



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 20, 1951

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The Maroons successfully defended the lead which they had seized in the initial period of activity. On Saturday, July 14, the totals were: Maroons, 1081; Greys, 984. These figures are somewhat at variance with the score announced by Mr. Nowold Saturday evening. Through some error in the records a Woodcraft level won by a Grey had been credited to the Maroons. It appeared at the campfire, therefore, that the Maroons had slightly increased their advantage. In actuality, the Greys had cut into that margin, whittling it down from the 124 of July 7 to 97 points.

All in all, both teams could look back on the week with some satisfaction. Athletic honors had been divided. Grey baseball teams had captured the Junior and Senior hardball games, each valued as 50 points to 35 for the losers, but the Maroons could rest comfortably on the laurels of their 60-11 victory in the water meet, as thorough an aquatic triumph as may be found in Kawanhee records. Modest totals in fishing, 20 to 16, favored the Maroons. The real pay dirt, of course, was struck in the Achievement Levels, and there the Greys had the edge, 620 to 570.

All activity heads reported much satisfactory work under way. In many departments this had not progressed substantially beyond the stage of laying the groundwork for the levels to be completed later in the summer. The outdoor activities, too, had at times been hampered by unpropitious weather. It was in the Shop that the first solid block of points had been earned. Under Mr. Bennett and Mr. Brown, thirty-two levels had been completed during the week for a total of 615 points.

The campers who passed levels between July 8 and July 14 were as follows:

AQUATICS, *Junior C—First Level*; R. Sommers.

ATHLETICS, *Junior C—First Level*; F. Gaston, D. Hoover, E. Knezevich, F. Richardson, R. Sommers.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*; S. Ackley, N. Anderson, F. Andreae, Barry Birch, W. Diehl, R. Gaston, M. Gelpi, R. Knowlton, S. Ross, H. Smith.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—Second Level*; R. Irwin.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—First Level*; R. Angier, A. Briscoe, J. Brown, W. Browning, S. Cornwall, D. Enloe, D. Fisher, D. Jeffrey, D. McCabe, J. McHutchison, J. Murphy, J. Salembier.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—Second Level*; A. Briscoe, J. Brown, R. Harris, J. Tribou.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—First Level*; James Corrodi, F. Hoster, J. Schwarzell, D. Williams.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—Third Level*; W. Hadley.

NATURE, *Junior B—First Level*; R. Gaston, T. Hirsch, D. Kerr, R. Knowlton, S. Ross, S. Ryner, D. Stone.

NATURE, *Junior A—First Level*; P. Beneville, R. Boyce, W. Browning, D. Earle, S. Elliot, D. Enloe, J. Ferris, D. Fisher, T. Hicks, D. Jeffrey, D. Keck, W. Keating, H. McAllen, P. Macmillan, J. Murphy, P. Nusbaum, T. Parsons, M. Robson, C. Salembier, W. Sanders, T. Wolcott.

SAILING, *Junior A—First Level*; D. Earle.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*; D. Kerr.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—Second Level*; D. McCabe.

Range, Archery and Swimming

At the campfire, the names of campers who had won recognition in activities not giving Achievement Levels were also read. There is to be a small prize this summer for the boy who earns the most points in fishing, and Mr. Nowold revealed that to date the leading contenders were Barry Birch

and J. Murray, with 6 points apiece. Mr. Sengelmann reported for Archery, and Mr. Windle presented the first of the summer's Range awards. Due to red tape, the presentation of one emblem could not be made. M. Greenawalt had completed the qualifications for *Expert Rifleman*. The announcement that he had attained to this very high honor in the field drew a vigorous round of applause. There follows a list of those who won Range awards in the first two weeks of the season:

Pro-marksman; J. Murphy, S. Cornwall.

Marksman First Class; R. Hahn, Remy Harris, H. Schwarzell.

Sharpshooter; D. Fergus.

Fifth Bar; H. Hedges.

Expert Rifleman; M. Greenawalt.

The following campers had qualified for Archery insignia:

Junior Yeoman Pin; W. Browning, K. Campbell, H. McAllen, J. Murphy, T. Parsons.

Junior Yeoman Arrow; W. Browning, H. McAllen, J. Murphy.

Yeoman Pin; H. McAllen.

"Swimming the cove" or "swimming the lake" is just cause for congratulations in Kawanhee. These are the tests by which campers qualify for their boating and sailing privileges. From Saturday, July 7, to Sunday, July 15, scarcely a dinner passed without successful lake and cove swimmers being called upon to stand and be applauded. It is a tribute to the effectiveness of Mal Davis and his assistants that already sixty-six campers are credited with the longer lake test. In the following list, campers are listed under the more advanced test which they have passed (Many, before swimming the lake, made the shorter cove swim.):

COVE SWIM: S. Cornwall, S. Denison, P. Earle, T. Hirsch, S. Ryner, J. Salembier, M. Sterrett, J. Wright.

LAKE SWIM: S. Ackley, N. Anderson, F. Andreae, R. Angier, R. Baker, J. Beatty, R. Beatty, P. Beneville, R. Boyce, A. Briscoe, J. Brown, W. Browning, K. Campbell, James Corrodi, John Corrodi, W. Diehl, J. Duncan, W. Dutcher, D. Earle, S. Elliot, D. Enloe, D. Fergus, J. Ferris, D. Fisher, W. Fleming, D. French, R. Gaston, W. Hadley, R. Hahn, Remy Harris, P. Hay, T. Hicks, A. Hoster, F. Hoster, R. Irwin, D. Jeffrey, E. Johanson, W. Keating, N. Knezevich, H. McAllen, D. McCabe, G. McCleary, J. McHutchison, W. Meador, B. Miller, S. Miller, J. Murray, P. Nusbaum, T. Parsons, H. Pyhel, R. Rector, M. Robson, S. Ross, C. Salembier, J. Sanders, E. Sanders, H. Schwarzell, J. Schwarzell, R. Sengelmann, J. Shepard, J. Shimer, H. Smith, D. Stone, J. Tribou, D. Williams, T. Wolcott.

Irv Bouton Writes from Japan

A letter recently received by Mr. Bateman has been read with great interest in camp, for it answered a question which many have asked, "Where's Irv Bouton now?" Irv was for ten years a popular and loyal member of the Kawanhee tribe, as camper, Junior Counsellor and Senior Counsellor successively. Last summer, in the midst of his fourth season as head of the Tennis Department, came the news that he had been drafted. In the fall, therefore, instead of returning to his position as a teacher of Mathematics at Choate, Irv reported for induction and during the winter took his basic training in Louisiana. In April the celebration of his marriage to Miss Patricia Jones, of Delaware, Ohio, was the occasion for a considerable gathering of Kawanhee tribesmen in Westerville, near Columbus. Soon after his wed-

ding, Irv was shipped overseas and ever since has been in Japan as his outfit, the 179th Infantry, takes further training. The following excerpts from his letter, written on June 26, will give some idea of his recent activities:

"By the time this letter reaches Kawanhee, I guess camp will be buzzing with activity once more—would that I might be with you all this summer! At present I'm stretched out atop a poncho, a blanket and my sleeping bag, and under the spacious (?) roof of a two-man pup tent 'somewhere in Hokkaido'. . . . Of late our training has consisted of battalion problems—day and night attacks, setting up defenses, withdrawals, delaying actions, etc. The training is becoming increasingly realistic, with all manner of demolitions, flares, and the use of 'aggressor troops' to engage with in exchanges of blank firing. 'Home' is our 16' x 32' squads tents, some fifteen miles from our present location—we've been moving about the countryside setting up bivouac spots as we travel, and seeing little of the big tents from week to week. From here we progress to regimental scale maneuvers, after which it's anyone's guess what we may be up to!"

"Hokkaido offers some pretty rugged terrain for this sort of training—most of the level spots are well cultivated, with rice paddies stretching as far as the eye can see, or right up to the hills and mountains which cover the island. Along most of the coastline, mountains rise from the water's edge, with terraced fields dotting the slopes wherever possible. In the more sparsely settled areas, dense woods and thick underbrush cover most of the hills and valleys, making the going almost impassable at times. Early Sunday morning we ran a counterattack over a couple of hills so heavily undergrown you couldn't see the man next to you—a bare five yards away. In this sort of existence, I sure am glad to have some of our trips through the Maine woods to draw on as a sort of basic training all its own. I'm now at the point that I don't sleep half so well on a mattress as I do on the ground—I mean it!"

"Recent fine weather makes it look like maybe the monsoon season is over for a while. For three weeks or so it rained nightly, and if it let up in the day time, the sun still managed to stay pretty well out of sight. Knowing well the feel of wet, muddy boots every day, I can't quite picture the dawn-to-dark splashing through rice paddies so many of the Japanese people around here have as their daily routine. I can't help but admire their ambition, industry, and capacity for hard work—pretty much necessitated by less developed techniques and equipment. . . ."

"A week ago last Thursday I had the very good fortune to get a 6-day leave with hotel reservations about 60 miles southwest of Tokyo at Atami, a coastal resort town nestled in the mountains rising above and overlooking Sagami Bay. . . . The six days were a wonderful respite from the wilds of Hokkaido—I'd sure like to have more times for such exploratory visits. Generally speaking I've gotten the feeling that our presence here has had a favorable effect on the Japanese, though admittedly the American individual seems at times particularly adept at making himself something less than welcome. . . ."

"A few of us have been having a great time with some spare-moment singing—'Shine' ('Shine, shine 'em up fine . . .') of Kawanhee fame is one of the first we've tackled. Lacking a pitch-pipe or other means of finding a right note, I've been getting some fine practice as choir director. A cup of coffee around 2 A.M. this morning upon returning from the problem was an excellent primer, and found us improvising on into the night. Around 3:30 we even got a request from our battalion commander . . . to shut up and go to bed! Need I say more?"

"Art Kiefer would be proud to hear that several weeks

ago in a Saturday morning 'Troop Information Hour' class which has fallen my lot, I quoted—word for word, I'll bet—his yearly plea to leave the bark on the trees. Numerous birches had been well stripped around our area, and I felt it my solemn duty to carry on his tradition across the world. The appeal was cut short however—as I found myself beginning Chapter II, I realized there were no perch and sun-fish spawning in the non-existent lake."

"I wish very much that I could find more time to bring my correspondence up to date, but the odds seem very much against it. I'll count on you to turn this into a sort of 'open letter' to all of Kawanhee—Camp and Inn, and to convey my greetings and best wishes to everyone there, in Weld, and around the lake—with my hopes to be back there once more before too many moons have passed."

Straying Tribesmen and One Great Loss

In Kawanhee, of course, it is mere reflex action for the thought of Bouton to lead to the question, "And where's Wambaugh?" Don Wambaugh, the survivor of even more Kawanhee seasons than Irv, is among those absent but not accounted for this year. He graduated from Ohio State University at the end of the winter quarter. (There is, incidentally, no truth in the rumor that, as Don stepped forward to receive his diploma, the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences presented the document with the solemn words, "Who calls Kawanhee?", the said Dean being Dr. Frederic Heimberger, another well remembered Kawanhee counselor!) Don now has a position with the Continental Oil Company which has settled him in Hobbs, New Mexico, for the time being. The job is part office work, part field work, and appears to be right up his alley. At least he writes enthusiastically of his life there; of the excitement of an uncomfortable-sounding process, called in the parlance of the industry "sitting on a well"; of the joys of a small air-conditioned apartment after the 100-degree heat of the days; and of doing some of his own cooking (Those who went on big canoe trips with Don in the past may perhaps be able to guess how well he is eating!). Don's letters too ask particularly that he be remembered to all his friends in Kawanhee.

News of other straying tribesmen is not so complete at present. Carl Sangler has foregone his multifarious Kawanhee activities, fishing and the score, hair-cutting and bugling, to spend the summer at his home in Columbus. With great regret Kawanhee learns that ill health during the winter is the cause of his absence. He has the whole-hearted best wishes of the entire camp for a complete and speedy recovery. Ray Spence, the able and energetic head of last summer's Shop work, has also found it necessary to spend the summer in Columbus. Ed Hamblin is in Mexico, studying Spanish, instead of filling his accustomed post in the camp store and post office. Admiral Barkwill is working in Cleveland. Although his exact whereabouts is unreported, it is known that Dick Webber, who has been head of the Aquatics Department for several recent summers, is occupied by extension work for his O.S.U. graduate work in Engineering. The *Wigwam* hopes that more detailed information of the doings of these, and other gentlemen who are gone but by no means forgotten, may filter back to camp as the season progresses, to be reported in these pages.

In mentioning missing faces, the *Wigwam* must note one irremediable loss. The sudden death of Mr. Morse Burtis in February came as a great shock and a greater sorrow to every person who has had any part in Kawanhee life during the past thirteen years. He had as usual been spending the winter in Englewood, New Jersey. His place at Kawanhee is one which can never be filled, for in his quiet, unobtrusive and thoughtful way, he found happiness in performing any chore which was to the best interests of the

camp or any of its members. In Morse Burtis every camper, counsellor and parent connected with the camp has lost a true and most generous friend, and the memory of his kindness is one which will never be effaced in Kawanhee.

Various Visitors, Weather and Games

There was plenty of variety to make the week interesting. Monday, July 9, Mr. Birch met with a group of Boy Scouts and Explorer Scouts in the Woodcraft cabin after supper to plan the summer's program in Scouting. Tuesday saw the first of the games in the Junior Baseball League, and the evening was enlivened by the revival of an almost forgotten tradition, the snipe hunt. Wednesday, the glimpse of a deer, swimming across the lake near camp, nearly emptied the dining hall at noon. Supper was the first "cook-out", with the lodges scattered to different beaches around the lake. Just before the movie that night Bates drove in with the newly painted Ford truck, and demonstrated various improvements to increase safety and facilitate packing which had been added according to his plans. The truck was all set for the first Popham trip Thursday morning, but not the weather. It was fit only for a "rainy-day" program. Evening games in the Rec Hall, followed by some sports pictures and an educational movie, rounded out the day. Friday was a perfect, clear Maine day, and the older lodges happily took off for Popham. Maroon and Grey Junior B's played a fast hardball game in the afternoon. Saturday was well filled with contests, a Maroon-Grey hardball game played by Seniors, the first water meet, and after supper a softball game in which the Junior Counsellors avenged themselves on the Seniors.

During the week it was good to see in camp two former camper-counsellors of recent vintage, Web Davis and Gordon Willard, who were staying at Kawanhee Inn. Web has recently graduated from Denison University. Gordon has one more year to go at Worcester Tech and for the summer has an engineering position with R. C. A. It is part of the two-week vacation from this vacation job which he elected to spend with old friends (including the pump!) at the Inn. Last year's bookkeeper and secretary, Merle Brigham, visited camp for a few hours. He is doing clerical work in a camp again this summer, this time as a private in the U. S. Army, stationed at Fort Edwards, Mass. Kawanhee was also happy to see once more on the shores of Webb Lake several other tribesmen of past seasons, some of them dating 'way back. Among them were Dick Koch, Bob Cory, John Langer, Dave Beggs and Nat Michaelis.

Summer weather was with us once more on Sunday. The morning service was held in the Church on the Shore and Dr. Elmore's sermon, needless to say, was as inspiring as the view out over the lake. In the afternoon Bates took the Polecats, Pine Trees and Deers to enjoy the swimming at Coos Canyon. Dean Miller led the brief vesper service in the evening. Monday morning another week of activities was off to a fast start, just as Bates set out for Popham again, with the Moose, Beaver and Birch lodges.

C. SCARLETT

Friday morning, July 13, it all began. Bates had found that the weather at Popham Beach was just right for the surf-bathing trip which almost every boy in Kawanhee enjoys and wants to take each year. This group consisted of twenty-seven boys from the Lynx and Wildcat lodges, the Crows' Nest and the Green Barn, along with Junior Counsellors Duncan, Wilson and Greenawalt, and Senior Counsellors Ben Hadley, John Nowold and, of course, the cornerstone of every Kawanhee trip, Bates. We left the shores of Webb Lake and soon were on our merry way to the rocky shores of the state of Maine.

We left at 10:00 A.M., and arrived at 1:30 after passing through Weld, Wilton, Lewiston, Brunswick, and Bath. Everyone on the big truck and the pickup was glad to see old Fort Popham. We explored the fort while the counsellors prepared our lunch. After we had eaten that, we caught some crabs and were on our way to the beach.

When we reached the beach, the waves were coming in fast and were growing larger than they had been. In the truck, which was parked close to the White Spot, we quickly changed to swimming trunks. After selecting our "buddies", we went in to meet the largest waves that I have seen in a long time. We took a quick dip and then came out to give the counsellors a chance to go swimming. The waves were coming in faster and larger when we went back in, and soon they were carrying us roly-poly and bouncing us on the beach. We were having a lot of fun and it seemed as though we had just started when Ben Hadley called "All out!" After we were dressed, we were allowed to go into the White Spot for a coke or a candy bar.

Soon we began the journey home. Later in the evening we stopped beside a small lake to eat our supper. We arrived in camp soon after *Taps*. It was a very tired bunch of thirty-three people who went to bed that night with memories of one of the best Popham trips in a long time.

G. McCLEARY, Senior

Maroon-Grey Clashes and League Ball

The Greys had all the best of it in the hardball games. Friday afternoon a rugged Grey nine took the measure of their opponents in an exciting Junior B game. The final score was 19 to 7 in favor of the Greys. The game was notable for the pitching of Jack Brown and the line drives of Dave Jeffrey. The Senior hardball game on Saturday morning was called at the end of five innings, with the Greys leading 13 to 6. Each game earned 50 points for the winning Greys, to 35 for the Maroons.

In the first Maroon-Grey water meet, held during the afternoon of Saturday, July 14, the Maroons swamped the Greys, 60 to 11. In winning the meet, the Maroons took every first place except the Junior C tug-of-war, and all second places, excluding the Junior B two-man canoe race. That is ample explanation of the huge difference in scores. The winners of the various events were as follows:

Junior C Ping-pong Blow	F. Gaston, Maroons
Junior B Four-man Relay	S. Ackley, R. Beatty, R. Gaston, W. Keating, Maroons
Jr. A In-and-out Canoe Race	F. Hoster, E. Johanson, Maroons
Senior 100-foot Swim	J. Corrodi, Maroon
Junior C Tug of War	Grey Team
Junior B Two-man Canoe Race	T. Hirsch, E. Sanders, Maroons
All-classes Relay	F. Gaston, R. Beatty, R. Rector, J. Corrodi, Maroons
Junior Counsellor, Master Camper Water Polo	Maroon Team

The season of the Junior Softball League opened on Tuesday, July 10. Three games were played that day. In a game of traditional rivalry, Brian Birch and his Giants shaded Dick Rector's Dodgers with an 11-9 win. Although the Dodgers netted six runs in the first inning on consecutive hits by Angier, Harris, Rector, Sanders, Stone, Keating and Hoster, this rally did not prohibit the Giants from tying the score as the game went into the last inning. After holding the Dodgers scoreless in the first half of the inning, the Giants opened their comeback with a walk to Smith, followed by Brian Birch's hit, which set the stage for the tie-breaking two-run rally.

In the other games on Tuesday, Shepard's Braves mopped up Jeffrey's Reds, 12 to 0, while Bob Beatty led his Cards to a 7-5 decision over those Pirates of Dave McCabe's. One Junior game was played on Friday. The Braves cut the

Giants down to size to the tune of 20-to-12, thereby taking top spot in the league with two wins and no losses.

In the only Senior League game played on Tuesday, Bill Fleming and his Red Sox downed Lane's White Sox by a 9-5 count. Trailing the White Sox 1-2 after two innings, the Red Sox came up with six in the third on singles by Earle, McCleary, Noyes, Campbell and Parsons to produce the winning margin. McCleary and Noyes of the Red Sox were the leading batsmen with perfect 3-for-3 days. Closely following were Fleming of the Red Sox, and Harris and Corrodi of the White Sox, each with two hits apiece. The four hits by Harris and Corrodi were the only ones produced off pitcher Herbie Hedges.

R. BROWN, Junior Counsellor

Punk from the Log

Transcription of the Log Writer talking to himself, as he starts to begin to think about commencing to write a Log

Ouch, Friday evening! After Friday comes Saturday. If that goes on long enough, we'll have a supper of beans and baseball challenges, and then trail our blankets through the murmuring pines and the Inn guests down to Council Point for a campfire. A campfire a Log and some sucker will have to write that Log! But didn't Mr. Bernart, one of the outstanding authorities of the Fishing Department, say that the only difference between a sucker and a lake trout is that the former has larger lips? Well, I'll be a big-lipped lake trout!!!!

Get busy! Now! Write that Log! Load that barge! Lift that bale! Get a little But gosh, it's a free evening! Sounds like a free evening, too! Above the usual crashes and splashes and slamming of shutters, I can hear Ken Beck having an acute attack of Chopin in the Rec Hall (If the piano can take it, why can't I?), and an indescribable noise which may be Keating singing *Old Soldiers Never Die*, or only Mal Davis torturing—I mean practicing—his cornet, or possibly just a cow mooing in agony as someone tries to get milk out of the wrong faucet.

Log Log what will I write about? Start with Sunday. It was hot that day. I wonder if Dr. Elmore's sermon didn't have something to do with the rise of temperature. Everyone was so inspired to be a "thermostat" that they turned on the heat and left it running. A lot happened in the days which followed. Mal Davis and Herb Brown came home from their first day-off with those frustrated hula skirts on their heads. We had a snipe hunt, and Joey Salembier was so confused by Dick Miller's description of the quarry that Joey couldn't tell a snipe from a shmoo, let alone a hole in the ground. Swimming tests created such a traffic jam that Mal had to use stop-and-go signals on the diving tower, so lake-swimmers and cove-swimmers could come in for a landing without collisions. Pete Beneville's bathing trunks served nicely for the "Stop" light, and Jim Corrodi's green ones for the "Go". Admiral Millings found himself burdened with the supervision of two departments, the new Dry-sailing-in-wet-weather, as well as the standard Wet-sailing-in-dry-weather. Rozzie Angier tried to help him out by inventing new nautical knots, such as the "half-Angier hitch-shank", or "Rozzie's Granny".

Hey, something's wrong! Things don't sound normal! Why, I believe it's quiet! Quiet, that's the thing which Ray Frank talks about in the dining hall, but nobody else wants to try it. So this is what it sounds like! Wonder how long it will last one second, two seconds, three

crash, there's the end of it. Cars coming in! Must be the Popham trip returning. Counsellors *shushing!* Boys WHISPERING! There's a door banging! Evidently Fort Popham didn't make them forget their loyalty to Fort Kawanheec. But what about that Log? Did anything else happen this week? Surely I ran around and stuck my nose in enough peoples' business to root out something! Matter of fact, I merely singed my nose in that Deer Lodge cooking class out in Woodcraft. I also ended up with a bit of egg in my eye, as Teakettle Hicks followed Herb Birch's instructions on how to crack the shell, and "put his thumbs into it", to say nothing of his foot! I realized what a rugged lot those Deers are, as I watched Stan Ross consuming, without batting an eye—indeed, with apparent relish—the oatmeal and cinder stew which he had just cooked.

Beating a retreat to the Nature Building, I found Art Kiefer in a state of collapse. He had been cajoled into hoisting Barry Birch up to pat the nose of one of the tame deer heads which hang above the doors. Once Barry had enjoyed this thrilling experience, all of the other Panthers and Polecats naturally insisted upon doing likewise, and Art found himself furnishing regular elevator service. It seemed to him that each Junior B whom he boosted was heavier than the last. He began to fear that, in spite of all the buttermilk which he pours down the hatch, his strength was failing. Sweat poured down his brow and blinded him as he hoisted and hoisted and *HOISTED*. He did not realize, therefore, that the last two eager little fellows whom he lifted up to "pat the nice deer" were Bob Noyes and Dave Logan.

What's that? The door of the Eagle Lodge slamming, and then the Falcon! Holy smoke, Bugbee and Ben Bennett on their midnight flood-control rounds already! How time does fly, to corn (and I do mean *corn!*) a phrase! Before I get started on that Log, the dawn will be coming up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. There it is now! At least, it sounds like thunder. No, only Kiefer sleeping out loud! Why not go to sleep instead of writing a Log? To sleep, to sleep, perchance to dream! Yep, there's the rub! I might dream about all the things that should go into the Log snipe hunts, and cook-outs, and Russ Bennett scurrying along on all fours like a cockeyed crab to win that race in the Rec Hall Thursday night. That's no dream! That's a nightmare, a nightmare which might run away with me like that wheelbarrow-load of wood ran away with Em Sanders one evening. Em was trundling the wood down to the Rec Hall, when suddenly the wheelbarrow took the bit in its teeth and charged down the hill, with Em's heels waving behind in the breeze. It almost ended up in a head-on collision with the Hyacinth Express as it creaked into camp to collect the garbage. Still, I'd rather go to sleep than write a Log. I'll write a Log tomorrow. At breakfast I'll announce a meeting with myself "immediately following this meal". Why shouldn't I? I'm the only person in camp who never gets to call a meeting. And then I'll remember all the things I was going to put in the Log Jeffrey batting 'em out in the Junior B game, the five points that Jock the Inspector counts off every time he sees an old Pine Tree counsellor left untidily around the lodge the reason Pete Hay always spanks the baby when he tries to do a back dive, the story about but now I'll go to sleep and forget about s-s-n-n-n-r-r-r-R-R. . . . Aw, pipe down, Kiefer! Or was that Kiefer? Could it possibly have been

Yours truly,

C. SCARLETT