



The Wigwam



Volume XV, No. 6

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 9, 1949

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The Greys are in the lead again. The score announced at the campfire of August 6 stood: Greys, 7638½; Maroons, 7587½. Thus the Greys, after two weeks in the shade, were once more in the clear, as they had been as the result of the first two weeks of activities. Their forward surge represented a major effort, for on July 30 they had been trailing the Maroons by 325 points. By gaining 376 points over their rivals, they seized an advantage of 51 points.

At this stage of the game, these 51 points provide considerable encouragement, but no assurance of future victory. The slimness of that advantage was clearly demonstrated when the question of whether a Grey third level in Aquatics should be tallied last week, or carried over into the current week, threatened to reduce the Greys' lead to a single point. There will be only one more weekly score announced at a campfire, that of August 13, and that will be the last report on the score until the banquet on August 23. In these two final periods of activities, the score will more than double. Against that avalanche of levels, 1 point, or 51 points, will be but slight protection.

On the charts of Achievement Levels, a number of campers have already built up impressive individual scores. Terry Vermilye, a Maroon Junior A, has completed eleven levels for 350 points. Close on his heels are three Greys: Don Johnson, Senior, with 330; J. Sanders, Junior B, with 315; and R. Thatcher, Junior C, with 300. Fifth place is, at present, a tie at 280 between W. Blees, Junior B, J. Carroll, Senior, and S. Miller, Junior C.

The campers who completed levels in the week between July 30 and August 6 are as follows:

AQUATICS, Junior C—First Level: R. Baker
AQUATICS, Junior B—First Level: James Corrodi, S. Eilers, R. Hahn, P. Noone, R. Sandberg, F. Ward.
AQUATICS, Junior B—Second Level: S. Eilers, R. Hahn, P. MacMillan.
AQUATICS, Junior A—First Level: C. Duvall.
AQUATICS, Senior—First Level: W. Fleming, J. Waterfall.
AQUATICS, Senior—Second Level: D. Desmond, D. Johnson.
AQUATICS, Senior—Third Level: D. Johnson.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—First Level: R. Lacy, J. Shepard.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—Second Level: Barry Birch, A. Hoster, R. Lacy, J. Salembier.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—Third Level: W. Blees, R. Lacy, S. Miller, R. Thatcher.
ATHLETICS, Junior B—First Level: H. Clark, R. Root, L. Weiser, T. Wolcott.
ATHLETICS, Junior B—Second Level: J. Ferris, R. Root, H. Schwarzell.
ATHLETICS, Junior B—Third Level: D. Desmond, R. Vermilye.
ATHLETICS, Junior A—First Level: D. Desmond.
ATHLETICS, Junior A—Second Level: D. Desmond.
ATHLETICS, Junior A—Third Level: J. Black.
ATHLETICS, Senior—First Level: R. Sengelmann.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B—Second Level: R. Lacy, J. Shepard, W. Van Arsdall, S. Warren.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B—Third Level: P. Fonda, A. Hoster, E. Johanson, F. Nusbaum, J. Sanders, J. Shepard, R. Thatcher.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A—First Level: D. Fergus.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A—Second Level: D. Fergus, J. Ferris, F. Hoster, R. Vermilye, F. Ward, L. Weiser.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A—Third Level: D. Fergus, T. Moore.

HANDICRAFT, Senior—First Level: R. Rex.
NATURE, Junior C—First Level: J. Shepard.
NATURE, Junior B—Second Level: F. Evans, J. McHutchinson, R. Rector.
NATURE, Junior B—Third Level: James Corrodi, P. Nusbaum, R. Root, J. Sanders.
NATURE, Junior A—Second Level: Brian Birch, W. Devorss, H. Schwarzell, J. Schwarzell.
NATURE, Junior A—Third Level: J. Carroll, W. Cotton, D. Johnson, B. Miller.
NATURE, Senior—Second Level: I. Garbin, W. Meador.
NATURE, Senior—Third Level: I. Garbin.
SAILING, Junior B—First Level: Brian Birch, James Corrodi, S. Eilers, J. Ferris, R. Hahn, E. Johanson, P. MacMillan, J. Sanders, H. Schwarzell, F. Ward.
SAILING, Junior A—First Level: D. Boothby, M. Gowney, B. Miller, J. Waterfall, M. West.
SAILING, Junior A—Second Level: R. Sandberg.
SAILING, Senior—First Level: T. Parsons, J. Turben.
SAILING, Senior—Second Level: A. Wallace.
WOODCRAFT, Junior B—First Level: James Corrodi, T. Wolcott.
WOODCRAFT, Junior B—Second Level: J. Sanders, R. Thatcher.
WOODCRAFT, Junior A—First Level: Brian Birch, D. Boothby, B. Miller.

Short Trips and Monhegan Comment

During the week, the great majority of campers took one or more short trips from camp. On Monday, the nearby mountains experienced heavy Kawanhee traffic. Two different groups, one consisting of Crows and Moose, the other of members of the Birch and Beaver Lodges, crossed trails on Tumbledown. In the afternoon, the Pines and Polecats climbed Blue. The following day, Mr. Kiefer led the first expedition of mineralogists to Newry and West Paris. A three-day sojourn of a group of Seniors at the outpost camp on Swift River was scheduled to begin on Thursday, but the only rain of the week dampened that plan completely. The rain, however, proved to be only of a morning's duration. On Friday, Mr. Birch and four Seniors, Wallace, O'Neill, McKell and Jack Corrodi, were able to set out to spend the night on Swift River and to organize the outpost for the larger groups. The first of these groups, all Crows and Wildcats, took over the camp for three days on Monday, August 8, with Mr. Birch in charge. Sunday, August 7, witnessed the first mass migration to Coos Canyon, for that afternoon the members of the Deer, Birch, Moose and Lynx lodges all enjoyed the famous swimming under the falls.

An interesting footnote to some of the recent trips has been supplied by a number of communications which have come to the Directors from Monhegan. The two groups of campers who spent several days on the island, under the convoy of Mr. Bateman, Mr. Birch and Mr. Byron Ford, of Worthington, Ohio, appear to have earned a permanent welcome for Kawanhee tribesmen. The hope of seeing other such groups is expressed on cards from the keeper of the Monhegan Light and the hermit of Manana. Mr. Harry B. Odon, the Third Selectman, writes, "Your camp group made a very fine impression during their stay here and will always be welcome on the Island," and Mr. Lin-

wood Davis, wharf attendant, repeats the sentiment and adds the illuminating remark, "Very much pleased to hear no profane or vulgar remarks." Most flattering of all was a letter from Mr. Andrew Winter, N.A., the well known artist:

"We have been having various groups of boys camping on the Island for many years. For the first time Mrs. Winter and I feel that we wish to compliment the leaders and camping officials."

"Mr. C. F. Bateman has given us an idea of a real camp leader. He led his boys in courtesy, interest and organization."

"It was a real pleasure to have them visit my studio."

Athletics Light, Fishing Heavy

The athletic program of the week was somewhat skimpy. The Maroons and the Greys met only once, in the softball game Saturday morning. The other games of the week were in the Junior League. Tuesday afternoon Brian Birch and his Giants continued on their conquering way by wiping out Jim Corrodi's Dodgers, 7 to 0, while Hahn's Pirates were mopping up MacMillan's Cards, 21 to 6.

Much greater activity went on in the Fishing Department. Recently the perch have been biting in no uncertain way and Mr. Spangler's evening fishing trips on the lake have been bringing in some lengthy strings. Monday evening alone produced a catch of about sixty. The perch, indeed, constituted a ponderable factor in the week's score. The Maroons landed thirty-six fish worth 28½ points, while the ambitious Greys hauled in ninety-nine, valued at 95½ points. The difference of 67 points in Fishing was greater than the Greys' total 51-point lead over the Maroons. All but two of the 135 fish caught were perch, worth only half a point apiece, until Mr. Spangler instituted the new policy of giving an extra half point for every perch cleaned. This system saves considerable wear and tear on the Fishing counsellors, although it still does not cope with the problem of how to reward Laurence adequately for cooking all those fish for breakfast. Mike Growney, with ten perch and the week's only bass, a small one, to his credit, earned 16 points for fishing during the period. John Waterfall, with sixteen perch, and Billy Dutcher, with fourteen, also landed a number of points for their teams.

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As for entertainment, the movie proved to be a first-class Western, entitled *Arizona*. It was so long that it was shown in two installments, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Friday evening turned out to be a sabbatical for the Kawanhee Theater Guild. The Glee Club, however, favored the camp with a dress rehearsal of their appearance later that evening at the Grange Benefit in Weld. Along with the familiar favorites, the program included two new numbers, *Li'l Liz*, *Ah Love You*, and *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*. The former was a lively and tricky arrangement of the type which the Glee Club delivers most successfully, but *A Pretty Girl* sounded vapid and sadly out of its class among the other items of the repertoire.

The hot, rainless weather of the week end permitted all the scheduled gatherings to take place under the sky. The Saturday evening campfire found the rebuilding of the Council Ring on the point largely completed. New and more substantial logs now define the more compact circle. By special dispensation of the local ranger, the central fire and the opening ceremony of the Four Winds lighted the occasion. Sunday morning Dr. Elmore gave the camp another of his fine sermons in the church on the shore. That evening brought the eagerly anticipated revival of the Bass Rock vesper service. The setting was as beautiful and im-

pressive as ever, and Dean Miller was again at his accustomed pulpit on the rock, but the change in conditions beyond the control of the camp robbed the service of much of its remembered dignity. The noise on the near-by Government beach, and the attentions of a number of cruising putt-putts, unfortunately seemed to sound the knell for one of Kawanhee's most prized traditions.

C. Scarlett

Swimming, Archery and Range

After a prolonged period of passive resistance, the Aquatics Department has finally disgorged a list of the swimming tests passed in the period between July 11 and August 6. The campers credited with advances in their aquatic status during the four weeks are as follows:

COVE SWIM: W. Chipman, H. Dingle, F. Evans, D. Fergus, P. Fonda, R. Hahn, A. Hoster, F. Hoster, E. Johanson, W. Lutz, T. Moore, J. Murray, C. Pike, R. Rector, J. Shepard, R. Sweet, R. Thatcher, F. Ward, T. Wolcott.

LAKE SWIM: Brian Birch, P. Bloser, W. Chipman, James Corrodi, D. Desmond, W. Devorss, H. Dingle, S. Eilers, F. Evans, D. Fergus, J. Ferris, P. Fonda, T. French, L. Garbin, A. Hoster, F. Hoster, E. Johanson, D. Johnston, W. Lutz, P. MacMillan, G. McCleary, T. McKell, P. Nusbaum, R. Rector, J. Salembier, H. Schwarzell, J. Shimer, R. Sweet, W. Van Arsdall, F. Ward, L. Weiser.

BASE ROCK SWIM: Brian Birch, J. Black, W. Bles, P. Bloser, J. Carroll, H. Clark, James Corrodi, John Corrodi, J. Dauksch, D. Desmond, J. Duncan, C. Duvall, S. Eilers, J. Ferris, T. French, M. Growney, C. Haines, D. Johnson, D. Johnston, T. Jones, P. MacMillan, G. McCleary, T. McKell, W. Meador, J. Olinger, H. O'Neill, R. Sandberg, H. Schwarzell, J. Schwarzell, J. Shepard, J. Shimer, J. Turben, A. Wallace, J. Waterfall, M. West.

Archery continues to produce a record crop of Robin Hoods. Between the dates of July 31 and August 6, the following campers qualified for awards:

Junior Yeoman Pin: C. Anderson, James Corrodi, D. Fluharty, P. MacMillan, P. Noone, H. O'Neill, J. Sanders, L. Weiser.

Junior Yeoman Arrow: C. Anderson, D. Fluharty, R. Hahn, P. MacMillan, P. Nusbaum, T. Parsons, J. Sanders, R. Sweet.

Yeoman Pin: C. Anderson, R. Hahn, P. MacMillan, T. Parsons, J. Sanders.

Junior Bowman Pin: C. Anderson, C. Brookhouse, D. Desmond, R. Hahn, T. Parsons.

Junior Bowman Arrow: C. Anderson, C. Brookhouse, D. Desmond, R. Hahn, T. Parsons.

Bowman Pin: C. Anderson, C. Brookhouse, D. Desmond, J. Olinger, T. Parsons.

Bowman Brassard First Rank: C. Anderson, C. Brookhouse, D. Desmond, B. Miller, T. Parsons, J. Waterfall.

Bowman Pin Sharpshooter (gold): C. Anderson.

Archer Pin: J. Black.

Silver Bow Pin, Sharpshooter (gold), American Archer: H. Hedges.

In the past week, the following campers completed the required targets for Range awards:

Pro-marksman: W. Cotton, J. Dauksch, W. Devorss, J. Ferris, J. Sanders.

Marksman: W. Cotton, J. Dauksch, W. Devorss, G. McCleary, B. Miller, R. Sandberg, R. Vermilye, A. Wallace.

Marksman First Class: F. Appleton, W. Cotton, W. Devorss, D. Fergus, T. Jones, G. McCleary, R. Vermilye.

Sharpshooter: J. Black.

First, Second and Third Bars: C. Misamore.

Fourth Bar: W. Fleming, C. Misamore.

Sixth and Seventh Bars: C. Haines.

Maroon Nine Continues Undeclared

The only Maroon-Grey athletic event of the week was a five-inning softball game played during the morning of Saturday, August 6. For the Maroons, Sproul went all the way, giving up three hits and walking one. Ted Barkwill started for the Greys, but was relieved by Anderson in the 4th. Barkwill gave up five hits and walked one, while Anderson allowed four hits and walked three. Admiral Barkwill was the slugger of the day, collecting two doubles and a triple for four times at bat. The Admiral also crossed

the plate twice for the Maroons and batted in another run. Runners-up for batting honors were Bill Fleming and Herb Brown, each getting two for three for the day, and batting in a run apiece. The Greys squeezed in their only run early in the 5th, while the Maroons scored eleven times during the five innings. Five errors were committed by the Maroons, and six by the Greys. Seven runs were batted in by the Maroons, and none by the Greys. From the five innings, the Maroons emerged with an 11-1 victory.

M. Sproul

Two notes on personnel: D. French, after a brief visit to his home, has returned to complete the season in the Panther Lodge. The J. Duval, who has been appearing so frequently on the lists of levels and awards, is actually C. Duvall of the Lynx Lodge. For this error, the *Wigwam* wishes to offer its apologies.

Beavers and Birches on Tumbledown

August 1, 1949. With Bates at the wheel, the boys of the Birch and Beaver lodges, under the direction of Sproul and Romey, begin their trip to Tumbledown Mountain on this bright Monday morning. We climb off at the Tumbledown Trail and, with Sproul in the lead sprinting along like a playful kitten, and with Romey in the rear trudging along like a horse with the basket of food on his back, we begin our journey. Up we go, walk, walk and then rest! Stop, take a rest and take a look at Lake Webb! Looks small, but we are only about ten miles away and a little over a quarter of a mile up! See Bass Rock! It looks like a pebble, and that sailboat, it's just a little white spot. Well, let's go on and go up to the top!

We walk and walk and finally we reach the top. Look at Tumbledown Lake! Looks small, but good for a dip. Down we go, and meet the Dean with the Moose and the Crows. Everybody's hot, so let's go for a swim! We swim over to a small island in the middle of the lake and then we swim back. Time for lunch, so let's eat! Boy, does this food taste good! Take your time and eat, for we have plenty of time. We wave good-bye, as the Moose and the Crows leave. We finish eating and pack up.

We hike down through the Lemon Squeezer and Fat Man's Misery on the Loop Trail. We hike along and, all of a sudden, we find that we don't have so much time, so we speed up a little. Sproul's still in the lead, but Bill Romey, Chuck Vicary, Dave Fergus, Mike Growney and I are behind. When we reach the road, we find that it is almost time for supper. So we head for home in the truck. As the dust is kicked up behind, someone exclaims, "Bates must be at the wheel." Yes, it has to be Bates, because we are really traveling. We come through the camp gate, and give a cheer for Bates. We drive up to the dining hall, and go in and eat our supper. We're a little tired, but I believe M. Sproul is still as playful as a kitten. It's almost time for bed. Yes, it's getting late, so we go to bed, hoping that tomorrow we will have as much fun as we have had today.

G. McCleary, Jr. A

Junior B's Find Blue Climb Rugged

Right after rest hour on Monday, August 1, all of us from the Polecat and Pine Tree Lodges were sent over by the shop where we met Bates and Nick and started for Mt. Blue. Soon we were roaring along, and then we stopped. Why? Just then a wolf whistle split the silence, as our boys saw that Nick's daughter was coming with us to climb the mountain. As she climbed into the truck, there was a loud cry of "We approve!"

By the time the commotion had died down, we had reached the foot of the mountain. We started climbing and, about half an hour later, we arrived at a small cabin, called the Ranger's Cabin. Then we took a small path that led to an ice cold mountain stream. Soon we were filling our canteens with ice water. Then we resumed our climb. About three-fourths of the way up, I was ready to bet my bottom dollar that there was no top to that old mountain. Along that stretch there were only rocks to scale.

Finally I came within sight of the watch tower on the top. "Wha' happen?" It looked like the leaning tower of Pisa. Then I saw Nick at the top of it. No more did I wonder! Soon we started down the mountain again. "Who wants to walk?" we asked ourselves. In a minute we started to slide. It seemed that someone had been mixed up when naming the mountains. Mt. Blue should have been named "Tumbledown," and Tumbledown should have been called Blue. Before you could spell "Suicide", we had reached the Ranger's Cabin.

Eats! There was a hasty line formed. Naturally Admiral Barkwill was in line. Suddenly he saw Nick's daughter starting to make sandwiches. "One side, small fry," he hoarsely whispered to us. A minute later he was helping her. Just then we saw a bunch of men and boys coming. It turned out that they were from a camp named Laurelwell. Pete Noone innocently asked one of those counselors, "What lodges are coming?" Bewildered, the man pointed to an emblem on his shirt and mumbled, "Camp Laurelwell."

About twenty minutes later we reached the foot of the mountain, where the truck was waiting for us. Dick Rec-tor tried to "make a hit" with Nick's daughter by throwing berries at her. Soon we were home. We had all had fun!

D. Fluharty, Jr. B

Mineralogists Visit Mine and Perham's

On the morning of Wednesday, August 3, the small Ford truck pulled out of camp with a load of mineral enthusiasts, led by Mr. Keifer, the head of the Nature Department. The boys journeyed to the Newry mines, where they climbed to the upmost quarry. Upon arrival, they immediately set to work, hammering and chiseling out interesting specimens to add to their collections. Pieces of paper-thin mica were found, along with many shades of tourmaline. After pausing for lunch, the boys descended and once more boarded the truck. This time the destination was West Paris and Perham's famous gem and mineral center. Several inexpensive souvenirs were purchased, and a stone-cutting exhibition was examined. As the boys returned to camp, the traditional cheer was heard to end an enlightening and exciting day of mineral study.

M. Sproul

Punk from the Log, August 6, 1949

This chapter of Kawanhee history began, in the standard manner, at a campfire on Council Point, where Bob Hadley simultaneously exhorted the Greys, and massaged that tummy ache which he suffers every Saturday evening as the result of emotion, or beans, or the combination of the two. The week that followed could be roughly divided into two periods of about the same duration — the rest hour on Sunday, and the remainder of the week. The rest hour, in fact, seemed to last somewhat longer than the other six days. It went on, and on, and on, so interminably that Joe Olinger and Phil Lattin, having exhausted all the possibilities of Peek-a-boo and This-Little-Pig-Went-to-Market on their toes, were finally driven to conduct absolutely unprecedented in a rest hour. They went to sleep! That

did it! No sooner were they soundly sawing wood, than the bell rang out at long last.

Carl Spangler and the Juniors renewed their systematic campaign to depopulate the lake of perch. Monday night the piscatorial prowess of Barry Birch, Brian Birch, Billy Bles and Bonnie — no, — Ronnie Baker produced such a lengthy string of this finny breakfast food, that Howell Windle was forced to take a panoramic picture of the catch and the captors. He draped the line tastefully over Andy Wallace and Butch O'Neill, sighted to make sure that all the fish were in focus, and was sorely puzzled by the broad grin on the face of one little fish near the end of the line.

"What's that catfish doing there?" he asked.

"I'm no catfish," was the indignant reply. "I'm Joey Salembier, and I want to be sure to get in the picture."

Monday was devoted to climbing. Beavers and Birches, Crows and Moose, counsellors and Hadleys, all scaled Tumbledown, while Blue swarmed with the three P's; -ines, -oles, and -anthers. The most intrepid climbers, however, were George Frank and Carl Spangler, who dauntlessly climbed out of every sand trap on the Wilton golf course. George's game, as a matter of fact, has been improving steadily since he has discovered an ideal practice field here in camp. Every day he goes down to the Wildcat Lodge, and works on his chip shots in the sand trap in Chuck Misamore's bed.

Nothing unusual developed on the Tumbledown trips. The camp was just continuing its policy of trying to erode the walls of the Misery to comfortable proportions, by putting through such stalwarts as Dave Boothby and Bruce Miller. On the other hand, when the Blue expedition took on an added starter in the attractive form of a counsellor's daughter, Denny Fluharty and Dick Rector suffered a rush of good manners to the head.

A great deal of fine accomplishment is not receiving proper recognition on the lists of Achievement Levels and awards. The Log, therefore, would like to confer a few "Honorable Mentions" of its own. As the names of the following men are read, we suggest, not that they stand up, but that they bury their heads in the sand and make like ostriches. In recognition of outstanding contributions to the life of Kawanhee, the Log names the following men:

Chuck Haines, for devotion to his team beyond the call of duty. (When his sailboat was becalmed in the race, he courageously climbed out and pushed.)

Dana Green, for utilizing all available resources in doing his job. (When there are ten cups to be taken off a table, he removes them in one trip, a cup on each finger. We would like to see Dana meet the challenge of a twelve-cup table. We are betting that he could still clear it in one trip, by hanging a cup on each ear.)

Dave Fergus, for raising the tone of camp wit. (This was Dave's prize-winning story: Bill Cotton and Terry Wolcott and Dave himself were having a contest to determine which one could stay the longest in a room with a skunk. Bill went in and stayed a minute. Dave stood it for two minutes and came reeling out. Terry went in and, after half a minute, out came — you've guessed it — the whole Beaver Lodge, holding their noses and yelling, "You must have gotten that story from Kiefer!")

Jerry Ferris, for unusual vigor in the application of first aid. (When Dick Rector complained that he had a back ache, Jerry promptly offered to give Dick a rub-down. And a real rub-down it was! In fact, he rubbed down almost to the bone, and he used such a fragrant liniment, that Rec-

tor spent the remainder of the day smelling like a mixture of wintergreen, a rose, and Dave Fay ready for a day-off.

Mal Davis deserves some kind of mention for delivering too much of a good thing.

One day the mighty "Mr. Swim", Dick Webber, decided that he would like to have a thirty-yard race to keep himself in trim. So he said to Mal, kindly, "Sonny, I'm going to do you a great honor. I'm going to let you race against me."

"Oh, Mr. Webber, you're so good to me," gasped Mal. "I'll do my best."

So, on their marks, get set, and the race was on! Mr. Swim swam with superb form, pausing from time to time to bow his acknowledgements of the plaudits of the cheering throng lining the shore. Mal swam just as hard as he could, vowing that his hero should not be ashamed of him. At the finish, Mal climbed out and rushed along the dock to wring Dick's hand, and to say, "You're wonderful." Strangely enough, he found himself alone on the dock. Back along the course, a splashing could be discerned in the distance. Mr. Swim was still coming in.

That evening, Webber dined on lettuce, carrots and other selected rabbit food.

The extraordinary exertions of Admiral Barkwill and Herb Brown in behalf of the Fishing Department must not be overlooked. As the Friday evening expedition set out, one boat was noted in particular. Trolling from the stern were Dave French and Joe Shepard. Propelling the boat along with mighty sweeps of the oars was Pete Fonda. Crouched, tense and eager in the bow, were Herb and the Admiral.

All at once the Admiral let out a shout, "I've got it!"

"What, a bite already?" cried Joe.

"No," snapped the Admiral, "the Old Maid! Deal another hand, Herb."

Bates was the victim of a singular misadventure on Wednesday night. Some time after Taps he innocently repaired to the Fort for a shower. When, after much splashing and cavorting, he at length emerged from the suds, with his ears thoroughly scrubbed and his cheeks shining rosily, he was amazed to discover that his clothes had disappeared. A careful search of the Fort itself produced not a stitch nor a button. At last, he peeked shyly out of the door. There, in the full radiance of the floodlight on the hill, were the missing clothes, draped on the pole.

There was just one thing to do, so Bates did it! Modestly wrapping himself in a distinctly inadequate towel, he made a dash into the spotlight. His efforts to reach his clothes and, at the same time, to maintain the very insecure anchorage of that towel, resulted in some very spectacular gyrations. Old-time connoisseurs of the strip-tease say that Sally Rand and her fan dance could not compare, for grace and daring, with Bubbles Bateman and his towel dance.

A unique instance of the confusion of two camp institutions has come to our attention. Ronnie Baker asked us, in all seriousness, if we were going to write up the noisy incident of the Green Barn in the *Catalogue*. George Frank, who happened to overhear the question, promptly succumbed to an attack of apoplexy. It never occurred to us before that the Log and the *Catalogue* might be mistaken, the one for the other. Just to avoid the possibility in the future, we would like to point out one sure means of distinguishing between the two — the *Catalogue* has pictures in it!

C. Scarlett