



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 21, 1941

GREYS SLIGHTLY AHEAD AS RACE NEARS END

For the second successive week, the Greys have maintained their narrow margin over the Maroons. Last Saturday, it was Greys 7784, Maroons 7758. During the week, the Maroons as usual showed their superiority in athletics by taking the two meets. But the great boost in points came from the deluge of third levels which always dominate the scoring toward the close of camp as they count 50 points each. The woodcraft sector was particularly active, with the Greys taking 300 points in third levels to 100 for their rivals. The suspense aroused by the close race will be enhanced by the fact that the score will not be revealed again until the night of the banquet. No better climax could have been devised in a story book.

Scouts Find Good Hunting for Merit Badges at Kawanhee

By E. FRAZER, Junior A

This year the Kawanhee Scout Troop, under the direction of George Beckett, has achieved many new successes. A troop of twenty-six boys was organized into four patrols, with approximately six boys to each patrol. The boys have been very active in scout work, passing numerous tests and merit badges. To qualify for a merit badge, a scout must, after passing the requirements, appear before the Kawanhee Court of Honor, which consists of Mr. R. C. Frank and several counsellors. If he is passed by these men, the scout is given a letter which he presents to his local court of honor. This way the scout not only gains merit badges, but also wins valuable points for his team.

Below are the merit badges which have been passed so far this year. Although there are only a few listed here, many more will be completed before the end of the summer. The final court of honor is yet to be held.

D. Cochran	<i>Life Saving</i>	D. Swift
	J. Lennan	
E. Frazer	<i>Metal Work</i>	D. Swift
	J. Lennan	
D. Cochran	<i>Swimming</i>	J. Lennan

Yanks Swamp Bosox, Tigers to Break Tie; Head Am. League

By R. CHISM AND BUD MILLER

In the first game to break the three way tie in the American League, the New York Yankees won over the Boston Red Sox 13 to 7. In the top of the first the Yanks started the ball rolling by scoring three times. After that they seemed to score at will. The Bosox did not get into the scoring column until they pushed across one lone tally in the third followed by three runs in both the fifth and sixth.

Batteries:
New York.....Stocking Borg
Boston.....Koch Goodhart

After their victory over the Bosox the Yanks met the Detroit Tigers, whom they defeated 7 to 2, putting the Yanks at the top in the American League. The game immediately took on the aspects of an evenly matched contest, and both teams went scoreless for the first two innings. In the third Detroit forced the issue and tallied once. Not to be outdone, the Yanks scored twice. In the fourth, the barking bats of Dezer, Slager, and Tilton brought in two more Yankee runs. The Yanks made a safety margin of two runs in the seventh, but the Tigers went down one, two, three and the game was over.

Batteries:
New York....Stocking Borg
Detroit.....Frost Jaeger

Junior Cs Remodel as Crooked House Cramps Their Style

By M. BORT, Junior C

Last year the Junior Cs built a crooked house up in the woods back of the hospital. This summer there were so many Junior Cs that we decided to add another room to the crooked house. Steve Whitney helped us make the floor, and we took turns sawing and hammering. Then Steve Whitney and Mr. Goodwin helped us put up the sides of the house. The roof and one side are not on yet. We made one crooked window in each side. We also built a fireplace in front of our house. Pretty soon the Eagles and Falcons are all going to cook a meal there.

KENNEBEC GIVES ROUGH WELCOME TO CANOEISTS

By F. HENRY, M. C.

Probably the most talked of canoe trip which leaves camp is the voyage down the rushing Upper Kennebec. It started early Tuesday morning, the beginning of a brisk, autumn-like day. The wind was blowing, the clouds were flying high, and there was excitement in the air, for we were to cover some of the fastest water in Maine. The first day was spent in a cool ride up to big Moosehead Lake via Jackman. That night we made our camp in Indian Pond, into which flow the two outlets of the Kennebec from Moosehead. We decided to come from Moosehead to Indian Pond on the east outlet because it had more water. We were up early the next morning, and put in at Moosehead on the east outlet. The water was rushing down the narrow river bed, and we had our hands full steering around the rocks. In several places we had

(Continued on page 2)

Eagles and Falcons Seek New Forts to Conquer at Popham

By R. BRUCE, Junior C

Thursday the Eagles and Falcons went on a trip to Popham Beach. Popham Beach is on the seacoast by the Atlantic Ocean. The trip was a long one, almost one hundred miles each way. Some of us went with Mr. Prestele and Steve Whitney in the station wagon, and the rest of us went with Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin in their car. We ate lunch on the way down to the beach.

When we arrived we put on our bathing suits and went along the beach looking for shells. Andy brought back a live crab. Then we went in swimming. We held hands, because Steve said there was an undertow. After that we went to a store and bought candy and balloons, and then explored some forts. The first forts were small and had secret tunnels. The biggest fort was Fort Popham. There were a lot of dungeons, and we found two bones. On our way back we ate supper and had an ice-cream cone.

THE WIGWAM

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The Right Mixture

By M. UMPLEBY, Sr. C

An explosion occurs when the proper combination of air and gasoline vapor is ignited. In this commonplace phenomenon there is power for much useful work and there is force to wreak great violence and destruction. Control these factors, confine and direct the energies released when spark meets mixture, and you have conditions for constructive effort. You know what happens when gas fumes lurk unheeded in the bilge of a boat and a vagrant match ignites them.

Anyone having to do with boys will not find the analogy forced when he likens camp and its personnel to the elements of a gasoline engine. Whether camper or counsellor plays the role of air, which should not be overheated, and the other the gas, which should be confined, is not the issue. And the spark, too, may come from either side. It's the mixture that counts for most. A good camp season depends for both parties upon the happy combination of personalities existing in a lodge. It is a most fortunate arrangement when the dynamic members of a senior group, providing gas and spark a-plenty, have the twin carburetion of a sage college coach and a youthful varsity athlete. Again the volatile junior, the light six cylinder job, can go places and keep on the road when a studious teacher is at the wheel and a waggish assistant can ride the jounces and like them.

Happy motoring at Kawanhee takes a number of roads, and is a varied procession. That the travelling leads somewhere and is more than aimless meandering, makes it worth while to get aboard. The directors and senior assistants have mapped out many interesting courses. Much of the itinerary explores new ground, takes the camper to novel and refreshing scenes, and introduces him to strange, wild places and striking personalities.

Upper Kennebec Trip

(Continued)

to wade the canoes or carry them around rough places. We ate dinner halfway down. We paddled into camp in early afternoon and sat around the fire or crawled into our beds to get warm.

In the morning, the water was up due to the opening of the gates at Moosehead. We paddled against a very stiff head-wind to the end of Indian Pond. There Bates picked us up and took us to our next camping place. On the way down, we stopped and looked at the famous "Hullin' Machine." It is a formation in the river bed which is impassable in any kind of boat and which takes the bark off the logs which go through it. It was this and other obstacles around which we were portaging. The morning of our last day we put into some of the highest and fastest water on the Kennebec. To get our canoes to the river, we had to portage down the steep, rocky bank of the river for about one-quarter of a mile. The water from there to the Forks was quite rough, and for a mile we had to wade the canoes along the rocky ledges of the bank, because the swells in the river were too big. Many times we stopped to empty the water from our canoes which had washed in or flowed over the sides. We came to the Forks in time for lunch, and then back to camp, after a memorable trip of real canoeing.

Where but at Kawanhee can a boy find a trip which lets him pan gold, drive logs with river men, dig in a mica mine, swim up a canyon like Coos, visit lobster men on the coast, pole rapids in the wilderness—all these in a single summer? All these for the adventurous, while still the home grounds offer challenges to ever higher levels in tamer outdoor sports.

But no road map guarantees a happy trip. It's the old engine we depend upon to get us around. And the heart of it all is the combination of elements that makes the buggy run. What makes a camp, a school, a college? It's the boys and men who work there. Indeed there would not be institution otherwise, albeit location, equipment, climate galore. Men of worth; able men and honest; boys of character, nobly wild: these in the proper mixture make the camp. Given these, the spark—the spirit of Kawanhee—is, so to speak, inherent.

Great Ovation Grets World Premiere of Thompson Opus

By ED LUPFER

While Kawanhee Slept—a mystery comedy in one act by William Thompson, presented by the Footlight Knights under the direction of John Adams in the Berry Theater, August 15, and including the following cast:

Cam	C. Scarlett
Ralph	R. Lucas
Hal	W. Myers
Bill	W. Thompson
Murray	M. Chism
Ted	J. Harris
Chuck	T. Bateman
David Robbins	M. Bott
First Stranger	W. Whipple
Second Stranger	G. Beckett
Director	M. Umpleby, Sr.
Sheriff	S. Whitney

Friday night saw presented on the Kawanhee boards the much heralded work of a comparative new comer to the dramatic ranks—Kawanhee's own Bill Thompson. *While Kawanhee Slept* was an ingenious and highly satisfying mixture of theatrical forms: comedy, farce, streamlined melodrama—all with the informality of *Our Town*. Under the expert direction of John Adams, the play was perfectly paced, and moved along swiftly.

The whole cast was excellent, Cam Scarlett giving a particularly convincing interpretation of the difficult role of Cam Scarlett.

The plot was laid on the Kawanhee stage, where the WIGWAM editors were in the throes of meeting a deadline. In the course of the action, a realistic pair of escaped murderers was subdued in a rousing free-for-all, accompanied by codesignals, flashes of lightning, peals of thunder, and other stage effects.

Preceding the main feature of the evening were two highly acclaimed acts. Steve Whitney, as the drawing, sprawling sheriff of Weld told exactly what you should do if a whale is washed up on your beach, and gave an account of an amazing (and almost unbelievable) hunting expedition. Roger Frost recited an anticlimactic, blow-by-blow description of a championship checker match.

Sunday Services

Both the morning and evening services were held indoors due to cold, windy weather. Roger Frost, who spoke in the morning, and Dean Miller, who gave the vesper sermon, both took their texts from the famous passages in the Proverbs on friendship. This was a fitting subject, for as the summer draws to a close, we will judge the success or failure of our camp season very much upon the number of friends we have made.

Wilton Racquetees Win as Supper Shortens Match

Last Sunday, enthusiastic campers and counsellors decked the edges of the Kawanhee tennis courts to witness the annual Wilton-Kawanhee tennis match. Unfortunately, supper time arrived before the match could be completed. The six singles matches were played, and one match of doubles. Wilton and Kawanhee each took three singles, and Wilton won in the doubles, giving the entire match to Wilton by a score of 4 to 3.

The match started off in favor of Kawanhee as Frost took two sets from Williams, of Wilton, 6-3, 6-1. Stocking bowed to Merchant, of Wilton, 4-6, 8-10; Koch lost a close match to Sewall, of Wilton, 4-6, 6-3, 5-7; Hirschland and Bouton each took over their respective Wilton opponents; and Eddy succumbed to Donald, of Wilton. In the one doubles match that was played, Frost and Stocking were defeated by Wilton.

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
St. Louis	4	1	44	25	.800
Cincinnati	4	1	39	19	.800
New York	3	2	40	32	.600
Chicago	3	2	32	42	.600
Brooklyn	1	4	27	46	.200
Pittsburg	0	5	27	45	.000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
New York	5	1	89	35	.833
Boston	4	2	57	42	.667
Detroit	4	2	49	41	.667
Cleveland	2	3	36	46	.400
Chicago	1	4	56	47	.200
Philadelphia	0	5	22	78	.000

Range Awards, August 10-17

<i>Pro-Marksman</i>		
W. Eddy	H. Erf	C. Pace
<i>Marksman</i>		
W. Eddy	K. Licht	A. Maisonpierre
<i>Marksman 1st Class</i>		
W. Eddy	A. Miller	W. Ruggles
<i>Sharpshooter</i>		
T. Bateman	J. Campbell	W. Eddy
N. Nelson	D. Trowbridge	
<i>First Bar</i>		
F. Dorman		

Aquatic Victory for Maroons

The Maroons submerged the Greys in a close water meet by a score of 69-63. First places were as follows: Junior A 35 yd. Dash...W. Ruggles, G. Junior B Rowboat Doubles...T. Griley, J. Puccinelli; E. Goodhart, coxswain, M. Senior and Junior C Jockey Race...A. Miller, M. Bott, G. Senior Canoe Steeplechase...R. Chism, G. Junior B Freestyle...N. Evans, M. Junior A Crab Race...W. Ruggles, G. Senior 100 yd. Freestyle...F. Henry, M. Diving...C. Dezer, G. Senior and Junior A In-and-Out Race...J. McHugh, G. McHugh, G. Medley Relay Race...Maroon Team War Canoe Race...Maroon Team

Achievement Levels Passed, August 10-August 17

AQUATICS

<i>Junior C—First Level</i>		
A. Yaus		
<i>Junior C—Second Level</i>		
L. Miller		
<i>Junior C—Third Level</i>		
J. MacLaughlin		
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
T. Griley	C. Tuttle	
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
J. Moores		
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
J. Campbell	N. Evans	G. McHugh
J. Moores		
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
J. Campbell	W. Whitney	
<i>Senior—First Level</i>		
A. Maisonpierre		
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
L. Bugbee	C. Dezer	F. Dorman
H. Landis		
<i>Senior—Third Level</i>		
R. Goss		

ATHLETICS

<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
C. Drinkle	N. Evans	T. Griley
P. Schurman		
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
P. Schurman		
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
T. Pyke		
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
J. Tobin	W. Whitney	
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
J. Campbell	A. Griswold	W. Ruggles
J. Tobin	W. Whitney	
<i>Senior—First Level</i>		
L. Bugbee	F. Henry	A. Maisonpierre
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
F. Henry	A. Maisonpierre	J. Morrison
<i>Senior—Third Level</i>		
T. Huntington		

HANDICRAFT

<i>Junior C—Third Level</i>		
M. Bott	T. Brydon	M. Davis
R. Lamb		
<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
T. Griley	J. Smith	J. Toothaker
C. Tuttle		
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
T. Griley	J. Smith	J. Toothaker
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
T. Griley	Rich. Miller	P. Schurman
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
W. Ruggles		
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
I. Bouton	W. Ruggles	
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
J. Fraser	Robt. Miller	
<i>Senior—Third Level</i>		
K. Licht	R. Tracy	

NATURE

<i>Junior C—First Level</i>		
L. Miller	J. Moseley	
<i>Junior C—Second Level</i>		
R. Bruce	M. Davis	J. MacLaughlin
<i>Junior C—Third Level</i>		
J. MacLaughlin		
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
C. Drinkle	H. Erf	T. Griley
K. Jaeger	C. Stallman	
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
D. Fay		
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
A. Griswold		
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
N. Evans		
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
N. Goss		
<i>Senior—First Level</i>		
J. Lennan		
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
F. Henry		
<i>SAILING</i>		
<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
T. Griley	J. Hanna	C. Tuttle
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
H. Erf	N. Evans	D. Trowbridge
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
G. McHugh	J. Moores	

Maroons Outpoint Greys in Retrogressive Track Meet

BY BUD MILLER, JR. C.

The Maroon team proved itself slightly more unorthodox than the Greys by downing them in the craziest track meet of the year. This novelty meet ended with a score of 175-111. In true ehnawaK style, the dash men all ran backwards. The baseball throw was turned into a contest of skill instead of the usual brawn, a target on the ground being the goal. The Seniors were the goats for the grand finale when two of them were obliged to carry a Junior C who changed mounts every time the whistle blew. Ted Huntington and John Morrison turned out to be the best mounts, with Bob Lamb manning the spurs. Campers taking first places in the events were:

Junior C 50 yd. Dash	R. Lamb, M.
Junior B 50 yd. Dash	J. Tobin, M.
Junior A 75 yd. Dash	W. Ruggles, G.
Senior 75 yd. Dash	E. Davis, G.
Junior C Broad Jump	M. Bott, G.
Junior B Broad Jump	C. Henry, M.
Junior A Broad Jump	E. Frazer, G.
Senior Broad Jump	A. Maisonpierre, M.
Junior C Baseball Throw	L. Miller, M.
Junior B Baseball Throw	J. Campbell, G.
Junior A Baseball Throw	D. Swift, M.
Senior Baseball Throw	A. Reeves, M.
Novelty Relay	T. Huntington, J. Morrison, R. Lamb, M.

Lake Temperatures, Aug. 10-17

	7:30 A.M.	11 A.M.	4 P.M.
Monday	72	74	76
Tuesday	71	72	76
Wednesday	64	68	68
Thursday	64	68	68
Friday	66	68	67
Saturday	69	70	70
Sunday	68	70	72

<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
F. Huntington	D. Legg	G. McHugh
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
C. Henry	W. Ruggles	D. Swift
J. Tobin	W. Whitney	
<i>Senior—First Level</i>		
L. Bugbee	W. Hirt	A. Miller
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
L. Bugbee	E. Davis	W. Hirt
R. Koch	H. Landis	
<i>Senior—Third Level</i>		
L. Bugbee	W. Hirt	H. Landis
<i>WOODCRAFT</i>		
<i>Junior C—Second Level</i>		
R. Lamb		
<i>Junior C—Third Level</i>		
T. Brydon	R. Lamb	J. MacLaughlin
<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
H. Erf	E. Goodhart	J. Hanna
J. Puccinelli		
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
H. Erf	D. Fay	
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
H. Erf	D. Fay	
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
J. Harris	C. Henry	G. McHugh
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
F. Dorman	G. McHugh	R. Sargent
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
R. Sargent		
<i>Senior—First Level</i>		
L. Bugbee	R. Chism	
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
R. Chism		
<i>Senior—Third Level</i>		
R. Chism		

PUNK FROM THE LOG

All week the wind blew and the counsellors had meetings, but the biggest blow of all was the actual appearance of the Thompson drama upon the Kawanhee stage. We cannot remember how the question of authorship was finally settled, but we believe that it was ultimately attributed to the mythical Willbellray Mac-Thompletas, a name formed of selected syllables from the names of such contributors as William Thompson, Campbell Scarlett, Marie Mac-Elwee and Murray Chism, with the last syllable of Lucas bringing up the rear. But we do know that the likes of that play have never been seen before nor are likely to be seen again.

In memory of that unforgettable event, the Loggerhead, as a participant, presents his own dramatic version of the dress rehearsal of *While Kawanhee Slept* which Director John Adams held in the Berry Theatre.

ADAMS. Alright, we'll go straight through it from the beginning now. (*Enter Scarlett through the Rec Hall, leaps gracefully onto the stage, trips and falls flat on his puss.*)

SCARLETT. Blank, blank, blank, check, blank, blank, check, blank—

ADAMS. Come, come, Scarlett, this is no time for low comedy. Give your first line.

SCARLETT. What is my first line? I don't have a script yet.

ADAMS. Who's there?

SCARLETT. I am, darn the luck.

ADAMS. No, you say, "Who's there?"

SCARLETT. Okay, I'll bite. Who's there? (*A long silence*) Who's there?

ADAMS (*shouting*). Lucas, who's there?

LUCAS (*from the door*). Aint nobody here but us Panthers, arf, arf, arf.

ADAMS. That's your entrance cue.

LUCAS. Not in my script.

THOMPSON (*tearing himself away from a new comic book*). Oh, that was cut out in the fifteenth revision.

ADAMS. Well, who has a copy of the fifteenth revision?

CHISM. I had four pages of it until Morrill and I rewrote it last night and now we can't read any of it.

THOMPSON. I just did the first scene over again up at the Hospital anyway. Here's the final version.

SCARLETT (*taking it and reading*). Lucas—nose drops. Adams—

foot redressed. F. Huntington—slippage of the—Hey, what is this?

THOMPSON. Excuse me, I guess I got the nurses' treatment chart.

ADAMS. Alright, take it from the place where the first stranger threatens Lucas. Start it, Ralph.

LUCAS. Oh, moonglow.

CHORUS. That's not in my script.

LUCAS. My script says "Oh, m-o-i-n-g-l-o-w," so what can it be but "moonglow"?

ADAMS. But it doesn't mean anything.

LUCAS. Oh, we don't bather about minor details like that in this play.

R. C. FRANK (*from the office door*). There will be a counsellors' meeting right after breakfast.

CHORUS. That's not in my script.

ADAMS. That's not in anyone's script.

Mr. Frank just meant that there would be a counsellors' meeting. Go ahead.

LUCAS. Oh, moonglow.

THOMPSON. That's not a speech. It's meant for a stage direction.

LUCAS. Alright. Oh, Mooo-o-o-o-o.

CHORUS. What ARE you doing?

LUCAS. Well, if it's a stage direction, it must be "mooring low."

WHIPPLE. That wasn't in the script I was given yesterday morning.

THOMPSON. Oh, the whole thing's been rewritten three times since then. And the more I think of it, the more I think we should reconsider—

THE CHIEF (*entering*). There is no provision in the Constitution for reconsideration. Gentlemen, I call your attention to a point of law.

CHORUS. That's not in my script.

CHIEF. You're out of order. You mean it's not in the Constitution. Here, I'll show you the place where—(*He snatches Myers' script.*)

Well, that's funny. I had forgotten this part of the by-laws myself. (*He reads.*) What's the matter. You're not afraid, are you?

BOTT (*coming in on cue*). No, I just wanted to go to the Fort.

CHIEF. There's no provision in the Constitution for going to the Fort.

ADAMS. That's not the Constitution, Chief. It's a sort of play.

CHIEF. Well, it's most unparliamentary. (*He departs with the script.*)

MYERS. There goes my script.

CHISM. Never mind. We'll rewrite your part again tonight anyway.

MYERS. But tonight's the show.

ADAMS. Oh, go ahead, Whipple.

WHIPPLE (*getting into character*). Okay, Mister Funnyman. So dat's why de lights kept flickerin'. I

t'ink we'll (*he turns a page*) retain a copy of de lodge laundry list.

ADAMS. Where'd you get that line? I can't find it even in the re-edited script of the 19th version.

WHIPPLE. I don't know what version. It's right here at the top of my second page—"retain a copy of the lodge laundry list." Then Beckett, as Stranger No. 2, is supposed to say, "Yeah, an' send a copy dereof wit' de laundry."

THOMPSON. Oh, that must be that laundry list I've been looking for.

WHIPPLE. So that's it. I thought the spelling on this second page was strangely uninspired.

ADAMS. Maybe we better go back to Beckett's speech.

BECKETT (*taking up his part*). Now listen, buddy, we aint goin' over all dat agin, see. He's here someplace. Now where is de Robbins kid? What have you done wit' him? (*Turns a page.*) To what is his happiness due, e. g., Poisonal charm, Industry? George whistles too, too divinely—How did that get in here?

THOMPSON. So that's where my lodge report on Landis went.

ADAMS. Lucas, for Heaven's sake give them the cue again.

LUCAS. Oh, Mmmwwaannnh.

ADAMS. What are you mooring about?

LUCAS. I don't know, but that seems to be the concensus of Thompson's opinion on what he wrote here.

THOMPSON. I did not write that part. That section was Cam's work.

SCARLETT. That's not mine. Chism revised the thing after I did.

CHISM. You can't blame that on me. It wasn't there when I turned it over to Jones Harris to rewrite.

HARRIS. It's not my fault. Lucas changed it all after I did.

(*The scene deteriorates into a battle of "I didn't"s and "You did"s and finally leads into blows. At last there is silence once more on the Kawanhee stage, where there is only a pile of unconscious actors.*)

ADAMS. Splendid. You did that beautifully. That was a wonderful rehearsal. It's a remarkable play. I'm sure you will be a great success tonight.

THE CHIEF (*re-entering with the script*). You know, there's a lot of this Constitution that I had forgotten. I had not realized that we put so much emphasis on the Fort. I'll have to bring it to the attention of the counsellors tomorrow.