



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 2, 1949

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The campfire of July 30 revealed that the Greys had had a slight edge on the scoring for the preceding week. During the period they had added 2,285.4 points to their total, while the Maroons had been accumulating 2,226.1. This gain, however, was not so large as to make any appreciable dent in the Maroons' existing lead. The Greys had merely cut their rivals' advantage from 370 points to 325.7. The corrected score of July 23 had stood; Maroons, 3,828; Greys, 3,458. The heavy scoring of the week had left the two teams in much the same relative position; Maroons, 6,069.1; Greys, 5,743.4. The Maroons, therefore, could claim the victory for another week, just as they could boast their successes in the week's two athletic contests, the track meet and the water meet.

Not in many years have such large scores been piled up by the two teams during the first month of a camp season. The Shop, in particular, has been notably productive, furnishing the teams, during the past week alone, with fifty-one Handicraft levels, worth 1,880 points, including twenty-one third levels valued at 50 points apiece. Nature was a close second, producing thirty-four levels worth 1,240 points, and the other four departments all made themselves felt with contributions of two and three hundred points. These four departments will play an increasingly important part in the score, as more and more campers earn the payoff in levels for the groundwork they have been putting in during July. The scoring champion of the week was undoubtedly Terry Vermilye, who completed six levels worth 220 points, while John Corrodi was the runner-up with five valued at 130. Bob Tolchin made a notable record for a newcomer, completing in his first week in camp, four levels for 100 points.

The names of those who added levels to their plaques between the dates of July 24 and July 30 are as follows:

AQUATICS, *Junior C—First Level*; L. Battista, W. Dutcher, S. Miller.
AQUATICS, *Junior C—Second Level*; L. Battista, W. Dutcher.
AQUATICS, *Junior B—Third Level*; R. Vermilye.
AQUATICS, *Junior A—First Level*; P. Bloser, R. Vermilye, M. West.
AQUATICS, *Junior A—Second Level*; Brian Birch, H. Schwarzell.
AQUATICS, *Senior—First Level*; J. Carroll, John Corrodi, S. Denison, D. Johnson, W. Meador, A. Wallace.
ATHLETICS, *Junior C—First Level*; W. Blees.
ATHLETICS, *Junior C—Second Level*; W. Blees.
ATHLETICS, *Junior C—Third Level*; W. Dutcher.
ATHLETICS, *Junior B—First Level*; P. Markay, R. Tolchin.
ATHLETICS, *Junior B—Second Level*; J. Sanders, R. Tolchin, R. Vermilye.
ATHLETICS, *Junior A—First Level*; J. Carroll, D. Johnson, P. Ward.
ATHLETICS, *Junior A—Second Level*; J. Carroll.
ATHLETICS, *Senior—First Level*; J. Duncan.
ATHLETICS, *Senior—Second Level*; J. Duncan.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior C—Second Level*; R. Baker, L. Battista, J. Murray, H. Pierce.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior C—Third Level*; R. Baker, Barry Birch.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*; R. Tolchin.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—Second Level*; P. Evans, A. Hoster, E. Johanson, P. Nusbaum, R. Root, R. Thatcher, R. Tolchin.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—Third Level*; W. Chipman, James Corrodi.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—Third Level*; W. Dutcher, S. Eilers, F. Evans, J. McHutchison, C. Pike, J. Salembier.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—First Level*; P. Bauer, D. French, D. Johnston, G. McCleary, B. Miller, J. Schwarzell, M. West.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—Second Level*; D. Boothby, H. Clark, W. Devorss, P. Hay, P. Markay, M. West.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—Third Level*; D. Boothby, C. Brookhouse, W. Cotton, W. Devorss, R. Hahn, P. Hay, D. Johnson, M. West.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—First Level*; Brian Birch, John Corrodi, D. Johnson.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—Second Level*; John Corrodi, I. Garbin.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—Third Level*; F. Appleton, John Corrodi, J. Waterfall.

NATURE, *Junior C—Second Level*; L. Battista, S. Miller, J. Murray, H. Pierce, R. Thatcher.

NATURE, *Junior B—First Level*; P. Markay.

NATURE, *Junior B—Second Level*; W. Chipman, James Corrodi, T. French, R. Lacy, P. Markay, C. Pike, J. Salembier, S. Warren.

NATURE, *Junior B—Third Level*; S. Eilers, D. Fluharty, R. Vermilye.

NATURE, *Junior A—First Level*; Brian Birch, J. Carroll, D. Johnson.

NATURE, *Junior A—Second Level*; P. Bloser, J. Carroll, D. Johnson, D. Johnston, G. Norris, R. Sandberg.

NATURE, *Junior A—Third Level*; P. Bloser, D. Boothby, H. Dingle, D. Fergus, G. McCleary.

NATURE, *Senior—First Level*; T. McKell.

NATURE, *Senior—Third Level*; P. Lattin, J. Olinger.

SAILING, *Junior B—First Level*; W. Blees.

SAILING, *Junior A—First Level*; C. Haines, R. Vermilye.

SAILING, *Junior A—Second Level*; C. Haines, R. Vermilye.

SAILING, *Senior—First Level*; John Corrodi, S. Denison, J. Duncan, H. O'Neill, R. Sengelmann, A. Wallace.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior C—First Level*; R. Baker, Barry Birch, S. Miller, H. Pierce.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*; W. Blees, W. Chipman, F. Evans, P. Fonda, A. Hoster, R. Lacy, J. Shepard, R. Thatcher.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—Third Level*; C. Brookhouse.

Trips, Shows and the Weather

Acceptable weather for traveling, and the arrival of the new truck shifted the program of trips into high gear during the week. The group of better than twenty-five on the Windjammer Cruise was absent from early Monday until late in the evening Thursday. The members of the Monhegan expedition, departing on Thursday, were actually the first to enjoy the wide seats and well-guarded sides of the new Ford "Buggy". Many of the members of the four youngest lodges climbed Bald on Friday, returning well laden with blueberries for special pies, and a small group of older boys went up Tumbledown on Thursday. Two campers, D. French and H. Pierce, having completed the first half of the season in camp, departed to spend the remainder of the summer with their families. The resulting holes in the population of Kawanhee caused certain featured events of the week to be somewhat curtailed. Only two baseball games in the Senior League could be played, and only one in the Junior. There were no Maroon-Grey contests until the track and water meets of Saturday. All activity departments, however, continued at full blast, of which fact the long lists of Achievement Levels and awards

are ample proof, and the routine functions of the camp, such as Inspection, proceeded uninterrupted. The Eagles, by the week-end, still kept untarnished their record of winning every inspection, and captured their fourth round of candy bars, while the Wildcats (Shame on them!) finally lost one inspection and broke the tie for first place in the Next-to-Godliness Sweepstakes. There were plenty of people in camp Wednesday evening to supply the usual vociferous audience for the movie, which this week, save the day, proved to be an opus entitled, *Blondie Goes to College*, and there was ample talent available for the "Kawanhee Theater Guild" to present another of its unique shows Friday evening.

This week's presentation relied heavily on the ever enjoyable harmonies of the Glee Club and Quartet. The larger group's melodious account of life on the Erie Canal was easily the finest number of the program. The Polecats staged a lodge stunt which exploited all the genius peculiar to that group. Entitled *Bats in the Lodge, or Polecats in the Belfry*, it featured a number of striking characterizations, from Dave Fay's Napoleon, to Dick Rector's Nijinsky. Merrill Sproul pepped up an intermission with impressions of well known radio personalities, and the climax of the evening was another Blau-Sproul epic. It was a jungle drama this time, dealing with the trials and tribulations of "Stivingston and Lanley". Butch Battista, as Bomba the Jungle Boy, and Admiral Barkwill, as one of the half-baked and partially parboiled explorers, aroused a great deal of mirth, but it was Ernie Johanson, as the other intrepid hero who carried off the dramatic honors of the production.

By the end of the week, the weather man had rather exceeded his quota of warm, rainless days. The succession of hot, humid days was producing more signs of wilting in the old-timers than the cool nights could repair, and the lack of rain again forced the State to "close the forests", that is, to forbid the building of any fires except inside of buildings. Consequently, a fireless campfire was held on Council Point Saturday evening. Intermittent rains finally made their appearance late that night and during the day Sunday. Both the morning and evening services were held in the Recreation Hall and the afternoon was devoted to a long, long rest hour to allow the many travelers to catch up on whatever sleep they might have lost. Monday morning dawned clear, windy and cooler, an ideal day, the Woodcraft Department announced, for ambitious campers to get busy on those hikes required for their levels.

C. Scarlett.

Water Meet and Track Meet Combined

On the afternoon of July 30, the Grey and Maroon teams competed in a combined track meet and water meet. The boys first journeyed to the Athletic Field to participate in the track meet, which consisted of eight events, two for each age group. As the last event streaked across the finish line, a Maroon victory was announced, 45.6 to 33.4. The winners of first places were as follows:

Junior C Baseball Throw	W. Blees, M.
Junior C Cross Country Race	W. Blees, M.
Junior B Broad Jump	R. Tolchin, G.
Junior B 200 yd. Relay	Maroon Team
(C. Pike, W. Dauksch, E. Johanson, R. Rector)	
Junior A High Jump	T. Jones, G.
Junior A Cross Country Race	B. Ford, M.
Senior Shot Put	S. Reuter, M.
Senior Obstacle Race	H. O'Neill, G.

Moving to the waterfront, a splendid water meet was held to round out the afternoon. There were six events, including a fifty-minute sailboat race. The Grey boat finished ten minutes before the Maroon, but both were dis-

qualified for paddling after being becalmed. During the intermission, a "Brother-rat-race" was held. The various brothers in camp teamed up against each other to make a very amusing race. As the final event, the war canoe race, started, the score was 31 for the Greys and 20 for the Maroons. After a lot of pulling, the Maroon team came out on top, to win the meet, 40 to 31. The winners of first places in the completed events were as follows:

Junior C Pajama Race	F. Ward, G.
Junior B Walk-Swim	R. Tolchin, G.
Junior A Canoe Race	B. Ford, R. Rex, M.
Senior 100 ft. Sprint	A. Wallace, M.
Junior B War Canoe Race	Maroon Team
	M. Sproul.

Junior and Senior League Baseball

On Friday, July 29, Admiral Barkwill's Athletics slaughtered Chuck Anderson's Yankees with a one-sided score of 19-1. Herb Brown pitched for the Yanks for the first four innings, and was relieved in the 5th by Anderson. The Athletics got nineteen runs on six hits, while the Yanks got one run on two hits. In the evening, Merrill Sproul's Red Sox clinched another victory by defeating Ted Barkwill's Indians, 5 to 3. The other game scheduled for the afternoon, the one between Robert's Tigers and Bob Hadley's Browns, was called off on account of the Monhegan trip.

As the result of these games, the standings in the Senior League are as follows: Admiral Barkwill in first place with four wins and no losses; Sproul in second place with three wins and one loss; Bruce Roberts in third with two wins and one loss; Anderson in fourth with one victory and three defeats; and Bob Hadley in the cellar with no wins and three defeats. The Admiral's Athletics are sure to be in the World's Series, and the game between the Tigers and the Browns may very well put the Tigers in a tie for second place with the Red Sox.

On July 25, Brian Birch and his Giants strengthened their hold on the first place in the Junior League by taking a hard-fought battle from the Pirates, 1 to 0.

C. Anderson.

Range and Archery Awards

The following Range awards were announced at the campfire of July 30:

Pro-marksman: D. Boothby, G. McCleary, F. Ward, T. Wolcott.

Marksman: D. Fergus, R. Vermilye.

Marksman First Class: H. Brown, John Corrodi, P. Lattin, J. Olinger, S. Reuter.

Sharpshooter: H. Brown, S. Reuter, J. Waterfall.

First, Second and Third Bars: M. Greenawalt.

Fourth Bar: M. Greenawalt, H. Hedges.

Fifth Bar: M. Greenawalt, C. Haines.

Sixth Bar: M. Greenawalt.

In the week between July 23 and July 30, the following campers qualified for Archery awards:

Junior Yeoman Pin: P. Bauer, J. Ferris, R. Hahn, P. Nusbaum, R. Root.

Junior Yeoman Arrow: H. Dingle, S. Eilers, P. Hay, J. Olinger.

Yeoman Pin: W. Devorss, D. Fergus, J. Olinger.

Junior Bowman Pin: P. Bloser, D. Boothby, D. Fergus, B. Miller, J. Olinger, C. Vicary.

Junior Bowman Arrow: C. Barkwill, P. Bloser, D. Boothby, D. Fergus, M. Grownney, B. Miller, J. Olinger, C. Vicary, J. Waterfall.

Bowman Pin: C. Barkwill, M. Grownney, B. Miller, J. Waterfall.

Bowman Brassard First Rank: C. Barkwill.

Archer Pin, Archer Brassard First Rank: R. Sengelmann.

Windjammer Sailors Make Camp on Island

Very early on the morning of Monday, July 25, a line of cars crept silently out of camp, bound for Boothbay Har-

bor and Fisherman's Wharf. Before nine o'clock we found this first lap of our journey ended. All but three of the boys took the *Balmy Days* to Monhegan and set up camp on the baseball field, which was situated on the top of the island. Then, while the threefortunates who had come over aboard the trim sloop, *Susannah*, did their share of camp-making, the remainder of the crew had a fine afternoon sail on this fleet ship.

Fishing from the pier was a favorite pastime before and after meals. Several fish of large size were caught (Some even as large as Jack Corrodi's shark's fin!) and promptly thrown to the sea gulls.

All of the group ate together and our meals were prepared at The Barnacle, a small place built as a snack-shop for the guests at the island inn who did not desire a full-course meal. This establishment more than served our purpose and the meals were excellent.

The comparative smallness of the *Susannah* necessitated the division of the Kawanhee delegation into two groups. While one party sailed, the other would see the various sights of Monhegan. The two shipwrecks were visited and revisited. The one on the southern end of the island, a tug-boat from Philadelphia, had been beaten incessantly and unmercifully by the waves since November. The other, a larger boat, was a fishing seiner which had been deliberately run upon the rocks in order to save its crew, for a fire which had started below decks had virtually burned the front half of the boat into nothing.

Tuesday morning there was a thick blanket of fog, which enveloped the whole vicinity of Monhegan, and sailing was impossible. For this reason we rowed across the harbor to the Coast Guard station on Manana. We were shown through the establishment and, between the blasts of the foghorn and above the din of the machinery, we were told of the various functions of the station. After this tour, we ate lunch on Manana and visited the hermit's abode. Of all things for a hermit to be, Mr. Ray Phillips, a graduate of the University of Maine, was not at home. He lives entirely upon the income he derives from his sheep and his lobster pots.

On Monhegan, we also visited the studio of Andrew Winter, a truly remarkable painter, who has painted many beautiful scenes of the island and won honors in both Europe and America.

The last place to be visited, but certainly not the least interesting, was the lighthouse. It throws a gigantic beam of light from a kerosene burner about as large as one's hand. This is made possible by highly polished lenses and an intricate system of rotation.

Thursday, July 28, was the day of departure. The "salts" who went back on the sloop had six hours to spend in Boothbay, while the others arrived on the *Balmy Days* at eight-thirty. We boarded the new "buggy" and at last pulled into camp late that night to end an extremely interesting trip.

B. Ford.

Monhegan Island Trip Great Success

At noon on Thursday, July 28, the Monhegan Island trip got off to a good start in the spacious new camp truck. With the wheel in the capable hands of Mr. R. C. Frank, the sixteen boys arrived in the picturesque town of Boothbay about five o'clock, after a very comfortable trip.

It was an enthusiastic group of boys who boarded the motor-sailer, *Balmy Days*, which was tied to the Fishermen's Wharf. After being heartily greeted by Captain Charles Wade, a typical New England sea captain, the ship departed for the island of Monhegan. Sailing through the entrance of the harbor, they passed the major portion of

the Windjammer-cruise group, who were completing their trip after spending two days on their small sailing vessel and two days on Monhegan Island. Soon after leaving the harbor, some of the boys suffered the minor symptoms of seasickness, but this did not prevent most of the group from enjoying an adequate lunch at sea. Arriving on the island, the campers found Mr. Bateman and Dick Taylor waiting to guide them to their camping site.

Early the next morning, the campers arose to assist in the loading of the mail boat. Following a good breakfast at The Barnacle, a small restaurant which had much of the atmosphere of the sea, the boys were treated to a visit to the century-old lighthouse, situated on the highest point of the island. A short time later they visited the hulk of a tug-boat which had been wrecked the year before. After several hours of fishing and an invigorating swim in the cold waters of the Atlantic, the campers found themselves ready for a good night's sleep.

Saturday morning was spent in visiting Manana Island and talking to a hermit, whose sole occupation is raising a few sheep on this barren island. Returning from Manana, some of the boys were fortunate enough to take a trip around Monhegan Island on the *Balmy Days*.

Upon breaking camp, the boys once more boarded the *Balmy Days* and sailed for Boothbay Harbor, where they were met by Mr. Birch, who presented the new truck to Mr. Bateman. After a long trip from Boothbay, the campers finally reached Kawanhee, tired but with fond memories of an exhilarating trip.

K. Beck.

Punk from the Log, July 30, 1949

A censored transcript of the thoughts (?) which lull the writer of the Log to sleep on a Friday night

Ho hum! Another day, another show! Another Sprau, another Bloul! In fact, another Blau-Sproul! Wonder why, with all these Blau-Sprouls, it is only Sproul whom we see on the stage! Maybe Blau is the submerged nine-tenths of the iceberg that makes the toad jump out of the rut. Oh well, I'd better go to sleep if I don't want the bags under my eyes to be as droopy and draggy as Ernie (Dr. Stivingston) Johanson's shirt. Go to sleep, that's it! Rock-a-bye Bomba, on a treetop, when the rope swings, Bomba will flop. What a rugged jungle boy Butch Battista made, flexing his mighty muscles just like Tarzan, or Ed Sands! Still, with all his muscles, he almost landed in the soup with Admiral Barkwill. Now that really was a gruesome idea, Barkwill stew! It gave my stomach quite a nasty turn. Dick Sweet must have felt much the same way on the Windjammer Cruise, when he had the notion that the motion of the ocean, and the slurp of the sloop, made his stomach loop-the-loop,

Gotta go to sleep, gotta go to sleep! What was it the Dean said when he was hypnotizing Jock Duncan — oh, yes, leave a beautiful thought in his mind for tomorrow. What a funny place to leave a thought — in Duncan's mind! Well, I might try leaving a beautiful thought in my own what-have-you. Now, what beautiful thing is going to happen tomorrow? Tomorrow's Saturday. That means the Maroons will be ahead. If they're not, the Greys will be ahead. Everybody gets ahead around here, except the counsellors! Saturday, Saturday, what happens on Saturday? Oh yes, beans for supper, and I'll get splattered as usual when G. R. burps the catsup bottle too heftily! Saturday! Surely something special is going to happen to me on Saturday? Oh yes, a Log. Holy cow, A LOG!!! That shouldn't happen to a Blau-Sproul. Help, is there a doctor in the house? Calling Dr. Shafer! Calling Dr.

Shafer! Dr. Shafer wanted in Emergency! Bad case of epidermis, I mean, man crushed by a Log! Will have to amputate Log! Gosh, now I never will go to sleep.

So I have to write a Log tomorrow. Well, let's face it! It can't be as bad as it looks. That's what Bob Tolchin said, when he found that he and a particularly plug-ugly catfish were on opposite ends of the same fishing line. But I notice that Bob went high-tailing it around camp, until he could find R. C. take the fish off the line for him. Or, maybe, the catfish was chasing Bob! Speaking of chasing people, what was it that Pete Fonda wanted me to put in the Log for him? Oh yes — that he, Pete, had chased Webber all over the camp. Imagine that! Imagine anyone wanting Webber badly enough to chase him all over the camp! Still, if Boots chases flies and Billy Blees chases snakes, why shouldn't Pete chase Webber? There's no accounting for the queer taste of some people. Judy Dingle found that out at the head table, when Ray Spence reached for the milk pitcher just as she had a bite of bread halfway to her mouth. The bread went into the pitcher, but Judy took a bite anyway. She looked surprised. "Aren't the hamburgers rather rare today?" she asked, chewing vigorously.

The Log, oh DARN the Log! If I write it, I have to write it about something, more or less. Alright, so I write it about what happened this week. So, what happened this week? Well, we started off with a campfire in the Rec Hall last Saturday night. The animals, I mean, the lodges came in two by two; the Moose and the Deers, the Beavers and the Panthers, the Polecats and — Admiral Barkwill. People passed levels, the Junior A's, the Junior B's, the Junior C's and — Mickey Fisher. People received Archery awards, Herb Hedges, and Herb Hedges, and Herb Hedges and — Admiral Barkwill.

Maybe I could go to sleep if I tried counting sheep jumping over a fence. Okay, sheep, start hopping! First sheep, up and over. Second sheep, up and over. Third sheep up and — oops, lambie-pie, you almost didn't make it! You very nearly stuck on the top of that fence, like Bill Fleming on the top note, as he tootles down the flag. Alright, fourth sheep, up and over. Fifth sheep, sixth sheep — and Admiral Barkwill! What's the Admiral doing, running around with these silly muttons? Anyway, why do I always have to count sheep? It would be much more soothing and monotonous to count the perch that Steve Miller and Fred Ward caught so easily the other night. First perch, second perch, third perch, fourth perch and Admir — no, it's a bass! Maybe I could use that in the Log. Blast the Log! It pops up as inevitably as Mike Growney in Life Saving class, no matter how conscientiously Parker Blosser tries to drown him. Well, who could I put in the Log? There's always Kiefer, but — No, a thousand times NO! I won't mention Art and his buttermilk again, not even if he twists my wrist to make me, the way he did last week. But without Kiefer, where's the Log material to come from? Didn't anything happen this week? Of course we saw a movie, *Blondie Goes to College*. So what! Bud Sengelmann goes to college too, but, thank goodness, no one makes a movie about it. Where DOES Bud go to college — Squibbs? Pepsodent? Wellesley? No, wrong mater, Alma. Say, who is Alma, what is she, that every college claims her? Who is Silvia, what is she, that Ed Sands makes muscles at her? Muscles — that reminds me of Dean Miller and his hypnotism act! He sat Terry Vermilye down on a chair and said, "Now, just relax. I'm not going to speak to your mind. I'm going to speak directly to your muscles." Humph, after all the Dean's experience in public speaking, you'd think he'd find it difficult to address so small and select an audience.

Surely there must have been some Log material in that session of hypnotism! Of course Jock Duncan seemed to get his signals crossed. When he was supposed to wash his face, he just went down and stuck his toe in the lake. But then, Jock is used to putting his foot in it (Whatever IT is!) and, for such an experienced "Polar Bare cub", the normal way of washing the face may very well be to start at the toes and work up. Yes, the Dean's quite a hypnotist, but Still — but Still — (I seem to be stuck!). Merrill Sproul proved to be a very responsive subject, when he meekly trotted down the little dock and dunked his carcass, after having that scalp massage by Still — oops, by Still —! Now why can't I say that name? It gets jammed in my gullet, like Dan Desmond in the Misery up on Tumbledown. Now I remember! Somebody, several somebodies, told me that it was a naughty word to use in the Log. They even threatened that, if Still — excuse it — crept into the Log, I would get my typewriter washed out with soap. Should I let myself be intimidated? Am I a mouse, or am I a man? Well, am I? Darn right, I am! Maybe if I'm a very good mouse and go to sleep, I'll get a piece of cheese tomorrow. Freedom of the press — oh yeah! Now I know how Fluharty felt the other day. Denny was inspired to write a poem, a great poem. He had been "mooring the wuse" all afternoon, and he was going to write a poem about Fay. Then he stopped and thought. Maybe, after all, it would be more fun to go on living than to write a poem about Fay. If the poem were written, Denny knew very well that Fluharty, and not Fay, would be tickled to death.

Maybe I could write a Log if I could figure out some of the queer things that go on around here. Why, for instance, was Nick towing those logs down the lake the other morning. When he anchored them off Council Point, I hoped that someone had at last decided to build a landing dock for Chief Kawanhee. About time, I should say! It is becoming a bit monotonous to hear Raymond Frank, year after year, melodiously yodel, "Oh Kawanhee," and then to have the Chief reply from the lake, "I hear you. I (SPLASH, burble, burble) am coming (squelch, squelch, squelch)."

Why was Ray Spence raising such a rumpus last night? Oh yes, I did find out about that. Ray suddenly discovered that he and a large beetle were both wearing the same suit of pajamas simultaneously and, even above the din of Kiefer snoring bass, and Spangler, tenor, to the rhythm section of the dining hall pump, I could hear Ray roaring, "Now see here, buddy, there isn't room enough in these pajamas for both of us."

I wonder if Chester Pike knows his own strength. Out on the Athletic Field he picked up a ball, and began absent-mindedly to toss it from one hand to the other. "This ball's kind of heavy," he remarked. "It ought to be," replied the counsellor, "it's the shot for the shot-put."

I wonder if Fred Appleton ever recovered from the shock he experienced when, after looking at algae and other tame organisms through the microscope, he inadvertently mirrored his own face and started yelling, bloody-murder, that he had isolated Virus K. I wonder if Paul MacMillan and Jim Dauksch ever found queens for their ant palaces. It flatters, but it also confuses, visiting mothers in the Nature Building to be asked if they would like to be queen for a day. I wonder why the sound of splintering window panes always makes everybody run and look at the Polecat Lodge. I wonder if it's true that Art Kiefer has terrible nightmares, in which he is pursued by Billy Chipman, crying, "Mr. Kiefer, Mr. Kiefer, may I make a leaf print of your mustache?" I wonder why I don't go to sleep!

C. Scarlett.