

PUNK FROM THE LOG

Of all our mighty men, Arthur Showalter proved to be the keenest snipe hunter, for only Showalter knew exactly which snipe he had chased into the bag and waited breathlessly when the bag was opened to nab that very same snipe.

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Jim Edwards has discovered that Altman can hear a radio from the Crows' Nest at the Wild Cat Lodge and decided ruefully that the Good Lord gave the Lieutenant racoon ears! We have heard Altman called worse names than "Racoon Ears" but not many so picturesque.

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Henry Elliot was the hero of the hour, having triumphed over a large and ferocious catfish. Henry unfortunately became so fond of the catfish that he wanted to take it to live with him in the Eagle Lodge. This made the Eagle counsellors jealous and they pettishly announced that, if the catfish stayed, they would go. As the result of considerable coercion, Henry was forced to act against his better judgement and choose the counsellors.

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Who can think of a reason for not taking a shower better than that of Dave Howell, who refused because his father took a shower once and had athlete's foot all summer long?

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One great name has vanished from camp history. Weno longer have a fort. In this new era, inaugurated by Dr. Lawrence, the Great Regulator, the building that proudly crowns the hill has officially become the Signal Tower.

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The high point of the camp pictures shown by Mr. R.C. Frank was undoubtedly the shot of Van Ingon in his youthful days, pulling a large, but remarkably lethargic, fish out of the lake. It was a good picture of Van -- that is, it was a good picture of his very distinctive legs. It would have taken technicolor to do justice to his nose.

What made a sissy out of Dean Miller, that he now wears not only a shirt, but ice cream pants as well?

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All night Butch Burch and Spencer McAllister waited patiently outside the Crows' Nest in order that they be the first in the morning to sign up for a very special spitting course with Read Murphy, Kewanee's watermelon-seed-spitting champ. It is a new ambition for Butch, an even higher aspiration than his desire to smell like Newpy.

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Jim Warren has invented a new method of marking clothes. He dips his nose in indelible ink and puts the print of that very distinctive nose on his shirts. All to the good, except for White Angel Dawson who has to restore the nose's original complexion without removing the nose.

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It seems to be a sort of fellow feeling that causes inhabitants of the Crows' Nest to sit for hours and hours gazing at the comings and goings of the ants in the glass cage. It does seem, however, that life in Yo Olde Antoville Coale Mine has one advantage over life in the Crows' Nest. The ants have a queen, while the master campers have only Altman.

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What is the noise as our marching hosts in the Crows' Nest every morning at six-thirty? Is it the dawn coming up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay, or is it Jim Edwards tiptoeing through the tulips as he sets out to juggle orange juice glasses in the dining hall?

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Tommy Bateman has hit upon an adequate description of what the Frank brothers are doing when they go through our lodges. According to Tommy, they are "infecting". So all hail to our "infectors".