



The Wigwam



Volume VI, No. 6

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 15, 1940

Bear Tracks, Portages and Rip Add Zest to Moose River Trip

By F. HENRY, Sr.

Early Tuesday morning, July 6, while the rest of camp was eating breakfast, eleven boys and counsellors left with Bates for Jackman, Maine. The Upper Moose River trip was on its way.

We launched our canoes on Attean Pond. The first day's paddle was all on lakes and included a one and one-half mile portage. Our first evening's camp site was on a ledge by the shore of Holeb Pond. It rained slightly and everybody was tired from the long portage. The morning came bright and early. Under a cloudless sky we paddled across the rest of Holeb Pond and entered the winding, crooked Upper Moose River. The river was narrow and constantly turning. There were many sandy beaches along the way on which we could see fresh bear, deer, moose and otter tracks. All along the banks grew alders. Occasionally a stream entered the river, and there several boys would stop and fish.

Our second camp was at Spencer Rips, one of the several rips over which we went. Perley Durgan, our guide, told us that a rip was a short (Continued on Page 2)

Dark Room Lures Photo Fans Seeking Expert Enlightenment

By C. DAVIS, Jr. A

At last the dark room is set up. And since then, boys have been flocking there to learn how to develop and print. It is very interesting work. It also teaches you what to use in case you want to make a dark room at home and develop and print there.

The two instructors in photography are Mr. Windle and Bill Thompson. They are both very good at it and you can learn very quickly and easily from them. If you are interested in this work, you can make it your meal ticket. Many people have become famous by such work as this. I think that any of you who are interested in this kind of work should take advantage of the fine opportunities of learning, while you can here at Kawanhee.

Maroons Out in Front by Nose in Homestretch

The battle for points between the Greys and Maroons continues to be exciting. It is the Maroons who are in the lead this week, by a score of 6493 to 6318. The Greys held the advantage over their opponents for the two previous weeks, increasing it the second week. But now the Maroons have again tilted the see-saw to their own advantage. With this constant change, the winner of the 1940 struggle has become more and more uncertain. Only the scores for the next two weeks will tell the story.

New Bridge in Protective Role Keeps Mud off Kawanhee's Sole

By R. CHISM, Sr.

Across the muddy section of the spring trail, right beside the spring, there is a brand new bridge, built by the Woodcraft Department under the supervision of Bill Allison.

Altogether, fifteen campers took part, of whom three were working on the pioneering merit badge, and the rest on Woodcraft levels.

The work of building the bridge consisted of the following steps. First, the logs were cut and peeled, and then set into place. Three pairs were driven into the ground at distances of twenty-five feet, forming the towers, from which the walk is suspended. Instead of using wire cables, however, the two spans are held up by thin logs, bolted in place. The last step was to construct the walk. This was done by nailing stout sticks side by side down the length.

The bridge is destined to see a great deal of service, as the spring trail is used constantly. It is the Woodcraft Department's "good turn" for the summer to Kawanhee.

Banquet Date Changed

It has been announced by the camp management that there will be one extra day of camping this year. As August 25 falls on Sunday, the traditional banquet, usually held on that date, will be held on Monday, August 26, and camp will consequently break up on Tuesday, August 27.

Movie Camera Catches Birds And Flowers in Informal Poses

Friday evening Kawanhee and its guests gathered in the Rec Hall to see a picture show of unusual interest and beauty. Mr. J. E. Eagleson, a guest at the Inn, displayed three more reels of his magnificently colored motion pictures.

The first reel was devoted to fishing, containing shots of the New Jersey fish hatcheries and of fishing in various lakes and streams. Birds were the subject of the second reel and the slow motion pictures of the osprey and the skimmer were remarkable for their revelation of the secrets of flight. The starring roles in this part of the show were played by the gannets, large and beautiful white birds of the cormorant family. The pictures were taken on Bonaventure Island, where the birds nest by the thousands on the cliffs. We saw the young birds and the mature birds, birds flying and eating and very vigorously billing, if not audibly cooing.

Most interesting of all was the reel (Continued on Page 2)

Brockie, MacColl Hailed New Kings of Kawanhee Courts

By BUD MILLER, Sr.

As the 1940 tennis tournaments draw to a close, two champions have been recognized. In the Senior division, Ted Brockie walked off with the prize by virtue of his 6-2, 6-3 victory over Derek Lagemann. Brockie easily outclassed each of his adversaries and clinched the championship by this victory in the finals. Stew MacColl came through victorious in the Junior B contest. In the finals he defeated Jones Harris 6-3, 6-3.

In the doubles division, Seniors Ted Brockie and Bud Miller were victorious, downing Morrison and Windle 6-0, 6-2. The Junior B and Junior A doubles are as yet just under way, and those championships are wide open. On August 12, the Junior A singles tournament was in the semi-finals, where the winner of the Reggie Jones - Colby Swan match was to meet Dick Tracy in the finals for the championship.

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On Living With Others

BY ROSS MILLER, Sr. C.

Not one of us lives alone. We can't. For every bite of bread we take, in order that our bodies may grow and live, a hundred men have labored. Into a pair of shoes there has gone the toil of multitudes. We are not independent: without others and what they contribute to our welfare, we can not even continue to live. Indeed, life itself has come to us as a gift.

It is therefore the part of wisdom that we do our best to live comfortably and happily with others. Since we can't well live without them, let us try to live well with them. Let us live together as friends.

And how? "To have friends—show thyself friendly." If we like to see courage in another, let us show ourselves courageous. If we ask others to be honest, straightforward, honorable—let us be honorable too. If we are able to see that friendliness is desirable in others, that ability to appreciate it obligates us to be friendly toward them. We should be what we want others to be. For they can't live without us anymore than we can live without them.

Why can't we be better friends? Because we are too cowardly to tell the truth, we lie, and deceit destroys the very root from which friendship grows. Or we are too selfish to be kindly and considerate towards others, and in this way we cut the very bonds that bind us together. Without the deep contacts between persons which are revealed by such behavior as sympathy, helpfulness, dependability, honor, faith, aspiration and love—without these, we are so much the less alive. In touching other lives, we find our fullest life. We are happiest when we are the most thoughtful of others.

Sunday Morning Service

Bill Weld delivered the talk on Sunday morning in the outdoor chapel. He brought forth some ideas which were suggested by members of the 1939 Lynx Lodge in a discussion one night after *Taps*. The theme was finding three words on which to build a philosophy of life. These words were Faith, Love and Aspiration. George Haney read the Scripture and Howie Johnson led in the responsive reading.

Moose River Trip

(Continued)

bit of fast water, while a rapid was usually a longer stretch. Most of the fast water we had was in rips. At Spencer Rips, Eddie Miller, Glen Goodwin, and Ed Tulloss did a lot of fishing. They all caught a number of chubs and Ed Tulloss caught a trout large enough to eat.

The third day was also a fine day. We continued along the river and made another portage around Attean Rip as the water was low. After the portage we ate lunch below the rips.

That afternoon we took the canoes out of the water on Attean Pond, after completing the circle. Bates arrived about supper time.

After we had eaten that evening we went to a dump where bears had been coming to feed. After waiting for an hour we gave up as the dump had a decidedly bad odor.

In the morning we left for camp.

Vesper Service

For the Sunday vesper service, canoes and row boats again gathered around Bass Rock. After Mr. R. C. Frank led us in several hymns, Dean Miller gave a prayer and delivered a short, instructive talk. The theme of the Dean's talk was "Horizons," showing how a person can restrict or broaden the scope of his life.

Variation

ENLARGED: The WIGWAM staff, by the election of T. Benua, Jr. C., R. Chism, Senior, W. Duckham, Jr. B, and D. Sawtelle, Midget, after three acceptable articles had proved their qualifications.

TRANSFERRED: Bud Miller, from the Crow's Nest, to receive training as junior counsellor in the Pole Cat Lodge.

ARRIVED: Eric Perryman, former counsellor and swimming instructor, to spend part of his vacation at Kawanhee in the Moose Lodge.

Frog Legs, Misery are Top Attractions on Tumbledown

BY T. BATEMAN, Jr. B

On Wednesday morning, a group of Juniors and Seniors climbed Mt. Tumbledown. We went in the truck to the foot of the mountain. There we divided into two groups. Bill Allison led the first one and Mr. Duffey the second. I was in the first group. We walked quite a while until Bill Duckham said he was tired.

After walking some time, we reached the timberline. Then it was rock climbing from there on. About twenty-five minutes later we reached Crater Lake, a large pond between the peaks. Some of the boys went in swimming. Then came lunch. Bill Blake and Coach Haney got some frog legs to eat. They cooked them and then ate. I had a bite. Frog's legs are pretty good.

After lunch, Chuck Lamborn led us to the "Lemon Squeezer." Everybody got through. Mr. Duffey helped us. Bill Duckham and Norval Goss thought that they were lost on the rocks, but found their way back all right. When we came to "Fat Man's Misery," Chuck Windle started a canteen and sweater business, hanging them on trees while we went through the Misery. We had to wait for some boys from Camp Maranacook to get through. When Douglas Cochran made it, we gave him a long Kawanhee cheer. When we got back to the lake, everybody went in swimming. Then we started down, to find the truck waiting for us at the bottom.

Nature Movies

(Continued)

showing the growth of certain plants and flowers. Under controlled conditions that eliminated motion caused by changing light and air currents, the pictures had been taken, one frame every two or three minutes. When run off at a normal rate, these shots revealed to our surprised eyes many hitherto unguessed facts about the lives of plants. A patch of violets proved to be as jittery as a lodgeful of midgets, craning their necks, getting in each other's way, pushing one another around. A jonquil bud had to puff and puff, like an amateur with a bugle, before it could burst into bloom. The scientific interest of these shots of the growth and hidden motion of plants was only rivalled by the beauty of their coloring, and their pure entertainment value brought a loud and spontaneous burst of applause at the end of the show.

Reds Beat Giants to Take National League Pennant

BY R. PAGE AND T. BENUA

The Cincinnati Reds and New York Giants clashed on Monday afternoon for the championship of the National League. The Reds won 6-5. Robert Smith's single with the bases loaded, and Dick Bittenbender's home run gave the Giants a 3-0 lead. The Reds countered with one in the 3rd and five in the 4th. Bob Johnson and Bill Allison hit extra base blows to drive in the Reds' runs. The Giants rallied valiantly, but could not score the tying marker in the last frame.

Batteries:
Cincinnati...R. Johnson Griswold
New York...R. Bittenbender Harris

Rifles Crack, Panthers Scream, Windle Held in High Esteem

BY J. HARRIS, Jr. B

Saturday morning, the Panthers have range. We have fun. We make a lot of noise until Mr. Windle comes. When he comes, the Panther tribe gives a cheer. After we get our favorite guns, we put up our targets. Chuck Lamborn dishes out the bullets for each round. Then Mr. Windle says, "Load and commence firing." Then someone says, "Darn it! I hit the white." When everyone has shot his five bullets, Mr. Windle says, "Everybody finished? Change your targets." You can hear the shouts of anguish and delight as the boys look at their targets. When someone gets a good target, Mr. Windle goes deaf with the noise.

Range is a pretty good sport. Anyway, that is what the Panthers think.

Range Awards July 1—August 10

<i>Promarksman</i>		
Rich. Barr	I. Bouton	J. Campbell
D. Cochran	W. Davis	F. Dorman
W. Duckham	N. Evans	D. Fay
W. Gager	A. Griswold	R. Gude
J. Harris	P. Jones	R. Lagemann
M. MacColl	A. Meardon	Robt. Miller
T. Montei	J. Moores	P. Norton
R. Sargent	C. Stallman	F. Weidman
<i>Marksman</i>		
I. Bouton	J. Campbell	F. Dorman
W. Duckham	N. Evans	D. Fay
W. Gager	A. Griswold	J. Harris
M. MacColl	A. Meardon	Rich. Miller
Robt. Miller	T. Montei	J. Moores
P. Norton	R. Sargent	D. Wambaugh
<i>Marksman First Class</i>		
I. Bouton	F. Dorman	N. Evans
D. Fay	J. Harris	Reg. Jones
M. MacColl	T. Magruder	L. McCandless
<i>Sharpshooter</i>		
G. Christie	F. Dorman	J. Fulton
N. Goss	J. Harris	F. Henry
H. Hirschland	Reg. Jones	C. Lamborn
M. MacColl	L. McCandless	T. Montei
<i>1st, and Bars—T. Montei</i>		

Achievement Levels Passed, August 3—August 10

<i>AQUATICS</i>		
<i>Midget—First Level</i>		
	R. Lamb	
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
	T. Magruder	
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
N. Evans		D. Fay
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
I. Bouton	W. Gager	C. Swan
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
I. Bouton	P. Lagemann	C. Swan
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
	I. Bouton	
<i>Senior—First Level</i>		
R. Chism		J. Morrison
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
E. Brockie	F. Henry	J. Pogue
<i>Senior—Third Level</i>		
	J. Pogue	
<i>ATHLETICS</i>		
<i>Midget—First Level</i>		
J. Moseley	D. Sawtelle	A. Yaus
	P. Yaus	
<i>Midget—Second Level</i>		
W. Davis	J. Moseley	T. Nelson
D. Sawtelle	A. Yaus	P. Yaus
<i>Midget—Third Level</i>		
M. Bott	W. Davis	P. Yaus
<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
T. Bateman	W. Duckham	D. Fay
N. Goss	T. Magruder	H. Rutan
C. Stallman		D. Trowbridge
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
T. Bateman	W. Duckham	D. Fay
N. Goss	T. Magruder	H. Rutan
C. Stallman		D. Trowbridge
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
	S. MacColl	
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
Robt. Barr		W. Hirt
<i>HANDICRAFT</i>		
<i>Midget—First Level</i>		
R. Gude		J. Moseley
<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
	F. Weidman	
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
	Robt. Miller	
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
Robt. Miller		J. Moores
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
	J. Campbell	
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
R. Goss		R. Tracy
<i>Senior—First Level</i>		
J. Morrison		V. Williams
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
	J. Morrison	
<i>Senior—Third Level</i>		
	J. Morrison	
<i>NATURE</i>		
<i>Midget—First Level</i>		
	R. Gude	
<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
N. Evans		T. Magruder
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
	N. Evans	
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
	W. Gager	
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
E. Frazer	R. Goss	P. Lagemann
	J. Morrison	
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
Robt. Barr	W. Hirt	E. Miller
<i>Senior—First Level</i>		
W. Blake	R. Chism	C. Windle
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
	T. Huntington	
<i>Senior—Third Level</i>		
	L. McCandless	
<i>SAILING</i>		
<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
R. Lagemann		C. Swan
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
T. Magruder		C. Swan
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
Robt. Barr	I. Bouton	W. Gager
	D. Swift	

Greys and Greased Pole Prove Invincible at Water Meet

BY D. METCALFE, Jr. C.

Between showers, Saturday afternoon, Kawanhee's third water carnival of the season was held, and, for the third successive time, the Greys swam and paddled to a 128 to 91 victory over the Maroons. The latter, however, won the coveted war canoe race for the first time.

The feature of the day was the greased pole contest. This event was open to all comers. The object: to walk out on a 25 foot pole, thoroughly greased, and pluck any one of six lollipops impaled on the end. No one succeeded, but everyone was amused.

The Greys got off to a slight lead, which they materially increased as the meet progressed. An added attraction was the diving competition under the management of Fran Luoma. The competitors were required to do dives from the low and high boards, plus an optional dive from either. Out of a possible 30 points, John Pogue came in first with 24, Haydock Miller, second and Bob Barr, third.

Winners in the various events were as follows:

Crazy House Relay.....	W. Southworth,
	E. Brockie, Robt. Barr, G.
Midget Hand Paddling Rowboat Race	Maroon Team
Junior B 35 Yard Freestyle..	N. Evans, G.
Senior Canoe Bobbing Race.....	W. Barrington, G.
Junior A 35 Yard Freestyle..	E. Miller, G.
Senior 100 Yard Freestyle..	Bud Miller, G.
Junior B Canoe Doubles.....	J. Moores, J. Fulton, M.
Midget Balloon Race.....	M. Bott, G.
Hurry Scurry Canoe Race.....	W. Duckham, E. Miller, G.
Diving Contest.....	J. Pogue, G.
Junior A Rowboat Race.....	E. Frazer, R. Tracy, G.
Relay Race.....	Grey Team
War Canoe Race.....	Maroon Team

<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
I. Bouton		H. Rutan
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
	J. Lennan	
<i>Senior—Second Level</i>		
	H. Hirschland	
<i>WOODCRAFT</i>		
<i>Midget—First Level</i>		
M. Bott	W. Davis	R. Lamb
J. Moseley	T. Nelson	M. Umpleby
	A. Yaus	
<i>Midget—Second Level</i>		
W. Davis		F. Weidman
<i>Midget—Third Level</i>		
	F. Weidman	
<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
J. Evans	A. Meardon	Robt. Miller
	F. Weidman	
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
W. Duckham	J. Harris	J. Moores
	P. Norton	
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
J. Harris	J. Moores	P. Norton
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
E. Davis	W. Gager	S. MacColl
R. Sargent	D. Trowbridge	J. Weidman
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
T. Bateman	E. Davis	J. Fulton
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
T. Bateman	J. Fulton	P. Lagemann

PUNK FROM THE LOG

With trips streaming out of camp like the Panthers streaming over to the Rec Hall pool table at inspection time, only a few recognized activities proceeded in a normal manner. The bubbler fountains developed another attack of hayfever and very impolitely sneezed in the face of everyone who wanted a drink. Tuesday evening, Wee Willie Weld and Pat Paterson paddled off in a war canoe, one at each end. Sparkle being a thing of the past, we just supposed that they were mad at each other until some romantically-minded person, like Pogue, suggested that they must have a date. Whee, what a date! That canoe would offer room for half of Kineowatha, to say nothing of the whole state of Maryland. Betty Frank inadvertently attained the understatement of the week when she mistook Dick Bittenbender for Peleg. We doubt that the mighty Bittenbender was ever called "Pee-wee" before. His brother, Johnnie, so increased in dignity, or something, that he earned a new name, "Jumbo Blimpenbender." The buzz board in the Nature Room was found to be in such a state of overwork that it could not even give the bird to the Chief, when he came in for his weekly ornithology lesson with Mrs. Goodwin. And, finally, the mystery of Peter Yaus's hair was cleared up. Hungry moths have not been devouring his forelock after all. Nick Evans had just become so engrossed in the adventures of Superman that he absent-mindedly parked his gum there. That, in turn, brought out the barber in Lucas, and poor Peter had to submit to the tonsure, willy-nilly.

* * *

Mr. Bryant's got religion. He went to church in our outdoor chapel last Sunday and there he was baptized. Halleluiah, halleluiah! The Dean did not baptize him by dunking, nor did a passing motor sprinkle his brow. It was a far more touching ceremony. While the forest was hushed in expectation and the Kawanhee choir raised its sweetly blended voices in exaltation, David Bryant humbly bowed his head and a little wood bird wild, on the limb above, officiated. Boy, oh boy! Did Mr. Bryant get religion then!

* * *

Peter Yaus has gone in for horticulture. If, as he passes, you hear a gentle rustling, as of the wind in the trees, don't be surprised. Peter him-

self will assure you that it is only his orange grove. For some reason, Peter's teeth do not strain the Kawanhee orange juice as efficiently as do those of the rest of us, so he swallows at least one seed every meal. Since all the other Falcons assure him that the seeds immediately sprout, he has resigned himself to the conviction that there must be a respectable young orchard in his tummy by this time.

* * *

Some things just never seem to happen, no matter how fondly we may dream of them. During the past week, however, the highly improbable—if not the completely impossible—has occurred at least twice. It did not rain on the Eagle-Falcon trip day and Weld and Paterson quietly spent their day-off on Sunday Beach. Such portents make us optimistic. Let us list a few of the more improbable somethings, which would so greatly add to the gaiety of nations, and hope for the best. One loyal tribesman, for instance, would give much to see:

- A toad chasing Peter Yaus.
- "Flash" Pogue catching butterflies.
- Otis's car.
- George Frank with his shirt tail out.
- Morrill Bott eating corn on the cob.
- Ralph Lucas conducting the evening colors ceremony.
- The totem pole with a new make-up.
- A direct upon the Nature Room.
- A sprinkling system were substituted for the electricity in the star map.

Evelyn's junior Junior Camp taking on the junior counsellors for a baseball game.

The bubbly results if Drake should get his bugle full of soap and water as he saluted the raising of the flag.

One of Bob Smith's spot light cannons actually firing from the rafters and potting a couple of orchestra men.

While we are about it, it is a pleasant and harmless pastime to imagine what would happen:

If Bill Weld, reaching for that pencil which the Lynx cache in a secret crack in the dining hall wall, popped his finger into a mouse trap by mistake.

If a wet towel should find Mr. Bryant on the floor.

If the bridge were wired for sound

and sang, "Welcome home, dear counsellor," instead of just grumbling.

If a really good hurricane went through the Wildcat Lodge while Frank Henry was sleeping in that swinging bed.

If the Grey crew celebrated victory by singing "One finger, one thumb" in the war canoe.

In the department of desirable sounds, it would be pleasant to hear:

- Blake playing *Taps* on his flute.
- Pete Lagemann ordering Bob Smith around.

Bobbie Gude singing bass, preferably *Asleep in the Deep*.

Allison swinging out on that tomtom that marches us in to campfire.

John Campbell snoring in rumba rhythm. (According to his lodge-mates, he can snore in every other rhythm.)

The tennis department pleading to have the midgets sent out for instruction.

Raymond Frank, on show night, singing his daughter's favorite aria, *Pop Goes the Weasel*.

In conclusion, it would certainly fulfill the suppressed desires of the whole camp to see:

Hal, Rutan sailing on a day when there was any wind.

Lucas and Chism passing their canoe tests.

The point of one of Otis's jokes. Bill Thompson with a crew haircut—or a snood.

A fish chasing George Haney. Burtis and Bryant setting out for a visit to Maryland's cove in the *Kawan*.

The Handicraft counsellors opening the tool room in the shop as a lunch counter. They could call it "Heimberber's Hamburgers."

Bobbie Jones supplementing his gum-selling by a gum-retrieving service, to save wear and tear on footwear and Peter Yaus's hair.

The ceiling of the stage coming down during a performance and impaling itself on the cast.

The *Pete* going to Bass Rock attached to that rope by which Bob Johnson makes such rapid trips from dock to dock.

"Speed" Griswold winning the hundred yard dash.

"Bruiser" Sonny Williams mowing down the Crows' Nest, now that he has polished off the Deer.

Mr. Windle crossing the monkey bridge.

The *Pete* bailing Lamborn.