

HEADQUARTERS

Headquarters
'80



THE
MOWGLIS
HOWL
1967

THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

VOLUME XLVI

1967

TO KEEP THE COMRADESHIP AND THE MEMORY OF THE PACK



1967

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

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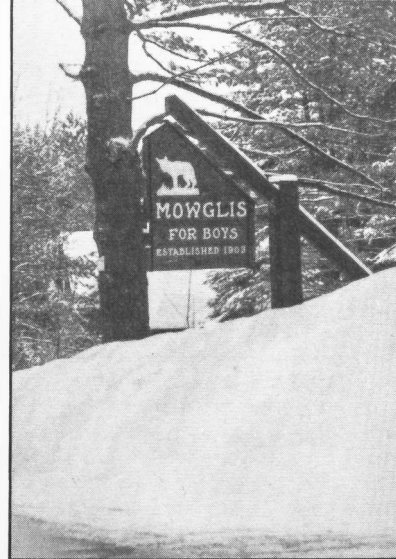
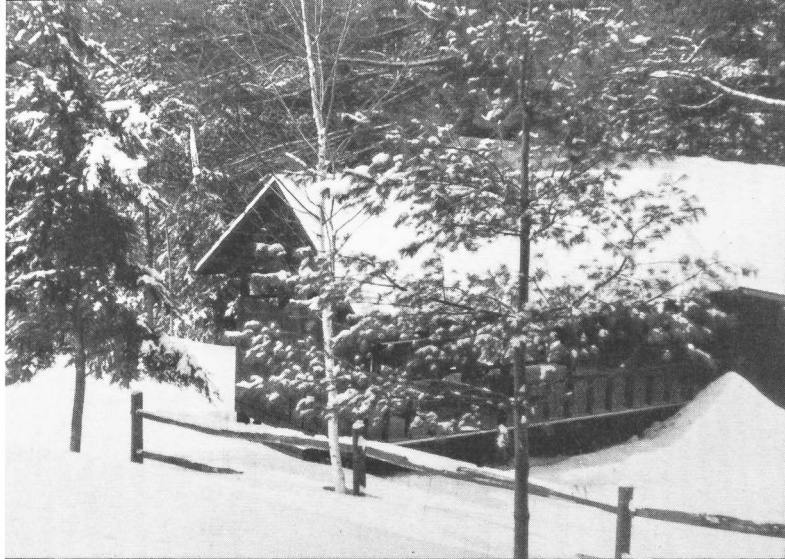
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"We be of one blood, brothers!"

Mowglis Pack History, 1967

A long drought of the past two summers was finally ended by this year's rainy season. The typical weather forecast was "more of the same" and the "same" was cloudy and warm with possible showers if it wasn't already raining! The Den went blissfully out for a Huck Finn sojourn on the Saco River. The first night they bedded down under starry skies with the river gently lapping beside them. Their idyllic delusion was punctured by an early morning shower and the tents they had put up were soon over-crowded and collapsing. By daybreak the mighty conquerors' high aspirations had been turned into a sodden mass of arms, legs, tents, heads, sleeping bags, and other sundry items.

Fortunately most trips met with better success. Although few if any could really be said to have enjoyed good weather, none of the others was forced to make an early and ignominious return to camp. If Mr. Underwood was unable to make each trip sunny and bright, he at least held the rain reasonably at bay with his magic talisman, "Ralph", while he made Mama Undy Sauce for spaghetti. If anything, the trip schedule proved that a successful trip does not depend on the weather. The first Den Squadron on the Franconia Range enjoyed zero visibility and a

good downpour as they elbowed their way through the tourists in the Flume on the last leg of their journey, but back in the mountains they managed to hold their own against other backpacking groups, fed wild rabbits, picked up a stray cat or two, and came back generally enthusiastic. Other trips, not too surprisingly, conquered Cardigan, bagged wild blueberries on Bear, captured the flag on Belle and Cliff, and looked for places to sit among the refuse and Girl Scouts on top of Chocorua. Back in the "good old days" meeting another hiking group was unusual. Now Mowglis are lucky to avoid traffic jams, and they have to count on enough food to help feed the poorly prepared camps that stumble into their campsites.

On Mowglis grounds the collision-quotient is rising as well, as the Denites bulge over and are forced to take a somewhat less than reluctant abode in Little Den, much to the dismay of the Junior Staff.

The "regular Mowglis day" continues on its relentless path, though certain members still approach General Soak with little relish. The industries maintain their output of sailors, gunmen, Robin Hoods, bugle blowers, artisans, etc., as they have for centuries with only small changes. The Wood Pussy, for example, makes

a triumphant return from dry dock under the skilled craftsmanship of Mr. Clark, and even the Trident floats briefly before settling comfortably on the sandy bottom of the waterfront. Gimp lives again on Mowglis grounds to the eternal wrath of the staff, and the "Mystery of the Day" board makes its long heralded appearance in the nature department.

Special events are as regular as ever. Costume Night moved to Arabia to celebrate the Arab-Israeli war, and Crew Week explodes with calculated frenzy. Mr. Boicourt makes a special guest appearance as "Pierre", Canada's Paul Bunyan, and the Red Crew counters by winning.

The special moments, too numerous to mention, come so fast upon one another that they are forgotten all

too quickly and consigned to an undeserved oblivion. Most of these moments all enjoyed and lost before they have a chance to be recorded in a "Howl" are caught by a camera. Even Crew Week fades all too soon, and boys on the following Sunday faced with a blank sheet of paper and the demand for a howl may well say there is nothing to write about. What is left when the particulars of a given day have been forgotten is what no one can write about adequately, and that is the memory for the whole quality of a summer, a sense of shared feelings and moments, no matter how ill-defined, and that is what this summer has already started to become, because with the sailing of candleboats on Newfound, the summer of 1967 is over.

MOWGLIS, 1967,

WE SALUTE YOU!



THE
TRUSTEES,
JULY, 1967

Front row, l. to r., Weston C. Pullen, Jr., Harry A. Poth, Jr., Mrs. Alcott Farrar Elwell, Richard B. Beal, William B. Hart (Director), Lockwood Merriman. Back row, Colonel Matthew Baird, Donald E. Cummings, William I. MacDonald, Gaius W. Merwin, Jr., Fred I. Kent, II, John Bridgewater, J. Tyson Stokes. (Not present, H. J. Heinz, II, and Joseph G. Beckford).



GRADUATES OF 1967

Front row, l. to r., Henry Coons, Jonathan Hulme, Jim Hart.
Second row, Dwight Shepard, Greg Shelness, Bob Merwin, Peter Berking, Randy Wright.
Third row, Barry Curran, Jim van Schaick, Terry Hopkins, Andy Stewart, Steve Punderson, Barry 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

With the completion of the fifth Mowglis season under the Holt-Elwell Foundation, it seems timely to express appreciation to all Mowglis alumni and friends for their loyalty and help; and it seems fitting to re-print the following excerpts from the 1962 *Howl*, prepared then as an announcement of the Foundation's hopes and purposes.

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

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



THURSDAY, OPENING DAY

Today we were called to Grey Brothers Field to take part in Opening Day ceremonies. Everyone in the Camp was present. First, all the counsellors were introduced. Then announcements were read. Then came the impossible sixteen straight blasts from the cannon, and NO rejects! After assembly we had free time. Everyone took advantage of it. After free time we had dinner, which managed to control our angry stomachs. After dinner came more free time. Then came Taps. A long booming day came to an end.

JIM TUEDIO

HONEY

Mr. Kinzie took two boys and me to see some bees. We had some honey and it was good! Mr. Kinzie and another boy got stung, but I didn't.

CHRIS HEDGES

MY LUCKY BROTHER

Yesterday at 'heights and weights' Chris Howard had to cut nails, and he cut some kids' too short. When we got back to the dorm, the kids who had their nails cut, hurt. So please don't let my brother cut nails!

PETER HOWARD

AN INSPECTION POINT

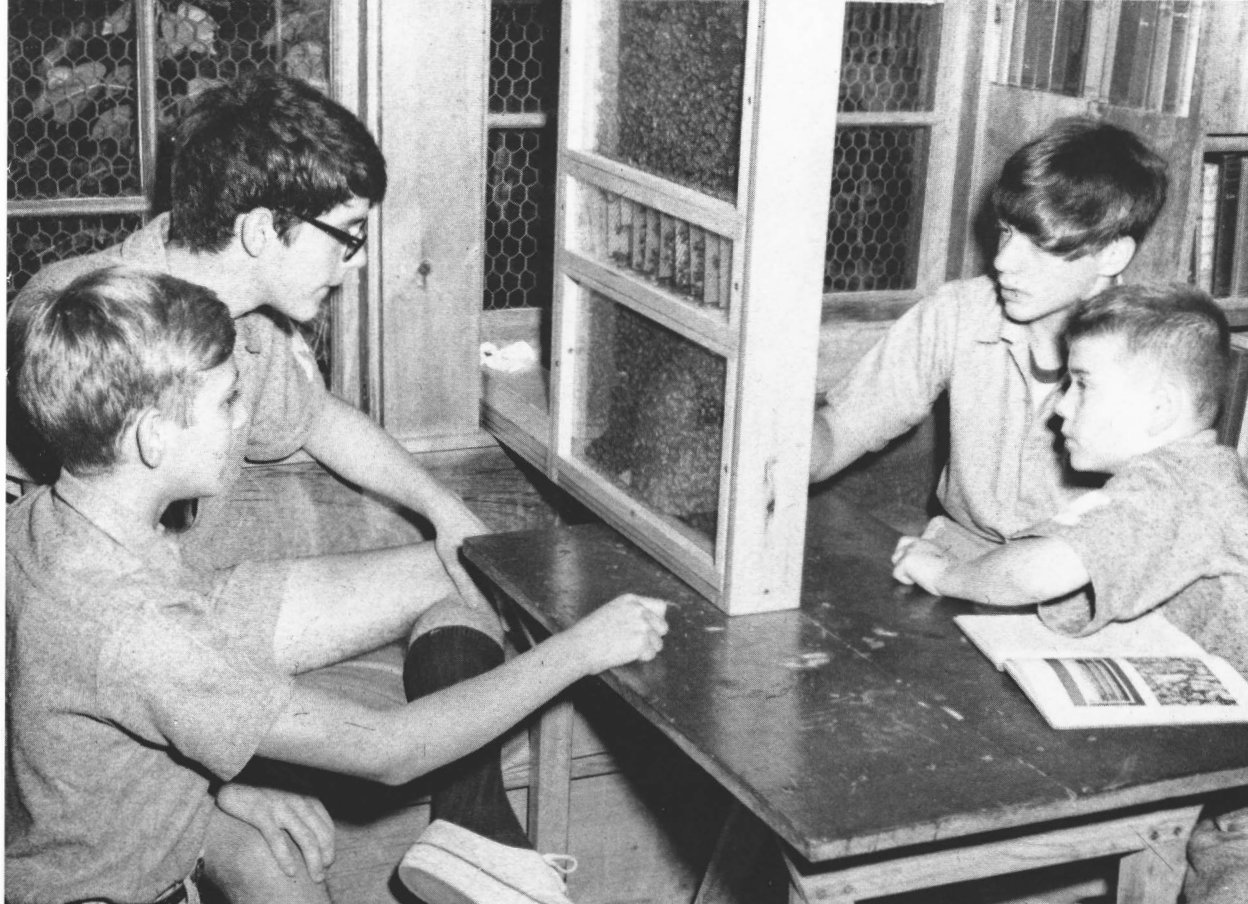
Friday night, since we were noisy, we had an extra long relax and had only ten minutes to clean up for inspection. Everybody made their beds quickly and swept. Inspection blew and we were inspected. We all thought it was a good inspection. Then at dinner, Mr. Kinzie announced that we were the only dorm to get a point!

GEORGE HULME

FRIDAY NIGHT

We saw a movie. Dr. Backus took the movies in the 1940's. The films were about birds. We saw a picture of an owl that Dr. Backus had. It was a good movie.

MARCY WATSON



MOWGLIS LIBRARY,
OBSERVATION HIVE

BEE-WARE

After dinner Mr. Kinzie and I went to look at his large bee hive behind the wood shed. When we got there the bees were flying around outside the hive. He said they were not grouchy and they wouldn't sting you. To prove his point, he let a bee walk on his finger and it didn't sting him. Then he lifted up the top of the hive and we saw the bees walking on the combs. Then he put the cover on again. He was glad the bees weren't in a bad mood. Then he took the cover off again and about 30 bees came flying out at us. Mr. Kinzie got stung about three or four times and I almost fainted (I didn't get stung). I never ran so fast! Mr. Kinzie had about six bees hanging out the back of his pants. Then he brushed them off. What a stinging experience!

TIM COONS

REVEILLE

When the sun just rises and the dorm is silent, I always watch the tree-filled sky turn from gray to white and from white to yellow. Suddenly reveille sounds, and the campers start to wake to another day.

TAD HITCHCOCK





1967
WASHINGTON
SQUAD

THE COCKERMOUTH CANOE TRIP

Thursday, part of Akela left in seven canoes for the Cockermouth River. It was rough going until we got to the river. We had to lift the canoes over some sand. Then we got up to the bridge near the Gibb's Farm and stopped to have lunch. After lunch everybody but three went to the Gibbs' farm. We saw Mrs. Gibbs and she said we could do anything we wanted to in the field. We ran to the field and collected the extra skeet left over from the gun show. I got ten and gave away two. Then we went looking for balloons. After that we collected all the piles of hay and put them into one big pile. Then we jumped into it. After we did that Mrs. Gibbs gave us home made buns and some candy. After that we got ready to go and finally left. Some of us got blood suckers on us. We were thinking of going to Gray Rocks Beach but didn't and came straight back to Mowglis.

MIKE TOBEY

JUST LAZIN' AROUND

On top of Bear Mt. we all had to pick blueberries. We each had to have at least three-quarters of a cup of blueberries. Since Mr. Ted DiMasi is my friend, and picked more than enough blueberries, I hardly had to pick any. I got to watch everybody else work.

DAVID ROOT

BLUEBERRIES ON PLYMOUTH

Last trip day, we went to Plymouth Mt. When we got to the top, we had the biggest and plumpest blueberries you ever saw! Everyone was going around trying a blueberry patch and keeping it as long as possible. Then Chris Baer and I with some people behind us went to look for one. When we came to the biggest patch you ever saw we were surprised. Then the other people came to help us eat them, but we kept it secret as long as we could. When it came time to go back to camp, we had enough for the whole camp (in our stomachs?). We were very unhappy when we had to go back to camp.

RUSS MERWIN

MT. CROSBY

Last Thursday, we went up Crosby. The blueberries were great! It was fun going up, but the fun really started when we were about 100 feet down. Someone fell, whose name I won't mention. Mr. Blevins had to carry him all the way down. That's a day I'll never forget!

HARRY SOHMER

BLUEBERRY CAKE

When Toomai got to the top of Bear Mt., Mr. Phil suggested to collect blueberries, so Ralph could maybe make us some blueberry pie. Instead, Mrs. Hart made blueberry cake.

NICK NULTY

CLIFF ISLE

Monday, Baloo went to Cliff Isle by way of war canoe. It took us about an hour to get there. When we got there we formed a line and passed our duffels up to the camp site. We set up our tents and went to bed at about nine o'clock. We woke up at seven and had breakfast and later on a lunch of Yuk and Jelly sandwiches, and later on a real good dinner. The next morning we cleaned up the camp site, swam off of the cliffs and left for Mowglis. I thought it was a good trip.

CHIP SMITH

THE TOUGH BREED

The Tough Breed was founded by Greg Shelness, Jim Hart and Mr. Underwood on July 18, 1967. Since its time of creation it has initiated two more members: Henry Coons and Bill Boicourt (not Jim). One of the aims of this organization is to do away with Rice Krispies and Cheerios and encourage the use of Wheaties and Stax. The only way to get in this organization is to eat bowls of Stax cereal.

GREG SHELNESS

JIM HART

STEPHEN UNDERWOOD

A POEM

Fall has fell,
Spring has sprung,
Now that Summer is here,
Mowglis has begun.

PETER VEALE

MY BEE HIVE

In my bureau I have a bee hive. Lots of kids in the dorm have seen bees coming and going. I almost got stung. What a feeling, especially when I am allergic to bees!

DOUG BEAL

OFF FOR
THE ISLANDS!





PANTHER WITH
MR. BLEVINS
AT GREELEY POND

OSCEOLA

Last Monday we left for Greeley Ponds Shelter, without Marcy Watson or Kevin McCarthy. When we got to the trail, we got off the truck and started up a muddy trail. When we got there, Mr. Underwood had one black and one white sock. Some other people were at the hut, and we had to pitch tents. We climbed up and down Osceola and East Peak. It was a good trip.

RICHARD MORGAN

BLUEBERRY PICKING

On the summit of Plymouth Mt., Peter Howard and myself went out with Mr. Ulery on a hunt for blueberries. Since I didn't especially like blueberries, I gave all mine to Mr. Ulery. We discovered some patches nobody had ever found before. Some were a quarter inch in diameter! By the time we got back to the summit we had a half a bag of blueberries! That night Mr. Ulery had a whole bowl full of blueberries for counselors' supper!

PERRY MIXTER

DEN PEMI PEAKS TRIP



DEN SACO TRIP

As Den set out on the Saco trip Tuesday, I thought, "What a great trip this will be." It was a beautiful day. After about three hours of paddling, we arrived at our campsite on Lovewell Pond, which was more like a lake. We set up tarps, had soak, had dinner then cocoa and popcorn, and then went to bed. At about two o'clock in the morning it started to rain really hard and six people piled into our four-man tarp. Everything and everyone was sopped. Hardly anyone got any sleep. Mr. Underwood and Mr. Merwin decided that we would all leave. A depressing ending to what could have been a great trip.

TERRY HOPKINS



WOODSMAN'S DAY

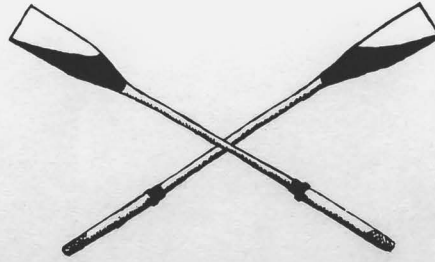
Last week was Woodsman's Day. There were many events. Boiling, setting up tents for speed and originality, pancake flipping, first aid, and many other things. Our team came in second.

CHRIS NULTY



CREW

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



RED RACING CREW

Henry Coons	Bow
Randy Wright	2
Terry Hopkins	3
Peter Berking (Captain)	4
Steve Punderson	5
Jonathan Hulme	Stroke
Timothy Coons	Cox

FIRST FORM RED

Wayne King	Bow
Barry Curran	2
Bruce McIntosh	3
Richard Morgan	4
Stuart Carothers	5
Geoff Nolin	Stroke
Peter Burke	Cox

SECOND FORM RED

Kevin McCarthy	Bow
Peter Veale	2
Marcy Watson	3
Ed Mitchell	4
Jim Westberg	5
Fred Daniels	Stroke
Ed Goodman	Cox

THIRD FORM RED

Gary Wright	Bow
Larry Berking	2
Rick Hulme	3
Chris Baer	4
Keith McIntosh	5
George Hulme	Stroke
Chipper Smith	Cox

BLUE RACING CREW

Greg Shelness
Dwight Shepard
Robert Merwin (Captain)
Barry Beal
Jim Van Schaick
Jim Hart
Todd Beal

FIRST FORM BLUE

Brian Osborne
John Woods
Peter Bull
Robin Wales
Reinhard Rother
Andy Stewart
Simon Hare

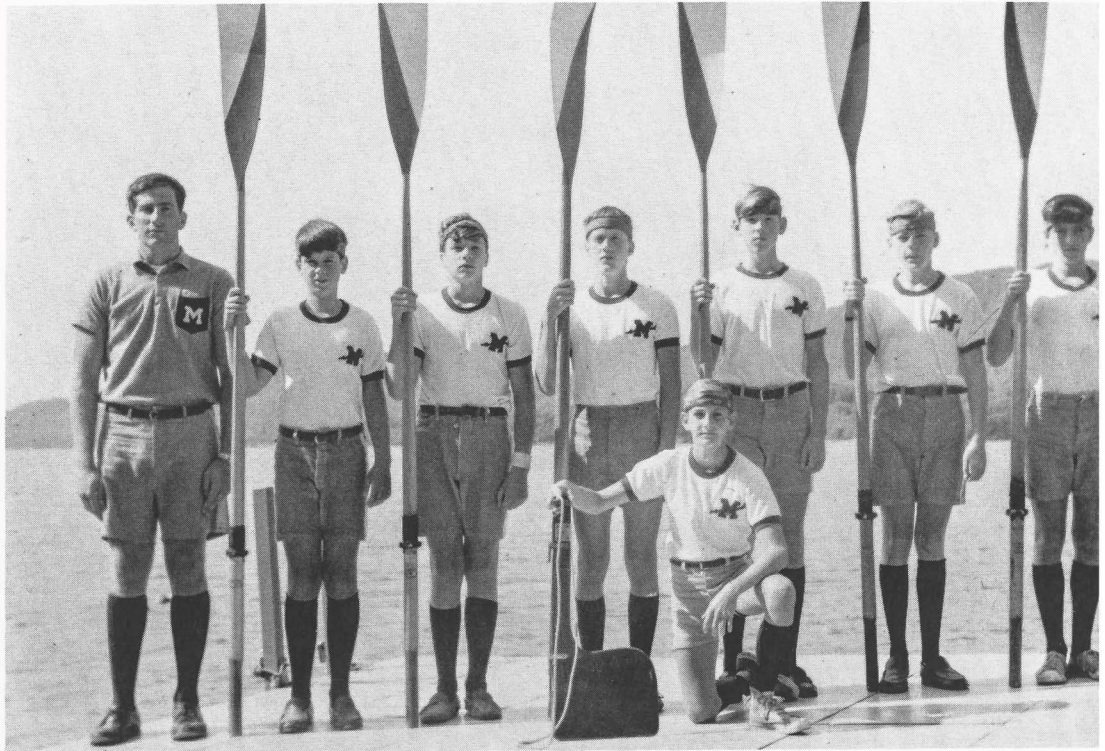
SECOND FORM BLUE

Nat Wales
John Chisholm
Bob Root
Tad Hitchcock
Christ Nulty
Dave Scott
Peter Marx

THIRD FORM BLUE

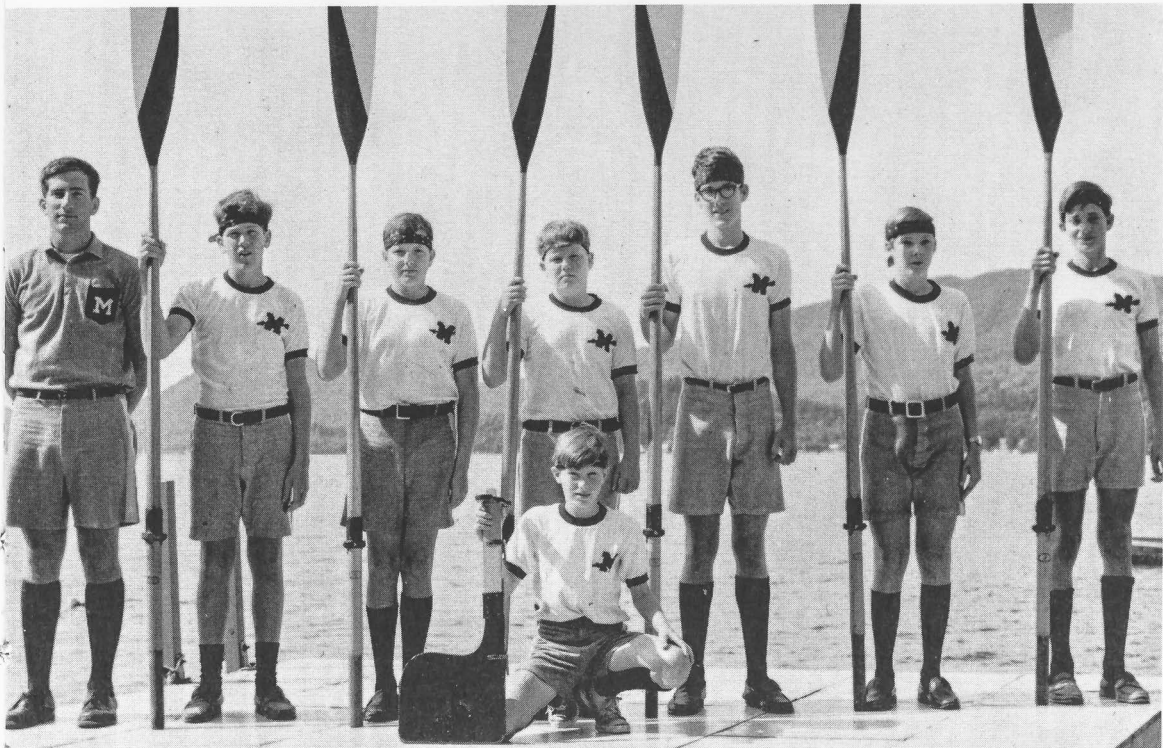
Mike Tobey
Russ Merwin
Dave Mitchell
Perry Mixer
Mark Willcox
Harry Sohmer
Jim Tuedio

Coach: Mr. Norman Kinzie



THE RED RACING CREW

THE BLUE RACING CREW





STOPPING THE SWEEP

Yesterday was Crew Day. I was on the Second Form, and we prevented a Red Clean Sweep. The Red Racing Crew won by a half of a length.

SCOTT VEALE

CREW WEEK

This week there was a big rivalry between the Red and the Blue. There were crew rallies, and count-offs at meals. Mr. Clark was Red Crew leader and Mr. Boicourt was Blue Crew leader. On Saturday morning everyone had a poster and paraded to the dining hall. Finally, afternoon came and the Red won.

BILL SCOTT

CREW PRACTICE

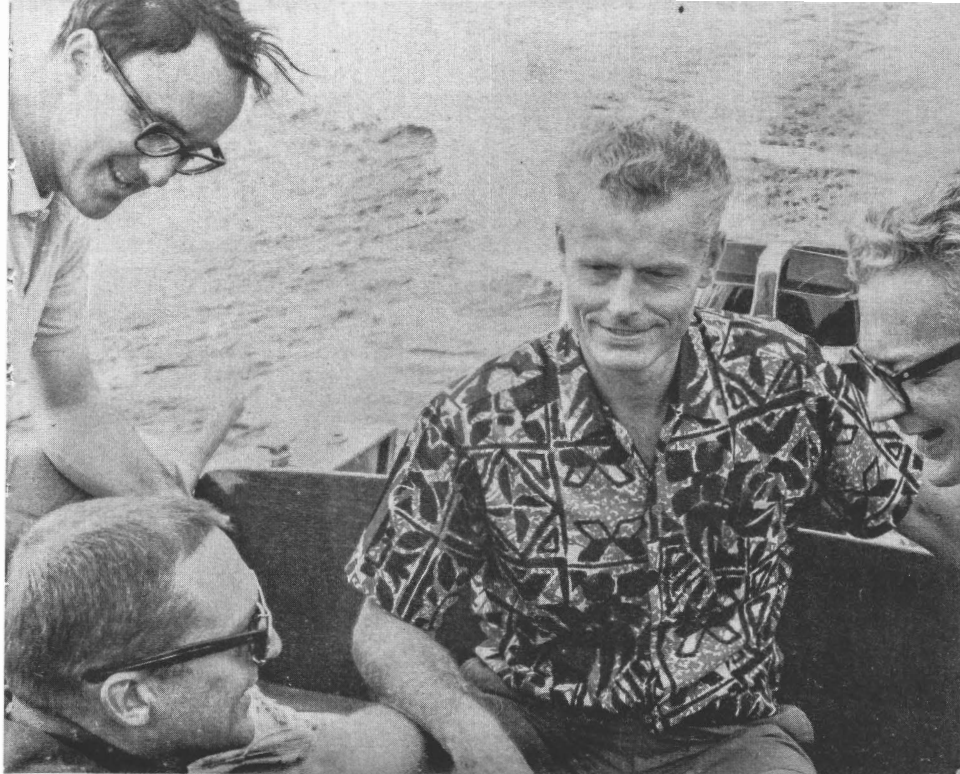
Last night we had a crew practice. It was a great night for rowing, and there was a great sunset. Mr. Kinzie had a canoe paddle, and while he was going about twenty-five miles an hour in the motor boat, he made pretend he was rowing. It was really funny. We did the course once, and after we finished, Steve Punderson said, "Let's do it again." So, we did it again and when we got in, we had a short swim. It was a real good practice.

TIM COONS

CREW DAY

Crew racing takes skill and knowledge. It is also fun. At the end, some people may be disappointed and some may be happy. But somebody has to win and somebody has to lose. Even if you lose, you tried your best.

STEPHEN MINICH

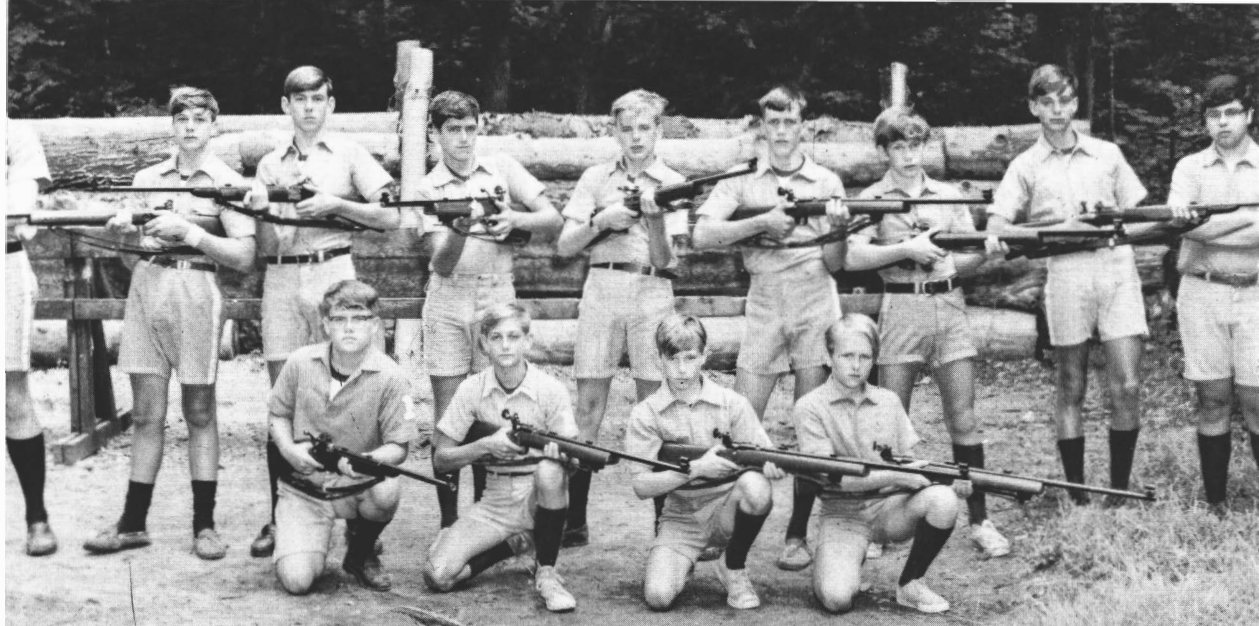


CREW DAY JUDGES
Messrs. Beal, Punderson, Merwin, Berking.



CREW DAY CLIMAX





SENIOR RIFLE TEAM

RIFLE TEAMS

This year there are two rifle teams. The Junior and the Senior. The Junior team consists of Akela, Baloo and Toomai, captained by Keith McIntosh. The Senior Team is from the two older dorms, Panther and Den, captained by Randy Wright. This year, both teams show real talent and promise to bring Mowglis up from fourteenth in the Nationals.

JOHN WOODS

THE JUNIOR RIFLE TEAM

The Rifle Team meets during soaks (sign up and compulsory). We shoot ten-bull targets mainly, in competition with the NRA. Mowglis placed fourteenth last year out of a few thousand rifle camps. Mr. Phil said the team may have privileges such as Skeet Shooting.

NAT WALES

JUNIOR RIFLE TEAM



BRAINWASHED?

Sunday is the day when counsellors change dorms. Baloo got Mr. Phil, Teddy DiMasi, and Mr. Merwin. Everybody thinks Mr. Phil is a meany but I don't think so, — and besides, why would everybody love to go down to the Rifle Range? They are all brainwashed because he's a good guy. So are the other counsellors in the dorm.

RICK HULME

TRIP DAY

Thursday we climbed Mt. Firescrew and then Mt. Cardigan. On top of Cardigan we explored the cliffs and had lunch. Ed found a cave sort of place, and then we climbed the fire tower. The view was beautiful. After that we climbed down the mountain. When we finished we'd walked 4.6 miles.

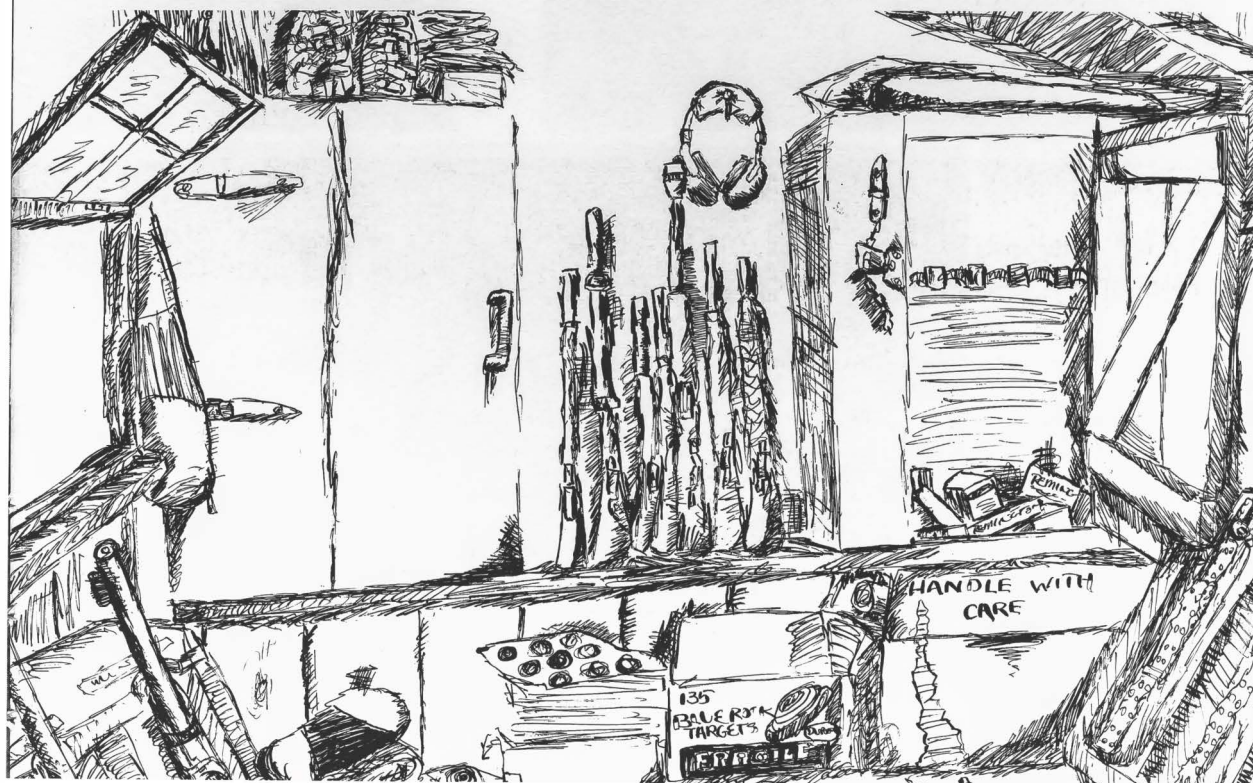
JOHN CHISHOLM

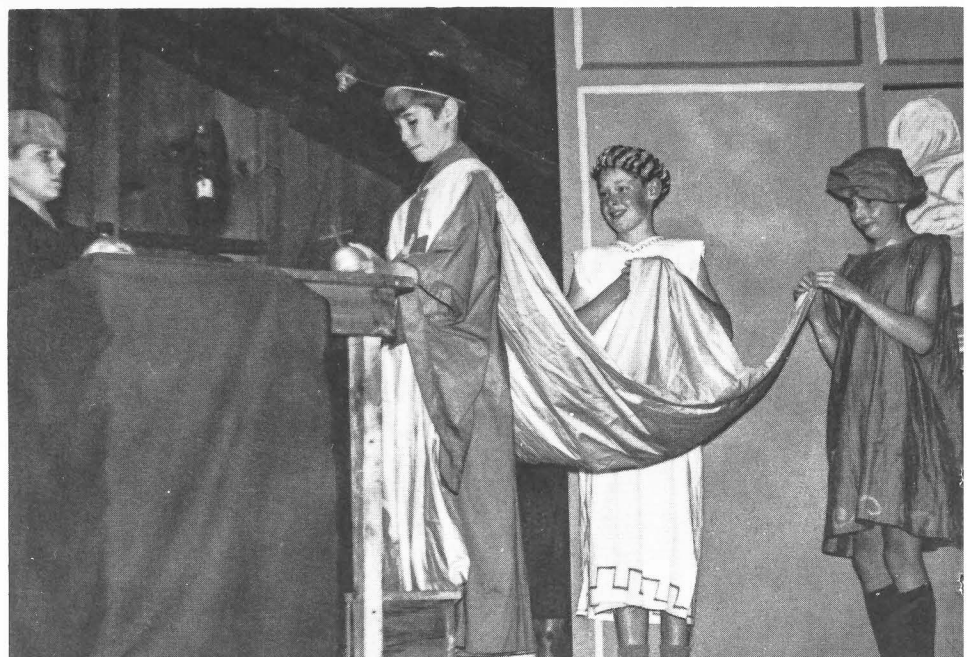
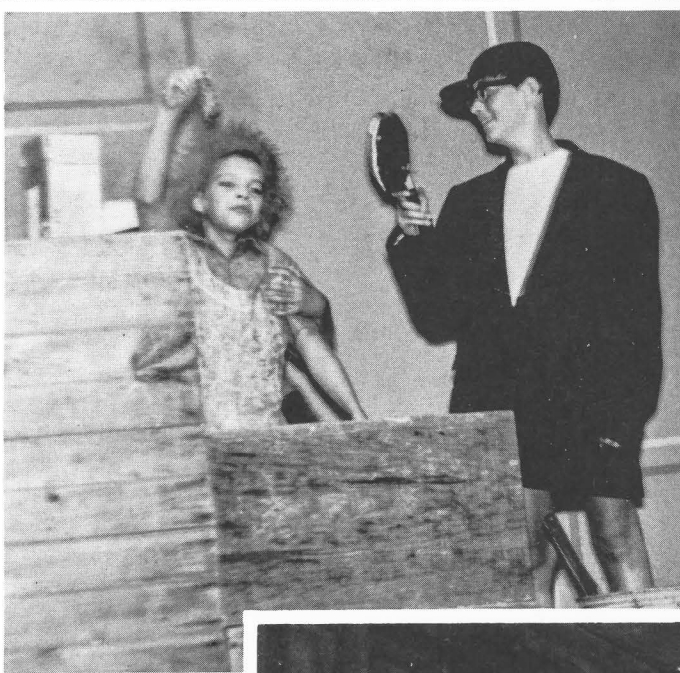
THE SKEET SHOOTING CLUB

I enjoy the Skeet Shooting Club more than any other club in Camp. Contrary to popular belief, very little skill is necessary. Mr. Phil thinks it's just plain luck, whether or not you hit one. (Which it definitely is.) Mr. Phil has not hit one skeet yet, however. The most annoying thing about it is waiting for Mr. Phil to throw a good skeet. Eighty per cent of the time it either shatters when he flings it, or it goes way out of the area in which we are allowed to shoot the skeet. Usually we use a 16 gauge shotgun, but today we tried a .410, which has very little kick, but is less accurate. We also tried some small skeet. Another funny thing is that Lenny DiMasi is always telling us how to do everything so well, but usually it never works. All I have left to say for the Skeet Club is *We Try Harder*.

PETER BERKING

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH
BY BRUCE McINTOSH





THE JUG BAND

Last night the Jug Band played at the Music Show. It consisted of two guitars, played by Messrs. Clark and Hopkins, spoons, a washtub bass, and comb. They played three selections: "Billy Baggins Blues," "Old Joe Clark," and "Parchment Farm." The excellent comb player was received with applause for his variations and improvisations on all three selections. It was a good band.

BRIAN OSBORNE

SKITS

Last night was skits. The best skit was performed by Akela. They called it "Shake-N-Bake." Stu Carothers was very funny when he used a duffel bag as a "handy shaker bag." When he put it in the oven the chicken started smoking and engulfed everyone in a cloud of gray smoke.

NAT WALES

SATURDAY NIGHT AT GRAY BROTHERS

Last night, professional players came to Mowglis, and acted out their own production of the story, "The Devil and Daniel Webster". It was an excellent show! They combined pantomime and acting into their own technique and just about everyone thought it was great. In fact, it was their one hundred and nineteenth production! Anyway, there was a question period at the end of the show, and a few good ones were asked; but one famous one, asked by Louie Coons, was a hilarious ending for a spectacular performance: "Are you married?"

PETER BULL

THE DEN VARIETY SHOW

Last night, Saturday, the Pack was privileged in seeing the Den Variety Show. This was a show put on by the Den. It consisted of first Peter Berking playing two pieces on the piano. I thought he did it quite well. Then Jim Van Schaick came out and exhibited his great talent of being a comedian. After Jim made us laugh for a while, more of the Den put on a skit called "Bill Tell!" This was a sick take-off on William Tell. The evening was concluded with some songs from a group that some of the Den organized. I thought that it was a great program.

ED MITCHELL

MOVIE NIGHT

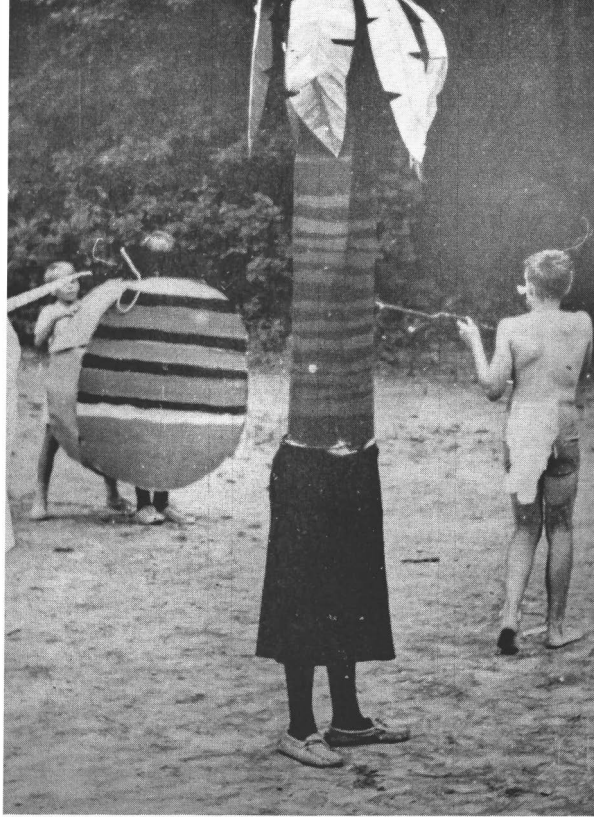
Friday night we saw "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." It was about a group of British soldiers who were ordered to surrender to the Japanese. They were sent to a prison camp and forced to build a bridge across the River Kwai. The bridge was in turn blown up by other Britishers, and the movie ended. I hope Mowglis can get such fine films in the future.

DWIGHT SHEPARD

THE DEN VARIETY NIGHT

First they started out with Peter Berking playing the piano. He played two very good pieces. Then Jim Schaick put on a very good show as a driving instructor. Den did a play about Bill Tell. When the variety show was almost over, the Den quartet came out and sat on the piano and sang two songs. All in all, I think the show was very good.

JOHN KNOTT



SKIT NIGHT

Last night we had skit night where all the dorms had to put on a skit. The skit I was in was not the greatest; but I had a lot of fun.

GEOFF NOLIN

THE FANCY DRESS BALL

The theme of the Fancy Dress Ball was "The Song of the Sahara," and boy! — it was really great. But boy! After the Fancy Dress Ball! Everybody who had make-up on had to go to the shower room and try to get it all off. Boy! Would you believe what I had to go through? Mr. Ulery had to scrub me a long time, and when I got back from the shower room, I was glad, because it was a long time after Taps.

ELLIOT TITUS

THE FANCY DRESS BALL

Yesterday was the Fancy Dress Ball. Some people painted themselves all black and then didn't win anything. Some of the people were Cleopatra and her court, a can of Raid, and a King and all his wives. We all had fun and had ice cream at the end.

TODD BEAL

COSTUME NIGHT

Gray Brothers was decorated with crepe paper on the front and the really nice murals that Mr. Ross and Mrs. Wickstrom painted. I thought it was a very nice night, and I thought that the Council show was very good. I don't think that many people knew about that hole up through the stairs! I think the parents enjoyed last night too. They liked the campers' costumes. They were really laughing. I was in the Glee Club, and I think that they did like that.

MARK WILLCOX

THE STRAIGHT WAY TO NOWHERE

Fragile ferns tip their lacy fronds to the stream and quiver with the motion of their provider, a blue mountain stream which rolls and laughs down its rocky course. Soft young moss veils rocks and trees around the brook and sustains an aura of peace. Birches are like young men bending to the king, a statured oak which reigns over all this land at a furtive glance. A grassy meadow settles nearby, its face glistening with dew-whipped blades. And amid all this, a forgotten road ambles its straight way to nowhere.

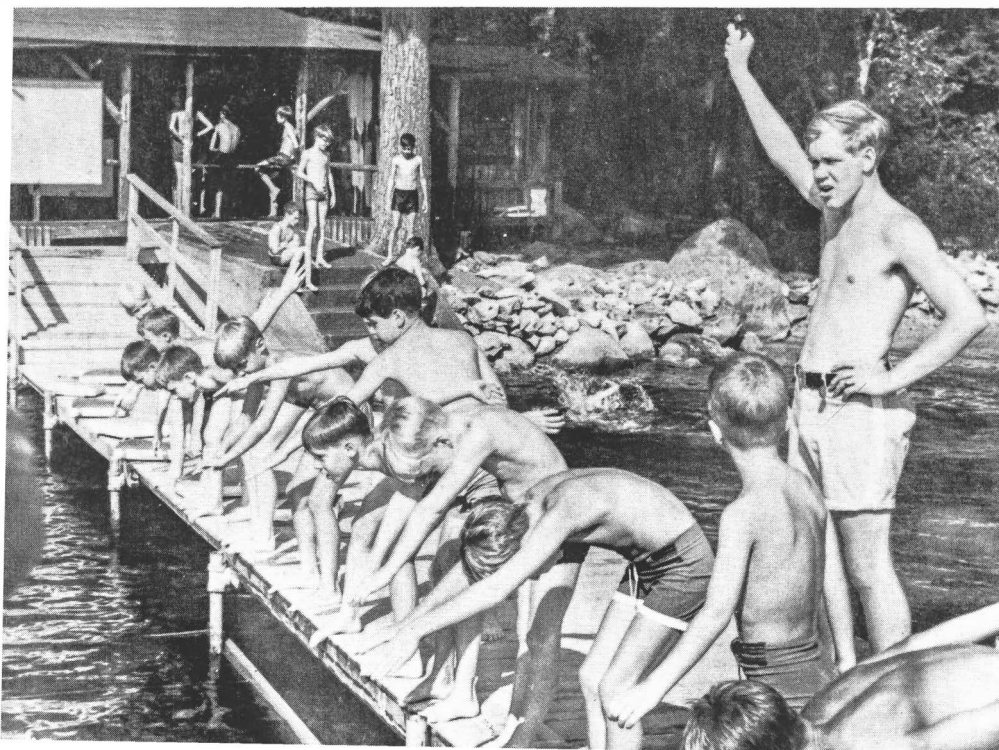
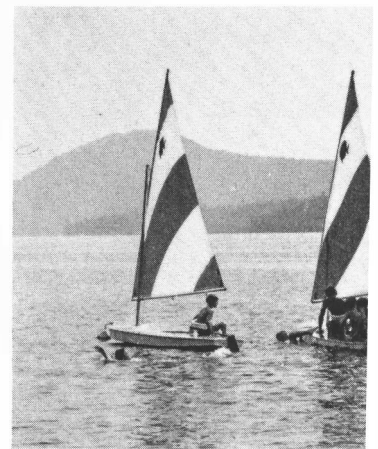
BRIAN OSBORNE



WATERSPORTS DAY

Yesterday was Watersports Day. It was fun, exciting, invigorating, tart, tangy, scintillating, organized, enthralling, moving, passionate, fabulous, bright, new, enthusing, compelling, spell-binding, first-rate, thrilling, inspiring, extraordinary, dazzling, penetrating, shattering, classic, a bombshell, brutal, gripping, hard-hitting, violent and suspenseful.

BRUCE MCINTOSH





BATS

One day, just before inspection, during inspection clean-up, George Hulme saw one of our bats moving on the rafters. The bats had been spotted earlier in the summer. Chris Baer climbed up in the rafters and shook the rafter it was on. The bat crawled out half-way and spread out. Then Inspection blew, so we had to forget about the bat for awhile. After inspection, I climbed up into the rafters (via bed) to look at the bat. Then I had to go to industries, but when I got back the bat was curled up in the corner asleep.

HENRY MERKEL

TAPS

When the first note of Taps sounds, the whole camp is silent. It seems that when Taps sounds, the whole country is silent. People learn to respect Taps. The first note brings back memories of all those who have died for our country. When the last note has faded away, everyone sleeps.

PETER BURKE

THE VETERAN

This is my fifth year, and believe me, it's been the best year yet. Cook-outs, tetherball, swimming, sailing, skits and many more exciting experiences make a lot of fun.

WAYNE KING

HAPPINESS

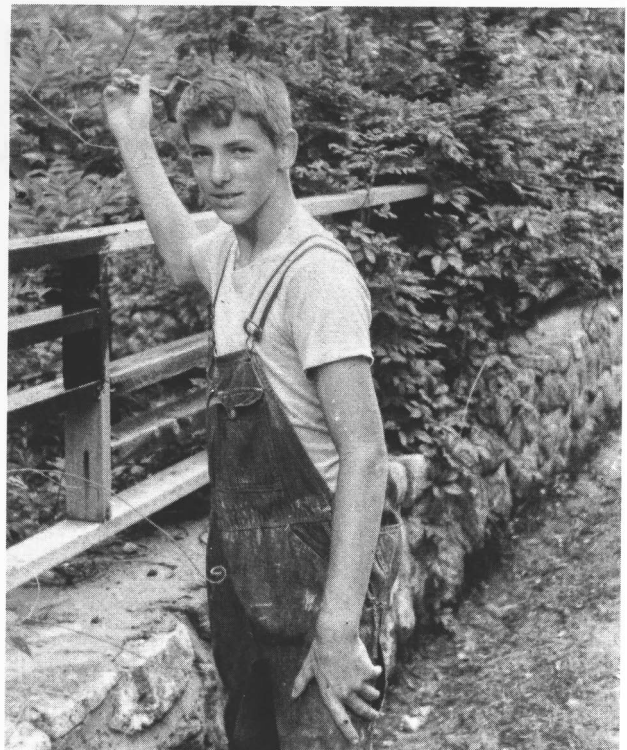
H is for Happiness which Mowglis gives.

O is for Optimism which Mowglis spirit is.

W is for Water in which we swim.

L is for Life and is what Mowglis is.

CHRIS NULTY





OUR OWN PANSIES

Yesterday was Watersports Day. It was at the last event that the powerful four, Jim Hart, Bob Merwin, Richard Morgan and Jim Van Schaick, were tussling for the watermelon. Richard Morgan won it for the Pansies.

SIMON HARE

EVERY MOWGLIS NIGHT

Every Mowglis night, by the dimming campfire light, look into the sky, and watch the sunset going by. Listen to the breeze, whistling through the trees, and then think of your accomplishments of the day.

ROBIN WALES



AN ORIGINAL SKETCH
BY PETER BULL

Peter Bull 11/17/67



REVENGE

Yesterday Kevin McCarthy and Bob Root put on an Archery Show for the camp. The part I liked best was at the end when we named the dummy for different counsellors. I named the dummy for Mr. Wickstrom. Bob and Kevin got the dummy in the stomach. One arrow for each industry period of swimming!

ALAN DUTTON

OUR DORM

Our dorm is a mad house. I have a lot of fun there, and I like most of the people in the dorm.

LOUIE COONS

A DEEPER SENSE

From Mowglis I could say I've received a deeper sense of friendship than ever I got before for any amount of time. You might not understand me really, but friendship isn't tangible anyway.

BRIAN OSBORNE

FANCY DRESS BALL

We had a Fancy Dress Ball, and had costumes for it. I won a prize. It is a Milky Way and is so good. I think everyone should get a prize. There was an armadillo costume, belly-dancers, elephants and carriages.

SCOTT DUTTON

THE DEN QUARTET + ONE

This year the Den is turning out the utmost vocalists. The Quartet + One consists of two sopranos, Barry Beal, and JaJa Hulme. Actually, they aren't really sopranos, but they are our highest singers. Next we have as tenors, Terry Hopkins and Jim Hart, and as bass we have Peter O'Connor. We hope you will be looking forward to the great entertainment.

PETER O'CONNOR

DIPPITY-DO

Day in and day out, there is always one Mowglis camper on the wash porch; the well-known Dippity Do Kid, the hair stylist of Mowglis. Statistics show that every time he gets his hair wet it curls up. Thus he rubs on the slimy grease through his hair to last another day. As one camper remarked on it, "PHEW! That was a curling experience!"

ANDY STEWART

THE HULME
BOAT



TENNIS TOURNAMENTS

Today Stu Carothers and Simon Hare played the Junior Tennis Finals. Both played very well, and although one had to lose, it doesn't matter. It's how you play the game.

PETER MARX

SUNDAY

Sunday at Mowglis is a rather quiet day as compared with the other days of the week. Yet it does have activity. At home there is the fact that there's nothing to do and you get bored. While here, you have the opportunity to go to a club or just rest and do really nothing at all. Up in Akela, you can sit and listen to Mr. Ulery play the organ. And then in the afternoon, there's the chapel service under the pines and the picnic in the evening. It's just a nice, quiet, relaxed day of the week when you can rest up for a hard six days of work — I like Sunday.

STU CAROTHERS



INSPECTION

Inspection is not just what it appears to be as the routine check of the amount of dirt accumulated over the past twenty-four hours. It is also a way to measure a dorm's ability to work efficiently as a unit. It shows to all how a dorm gets along in spirit and achievement around camp. When there is a miss of an inspection point there has been a break in unity in that dorm. Maybe that dorm lost because of a little excess dirt, but that dirt reflects the spirit of that dorm.

BARRY CURRAN

TUTORING HATH CHARMS!



MR. PHIL'S SUPERIOR STRENGTH

On Wednesday we had a boating permission. I was supposed to go in a war canoe, but there weren't any paddles left when I went to get one. Mr. Phil came along and asked me if I wanted to go out in a rowboat. There were only two boats left and they were half full of water and presumably leaky. Well, we dumped one out and put it in the water and it didn't seem too leaky, so we took it out. After we got out there the kids in the canoes started yelling, "We have the right of way" and Mr. Phil would yell, "Not when you cross my bow!" In a while, the three whistles blew and we started in. Mr. Phil was rowing pretty hard when Snap! Crunch! and an oar broke. Mr. Phil said it was superior strength, but Mr. Hart, Sr. said it was rotten wood and Mr. Merwin said it was ants.

KEITH MCINTOSH

THE HUMMING BIRD

This morning, I saw Mr. Backus in the garden, and I walked over and asked why there wasn't any Nature Club. Mr. Backus said that he was going to talk in Chapel, so he couldn't have the club. We were looking at the flowers when Mr. Backus exclaimed that there was a humming bird in the apple tree. At first, I didn't see it, but when John Chisolm came out the bird took off. After about half a minute, it came back and started feeding on a flower. After ten minutes, it flew away. It was my first real close look at a humming bird.

GARY WRIGHT

THE TOOMAI AVENGERS

The Toomai Avengers is a group of boys that always attack Den. I am one of them. Once we were attacking Den with pine cones when somebody snuck up behind me and caught me by surprise. Then Peter O'Connor came up and almost dunked me with a basin full of water; but I was let free. That was my fun for the day.

ELLIOT TITUS

UP CHOCORUA

Thursday we went up Chocorua. We started at a little after nine o'clock from our campsite. We climbed up the Brook Trail and stopped twice to wet our faces and hats. The hiking got harder as we came closer to the top. The top was not as crowded as expected because of the bad weather. After lunch we started down the Liberty Trail. Mr. Walbridge led a sort of fast pace so we ran part of the way back. I think the hike was very good besides the fact that it killed your feet.

REINHARD ROTHER

PRACTICE?

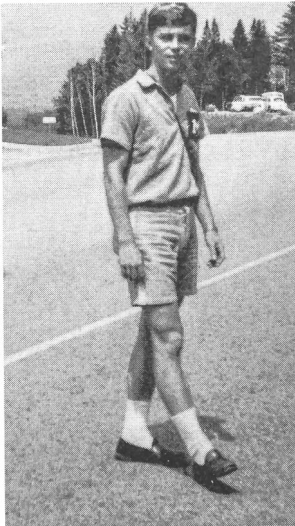
Yesterday the Den went out in canoes to practice for the Saco River trip. At the beginning everyone was paddling around but soon it turned into a splash fight. Everyone left soaking wet and dying for revenge.

JIM VAN SCHAICK

AN OVERNIGHT

An overnight is a time to get away from daily routine. An overnight is a time to pass requirements. An overnight is a time to have fun. All in all, an overnight is what Wayne King would call "a real blast."

JIM WESTBERG



MR. BACKUS

MR. BACKUS, THE PARTY POOPER

After lunch, part of the dorm had a pillow fight and everyone was making a lot of noise. It had been going on for about five minutes, then someone saw Mr. Backus coming up the path. "Mr. Backus is coming!" he said and everyone ran for their beds. He told us to be quiet and then Mr. Hertzler came to take the dorm.

ED GOODMAN



CHURCH SERVICE

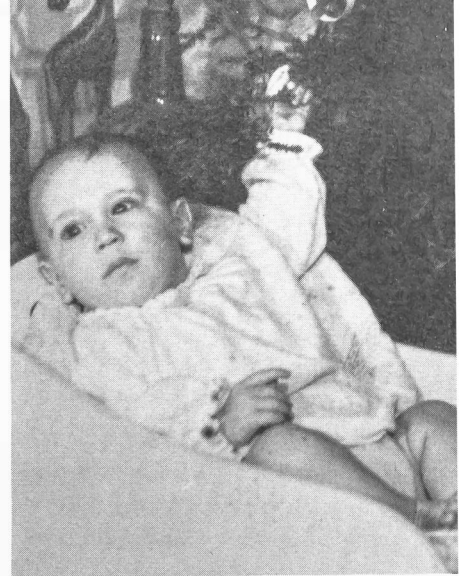
This morning the Mow-Glee Club went to sing at the East Hebron Church. We went in and there were red carpets all over the floors. The red carpet went all the way up to the altar and a piece of red cloth went all the way up to the ceiling with a cross on it. The sermon was O.K. and there were fifty-one people there. After the service we signed the guest book and then we left. I thought it was a beautiful little church.

MIKE TOBEY

TOOMAI

Toomai has gotten its fourth inspection point in a row. But the fifth and sixth days we failed. We all hope to beat the Denites and get a Milky Way before they get it. We have six or seven points. Den has about seven or eight. We all keep our fingers crossed so we can get a point. Today might be the day. I hope so.

ALAN KIRSCH



RAOUL HENNIN,
DECEMBER, 1967

BRAVERY PLUS

The other day in Little Den, Greg Shelness and I were watching a hornet fly around. The next minute Mr. George came in and we pointed out the nest. It was right over his bed. When we pointed out the bee, he ran out of the dorm. He came back a little later and sat down when all of a sudden the bee dove at him. Mr. George let out a big scream and ran out of the dorm, never to return.

BARRY BEAL

THE BEST YET

I think this Saturday has been the best yet, for it was Woodsman's Day. After Duties, we had Assembly to practice for the contests in the afternoon. There was the boiling water contest, chopping for form, and pancake flipping. Our team is in third because we did well. At night, we had a Fancy Dress Ball, and had fun with costumes and the decorations inside Gray Brothers. What more do you want than a Fancy Dress Ball and Woodsman's Day?

BOB ROOT

HAIRCUT DAY IS HERE!

Everyone has had his ears lowered except James F. Hart. The barbers have missed him, so he's the only person who looks half decent. Well, it looks as though the Hennins are going to get him! What's this? Jimmy's going to town to get a haircut. Now Jimmy is back, but the Hennin's would have been better.

JAJA HULME

CHECK OUT!

Yesterday I got docked because after swimming my Half-Waingunga and returning to the dock I didn't check out. So if you don't want to pick up rocks or sit out on a hot day while everyone else is swimming, BEWARE and check out!

DAVE SCOTT

A TRICK

On our Atwell's Brook trip Mr. Hertzler played a joke on us. He took the things out of the ark and we thought we had been raided. It turned out mean old Mr. Hertzler did it.

CHIP SMITH

WHAT MOWGLIS REALLY IS

Mowglis really isn't just for fun. It's for learning, and sharing and for being together. Some people think that when they come to camp, they will eat, sleep and have a little fun. You come to camp to find new friends, and to love one another, and to work together. That's what Camp is.

DAVE MITCHELL

GOOD OLD MR. PHIL

Well, one day in the dorm we were passing Dave Scott's football around. Mr. Phil was lying very contentedly on his bed when he said, "Hey Dave, chuck it here!" So Dave tossed it to Mr. Phil who in turn faked a pass to Dave and tossed the football out the window. Good old Mr. Phil.

FRED DANIELS

APPRECIATION

The editors here record, as completely as possible, the following gifts or courtesies extended to Mowglis during the summer of 1967:

Several modern magneto telephones, for intra-camp communication, provided by Mr. Harry O'Connor.

Funds for additional linen for the Lodge, again provided by Miss Marguerite Ross.

Effective and essential patrol of the course on Crew Day by Mr. Joseph Ahrens, of the New Hampshire Department of Safety.

An interesting demonstration of firearms by Mr. Arthur Bradbury and his friends, on farmland made available by Mrs. George D. Gibbs.

The use of the fine power boat belonging to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hulme.

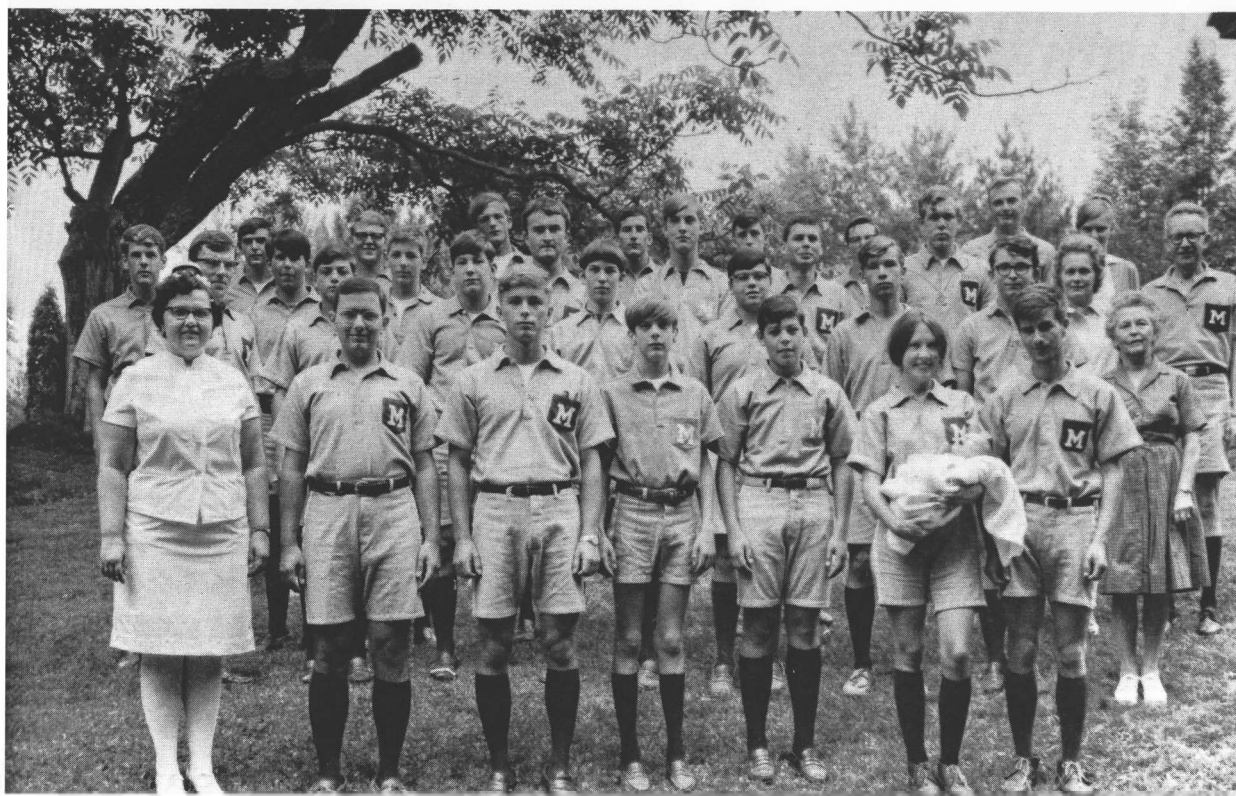
The showing of some exciting bird films taken by Dr. Richard A. Backus.

The fascinating slides and explanation of African art presented by Mrs. James R. Reswick, and the abundant supply of "Milky Ways" provided by Dr. Reswick.

The fine rifle presented for the Mowglis range by Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, III.

The chapel talk given by the Reverend Thomas Hedges, father of Chris.

The numerous and generous contributions over and above the subscription price to assist in meeting the publication expense of this issue of the *Howl*.





CAMPFIRES

Every night at Mowglis we have a campfire. At first we have a moment of silence. Then when Mr. Hart sits down on the Council Rock, we sit down too. Yesterday we had a marshmallow roast. We all had three, but some of the Denites had four. On Sunday we write Howls and then, in the evening, we read them. Campfire is an important part of the day.

HARRY SOHMER

CAMPFIRE

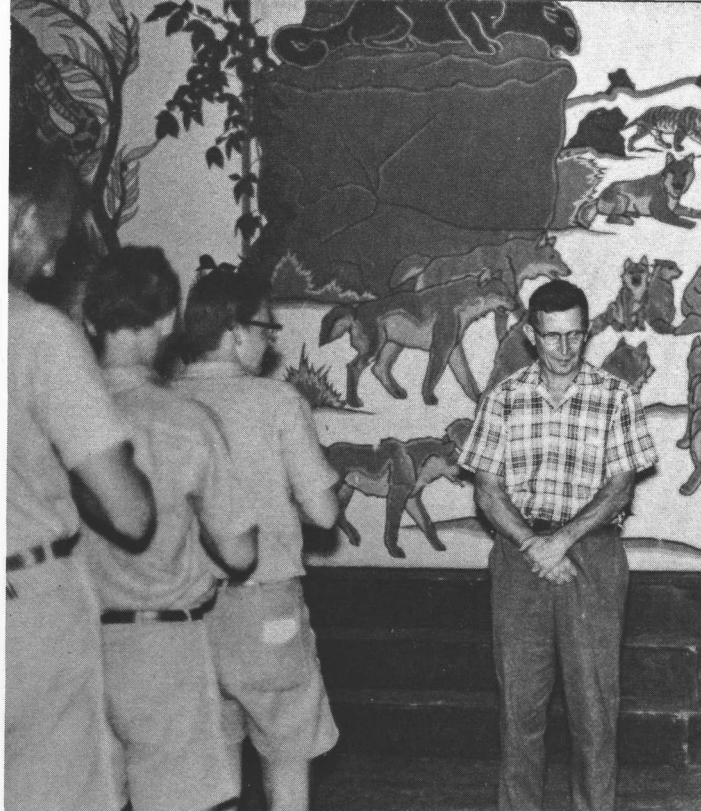
I think campfire is one of the best parts of the Mowglis Day. During the moment of silence, you think of the good times you've had that day. Then the Counsellor-of-the-Day reads something or provides some sort of entertainment. So far, this has always been enjoyable. As you file out of the circle you think of the things you'd like to do on the morrow.

BILL SCOTT



FINAL
CURTAIN
FOR 1967 DEN!

STANDING OVATION
FOR
MR. MYRON C. BRALEY!



*THE INNER CIRCLE
CEREMONY*

Last night was the Inner Circle Ceremony. It was delayed by the rain, but was held when the rain stopped. We finally filed up to the campfire circle. We brought ponchos to sit on because the seats were wet. After a song sung by the Counsellors, Mr. Hart stood up and started the poem. Grey Brother, Henry Coons, went and got the first boy. After all the new members of the Inner Circle had been brought up in front of Mr. Hart and seated, Grey Brother took a torch and lit all the fires. Poor Peter Berking's fire fell apart and did not light. All the old Inner Circle members put their sticks on each fire. We sang the "Song of the Wolf Pack" and filed out, Inner Circle first.

BOB MERWIN

LOOKING BACK...

Looking back on my past year at Mowglis, I think it has been a good year. It has been a year with many nice guys in it, too. And I hope I will have more years like it at Mowglis.

GEOFF NOLIN

THE END?

This Tuesday marks the end of my days as a camper at Mowglis, and I'm sad to see the good times that I've had leave me. These past three summers have been the best that I've ever spent, and I will always treasure them. Mowglis won't really leave me though. I'll always remember it, because it was good to me.

TERRY HOPKINS

Cub History, 1967

It is traditionally thought that a Cub is a young offspring needing protection. However, this year the Cubs really made history in that it was the counsellors who needed the protection! The Cubs arose long before reveille and with great effort three of the four counsellors took turns keeping the Cubs in bed so that the fourth could get a full night's sleep every four days! This certainly reflects the boundless energy shown by the occupants of Ford Hall!

At 7:40 most mornings we had calisthenics before breakfast. Even with these, there were mornings when it was necessary to limit daily duties to a 9:30 maximum so that some work might remain for the following day. Needless to say, this did not always happen!

As a group, the Cubs accomplished a great deal. We managed to eat Mr. Phil out of Milky Ways at the Rifle Range which caused the reward score to be raised from forty to forty-five. Six of us passed our Intermediate test at the waterfront and even got to sail to the middle of the lake and prove our abilities. We built homes for the Bears and the Owls, the Bears housed in a log cabin and the Owls in a tree house. We soared down Soup Bowl Glide and climbed up Crosby, Stinson, and Bear. We rode the chair lift up Tenney Mountain, war canoed to

★ ★ ★

CROSBY

We went with rain coats, sweaters and hats in the Bomb to climb Mt. Crosby. We hiked to Bald Knob and had lunch. Also we picked thousands of blueberries. At the top I found my father's signature on a paper.

TIM PLATT

Grey Rocks and then Belle Isle, living on blueberries fortified by trail lunches. Our final trip was finding Lost River where we squeezed and climbed through Fat Man's Peril and Skinny Man's Delight. But our most favorite group project was the Cub-Pack Rat Raid on the Den Mouse!

Back at Cub Land the boys challenged and re-challenged each other in Tetherball, Jungle Jim tag, kick the can, croquet, badminton, soccer, volley ball, scavenger hunts, and baseball, and they participated in track events flying over our very own high jump. To the envy of the Pack some even tried pole vaulting. The Craft Shop and Kipling Hall brightened our rainy days and the archery, riflery and swimming ranges filled our sunny days. Our summer was climaxed by the addition of two new Cubs in the form of kittens which we helped to deliver.

As summer ends and the Cubs see the need to be more protective of their counsellors, the value of each Cub becomes more fixed and we look to each for his particular talent. The Pack counsellors too, each contributed to us their specialty at our evening campfire circle or during the day. Of course we already knew all they were trying to teach us!

CUBS 1967, WE SALUTE YOU!

★ ★ ★

CAMPFIRES

It is nice at Mowglis. We have campfires almost every night. We had a big show last night. It was fun. At first I thought it was going to be plays. But it was music.

ROSS DUGAN



JULY FOURTH

The night of July Fourth was real fun. A movie! And it lasted till 10:00! At about 9:00 we had ice cream. Too-mai and the Cubs had cones. The movie was "Treasure Island." Also that day there was a Treasure Hunt for the Cubs. The Owls won and I'm an Owl.

FRANK MAURAN

BELLE ISLE

Last Wednesday the Cubs went to Belle Isle. When we got there, we looked for blueberries. Then we got our duffel bags and took them to the tents. We had a blueberry contest and the other team won by about 24 blueberries. Next morning we had them on our oatmeal and YUM!

PETER BLIGHT

WAR CANOE

We went to Belle Isle in the war canoe and we beat Mrs. Hennin and Chris Smith.

DAVID CUMMINGS

ANOTHER TRIP

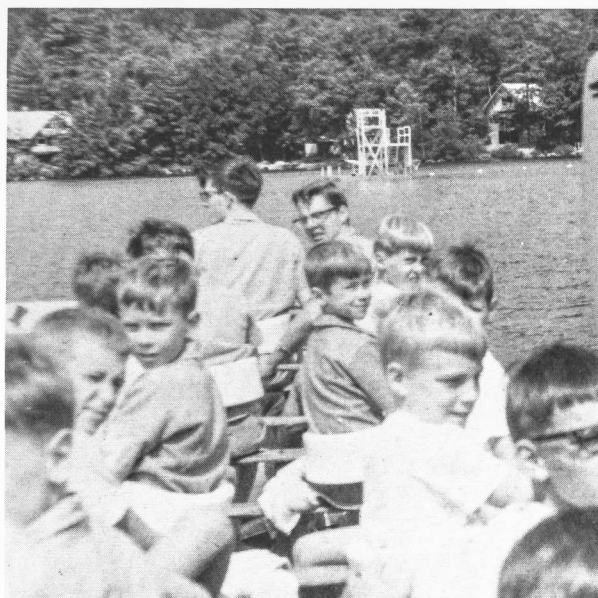
On Monday we went to Belle Isle again. I went in the Hennin's canoe. We arrived at about two P.M. and started to put up the tents.

CHRIS SMITH

HEBRON BEACH

We went to Hebron beaches and we played splash ball. Mr. Hennin took a picture of me alone in the war canoe.

DAVE KELLOGG





MT. CROSBY

Today we climbed Mt. Crosby. We started at Mr. Braley's cabin. On the way we saw lots of red eft. Red efts are like salamanders only they are reddish-orange. On our way down we slipped a few times but it was O.K.

CHRIS SMITH

TENNIS

At the tennis court there's a back-board that we hit the tennis ball against and keep it going. Sometimes we use the courts. We don't play a real game, we just hit the ball. Next we are going to play a real game.

DEAN ENGEL

CREW DAY

Red Crew won the two Forms and the Racing Crew. Both Red and Blue had a tie. I am Blue. Mr. Walbridge was dancing all over the dock.

ROSS DUGAN

CREW DAY

Red Crew won. I'm glad, I'm on Red. In Cubs we had Red and Blue headquarters.

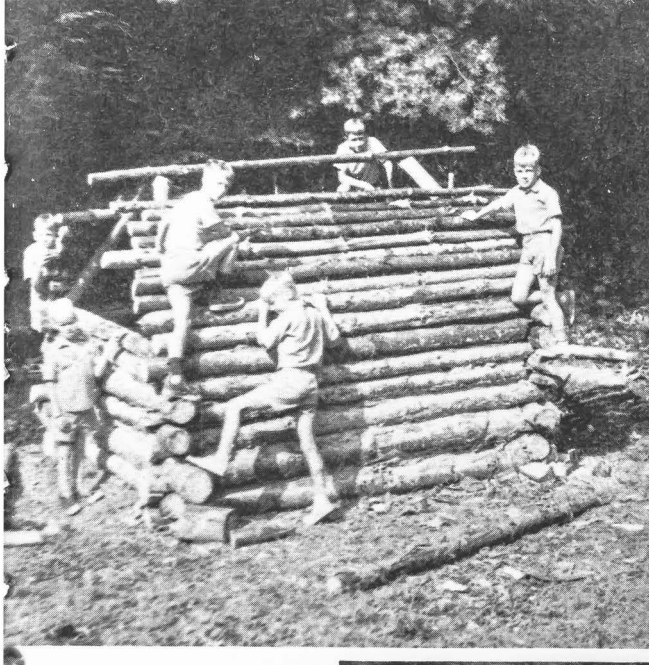
MAURICE DAITZ

BELLE ISLE

At Belle Isle we had a pine cone battle on top of the boulder. The next morning . . . early . . . we had a dip. I went fishing with Mr. Leehey.

BOB HOWE





CLIMBING

Today we climbed part of the white-footed mouse trail. My legs got really tired but after a rest I wanted to keep going. We were almost lost. Soon we found a small brook and followed it to the highway and came out right in front of the camp. My legs are really scratched.

FRANK MAURAN

LOG CABIN

We have a log cabin. We got the clay at the waterfront to put in between the logs.

BRUCE MACDONALD



TREE HOUSE

We made a tree house. We put a floor on it and we put on two branches and we put on four sides. Mr. Hennin had a chain saw and cut the dead trees for it.

BRUCE MACDONALD

TAG

In jungle gym tag Dave Kellogg (the squirm) goes about twenty miles an hour.

BOB HOWE





LOST RIVER

BLUEBERRIES MAKE ME SICK!

July 26, 1967, my Death Day with blueberries. We had a contest at Belle Isle in picking blueberries. Our team won (naturally) — anyway, we ended up with $15\frac{3}{4}$ cups of blueberries. Then we ate and ate till I couldn't eat any more.

JOHN MULLIKEN

WOODSMAN'S DAY

Woodsmen's Day is all about axe races and putting up tents, pancake flipping, sawing and log rolling. The poppies won. You can eat the pancakes after they are flipped.

JOEY GRUBB

LANDSPORTS

At Landsports Day two teams compete. We have races. I think it is lots of fun. I liked the Cross Country Race. I came in first for all the races. My team won.

JOEY GRUBB

JUNGLE JIM

Yesterday we played jungle gym tag. About twelve boys were all over the jungle gym, boys inside it, boys outside it, boys all over it.

CHRIS SMITH

KICK THE CAN

Every now and then we have a game of kick the can. Somebody offers to be "It" and starts counting. Most of the best hiding places are far away.

FRANK MAURAN

COLORS

Every evening after dinner we have Colors just like the Pack but there are differences. The Pack has a cannon and a bugle.

CHRIS SMITH

FORD HALL
PORCH



RIFLE RANGE

I got my pro-marksman for riflery and seven more targets to go to get my marksman. I use the master's gun. We get 3, 4 or 5 clips. I do it lying down.

DAVE KELLOGG

SWIMMING

I swam 15 yards underwater without using my hands.

DAVID CUMMINGS

SCAVENGER HUNT

"Go!" he said, while everybody ran in all directions. Five more minutes and I was doing pretty good. Three minutes and I had three things to go! Thirty seconds and one more thing to go. A band-aid, where would I find a band-aid . . . at the Lodge! I ran as fast as I could go and I made it!

JOHN MULLIKEN

THE BOMB

The Bomb is the big black truck that is used for taking campers on trips. It's a lot of fun riding in it because you bounce around a lot. Sometimes tree branches hit you on the head but it really tickles. On the sides of the truck there are benches. If you stand up you're in trouble. The Bomb is also very airy.

DEAN ENGEL

TETHERBALL

Tetherball is a fun game between two players. Winding the ball around the pole isn't the easiest thing to do.

FRANK MAURAN

KIPLING

Kipling is for when it rains. We go there and make a fire and play lots of games.

JOEY GRUBB

The Trail of the Pack, 1967

- CHRISTOPHER KIMBALL BAER, 4 Hickory Drive, Rye, New York. BALOO, 1965-67.
- DOUGLAS WELCH BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. TOOMAI, 1966-67.
- TODD VOORHEES BEAL, 936 Merion Square Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. PANTHER, 1963-67.
- WALTER BARRATT BEAL, 936 Merion Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. GRADUATE, 1963-67.
- LAURENCE NOYES BERKING, Drake-Smith Lane, Rye, New York. BALOO, 1965-67.
- PETER MAXIMILLIAN BERKING, Drake-Smith Lane, Rye, New York. GRADUATE, 1964-67.
- PETER ANDREW BLIGHT, 3020 Bronson Road, Fairfield, Connecticut. CUB, 1966-67.
- PETER LUDLOW BULL, 7 Trotting Horse Drive, Lexington, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1967.
- PETER MICHAEL BURKE, 17 East 89th St., New York 28, New York. AKELA, 1964-67.
- STUART CAROTHERS, JR., 125 Library Place, Princeton, New Jersey. PANTHER, 1966-67.
- JOHN FREDERICK CHISHOLM, East Hebron, New Hampshire. AKELA, 1963-67.
- HENRY ROBERT COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, Long Island, New York. GRADUATE, 1965-67.
- LOUIS COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, Long Island, New York. TOOMAI, 1967.
- TIMOTHY STEVEN COONS, 120 Southdown Road, Huntington, Long Island, New York. PANTHER, 1965-67.
- DAVID EUSTACE CUMMINGS, 837 Kimball Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey. CUB, 1967.
- BARRY DALE CURRAN, Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1966-67.
- MAURICE JOSEPH DAITZ, 417 West 120th Street, New York, New York 10027. CUB, 1966-67.
- FRED HAROLD DANIELS, II, Trapelo Road, Lincoln Center, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1966-67.
- JOHN ROSS DUGAN, JR., Box 411, Southport, Connecticut. CUB, 1966-67.
- ALAN JENKINS DUTTON, 159 Fairfax Drive, Warwick, Rhode Island. PANTHER, 1967.
- SCOTT ALLISON DUTTON, 159 Fairfax Drive, Warwick, Rhode Island. TOOMAI, 1967.

DEAN MATTHEW ENGEL, Daisy Lane, Merry Hill, Poughkeepsie, New York. CUB, 1967.

EDMUND N. GOODMAN, 1185 Park Avenue, New York, New York. AKELA, 1965-67.

JOSEPH SPENSER GRUBB, JR., 116 Bleddyn Road, Ardmore, Pennsylvania. CUB, 1967.

SIMON WILLIAM MICHAEL HARE, 738 Waverly Road, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010. AKELA, 1966-67.

JAMES FRANKLIN HART, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. GRADUATE, 1960, 1962-67.

CHRISTOPHER LYNN HEDGES, 248 Main Street, Schoharie, New York. TOOMAI, 1964-67.

EDWARD THACHER HITCHCOCK, Harbor Country Day School, St. James, New York. AKELA, 1967.

ALBERT LAFAYETTE HOPKINS, III, 8 Lincoln Lane, Cambridge, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1965-67.

PETER CHASE HOWARD, 130 Stuyvesant Avenue, Rye, New York. BALOO, 1966-67.

ROBERT COLLINS HOWE, 4940 Lowell Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20016. CUB, 1967.

GEORGE FOSTER HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1965-67.

JONATHAN FITTS HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. GRADUATE, 1961-63, 1965-67.

RICHARD FITTS HULME, JR., 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. BALOO, 1967.

JOHN DANIELS HURST, 7400 North Mingo, Cincinnati, Ohio 45243. TOOMAI, 1966-67.

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

WAYNE DOUGLAS KING, East Side Road, Campton, New Hampshire. AKELA, 1963-67.

ALAN JONES KIRSCH, 50 Righters Mill Road, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. TOOMAI, 1966-67.

JOHN DELBERT KNOTT, JR., Tamarack Hill, Danbury, New Hampshire. TOOMAI, 1965-67.

BRUCE SARGENT MACDONALD, 64 Liberty Avenue, Lexington, Massachusetts. CUB, 1966-67.

BRUCE AINSLIE MCINTOSH, Newtown Turnpike, Weston, Connecticut. PANTHER, 1966-67.

KEITH W. MCINTOSH, Newtown Turnpike, Weston, Connecticut. BALOO, 1967.

KEVIN T. MCCARTHY, 14 Kathy Lane, Ansonia, Connecticut, PANTHER, 1966-67.

FRANK KEPPLER MCCLELLAND, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. TOOMAI, 1964-67.

PETER BRIAN MARX, 12 Oxford Road, Troy, New York 12180. BALOO, 1966-67.

FRANK MAURAN, IV, 109 Benefit Street, Providence, Rhode Island. CUB, 1967.

HENRY HARRISON MERKEL, 282 Corning Drive, Bratenahl, Ohio 44108. BALOO, 1967.

ROBERT LOTHROP MERWIN, 11 Sage Terrace, Scarsdale, New York 10583. GRADUATE, 1963-64, 1967.

RUSSELL T. MERWIN, 78 Fairview Ave., Port Washington, N. Y. BALOO, 1967.

STEPHEN BAIRD MINICH, 1105 Manati, Coral Gables, Florida. TOOMAI, 1967.

DAVID ALEXANDER MITCHELL, 15 Brookdale Road, Glen Cover, New York. BALOO, 1967.

EDWARD VAN BEUREN MITCHELL, Clifdale Road, Greenwich, Connecticut. AKELA, 1966-67.

HOWARD PERRY MIXTER, 1887 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206. BALOO, 1967.

RICHARD RISING MORGAN, North Sandwich, New Hampshire 03259. PANTHER, 1965-67.

JOHN HALLETT MULLIKEN, III, 5515 Cedar Parkway, Chevy Chase, Maryland. CUB, 1967.

GEOFFREY ALEXANDER NOLIN, 11 Channing Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. AKELA, 1966-67.

CHRISTOPHER TUCH NULTY, 15 Whittier Road, Wellesley, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1966-67.

NICHOLAS RICHARD NULTY, 15 Whittier Road, Wellesley, Massachusetts. TOOMAI, 1967.

PETER SCOTT O'CONNOR, 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, New York. DEN, 1966-67.

BRIAN INNES OSBORNE, 52 Peacock Farm Road, Lexington, Massachusetts. PANTHER, 1967.

CHARLES PLATT, IV, St. Mark's School, Southboro, Massachusetts. CUB, 1967.

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