



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 10, 1951

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

It was the Maroons' joyful shout which woke the echoes of the Webb Lake valley when Mr. Nowold read the score at the campfire of Saturday, August 4. The totals announced for that date were: Maroons, 5230; Greys, 4942½. After two weeks as underdogs, the Maroons regained the lead which they had held in the season's first two tallies. During the week they had put in good, solid work to win 665½ points more than were earned by the Greys in the same period. This nice, round sum not only wiped out the Maroons' 378-point deficit of July 28, but put them out in front by 287½ points. And they "had only begun to fight", to quote the words of one ardent young Maroon as he burrowed into the huddle of his team mates clotted around Byron Ford for his weekly words of wisdom in the Council ring.

The Maroons, to all intents and purposes, had made a clean sweep of the week. The balance of sports events was well in their favor, for they had captured the track meet of that afternoon by the substantial score of 74 to 49, after breaking even for the first time on baseball points. The Junior Maroon team had won the hardball clash of Sunday, July 29, although the Grey Seniors as usual snatched the game, softball this time, on Saturday morning. More remarkable were the activity reports, which revealed that the Maroons had won more points from completed levels in every department, giving them an advantage for the week straight down the line, from 5 points in Aquatics to 245 in Shop.

The score is obviously picking up momentum as a greater number of advanced levels are completed. For the first time this season, the report showed more second levels finished than firsts. A good part of the week's total, as a matter of fact, was accounted for by the twenty-two second levels earned in Nature, and the twenty-one in Shop. As the even more valuable third levels come into the majority in the remaining two and a half weeks of activities, the score will really boom.

The names of those who completed Achievement Levels between July 29 and August 4 were as follows:

AQUATICS, *Junior C—First Level*: R. Bennett, F. Gaston, R. Gaston, P. Gelpi, E. Knezevich, F. Richardson, M. Sterrett.

AQUATICS, *Junior A—First Level*: R. Boyce, D. Earle, M. Robson.

AQUATICS, *Junior A—Second Level*: D. Earle.

ATHLETICS, *Junior C—Second Level*: G. Ford, F. Richardson.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—First Level*: R. Knowlton, S. Ross.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—Third Level*: P. Hay, C. Salembier.

ATHLETICS, *Junior A—First Level*: R. Beatty, D. Earle, R. Harris, J. Shepard.

ATHLETICS, *Senior—First Level*: K. Campbell.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior C—Second Level*: R. Bennett, G. Ford, F. Gaston, P. Gelpi, D. Hoover, E. Knezevich, F. Richardson, A. Ross, R. Silver, R. Sommers, M. Sterrett.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*: P. Earle.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—Second Level*: M. Gelpi.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—Third Level*: N. Anderson, F. Andreae, T. Hirsch, R. Irwin.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—First Level*: R. Beatty, W. Dutcher.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—Second Level*: S. Cornwall, W. Dutcher, D. Earle, J. Murphy, H. Pope, E. Sanders.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—Third Level*: W. Browning, S. Cornwall, R. Harris.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—First Level*: G. McCleary.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—Second Level*: F. Hoster, G. McCleary, J. Schwarzell.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—Third Level*: P. Hay, F. Hoster, J. Schwarzell.

NATURE, *Junior C—Second Level*: R. Bennett, G. Ford, F. Gaston, P. Gelpi, D. Hoover, E. Knezevich, F. Richardson, A. Ross, R. Silver, R. Sommers, M. Sterrett.

NATURE, *Junior B—First Level*: H. Pyhel.

NATURE, *Junior B—Second Level*: S. Ackley, Barry Birch, R. Irwin, R. Knowlton.

NATURE, *Junior B—Third Level*: R. Baker, S. Miller, J. Wright.

NATURE, *Junior A—Second Level*: S. Cornwall, D. Earle, D. Fisher, D. Jeffrey, W. Keating, J. Tribou, R. Sanders.

NATURE, *Junior A—Third Level*: T. Parsons.

NATURE, *Senior—First Level*: W. Hadley, J. Sanders.

SAILING, *Junior B—First Level*: P. Earle, R. Gaston, P. Macmillan, S. Ross, J. Schwarzell, D. Stone, S. Ryner.

SAILING, *Junior A—Second Level*: R. Hahn.

SAILING, *Junior A—Third Level*: E. Johanson.

SAILING, *Senior—First Level*: E. Johanson, G. McCleary.

SAILING, *Senior—Second Level*: E. Johanson.

SAILING, *Senior—Third Level*: James Corrodi.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior C—First Level*: R. Bennett, G. Ford, F. Gaston, E. Knezevich, F. Richardson, A. Ross, R. Silver.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*: R. Irwin, S. Ryner.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—Second Level*: R. Angier, D. Enloe, R. Gaston, T. Hirsch, A. Hoster, D. Kerr, P. Macmillan, S. Ross, D. Stone.

WOODCRAFT, *Junior B—Third Level*: J. Shepard.

Swimming, Range and Archery

Other tests and awards accumulated through the week. The only swimming test registered was J. Murphy's conquest of the Cove Swim. At the Saturday campfire, Mr. Windle presented the following awards won on the Range between July 29 and August 4:

Pro-Marksman: R. Gaston, R. Irwin, W. Keating, D. Keck, R. Knowlton, H. McAllen, M. Robson.

Marksman: D. Earle, S. Elliot, T. Hirsch, F. Hoster, W. Keating, R. Knowlton, H. McAllen.

Marksman First Class: P. Macmillan, J. Murphy.

Sharpshooter: J. Murphy.

First Bar: C. Robinson.

Second Bar: J. Sanders.

For Archery Mr. Sengelmann announced the winning of the following medals:

Junior Yeoman Pin: M. Robson, D. Williams.

Junior Yeoman Arrow: M. Robson, D. Williams.

Yeoman Pin: M. Robson, D. Williams.

Junior Bowman: R. Gaston, A. Hoster.

Junior Bowman Arrow: R. Gaston, A. Hoster.

Bowman Pin: R. Gaston, A. Hoster.

Bowman Pin Sharpshooter (Gold): J. Shimer.

Moose Lodge Life Exposed in Show

A brief but spritely production of the Kawanhee Players happily filled Monday evening. The notably original and amusing Moose Lodge stunt and two groups of numbers by the Glee Club were the high lights of the performance.

The Moose Lodge opus launched the bill. Written, produced and directed by Butch O'Neill (and a credit to that gentleman on each score!), it was entitled *Moose Lodge*

after *Taps*. Its lively topical humor registered solidly, from McAllen's excruciating rendition of that bugle call as the curtain rose, to S. Elliot's surprising, and surprisingly logical, tag line. No opportunities to kid Kawanhee customs and counsellors were overlooked, particularly in the effective performances of M. Robson as Logan, F. Hoster as O'Neill, and R. Tolchin as Bernart, complete with hirsute adornments.

After this auspicious beginning, the bill proceeded on its merry way with the Glee Club's group of three songs dedicated to the moon. Sengelmann's versatile men displayed their abilities in the standard "barbershop" of *Moonlight Bay* as well as in the more complicated harmonies of *Moon-glow*. A guest artist, Mr. Nickerson, was roundly applauded as the lights on his dancing Indian clubs wove intricate patterns on the darkened stage. The evening's two director-producers filled in an entr'acte with Denison playing straight to the reliable nonsense of Corrodi. A short sketch, *Mr. Young's First Client*, followed, and afforded Jock Duncan and Bill Fleming the opportunity of cashing in on numerous laughs, and Mitch Greenawalt the chance of scoring the personal triumph of the evening as a Helen-Hokinonish matron. Three more songs by the Glee Club, including *Bye Low*, a number new to its repertoire, rounded out the program admirably.

Outpost Opened: Falcons Lead Inspection

The trips came hot and heavy during the week. The mass ascent of Mt. Blue began the program on Sunday. Tuesday Dean Miller led an expedition up Mt. Spec as part of his plan to make the Master Campers and Junior Counsellors familiar with the trails on the Maine mountains. Campers from the Crows' Nest and other older lodges climbed Tumbledown by the old trail Thursday afternoon and ate their supper on top. The Dean again led the party, with Ted Wolfe, Ted Wilson and Butch O'Neill. Friday the Eagles, Falcons and Panthers filled the big truck on the journey to Popham Beach for a taste of salt-water bathing. These one-day trips had all to be fitted into the prior claims of the Swift River outpost camp on Kawanhee's transportation facilities. From Monday morning until Wednesday noon the Pine Trees, Polecats and Panthers camped on Swift River with Mr. Birch, Bill Lane and Bill Meador. On Thursday the members of the Birch, Beaver and Moose lodges moved into the outpost camp and remained there with Mr. Birch, Bob Noyes and Ivan Garbin until Bates brought them back to Kawanhee just in time for supper Saturday afternoon. The *Wigwam* had planned to feature a story on the Swift River camp in this number, but unfortunately the reporter who accepted this assignment drew a blank. Better luck may come the *Wigwam's* way during the second week of the outpost camp's operation.

The revisions in the schedule necessitated by the trips gave the camp a skimpy diet of league baseball, but extra cake in the form of two shows. A lone game in the Junior Softball League was played Wednesday after supper. Monday evening, the show originally planned for the previous week turned up on the Kawanhee stage, and on Friday the regular presentation was enjoyed in the Rec Hall. The Wednesday movie hit the screen on time, and proved to be *Flight Lieutenant*, but the weekly cook-out was delayed until Thursday for those lodges not already abroad on trips. By Saturday, however, the program was hitting on all cylinders again. It was a true Maine "wool-shirt" day, cool, windy and bright. The athletic field was the scene of day-long activity. The Maroons and the Greys met in a softball game in the morning and in a track meet during the afternoon. After supper the Junior and the Senior Counsellors

had another of their softball encounters, this one being terminated by the bell in the midst of the last inning with the score, 8 to 3, in favor of the Seniors. The day ended with a somewhat gusty campfire at Council Point.

Despite the vicissitudes of travel and weather, the inspectors beat their regular rounds. The Falcons completed another perfect week to take undisputed possession of the title of the tidiest lodge in camp. (One report, indeed, credited them with eight inspections in seven days, but we cannot believe such a feat possible even for these orderly Junior C's!) On Saturday, August 4, the total numbers of inspections won by the various lodges were:

JUNIOR GROUP: Eagle, 25; Falcon, 27; Panther, 23; Polecat, 21; Pine Tree, 18; Deer, 23.

SENIOR GROUP: Birch, 12; Beaver, 15; Moose, 12; Lynx, 26; Wildcat, 25; Crows' Nest, 24; Green Barn, 5.

Kawanhee Sunday No Day of Rest!

Sunday morning the cool, brisk weather had everyone stepping lively. Three barbers were imported and did such an extensive business in the Shop that in a few hours all Kawanhee ears had emerged starkly from the underbrush which had slowly but surely been engulfing them. The church service was in the Recreation Hall and Dr. Elmore, taking the unlikely subject of ants, delivered a sermon of much gentle humor and more useful wisdom. A most welcome addition to the morning's congregation was the Reverend Harold Myers, of Springfield, Ohio, who recently arrived with Mrs. Myers and their daughter to spend several vacation weeks with his parents in Pine Hill, the latter's summer home near the Inn. The usual after-church tours of camp discovered in the Nature Department's menagerie a new exhibit, a small and rather sulky looking woodchuck, brought back from Swift River by I. Garbin. Wanhee, however, continued to be a much greater attraction. The appearance of two dark spots on the fawn's forehead has recently intensified the controversy as to its gender. Are they, or are they not, the beginning of horn buds? (Until more conclusive returns are in, the *Wigwam* will stick to the neuter "it" in all references to Wanhee!)

During the afternoon the Maroons and the Greys made up for lost time by meeting in two sports events. A hardball game resulted in a 7-4 victory for the Greys. Meanwhile Grey Junior Counsellors and Seniors were duplicating the success in the Hadley-sponsored Maroon-Grey tennis match, the first such event in many years. The sports theme was continued into the evening assembly in the Recreation Hall. After the group singing and two numbers by the Glee Club, Dean Miller based his talk on the story of a baseball player, and the day concluded with the showing of motion pictures of the 1950 World's Series.

The program of trips had already been resumed. Sunday afternoon the Eagles and the Falcons had gone with Mr. Bateman and Mr. Nowold to spend one night in the outpost camp. Next morning, as a new week of activities began amid the Shop's warnings that time was running out, Mr. Raymond Frank drove away with the Polecats, Pine Trees and Deers on the Popham trip.

C. SCARLETT

Paul Revere Rides and Polecats Click

Another successful night at the Kawanhee Theater was experienced on Friday, August 3. The round of events started with a very entertaining skit by the Polecat Lodge. The Polecats presented a dramatization of the famed *Ride of Paul Revere*. F. Andreae played the part of Paul and the other members of the lodge, including S. Ackley, A. Briscoe, R. Irwin, J. McHutchison and A. Smith, acted the

parts of the various individuals and objects which Paul encountered on his dash through the night. R. Sengelmann served as narrator, and M. Gelpi, made up as a sultry miss, brought the skit to its climax by luring Paul Revere into her house.

Next on the evening's program came the Deer Lodge in a stunt based upon the supposition that a confused young gentleman was haphazardly spinning his radio dial. The result was a hilarious jumble of tag lines and captions from different radio programs. The Crows' Nest followed with an interpretation of what goes on during a counsellors' meeting. Amid games of Canasta and dice, R. Brown brought down the house with his imitation of Art Kiefer. The evening was brought to a close with a production put on by some Junior A's. B. Miller played Dr. Bugbee, who took over the camp infirmary for Nurse Anderson, played by J. Murphy, during her day-off. Miller practiced his butchery on D. Earle, E. Johanson, Jim Corrodi and R. Boyce, his unsuspecting patients.

Music was furnished between acts by Ken Beck at the piano, accompanied by H. H. (Hula-hula) Hedges. Bud Sengelmann and Dick Miller (the Circular Staircase Kid) sang several melodious ballads aided by "Stella", Bud's favorite guitar. A thoroughly successful evening was enjoyed by all.

S. DENISON, Junior Counsellor

Braves Undefeated: Maroons Win Meet

As is always the case in baseball, the two undefeated teams of a league must inevitably meet, and as always an exciting game ensues. In the Kawanhee Junior Softball League, Bob Beatty's Cards and Joe Shepard's Braves, both with perfect 3-0 records, finally met Wednesday evening, August 1, with Shepard's Braves getting the edge by a 2-0 count. Singles by the Braves' Macmillan, John Schwarzell, Elliot and Joe Shepard brought across the two winning tallies in the first inning. Excellent 4-hit pitching throughout the game by Jack Brown of the Braves helped stave off the Cards' second-inning rally. The game's leading hitters were Sammy Elliot and Joe Shepard of the Braves, with two hits apiece.

Maroon and Grey softball nines met for the first time Saturday morning, August 4. This clash took the place of the usual hardball game. It was a real slugfest, featuring 45 hits and 14 errors, and ended with the Greys edging the Maroons 19 to 16. Ford and Hedges went all the way on the mound for their respective teams, despite the number of hits. Sparking the game was the Greys' brilliant 5-run comeback in their last at bat, to down the Maroons. Leading the hitters were Ted Wilson, with three doubles, and Jim Murphy, with three singles. Jock Duncan's 250-foot home run in the sixth was another of the game's high lights.

For the second straight time in a Maroon-Grey track meet, the Maroons emerged victorious, this time by a 74-49 score, during the afternoon of Saturday, August 4. In a meet featuring base-running and baseball-throws, the Maroons came through with eight firsts to the Greys' five. Although the Maroons won easily by 25 points, the Greys showed great improvement and seem to be on the way to developing a good track team. The winners in the individual events were as follows:

Junior C Base-circling (softball)	F. Gaston, Maroon
Junior B Base-circling (softball)	F. Andreae, Grey, E. Sanders, Barry Birch, Maroons (tie)
Junior A Base-circling (hardball)	B. Miller, Grey
Senior Base-circling (hardball)	J. Duncan, B. Ford, Maroons (tie)
Junior C Baseball-throw (hardball)	F. Gaston, Maroon
Junior B Baseball-throw (softball)	D. Jeffrey, Grey

Junior A Baseball-throw (softball)	B. Miller, Grey
Senior Baseball-throw (softball)	H. Hedges, Grey
Junior C Ping-pong Ball Relay	Maroon Team
Senior Hurdle Race	J. Duncan, Maroon
Junior B Basketball-dribble Relay	Grey Team
Junior A Basketball-dribble Relay	Maroon Team
Junior Counsellor Egg-throw	John Corrodi, H. O'Neill, Maroons

Greys Capture Sunday Events

As an addition to Maroon-Grey competition, Ben Hadley and his Tennis Department cohorts came up with the camp's first Maroon-Grey tennis match Sunday afternoon, August 5. In the top singles match of the day, Bill Fleming came back in the third set, after trailing 3-2, to take the next four out of five games from Kirk Campbell, annexing the match 2-6, 6-1, 6-4. In another exciting contest, the Duvall-Noyes doubles combination downed Hedges and Wilson, 6-3, 5-7, 6-2. The first singles match found Bill Lane overcoming Byron Ford's early scare of two straight games, and coasting to an easy victory, 6-2, 6-2. The point score of the day's play was: Greys, 80; Maroons, 70. The matches went as follows:

W. Lane, Grey, defeated B. Ford, Maroon, 6-2, 6-2;
R. Sengelmann, Grey, defeated R. Brown, Maroon, 6-1, 6-2;
W. Fleming, Grey, defeated K. Campbell, Maroon, 2-6, 6-1, 6-4;
C. Duvall and R. Noyes, Maroons, defeated H. Hedges and T. Wilson, Greys, 6-3, 5-7, 6-2;
John Corrodi and S. Denison, Maroons, defeated J. Beatty and E. Parsons, Greys, 6-4, 6-4.

Meanwhile, Maroon and Grey teams composed of Junior A's and Junior B's played a hardball game. This time, as opposed to the previous week's Maroon victory, the Greys overpowered the Maroons by a 7-4 margin. The Grey triumph may be mainly attributed to the three-hit pitching of Bruce Miller and to his thirteen strikeouts. The game featured only seven hits in a real pitchers' duel.

R. BROWN, Junior Counsellor

Punk from the Log

With trips popping in and out, some of the hours of the past week dragged by as tardily as Jerry Ferris on his way to meals, while others disappeared as rapidly as Jock Duncan's birthday cake. The stationary observer in camp could only "set" and wonder. Here are a few of the \$64.00 questions which the Log hatched while a-settin':

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Just who *are* the Red Devils? And why "Red", unless as a hint that red is the color which many people see when Nick Knezevich and a ukulele get together?

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What became of that budding orchestra which, in a single rehearsal not long ago, briefly made the Rec Hall sound like old MacDonald's farm?

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Where do Sherm Denison and Jack Corrodi find such gags as those they used to while away an intermission in last Monday's show? One guess has been hazarded as to that. In the brief stunned silence, as the two M. C.'s paused to see if any of the corn was going to pop, a member of the audience was heard to gasp, "Where *do* they get those jokes?" A sepulchral whisper answered, "They excavate 'em, from prehistoric ruins!"

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What happened to the Polecat door? Once it swung as merrily on its hinges as daring young Nick on the Pine Tree trapeze. Now, all unhinged and dilapidated, it leans groggily against the wall. The only explanation given is that Ronnie Baker hit it with his pillow. Heavenly days, how hard is Ronnie's head, to sleep on such a pillow!

Is it wise for Ken Beck systematically to bait his mouse trap in the store with chocolate? Granted that those Red Hall mice are so snooty that they won't bite on anything strong, like Limburger cheese or a Kieffer jockey, still mice are not the only creatures with a weakness for chocolate. It's going to be downright embarrassing for Ken some morning if he finds that, not a mouse, but, let's say, Howell Windle has crept under the door and been captured.

What would the Kawanhee Theater do for costumes without those fringed sombreros which are the monuments to certain counselors' first day-off. Monday night, one of those molting haystacks, along with a bitter snarl, served to disguise Marty Robson as Logan. Came Friday evening, splash of lipstick, transformed Herb Hedges into one of the huskiest hussies that we ever saw.

Did the Sailing Department ever succeed in convincing Andy Andrae that those little red flags out in the lake are reef markers, and not to be used for aquatic games of Capture-the-flag?

Has the Woodcraft Cooking Department ever recovered from having Jock Duncan take over as instructor one day? Jock, who likes to make a splash whatever he does, began nonchalantly to juggle an uncooked egg from hand to hand. When the crash came, as it inevitably did, Ashley Smith narrowly escaped an egg shampoo, and the explosion of yolk put out Jimmy McHutchison's struggling little fire for the umpteenth time.

Has anyone yet figured out the true purpose of that odd affair which Ben Bennett, up in Shop, is creating out of a small barrel? He claims that it is a six-family housing project for martins, but just at present it looks like nothing so much as a cross between an old-fashioned hand churn, and the scale model for an atomic bomb.

Has Nick made any headway against that problem peculiar to the Pine Tree Lodge, an oversupply of marsh-mallows? Thursday night he organized an overnight hike many of the gooey sweets as possible. Although everyone loyally ate and ate and ate, it didn't do much good. No sooner did the group return to camp than Al Hoster produced another ton of the durned things. Now all there is to show for the trip are the black and blue marks all over Dave Jeffrey, the results of his indiscretion in placing his bed roll between two such athletic and belligerent sleepers as Bill Keating and Nils Anderson.

Was that rain in the air Friday afternoon, or only the spray blown inland from the diving class, as Dave Ferguson practiced his unique block-buster type of back cutaway?

Are there unsuspected possibilities in the Log? One day not long ago, Russ Bennett asked us how much it would cost him to get his name in the Log for the third time. That rocked us back on our heels! Of course, we have always resolutely suppressed the thought that there might be ways of cashing in on the thing, but based on what stayed out, rather than what went in. Now Russ brings a newer, brighter suggestion. Besides, it's legal! Gosh, if we could collect even the Kieffer account alone, we might go to the next campfire in a Cadillac!

C. SCARLETT

What is the true story of the dastardly attack upon Ken Beck and his beloved car last Monday night? You all know,

of course, that Ken is a one-car man, and as faithful to his Chevie as Romeo to Juliet. So, when he had himself all decked out in his new red hat and took his baby out for a drive, he didn't want to be interrupted. They were thinking of parking, so that Ken could whisper sweet nothings in his darling's carbuiretor, and possibly hold her tender, when along came some young hoodlums with highly undesirable manners. They began propositioning the Chevie in the most improper manner. The innocent car blushed to her vent-lators, and emitted little girlish shrieks of horror on her horn. Ken fought like a tiger in defence of his sweetheart's honor but, alas for true love, he was overpowered. Hours later he dragged himself back to the Green Barn, looking more like a peeled eel than a self-respecting postmaster. Even later the car returned stealthily to her stall under the Crows' Nest, and in her headlights was the same gleam of experience as had been seen in the eyes of that Persian kitten, of which Sengemann and Millings sang so sweetly.

Speaking of the morning after, did anyone notice that Ray Brown was going around in circles at breakfast Thursday? Ray went to the square dance Wednesday night. As the call to "Swing your partner" rang through the hall, Ray happened to stand opposite a lady with a very low center of gravity. When the gal started a-swinging, Ray's feet left the ground and he whipped round and around through the air like an unanchored shirt tail.

Is it true that the Green Barn is haunted? Many an evening after supper, the wailing of banshees arises from some secret chamber in the old building. It is a fearsome noise which makes Boots growl nervously, and causes Wanda to cover under the straw as if a wolf pack had given tongue in the distance. Is there any significance in the fact that, while this is going on, it is impossible to find Mal Davis, or his trumpet, anywhere in camp?

Has Art Kieffer at length made his yearly adjustment to all the sound effects down in the Nature Building? That neighborhood, which desperately cries "Teacher, teacher!" at odd moments, has been known to cause Art some confusion. He is apt to forget that he is only hearing a bird and, conditioned as he is by a winter in the class room, to answer, "Well, alright, go ahead, if you can't wait until the change of periods."

Is Rozzie Angier getting enough to eat? At one meal in the dining hall, Nick looked high and low for Rozzie. He wasn't under the table nor on the back porch. He had not gone back to the lodge, nor even to the Fort. "I can't understand where that boy could be," muttered Nick. Hours later Rozzie was discovered, waiting patiently on the dining hall's front porch, whither he had been banished by Nick himself for some minor breach of table etiquette, such as blowing a bubble of bubble gum so large that Hedges could not help puncturing it as he spared a piece of bread.

What was that mysterious communication, all signed with bloody hands, which Russ Bennett furtively delivered on Miss Anderson's door step Thursday night? Was it a chart to buried treasure, a ransom note in cipher, or did all those wavering lines and crosses represent a map of the nurse's own downward path the night she went roller-skating?