

1965



THE
MOWGLIS
HOWL

1965

THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

VOLUME XLIV

1965

TO KEEP THE COMRADESHIP AND THE MEMORY OF THE PACK



1965

EDITORIAL BOARD

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Philip B. Hart

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Panther
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Toomai
Carter Young

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At Mowglis all is quiet now,
The snow is everywhere;
Not even whispers rise to break
The stillness of the air.

Spring's gentle breeze, blow softly
soon,
Wake all the wood-folk here,
Until the Pack returns again
To greet another year.

THE STAFF,
1965



"We be of one blood, brothers!"

Mowglis Pack History: 1965

This year, the third of the Holt-Elwell Foundation, there were many special times, and some of them promise to become regular events. As soon as the travel party arrived, the basic routine began, each activity having its purpose in teaching new skills, getting necessary work done, and providing fun and good times. There were duties, industries, free periods, soaks, colors, and campfires. Each time a counsellor announced at breakfast, "This will be a regular Mowglis morning," he was paying tribute to those in years gone by who had planned these events to meet the needs of a school of the open.

On July Fourth we had Rudy Matt in the film "Three Men on a Mountain", and there followed the treasure hunt, the counsellors' hunt, and Land and Water Sports Days. There were the Council Show, and the Hebron Madrigal Society, as well as the jungle conjured up by Mr. Klein for Costume Night. In between there was the team competition, with cricket, softball, soccer, and the other sports.

For those who went on the Washington or Gopher Squads, the other trips seem less special; but they were not, of course, at the time. Traveling to Soup Bowl Glide, Cliff Island, or Spectacle Pond; Akerman's Field or Paugus Mills — all these trips were

tremendous adventures of one or three days. But for some of us their memory must be obscured by thoughts of Washington, Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and the other Presidentials.

The usual crew practices of the weeks leading up to Crew Week may be hard to remember in the excitement or disappointment of the final race; the work on posters and skits may be dimmed by memories of Mr. Boicourt and Mr. Backus fighting with samurai swords. But we remember the sharpness of the feeling of winning or losing, and the raising of the oar as we sang the boating song.

Chapel recalls memories not only of quiet afternoons with a blue sky and warm sun, but that cool, breezy night when the candles were lit and we walked through the woods for our final service.

Each day, coming one by one, offered excitement of one kind or another: a ribbon requirement passed, a tournament won, the feud between the rifle range and the waterfront, a special campfire on mountain climbing, a notable piano concert, the staff show and the boys' skits, the brass choir, or the bugle ringing clear. And there were the ceremonies of the last few days — the Graduates' Dinner, the Inner Circle Ceremony, the exercises on Mrs. Holt's Day, and finally the candleboats.

More than these memorable events there was at Mowglis in 1965 a special combination of boys and men which will never be duplicated. Part of the feeling tonight must be sorrow that these past eight weeks can never be repeated. Mowglis, 1965, like every year in Mowglis history, now belongs to the past. Another special year has been made familiar, and the candleboats mark its end.

MOWGLIS, 1965,
WE SALUTE YOU!

* * *
MOWGLIS OF THE FUTURE

Beyond lie other years for Mowglis, and the first of tomorrow is 1966.

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

MOWGLIS, 1966, WE SALUTE YOU!

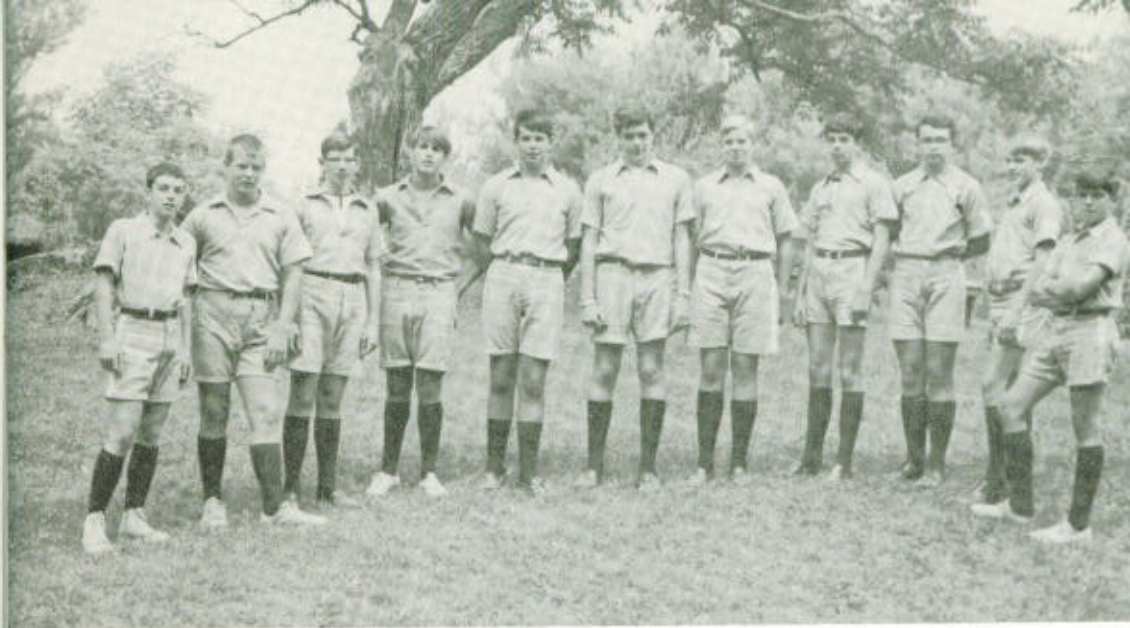
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SUNSET PSALM

The pines, like stately spires rise
To purple-colored evening skies.
Their lofty heights have subtle glow,
The last few rays a dying sun let go.
Nesting birds chirp a restful song,
In forest shadows, still and long;
The end of day is drawing nigh,
As stars peep out, and a silver moon
sails high.

JIM EDWARDS



GRADUATES OF 1965

Left to right: Jim Edwards,
Sam Bettle, Bob O'Connor, Scot
Gibbs, Chris Howard, Jeff Gil-
foy, Worthy Johnson, Chris
Spindler, John Ross, Dave Beall,
Sam Hertzler.

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

NATURE

"For the beauty of the Earth,
For the beauty of the skies . . .
For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower
Sun and moon, and stars of light. . ."

In our rush and bustle of life we tend to lose our ties to nature. These few lines from a century-old hymn remind us of our ties to God through nature. At Mowglis we again become acquainted with nature's beauty. The small animals, the clouds in the sky, the hills and mountains surrounding the lake, and the tall, majestic pines, all remind us of the beauty of God's world.

JOHN ROSS



NIGHT LIFE IN AKELA

"Who threw that sock?" "I didn't!" "I didn't!"

All of a sudden a mass of flying socks come whizzing by Dave Anderson's head. Then Mr. Iglehart yells out, "Bowne, out on the porch!" After about ten minutes John Bowne, Dave Anderson, Steve Punderson, Barry Beal, Scott McMullen, Randy Wright, and Peter O'Connor are all out there.

Ah! quiet at last! At least until tomorrow morning. What will happen then? We'll just have to wait and see.

JONATHAN HULME

YODELERS

Mr. Boicourt taught me how to yodel. Now I yodel pretty well. Mr. Hart and I have a chorus. It sounds pretty good. Everytime we see each other we yodel. But we can't understand why everybody runs away. We know we are so good we should start an industry.

TIM COONS



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

What's the difference between Mr. Merwin and a sneaky toast poacher? Today I was in the Lodge. Mr. Merwin was there, too. He snuck into the little kitchen and started to make toast. I stood watch at the stairway. We finished and ate the toast. Mmm! Good! All of a sudden Mrs. Gibbs asked in a patriotic (?) tone, "Whoos makin' toast up thar?" Mr. Merwin said, "Uh! Well! Uh! I am." Then I said, "Crumb! Foiled again!"

SCOTT MCMULLEN

THE EARLY BIRD IN TOOMAI

Every morning I wake up about an hour before reveille. For a while I go back to bed. Then it gets too hard to resist the temptation of getting up. Mr. Bradstreet gets up and tells the birds at the other end of the dorm to quiet down so I lie down and wait for a while but as soon as I get up, reveille blows.

PETER DERVIS

JOE

This year we are lucky to have a raccoon so please treat him well and don't misjudge him. One day Mr. Backus was getting some food for Joe and he let me and another boy keep Joe out of the cage until he got back. The other boy pulled on the leash and Joe was mad. Another boy tried to pet Joe so Joe nipped the boy. I put him on my shoulder and he calmed down fast.

RICHARD MORGAN

GARDEN WALL
IN FORMER DAYS



THE GARDEN CLUB

The beginning of the Garden Club, unfortunately, started slightly late. We turned over grass, and made a section of land near the Jungle House ready for planting. We started planting a truck garden and were not too impressed at first. But then we had some results. The beans, lettuce, spinach, radishes, and corn began to grow. We then decided to plant a flower garden. The first step was to ready the soil. But then we had to move a stone wall. This took about a week to do. Then we fixed up a bird bath. And just recently we replanted flowers. Now the garden really looks like something. But there are always things to do. There is weeding constantly going on. And just today we found a well just outside the flower garden. There's only one thing the Garden Club needs. People . . .

JOHN CHISHOLM

CAMP MOWGLIS

Is the camp of the open where you can hear the birds sing and see all kinds of animals running around free.

Camp Mowglis is the waterfront where you can go swimming, boating, and canoeing.

Camp Mowglis is the rifle range where you can shoot with beautiful guns.

But most of all Camp Mowglis is a place of fun and adventure and you can have loads of fun here.

BILL BALLANTYNE

HAIRCUT

Today I got a haircut. I told Mr. King that he should cut as little off as he could do it. Then I told him a little shorter, then a little shorter, then a little shorter. Then I told him it was too short.

PAUL DERVIS



THE GOPHERS

SOUP BOWL GLIDE

We went to Soup Bowl Glide and we found that the water was very cold. We used little Soup Bowl first. It was fun to go into the cold water. We had lunch and worked on a dam to get big Soup Bowl going. We had fun.

JOHN CHISHOLM

PLYMOUTH

On Thursday we climbed Plymouth Mountain. We had lots of fun on the way down. We stopped at a stream and we waded and caught frogs.

GEORGE KETCHAM

SPECTACLE POND

Last Monday we went to Spectacle Pond. First we set up camp, then we went swimming. The next day we left camp and climbed Mount Crosby. When we got back we had dinner and then went to bed. The next morning we broke camp and waited for the truck which took us back to Mowglis.

WHIT IGLEHART

THE ACCIDENTS OF DAVE BEALL

Dave Beall is the most accident-prone person I have ever known. He isn't really spastic; it just seems that he always seems to cut himself all the time. During the Washington Squad trip we were just walking along and Dave jumped off a rock and whoops! "Call Doctor Kildare." Dave hit a tree shrub branch that had been cut off and it went into his leg; it wasn't a big cut but it bled a lot. Then during trail clearing we had stopped for lunch and Dave was just finding a place to sit and a tree seemed to get in his way and, who guessed it, he fell and cut his hand with an ax. I think that Dave should learn to be a doctor before he leaves because when he gets home it will be a lot cheaper to take care of his own cuts than go to a doctor every time.

JEFF GILFOY

MOWGLIS

When you go to Mowglis you get out of city life. You go next to nature itself. You hear the birds more than you ever have before. You go to campfire every night. It is fun.

PAUL DERVIS

THE WHEEL

On Yellow Panther's Paugus Mills Trip a sixty-pound iron wheel was found along with the rest of an old wagon. It was picked up the next day and rolled the short distance to the campsite. It was loaded on the truck and unloaded with the rest of the equipment. From then on the wheel was a little bit wild. It chose to roll toward Panther and didn't choose to stop until it landed heavily on its side in front of our tetherball court. Within two hours it was confined to inside the dormitory. Later Mr. West lugged it down below the dorm. It will probably remain there unless someone lets it out to go bounding and crashing over all in its path.

DAN HERTZLER

ORANGE RIBBON

My howl is about a tree. We went out to the ax yard so that we could work on trees. Mr. Bradstreet was in charge. Scot picked a tall pine tree with a small crown of branches. When he was working on it, it was blown the wrong way and fell backwards. When it fell backwards, it broke the tip off so no limbing was necessary. My tree fell correctly.

SAM BETTLE



"BUCKET OF
BOLTS"



NOTE: Members of the Mount Washington Squad kept a daily record of their trip. The following are excerpts from their notes and reflections.

"After being dropped off at the Ravine House, we started up on the Valleyway. Later we stopped at Tame Falls. Here I exhibited several feats of co-ordination, like slipping on wet rocks and banging my head. The climb was a good one, with many spots to look back toward Berlin. After reaching the Hut, the first thing I noticed was the warm and casual atmosphere."

Dave Beall

"We are having a really great time, mainly because of a girls' camp."

Manny Street

"As we took off from Madison, we saw the Hut with the morning sun shining down on it through the clouds. Then we skirted Adams, which had many clouds hanging over it. It was a spectacular sight."

Sam Bettle

"We turned around and saw a lady being dragged across the summit by a little boy. She was all dressed up as if she were going to a party. She must have come up in the 'Bucket of Bolts'."

Chris Howard

"I think the highlights of the day were singing 'As the Clouds Go Tearing By' on the top of Mt. Jefferson and reaching the summit of Washington. There was no view at all from the top, but we still had a great feeling of accomplishment."

Scot Gibbs

"The new Mizpah Hut is a sort of A-frame structure with ten sleeping quarters, each of which sleeps six. Each room has windows. The kitchen and bathrooms are huge. The whole place is a spacious, knotty pine jungle. Actually, I like it a lot."

Bob O'Connor

"Today, after the Gophers left and the clouds cleared, we went over from the Lakes to the Great Gulf. We had a spectacular view down the valley and took many pictures. We then

went up to Washington for the second time, where we met the Gophers. After cheering them on their way, we too left the summit of Washington. It is a great mountain."

Worthy Johnson

"Even though it is fun to be with girls, they can really delay you if you want to go somewhere. This morning when we left Kaes we were forty-five minutes behind schedule. After breakfast we took an extra long time drying dishes and an extra long time packing because of THEM. Then after packing we started talking and did not want to leave; but when we finally did leave, we gave a cheer and they gave a cheer. It is nice to have girls on a trip if you want company, but if you want to get anything done, forget it!"

Jeff Gilfoy

"Today we have had as close to absolutely perfect views as one could ever hope to have. We could see mountains and lakes for miles around during our hike from Jefferson to Clinton. Even now, in the Hut, I can see many mountains which have become old friends. Tomorrow we plan to leave in time to have about two hours to use for taking in the views of Crawford Notch. The weather is predicted to be really great; therefore, we will certainly have a spectacular climax to the greatest trip of my life."

John Ross

"In closing, I would like to say that this is the best trip I have ever been on, and much of the credit goes to Mr. Abbott for his fine leadership. It is really great."

Dave Beall



TRIPMASTER



WATERMASTER

CREW

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



RED RACING CREW

Christopher Spindler
James Edwards
Worthington Johnson, Jr.
Jonathan Feuer
Robert O'Connor (Captain)
Jeffrey Gilfoy
Ned Higgins

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

First Form Red

Stephen Punderson
Scott McMullen
Edwin Grosvenor
Garrett Edmands
Peter Punderson (Captain)
Peter Berking
Timothy Coons

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

Second Form Red

Gregg Swaney
Harry Kendall
Gary King
Jonathan Hulme
John Ross
Peter O'Connor
Christopher Church

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

Third Form Red

Henry Coons
Nicholas Davidge
Peter Hubbard
Randolph Wright
Terry Hopkins
Carter Young
Marcy Watson

Bow
2
3
4
5
Stroke
Cox

BLUE RACING CREW

Daniel Fisher
Sam Hertzler
Samuel Bettie
Christopher Howard
David Beall
Douglas George
Dan Hertzler (Captain)

First Form Blue

Thomas DiMasi
Michael Merwin
Scot Gibbs
Peter Kingsley
Stephen Tobey
James Hart
John Bowne (Captain)

Second Form Blue

James Kingsley
Barry Beal
William Ballantyne
Scott Brown
Theodore DiMasi
James Van Schaick
Todd Beal

Third Form Blue

William Shand
Gregg Shelness
Peter Dervis
Dwight Shepard
David Anderson
Andrew Stewart
Nathaniel Hemenway



THE RED RACING CREW



THE BLUE RACING CREW



"WHEN CREW DAY
BRINGS ELATION ...



...AND BOATS
ARE PUT AFLOAT."

CREW WEEK

As I look back on the events of the last six days, I remember many things. I remember the personal touches, like Mr. Phil plastering the store with blue bandanas and Mr. Comfort and Mr. West shouting "Yahoo, Red Crew!" as they marched by Panther to the beat of the big red drum. I remember the wild cheering in the dining room and the clever skits put on there. I remember also the crew practices on the lake, when I pulled hard under a hot sun or in the calmness of the evening while the cox called out the stroke. I remember, too, the tense, nervous feeling and the outbreak of crew loyalty that came over me on Crew Day, and the fierce desire I had to win. But lastly I won't forget the big race when we rowed out, got lined up, and — bang! we were off! Both crews pulled hard, and out of the corner of my eye I saw we were about even. I pulled hard on my oar and heard Ned urging us on. Toward the end of the race, I saw us pull ahead. I knew we'd won, and a second later the cannon confirmed the fact. Then I remember the outburst of joy that ran through the boat, and the congratulations we got, when we returned to the dock. I also won't forget the feeling of deep satisfaction that ran through me when Jeff raised his oar up the flagpole. These are some of the many things I will never forget about my last — and best — Crew Week here as a camper.

JIM EDWARDS

CREW

Crew at Mowglis is something special. The feeling that goes with it is one of togetherness but of a different sort than any other sport. Unity is important in the boat and out. You get a special sort of satisfaction in knowing that you have pulled your oar for the person next to you as much as for yourself. It is something I will never forget, when in the blue boathouse this year all the members of the blue racing crew joined hands and repeated the Lord's Prayer. It felt as if we were all one as we came out of the boathouse, ready to do our best and hopefully win. Although we didn't win, we knew that we'd done our best as the winning oar was being raised up the flagpole. Crew at Mowglis is something I will miss very much.

DAVE BEALL





GUESS

Here is a cheer to the other men
Who make up this lethargic Den;
Smash, boom, crash, kaboom!
Here comes "Tank" into the room!
One-six-five pounds and still goin'
strong.
He'll talk and talk about his wonder-
ful town.
His muscle in crew may help win for
the Blue,
And earn him a seat in the Inner
Circle, too.

SAM HERTZLER

AKELA

This morning we woke up Mr. Phil
with all the noise, and he said, "I'll
kill ya'!" Once he sat up and I got my
camera. He thought I wouldn't take
a picture, so he made a funny face
and I clicked the shutter.

P.S. Bet it's an "AFE!"

GREGG SWANEY

GHOST STORIES IN AKELA

A few nights ago Mr. Comfort made
up a ghost story about a monster who
was put in Newfound Lake. Last
night I told a story I knew from this
winter. I scared them all at the last
second with a blood-curdling madman
scream which you probably heard last
night.

PETER BERKING

AT TABLE

So far at the table we have our own
zoo. The zoo keeper is Mr. Klein. The
members are me as the cow, Ed Good-
man as the pig, and George Ketcham
as the so-called horse. We all get
shouted at. Just think! I have been
promoted to the first class zoo ani-
mals!

PETER BURKE

BIG BAD BALEYER

Last weekend I was worried. I
hadn't pulled my play of the year yet.
Then, after crew and rifle team pic-
tures, I did it. My Play of the year!
There was a rope across the two trees
that form the den bridge. I in my
efforts to become Big Bad Baleyer,
swung across the culvert and up on
the other side. I had done this a few
times when I came down the wrong
way and smashed into the culvert and
wrecked my leg. It wasn't broken and
I got away with five stitches.

JON FEUER

AKELA AFTER TAPS

"Noise!" yells out Pundy. "Yawn!
Sneeze! Whap! Shut up!" yells Hart
as his fleece ball hits Pundy in the
head. Slowly, Pundy reaches for Scott
Brown's frisbee. Whack! It hits Mr.
Faruqi in the stomach. "All right,"
he yells, "Next person who makes a
noise gets extra duties!"

However, that's not the end. Every-
body now reaches for their flashlight
and starts shining them. Then, Mr.
Faruqi collects all of the flashlights.

Clomp! Clomp! Clomp! Mr. Hart
comes stomping up the stairs. That's
the end of Akela's fun.

JIMMY KINGSLEY

AFTER TAPS

I happen to be so fortunate as to
sleep next to Dan Hertzler. One night
we were trying to think of something
amusing to do after Taps. Dan
thought of playing cards through
cracks in the back of my bureau. For
the first night we played three card
draw for about forty-five minutes. I
would give him five cards to start and
he would give cards to turn in. Un-
fortunately he would usually win.
The next day at relax we played a
game of war. There were two cracks
in the bureau. Through one crack
he would give his playing cards to me.
If I won I would send out two taps
on the bureau. If he won I would give
it to him through the other crack. He
won that game also! What a blast!

GARRETT EDMANDS

THE LATE TOOMAI DAM

On Friday Mr. West made the
Toomaites level their dam. It was
indeed a sad moment for all. When
they announced it in the dining room
I thought I'd die laughing.

Todd Beal made a memorial for
the dam and buried it in the sand.

Starting now, let's have a moment
of silence for the late Toomai Dam.

JIM VAN SCHAICK





TEACHER-PUPIL

One night after tattoo Mr. Phil decided he would learn to whistle with his fingers. Mr. West was patiently trying to teach him. Undoubtedly he was impressed when Mr. West whistled to make everyone quiet in the dining room. But no success! So here is how I sum everything up! Mr. Phil may be able to complain about the water-front! Mr. Phil may be able to brag about the rifle range! But! He sure can't whistle.

JIM HART

GUN SHOW AT THE GIBBS FARM



GEORGE D. GIBBS



THE GIBBS RIFLE

On Saturday night in Gray Brothers Mr. Bartow gave Mowglis a new German rifle. Mr. Bartow named it the "Gibbs" because he was a close friend of Mr. George Gibbs. Mr. Phil Hart told the camp a plaque will be put on the stock of the rifle, and on it will be the names of the boys who go a step beyond the 9th Bar, are captain of the rifle team, have the Red-White-Blue ribbon, and win the Marshall award.

WILL SHAND

CONTEST

Yesterday there was an archery show. D. Hertzler and M. Merwin planned it. Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Phil had a contest. At first, Mr. Phil was winning, but on the second target Mr. Hubbard won. At the end of the show, anyone who had not shot a bow and arrow before got to shoot one.

GREG SHELNESS





"ALL TOGETHER NOW!"

PUPPETS

'Twas five days before Crew Day, when
all through the camp,

Came the news of some puppets of
peculiar stamp:

We got set for an evening of frolic
and fun,

But were greeted with cries of "Hello,
Mister Sun!"

There was Jack and his bean-stalk,
some ridiculous beans,

That threatened to fill us with el-
tronic dreams;

A mechanical cow did its best to con-
sole us

While the puppets were trying to
vainly cajole us.

There was Punch and his Judy, (an
impressive affair),

I've rarely seen a punchier pair.
The show labored on with pedestrian

pomp,
'Til the whole darned camp almost

went for a romp.
But the moral was there for all who

could sing,
That "camping's a very wonderful

thing."

Signed, THE DEN MOUSE

MORNING SIGN-UP



A NEW FAD

A new fad that's been going through
Panther is a water balloon catch. One
person fills a balloon with water and
finds a person who wants to play.
When they both are ready they stand
apart and start to toss it back and
forth. The object is to catch the bal-
loon and keep on tossing it back and
forth until it breaks. Some people
sure get wet playing this game.

GARY KING

WET?

Yesterday morning I was hauled
out from underneath my bed from
where I took refuge from Mr. Klein.
He brought me down to the water-
front and threw me in, pajamas and
all. Boy was I mad and wet and cold!
I got to breakfast and was still shiver-
ing.

PETER PUNDERSON

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Yesterday we watched the final
senior tennis match. I think it was
very exciting.

REINHARD ROTHER

THE OLD LANTERN IN AKELA

Ah ha! You noisy Akelites thought
you could stop me by forgetting to
put a wick in me! But the faithful
lantern boys fixed me. Now watch out
'cause I'm going to burn one of you.

PETER HUBBARD

P.S. Those new lantern boys really
tear me apart!

A LATE TABLEBOY

This morning when the bugle blew,
as usual, Akela broke out in an up-
roar.

Everyone attacked Mr. Phil Hart
with their pillows. This went on for
about fifteen minutes when I remem-
bered I was a tableboy. Well that was
the end of that.

ANDY STEWART

MR. BOICOURT

Today in Akela nobody wanted to
write a Howl, much to the distress of
Mr. Phil. So good old Mr. Boicourt,
trying as usual to be funny, said,
"HOWL about writing a howl."

JOHN BOWNE

TRAIL CLEARING

On Tuesday most of Den and Panther went trail clearing. One half cleared the Carter Gibbs Trail to Carter's Knob and then hiked to Welton Falls via the Old Dicey Road. The other half was to clear the Elwell Trail to the junction with the Back 80 and take the Back 80 to Welton Falls. I was in the first group. We safely made it to Welton Falls. After a twenty minute swim we got our gear and went to meet Mr. Hart. But the second group hadn't showed up yet. Oh well, we didn't worry because Charlie Walbridge was heading them and he knew the Cardigan region well. We waited a while with Mr. Hart and then he and Mr. Abbott went to call the AMC lodge at the base of Cardigan in case they had gone the wrong way. The AMC had heard nothing from them. We finally decided to go back to the falls and wait. We got there just as the other group did. What had happened? They got lost because they couldn't find the Back 80. They went clear over Mowglis Mountain and down to the junction of Dicey Road, an extra two miles.

BOB O'CONNOR

TREASURE HUNT

Saturday we had a treasure hunt. There were three teams, the Blackbeards, the Long John Silvers, and the Captain Kidds. The Blackbeards won and I was on that team. Our team got a whole candy bar. The others got a half.

GEORGE HULME

THE INNER CIRCLE

Why is the Inner Circle called the Inner Circle? The main reason is that it is in the inner part of the outer circle. The thing that has always bothered me is that the Inner Circle should be called the Inner Semicircle. It really is silly to call something a circle when it isn't. I think the name should be revised.

CHRIS HOWARD

DAWN

In the morning, when the dew is fresh on the grass, you wake up to birds chirping through the trees. You can sit up and see the sun showing its face over the horizon. Above, it is a pink shade, slowly fading as the sun rises. Dawn spreads throughout the camp. Morning has arrived.

TERRY HOPKINS

CRAFT SHOP CONFUSION

In the days preceding Costume Night, the Craft Shop was a busy place. Mr. Klein was constantly kept on his toes by hordes of campers seeking advice and help on their costumes. Cries of "Come here, Mr. Klein," "Mr. Klein, I need help," "I'm before you," "Hurry up John, I need the saw," and many others rang throughout the craft shop. As he was talking to one person, three or four others would be shouting in his ear or tugging on his sleeve. Amazingly enough, when Costume Night arrived, all but a couple of namby-pambys were outfitted with colorful and sometimes elaborate costumes. Three cheers for Mr. Klein for making this year's Costume Night a success.

DAVE BEALL



FORT MOWGLIS LOST

Yes!! Mr. Phil lost to Mr. Hubbard in an archery contest. First Mr. Hubbard lost 9 to 10, then, Mr. Phil lost 22 to 23. Good sportsman as he is, Mr. Phil shook hands with Mr. Hubbard and left. Can't win them all.

STEVE PUNDY

THE ARCHERY SHOW

Yesterday there was an archery show. The first event that was shown was Mr. P. Hart took a 22 rifle and shot it at a pail of sand. The bullet

did not go through. Next they took a bow and shot an arrow all the way through.

NAT HEMENWAY

THE MINUTE OF SILENCE

I like the minute of silence because you can think of all the days of fun gone by and because you have time to think of what the summer has done for you and what you have learned in the past fulfilled summer.

WAYNE KING

WATERFRONT

At the waterfront there are a lot of sports. There is sailing, swimming, canoeing, rowboats, and waterskiing. You learn how to do all of these things from very good instructors. After you pass all the things you need to know you can get ribbons.

CHRIS CHURCH

THE RIFLE RANGE

The rifle range is a place to shoot, to learn about the gun and its insides. It is a place to be awarded and to get medals. It is a place to be taught and to have fun.

TODD BEAL



COSTUME NIGHT

The Fancy Dress Ball, or Costume Night, was held last night. The theme was "Jungle Reunion." Boys came dressed as hunters, natives, and beasts of the jungle, or characters from Kipling's Jungle Book. The "honored guests" were Scot Gibbs, dressed as Mowgli, and Bob O'Connor, as Rudyard Kipling. The costumes ranged from the Martian Jungle Twins to giraffes, and nearly every type of jungle animal was represented. Mr. Klein, the crafts instructor, and some of the Denites painted murals and set up trees. The counselors did a play and a few boys did separate skits. After the show was over we had some ice cream and returned to our dorms. It was really a great night!

ED GROSVENOR

CHARADES

Last night we had charades. Three dorms put on charades. All three dorms won something. Toomai won first place with Mr. Klein's haircut. Baloo got second place with Peter and the Wolf — which got the least clapping, and Akela got third place with Little Red Riding Hood.

GARY WRIGHT

BALOO'S CHARADES

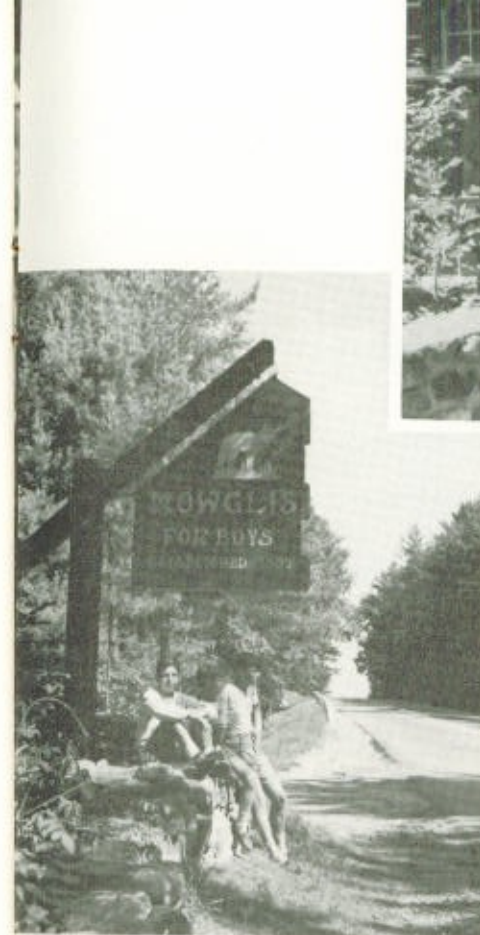
Last night we put on two charades: Peter and the Wolf and The Wizard of Oz. It went quite smoothly. Then came Peter and the Wolf. This we thought was quite bad but we seemed to have come in second place. The judges — Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Abbott, and Mr. Hakes — decided that Toomai came in first place, Baloo in second, and Akela third.

GEORGE S. STILLMAN, JR.

SINGING GROUPS

There are two singing groups in camp. One is made up of counselors and one is made up of campers. The one that was formed first is the East Hebron Madrigal Society. They sing songs every Saturday night. They are very good. The other singing group is called the Mowglee Club. It is made up of campers. They sort of copy the East Hebron Madrigal Society. They are very funny.

HARRY KENDALL



MOWGLIS IS —

Mowglis is trees, rocks, hills, and mountains.

Mowglis is the beautiful waterfront on Newfound Lake.

Mowglis is the rifle range and its excellent rifles.

Mowglis is Mr. Bradstreet tipping over in the wood pussy.

Mowglis is the chapel where we are close to God.

Mowglis is campfire and its minute of silence.

Mowglis is the wonderful friends we make.

All together Mowglis is a wonderful place.

HENRY COONS



SOFTBALL

The team game I like best is softball. I like to catch those fly balls and also play third base.

JIM WESTBERG

THE CAMP SEASON

During this camp season, for me there have been many interesting things to do: riflery, swimming, and crafts.

As we come to the end of the camp season, many things come into my mind. This was a very good season.

PETER O'CONNOR

SAILING

About four days ago I went out with Randy Wright in a sunfish. We went out into the middle of the lake. Then Randy said I could steer so I took the tiller and started steering. Then we decided to move more to the stern of the boat so the spray wouldn't get us. But I couldn't hook my foot under the safety and I decided to come about. The next thing I knew, I was twenty feet from the boat and soaked to the skin. At dinner that night, Mr. Hubbard asked everybody who went in the 58° water to stand up . . . I stood up.

SCOTT McMULLEN

LAZY DAY

Last Thursday was "Lazy Day." We started the day by getting up at 8, or later, and had a "serve yourself" breakfast of fruit and cereal. After that we were free to do as we chose. We could go to riflery, swimming, boating, or just about anything that was considered an industry. However, these "industries" were open all morning. At noon the dorms ate in different places anywhere they chose. After lunch we had an extra long relax. Contrary to the usual day, we had no inspection after relax. Instead we resumed our industries until 4:30, when there was a soak. After that we had dinner. Lazy Day's purpose was to see if we could achieve requirements in our industries. This purpose was fulfilled. The counsellors really worked hard, and it was one of the most enjoyable days of camp for me.

HENRY REIFF

DORMITORY UNITY

Dormitory unity means friendliness between all the Dorm. And it means help for earning inspection points, and for team points. So every Dormitory should have unity.

ED GOODMAN

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

I wish I was a fish.
To be a fish I would
Have my wish about being a fish,
So I wish I was a fish.

NED HIGGINS



OPTIONAL SOAK

I think that this is much better than other soaks, because you can go out in a boat or swim. I think it is not so nice if you are forced to go.

REINHARD ROTHER

MOWGLIS

In Mowglis there is laughter. There are birds singing in the trees and chipmunks scurrying in and under the leaves. The sound of the motorboat pulling water-skiers along Pasquaney. Then there's the Jungle House where birthdays are celebrated and pictures are taken. Camp Mowglis is great.

DWIGHT SHEPARD

LETTER WRITING PERIOD

Letter writing period in Baloo is getting noisier every week. And by the last writing period it took me thirty minutes to write my letter and twenty minutes to write my howl. I hope it is better next year.

WHIT IGLEHART

MINUTE OF SILENCE

At every campfire we have a minute of silence. During this period the fire is started and all the campers are still and quiet. You are able to listen to the birds, look up at the trees or clouds, and think about anything you want. This period is probably the best part of the campfire. It will be remembered a long time.

MIKE MERWIN

CANDLELIGHT SERVICE

Camp is coming to a close. Candlelight Service at chapel is coming when everyone carries a candle to the chapel. The sight is something to be remembered for a long time.

CARTER YOUNG

VAMPIRE

Mr. Backus, our counsellor, has told all the Toomai-ites that he is a vampire. If you are bad, he vampirizes you. In other words he makes an ugly face at you. All the Toomai-ites are anxiously waiting for the next full moon to see him turn into a vampire.

HARRY KENDALL





THANKS TO MRS. WRIGHT

It was the generous interest and distinctive talent of Mrs. Stephen Wright which made possible the Mowglis animal plaques which were awarded on Mrs. Holt's Day.

CANDLELIGHT SERVICE

Tonight is Candlelight Service. We sing songs and read things from the Bible. I'm sure it will be a good service because everything will be lit by lanterns and candles. I'm sure it will be fun.

BARRY BEAL

CANDLE BOATS

On the night of Mrs. Holt's Day every boy in camp sets afloat a candle boat on Newfound Lake. These boats are made by the boys with pieces of cedar shingle and sails of paper. Each boat has a lit candle on it. The boat that goes the farthest wins a prize.

ED GROSVENOR

CAMPFIRE

The traditional "Inner Circle Ceremony" was held last night. Contrary to last year it was on the planned date.

Bob O'Connor, having the most ribbons, was Gray Brother. There were quite a few new candidates for the Inner Semi-Circle. Maybe the Inner Circle of this year will grow to be the Inner Circle of '66.

SCOTT BROWN

BATHING BATH-ROBES

In East Toomai there is a group called the "Bathing Bath-robies." We use tennis rackets for guitars and I use a combazoo. That is a piece of paper on a comb. So if you hear noise from Toomai, you will know it's us.

MARCY WATSON

INNER CIRCLE

Last night was Inner Circle Ceremony. Bob O'Connor was Gray Brother. I was happy for the people who got in.

NICK DAVIDGE

GRADUATES DINNER

A couple of nights ago there was a Graduates' Dinner. Two or three boys from each dorm were picked to be waiters and since I was a waiter, I can tell you what happened. The Dinner started at 7:00 but the waiters ate beforehand. The graduates had turkey, beans, and mashed potatoes with cupcakes and ice cream for dessert. The dinner ended at about 9:00 and then we listened to toasts for an hour. When dinner was finished the waiters ate crabmeat and onion for a snack. Then we went into the Jungle House to hear some Mowglis History.

*Don't blame me if the times are wrong.

MARK LAWRENCE

INNER CIRCLE CEREMONY

Saturday, August 21, was Inner Circle Ceremony. I was one of the seven candidates who had earned four or more ribbons. The ceremony is based on the acceptance of Mowgli into the Seoni Wolf Pack.

After the fire had been ignited by Gray Brother, Bob O'Connor, we were one by one led before Mr. Hart. He in turn asked for someone to speak in our behalf. Then one of the four sponsors, Baloo—Mr. Benjamin, Kaa—Mr. Hakes, Bagera—Mr. Abbott, or Hathi—Mr. MacDonald, would tell the husky marks we had earned.

Having been approved, we were led to a seat in the Inner Circle. After we were all seated, Gray Brother lighted a torch, and with it he lighted individual fires in front of our seats. The lighting was followed by all the old

members of the Inner Circle putting a cedar faggot on each fire. The Ceremony ended with "The Song of the Wolf Pack."

JOHN ROSS

THE LAST WEEK

The last week of camp is probably the most important week of camp. Boys are constantly trying to finish their ribbon requirements, as they look ahead to the Inner Circle. Work begins on candleboats too, because candleboat night is not far away. It's a hectic week for the counselors also, because there are always boys wanting to pass those "final" requirements.

The last week has other sides to it. There's Graduates' Dinner, Graduation, Mrs. Holt's Day, candleboats, and the Candlelight service. All in all, the last week is the best week of camp.

HENRY REIFF

Appreciation

It is not possible within this space to include all who, during this past summer, have given help and kindness to Mowglis boys. We cannot, however, fail to mention the following whose gifts have been distinctive and uniquely helpful.

Mr. Wylie H. Young, who arranged the gift of five new Winchester rifles for our range.

Mr. Arthur J. Loeb, whom we have never met, but who made the same gift possible.

Mr. Josiah B. Bartow, II, who donated the fine Savage rifle in memory of George D. Gibbs, for many years the superintendent of the Mowglis properties.

Mr. Alexander Alexay, concert artist, who gave us a memorable piano recital in July.

Mr. Ivan Gibbs, who, with Mr. David Hazelton and Arthur Bradbury, provided the whole camp with a firearms demonstration both informative and exciting.

Mr. George H. Hulme, who gave Mowglis the use of his fine boat during much of the 1965 season.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Melville B. Grosvenor, who gave to the Mowglis Library several excellent volumes published by the National Geographic Society, including the Atlas, inscribed with the Mowglis name.

Cub History: 1965

"Give a cheer for old Ford Hall", and for the ten Cubs of 1965. It's been a fine summer, and everyone feels that the time has gone much too quickly. From day trips to two-day stays at Cliff Isle we've traveled over New Hampshire and enjoyed the fun together. Our mountain climbing trips included Sugar Loaf, Stinson and Plymouth. We spent an afternoon at Gray Rocks Beach and we explored the old mica mine during our overnight at the Kimball Falls Shelter. In our campcraft industry teepee and log-cabin techniques were mastered and "Big Bertha" shined as never before! Crawling along the caves at Lost River or perched on the top of Sugar Loaf for a game of "Capture the Flag" we kept on the move.

In camp, our industries included swimming, riflery, archery, crafts, tennis, nature, and (perhaps most important of all) Indian Lore. Mr. West taught us some basic steps and for the big program we performed the Devil Dance, complete with black hoods, white paint, and aprons designed in the Apache tradition.

Awards in riflery were presented just before the Inner Circle Ceremony and we were all proud to receive them. Campfires in our new circle were good and among the special ones we remember most are Mr. Hart's visit to tell of past Crew Day events and Mowgli's history, as well as Mr. Faruqi's exciting tales of cobras and tigers in India. Following Mr. Smith, the great and mighty hunter, we paraded before Rudyard Kipling and Mowgli at the Fancy Dress Ball. From a lazy cobra to a Wanderer from Wonderland we won a prize for having the best group costumes.

Our tournament awards for 1965 were presented during the last week and included the Cub Golden Croquet, the Golden Horseshoe, the Golden Checker, and the Golden Tetherball! As a special gift each Cub received a Mowgli's Wolf's Head plaque for 1965.

Looking back on the weeks so full of activity and enjoyment we can truly say we've kept busy "learning the lessons the Cubs must know," and we sincerely thank everyone who has been so helpful to us.

CUBS OF 1965,
WE SALUTE YOU!



Cub Howls for 1965

CREW DAY

Red Crew won this year and I was very pleased. Blue Crew won First Form and Red won the other three. One of our cheers was, "Akalaka ching, Akalaka chow, akalaka ching ching — chow! chow! Boomlaka, boomlaka, sis-boom-bah, Red Crew, Red Crew, Rah Rah Rahl!"

CHRIS HEDGES

INDIAN LORE

Mr. West is teaching Indian lore to all the Cubs. At the end of the year some of the Pack and the Cubs are going to do an Indian dance around a campfire and we are going to drive the evil spirits into the fire. The people from the Pack are the evil spirits. We will have masks and costumes on and we will be holding an Indian sword.

LARRY BERKING

CLIFF ISLE

Yesterday half the Cubs went to Cliff Isle in the Hulme motorboat, tugging a 400-pound supply rowboat behind it. The first five Cubs were Chris Hedges, Elliot Titus, George Hulme, Teddy Watson and Frank McClelland. Today the other half is going, so the first group, plus ours, will be there together for one day. Then the first group will return and we will stay another night.

CHRIS BAER





KIMBALL FALLS

We went to Kimball Falls. In the night we saw raccoon. In the morning we had breakfast. Then we hiked up to the mica mine.

FRANK McCLELLAND

FANCY DRESS BALL

Last Saturday night we had the Fancy Dress Ball for 1965. I was dressed as a caterpillar. We sang "Hello, Mowgli" and "The Forest Ranger." Somebody was dressed as Mowgli and another boy was Mr. Kipling. Mr. Hakes was dressed up and he introduced everybody to Mowgli and Mr. Kipling. Some people had acts to do. They had an orchestra, too.

LARRY BERKING



A CLIMB

On August 5, 1965, the Cubs climbed Mount Stinson. It was a very nice day. There was a shortcut to the firetower. We took that way. "Bow" was with us. He pulled us all the way up. When we got to the top another camp was there. The camp was called Pemigewasset. There we ate lunch. After lunch Mr. Hakes took us two at a time to the top of the tower and then we went down the mountain.

CHIPPER SMITH

MOUNT STINSON

On Trip Day we went hiking to Stinson Mountain — a two mile hike. At the top were a firetower and a house. We brought a dog. His name was "Bow." He ran up and down and pulled me halfway down and I fell three times. I got the "best hiker" award — a candy bar.

LOUIS HAGGERTY



LAND OLYMPICS

There were two teams: the Athenians and the Spartans. The Athenians won the Olympics by thirty points and the score was 196 to 166. I was on the Athenians.

GEORGE HULME

GUN DEMONSTRATION

We went to a gun demonstration. It was fun! They shot a bullet at some flour. It exploded and made a sound wave. They shot a machine gun at some balloons. We collected bullet shells and clay pigeons.

ELLIOT TITUS

LAND SPORTS

There were two teams yesterday. It was fun. But we lost. The score was 196 to 166. It was a good game. I scored fourteen points for my team.

TEDDY WATSON

CLIFF ISLE

We rode to Cliff Isle in a motorboat. It was raining. In the night a chipmunk ate our marshmallows.

FRANK McCLELLAND

BALOO COVE

On Sunday, July 4, we all went to Baloo Cove. The VW brought down food and a few minutes later Bruce came down to eat with us. After dinner we took off our shoes and waded in the water and skipped rocks on the lake. After that Mr. West came and told us a very good story. We had a nice time.

CHIPPER SMITH

A BAT

One day the Cubs were taking showers and we were almost ready to go when we saw a bat flying around in the room. Everybody started screaming and shouting. After a few minutes Mr. Bridgewater came in and scared him out. It was fun though.

LARRY BERKING

A TRIP

We went to the Morse Museum and we saw fish at the fish hatchery.

JOHN KNOTT

The Trail of the Pack, 1965

DAVID R. ANDERSON, 482 North State Street, Concord, New Hampshire. AKELA, 1965.

CHRISTOPHER KIMBALL BAER, 4 Hickory Drive, Rye, New York. CUB, 1965.

WILLIAM KNORR BALLANTYNE, 1225 Black Baron Drive, Haddonfield, New Jersey. PANTHER, 1965.

TODD VOORHEES BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. TOOMAI, 1963-65.

WALTER BARRATT BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1963-65.

DAVID PALMER BEALL, 4966 West Road, Washington, Michigan. GRADUATE, 1963-65.

LAURENCE NOYES BERKING, Drake-Smith, Lane, Rye, New York. CUB, 1965.

PETER MAXIMILLIAN BERKING, Drake-Smith Lane, Rye, New York. AKELA, 1964-65.

SAMUEL BETTLE, 331 Station Road, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania. GRADUATE, 1961, 1963-65.

JOHN SIDNEY BOWNE, Cat Hollow Road, Bayville, Long Island, New York. AKELA, 1963-65.

SCOTT FOSTER BROWN, Farmhill Road, Sewickley, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1964-65.

MICHAEL PETER BURKE, 1172 Park Avenue, New York 28, New York. BALOO, 1964-65.

JOHN FREDERICK CHISHOLM, East Hebron, New Hampshire. BALOO, 1963-65.

CHRISTOPHER WHITE CHURCH, 828 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. TOOMAI, 1964-65.

HENRY ROBERT COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, Long Island, New York. AKELA, 1965.

TIMOTHY COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, Long Island, New York. TOOMAI, 1965.

NICHOLAS APPEL DAVIDGE, 3933 Fordham Road, Washington 16, D. C. TOOMAI, 1964-65.

PAUL WILLIAM GEORGE DERSVIS, 26 Fresh Pond Parkway, Cambridge, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1965.

PETER ANDREWS DERSVIS, 26 Fresh Pond Parkway, Cambridge, Massachusetts. TOOMAI, 1965.

THEODORE MICHAEL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1960-65.

THOMAS PAUL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1960-65.

GARRETT PATTESON EDMANDS, Garfield Road, Concord, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1964-65.

JAMES DEANE EDWARDS, 284 North Oxford Street, Hartford, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1961-65.

JONATHAN TAYLOR FEUER, 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1960-65.

DANIEL HOUGH FISHER, 65 Farmington Avenue, Longmeadow, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1964-65.

DOUGLAS EVANS GEORGE, 107 Mountain Road, Concord, New Hampshire. PANTHER, 1960-65.

SCOT ALCOTT GIBBS, 310 Spear Street, South Burlington, Vermont. GRADUATE, 1964-65.

BRUCE GORDON GILFOY, 289 Hillcrest Road, Needham, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1965.

JEFFREY CHARLES GILFOY, 289 Hillcrest Road, Needham, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1960-62, 1965.

EDMUND N. GOODMAN, 1185 Park Avenue, New York 28, New York. BALOO, 1965.

EDWIN STUART GROSVENOR, 5510 Grosvenor Lane, Bethesda, Maryland. PANTHER, 1965.

LOUIS DESLOGE HAGGERTY, Wheatley Road, Old Westbury, Long Island, New York. CUB, 1965.

JAMES FRANKLIN HART, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. AKELA, 1960, 1962-65.

CHRISTOPHER LYNN HEDGES, 248 Main Street, Schoharie, New York. CUB, 1964-65.

NATHANIEL T. HEMENWAY, 67 Green Street, Milton, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1965.

DANIEL HERTZLER, R. D. 1, Box 405, Mansfield Center, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1960-65.

SAMUEL HERTZLER, R. D. 1, Box 405, Mansfield Center, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1959-65.

EDMUND SAFFORD HIGGINS, 900 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. TOOMAI, 1965.

ALBERT LAFAYETTE HOPKINS, III, 8 Lincoln Lane, Cambridge, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1965.

CHRISTOPHER BARR HOWARD, 130 Stuyvesant Avenue, Rye, New York. GRADUATE, 1964-65.

PETER MAYNARD HUBBARD, 13 High Rock Road, Wayland, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1964-65.

GEORGE FOSTER HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. CUB, 1965.

JONATHAN FITTS HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1961-63, 1965.

THOMAS WHITCOMB IGLEHART, Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut. BALOO, 1964-65.

JOHN WORTHINGTON JOHNSON, JR., 794 Sasco Hill Road, Fairfield, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1964-65.

HENRY COCHRAN KENDALL, JR., 9550 Old Bonhomme Road, St. Louis, Missouri. TOOMAI, 1965.

GEORGE BONBRIGHT KETCHAM, 518 Main Street, Cedarhurst, Long Island, New York. BALOO, 1965.

GARY KING, 15 Riggs Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1963, 1965.

WAYNE DOUGLAS KING, East Side Road, Campton, New Hampshire. BALOO, 1963-65.

JAMES DARWIN KINGSLEY, 470 Latch's Lane, Merion, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1963-65.

PETER BERNARD KINGSLEY, 470 Latch's Lane, Merion, Pennsylvania. PANTHER, 1963-65.

JOHN DELBERT KNOTT, JR., Tamarack Hill, Danbury, New Hampshire. CUB, 1965.

MARK LAWRENCE, JR., 47 East 88th Street, New York 28, New York. TOOMAI, 1965.

FRANK KEPPLER MC CLELLAND, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. CUB, 1964-65.

SCOTT WILKES MC MULLEN, 30 Hyde Lane, Westport, Connecticut. AKELA, 1964-65.

MICHAEL GAIVUS MERWIN, Watercure Hill, R.D. 2, Elmira, New York. PANTHER, 1964-65.

RICHARD RISING MORGAN, North Sandwich, New Hampshire, TOOMAI, 1965.

PETER SCOTT O'CONNOR, 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, Long Island, New York, AKELA, 1961-65.

ROBERT STEARNS O'CONNOR, 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, Long Island, New York. GRADUATE, 1961-65.

PETER STIMPSON PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1961-65.

STEPHEN EDWARDS PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1961-65.

HENRY BALLINGER REIFF, The Taft School, Watertown, Connecticut. TOOMAI, 1965.

JOHN DUNCAN ROSS, 441 Main Street, Hudson, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1960-65.

REINHARD ALFRED ROTHER, 330 East 33rd Street, New York 16, New York. BALOO, 1964-65.

WILLIAM SHAND, II, 222 Fiveoaks, San Antonio, Texas. PANTHER, 1965.

GREGORY STEPHEN SHELNESS, RFD 1, South Salem, New York. AKELA, 1965.

DWIGHT BURGE SHEPARD, 21 Hillside Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1963-65.

CHARLES CAPEL SMITH, JR., 71 Stonehedge Drive South, Greenwich, Connecticut. CUB, 1965.

CHRISTOPHER ALLEN SPINDLER, 90 Woodland Street, South Natick, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1961-65.

ANDREW BLAIR STEWART, 100 South Thurlow Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey. AKELA, 1965.

GEORGE SCHLEY STILLMAN, JR., Turtle Point, Tuxedo Park, New York. BALOO, 1965.

GREGORY WILLIAM SWANEY, 6 Hillside Lane, Newtown, Connecticut. AKELA, 1964-65.

CURTIS ELLIOT TITUS, Tanglewood Lane, Newtown, Connecticut. CUB, 1965.

STEPHEN MATTHEW TOBEY, 5 Juniper Street, Wenham, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1964-65.

JAMES ROBERT VAN SCHAICK, Oakhurst Drive, R.D. 1, Center Valley, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1964-65.

EDWARD E. WATSON, JR., 36 Winton Street, Springfield, Massachusetts. CUB, 1964-65.

WILLIAM MARCY WATSON, P.O. Box 635, Lakeville, Connecticut. TOOMAI, 1964-65.

JAMES GORDON WESTBERG, 240 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1965.

GARY EUGENE WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, New York. BALOO, 1962-65.

RANDOLPH BROOKS WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, New York. AKELA, 1962-65.

CARTER ALEXANDER YOUNG, 668 Sasco Hill Road, Southport, Connecticut. TOOMAI, 1963-65.

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

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

JOE ROBERT COMFORT (Amherst), 53 Schraalenberg Road, Haworth, New Jersey.

SHAD S. FARUQI (Wesleyan), EQV, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

SANFORD ERVIN GAINES (Harvard), 1813 Girard Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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

JOHN HAWES IGLEHART, Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut.

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

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JAMES LEE WEST (University of Redlands), Bacone College, Bacone, Oklahoma.

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

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

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LEONARD N. DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts.

ROBERT BRINK FEUER, 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton, Massachusetts.

BRUCE SUTHERLAND HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts.

DAVID GOODWIN RITTENHOUSE, 72 Palmer Street, Westerly, Rhode Island.

ROGER MANNING SMITH, 11 Rochelle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

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MRS. BROOKS F. BENJAMIN, B.A. (Principia), The Fay School, Southborough, Massachusetts.

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

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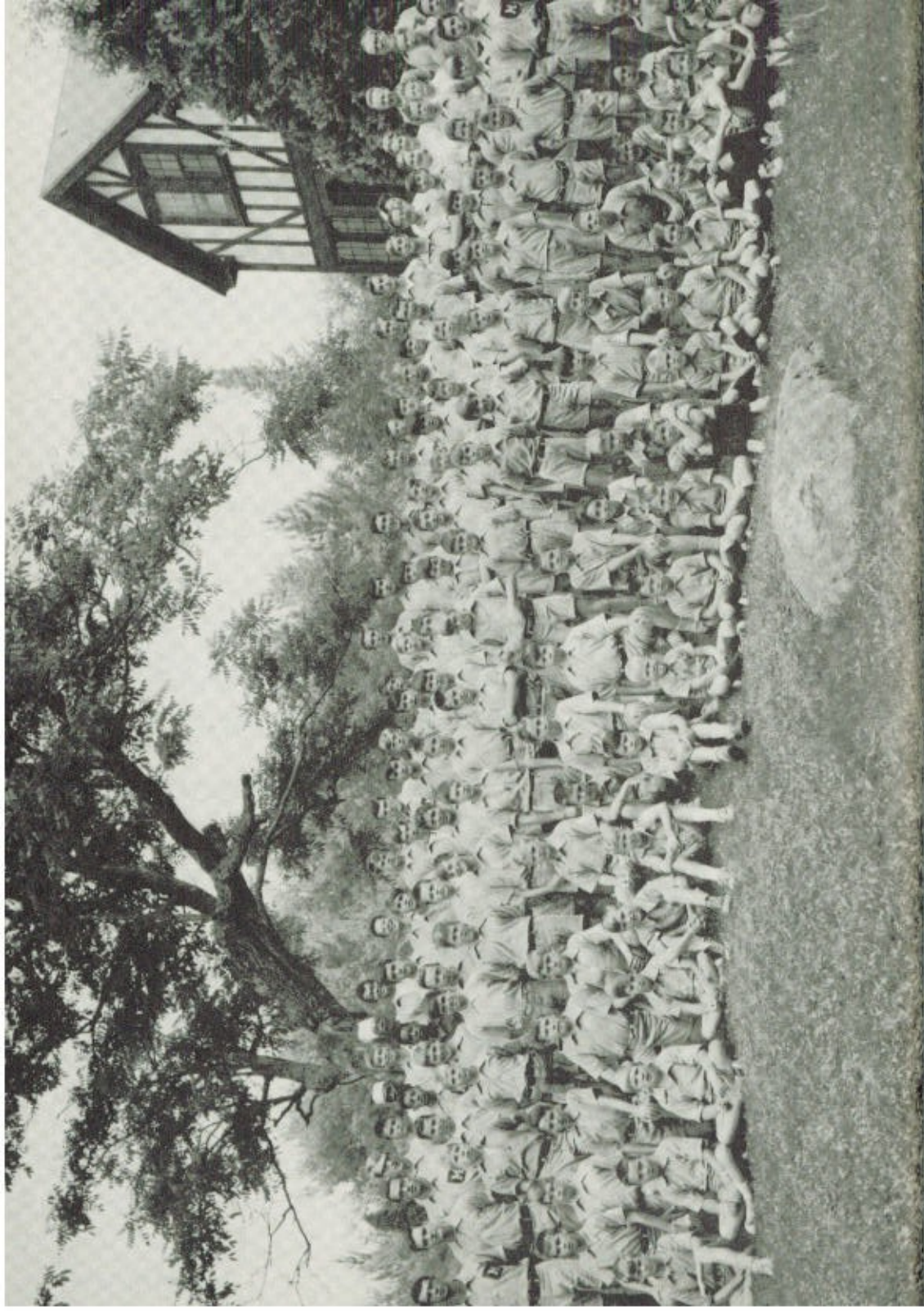
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