

1968



**THE  
MOWGLIS  
HOWL  
1968**



# THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

VOLUME XLVII

1968

TO KEEP THE COMRADESHIP AND THE MEMORY OF THE PACK



1968

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

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Stuart F. Klein

William B. Hart

Richard R. Morgan

### *Den*

Peter Dervis  
Harry Kendall

### *Akela*

Edward N. Draper  
Richard F. Hulme, Jr.

### *Panther*

Michael W. Tobey  
James G. Westberg

### *Baloo*

Singleton Bender, Jr.  
Stephen B. Minich

### *Toomai*

Dean M. Engel  
Christopher T. Smith





*"We be of one blood, brothers!"*

## *Mowgli's Pack History, 1968*

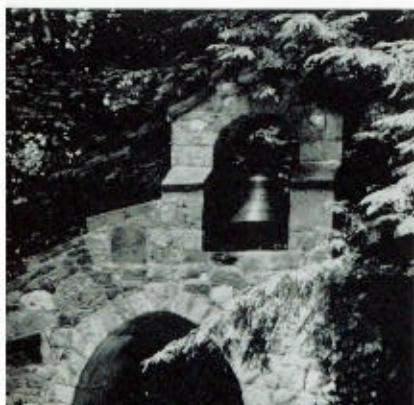
First in the Chapel of the Woods, and now here on the lake, the lighted candles begin to reflect for us the summer that was Mowgli's, 1968. Fresh in our minds, of course, are the events of the past week, that have brought a fitting and fruitful conclusion to this sixth year of the Holt-Elwell Foundation. Graduates' Dinner, Inner Circle Ceremony, and now within hours the awarding of the graduate medals — all become for each of us highlights among the active weeks. And yet the significance and even the memory of these awards cannot be limited to the moment of presentation, but must extend further to the moments of frustration, the pride of co-operative effort, and, in short, to the season as a whole.

Opening Day exercises found the blasts of the cannon shattering a mantle of cold fog, as campers and staff, a mixture of faces old and new alike, huddled around the campfire in Gray Brothers. After a week, however, someone reported that the lake had been sighted! And soon Bear and Sugarloaf Mountains resumed their normal positions in the waterfront's impressive panorama. Trips were the first to take advantage of the fine weather and the first of the trips saw Den trail clearing in the Cardigan region. Osceola fell before Panther, as did the leeches before their dubious

dessert! Crosby was the first to experience Toomai's overwhelming version of spirit, and Chocorua took second place in Akela's trip reports behind the now legendary girl in the blue pants.

Who will forget the fine afternoon view from West Bond in the Pemigewasset, and the Magumbas that came from Bondcliff and the Twins? Or the questionable "roughing it" at the Inn Unique, or the perilous leap from one of Cliff Island's ledges? The Gopher and Mt. Washington squads were selected and managed to enjoy good weather most of the way. Tradition was upheld as Mowgli's washed dishes at the AMC Mizpah and Madison huts, and gloried in the clouds on the summits of the Presidentials. Once again, Mowgli's took to the trails, hiked the old favorites as well as some new ones, and nearing the end of summer cleared their trails for others to enjoy.

As the "clouds went tearing by," so did the days here at camp. A brief look at the names of the teams' scoreboard might have suggested that athletics here at Mowgli's was going to the "dogs," but those who were part of the evening soccer games, land sports and water sports, recognize that a healthy spirit of competition lives on. Costume Night brought a cage full of monkeys to Gray Brothers' floor, with





Mr. Klein's circus mural presiding. Evening campfires had an international touch ranging from the shores of the Caribbean, to Wales, England, and on to the heat of Nigeria. "You Are My Sunshine" and "Sarasponda" hit the top ten on the Mowglis hit parade as the Mowglee club performed well throughout the summer under Mr. Boicourt's direction. Colonel Baird and Mr. Gaius Merwin, Senior, both by their presence and speech, gave us an idea what giving can mean, as chapel continued to be a core of memory and meaning for life here at camp. The new campfire circle welcomed the long delayed appearance of Mr. Braley. And who can forget the evening of Mr. Clyde Smith's slides, that left us talking for days? Mystery reigned as Sensitive Soul Baloo stalked the Howl campfires, leaving more smiles than fright.

Crew Week came and went, as the fierce Popinchalktaws and Papamequatis squared off on Gray Brothers field, only to be parted by Chief Crashing Thunder, who called on the heavens for support (and unfortunately got it!). The hostilities were quelled on the following day, first on the lake and then at the base of the flagpole.

These were the times and events that set one day apart from another,

yet somehow became blended by the daily pace, so that the last notes of Taps seemed part of reveille next morning, leaving time not for recollection, but for preparation.

This, then, was Mowglis 1968. But to cite only the planned and special occasions is to leave unheralded that which makes each summer unique in the long line of many summers that have offered the regular Mowglis day, and that is the people here at Mowglis. For it is the element of personal contact that makes the printed schedule come alive, and also the small moments in the midst of routine that are so quickly forgotten. It seems particularly fitting that we use the words of Alcott Farrar Elwell in closing the summer of 1968:

Across the lake the echoes ring  
The cannon's strident shout —  
The night is quiet, closing in,  
The candleboats sail out.  
They float and twinkle on their way  
And one by one the lights remote  
Go out.  
Yet ever on thru all the years,  
Those happy lights sail bright,  
For those whose hearts have Mowglis loved  
Can ever see their light.

MOWGLIS, 1968,

WE SALUTE YOU!



#### GRADUATES OF 1968

Front row, l. to r., Peter Dervis, Jim Tuedio, Harry Kendall, Nick Davidge, Standing, l. to r., Tim Coons, Kevin McCarthy, Richard Morgan, Alan Dutton, Chris Nulty, Todd Beal.

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







OPENING  
DAY CANNON

### THE FIRST DAYS

It was raining all the time we were here. We played winter soccer. We played tetherball. We have a dam. It floated one time. We built it again. Baloo made a dam too.

JOEY GRUBB

### WE FREEZE

The first days that we were in camp, we froze to death in the beds. The sheets were damp as anything and there was no heating. I felt like a plucked chicken in the center of a 500' x 500' glacier at the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. I WAS COLD! After that I put my blanket on.

DEAN ENGEL

### PILLOW BALL

The first day I came, I reminded myself about the first year I had come to Mowglis. Sometimes Mr. Klein and Mr. Rittenhouse let us have a baseball game in the dorm. It goes like this: A pillow is the bat, a tennis ball is a baseball. You can't hit the ball far because the ball sinks into the pillow and then the person swings and the ball flies into the air.

ALAN KIRSCH

### THE SUN

Yesterday, Saturday, June 29, 1968, out of the sky came a big yellow ball! And in case you forget what that big yellow ball is, it is called the sun. For four days, ever since camp started there has been nothing but clouds, clouds, and rain. And I just hope that this groovy weather holds up till Friday because Wednesday Baloo is going to Mt. Cardigan.

STEPHEN MINICH

### THE TOOMAI DAM

There's a great dam called the Toomai dam. We dug up some pipes and put them in a sort of bridge which makes water run smoother. The only problem is if Baloo lets their dam go, ours floods, because Baloo's is connected to ours. But let me remind you we're still fighting!

JOHN MULLIKEN

### ARCHERY

This is my first year at camp and I like it very much. Saturday in Archery we learned the parts of an arrow and the parts of a bow.

JAY HECTOR

CHRIS NULTY  
CLEARS THE BAR



### THE SOCCER GAMES THAT AREN'T SOCCER GAMES

Every day after dinner we have a soccer game. It gets almost uncontrollable. One time someone kicked a ball directly into Mr. Smith's face, and broke his glasses. The game went on.

JIM DOLAN

### AKELA

Drip, drip, drip went the water on Mr. Phil's bed. I thought back on what Dwight Shepard said, "You don't have to worry about Akela; it has a sturdy roof." I went to him next day to see what he would say. He said, "Nothing is perfect."

TED DRAPER

### DUTIES

Out of all the duties, Gray Brothers is the hardest I think because you have to sweep it all out. My favorite is lantern duty where you get all dirty and cut the wicks and get covered with kerosene. That is what I did today, June 30th, 1968.

CHRIS WOODS

### AN UNUSUAL TAPS

Last night the citizens of Mowglis were in for an unusual Taps. Howard Jones and his father played it so it sounded like an echo.

PAUL BROWN







### FRANCONIA FALLS

On our hike we went by Franconia Falls. We were told that they were the biggest falls in New England. On the way back from our hike we stopped there. Some people took pictures. After that we had a compulsory soak. Then after the soak we got dressed and hiked back to our campsite.

RICK BENGTON

### BELLE ISLE

Last Monday Toomai went to Belle Isle. We had a rough paddle out, but we got there finally!! We put up our tents and had a swim. We had supper and went to bed. The next day we went to Cliff Isle. We had fun. The next day we had pancake contests; nobody won. We had a war canoe race, it was a tie.

FRANK MAURAN

### THE HOLT TRAIL

The Holt Trail is the kind of trail that makes you tired at first and then makes you excited later. Because of the steepness of the trail you forget about being tired and then when you get to the top it sure feels good to sit down.

JOHN CHISHOLM

### TENSENESS

This morning Mr. Underwood walked over to announce the Squads. It seemed to take an hour for him to get up there. Then he went through the formalities of the requirements. Then they came, the names. The tenseness really begins to grow, and finally relief!

JIM WESTBERG



### BELLE ISLE

Belle Isle was one of the best trips Toomai has ever had. We had pine cone fights and you are apt to be hit at least 51 times. When we played capture-the-flag each side tried to cheat just a little. When we went to Cliff Isle, Baloo was there. At least some of us went off the cliff. Gee I wish I was there!

PETER BLIGHT

### PAUGUS MILL TRIP

On Wednesday Akela went on a trip to Paugus Mill Stream. We had no idea of what was in store for us. Especially Mr. Popinchalk. When we got there we set up the tents and after we unpacked we had dinner. We had STEW. It was great. Well, the next day we went to Mt. Chocorua and that's when the fun started. After lunch we saw some kids come up to the top too, about ten. But more and more came until there were fifty. Girls too. Well there was one girl who caught a liking to Mr. Popinchalk. Mr. Klein was getting jealous. When they were leaving we gave a Mowglis Cheer for the girl in the blue pants.

HARRY SOHMER



1968  
MT. WASHINGTON SQUAD







### MOWGLIS CHESS

Mowglis chess is quite a story,  
Faces grim and faces gory,  
Rooks and Pawns all taking each,  
Queen and King stay out of reach.  
Keep your Bishop well protected  
Till you have the game perfected.  
Never let him in your ranks  
Move your knight and take a chance.  
What a game so full of glory,  
I could not begin the story.

CHRIS BELLER

### MY FIRST ORBIT

One morning I was asleep. Pow!  
Somebody lifted me up and twirled  
me around. Bang! I hit my bunk. It  
was Mr. Klein.

DOUG BEAL

### ATHLETIC TEAMS

We have made athletic teams with  
zowie names such as Miraculous  
Mutts, Hot Dogs, and others. The  
day before yesterday the Mutts beat  
the Hot Dogs 3-2; and the Collies  
beat the Huskies 5-2. Yesterday we  
had a counsellor hunt and the Whip-  
pets won. I walked right under Mr.  
Lyman who was in a tree.

JAY HECTOR

### DUMBO

Gregg Shelness has a record entitled  
"Dumbo". The first song is his favor-  
ite. He plays it over and over. He just  
sits and sighs. While the speakers  
blare out "Bippety-boop-boop; bip-  
pety-boop-boo", Gregg sits there and  
fondles the cover. Last night he told  
me to repeat the song every time it  
ended. I suspect that he is in love  
with Dumbo.

CHRIS BAER

### TOOMAI

I think the summer will be good in  
weather and fun. The dam is going  
good and we sometimes get false  
alarms when they say they're going  
to break their dam at Baloo. The day  
we went to Plymouth Mountain our  
dam was wrecked, but it helped be-  
cause we have a good dam now.

PERRY SMITH



### ATLANTIC OR BUST

On the afternoon of July 19, 1968,  
we ventured off on what seemed to be  
a fairly easy trip to Hebron by way of  
canoe. With Peter Dervis in the stern  
and myself in the bow, we began at  
3:00 P.M. The sky was cloudy, there  
was a lot of wind resistance, and then  
the calm lake began to rock and roll  
and form waves that we would take  
sideways. By 3:15 we were at Loon  
Island, and in thirty minutes we were  
at Paradise Point, a trip the sailboats  
were making in two minutes. It took  
15 minutes to make it to the mouth of  
the Cockermouth River.

At this point in time, I happened  
to look back and to my surprise, in a  
motorboat were our rescuers, Mr.  
Welsch, Mr. Popinchalk, and Mr.  
Hulme. Since we could not navigate  
the rest of the trip in a motorboat,  
Mr. Popinchalk and Mr. Hulme pad-  
dled with us as passengers. It took us  
15 minutes to go down the winding,  
dreary swamp until we got to the  
bridge. Upon arrival it immediately  
began raining and lightning. This  
continued for a great while, so we  
decided to disembark. Doing so we  
immediately started to run the quar-  
ter mile as fast as we could, dodging  
cars and trucks along the way. Arriv-  
ing at the store, we decided to buy  
the food and call camp. We were  
picked up by Mr. Boicourt about half  
an hour later, and were taken back to  
camp having fully learned our lesson.

JIM TUEDIO

### SPIDERS

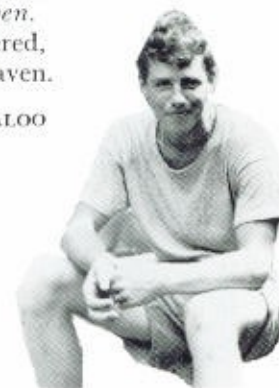
Spiders are funny things  
They climb around on teeny things—  
It even looks like they have teeny  
wings.  
The spider is very serene  
He only eats the very keen.  
Too bad the spider is so mean!

RICK HULME

### THE ENCOUNTER

'Twas the dawn before morning  
When what should appear  
But a counsellor in grey  
Who did shout in my ear.  
"It's time for your shower  
The weather is fine  
So into your bathrobes  
And fall into line."  
Our counsellor stood tall  
And led off with great vigor  
We stumbled behind  
All followed by Cinder.  
That Cinder was following  
Should have alerted Mr. Pop,  
But at six in the morning  
Who would be up?  
As the Lodge came into view  
Mr. Pop stopped with a start;  
At the end of a shadow  
Stood Mr. William B. Hart.  
While suppressing a yawn  
And appearing quite stern,  
He asked Mr. Pop if this he might  
learn—  
That showers at Mowglis  
Were not until seven.  
If this he remembered,  
He might go to heaven.

S. S. BALOO



### THE ROCKET

Today Randy Wright set off a  
rocket. The first time it curved off  
and went out of Mowglis Grounds.  
The second time it went way up. It  
came down and landed in a tree. They  
haven't gotten it down yet. I hope they  
do! This was written before lunch.

PAUL BROWN



# CREW

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



## BLUE RACING CREW

Todd Beal  
John Chisholm  
Peter Dervis  
Dave Scott  
Mitch Parmelee  
John Woods (Captain)  
Peter Marx

Bow  
2  
3  
4  
5  
Stroke  
Cox

## FIRST FORM BLUE

Dave Mitchell  
Russ Merwin  
Mike Mintz  
Jim Dolan  
Chris Nulty  
Perry Mixter  
Jim Tuedio

Bow  
2  
3  
4  
5  
Stroke  
Cox

## SECOND FORM BLUE

Mark Willcox  
John Knott  
Rod Mitchell  
Howard Jones  
Peter Howard  
Harry Sohmer  
Doug Beal

Bow  
2  
3  
4  
5  
Stroke  
Cox

## THIRD FORM BLUE

Joey Grubb  
John Mulliken  
Mike Tobey  
Chris Woods  
Steve Minich  
Paul Dervis  
Tim Platt

Bow  
2  
3  
4  
5  
Stroke  
Cox

Coach: Mr. Kevin Kane

Blue Crew Leader:  
Mr. Paul Popinchalk

## RED RACING CREW

Kevin McCarthy  
Tim Coons  
Wayne King  
Harry Kendall (Captain)  
Nick Davidge  
Richard Morgan  
Mike Coons

## FIRST FORM RED

Gary Wright  
George Hulme  
Bob Bengtson  
Ed Mitchell  
Jim Westberg  
Fred Daniels  
Chipper Smith

## SECOND FORM RED

Rick Hulme  
Frank McClelland  
Henry Merkel  
Ted Draper  
Keith McIntosh  
Chris Baer  
Brad Suter

## THIRD FORM RED

Paul Brown  
Chris Smith  
Bob Howe  
Peter Veale  
Allyn Brown  
Bill Scott  
Rick Bengtson

Red Crew Leader:  
Mr. Andrew Popinchalk



THE BLUE RACING CREW

THE RED RACING CREW







#### CREW DAY

Yesterday August 10, was Crew Day, and I was rowing. I was nervous. Why shouldn't I be nervous when I have only gone out for practice twice? Well everything went great until we got in the crewboat. We lost. Second Red Form and First Form won. Refreshments. Then the final race. Blue won. What an upset for me! Oh well, you can't win them all. Ever so boldly.

CHRIS SMITH

#### A GREAT EXPERIENCE

The best experience I think I've had at Mowglis is Crew. Rowing in those boats on the third deepest lake in the world is quite an experience, *especially* if you are on First Form. This is the best Crew Day I've seen so far.

PERRY MIXTER

#### THE CREW RACE

The Crew Race ended up with a one foot difference. I'm sure glad the race wasn't any longer, or we would have tired or lost.

PETER MARX

#### FRIDAY NIGHT

A person from Blue Crew and a person from Red Crew were picked to shoot an arrow with a flame on the end of it into the big pile of wood. The fierce and mighty looking Harry Kendall is supposed to be a very good shot. John Woods, the gentle one, did not know how to shoot an arrow. He put it in his bow and let go accidentally and it hit the ground. Harry tried and it went to the bottom of the bonfire but it didn't start it. John pushed his in and it started right up.

MIKE TOBEY





## CREW

Having been at Mowglis for three years, I have found crew to have been of great importance in camp, and rightly so. Aside from the obvious enjoyment of rowing and the excitement of Crew Week there is something more to be gotten out of crew. For one thing it is probably while rowing that a boy first finds a true sense of unity. Unlike any other sport which I have ever participated in this is of the greatest importance. For if a Crewboat is not united in its stroke and spirit, it not only looks bad, but it performs badly. This sense of unity does not stop at Mowglis, but stays with you in later life in working with others. In our crew there is such a sense of comradeship, that if you win or lose you know that you all tried your best, and that is what really matters. It is for these reasons that I find crew so important.

PETER DERVIS

## CREW DAY

Yesterday was Crew Day, it started with the parade to the Jungle House. After breakfast the camp was decorated beyond recognition. After lunch everybody was so tense you could feel it. After the parade to the Waterfront and everyone was seated, the races started. The first race between the Third Forms resulted in a Blue Victory. The next two races, the Second and First Forms, were both won by the Reds. Then came the Racing Crews. From what I could see, the Blues pulled ahead and stayed ahead. At the end the Red boat was gaining fast, but could not pull ahead. (Alas!)

GARY WRIGHT

## ROWING

Yesterday I went out on Crew. I had fun. We rowed out to Onaway Point and back and had a swim afterward. It was the first time for the members in the boat; we had an awful lot of fun.

FRANK MAURAN

## IN BETWEEN RACES

The counsellors had a crew race in row boats. The red crew oar broke. But they got ahead anyway. While the blue crew was sinking, the red crew cox fell out. He then tried to pull the red crew boat to the finish line but while he was trying, the blue was past the finish line. It was very funny.

FRANK MCCLELLAND

## THE RACE

Yesterday was Crew Day, I was on Red Racing Crew. We lined up and Mr. Kane yells "Ready all, forward!" All tense! "Row!" Everyone was pulling their hardest. We lost, but I feel it was a good day and a good race, and everyone showed a good sense of sportsmanship.

WAYNE KING

## AFTER CREW

This morning we had an assembly. We were to split into teams and find all the tacks we could. I went down from the Mowglis sign to the Waterfront. At the end I had eleven tacks. Now I can truly say I'm a tacks (tax) collector.

JUNIOR BENDER



SENIOR  
RIFLE TEAM

## SKEET SHOOT

The other day we had to shoot skeet with the 16 gauge shotgun. It was quite fun. Well anyway, twenty thousand rounds of ammunition is sitting in Boston and I hope it comes soon.

MITCHELL PARMELEE

## RIFLERY AWARDS

Last night Mr. Phil presented riflery awards. This year it seemed as if everyone in the camp got an award. Chris Baer and Tim Coons both got their Experts. Many other people got numerous awards. It was a very good prelude to the Inner Circle Ceremony.

GARY WRIGHT

## RIFLERY

Riflery is my favorite Industry. I love it. It's not that I'm a fanatic about guns, but that rifles are interesting and so is the industry. It's really funny when someone who doesn't know anything about rifles comes in. But the real reason is that riflery is an industry that gives you something to work for and that it takes skill and patience and steadiness.

CHRIS SMITH

## GUN SHOW

Last Sunday there was a gun show. Mr. Phil shot and hit a balloon at 150 or so paces. My favorite gun was the M64. I was amazed at the improvements in firearms since olden times.

FRANK MAURAN



JUNIOR  
RIFLE TEAM





### DRESS UP TIME

Yesterday we had Costume Night. I was a tamer of a two-headed monster. We won a prize.

MAURICE DAITZ

### GRAYDOG EXPRESS RIDES AGAIN

Last night some of the Mowglis Staff put on a hilarious skit that rocked the camp. With Mr. Phil as narrator and Mr. Klein as the driver of a tourist bus and the rest as passengers it was really funny. They sang a song about a fat old Dutchman which really irritated the bus driver so he jumped out the window. When they realized that there was no driver, they started to crash. The curtain closed and there was a clanging of metal and the clatter of breaking glass. Then Mr. Phil came out and bowed for us (show off!) and we knew that it was over.

CHRIS SMITH

### TALENT

Last night a Cub played the flute. He played very well. Most of the people gave him a standing ovation after his first selection.

CHIP SMITH

### FANCY DRESS BALL

Now is the time for all to call,  
 "Get your costumes ready for the  
 Fancy Dress Ball!"  
 Everyone is waiting to see  
 What the funniest costume will be.  
 Small and large animals go marching  
 in,  
 Clowns and magicians all trying to  
 win.  
 Make-believe creatures and real ones  
 too,  
 Join together in this hullabaloo.  
 The skits are over, everyone is tense,  
 When will the judges' conversation  
 commence?  
 The winners are then finally an-  
 nounced,  
 They jump up and down on the floor  
 with a bounce.  
 Losers are good sports—they shed no  
 tear,  
 That's the Mowglis spirit, let's give  
 them a cheer!

JUNIOR BENDER



### "TERRIBLE TOOMAI"



### PLAYS

Saturday night there were a few plays given by Baloo and Akela, each play was hilarious in its own way; for such a short time, I believe that the actors should be fully commended. They showed *some* talent and most commendable of all, their will to succeed.

MICHAEL MINTZ

### FANCY DRESS BALL

Saturday was a very busy day. You could see campers running here and there looking for material to make a costume or finish one. You could see John Chisholm running back and forth across the craftshop looking for pieces of wood. Then there's Peter Howard yelling and running all over looking for a can of blue paint. Saturday was the busiest day I've seen.

HOWARD JONES





I liked the program last night very much, especially when that Cub played the flute. He played it very well. It was also funny when Mr. Klein came in all dressed up rattling that thing which sounded like the building was on fire, but it was just funny old Mr. Klein. Mr. Phil was very good as a lady and he looked just like one too.

MARK WILLCOX

## COUNSELLORS

Everything at Mowglis is great except certain hideous, grotesque, devious brutes, the counsellors. These terrible things will do whatever they can to maim, mutilate, stab, abuse, stamp out, and destroy the innocent, gentle, playful, loving little children. Every counsellor is out to kill us of course, except Mr. Phil who would break my neck if I said he was like the rest of the ogres. If you haven't been killed off by the monsters, you had better evacuate the premises immediately because there is no telling what they will do next. As soon as you are gone we will spray the whole camp with anti-beast spray and it will be worth it. Otherwise they may multiply and take over the world, wouldn't that be awful? So watch out for counsellors, your life may depend on it.

DEAN ENGEL

## HOWL!

Here I am thinking of a Howl. Doug Beal and I just gave Mr. Klein, alias "Bristle Top," a rub-down. Oh no! Here comes another dorm baseball game. . . . Well everything's going good except my Howl!

PETER VEALE

Sunday morning I declare a morning of mourning. The Boys of Camp Mowglis have suffered a great loss, the loss of hair. We had haircuts. Everybody had bad haircuts. The boys were tortured sitting in a seat watching their own hair fall. Some boys came out bald.

HENRY MERKEL

## CURRENT EVENTS

Every Monday night we have Current Events. When Mr. Oller tells about the senators and the people for president everybody gets bored, but when the sports come everybody is asking questions. It lasts for about two hours. I don't like current events.

PAUL BROWN

## ANOTHER VIEW

Every Monday night Mr. Oller tells us the things that are happening in the world. He talks about Mr. Nixon and Czechoslovakia and then he comes to the good stuff, sports! Every week Joey Grubb asks him who Wilt Chamberlain was traded for but he never knows. Even though I like the sports best, I still think it's important to keep up with the news. In a year like 1968 anything can happen. Monday campfires are interesting.

*Sensitive Soul Akela*

## THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

On Akela's Crawford Notch trip, Mr. Phil was going to make pancakes on the morning of the third day. However, he discovered he had no spatula. So he crushed a tomato sauce can and put a stick in it and used it. It is now enshrined above Akela's door.

BILL SCOTT

## A GOOD MOVIE

Friday night we saw "Emil and the Detectives." It was a very good movie. It was about a boy named Emil who lost four hundred marks, and about a group of boy detectives who follow up and capture the crooks. I thought it was a very good movie.

CHIP SMITH



"TRY A SHORTER ONE, STEVE?"

## CHAPEL

Today we had Chapel. The Den-nites participating in the service were Nick Davidge, Tim Coons, and Chris Nulty. Mr. Hart gave a history of the Chapel and some words of advice to boys old and new. It was a good interesting service.

PETER DERVIS



CHAPEL TIME





### *COSTUME NIGHT*

Yesterday was Costume Night. Richard Morgan had the height. Jumping animals and Laughing Men Made the Mowglis Spirit come back again.

We sang some songs and the audience sang along

And that made the place rather gay. All the boys had lots of fun.

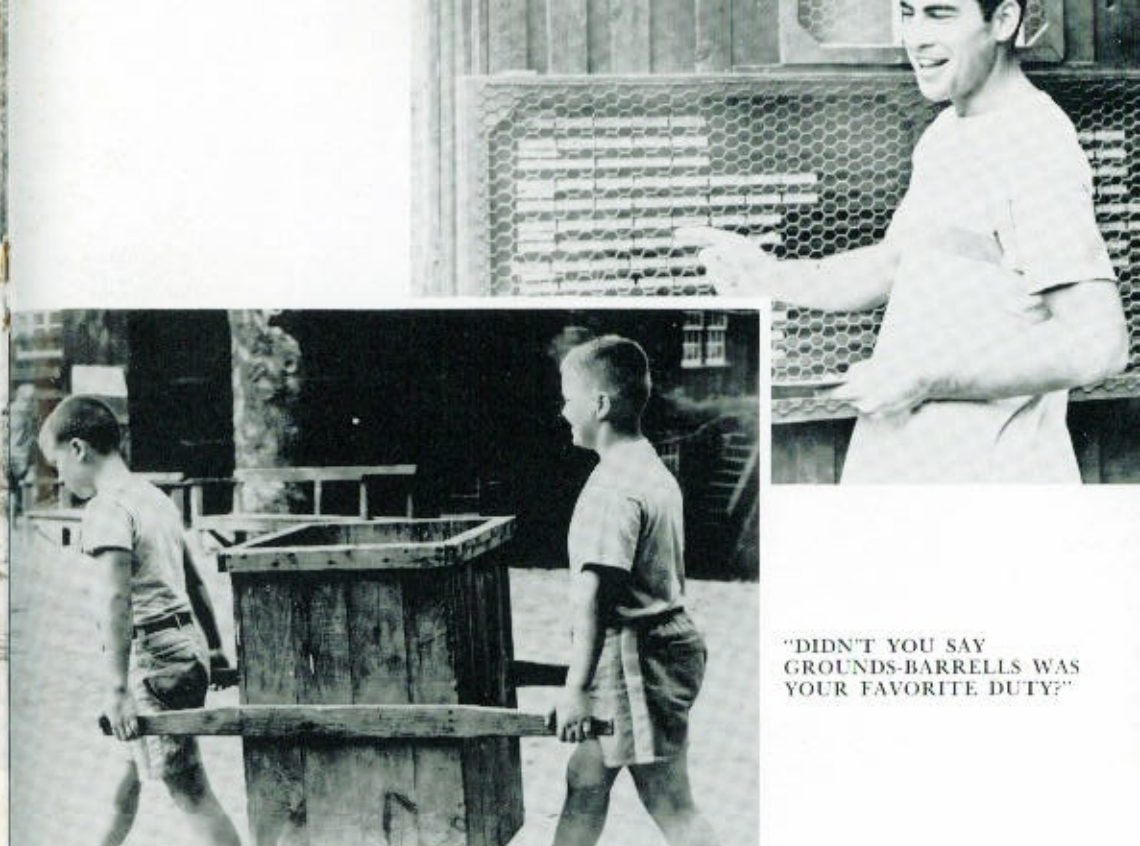
I guess they're sorry Costume Night's done.

MIKE COONS

### *REFLECTIONS*

This happened to me while I was lying in bed looking at the flame in the lantern dance. I pictured different figures in the flame, then I thought back in time to when the lantern was the only source of light in the camp. When the flame of a lamp was a great thing to have. Then I thought how fortunate I am in this world to have the things I have now.

TED DRAPER



"DIDN'T YOU SAY  
GROUNDS-BARRELLS WAS  
YOUR FAVORITE DUTY?"

### *THE MOWGLIS ROCKET CLUB*

This week the Mowglis Rocket Club shot off its first rocket. Using equipment of Mr. Randy Wright (the club supervisor) the rocket soared up and over the upper tennis court, only to land outside Mowglis. The rocket was retrieved, however, and made its second flight of the day. This time it landed in a tree, and, although slightly damaged, it was recovered. With the new equipment which was ordered, we hope the club will achieve greater fame with successful launchings.

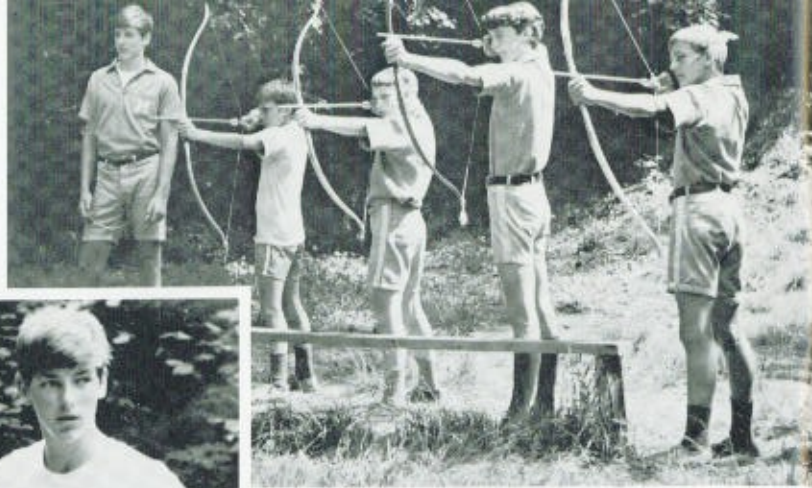
JOHN WOODS

### *INSPECTION*

Inspection occurs every day about an hour and a half after lunch. After relax, "clean-up for inspection" blows and there is a spontaneous uproar of beds being pulled out and people shouting. About twenty-five minutes later "inspection" blows and panic breaks loose. Westberg yells "Here they come!" It turns out to be a false alarm and everyone in Panther runs to his bed. About two minutes later, we realize it was a false alarm and we all run to the brooms. Then the inspectors walk in! We are caught red-handed. No inspection point today, but there's always tomorrow.

ED MITCHELL





### ARCHERY SHOW

First they showed us a sport that the Indians used to play. Then there was a competition between two teams who shot at a dummy with name tags on it, but I think everyone had a good time anyway.

JOHN KNOTT

### LAND SPORTS

Yesterday was the 64th annual Land Sports Day. As the reporters and cameramen came crowding into Mowglis they had no idea that they would see "History" in the making. The first event was won by Steven Minich. It was the 50 yard dash and was done in 6.6 seconds, not bad for a ten-year-old. Then it came! Mike Mintz did the 100 yard dash in 7.9 seconds!!! This beat Bob Hayes by almost 2 seconds. I must say that I'm proud to know the fastest man on earth.

PAUL DERVIS

### HAIR CUTS

Today we had hair cuts. Everybody was sitting waiting nervously for their haircut. One after another, they began to look human again.

CHRIS WOODS



### THE GUN SHOW

Shoot at a balloon  
With bullets that can reach the moon.  
Look at that tall man  
Shooting at the water can.  
Everyone gave a hoot  
When they shot three pieces of fruit.  
We all shook with fright  
When we heard the might  
Of the sticks of dynamite.

MAURICE DAITZ





## CHAPEL TALK BY MR. MERWIN

On Sunday, August 12, we had a very interesting talk by Mr. Gaius Merwin, Senior. He talked to us on the history of the Chapel. It started out as a rustic kind of chapel made of logs. It had an altar with a giant birch cross on it. He said he still misses the large cross. Then he told us a story about the time they were going along a road and they saw this wall. But a piece of stone was missing from the wall. So they brought it to Mowglis. The man who was building the altar said he would like to add this piece of quartz to the altar, so he took his axe and split it in two. Then Mr. Merwin pointed them out to us. The Chapel has changed a lot since then, but we still have chapel services in it every Sunday.

JUNIOR BENDER

## THE CAMP

The camp itself, which hardly any really think about, is a beautiful place. Almost everyone takes it for granted. They think it is just there; but someone out of his head thought up the camp's plans just for kids to have fun. And really when you stop and think about it, the camp really is a great camp. My favorite place always was chapel. The reason I like the chapel is because it's a place where you can have a chance to think about your friends and what you have achieved since the beginning of the year. Sometimes I like to go and just walk along the camp grounds and see the chipmonks and the trees and wild flowers that might grow there. And I think the camp deserves a long cheer.

RUSS MERWIN

## A REGULAR MOWGLIS NIGHT

We were all trying to get to sleep after Taps and Mr. Oller was out on the writing porch. Then a few minutes after, Dwight Shepard comes up. They start talking and they get out a chess set and drop it on the floor. That makes enough noise! Then Mr. Beal and Mr. Shelness get into the act too, and they're all making a lot of noise. I shouted, "Please be quiet." Then Mr. Beal shines his flashlight at me and says "Platt . . ." Finally they calm down.

TIM PLATT

## THE DEN MICE

Wednesday was the night when,  
The giant bug flew into Den.  
Three inches long from head to tail,  
It made the bravest Dennites quail.  
Richard Morgan, holding a club,  
Went to stalk the giant bug.  
TWAAP, went the club, the bug was dead,  
Then every Dennite lost his head.  
Yelling and screaming and laughing  
with glee,  
The corpse of the bug we went to see.  
But the noise aroused Mr. Boicourt's  
ire —  
He rustled to Den, eyes shot through  
with fire.  
His shouting made us shiver with  
fright,  
There was fear and quaking in Den  
that night!!  
A stomp, a crash, an open door,  
And Mr. Boicourt was gone once  
more.  
A wondrous thing happened then,  
That I hope and pray will happen  
again:  
It was quiet.

HARRY KENDALL



## GETTING READY IN THE MORNING

When reveille blew, everybody got up except me. I just stayed in bed. All the counsellors got Doug Beal. They said they would torture him until I got ready to go to breakfast! They tickled him. I went as fast as I could. When I was almost ready they said, "Go wash your hands and face." I ran to the wash porch and did it. After that they said, "Comb your hair." But it's only half an inch long!

FRANK MCCLELLAND

## A CRITIC'S REVIEW

Last night Toomai performed a skit on the Paris Peace Talks. It turned out to be Toomai vs. Baloo over such issues as the Toomai Dam, and the lack of Sani-Flush in the Mines. I found this skit to be the best of the year so far, and to be much superior to the last fare, such as Akela's Talent Show where people mouthed songs and the Blast Band played one big blast. Congratulations to Toomai for its good entertainment.

RICHARD R. MORGAN





## COSTUME NIGHT THEME SONG

(Tune: "Spoonful of Sugar")

The Mowglis Circus does provide  
A chance for all to go inside  
And watch the animals go 'round and  
'round;

And as the clowns may catch your eye,  
The elephants pass by,

The band, it's grand, but everybody  
knows,

Chorus: That a cage full of mon-  
keys is the nearest thing to  
us,

Have a look and you'll agree!  
The tiger knows what he's about  
As he reflects on those without,  
He only has to play a waiting game:  
For in his heart he understands,

Though WE may give commands,  
It's clear to see, in watching you  
and me,

(Chorus)

Old Charlie Darwin knew it well  
And never feared the truth to tell;  
The multitude were not about to say  
That what old Charlie said was true,  
That it applies to me and you,

But look! you'll see! It's very clear  
to me,

(Chorus)

So let the circus lions roar  
As spotlights play upon the floor;  
Tonight's the night of jubilee!  
And while the bears and panthers  
prance,

The rest of us will dance,

Tonight's the night for everyone to  
see,

(Chorus).

## COSTUME NIGHT

Last night was Costume Night. It was fun. Mike and Tim Coons did a really good tumbling act. There was a "Push-Me-Pull-You," too. After all the acts and everything, we had ice cream cones. Then we went to bed.

WARREN ANDERSON

## TENNIS

Yesterday was the day of the tennis finals. It was exciting and fun. Both played well, but one had to lose.

FRANK MAURAN

## CANDLEBOATS

Tuesday is Mrs. Holt's Day. Birchbarks are going to be handed out. In the evening we will have candleboats. Last year it was a real disaster. I hope it is better this year. My boat is the "Pedro." I sure hope it wins.

PETER VEALE

## INNER CIRCLE

Inner Circle Ceremony was last night. John Chisholm, Nick Davidge, John Woods, Dave Scott, Kevin McCarthy, Alan Dutton, and Harry Kendall were admitted into the circle by Gray Brother, Tim Coons. The staff on Council Rock acted as Baloo, Kaa, and Hathai, speaking for them. Old Inner Circle members put a stick on each new member's fire. I was glad when the ceremony was over because the Cub sitting in my chair finally got off my legs.

PAUL DERVIS

## OUR NEW TROPHY

Each year Mrs. Wright (Gary and Randy Wright's mother) makes the plaques that are given to the graduates and special boys. This year she has done something special. She has made a box which has Mowglis, Baloo, Bagheera, and Akela on top of it. The statues are made of stoneware and have a lot of detail. I think that Mrs. Wright deserves a good hand.

SS Baloo

## Appreciation

The appreciation of Mowglis boys and staff is here expressed to the following friends who have contributed to the success of the 1968 season:

Mr. Clyde Smith, Senior, for his continued interest in the Mowglis trail program in the Cardigan region.

Mr. Clyde Smith, Jr., for sharing his impressive color slides of Vermont.

Mr. Harry O'Connor, for adding still further to the camp communications system.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hulme, for the use of their power boat throughout the season.

Dr. and Mrs. James Reswick, for a generous gift for the 1968 Graduates' Dinner.

Mrs. Philip Hatheway, for flowers for the camp dining rooms.

Professor Emil Weddige, of the University of Michigan, for a thoughtful and stimulating talk at campfire.

Mr. Jerry W. Hakes, for playing the organ for the Candlelight Service.

Mr. Gaius W. Merwin and Colonel Matthew Baird for inspiring talks in chapel.

Colonel Ivan Gibbs and his associates, for an exciting firearms demonstration.

Mrs. William E. W. Howe, for a gift of marshmallows, carried at considerable inconvenience and for a great distance.

Mr. Joseph Ahrens, New Hampshire Department of Safety, for patrolling the racing course on Crew Day.

Mr. Richard Gamble, for an enlightening talk on Nigeria.

The Misses Ruth and Mary Russell, for helping again in the serving of Crew Day refreshments.

Mrs. Stephen Wright, for the handsome Jungle Book animal grouping, personally prepared for Mowglis and presented on Mrs. Holt's Day.

All our friends who have contributed to this issue of the Howl, over and above the regular subscription cost.





## Cub History, 1968

Just as the number of Cubs increased from last year's thirteen to this year's seventeen, the number of sleeping quarters at Cubland also increased. A new tent accommodated the extra boys, and we set to work to renovate last year's log cabin and completely rebuild the tree house begun in 1967.

Our big trips were to Cliff and Belle Islands and at each, having just read *Swiss Family Robinson*, we felt quite resourceful as we feasted on blueberry pancakes and shish-ka-bob cooked on home-made skewers! We also tripped up Mt. Stinson and Bear mountain, rowed up the Cocker-mouth River, paddled to the Hebron beach, slid down Soup Bowl, and dove into Kimball Falls. We even squirmed through Lost River.

Our activities back at Cubland were just as varied, beginning daily with calisthenics and even experimenting with Cub industries. These included fixing up the old ice cream freezer, the tree house construction, trail clear-

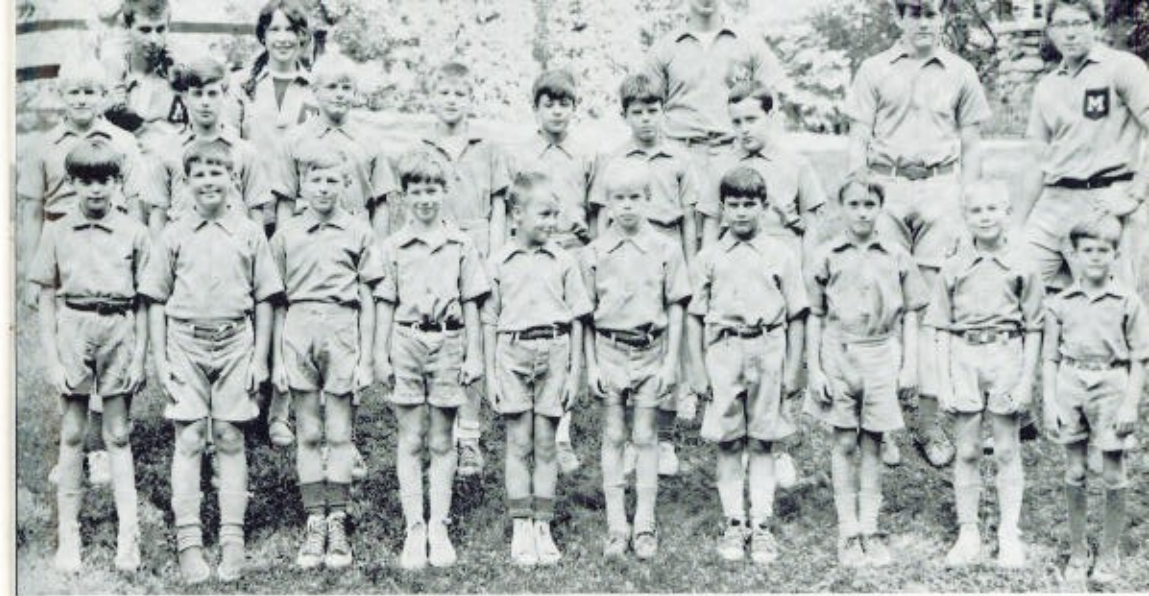
ing, weaving, softball practice, track drill, soccer, and volley-ball. We ventured to the Pack for archery, riflery, swimming, and crafts; but otherwise we were quite self-sufficient.

We found that the seventeen Cubs had many talents. Leigh Goehring's flute, Don Schob's swimming and diving, Dave Kellogg's running, and Chuck Goehring's tetherball were among the most notable. The counsellors had special talents, too, which they shared: Mr. Scott's trombone and swimming, Mr. Williams' story telling, Mr. Jim's harmonica, and Mr. Hennin's building skill.

Campfire building was added as a duty, and we learned to build outstanding evening fires and prepare campfire chats. The last one of the season gave us a chance to discuss our successes and how to overcome our failures in the future.

Cubland in 1968 was an exciting place!

"Cubs of 1968, we salute you!"



### CALISTHENICS

At calisthenics we do "push-ups" and run laps and do "sit-ups" and mountain climbing, and we squat.

CRAIG BENGTON

### KIMBALL FALLS

Last Thursday the Cubs went to Kimball Falls and it was called Heaven.

IAN JACOBUS

### COSTUME NIGHT

Last night was Costume Night. I was an albino ape and was one of the Cub winners. The others were the lion, the strong man, the bear, and the clown.

GUY COBURN

### KIMBALL FALLS

Last Thursday the Cubs went to Kimball Falls. There were big cliffs and small cliffs. Mr. Williams threw his shoe in the water for all the boys to dive for.

ROSS DUGAN

### ISLAND TRIP

On Wednesday we went to Cliff Isle and the Eagles stayed in a shelter and the Jaguars stayed in a tent. Mr. Williams dove off the highest cliff. On the way back Mr. Williams' canoe was having the worst time, and soon Mr. Hennin came and towed us.

CHAD GRIFFITH

### WATER SPORTS

The Cubs had a rowboat race consisting of the Eagles against the Jaguars. We had to paddle with our hands and the Jaguars won.

JONATHAN SHELNESS







### CLIFF ISLE

Wednesday we went to Cliff Isle. When we got there we were soaked. We took off our shoes and socks, then had free time 'til dinner and went to bed. In the morning we went exploring and had breakfast. We went swimming at the cliffs, then we had lunch and rest period. Then we played hide-and-seek before dinner and bed.

TONY SMITH







#### KIMBALL FALLS

Last Thursday we went to Kimball Falls. We had a blast. Some people didn't want to go in the water but I loved it. There was a sign that said "This is Heaven", and it really was. But the first time you go in it's freezing, but once you get used to it it's great.

CHARLES FEUER

#### BELLE ISLE

On Monday the Cubs are going to Belle Isle. Last year the Cubs went twice; this year they are going only once, but for four nights. There is a big rock that we can climb on.

PETER ENGEL

#### RAOUL

Raoul makes camp very fun. He likes to make sounds. He sometimes climbs on the table.

DAVE KELLOGG

#### DISPOSAL

Chad Griffith is the watermelon disposal. He can eat one watermelon in three bites!

GUY COBURN

#### PADDLE BACK

On the way back from Cliff Isle I was in back of Guy Coburn. Every time Mr. Hennin called "Power!" I got water in the face.

JON LOCKE



#### MRS. GIBBS

#### THE TENT

Today Dave Kellogg and Peter Engel moved into the tent. Moving into the tent is a messy job. You have to take everything out by hand.

TONY SMITH

Mrs. Gibbs always sews up everyone's pants, shirts, and socks, if they have a rip in them. Mrs. Gibbs lives in the Jungle House with Mrs. Hart. She came to Mowgli's a few years ago.

CHAD GRIFFITH





### CREW DAY

Yesterday was Crew Day. It was great. We had a parade from Gray Brothers to the Jungle House. Then we had breakfast. In the afternoon we went to the waterfront and saw the races. Blue Crew won. After the race John Woods raised his oar. It was a great day.

JAMES LYNCH

### INSPECTION

On Friday a counsellor from the Pack came and inspected us and two people with the most points would get to eat with the Den and go to the Pack campfire and I won.

DAVID CUMMINGS

### COSTUME NIGHT

The Cubs went to Costume Night as the Cub "Mini-Circus." We were all circus actors and animals. All seventeen Cubs got into Mr. Williams' VW. Mr. Hennin hitched the old wagon to it with a cannon on top.

ROSS DUGAN

### GUN SHOW

Last Sunday we went to the Gibbs farm for a riflery show. We got to ride in Mr. Williams' VW. The rifle team got to skeet shoot. Then the counsellors shot. Mr. Hennin hit it. It was fun.

LEIGH GOEHRING

### COSTUME NIGHT

On Costume Night my brother and I were a two-headed monster. All seventeen Cubs got into Mr. Williams' Volkswagen. Ian Jacobus and Charles Feuer got to go in the trunk.

CHUCK GOEHRING

### BLUE BERRY HUNT

On Monday we went to Belle Isle. We had a blue berry hunt. We gave our berries to Ian and he ate them. We all got mad at him. We had some in our pancakes. They were delicious.

LEIGH GOEHRING

### TREE FORT

The Eagles are working on the tree fort. We are making walls. Mr. Hennin cuts the trees for us.

BRUCE MACDONALD

### SWIMMING

Yesterday we went swimming. The water was cold. Once you got used to it it was not so bad. But I never got used to it.

JAMES LYNCH

### DINNER

At Mowglis the meals are great. Today we had roast beef, french fries, and peas. When you don't like the food they give you two bites and after a while you don't mind it. Sometimes you even like it.

PETER ENGEL

THE DEN  
IN EARLIER YEARS



### COLONEL BAIRD WAS LOOKING AT ME!

I was feeling quite relaxed  
And everything seemed fine,  
'Til Colonel Baird got up to speak  
Down among the pine.  
Until that very moment,  
My conscience was quite clear;  
It seemed that I was having fun  
As I do throughout the year.  
At tetherball I hold my own,  
At croquet beat the rest;  
At fooling with the other boys,  
Boy! Am I the best!  
I love to throw the frisbee,  
And sit around and shout,  
But when it comes to something  
tough,  
Boy, you can count me out!  
I guess I was just dreaming,  
Or swinging at a gnat,  
When Colonel Baird, he pointed  
To the seat on which I sat!

He said the board was broken,  
And in need of some repair;  
If someone would work for Mowglis,  
He could start right there!  
I suddenly felt the urge to help,  
The urge to do some good,  
So I took down the dimensions  
And got a piece of wood.  
I cut it to the proper size  
And painted it just right,  
And nailed it in the proper place,  
Then marveled at the sight.  
I myself had done it!  
Though small the task might be,  
It was a good beginning—  
What's next for dear Mowglis?  
SENSITIVE SOUL BALOO.



MR. BOICOURT  
AND COLONEL BAIRD



## The Trail of the Pack, 1968

WARREN HARRY ANDERSON, JR., 65 Arlington Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island. TOOMAI, 1968.

CHRISTOPHER KIMBALL BAER, 4 Hickory Drive, Rye, New York. AKELA, 1965-68.

DOUGLAS WELCH BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. BALOO, 1966-68.

TODD VOORHEES BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. GRADUATE, 1963-68.

CHRISTOPHER BELLER, 50-38 60th Street, Woodside, New York 11377. PANTHER, 1968.

SINGLETON MITCHELL BENDER, JR., P. O. Box 25, Piney Woods, Mississippi. BALOO, 1968.

CRAIG ALAN BENGTON, 31 Ford Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. CUB, 1968.

KARL ROBERT BENGTON, 31 Ford Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1968.

KURT RICHARD BENGTON, 31 Ford Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. AKELA, 1968.

PETER ANDREW BLIGHT, 3020 Bronson Road, Fairfield, Connecticut. TOOMAI, 1966-68.

ALLYN LARRABEE BROWN, III, RFD 3, Norwich, Connecticut. AKELA, 1968.

PAUL MACDONALD BROWN, RFD 3, Norwich, Connecticut. BALOO, 1968.

JOHN FREDERICK CHISHOLM, East Hebron, New Hampshire 03232. PANTHER, 1963-68.

GUY PIERS COBURN, 7318 S. W. 53rd Place, Miami, Florida. CUB, 1968.

ROBERT STEVENS CONDON, 363 East 76th Street, New York, TOOMAI, 1968.

MICHAEL T. COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, New York. AKELA, 1968.

TIMOTHY STEVEN COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, New York. GRADUATE, 1965-68.

DAVID EUSTACE CUMMINGS, 837 Kimball Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey 07090. CUB, 1967-68.

MAURICE JOSEPH DAITZ, 417 West 120th Street, New York, New York 10027. TOOMAI, 1966-68.

FRED HAROLD DANIELS, Trapelo Road, Lincoln Center, Massachusetts 01773. PANTHER, 1966-68.

NICHOLAS APPEL DAVIDGE, 3933 Fordham Road, Washington, D. C. 20016. GRADUATE, 1964-66, 1968.

PAUL WILLIAM GEORGE DERSIS, 8 Whittier Place, Boston, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1965-66, 1968.

PETER ANDREW DERSIS, 8 Whittier Place, Boston, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1965-66, 1968.

JAMES LAWRENCE DOLAN, Woodgreen Way, Laurel Hollow, New York 11791. PANTHER, 1968.

EDWARD N. DRAPER, 621 Harland Street, Milton, Massachusetts 02186. AKELA, 1968.

JOHN ROSS DUGAN, JR., 114 Beachside Avenue, Southport, Connecticut. CUB, 1966-68.

ALAN JENKINS DUTTON, 159 Fairfax Drive, Warwick, Rhode Island. GRADUATE, 1967-68.

SCOTT ALLISON DUTTON, 159 Fairfax Drive, Warwick, Rhode Island. BALOO, 1967-68.

DEAN MATTHEW ENGEL, Daisy Lane, Merry Hill, Poughkeepsie, New York. TOOMAI, 1967-68.

PETER HOWLAND ENGEL, Daisy Lane, Merry Hill, Poughkeepsie, New York. CUB, 1968.

CHARLES BRINK FEUER, 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton, Massachusetts 02158. CUB, 1968.

CHARLES FREDERICK GOEHRING, 121 Moore Street, Princeton, New Jersey. CUB, 1968.

LEIGH RICHARD GOEHRING, 121 Moore Street, Princeton, New Jersey. CUB, 1968.

JOHN CHADWICK GRIFFITH, JR., 5039 Lowell Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20016. CUB, 1968.

JOSEPH SPENSER GRUBB, JR., 116 Bleddyn Road, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003. TOOMAI, 1967-68.

LOUIS J. HECTOR, JR., 3507 St. Gaudens Road, Coconut Grove, Florida. BALOO, 1968.

PETER CHASE HOWARD, 130 Stuyvesant Avenue, Rye, New York. AKELA, 1966-68.

ROBERT COLLINS HOWE, 4940 Lowell Street, N. W. Washington, D. C. TOOMAI, 1967-68.

GEORGE FOSTER HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1966-68.

RICHARD FITTS HULME, JR., 32 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1967-68.

IAN DAVID JACOBUS, 829 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10021. CUB, 1968.

HOWARD LEIGH JONES, 173 Hany Lane, RFD 3, Rockville, Connecticut. BALOO, 1968.

DAVID WATERS KELLOGG, 620 Williamson Road, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. CUB, 1967-68.

HENRY COCHRAN KENDALL, JR., 9550 Old Bonhomme Road, St. Louis, Missouri 63132. GRADUATE, 1965-66, 1968.



WAYNE DOUGLAS KING, Campton, New Hampshire. PANTHER, 1963-68.

ALAN JONES KIRSCH, 50 Righters Mill Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. BALOO, 1966-68.

SCOTT RICHARD KNIGHT, 1326 Woodland Drive, Marion, Indiana. BALOO, 1968.

JOHN DELBERT KNOTT, JR., Eastern District Road, Danbury, New Hampshire 03230. AKELA, 1965-68.

JONATHAN WINSTON LOCKE, JR., 130 East 63rd Street, New York, New York 10021. CUB, 1968.

JAMES H. LYNCH, JR., 38 South Street, Red Bank, New Jersey. CUB, 1968.

BRUCE SARGENT MACDONALD, 64 Liberty Avenue, Lexington, Massachusetts 02173. CUB, 1966-68.

KEVIN TAIT MCCARTHY, Pulaski Highway, Ansonia, Connecticut 06401. GRADUATE, 1966-68.

FRANK KEPPLER MCCLELLAND, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1964-68.

KEITH W. MCINTOSH, Newtown Turnpike, Weston, Connecticut. AKELA, 1967-68.

PETER BRIAN MARX, 12 Oxford Road, Troy, New York. AKELA, 1966-68.

FRANK MAURAN, IV, 109 Benefit Street, Providence, Rhode Island. TOOMAI, 1967-68.

HENRY HARRISON MERKEL, 282 Corning Drive, Bratenahl, Ohio 44108. AKELA, 1967-68.

RUSSELL TALCOTT MERWIN, 78 Fairview Avenue, Port Washington, New York 11050. AKELA, 1967-68.

STEPHEN BAIRD MINICH, 1105 Manati Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida. BALOO, 1967-68.

MICHAEL MINTZ, 5414 West Media Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. PANTHER, 1968.

DAVID ALEXANDER MITCHELL, 15 Brookdale Road, Glen Cove, New York. AKELA, 1967-68.

EDWARD VAN BEUREN MITCHELL, Cliffdale Road, Greenwich, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1966-68.

RODERICK RITCHARDS MITCHELL, 6207 Washington Avenue, Philadelphia 43, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1968.

HOWARD PERRY MIXTER, 1887 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206. AKELA, 1967-68.

RICHARD RISING MORGAN, North Sandwich, New Hampshire. GRADUATE, 1965-68.

JOHN HALLETT MULLIKEN, III, 5515 Cedar Parkway, Chevy Chase, Maryland. TOOMAI, 1967-68.

CHRISTOPHER TUCH NULTY, 15 Whittier Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1966-68.

NICHOLAS RICHARD NULTY, 15 Whittier Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1967-68.

MITCHELL SCOTT PARMELEE, Holden Road, Pine City, New York 14871. PANTHER, 1968.

CHARLES PLATT, IV, St. Mark's School, Southborough, Massachusetts. TOOMAI, 1967-68.

DON TRACY SCHOB, 104B Birch Circle, Eglin Air Force Base, Florida 32542. CUB, 1968.

DAVID WAYNE SCOTT, 86 White Fall Lane, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. PANTHER, 1967-68.

WILLIAM TORELL SCOTT, 825 Jamaica Road, Schenectady, New York 12309. AKELA, 1967-68.

JONATHAN ARTHUR SHELNESS, RFD 1, South Salem, New York. CUB, 1968.

ANTHONY H. SMITH, 10 Mansion Place, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830. CUB, 1968.

CHARLES CAPEL SMITH, 10 Mansion Place, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830. AKELA, 1965-68.

CHRISTOPHER TREJCHEL SMITH, 10 Mansion Place, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830. TOOMAI, 1966-68.

PERRY MARSHALL SMITH, 11 Rochelle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts. TOOMAI, 1968.

HARRY JOSEPH SOHMER, III, 180 Grace Church Street, Rye, New York. AKELA, 1967-68.

BRADLEY ROBINSON SUTER, Lowell Road, Concord, Massachusetts 01742. AKELA, 1968.

MICHAEL WORTHEN TOBEY, 5 Juniper Street, Wenham, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1967-68.

JAMES ALAN TUEDIO, 284 St. Albans Avenue, South Pasadena, California. GRADUATE, 1967-68.

PETER READ VEALE, 311 Quarry Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania. BALOO, 1967-68.

JAMES GORDON WESTBERG, 240 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1965-68.

MARK WILLCOX, III, Ivy Mills Road, Wawa, Pennsylvania. AKELA, 1966-68.

CHRISTOPHER ERIC WOODS, 40 Park Place, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. TOOMAI, 1968.

JOHN MAYNARD WOODS, 40 Park Place, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. PANTHER, 1966-68.

GARY EUGENE WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, New York 11780. PANTHER, 1962-68.



## Mowglis Staff, 1968

WILLIAM BAIRD HART, B.A., LL.B. (Yale), 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut 06401.

MRS. WILLIAM BAIRD HART, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut 06401.

\* \* \* \* \*

JAMES E. BOICOURT (Amherst), Assistant Director, 43 Butterfield Terrace, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002.

STUART B. JONES, B.A., M.A. (Oberlin), Assistant Director, 173 Hany Lane, RFD 3, Rockville, Connecticut.

\* \* \* \* \*

### PACK STAFF

TERRY G. GREEN (Yale), Canoeing, P.O. Box 1, Grayville, Illinois.

PHILIP BRUCE HART, B.A. (Franklin and Marshall), Rifflery, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut 06401.

BRUCE SUTHERLAND HULME (University of Vermont), Swimming, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts.

MRS. STUART B. JONES, B.A. (Oberlin), Crafts and Personnel Office, 173 Hany Lane, RFD 3, Rockville, Connecticut.

KEVIN KANE (Dartmouth), Crew, 22 Spring Hollow Road, Centerport, New York 11721.

JUDSON BEMIS CONANT KENDALL (Harvard), Swimming, 9550 Old Bonhomme Road, St. Louis, Missouri 63132.

STUART FORDAM KLEIN, B.S.D. (University of Michigan), Art, Personnel Records, 55 Glasco Turnpike, Woodstock, New York.

PHILIP WILLIAM LYMAN (Eastern Michigan University), Swimming, 5395 Hickory Bend, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

ARTHUR GREENLEAF OLLER (Andover), Swimming, 4221 Holburn Avenue, Annandale, Virginia.

ANDREW A. POPINCHALK (St. Francis), Tennis, RFD 1, Norwich, Connecticut.

PAUL BRENT POPINCHALK (Worcester Polytechnic Institute), Trips, RFD 1, Norwich, Connecticut.

DAVID GOODWIN RITTENHOUSE, Trips, 72 Palmer Street, Pawcatuck, Connecticut.

ROGER MANNING SMITH (Trinity), Personnel Office, Library, 11 Rochelle Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

STEPHEN GEORGE UNDERWOOD, B.A. (Hamilton), Tripmaster, 134 Woodbine Road, Roslyn Heights, New York.

EUGENE G. WELSCH, B.A. (Springfield), Watermaster, 1765 Old York Road, Abington, Pennsylvania.

### CUB COUNCIL

PATRICE M. HENNIN, B.A. (Tufts), Cub Director, Star Route, Nottingham, New Hampshire.

PATRICIA HENNIN, B.A. (Tufts), Cub Director, Star Route, Nottingham, New Hampshire.

ARTHUR GRANVILLE SCOTT III, (Babson Institute), Hampstead Road, Chester, New Hampshire.

STUART E. WILLIAMS (Hamilton), 13 Colvin Road, Scarsdale, New York.

### FIRST YEAR ASSISTANTS

MICHAEL GAUUS MERWIN, 78 Fairview Avenue, Port Washington, New York.

### AIDES

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

HENRY ROBERT COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, New York.

JAMES FRANKLIN HART, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut 06401.

JONATHAN FITTS HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts.

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

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

DWIGHT BURGE SHEPARD, 21 Hillside Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

RANDOLPH BROOKS WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, New York.

### SPECIAL STAFF

MRS. KARL BENGTON, R.N., 31 Ford Street, Ansonia, Connecticut 06401.

MYRON C. BRALEY, Superintendent, Hebron, New Hampshire 03241.

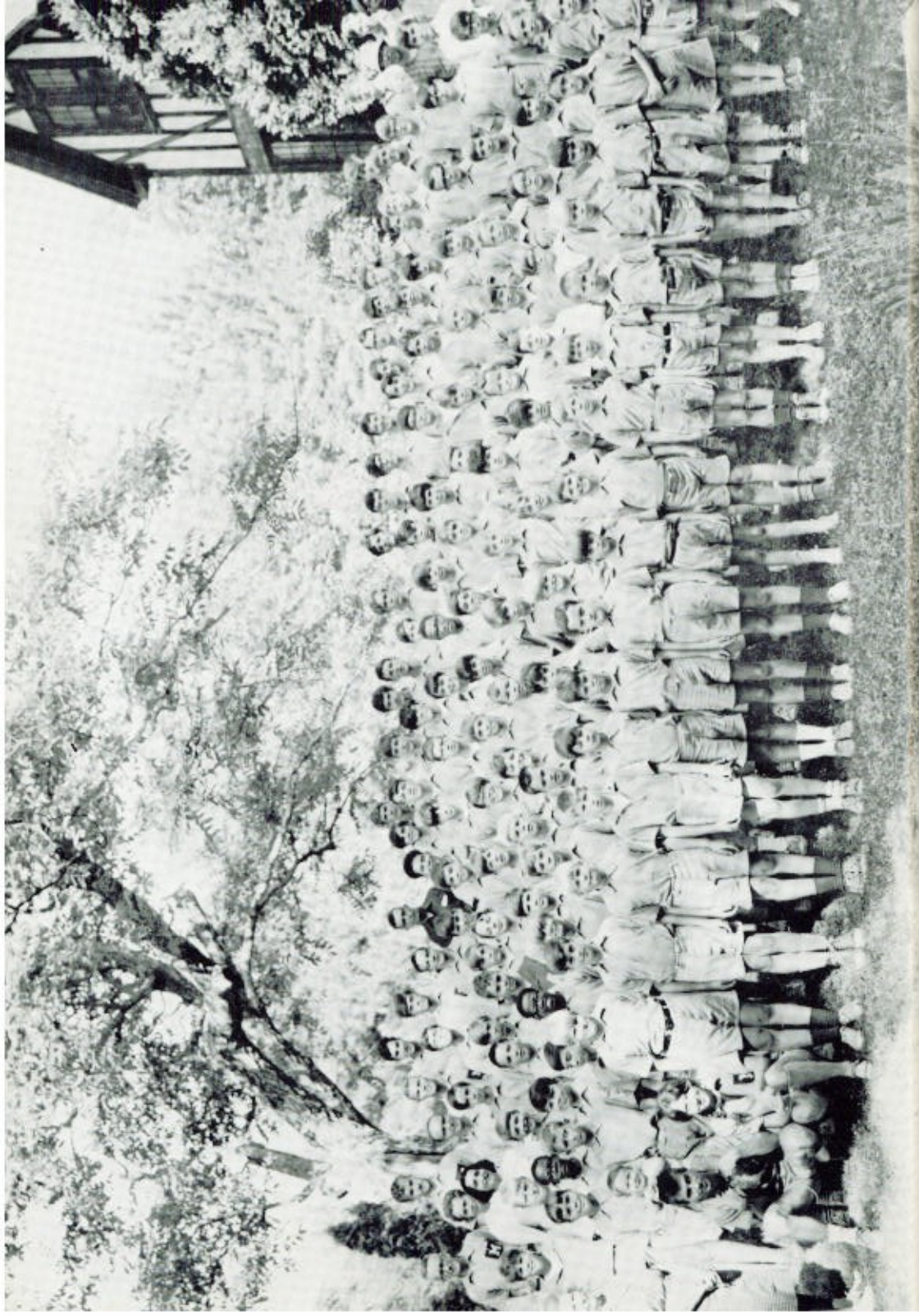
MRS. GEORGE D. GIBBS, Hebron, New Hampshire 03241.

### KITCHEN STAFF

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

LEE ALLEN LINTHICUM, JR., B.S. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology), 5718 Everett Street, Amarillo, Texas.





James Messing 1968

Peter Lewis  
Jim Tiedie  
Chris Mully