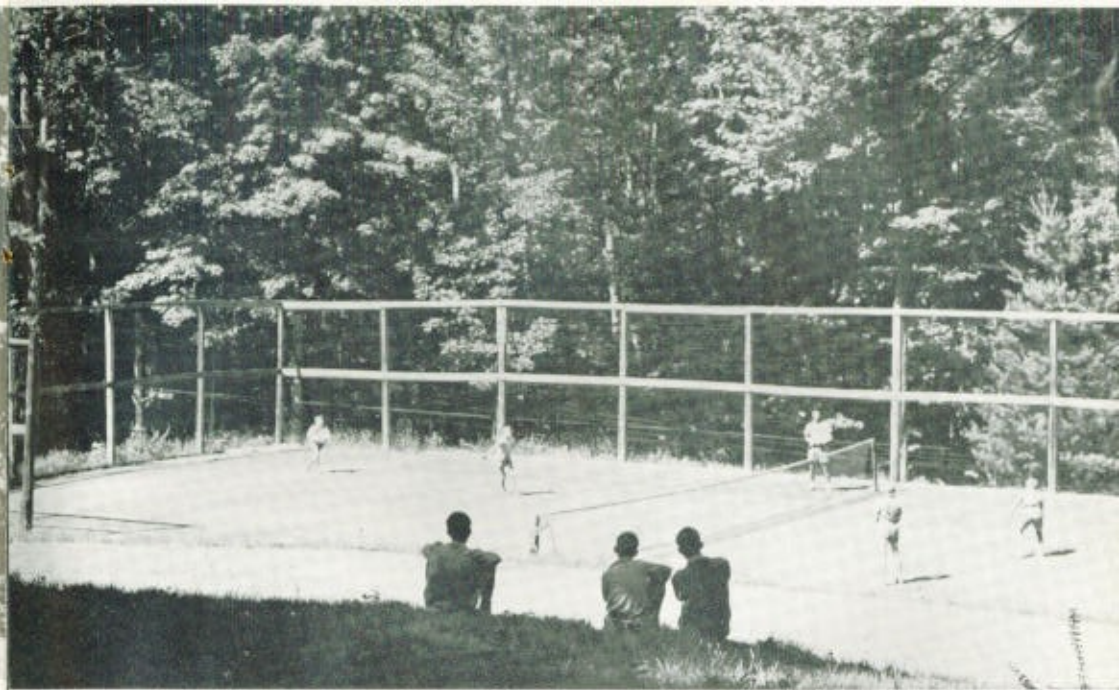
CHARLES RAFFAELE







GRAY BROTHERS — ASSEMBLY HALL



CRAFT SHOP

DUDLEY DO-WRONG

Last night some of the Panther dormitory gave a play. It was written by Bob O'Connor and Scott Gibbs. It was about Dudley Do-Wrong. He did a lot of wrong things but finally captured the kidnappers with a cap gun.

NICK DAVIDGE

THE FANCY DRESS BALL

Last night "Mowgelot" had its annual Fancy Dress Ball. I got word of this through trans-Atlantic secret communications. Boys had been told three or four days in advance to think of costumes and generally get prepared for Saturday night. Some boys like Greg Pullen, Tony Dohanos, and Sam Hertzler had it rough getting a huge horse ready. They spent soaks, relaxes, and once even medical so they could make their horse. They didn't even get a prize, all for one simple reason! Everybody copied them! All in all everybody worked very hard, and only a few got prizes!

ANONYMOUS

COSTUME NIGHT

Last night was Costume Night. The theme was King Arthur's court, and the Cubs played the king and queen. The other Cubs were knights. John Davidge and I were a horse. We didn't get a prize. It was lots of fun.

JIM VAN SCHAIK

COSTUME BALL

Last night was the Costume Ball. I was a knight who tried to kill the king; but I failed and was killed along with my two companions. The Costume Ball was a success and after the performance the Aides served ice cream to the parents and finally the boys were served. So ended the Costume Ball.

RANDY WRIGHT

BACK-STAGE

"Shh! Everybody off the stage! The show is about to start!"

"Forget it. They're going to sing a song."

"O.K., everybody get ready! Howard! Off the stage!"

"Oh heck! they're gonna sing another song."

"Look out! Back away, Hertzler, so the first scene can take their equipment through."

"Sorry, another song. Won't Mr. Hart ever stop so we can get this over with?"

"All right, here we go! Gibbs off the stage! The curtain's rising!"

"O.K. That's better! Now one, two, three, action!"

ANONYMOUS

COSTUME NIGHT

Last night the Fancy Dress Ball was held in Gray Brothers, so Lenny Di-Masi and I decided to appear as a peasant taxi driver on his honeymoon. The theme of the night was King Arthur's court. We painted an old wood cart with flames and white walls, installed a fare meter and bucket seats. Lenny looked really funny, and as for myself, well . . . I looked o.k. for what I was. It was a lot of fun, especially with Mr. Harmon as the green dragon.

BOB FEUER

TINKERS

Barry Beal and I were tinkers at the Fancy Dress Ball. We walked over to bow to the king but we tripped and pots flew in every direction. We picked ourselves up and started back. I was pretty surprised when the guests started clapping!

STEVE PUNDERSON



MR. MERWIN

Every Sunday Mr. Merwin has the duty in the personnel office. Every time he blows the bugle call he tells you what the call was. He must love to talk in the public address system!

SCOTT BROWN

REVEILLE

In the morning I don't have to hear reveille because there is always Steve Punderson. Every morning he runs across the aisle and takes a running jump on top of me. First Steve pounced on me, then Dan Hertzler took my blankets off, one by one, slowly. Finally I got tossed on the floor and my mattress taken off the bed. Then I made a feeble attempt to make a bed on the floor. But Steve sat on me and then the worst part of the whole thing was that Barry Beal sat on my head! Now I know better and will try to get up in the morning.

JIM HART

THE JOLLY GREEN DRAGON

It is Costume Night and all the people have been presented in their costumes of great finery. It is now time for the staff. All goes well and it is very funny until an inhuman shriek is heard as a sickly green dragon (Mr. Harmon) appears. He writhes inhumanly and sings out a song of woe about his lost flame. The disguise was made of paint and make-up and personally I thought it was great.

SCOT GIBBS





HEADQUARTERS

RUDYARD KIPLING 1865-1936

1965 will mark the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rudyard Kipling. Mowgli's history and tradition are so much indebted to his genius and to his personal generosity that it seems fitting to include in this issue of the Howl excerpts from letters written by Mr. Kipling to Mrs. Holt and Colonel Elwell.

In 1903, when Mr. Kipling was living in Brattleboro, Vermont, Elizabeth Ford Holt, about to undertake in New Hampshire the experiment of running a camp for young boys, wrote to the English writer seeking his permission to name the new camp for Mowgli of the Jungle Books. The permission was graciously given and there followed an exchange of correspondence which was to continue for many years. On the walls of Headquarters may be found the original letters which Mr. Kipling wrote on these occasions.

December 10, 1911, to Mrs. Holt:

"Thank you very much indeed for thinking to send me the Mowgli's Howl for this year. It is a very delightful picture that you give of the boys' doings and as the years go on and the result of the work begins to show in the men who were the boys, you ought to be very cheered and happy."

February 17, 1925, to Mrs. Holt:

"The Howl (which is really a chaunt of triumph) has just come in; and I write to thank you for it and more than ever to admire the spirit that made so magnificent and helpful a work grow out of such a tiny little seed of a name."

May 4, 1927, to Colonel Elwell:

"Again I have to thank you for your most kind letter, which came while I was away in Brazil, and for the year's wonderful record of your Mowgli's work in the 'Howl'. It seems to be widening and deepening throughout, and, as a very distant God-parent, I take upon myself the right to be very proud now that it is touching the quarter-century."

September 9, 1935, to Colonel Elwell:

"After one third of a century the 'Mowgli's' ought to feel very proud and grateful. You've had the time to see your work ripening and that ought to be, to you, a great and abiding satisfaction."

• • •



GRAY BROTHERS CURTAIN AND MURALS (Painted in 1940 by Wahpahnahyah)





MR. EWING'S HAIR-CUT

When the day for haircuts finally came, all stares were directed at Mr. Ewing. Upon his exit from Gray Brothers it was evident that his head of hair was now not so bushy. He was embarrassed enough by his now shorter hair, but to top it off Mr. Hart and Mr. Hakes decided it should be clipped some more. To ruin an already horrible day for Mr. Ewing they enforced their beliefs. So on his last trip from the barber's chair Mr. Ewing was minus several inches of his precious hair.

DAVE BEALL

BEES' NESTS

Two bees' nests have been found today. Some signs were posted saying "BEES" so some unlucky camper wouldn't have to find them the hard way. The aides are exterminating the one by Toomai, but let's hope they kill off the others before anyone gets stung!

STEVE TOBEY

INTRODUCTION TO PANTHER

There's Peter Pundy sometimes too "grundy",

And the DiMasi boys who rise early on Sunday.

Wise guys, muscle men, sophisticates too,

All are considered the back-bone of crew.

Ferraris, cobras, and the like,

All are discussed on Panther hikes.

Counsellors love Panther (ask Mr. Hart),

He's been there three weeks and can't seem to part!

The end of relax is now coming near,

Then for Panther let's hear

A regular, official Mowgli cheer!

SAM HERTZLER

PACK TYING

I tied a pack on Woodman's Day and was very fast. Our team won, partly because I was so fast and because of Dave Beall.

JOHN DAVIDGE

NATURE

There are many things here at Mowgli that have real meaning for me, but of all I appreciate the close relationship with nature that we enjoy the most. I love to see the stars and moon, shining in a velvet black sky that is untouched by smoke and automobile exhaust; I love to hear the wind sighing through the forest, a wilderness untouched by four-lane highways and big buildings. I love the animals, like the chipmunks and the birds at play. Indeed, Mowgli is a haven of life, filled with the quiet, awesome beauty of nature.

JIM EDWARDS

BIRDS

Outside Toomai almost every night there is always a bird. The most common one is the evening grosbeak whose cheery song sounds like a twittering flute.

PETER HUBBARD

BEWARE!

I row stroke, 4 and 2. In all positions I get sopped! This is a letter of protest. I protest that Peter O'Connor and Randy Wright soaked me today in the crew boat. Tonight beware! because I'm out to get you!

SCOTT McMULLEN

AIR RAID

About fifteen minutes before Taps one night Mr. Hart came in the dormitory and told us to get our slippers and go to Gray Brothers. We thought it was an emergency. We found out it was ice cream cones! Akela walked up with their hands over their heads because they thought it was an Air Raid!

SCOTT VEALE

IT HAPPENS EVERY SUMMER

I was coming up from compulsory soak and was walking by the canoe paddle rack. I went to get a closer look at some "horse-flies." The horse-flies stung me four times in the head just above the right ear. Last night, however, Mr. Farrington extinguished six bees' nests. Boy, was I glad when I heard that news!

PETER KINGSLEY

THE DAM

In Toomai about a week ago we built a dam in the place where the water from the wash porch goes. We dug about two feet of dirt out and we are going to put frogs in there. Last year Baloo flooded our dam but this year we are going to fake them out and send the water back to them!

CHUCK RAFFAELE

MA'S OLD FASHIONED LAUNDRY

In Toomai this year we have a sock washing laundry for Toomai-ites who need socks washed. We put them in basins and wash them with ivory soap. Then we let them dry off on a codline tied to two trees. We charge one five-cent stamp for three pairs.

PETER BERKING

GRADUATES' DINNER

I was a Graduates' Dinner waiter. Not only did we wait but we had a turkey dinner with ice cream for dessert, with candy, cookies, and ginger ale. Mr. Bradstreet was head-waiter and I think he was a pretty good one.

DWIGHT SHEPARD

SLEEP-TALKERS

Every night there is a constant conversation throughout the night in Panther. These people are known as the "sleep-talkers." There is no one in particular who contributes the most noise, but in keeping with the dorm spirit everyone chips in and helps create a racket. At present there is no solution but there is hope of curbing the problem.

DAVE BEALL



*"A picnic, swim, or hike
Are some of the things we like,
Oh, we love the life at Mowglis every
day."*

These words, taken from the 1938 Cub Song, are just as true today for the Cubs of 1964. The group of eleven boys, three of whom were here last year, spent a lively summer traveling the camp grounds over, working at industries with great enthusiasm and generally enjoying camp life.

In spite of some cool and rainy days the boys clocked many profitable hours both at Baloo Cove and the Waterfront, where, under the direction of the Pack Staff seven passed their American Red Cross Beginner swim tests and two passed the Intermediate. Two Cubs swam the Full, and one the Half Waingunga. The hours at Baloo Cove were filled with lots of water games, sand castle building and even a cook-out or two on Sunday evenings.

Of the industries, perhaps Riflery was the best liked. There the Cubs earned eight Pro-marksman, five Marksman medals, and three Marksman First Class. Two other industries thoroughly enjoyed by the Cubs were archery and tennis, and several happy



sessions in the craft shop should certainly be included with nature walks led by Mr. Kimball.

On Thursdays cheers rang out as the Cubs headed for Plymouth Mountain, Sugar Loaf, Stinson and the Morse Museum, the Fish Hatchery at Woodstock and the Caves of Lost River. There was a war canoe trip to Gray Rocks, overnights at Kimball Falls, and a planned three-day trip to Belle Isle which turned out to be a rather soggy "one-night stand" and a fast return via motor boat to dry out Cubs, counsellors, equipment and all. A second try at hunting blueberries a day later was successful, so all was not lost.

Red or Blue, the Cubs heartily enjoyed Crew Week, learning their songs and donning their feathers, beads and war paint to join the Pack for the Friday evening pageant. A Cub Night skit presented the week before met with much applause from the Pack. Perhaps the highlight of special days was the starring role on Costume Night when the Cubs became King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. Complete with crowns and helmets, swords and shields, they held a fine court at "Mowgelot."

Now as the time draws close to finish off the camp year each Cub realizes that we have had "full gorge" and "none has refused us the same," to quote from the Jungle Books. It's been a truly fine summer for eleven happy and justly proud boys and . . .

*"The first thing that you know,
We'll all go down below
And join up with the Pack in sturdy
old Baloo."*

CUBS OF 1964, WE SALUTE YOU!



Cub Howls for 1964

RIFLERY

I like Riflery, and I do well in it. I have already gotten two medals, and I am going for my third. I like shooting because there are so many kinds of guns.

WHIT IGLEHART

SOUP BOWL GLIDE

While we were eating lunch, we discovered that in a small pond there were some pollywogs. We started to catch some of them. By the end of the day we had at least twenty-five. We brought as many as we could back to camp, and we still have them all — except the three that died.

CHRIS RAFFAELE

BELLE ISLE

We went to Belle Isle. First we cleaned up our places and then we picked blueberries. After that we climbed a high rock and then went swimming. The next day we played "Capture the Flag." I got the flag, but I got caught. Then it started to rain.

WAYNE KING

KIMBALL FALLS

We went on an overnight trip to Kimball Falls. We tried to catch a frog. We got very dirty.

FRANK MCCLELLAND

PLYMOUTH MOUNTAIN

We went up Mount Plymouth. We were not even on the trail when we saw an old car. Gary Wright climbed in and pulled a button with the letter "L" on it — then the lights went on. Gary stepped on the gas while I pushed a button, and the car went forward and stopped with a jerk. The horn worked, too.

JOHN CHISHOLM





FANCY DRESS BALL

All the Cubs dressed up as knights of the Round Table. Wayne was the King and I was the Queen. Whit was the Red Knight, and John was the Black Knight. We all had a good time, and I thought everyone was good.

PETER BURKE

MORE ON THE MORSE MUSEUM

We went to the Morse Museum. Inside there were lots of weapons. I think that was the best part. There were some mummies there, too; they were all bony. Outside the building there are some fish. They were robbers for bread. You put an end in the water and just about all the fish came at it. There were some German army suits and spy glasses there, too.

GARY WRIGHT

MORSE MUSEUM

We went to the Morse Museum and I saw an African baboon. We saw everything in the museum, and then we went to see the trout. We saved bread for the trout and fed it to them.

TEDDY WATSON

MRS. HOLT'S DAY

It all began the day we went down to the Craft Shop and made our boats.

When the day came to set them afloat it was full of fun; when they were out of sight we went to bed. When breakfast came I heard that Peter Burke's came in first and my boat came in second.

RICKY STAPLES

FLOOD AT BELLE ISLE

We were in the tent and the water suddenly came in from every side. Mr. Hubbard dug trenches everywhere, and there were trenches and rivers all over the place. My duffle, sleeping bag, and clothes all got wet. Finally a man in a motor boat came and brought us all back to camp.

PETER BURKE



CASTLE BUILDING

One day we went to Baloo Cove, and we built castles for team points. Three of us built the castle and two of us built the moat. Our team won, and that put us in the lead.

CHRIS RAFFAELE

CREW DAY

Crew Day is my favorite. The Red Crew lost this year and I was very mad. I like Crew Day because of all the fun we have. I think Crew Day is the best day of the year —, and Treasure Hunt Day, too.

CHRIS HEDGES

WATERFRONT

The first time we went to the waterfront we could just swim around. Then we had to work on Beginner and Intermediate tests. Now I am working on my Swimmer's. At the waterfront, there are also many rowboats and canoes. I am also working on my Rowboat Safety Test.

REINHARD ROTHER

STINSON MOUNTAIN

We climbed Stinson Mountain. We got to the top and three Cubs went up to the top of the fire tower. I got

scared looking over, because I thought I might fall — so I came down.

PETER BURKE

KIPLING HALL

I like the campfire at Kipling. Some nights we tell stories. On rainy days we play there all morning. There are lots of games. I just don't like Kipling for a duty.

REINHARD ROTHER

MORSE MUSEUM

Last week we went to Morse Museum. We saw some trout that were so strong that when we fed them bread, they could take a piece as big as your palm.

WHIT IGLEHART

MOUNT STINSON

We went up Mount Stinson. When we got to the top I asked the counsellors if we could take our shirts off. They said we could if we had hair on our chests. I had a little hair on my chest so I took my shirt off. A little while later a man and a lady came up, and the counsellors said to put on our shirts. I yelled no, because I have hair on my chest. The man and lady heard me!

WAYNE KING



The Trail of the Pack, 1964

- TODD VOORHEES BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. BALOO, 1963-64.
- WALTER BARRATT BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1963-64.
- DAVID PALMER BEALL, 4966 West Road, Washington, Michigan. PANTHER, 1963-64.
- PETER M. BERKING, Drake-Smith Lane, Rye, New York. TOOMAI, 1964.
- SAMUEL BETTLE, 331 Station Road, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania. PANTHER, 1961, 1963-64.
- JOHN SIDNEY BOWNE, Cat Hollow Road, Bayville, Long Island, New York. AKELA, 1963-64.
- SCOTT FOSTER BROWN, Farmhill Road, Sewickley, Pennsylvania. TOOMAI, 1964.
- PETER MICHAEL BURKE, 1172 Park Avenue, New York 28, New York. CUB, 1964.
- JOHN FREDERICK CHISHOLM, East Hebron, New Hampshire. CUB, 1963-64.
- CHRISTOPHER WHITE CHURCH, 828 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. BALOO, 1964.
- ROBERT PAINE CUMMINGS, Paine Avenue, Prides Crossing, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1962-64.
- JOHN WASHINGTON DAVIDGE, III, 3933 Fordham Road, Washington, D. C. 20016. TOOMAI, 1964.
- NICHOLAS APPEL DAVIDGE, 3933 Fordham Road, Washington, D. C. 20016. BALOO, 1964.
- LEONARD NICHOLAS DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1960-64.
- THEODORE MICHAEL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1960-64.
- THOMAS PAUL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1960-64.
- ANTHONY JOHN DOHANOS, 279 Sturges Highway, Westport, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1962, 1963-64.
- GARRETT PATTESON EDMANDS, Garfield Road, Concord, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1964.
- JAMES DEANE EDWARDS, 284 North Oxford Street, Hartford 5, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1961-64.

- JONATHAN TAYLOR FEUER, 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton 58, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1960-64.
- ROBERT BRINK FEUER, 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton 58, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1960-64.
- DANIEL HOUGH FISHER, 65 Farmington Avenue, Longmeadow, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1964.
- DOUGLAS EVANS GEORGE, 107 Mountain Road, Concord, New Hampshire. PANTHER, 1960-64.
- SCOT ALCOTT GIBBS, 206 West Borden Avenue, Syracuse, New York. PANTHER, 1964.
- JAMES FRANKLIN HART, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. AKELA, 1960, 1962-64.
- CHRISTOPHER LYNN HEDGES, 248 Main Street, Schoharie, New York. CUB, 1964.
- DANIEL HERTZLER, R. D. 1, Box 405, Mansfield Center, Connecticut. AKELA, 1960-64.
- SAMUEL HERTZLER, R. D. 1, Box 405, Mansfield Center, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1959-64.
- WILLIAM WELSH HOLLAND, Khakum Wood, Greenwich, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1960-64.
- CHRISTOPHER BARR HOWARD, 130 Stuyvesant Avenue, Rye, New York. PANTHER, 1964.
- PETER MAYNARD HUBBARD, Joshuatown Road, R.F.D. No. 2, Old Lyme, Connecticut. TOOMAI, 1964.
- THOMAS WHITCOMB IGLEHART, Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut. CUB, 1964.
- JOHN WORTHINGTON JOHNSON, JR., 794 Sasco Hill Road, Fairfield, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1964.
- WAYNE DOUGLAS KING, Campton, New Hampshire. CUB, 1963-64.
- JAMES DARWIN KINGSLEY, 128 West Main Street, Westboro, Massachusetts. TOOMAI, 1963-64.
- PETER BERNARD KINGSLEY, 128 West Main Street, Westboro, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1963-64.
- FRANK KEPPLER MC CLELLAND, 1234 Oaklette Drive, Norfolk 19, Virginia. CUB, 1964.
- THOMAS ARTHUR MC GRAW, JR., 9 East 92nd Street, New York 28, New York. TOOMAI, 1964.

SCOTT WILKES MC MULLEN, 30 Hyde Lane, Westport, Connecticut. AKELA, 1964.

MICHAEL GAIUS MERWIN, Watercure Hill, R.D. 2, Elmira, New York 14901. PANTHER, 1964.

ROBERT LOTHROP MERWIN, 11 Sage Terrace, Scarsdale, New York. AKELA, 1963-64.

PETER SCOTT O'CONNOR, 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, Long Island, New York. AKELA, 1961-64.

ROBERT STEARNS O'CONNOR, 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, Long Island, New York. PANTHER, 1961-64.

JAMES GORDON PATTON, c/o C. H. Reed, 64 Sherwood Drive, Torrington, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1963-64.

GREGSON THORP PULLEN, 276 North Avenue, Westport, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1962-64.

PETER STIMPSON PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1961-64.

STEPHEN EDWARDS PUNDERSON, 357 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1961-64.

CHARLES F. RAFFAELE, JR., 33 Cambridge Drive, Smithtown, Long Island, New York. TOOMAI, 1964.

CHRISTOPHER G. RAFFAELE, 33 Cambridge Drive, Smithtown, Long Island, New York. CUB, 1964.

DAVID GOODWIN RITTENHOUSE, 72 Palmer Street, Westerly, Rhode Island. GRADUATE, 1959-64.

JOHN DUNCAN ROSS, 441 Main Street, Hudson, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1960-64.

REINHARD ALFRED ROTHER, 330 East 33rd Street, Apt. 10-J. New York 16, New York. CUB, 1964.

DWIGHT BURGE SHEPARD, 21 Hillside Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. TOOMAI, 1963-64.

WARREN WAYNE SOMERSALL, Eliot Street, Sherborn, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1964.

CHRISTOPHER ALLEN SPINDLER, 90 Woodland Street, South Natick, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1961-64.

RICHARD LAZELL STAPLES, JR., 1019 Rolandvue Road, Baltimore 4, Maryland. CUB, 1964.

GREGORY WILLIAM SWANEY, 6 Hillside Lane, Newtown, Connecticut. AKELA, 1964.

STEPHEN MATTHEW TOBEY, 5 Juniper Street, Wenham, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1964.

JAMES ROBERT VAN SCHAICK, Oakhurst Drive, R.D. 1, Central Valley, Pennsylvania. TOOMAI, 1964.

SCOTT CARRINGTON VEALE, 311 Quarry Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania. BALOO, 1963-64.

EDWARD EVERETT WATSON, JR., 19 Stirling Street, Longmeadow, Massachusetts. CUB, 1964.

WILLIAM MARCY WATSON, Robin Hill Lane, Lakeville, Connecticut. BALOO, 1964.

MARSHALL HENRY WILLIAMS, III, 13 Colvin Road, Scarsdale, New York. BALOO, 1964.

GARY EUGENE WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, Saint James, Long Island, New York. CUB, 1962-64.

RANDOLPH BROOKS WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, Saint James, Long Island, New York. AKELA, 1962-64.

CARTER ALEXANDER YOUNG, 668 Sasco Hill Rd., Southport, Connecticut. BALOO, 1963-64.

AN APPRECIATION

The editors take this opportunity to express their appreciation to those parents who have made special contributions to assist us in meeting the expense of the 1964 *Howl*.



Monglis Staff, 1964

WILLIAM BAIRD HART, B.A., LL.B. (Yale), 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut.

MRS. WILLIAM BAIRD HART, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut.

HEADQUARTERS STAFF

JERRY WEST HAKES, B.M., M.A., (University of Michigan), Assistant to the Director. 26 Elsinore Street, Concord, Massachusetts.

JOHN WATSON HARMON (Harvard), Tripmaster. 15 Ardmore Road, Scarsdale, New York.

FAYETTE BROWN, III (Yale), Watermaster. Farmhill Road, Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM BAIRD HART, JR., (Yale), Crew Coach. 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut.

CUB COUNCIL

JANE A. HAKES, B.A. (Alma College), Co-Director Cubs. 26 Elsinore Street, Concord, Massachusetts.

BROOKS FERGUSON BENJAMIN (Principia), Co-Director Cubs. 1790 Old Military Road, Medford, Oregon.

FRANCIS ALLEY HUBBARD, II (Amherst), Joshuatown Road, R.D. No. 2, Old Lyme, Connecticut.

BRADFORD F. KIMBALL, JR. (Albany Junior), 20 Mayfair Drive, Slingerlands, New York.

PACK COUNCIL

TOMAS F. ANDERSON, B.S. Ed. (Johnson State), Weather Bureau and Green Ribbon. Box 101, Hyde Park, Vermont.

WILLIAM BRADSTREET (Principia), Sailing. 112 Sweetfern Road, Warwick, Rhode Island.

H. ROZIER DULANY, Assistant Crew Coach. 4511 Potomac School Road, McLean, Virginia.

ROGER W. FARRINGTON (Brown), Canoeing. 268 Forest Drive, Union, New Jersey.

SHAD S. FARUQI (Wesleyan), Tennis. Box 282, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

PHILIP BRUCE HART (Franklin and Marshall), Riflery. 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut.

STUART FORAM KLEIN, (University of Michigan), Crafts. 903 Roxbury Drive, Westbury, Long Island, New York.

SCOTT SHAW, B.A. (Yale), Boating. 1547 North 12th Street, Grand Junction, Colorado.

THEIN SWE, B.A. (Yale), Personnel Secretary. 8108 Fenway Road, Bethesda, Maryland (c/o San Lin).

SENIOR ASSISTANTS

JOHN HAWES IGLEHART, The Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut.

WILLIAM JOHN LITTLE (University of Hartford), 57 Botsford Road, Seymour, Connecticut.

RICHARD HANSFORD BURROUGHS LIVINGSTON, 115 East 90th Street, New York 28, New York.

STEPHEN GEORGE UNDERWOOD, 134 Woodbine Road, Roslyn Heights, New York.

FIRST YEAR ASSISTANTS

SAMUEL EVANS EWING, JR., 119 Cheswold Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

JAMES BODEN PUNDERSON, JR., 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

CHARLES C. WALBRIDGE, 164 East 66th Street, New York 21, New York.

AIDES

DONALD LLOYD FISHER, 65 Farmington Avenue, Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

JUDSON BEMIS CONANT KENDALL, 9550 Old Bonhomme Road, St. Louis, Missouri 63132.

GAIUS WARNER MERWIN, III, 11 Sage Terrace, Scarsdale, New York.

RICHARD HARPER PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

NICHOLAS HENRY SHELNESS, Elmwood Road, South Salem, New York.

SPECIAL STAFF

MRS. ROGER KING, R.N., Nurse. Campton, New Hampshire.

MRS. GEORGE D. GIBBS, Lodge and Jungle House. Hebron, New Hampshire.

MYRON C. BRALEY, Superintendent. Hebron, New Hampshire.

KITCHEN STAFF

ASLEY V. SMITH, Chef. 51 Savin Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

RALPH JOYNER, Assistant. 1287 Hoe Avenue, Apartment 8, Bronx 59, New York.

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