



The Wigwam



Volume VII, No. 5

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 7, 1941

MAROON TEAM TAKES RIFLE MATCH

By J. HARRIS, Junior A

No matter where you are in camp, the crack of rifles from the range can always be distinctly heard. Every day, enthusiastic campers come out and try for medals. This year, Bill Whipple is, in charge of the range, and under his skilful instruction, many boys have improved their marksmanship. They shoot under the rules and for the medals of the National Rifle Association. Some of the boys bring their own guns and ammunition.

Last Friday, Bill Whipple held a Grey-Maroon rifle match. Both captains chose the best shots from their teams. Before the match, both teams had a chance to practice. On Friday afternoon, twenty boys, ten on each team, filed out to the range. We shot at special N. R. A. targets with ten bull's-eyes. That night at supper, Bill announced that the Maroons had outshot the Greys 100 to 20. Frank Dorman was the individual winner with 88 points.

Chain of Ponders Cross Border, See Sights, Retire in Order

By C. DRINKLE, Junior B

Last Friday morning, 13 boys from the Panther and Polecat Lodges, accompanied by Perley Durgin, Keith Thwaites and Ted Quilligan, left for the Chain of Ponds. It was a long drive to the Ponds, which are near the border of Canada. When we arrived, the counsellors took the canoes down from the trailer and the boys put them into the water. We paddled about 3 miles to a farm, where we ate supper and made our camp. Some of the boys slept in pup tents while others slept under the canoes. Before we went to bed, we drove across the Canadian border in the truck. In the morning after breakfast we paddled to the end of the Ponds, where the truck picked us up. On the way back to camp, we stopped to see a large rock which Benedict Arnold had marked on his way to Quebec in 1775. We reached camp in time for supper and campfire.

Maroons Increase Margin as Race Enters Homestretch

During the fifth week of camp the Maroons have again increased their lead. Last week they failed to advance, and it looked as if the Greys might begin to catch up. But now the score is Maroons: 3431; Greys: 2783, making a difference of 648 points. What will happen in the next three weeks is a question. The Greys still have time to make up this difference; the Maroons may continue to run away from their rivals. It depends on which side earns most of the many levels which will be passed during the last few weeks of camp.

Maroons Prevail in Grey Canoe Prove That Color's No Tabu

By D. TILTON, Jr. C.

Another water meet was started Saturday by Read Murphy and his mariners, who put on the season's first sailing race. The *Sea Gull*, piloted by a Maroon crew, tacked and jibed its way to victory.

The entire afternoon was sparked by many new events. In the Junior C Pajama Race, Morrill Bott proved that he knows how to hang up pajamas by doing so faster than anyone else. In another novelty, the four man canoe race, the Greys showed superior muscle by churning their way to the finish line well ahead of the Maroons. The medley relay race brought forth several strokes not in the book, but the Maroons used them with ease and came out first. As usual, the main features came last, and one of these was an in-and-out war canoe race for counsellors. For five minutes, air and water were filled with counsellors flying in and out of the canoes, and when the final whistle blew, the "Maroons" had won. Showing the true Kawanhee spirit in the real war canoe race, the two teams switched canoes, and in the closest contest of the season, the Maroons in the Grey canoe came in ahead, making the final score Maroons 97, Greys 58.

Event winners are listed on page 2.

TIGER TALE ENLIVENS KENNEBEC TRIP

By H. ERF, Junior B

Last Tuesday, with joyous shouts the camp truck, crammed full of boys from the Pine Tree, Birch and Beaver Lodges, left camp for the lower Kennebec. We had a delicious lunch at a small table along the roadside. At The Forks, we picked up the canoes, and Perley, our guide, went to his home for his cooking equipment. While Perley was away, Bates hitched the trailer loaded with the six canoes to the truck. We came to a rough road through a pasture along the Kennebec. At last we reached a turn in the crude road that led down to the river. Here we parked the truck, unhitched the trailer and made our camp. Some rigged up pup tents, others slept under canoes, and one party even made a crude lean-to. After we made camp, we paddled downstream about four miles through rapids. Then Bates picked us up in the truck and we travelled back to our camp. When we got back, we went swimming in the brisk current. What fun!

Finally Keith Thwaites banged upon a dish and everybody got dressed and ready for a delicious dinner, cooked by Perley. It included stew, carrots, delicious salmon patties, (Continued on page 2)

Junior Cs in Pete and Rowboat Explore Lake, Cook Lunch

By M. BOTT, Junior C

Friday morning the Eagles and the Falcons went up the lake in the *Pete* and in a rowboat towed behind. When we got up to the very end of the lake, we anchored the *Pete* off shore, rowed to the beach in the rowboat, and went for a swim. After playing in the sand for a while, we went back to the *Pete* which took us down the lake to another beach, opposite camp. There we ate lunch of ham and eggs, which we cooked over a fire; jelly sandwiches, oranges, peaches, and marshmallows. While we were eating we heard cheers from camp. After that we got back in the *Pete* and rowboat and headed back to camp.

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Kawanhee To The Front

By R. LUCAS, Sr. C.

The twenty-first season of Camp Kawanhee has begun at a time when the world at large is in deep trouble. At the very moment when Kawanhee boys are fighting out a ninth inning tie on the ball diamond, or battling a stubborn bass in the cold lake water, men in other nations are locked in mortal combat, and children flee from the savage terror in the skies. And yet camp life goes on its busy, happy way, seemingly oblivious of this widespread evil. Are we then to think of Camp Kawanhee as an escape mechanism, a kind of Never-Never Land where a few boys may find relief from unpleasant reality? Or is it playing a more responsible role than seems evident at a casual glance?

It is indeed a truism to say that the hope of the world lies in its youth. And yet it must give us pause to see how each new generation, despite the profession of high ideals, follows the path of its fathers when the demagogues scream and the war drums roll. Democratic America, among all nations, has been one of the most lax in really teaching its youth to live the ideals it professes.

For twenty years, boys have worked and played together at Camp Kawanhee. They have been taught, encouraged, guided and disciplined by men of the highest type our society has to offer; men like the Frank brothers, "Colonel" Sweet, Dean Miller, "Chief" Marshall and Coach Wise; men of leadership and high ideals. Every day finds these boys in situations in the lodges, on the athletic field, out on trips or in a devotional service, where, with the constant aid of these men, they may learn the lessons of cooperation and unselfishness, friendship and idealism, which are the very cornerstones of the democratic way of life. Our only hope of making a world free from the destruction that is now wasting it is to give these young people a chance to actu-

Kennebec Trip

(Continued)

cookies and chocolate bars. Everybody agreed that Perley was quite a cook. After dinner we had a short campfire, and Keith told us how he was nearly killed by a tiger in New Zealand (Ahem!). That night everybody slept soundly, and in the morning, after a refreshing breakfast of bacon, cookies and cocoa, we shoved off in our canoes. We paddled through rapids and calm waters for about ten miles until we reached a saw mill.

There Bates took us to a roadside stand where we had lunch, followed by a trip through the saw mill. There we found out how logs are cleaned and sawed. Then we piled into the truck, ready to return to camp. When the familiar sign, "Camp Kawanhee," was seen, we knew that it was the finish of a perfect canoe trip.

Water Meet Winners

Sailing Race.....Maroon Team
Junior A Freestyle Race..W. Ruggles, G.
Junior B Rowboat Doubles.....
.....W. Davis, T. Magruder, M.
Junior C Pajama Race.....M. Bott, G.
Senior Canoe Doubles.....
.....R. Chism, R. Koch, G.
Junior B Freestyle Race...N. Evans, M.
Senior 100 yd. Freestyle...F. Henry, M.
Junior A 4 Man Canoe Race.....
J. Lennan, W. Ruggles, M. McHugh,
W. Whitney, G.
Diving.....J. Lupfer, M.
Senior In-and-out Canoe Race.....
.....R. Chism, R. Tracy, G.
Medley Relay Race.....Maroon Team
War Canoe Race.....Maroon Team

Lake Temperatures

	7:30 A.M.	11 A.M.	4 P.M.
Monday	71	74	76
Tuesday	71	73	74
Wednesday	73	78	79
Thursday	70	71	72
Friday	71	74	76
Saturday	71	72	73
Sunday	72	71	76

ally live the best life that we know how to have them live.

No, Kawanhee is not a Never-Never Land this summer. It is fighting on the hardest, most challenging frontier ever known, the frontier against human selfishness and low ideals. The dense forests of hatred and prejudice have to be hewed out from within ourselves. The wilderness of social and economic frustrations must be conquered through uncompromising idealism. Surely if it is possible to train the future citizens of the world to meet these trials and to deny the false remedies of demagoguery, Camp Kawanhee provides the tools and the training grounds. For the sake of the future, we would that there were more Kawanhees.

Dunsany Drama Affords Thrills Landis Whistles *Tell's* Trills

A Night at an Inn—a play in one act by Lord Dunsany, presented by the Footlight Knights under the direction of John Adams in the Berry Theater, August 1, and including the following cast:

A. E. Scott-Fortescue.....F. Henry
William Jones.....J. Ford
Albert Thomas.....J. Evans
Jacob Smith.....J. McHugh
1st Priest of Klesh.....W. Brewer
2nd Priest of Klesh.....J. Moores
3rd Priest of Klesh.....S. Price
Klesh.....R. Goss

For the highlight of the Friday evening show, *A Night at an Inn*, John Adams conjured up a number of eerie stage devices, from nose putty on Dick Goss' face to DeFalla's *Ritual Dance of Fire* on Bill Thompson's phonograph records, creating an exciting performance—well acted and much enjoyed by the audience. Before scenery that blended well with the weird atmosphere of the play, Dick Goss, as a heathen idol, and Warren Brewer, John Moores, and Stuart Price, as native priests, sought revenge on four English sailors, played by Jim Evans, Jack Ford, Frank Henry, and Jim McHugh, who had stolen the idol's eye, a priceless ruby. Frank Henry and Jack Ford, ably supported by the rest of the cast, may be credited with outstanding performances.

As a special number on the program George Landis whistled *At Dawn* and the finale of the *William Tell* overture, accompanied by phonograph records. In the latter, George puckered up to a high C, amazing his audience by his ability to whistle *presto* passages accurately.

The Moose Lodge presented a Professor I. Q. program, with Wayne Ruggles asking the questions and the rest of the lodge answering them when the audience was unable to reply. For each correct answer from the audience, the lucky person received two pieces of candy.

Filling out the program was the Kawanhee orchestra, giving its best performance of the summer, playing *Daddy* and *Everything Happens to Me*.

Sunday Services

The Sunday morning service was held on Council Point. Ross Chism led in the responsive reading and two hymns were sung. Pete Herschberger then gave the talk, choosing as his theme, "Being a Good Team Mate."

For the vesper service the camp gathered about Bass Rock. Mr. R. C. Frank led the singing of familiar hymns after which Dean Miller spoke on "One's Inward Growth."

Cards Come from Behind to Sink Pirates, Keep Lead

By Bud Miller, Jr. C.

After trailing in the third inning, the St. Louis Cardinals came from behind to nose out the spunky Pittsburgh Pirates, 14 to 10. The Pirates started off with a three run barrage in the top of the first. But the Cards staged a four run uprising in their half of the first to take a slim lead. In the first half of the third Pittsburgh pushed over five runs which looked menacing, until the Cards' half when they amassed five runs also, to go ahead by a one run margin. In the final innings the Cards were not headed, due to some sterling hits by Thwaites.

This was the fourth win against no defeats for the St. Louis team, making them a cinch for the Series.

Batteries:
St. Louis.....Johnson A. Miller
Pittsburg.....H. Landis Griswold

National League

In the National League, the Chicago Cubs defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers, 5 to 3, in a close game featured by Charles Dezer's home run.

Greys Take Track Meet

In the last track meet, the Greys defeated the Maroons by the score of 164 to 93. First places in the events were as follows:

Junior B Cross Country.....J. Tobin, M.
Junior C Baseball Throw...T. Brydon, G.
Junior B Baseball Throw...J. Smith, G.
Junior A Baseball Throw...W. Ruggles, M.
Senior Baseball Throw...J. Morrison, M.
Junior C Broad Jump.....M. Bott, G.
Junior B Broad Jump.....N. Evans, M.
Junior A Broad Jump.....R. Ward, G.
Senior Broad Jump.....E. Davis, G.
Junior C 50 yd. Dash.....M. Bott, G.
Junior B 50 yd. Dash.....J. Tobin, M.
Junior A 75 yd. Dash.....R. Ward, G.
Senior 75 yd. Dash.....K. Licht, G.
Shuttle Relay.....Grey Team

Range Awards, July 1 - August 3

Pro-Marksman
R. Borg W. Brewer C. Dezer
R. Donaldson J. Garrison E. Goodhart
J. Hanna A. Maisonpierre M. McHugh
A. Miller N. Nelson S. Price
J. Puccinelli P. Schurman P. Sutro
R. Ward

Marksman
W. Brewer R. Donaldson J. Garrison
E. Goodhart M. McHugh N. Nelson
S. Price J. Puccinelli W. Ruggles
P. Schurman R. Tracy R. Ward

Marksman First Class
W. Brewer J. Campbell R. Donaldson
W. Gager J. Garrison J. McHugh
M. McHugh N. Nelson J. Prestele
S. Price J. Puccinelli R. Sargent

Sharpshooter
W. Brewer J. Prestele S. Price

Second Bar
N. Goss

Achievement Levels Passed, July 27 - August 3

AQUATICS
Junior B—Second Level
T. Pyke
Junior B—Third Level
T. Bateman C. Henry
Junior A—First Level
R. Borg N. Nelson S. Price
W. Ruggles J. Tobin

ATHLETICS
Junior B—First Level
H. Erf W. Gager J. Smith
Junior B—Second Level
H. Erf W. Gager
Junior A—First Level
J. Harris
Junior A—Third Level
I. Bouton
Senior—First Level
E. Davis W. Hirt J. Morrison
Senior—Second Level
W. Hirt
Senior—Third Level
R. Koch

HANDICRAFT
Junior B—First Level
M. Bott T. Nelson
Junior B—Second Level
C. Drinkle T. Nelson P. Sutro
Junior B—Third Level
K. Jaeger
Junior A—First Level
I. Bouton
Junior A—Third Level
W. Davis N. Evans
Senior—First Level
J. Garrison K. Licht R. Tracy
Senior—Second Level
J. Campbell E. Davis W. Hirt
K. Licht R. Tracy
Senior—Third Level
H. Landis J. Lennan J. Lupfer

NATURE
Junior C—First Level
R. Bruce M. Davis J. MacLaughlin
Senior—First Level
K. Licht
Senior—Second Level
H. Landis

SAILING
Junior A—First Level
R. Borg F. Huntington J. O'Connor
J. Tobin R. Tracy R. Ward
Junior A—Third Level
T. Magruder
Senior—Second Level
V. Williams
Senior—Third Level
J. Lupfer V. Williams

WOODCRAFT
Junior C—First Level
R. Bruce M. Davis J. MacLaughlin
L. Miller
Junior C—Second Level
M. Bott M. Umpleby
Junior A—First Level
F. Dorman
Senior—First Level
J. Garrison T. Huntington J. Lennan
J. Morrison

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	Opp	Pct.
St. Louis	4	0	41	21	1000
Chicago	3	1	26	31	750
Cincinnati	2	1	23	10	667
New York	2	1	33	24	667
Pittsburg	0	4	24	41	000
Brooklyn	0	4	23	43	000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	Opp	Pct.
Boston	4	0	49	26	1000
Detroit	3	1	38	22	750
New York	2	1	38	18	667
Chicago	1	2	37	30	333
Cleveland	1	3	25	36	250
Philadelphia	0	4	12	67	000

Bosox Retain League Lead by Trimming Tribe

By D. Tilton, Jr. C.

In Monday afternoon's baseball game the league-leading Boston Red Sox pelted the Cleveland Indians to the tune of 14 runs to 0. From the first inning when the Sox scored three runs they did not go out of the lead and in the second inning, when G. Brandon hit a home run with two on, there was no doubt as to the outcome. Later in the fifth the Sox, with the aid of Koch's homer, added six more and the Indians came back with three runs making it 12 to 4. Two more runs were made by each of the teams in the last innings.

Batteries:
Cleveland.....Frost C. Davis
Boston.....Koch Goodhart

American League

In the American League, Steve Whitney pitched the Detroit Tigers to an easy 18 to 1 victory over the Philadelphia Athletics.

Swimming Tests Passed, July 13 - August 3

COVE
Junior C
R. Bruce T. Brydon J. McLaughlin
Junior B
C. Drinkle E. Goodhart J. Puccinelli
LAKE
Junior B
E. Goodhart C. Pace J. Puccinelli
P. Sutro C. Tuttle
Junior A
W. Eddy D. Legg
Senior
R. Koch A. Reeve

Variation

ENLARGED: the Moose Lodge by the arrival of W. Eddy, of Englewood, N. J., and D. Legg, of Tenafly, N. J.
ENLARGED: the Lynx Lodge by the arrival of F. Dorman, of Englewood, N. J.
ENLARGED: the Falcon Lodge by the arrival of J. Moseley, of Englewood, N. J.
ENLARGED: the Wildcat Lodge by the arrival of A. Towt, of Englewood, N. J.
ENLARGED: the Panther Lodge by the arrival of J. Toothaker, of New Rochelle, N. Y.
ARRIVED: Marshall Umpleby, headmaster of the Englewood School for Boys, to assume his duties as counsellor for the rest of the summer.
DEPARTED: D. Cochran, J. Garrison, and D. Quilligan to spend the rest of the summer at home or on vacation.
TRANSFERRED: G. Brandon, from the Crow's Nest to the position of senior counsellor in the Lynx Lodge.

PUNK FROM THE LOG

Oh, carry me back to eehnawaK,
 Where the brothers knarF hold
 sway,
 Where the noclaFs squawk and the
 taceloPs balk,
 And the yerGs and the nooraMs
 play.

This refrain has been haunting our dreams ever since Steve Whitney, in his sermon last Sunday, painted his lyrical picture of Camp eehnawaK. Some cynical persons claim that there is no such place, that Steve just happened to shift his spelling into reverse when he came to the name, Kawanhee. The LOG, however, believes in eehnawaK. It believes in it as firmly as it believes that Jones Harris washes his ears three times a day.

EehnawaK stands on the shores of bbeW Lake, between yadnuS Beach and eniP Point. In every lodge—excuse us, in every egdol, there are two campers and ten counsellors. There the directors insist that everyone make just as much noise as possible as soon as *Taps* is blown and that everyone go back to bed as soon as *Reveille* sounds. Incidentally, *Taps* and *Reveille* are blown on a bugle at eehnawaK. After breakfast, all campers return promptly to their egdols, which they thoroughly and efficiently mess up, and then file through Mr. Bryant's quarters, finding sand in his bed and raincoats inartistically hung over windows. At dinner, Mr. Bryant gives candy bars to everyone who did not find anything wrong. There the hammers look for Noel Piersche. In that dream camp, counsellors have six days off each week and, as they depart in their finery for those well earned vacations, *THEY* whistle at the campers. There Sox goes to bed every night at *Taps* and simply does not dare go near town, because he is so girl shy. When it rains, even Ma Frank admits "Well here's another lousey day." Lucas is always looking for the Chief to put him to work. The most important required activity is funny-book reading. It is expected of all counsellors that they pass at least their first level in this important field, but some of them need a lot of coaching. It always takes such experts as Tommy Bateman and Ted Nelson several periods to get the Chief and Mr. Goodwin through their simple Superman - in - wet - weather test. There the laundry comes back before the campers even have a chance to forget how the garments looked originally. The most wonderful thing in all eehnawaK, however, is the

beautiful camp hymn inspired by its euphonious name. May we quote just one verse from the lovely *Carmen eehnawaK*.

Oh, come and praise Camp eehnawaK,
 While in our ribs our proud hearts
 whack.

Let thunder roar and lightning
 crackle,

We'll still be true to eehnowaKle.
 Fly, Demon Rum, and Shoo, Tobacco,
 'Cause we're the boys from eehna-
 waKo.

Time and change will show, by
 cracky,

Our hearts are true and eeh — na —
 waKy.

* * *

The barbers ruthlessly denuded a number of Kawanhee ears, necks and crania which had been mercifully masked from the cold light of day. This caused considerable confusion. Counsellors, who were expecting new recruits with the midseason, would see strange heads bob up in their lodges. Promptly, they would rush over with their best I'm-your-counsellor-and-I'm-sure-we're-going-to-be-the-best-of-pals manner, only to get the bird from some already disillusioned camper.

The Panther counsellor had this experience with a vengeance. Seeing a totally unfamiliar pair of ears tack in the door, he said, "I'm Mr. Lucas. You must be the new boy, Toothaker. How soon can you be ready to leave on the Chain of Ponds trip?"

"My name's still Puccinelli," was the reply.

"Puchaker, did you say?" asked Ralph.

"No. Don't you know me? I'm Toothinelli," cried the Pooch.

"Well, Poothinellaker," said Ralph heartily, "we're delighted to have you in our lodge. Now hurry up and make that bed roll for the Chain of Ponds trip."

* * *

After supper Friday there were to be observed the usual symptoms of an impending show. The orchestra mooded unhappily in the barricaded Rec Hall. Down from the dining hall staggered the customary parade; Junior Cs carrying three chairs apiece, Junior Bs carrying two chairs apiece, Junior As carrying one chair apiece, squads of four Seniors sagging under the weight of a single chair, and counsellors telling them all how to do it.

What a show that was! The or-

chestra played *Daddy* to Coach Wise, who kept swinging his arms until the orchestra changed its tune to "Uncle." The Moose Lodge put on a quiz program, with Ruggles as Prof. I. Q. or P. U. or something, and elicited from Lucas the most concise definition of the Selective Service Act on record, "When you gotta go, you gotta go." Then came *A Night at an Inn*. Some were disappointed when this did not prove to be an exposé of the night life at Kawanhee Inn but they soon forgot everything in wondering what was the matter with Dick Goss' face. It was just possible that, as an idol, he was purposely made-up to look that way, but it was generally believed that he had gone to sleep chewing bubble gum again and had another puncture in the middle of the night.

The climax of the evening was yet to come. Various counsellors made mysterious manoeuvres around the hall. Murphy took the stage.

"Gee, this must be something special," whispered Johnnie Morrison to Bill Hirt.

Murphy began impressively. "There are certain gentlemen in our midst whom we wish to honor," he proclaimed.

"This is going to be good," whispered Bill Hirt to Johnnie Morrison. "I wonder who he's talking about."

Murphy was continuing, "These gentlemen most unkindly deprived us of their company at breakfast once this week, a fact which saddened us considerably."

"Isn't this fun," whispered Johnnie to Bill.

Solemnly Murphy went on. "We are so glad to have these gentlemen with us again that we are having a special celebration for them."

"Who can he be talking about," whispered Bill to Johnnie. "I'll bet someone's going to get a surprise."

"Counsellors, do your duty," cried Murphy.

"Why, isn't this swell," said Johnnie to Bill. "Four nice counsellors are thoughtfully carrying me down to the lake so I won't miss any of the fun. Do you suppose somebody is going to be thrown —"

Johnnie's remark ended in a *Glug* as he landed in the lake. Coming to the surface, he saw Bill and several other Wildcats just rising above the waves.

"Say, Bill," he whispered, "don't look now, but I think Murphy was talking about us."