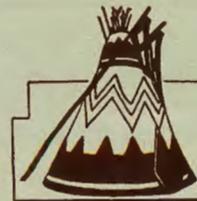




The Wigwam



Volume VIII, No. 2

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 24, 1942

Sugar Shortage Doesn't Pinch, Stretches Belts Another Inch

By M. McELWEE, R. N.

Scientists have long proclaimed that honey, syrups and molasses contain more valuable vitamins than are found in the refined sugars. At last these statements are being put to the proof, now that war rationing has made the sugar substitutes a necessary ingredient of all cooking, in camp as well as in our homes. The weight of Kawanhee figures is tipping the scales in affirmation of the scientists' claims.

A comparison of the increase in poundage of the present group of campers with that of the boys in camp in 1941 gives us our facts. During the first three weeks of the 1941 season, the average gain per boy was $\frac{7}{8}$ of a pound, and supplies were unlimited then. For the corresponding period in 1942, the average gain per boy was $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The total tonnage of the camp last Saturday suggested that we might have a new and hefty senior in our midst, for the scales showed 145 pounds to be accounted for which had not arrived with us on the first of July. If patriotism demands a tightening of the belt, it is to be feared that Kawanhee is developing an unpatriotic waistline.

Ex-Tribesmen Claimed by Armed Forces, Academic Speed-up

By F. HENRY, Jr. Counsellor

The international situation has brought to camp many new faces among the counsellors. It also has kept many of the former counsellors from spending the summer with us here at Kawanhee. Some of these men, who have served many years at Kawanhee, are in the armed services of our country. Some are going to the summer sessions of the accelerated educational program and others are teaching those taking this program.

Murrey Chism who first came to camp as a camper and who, as a counsellor, was associate editor of the WIGWAM, is in the Army. Last year's Tennis instructor, Roger Frost, is

(Continued on page 3)

MAROONS SET PACE

The toll in points of the war between the Maroons and Greys, announced at campfire, July 18, is Maroons 1026, Greys 930. The first score, revealed the previous Saturday, gave the Greys the very slight advantage of 5 points, 365 to 360. Except for the track meet, which the Maroons easily won, 146 to 92, all points have been captured by that forceful weapon, levels. The battle has just begun, however, and the progress thus far cannot be used as a guide to the final outcome.

Lodges and Departments Make All-out Effort on New Trail

By G. GOODWIN, Jr. Counsellor

The notes of a bugle herald the end of rest hour and the beginning of afternoon activities. From each lodge comes a surge of campers, hastening to their chosen projects. But aside from the usual rush for each department, there is a strange activity about the camp. One mass of boys, with designs on the tools, assaults the doors of the Shop, where Mr. Piersche stands helplessly by, crying, "Be sure to bring back that hammer" or "Please, boys, leave me some of those nails!" Another mob rushes on the Woodcraft cabin, seizing axes and mattocks and shovels. A third scours the Nature room for useful implements. Is there a lynching in progress? A mob forming to storm the Fort, or repel an invader? Nothing quite so dramatic. One by one the campers disappear into the woods, from which soon comes the sounds of busy activity. A new Nature Trail, longer and better than its predecessors, is being constructed, and spurred on by lodge competition each cabin is striving to complete its section first.

A stroll through the woods in the direction of the new trail reveals the orderly confusion which attends a project involving a large number of campers and activities. The smaller boys are running after nails and lumber; larger boys are clearing brush and building bridges; the oldest fell

(Continued on page 2)

Indians Scalp Yanks, Snatch American League Lead

By L. BUGBEE, Senior

The second set of the American League baseball games saw the Cleveland Indians smash the Yankee hope of a pennant by edging them out, 6 to 4, in a hair-raising game played on the afternoon of July 15. The winners came from behind in the latter part of the third inning after previously trailing by a score of 2-0. Tom Dwyer, able shortstop from the Lynx Lodge, led the victors' onslaught with a home run in the second inning.

The Yankees, however, kept the game going into extra innings, but the Indians overpowered them in the eighth. Phil Drake, slugging shortstop of the Yankees, kept his team out of hot water by pounding a triple, a double, and a single all into left field.

Batteries:

Cleveland.....Yarnell....D. Hamilton
New York.....Bouton.....Robson

The Boston Red Sox defeated the Philadelphia Athletics by the score of 9-5. It was the latter's second defeat of the season.

Batteries:

Boston.....Koch.....Whitacre
Philadelphia....Ward.....P. Strachan

Eagles, Falcons Open Second Front on Mt. Bald

Thursday morning, the Eagles and the Falcons went to Bald Mountain with Mrs. and Mr. Goodwin.

We climbed the mountain. We rested every fifteen minutes because Johnnie Alden said, "I am tired." When we came to the top, the boys made huts. Mike Umpleby and Malcolm Davis made a fort. David Jolkovski was their guard.

Then it was lunch time. We had egg sandwiches and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. We had some oranges and cookies, too.

After a while, we left the top. We were coming down. Down, down, down, we went and at last we reached the bottom. We had a long wait before Mr. Bateman came for us in the camp truck. When we got back to camp, were we tired! Oh boy!

THE WIGWAM

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L. BUGBEE, Sr. A. MAISONPIERRE, Sr.

On Leaving for Camp

*Lines Written to My Mother,
June 27, 1942*

By J. MOSELEY, Junior B

Oh, how I like to go to camp.
When I come home, I'll be a champ.
I'll be as happy as can be
And there'll be nothing wrong with me.

I'll swim and row and eat and play
And fish and jump and run all day,
And study nature sometimes, too.
I always will have things to do.

I'll sing and fight and sleep at night
And have great fun all day,
And go on camping trips outdoors,
And with the others play.

I'll climb high mountains with the boys
And have great fun and make loud
noise.
In fact I KNOW that I'll have fun,
Although it has not yet begun.

When the hands of the clock reach 6
A.M.,
I'll be waking up with vigor and vim,
Being glad that I'll see something new
And yet quite sorry I'm leaving you.

And when these hands are at 7 I'll be
In the Grand Central Station, just
filled with glee.
I'll be waiting to meet the other boys,
And you may be sure there'll be
plenty of noise.

When it's 8 o'clock I'll be on the train,
Happy to be going to camp again,
Glad to be going, and yet I will be
Very sorry you're not with me.

Then, when it's 9, I'll be on my way
And, later on, toward the end of the
day,
I'll be in a place called Portland,
Maine,
And I'm so glad that I'm going again.

In camp at last when day is done,
Another life has for me begun,
But I will yet remember you
And try quite hard to write you, too.

New Nature Trail

(Continued)

trees and plan the work. Each lodge has been allotted a section for which it is responsible. The competition between lodges is keen. Each has elected a Forester, who serves as a working foreman, supervising the efforts of his lodge and responsible to the counselors in charge for his section of the trail. Starting at the main road near the old Archery range, the trail winds over the varied terrain back of Camp, ending near the Infirmary, with branches to Sunday Beach and other points of interest. Chosen for the large selection of plants and trees it offers, the course it follows presents obstacles which challenge all a boy's knowledge of Woodcraft and Engineering. One rustic bridge has already been built—the Woodcraft department under Tom Dwyer is in charge of its actual construction—and another is in progress. Swampy places, which contain a variety of rare plants and wild life, must be bridged with the materials at hand. Each interesting item, clumps of rare ferns, orchids, patches of mosses, must be identified and marked with a sign—a task which Mr. Goodwin performs with his Nature Department and its ardent young naturalists. The signs themselves—each designed to symbolize the lodge which worked on that particular part of the trail—are made in the Shop under the supervision of Mr. Kiefer. Thus the work of three departments is correlated to achieve one purpose—building a trail longer and better and more interesting than ever before.

There follows the list of the Foresters, elected by each lodge to supervise its activities on its allotted section of the trail.

D. Jolkovski, Eagle	J. Smith, Birch
J. Moseley, Falcon	C. Henry, Beaver
D. Yates, Panther	F. Huntington, Moose
W. Robson, Polecat	E. Frazer, Lynx
R. Miller, Pine Tree	J. Maurice, Wild Cat
C. Drinkle, Deer	

Next Wigwam in August

Next week, the WIGWAM will rest on whatever problematic laurels it may have earned. It will again make its appearance on August 7, probably overstuffed with news of the major trip program, which went into high gear this week.

After two months, I'll come back at last,
Glad to be home with you.
As I have said, I like many places,
But I like Englewood too.

Rhythm, Magic, Oomph Girl Wow First Audience

Yes Means No—a comedy in one act, presented by the Footlight Knights under the direction of P. Drake and N. Kerschner, in the Berry Theater, July 14, with the following cast:

Mr. Lawson	P. Drake
Miss Collins, his secretary	T. Huntington
Teddy Lawson, his son	D. Tilton
Edith Merrill, Teddy's fiancée	W. Yarnell
T. J. Morgan	G. Goodwin

Once the curtain had risen (with difficulty) on the yearly debut of the Footlight Knights, the company's new impresarios, the Messrs. Drake and Kerschner, scored a definite hit with a program composed of a fast-moving comedy, two sure-fire specialties and the music of the Kawanhee Orchestra under its new director, Mr. Spangler.

Of the specialties, the first was a novelty to the Kawanhee stage. Tom Hamilton, an accomplished young magician, performed feats of mystification which his appreciative audience found properly amusing and confusing. The second marked the return engagement of an old favorite. Hal Myers once again took his drumsticks in hand to beat out his infectious rhythms on everything within reach. His performance left no doubt of the fact that he is still the same trap-happy Hal who many a time in former years had the joint jumpin'.

The feature spot of the evening was hilariously filled by *Yes Means No*. It was a comedy of errors arising from Teddy Lawson's efforts to act according to his father's maxim that a businessman always says, "No." The production was characterized by rapid pace and convincing performances in all the roles. The wow of the evening, however, was Bill Yarnell as the Kawanhee version of a sweater girl. If future productions are graced by more such "Oomph," the Footlight Knights may look forward to a riotously successful season.

Sunday Morning Service

Sunday morning, July 19, in the Recreation hall, it was again our privilege to hear an address by Dr. Elmore. He spoke of appreciation and encouragement, of how, in camp as in the wide world, a word of praise may turn a weary man into a happy one and a failure into a success.

The service also introduced the first of a series of short Nature sermons directed particularly toward the younger boys. Mr. Kiefer talked of the natural cooperation which may be observed in these forests, taking as an example the spruce which shelters the moss, which, in its turn, nourishes the tree's tender seedlings.

Undefeated Reds Down Dodgers, Cubs Hit Cellar with Thud

BY A. MAISONPIERRE, Senior

In a thrilling ball game, the Cincinnati Reds defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers by the score of 9-3, during the second round of the National League schedule, played on the morning of July 15.

In the first inning, Mike Umpleby, of the Dodgers, fouled to the pitcher. Then came Skinner. He got hold of the ball and sent it into left field for a four-bagger. Brooklyn was then leading Cincinnati. The Reds in their half of the first, however, put through a total of four runs. This lead was not disturbed until the end of the game. The slugger of the game was Skinner, who got a home run, a triple, and a single out of four times at bat.

Batteries:
Cincinnati....C. Spangler Eckfeldt
Brooklyn....Skinner Umpleby

In a record smashing game the St. Louis Cardinals pounded two Chicago pitchers for 27 runs. The final score was 27-0.

Batteries:
St. Louis....R. C. Frank Lagemann
Chicago.....Eddy, Hirt J. Aldridge

Baseball Games, July 8 and 9

The first League baseball games were played on July 8 and 9. In the American, the Tigers, despite a desperate last minute rally, were defeated by New York, 12-8, while Cleveland easily romped over the Athletics to the tune of 13 to 1. The National produced more interesting results, the Dodgers taking the Giants by the close score of 3-1, while a bitter fight between the Cubs and the Reds ended in favor of the latter, 10-6.

There are only five teams in each league this summer. Thus on each Wednesday, only four regular league games are played, and in addition one inter-league match, played in the evening, which does not affect the league standings of the teams participating. Due to limitations of space, these evening games will not be reported by the WIGWAM. The results of the other games will be given, as usual.

Archery Awards, July 1-18

Junior Yeoman Pin
E. Eckfeldt M. Umpleby

Junior Bowman Pin
W. Carpenter E. Donovan
B. Durell F. Jones

Junior Bowman Arrow
W. Carpenter F. Jones

Bowman Pin
F. Jones

Achievement Levels Passed, July 1 - July 18

AQUATICS
Junior B—First Level
E. Eckfeldt
Junior A—First Level
H. Erf

ATHLETICS
Junior A—First Level
N. Goss
Junior A—Second Level
N. Goss
Senior—First Level
I. Bouton
Senior—Second Level
I. Bouton

HANDICRAFT
Junior C—First Level
J. Alden L. Burt H. Strachan
Junior B—First Level
R. Aldridge T. Brydon J. Cloud
M. Davis P. DeKovessey E. Eckfeldt
D. Goldthwaite D. Hamilton J. Hanna
D. Jolkovski F. Jones R. Kitchel
J. McDonald J. Moseley W. Robson
M. Umpleby D. Whitacre
Junior B—Second Level
M. Davis D. Goldthwaite D. Whitacre
Junior A—First Level
J. Allison W. Carpenter G. Cory
C. Drinkle B. Durell H. Erf
T. Hamilton T. Johnson T. Magruder
T. Matchneer T. Mixer R. Myers
J. Smith H. Taylor W. Whitney
Junior A—Second Level
W. Carpenter H. Erf J. Smith
Senior—First Level
J. Maurice R. Miller
R. Donaldson R. Borg

NATURE
Junior C—First Level
J. Alden L. Burt H. Strachan
Junior C—Third Level
J. Moseley
Junior B—First Level
J. Cloud D. Jolkovski F. Jones
W. Robson M. Umpleby
Junior A—First Level
J. Aldridge E. Donovan H. Erf
N. Goss T. Johnson T. Mixer
R. Myers G. Watts
Junior A—Second Level
R. Donaldson
Senior—First Level
J. Maurice D. Swift T. Webster
Senior—Second Level
V. Williams

SAILING
Junior A—First Level
H. Erf C. Henry
Senior—First Level
T. Magruder

WOODCRAFT
Junior B—First Level
W. Robson D. Yates
Senior—First Level
I. Bouton E. Davis A. Maisonpierre
D. Swift R. Ward
Senior—Second Level
E. Davis

League Standings

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Cincinnati	2	0	19	9	1.000
St. Louis	1	0	27	0	1.000
Brooklyn	1	1	6	10	.500
New York	0	1	1	3	.000
Chicago	0	2	6	37	.000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Cleveland	2	0	19	5	1.000
Boston	1	0	9	5	1.000
New York	1	1	16	14	.500
Detroit	0	1	8	12	.000
Philadelphia	0	2	6	22	.000

Bouton, DeKovessey Hit Highs As Maroons Win Track Meet

By the score of 146-92, the Maroons easily overcame the Greys in the first track meet, held on July 18. Paul DeKovessey threatened to do the job alone by sweeping the Junior B events for a total of five firsts. The high point of the meet was I. Bouton's high jump of five feet. Individual winners were as follows:

Junior B Baseball Throw..... P. DeKovessey, M.
Junior A Baseball Throw.... J. Smith, M.
Senior Baseball Throw.... I. Bouton, M.
Eagle-Falcon 50 yd. Dash... E. Eckfeldt, G.
Junior B 50 yd. Dash... P. DeKovessey, M.
Junior A 100 yd. Dash.... G. Watts, M.
Senior 100 yd. Dash.... J. Maurice, G.
Junior B Broad Jump... P. DeKovessey, M.
Junior A Broad Jump.... N. Goss, G.
Senior Broad Jump.... C. Windle, M.
Junior B High Jump... P. DeKovessey, M.
Junior A High Jump.... G. Watts, M.
Senior High Jump.... I. Bouton, M.
Eagle-Falcon Hobble Race... E. Eckfeldt, G.
Junior B Hobble Race... P. DeKovessey, M.
Junior A Circling Bases.... G. Watts, M.
Senior Circling Bases.... C. Windle, M.
Senior Half Mile..... C. Windle, M.

Absent Tribesmen

(Continued)

serving in the Navy, as is Howie Johnson, Yale swimming star and head of Aquatics at Kawanhee for the past several years. Dick Bittenbender, Woodcraft instructor and a very familiar face around Kawanhee, is with the Marines.

Ralph Lucas, former associate editor of the WIGWAM, is in the Law School at Ohio State University. At Kawanhee as a camper and later as a boating instructor, Bill Myers is attending school at Brown. Charlie Lamborn, one-time czar of the motor boats, has entered the Engineering School at Ohio State University. Princeton is the university attended by Bud Miller, long-time camper and last year Aquatic instructor. Bill Yardley, former keeper of the score, is a junior at Ohio State University, where he is attending the summer session.

Harold Wise, several times head of the Athletic Department at Kawanhee, is Athletic Director at the summer session of Ohio University. Junior C Activity Counsellor of last year, Steve Whitney, is teaching this summer at Phillips Academy at Andover. John Adams, Dramatic Counsellor last year, is teaching at the summer session of Columbus Academy where he is Headmaster of the Lower School. Keith Thwaites, New Zealand Canoeing instructor last year, is working with the British Purchasing Agency in the United States.

PUNK FROM THE LOG

During the second week of the season, we had a feeling that it was going to be a long, hard winter at Kawanhee this summer. Each morning as we crawled out into a cold, cold world, we put on another pair of pants over those we had worn the day before over the ones we had worn the day before that, and wondered if we looked as bulgey as Larry Burt, who just continued to put on more pairs of shorts until the third bell rang for breakfast. It was reported, although not confirmed, that even the mosquitoes were wearing long underwear and de-icers on their wings. Each morning, Dave Jolkovski would look down toward the dock and remark, "No early morning drips today." We supposed that the frost had not yet melted on the trees, but he was really referring to the fact that he did not see Tom Dwyer and Irving Bouton and the other gelid Lynxes who, at that hour of the morning, are usually to be observed emerging from the lake clad only in goose-pimples.

* * *

Various signs and portents early this week gave rise to the belief that something untoward was happening *Inside Bryant*. As he made his morning rounds and the bathing suits blew merrily by, sometimes draping themselves over his ear without eliciting any comment but an absent-minded "Perfect rating, perfect rating," it became obvious that he was turning from Inspection to introspection. He hitched up the rotating thermometer in such a way that it not only rotated, but made loops and did nip-ups as well. His horseshoe courts languished without him. Some major revolution in his life was immanent. Then the news leaked out. The tables were about to be turned. The Inspector was preparing for inspection. Mrs. Bryant was coming.

Up rose the sun on Thursday morning and up rose Davey with it, firmly believing in that ancient maxim, "Tis the early worm that gets the Birdie." He shaved. And he shaved again. And once more he shaved, just in case he had forgotten to shave the other two times. He parted his teeth and scrubbed his hair with tooth paste. Next he brushed his ears and scrubbed behind his teeth. Then he brushed his nails and filed his teeth. He put on his shirt. He put on another shirt. Finding a few more shirts scattered about, he put them on as well. At

last, thoroughly dressed, he descended to breakfast.

"Oh, Mr. Bryant," cried Mac. "Don't you look nice."

"Aw shucks, I bet you say that to all the boys," he mumbled, flushing with pleased embarrassment and sweeping her a courtly bow.

It took Mac a minute or two to wipe her cereal out of his ear after that courtly bow. So excited that he could scarcely sit still, Mr. Bryant hurriedly poured his coffee into the sugar bowl and drank his shredded wheat murmuring, "My, aren't there a lot of vitamins in the orange juice this morning!" Nervously he turned to the Chief and asked, "Does my hair look alright? You know, I just can't do a thing with it since I had that permanent wave put in by the Panther Lodge bomb-racks."

"Why, it looks lovely," chimed in Mrs. Goodwin, loyally. "And what a pretty tie."

"Yes, it's very becoming, Davey, my lad," agreed George Frank. "Here, let me fix it for you." He fixed it with a firm hand.

By the time Davey had his Adam's apple out of confinement once more and his eyeballs had subsided into their sockets, it was time to leave for the train. We are sorry that our story cannot follow him on that memorable trip. We can only mention the rumor that, in its course, a few curves were taken out of the Dixfield road and a few more out of the Chief's car. Nor can we report with accuracy upon the tender reunion, whether or not it was marred by the discovery of a wet towel in some forgotten pocket, or of a bathing suit dropped in some cranny of that noble edifice, our Inspector. Suffice it to say that, if Mr. Bryant's conduct is characterized by an extreme of charity, as in the case of awarding the Falcons an inspection, it is only an indication that he is now doing unto others as he would have another "doed it" unto him. Just to show that there are no hard feelings, we sincerely hope that Mrs. Bryant will be able to award him a candy bar before the end of the season.

* * *

Ever hopeful of eventually compiling an authoritative dictionary of the language peculiar to the Kawanhee tribe, the Log offers the definitions and illustrations of a few more words which have a highly specialized meaning in this camp.

the Conga. Ostensibly a dance but, after seeing it executed by Shanley and Skinner, we have been forced to the conclusion that it is really a case of hiccups that settled in the hips.

courage. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin helping Johnnie Cloud to make spatter prints of leaves in the Nature Room. Perhaps this courage can only be appreciated by the Eagle counsellors who, many a time in the dining hall, have had spatter prints of their profiles made in catsup.

development. This is best illustrated at the Birch Lodge table. When Bob Borg arrived, his arms were less than 3 feet in length. By conscientious exercise at each meal, Bob has increased his reach to the point where he can nail a slice of bread from under Hirschland's nose at 7 feet, 3¼ inches.

etiquette. Something without which, or a reasonable facsimile of, our table manners aint. It is to be observed in its finer forms at the head table, where the Chief always feathers his spoon before he drinks his cocoa and G. R. really puts on frills when he calls to Mr. Goodwin, "Hey, Charlie, roll me down a potato."

flattery. Skinner's ultimatum to Russell Paul that the latter would be *persona non grata* at the Pine Tree table until he had shaved. Russell was so pleased that he shaved three times — once for each whisker.

indiscretion. Kingsley Noble's haircut. We would never have guessed the awful truth about his skull had he not made that particular trip to the barbershop. We are adding this example of hair-styling to our permanent collection of Kawanhee tonsorial art, under the title, *Sabotage with Clippers or The Barber Didn't Like Me*.

overpopulation. When Mac the Nurse and a beetle found themselves inhabiting the same suit of pajamas. As she rapidly evacuated the position, Mac muttered, "I have had bats in my boudoir, Bryant in my cereal and soup in my lap, but THIS is ridiculous!"

quiet. An unnatural state caused by the absence of W. Eddy from the Lynx Lodge.

suspense. That nerve-wracking, when-will-he-drop-the-other-shoe sensation which we experience while waiting for Dave Fay to hit the high note in his rendition of *Taps*.