

Headquarters  
'80



THE  
MOWGLIS  
HOWL  
1963



Cuba Library



# THE MOWGLIS HOWL

THE ANNUAL OF THE SCHOOL-OF-THE-OPEN

VOLUME XLII

1963

TO KEEP THE COMRADESHIP AND THE MEMORY OF THE PACK



1963

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Mr. William B. Hart  
Mr. William B. Hart, Jr.

Mr. Brooks Benjamin  
Mr. Butler Lampson

*Den*  
Nicholas Shelness

*Akela*  
James Edwards

*Panther*  
William Holland  
Stuart Williams

*Toomai*  
John Bowne  
Peter Kingsley

*Cubs*  
Robert Cummings  
Scott Veale





#### THE JUNGLE HOUSE

Low gabled,  
Long and squal of stature, East;  
Yet wide of hearth within.  
Three stories West, it falls,  
To watch the century pass on Cardigan  
And hold in arms, these sixty years,  
The best in Boyhood's dreams and deeds.



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

### 1963 Mowglis Pack History

The fresh air of New Hampshire's hills was welcomed heartily by the thirty boys who climbed out of the Greyhound Bus and filed under the Butternut Tree to greet Mr. and Mrs. Hart. They were joined on the following morning by boys arriving by motor, and the entire camp assembled for the official opening of Mowglis' sixtieth season. As the cannon echoed across the lake, many of those present felt the unusual significance of the occasion. Mowglis was re-establishing and reinforcing old and tested traditions, and yet she was *e m b a r k i n g*, too, upon a new era. Everyone was to have a part in the very first year of that era, and it was with real anticipation that we faced the coming weeks.

The sunny skies which prevailed through the entire summer were a pleasant backdrop as the familiar routine of industries, duties, and dormitory activities began. Athletic teams were chosen, and, in spite of dubious feelings on the part of the

staff, were named rather successfully after well-known brands of tooth-paste! These teams were to continue in competition throughout the summer.

Trips were underway almost as soon as the boys had settled in their dormitories. Akela went to Hi-Cabin on Cardigan, the Den shot rapids on the Saco, Toomai travelled to Belle Isle, and Panther climbed along one ridge of Franconia Notch. Due to the information gained on these trips and because of the sense of the past which was revitalizing the Mowglis philosophy, the trip program was reviewed and partially revised with Mowglis again assuming its responsibilities and interest in the Cardigan Region. Most campers could soon identify mountains and trails in this area as the Thursday Day Trips took groups of Mowglis boys to the nearly legendary sites of Soup Bowl Glide, Cardigan Fire Tower, and Crag Shelter. Trails were cleared and reopened by the



Aides and older campers, and once again Mowglis could take pride in the woodsmanship which has so often led to praise from professional organizations like the A.M.C.

Inevitably the high point of the Trip Program is the Mount Washington Squad which hikes each summer through the Presidentials. Composed of the outstanding hikers and campers — boys who have shown unusual spirit and skill — the Squad spends each of three nights at one of the famous AMC Huts. This summer as in others, the views were magnificent and the cooking of the Hut-boys indescribable.

On the heels of the Washington Squad came Crew Week, and excitement mounted rapidly. The boys, who had been rowing for about four weeks, concentrated more intently upon their stroking form while plotting and cheering with their energetic Crew Leaders. A revolting Blue Monster ran freely through camp, and the FBI arrived to ferret out Red subversive elements. Crimson-tonius the Red led his crew majestically in their struggle while the Blue employed the strategies and services of history's best-known vamps. On Saturday each member of the Pack rowed in at least one race. The Form contests were evenly divided, and it was left to the Racing Crews to settle the Day. On a rough lake surface the Reds employed a strong finish sprint which pulled them ahead of a spirited Blue boat.

It seemed that nothing could follow the excitement of Crew Week, but the final week had a character all its own. The new emphasis on Ribbons led to frantic last-minute activity

as the boys worked to finish requirements. Many of the Husky Marks were awarded and seven boys were admitted to the Inner Circle as a result of their having earned four or more. Then Dennites stopped work on their Graduation requirements long enough to enjoy the annual Graduates' Dinner, complete with *hors d'oeuvres* and civilian dress. And on Sunday evening the entire camp attended a Candle Light service in the Chapel which seemed to all to be one of the most beautiful in memory. With Mrs. Holt's Day exercises and Candle Boats, the season came to its close — an end which always seems sudden and which is filled with the nostalgia of departure. So many things play upon our memories — the campfires on cobras and elephants, the cricket games, Water and Land Sports days, the Saturday night entertainments, evening sunsets, and the Chapel Services. Yet stronger than all these memories is the knowledge that we have realized the hopes and anticipations of that warm June day when camp began. We have begun a new era and established an old. It is with new meaning that we read the poem written by Colonel Elwell:

Across the lake the echoes ring  
The cannon's strident shout —  
The night is quiet, closing in,  
The candle boats sail out —  
They float and twinkle on their way  
And one by one the lights remote  
Go out.

Yet ever on thru all the years,  
Those happy lights sail bright,  
For those whose hearts have Mowglis loved  
Can ever see their light.

MOWGLIS, 1963,  
WE SALUTE YOU!

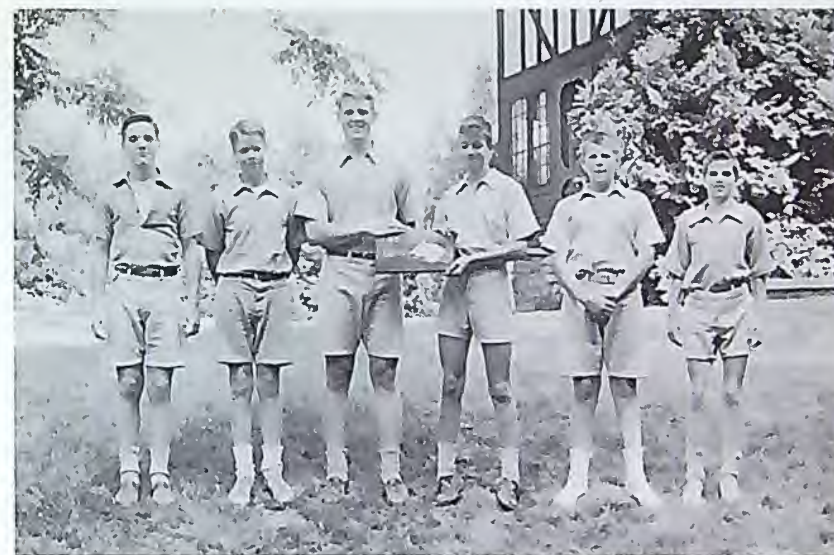
## MOWGLIS OF THE FUTURE

Beyond lie other years for Mowglis, and the first of tomorrow is 1964.

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

MOWGLIS, 1964, WE SALUTE YOU!

\* \* \*



## GRADUATES OF 1963

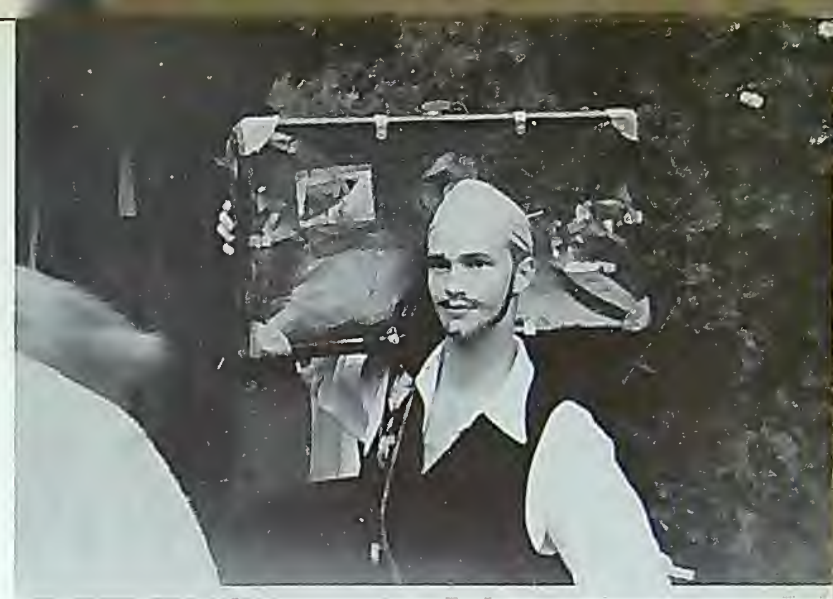
LEFT TO RIGHT, Richard Punderson, Peter Kent, Gaius Merwin,  
Nicholas Shelness, Bruce Hulme, Judson Kendall.



## PIRATES

One week ago I was awakened by a blast, and I looked outside the dorm. There were Blackbeard and Long John Silver. Long John came running through our dorm. Later in the afternoon we had a treasure hunt. Some of the camp was on Blackbeard's side and the others were on Long John's side. Black Beard won, and that was the end of the treasure hunt.

BARRY BEAL



*Pirates' Day,  
July 15, 1963*





## CANNON BALL

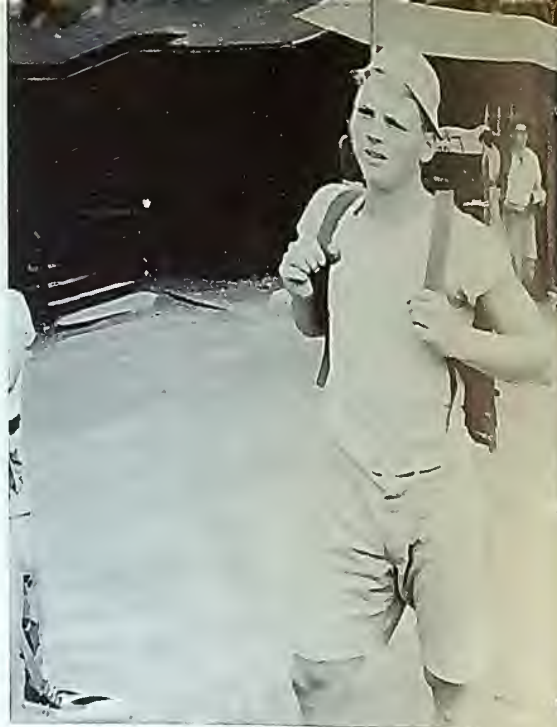
During Crew Week the Red and Blue Second Forms went to Kimball Falls. It was fun. When we got there everybody went swimming off the lower ledge. Dave Souerwine was the first one to dive off the upper ledge. Everyone asked me to do a cannon-ball off the upper ledge. I did. Boy, my rear hurt!

PETER O'CONNOR

## UNDERWATER AT PAUGUS

Sam Bettie was underwater for twenty-seven minutes. He had Big Bertha our cooking pot over his head and we fed him air with tin cups and Little Bertha. No one could beat Sam's record.

JOHN PARKER



## TRENCHING

On the second day of our trip it rained. Mr. Harmon told us we did not need to dig a trench around our tent. Boy, was he wrong! Water came in from all sides, and we dug a lot of holes so that the water would seep into them instead of into our gear. We put the gear in the middle of the tent and sat on it so we wouldn't get wet. That night we worked hard to make the tent rain-proof only to find that it did not rain again.

DOUG GEORGE

## THE BEAR

When Akela went to High Cabin, we played a joke on some of the boys. Mr. Brown put a blanket over himself and played bear! The guys got scared and came into the cabin. Doug George hid behind a chair. Finally Mr. Brown came in yelling. Doug almost had a heart attack. After all the commotion, we told everybody that it was only a joke.

PETER PUNDERSON



## PAUGUS MILLS

Wednesday, Akela went to Paugus Mills. It took a long time to get there. Three or four of us brought fishing rods. Danny Hertzler caught two trout — one was 3½ inches and the other was 4 inches long. On the second day we couldn't climb Chocorua because it rained, so Mr. Harmon led an expedition upstream. We wore sneakers so we could walk in the water. We had a good time.

JA JA HULME



## CLIMBING

Have you ever climbed a mountain? Even if you haven't, you can probably imagine the thrill of it. From a distance, a mountain looks bare and challenging. As you near it and no longer see the summit, the mountain looks like an endless slope of spruce and hardwood trees. After hours of climbing through thick woods you reach the treeline. Above this is nothing but rock, grass, and some brush. After a little more climbing you reach your goal — a rock cairn marking the top.

MIKE NEWELL



## SEARCH

During our trip to High Cabin, we climbed to the top of Cardigan. On the top we found names and dates carved into the rocks that started with about 1850. Mr. Hart, Jr., told us a story about a person who fell off the top while chasing his hat in the wind. He said that someone had chipped a picture of the man chasing his hat. Mr. Hart said that he would give his candy bar to the person who found the picture. We started looking desperately. We found a lot of things that looked like it but weren't. After about half an hour we had not found it, so Mr. Hart did not have to sacrifice his candy bar.

DOUG GEORGE







### DOWNSTREAM BY TANK

On Akela's trip to Paugus Mills a group of us went upstream to find the mill. While everyone else went by rocks, Sam Bettle and I went by water all the way. Every once in a while we would come to a pool — that's when the fun came in. We ploughed right through while everyone else went very timidly. That was some of our trip up and down river by tank.

PETER PUNDERSON



### THE LENNY STEAM-ROLLER

Coming down the Snapper Ski Trail on Mt. Moosilauke, there was a steep hill. Everybody got out of the way of Lenny DiMasi. He came running down and didn't stop where the trail curved. He kept on going through some bushes and finally flipped and landed on his back laughing.

COURT TRIMBLE

### THE TWENTIETH DIP

One day Toomai went to Franconia Falls. I went over the falls nineteen times. On the last time I made a great big splash! Mr. Dulany was pulling me out of the water when I slipped on a rock, and he fell in with all his clothes on — he *was* mad!!

BARRY BEAL



### DAM ENGINEERS

While we were at Paugus Mills we constructed a dam out of rocks. After we had finished, Mr. Harmon made a waterwheel. We took two forked sticks and placed them at both ends of the dam then we placed the wheel between the sticks. It worked as a rinser for the dishwashers — too bad we couldn't run a dishwasher with it!

DOUG GEORGE

### TOOMAI PICNIC

Thursday, August 15th, was the last trip day of the season. Den and most of Panther went trail clearing. Toomai and Akela stayed in camp. For lunch Toomai went to Cub Point, and while we were eating we saw and chased several chipmunks. We watched the clouds make shadows on the mountains.

PETER KINGSLEY

### CLOSE CALL

On Akela's trip to Paugus Mills we found a tree across the stream on which we sat. Mr. Harmon decided to follow the example of the campers and got up on the tree. Coming down Mr. Harmon slipped off, but with his superior co-ordination he grabbed a log hanging above the water saying, "This is for the birds."

CHRIS SPINDLER





## CREW

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



### THE EATON AWARD

As the 1963 winners, the Red Racing Crew will be the first to have its members' names inscribed on the plaque in the Robert C. Blake Library of Gray Brothers. This plaque constitutes the Eaton Award, to be given annually to the winning Mowglis Racing Crew, to mark the skill, spirit, character and sportsmanship which combine to perpetuate the sport at Mowglis, and to honor the larger tradition which it represents. This award has

been made possible by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Eaton, in memory of their son Randolph C. Eaton, at Mowglis as camper and staff member from 1930 to 1938, where he distinguished himself in crew, tennis, and many other camp activities by his own ability and sportsmanship; killed in action, in the American Field Service, while attached to Montgomery's Eighth Army in Africa, 1943.

### THE RACING CREWS

#### *Red*

David Rittenhouse  
Jonathan Feuer  
Gregson Pullen  
Bruce Hulme  
Peter Kent  
Richard Punderson  
Judson Kendall

Bow  
2  
3  
4  
5  
Stroke  
Cox

#### *Blue*

David Beall  
William Holland  
Anthony Dohanos  
Gaius Merwin, III  
Nicholas Shelness  
Robert Feuer  
Samuel Hertzler



THE RED RACING CREW

### THE BLUE RACING CREW







### CRIMSONTONIUS CONQUERS

Monday, the fifth of August, started with a bang. Just before breakfast the Red Crew gathered around a big hole which had blue footprints leading away from it. Mr. Harmon said that in the middle of the night a creature from outer space landed and made the hole. He was seen walking off and was identified as the Blue Creep.

Crimson-tonius the Red came to help us in our conquest of the monster. Just before Crew Day, Crimson-tonius captured the Creep. We put him in a Monster Masher and changed him into a fat and friendly Red Monster. We had a lot of fun with him.

STUART WILLIAMS



### RED MILK

During Thursday's breakfast, the Red Crew decided to put red food coloring in the milk. Immediately after grace was said and the milk passed around a loud shout of protest arose. Mr. Dulany said it was the worst stuff he'd ever seen. Mr. Johnston told Mr. Harmon that it looked all right in a cup but not in cereal. The entire Blue Racing Crew refused to drink any, and even the Red Crew didn't take more than one cup. After the meal many Blue Crew members were lying on the porch of the Lodge.

BILL HOLLAND







### THE TETHERBALL COURT

The Den refinished its tetherball court. First, we got a wheelbarrow and shovel and then we started to transport sand to the court. We shoveled and shoveled. Finally there was enough sand to go around. It looked very good until it rained last night. Now we know, we need more sand and a waterbar to keep it from washing away.

GAIUS MERWIN

### HEBRON

A while ago, on Friday afternoon, my friend and I hopped into a canoe and were off to Hebron. We paddled across Newfound and down the Cockermouth River. Mr. Hart said to go to the first bridge — but where was it? We paddled on and on; On through fallen trees and white water; Finally, ahead — the bridge!

BRUCE HULME

### FLUFF

In case you don't know who Fluff is, he is Mr. Thayer's pet dog who likes to howl at Colors. You can't tell whether he knows what's going on or not. He always howls at the second bugle after the cannon fires. Harroo, harroo!! — all the way through the call. Then he stops and doesn't do it again until the next Colors.

DAVE SOUERWINE

### HOWLS

Mr. Hart, the "Howl man", wants more Howls. Last week was the best yet. Over twenty-five Howls were received. The Cubs gave quite a few. One boy wrote eight. Mr. Hart and the Howl editors try to persuade the boys to write more so that we will have a lot by the end of the year.

PETER KINGSLEY

### THE OLD ELM

Last Tuesday the elm tree by the tennis courts was taken down. It was a long process. First, the man used a power saw; then he used a wedge. Suddenly it fell. Everyone climbed on it and played Tarzan. During duties they cut it into logs.

JIMMY KINGSLEY

### LATE AT NIGHT

Sometimes, late at night, I wake up. Strange, but Akela isn't very quiet at night. Beds squeak; counsellors snore; and sometimes Sam Bettie has the urge to scream in his sleep, as if someone was going to stab him! that causes a good many boys to change their positions, and by doing so make a lot of noise.

There are other sounds, too: a motorboat passing on the lake, cracklings in the woods, and the sighing of the wind through the trees. Sometimes I hear crickets, and quite often a big truck passes on the highway.

Akela is quite dark at night: the moon sheds a whitish light outside the dorm, but inside it is quite dark; the hydraulics light is about the only thing that gives it light, and it makes a fancy design on the rafters.

I don't stay awake long; before I know it I am asleep, and soon reveille is blowing.

JAMES EDWARDS

### CUB POINT

It was the last week of camp when we went to Cub Point. The clouds on the beautiful blue sky made dark shadows going across Bear Mt. A water skier skied by on one of his skis. Ten or fifteen minutes later he got his other ski. Some people went by in a canoe. Later we went back to Toomai and had relax.

BOB MERWIN

### RACCOONS

Mr. Harmon the nature counselor told the Nature Club to make a raccoon trap. We are working on them. Ours is a big steel container with trap doors. We are going to put the traps in the swamps near the Den Bridge. We have found proof that there are raccoons there. They eat frogs!

SAM BETTIE





## TAPE RECORDER

Today we set up a tape recorder in Den. We recorded Rick Punderson. Mr. Gibson came in and we got him. He made a beep that sounded funny on tape. Mr. Hart, Jr., came in to tell us to write Howls, and we recorded him too.

JUDD KENDALL

## INSPECTION PRIZE

The other day Toomai got ten inspection points. We were pretty happy. We picked the fifteen minutes of reading after taps as our prize. The other things we could have chosen were ice cream cones or a marshmallow roast.

JOHN BOWNE

## LONE WOLF

On July 6, Den had its first Lone Wolf meeting with Mr. Hart, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Thayer. Discussed at the meeting were the fixing of the tetherball court near Den, the court by croquet, and the issuing of milk by the new machine. It was a very successful Lone Wolf.

If anyone would like to have something brought up at the next meeting, he should see one of the Dennites.

PETER KENT

## INVADERS

In Den we are aware that there are two flying squirrels. A few days ago we gained three more, and they make a racket every night. If you shine a flashlight on them, they will stay still as if they are frozen.

RICKY PUNDERSON

## ASSISTANCE

On Friday Mr. Bradstreet and I were sailing at First Industries in the Sunfish. We saw a man stranded in a motor boat. We asked him if he needed help, but he said he didn't and pulled out two oars. However, one broke in half, and then he did need help. After a long time we were able to tow him to the Marina channel where he thanked us for our help.

TONY DOHANOS

## GOODBY, MR. PUNDERSON

What is it? It's Mr. Punderson and Mr. Livingston. What are they running from? It's Fluff. Who's Fluff? Fluff's a dog who doesn't like being howled at. Mr. Punderson trips to get into the Personnel Office — it's locked! He runs into Grey Brothers and dashes up the stairs with Fluff close behind. Then about a minute later Fluff runs out. What do you think happened?

RANDY WRIGHT

## BEDLAM

Whirreee!! A slipper takes to the air. Heaven knows where it will land. Too bad — this time the victim is poor innocent Tony Dohanos. But there's still life in this lad! Whirreee!! The slipper whirls across the dorm toward Sam Hertzler. Boom! Crash! That's no slipper — that's a hiking boot thrown from the mighty arm of Greg Pullen who has joined with his Panther friends raising Cain. Mr. Brown peers in the dorm as a slipper whirls past his head. This puts an end to the Panther fun for one night.

SAM HERTZLER

## COMPASS COURSE

Scratch! Ouch! Darn, this compass course goes through a briar patch. This is a compass course for my Wolf's Paw. For the past fifteen minutes, I've been going through briars, windfalls, and rocks. Oh no! There's a swamp up ahead. Oh well — I'll try again tomorrow.

JUD KENDALL

## MARSHMALLOW ROAST

On Saturday night the whole camp had a marshmallow roast. Everyone had fun. I think all of us had more than five marshmallows. Some people had twenty-two!! One person had six marshmallows roasting on one stick! I don't think anyone will forget that night for a long time.

PETER KINGSLEY

## ESCAPE

Today a bee flew into a spider's web out on the dining hall porch. The spider came tearing down the web and started coiling thread around the bee — but alas, the bee stung the spider and made his escape.

JIMMY HART

## OOPS!

SPLASH! This was the sound when I was trying to get my face wet and fell into the Baker River clothes and all. I felt quite stupid but quite refreshed.

JIM PATTON



## MY FAVORITE DUTY

Maybe I shouldn't write this Howl for fear I'll be fired from my favorite duty — director's table boy. I guess I like being director's table boy because I hear all the director's gossip. Like all the director's table boys I go on special errands, like asking the chefs why we have graham crackers with our soup instead of saltines. I also enjoy hearing and seeing the director's reactions to certain happenings in camp. But best of all, I can eat all the extra desserts!

JIMMY EDWARDS

## THE IPANAS

Yesterday was Watersports Day. The best team in camp, (with Gay Merwin), the Iridescent Ipanas, won as always with a booming score of thirty-eight points. That day was a lot of fun.

DAVID SOUERWINE







### MR. FARUQI

This year we have a very interesting counselor named Shad Faruqi. He comes all the way from India and teaches tennis for an Industry. He also coaches soccer and cricket. He knows many stories about his native country. The one that interests me most is about the mongoose and the cobra. Whenever they meet they have a fight. Usually the Mongoose wins after a long battle. This is only one of many stories Mr. Faruqi tells. You can see why I call him interesting.

STUART WILLIAMS

### HAIRCUTS

Today we had haircuts. Some people like Mr. Lampson really looked queer when they came out of the craft shop. Mr. King, the barber, said he was going to make Mr. Hertzler and Mr. Walbridge sweep out the craft shop because they had so much hair.

JOHN BOWNE

### COBRAS

One night Mr. Faruqi told us about Cobras. He told us how snake charmers trap snakes and crowds gather to see them. Then he told us about his own experience seeing a mongoose and a cobra fighting. Mr. Faruqi said that sometime he will tell us about elephants.

JIMMY HART



### THE PANTHER PLAY

Panther put on a play one Saturday, and I thought the most fun was the preparation. It was fun rehearsing our parts and getting everything ready. We had to find costumes and props. Staging the play was a lot of fun too. Before the curtain went up it was very confusing back-stage because everyone was either changing or getting ready for the next scene. I think that all of Panther had a good time putting on the play, and I know I did.

STUART WILLIAMS







1963 STAFF

"There is no place better than a summer camp for a boy to realize that he isn't the 'whole thing.' The old saying, 'take a man camping and you will soon know what he is' also means that the man himself will know it too — and this is as true of the boy as the man.

"Under the right influence this knowledge brings strength. A boy's camp must stand for all that is best. It is one of the places where a boy ought to see into God's own country and know 'the strength of the hills.' "

*Elizabeth Ford Holt, writing for the Mowglis Howl of 1910.*



## MOWGLIS

O'er mountain and lake boys mention  
its name  
And many men can attest to its fame.  
Though many years will quickly flow  
past  
The spirit of Mowglis forever will  
last.

For Mowglis means kindness, beauty,  
and love  
For those of the forest and creatures  
above.

NICK SHELNESS



*"Mowglis has striven to quicken, unfold, and develop the good which is inherent in every boy's character; to bring him the companionship and friendship of the finest type of boys and men; and to establish the foundation of successful group adjustment. During these years Mowglis has witnessed the fruitage of its work in the lives and character of those now grown to manhood."*

ALCOTT FARRAR ELWELL, JANUARY, 1943

"When a man becomes a counselor for six boys he assumes a big responsibility — a bigger responsibility than he sometimes likes to realize.

"His influence, the little things he says and does, are magnified six times — in six different directions. What he is the boys are, and his strength and character carries them unconsciously forward without a spoken word.

"He must have faith and sincerity in the work with a love for the boys. He must be just and kind and true, without favoritism or prejudice — thoughtful to others and untiring, ever on the watch to help with a word where it is needed.

"If he fails to grasp what his responsibility as a counselor stands for, he has no place at Mowglis. If he can say at the end of the summer 'Had I a son he should be a Mowgli,' he has done his best."

*Elizabeth Ford Holt, 1910 Howl*





### SINGING FOR SUPPER

At every meal Toomai shrieks their dormitory song, and at each meal everyone hopes that Toomai will not sing so that they can eat their food in peace. As soon as they start singing all the counselors plug their ears and make anguished faces. All of us campers begin yelling at them to stop. I hope next year's Toomai sings better.

BILL HOLLAND

### BIRD TRIP

One morning I was awakened by Mr. Harmon who was stirring those who had signed up for an early morning canoe and nature trip down Mud Creek. As soon as we got there we noticed a family of seven ducks. After much deliberating we decided they were Mergansers. At this time a bird flew overhead and everyone exclaimed, "It's a sea gull." This frightened the Mergansers off the log. Mr. Harmon fumbled through his birdbook and quietly explained that the bird was a Little Blue Heron. After about twenty minutes of bird-watching we raced back to shore and scrambled up to breakfast.

BILL HOLLAND



Mr. Hart and Mr. Johnston ponder — (the food budget?)

### DAY IN THE LODGE

A day in the Lodge is very exciting. You wake up ten minutes before reveille. When you hear reveille, you shout into the nurse's ear. "Reveille blew!" You hear "Soupy," and then an Aide brings your breakfast. All morning you play games. After dinner we listen to the radio and then go to sleep.

JIMMY KINGSLEY



### GRADUATE'S DINNER

Thursday was Graduates' Dinner; I was lucky and got to be a waiter. The rest of the camp had stew, but we had turkey. The Graduates all ate like horses! When they were finished eating, they read toasts — they were hilarious!! Some of us who were waiters brought ice cream and cake for the counselors down in camp. Danny Hertzler tripped and spilled some cake because we didn't have any flashlights. Later Danny picked it up and ate it! We got to bed late — around 9:45. It was lots of fun.

JA JA HULME

### THE TRUSTEES

Yesterday I was a tableboy for the Trustees. At first it was easy. There were only six at the table — Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Elwell, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Merwin, and Mr. Kent. But then some friends of Mr. Merwin arrived, and I had to serve two tables. I didn't have time for dessert, but it was fun — especially talking to Mr. Kent about Mowglis.

JUDD KENDALL





## 1963 Mowglis Cub History

"Up on the hill in old Ford Hall,  
We've listened to the Mowglis call..."

For the Mowglis Cubs of 1963, the call sounded loud and clear, bringing a summer filled with fun and adventure. The eleven boys in the Cave will certainly remember long after the summer's end the never-ending stream of games, sports, trips, and special events.

The beautiful weather provided a grand opportunity for the Cubs to work at the Waterfront. Under the direction of the Pack staff five boys passed their Beginner Swim tests; two passed the Intermediate tests; and two passed the Swimmer's test. In addition the Cubs managed one Half and three Full Waingungas. Along with all this instruction came lots of time for free soaks at Baloo Cove, where many a sand castle was erected.

At the Rifle Range — an old favorite of the Cubs — each boy got his

Pro-Marksman medal, and several received even higher awards. The Cubs took other Industries in addition, among them Nature, Crafts, Tennis, and Archery.

Throughout the season, the two athletic teams — the Jaguars and the Leopards — competed in nearly every sort of event. From games of baseball and waterpolo to Land Olympics and Watersports the teams looked eagerly to each opportunity for new kinds of competition and fun. On each Thursday Trip Day the Cubs climbed one of the nearby mountains including that old Mowglis friend — Cardigan! The highlight of the trip program was a three day overnight to Belle Isle at the height of the blueberry season.

The Cubs participated in several special events. Crew Day was, of course, a favorite; and at the Fancy Dress Ball the Cubs made their entrance as Ten Little Indians. "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter", a Cub skit, was presented to the Pack with great success as one of the Saturday night Entertainments.

And yet these are only a few of the things which the Cubs will remember. Many others will be recalled months and even years from now. Most important is the knowledge that a fine group of boys has grown sturdily through a summer of wonderful experiences.

"Some day the Pack will be proud  
to know

Us as we come to the camp below."

CUBS of 1963, WE SALUTE YOU!



Mowglis Cubs and Staff, 1963

## Cub Howls for 1963

### FUN AT KIPLING

We had pillow fights at Kipling,  
and I always got knocked down. After  
that, we had wrestling, and I won  
twice.

SCOTT VEALE

### WILDLIFE AT MOWGLIS

Mowglis is a home of wildlife,  
With creatures everywhere;  
Chipmunks walking in the building,  
I don't know how they dare.

ROBERT CUMMINGS

### AQUAPLANING

On Friday afternoon,  
We went to Gray Rocks Beach,  
And Mr. Johnston came  
Aquaplaning us to teach.

You would kneel on the board,  
And when you do feel ready,  
You would try to stand up  
If the aquaplane felt steady.

ROBERT CUMMINGS

### CAMPFIRES

I particularly like campfires because  
you hear such wonderful stories! Some-  
times you also have a marshmallow  
roast.

As you sit under the trees, watching  
the flickering fire, you have a funny  
feeling that lasts a long, long time.  
And then, when you go to bed, you  
dream about the marvelous stories  
heard.

CARTER YOUNG







### *ATTENTION, MR. BENJAMIN!*

On Thursday, we went to Benson's Wild Animal Farm. We saw Rex Trailer and Pablo — they work for WBZ, Channel Four in Boston. Later we went into the monkey house, and we saw a baboon, and we all agreed that it looked like Mr. Benjamin.

DWIGHT SHEPARD

### *FANCY DRESS BALL*

We had a Fancy Dress Ball. The Cubs were Ten Little Indians. Then we had ice cream and a skinny dip at Baloo Cove.

SCOTT VEALE

### *FUN AT THE BEACH*

One day we took the war canoe, and we went to Gray Rocks Beach. When we got there we had relax. Then Mr. Johnston came with some water skis and an aquaboard, and everyone went on the aquaplane. It was lots of fun.

DAVID COLWELL

### *NATURE BOOKLETS*

We had a nature test. We also made nature booklets. We went out and picked leaves. We traced the leaves.

DREW SOUERWINE



### *THE ECLIPSE*

On July 20, we had an eclipse. I thought it would be all dark, but it wasn't. We looked at it through two pieces of exposed film.

SCOTT VEALE

### *PLYMOUTH MOUNTAIN*

Once we went up Plymouth Mt. in the rain. I wore my fireman hat and my boots and rain coat. I pretended I was an army tank. Mr. Benjamin said that if we said "rest" we would have to go on further.

CHRIS PECK



### *GRAY ROCKS*

We went to Gray Rocks. We made a human sand bank. Mr. Johnston came to Gray Rocks and we tried something like water skiing. The motor-boat pulled the aquaboard; it was fun.

GARY WRIGHT

### *WILD ANIMAL FARM*

We went to Benson's Wild Animal Farm, and the monkeys smelled. The mother kangaroo had a baby; they smelled too.

WAYNE KING

### *JUMPING FROG*

I found a frog and Scott caught him and we put him in a bag. We put some grass and rock in the bag. I could not catch him; he jumps too much.

GARY WRIGHT

### *FUN AT FORD HALL*

Some nights before bed, we have tickle-fights. One night, Mr. Benjamin almost laughed himself silly.

DWIGHT SHEPARD

### *CARDIGAN*

We climbed Mt. Cardigan. Since I was tagging along, they put me in the front of the line. Boy, was I tired when I got to the top!

SCOTT VEALE

### *CANDLEBOATS*

I like to watch the candleboats glide out on Newfound Lake, each with its shimmering light. It's even fun to see some burn and sink if they crash against the rocks. And when you wake up the next morning, you're excited and in a hurry to go to breakfast and find out who won the race!

CARTER YOUNG

### *AQUAPLANING*

We made a human sand bank out of Drew; we covered him with sand. We also went on an aquaboard. When Mrs. Souerwine went on it, she fell off.

JOHN CHISHOLM





## *The Trail of The Pack, 1963*

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

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

DAVID PALMER BEALL, 4966 West Road, Washington, Michigan. 1963.

SAMUEL BETTLE, 331 Station Road, Wynnwood, Pennsylvania. 1961, 63.

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

RALPH DAYTON CARPENTER, 12 River Road, Scarsdale, New York. 1961, 63.

JOHN FREDERICK CHISHOLM, East Hebron, New Hampshire. 1963.

DAVID J. COLWELL, 36 North Hancock Street, Lexington, Massachusetts. 1963.

ROBERT PAINE CUMMINGS, Paine Avenue, Prides Crossing, Massachusetts. 1962, 63.

THEODORE MICHAEL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

THOMAS PAUL DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

LEONARD NICHOLAS DIMASI, 12 Mohawk Road, Canton, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

ANTHONY JOHN DOHANOS, 279 Sturges Highway, Westport, Connecticut. 1962, 63.

JAMES DEANE EDWARDS, 284 North Oxford Street, Hartford 5, Connecticut. 1961-63.

JONATHAN TAYLOR FEUER, 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton 58, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

ROBERT BRINK FEUER, 43 Fairmont Avenue, Newton 58, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

DOUGLAS EVANS GEORGE, 65 Mountain Road, Concord, New Hampshire. 1960-63.



JAMES FRANKLIN HART, 30 Wesley Street, Ansonia, Connecticut. 1960, 62, 63.

DANIEL HERTZLER, R.D. 1, Box 405, Mansfield Center, Connecticut. 1960-63.

SAMUEL HERTZLER, R.D. 1, Box 405, Mansfield Center, Connecticut. 1959-63.

WILLIAM WELSH HOLLAND, Khakum Wood, Greenwich, Connecticut. 1960-63.

BRUCE SUTHERLAND HULME, 37 Eden Street, Framingham, Massachusetts. 1961-63.

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

JUDSON BEMIS CONANT KENDALL, 9550 Old Bonhomme Road, St. Louis 32, Missouri. 1962-63.

PETER BLODGET KENT, 350 North Steele Road, West Hartford, Connecticut. 1959, 63.

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

WAYNE DOUGLAS KING, Campton, New Hampshire. 1963.

JAMES DARWIN KINGSLEY, 128 West Main Street, Westboro, Massachusetts. 1963.

PETER BERNARD KINGSLEY, 128 West Main Street, Westboro, Massachusetts. 1963.

GAIUS WARNER MERWIN, III, 11 Sage Terrace, Scarsdale, New York. 1960, 61, 63.

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

MICHAEL JOHN NEWELL, Sherman, Connecticut. 1962, 63.

PETER SCOTT O'CONNOR, 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, New York. 1961-63.

ROBERT STEARNS O'CONNOR, 37 Meadow Woods Road, Great Neck, New York. 1961-63.

JOHN DAVID PARKER, RFD 3, Box 633, Gales Ferry, Connecticut. 1963.

JAMES GORDON PATTON, 1558 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts. 1963.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON PECK, 559 Providence Street, Albany 8, New York. 1962, 63.

GREGSON THORP PULLEN, 276 North Avenue, Westport, Connecticut. 1962, 63.

PETER STIMPSON PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. 1961-63.

RICHARD HARPER PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. 1961-63.

STEPHEN EDWARDS PUNDERSON, 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. 1961-63.

DAVID GOODWIN RITTENHOUSE, 72 Palmer Street, Westerly, Rhode Island. 1959-63.

JOHN DUNCAN ROSS, 441 Main Street, Hudson, Massachusetts. 1960-63.

NICHOLAS HENRY SHELNESS, R.F.D. 1, South Salem, New York, 1961, 63.

DWIGHT BURGE SHEPARD, 21 Hillside Road, Wellesley, Massachusetts. 1963.

DAVID ANTHONY SOUERWINE, 330 Ridge Road, Wethersfield 9, Connecticut. 1963.

ANDREW DAY SOUERWINE, 330 Ridge Road, Wethersfield 9, Connecticut. 1963.

CHRISTOPHER ALLEN SPINDLER, 90 Woodland Street, South Natick, Massachusetts. 1961-63.

JAMES A. C. STILLMAN, Jr., 473 South Halifax Drive, Ormond Beach, Florida. 1960, 62, 63.

CHRISTOPHER WASS TOELKEN, 26 Hillandale Road, Westport, Connecticut. 1959, 60, 63.

HARCOURT NEWELL TRIMBLE III, 326 Louella Avenue, Wayne, Pennsylvania. 1960, 61, 63.

SCOTT CARRINGTON VEALE, 311 Quarry Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania. 1963.

STUART ENGLISH WILLIAMS, 13 Colvin Road, Scarsdale, New York. 1963.

GARY EUGENE WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, New York. 1962, 63.

RANDOLPH BROOKS WRIGHT, Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, New York. 1962, 63.

CARTER ALEXANDER YOUNG, 125 Butternut Lane, Stamford, Connecticut. 1963.



## *Mowglis Staff, 1963*

### DIRECTOR

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

### HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Mr. JEROME JOHNSTON, B.A. (Yale), Assistant to the Director. 1937 Boston Boulevard, Detroit 6, Michigan.

Mr. J. GARLAND THAYER, B.A., S.T.B. (Boston University), Crafts. Route 1, Holston, Virginia.

Mr. BARRY EARL TRAVIS, B.A. (Grinnell), Tripmaster. Elm Street, Canaan, Connecticut.

Mr. BROOKS FERGUSON BENJAMIN (Principia), Co-Director Cubs. 172 Alberta Avenue, San Carlos, California.

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

Mr. BUTLER WRIGHT LAMPSON (Harvard), Waterfront. 16 Mellon Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

Dr. JOHN A. FRICKER, B.A. (Wayne), M.D. (Western Reserve School of Medicine), Medical Counsellor, 37 Highview Avenue, West Haven, Connecticut.

### PACK COUNCIL

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

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

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

Mr. JOHN WATSON HARMON (Harvard), Canoeing. 15 Archmore Road, Scarsdale, New York.

Mr. PHILIP AVERY JOHNSON, B.A. (Yale), Rifery. 1504 Cordova Avenue, Lakewood 7, Ohio.

Mr. ROBERT VEAL MORRIS, B.A. (Yale), Secretary, Dramatics. 11642 Auburn Street, Detroit 28, Michigan.

### CUB COUNCIL

Mrs. ANDREW H. SOUERWINE, B.A. (Ursinus), Cub Director. 330 Ridge Road, Wethersfield 9, Connecticut.

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

Mr. JOHN THORNTON UNDERWOOD, Jr. (Lehigh). 134 Woodbine Road, Roslyn Heights, New York.

### SECOND YEAR ASSISTANTS

Mr. H. ROZIER DULANY. 4511 Potomac School Road, McLean, Virginia.

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

### FIRST YEAR ASSISTANTS

Mr. RANDALL GOODHART GIBSON. Brookedge, Riversville Road, Glenville, Connecticut.

Mr. JUAN RADA, Apartados Este No. 45-97, Caracas, Venezuela.

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

### AIDES

Mr. TIMOTHY HERTZLER. R.D. 1, Mansfield Center, Connecticut.

Mr. JOHN A. MURRAY, III. 42 Highland Circle, Bronxville, New York.

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

Mr. JAMES BODEN PUNDERSON, Jr. 257 Pease Road, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

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

### SPECIAL STAFF

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

Mrs. GEORGE D. GIBBS, Lodge. Hebron, New Hampshire.

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

### KITCHEN STAFF

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

Mr. RALPH JOYNER, Assistant. 333 Bronx Park Avenue, Bronx 55, New York.

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