



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 3, 1951

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The Greys doubled their lead as the teams passed the midseason mark. On Saturday, July 28, the total scores stood: Greys, 3323½; Maroons, 2945½. This represented a gain of 258 for the Greys over the 120-point advantage which they had enjoyed on July 22, and they joyfully entered the second half of the summer's scoring contest 378 points to the good. It was a nice little lead, but nothing to arouse in the Maroons any inclination to concede the match. In coming weeks the score will increase by leaps and bounds, as good, sound work on levels pays off more and more heavily in all departments, and in the rising tide of points, 378 will count for little more than the temporary encouragement which it is.

The week's scoring was relatively light, a fact easily explained by the numerous camper-hours-away-from-camp resulting from the generous program of trips. No Maroon-Grey sports contests contributed to the totals. The score for Fishing was downright diminutive (Maroons, 9; Greys, 2), with I. Garbin continuing as top fisherman with 10½ points, and D. Hoover, a Junior C, jumping into second place with 10. The several hundred pounds of fish landed in the spectacularly successful fishing off Monhegan were not weighed in the score, since that opportunity was open to only a limited number of campers.

Much of the work on levels lay fallow as campers were on their travels. The week's list of Achievement Levels, however, shows at least two instances of groups making hay while the sun shone. The Junior C's pounced eagerly on their new program in Sailing and disposed of eight first levels, while ambitious Junior B's accounted for the whole score, including five third levels, in Woodcraft.

There follows a list of the Achievement Levels completed between July 22 and July 28:

AQUATICS, *Junior B—Second Level*; J. McHutchison, P. Nusbaum.

ATHLETICS, *Junior C—Second Level*; F. Gaston.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—First Level*; Barry Birch, P. Earle, T. Hirsch, S. Miller, H. Pyhel.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—Second Level*; F. Andreae, Barry Birch, P. Earle, T. Hirsch, S. Miller.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—Third Level*; F. Andreae.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—Second Level*; N. Anderson, Barry Birch, R. Baker, T. Hirsch, S. Miller, J. Murray, H. Pyhel, S. Ryner.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—First Level*; D. Earle, D. Keck, M. Robson.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—Second Level*; P. Beneville, W. Keating, P. Macmillan.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—Third Level*; J. Tribou.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—First Level*; T. Wolcott.

NATURE, *Junior B—First Level*; M. Gelpi.

NATURE, *Junior B—Second Level*; N. Anderson, M. Gelpi, T. Hirsch, J. Murray, S. Ross, H. Smith, D. Stone.

NATURE, *Junior A—First Level*; J. Brown, D. McCabe.

NATURE, *Junior A—Second Level*; W. Browning, D. Earle, H. McAllen, J. Murphy, P. Nusbaum, T. Parsons.

SAILING, *Junior C—First Level*; R. Bennett, F. Gaston, P. Gelpi, E. Knezevich, F. Richardson, A. Ross, R. Sommers, M. Sterrett.

SAILING, *Junior B—Third Level*; R. Hahn.

SAILING, *Junior A—Third Level*; J. Beatty, G. McCleary.

SAILING, *Senior—First Level*; J. Beatty.

SAILING, *Senior—Second Level*; B. Miller.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*; F. Andreae, S. Cornwall, R. Gaston, S. Ross, D. Stone.

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

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—Third Level*; Barry Birch, S. Miller, E. Sanders, J. Sanders, H. Schwarzell.

Archery, Range and Swimming

The week was a notably productive one in Archery. At the campfire of Saturday, July 28, Mr. Sengelmann announced that fifty-four medals and insignia of the Camp Archery Association had been won by Kawanhee campers. These campers were:

Junior Yeoman Pin; S. Cornwall, W. Dutcher, R. Gaston, R. Harris, F. Hoster, H. Pyhel, D. Stone, R. Tolchin, J. Tribou.

Junior Yeoman Arrow; S. Cornwall, W. Dutcher, R. Gaston, R. Harris, F. Hoster, T. Parsons, C. Salembier, R. Tolchin, J. Tribou.

Yeoman Pin; R. Angier, A. Briscoe, W. Browning, D. Fisher, R. Gaston, R. Harris, T. Hicks, F. Hoster, J. Murphy, T. Parsons, C. Salembier.

Junior Bowman Pin; D. Fisher, H. McAllen, J. Murphy, T. Parsons, J. Shimer.

Junior Bowman Arrow; D. Fisher, H. McAllen, J. Murphy, P. Nusbaum, T. Parsons, R. Rector, J. Shimer.

Bowman Pin; D. Enloe, D. Fisher, J. Murphy, P. Nusbaum, R. Rector, J. Shimer.

Bowman Brassard First Rank; D. Fergus, J. Murphy, R. Rector, J. Shimer.

Bowman Pin Sharpshooter—Gold; J. Duncan, R. Rector, J. Sanders.

The Range, too, had been active, and Mr. Windle presented the following medals to the qualifying campers:

Pro-marksman; N. Anderson, F. Andreae, W. Browning, D. Earle, T. Hirsch, S. Ross, D. Stone, J. Tribou.

Marksman; R. Boyce, W. Browning, J. Tribou.

Marksman First Class; S. Cornwall, J. Tribou.

Sharpshooter; N. Knezevich.

Second Bar; B. Miller.

The list of swimming tests passed during the week may appear to be small but, as a measure of genuine accomplishment, it bulks large. It represents the increase in ability and knowledge which made it possible for recent non-swimmers to qualify as full fledged swimmers and, as such, provides ample grounds for congratulations to all concerned.

COVE SWIM; F. Gaston, M. Gelpi, P. Macmillan.

LAKE SWIM; M. Gelpi, P. Macmillan.

New Pet Proves Very Popular

On Monday the construction of a pen in the grove back of the Nature Building aroused a great deal of curiosity. The current explanation of it as a "snipe yard" was viewed with skepticism, for a larger prospective inhabitant was suggested by the fact that the high walls of wire mesh were arranged to include as a shelter an old Adirondack lean-to of the Woodcraft Department. Excitement was running high the next day when the newcomer reached camp. It was a most appealing little fawn. The camp immediately devoted itself to the important business of naming the baby. Many suggestions were in the end boiled down to two, "Bambi" and "Wanhee". A vote in the dining hall quickly disposed of the first as hackneyed, not to say corny, and the young deer was given the pruned-down version of the camp's own name.

Needless to say, a good deal of time is now being spent in admiring the camp's new pet. And well worth admiration she is! (Or perhaps it would be safer to say "it"!)

Its smooth brown body, dappled with white, seems small in comparison with its enormous, attentive ears, and its long

slender legs. The fawn is apparently about a month old and is quite friendly and fearless. When the mother was killed, it was taken to the Mount Vernon State Game Park to raise, and from there was farmed out to Kawanhee for the summer. The preparation of Wanhee's formula (It is still a bottle baby.) has now become a matter for earnest consultations between the Nature Department, the kitchen staff, the nurse and the camp mother, while permission to attend the feedings is virtually subject to engraved invitations.

Trips — Monhegan, Mountain and Mineral

Kawanhee really went places during the week. For six days trips emptied two or three tables in the dining hall at every meal and on Wednesday virtually depopulated the camp. The very popular Monhegan trip was run in two shifts. The first group of campers set out on Sunday afternoon, July 22, with Mr. Birch and Mr. Bateman. An account of their journey and of the three days which they spent on the island may be read elsewhere on these pages. Mr. Nowold had the second contingent out of camp in the big truck before first bell Wednesday morning, in order to catch the morning sailing of the *Balmey Days* from Boothbay at 9:30 A.M. While the first batch of Kawanhee admirals (Admirals, at least, to judge from all the nautical headgear acquired on the island!) returned to camp with Mr. Birch that evening, the second remained on Monhegan until Friday afternoon with Mr. Bateman and Mr. Nowold, enjoying in its turn the cruising, the scenery and the deep-sea fishing.

The midweek trips were mainly in exploration of the mountains bounding the Webb Lake valley. On Wednesday, Dick Miller and Bill Bernart led an expedition, consisting largely of such Junior A's as had not been claimed by one Monhegan party or the other, up Tumbledown in the afternoon. At the same time, the Eagles and the Falcons with their lodge counsellors scaled Mt. Bald to pick blueberries and eat supper on top. A firsthand account of this expedition may also be found in this *Wigwam*. This left only three Junior B lodges rattling around in a suddenly hollow-sounding camp, and at the end of swim period they too scattered to Sunday Beach, Skookamee Beach and the foot of Tumbledown for the weekly cook-out. Thursday morning, Mr. Kiefer and Bob Noyes departed with a group of mineralogists for the season's second mineral-hunting trip. They devoted the greater part of the day to the investigation of an abandoned digging in a quartz ledge between Newry and Rumford Point on the Ellis River. The weather being propitious this time, the day was concluded with the usual and eagerly anticipated visit to Perham's famous mineral shop in West Paris.

The new week promised to be even more generously supplied with the excitement of trips. Sunday afternoon, July 29, all those ambitious of climbing such mountains as Washington and Katahdin were taken up Mt. Blue to test their stamina and condition before tackling those famous and rugged peaks. Monday, Mr. Birch opened the outpost camp, when the Panthers, Polecats and Pine Trees made up the summer's first group to begin a three-day sojourn on Swift River.

Schedules Upset, but not Inspection

Although every camp activity remained in full operation, the stepping-up of the trip program caused some dislocations of the regularly scheduled group events of the week. All of the league softball games slated for Tuesday were postponed. A Maroon and Grey hardball game was played that day, but the results were not counted on the team scores, since the usual line-ups had been riddled by the trips. The weekly movie was shown Tuesday evening, not Wednesday when the camp was virtually empty. Thurs-

day after supper, the Junior Counsellors took over direction of the session of songs and games in the Rec Hall which concluded with Dean Miller's story. Friday afternoon and evening two softball games were played in the Senior League. Lane's White Sox scored their maiden victory, squeaking past the Yankees, 9 to 8, and Denison's Indians disposed of the Red Sox to a 10-7 count. The promised Friday evening show, however, was put off until the beginning of the following week, as the result of disrupted rehearsal schedules. Another event of Friday was a welcome visit from Robin Lagemann, who through many past seasons was a Kawanhee tribesman in good standing, successively as camper, Junior Counsellor and Sailing Master. This summer Robin is the sailing counsellor in a camp near Sebago, and devoted his day-off to revisiting his many friends in Kawanhee.

With the camp up to full strength again on Saturday, Mal Davis was able to begin the summer's classes in Life Saving instruction. The weather, however, decided to take a hand in the program that day. (It must hastily be added, in case any deities of the elements are listening, that no one is complaining about the week's weather. It was on the whole most co-operative. Six good days on the coast favored the Monhegan trips, and the Webb Lake valley was almost as fortunate, for even the now expected Thursday downpour considerably held off until after *Taps*.) Saturday morning a Maroon-Grey hardball game advanced to an 11-11 tie, and was then called for rain with no points for anyone. The afternoon's water meet was canceled, and the evening campfire was held in the Rec Hall. This in no way dampened the enthusiasm of the camp, as was witnessed by some of the season's most spirited group singing, particularly of the Princeton song under the vigorously partisan leadership of Bill Bernart and his pals.

In spite of trips and the weather, one phase of Kawanhee life continued with relentless regularity. That, of course, was inspection. As the result of perfect records during the week, the Eagles and the Falcons climbed into a tie for first place with the Lynx. Through Saturday, July 28, the totals of inspections won this summer by the various lodges stood as follows:

JUNIOR GROUP: Eagle, 20; Falcon, 20; Panther, 19; Polecat, 17; Pine Tree, 14; Deer, 17.

SENIOR GROUP: Birch, 9; Beaver, 12; Moose, 10; Lynx, 20; Wildcat, 19; Crows' Nest, 19; Green Barn, 4.

Sunday: Nature Department "At Home"

The Sunday morning service was in the Recreation Hall, for the day was grey — no rain, but the clouds were resting low on Tumbledown and West across the lake. This rather superfluously added a bit of underscoring to Dr. Elmore's fine sermon on "inner sunshine". In the pleasantly social half hour or so which followed the quartet's concluding hymn, the many guests of the camp who had shared in the service took the opportunity of visiting Wanhee and of inspecting the always popular display in the Nature Building.

It is to be feared that the *Wigwam*, in the inadvertence of too long familiarity, may never have done justice to the interest and variety of these weekly exhibits of the Nature Department's work. Any day of the week, of course, the Nature Building is the most interesting place in camp, as is to be expected with Mr. Kiefer in charge. Such permanent features of the new Memorial Building as the magnificent chimney and fireplace of specimen stones, the mineral room with its cutting and polishing machinery, the old but still fascinating electrically lighted chart of the summer sky fixed to the rafters, the "buzz-board" for bird identification, all are as attractive to the visitor's first glance as they are to the campers' long continued attention. The walls are lined

with collections: minerals, leaf prints, bark specimens of various trees, mounted ferns, butterflies and moths. The group of birds' nests is always worth note, if only for the contrast between the hummingbird's minutely beautiful construction and the incredibly casual hammock of twigs built by the chimney swift. On the tables are to be seen notable projects completed by various campers, such as the model of a typical mineral mine made by I. Garbin last summer, and this season's relief map of Mt. Blue and the valley worked out in moss by P. Bloser, R. Brown and J. Olinger. Every Sunday morning Mr. Kiefer augments these regular displays by filling the work tables with the campers' current work, and with specimens of plant or animal life too short-lived to be exhibited for more than a few days.

On this particular morning an honor place was given to a large and colorful collection of mushrooms made by P. Bloser and J. Olinger. A newly made small terrarium was to be seen on the same table, as well as a clump of Indian pipes transplanted into a bowl, and a veery's nest built this year and, after the departure of the young birds, carefully preserved for the camp collection. Another table carried the plaster casts of various lake fish and of the tracks of racoons and porcupines. On a third were the mineral boxes, the leaf prints, and the books of pressed and mounted flowers completed by campers during the preceding week. As usual there were a few more additions to the permanent equipment to be inspected. A new work bench had been built in the mineral room, and the shadow-box for the fluorescent display of minerals had been completed and lined with black, providing a perfect setting for this very striking exhibit. The fact that Wanhee's bottle was boiling merrily in a sterilizer added a rather domestic touch to this Sunday morning "At Home" of the Nature Department.

In addition to the trip up Mt. Blue, Sunday afternoon produced an exciting hardball game in which the Junior B Maroon nine skidded past the Greys, 7 to 6. Joe Shepard's single in the last inning, with two out and two on, gave the Maroons their first baseball victory after four defeats. At the vesper service in the Recreation Hall, Dean Miller's talk and the piano solos of Larry Bugbee and Bob Noyes brought the day to a happy close.

C. SCARLETT

Monhegan Trip Rich in Fish and Fun

Late in the afternoon of Sunday, July 22, twenty-three boys left for Monhegan Island under the supervision of Mr. Birch and Mr. Bateman. After eating supper along the road, we drove through Augusta and soon reached our destination, the baseball field just outside of East Boothbay. We set up our camp for the night and then hiked into town to visit the stores or watch the fishing boats go in and out from the wharf. An hour or so later we returned to our camp for the night.

About midnight a few of us awoke to the sound of crackling flames. A storage shack at the other end of the field had caught fire. The fire was brought under control after an hour or so, but the shack had burned down to the ground.

Monday morning we broke camp and ate breakfast at Dick's Coffee Pot, a small restaurant a short walk down the road. Following an excellent breakfast, we hiked into East Boothbay to board the *Balmy Days*, a 60-foot motor ship, equipped with two 225 HP diesel engines, which daily during the summer makes the voyage of sixteen miles out to Monhegan. Save for a few scattered cases of seasickness, the trip was very enjoyable.

As soon as we reached the island, however, all seasick cases recovered in time for a lunch on the rocks. The afternoon was devoted mostly to the setting up of our island

camp in a field very near the lighthouse, and to a short dip in the ocean. There was also some time to visit the island stores. After eating supper in the Barnacle, a small lunch room over a gift shop, we had a rugged hike along the rocks to White Head, a rocky cliff. We returned to our campsite through the Cathedral of Pines, which is a beautiful forest of tall pines with very little underbrush.

Tuesday morning we awoke bright and early for a good breakfast in the Barnacle, after which we were divided into two groups, one under Bates and the other under Mr. Birch. The members of the latter party first tried their hands at some deep-sea fishing. They did quite well, catching several large cod and one pollock, as well as smaller fish. Meanwhile those of us with Bates crossed to Manana, a small island just off Monhegan, and had an interesting visit with the hermit, who raises sheep for a living. When we returned to the larger island, the *Balmy Days* had come in on its daily trip from the mainland, and we boarded it for an interesting cruise around Monhegan. (Mr. Birch's group took this cruise on Tuesday.)

At the end of this trip, we found Mr. Birch and his fishing expedition on the wharf, eagerly waiting for us to join them for lunch. When this was consumed, they were taken to Manana to visit the hermit, while those of us in Mr. Bateman's group visited the studio of Andrew Winter, a famous marine artist. After visiting the studio, we went down to the wharf to go out fishing ourselves. We too returned with a good catch. Both groups went fishing on the *Unique*, a 20-foot lobster boat.

The evening was spent hiking around the southern end of the island and viewing the wreck of the *D. T. Sheridan*, a tugboat which crashed into the rocks in November, 1948. When the main group started back, five of us and Mr. Birch explored the rocks farther up the island, returning to the campsite at dusk.

Wednesday morning when we had packed our duffel, we hiked up the island to Pebble Beach, a beach of smooth, round stones, for a swim. After swimming and sunning on the rocks, we returned to the wharf for lunch. After lunch we explored the graveyard. We had an extra afternoon on Monhegan, for the *Balmy Days* was too full to take us back on its regular trip. Therefore we hiked to the eastern side of the island and rested until the boat came back for us on a special trip. At 6:30 P.M. we embarked with Mr. Birch, leaving Bates behind with the second contingent from Kawanhee which had arrived that morning under the supervision of Mr. Nowold.

We had a good trip back to the mainland, although the sea was rough. Where some of us sat in the bow, we would get sprayed as we hit the high waves. When we arrived in Boothbay Harbor, we packed the truck and drove to Dick's Coffee Pot for a late but delicious supper.

It was a tired but happy lot of campers who drove into camp late Wednesday night. The trip had been very enlightening, and had been tremendously enjoyed by all. The quite friendly natives of the island, the climbs over the rugged, rocky coast, the grand cruise on the *Balmy Days*, the fishing, and probably most of all the companionship with each other, all had made this trip one of the best.

D. FERGUS, Senior

Eagles and Falcons Climb Bald

The Junior C's climbed Mt. Bald on Wednesday. After rest hour we climbed into the camp's Ford pickup truck and it drove us to the foot of the mountain on the Wilton road. There we got out and got ready to go. Larry Bugbee was in front and Bob Noyes took the rear. First we came to a stream and then we started through the woods. When we came almost to the top, it was very rocky. We

were picking blueberries before we ate our supper. We picked enough so Emma could bake us blueberry pies for dinner next day. When we had eaten our supper we started down. After we were down the mountain at the stream again, Bugs told us how to get a drink of water from the stream. We made cups of our hands and drank out of our hands. The truck came and met us and took us back to camp.

F. RICHARDSON, Junior C

Punk from the Log

The week began with the building of what looked like an out-sized chicken coop on the edge of the Scout Grove. Naturally everyone assumed that the chicken coop was for chickens, doubtless to supply the Woodcraft cooking classes with eggs. (That, incidentally, is no mean problem of supply, when Ronnie Baker can break three eggs in a row without once hitting the pan. Ronnie prefers to distribute the eggs' insides impartially between the ground and Bill Bernart's knee.) Suspicion that there was more to the coop than met the eye was first aroused when Raymond Frank began to give obviously phony explanations of its purpose. He said that it was a "snipe pen". Dave Hoover remarked skeptically, "Oh yeah! And where's the chimney for Santa Clause to come down?" Dave knew quite well that the pen wasn't for any snipe. Experience had taught him that those critters could bite through such light wire mesh in no time at all.

Richy Silver, on the other hand, was convinced that the pen was for bigger game than snipe. Monday morning he thought that he had the beastie located. Back of the wood pile he encountered what he was inclined to think was a bear although, just to avoid possible exaggeration, he was ready to allow that it might be just a very large and very ferocious porcupine. Richy beat a hasty retreat, deciding that Kiefer was the one to come and "wrestle" the bear. But Kiefer was nowhere to be found! Richy hunted high and low, wringing his hands and muttering "Where, oh where, can he be!" (How could Richy guess that Art was holed up in his bachelor quarters with the bats above the dining hall, madly cramming a book entitled *How to Bring up Baby?*) At last Silver had to give up his quest, and a small, mild woodchuck continued to enjoy for yet another summer his accustomed home in the wood pile.

Everyone forgot Kiefer in the excitement of Tuesday. The mysterious occupant of the pen arrived and proved to be, not snipe, not a bear, not even the Duke of Zanzibar, but a small fawn as cute as all Junior Counsellors SAY their girls are, and as spotted as anyone so ill-advised as to come within range of those little squirts, Greenawalt and Johanson, and their water pistols. The fawn immediately found itself as popular as Emma's apple pies, and everyone went into a huddle to decide upon a worthy name. In the end nothing would do but that a piece be carved out of the camp's own name, and the fawn was labeled Wanhee. (After this piece of generosity, the camp must hereafter be known simply as Camp Ka.)

When things calmed down, a select group gathered at the pen for the serious business of Wanhee's first feeding: Miss Anderson, the nurse; Emma and Flora as dietary experts; and Mrs. Frank, the camp mother, to cover the maternal angle. When all was ready and Wanhee was bouncing up and down with hunger like Bill Meador at the thought of a spaghetti supper, the door of the Nature Building was flung open and out sallied Kiefer, the newly-appointed nursemaid, with bib and bottle in hand. Emma and Flora checked up on his mixing of the formula (Heaven forbid that there should be any buttermilk in it!); Miss Anderson showed him the approved style of testing the temperature on the inside of the wrist; and Frannie warned

Art, "Now, be careful the kind of stories you tell while it's eating! A fawn doesn't have as strong a stomach as those old goa—I mean, counsellors at the head table." If Art experienced any uneasiness, Wanhee certainly did not. The fawn pounced on that bottle like Fred Hoster on a new shipment of marshmallows, and went to it. "Say now," chortled Art, "doesn't she look just like Nils Anderson guzzling out of a canteen?"

From that minute the routine in Kiefer's nursery went as swimmingly as Mike Gelpi taking the lake in his stride, or rather, his stroke. Only one emergency has developed, when a call for help went out over the camp's interdepartmental grapevine system, "Nurse Anderson wanted in pediatrics! Nurse Anderson wanted in pediatrics! Hurry, please! Kiefer wants to know—How do you burp a deer?"

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This was also the week *WHEN*:

Bill Bernart's mustache bit the dust (Bet it didn't bite hard, the poor little thing!);

Jock Duncan, a mere Junior Counsellor, had delusions of grandeur and attempted to appropriate unto himself the rights and prerogatives of the mighty Crows by sleeping through breakfast (The inevitable happened! Duncan was dunked, and Strap went SLAP-O into the lake. Jock might have found the affair less chilling had he and his pajama pants managed to take their dips simultaneously. As it was in the scuffle, Jock hit the water barely a split second before his tardy trousers.);

Herb Birch, on the voyage out to Monhegan, found that he had his hands full—one hand full of the seat of Terry Wolcott's trousers—and the other of Steve Miller's, anchoring those two seasoned seamen as they hung over the side of the boat, undoubtedly for a closer inspection of the fish which swam joyfully alongside, crying "All contributions gratefully received!";

Ted Hicks and Johnnie Schwarzell learned how to change places in a canoe (Of course, they thought that they knew how to do so already—something like a square dance—sashay to the middle and SWING your partner, while the canoe rocked wildly from side to side, and Nick screamed in agony on the beach. That wasn't the correct way at all, according to Nick. They should proceed as if they were playing leapfrog. This Johnnie and Ted attempted with their usual vigor. Sure enough, the side-to-side rolling of the canoe was eliminated, as it pitched back and forth as violently as a bucking bronco!);

Princeton-enthusiasts Dave Earle and Nick Knezevich succeeded vocally in going farther "back to Nassau" than anyone else has gone to date;

Ray Brown introduced a new strategy into a Brother-are-you-there match with Bob Noyes (Instead of just ducking, or trying to make his voice sound as if it came from somewhere else, Ray disguised *his* voice, apparently hoping that blindfolded Bob would think that Ray's place had been taken by someone's poor, old grandma, who should not be swatted too hard.);

Admiral Eggebert returned to camp wearing a yachting cap so flouncy, and so large, that he had to prop it up on his ample ears to prevent its slipping down and enveloping him like a tent all the way to the waist;

Hank Schwarzell, in diving class, decided to develop his back jackknife (It was already equipped with four blades and a bottle-opener, but Hank added a small corkscrew.);

A swinging punching-bag was attached to a Maypole back of the Rec Hall, for the benefit of all those tired of batting their Junior Counsellors around, and parallel bars were erected by the Pine Tree Lodge, so Nick may swing himself straight out of bed each morning and into the trees, like Tarzan.

C. SCARLETT