

UN BIASED
UN BOSSED
UN BALANCED

THE WIGWAM

Weather:
Hot as usual

Vol. 1, No. 6

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Sa....ay now!

MAROONS AGAIN WIN OVER GREYS

In a water meet marked by splendid organization, the great Maroon team barely nosed out the fighting Greys by the score of 143 to 134. The weather was perfect and the stands were filled.

The Master Campers' rowboat quadruplet event was outstanding because of the terrific speed with which the two teams tore through the water. The waves that were made almost engulfed the "Pete" as it sped (?) along carrying the starter and assistants.

Destruction was the keynote of the Senior in-and-out race. The contestants were so eager to get under their canoes and so anxious to get in them again that the poor things were a mass of canvas, seats and stays at the end of the event.

Jack Havighurst squirmed 'round and 'round to take a first in the Oliver Twist race. He has since been accused of spending his spare time in a centrifuge just to get the motion for the blooming

TOTS MAKE HIT AT CAMP SHOW

As near as we can make out, the opinion concerning last Thursday night's show was somewhat varied. Many considered the performance a flop. We would hardly say that, however. It must be taken into consideration that the actors, with the exception of the last playlet, were all midgets and Junior B's. In view of this, we would say that the evening's entertainment was remarkably well done. Perhaps it wasn't entertaining to a great many of the audience; we admit that we weren't gripping our seats in breathless excitement. But we do say that we never got a bigger kick out of a show than to watch the younger fellows "strut in" their stuff" on the stage.

And the last act was really very enjoyable. The laughs it received were not huge roars but were little chuckles of huge delight, a sure mark of a successful play.

Yes, this show can well be added to The Knight's successes.

SCOUTS TO GIVE INDIAN PAGEANT

In the near future, Camp Kawanhee is going to be able to witness a most interesting and inspiring Indian Pageant called The Vanishing American. This Indian Pageant is based upon the history of the Cherokee Indian Tribe. The events take place in the early part of the 19 century.

This following is the general idea of the pageant:

When game became scarce around an indian camp, scouts were sent out to find new hunting grounds and a suitable camp site. In the twilight a lone scout comes into view. He decides upon a suitable camp site. With flint and steel he makes a fire and signals to his tribe to come.

The tribe arrives
Opening ceremony
Buffalo Dance
Elk Mystery Dance
Games (midgets)
Social Dance
and clowns

There is a battle.
The chief is killed.
The tribe is then sent to a reservation.

THE WIGWAM

A newspaper published
weekly at Camp Ka-
wanhee, Weld,
Maine

Editorial

The thought that there will be only one more issue of the WIGWAM reminds us that there remains little over a week of camp. In looking over the season behind us we cannot help feeling sorry when we think that this camp group will soon break up. A most outstanding merit of our camp is the spirit of good fellowship which prevails. No boy entering camp here need feel that he has to break into the companionship of his fellows; he learns that his own cooperation is the only requirement for his acceptance into the camp group. Old campers make it their job to welcome the new ones and make them feel at home. It is our opinion that it is this good feeling between old timers and new comers which is largely responsible for the success of Kawanhee. Here a boy learns what it means to live with others, one of the fundamental lessons in his education. We think that there is nowhere a better camp than our own, and in the earnest intent to keep it the first, we express our wish to keep this spirit alive between the men and boys of Camp Kawanhee.

THE STAFF

WATER MEET

(Con't from page one)

contest. What some people won't do for science!

The Junior A pushcart event was almost a necking party. What I mean is that it was rather tough on the necks of those fellows who had to push their partners. Fortunately, no dislocations were registered.

That backbone of the camp, those Master Campers, again came to the fore in the novelty medley relay race. That man, Johnson, of the winning team, Johnson and Lawrence, surely packed a mean dog paddle and stroked a keen inverted breast stroke. He certainly deserved the ride back to the small dock which Hicks gave him.

In the exhibition canoe rolling race, Ernest Aloysius Christner, Esquire, had some difficulty in making his mount come all the way around. It seemed that when his body zigged, the darned canoe zagged instead of them both zigging or zagging at the same time. Anyway, it just goes to show what effect the lack of the presence of an individual has on another person.

The Maroon and Grey War Canoe race was quite close, but the final decision did go to the Greys. Both teams deserve a lot of credit for their splendid showings.

THE UNHOLY THREE AGAIN

Darkness had settled on the land around Lake Webb. Camp Kawanhee, with all of its boys, was resting peacefully as a clock was heard to toll out the hour of twelve, midnight.

Three figures were seen to lurk in the woods near one of the cabins. Whispers broke the deadly silence, whispers that surely meant no good.

The night-wanderers advanced to the door of the cabin and slowly were swallowed by it. They continued to the center of the lodge and surrounded the head of one of the beds.

"We might as well pick him up and turn him around," one was heard to say.

Just then a hand shot out from the bed and the occupant was seen to grapple with one of the adversaries. The latter almost tore one of his ligaments, trying to release himself from the firm grasp. Finally, he succeeded.

Three figures were seen to dash out of the cabin and waste not time in mounting the hill of the Fort.

The moral, dear readers, is 'never play with a sleeping man who is awake and loves a good, clean tussle once in awhile.'