

Vol. XLVIX NO. 1 Camp Chickawah, Harrison, Maine

July, 1968

PRETZL STICKS AT CHICKAWAH

R I O T E R S R A V E
REFRIGERATOR RIVES

Late in the afternoon of July 15 three barges, on loan to Camp Chickawah from N. Rudolph Spolizoni Sand and Dirt Co. Inc., were making their way across Island pond, heavily laden with the disassembled parts to a massive Ammana Refrigerator-Freezer-Mouse Trap. Unbeknownst to the populous, here, the police barricades were opening to make way for the tons of frozen goods being trucked onto the North Campus.

The story behind this mass transport move by Steinberg, Steinberg, and Saltman began three short days antecedent to it, in the Franklin Ambrozio Memorial Dining Hall. Enraged campers from the Senior dorm on the Shady Side Heist campus had signaled to the jungles of Argentina and were being lead in protest by the infamous Che Schwartz. As the tempo of protest rose, angry shouts of "Mashed Potatoes," could be heard in the unsympathetic crowds, who knew not that groundsman David Zilp was being held hostage in the Jack W. Tocco Commemorative Out House.

Charges are being brought up against two unruly demonstrators who allegedly burned a ten-year research project on Guzzling by counselor Richard Jennings.

The refrigeration apparatus to be unveiled Wednesday, will be dedicated as the Chip F. Marshal Memorial Refrigerator.

Pretzl, a game of daring speed and native intelligence, coming to Chickawah straight from the Long Island proving grounds and Betty Crocker Kitchens, has swept through the Senior House and on to the Junior Diamond. The game, invented by a compulsive nabiscomaniac with a sodium chloride deficiency, was played for the first time here, last Wednesday, following a furious rain storm.

The object of the game is to hit the house (a plastic bin conveniently appropriated from the mess hall) with the Pretzl (a re-classified bunk ball) without passing through the pen (a square marked off with the road markers). The game has already survived, much to the surprise of one and all, a yearfull in its homeland, Port Washington, L.I., (11050 land to you mailmen). The quote, "Gala First Anniversary Jubilee," end quote, was celebrated this past May at the Club One Five en la Cliff.

The Senior house is now in the process of chosing their all-star team which will challenge others throughout the camp. A rigorous training program is under way. Harve Schwartz has already condemned the game as "vague and void where prohibited by law." Well, knowing Harve we expected to hear just that.

ZAP!

CHUSID FINDS BROTHER

The fans were tense at the second thrilling indoor campfire of the year, as the preliminary tug-of-war and buzz bouts were coming to an anti-climactic close. Still, the fans, some of whom had paid \$900 for front-row seats, knew that the brother-where-art-thou matches were still there on the roster; Dither-Dibner, Lulla-Lulla, and the feature of the evening, Chusid vs. Chusid.

Finally, the Chusids were swaggering out from their respective corners, and the official 1968 Voit crossstiched blindfolds were in place. Chusid (M.) lead off with a sound blow to the head. Chusid (R.) was quick to retaliate, but missed his opponent by a length. This trend continued throughout, until Chusid (R.) saw the light, and landed a smashing cuff to the left ear.

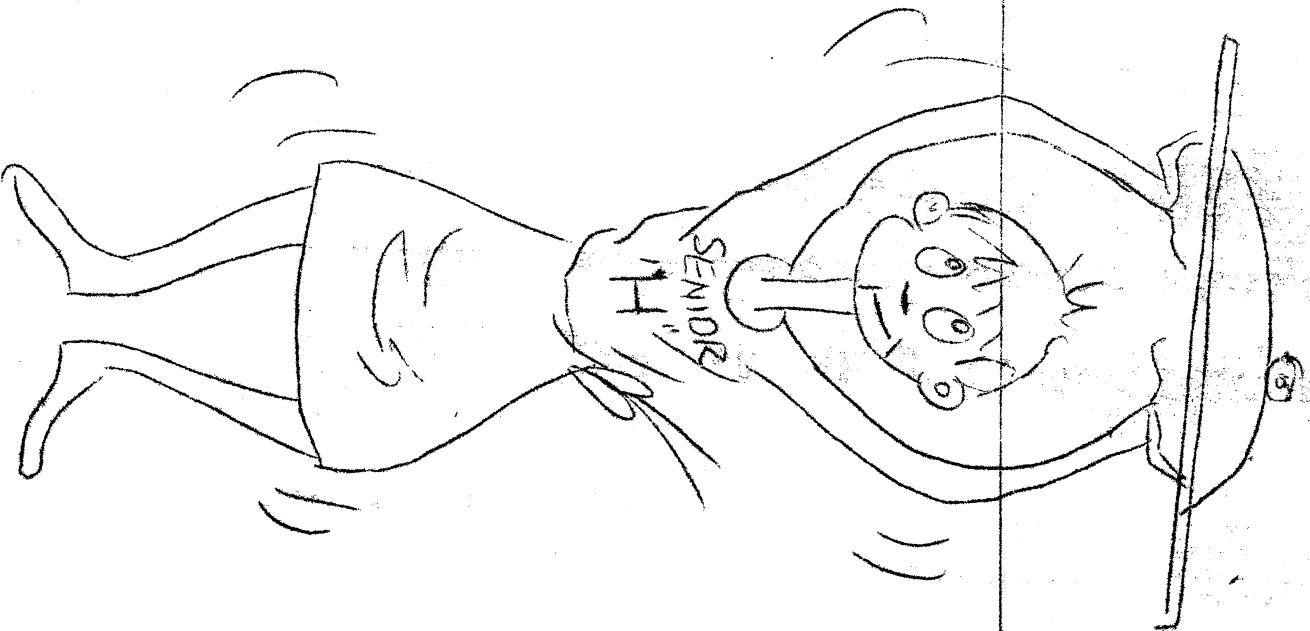
Brother-Where-art thou buffs claim that the final decision to remove a blindfold was without precedent. However, Chief Judge and all-around-not-to-be-argued-with-authority, Mickey, states that the precedent was set in the Altman-Altman bouts of yesteryear.

CHICKAWAH PHIBS

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CARTOON OF THE WEEK

TELL THE
EDITOR
MAIL

Dear Editor,
Damn the torpedoes! Full
speed ahead!

Admiral P. Farragut Colmer

Dear Editor,
Need a canoeing counselor?
I've got just the "thing" for you!
He's a bit hairy, but he can paddle
like hell.

Yours,
Mark Starr

Dear Editor,
We three jinx
The kitchen sinks.
What's with Ray
That made him stay?

Extremely Sincerely,
The Greater Waiters

Dear Editor,
We wanted to cut you in
But you cut us out.

Snippily,
The Barbers

Dear Editor,
Where is the action?

Ricky Katz
Bob Bernstein

Dear Chickawah,
Whatever happened to Rick Allen?

Sincerely His,
The Editor.

*** P E R S O N A L S ***
Turn, come home. We'll talk
about it.

.....
Male skydiver wishes to meet
female skydiver. Object: a
long falling in love.

*** W A N T A D S ***
Wanted: Personals. We'll print
anything. Type in triplicate
and seal in stamped self-
addressed envelope. Merci.

* * * T W O T I E S * * *

* * I N F I R S T F E A S T * * *

* * L E A G U E S R O U N D * *

The first round of feast league games played on Tuesday and Saturday mornings, ended with ties in the Senior and Junior leagues. The intermediate league saw a powerhouse combination aptly named Converse barrel through the round defeating all comers.

Chirps reporter, Dave Steinhardt in an article written last week, commented, "The Converse, a bunch of little shrimps, popped out from nowhere to beat the Jack Vercelles two games straight, winning in baseball 6-3 and in basketball 55-20; also winning in basketball against the Topsisides 20-11." Chickawah cheers to Capt. John Rattner and coach Ed Zerkin and the shrimps who hustled to finish in the Cocktail Sauce!

Made and his Cashews, and Schwartz and his Pistachios are deadlocked in the race for the feast in the Senior league. Likewise Coach Rick Allen and captain Lee Greenhouse steered the Boxtops to a tie with the Rolling Stones, ably led by Jim Tauberg and coach Richie Neubauer.

It is rumored that there will be no time for playoffs, and if this be the case, the coming feast will be the biggest (in attendance that is) in Chickawah history! This week it will begin again: the choosing.....the captains.....the names.....and the new round of Games. May the hungriest team emerge victorious!

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* * T H E G A M E A G A I N S T

C A M P by C E D A R * * *
by Billy Sikov

Basketball:

It was a hard fought game, but Camp Cedar had the height and experience. They had worked for four years together. We had had few practices. We lacked experience and didn't have enough set patterns.

Although we lost 47-29, most people agreed that we made a good showing.

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* * N E W B A S K E T B A L L

T E A M R E A C H E S S E C O N D

R O U N D I N C E D A R

I N V I T A T I O N A L * * *

In 100° weather, the brave newly formed Basketball Teams, traveled to Camp Cedar to compete in their annual invitational tournament. After the above mentioned game, many thought that we didn't have a chance, but Coaches Skinner and Wade were pleased with the performance and look forward to the next match.

* * * T R I B E S * * *

"The social hall was quiet. 13 residents of the Senior House and Lodge were seated on the stage. Mickey said something (Ed. note: ?) and simultaneously they all got up and walked out to the pump. It was the beginning of the Tribal elections....."

This is the way Chirps reporter Greenhouse describes the time honored system at Chickawah that bestows a position of leadership to four senior campers.

The Chirps congratulates the four chieftains of '68: Jeff Marcus Richie Harris, Jed Weissberg, and Bobby Klein, and wishes a good season to their respective tribes: The tribe spelled O..M, the Xeloy, the Tickawicah, and the Yenta?

The Tribe spelled....O....M... is now in the lead with Firelighting and Song Contests coming up, and a couple of hard thought (yes) Tribal Bowl sessions yet to be played.

".....Noonway....."

* * C A N O E T R I P

L E A V E S F O R T H R E E

D A Y E X P L O R E * * *

On Tuesday, July 23, a three day canoe trip will embark at Eades Falls on the Crooked River, and wend its way to the head of Lake Sebago, where it will make camp for the first night. Then, if the winds are right (not South that is) the intrepid group, led by Ed Zerkin and Dave Weinberg, will traverse the unpredictable Lake Sebago, never before attempted by a Chickawah party.

If all goes as scheduled, the group should pass the Luther Gulick camps enter Little Sebago, and make camp for the second night on Freyes Island.Third day: Back through the Songo locks and across Brandy Pond, and to the awaiting Pick up truck at Maples.... All you second boaters.....Qualify! and be next!

ZAP!