CAMP KAWANEE

The New Year Wigwam

1952



A Winter Scene Near Camp

The Directors of Kawanhee Extend
The Season's Greetings to
You and Your Parents





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Looking Forward - - Fun For '52

By G. A. Frank

Altho winter is firmly entrenched at Kawanhee and the snow lies deep in the woods, it won't be long before the warm spring rains will come again. The ice will melt in the lake. Old Tumbledown will shed its blanket of snow, and the mountain streams will be filled with rushing water. The birds will return and the trees and fields will breathe new life and color.

And just as surely as the seasons change from winter to spring and spring to summer, every loyal Kawanhee boy begins to plan on the things he wants to do when camp opens. Half the fun in going to camp is in dreaming about it — the wonderful times you had last year — the new friends you made and hope to see again — the things you tried to do and didn't quite make it, and your determination to beat your own record this year.

We are proud of Kawanhee and believe you are too. We want it to be a little better each year than it was the year before. You can help us through your cooperation and splendid spirit. The finest boys in the country enroll there. Let's resolve to make this year outstanding in the camp's history.

War Canoes — Completely Overhauled. You will be interested to know that the war canoes are being recanvassed, refinished, and repaired from stem to stern. We expect to see many thrilling races this year. Both senior and junior crews will be chosen; and there will be two or three practice periods a week.

The old adage, "Practice makes perfect" is always evident when carefully trained crews paddle down the lake for the big race on Water Sports Day. There's a tenseness in the air at the starting line. The gun is fired! They're off! Paddles dip in perfect rhythm as the canoes shoot forward like an arrow, true to its mark. And when you hear the cheering and burst of applause from the shore, a tingle of pride and satisfaction creeps up your spine because you played your part well. It's thrilling to be a member of the winning crew.

Fishing — This should be a good year for boys who like to fish. As you recall, the fish simply refused to bite last summer. Not enough were landed to equal an average week's catch during the season of 1950. They should be ravenous to strike at any old bait this year, so let's be ready for them.

Look over your tackle — oil your reel, and be sure to examine your line for any weak places. You may be trolling for perch and get a three pound bass on your hook. It's too late then to worry about a line. And remember that a lively bass, fighting for his life, is very uncooperative.

Boys with patience and good luck should be successful in landing some of the 7,500 brown trout which were placed in the lake during the past three years by the State Fish and Game Commission. We now know the secret of connecting with these beauties. They go into deep cold water during July and August, and won't rise to a fly as they do in May and June. You must add heavy lead sinkers to your line to reach them — usually in 40 to 50 feet of water. Better still, follow the advice of experienced fishermen and use a copper line.

Shipmates, Ahoy! *The Windjammer Cruise will sail again!* If you love to sail the briney deep and breathe the salt-sea air, you will be thrilled with a cruise on the two-masted schooner, "The Lillian." We shall be on board 24 hours.



Under Full Sail

The life is a simple one. You bunk in a tiny cabin large enough for two, and bring your own blankets. She will sleep 17 to 25 boys easily, as many prefer to sleep on deck when the weather is good. You lend a hand in the work of sailing the ship, spelling the helmsman, and steering by chart and compass.

Captain Grant, owner and captain, has been a Sailing Master for over forty years and is an able and experienced skipper. He is very congenial and enjoys teaching youngsters to sail. Everyone takes his turn at the wheel.

In all probability, the Cruise will be scheduled with the Monhegan Island trip. We shall be away from camp nearly four days and three nights. The total expense for the two trips will be $25.00 (the island trip is listed in the camp booklet at $15.00). As this combined trip will be over-subscribed at an early date, send your application in as soon as you receive the booklet, which will be off the press in the very near future. Over forty boys enjoyed the trip to Monhegan last year.

Let's Build a House Boat. One of the most interesting group projects ever built at Kawanhee was the construction of a house boat — about 18 years ago. I should like to see another one built this year. The camp will furnish all material.

This would not only be lots of fun, but a grand experience for a few seniors and master campers who are handy with tools. I am sure that "Bates" would be glad to serve as guide and instructor. (There's none more capable for this type of work.)

First of all, a drawing must be made to scale. The boat would be 14 feet long and at least 7 or 8 feet wide. It would have a flat bottom with scow shaped ends, which would make it easy to draw up on the beach. The construction is not difficult: the two side planks — 12 inches wide, and a center plank, the same shape and size, are first set in place. Then the bottom and deck, made of ¾ inch boards, are nailed on. The bottom would be caulked and white lead applied to each joint. Two holes, fore and aft, would be cut for a bilge pump, in case of leakage. After constructing the deck house, with a water-tight roof, two double deck bunk frames, large enough for lodge mattresses, would be installed. This would complete the job except applying two coats of marine paint.

The next event would be the launching — with whistles blowing, boys cheering, "Boots" barking and, of couse, the christening with a bottle of pure spring water.

Then the real fun begins as she is pushed about the lake with one of the camp outboards. To be lulled to sleep by the rolling of the waves in some secret anchorage is something to remember. Don't miss it!

Boys who assist in the construction would be justified, of course, in charging a small fee for other boys who wish to rent it for the night. A land-office business can be expected.

Electric Lights in All Lodges — Because few boys in camp today appreciate the hazards involved in filling, lighting and regulating kerosene lanterns, all lodges will be wired for electricity before camp opens in June. An extra socket will be placed by the counselor's bed. He will need a light, if he is to finish those interesting stories that you enjoy before taps.

I can almost hear every boy shout, "Hurrah — no more lanterns to clean and fill for inspection. Now I'm sure Kawanhee is improving."

Master Campers — Special Program. Boys invited to return to Kawanhee as Master Campers, who aspire to joining the Jr. Counselor staff in another year, will enjoy a special program involving all-round camping ability. It is not enough to want to be a Jr. Counselor. Each boy will be evaluated on the basis of character and high ideals, reliability, leadership, initiative, and sportsmanship. To appeal to the imagination of a group of youngsters, who look to you as leader and guide, is of far greater importance in a boys' camp than highly developed skills in the various activities.

In the Woodcraft requirement for the Junior Guide award, which will be presented for the first time this year, a boy will have to know all about catching fish and how to clean them, how to cook and blaze a trail, how to load and balance a canoe for lake and river trips, and take care of himself in all kinds of weather. He must demonstrate his ability with the ax in felling a tree and in using the woodsman's cross-cut saw. With one or two other Masters he would have to develop a suitable camp site, either in the deep woods or down the lake on a secluded little beach and camp out for two or three days. The site would be inspected by Bates and Herb Birch and a rating given as to neatness, sanitation and general construction. They might invite themselves for dinner so it had better be good, and plenty of it. Some boys may prefer to select a location on Swift River or at the foot of Tumbledown.

Junior C's — Indian Village — If there were time and space, I should like to elaborate on the fun and work to be enjoyed by the Junior C's in developing an Indian Village on Sunday Beach; of cutting secret trails from the beach to the Dixfield road; of building a big raft that two or three boys could push about with long poles in the shallow cove; of cooking over an open fire and toasting wieners and marshmallows over the red coals; of sleeping out with counselors under the stars and listening, from time to time, to the noises in the deep woods. What a life! It is something that wide-awake American boys never forget.

The Kawanhee Trail — I can think of no more appropriate way to close this article than to quote from Dean Miller's "Kawanhee Trail" which he wrote a few years ago:

"After two fleeting months of tramping the friendly Kawanhee Trail, The Boy will hear Old Chief Kawanhee's Farewell Blessing, before he leaves for home and parents.

"But The Lad who once has travelled the Kawanhee Trail will never be the same again:

"God's Open Air has made him strong;

"The Mountains have stamped their courage upon his heart;

"The Pines have shown him how to grow up straight;

"Friends, new and old, have enlarged his very soul.

"And when Springtime comes again, The Spirit of Kawanhee Trail will whisper to The Boy an *Irresistible* Summons, call Him back to 'Camp Kawanhee on The Webb Lake Shore'."



Nature Program for 1952

By Art Kiefer

When we arrive at Kawanhee in the summer of 1952 the lake, the mountains, and some of the old trees will still be there. In addition there will be new flowers, new birds, new sunsets, and new friends. We hope there will be a new camp mascot.

Wanhee, our little fawn of last year, must be pretty big by this time. No doubt he is still growing at the game farm. We might look forward to having another little fawn for the summer. It would be fine if we could help give another little orphan a start in life. Wanhee made a lot of fun for us last summer.

Then there are new projects to look forward to. We might start a pool outside of the nature center, where fish, frogs, and other water animals could be reared. Water lilies and other water plants would help beautify the pool, and there would be algae and small organisms that we could use for microscope study.

This is what we might look forward to in 1952.

*The 1951 Alphabet

By Cam Scarlett

A is for Andreae, always called Andy,
Who for "Capture the Flag" found the reef-markers handy;
For Alice; and apple pies; Anderson, Nils;
Miss Anderson, charming dispenser of pills;
Ackley, whose appetite's something to cheer;
The announcers we see, but too seldom can hear;
The assignments to which we're committed to go out;
And Angier stuck up with a bubble-gum blow-out.

B is for Bennett, for Russ (Want to bet,
That under his pants he wears swimming trunks yet!);
For Brown, for Big Herbie, the Shop man so trusty,
Though this year "in Cahoots" all his brain-waves seem rusty;
Beck, barging on, as he carries the mail;
Beatty (That's Robo — the booster for Yale!);
Browning, the sharpshooter, winning his medal;
The bell in the morning which has no soft pedal;
In baseball, the Braves whom no other team heckles;
Briscoe, the banker, recounting his shekels;
Bloser so busy with mushrooms and paint;
Those "Birds' in the Wilderness" plaintive complaint;
For Beach Guards; and Brown (This one's Ray, the head waiter,
Of Dining Hall boys such a ruthless dictator!);
The birds on the buzz-board; and "queer beer" like Boyce,
Who, even asleep, keeps on using his voice;
For Boots, docked his swim; and for Beneville, the babe
Who dazzled the courtroom of old Judge McCabe;
For Admiral Barkwill, his name known to fame
(Far into the night, he keeps playing The Game!);
For the Birches (There's Brian, some umpire disputing;
And Barry, the Panther, with Baker "cahooting";
And Herb, who did Swift River cooking so well,
That campers and porcupines jammed his "hotel"!);
For Bates, only happy when going some place;
For beans; and the bubblers that burped in our face;
Bernart, in his birthdayless Beaver dilemma,
Wheedling an *UN*birthday cake out of Emma;
Those "Buddy-up" swims, mostly spent on the beach;
Ben Bennett, on showers determined to preach;
The boats which Jim Beatty can carve from a block,
(But when he goes sailing, look out for the dock!);
Bugbee, so buxom, with long flowing tresses,
Though his base-runs were hampered by rather tight dresses;
For Brown (This one's Jack, always pitching 'em fast!);
And Baker, the beltless, his pants at half-mast.

C for the captains, who couldn't be topped;
For canoes; and the campfires which crackled AND popped;
For comics, retrieved from the trash; and for Cushing,
Those landslides of wood on his wheelbarrow pushing;
Candy from home, which the counsellor impounded;
Campbell whose sleep-talking language astounded;
Cornwall who crooned about "Sweet violets";
The Crows who at breakfast-time sent their regrets;
Chace who, for dips, wears a cool birthday suit;
For checkers; and cheers; and Corrodis, to boot —
For Jim, the best Junior A swimmer afloat;
And Jack who has built what he claims is a boat.
(P. S. The thing floated, with Jim for a skipper,
So Kiefer won't get it to wear for a slipper!)

D for the Duke, whom we're always expecting;
For Duncan (That's Strapo, who does the inspecting!);
Davis, so dunked by his Life-Saving classes,
That he has to be wrung out to find out who passes;
For the Deers, and Duvall, who's their usual sitter;
Days-off which keep counsellors all of a twitter;
The Dining Hall, too, where the din keeps us guessing
Whether Nick makes announcements, or Dean asks the blessing;
Dutcher whose wolf-calls no counsellor can shush,
Though they cause ladies passing the Deer Lodge to blush;
The dialogue Denison dishes forlorn
(He has to serve straight, while Corrodi pops corn!);
The docks that we fish from whenever we're free;
And Diehl of the Panthers (No Dilbert is he!).

E is for Emma, whose baking is peerless
(The day she serves pie never passes by cheerless!);
Earle, Paul the pitcher, who gives up few hits;
Elliot, one of the Moose Lodge's wits;
Enloe, on Duke patrol, guarding the night,
Till the slam of the Fort door did put him to flight;
Each Eagle, so eager a paper-plane flier;
Dr. Elmore who set every "thermostat" higher;
Dave Earle and old Nassau he keeps going back to;
For eggs and for Eggebert (He's a bit cracked, too!).

F is for Ferris, as "Louie da Mug";
Ford, Captain Barney, who cuts quite a rug;
Ray Frank in the kitchen where daily he tries
To practice his batting by swatting the flies;
For Flora who knows how to fix such good stuffing;
Greg Ford in balloon races, huffing and puffing;
Fergus, the store-keeper, always polite,
Though firm about giving no credit till night;
Fleming, the sailor, who stays off the rocks,
Though the same can't be said of his ball team of Sox;
For Falcons; and fun; Mister Frank (That's G. R.,
Who picks no more berries since meeting that b'ar!);
Fisher consistently spanking the baby,
Whenever he back-dives (And we don't mean maybe!);
Mrs. Frank on the ball when some parents pay calls;
And the Fort with its newly *UN*autographed walls.

G for the Greys, with their team-work so healthy;
The gold that we panned, which made none of us wealthy;
"Gas-bomb" Bob Gaston, a fireball in track;
Pete Gelpi, so eager the wasps to attack;
For Greenawalt blowing the bugle each day,
Or joining the Glee Club as plump Mrs. Gay;
"Garbo" who trapped a racoon for its skin,
To replace all the fur which was trimmed off his chin;
Fred Gaston who took all athletics in stride;
And Mike Gelpi, the gal who stopped Paul Revere's ride.

For H we have Hay with his bugle to scare us;
Or the horrible hue of that tie worn by Harris;
Helpful Fred Hoster who's never caught napping,
When hunting desserts, or when chipmunks he's trapping;
Hoover, the snipe-hunter, nipped in the bud;
"Little" Hadley, whose bed let him down with a thud;
Or Hadley, "Big Ben" (Though his day-off's a grey day,
One call at the Inn, and for him it's a Gay day!);
Hahn, all his rest in a sleeping-bag taking
(He prefers it to beds, for it doesn't need making!);
The home runs you hit; and each hamburger dinner;
Harris (That's Remey!), in tennis a winner;
Hirsch who has surely been cooking with gas,

* The Alphabet is the climax to the last Camp Log of the season which Mr. Scarlett writes and reads during the Banquet Ceremony at the close of camp.

For he turned on the heat all his levels to pass;
The haircuts that skinned you: Al Hoster the host,
When the Pines spent the night on a marshmallow roast;
Hedges the Grey, with his frequent appeal,
For a meeting "immedjutly after this meal";
Teapot Ted Hicks, catching pollack and such;
And the *Hawk*, minus rudder, when sailed by McHutch.

I for the Inn; and, when Nurse is away,
The "Infirm'ry" where mice, also "Bugs," sometimes play;
The Indians, at winning league ball games so handy;
Inspections supplying the Lynx with their candy;
And Irwin canoeing the Saco's cool water,
Till he paddled a wasps' nest, and things became hotter.

J is for Jeffrey, for point-winning Dave;
For Julia; for J-strokes which cause Nick to rave;
And Johanson whose ears now no longer can flap,
Since they're needed to hold up his admiral's cap.

K for Kawanhee, the venerable Chief, or
His cute little proxy who's known as Art Kiefer,
(He mixes a "long one" when Wanhee must eat,
But for his own tipple takes buttermilk, neat!);
For the kick of that kicker of Nick's; and for Keck,
Who got a big kick from the Kennebec trek;
For Knowlton, the sachem from Birch; and for Kate
From Kineowatha (Oh boy, whistle-bait!);
Kerr who in games is as spry as can be
(He can race like a crab, or can hop like a flea!);
For the kitchen that everyone walks through; and Keating,
Who's always on deck when the time comes for eating;
For "K-sneeze-evich," Eddie, who passes his levels;
And Knevevich, Nick (Say, who *were* the Red Devils?).

L for the levels we madly achieve;
The letters we write and, more gladly, receive;
For the loons; and for Lane, as that pinch-hitting nurse,
Who caused all the J. C.'s a turn for the worse;
Lennie who scrubbed till she'd broken her back,
So no pot used in Campcraft could call kettles black;
The Life Saving classes which happened each A. M.,
Where Corrodi and Butch commit mutual mayhem:
Laurence who labors from morning to night
To feed up the camp (And he does the job right!);
And Logan, the actor, from shyness emergin'
To star in The Game as the "Passionate Virgin."

M for Macmillan, the Deer; and McCleary
Who, to get up for breakfast, was sometimes too weary;
The Maroons who, as score-winners, waste no time fooling;
Meador, by thoughts of spaghetti set drooling;
Millings, the tenor who's willing to try,
Though all Liza gives him is pie in his eye;
Murray, whose questions cause strong men to quail;
Those Monhegan mariners, sailing by rail;
For such Millers as Dean, in his woebegone hat,
Touring to find out where everyone's at;
Or Bruce as the doctor whose patients were wrecked;
For our movies (Too often just what you'd expect!);
McCabe as a judge in that show which we saw
(What a judge — he thinks more about Linda than law!);
For Murphy from Cardington — Oops, no, we mean
To say — from Ohio. (Let's keep the *Log* clean!);
To say — from Ohio. (Let's keep the Log clean!);
Steve Miller who finds passing levels a lark;
McHutchison's bite, which is worse than his bark;
For "Mozart" McAllen, the Moose Lodge's joker,
Who cleaned out the nurse in a fast game of poker;
And for Marshall, our Chief in the memorable past.
Our joy that he's here again can't be surpassed.

N for the nurse; *Old Man Noah;* and Nick,
Whose announcements speak gently, but wave a big stick:
Nowold who longs for a few digits more,
Since he has too few fingers to add up the score;
Noyes, the big noise in the Mineral Room;
And the noise when Phil Nusbaum, the Moose-bomb, goes
Boom.

O for that orchestra, dying aborning;
The orange's "juice," which we chew in the morning;
Olinger, Joe, of his moss-map so proud;
Ohio State's song, which at least we sing loud
(And in back of no boathouse!); and kindly O'Neill,
Who helps all the Moose eat desserts at each meal.

P is for Pop, either Nowold and -ham;
The plaques which we fill; the piano we wham;
All those popular parents who came in a crowd,
And whose presence tonight makes us feel very proud;
For Parsons (That's Tim!); and for "Parsnips" (That's Ted,
Who at third bell, still slumbering, crawls from his bed!);
With Purington pounding, the typewriter's "*Ping*";
For ping-pong; and Pope, known as Henry, "The Thing";
Pyhel who, in rooster-fights, falls with a thud,
But, like Wanhee, he never stops chewing his cud;
For Peleg who pilots that Buggy that creaks;
And the program so crowded it's sprung a few leaks.

The **Q**, in Kawanhee, must be the quartet.
If you think it's for quiet — Tough luck, you're all wet!

R for the Rec Hall; for raffles; and Range;
The rocks we collect; and some rain (For a change!);
Ross, of the Deers, always well stocked with candy;
Rafters, for baggage and bomb-racks so handy;
For Richardson's role as poor "Gertrude MacPhuzz,"
Whose tail grew so long as no bird's ever was;
Ryner who uses a watch for a compass;
Rest hours less noted for rest than for rumpus;
"Robespierre" Robson, so hot with a rifle,
That shooting a bar is to him just a trifle;
For fisherman Robinson, leading a seagull;
For Ross (This one's Andy, the bow-shooting Eagul!);
And Rector who always stirs up a commotion
(He's one guy whose Bonnie lies *not* o'er the ocean!).

S is for Shop; and for "Shorty" Schwarzell,
Who, even asleep, goes right on raising — — Well,
Let's start again and say S is for sign-ups;
The swimmers who shiver through "Buddy-up" line-ups;
Salembier, Charlie, whose diet was swelled
After *Taps* by supplies which he'd lugged back from Weld;
The songs of the Glee Club which went over big;
Stone, who's so spritely when "Snatching the Pig";
For the Sanders, like Em who'd have sailed the poor *Gull*
Right through the dock if the prow weren't so dull,
And Jay who ties flies and, for bass, makes a plug
(At the sight, fishes fly, and the basses say, "Ugh"!);
Sterrett who piles so much junk on his cot,
That some place to sleep is the thing he ain't got;
In the shower embargo, the soakings we missed;
Sommers who scores on the "Panty-waist" list;
Shimer, the waiter who serves with a swish;
The score in the thousands, plus half of a fish;
For Smith, who's called "Ashwee"; each Sunday-Beach
cook-out;
Silver, the hunter, for bears on the lookout;
"Ugly Joe" Shepard, who's looked rather blue,
Since his face stopped the blueberry pie someone threw;
For the Sengelmanns (Bob, in his loud checkered cap,
And Bud in his boudoir — Sssssshhhh — catching a nap!);
Salembier, Joey, who caught lots of snipe,
Though they turned out so tough that he thought they
weren't ripe;
Hank Schwarzell in his upper bunk, swaying and pitchin';
And Schofield, the man-mountain, rocking the kitchen.

T for the tournaments, played out in tennis;
The turtle which cove-swimmers thought was a menace;
For trips; and for Tolchin, who hated to part

What Makes Kawanhee Ring

By Dean Miller

Kawanhee days still swell with harmony. Even in the dead of winter, and though far away, you can hear its echo, if you listen with your heart.

Kawanhee dining hall still rings with the peals of boys' glad laughter, and the hearty cheers for some happy lad who has, for the first time, swum the lake.

The Kawanhee diamond will ring again with the lusty shouts of American boys as players cheer their teammates on to greater effort — and perhaps to victory.

At swim-time, the sandy beach at Camp Kawanhee once more reechoes with the noisy shouts of happy youngsters as they enjoy "free swim," or under the careful direction of the swimming instructor patiently improve their kick.

The whole Webb Lake Valley seems again to reverberate, when a truck load of weary campers shout a happy, tired greeting on their safe return to camp with Bates, after a tough trip on the Upper Kennebec with Nickerson, or a hard climb up Mt. Katahdin with Dean Miller, or a week of roughing it at Kawanhee's outpost camp with Birch on the fabulous Swift River.

Sometimes at night, the very music of the spheres seems again to ring in silent harmony when memory sees Mr. Kiefer with a group of reverent lads gaze in wonder at the revolving constellations, and watch Venus quietly sink to rest behind Mt. Tumbledown.

The busy hum of the saw in the shop, and the beat and splash of the paddles in the lake, and the stoccato of the rifles on the range — these sounds are but the prelude to the swelling hymns of the church service at the peaceful Chapel in the Woods, or to that moving harmony heard at Council Point when tired lads turn their faces to the West and sing —

"Day is done —
God is nigh."

And that soft accompaniment to the voices of boys as they sing, is the breathing of the wind in the pine trees above.

Memory brings back the harmony of Kawanhee, even when campers are far away, and winter covers the mountains.

But Spring returns — and brings another joyous season at Kawanhee.

Greetings to the Tribe of Kawanhee

From The Elmores In Bradenton

Nothing seems to slow up the Christmas spirit in Florida from bursting into full vigor the first week in December whatever the weather may be — and we have had fine samples of both hot and cold this year — so we are enjoying the surprising sight of Santa with a background of football. The highwater mark of the pigskin season came when there were two matches on the same day — one between colored schools here in town, and one in Sarasota, between their team and the Bradenton High School outfit. The two parades met in front of the Bradenton Chamber of Commerce and proceeded down Main Street in a blaze of glory and paper ribbon, to an accompaniment of band music and cheers and motor horns. Excitement ran so high that one young lady on an elaborate float fainted and had to be removed in an ambulance. The Bradenton team, the "Hurricanes," continued their devastating career in Sarasota. Some wag had put up a big placard there, warning that a terrific hurricane would hit the town that afternoon and wipe Sarasota off the map. Sarasotans who knew the kind of hurricane referred to and had a serene confidence in their own team, took it calmly; but the local authorities had rather a nerve-racking time with tourists who wanted to know what shelter provisions were available, and where. We are sorry to add that this story has no moral. Instead of being punished for boasting, Bradenton won.

Poor old Santa cut a shabby figure this year beside the gay football cars and floats. Not only has he been overlooked in the distribution of mink coats, but his old red plush number is growing very threadbare, and the hair and whiskers attached to his cap do not look like anything that ever grew on any face, human or unearthly. He seems to be just as effective as a symbol, though. He came into town with all the school bands, in pretty white uniforms, playing for dear life behind high-stepping majorettes, and when he was finally installed in front of the court-house, nobody could see even the top of his head for the crowd of children. Well, after all, a little boy may ask, like one we heard of, why the toystore Santa was short and the one on the corner with a bell was tall, and how many is Santa Claus anyway? — and not feel let down when he learns the true answer. Someone has wisely said that the dream we first call Santa Claus never really ends, but grows up as the dreamer grows up, as all worthwhile dreams must do. The false face is lovable for a while, but not so lovable as the real faces that gradually take its place — father's and mother's and those of all the other real Santas in the world.

Since Camp Closed

By R. C. Frank

A lot of things have happened since you fellows left camp. The following Monday we took Wanhee back home to the Deer State Farm operated by the State for all orphan deer. Every year a number of deer are killed by automobiles and if they have babies, like Wanhee, they are taken to the Deer Farm and brought up.

Taking a deer forty miles sounds like a real job but it did not turn out that way. We put an old canvas on the floor of the car in front, carried him out to the car and he really seemed to enjoy the ride. He looked out through the windshield until we reached Wilton and then he said, "What's the use," curled up and slept the rest of the way.

When we arrived at the Deer Farm, the caretaker was delighted to see him as he was the only "Camp Deer," as they called him, to be returned. The others did not live. At the Deer Farm they have a huge enclosure with feeding shelters, rain shelters, trees and everything, in fact, to make a deer feel at home. Wanhee felt at home at once with the other deer and they seemed glad to welcome him. They raced around the enclosure which is about as large as the tennis courts until their tongues hung out of their mouths and they were panting like a boy who had just run the 440.

He then followed the others to the feeding shelter and watched them for a short time and then ate until he could eat no more. He was weened. The next week he became a travelling salesman for the State of Maine. He was taken to the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield, Mass., and was a part of the Maine Exhibit there. During the winter he will go to Boston, New York and Chicago, to the *Sportsman's Shows*. So you can see by this that Wanhee, before the winter is over, will be a much travelled young man. When he is a year old he will be taken to the Baxter State Park which now contains 140,000 acres of protected forests where no hunting is allowed and will stay there for the rest of his days.

The Game Warden, Mendal Conant, called me one day the latter part of October and said, "This is Trout Day." What he meant was, that that was the day he was going to liberate in the lake 2500 adult brown trout. They were from eight to twelve inches long and were beauties.

Just before the hunting season this year, all of the Mt. Blue State Park was posted, which means that from now on no one can hunt in the park. Because of this you will see a lot more deer there this next summer. Also, they will become quite tame up around Mt. Blue. It will be a good place to take pictures.

During the evening of the last day of hunting, Frannie was coming in from Wilton and at Hill's Pond she saw two young deer playing around, jumping, kicking up their heels and, as she said, "It almost seemed as though they were shouting, 'hurrah, they didn't get us this year'."

Peleg has been getting in his wood for Emma's apple pies. Now that the lake is frozen over he will soon cut the ice and get that ready for next summer. Wish you could be here now. With Peter Schofield's frog pond frozen over and the lake a sheet of glare ice, everyone is skating. If you were here, you could skate from camp to the head of the lake. How would you like to do that some Christmas vacation?

NEWS ITEM

All older Kawanhee boys will be sorry to learn that Joe Seldon was killed recently when he drove his car onto a railroad crossing in California. A Santa Fe Railroad streamline smashed into the car and Joe was found in the wreckage. He had just made plans to go to Greece where he was going to teach, and, was on this trip to see his fiancee.

The Alpoabet - Continued

With those painted-on whiskers he wore as "Bernart";
Tumbledown; tether-ball; trunks to be packed;
The tootler of *Taps* by some tickler attached;
And Tribou acquiring the rifleman's itch
To have badges all over his jacket, like Mitch.

We've no use for **U**. It's for umpires and ukes,
Which infuriate folks till they put up their dukes.

V for the vanishing days of vacation!
One and a fraction, then civilization!

W's for weather ('Nuf said!) and for Wright,
(That's old "Stonewall" Jackson, who's ready to fight!);
For the Washington trip; and for Williams, when wrestling;
Wanhee, who's Mother Hen Kiefer's lone nestling;
Wilson (That's Ted!), with his duties aquatic,
Whose selection of sport shirts is somewhat exotic;
Wolcott, who's run out of levels in Shop;
The war canoe races we cheer till we pop;
Windle, who talks of safe shooting (But, Shucks!
For the shots of his camera we're all sitting ducks!);
And Wolfe, on the night when the U. N. played here,
As "Rudolph, the red-nosed," who ran like a deer.

X for the eXodus, soon to be starting,
And **Y** is for you! We salute you in parting,
For you, each and all, had so much on the ball
That you've made this a year we'll be proud to recall.

As for **Z**, we did fear we were left in the lurch,
Like the Fishing Department without any perch,
Till one night when old Zanzibar went on a spree —
And the so-and-so blamed all his mischief on me!

There, the Alphabet's shot, and, what's worse, so's the summer!
That's a thought to make all of us feel somewhat glummer!
Though, frankly, we couldn't say much for the weather,
Yet good health and good fun filled our weeks here together.
What's more, we've known happiness, laughter and friends,
And that's why we'll cherish this summer that ends.
So, treasure the memory, then give a cheer
For things even bigger and better next year,
And, when that new season we gladly unpack,
We hope to find every last one of you back.
Until then, so long! We remain in your debt
For the pleasure of knowing you. Please don't forget
That, as winter goes by at a gallop or jog,
You have every best wish of

Yours truly,
THE LOG

Trips for 1952

By "Bates"

Here it is at Christmas vacation time and I find myself thinking about where I want to go in Maine next summer. Several hunters have used my cabins at Byron and the latest report I have received is that it has been down to 30 degrees below zero for a few days. I have heard from the R. C. Franks, the Lees, the Hiltons, Peleg, Pete Schofield and others. I am wondering what the trail to old Tumbledown would be like and how the old prospector is at Swift River on the other side of Tumbledown. That lumber camp where we visited up Swift River is very active this winter. Some of the lumberjacks told me they will still be there next summer and will be looking for us.

I also think of the Hermit on the "Isle of Manana" at Monhegan. Monhegan Island does something to me. I think of Lenny Davis the wharfmaster, the keepers of the gift shops, the little place where we eat and the Odums who run the only grocery store on the island. I suppose all those nice people on the island who always speak to us are trapping lobster and fishing this winter. It is plenty rugged and those rocky shores call for only the strong and hearty. Those people live a good and happy life. I want to go back next summer and see them again.

As part of the Monhegan trip, we also plan to have a Windjammer Cruise on a 60 foot two-masted schooner. This will be keen sport. You will find it explained at some length in Mr. "G. R.'s" article, "Fun for '52." Of course we shall want to do some deep-sea fishing again as we did last year when we caught all those large cod and pollock, and visit the hermit and hike to all those good places on the high rocky cliffs along the rough and rugged shores. Capt. Charley Wade will take us for that extra sail around the island on the "Balmy Days."

Even though you don't go to Monhegan, we are all going to Popham Beach again for a swim in those breakers that can really knock you for a row. And there may be a canoe trip in Casco Bay — noted for its 365 islands. We would go to Yarmouth, a short distance from Portland, and paddle out to one of the big islands where we would camp for the night.

Mt. Katadhin will also be in line for a visit this year. This is the mountain that has the most wilderness of all, never to have a road built to the top, never to have the game hunted and killed and never to have it's trees cut off for lumber. It is my choice of all the mountains. When camping at the base it seems like another country. You do meet a husky lot of people and they come from many distant parts of our country and others. Only those who are physically trim and fit attempt the five-mile climb to the "Baxter Peak" and along the rough and tumble "Knife Edge."

Mr. Kiefer will push the mineral trips, always finding choice bits of semi-precious stones. Mr. Birch will be at the Swift River outpost again with new ideas and lots of tasty food; remember those french-fries served from a gold miner's pan.

Mt. Blue, Bald, Tumbledown and others are always waiting for an afternoon, all day, or over night trip to their tops.

I expect to visit some saw mills, power plants and lumber camps. I want to go back to the Kennebec River with Nick, to the "Chain Of Ponds," and the Rangleys. Gosh, I wish the days were longer during the camp season.





