

JUNGLE
HOUSE
'91'



THE
MOWGLIS
HOWL
1958

Lodge

THE MOWGLIS HOWL

To keep the Comradeship and the Memory of the Pack



1958

To all Mowglis, of the past, of the present,
and of the future, this Howl is dedicated.

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NOTE — This volume of the Howl is the first
to appear since publication was in-
terrupted by the war in 1942.



Alcott F. Elwell



John C. Adams

AN INTRODUCTION

Mowglis has had a proud history since 1903, when Mrs. Elizabeth Ford Holt established Mowglis entirely for younger boys. Her loving example and her ideals for youngsters have continued, even against a background of wars and fast changing circumstances, bringing to these boys truths that do not change — Cooperation, Friendship, Fairplay, and Example — which open to them new gates of opportunity.

Mowglis is fortunate to find in Mr. John C. Adams the leadership which is needed. Born a Vermonter he is no stranger to this country. By profession a Boy Scout Executive, having graduated from the Scout National Training School, he has been successful in this work. He has, in addition, had experience in a large private summer camp before undertaking Mowglis. For ten years Mr. Adams was with the United States Air Force, as a navigator and bombardier in the South Pacific during the Second World War, and in Korea. His whole-hearted enthusiasm for Mowglis and its ideals, together with his ability to organize and develop a staff under difficult circumstances, has created in the Mowglis Pack members and their friends a renewed enthusiasm which I personally share.

ALCOTT FARRAR ELWELL

THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

VOLUME XXXVII

1958



"We be of one blood, Brothers All!"

THE MOWGLIS IDEAL

Mowglis is the School-of-the-Open. It is more than a summer camp where a boy has a good time, although to have fun is the most important requirement of our program, being indeed the fuel upon which the program runs. During a summer at Mowglis, however, the boy develops considerably toward manhood. It is the responsibility of the camp to guide the formation of the developing personalities in it, through its ideals, through its program, and above all, through close contact with men who reflect these ideals in their lives. This responsibility has been fulfilled during 55 years. The fundamental ideals for a well-developed man have been stated many times in the songs and traditions of Mowglis, and have served as the basis of Mowglis life since 1903. It is our belief that collecting these ideals into a sort of canon would be useful, and would aid in keeping before the boys the ideals of life as taught by Mowglis. They are:

A sense of responsibility and loyalty to the group, as well as a feeling of association with it such that a genuine desire to serve and to contribute to the group is felt. Essential to this is the idea that each individual can contribute in his own way.

Strength of Mind and Body, which is the development of a quick, clean, well-balanced mind and a sturdy co-ordinated body, believing that the effectiveness of each depends on the health of both.

A realization of what constitutes the Brotherhood of Man, and a sense of fair play which rejects any form of favoritism.

Faith in God, Who is the source of life and strength.

The Den, 1958



Rifle Team, 1958

The Cubs, 1958



THE CALL OF THE PACK



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

THE LIBRARY

The library is, to many of us here, an unheard of place. It is dark and little known, enshrouded by big words and long sentences. But to others, it is a place in which to do anything that takes your fancy. There are books on almost any subject, mystery, adventure, sports, action, history, sets of encyclopedias, and other informative books. On the walls are famous documents and papers, as well as Indian pictures. It's a good place to write Howls, and to read them from earlier years. It is called the Robert C. Blake library in memory of a former camper, and was built in 1939. See you there soon I hope!

DON HOLT

MOONLIGHT

After the Akela riot,
After taps when all is quiet,
When the moon shines on the road,
You may hear a croaking toad.

The dark clouds drifting overhead
Make you wonder if the world is dead.
Through the dorm whistles the breeze,
Thundering as it strikes the trees.

Grey mist settles to the ground,
While clouds cover the mountains around,
And hidden in mist and light of moon,
You sleep softly to a silent tune.

BRUCE MCKELVY



Hail to the mighty Mikado!

THE MIKADO

The Mikado is a play about Japan by Gilbert and Sullivan. This year Mowglis has decided to present it. It is under the supervision of Mr. Hakes, who has worked hard and patiently with the boys in it. To save time he has gone to the trouble of duplicating scripts and music for us. Each free period in the afternoon we rehearse at Grey Brothers. Sometimes it's tiresome, but it's worth it to know that you're in it. It will be put on in about three weeks. We hope you will all come to see it.

JON AVIGDOR

THE LODGE BAT

Swish! As the nurse, the director's wife, a fellow Pantherite, and I were talking in the large upstairs room of the Lodge, a dark, blurred shape darted through the doorway. It was a bat, decided the two ladies, and left, slamming the door behind them and warning my friend and me to stay in bed. However, the bat was not scared. It was darting and gliding swiftly to all the corners of the room. As he passed over our heads we would reach up to try to stop him, swinging our arms wildly. Although we swung with all our effort, we could not deceive the bat. He would dart all around our waving arms. Occasionally he would pause on the screen door by the fire escape, only to resume his flight a few seconds later. My friend and I were having a great time laughing at his funny antics.

Although we were having a fine time, we realized it could not go on forever. After about ten minutes a counsellor came in to try to chase it out. We laughed all the more when it would dart past him, causing him to jump. At last, after much effort, the counsellor managed to chase the bat out the screen door which he had opened, causing an end to our fun.

RANDY BROWN and BEAU KIRKLAND

RELAX

After lunch everyone runs down to Toomai and goes over to the West Toomai lounge where Rennie Van Vlack keeps his cards. We get in a fast game or two before Mr. Drogin arrives and roars, "What are you doing there? I'll give you 5 to get on your beds with your shoes off!" We scurry to our beds, take off our shoes, and watch Mr. Drogin stalk up and down the aisle between the beds. When we are all quiet, if we are all quiet, Mr. Drogin might read. If not, Mr. Drogin roars some more and we end up reading to ourselves, writing letters, or even sleeping. This doesn't happen very often though. Soon the bugle blows and we are off to industries.

PAUL GLOVER

SHOWERS

Fairly early in the morn,
The Officer of the Day comes into the dorm.

He taps a counsellor on the head,
And tells him to get out of bed.

Out of your beds and into line,
"Whew! I got there just in time."

Then out of the door and up the hill,
And as always, try to be still.

As a counsellor adjusts the water,
We get in line just like we ought ter.

I take my shower very fast
So that I can get back before reveille's blast.

On my way back I pass other dorms,
And see that reveille has moved some forms.

BEN HERTZLER
Winner, First Howl Campfire

TRASH

There is always fun after soak, and one day it was especially exciting. I heard a lot of yelling which seemed to come from Hope-To-Be. Then there was a loud rattling, scratching, scraping, and more yelling. I went to see what was happening. At the same time Mr. Hunt ran up. We looked in, but all was quiet and peaceful. Nothing seemed changed, except for one thing. In the middle of the floor the grounds-and-barrels was upside down. A minute later, the upside-down-barrel let out a yell, and Mr. Hunt, peering under it, discovered Mike McQuade.

NICK GREENE

A WEIRD VISIT

From out of the night, and into the dorm
Came quietly, quickly, a weird sort of form.

Two green lights in its head,
It wound its way from bed to bed.

From across the dorm and onto the porch,
Its eyes in appearance seemed like a torch.

Creeping, swaying, "A Comatabody, green eyed!"
Screamed one of Panther and almost died.

From out of the dorm and into the night,
Creeped Mr. Dennett in a weird sort of flight.

JOHN ROWE and JAY WILKINSON

THE CHIPMUNK

Once, as I was coming up from the waterfront after a refreshing swim, I came across a little fat chipmunk who was busily carrying nuts to the base of a nearby tree. He seemed very tired as he ran back and forth, so I decided to help him. I gathered a couple of handfuls of nuts and put them beneath the tree. He soon left his search for nuts and began carrying the nuts I brought him to the tree. After a while he ceased what he was doing, picked up a choice nut from the pile, and put it next to my feet as if to say "Thank You."

TONY WAGNER

TOOMAI INSPECTION

"Toomai, Attention! Present Arms! Two! Parade Rest!" Sharp calls are barked by a boy in Toomai as the inspectors walk into the dormitory. A boy quickly puts his foot over a piece of paper he spies on the floor.

The inspectors walk around, poking, peering, and making remarks to all the boys about their bureaus or the dust under their beds. Then they come to your bureau.

You stand at attention. "Who's bureau is this?" he says as he points to yours.

"Mine, sir," you answer quietly.

Then he barks, "The folds of your clothes should be out, there's dust on your bureau, this bureau is a mess, what is all this scrap paper, what is a *load* doing in your cup! Did you sweep under your shoes, your shirt is untucked, STAND AT ATTENTION! Let's see if you swept under your bed!" When he looks under your bed, he finds that it could use a little improving too.

The inspectors look at the wash porch, under the dorm, around the dorm, then come back into the dorm. They finally turn toward the door, but before they go they say the most discouraging remark, "We'll be back!"

TONY BALIS
Co-Winner, Third Howl Campfire

ATTACK IN THE NIGHT

One night, after campfire, we were being chased back into the dormitories by a counsellor, as usual. I jumped behind a rock to get away

from him, and he went by without noticing me. I stayed behind the rock for a while, until the counsellor was out of sight. Then, as I was about to come out, I saw another counsellor and a boy walking toward Toomai. Toomai was dark and silent. I watched from my hiding place while the two stepped into the dorm. Suddenly, the light went on and they were covered with swinging pillows and boys. The counsellor let out a roar and the attackers scattered. That was the end of the Toomai pillow attack, and I went back to peaceful Baloo.

DUNCAN INNES

THE CIRCUS

In the circus there were many things.
There were games with bottles and
games with rings,
There were a lot of games that needed
skill,
And there was a freak house which
was quite a thrill.
There was a guessing game where you
could win a knife,
And a horror house where you might
lose your life;
But there was a game that I liked
best,
You soaked Jon Avigdor, you know
the rest.
Everything was good except one little
thing,
But gee you can never expect every-
thing.

BILL LACOCK
Winner, Fourth Howl Campfire



Doing the course



The cast relaxes



A game of skill



Triumph

AMBUSH

One night, after a most interesting soak which lasted about two minutes, I peacefully withdrew to my dormitory. As I approached the dorm I realized that something was strange. The dormitory, which is usually loud and boisterous at this time of night, was now silent. I slowly climbed the steps to the porch. Still, all was silent. Suddenly, my suspicions were confirmed. From out of the dark a pillow hit me in the stomach. I withdrew without further damage, and promptly joined my colleagues hidden in the corner and waited for the next victim. Just then, Batty arrived on the scene. We drew back into our hiding places, holding our pillows in position. He approached the porch. He reached the top of the stairs. Then we all let fly at once. We let him have it until Mr. Enbutsu and Mr. Plumhoff arrived and stopped us. We then laid down our weapons and retreated to bed.

MIKE SMITH

THE JOURNEY TO MUD CREEK

One day Mr. Savage and I were in the nature room. I had nothing to do except work on stars for my Purple Ribbon, which I could not do during the day, so I suggested to Mr. Savage that we go to Mud Creek. Mr. Savage agreed after friendly persuasion. We went down to the waterfront, untied our shoes, got into boats and started off. We arrived at Mud Creek a few minutes later, and started in the usual way looking for Nature specimens. After catching some frogs and blood suckers we began to search for beaver cuttings. We found many of them. We picked up a piece of an

alder tree and one that had had its bark eaten off. Then we went up the creek a little further and caught some salamanders. We went up as far as we could, then got out of the boats and explored a little on foot. I went a little ahead and discovered a house. Then Mr. Savage called us back and we returned to camp.

TIM HERTZLER

I VS. MR. CLARK

One morning I woke up early and, not having anything to do, I decided to play a trick on one of the counsellors. I thought of playing it on Mr. Crowell or on Mr. Savage but decided not to since I was sure they would get mad. That left only one counsellor. He was Mr. Clark. I quietly stole all of Mr. Clark's clothes and hid them around the dormitory. Then I got a rope from the nature room and started to tie Mr. Clark in bed. Unfortunately, he woke up and told me to go back to bed. A few minutes later the C.O.D. arrived and woke up Mr. Clark and told him to take us to showers. Mr. Clark grunted and staggered around, found his bath robe, and led us up to the shower room.

When I got back from showers reveille had blown, so I started to get dressed. I didn't get very far though, for I soon saw that there were no clothes in my bureau. I looked at Mr. Clark, who had also started to get dressed and who had not gotten very far either. He smiled pleasantly at me. Then I went around the dorm and collected Mr. Clark's clothes, and asked where mine were. Mr. Clark smiled nicely and pointed to the bottom of his bureau. There were my clothes.

SAM EWING

SOUP BOWL GLIDE

There's a wonderful place,
Named Soup Bowl Glide,
Where you soap up your rear,
Sit down and slide.

Turn the curve with a flash
See the pool, and suddenly, "Splash"!

Climb up a rock;
Be careful, don't slip;
Climb slowly, and grip.

Soap up again, and down you slide,
Isn't it fun at Soup Bowl Glide?

DAVID WOHLSEN
Winner, Second Howl Campfire

THE NEWTS

On Lazy day we were at the waterfront during Waterfront Period. I was hunting frogs and fish, when I saw something slinking along the bottom of the swamp. I grabbed for it, missed the first time, but caught it on the second try. It turned out to be a beautiful Eastern Red Spotted Newt. His long tail and red spots made him look very handsome, for a newt.

A few days later I caught another which was even more handsome than the first, and much bigger. Don Margeson and I named them Hurd the First and Hurd the Second. Don said Hurd was an old English name. I didn't know that, but I liked it and so agreed on the name.

The next problem we faced was where we should keep them. We got a big jar, filled it with water, put a stone in it and put the newts inside.



They seemed very happy in their new home. We kept them under Baloo for awhile, then under Toomai. Finally we let them go, and you may meet them now, down in the swamp by the waterfront.

DAVID WOHLSEN and DON MARGESON

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

Have you ever seen a cow in a tent? On Akela's trip to Mt. Whiteface I saw one. The first morning a loud mooing awoke us. Bill White looked out and saw the cows first. He let out a screech that only Bill White could make, waking up the whole camp and scaring the cows so that one hid in one of the tents. Mr. Williams finally calmed Bill White and persuaded the cows to leave.

RO DULANEY



ANTS

Dear Mom,

Yesterday I secretly brought some food into the dormitory and hid it. Today we have lots and lots of ants. I can't understand it. We never had ants before. Well, Charlie Whitcomb discovered them first. He hit, crunched, swatted, crushed, and stepped on them. Then Perkins found that he had them too. Gradually, the invasion spread to the whole dormitory, and everyone was hitting, swatting, crunching, crushing, stepping, and mangling ants. There were ants, ants! ANTS, and more ants. Then a counsellor came to the rescue and killed them with a bug bomb.

That night I thought I would share some of my food with the others. I pulled it out of all the places I had hidden it. Funny, there wasn't much left. Funny too — everyone was looking at me strangely now.

Life is really fun at camp. There are so many things to do, and I am busy all the time fixing up things. For example, tomorrow I plan to rearrange all the tags on the tag board at the waterfront, and color them too. It would be much prettier.

Love,

WEISENHEIMER



BALOO INSPECTION

One day Mr. Drogin and Mr. King teamed up to give Baloo an inspection which we will never forget. They first went around the dorm and picked up all the papers we had overlooked, and threw them on the floor. Then Mr. King complained about the floor. They went from bureau to bureau and from bed to bed, finding something wrong everywhere, and putting everything that was loose on the floor, while complaining more and more that the floor was dirty. They even searched under the mattresses, where they didn't expect to find anything. Were they surprised when they found five pairs of dirty pajamas in Dave Wohlsten's bed! After peering and poking around some more, and making many more complaints, they left Baloo in quite a good mood. Yet, for some reason, we didn't get an inspection point that night.

CHRIS CLOUGH

The pause that refreshes



MOONLIGHT ESCAPE

Mr. Adams broke into the dorm with a shout.

"What is all this nonsense about!"

In Panther we all quivered with fright,

"What had we done wrong this night?"

Mr. Drogin put down his reading book,

And from one of us a towel he took.

Drogin and Adams covered our eyes. This, to us, was a great surprise.

We were led from the dorm in single file,

The counsellors followed in similar style.

We walked up hill and down again, Boy! This mystery was racking my brain.

We stumbled over many a rock and stone, Sometimes together and sometimes alone.

Although we could not see a thing, I could tell that we were near a spring.

The Den Bridge, that's where we were,

And now my mind began to stir.

At last we stopped, I knew not where, My blindfold I removed with care.

Just then everyone started to strip, Boy! We had fun at our skinny dip!

MIKE SMITH

Co-Winner, Third Howl Campfire

THE STORY OF THE THREE DAMS

Once upon a time there was a small dam. The dam was near a Red Cross house. It was owned by Duncan Innes. Farther upstream there was another dam that was owned by Akela.

Then it began to rain. Akela's dam was full. Suddenly they broke it, and water came down the stream very fast. Duncan's dam started to leak. Soon, Duncan's dam was washed away.

And so the next day two boys named Tim Hertzler and Sam Ewing got to work and put a few rocks in a line near Duncan's dam. That became the foundation of another, bigger dam. The two boys put lots of mud and rocks together and dug the bottom very deep.

A few days later Duncan rebuilt his dam between two trees, but soon Akela let its dam go again. Tim's and Sam's dam held the water until Sam let the water go. It immediately flowed down and wrecked Duncan's dam. This is the end of the story of three dams.

SAM EWING

THE SPIDER AND MR. FARRINGTON

One night when Mr. Farrington was reading to Toomai, a spider came down from the ceiling and sat down beside him and scared Mr. Farrington off his seat.

BILL KIRKLAND

DIARIES OF CUBS

July 7

I tried to swim. I am going to learn. I shot rifles three times. Colonel Elwell demonstrated axeman-ship at campfire. My brother and my father don't know how to use an axe the right way.

KARL KALTENBORN

July 10

We went to Benson's Animal Farm. I liked the ride in the cars.

My favorite animal was the Chimpanzee, who spit at Dougie and got him in the face! I liked the seal because he splashed us; and the baby bear; and the colt.

BRAD PHILLIPS

July 11

We had French toast for breakfast. We did our duties. We played kick-ball and soccer in Ford Hall. Then we played games in Kipling. We had lunch, came back and wrote a letter to a friend. After relax Colonel told us stories. We got ready for inspection. We went swimming. Dougie and Bobbie found some animal skulls and porcupine quills. It rained all day long!

BRUCE HEUBLEIN

July 31

Today we went to Mount Kearsarge for lunch. We drove part of the way up and then climbed the last part of the mountain.

When we got to the top we were in a cloud with wind and rain, so we hurried back to the picnic area and ate our lunch.

BOBBY MAYNARD

August 6

We went to the Fancy Dress Ball as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. I was "Doc." We sang "HI-HO" and won a Milky Way.

KIT ADAMS

August 13

Today we went to Kimball Falls on an overnight camping trip. We went skinny-dipping in a cold mountain stream and we had "salty" oatmeal and French toast and syrup that Mr. Hakes made.

I fell in the brook, and Mr. Benjamin heard a scary noise in the dark and ran into the shelter and stayed all night.

MICHAEL KETCHUM

August 15

Today the Cubs had Crew races, only we were in rowboats. Two of our boats smacked each other so the other boat won.

We had corn on the cob and I ate six pieces.

WALLY DRISCOLL

August 17

This morning there was a spider in Mr. Benjamin's pants. He screamed! When we went to swim another spider crawled over him. He screamed again. Boy! Spiders sure like Mr. Benjamin.

PETEE THOMPSON



Nine Cubs in a jungle



To China perhaps?



A tense match



Cub Colors



The Seven Dwarfs and friends



The Red rows



The boat emerges



Mr. King



The Red marches

CREW

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



ALL CAMP CREW, 1958

Hertzler	Walker	Batty	Farrington	McKelvy	Whitcomb	Cornell
Bow	2	3	4	5	Stroke	Cox

CREW AT MOWGLIS

Crew is more than Red or Blue, more than a boat and more than each man rowing in it. Crew is a spirit behind and within the boat and oarsmen. Crew is one of the most enjoyable and difficult of competitive sports. It requires skill, concentration, drive, and devotion to the group. The boy must forget himself for the moment and become a part of a larger thing, the crew. He must always keep in mind, moreover, that the strength of the crew depends on him and that he must do his part for the whole. There are no stars or aces; there is only the boat.

This is the basic nature of Crew. It is well suited to the plan of Mowglis, and for this reason occupies an important position in the program of the camp. Aside from this however, it is above all the fun which is derived from rowing and from the competitive spirit associated with the crews, which gives Crew its special place. Crew at Mowglis is organized so that each member of the Pack may take part. To be a member of a Racing Crew is the goal of every rower, but the Forms, in which he gains experience and skill, are equally important. In them, the boy rows with others of his own size and ability, and performs an essential part for his crew. The crew activities begin slowly in the middle of the season and gradually build up to the excitement and pageantry of Crew Week. Crew is calculated to be a program in which boys may gain the greatest possible enjoyment and benefit. As such it rightfully continues as the oldest and most vigorous Mowglis tradition.

VICTOR E. D. KING, *Crew Coach*



WINNING BLUE RACING CREW

Hart Coach	Whitcomb Stroke	McKelvy 5	Rust 4	Underwood 3	Hertzler 2	Rowe 1	King Coach
			Cornell Cox				



RED RACING CREW

Hart Coach	Farrington Stroke	Gilbert 5	Smith 4	Bully 3	Walker 2	Myrlin 1	King Coach
			Guthridge Cox				

BLUE

THE FIRST FORMS

Stroke	Cornell
5	Whitcomb, C.
4	Underwood, S.
3	McKelvy, B.
Bow	Van Vlack
Cox	Glover

RED

Stroke	Merriman, F.
5	Jones
4	Kimball
3	Hollingsworth
2	Wagner
Bow	Guthridge, C.
Cox	Merriman, S.

THE SECOND FORMS

Stroke	Smith, C.
5	Perkins
4	Balis
3	Driscoll, W. J.
2	Ketchum, M. R.
Bow	Davis
Cox	Van Nest

Stroke	Thoron
5	Holt
4	Merriman, S.
3	Lacock
2	Batty, S.
Bow	Cutting
Cox	Guthridge D.

CREW WEEK

Across the glimmering waters of Newfound Lake stroked the Red and Blue crews as they prepared for Mowglis' 1958 Crew Day. A week of rallies and song fests preceded the Red Crew's "Day of Glory," or, according to the Blue Crew, "Blue Victory Day."

Monday, the first day of Crew Week, found both crews learning songs and cheers. The crews organized their meetings and elected cheer leaders to inspire crew spirit and enthusiasm during mealtime song and cheer sessions. In the evening a dance with Interlaken started the week in fine style. Grey Brothers was decorated in red and blue, and the two crews forgot their rivalry for the moment among ladies, crepe paper, and music.

During the week the Red Crew again published its *Scarlet Journal*, and the Blue Crew introduced the *Blue Banner*. Both presented the theme and set the tone for the Crew Day Pageant, Space Travel. While the Blue Crew announced the discovery of a Blue Planet, the Red Crew released top secret information of a space ship landing in Mowglis.

In the dining room the racing crews sat at tables painted red and blue. Above each table hung decorations of appropriately colored crepe paper and balloons.

Friday Night, as the moon shone on the quiet waters of the lake, a great bonfire rally was held on the athletic field. Songs, cheers, parades, a snake dance, introduction of the



racing crews, and more cheers and songs, built up the spirit of both crews. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of crew shirts by Mr. King.

Early Saturday morning both crews sang and cheered as they paraded to the dining room. During the mid-morning, boys with posters and crepe paper decorated the camp, as the excitement of Crew Day steadily mounted. Later the Crew Day Pageant was held on the athletic field before many guests. The Red Crew was correct in its prediction that a space ship would land, for sure enough, on a platform especially built for its landing, a red space ship had appeared. Hidden inside was the answer to the Red defeats of previous years. From the ship six brave Red men dragged a Blue Moon Monster they had seized on the moon. The Blue Moonman had

been maliciously controlling the tides from the moon, aiding the Blue Crew to victory. With his capture, it would now be possible for the Red Crew to triumph again. Across the field a blue rocket landed. It had come from the Blue Planet, the planet announced in the *Blue Banner*, and it brought a message. The captain of the ship proclaimed that since his people had held their crew race forty-eight hours earlier, and since the Blue had won, this would be indeed another Blue Victory Day.

In mid-afternoon both crews marched to the waterfront amid songs and drums, and the races were begun. In the first race, the Blue Second Form won, and in the second, the Red First Form was victorious. Then the climax of the week unfolded as the racing crews launched their boats and rowed to the starting line. As the two crews stroked toward the finish, cheered by their supporters on shore, the Blue Crew drew into the lead and crossed the line first.

Following the race the two crews went together to the athletic field, where the winning stroke's oar was raised on the flag pole, and Crew Week ended with the singing of the *Mowglis Boating Song*.



The Blue drives

MOWGLIS ON THE TRAIL

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



A person derives much from a trip besides fun, although he is not always aware of it. There is an opportunity to use one's body in ways natural but often neglected; there is an ascetic appeal in the rough beauty of nature, perhaps spiritual inspiration as well. In these one may find a distant part of himself which society often succeeds only too well in disguising. There is the necessity to depend on one's self, and on his fellow, as well as the knowledge that another depends on him. On trips one learns both from the hand-to-mouth manner of the daily life, and from deeper experiences. A boy learns of his own needs in a way more intimate than normally possible; he experiences close relations with others, and he senses something far greater than himself or his group. He learns to find joy from his life and from our earth — a deeper joy than is available in the material paths of civilization.

KENNETH CROWELL

Mastering the skills



THE MOWGLIS TRIP PROGRAM

Overnight trips comprise the major part of the trip program. Each boy goes on one two-night trip, and has an opportunity to go on at least one other, as well as on special trips. The younger boys stay at campsites reached by truck, while the older ones are able to get a bit away from the roads. The special trips are usually harder but also more rewarding. The pack trip into the Pemigewasset Wilderness is always a highlight of the trip season. Here the boys find waterfalls, fishing, and mountains off the beaten track. Canoe trips of varying difficulty are included. This year Panther enjoyed a two-night trip on the Saco River; and a group from Akela explored Squam Lake. As often as possible groups of four boys go to the Mowglis shelter at Kimball Falls, a picturesque piece of property about seven miles from camp, owned by Colonel Elwell. These groups stay only for supper, the night, and breakfast, thus continuing to take part in the regular camp activities.

Most trips consist of about seven boys and two staff. While camping is primarily a means towards an end such as fishing, climbing, or skiing, there is a certain satisfaction in the mechanical aspects. We have found that by sending small groups and breaking them down into units of two or three boys, each is enabled to care for himself in a deeper way, and to practice mastering camping skills. Each campsite job is treated as a simple part of daily life, and each is rotated. Doing pots thus becomes a matter of course, not a punishment. All cooking is done by the boys, even to the coffee cake and yeast-risen buns.

Day hikes also form part of the trip program. While Mowglis takes as much pride as ever in maintaining its forty miles of trail in the Mount Cardigan area, there is much progress to be made in making our trip day more extensive, without being any more demanding on the boys. Nature trips, fishing trips, and sailing trips afforded a start this year.

No trip summary would be complete without a note on the traditional Washington Squad. This is a group chosen by the entire staff from the best all-round boys. They spend four days in the Presidentials, staying at A.M.C. huts. It is a reward which every boy aspires to, and is a trip which has carried Mowglis' reputation throughout the mountains.

KENNETH CROWELL, *Tripmaster*

CLIMBING WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN

Quite early in the season Akela went on a three day, two night trip to Whiteface Mountain. We arrived at the campsite in the afternoon and immediately began to set up camp. One of the tents kept falling down, but we finally managed to get it up, and then cooked supper. After supper we played Capture the Flag for a while, then went to bed.

We awoke early the next morning to find five cows eating the remains of the supper. After much coaxing we persuaded one of the counsellors to try to scare them away, and he finally succeeded in scattering them.

After breakfast a group set out to climb the mountain. We walked along a dirt road to a trail sign, then up the trail. It started out very level and gradually grew steeper and steeper. After a long hike we reached the top, where we ate lunch and rested a while. After lunch we descended in about half the time it took to go up. We arrived at the campsite late in the afternoon, and early the next morning returned to Mowglis.

JEFF WALKER and TONY WAGNER

BALOO TRIP

Baloo packed its gear for the trip and went down to the waterfront, where we got our paddles and climbed into a War Canoe. We were going to Cliff Isle for two nights and three days. After saying good-bye to Mr. Eddy we set off, paddling along the shore line, around the lake. We passed Loon Isle, Paradise Point, and Grey Rocks. We passed also boat



houses, a small beach, Bear Mountain and Sugar Loaf, reaching Cliff Isle about 4:00. We played some games, then went for a short dip in the lake. Later, we explored the island and played a war game, using tents as headquarters. Finally, Mr. Crowell got supper and we were glad to eat. When we finished we went right to bed, as it was very dark and we planned to climb Bear Mountain the next day.

We slept soundly the first night, and the next morning, after a good breakfast, we continued the war game. Then we paddled to Nuttings beach and climbed Bear Mt. When we reached the top we found a wonderful view awaiting the patient hiker. After lunch, we returned to the campsite, had a snack of gelatin and cookies, a short relax. and then went swimming. After a good supper and campfire, we went to bed, sleeping very well the second night.

In the morning, we had breakfast, packed up and paddled to Belle Isle where we ate lunch. We then paddled back to Mowglis, to end a perfect trip.

DAVE WOHUSEN



The happy trail gang

CUB TRIP

In the middle of the season, the nine little Cubs, ranging from ages five to eight, left for a three day, two night trip to Belle Isle. Mr. Adams took all the supplies down in the motor boat while Colonel Elwell took the Cubs and staff to Wellington Beach in his jeep. They all hiked to the point across from Belle Isle where a boat met them to take them to the island.

The rest of the first day was spent setting up the tents and organizing the cooking. That night the Cubs went for their first skinny dip of the year off the rocks at Belle. They enjoyed it thoroughly.

The next day, after a very good hot breakfast cooked by our expert cook, Fielding Williams, the Cubs took a boat to Nuttings' Beach. From there they climbed Sugar Loaf Mountain and enjoyed the beautiful view of the lake from the top. Upon descending they had ice cream and pop, and, since the water was warm, they went swimming again.

That night Colonel Elwell came to the island to tell stories. After two excellent stories the Cubs went to bed. When they awoke they found it raining. The boat soon came and brought them back to Mowglis early because of the weather.

Although soggy at the end, it was a very enjoyable trip, and one which the Cubs will not soon forget.

MR. BROOKS BENJAMIN

AKELA ON SQUAM LAKE

On a bright Tuesday morning five Akelites set out in a car with three canoes for a trip on Squam Lake. Once or twice we almost lost a canoe or two, but all three managed to stay with us until we arrived at Holder-ness, where we put the canoes afloat. After loading our equipment we began paddling, going from Little Squam through a channel to Big Squam Lake. It was quite choppy on the lake, but luckily we were paddling with the wind. We landed on a beach, and some of us went swimming. About fifteen minutes later we set out again. This time we were paddling against the wind. After paddling for a while one of the counsellors broke a paddle, but we had an extra paddle with us fortunately.

We eventually landed again on a small beach, where we ate lunch. About half way through lunch we discovered a "No Trespassing" sign. We quickly got into our canoes and headed for the beach where we were to spend the night. We finally arrived after hard paddling. We swam and played in the sand the rest of the afternoon, and later made camp, cooked supper, and went to bed.

The next morning we had breakfast, broke up camp and started paddling again. The lake was quite calm that day. About noon we landed on a small island, went for a short swim, and had lunch. We then continued on the last leg of our trip, paddling to where the truck would meet us. In the two days, we had gone eighteen miles.

TONY WAGNER

THE TOOMAI CHOCORUA TRIP

East and West Toomai rode about forty miles in the truck to a dirt road at the base of Mt. Chocorua. While we ate lunch there, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Sneider set out to find the campsite, and Mr. Williams fixed the packboards. After lunch, we went ahead and met Mr. Anderson, who had found some small toads, which he gave to Jon Avigdor. We hiked about two miles to the campsite, which was a fine, grassy clearing, with a stream in the middle. We split into two groups and pitched our tents on each side of the stream. After dinner, we played for a while, then went to bed and listened to Chip's radio.

The next morning, while still in our sleeping bags, we all had a fight, using our feet. We finally got up and when breakfast was finished, prepared for the three mile hike up Chocorua. One group went up the Brook Trail and my group hiked up the Liberty Trail. We went about one half mile, rested, regained our power, and walked on. After about twenty minutes we passed a group of girls. Finally we got to the rocky part, where we climbed cautiously. It began to drizzle, but after a long walk we came to a shelter, where we ate lunch. After lunch, we started up again. We could now see the top. We soon met the others, and walked on until it started to pour. We ran down the Brook Trail to the campsite, hopped into our sleeping bags, and waited for the rain to stop. After dinner, we went to bed and read. Later, Mr. Adams and Mr. Sanderson brought watermelon and mail. They

also left some marshmallows and we had a marshmallow roast. The next morning we packed and left in the truck for Mowglis.

CHRIS SMITH

SAILING TRIPS

The boys who have been in the sailing industry this year say that one of the best things about sailing at Mowglis are sailing trips. Almost every trip day a group of the better sailors and I take a trip around the lake in the Woodpussy, the camp's biggest sailboat. We take along trip lunches and everything we could possibly need for a long sail, such as extra sail, extra line, paddles, an anchor, a rigging knife, a marlinspike for splicing line, and a pump.

During the day the boys take turns sailing, lying in the sun, and learning about such things as the history of sailing, types of boats, navigation, racing, fancy knots, reefing, and rules of the road. Not only are the trips a lot of fun, but the boys can learn a lot about sailing. It's really exciting to get out on the lake and explore, sometimes going to the end of the lake, if the wind is strong enough. Even if we are caught in a calm, we have fun talking about sailing, and perhaps doing a little paddling. When we return to camp late in the afternoon we really feel that we have been mariners for a day, "discovering" islands and bays and harbors and finally returning to our home port with many interesting stories of our adventures.

MR. DENNETT

MOOSILAUKE TRIP

One morning six boys and Mr. King left for the Ravine Lodge at the base of Mt. Moosilauke. When we arrived we tied on our packs and started walking up a very wet trail. During the three hour hike along this trail, Al Aladjem, and a few others, managed to get their shoes quite wet. We reached the cabin where we were to spend the night at about 4:00, and immediately cooked supper. Then we went to bed, and Joe Antrim read for a while.

The next morning we got up early and started up Moosilauke. After a very uneventful climb we reached the top, where we admired the views, some of which were female. We then walked down a trail that led back to the Ravine Lodge, where we bought some coke and candies. After hiking back up to the cabin, we went to bed early, for it had been a rough day.

The next morning it was raining, and instead of going over the mountain and down a trail on the other side, we returned to the Ravine Lodge. We arrived at about 11:00, had lunch, and were picked up in the afternoon by Mr. Adams and brought back to Mowglis.

JOE ANTRIM

MOOSILAUKE TRIP TWO

We started at the Dartmouth Outing Club Lodge and walked up a road by an old logging camp. Beyond the camp the road gradually petered out and became a very muddy path. After a while we reached the campsite, an abandoned D.O.C. cabin,

where Mr. Williams and Mr. Anderson cooked a fine supper of carrots and hamburgs. We went to bed about 9:00 and told ghost stories for about an hour.

When we awoke the next day, it was raining hard, and Mr. Anderson said that we would have to stay in the cabin. We soon noticed that the roof was leaking everywhere, and we rushed to put pans under all the leaks. We played games and charades during the day, which progressed slowly to dinnertime, when we struggled to get a fire going in an old stove. As soon as we got a good fire started, it stopped raining, but Mr. Anderson said that we would cook on the stove anyway. It was quite a job, but we had supper. After supper, while the fire was still going, Mr. Anderson climbed onto the roof and put a board over the chimney, smoking everyone out of the cabin. After that, having had enough excitement for one day, we went to bed.

The next day we climbed Moosilauke. We carried the packs to the point where three trails meet. John Underwood, Mr. Anderson, and I stayed here while the others continued up the mountain. While we were waiting, we hid the others' packs, then we went down the trail about seventy-five feet and waited. In a while we heard voices. We waited a moment, then ran up to them. We helped them search for their packs until someone found them. We then followed a steep, rocky trail down the mountain. When we reached the road we met the truck, which brought us back to Mowglis.

TOM JONES

Another false summit?

PANTHER IN THE PEMIGEWASSETT WILDERNESS

One very nice day four Pantherites and one counsellor packed, hopped into Mowglis' bright green station wagon, and drove to the beginning of an abandoned railway on the Pemigewasset River. There we said good-bye to the station wagon and hiked up the Wilderness Trail to Franconia Falls Shelter, where we dropped our packs, swam in the Falls, and ate our lunch. After a short relax we again shouldered our packs, and hiked up the Franconia Brook Trail to Thirteen Falls Shelter. We arrived at 6:30, and after an enjoyable supper, were ready to go to sleep. Early the next morning we cooked breakfast, and, having extra time, explored the stream around Thirteen Falls.

After lunch we climbed to the summit of Mt. Garfield, where we discovered the remains of an old cabin. Then we hiked down Garfield to Garfield Pond shelter where we met an A.M.C. Trail Gang which was also spending the night at the shelter. We had dinner, and until bedtime I found the reason for the saying "The more the merrier."

The next day was the last day of the trip, and we got up early. After our last cooked meal we bade a sad farewell to the trail crew and started up the Garfield Ridge Trail toward Mt. Lafayette, which could not yet be seen. We hiked over the thirteen false summits of the mountain and down to the parking lot on the other side, where we waited until the green station wagon arrived. A stop for ice cream on the way back to Mowglis made a happy ending to a good trip.

BEN HERTZLER

A swift mountain stream



THE GOPHER SQUAD

One cool Thursday morning the four members of the Gopher Squad, accompanied by Mr. Sanderson and Mr. King, left soon after breakfast for Mt. Washington. Two hours later we were on the Ammonoosac Ravine Trail, which leads from the base station to the Lakes of the Clouds. It was quite a trail. The first part was very rocky and muddy. After a while it came to a pool, beyond which it continued almost straight up for about two miles. It then leveled off somewhat and the summit came into view, as well as the Lakes-of-the-Clouds Hut, where we were to spend the night.

At the hut we had lunch, and afterwards resumed our journey to the summit. It was a long hard hike, over bare rock, for we were above the timber line. When we arrived, we went to the Summit House and bought candy, drinks, etc. Unfortunately, the view from the top wasn't too spectacular since we were in the clouds.

We met the Washington Squad at the summit also, and a while later the combined party descended to the Lakes of the Clouds. We had a good

meal that night, played games and whittled for a while, then went to bed.

The following morning we set out early. We climbed over the tops of many mountains, among which were Monroe, Pleasant, and Franklin. We went up and down for a long time, until the trail led steadily downward. We took time out to see a beautiful waterfall, and continued down until we reached the road, where the truck picked us up. We returned to Mowglis after a very, very fine trip up Mt. Washington.

JEFFREY WALKER

THE WASHINGTON SQUAD

One rainy morning eight boys, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Crowell left for Pinkham Notch and the Presidentials. We eventually arrived at Wildcat Mountain, where there is a gondola lift. Here we left the car and each found his own gondola. After an exciting ride we reached the top of the mountain. Here we had our lunch and then started to hike. We walked for a couple of hours across ridges until we came to the Carter Notch Hut. We spent the first night here. Carter Notch Hut is supposed to be the finest of all the huts that the A.M.C. maintains and I liked it the best of the trip. Before supper we explored the ice caves and got quite grimy and dirty, but it was great fun. After supper we played games with the two hutmen, Tony and Sam.

Strapping on



Exploration

When we got to the Summit House we found the Gophers already there. We immediately invaded the House and bought the place out of ice cream, candy and maple sugar. Then we hiked down to the Lakes of the Clouds where we spent an uneventful night.

After a very good breakfast the next morning, we hiked down to the highway. From there we took the Osgood Trail up Mt. Madison. After a short walk we ate lunch and swam in a waterfall. Then we started the real ascent. About an hour later Mr. Crowell exclaimed that he had left his glasses where we had had lunch. He announced that Ted Cornell was to go get them. Ted evidently believed him and started off down the trail. After he had walked for a while he was called back and everybody laughed.

About 4:30 we reached the summit of Mt. Madison. Everyone was in high spirits because just below were the Madison Huts where we were to spend the night. We went to bed early and woke in plenty of time for breakfast. After breakfast we started the long trek to Mt. Washington and the Lakes-of-the-Clouds Hut. First we climbed Mt. Adams, then numerous other mountains such as Jefferson and Clay. We were hiking along a ridge the whole time and enjoyed a wonderful view. Finally we reached the Mt. Washington Cog Railway and started the final ascent.



Trail Break

The next day we walked up Monroe and down to a shelter where we ate lunch. After lunch we descended to the highway, were picked up by the truck, and after a long ride, finally arrived in camp. The Mt. Washington Trip is the best trip that I have ever been on at Mowglis, and I am sure that everyone else who went will agree.

JOE ANTRIM

THE RANGELEY CANOE TRIP

One fine morning seven Denites and one Pantherite set out for a five day, four night canoe trip on the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. We left about 10:00 and after a pleasant trip arrived on the shores of the lake about 3:30. It did not take us long to get the canoes into the water and to pack them, and we soon started to paddle the seven miles to our campsite. Halfway, however, rain began to fall and dampened our spirits a little. Our campsite was finally spotted, but when we arrived we found that some fishermen had a camp in the best clearing. We found another clearing, promptly put up our tent and began to organize our packs. It soon stopped raining and we found that we were hungry. After a very delicious supper, some of us went fishing while others sat around the fire and talked.

The next morning when we awoke, we found that Frank Merriman had gone fishing early in the morning and had caught a sixteen inch salmon. We had a very good breakfast, after which we again packed the canoes and headed toward our next campsite. On the way I caught a good-sized salmon, which was greatly admired by the others when we stopped for lunch on a little island. We arrived at our next campsite at about 3:30 and were glad to find it was much better than the previous one.

We spent the next two days fishing, cooking, and swimming. Then we paddled to our last campsite, which took a full day. We passed another day here and finally split into two groups for the last part of the trip in order to shoot some rapids on the Androscoggin River. Both groups had a lot of fun on the rapids, and a picnic lunch at a roadside rest ended a good trip.

BEN HERTZLER

SACO RIVER TRIP

Seven Pantherites, Mr. Crowell, and Mr. Sneider travelled in two cars, loaded with four canoes, to the Saco River for the trip. We put in at a covered bridge near Fryeburg, Maine, and started paddling. Very soon, we hit the first rapids, which we managed without much trouble. In the afternoon we portaged around a dam, and later passed the first of the three girls' camps that we met during the trip. The first night was spent on a beach, just above our intended campsite.

In the morning, we set out early and paddled down to the site, where we ate breakfast. Below the camp there were some rapids in which we did some practicing. John Rowe broke out his fishing gear and managed eventually to catch a ten inch pickerel. We stayed the night, and set off down the river at 11:00 the next morning. It was an adventurous trip; we ran an obstacle course in which Mike Smith and I really showed the boys how to do it. We were picked up at a bridge in the late afternoon and returned to Mowglis after a very fine trip.

JOHN UNDERWOOD

A salmon to admire

THE HISTORY OF MOWGLIS

— ALCOTT FARRAR ELWELL —

Colonel Elwell has been working for a number of years on a history of the camp, covering the entire period of the camp's existence from the beginning to the present. We are all looking forward to its eventual publication. In the meantime however, the Colonel has given permission to print in condensed form the sections which are now completed. This year the *Howl* is proud to present its first installment of highlights from the *History of Mowglis*.

THE EARLY YEARS

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

Mrs. Elizabeth Ford Holt wrote this poem in 1903. It was the first song of the camp which she founded in the same year, and lays down the principles for which it has stood during fifty-six succeeding years. To start at the beginning however; Mrs. Holt long admired Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Stories*, and when she began her experiment in a camp for younger boys she wrote to the author, then living in Brattleboro, Vermont, asking that she might use the name "Mowglis." Although the camp was an experiment, Mr. Kipling generously gave his permission. So in 1903, Rudyard Kipling's man cub stepped, as it were, from the *Jungle Books* to shake hands with Mrs. Holt, and to leave with his new American brothers the tradition of that far-away Eastern Jungle where he was born.

He found ten boys, living in a new building, The Cave. It had no foundations, no wash porch, and no playing field. Its piazza and broad porch faced east. Beside the piazza there was a huge glacial boulder and a hemlock tree. The only other buildings in the camp were an old sugar house and an equally ancient farmhouse, which came to be known as the Jungle House. There was not a great deal to remind one of a Jungle however. Formerly known as the Barnard Farm, the camp consisted of rolling fields, broken by great boulders, extending to the shore of the lake. At the water's edge there were no buildings. The cove and the shore were filled with huge rocks, carelessly dropped by the glacier when it melted some thirty thousand years earlier, after having gouged the lake from among the mountains.

Beyond the fields however, the forests encircled the lake, extending to the water's edge. Life was primitive behind the wall of mountains and forest. Transportation was either by horse, oxen, or by foot. Houses were heated by wood, and ice was cut from the lake in the winter and



Mrs. Holt and Jungle House, 1905

stored in sawdust for the summer. Often one could hear over the water the strange wild cry of a loon, for loons nested each year on a small island across the lake, known as Loon Isle.

Highlights of the first summer were the baseball game in which the boys thoroughly beat Pasquaney and the first Sports Day. By the end of the summer, numerous songs had joined the growing traditions of the camp, one of which remains a fundamental part of Mowglis. In the late summer of 1903 the first graduation took place, and for this Mrs. Holt wrote the *Graduates' Hymn*.



The Mowglis Nine plus two

In 1904, the camp acquired an assistant director, Ford Holt, the son of Mrs. Holt. The arriving campers found other additions. An outdoor dining room had been added to the Jungle House, from which one could look across the lake to Bear and Sugarloaf Mountains, and glimpse the summit of Cardigan beckoning the first Mowglis to explore.

A barn had been built behind the Jungle House in the fall of 1903, the product of one of the last "barn-raising" in New Hampshire. In 1918, it was transformed into an infirmary, the Lodge. On the ground floor may yet be seen the scars made by the caulks of the horse shoes. The carriages were in the area in front of the present fireplace. The hay loft above became two wards, a nurse's room, and the so-called "Chamber of Horrors." In the low attic above the second story the dove cot is still in place.

Half-way down the hill a tennis court was in construction. Several men, horses, and a scoop, using black powder for blasting, spent many days completing it. There was also an additional dormitory. The old sugar house gave way forever to the Den, and instead of boiling maple sap, it was now boiling with boys. At the waterfront a boat house, called Waingunga, had appeared. During the winter it had been dragged across the ice from below Onaway Point, where it had once served as the boat house of the Masquebec Tavern.

Activities during the summer of 1904 included swimming, boating, hiking, and camping. Blueberries and strawberries abounded in the fields and were eagerly gathered. The boys looked forward especially to a walk

to Plymouth for a hair cut and ice-cream soda. The hair cut cost a quarter and the soda cost ten cents. The hike was about fifteen miles round trip, and everyone went. At night there was a campfire on the hill, facing the lake and Mt. Cardigan. The site is now covered by the stones of the present campfire circle, built some years later.

In 1905 Ford Holt continued as Assistant Director, starting the camera club and producing the first pictures of the camp. The most striking addition this year was the appearance of three Junior Counsellors, who lived in a khaki tent which came to be known as Panther. They were Alcott and Bruce Elwell, the twins, and Louis Grandgent. From the tent platform, Alcott Elwell could touch the top of a pine tree, then about twelve feet tall, which later came to be known as "The Colonel's Pine."

Near The Cave a new building had also appeared. It was intended as a dormitory, but fate and the boys eventually determined otherwise.

"Listen my friends and you shall hear A strange tale of this building here. Kipling Hall — Well it started queer, But grew in respectability year by year."



The Lair



Grandgent, Elwell A., Elwell B.

It was originally called "The Lair, a perfectly acceptable name from the Jungle Book. For some reason the name did not stick, and before long it acquired the title, "The Bug-house." Boys shocked their parents by saying that they lived in the Bug House. The Lair was finally renamed Kipling Hall and became the first assembly hall at Mowglis. It was taken over by the Cubs in 1923, and remains their assembly hall.

In 1905 also, the camp acquired its first launch, a nineteen foot dory with a three and a half horsepower engine. Running full speed against the wind it went backward, but it was the first gasoline launch on the lake and was held in great pride.

The Long Trip this year was to Waterville Valley. The whole camp hiked to Plymouth, and took the train to Campton. Here, it was met by a two horse hay rig, which had left the camp the previous day with

all the gear. The boys hiked from Campton to Waterville, walking one mile, then riding one. In the valley they slept in an overgrown pasture. All was fine until it rained, and it was necessary to find refuge in a deserted lumber camp which was dry, but small. It was indeed so small that one could hardly move. It rained the entire day, but the staff kept every one happy by continuously preparing food. The boys did nothing but eat all day. When the rain finally stopped, Mowglis climbed Mt. Osceola for the first time and then returned to Plymouth and home.



Waingunga, 1905

In the summer of 1906 thirty-three boys crowded the camp. More space was needed, so below the campfire a pair of horses and three men worked all summer to clear and level the athletic field. There were still three dormitories, The Cave, The Lair, and The Den. Panther remained a tent. The Cockermouth River was much



Dining room, 1905

used for day trips, and blueberry, huckleberry and strawberry hikes were very popular. Mr. Ford Holt led a party over the Haystacks to Lincoln and Lafayette. They descended the Eagle Cliff trail to supper at the Profile House, and camped in a lonely meadow beneath the cliffs of Cannon Mt., later known as the Lafayette Campground.

Another trip took some to the Lost River, which was at the time a wonderland, untouched by Man. Over the rock formations hung huge hemlocks, shading the whole area, and the moss was inches thick. From Lost River, Mt. Moosilauke was climbed for the first time and the trip was ended by hiking back to North Woodstock.

During this summer also, an area was cleared by the boys and the counsellors for an outdoor chapel. The same area continues as the "Chapel-of-the-Woods" to this day.

The next part of the History will conclude the section, "The Early Years." It will cover the period from 1906 to 1911, during which time the Mowglis tradition begins to assume a more familiar form.

1958

CUB HISTORY 1958

Cubs Go!

The familiar command which for years has directed the Cubs in all their camp activities rang out again this year as eight boys, six of them new to Mowglis, were welcomed to Kipling Hall, their dormitory for the first half of the season. The Cubs *did* go, to every part of camp, onto the lake, and into the mountains.

Venturing out of their protective lair to Packland, the Cubs got a taste of some of the many skills which they hope to continue in future years as members of the Pack. Rifery was a new experience for most of the Cubs; nevertheless, three Cubs managed to earn their Pro-Marksman awards. Classes in nature opened their eyes to many of the wonders of the world around them. Instruction in tennis taught them the fundamentals of this sport.

In the Craft Shop the boys completed metal tapping projects and motor boats, which they later sailed at Baloo Cove.

At the waterfront, also, the Cubs were active, learning how to handle rowboats as well as how to swim. Two boys progressed sufficiently in swimming to earn their Red Cross beginners certificates and to join the Pack for swimming instruction.

Advancing further afield, the Cubs enjoyed numerous day trips to Mt. Kearsarge, Benson's Wild Animal Farm, Sugar Loaf Mountain, Wellington Beach, Gray Rocks Beach, and

Polar Caves. Especially memorable were the three day, two night trip to Belle Isle, and the overnight trips to Kimball Falls.

This year, for the first time, the Cubs were privileged to use Baloo Cove beach, where they spent numerous unforgettable hours on hot days swimming and playing in the water, building castles and tunnels in the sand.

The days when the Cubs joined the Pack for special events will also be remembered. Will they ever forget the Circus, or the Fancy Dress Ball when they won a prize for their Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs costumes? Certainly, the events and excitement of Crew Week will be remembered as a highlight of the year.

A new custom was begun in Cubs this year: that of keeping daily diaries, which record all the individual incidents and thoughts which were such an important part of life at Mowglis.

As the summer closes, the Cubs look back to remember the many happy days they will be leaving behind; but they look ahead, also, to the day when they can take their places in the land below and become full members of the Mowglis Pack.



PACK HISTORY 1958

1958 opened with sunny weather and high spirits for both boys and staff. The Fourth of July came quickly, and a picnic at Gray Rocks Beach burst into a gold rush when Mr. Adams discovered a nugget while skin diving.

After a few warm-up hikes, overnight trips were in full swing. Highlights of the trip season included the Den Aziscoos Lake canoe trip, the Panther trip down the Saco River, and the Akela fishing and swimming trip to Franconia Falls — pleasant trips in every way; and perhaps best of all, the annual Pemigewassett Wilderness pack trip. The Mt. Washington Squad boasted three Pantherites, and had an especially fine time. The trip season ended with many nights alone at Cub Point, and with some interesting and challenging day hikes.

Many new trips were added. There were war canoe trips down the lake for Baloo and Toomai. We will not forget the nature hunts to Mud Creek, nor the glint in Mr. Plumhoff's eye as we manned rowboats with oars and hand-made fishing poles.

The waterfront was ever popular, in spite of occasionally cool weather. The new tag system made swimming more fun, as well as safer. Waterfront hour in the morning allowed us to use the boats and canoes, and to try skin diving equipment. Mr. Adams gave us many thrills on water skis. Sailing was exciting, as ever. Watersports day provided excitement for all, with its skill and novelty events.

The Craft Shop was ever busy with metal tapping, carpentry, weaving, and, naturally, gimpbraiding. Photog-



Our Ringmaster

raphy produced new wonders from darkroom and hypo. There was always a better target to shoot at the busy rifle range. Archery and Indian Lore were made especially interesting by Kanute, our Kiowa Indian.

Regular Mowglis days became a rarity among the special programs. We did not even miss the proverbial barrel of monkeys in the midst of the excitement of the circus. The final week of rehearsals for our production of the Mikado made us all feel as though we were a part of a stock company, and the actual performance on Saturday was excellent, reflecting the weeks of patient work by Mr. Hakes and the cast. Two lazy days were welcome interruptions to such a busy program.

Suddenly Crew Week was here! Boys began working to develop in secret their interpretations of the theme of space, while the crews practiced as hard as ever. Red and Blue



Crew Bonfire

tables in the dining room added color to the festivities. Who can forget Friday night, with the parade and rally around the bonfire? Excitement rose higher and higher Saturday as the space ships revealed their secret messages, and we reached the climax of the week: the races. Here, the Blue second form, the Red first form, and the Blue racing crew held the edge.

Team games and competitions made all activities more fun. We competed in everything from policing the grounds to the camping skillereer with its impossible compass course and burned biscuits. Individual tournaments in tether ball, horseshoes, croquet, ping pong, and tennis were enjoyed by all.

Campfires twice a week will be remembered for their songs, trip reports by boys, and especially the reading of Howls. Special programs, the Indian Dancing show, Fancy Dress Ball, and outdoor movies added variety to evenings. And, speaking of evenings, the Interlaken damsels were so taken with Mowglis after our visit there that they came over here for a second dance.

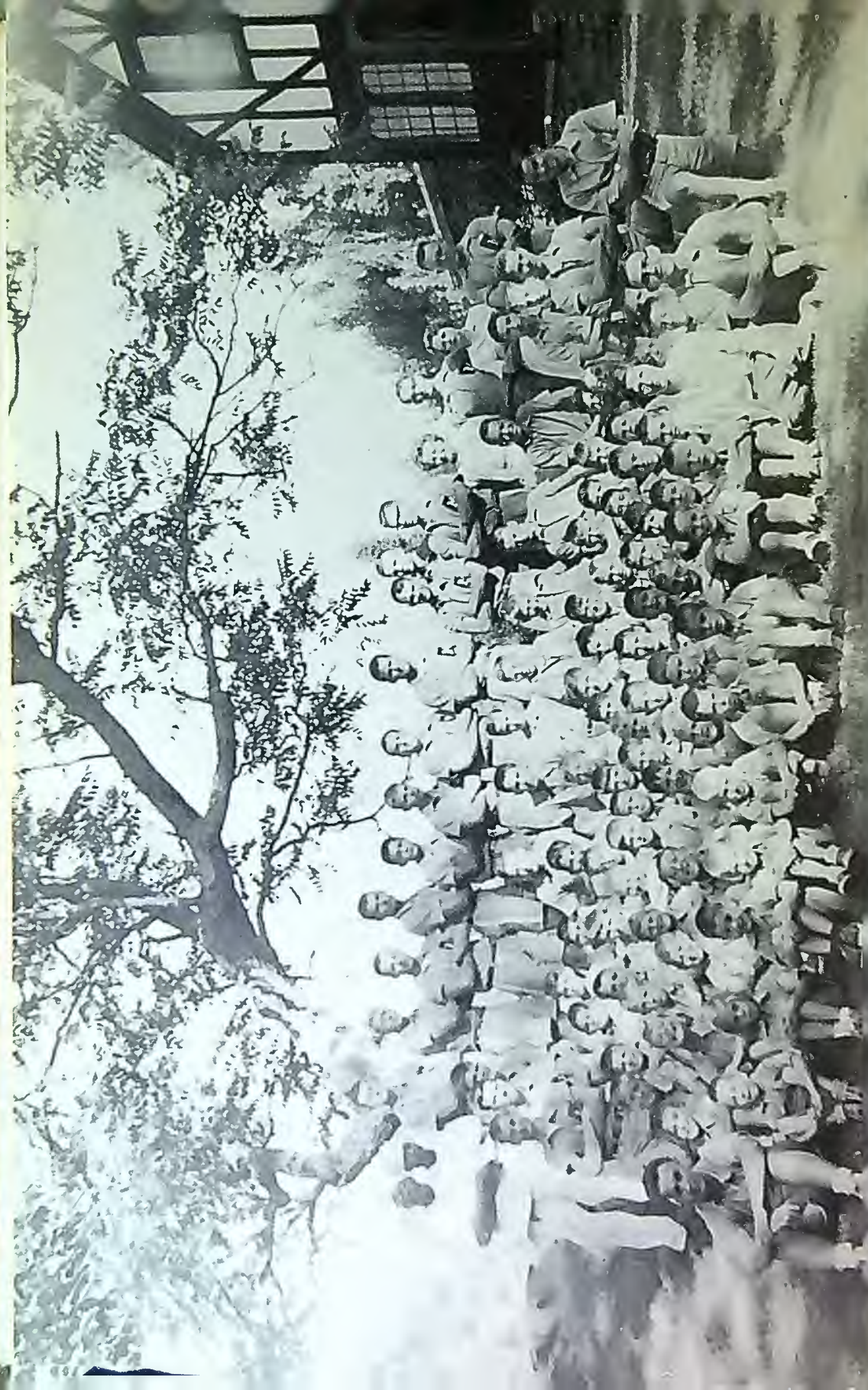


Watersports

We were happy to have boys share in giving the talks at Sunday Chapel; afternoon vespers and evening services provided time for meditation during the week.

As this year closes we will be glad to have the Howl to remind us of the summer's many good times, and to set our sights on years to come. We have felt fortunate, indeed, to have Colonel Elwell with us to preserve the old Mowglis ideals, as we move forth into our new era with Mr. Adams.





THE TRAIL OF THE PACK, 1958



Each boy has written his own record for the year, and this record is published below. The editors have tried to have these records as correct as possible. Addresses are given that Mowglis may correspond with each other, Council, Pack, Cubs.

Christopher Adams, '58. CUB. 28 Byron Road, Weston, Mass.

Dormitory, Ford Hall; War Canoe trip to Gray Rocks; Belle Isle Overnight; Kimball Falls Overnight; Climbed Mt. Kearsarge; Climbed Sugar Loaf; Attended crafts, riflery, boating, nature, and tennis.

Albert Aladjem, '58. 17 Temple Road, Wellesley, Mass.

Dormitory, Panther; Olympians athletic team; Moosilauke Dorm trip; NRA Pro Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter; Beginners Swimming test.

Joseph Linwood Antrim, III, '56, '57, '58. Mooreland Road, Rt. 13, Richmond, Va.

Dormitory, Panther; Co-Captain Moosilaukes athletic team; Brown Ribbon; Red racing crew; Moosilauke Dorm trip, Pemigewasett trip, Mr. Washington Squad; NRA Second and Third Bars; Graduates' Dinner waiter; 3 AFE's; Chapel Speaker.

Jon Parkinson Avigdor, '57, '58. 64 Ash Street, Weston, Mass.

Dormitory, Toomai; Popocatepetls athletic team; 4 on Blue 3rd form crew; Chocorua Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight.

Clarence Wanton Balis, III, '57, '58. 124 W. Righters Mill Road, Gladwyne, Penna.

Dormitory, Toomai; Olympians athletic team; Row Boat Safety test; 4 on Blue 2nd form crew; Chocorua Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight; Winner of Junior Tennis Tournament; Horseshoes runner-up; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Graduates' Dinner waiter; Candle Boat winner; NRA Sharpshooter, First, Second, and Third Bars; Dorm Howl Editor.

Earl Jerome Batty, '58. 1710 Louisquissett Pike, Saylesville, R. I.

Dormitory, Panther; Co-Captain Popocatepetls athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; Row Boat Safety and Canoe Safety tests; Red, Silver, and White ribbons; NRA Pro Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter; 3 on Red Racing crew; 3 on All Camp crew; Winner of dorm Ping Pong Tournament; Moosilauke Dorm trip, Saco River trip, Gopher Squad; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Chapel Speaker.

Stephen Mathewson Batty, '58. 1710 Louisquissett Pike, Saylesville, R. I.

Dormitory, Baloo; Olympians athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Knife test; Purple Ribbon; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class; 2 on Red 2nd form crew; Golden Bowstring, Silver Arrow; Cliff Isle Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight; Winner dorm Tetherball Tournament; Candle Boat winner.

Randall Blackshaw Brown, '56, '57, '58. 5407 Bradley Blvd., Bethesda, Md.

Dormitory, Panther; Winning Suribachis athletic team; Canoe Safety test; 2 on Blue 1st form crew; Moosilauke Dorm trip; Winner of Senior Tennis Doubles Tournament; 1 AFE; Chapel Speaker.

Christopher Fisk Clough, '58. Elm Street, Woodstock, Vermont

Dormitory, Baloo; Popocateptls athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Knife test; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter; Cliff Isle Dorm trip; Blue 3rd form crew.

Edward Hawthorne Cornell, '58. GRADUATE. 42 Fuller Brook Road, Wellesley, Mass.

Dormitory, Den; Co-Captain Olympians athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; Canoe Safety, Row Boat Safety, and Skippers tests; Hatchet and Knife tests; Yellow Ribbon, Golden Anchor; Cox on Winning Blue Racing Crew, Stroke Blue 1st form crew; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter, First, Second Bars; Rangeley Lakes trip, Mt. Washington Squad; Winner dorm Horseshoes Tournament, Winner Senior Singles and Doubles Tennis Tournament; Mrs. Holt's Day song leader; Cox All Camp crew; Chapel Speaker.

Bruce Cummings, '58. CUB. 4715 Swarthout Drive, Saginaw, Michigan

Aubrey Neville Cutting, '58. 2637 Aqua Vista Blvd., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Dormitory, Akela; Olympians athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Knife test; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class; Bow Red 2nd form crew; Whiteface Dorm trip, Franconia Falls trip; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Indian Program.

Winthrop Crusan Davis, '58. 423 Colebrook Lane, Bryn Mawr, Penna.

Dormitory, Toomai; Winning Suribachis athletic team; Intermediates swimming test; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter; Row Boat Safety test; Purple Ribbon; Bow Blue 2nd form crew; Chocorua Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight; Runner-up dorm Ping Pong Tournament; Dorm Howl editor.

Walter Francis Driscoll, '58. CUB. 54 Montvale Road, Newton Center, Mass.

Dormitory, Ford Hall; NRA Pro-Marksman; Belle Isle Overnight, Kimball Falls Overnight, Climbed Mt. Kearsarge and Sugar Loaf; Winner, Inspection trip to Polar Caves; Winner Cub Croquet Tournament; Attended crafts, riflery, boating, nature, tennis, swimming.

William Joseph Driscoll, '58. 54 Montvale Road, Newton Center, Mass.

Dormitory, Toomai; Olympians athletic team; Beginners, Intermediates, and Swimmers swimming tests; Hatchet test; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Chocorua Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight; 3 on Blue 2nd form crew; Runner-up Junior Tennis Tournament; Winner dorm Horseshoes Tournament; Chapel Choir; Mikado; Winner in Fancy Dress Ball; Golden Bowstring; Graduates' Dinner waiter; Mrs. Holt's Day songleader.

Harry Lawrence Drogin, '58. 5396 Drover Drive, San Diego, California

Dormitory, Toomai; Yellowstones athletic team; Intermediates and Swimmers swimming tests; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class; Kimball Falls Overnight.

Rozier Dulany, '58. Rt. 1, McLean, Virginia

Dormitory, Akela; Olympians athletic team; Intermediates swimming test; Knife test; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman; Whiteface Dorm trip; Red crew; Indian Program.

John Dunbar, '58. 10 Orchard Street, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Dormitory, Toomai; Popocateptls athletic team; Chocorua Dorm trip.

Samuel Evans Ewing, Jr., '58. 119 Cheswold Lane, Haverford, Penna.

Dormitory, Baloo; Olympians athletic team; Beginners swimming test; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman First Class; Golden Bowstring, Knife test; 4 Red 3rd form crew; Cliff Isle Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight.

Roger William Farrington, '53, '54, '55, '56, '57, '58. GRADUATE. 268 Forest Drive, Union, N. J.

Dormitory, Den; Captain Popocateptls athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; NRA Second through Sixth Bars; Green, Yellow, and Red Ribbons; Inner Circle in '57; Stroke Red Racing crew; 4 All Camp crew; Rangeley Lakes trip; Winner dorm Croquet Tournament, Runner-up in dorm Ping Pong, Tetherball, and Senior Tennis Tournaments; Senior Rifle Team; Mrs. Holt's Day speaker.

Allen Gilbert, '55, '56, '57, '58. GRADUATE. 5 Northwoods Road, Radnor Penna.

Dormitory, Den; Captain Winning Suribachis athletic team; Canoe Safety test; Red, Brown, and Silver Ribbons; NRA Sharpshooter, First, Second Bars; Inner Circle; Hatchet test; 5 Red Racing crew; Rangeley Lakes trip, Pemigewassett trip.

Paul Williams Glover, III, '57, '58. Hanover, New Hampshire

Dormitory, Toomai; Winning Suribachis athletic team; Intermediates swimming test; NRA Sharpshooter; Cox Blue 1st form crew; Chocorua dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight; Chapel Choir; Mikado; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Mrs. Holt's Day speaker.

Nicholas Pond Mispsee Greene, '58. 177 Ridgewood Ave., Hamden 17, Conn.

Dormitory, Baloo; Popocateptls athletic team; Beginners and Intermediates swimming tests; NRA Pro-Marksman; Knife Test; 2 on Blue 3rd form crew; Cliff Isle Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight; Runner-up dorm Tetherball Tournament; Dorm Howl editor.

Charles Mosely Guthridge, '56, '57, '58. 206 Amphill Road, Richmond, Virginia

Dormitory, Panther; Winning Suribachis athletic team; NRA Fifth and Sixth Bars; Junior and Senior Rifle Teams; Row Boat Safety test; Axe and Hatchet tests; Brown Ribbon; Cox and Captain Red Racing crew, Bow Winning Red 1st form crew; Pemigewassett trip, Mt. Washington Squad; Runner-up dorm Croquet and Ping Pong Tournaments; Mikado; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Graduates' Dinner waiter; Mrs. Holt's Day song leader; Chapel Speaker.

Daniel Willis Guthridge, '58. 206 Amphill Road, Richmond, Virginia

Dormitory, Baloo; Yellowstones athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Row Boat Safety test; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter; Cliff Isle Dorm trip; Winner dorm Horseshoes Tournament; Knife Test; Cox Red 2nd form crew; Runner-up dorm Croquet Tournament; Chapel Choir; Mikado; Graduates' Dinner waiter; Mrs. Holt's Day speaker.

Bennett Hertzler, '57, '58. R.D. 1, Mansfield Center, Conn.

Dormitory, Panther; Co-Captain Yellowstones athletic team; Canoe Safety test; Red Ribbon; Knife and Hatchet test; 2 on Winning Blue Racing crew; 2 All Camp Crew; NRA Third and Fourth Bars; Moosilauke Dorm trip, Pemigewassett trip, Rangeley Lakes trip, Mt. Washington Squad; Junior Rifle Team; Graduate Dinner head waiter; Fancy Dress Ball winner; 3 AFE's; Chapel Speaker; Mrs. Holt's Day speaker; Howl Editor-in-Chief.

Timothy Hertzler, '57, '58. R.D. 1, Mansfield Center, Conn.

Dormitory, Baloo; Winning Suribachis athletic team; Purple Ribbon; NRA Pro-Marksman; Golden Bowstring; Cox Blue 3rd form crew; Cliff Isle Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight; Winner dorm Ping Pong Tournament; Fancy Dress Ball Winner.

Bruce Gilbert Heublein, '58. CUB. Morgan Road, Canton, Conn.

Dormitory, Ford Hall; NRA Pro-Marksman; War Canoe trip to Gray Rocks, Belle Isle Overnight, Kimball Falls Overnight, Climbed Mt. Kearsarge and Sugar Loaf; Winner Inspection Trip to Polar Caves; Attended crafts, riflery, boating, nature, tennis, and swimming.

Frazier Curtis Hollingsworth, '57, '58. RFD 2, Peterborough, N. H.

Dormitory, Baloo; Everests athletic team; 3 Winning Red 1st form crew; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter; Golden Bowstring; Cliff Isle Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight.

Don Rhodes Holt, '58. Lake Street, Sherborn, Mass.

Dormitory, Panther; Popocateptls athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter; Moosilauke Dorm trip, Saco River trip; 5 Red 2nd form crew; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Chapel Speaker.

Duncan Innes, '58. 80 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass.

Dormitory, Baloo; Moosilaukes athletic team; Beginners swimming test; NRA Pro-Marksman; Bow Red 3rd form crew; Cliff Isle Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight; Graduates' Dinner waiter.

Raymond Thomas Jones, '54, '55, '56, '57, '58. 80 Windsor Ave., Buffalo 9, N. Y.

Dormitory, Panther; Popocateptls athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; 5 Winning Red 1st form crew; Moosilauke Dorm trip, Saco River trip; Winner dorm Horseshoes Tournament; Golden Bowstring; NRA First Bar; Chapel Speaker.

Karl Rolf Kaltenborn, '58. CUB. Hill, New Hampshire

Dormitory, Ford Hall; NRA Pro-Marksman; War Canoe trip to Gray Rocks, Belle Isle Overnight, Climbed Mt. Kearsarge and Sugar Loaf, Kimball Falls Overnight; Attended crafts, riflery, boating, nature, tennis, and swimming.

Douglas D. Kenney, '55, '56, '57, '58. CUB. 9 McGrath Court, Stonington, Conn.

Mark Richard Ketchum, '58. 231 Weston Road, Wellesley, Mass.

Dormitory, Akela; Yellowstones athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Knife test; 2 Winning Blue 2nd form crew; Franconia Falls trip; NRA Pro-Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class; Indian program.

Michael L. Ketchum, '58. CUB. 231 Weston Road, Wellesley, Mass.

Dormitory, Ford Hall; War Canoe trip to Gray Rocks; Kimball Falls Overnight, Climbed Mt. Kearsarge, Winner Inspection trip to Polar Caves; Winner Candle Boat Race; Attended crafts, boating, riflery, and swimming.

Bradford Fisher Kimball, Jr., '57, '58. 20 Mayfair Drive, Slingerlands, N. Y.

Dormitory, Den; Captain of Everests athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Knife test; 4 Winning Red 1st form crew; Rangeley Lakes trip, Mt. Washington Squad; NRA Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter, First and Second Bars; Hiking Award.

Samuel Noyes Kirkland, Jr., '56, '57, '58. 638 Morris Ave., Bryn Mawr, Penna.

Dormitory, Panther; Co-Captain Everests athletic team; Row Boat Safety test; Brown and Black-and-White Ribbons; Golden Arrow; Inner Circle; Blue Crew; Moosilauke Dorm trip; Runner-Up in Croquet Tournament; Fancy Dress Ball winner, 5 AFE's; Chapel Speaker.

William Alexander Kirkland, II, '57, '58. 638 Morris Ave., Bryn Mawr, Penna.

Dormitory, Toomai; Yellowstones athletic team; Blue Crew; Chocorua Dorm trip; Kimball Falls Overnight; NRA Marksman First Class and Sharpshooter; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Indian program.

William Hodge Lacock, '57, '58. 305 Audubon Ave., Wayne, Penna.

Dormitory, Toomai; Everests athletic team; Intermediates swimming test; Hatchet test; 3 Red 2nd form crew; Chocorua Dorm trip, Kimball Falls Overnight.

Donald Snow Margeson, '55, '56, '57, '58. 24 Marcy Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

Dormitory, Toomai; Everests athletic team; Blue Crew; Chocorua Dorm trip, Paugus Mills trip; Runner-up dorm Croquet Tournament; Mikado; Fancy Dress Ball winner.

Robert Charles Maynard, '58. CUB. 1710 Louisissett Pike, Saylesville, R. I.

Dormitory, Ford Hall; War Canoe trip to Grey Rocks; Belle Isle Overnight; Kimball Falls Overnight; Climbed Mt. Kearsarge; Climbed Sugar Loaf; Attended riflery, boating, tennis, swimming, and crafts.

Timothy Mayo, '56, '57, '58. 960 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dormitory, Panther; Olympians athletic team; Canoe Safety test; Axe and Hatchet test; Winner dorm Tetherball Tournament; NRA Marksman First Class and Sharpshooter; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Chapel Speaker.

John Gibson McIlvain III, '58. Deerbrook, Devon, Penna.

Dormitory, Baloo; Winning Suribachis athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Knife test; Red Crew; Cliff Isle Dorm trip; Kimball Falls Overnight; NRA Pro Marksman; Fancy Dress Ball winner.

Bruce Graham McKelvy, '56, '57, '58. 920 Buckingham Circle, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia

Dormitory, Akela; Popocateptls athletic team; 3 on Blue 1st form crew; Whiteface Dorm trip; Squam Lake Overnight; NRA First, Second, and Third Bars; Knife Test; Hatchet Test; Axe Test; Canoe Safety test; Row Boat Safety test; Mikado.

William Ralston McKelvy, '53, '54, '55, '56, '58. GRADUATE. 920 Buckingham Circle, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia

Dormitory, Den; Co-Captain Yellowstones athletic team; Black Ribbon; Brown Ribbon; Silver Ribbon; Golden Anchor; Inner Circle; Hatchet Test; Axe Test; 5 on Winning Blue Racing Crew; All Camp Crew; Rangeley Lakes Overnight; Mt. Washington Squad; Dorm Howl Editor; Runner-up Senior Doubles Tennis Tournament; NRA Third Bar; Chapel Speaker.

Michael McQuade, '58. 83 Edgewood Road, Westwood, Mass.

Dormitory, Baloo; Olympians athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Cliff Isle Dorm Trip; NRA Pro Marksman, NRA Marksman; Mikado; Fancy Dress Ball Winner.

Franklin Merriman, Jr., '57, '58. 63 Avon Hill St., Cambridge, Mass.

Dormitory, Den; Co-Captain Moosilauke athletic team; Row Boat Safety Test; Stroke on winning Red first form; Rangeley Lakes Overnight; Mt. Washington Squad; Winner, Den Ping Pong Tournament; NRA Third Bar.

Stephen Rich Merriman, '57, '58. 63 Avon Hill St., Cambridge, Mass.

Dormitory, Akela; Popocateptls athletic team; Row Boat Safety Test; Canoe Safety Test; Cox on winning Red first form; 4 on Red second form; Whiteface Dorm trip; Squam Lake Overnight; NRA Sharpshooter and NRA First Bar; Chapel Choir; Mikado; Dorm Howl Editor.

Cuthbert Latta Myrin, '54, '55, '56, '57, '58. 340 Vanderbilt Road, Asheville, N. C.

Dormitory, Panther; Co-Captain Olympians athletic team; Canoe Safety Test; Bow on Red racing crew; Moosilauke Dorm Trip; Mt. Washington Gopher Squad; Mikado; Graduate Dinner head waiter.

Frederic Bole Francis Perkins, '57, '58. 46 Sunningdale Drive, Grosse Pt. Shores, Mich.

Dormitory, Akela; Winning Suribachis athletic team; Hatchet test; 5 on winning Blue second form; Whiteface Dorm trip; Franconia Falls Overnight; Winner of dorm Ping Pong Tournament; Winner of dorm Horseshoe Tournament; Runner-up of dorm Croquet Tournament; Runner-up of dorm Tetherball Tournament; Indian Program.

Bradford T. Phillips, '58. CUB. 14 Montgomery Lane, Norwich, Conn.

Dormitory, Ford Hall; Belle Isle Overnight; Kimball Falls Overnight; Climbed Mount Kearsarge and Sugar Loaf; Attended crafts, riflery, boating, nature, tennis, swimming.

John Harsen Rowe, '55, '56, '57, '58. Midlar Road, Syosset, N. Y.

Dormitory, Panther; Yellowstones athletic team; Row Boat Safety and Canoe Safety tests; Hatchet test; Bow on winning Blue racing crew; Saco River Overnight; Moosilauke Dorm trip; NRA Ninth Bar; Junior and Senior Rifle Team; Mikado.

Frederic Winslow Rust, '58. 95 Hampshire Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Dormitory, Akela; Winning Suribachis athletic team; Beginners swimming test; 4 on winning Blue racing crew; Whiteface Dorm trip; Franconia Falls Overnight; Winner of dorm Croquet Tournament; NRA Pro Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter; Graduates' Dinner waiter.

Thomas Downman Rutherford, '58. 2601 So. Jefferson St., Roanoke, Va.

Dormitory, Baloo; Yellowstones athletic team; Knife test.

Christopher St. John Smith, '58. 1837 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Dormitory, Toomai; Yellowstones athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; Skippers Test; Canoe Safety test; Knife test; Stroke on winning Blue second form; Chocorua Dorm trip; NRA Pro Marksman and Marksman.

Michael St. John Smith, '58. 1837 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Dormitory, Panther; Co-Captain Moosilaukes athletic team; Intermediates swimming test; Skippers test; Row Boat Safety test; Canoe Safety test; Hatchet test; Silver Ribbon; 4 on Red racing crew; Moosilauke Dorm trip; Saco River Overnight; Runner-up of dorm Tetherball Tournament; NRA Pro Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Bars; Senior and Junior Rifle Team; Graduates' Dinner Waiter; Chapel Speaker; Mt. Washington Gopher Squad; Dorm Howl Editor.

Peter H. Thompson III, '57, '58. CUB. 52 Norfolk Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Dormitory, Ford Hall; Belle Isle Overnight; Kimball Falls Overnight; Climbed Mount Kearsarge and Sugar Loaf; Winner Cub Tetherball Tournament; Winner, Inspection trip to Polar Caves; Attended crafts, riflery, boating, nature, tennis, swimming.

Grenville Clark Thoron, '58. 409 Highland Rd., Ithaca, N. Y.

Dormitory, Akela; Everests athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Row Boat Safety test; Knife test; Golden Bowstring; Stroke on Red 2nd form; Whiteface Dorm trip; Franconia Falls Overnight; Runner-up of dorm Ping Pong Tournament; NRA Pro Marksman, Marksman, Marksman First Class, and Sharpshooter.

John Thornton Underwood, '56, '57, '58. 134 Woodbine Rd., Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

Dormitory, Panther; Everests athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; Hatchet test; 3 on winning Blue racing crew; Moosilauke Dorm trip; Saco River Overnight; NRA Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter, First and Second Bars; 2 AFE's; Associate Howl Editor-in-Chief.

Stephen George Underwood, '56, '57, '58. 134 Woodbine Rd., Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

Dormitory, Toomai; Moosilaukes athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; 4 on Blue first form; Chocorua Dorm trip; Kimball Falls Overnight; Runner-up of dorm Tetherball Tournament; NRA Sharpshooter, First, Second, and Third Bars; Junior Rifle Team; Mikado.

Thomas Lyons Van Nest, '56, '57, '58. 5036 N. Barton St., Cleveland, Ohio

Dormitory, Akela; Everests athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; White Ribbon; Cox on Blue second form; Whiteface Dorm trip; Squam Lake Overnight; Cub Point Overnight; NRA Marksman; Mikado.

Wagner Van Vlack, III, '57, '58. 86 Highland Circle, Bronxville, N. Y.

Dormitory, Toomai; Moosilaukes athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; Canoe Safety test; Knife test; Bow on Blue first form; Chocorua Dorm trip; Kimball Falls Overnight; Winner of dorm Croquet, Ping Pong, and Tetherball Tournaments; NRA Marksman First Class, Sharpshooter, First, Second, and Third Bars; Junior Rifle Team.

Herbert Appleton Wagner III, '56, '57, '58. Mt. Zion Rd., Upperco, Md.

Dormitory, Akela; Yellowstones athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; Canoe Safety test; Axe test; Orange Ribbon; 2 on Red winning first form; Whiteface Dorm Trip; Franconia Falls Overnight; Squam Lake Overnight; Cub Point Overnight; NRA Second Bar.

Jeffrey Lawrence Walker, '57, '58. Undermountain Rd., Salisbury, Conn.

Dormitory, Akela; Moosilaukes athletic team; Canoe Safety test; Knife test; Hatchet test; Silver Ribbon; 2 on Red racing crew; Bow on All Camp Crew; Whiteface Dorm trip; Franconia Falls Overnight; Squam Lake Overnight; Mt. Washington Gopher Squad; Runner-up of dorm Horseshoe Tournament; NRA Marksman and Marksman First Class; Fancy Dress Ball Winner; Graduate's Dinner Waiter; Mrs. Holt's Day Speaker; Dorm Howl Editor.

Alexander Bowman Wheeler, Jr., '58. 1030 Green Valley Rd., Bryn Mawr, Penna.

Dormitory, Baloo; Moosilaukes athletic team; Beginners swimming test; Knife test; Blue third form; Cliff Isle Dorm trip; Runner-up of dorm Ping Pong and Horseshoe Tournaments; NRA Pro Marksman, Marksman, and Marksman First Class; Chapel Choir; Mikado; Mrs. Holt's Day Songleader.

Charles Holman Whitcomb, '56, '57, '58. 260 Grove St., Wellesley, Mass.

Dormitory, Akela; Moosilaukes athletic team; Hatchet test; 5 on Blue first form; Whiteface Dorm trip; Winner, of dorm Tetherball Tournament; NRA Sharpshooter and First Bar; Chapel Choir; Mikado; Mrs. Holt's Day Song Leader; Indian Program.

William Wilde Whitcomb, Jr., '53, '54, '56, '57, '58. GRADUATE. 260 Grove St., Wellesley, Mass.

Dormitory, Den; Captain of winning Suribachis athletic team; Swimmers swimming test; Red-White-and-Blue Ribbon; Silver Ribbon; Inner Circle in '57; Stroke on winning Blue racing crew; Stroke on All Camp Crew; Rangeley Lakes Overnight; Winner of dorm Tetherball Tournament; Runner-up of dorm Croquet and Horseshoe Tournaments; NRA Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Bars; Senior Rifle Team Captain; Chapel Speaker; Slaymaker Rifle.

William Walter White, '58. 600 Washington St., Wellesley, Mass.

Dormitory, Akela; Yellowstone athletic team; Row Boat Safety test; Knife test; Hatchet test; Axe test; Beginners swimming test; Blue third form; Whiteface Dorm trip; Franconia Falls Overnight; NRA Pro Marksman and Marksman.

Elliott Leston Whitney, '57, '58. Fanton Hill Rd., Westport, Conn.

Dormitory, Akela; Moosilaukes athletic team; Moosilauke Dorm trip; NRA Marksman and Marksman First Class.

James Harvie Wilkinson, '56, '57, '58. 109 Kennondale Lane, Richmond, Va.

Dormitory, Panther; Co-Captain of Everests athletic team; Hatchet test; Brown Ribbon; Inner Circle in '57; Moosilauke Dorm trip; NRA First Bar.

David McMullen Wohlsen, '56, '57, '58. 157 Hamilton Rd., Lancaster, Penna.

Dormitory, Baloo; Everests athletic team; Cliff Isle Dorm trip; Kimball Falls Overnight; NRA Marksman and Marksman First Class; Fancy Dress Ball winner; Dorm Howl Editor.

MOWGLIS STAFF, 1958

THE DIRECTORS

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Colonel Alcott F. Elwell, Director Emeritus, East Hebron, N. H.

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The cannon sounds a deep salute
For Mowgli's years gone by,
And far across the quiet lake
How quick the echoes fly!
Yet in the hearts of many men
Those echoes never die.

Mowgli, we salute you!