



The Wigwam



Volume VII, No. 6

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 14, 1941

GREY BLITZ BEGINS IN VITAL LEVELS SECTOR

A wild yell split the instant of silence that followed the announcement of the score at Saturday's campfire. The Greys were ahead! Like a thief in the night, they had slipped up on their rivals during the week. An analysis of the upset reveals the following facts. Last week the Maroons held the comfortable lead of 3431 to 2783. A flood of newly passed aquatic levels boosted the score of both teams, with 460 points for the Maroons and 495 for the Greys. But the first returns from the athletic department favored the Greys by 395 points to 130, as did the 225 point lead in the J.L.S. tests, making this week's score Greys 5583, Maroons 5546.

Sachems Sit, Admonish Campers, Act on Nuisances as Dampers

By H. ERF, Junior B

Long before campers ever came to the Webb Lake shores, the Indian tribes of the valley had sachems who advised their chiefs. From this custom, Kawanhee has adopted the idea of having sachems.

Each year, each of the twelve lodges elect two of these representatives. Each week, the sachems meet as a group and discuss small annoyances that have occurred during the week. At the Saturday night campfire, they sit before their lodgemates and present to the whole camp the matters they have discussed. They ask for, and usually get, the coöperation of the campers in finding remedies for these problems.

Below is a list of the sachems:

JUNIOR SACHEMS

Eagle.....R. Bruce, T. Nelson
Falcon.....M. Bott, T. Brydon
Panther.....J. Hanna, C. Pace
Pole Cat.....Rich. Miller, Robt. Miller
Pine Tree.....H. Erf, T. Magruder

SENIOR SACHEMS

Deer.....J. Harris, C. Henry
Birch.....C. Davis, A. Griswold
Beaver.....R. Tracy, R. Ward
Moose.....J. Fraser, E. Frazer
Lynx.....L. Bugbee, J. Lupfer
Wildcat.....E. Davis, D. Wambaugh
Crows' Nest.....R. Chism, F. Henry

Jr. Cs Meet Haze and Murk on Lofty Summit of Mt. Zircon

By R. BRUCE, Junior C

Thursday the Eagles and the Falcons climbed Mt. Zircon. Half of us went in the station wagon and the rest of us went with Mrs. Frank in her car. It seemed like a very long drive, but we got there. We drove a little way up the trail which led to the foot of the mountain, and then walked the rest of the way. We stopped at a shelter where we ate our lunch. We were glad to eat, because we were hungry after our walk.

After lunch we climbed the mountain. It was quite steep—almost straight up and down in places. On top we found a ranger's tower. Only three of us climbed the tower because the ranger said it was too windy. It was so hazy up there that we could barely see the outline of Mt. Blue which we climbed two weeks ago. We only stayed on the top a few minutes. On our way down, we stopped at the bottling works and had a free glass of root beer.

CHIEF LEADS CLIMB UP MT. KATAHDIN

By F. HENRY, M. C.

The much anticipated and long awaited trip to mighty Mt. Katahdin departed early and bright on Monday morning, August 4th. There were twenty-one on the trip, including such notable counsellors and climbers as Mr. Umpleby, Dean Miller, Chief Marshall and the ever present trip man, Bates. Our journey took us through Old Town where we made our annual tour through the famous Old Town Canoe factory in which the world renowned Old Town boats and canoes are made. We saw the lumber being sorted, the ribs steamed and formed, the planking tacked on by an expert craftsman, the canvas stretched over the smooth hull and finally the shiny paint applied, making an expertly finished and beautiful canoe. In one corner paddles were being turned out, and in the warehouse we viewed over a hundred canoes and boats awaiting delivery.

(Continued on page 2)

YANKS, TIGERS, BOSOX TIE FOR LOOP LEAD

By F. HENRY AND R. CHISM

The American League season has ended in a three way tie involving Boston, New York and Detroit.

The Yankees outslugged the unbeaten Boston Red Sox, 3 to 1. Thus the Yanks, who had previously lost one game, pulled themselves up into the first place tie, and have a chance to play in the World Series should they come through the play-offs successfully. The Yanks' hitting was too much for the Red Sox, as they seemed to place them where the Sox fielders weren't. Chuck Dezer, Yankee, hit a homer in the fifth, driving in "Sluggger" Slager ahead of him, but, as Dezer failed to touch second, his run did not count. The Sox got their lone run in the 1st, and the Yankees scored in the 2nd, 4th and 5th innings.

Batteries:

New York...KochToothaker
Boston.....StockingFay

In the White Sox-Tiger playing-for-fun game, ceded to Detroit because of the lack of one man on the opposing team, the lowly Sox won what proved to be a wild slugfest, 12 to 9. Only the technicality gave Chicago its place in the three way tie.

Batteries:

Chicago.....S. Whitney, Beckett...Jaeger
Detroit.....R. Chism.....Trowbridge

Trial of Hybrid Sport is Urged, Golf and Archery Have Merged

By L. BUGBEE, Senior

What's this? Something new! Jack Ford's newest brain storm, archery-golf, began on Tuesday.

The course has been set up in a large open field between camp and Weld. The "holes" are about 300 yds. apart and par has been set at three on each "hole." Each of the first two "holes" has a small cardboard target which has to be hit before play may be resumed.

The first "golfers" paddled up the lake to a beach and then followed the short, newly blazed trail to the first "hole." Sonny Williams, well known archer, won with a score of 12. Campers should try archery-golf if they're looking for some novel sport.

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Close to the Heart of It

BY STEPHEN WHITNEY, Sr. C.

Should the fastidious camper, or the one who forgets too often to wash, be roused from his slumbers by ninety or so Kawanheians and with due ceremony and salaams thrown into the lake?

Should a raving maniac, such as Kawanhee's own Duke of Zanzibar, be permitted to throw a row of lodges into a turmoil in the early evening, or, with the aid of his hellish henchmen, break up a "World's Series" ball game?

Should the idiosyncrasies of members of the camp community be ridiculed by mock rites and rituals, or the subtle pen of the Log?

The answer is *Yes, a thousand times, Yes!* Here is the *Why*.

The other day, a gentleman in close touch with the workings of the Camp said: "Well, when you get right down to it, the thing that makes Kawanhee a great camp is the tradition that it holds."

Close to the heart of the Kawanhee tradition is the lesson to be learned from good, clean pranks and the pointed prod of wit. During the camp season, nearly every member of the community finds himself the butt of certain pleasantries, the object of gentle ridicule, or the hero of an escapade that brings to all laughter, and a keener appreciation of human frailties. Equally close and important is the spontaneous enthusiasm and grace with which the pleasantries, the ridicule and the escapades are received.

To the boy not blessed with that treasure, a sense of humour, exposure to the traditional spirit of fun at Kawanhee is an exceptional privilege. He quickly learns to laugh with—not at—his fellows and to realize that a clean prank or a gentle jibe can outweigh a dozen sermons.

Should the duckings, the Duke, and the rites be retained? *Yes, a thousand times, Yes!*

Kennebec Trip

(Continued)

The evening of the first day we came within view of the highest mountain in Maine and made camp at its foot.

The next morning after breakfast, we rode around the mountain to the end of the road and left Bates and the truck. Before we began to climb we had to hike three miles to Chimney Pond where the Dudley Trail started up over the rocky shoulder to Pamola Peak and the beginning of the notorious Knife Edge. We ate at Pamola Peak and then started our hike up and down on the narrow trail of the steep-sided Knife Edge. The wind was blowing, which added to the thrills. We finally gained the summit, Baxter Peak, in mid-afternoon. This peak, incidentally, is named for Gov. Baxter of Maine who gave the tract of land wherein lies Mt. Katahdin to the state, to be set aside as a game preserve and to be ever left in its natural state.

On the peak was a waterproof bronze can containing a register book and pencil provided by the Appalachian Trail Club. Already this year 756 people had registered before us. The long hike down was led by the Chief himself at a good pace. When we reached our camp, John Bittenbender, our private chef, had a hot meal awaiting our approval—and did we approve it. This pepped us up considerably. We were, nevertheless, ready, willing, but hardly able to get in bed.

Next day we took off for camp. On the way, we went over Ripogenus Dam, where we saw a tremendous raft of 70,000 cords of logs floating in the lake. We ate dinner by Moosehead Lake outside of Greenville and later stopped at the famous general store in that town. That evening, with slightly less limber limbs, but with greatly increased spirits, we rolled into our home base, Camp Kawanhee.

Sunday Services

For the Sunday morning service, campers and visitors gathered at Council Point to hear Marshall Umpleby give the address. He chose as his theme a passage from Thoreau, and spoke on the inspiration of the wilderness and the nobility of a rugged life. Preceding the talk Mr. R. C. Frank led the singing of two hymns.

Because of a heavy wind vesper service was also held at the point, instead of Bass Rock. Dean Miller gave a talk on "Character."

Casey, Sambo, Dr. I. Q. Head Potpourri of Skits

By R. LUCAS, Sr. C.

A long and varied program of skits and novelties greeted last Friday night's theater goers. Hidden talent, from elocution to pugilism, was unearthed from the most unexpected places. First of all was Rog Frost, who, with Coach Wise in the audience, out-doctored the original Dr. I. Q. in a quiz program with candy bars for the winning answers. In the Junior C double feature, Andy Yaus was starred in *Little Black Sambo*, and ably supported by a cast of Eagles and Falcons as palm trees and tigers. For the twin offering, *The Three Little Pigs*, Larry Miller as the Wolf was frustrated in his evil designs by the circumspect little pig played by Morrill Bott. A Nazified version of Kawanhee life was presented by the Birch Lodge.

An unexpected novelty was a spirited three round boxing bout between Jack Smith and Nick Nelson, the latter taking a close decision.

The remainder of the program was composed of old favorites. Rog Frost returned to the stage in baseball cap and handle bar mustaches to recite *Casey at the Bat* in the best De Wolf Hopper manner. George Landis made a hit with his whistling of the *Indian Love Call* and *Roses of Picardy*. Sandy Towt, absent for two years from Kawanhee, found the same enthusiastic audience for his clever impersonations. Finally, the program was topped off with that old favorite farce, *A Dull Evening*, effectively presented by Ken Licht and Bob Davis.

Variation

ENLARGED: The WIGWAM staff, by the election of H. Erf, Jr. B, and J. Harris, Jr. A, after three acceptable articles had proved their journalistic qualifications.

ENLARGED: The Crows' Nest, by the arrival of W. Southworth, returning for his fifth season in camp.

DEPARTED: Pete Hershberger, swimming instructor and counsellor of the Pine Tree Lodge, for his home in Columbus, Ohio, to prepare for the football season at Ohio State.

DEPARTED: L. McCandless, S. Price and C. Stallman to spend the remainder of the summer at their homes or on vacation.

TRANSFERRED: Roger Frost, from the Wildcat Lodge to the position of senior counsellor of the Pine Tree Lodge, replacing Mr. Hershberger.

New York Noses Out St. Louis, Reds Club Cubs, Cause Tie

BY R. CHISM AND R. LUCAS

The 1941 season of the National League has ended in a two way tie.

The Giant-Card game for the league championship met all the specifications of a short-story thriller. Both teams drew blood in the first, and Jack McKnight put the Cards on the long end of a 3-2 score with a fluke homer on error in the second. From then on it was a pitchers' battle, between fireballers Johnson and Miller. In the first of the 7th, Mike McHugh of the Giants singled. Bud Miller looped a beautiful homer into the right field tennis courts and the Giants were ahead. Roaring back for revenge, the Cards got Wayne Ruggles on first. Mighty Howie Johnson was next at bat. We skip details here, and say only that there is no joy in Cardinalville. The final score: Giants 4, Cards 3.

Batteries:
New York....Bud Miller Drinkle
St. Louis....Johnson A. Miller

The tie in the National League was completed by Cincinnati's 11-6 victory over the Cubs. The Reds tallied consistently, their big inning being the third, with the scoring combination of Eddy, Hirt, Whitney and Beckett bringing in four runs.

Batteries:
Cincinnati....S. Whitney ... Trowbridge
Chicago.....Frost Jaeger

Cellar Games and Make-ups

Philadelphia clinched its hold on the bottom rung of the American League on Aug. 11, when the Indians came from behind in the 5th to win, 11-10. The Pirates ended up in the cellar of the National, the Dodgers beating them 4 to 3.

Two make-up games were played on August 9. In the National, Cincinnati took the Giants, 5 to 3. In the American, Chicago won a close one from the New York Yankees, 7 to 8.

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.
Boston	4	1	50	29	.800
New York	4	1	49	26	.800
Detroit	4	1	47	34	.800
Cleveland	2	3	36	46	.400
Chicago	1	4	56	47	.200
Philadelphia	0	5	22	78	.000

Achievement Levels Passed, August 3-August 10

AQUATICS

Junior C—First Level	M. Bott	R. Bruce	F. Jones
Junior C—Second Level	R. Bruce	T. Nelson	F. Jones
Junior C—Third Level	J. MacLaughlin	M. Davis	T. Nelson
Junior B—First Level	F. Jones		
Junior B—Second Level	C. Drinkle	H. Erf	E. Goodhart
Junior B—Third Level	J. Hanna	F. Harrah	C. Henry
Junior A—First Level	T. Magruder	D. Quilligan	C. Tuttle
Junior A—Second Level	W. Davis	H. Erf	F. Harrah
Junior A—Third Level	C. Henry	T. Magruder	D. Quilligan
Senior—First Level	W. Davis	F. Harrah	
Senior—Second Level	C. Davis	R. Donaldson	G. McHugh
Senior—Third Level	R. Donaldson	J. Harris	N. Nelson
Senior—Fourth Level	W. Whitney		
Senior—Fifth Level	N. Nelson		
Senior—Sixth Level	L. Bugbee	C. Dezer	F. Dorman
Senior—Seventh Level	H. Landis	J. McHugh	A. Miller
Senior—Eighth Level	J. Morrison		A. Reeve

ATHLETICS

Junior B—First Level	K. Jaeger	R. O'Connor	T. Pyke
Junior B—Second Level	T. Pyke		
Junior B—Third Level	T. Bateman	D. Trowbridge	
Junior A—First Level	J. Campbell	A. Griswold	G. McHugh
Junior A—Second Level	W. Ruggles	D. Swift	R. Ward
Junior A—Third Level	G. McHugh	D. Swift	R. Ward
Senior—First Level	C. Dezer	F. Dorman	H. Landis
Senior—Second Level	C. Dezer	H. Landis	
Senior—Third Level	H. Hirschland		
Senior—Fourth Level	R. Bruce	T. Brydon	M. Davis
Senior—Fifth Level	R. Lamb	J. MacLaughlin	

HANDICRAFT

Junior C—Second Level	R. Bruce	T. Brydon	M. Davis
Junior C—Third Level	R. Lamb	J. MacLaughlin	
Junior B—Second Level	F. Harrah		
Junior B—Third Level	M. Bott	H. Erf	P. Shurman
Junior A—Second Level	P. Sutro		
Junior A—Third Level	R. Borg		
Senior—First Level	J. Campbell	R. Tracy	
Senior—Second Level	J. McHugh		
Senior—Third Level	L. Bugbee	W. Hirt	L. McCandless

NATURE

Junior B—First Level	R. O'Connor	J. Toothaker
Junior B—Third Level	Rich. Miller	A. Griswold
Junior A—Second Level	W. Gager	S. Price
Junior A—Third Level	R. Tracy	

Senior—First Level

Senior—First Level	F. Henry	
Senior—Second Level	L. Bugbee	E. Davis
Senior—Third Level	E. Davis	D. Wambaugh

SAILING

Junior B—First Level	H. Erf	
Junior B—Second Level	H. Erf	N. Evans
Junior A—First Level	R. Donaldson	D. Legg
Junior A—Second Level	T. Bateman	W. Gager
Junior A—Third Level	C. Henry	

AquaMaroons Take Meet, Greys Win First War Canoe Race

The Maroons defeated the Greys in the water meet by the score of 82 to 55. The Greys lessened the force of their defeat by winning the war canoe race, the first war canoe race they have won this summer.

Individual winners were as follows:

Junior A Freestyle Sprint	W. Ruggles
Junior B Rowboat Doubles with Coxswain	Rich. Miller, J. Smith, T. Pyke, G. Lamb, M.
Junior C Hurdle Race	R. Lamb, M.
Senior Canoe Doubles	C. Dezer, R. Goss, G. Evans, M.
Junior B Freestyle Sprint	N. Evans, M.
Junior A Three-man Canoe Race	R. Donaldson, C. Henry, J. Tobin, M.
Senior 100 yd. Freestyle	F. Henry, M.
Diving	J. Hanna, F. Henry, T. Huntington, H. Landis, N. Nelson, T. Pyke, W. Ruggles
In-and-Out Race	J. McHugh, G. McHugh, G.
Medley Relay Race	Maroon Team
War Canoe Race	Grey Team

J. L. S. Tests Passed

Under Howie Johnson's instruction, thirteen campers have completed the Junior Life Saving course, receiving their emblems from the American Red Cross and winning 75 points apiece for their teams. In the final examinations, H. Landis ranked as high man. The thirteen campers were:

R. Borg	C. Dezer	R. Donaldson
H. Landis	K. Licht	J. McHugh
G. McHugh	A. Maisonnier	A. Miller
N. Nelson	S. Price	W. Ruggles
W. Whitney		

Lake Temperatures, Aug. 4-10

	7:30 A.M.	11 A.M.	4 P.M.
Monday	72	74	76
Tuesday	71	76	77
Wednesday	74	76	77
Thursday	74	76	78
Friday	74	76	80
Saturday	74	76	80
Sunday	71	76	78

Range Awards, August 3-10

Pro-Marksman	K. Jaeger	J. Smith
Marksman	C. Dezer	J. Smith
Marksman First Class	C. Dezer	R. Ward
Senior—First Level	J. O'Connor	J. Tobin
Senior—Second Level	R. Ward	W. Whitney
Senior—Third Level	H. Landis	J. Lennan

WOODCRAFT

Junior C—Second Level	R. Bruce	T. Brydon	J. MacLaughlin
Junior C—Third Level	T. Nelson	A. Yaus	
Junior B—First Level	M. Bott	M. Umpleby	A. Yaus
Junior B—Second Level	K. Jaeger	T. Pyke	
Junior A—First Level	E. Frazer	N. Goss	Robt. Miller
Junior A—Second Level	S. Price		
Senior—First Level	C. Dezer	F. Dorman	

PUNK FROM THE LOG

Monday night the face of Kawanhee changed. In fact, half the faces in Kawanhee were changed when there appeared upon them a rash of red and purple Zs. The mad Duke of Zanzibar had returned and was leaving his peculiar calling cards, while the hospital ran out of merthiolate and gentian violet.

Strange were the doings of that night. Lawrence the Cook played hide and seek in the store room and never saw those with whom he played. Barrington played "Button, button, who's got my bed?" an odd pastime which consisted of going *Bang* as loudly as possible and then running and jumping into a bed that wasn't there at all. But down at the Beaver Lodge, life was real and life was earnest.

Sometime in the wee, small hours, a head was thrust furtively out of the back door. Cautiously it looked this way and that and, when the coast seemed clear, a shadowy figure came all the way out. There it hesitated timidly, muttering to itself, "Now buck up, O'Connor. There's nothing to be afraid of. This talk about the Duke is all the bunk. You can make the Fort without anything getting you." He started slowly up the hill. Joe gained confidence as he went along and soon stuck out his chest. But he strutted too soon. He failed to notice an amorphous swarm of dark shapes on the hill. Suddenly the swarm began to hum, "Zzzzzzzz." Joe froze in his tracks. Deciding that the buzzing noise was only Whipple snoring in the Birch Lodge, he pulled his chest up above his belt again, for it had slipped a bit in his surprise, and took another step. "Zzzzzzzz," went the swarm angrily and began to converge upon him. Aghast, Joe took one look. It seemed to him that he could see fiery Zs blazing on the foreheads that swooped toward him. He turned and fled back to the Lodge, shrieking, "Save me. The Dukes! The Dukes! There are hundreds of them. Whitney, Ward, save me." Finding no sanctuary with these startled braves, he took refuge under Bill Gager's cot and, protected by that ample bulwark, subsided.

For a while, there was quiet in the Beaver Lodge. Then, silently, mysterious forms drifted in the doors. Suddenly, *Whoopie* broke loose. Two of the dark forms staggered out the door, lugging two large, flapping objects. They tugged and tugged, drag-

ging out a couple of yards of a much elongated creature. Then came two more men, with a fresh hold on the lengthy person's knees. They all pulled until several more yards came out and they had all of Sox outside the lodge. Sox was writhing and moaning while someone said soothingly, "Now, Sox, be quiet. We know your face is just an open book to the ladies and we just want to write in a few purple passages." Whereat Sox shrieked louder than ever, "You can't do this to me. Tomorrow is my day off and purple is most unbecoming to me."

* * *

The barber returned with a lumbering crew for a few jobs of deforestation which he had not dared to tackle singlehanded. Malcolm Davis was shorn of those long, golden tresses which he so loved to comb and comb before meals. The major project, however, was Bill Thompson's tossing mane, which is so often swept by the winds of inspiration. It is always interesting to discover what has been lost in that unpruned wilderness since last summer. The barber did not find any missing Junior Cs this year, but he did recover two combs, Scene 12, Act IV of the Thompson drama, and the *rondo sherzando* of the Thompson Concerto.

* * *

"Who is the Duke?" That is the query which is going the rounds of camp this week. Is he animal, vegetable or nuts? Is he man or is he Yaus? Is he Slager, as the Panthers claim? Is he Bob Lamb as the Falcons insist, or Cliff Tuttle, as the Polecats believe? Is he a real Duke, driven mad by adversity, or is he merely the figment of some fevered mind, perhaps a character escaped from the ever impending Thompson drama? The one incontrovertible fact in the case of the Duke is that he is crazy—but definitely. If, therefore, he is really some addled member of the Kawanhee tribe, all we have to do is look around and find someone who has been acting strangely. Here, in as far as discretion permits, is a list of those whose recent actions would seem to qualify them for the ducal role.

Davey Bryant. He has not been the same man since the far-famed "elastic rigidity" of his inspection code snapped back and got him in the eye. Every morning now, we see him scampering busily around, collecting the inspection scores for the day. As

he collects them, he stuffs them in his cheeks and then scampers away into the woods to hoard them in a chipmunk hole.

Certain counsellors, including the *Messrs. Bateman, Stocking and Ump-leby*, who sat behind the wood pile on Sunday and made hideous noises by blowing on blades of grass. The resultant squawks, it is true, were quite harmless, but they did seriously disappoint a number of crows, a cow moose and an old maid porcupine, who came rushing up in the belief that some of the boys were whistling at them at last.

Joe Fraser. It is reported that he is suffering from hallucinations to the effect that he is still scaling Katahdin. Merely climbing the hill to the Fort brings on his delirium. He moans, "Only a hundred miles more. Only ten thousand feet higher." And then he shrieks that he is being pursued by the Chief, by the legendary monster, Pamola, and by a whole covey of red-hatted Mudjekeewis girls who seem to think that he is Johnnie Bittenbender.

Pete Hershberger, Roger Frost, George Beckett and Howie Johnson. If you doubt that any one of them is dizzy enough to be the Duke, you should have seen the four of them preparing to take their day off in the sailing canoe last Wednesday. By careful calculation, they discovered that, theoretically, the craft would carry their combined weight and still have the gunwales a full sixteenth of an inch above the water. Actually, it did not seem to work out that way, as they discovered when the canoe promptly sank by the dock when they boarded it. But Kawanhee counsellors never say die. By using Howie as a floating anchor on one side and Beckett's bustle as an outrigger on the other, they finally managed to sail across the lake.

Charlie Lamborn. The Eagles have sensed something odd about him and have even found a scientific name for his lapses. According to Roger Bruce, Charlie is, not pixedated, not marinated, but "Lambornated."

Dean Miller. The Dean seems to be having those the-whole-army-is-out-of-step-but-me delusions. Last Saturday in that remarkable counsellors' in-and-out canoe race, he carried his efforts to be different to the extreme. When the breath of all the other counsellors was coming in short pants, the Dean himself almost came out in no pants at all.