



# The Wigwam



Volume II, No. 3

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 23, 1936

## Kawanhee Expanding — Boys Gain 132 Pounds

During the past 18 days young Americans set an all time record for Kawanhee braves in gaining weight. Camp Kawanhee is now 132 pounds harder and heavier than it was a little over two weeks ago. Good food, regular hours, vigorous exercise and Maine sunshine have added an average gain of well over two pounds of muscle per boy. Fifty-two youngsters here are now pushing harder on the scales while only six have reduced their waist line.

## The Value of Achievement in Camp Training

By G. R. FRANK

It has been our experience with hundreds of boys, who have camped at Kawanhee during the past sixteen years, that mastery of one skill gives them self-confidence and leads them to try other activities. A boy who can learn to make a fine article of pewter in the shop, a cabin in the woods, or one who masters a difficult stroke in swimming, soon tries and masters other things which he considers important.

To emphasize the value of achievement at Kawanhee, a radical departure from the obsolete method of program building was formulated in 1935. Now, instead of boys having to wait until the close of the season before recognition, if any, is given for their time and effort during the summer, each activity in each division of Camp has been broken up into a series of three achievement levels—each one carefully graded as to difficulty. After achieving the first level—which is accomplished by many boys by the end of the third week of Camp—special recognition is given at the formal camp fire each Saturday night. There is cheering and the presentation of a maroon leather bar. The stimulus of such a procedure is to “carry on” and eventually attain the second level and then on to the third. If a boy completes the first level in three activities, he is pre-

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## Greys Take Early Lead

The Greys' lead makes them look dangerous, but take it from us, the Maroons are dynamite.

SCORE

Greys — 318½      Maroons — 216½

## Scout Work Under Ideal Conditions at Kawanhee

By W. BITTENBENDER

While Kawanhee is not a Boy Scout camp, it offers unlimited opportunities to do Scout work and pass Scout tests. There is no better place to work on outdoor tests and Merit Badges such as Cooking, Camping, Pioneering, Bird Study and many others. With a good supply of trees and boughs available, it is a comparatively easy task to build a lean-to, a bridge, a raft, and—best of all—a comfortable bough bed.

In the past few years this Camp has been very proud to help nine boys qualify for their Eagle badges. It has been equally proud of the much larger number of boys who have decided to join the Scouts while at Kawanhee. Scout meetings are held on Wednesday evenings in the Scout cabin and consist of contests emphasizing special phases of the work, as well as games, stories, singing, and finally a marshmallow roast. A special feature which interests many of the boys is the study of Indian lore which includes the making of war bonnets and other Indian equipment.

The Scouts have organized themselves into the Kah-ne-do-go-nah Tribe, meaning “among the pines”. At the present there are about twenty boys attending the meetings, with plenty of room for any others who are interested. This is a fine time to pass the Tenderfoot tests and get a good start toward Second Class. There are also several boys in camp who are planning to complete their work toward the rank of Eagle Scout this summer.

Now is the time to work on your tests, that you may really “be prepared” and put into practice the Scout Oath and Law and “do a good turn daily”.

## Pine Trees Conquer Bald Mountain

By R. KLAGES, Jr. B.

Last Thursday the Pine Trees and Polecats went up Mount Bald to stay all night. When we got to the top, Waller was most tired out and little Bittenbender had lost 2½ pounds. Little Larry Hinds was as fresh as a daisy, while Klages was poohed out, for he had carried all the food. Mr. Goodwin loved the scenery. Bruce Beach and Dave Howell were all fresh and running around.

We cooked the evening meal over a fire, and after dinner we told stories. In the middle of the night Mr. Goodwin came and tucked in Klages and Waller and Bitt and Larry Hinds. The rest were sound asleep.

The next morning John Bitt and Klages took a stroll up the mountain. Waller and Hal Lieper threw half of the mountain down. Then we came down.

## Tim Pond Trip Most Successful in Memory

In the history of the camp, Kawanhee fishermen have never been greeted with such marvelous fishing on the annual Tim Pond trip. Thirteen hardy braves trudged the six mile trail, but not without avail. By our fishermen, some skillful and some not, more than five hundred and fifty bronze-bellied trout were taken from the crystal-clear pond.

The first evening the fishermen found themselves somewhat impeded by a northerly wind, yet almost 100 trout were brought in before dark. The next morning before breakfast, only the more experienced battled the wind and waves, to increase the total by a few catches. Later, nevertheless, virtually everyone toiled to the protected end of the lake to strike some unusually excellent daytime fishing. The second evening was very successful, raising the total to almost three hundred.

The climax of the expedition was the last night. As an answer to the

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## The Wigwam Attains Its Majority

The WIGWAM has at last become an official publication of Camp Kawanhee. If it now resembles a PWA project in providing activity for unemployed counsellors and campers, we trust it will differ in so far as it will reach Kawanhee's forgotten man, the parent.

Last year the WIGWAM made its modest debut as the brain child of a small group of Junior Counsellors and Master Campers. It enjoyed a nominally profitable season within the limits of the camp. This year the paper has been officially adopted by the camp organization. From its production, the profit system has been excised and onto it has been grafted a supervising counsellor. It has been considerably enlarged in an attempt to give a fair representation of the many and varied activities of Kawanhee. For the first time there are included excerpts from the Log, the traditional and presumably humorous commentary upon Camp life, read each night at the formal Camp Fire. And, finally, that its contents may be presented in a durable and entirely legible form it has been printed.

Since the WIGWAM has now attained the dignity of a full-fledged paper, it is only right that its purpose should be defined. It has at least three aims. Primarily, those responsible for its production hope that it will give each boy an appreciative record of his own accomplishments and those of his fellows. Secondly, the WIGWAM is designed to allow every camper the opportunity of telling his own story and expressing his own opinions upon the life of Kawanhee. Finally, The WIGWAM can perform a long awaited service to the parents and other interested friends by giving a comprehensive picture of Kawanhee activities to augment the reports of their not too voluminous correspondents on the field of action.

To the extent that these aims are realized, any expense incurred or effort expended in the production of the WIGWAM is repaid.

## Tim Pond Trip (Continued)

united prayers of the whole party, the wind completely vanished and the weather was ideal. Mr. Frank and Steve Whitney together caught 37 fish. Tom Cox and Van Ingen were a close second with 24 and other teams were not far behind.

## Lynx and Supporters on Mt. Blue

By D. METCALFE, Senior

At 3:30 Thursday afternoon, the camp truck, with Bateman at the wheel, carried the Lynx Lodge with assorted Moose and Wildcats to the foot of Mt. Blue. There we began the slow trudge for the top. Each person had a roll of blankets, a canteen, and a cook kit. Jim Warren carried the eggs for the breakfast and the funny thing was that none were broken. About a third of the way up we found a cabin. There most of the sleeping packs were dropped, canteens were filled at the spring, and we once more started up the mountain. At about 5:30, we reached the top and immediately everyone rushed for the tower. From the tower there is a perfect view of the great expanse of the surrounding country. We then cooked our dinner. After that, most of us went down to the cabin, while some stayed on top to signal and came down a bit later.

## Kawanhee Staff for 1936

GEORGE R. FRANK—Director

RAYMOND C. FRANK—Director

H. C. MARSHALL—Head Counsellor—  
Director of Activities

WILLARD ALTMAN—Chief Lodge Counsellor

### Senior Counsellors

C. Bateman—Fishing—Junior Trips—  
Campcraft—Deer Lodge.

W. Bittenbender—Campcraft—Scouting—  
Trips—Birch Lodge.

E. Christner—Boating—Aquatics—  
Waterfront—Crow's Nest.

R. Cory—Nature—Falcon Lodge.

C. Goodwin—Nature—Campcraft—  
Pine Tree Lodge.

M. Henney—Sailing—Senior Sachems—  
Motorboating—Panther Lodge.

A. Hubbard—Tennis—Lynx Lodge.

R. Miller—Devotions—Junior Trips.

W. Murphy—Dramatics—Beaver Lodge.

N. Piersche—Shop.

C. Scarlett—Camp Paper—Camp Log—  
Nature—Eagle Lodge.

S. Smith—Aquatics—Wildcat Lodge.

R. Studebaker—Shop.

L. Ward—Athletics—Moose Lodge.

S. Whitney—Fishing—Aquatics—  
Polecat Lodge.

H. Windle—Range.

As the cheerful group left Tim's shores, the honors of the trip went to Mr. Frank with his high total of 103 fish, and to Henry Martin for the largest fish, with Malcolm Lowe, Glenn Goodwin and Schuyler Van Ingen as runners-up.

## Footlight Knights in Exciting Crook Play

On Friday evening of last week the Footlight Knights of Kawanhee presented the second show of the season. As usual they were a superb success and were ably assisted by the orchestra and the other players.

First on the program was a musical selection by the orchestra. Next came a stunt presented by the Lynx Lodge. Besides being humorous and well acted, this little play had a deeper meaning. It was really a very good satire on war.

Next came a dance number by the orchestra, followed by a performance of "I'se a Muggin'" by Hal Myers and his troupers. This was the official introduction of a song which is now the rage in Kawanhee.

The high point of the program was, of course, the show. It was a crook play entitled "In the Net". The actors were Hicks Lawrence, John Marble, and Phil Rose. The director was Whit Murphy. Hicks Lawrence, as Murdoch, the crook, outwitted both Marble and Rose by his disguise and ventriloquism, and ended up by robbing the burglar-proof safe. The acting was very fine, and Director Murphy's stage set, including wires and a real safe, added an excellent effect. The orchestra concluded the program with a stirring march. R. Lucas, M. C.

## The Value of Achievement (Continued)

sented with a beautiful leather plaque upon which the bars he has won are attached under the name of the activity in which his achievement has been recognized. If he completely fills his plaque, i. e., if he wins three achievement bars under each activity in not to exceed two consecutive seasons in Camp, a special award will be presented to him at the banquet, held the last week of Camp, as a definite recognition of a "job well done".

Too many boys in ordinary school life get the habit of being a substitute and soon such a boy believes he is not good enough. When the value of achievement through carefully graded levels is duly emphasized, he finds there is a job he can do, and then something harder, and very rapidly he acquires the skills which develop courage and "stick-to-it-iveness" which are destined to lead on to higher and more worthy fields of conquest, long after camping days have been forgotten.



## New Season, New Staff for the Tennis Courts

Tennis this year at Kawanhee is a very active activity. Al Hubbard has stated to the press that he hopes the year will have plenty of "the old pep and zip" of former years, and it certainly looks as though his hopes are going to be realized. Not that it is an easy job to turn out as good a tennis year this season as in former ones for the old Maestros such as Bill Weld, Colonel Sweet and George Tittman are not here. No, it is not an easy job, but it's being handled beautifully. A glance at the tournament list posted in the Rec' Hall shows that there is plenty of keen competition rolling around here, and the finals of this tournament are going to be wonderful to watch. The third round is almost completed, and save for a few cases, the scores have been close. There has been only one default. We predict that Tom DeVoe will come out on top. What's your guess?

## Athletics Score Over Yanks in Close Game—Rain Cancels National

All National League games were called off because of rain. In the American League, the Philadelphia Athletics, who had previously won two and lost none, took a close one on the chin by the large count of 24-23. It was a slugging affair. Ernie Christner was last man up, two out and score 24-23. You guessed wrong. Ernie did not strike out but the ball just beat him to the bag. Batteries:

N. Y.....Wiggin, Hubbard..... Southworth  
Phil.....Bittenbender .....Lowe  
\* \* \*

Chicago jumped into the league lead by defeating Boston 16-11. Bob Patterson hit a home run in the 3rd, immediately followed by another homer by Stew Smith. Patterson duplicated his feat later in the game by getting another four base blow. Steve Whitney got the only other round trip ticket.

Batteries:  
Boston...DeVoe.....J. Bittenbender  
Chicago..R. Patterson.....Metcalf  
\* \* \*

In the only other game, Cleveland upset St. Louis 17-11. "Raccoon Ears" Altman spoiled the dope by winning out over Dizzy Dean Miller. St. Louis tied it up in the 6th because Ruffy (Dean Miller's dog) stood behind Dean and told him what to do.

## At the Water Meet

It's no wonder that Bob Page and his teammates, Burch, Redfield, and Johnson, were able to put through a winning crew in the Junior A four man tablespoon race. They were wise and put Bob in the back, with the result that their canoe planed along in great style.

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Perhaps the most exciting race was the one between Dave Lincoln and Pete Lagemann in the Midget 25 yard side stroke race. They were hitting it up neck and neck until the last 24 inches where Dave showed that certain something and just edged out Petey.

\* \* \*

If Correll Hance and Bob Lawlis had had a coxswain in their boat in the Senior doubles race, they might have won, for they had the man power. Their only trouble was in keeping to the straight and narrow. Indeed, the dock was endangered several times by their onrushing craft.

\* \* \*

"A study in character" might have been the name of the Midget non-swimmer Robinson Crusoe race, for each contestant expressed something different. There was Don Wambaugh, the winner, who, although somewhat puzzled as to the procedure, wore the look of self-assurance which seemed to say, "How can I lose?" Number two man, Johnnie Warren of Lubec, had that "do or die" look of grim determination which becomes him most. Henry Eliot's face was placid, while Tommy Bateman portrayed a mixture of all the other three combined.

Altman kicked the dog out of the game and Cleveland went on to win, 17-11.

Batteries:  
Cleveland..Altman .....Sullivan  
St. Louis...D. Miller .....Waller  
Phil Rose, M. C.

## League Standings

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	.....2.....	0.....	1000
New York	.....2.....	0.....	1000
Philadelphia	.....2.....	0.....	1000
Boston	.....0.....	2.....	000
Cincinnati	.....0.....	2.....	000
St. Louis	.....0.....	2.....	000

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	.....3.....	0.....	1000
Philadelphia	.....2.....	1.....	666
New York	.....2.....	1.....	666
Cleveland	.....1.....	2.....	333
St. Louis	.....1.....	2.....	333
Boston	.....0.....	3.....	000

## Greys Take Water Meet Over Fighting Maroons

Not a few were surprised at the outcome of last Saturday's Water Meet, for the Maroons with their 86 points came much closer to the "mighty" Greys than was expected. This team's score was 97, and the scant 11 points did not make up the huge difference which had been prophesied. Indeed, had the Maroons' war canoe been two feet further along the race track, there might have been a different story that day out on the waterfront. Let the firsts tell the story.

### WINNERS OF FIRST PLACES

Junior A Canoe Four-man Tablespoon Race—R. Page; H. Burch; T. Redfield; W. Johnson  
Senior Rowboat Doubles.....T. DeVoe I. Ruth  
Master Camper Canoe Bobbing..... E. Holthausen  
Junior A. Nazi Race.....W. Sullivan W. Myers  
Canoe Rescue Race...T. DeVoe; I. Ruth  
Junior A Canoe Doubles.....D. Hird J. Meserole  
Junior B 25 Yard Freestyle...D. Lincoln  
Midget Non-Swimmer Race..... D. Wambaugh  
Junior B Kicking Race.....D. Lincoln  
Master Camper Medley Relay...R. Hird  
Midget Swimmer Race.....W. Smith

## Tests Passed This Week

### Cove Swim

L. Vought

### Lake Swim

A. Showalter R. Southworth E. Tulloss

## Achievement Levels Passed This Year

### WOODCRAFT—JUNIOR B

#### First Level

B. Beach D. Howell E. Waller  
R. Klages

#### Second Level

J. Bittenbender R. Klages

### NATURE—JUNIOR B

#### First Level

B. Beach D. Howell E. Waller  
R. Klages

### ARCHERY—JUNIOR B

#### First Level

B. Beach F. Henry E. Lambert  
W. Lawrence L. Hinds H. Martin  
D. Howell R. Overton R. Klages  
A. Showalter D. Lagemann  
P. Lagemann H. Smith E. Waller

#### Second Level

E. Lambert H. Smith W. Lawrence

#### Third Level

E. Lambert H. Smith

### ARCHERY—JUNIOR A

#### First Level

L. Vought



## PUNK FROM THE LOG

Doc Lawrence has shattered tradition by swimming the lake, not realizing that those who sit at the head table never, never, never go near the water.

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The Nature Department has a new slogan for flower study, "Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet only Luke Ward on his day-off was ever arrayed like one of these."

\* \* \*

Early in the first week of camp, a constant buzzing and ringing attracted us to the Nature Room. There we found Mr. Goodwin, the monkey gland recently grafted unto the Nature Department to pep up that traditionally retiring group, with his back against a picture-covered wall, fighting off swarms and swarms of master campers and directors. Every now and then, someone, usually a director, would slip under Mr. Goodwin's guard, grab a wire in each hand, and fumble madly up and down the wall. If he had sufficient time, a bell would ring and the interloper would chortle with joy.

Mr. Goodwin was almost in despair. As he fought, he moaned, "But that's for the boys. That's for the boys. That's to teach the boys how to identify birds."

To save his life and limb, we led him from the field of battle. We tried to explain to him that, while Kawanhee is technically for the boys, the master campers and directors are a special class which must be kept happy before anyone can get to the boys. Mr. Goodwin then took a more cheerful view of the situation and suggested that the flit gun that makes pretty green patterns might distract the mob sufficiently to save the buzzing gadget. The suggestion proved to be a happy one. We left the master campers having more fun trying to make a spatter print of Van Ingen's profile and only the directors still going to town with phœbe on the buzz-buzz board.

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The most distressing thing which we have witnessed in Camp this year was the spectacle of Bill Rines standing on the shore, whistling to his cake of soap as it drifted out to sea.

\* \* \*

Kawanhee's first great exploration of the year was the expedition of the Pine Tree Lodge to the other side of the lake. Thursday night they set

out to spend the night under the stars and mosquitoes. After travelling and travelling, they eventually reached that vast tract of wilderness which is separated from our front door by all of a quarter mile of water. Mr. Goodwin soon had his hardy band encamped for the night. No sooner had they dropped down, however, exhausted by their arduous journey, than Larry Hinds sprang up, reporting growling bears in the immediate vicinity of his bed. A courageous investigation revealed that the bears were probably mosquitoes. Larry again retired, this time armed with a sheath knife and flashlight for protection against any attack. Silence at last and then again an alarm. John Bendy-Wendy Bittenbender shrieked the news that there were moose trampling and trumpeting around his bunk. Another sally into the darkness of the night. When it was demonstrated that the moose were bull frogs, silence was once more restored. Not for long. This time a perfectly indescribable noise made terrible the night. Even Junie Klages was alarmed and sprang to the defense. Again came the horrible cry, brazen, inhuman, and seemingly endless. In a mass, the Pine Tree lads marched through the dark forest to exterminate this terror of the night and found—Jack Patterson singing in his sleep. It was that silver throat with brass rivets in it that had emitted the appalling noise. After that, not even a baby cloud burst in the wee small hours disturbed the Pine Trees very much, and they quietly awaited the dawn, huddled in one lean-to, feeling that they had experienced and survived the worst terrors that the wilds of Maine could offer.

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During the Tim Pond trip, Derek Lagemann tried to introduce a little variety into the steady quest for fish. It was his very thoughtful idea that the whole party should go out picking "minces" and bring baskets of them back to camp so Bert could make mince pies for all of us.

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Have you been one of those unhappy people who have fallen foul of Kawanhee's relentless racketeers of the Eagle and Falcon Lodges? Their motto is—a racket to suit every sucker, and a counsellor passes every minute. Just take as an example the racket which the bold and wiley

Eagles worked on Ernie Holthausen. Escaping temporarily from beneath the maternal wing of Flutey Lucas, the Eaglets appeared upon the archery range one afternoon. When they started to shoot, they were as cagey as could be. All of them repeatedly missed the target completely. And did Ernie bite? He did. Big-hearted Holthausen, he offered pennies to all those who hit the target. Gleefully the Eagles went to work. Tommy Bateman made a bull's-eye. Johnnie Warren made another. And then Smitty. And then Henry. And so on. And so on. Just as Ernie tottered on the brink of insolvency, Flutey caught up with his Eagle chicks and, clucking maternally, led them away. If that's not an example of suiting the racket to the sucker, we never saw it done.

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The most bewildering number in the Friday night show was the rendition of "I'se a-Muggin'" by Hal Myers and his Hotcha Boys. Our first explanation of the strange phenomenon was that they were demonstrating that such Hotcha Boys as Myers, Oliva, Cordray and Amison could actually count up to eighty and were so excited about it that they could not help jumping up and down. Then we realized that they were practicing for the canoe-bobbing race in Saturday's Water Meet.

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Extra, extra! Gold discovered on Swift River. Last Saturday night prospectors Bateman and Goodwin staggered into Camp with a hoard of the precious metal and since then everyone has been trying to find the hiding place of the treasure. We discovered that Mr. Goodwin keeps it hidden under a pine needle on the porch of his lodge. As a special favor he showed it to us, a speck about the size of a pin point. "If you look at it under a high-powered microscope," he said proudly, "it looks just like a real nugget."

### Midgets on Sunday Beach

By H. ELIOT, Midget

Thursday evening the Eagles started out. We walked past the camp fire ring through the woods to Sunday Beach. There we cooked supper, making bacon and cocoa over the fire. Then we had an egg sandwich, a bologna sandwich and a jelly sandwich. Next we played in the sand and built a big castle. By this time it was dark so we came home.