



The Wigwam



Volume VIII, No. 3

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 7, 1942

GREYS CHEER REPORT OF NEW GAINS

The Rec Hall really rocked with the triumphant yell of the Greys when they heard the score announced on August 1. The Greys were leading the Maroons, 3353 to 2907. This was the first occasion on which either of this year's teams could claim an impressive advantage. With the exception of one week, the Greys have been out in front all the way, but on July 25 they led by only 147 points, 2201 to 2054. It was, of course, the passing of levels which built up the Greys' lead to 446, for their surprise victory in the track meet advanced them by only 44 and the large block of points yielded by J. L. S. was evenly divided between the two teams.

Clams, Contests and Cooking Crown Eagle-Falcon Voyage

By J. MOSELEY, Junior B

On July 31, the Eagles and Falcons rowed across the lake to the public beach there. Mr. Goodwin and "Shipwreck" Kelly went along too.

The lake swimmers took a short trip in a motor boat, but the other boys had to stay on the beach. Then we had a fine swim and cooked our own lunch of potatoes, Spam sandwiches, blueberry muffins, tomatoes and milk. We took trips to the upper and lower beaches, and went on other exploring trips. It was the first visit for most of us.

While the group was busy doing other things, Dan Whitacre amused himself by getting about two hundred "clams" out of the water. He gave one hundred to me.

Just before leaving some of us had a wonderful time having fights on top of a large rock in the middle of the beach, and pushing each other off. The person on the rock was king, but if the other boy was able to push him off he became king. Sometimes both boys fell off.

In the middle of the afternoon we left to get back to camp in time for the afternoon swim. We all enjoyed the trip very much, and hope there will be more like it.

Rain and Rapids Do Not Check Conquest of the Kennebec

By H. ERF, Junior A

Among Kawanhee's most popular canoe trips is the one on the lower Kennebec River. Full of swift water, it assures any canoeist of a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

On July 30, the ever-faithful camp truck, filled with thirteen boys, Bates, Phil Drake, and Frank Henry, left camp for the three-day trip.

At The Forks we picked up the canoes, Perley Durgin and Mr. Ward, an authority on fishing. Here we ate lunch and put our canoes in the river. We paddled downstream through swift rapids and around rocks for approximately three miles, until we arrived at a field along the river, where we were to camp for the two nights. It was an excellent camping place with a small beach, a grassy field, large cliffs and a near-by spring.

The boys went swimming in the rapids near our camp. Many of the campers paddled upstream through the rapids and then came down the river again, while a few poled upstream. After dinner we played games in the field and had loads of fun. Then we all went to bed. The boys slept in pup tents, sleeping bags, improvised lean-to's and a hammock.

As the sun came up and the boys peeped out of their tents, they were surprised, yet glad, to find that Perley had already prepared breakfast, consisting of cereal, oranges, toast, cocoa and prunes.

Following breakfast we took the canoes up to The Forks and paddled downstream to our camps. During the morning we played, swam and paddled.

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Fourteen Pass J. L. S.

With the completion of the summer's first course in Junior Life Saving, fourteen boys have won their American Red Cross emblems and 75 points apiece for their teams. The boys are:

J. Allison	W. Carpenter	G. Cory
W. Davis	F. DeKovessey	B. Durell
D. Fay	T. Hamilton	F. Harrah
T. Magruder	G. Matchneer	M. Maurice
J. Smith		H. Taylor

DAVIS CROWNED WITH FLORAL HONORS

Three campers have carried off portions of the \$20.00 Samuel Fessenden Clarke Wild Flower Prize. The judges, Bob and Cleve Cory, unanimously chose Ethan Davis as winner of the first prize. His book contained over 100 specimens correctly named and neatly mounted. The second prize was divided between E. Donovan and F. Jones who, considering their age groups, had equally good collections. Honorable mention goes to C. Drinkle for his painstaking work in identification and to R. Kitchel for the number of flowers he had mounted. The competition evoked great enthusiasm this year. There were over twenty entries and seven finished with collections good enough to be considered in the final decision.

Bitt Tells It from Marines, Chism's Vocabulary Enlarged

In behalf of its readers, the WIGWAM has appropriated extracts from letters written by two tribesmen now with the Armed Forces of the United States.

Pvt. Murray Chism writes, "I graduated from Bowdoin, May 30, spent June at home and was drafted July 2. I had four days at Fort Dix (two of them on K. P.) and was shipped out for points unknown. . . . I ended up here in Camp Pickett, Va., a brand new and big camp, just dedicated July 4. It is a good camp—good food, comfortable barracks. . . . I am in the Medical Corps—through absolutely no choice of my own, although I'm very well satisfied to be here. We are going to classes. . . . Some of us were classified as clerks. . . . We receive this basic training here for about eight weeks, then are assigned to a permanent post. . . . The parallel between Pickett and Kawanhee is amazing. Life in the barracks is very much like life in a lodge, except that here I'm the Midget and we call the counsellors "Corporal" and "Sergeant." They tell us to sweep floors and hurry up getting dressed

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THE WIGWAM

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The Migrants Are Here Again

By A. KIEFER, Sr. C.

While this old world is going through trying experiences in having men vent their spite and hatred upon each other and most of the nations are busy turning out instruments of destruction, we find Old Mother Nature carrying on as usual. Like "Ol' Man River," she "just keeps rolling along," in spite of man's petty quarrels.

Another year has rolled around and the new season has brought on a new display of flowers, trees, weeds and crops, and a new migration of birds. Some of these birds come great distances from the south where they have wintered and are now rearing their broods in and about Kawanhee. Some of them make these annual trips several times during their lives and no doubt become wiser each time they do. Surely a hazardous trip like that made by the birds as they run the gauntlet of natural dangers makes them better fitted to cope with the difficult things which make up their existence.

Along with these migrants we have had another infiltration of residents from regions to the south. Led by such wise and seasoned leaders as G. R. Frank and R. C. Frank, old and new campers have made the journey to Weld, and are now enjoying the experiences which can be had only in a place like Kawanhee.

We wonder sometimes how such small birds as the warblers and the humming birds make such journeys as those from central South America to Alaska, and others as great. One theory which was believed for a time was that these little fellows rode to their destinations on the backs of the larger birds, the herons, ducks and geese. Probably that was the way that Larry Burt, Johnnie Alden and Hugh Strachan got here. Without a doubt, Larry rode part of the way on the back of some other camper. But it does not matter how they got here; they are here in every sense of the word.

Lower Kennebec Trip

(Continued)

During the trip we unveiled some of Mother Nature's wonders, among these the Bald Eagle, Osprey, Great Blue Heron, American Merganser, Buzzard, a deer and two fawns. The deer seemed to fascinate those who saw it as it scampered off.

Friday night after dinner we had a free-for-all. Then it began to sprinkle and we spent the rest of the time preparing our sleeping quarters for the rain. It rained all night.

After breaking camp Saturday morning we paddled down the Kennebec for at least nine miles to an old deserted sawmill, where Bates and the truck met us. From there we went to Bingham, where we bade farewell to Perley and Mr. Ward. We continued on our homeward journey until lunch time when we stopped at some roadside tables. The truck then proceeded back to camp, and we arrived at Kawanhee as the track meet was in full swing. We were glad to be back at camp, yet all of us wished that the lower Kennebec trip had just started.

NOTE—This was the second canoe trip of the week. Limitations of space made it necessary to omit a report on the Moose River trip. Ed.

Sunday Services

The first of the year's series of Sunday evening vesper services was held on August 2 at Bass Rock. In this beautiful setting Mr. R. C. Frank led the camp in singing familiar hymns, and Dean Miller delivered his first sermon of the year on "Energy." In the morning we were once again privileged to hear Dr. Elmore speak, using the phrase "Getting your best into action" as the theme of his sermon. Preceding this was the third short Nature talk delivered by Mr. Kiefer.

The migratory birds come north in order to rear their broods in new and larger feeding grounds where conditions are favorable. Likewise there is something to be accomplished in our coming to Kawanhee. If the trip to camp and the experiences we have while here do not build up a stronger personality, a greater realization that we have a job to do in the world, and if we have not been better fitted for that job, then there has been a hitch somewhere.

Let us each get the most out of the opportunities made possible by our parents, friends and the directors of this camp during the camping season.

Mystery Baffles Playgoers, Eagle Chicks Lay No Eggs

The Grey Overcoat—a play in one act presented by the Footlight Knights under the direction of Nolan Kerschner in the Berry Theater, July 31, with the following cast:

Curtis, a detective T. Dwyer
Inspector Woodruff R. Murphy
James, the butler J. Morrison

The second presentation of the Footlight Knights was a bill consisting of a barnyard skit and a melodrama.

Under the direction of Mrs. R. C. Frank, the Eagle troupe gave a good performance in *The Little Chick That Would Not Go To Bed*, quite undaunted by several minor crises, the moon that fell flat on the floor and then soared hastily into the proper position, and the off stage frog that forgot to croak. "Old Mother Hen" Windle amused everyone with his, or her, "Cluck, cluck, it's time to go to bed." Dave Jolkovski carried off the starring honors while Hugh Strachan, John Alden and John Cloud admirably portrayed the other chicks.

The feature presentation, *The Grey Overcoat*, was well done considering the short time there was for rehearsal. Kerschner worked hard and did a good job of directing. Hirt and Windle helped to do a good job on the scenery. The audience soon gathered the fact that Curtis and the Inspector disliked each other but was confused by the ending. In case anyone is still wondering, Dwyer stole the jewels and has them under his mattress.

Chism and Bittenbender

(Continued)

and making beds. . . . Of course, there is a tremendous difference between the language I used before the Midgets and the language the Corporal fires at us."

Lt. R. C. Bittenbender writes, "I have been in the Marines now about six months and wouldn't trade my experience for all the tea in China. It is one of the finest groups of men you could hope to run into in all your life. . . . I was placed on active duty last February, going immediately into officers' class in Quantico, Va. I was down there until the first of June and received my commission as "Shave-tail" the first of April. I have been down here at New River, N. C., since then. . . . Needless to say, I miss Kawanhee, wouldn't be honest with myself if I said I didn't. In fact, on July 1, that was about my first thought, wondering who was coming back. . . . When this mess the U. S. is in is all cleared up, we can probably find one another back up there, come summer."

Greys Score Surprise Victory In Track Meet

On Saturday, August 1, the Grey team upset precedent and prediction by winning a 147-103 victory over the Maroons. Individual winners were:

Senior High Jump I. Bouton, M.
 Senior Broad Jump C. Windle, M.
 Senior 100 yard Dash J. Maurice, G.
 Senior Ring Toss D. Spangler, G.
 Senior Horse and Rider
 E. Davis, C. Windle, M.
 Senior Wheel Barrow
 J. Maurice, D. Spangler, G.
 Senior Tug of War Grey Team
 Junior A High Jump G. Watts, M.
 Junior A Broad Jump G. Watts, M.
 Junior A 100 yard Dash ... C. Henry, G.
 Junior A Ring Toss E. Donovan, M.
 Junior A Roll to Peg J. Smith, M.
 Junior A Obstacle Race .. E. Donovan, M.
 Junior A Tug of War Grey Team
 Junior B Broad Jump ... R. Aldridge, G.
 Junior B 50 yard Dash ... E. Eckfeldt, G.
 Junior B Ring Toss R. Kitchel, M.
 Junior B Three-legged Race
 W. Davis, Rich. Miller, M.
 Junior B Roll to Peg Rich. Miller, M.
 Junior B Hobble Race W. Davis, M.
 Junior C Hobble Race E. Eckfeldt, G.
 Junior C Hoop Race E. Eckfeldt, G.

Maroons Win Water Meet

On the afternoon of July 25, the Maroons captured the first water meet of the season from the Greys by the score of 121 to 69. Winners were:

Sailing Race I. Bouton, W. Ward, M.
 Junior B 25 yd. Freestyle .. J. Hanna, G.
 Junior C Disrobing Race .. H. Strachan, G.
 Junior B Rowboat Doubles with Coxswain R. Miller, R. Aldridge, E. Eckfeldt, G.
 Senior Canoe Bobbing, T. Huntington, M.
 Jr. B Spoon & Potato Race ... D. Yates, M.
 Senior 50 yd. Freestyle ... E. Davis, M.
 Junior A Canoe Doubles,
 N. Goss, C. Henry, G.
 Jr. A Over & Under Race .. G. Watts, M.
 Junior A 100 yd. Freestyle Relay
 Maroon Team
 (W. Carpenter, E. Donovan, J. Smith, G. Watts)
 Senior 75 yd. Medley Relay, Maroon Team
 (E. Davis, L. Bugbee, T. Huntington)
 War Canoe Race Maroon Team

Variation

RETURNED: J. Garrison, J. Harris and Rich. Miller to resume their careers as Kawanhee campers.

RETURNED: Dr. Ross Miller, Read Murphy and Ross Chism to resume their duties as Kawanhee counsellors.

REARRANGED: the personnel of several lodges by various arrivals and transfers. The lodge lists now read:

R. Kelly, Senior Counsellor Panther
 D. Wambaugh, Junior Counsellor Panther
 P. Strachan Polecat
 Rich. Miller, Springfield, O. Pine Tree
 K. Noble, Senior Counsellor Birch
 J. Harris, New York, N. Y. Birch
 R. Murphy, Senior Counsellor Lynx
 F. DeKovessey Lynx
 D. Spangler Lynx
 J. Garrison, Englewood, N. J. Wildcat
 R. Paul Wildcat
 R. Chism, Tenafly, N. J. Crows' Nest
 C. Thompson Crows' Nest
 DEPARTED: J. Campbell, G. Cory,
 P. DeKovessey, W. Eddy, E. Frazer
 and J. Prestelle, Jr.

Achievement Levels Passed, July 18-August 1

AQUATICS

Junior B—Second Level
 E. Eckfeldt
 Junior B—Third Level
 E. Eckfeldt J. Harris
 Junior A—First Level
 T. Griley R. Myers
 G. Cory Junior A—Second Level
 T. Griley
 G. Cory Junior A—Third Level
 G. Cory
 Senior—Second Level
 W. Hirt
 Senior—Third Level
 W. Hirt

ATHLETICS

Junior B—First Level
 R. Aldridge J. Puccinelli
 Junior B—Second Level
 R. Aldridge J. Puccinelli W. Davis
 Junior A—First Level
 F. Huntington
 Junior A—Second Level
 F. Huntington
 Junior A—Third Level
 R. Ward
 Senior—First Level
 E. Frazer J. Lennan
 T. Webster W. Whitney
 Senior—Second Level
 E. Frazer T. Webster W. Whitney

HANDICRAFT

Junior C—Second Level
 J. Alden L. Burt H. Strachan
 Junior C—Third Level
 H. Strachan
 Junior B—Second Level
 T. Brydon J. Cloud P. DeKovessey
 E. Eckfeldt D. Hamilton J. Hanna
 D. Jolkovski J. Moseley W. Robson
 M. Umpleby
 Junior B—Third Level
 M. Davis P. DeKovessey E. Eckfeldt
 D. Hamilton J. Moseley J. Puccinelli
 C. Tuttle M. Umpleby D. Whitacre
 Junior A—First Level
 J. Aldridge D. Fay J. Harris
 P. Strachan C. Tuttle G. Watts
 Junior A—Second Level
 J. Aldridge J. Allison G. Cory
 D. Fay T. Magruder R. Myers
 P. Strachan H. Taylor R. Ward
 Junior A—Third Level
 J. Aldridge G. Cory H. Erf
 D. Fay R. Myers R. Ward
 Senior—First Level
 I. Bouton W. Davis C. Henry
 Senior—Second Level
 R. Borg I. Bouton W. Davis
 R. Donaldson C. Henry J. Maurice
 Robt. Miller
 Senior—Third Level
 R. Borg R. Donaldson C. Henry
 Robt. Miller

NATURE

Junior B—First Level
 R. Aldridge E. Eckfeldt D. Goldthwaite
 D. Hamilton R. Kitchel J. Moseley
 D. Whitacre D. Yates
 Junior B—Third Level
 J. Smith
 Junior A—First Level
 C. Davis C. Drinkle R. Lagemann
 Robt. Miller H. Taylor
 Junior A—Second Level
 I. Bouton H. Erf T. Johnson
 R. Lagemann R. Myers R. Ward
 Junior A—Third Level
 R. Donaldson
 Senior—Second Level
 D. Swift
 SAILING
 Junior B—First Level
 Robt. Miller D. Yates
 Junior B—Second Level
 Robt. Miller
 Junior A—First Level
 R. Lagemann G. Watts

Gold Eludes Prospectors, Porcupine Not So Lucky

By E. DAVIS, Senior

We were off! A group of us rolled merrily out of camp in the truck on the morning of July 20, to spend three days on Swift River hiking, swimming, and panning gold. At the spot where the road through Byron Gap had been washed out last winter we unloaded the truck. Lugging our packs, we tramped to our camping spot, well over a mile away on Swift River, returned for the food, and slowly wound our way to the campsite once more. When we, and all the food, were accounted for, we all found spots for our bedrolls. Then we went swimming with the rocks and a little water. We spent a night of fitful sleep, comforted by the invisible stumps and rocks under our bedrolls.

Next morning we ate heartily and hiked to Coos Canyon. There we found the water a bit low, and we did not have time to swim up the stream to the falls. We trudged back to camp, where we met Mr. Arris, an old prospector, who had consented to help us with our gold panning. We were not notably successful, but in the end we could notice some results of our efforts, a total of ten flakes of gold and the fact that "Shipwreck" Kelly had been bitten by the goldbug. We did a little swimming, not all of it voluntary, then went back to camp.

In the morning Bates and a group of boys went up to an old loggers' camp. Suddenly Bates yelled excitedly, ducked as he was met by a barrage of quills and we saw a very much agitated porcupine. After a hard fight, we cornered him and persuaded him to run into a large metal drum which we closed on him. With that triumph the adventures of the trip ended.

League Baseball Games

The league baseball games of July 29 were postponed because of the canoe trips. The scores of the July 22 games were: Cincinnati 16, New York 6; St. Louis 7, Brooklyn 5; Boston 9, New York 8; Detroit 14, Cleveland 10.

Junior A—Second Level
 H. Erf R. Lagemann
 Junior A—Third Level
 R. Ward
 Senior—First Level
 A. Maisonpierre
 WOODCRAFT
 Junior C—First Level
 H. Strachan
 Junior B—First Level
 E. Eckfeldt F. Jones R. Kitchel
 J. Moseley D. Whitacre
 Senior—First Level
 T. Webster
 Senior—Second Level
 A. Maisonpierre

PUNK FROM THE LOG

The Coos Canyon trip proved to be very successful. Ted Mixer panned enough gold for a small inlay and promptly shipped it home to avoid the danger of being arrested for hoarding by some federal agent with a microscope. Chuck Henry found a tree on which he could hang his hammock and slept like a rock-a-bye baby both nights. Of course, the night winds did blow, and, in the mornings, Chuck's walk suggested that his ballast might be shifting, like Phil Drake's and Sonny Kerschner's as they emerge from behind the woodpile, now that they are big boys and have begun to experiment with corn silk. Only Shipwreck Kelly was disappointed. Every time the travelers stopped to rest, the Shipwreck would make a minute search of every tree and stone, hoping to find a floor plate or even an empty light socket into which he could plug his electric razor. Oddly enough, he never found one and his whiskers just grew and grew. The growth, in fact, proceeded at such a rate that, when it was time to return to camp, Kelly and Bates decided that they would have to do something to divert Raymond Frank's subtle remarks from the underbrush on their faces. Their solution of the problem was very pat. They captured a porcupine, that being the only living creature pricklier than their own pussies.

* * *

Inevitably, the possibility of termites has begun to trouble the Log. There are, in fact, indications that the Log already has termites. There is a sort of boring sensation from within. Well, many's the person who has intimated that the Log produced a boring sensation, within as well as without. Speaking of termites, Dwyer and Wehner and Shanley must not be forgotten. They are trying to sabotage the Log. They have written a play, entitled *Kawanheezapoppin*, which, time, tide and the Berry Theater curtain permitting, will be unveiled in the near future. At least, they claim they wrote it. It is more probable that they kidnapped Measly Moseley, stuffed him to the brim with "hot" bread, and avidly transcribed his delirious ravings. Why don't they be honest and call it *Measlyzapoppin*? But it's still sabotage. A preview of the opus revealed the fact that the self-styled authors had been in the Log's private corn patch. In fact, they had borrowed some of the Log's most reliable corn. We should know! We have used that corn every

year for eight years and know only too well that we will need it all before the end of this summer. What has the Log ever done to Dwyer and Wehner and Shanley that they should treat it thus? Has it tried to steal their thunder? Has it ever stood up at a campfire, posed as the three Graces from Columbia, and led the camp in detours around their alma mater's hymns?

* * *

Larry Burt has been speaking very proudly of his baseball team, the Philadelphia "Athantatics". How did he work "attics" into that title? That team is much more closely associated with cellars.

* * *

The Moose River trip appears to have been a training trip for acrobats. Andy Maisonpierre did back flips out of his canoe every time the river said "Boo". Dick Donaldson tried to prepare for a strong man act. He waded most of the way down the river, balancing his canoe on his shoulder. Whirling Eddie Donovan couldn't even stop rotating at night. He would go rolling out of his bed, down a hill and straight into Andy's best dreams. Charlie Skinner and Wilmot Whitney tried to develop team work in their canoe acrobatics, but the results were not so good. Every time Skinner was ready to co-operate, there was Whitney, already in the drink, and Charlie was left to perform his aerial and aquatic contortions alone. Funny thing about Kawanhee! Kingsley Noble, the sailing master, seems to spend all his time in a sailboat, paddling home, whereas Skinner, the instructor in canoe-paddling technique, has little chance to paddle, for he sails through the air with the greatest of ease when he mounts a canoe.

* * *

We wonder if it's true that Emma, when informed that there were no boys to fill two tables, gasped, "My lands, don't tell me that Ethan Davis ate them, too!"

We wonder, how we wonder, if the barbers are ever coming. We will soon be forced to put Dave Jolkovski's flowing tresses up in curlers each night in order that he may drink his soup unstrained.

Kawanhee is undoubtedly a wonderful camp. In fact, it makes us wonder and wonder!

We wonder if it is true that Sonny Kerschner is Gargantua's cousin and that he was sent up here because M'Toto was so "that way" about him

that she wouldn't even look at Gargantua.

We wonder how we should take Mr. Goodwin's Nature sermon. He very carefully explained how algae and fungi combined in perfect harmony to form rock tripe. He then went on to speak of how campers and counsellors combined in perfect harmony, but he failed to specify the exact variety of tripe formed by the latter combination.

We wonder why the sunfish caught from the dock do not blow soap bubbles with their last gasps. There is an average of one bar of soap per Eagle per week lost overboard there. Those regular donations of Life Buoy should at least make those sunnies more of a social success than dead fish usually are.

We wonder about the rhythm which Terry Webster was pounding out on the tom-tom at the beginning of the campfire. We tried to conga, we tried to rhumba, we tried to polka, but even a good case of hiccups would not synchronize.

We wonder if the Wildcats are any happier about going to bed, now that the whole camp is on War Time. They had complained that, while Mr. Spangler was tucking them in and fastening their leg irons according to Kawanhee of chicken-roosting time, they could hear the Lynxes enjoying war time until far, far into the night.

We wonder about the appearance of those six Columbia shirts, encasing the Three Graces and three recruits. Does it indicate that that great seat of learning has come to such a pass that it must send its men out in the summer to rush pledges for the fall term?

We wonder if any other graduate of a Life Saving Class has put his training to such prompt and charitable use as did Jack Smith. He noticed a frog about to expire in the swamp and gallantly went to the poor creature's rescue. We don't now what carry he used, a frog having no hair, no chin and not much chest in the accepted sense of the word. He then applied artificial respiration and you could have knocked him down with a feather when the frog got up and hopped away. Jack's partner in the class has often wished that he were able to do as much while Jack was practicing rib-squeezing.

We wonder if Freddie Jones' new name has received the Good House-keeping Seal of Approval. The other Panthers call him "Sanka", claiming that "all active ingredients have been removed from the bean."