



The Wigwam



Volume XVIII, No. 3

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 25, 1952

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

There is much assurance that the hotly contested battle between the Greys and the Maroons is being fought with all the strength that can be mustered by the two teams. A total of one-hundred and thirty-one levels were passed during the third week of the season. Of this number, sixty-eight were awarded to the Greys. These levels added up to a total of 1265 points for the Maroons and 1340 for the Greys. The grand total for the first three weeks, as read by Mr. John Nowold at the campfire of July 19, was Greys, 2255—Maroons, 1905½.

The Athletic Department took the honors of the week as far as the actual number of levels passed went. This department under the supervision of Mr. Ted Wolfe passed thirty-nine boys on a total of forty-nine levels, indeed, a credit to Ted and his efficient department. The Nature Department and Mr. Kiefer were not too far behind the Athletic Department with a total of twenty-six levels completed during the third week.

It cannot be said that a lead of 349½ points is a decisive victory for the Greys at the end of the third week of camp life. It is possible for one boy to earn as many as one hundred points for his team in a single activity, and this means that a single camper could win as many as three or four hundred points for the Maroons in a week and thus easily swing the lead away from the Greys.

The following boys were awarded levels at the campfire of July 10.

AQUATICS, *Junior C—First Level*: R. Borel, D. Connor, R. Duvall, H. Hamilton.

AQUATICS, *Junior B—First Level*: C. Davenport, B. Emerson, C. Kurtz, J. McKenzie, D. Tuttle.

AQUATICS, *Junior A—First Level*: Barry Birch.

ATHLETICS, *Junior C—First Level*: R. Borel, W. Borel, T. Clark, D. Connor, J. Fish, H. Hamilton, K. Johnson.

ATHLETICS, *Junior C—Second Level*: R. Borel, D. Connor, H. Hamilton.

ATHLETICS, *Junior C—Third Level*: P. Gelpi.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—First Level*: B. Emerson, G. Ford, F. Gaston, N. Granholm, D. Hoover, R. Johnson.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—Second Level*: W. Dutcher, W. Keating, S. Ryner.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—Third Level*: P. Earle, T. Hicks, D. Kerr, H. Schwarzell.

ATHLETICS, *Junior A—First Level*: F. Andreae, Barry Birch, H. Born, J. E. Brown, C. Conant, P. Earle, E. Granholm, D. Helsey, R. Knowlton, G. Milliken, J. Murphy, M. Robson, C. Salembier, J. Tribou.

ATHLETICS, *Junior A—Second Level*: F. Andreae, R. Beatty, J. E. Brown, R. Harris, M. Robson, J. Shepard, J. Tribou.

ATHLETICS, *Junior A—Third Level*: R. Beatty, M. Robson.

ATHLETICS, *Senior—First Level*: D. Earle, N. Knezevich.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior C—First Level*: R. Duvall, H. Hamilton.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior C—Third Level*: F. Richardson.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*: J. Denise, J. McKenzie, D. Platt.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior B—Second Level*: J. Wright.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior A—First Level*: J. Boyce, H. Schwarzell.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior A—Third Level*: M. Robson.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior C—First Level*: W. Borel, T. Clark, J. Fish, H. Hamilton, K. Johnson.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior B—First Level*: N. Granholm, E. Knezevich.

HANDICRAFT, *Junior A—First Level*: N. Anderson, J. Q. Brown, C. Conant, E. Granholm, D. Hutton, D. Kerr, R. Knowlton, J. Murray.

HANDICRAFT, *Senior—First Level*: R. Angier, P. Johnson, T. Lewis, C. Salembier.

NATURE, *Junior C—First Level*: T. Benua, W. Borel, T. Clark, H. Hamilton.

NATURE, *Junior B—First Level*: R. Amorose, C. Creith, E. Knezevich, D. Murphy, T. Vicary.

NATURE, *Junior B—Third Level*: D. Kerr.

NATURE, *Junior A—First Level*: H. Born, C. Conant, M. Gelpi, W. Gibson, E. Granholm, D. Kerr, R. Knowlton, S. Miller, S. Ryner, J. Wright.

NATURE, *Junior A—Second Level*: D. Kerr.

NATURE, *Senior—First Level*: J. Boyce, G. Kraft, M. Robson, C. Salembier.

NATURE, *Senior—Second Level*: C. Salembier.

SAILING, *Junior B—First Level*: C. Davenport, W. Dutcher, B. Emerson, S. Hoster, R. Johnson, C. Kurtz, J. Lewis, J. McKenzie, D. Tuttle, T. Vicary.

SAILING, *Junior A—First Level*: Brian Birch, R. Harris.

Range, Archery, and Swimming

The camp range is one of the popular activities. Kawanhee is a member of the National Rifle Association and the campers shoot for the awards established by the association. Mr. Howell Windle is in charge of the range as he has been since 1935, and Dave Fergus is his able assistant.

Last year over thirty thousand rounds of ammunition were shot. The boys can shoot from the prone, kneeling, sitting, or standing positions, and the targets are at a distance of fifty feet. The rifle range has recently been enlarged and it is now possible for ten boys to shoot at the same time with maximum safety. During the year of 1951, ninety range achievement awards were earned by the boys interested in this activity.

The following boys have qualified for range awards during the first three weeks:

Pro-Marksman: J. Q. Brown, E. Johnson, D. Murphy, J. Whitacre.

Marksman: J. E. Brown, J. Q. Brown, P. Earle, E. Johnson, J. Whitacre.

Marksman First Class: Barry Birch, W. Dutcher, D. McCabe, S. Ryner, J. Schwarzell.

Sharpshooter: J. Boyce, S. Ryner, T. Wolcott.

Fourth Bar: J. Murphy.

The Archery Department has had a busy week. With the expert direction and training of Herb Hedges, a total of thirty-seven archery insignia were won by the archery enthusiasts of Kawanhee. These insignia are awarded under the auspices of the Camp Archery Association and the requirements for them are prescribed by this association. The list of those who have won medals during the third week ending July 19th follows:

Junior Yeoman Pin: Barry Birch, J. Q. Brown, G. Ford, F. Gaston, D. Hutton, G. Kraft, S. Ryner, J. Salembier, T. Vicary.

Junior Yeoman Arrow: N. Anderson, Barry Birch, J. Q. Brown, G. Kraft, S. Ryner, T. Vicary.

Yeoman Pin: N. Anderson, J. Q. Brown, T. Hirsch, G. Kraft, T. Vicary.

Junior Bowman: J. Denise, T. Hirsch, G. Kraft, D. McCabe, J. Whitacre.

Junior Bowman Arrow: Brian Birch, J. Denise, T. Hirsch, G. Kraft, D. McCabe, J. Whitson.

Bowman Pin: Brian Birch, T. Hicks, A. Hoster, D. McCabe, M. Robson, J. Whitson.

During the third week of the season, the Swimming Department reported that it had passed eight more boys on their lake and cove swimming tests. It is by these tests that the campers qualify for boating and sailing privileges. The eight successful boys and the tests that they passed are listed below:

COVE SWIM: P. Earle, W. Gibson, A. Hoster, J. Lewis, T. Lewis, H. McAllen, D. Tuttle.
LAKE SWIM: J. Brown, P. Earle, W. Gibson.

Third Week Filled with Diversified Activity

Monday morning started off with a burst of activity, for immediately after breakfast a truckload of boys started the climb up Mt. Blue. Later during the morning still another group departed to climb the same mountain. Thus, Kawanhee had two groups of climbers on Mt. Blue at the same time. Even with this large group of climbers out of camp, the various departments were buzzing with activity, and since this continued throughout the week, it is no surprise that a large number of levels were passed in just seven days.

Tuesday night the camp was fortunate to have Owen Harding of Dixfield, Maine, give demonstrations in both wet and dry fly fishing. Mr. Harding has built up a reputation throughout the state of Maine as an expert fisherman and fly caster.

Wednesday morning after breakfast, the first of two groups of boys to go to Monhegan Island left for the coast. In the evening, Mr. Howell Windle once again proved his ability as a projectionist, for the camp was treated to the weekly camp movie. This week the title of the movies was *Konga, the Wild Stallion*.

Thursday evening Mr. Joe LaMarsh, a ranger with the Maine State Forestry Service, gave a lecture and showed movies about the work of his department. He placed timely emphasis on the dangers of forest fire, since the state of Maine is presently in a very dried and parched condition.

Friday evening, Dean Miller proved that he has not lost his ability as a hypnotist. Each year the Dean gives at least one demonstration of his hypnotic powers. This time he managed to cast Bob Knowlton and Dick Harris under his spell.

The regular Water Meet was held on Saturday afternoon and the Greys once more proved that they had nothing to fear in aquatic competition. At the Saturday evening campfire, the largest group of levels yet to be awarded this year was read by the various activity leaders.

Sunday morning found Dr. Elmore giving another of his fine sermons—this one a simile of the Mechanic's tools and the "Tools of Life." Sunday afternoon another truck load of campers had the opportunity to go to Coos Canyon. At the Sunday evening vesper service Dean Miller gave a talk and Bob Noyes offered two piano selections.

K. BECK

Junior C Program Meets Special Needs

For many years the Junior C's, (age 6-9), have had a specialized program which suits their needs better than the regular camp program. This year the young boys have as their leaders Mr. Dave Barth and Dick Donnenwirth, both of whom are Senior Counselors and former Kawanhee tribesmen. As for the program, it includes the following departments: Athletics, Nature, Woodcraft, Shop, Boating, and Sailing. A great deal of emphasis is also placed upon swimming. The boys leisure time is occupied with fishing and hiking.

The Athletic Department provides the Junior C's with such sports as baseball and track. Dick Duvall, Ed Knezevich, Tom Clark, and Ken Johnson seem to find

themselves most at home in this aspect of the program. Dick is a good ball-player, runner, and high jumper. Ed's ability as a ball player is shown by his presence on one of the Little League teams. Tom also slugs that ball and is a good broad jumper as well. Little Ken Johnson amazed everyone by almost tying Dick in the high jump. All of these boys are learning that good sportsmanship really pays off on the athletic field.

The comparatively new camp sports, boxing and wrestling, have created a great deal of interest among the younger boys. The instructors give form and polish to the boys' pugilistic drives. Tim Benua, who has already gotten the reputation of being a good scraper, is especially keen on these sports.

Bill Borel's memory is serving him in good stead in the Nature Department where the boys must learn to identify trees, birds, plants, and constellations. Most of the boys are now working on their collections of natural objects, also a requirement. For example, Jon Fish is busy trying to locate enough different varieties of tree branches to fill his twig collection requirements.

Shop is a well-liked activity in the Junior C schedule. Dave LaRue and "Butch" Hamilton along with the other boys are enjoying the paddle-wheel boats they are making for their shop project.

The Boating and Sailing Departments receive their share of the Junior C's time and teach the boys the important lessons of safety with water craft. Of course the boys also learn how to paddle a canoe, row a boat, and manage the sails on one of the five camp sailboats. Dick Borel and Doug Connor enjoy showing each other how to row a boat in a straight line.

Usually the Junior C's work on a special project which takes most of the summer to complete. This summer the boys are building a lean-to on Sunday Beach. The area at the base will be about fifteen square feet, and the top will slope to a six foot doorway. "Trip" Harrison has earned the title of woodsman with his handiness in felling a tree, and all the boys enjoy yelling "Timber!" as one of "Trip's" trees comes crashing down. The boys are chopping the trees, notching logs, and building most of the lean-to themselves, with the counselors always watching, however, ready to give advice and assistance wherever necessary. After the lean-to is built the Junior C's will camp out several times to give the boys the experience of sleeping in a shelter which they themselves built.

Thus, as can be readily seen, the Junior C program is built of various activities with the hope that through participation in all of them, each boy can and will find the ones which he likes best and learn to excel in them. Also, of course, each boy will develop skills in the other activities, thereby rounding out his camp experience.

R. DONNENWIRTH

Monhegan Island Trip Successful

The first in a series of two trips left for Monhegan Island on Wednesday, July 16. We left camp at 8:30 in the morning and arrived at the seacoast town of Belfast about noon. After a box lunch we looked over the *Lillian*, a boat which we were to sail on. The vessel was an old schooner, characteristic of the boats which formerly carried cargo up and down the New England coast. Since there was a nice stiff breeze, we sailed most of the afternoon. Our captain was Mr. Converse Grant, a typical old seaman, and his First Mate was Frank Heath.

Sailing into Bayside Village, in the Town of Lockport, at 5 o'clock in time for a swim, we ate our first dinner at the Gateway Restaurant. It was chicken with all the fixings and everybody had all they could eat. We slept on board

the *Lillian* the first night. Arising early the next morning, we returned at 7:30 to the Gateway Restaurant for breakfast, and then sailed throughout the rest of the morning. We finally landed back in Belfast where we boarded our own truck and journeyed once again to Bayside where we ate a box lunch of fried chicken on the beautiful village green. We then continued down the coast by truck and saw some very picturesque coastal scenery. After a brief stop at Camden we continued on to Damariscotta where we set up our camping equipment in the grand stand of the county fair grounds.

We ate a wonderful dinner at the County Fair, a restaurant which is listed in Duncan Hines' *Adventures in Good Eating*. In the evening we journeyed out to Pemaquid Point where we could see Monhegan Island off on the horizon, more than ten miles away.

After a night in the grandstand, we ate breakfast at 9 o'clock and departed immediately for Boothbay Harbor, where we boarded the *Balmy Days*, a large motor boat which took us to Monhegan Island. In the afternoon, after setting up our camp on Monhegan, we rowed to Manana Island where we paid a call to Mr. Phillips who is an extremely friendly hermit.

After dinner at the Barnacle Restaurant, we hiked to another side of the island where we saw an old shipwreck. Setting up camp under the Monhegan Light House, we had no difficulty in going to sleep.

After breakfast we found that Bates had already made arrangements for a deep sea fishing party. We caught many fifteen-to-twenty pound cod and pollock and, although we all enjoyed the fishing, some of us became seasick. Leaving Monhegan Island at 3:30 in the afternoon, we arrived at Boothbay at five. At six o'clock we boarded our own camp truck and arrived back in Kawanhee a little after *Taps*.

I know that all of us had fun. We thank Mr. Bateman and Mr. Nickerson for taking us on this trip and giving us such a good time.

E. JOHNSON

Baseball Schedule Light

In the only Little League game of the week, played on Tuesday, July 15, the hardball team managed by Herb Hedges won its second straight loop victory by downing Duvall's nine, 5-3, in a closely contested battle. Four runs, scored in the first two innings by Herb's team, proved to be the deciding factor which held off the opposition's late three-run rally. Sparking the winners were Buzzy Granholm and Andy Andreae who collected two hits apiece, while Bruce Emerson and Tom Vicary did equally well for the losing aggregation. Hurling on the mound for the victorious team was Andy Andreae, who limited the Duvallites to six scattered hits. Bill Dutcher and Joey Salembier switched off pitching duties for the losers.

Very little action stirred the camp's major league, as only one game was played on Thursday afternoon. This contest found Dick Harris' "Memphis Mud Hens" mauling the opposing nine of Chick Robinson, called the Cleveland Karacters, 9-3. Batteries for the game were Dick Harris pitching and Remy Harris catching for the "Mud Hen," while Chick Robinson and Jere Whitacre hurled for the losing "Karacters" and Dunbar Helsey caught.

Greys Repeat Water Meet Victory

In the second water meet of the year, the water-minded Grey team again swept to victory on Saturday, July 19, dunking the Maroons under an 85-48 splash. With victories in all of the first eight events, the Greys managed to spread the point difference to 45 which enabled them to take in

stride their only defeat in the ninth and last event, the Medley Relay Race. Even though the meet appeared to be lopsided, close races in several of the early contests could have easily turned the tide of the water meet into a Maroon victory. One of these key events was the four-man boat race, a contest in which each team entered a rowboat with four oars-men, all of whom had their own ideas about which way the boat should go. In this clutter of confusion the race started, and soon the boats were crossing each others' paths in a fine flurry of oars and water. The Grey rowboat finally emerged victorious by less than a half-length.

Competitive spirit never dwindled during the meet despite the huge gap in the teams' scores. Instead, it mounted and at last the die-hard Maroons came through to one victory in the final event.

As the meet came to a close with the traditional reading of the meet score, a nine gun salute was heard from around Council Point. In a matter of seconds the Duke of Zanzibar appeared in a motor boat wearing his customary black cape, green headdress, and black flag with a bright red "Z". Kawanhee campers immediately took note, gathering on the docks, so that they might get a good look at the mysterious visitor. The Duke, however, did not tarry. He made one hasty swing through the cove, tilted briefly with Chic Robinson mounted in another boat, and then whizzed off up-lake to be seen no more. A free swim immediately followed the Duke's appearance.

The winners of first places in the various events were:

Junior C Ping-pong Ball Blow	R. Borel, Grey
Junior C Freestyle	E. Knezevich, Grey
Junior B Backstroke	T. Hirsch, Grey
Junior B Ball Relay	Grey Team
Junior A Lifesaving Race	J. Whitney, E. Granholm, Greys
Junior A 5-man Relay	Grey Team
Senior 4-man Boat Race	Grey Team
Senior Breaststroke	R. Rector, Grey
Senior Medley Relay	Maroon Team
	R. BROWN

Punk from the Log, July 19, 1952

Saturday was the day of the Big Splash! We had our first water sports that afternoon and Howell Windle, feeling that the program had been somewhat short, set out to stage an aquatic event of his own. Taking Mrs. Windle and another lady aboard his boat with its new hot-rod motor, he set out to race his shadow up the lake at a rate of speed only to be equaled by the rapid transit of Dick Duvall going someplace where he aint. Zigzagging around Pine Point, Howell and the boat had a difference of opinion. He zigged when the boat zagged, and therewith they parted company. The boat went zooming on towards the Inn beach. Howell, on the other hand, executed a graceful parabola through the air and continued on down to explore the bottom of the lake. Finding the submarine landscape uninteresting, he floated back up and erupted on the surface of the lake with considerable commotion. This phenomenon greatly excited various fishermen who had been scanning the waters in hopes of sighting leaping trout or perch. "That she blows!" rang the shout. "It's Moby Dick himself".

Meanwhile Mrs. Windle was enjoying her boat ride. With eyes to the fore, she hung onto her hairpins and banked all her curves with consummate skill. But when she found herself whizzed three times around Center Reef, she was moved to murmur, "Aren't you getting in a rut, dear?" Receiving no reply, she glanced around and was distinctly surprised to find her spouse and skipper missing. Thereupon, with great presence of mind she took command. Since she was unfamiliar with the operation of the motor, she systematically punched or twisted every button and

switch in sight, after the common sense manner of Bill Keating investigating each valve on his trumpet in search of the next note in *Taps*. This treatment evoked a few startled burps from the motor, but soon brought it to heel. Mrs. Windle turned the boat and eased it alongside her husband, who was still cruising on his own off Pine Point.

"I know it's Saturday, dear" she protested mildly, "But did you really intend to take your bath right here?"

"Never mind that", Howell spluttered. "Just hand me a cake of soap and let me get on with the job".

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Kawanhee was puzzled to see some of the Deer Lodge boys, like Jim Kenderdine and Ed Garbin, wandering around camp with fluff in their crew cuts and feathers sprouting from their ears. Were they molting, by any chance, or likely to start clucking and crowing? Their strange appearance, however, was subject to a much simpler explanation than the hypothesis that they were turning into birds. Our fine feathered friends were merely showing the aftereffects of a friendly little Deer Lodge discussion, in the course of which Anderson's pillow somehow exploded. Subsequently the lodge had been a flurry of goose feathers, and everytime someone bestirred himself with a broom to rearrange the sand on the floor for inspection, a veritable snowstorm of feathers flew up and settled on everything and everybody within range.

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One major activity is badly understaffed. The Inn's switch-over from waitresses to waiters has sharply reduced the number of instructors capable of directing level work in the important department of day-off and free evenings for counselors. This immediately led to confusion the first evening of the season, when an unidentified eager beaver of a returning counselor dashed up to the Inn, whistled under the accustomed window, and called, "Meet me on the beach with two straws, and we'll share a bottle of Seven Up". Later, the anonymous gentleman was considerably surprised to find himself in the romantic moonlight, holding hands with Jack Corrodi.

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The adventures of Ted Parsons at Old Orchard Beach caused a number of people really to sit up and take notice. On his weekly sabbatical afternoon, Ted was gaily disporting himself in the surf, when Ray Brown and some other friends became alarmed for Ted's safety. They precipitately dashed to Ted's assistance, and, firmly grasping him by the bathing trunks, proceeded with the rescue while cheering crowds gathered on the beach to watch. Unfortunately, Ray and the others failed to notice the fact that Ted was no longer inhabiting his swimming pants. All unmindful, they applied artificial respiration to the empty trunks and snuggled them down in the warm sand to rest and revive. Poor Ted, clad only in a bright pink blush, dodged from wave to wave, not daring to call attention to his plight lest his oversolicitous pals bear him forth in his exposed condition to the edification of the assembled multitude. That is another story to which we have never heard a proper ending. Presumably Ted is still hiding in the waves off Old Orchard, trying to collect enough seaweed to weave himself at least a Bikini suit.

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With so many man-hours channeled into raft-building, relatively few striking news items were produced during the week. Dave LaRue, of the Eagle Lodge, did swim the lake and swam it with such ease and dispatch as to start a quite unfounded rumor that he had hitched an outboard motor to his stern to propel him from shore to shore so quickly. Dave Tuttle staggered through his term as Panther waiter, in spite of the fact that on several occasions

he took on such an overload of dishes that he foundered halfway between kitchen and table. The Junior C's continued to give Kiefer lessons in bird study, with Ed Knezevich identifying the "Curse-ed Flycatcher" and the "Spotted Sandpaper". The drinking fountain on the Dining Hall porch became more and more aggressive, and proved time and again that with unerring accuracy it could spit in anyone's eye at ten paces. It is claimed that that bubbler is ambitious to become a full fledged shower so it can be promoted to the Fort. And Kawanhee integrity met, and passed, a crucial test with flying colors. One morning Chief Marshall was sitting in the office, happily juggling schedules on his clipboard, when in came Joe Murray. "I'm assigned to Nature this morning", said Joe in insinuating terms. "But I want to go to Range. Here's a nice stick of chewing gum for you". Needless to say, Joe promptly landed in the Nature Building, and no one knows where the chewing gum landed.

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A strange disturbance troubled the Kawanhee air throughout Friday night. Perhaps it was the backwash of all the brain waves loosed by hypnotist Dean Miller in his effort to mesmerize Dick Harris into dunking himself in the drink. All seemed quiet when Art Kiefer, the night patrolman, made his final rounds but, no sooner had he gone to roost with the bats upstairs over the Dining Hall, than the camp awoke to furtive movements—mysterious rattles and creaks, the sound of running feet, and any number of things that went "Bump" in the night. Wise tribesmen asked no questions, but dug down deeper under the covers, and Doug "Potato Bug" Connor buried his head like an ostrich in the sandpile which he keeps in his bed. And so the hours of the night wore away, with the anonymous expenditure of enough energy to pass a dozen third levels.

In the dawn's early light, it was seen that Kawanhee was a changed place. Various portions of the landscape appeared to have broken out in a rash of bright red Z's. The Rec Hall benches were set out in the middle of the road as if for a prayer meeting. Bob Cushing was somewhat inconvenienced to discover that he could only force an entry into the Fort by means of a can opener. Early birds on the Junior side of camp were amazed to notice that Frannie had apparently moved out of her cabin and set up housekeeping on the diving tower, for that hitherto bare structure was cozily furnished with tables and chairs, to say nothing of the bird bath and the vase of flowers tastefully arranged on the end of the diving board. Elsewhere in camp, Herb Birch was finding that the Shop was as tightly locked as a Wildcats' trunk when the inspectors become too curious.

It was, however, the spectacle in front of the Dining Hall which really jolted the camp. A limp and gruesome figure dangled by the neck from the flagpole. Dire surmises immediately ran rife, for it was feared that someone had put too literal an interpretation on George Frank's enigmatic ruling, "If you want to kill something, see Mr. Kiefer", and had employed this drastic method of silencing Art's stories, once and for all. Such fearful imaginings were cut short when an intrepid tribesman shinnied up the pole and announced that the flopping figure was only a dummy. Around its neck was a sign in blood-red letters, "Warning to all Kawanhee campers. Beware, you are marked with the Z. You may have three days to repent". That explained everything. Kawanhee's old friend, the Duke of Zanzibar, had paid an unusually early, and unusually thorough, visit.

C. SCARLETT