



The Wigwam



Volume XIII, No. 4

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 31, 1947

GREYS GAIN, MAROONS WORRY

For the first time this season, a note of hope added volume and pep to the Greys' cheer at the campfire. The week ending July 26 had seen substantial Grey gains in almost all fields of scoring. They had not yet succeeded in wresting the lead from the Maroons, but the Greys had cut that lead from 306 to 115½ points. The score at that date stood: Maroons, 2648½; Greys, 2533. One more week of such successful work would put them well ahead of their rivals and they obviously felt confident that they were capable of the effort.

Points from interteam athletic events were skimpy, because of the number of boys out of camp at various times during the week on different trips. Only the water meet of July 26 was counted, giving the Maroons 43½, and the Greys 40. It had been, on the other hand, a very good week for fishing. The Greys had landed 64½ points, and the Maroons, 50½. It was, of course, in the Achievement Level work in the different departments that the Greys made their really valuable advances. In spite of all the coming and going, eighty-nine levels were passed during the week. Of these, the Greys claimed fifty, valued at 1190 points, while the Maroons' take was only worth 1010. If the Greys are able to keep up this pace, the next tally of the score may be the turning point of the summer.

Second Cruise Has Good Sailing On Sea and Sheepscot River

"July 26, 1947; 12:45 P.M.: *Stephen Taber* dropped anchor at Boothbay Harbor, Maine, with slight southeast wind. Successful three day voyage completed."

So might read the log of any of the seventeen campers who were on ship the final three days of the Kawanhee cruise. Captain Frederick Guild of Boothbay Harbor commanded the vessel. The two-masted *Taber* is 73 ft. in length, draws five feet of water and carries approximately 4000 square feet of sail. The second three-days sail was accomplished with ideal weather. Mr. R. C. Frank was in charge of this second group.

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Marshalls and Mac Remember Us, Sweets, at Last, Visit Us

Several figures of great importance in Kawanhee history have recently re-asserted their loyalty to the tribe, either by letters or by visits. The Marshalls, the Sweets and Mac, the Nurse, are all so well and fondly remembered that it is good news indeed to find that they have not forgotten Kawanhee.

A letter from Mr. H. C. Marshall has just reached the *Wigwam*. After a long trip through the Northwest, the Chief and Mrs. Marshall have arrived at their daughter's ranch outside of

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Camp Prospectors on Swift River Discover Gold and Bear Trap

By A. TULLY, JUNIOR B

Thursday evening, July 24, at about seven o'clock, the Polecats and some Wildcats started out with Mr. Birch and Henry Blau. We were going to camp for two days on Swift River. It took us about an hour to drive there in the camp truck.

The first thing we did was to get our tents up and to unpack. A little later we went and had a joint campfire with seven girls and some counsellors from Camp Kineowatha who were camping on Swift River too. We sang songs and had some cookies which the girls had baked in a reflector oven on their campfire. Then we walked about a mile back to our camp.

Next morning we had a fine breakfast and got ready to go exploring. On the way, we saw a big beaver dam. Then John Waterfall discovered a big bear trap. We thought the boys at camp would like to see it, so we decided to take it back to Kawanhee with us. We took a swim and then went back to our camp and had lunch. Then we walked two miles and panned gold the rest of the day with good results.

Saturday morning we had a good breakfast and got ready to go to Coos Canyon. It took us about an hour to hike there. We took a swim and had lunch. Later we went swimming again. We hiked back to our camp and found that Bates had come with the truck already. We had supper and started home. We got back to Kawanhee after Taps.

Fog and Rain Encountered by First Shift of Sailors

By E. HAMBLIN, JR. COUNSELLOR

On July 21, Sunday noon, a group of campers and Junior Counsellors, under the command of Mr. Bateman, started out in a school bus for the four hour drive to Boothbay Harbor. Arriving at their destination, they had a look at the ship, the *Stephen Taber*, on which they were going to sail, under the command of Captain Guild, for the next three days. After they had had their supper, they went into the town of Boothbay. Being a resort town, most of the stores were open even though it was Sunday. When they returned to the ship, the eighteen boys were divided into two groups, called watches, which had certain duties to perform on board the ship, and were assigned their sleeping quarters.

The boys got up about six o'clock the next morning. The older boys swabbed the decks before breakfast, which was served at seven-thirty. The boys were then allowed to go into town again until eleven o'clock, at which time they were supposed to set sail. Actually they did not put to sea until one o'clock. The boys had a very nice wind that day. That evening it started to rain and the boat

(Continued on page 2)

Eagles and Falcons Find Sunday Beach Good for Dam Site

By D. FLUHARTY, JUNIOR C

One bright, sunny day, all of Falcon Lodge and Eagle Lodge started on a trip to Sunday Beach with Mr. Barth and Ethan Davis. We rowed to Sunday Beach.

We all started to wade in the shallow water. Then, in a length of time, we went swimming. We found big rocks out in the deeper water and we used them to dive off of. Then we came out of the water and watched some boys build a dam. They built the dam of sand from the beach. A little brook comes down across the beach and goes into the lake. The boys built the dam across the brook. After they finished, we went back in swimming. Later we got out for good. Then we rowed back home. It was a very interesting trip.

THE WIGWAM

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Mineralogists Explore Quarries, Take on Heavy Ballast of Mica, Quartz, Ice Cream

By P. LATTIN, JUNIOR B

We left camp at 9:30 A.M., Friday, July 25, with Bates and Mr. Kiefer. We drove through Dixfield and Rumford to Rumford Point, where we turned north on the road to Andover. Just before reaching Andover, we stopped at the Newry Mine.

This quarry is about three-fourths of a mile up the mountain. We inspected places where the prospectors had blasted rocks out of the mountain side. Almost to the top, we stopped at the main quarry. This is a large, deep hole in the side of the mountain. In the material that has been dumped out of the mine, we found Yellow Mica, Feldspar, Quartz, Smoky Quartz, Clevelandite, and Columbite.

We then went to the top of the mountain to the old Nevel Mine. Here we found, in addition to what we had already found in the lower mine, Pink, Blue, Green and Black Tourmaline, also Chloride Schist and common Mica. We worked around this mine collecting specimens until noon. We then ate our lunch in the shade of the spruce trees.

After lunch we went down the badly washed, and very steep, road to the truck. From there we went to Lock Mill. At the top of the hill above Lock Mill, we found Black Mica in an old mine on the Packard farm. A beautiful view can be seen from this spot.

After descending this hill, we went to Mr. Perham's store. After buying a few things in Mr. Perham's mineral store, we ate our evening meal, and then went to the Heikkinen quarry near Greenwood City. Here we found Rose and Clear Quartz, Beryl, and Black Mica. The sun was getting low when we left this quarry, so we started home.

We stopped in West Paris for soft drinks and ice cream, and arrived in camp at about 10:00 P.M. The weather was fine. We had a nice ride and a successful mineral trip. We brought back a great many specimens for our mineral collections.

Sproul Stars on Specialty Bill, Glee Club, Hot Duo Featured

Friday evening, the curtains of the Rec Hall theatre were parted for another variety bill. The somewhat depleted camp formed an enthusiastic audience for a program made up of specialty numbers exploiting some of the individual talents with which the camp, according to M.C. Bill McAfee, is fairly teeming.

The star of the evening was unquestionably Merrill Sproul. His material consisted of two songs, *Paper Dolly*, and *Darktown Strutters' Ball*, and his chief prop was his black-face make-up, but from there on the act was a triumph of personality. He didn't quite sing and he didn't quite dance, but he put across the numbers with such a successful bang that he brought down the house to tumultuous applause.

The show leaned heavily on music. There were songs by John Paust and several well received numbers by the Counsellors' Glee Club. The boogie-woogie drum-and-piano duets of Frank Harrah and Charlie Wilson had the joint jumping happily. Bob Hughes performed some card tricks, assisted by volunteers from the audience. Joe Seldon and Robin Lagemann filled out the program with dialect acts. The evening terminated explosively with the sudden appearance of the Duke.

First Sailing Cruise

(Continued)

anchored off an island for the night.

When they got up Wednesday morning, it was still raining. The rain stopped after breakfast, but at ten-thirty a hard rain began which lasted until about two. The sea was very rough that afternoon, making some of the boys a bit queasy. That night they docked at East Boothbay, where they had dinner. After they had hiked around the village, they went back to the ship for another rainy night.

The rain continued the next morning and lasted almost all day. The boys set sail about ten-thirty. After two hours of sailing with a quiet wind, the captain decided that they could not get to Boothbay as planned, and turned the boat back to East Boothbay. The boys went back on shore with all their luggage at three-thirty in the afternoon. Some of the Junior Counsellors hiked back to Boothbay Harbor, which was about two and a half miles away, while some of the boys managed to hitch rides. There they met the Bouncing Buggy, in which Mr. R. C. Frank and the second group of would-be sailors had driven from camp that afternoon.

Second Sailing Cruise

(Continued)

Early Thursday morning an unscheduled happening touched off the excitement of the cruise. The *Taber* was at East Boothbay, where she had been anchored since Wednesday evening. With her sails hoisted for drying purposes, she caught a zephyr and broke her mooring. The two mates eventually brought the *Taber* to another anchorage, after she had edged without damage into an antiquated hull. Several moments later, as the *Taber* was preparing to leave, she twisted in tricky tides and headed for what seemed an inevitable crash with piling and launching rails. The vessel, incapable at that time of any steering, was dragging her heavy anchor. The anchor finally held fifteen feet away from the piling.

Captain Guild conducted Thursday's sail on the ocean with a brisk southwest wind, and at length sailed up the enchanting Sheepscot River to Wiscasset, where the vessel moored for the night. Thursday's sea was the heaviest of the three days. Too many southerly winds affected the large ground swell. Friday the *Taber* moved with another sou'wester from Wiscasset to Linekin Bay, east of Boothbay Harbor.

The campers participated in all aspects of sea life. Deck swabbing, galley duty, hour watches throughout the night, turns at the wheel, work with the rigging, and brass polishing were expected of shipmates. Salt water swimming took place at Wiscasset and in warmer Linekin Bay. A typical schooner meal consisted of baked ham, peas, potatoes, carrots, bread, milk, and gingerbread. Friday supper was the traditional lobster.

Here are some notes taken from a souvenir log given to all passengers: The mate explaining knots to Bill Romey . . . campers telling time by bells . . . seals and porpoises in the Sheepscot River . . . John Diaz fishing for pollack and baby sharks . . . Short races with the *Alice Wentworth*, the *Taber's* sister ship, and the *Blue Goose*, a private yawl . . . the cook telling of his eyebrow-raising caribou hunting . . . Andy Wallace, Gardner Defoe and Charles Mathews relieving each other at the tiller . . . Captain Guild explaining the tradition of the Sheepscot area and the Marie Antoinette House . . . Joe Dawson, Carl Jaeger and Romey on board for the entire six days . . . a visit to Fort Edgecomb . . . six or seven campers sleeping on deck each night . . . R. C. Frank shooting color films for the Kawanhee scrapbook.

**Achievement Levels Passed,
July 20 — July 26**

AQUATICS
Junior B — First Level
 P. Bauer J. Carroll R. Conkey
 J. Esty M. Growney C. Haines
 S. Higgins D. Johnson J. McKenzie
 R. Obetz W. Rutan R. Tasker
 D. Teegardin

ATHLETICS
Junior C — First Level
 J. Schwarzell S. Warren
Junior C — Second Level
 H. Ellis J. Ferris D. Fluharty
 H. Schwarzell J. Schwarzell

Junior C — Third Level
 S. Warren
Senior — Third Level
 R. Hahn
 R. Stillinger

HANDICRAFT
Junior B — First Level
 J. Carroll S. Denison J. Esty
 B. Ford M. Growney C. Haines
 M. Hedges P. Lattin R. Rex
 B. Roberts C. Robinson

Junior B — Second Level
 S. Denison C. Duvall R. Rex
 B. Roberts C. Robinson D. Savelle
 R. Wumsch

Junior B — Third Level
 D. Savelle J. Waterfall
Junior A — First Level
 W. Boden C. Day W. Hinman
 R. Thompson

Junior A — Second Level
 W. Fleming R. Thompson
Junior A — Third Level
 C. Barkwill

Senior — First Level
 K. Beck J. Bower
Senior — Second Level
 R. Appleman R. Krebs

Senior — Third Level
 R. Appleman

NATURE
Junior C — First Level
 R. Angier
Junior B — Second Level
 S. Denison J. McKenzie H. O'Neill
 R. Wunsch

Junior A — Second Level
 W. Boden W. Fleming P. Lattin
 R. McCurdy M. Shannon O. Stock
 R. Stroud J. Thompson

Senior — First Level
 J. Bower A. Findlay A. Yaus
 P. Yaus
Senior — Second Level
 A. Findlay A. Yaus

WOODCRAFT
Junior C — First Level
 R. Angier J. Ferris D. Fluharty
 R. Hahn D. Johnston H. Schwarzell
 J. Schwarzell S. Warren L. Weiser
Junior B — First Level
 C. Haines D. Johnson J. McKenzie

Swimming Tests, July 20-26

COVE SWIM
 W. Hinman D. Jones R. Krebs
 B. Roberts O. Stock R. Wunsch
LAKE SWIM
 K. Beck H. Hedges J. McMinn
 J. Paust R. Rex O. Stock
 R. Wunsch

No League Baseball

Because of the numerous trips during the week, no league baseball games were played.

Marshalls, Sweets and Mac
(Continued)

Redwood City, California. The Chief writes, in part:

"We're three thousand miles away, but in imagination I've followed the well trodden trail to the Rock. I've stomped through the lodges. I've followed the sun-flecked trail from the Nature Room to the Range and the Woodcraft Cabin, and so from Kah-ne-do-go-nah out into the grassy athletic field, back to the Shop and the beach and the breeze. Yes, Kawanhee has surely got me. . . . Twenty-six years make a tie. It is a good thing that we have been seeing so much that was new to us or we would have been a bit homesick."

"Since we left Columbus on June 20, we have visited Rafe in Cleveland, celebrated my fiftieth anniversary at Oberlin with the class of '97, slept at Yellowstone while a bear fished garbage from the can behind our cabin, driven through the Columbia Highway, the most winding road in the world, seen and smelled the fumaroles in Lassen Park, waded in the Pacific, and settled on Esther's ranch for a month of California fog and sun and poison oak and rattlesnakes."

"Say How, *How*, HOW, to everybody, and send me some more Logs and *Wigwams*."

If anything could be more welcome than a letter from the Marshalls, it is a visit from the Sweets. Kawanhee enjoyed this great pleasure when the Very Reverend and Mrs. Sidney E. Sweet, of St. Louis, Missouri, arrived on July 20 for a five day stay at the Inn. It has been many, too many, years since they spent a full summer in camp, but theirs is one case in which the old saw, "Absence makes the heart etc.," actually proves true. Dean and Mrs. Sweet are taking a trip through the East this summer. A future stop on their tour will be to see their new grandson, Sidney Nelson Sweet, in New Canaan, Conn. This young gentleman, born on June 4, is the son of Sid, Jr., who himself made considerable Kawanhee history as both camper and counsellor. Old Chief Kawanhee is already speculating as to what will be the contributions of the third Sweet generation.

Back in Columbus, the thoughts of another much regretted member of the tribe seem to be turning toward Kawanhee, if we are to believe the evidence of a letter recently received from Miss Marie McElwee. Through ten summers, Mac was our ever popular and successful camp nurse. This summer her camping has apparently been restricted to a camp making somewhat

Maroons Win with Watermelon, New Polo Game Decides Meet

By E. HAMBLIN, JR. COUNSELLOR

On July 26, the Maroon team won its first water meet of the season. The Greys, so far this year, have won the meets by small margins. There was a small margin this time, too, the score being 43½ to 40, but the Maroon team came out on top. The Maroons attribute their winning the meet to improved swimming, while the Greys attribute their losing to the numerous trips which took some of their stars out of camp.

The event which caused the most excitement was the water polo, in which the Junior B's participated. The teams were lined up one hundred feet from each other. The object of the game was for each team to try to push the watermelon, which was placed midway between the two teams, to the starting line of the opponents' side. This sport is new to Camp Kawanhee. The event was also the deciding factor in the score. The contest gave 25 points to the winners and 15 to the losers.

The Duke of Zanzibar temporarily broke up the meet after the Junior B polo. He dashed through the crowd, ran out onto the dock, jumped into a canoe, and paddled off. Immediately the campers tried to catch him in other canoes and rowboats.

The winners of first places in the various events were as follows:

Jr. C Cracker Race. . . . L. Weiser, G.
 Jr. B Ping-pong Race. . . C. Haines, M.
 R. Wunsch, G.
 Jr. B Watermelon Polo. Maroon Team
 Jr. A Steeplechase. . R. Appleman, G.
 Senior Freestyle. . . . R. Miller, G.

more limited demands on her time and patience. She writes in part:

"I received the first issue of the *Wigwam*. Gee, it made me homesick for Maine and the old gang. . . . Right after school closed, I rushed down to Camp Indianola. It is a church camp. First Community Church of Grandview Heights had it for the month of June. It is a lovely spot. I did practically nothing all the time I was there. Had no hospital beds and, as the groups stayed one week only, we had four groups, both boys and girls. . . . Mostly I ate and read and slept. Came home Saturday mornings and went back Sunday evenings. . . . It wasn't like Kawanhee, although it is a beautiful spot in the rugged hills about twelve miles south of Lancaster. I didn't know Ohio had such country. . . . Be sure and give everyone my very best wishes. I certainly do miss them all."

PUNK FROM THE LOG

Things were a bit mixed up in camp during the week. Trips came in and trips went out. At various times, the storm clouds and the Duke of Zanzibar let loose. There were other, more personal, causes of confusion as well.

Dave Johnston was bothered by never knowing how many teeth he could count on at any particular meal, his bite having proved to be a bit deciduous of late.

The Junior Counsellors, much honored by a special invitation from Frankie to a party in the Rec Hall Friday night, wondered why the Senior Counsellors were so meekly willing to stay in the lodges that night. Little did the J.C.'s know that their hostess would keep them up half the night, playing Drop the Handkerchief.

The Glee Club's song about "Have a Little Snnnnnf on Me", upset Blackie to the extent of sending her scurrying for Kleenex and nose drops.

The sailboats, getting an unfortunate idea from certain counsellors, high-tailed it for the Inn Beach.

The camp Dodge and Sengelmann's Maxwell were found Tuesday morning on the Athletic Field, in a surprising state. They had apparently reached the end of their larval stage and had wound themselves up cozily in cocoons of—shall we say—stationery from the Fort.

All in all, it was not surprising that Kawanhee occasionally felt as dizzy as Don Wambaugh must feel, when he twirls around and around on the lake in the new boat, Burtis' Bouncing Bathub.

* * *

The responsibility for the traffic problem in the cove is beginning to tell on Nick. One day, Freddie Hirsch set out for a little boat ride. He pulled away from shore in fine style, feathering his crabs and catching his oars on each stroke. All of a sudden, the *Scahawk* got in his way. Bang! Freddie pulled hard on the other oar. Bang again! He tried backing up. Another bang. No matter which way he went, the dog-gone sailboat would get in his way. The loud crashing and splintering brought Nick ricocheting down onto the little dock.

"Pull on the left oar," he shouted.

"What's that?" called Freddie, valiantly pulling on the right. Crash!

"Use your left oar," Nick screamed.

"What did you say?" asked Freddie, giving the right another good pull. *Thud!*

"The left, the left, the left," Nick raged.

"Oh, that's what I thought you said," remarked Freddie, still doing what came naturally. CRASH!
"Which one's the left?"

With that, Nick sprang into a canoe and paddled madly to the scene of the catastrophe. It was not until he had untangled oars, halyards, Hirsch, bowsprit and rowboat, and started to return to shore, that he noticed that he had managed to paddle the canoe out without a paddle. He still doesn't know whether it was jet propulsion, or the energy released by all those atoms he split verbally during the fray.

* * *

Jeff McKenzie reports a most distressing incident involving Art Kiefer. One day Jeff went into the Nature Room, expecting to find the usual beehive of activity. Much to his surprise, he found Art all alone. And what do you think Art was doing? Making mud pies! Jeff stood aghast. Just then Charlie Wilson breezed in.

"Whatcha doin'?" asked Charlie.

"Makin' mud pies," replied Art.

Charlie rubbed his tummy under that parachute-shaped T-shirt he wears. "There's nothing I like better than mud pies," he gloated. "When'll they be done?"

* * *

Thursday morning, the first shift of Windjammer sailors reappeared in camp, and from the post office could be heard the loud sound of Henry, Blauing his top, as he checked over the odd items of mail that had accumulated in his box during his absence. We wondered if the voyage had been so rough as to cause some seasickness, for we noticed the slight tinge of green, still lingering around the gills of Big John MacLaughlin. We were told, however, that he had been that hue ever since he explored a haunted house on an island. As a matter of fact, reports on the trip were sketchy. The fog had parted only long enough for one notable piece of Kawanhee seamanship to be generally observed.

A gale had come up suddenly. The captain roared for the crew to go into action. "Batten down the hatches," he shouted, "Shorten the mainsail. Reef the jib."

Most of Kawanhee's sailors stood confused and helpless in the emergency. But not Arensdorf! "Aye, aye, sir," he piped in true nautical fashion. "Reef the hatches and batten down the mainsail. I know just what you mean." And, with a resounding splash, he let down the anchor.

* * *

The straw that broke Carl Spangler's back was laid on, not, as you might think, by untangling fishing lines or levels, but in the theoretic peace and privacy of his own cabin. In the black of the night, a darker shape swooped through the room. Mrs. Spangler awoke with a start.

"It's a bat," she screamed giving her husband a violent nudge.

As he fell out of bed with a bang, Carl muttered drowsily, "Sorry, G.R., I thought you knew the dessert was ice cream." Then coming to with a start, "Oh, where am I? I thought I was at the head table and that George was on his way to the kitchen again."

"Carl, get up. It's a bat," wailed his wife.

"Oh, go back to sleep," said Carl, hunting for a softer board. "It's probably only a flying saucer."

"Carl, if you don't get up this moment and get that bat out of here," said Mrs. Spangler in no uncertain tone, "I won't put the worms on the hooks for you any more."

With that, Carl jumped up and turned on the light. There was the bat, banking merrily around the room. Carl made a pass at it. The bat disappeared into a dark corner. Carl, now the red-blooded American male aroused to the defense of his home, went after it. The bat apparently took refuge in a crack behind a curtain. Carl started poking around for it in the shadows. There was a sudden sharp, snapping sound.

"Ouch," yelled Carl. "It bit me. It bit me. It bit my little fin'er. Make it quit!"

"Come here," said Mrs. Spangler patiently. "Mother will fix." And poor Carl emerged from behind the curtain with his finger firmly clutched by a mouse trap.

* * *

Saturday morning, Charlie Wilson felt the full weight of the Duke's displeasure. Tripping into the dining hall, bright-eyed and alert, Dr. Wilson sat down at the head table with a thud—more of a thud than usual, but he didn't notice that—and pitched in. About halfway through the meal, he looked up, rubbed his tummy, and remarked, "There's nothing I like better than —." There he paused with a blank look on his face. There wasn't any flapjack on his plate. There wasn't any plate on the table. There wasn't, in fact, any head table at all, and Charlie found himself sitting on the floor, gnawing on a half-consumed baseball bat.