The Wigwam

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JIM LANDS "REELY" BIG ONE

Jim Knepshield was Kawanhee's biggest newsmaker last week. On the first Monhegan trip, he landed a 281 lb. halibut — probably a record catch for a rod and reel! Halibut steak proved a tasty meal for his fellow fishermen.

Camp appeared deserted the day the second trip left, with 71 people missing. Some counselors actually had a chance to use the seldom-still tether balls.

Skit night featured Polecat Lodge in "The Missing Food," starring Will Fleming, who finally doused the thieves in water and the audience in confetti. Pine Tree Lodge's fantasy was "A Camper's Dream Come True." After Lee McCleave's sour-noted Taps, campers confessed to having drowned Jim Beaver, shot John Morr and Bruce Birch, and tied John Bockelmann in a square knot. When counselor Fritz Monroe appeared, he sufferd a similar fate, smothered by pillows. Mark Nachman starred in the Eagle Lodge skit, titled, "The Shrimp." His popularity soared when he received a package from home.

The paths of Kawanhee became carnival runways on Saturday as each lodge set up a carnival game. Campers visited each booth to test their skills and earn wampum for prizes. Saturday night's campfire began with original verses to "You Can't Get to Heaven." After recognition of the week's level earners, sports reports and relay races, B.A. revealed the score. John Aldrich's Maroons have extended their lead even more and now hold 6194 points to the Grey's 5385. However, camp is only half over — who can tell what surges ahead may be planned by Chris Charyk and his Grey team?



The 281-pound halibut caught by James Knepshield with rod, reel, 50-pound-test line, and a little hope.



Loading aboard the Nellie G. IV, *bound for Monhegan*

—TRIPS—

MONHEGAN, 1974: BIG FISH AND GREAT ADVENTURE

The year is 1056. A group of hardy men from the North Lands have been sailing many days from Greenland. Land ho! A speck of land is seen, and the Vikings investigate. It is a small island, but its rocky coast, towering cliffs, and rugged nature inspire them to dedicate the mile-wide island to Thor. Then the Vikings vanish into history, leaving only their famed inscriptions on nearby Manana Island.

In 1614, an English ship, plying the cold North Atlantic coast of New England, drops anchor off a newly discovered island. Captain John Smith records that he has seen Indians paddling canoes from the mainland 12 miles away to fish from the rocky ledges of this island. Twenty-five years later, in 1639, the explorer David Ingram was to describe the land as "a great island that was backed like a whale."

As intriguing as these early expeditions are, the ones which affect modern-day Monhegan are the Kawanhee expeditions led to Monhegan by Clarence "Bates" Bateman, for the past quarter of a century. The First Trip departed at 6:30 on Monday, July 15, in Pete Dragoon's school bus. In Boothbay Harbor, we began to prepare for our trip across the waters. The *Balmy Days*, our faithful transportation of previous years, was sold to a new owner, Captain Bob Fish, who had scheduled a full trip, but he turned us over to one of his other five boats, the *Nellie G IV*. (A boat all our own to sail to Monhegan!)

We arrived at Monhegan just as the mail-boat *Laura B* was discharging her cargo, and soon got into the wharf. As

we unloaded our tents, we noticed a sign posted on the wharf house: "Absolutely No Camping on Monhegan. $50.00 fine." However, this did not dismay us; Kawanhee is the only group permitted to tent on Monhegan, thanks to the "horse-tradin" of Clarence Bateman, whose hackmatack seedlings and buckeyes have helped earn Kawanhee boys opportunities for adventure. Immediately after unloading, the Kawanheeans enjoyed greeting and talking with friends from the Island. The brightly painted lobster buoys caught many eyes; Juan Carlos Iturrequi began to select the particular buoy that he would take back to Puerto Rico. Jack Lang, familiar wih the Maine coast at Pemaquid, began telling the boys the difference between a parlor door trap and a kitchen door trap. As lobster is out of season in the summer on Monhegan, traps were stacked up on the wharf, where the boys tried to figure out how they worked. Shields "Chickcharnie" Ferber wondered why a lobster would want to go into such a contraption in the first place.

All too soon for some, but not soon enough for others, we headed up to the Trailing Yew Inn to get our packed lunch, and then go out to the shipwreck to eat. The wreck is the *D.T. Sheridan*, a sea-going tug which crashed on Monhegan during a tremendous storm in November, 1948. The orange-crusted, rusted hull with 1/2 inch steel plates torn like paper gives mute testimony to the ferocity of North Atlantic storms.

After lunch, we trekked up Lighthouse Hill to "Kawanhee Hollow" at the base of the Lighthouse, where we set up our tents. It was hot and humid; just as we pulled in the last of our equipment, a large roll cloud approached Monhegan from the northwest. Lightning flashed, winds roared, and the rains poured, but by this time, we were snug and secure. Many of us were delighted with the rain and the opportunity it presented for us simply to lie in the tents and get some needed rest after our early morning start.

Soon it was time to don raincoats for the hike to supper. A delicious meal was topped off by some of the finest cherry pie we had seen. The sun came out for a mild sunset while the boys learned the techniques of drop-line fishing from the wharf. The hours of business for the local shops were also memorized, and soon bread-line-type files were forming before the various stores where each boy hoped to find that one item which Mom or Dad would like, or one which would remind him of the happy days on Monhegan.

Tuesday morning dawned fair except for those who had slept in the same tent with Steve Neri. He had been impersonating a saw mill all night with such accuracy that none of his tentmates could get much shut-eye.

After breakfast, the expedition broke up into two groups, one to go fishing, and the other to visit Ray Philips, the friendly Hermit of Manana Island. The first fishing trip had some fairly good luck. Many sharks (actually spiny dogfish) were hauled in along with some medium-sized cod. Eduardo Montero finally pulled in something, John Bockelmann hauled in a 29 pound cod, and Tom Taylor caught a 28 pounder to claim the two largest cod on the first trip.

Then came the real windfall. Just before the captain was to call all the lines in, Jim Knepshields suddenly exclaimed, "Hey, I think I have a big one!" Captain Sherm Stanley took the rod to help Jim out and said it felt like a halibut, and a large one at that. The tension was great during the next 48 minutes as the halibut is noted for being very tricky to land. At any moment, the fish could dart to the bottom. But Sherm stayed with it, slowly reeling in any slack the fish would allow him; after what seemed to be hours, the large brownish-grey shape of the halibut was sighted. Pedro Iturrequi and Hector Jimenez were so frightened that they headed for the cabin screaming. But the *monstruo* they feared came to the surface without too much difficulty. Captain Stanley saw that the fish was held gingerly by only one hook. With a stout gaff, he gaffed the fish. In a short, exciting struggle, John Bockelmann and Tom Taylor grasped the gaff and helped slide the fish over the side and into the stern. Jim Knepshield's halibut was landed! It lay flapping in the stern until Sherm knocked it roundly on the head a few times; then it was still except for quivering fins.

Everyone was dazed, surprised, and delighted by this last fish of the first trip. Captain Stanley couldn't conceal his happiness; sailing into Monhegan, the boat flew a red and white flag denoting "halibut." No barrel large enough could be found to hold the fish, and its weight and size would surely have swamped a small boat. So the captain docked at the wharf's loading ramp and a pickup truck was backed up. With half of Monhegan's inhabitants looking on, four men hauled the huge fish over the side of the boat, up the ramp, and onto the truck. At the fish house, the halibut was tied over a large box and the entire package lifted up onto the scales. Then the box and lines were weighed and their weight subtracted from the total. The resulting figure, the halibut's weight, was 281 pounds! An average halibut weighs 40 to 100 pounds, so Jim's fish was not only above average, it could very well be a record catch for rod, reel, and 50-pound line!

The "Big Fish" was the talk of the entire island. People flocked around the Fish House all day, greeting Bates with special fondness and a pat on the back. The excitement was so great that the boy who was ferrying boys back and forth from Manana forgot one load. The boys and counselors had to wait there for two hours before they were finally remembered and retrieved. (Sorry, John Morr!)

Although it would seem that everything would be an anticlimax after Jim's halibut, the second fishing group also caught some large fish. Little Pedro Borras, the "fisherman from Puerto Rico", caught this summer's largest cod, a 50-pounder, and Steve Neri caught a 40-pound cod, along with many other dogfish and cods.

Before we knew it, it was time for supper. At the Trailing Yew, everyone was anxious either to tell about the large fish he had caught or to learn the details of a friend's catch. The waitresses at the Yew were quite amazed by one "international" table. Our Spanish-speaking brothers seemed to be speaking so fast they did not even understand themselves. Dionisio Trigo seemed to be the ring-leader of that Spanish talk-a-thon.

That evening, we tried to relax with kite-flying, a sport brought to Monhegan five years ago by Scott McMinn. Eric Jensen, Rick Stockhausen, Shields Ferber, and Jon Trayner, were determined to break Minnie's altitude record, but the winds were not quite right. With another squall line nearing the Island, we bundled up in our sleeping bags for our second night.

On Wednesday the morning mists subsided by the time breakfast was over. The second group took their visit with Ray Philips, the wrinkly-eyed Hermit, who is the only resident of Manana since 1932. Although he has been nationally acclaimed, he retains the simplistic, unique life style he came to Manana to find. He sometimes finds photographers a nuisance, but not his friends from Kawanhee. He welcomes us into his home and the boys reciprocate his hospitality by leaving small gifts. Ray's family is his flock of 30 sheep and his snow-white goose, Donald. Donald, prompted by Bates' duck call, gave a rare display of gander eloquence. As our visit ended the Second Trip arrived.

The second group included Mrs. Detrick and Mrs. Jordan. When the two groups converged, Monhegan was nearly

swamped with Kawanhee (almost half of the camp). We swarmed up Lighthouse Hill with our picnic lunches. There the "old-timers" swapped tales with the "new-comers." Then the First Trippers (all but Dave Jordan, who refused to leave) boarded the boat and waved farewell.

The Second Trip began with the entire group visiting the Hermit. Chris Boehmer really had quite a job rowing 38 people to and from Manana. On this visit, Ray gave Bates a pan of oats to feed Donald. As the gander gobbled this down with relish, Bates frantically exclaimed, "Hey that isn't oats, that's my thumb!"

At the Trailing Yew, we were treated to a delicious meal featuring halibut steaks from Jim Knepshield's fish. After supper we toured the town, shops, wharf, and then flew kites. Kite-flying on Monhegan has an entirely new aspect; from the top of Lighthouse Hill, one gets the feeling that his kite could not possibly fly higher unless it bumped the stars. Jack Lang lost his kite, but it had been so high, we watched it for nearly five minutes before it dropped beneath the trees. Fishing became a major pastime; Mike Dehlendorf landed cunters and offered them to his friends as bait. Many mackerel were also landed. Soon the Lighthouse beamed forth, calling exeryone home to the tents for a good night's sleep.

Thursday morning one group went out with Captain Stanley, while the other group hiked around the Island visiting White Head, Black Head, Cathedral Woods, and the Ice Pond. The two groups met at the wharf and hiked out with lunch to the shipwreck at Lobster Cove, where the breakers were pounding on the rocky coast.

After lunch, the hikers went fishing and the morning fishermen put on their hiking boots; this afternoon, the hiking proved better than the fishing. In the *Phalarope*, 35 feet long, powered by a 220 HP engine, and decked out with all the fishing gear we could want, we felt sure we could get some big ones. However, things did not work out that way. First of all, the seas pulled at the vessel hard enough to cause her anchor to drag repeatedly; secondly, the fish were just not biting. Only about six small fish were caught; Jim Goodman lamented, "I caught a 32 pound nothing." Disappointed, we hauled in our lines and bid adieu to the cods and halibuts for another year. (The complete lack of pollocks and scarcity of other fish was ascribed by some fishermen to the recent Russian trawling in Maine waters.)

Drop-line fishing, shop wandering, candy-eating, and just wandering around filled the rest of the day. A guitar sing around the Lighthouse with "Lord of the Dance", "Oh, No, Don't Let the Rain Come Down," and "Song of Unity" gave us a chance to settle down. Many of the boys had seen deer; Mike Harrison, Mike Wilson, Paul Yavis, and Peter Carnahan even claimed that a deer had come to visit their tent.

Friday was our last day on Monhegan. After breakfast came the last minute purchases, last visits with friends, and the striking of the tents. We had lunch again at the shipwreck. This time the sea gulls had heard via the grapevine that some boys with sandwiches to spare had been eating there. So the gulls flocked in great numbers. Jim Goodman sat down his two sandwiches, neatly wrapped in waxpaper, and left to get some milk. When he returned, he beheld a sea gull carrying off the entire package. In mid-air, it fell apart, and six or eight gulls dive-bombed the falling sandwiches.

Final packing, hauling luggage to the boat, and picking up followed lunch with Andy Lape and Mike Dehlendorf helping Kawanhee to leave Monhegan looking better than when we arrived. Captain Bob Fish met us in the *Good Time* for the trip to Boothbay Harbor. At 2:45, with a final head count and Bates' camera and pack safely on board, we bade a sad farewell to our Island home to return to our Kawanhee home.

Few trips have ever ended with as rousing a series of Kawanhee cheers as did this year's Monhegan Trips. Both were excellent in every way and owe all that they were to our leader, Clarence Bateman, without whom Monhegan would be but a dream. Every boy caught a fish on Monhegan, either real or imaginary, and if you would like to hear their tales, we refer you to the following: First Trip: Juan Carlos Iturrequi, Adam Etherington, Paul Summers, Eduardo Montero, Shields Ferber, Manuel San Juan, Carlos Trigo, Tom Klunk, Jim LeBlond, Pedro Borras, Hector Jimenez, Pedro Iturrequi, Brian Long, Steve Neri, Bill Warren, Eric Jensen, Miguel Margarida, Jose Rojo, Albert Natelli, Robert Najarian, John Tulloss, Carlos Margarida, Scott Bartlett, Grant DiGiacomo, David Lindquist, Jeff Luce, Dionisio Trigo, Rick Stockhausen, Jim Knepshield, David Jordan, and Jon Trayner. Second Trip: Jack Lang, John Ketterer, Mark Brentlinger, Jim Goodman, Andy Lape, John Arky, Peter Carnahan, David Chace, Mike Duncan, Brian Birch, Jace Eliason, Ronald Marra, Robert Moomjy, John Cohen, Mike Harrison, Mike Wilson, Mike Dehlendorf, Sam Detrick, Paul Yavis, John White, Tom Newbold, David Oster, Mark Minister, Charles Ward, Si Dunkle, Peter Van Leer, Andy Lang, Tom Evans, Paul Montgomery, Doug Rechsteiner, Phil Hall, and Dave Jordan. Leaders: Bates, Tom Taylor, John Bockelmann, John Morr, B.A. Altmaier, Mike Harrison, Jeff Morgan, and Lydia Detrick.

— Tom Taylor.



Watermelon tastes great on the Island

JMG'S AND FRIENDS TACKLE ANDROSCOGGIN

If you canoe from camp down into the narrows of Lake Webb, you come to the Webb River which drains the lake. If you canoe down the Webb, you eventually end up at the Androscoggin River in Mexico, Maine. Then, if you paddle upstream for a considerable distance, south and west, you will come to a town in New Hampshire called Errol. This section of the Androscoggin has many stretches of white water rapids which are — if you know what you're doing — a lot of fun to canoe. And so it was that, on July 18, 1974, a select group of Kawanheeans followed, by car and truck, the water route to Errol, New Hampshire for two days of white water fun.

Upon our arrival in Errol, we crossed the Androscoggin on the Errol Bridge, beneath which flows a section of class five rapids — not passable by open canoe. It was, of course,

rougher than anything we were going to face — but it sent a thrill of anticipation through us all.

We arrived at our riverside campsite and, while Lorenzo Baker and Bill Proctor set up camp, unloaded our canoes for the first run down the Androscoggin.

At first, we were all cautious, testing our canoeing skills against the rushing water and threatening rocks of the river. The first run was highlighted by the capsizing of J.M.G. greats John Duncan and Steve Yale . . . in the second set of rapids. Righting themselves and emptying out their canoe in a nearby eddy, they weathered ribbing and the rest of the rapids with nothing hurt but their pride. "At least," said John to Scott McMinn, "we capsized in the rapids." Scott and his bowman Jim Markarian somehow managed to tip their canoe later . . . in still water. I don't want to talk about it.

There were more minor mishaps along the way, but eventually we arrived at our destination — a logging bridge under which runs fast, choppy water but no rocks. We beached our canoes and had some fun jumping off the bridge into the deep water below. The water carries the swimmer downstream about 100 yards into an eddy, which carries him about halfway back again.

Will Ireland, in his inflatable rubber kayak, was the "class" of the bridge, as he zipped around and through the fast-running water. He eventually allowed the others a chance in it, and the boat was constantly in use while we were there.

Bill Proctor eventually arrived in the Bouncing Buggy, and we loaded up and headed for the campsite, where we found our tents and a fire awaiting us.

Lorenzo cooked up dinner, with help from his crew of J.M.G.'s. It was another Baker original, featuring ground beef, green peppers, bacon, and other strangers stewed up and eaten over noodles. He called it Jose, in honor of Jose Valles, and, needless to say, it was delicious.

Dessert was some of Flora's mini-pies, which she had supplied for us with her blessings. Then it was another run down the river, back to camp, and a much appreciated bed for all.

It rained during the night, and in the morning, early rising George Arky, Chris Charyk, and Scott McMinn managed to stir up some coals from the night's fire and had a new one ready by the time the rest of the camp was awake.

The J.M.G.'s fried up some bacon and made French toast, which smelled so good that Zeke and Candy, also along on the trip, actually woke up and crawled out of their tent to get some. There was more than enough for everybody, especially Mike Haynes, who scarfed up heel after French toasted heel.

Then it was cleanup and another run down the rapids, this time highlighted by the inspiring sternmanship of Mouse Chapman, who found rocks with an accuracy that made some suspect he had sonar. He and his unfortunate boat partners spent almost as much time in the water as his canoe. They seemed, however, to be having fun.

Meanwhile, Bill and Bako were taking down the tents and preparing the gear for the long ride home. We returned to find the camp taken down.

There was time for one last run down the Androscoggin. Scott McMinn was left behind to complete packing and stacking the gear, which was laying on the ground . . . outside. While the rest of the group was canoeing down the river, it began to rain . . . and there was talk of killing and/or maiming McMinn if the gear got wet. The gear stayed dry, though, thanks to the quick thinking and acting of McMinn, who is also writing this article. Heh, heh.

We packed up the truck and returned home, down the Androscoggin to the Webb, and following the Webb up to the lake and Camp. Fun was had by all, especially Zeke and Candy, who did nothing but eat, sleep, and jump off the bridge. Heh, heh.

We were in no particular order, Chris Charyk, Scott McMinn, John Duncan, Steve Yale, Bill Proctor, L.G.O. Baker, Zeke and Candy Zechial, Mike Haynes, George Arky, Jose Valles, Mouse Chapman, Will Ireland, Dave Van Houten, Dana Gregory, Boomer Markarian, Pete Freimanis, Oscar Shamamian, and Maxwell the giant blue foot.

— Scott McMinn

TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE OR BUST

July 16 — arriving at Pinkham's Hotel, we made reservations for eleven people. Outside the building, we weighed our packs. Chris Yardley's weighed in at a sleek 15 pounds. (Chris was saving room; he wanted to pack some snow down from the ravine). "Wild man" Proctor's pack weighed a big 45 pounds, to Baker's disbelief.

We then streaked up the trail to Tuckerman's Ravine. Upon reaching the lean-to's in the Ravine, Baker said, "My, what a bad day." This was repeated quite frequently throughout the trip. The sky was cloud-free with a view of over 80 miles all around. We try to trip with the weather!

Jose Valles and Chris Yardley saw some white on the wall of the ravine; yes, there is still snow up there. Don Long paraded the group of nine up to the snow while Lorenzo the Lion and Frog Proctor ran up the Boot Spur trail which encircles the south ridge of the ravine. When all returned to our site, we found little red squirrels eating away our food left in the open. Captain Don and his nine ball players started pitching rocks at the little creatures until night fall. The freeze-dried dinner was a great treat.

After breakfast, we headed up the Lion's Head Trail. This trail goes up the northeast ridge of the ravine. From the top of the ravine, it is six-tenths of a mile to the top of Mt. Washington. The view from the top was one of the best ever seen. Mt. Blue was clearly visible. The descent was brief: only a thundering two and a half hours to our cars. Trip leaders were Bill Proctor, Lorenzo Baker, and Don Long. Making the trip were campers Jose Valles, Dave Van Houten, Peter Freimanis, Chris Yardley, Mike Haynes, Bob Erchinger, Dave Minus, and Will Ireland.

— Bill Proctor

ACHIEVEMENTS

Archery

JR. YEOMAN PIN: Mark Nachman, Mark Brentlinger, Hector Jimenez, Henry Blau, Carter Messick, Pete Van den Honert.

JR. YEOMAN ARROW: Pedro Borras, Jose Rojo, Scott Cramer, Jim Goodman, Dave Erchinger, Mack Bell, Harold Abram, Jon Lupfer, Brian Long, Tom Erchinger, Pedro Iturrequi, Jim Haas, Will Fleming, Pete van den Honert.

YEOMAN: Scott Cramer, Dave Colescott, Daryl DeNitto, Doug Colescott, Harold Abram, Jace Eliason, Neal Lambert, Dave Erchinger, Mack Bell, Pete Carnahan, Jon Morgan, Pete van den Honert.

JR. BOWMAN PIN: Daryl De Nitto, Doug Colescott, Andy Burris, Ron Marra, Brad Hamilton, Harold Abram, Bob Erchinger, Richard Popp, Jim LeBlond, Dave Colescott, Pete van den Honert.

JR. BOWMAN ARROW: Miguel Margarida, Jon Brzezinski, Harold Abram, Carlos Trigo, Dave Colescott, Pete van den Honert.

BOWMAN PIN: Harold Abram, Brian Birch, Rick Seeley, Mike Duncan, Pete van den Honert.

BOWMAN FIRST RANK: Pete Shaw, Rick Seeley, Bob Brooks, John Hamblin, Dave Minus, Peter van den Honert.

BOWMAN SHARPSHOOTER: Pete Shaw, Peter Lindquist, Chris McGinnis, Andy Lang.

ARCHER PIN: Will Ireland, Peter Lindquist.

ARCHER FIRST RANK: Jeff Sengelmann.

ARCHER SHARPSHOOTER: Jeff Morgan.

Boating

ROWBOAT TEST: Harold Abram, George Arky, Mark Brzezinski, Mike Dehlendorf, Daryl De Nitto, Andy Detrick, Dana Gregory, Brad Hamilton, Tom Klunk, Jim Knepshield, Rex Lynne, David Minus, Steve Minus, Jon Morgan, Mark Nachman.

CANOE TEST: Henry Blau, Mark Brentlinger, Ian Brzezinski, Mike Gale, Dana Gregory, Mike Haynes, Pedro Iturrequi, Hector Jimenez, Brian Long, Dave Minus, Paul Montgomery, Chris Poulton, Oscar Shamanian, Scott Yurchuck.

Levels

C2: Mark Brzezinski, David Chace, Tom Klunk, Rex Lynne, Mark Nachman, Tom Wallace.
C3: Jack Lang.
B1: Tom Erchinger, John Ketterer, Eric Litzky, Steve Minus.
B2: Steve Minus.
A1: Mack Bell, Robert Brooks, Dave Erchinger, Peter Lindquist, Tom Newbold, Ken Yavis.

Campcraft Levels

C1: Mark Brentlinger, Ian Brzezinski, Dave Colescott, Scott Cramer, Daryl DeNitto, Jim Goodman.
B1: Henry Blau, Peter Carnahan, James Eliason, Paul Erchinger, Tom Erchinger, Will Fleming, Jim Haas, Neal Lambert, Andy Lape, Jon Morgan, Carter Messick, Jon Lupfer.
A1: John Detrick, Andy Burris, Richard Popp, Peter Shaw.

Nature Levels

C1: David Colescott, Rex Lynne, John Ketterer, David Mitchell, Paul Summers, Tom Wallace.
C2: Beau Gale.
B1: Doug Colescott, Scott Cramer, Paul Erchinger, Jon Morgan, Neal Lambert, John Cohen, Mike Harrison, Jon Lupfer, Mike Wilson, Tom Erchinger, Jim LeBlond.
B2: Daryl De Nitto.
A1: Brian Birch, Sam Detrick, Miguel Margarida.

Range Awards

PRO MARKSMAN: Jack Lang, Mark Brentlinger, Ian Brzezinski, Brad Hamilton, Scott Yurchuck, David Colescott, Doug Colescott, Jon Morgan.

MARKSMAN: David Colescott, Doug Colescott, Jon Morgan, Richard Popp.

MARKSMAN FIRST CLASS: Doug Colescott, Jon Morgan, Eric Litzky.

SHARPSHOOTER: Tom Occhipinti.

BAR 2: David Jackson, Peter Shaw, Jeff Morris.
BAR 3: Peter [illegible] Jeff Morris.
BAR 4: Jeff Morris.
BARS 5, 6, & 7: Ian Jacob.

Sailing Action

Ratings

NOVICE: Lars Jensen, David Mitchell, Tom Wallace, Jace Eliason, Brad Hamilton, Neal Lambert, Ronald Marra, Albert Natelli, Charles Ward.
CREW: Tom Wallace, Neal Lambert, David Yale, David Jordan.

Levels

C1: Brad Hamilton, Lars Jensen, David Mitchell, Tom Wallace.
C2: Tom Wallace.
C3: Tom Wallace.
B1: Jace Eliason, Neal Lambert, Ron Marra, David Yale.
B2: Neal Lambert, David Yale.
A1: Al Natelli, Charles Ward.
S1: David Jordan.

Shop Levels

C1: David Colescott, Jack Lang, Beau Gale, Mark Brzezinski, Tom Wallace.
C2: Lars Jensen, Tom Klunk.
C3: Brad Hamilton.
B1: Mark Brentlinger, Doug Colescott, Jeff Morgan, Ian Brzezinski, Paul Erchinger, Ronald Marra, David Oster.
A1: Henry Blau, Andy Swaab.
A3: Miguel Nunez, Charles Abbott.
S1: Frank DiGiacomo, David Minus.

Swimming

LAKE SWIM: Jim Goodman, Eric Litzky.
C1: Tom Wallace, Lars Jensen.
C2: Tom Wallace, Lars Jensen.
C3: Lars Jensen, Dave Mitchell.
B1: Jon Morgan, Carter Messick, Will Fleming, Dave Mitchell.
B2: Dave Mitchell.
B3: Dave Mitchell.
A3: David Jackson.
S1: David Jackson, Tom Evans, Peter Van Leer.
S2: David Jackson, Tom Evans, Peter Van Leer.
S3: Rick Stockhausen.

KAWANHEE KARNIVAL HEAP BIG FUN

Carnival barkers vied for customers and campers tested their skills in a variety of games at the big "Kawanhee Karnival." For those still hungry after lunch, a bread-eating race was held in Lynx. Or one could munch on Crow's Crackers and try to whistle (Mike Haynes seemed to be a pro here.).

Lines formed to test pitching and throwing in several booths. Badger targets changed, but many wet sponges were tossed at a poncho-encircled face. Bear Lodgers drew some familiar faces on their dart target for the relief of customer hostilities. One could also throw darts at Moose balloons, toss balls into Falcon's concrete blocks, or into cups and glasses at Panther (where Mark Schiewetz was overheard with a proficient line of patter.).

Intriguing indoor games were the blindfolded maze at Birch and the haunted house in Pine Tree. For the really adept, the challenging obstacle course in Polecat featured crawling under beds, into springs, and over rafters.

Dexterity was needed to bounce Eagle's ping pong ball on a paddle while walking. A little ax work at Beaver lit a match, and a steady hand sliced a "flour tower" at Deer. The overweight avoided Hawk Lodge's weight guessing experts.

Biggest cheers of the day were heard at Wildcat. No prizes were given, but crowds still flocked to see the chorus line featuring "Charlene" Abbott, "Maria Teresa" Trigo, "Karla" Yavis, "Josie" Sengelmann, and "Stockie" Stockhausen. Counselors Craig Miller and Chris Charyk showed an amazing aptitude for carnival barking. Hmm?

At the day's end, Dana Gregory had collected the most "wampum" redeemable for candy bars and cokes. Everyone agreed — "fun was had by all."

KAWANHEE NEWCOMERS

JIM and TIM KENY have finally made it back to Kawanhee after a one month work stint on the Keny Island in Lake Erie.

Jim will be a Sophomore at Harvard, where he enjoys tennis and soccer and swims in the intramurals.

Tim will be a Sophomore at Colgate, where he wrestled and had a winning record on the Junior Varsity and Varsity teams. He will work in wrestling, while Jim works in swimming. Jim will be staying in Panther, Tim in Bear.

— SPORTS —

BASKETBALL REPORT

Kawanhee Basketball League

The first game of the K.B.L. season was played between the B.A. Bounders and Standen's Stars. It couldn't have been any closer, and the Stars pulled it out in the end, 51-49. The Stars led most of the game, but the Bounders came back and at one time had a three point lead with 45 seconds to go in the game. Mike "The Pearl" Standen then took charge and before the Bounders knew it they were a point down with eight seconds to go.

The Bounders had a chance to win the game, but turned the ball over before they could get a shot off. The Stars then made a last second foul shot to win the game by two.

The Star himself led all the scorers with 21 points and was backed strongly by Kent "Wally" Wallingford who had 20. B.A. had 18 points for the losers and was backed by Zeke and O.J. Altmaier who had 13 and 10 points.

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The Kawanhee Garden was packed on July 7th for the game between The Belskis Big Shots and Morgan's and Shevy's Shooters. Pete Belskis is going for his third straight championship which no other Kawanheean has done. Only B.A. has been on three championship teams — in 1969, '71, and '72 — but not consecutive.

The Big Shots won the game 65-45, but the contest was closer than the score indicated. The Big Shots led by one at halftime, but they took charge in the second half.

Pete Belskis led all scorers with 36 points and was backed by Fritz Monroe who had 15 points for the winners. Jeff Morgan led the losers with 16 and Mark Schiewetz and Bako had 13 and 12 points, respectively.

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The B.A. Bounders and Belskis's Big Shots played a big game which turned out to be a landslide. The Big Shots bombed the Bounders 64-39. Pete Belskis led all scorers with 28 points for his victorious team. Fritz "The Cat" Monroe, Mark "Hondo" Standen, and John Ireland had 12, 10, and 10 points respectively for the winners. B.A. had 19 points but lost again.

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The Standen Stars and Morgan's and Shevy's Shooters went at it on July 13 and The Stars won it easily 60-45. Mike "The Pearl" Standen had 16 points for the winners and was backed by Kent Wallingford and Mark Sengelmann who had 14 and 12 points. Mark "Shevy" Schiewetz led all scorers with 22 points for the losers.

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The B.A. Bounders and Morgan's and Shevy's Shooters played a really close game before a packed Kawanhee Garden crowd. The Bounders led by seven with five minutes to go, but with Dave Alexander in foul trouble and sitting on the bench, the Shooters ended up winning the game 55-52.

Mark Schiewetz led all scorers with 31 points for the winners. Jeff Morgan backed him up with 12 points. B.A. had 24 for the losers and Zeke collected 14 more.

K.B.L. STANDINGS

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Belskis's Big Shots	2	0	1.000	—
Standen's Stars	2	0	1.000	—
Morgan's and Shevy's Shooters	1	2	.333	1½
B.A.'s Bounders	0	3	.000	2½

Kawanhee Basketball League Juniors

The first game of the K.B.L. Jr's season was played between McDonald's Quarter-Pounders and The Jackson Five. It was a close game and went all the way to the final gun. The Quarter-Pounders won the game 23-17 as Charlie Abbott made two key baskets near the end of the game Pete Van Leer had 13 points to lead all scorers for the winners. Dave Jordan had eight points for the losers.

The second game of the year was played between The Jackson Five and Stockhausen's Stockade. The game was close in the first half but The Jackson Five ran away with it in the second half and won the contest easily 40-21. Dave Jordan led all the scorers with 18 points for the winners. He was backed by Chris McGinnis, Dave "We got the women" Jackson, and Boomer Markarian, who had eight, six, and six points, respectively. Tom Evans led the losers with 12 points.

The Quarter-Pounders made it two in a row with a 27-19 victory over Stockhausen's Stockade in another close game for the Quarter-Pounders. The Quarter-Pounder Himself led all scorers with 14 points for the winners. Pete Van Leer backed him up with 11 points. Tom Evans had 8 points for the losers.

K.B.L. JR'S STANDINGS

	W	L	Pct.	GB
McDonald's Quarter-Pounders	2	0	1.000	—
The Jackson Five	1	1	.500	1
Stockhausen's Stockade	0	2	.000	2

NOTE: Due to the sudden ambition of the trip department, there were not enough players in camp to play K.L.L. or H.A.L. games last week. Baseball and softball reports will return next week.

— S.M.

COUNSELOR SERIES

In the fifth game of the season, the senior counselors won a controversial game 11-7 to go 4-1 up on the JC's for the season. The game was similar to those of the late sixties with lots of errors (11), lots of runs (18) and tempers running wild. The JC's scored in the top of the first on a walk, a single, and a sacrifice fly by Fritz Monroe. The SC's came right back in their half of the first to take the lead, with two runs on a triple by red-hot Mike Harrison and two singles. After a scoreless second frame, the JC's exploded in the third with six runs as they batted around the order, getting five hits including doubles by Fritz and Jeff Morgan. The SC's went down one, two, three in their half of the third. The score remained seven to two, until the bottom of the fifth when the SC's put together a rally of their own which produced seven runs on five hits, three errors, and one extremely controversial call. The SC's scored two more in the eighth making the score eleven to seven. With two outs in the ninth the JC's started to rally again. However, they fell short, scoring only one run.

Game #5

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r	h	e
Juniors	1	0	6	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	12	5
Seniors	2	0	0	0	7	0	0	2	X	11	12	6

Winning Pitcher—Zeke (4-1)
Losing Pitcher—BA (1-4)
2b—Fritz Monroe, Jeff Morgan, Ron Pavesi
3b—Mike Harrison

All-Stars vs. Rumford

Sunday saw regular JC-SC competition suspended for a combined effort versus the Rumford Eagles of the Rumford Softball League. The Eagles brought fireball pitcher P. Mattocks with them as well as the always popular Cuffy Stewart and Johnny Holmes. Kawanhee fielded one of its strongest teams ever, and in an exciting game beat the Eagles nine to four.

Kawanhee drew first blood in the bottom of the first scoring two runs. The Eagles came right back in the top of the second scoring three runs with a succession of singles. The All-Stars, in their half of the second, batted around the order, scoring six runs on six hits including a double by pitcher Zeke, a double by Brian Birch and a triple by Mike Standen. Both teams scored once more making the final score nine to four. BA came in after the third inning and pitched a fine game getting credit for the save. By the end of the game the All-Stars had substituted at all the positions giving eighteen players a chance to play. The victory made the fifth time in a row that the Kawanhee All-Stars have beaten the Eagles. However, all of the games have been played at Kawanhee which is a definite disadvantage for the Rumford team. So, after negotiating with the "higher-ups" here at camp, a trip has been planned to play the Eagles on their home field this coming Sunday afternoon. It should be a very good game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7 — r	h	e
Eagles	0	3	0	0	0	0	1 — 4	12	7
Kawanhee	2	6	0	0	0	0	x — 9	9	8

Winning Pitcher—Zeke
Losing Pitcher—P. Mattocks
2b—Zeke, Brian Birch
3b—Mike Standen

THE LEADING HITTERS

	Players	AB	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	Ave.
1.	Mike Standen JC	32	16	5	1	0	5	.500
	Pete Belskis SC	28	14	2	1	2	7	.500
	Mike Harrison SC	28	14	1	1	1	6	.500
4.	Don Lang JC	23	9	0	1	0	7	.391
5.	Mark Standen SC	29	11	1	0	0	7	.379
6.	Nick Gill JC	28	10	0	0	0	1	.357
7.	Bill Proctor SC	17	6	0	0	1	3	.353
8.	Bob Zechiel SC	27	9	1	0	0	7	.333
	John Duncan SC	24	8	0	0	0	2	.333
	Jeff Morgan JC	18	6	1	0	0	1	.333
11.	Bob Altmaier JC	31	10	0	0	0	0	.323
12.	Fritz Monroe JC	28	9	1	1	0	8	.321

KAWANHEE INN NEWS

Chef at the Kawanhee Inn this season is JOEL LANER, Shawnee Mission, Kansas. Joel is a student at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Pastry Cook is the admired ALTHEA LEE, Weld, Maine. Her cooking talents are well known to Kawanhee-ites. She is a housewife and "babysitter," mother of seven, and her hobby is cake decoration

LESLIE SCOTT, Bethesda, Maryland, is a waitress and kitchen helper. She is a medical student at the University of Rochester. Other members of the Inn staff are POLLY VAN DEN HONERT, GINNY BRUTSCHER, PATTY NEISWANDER, RENE ROBINSON, WENDY LINDBERG, and KARL NESSLINGER.



Ferd shows how it's done

— Photo by Chris Charyk



















MONHEGAN MEMORIES

— Photos by Tom Taylor