



The Wigwam



Volume III, No. 4

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 29, 1937

Kawanhee Archers Aim at Bullseye and Five Levels

By M. WALLER, Jr. B

Walter Estabrook is in charge of archery. The archery range is right off the road, near Baseball Diamond, Number 3.

The levels in archery are: first level, twenty-four points with twenty-four arrows; second level, forty-eight points with twenty-four arrows; and so forth. You get a score of one point for hitting the outer ring of the target and two points more for each smaller ring. The bullseye gives you nine points. There are five levels in archery which are not very hard. Many first year boys have passed their second and third levels. The archery instructor is only too glad to teach the boys to shoot.

Very few boys do not like archery, but even those few should not get that attitude, because archery is one of the best things they can have.

Woodchuck and Tumbledown Conquered by Lynx Lodge

By T. BENUA, Senior

Friday, July 23, the Lynx Lodge started up the slopes of Tumbledown. We stuck together for the first part of the climb but soon Frank Lawrence and I began to creep ahead. We went on and on, over the third peak. The others stopped on the first peak and started to eat. When we rejoined them, we found that they had finished off most of the food. After lunch we descended the mountain and plunked into the stream. "Whew," said Bob Page, as he rubbed his hands together, "I made it."

Our most exciting exploit took place before we began the climb. Eagle-eyed Frank Lawrence saw a woodchuck and McAllister decided that he wanted it. He cornered it and Lawrence slipped a noose over one foot. Before we knew it, it was securely tied. We brought Sam Woodchuck back to camp and now we have a snappy playmate for Sunny, our spaniel mascot.

Greys Lead as Score Mounts

In spite of their defeat in the Saturday track meet, the Greys are still ahead of the Maroons. The chief additions to the score represent the results of the track meet, a water sports day, and sixty-one levels which have been passed during the week. The Greys now lead by 46 points. Last week they had the advantage by only 14 points. Will this margin continue to increase? Will the Maroons pull up to the Greys? We'll have to wait and see.

SCORE

Greys — 1581 Maroons — 1535

Model Camp Kitchen Planned By Ever Hungry Woodcraft Staff

By R. MILLER, Jr. A

At Kawanhee, Woodcraft is one of the major activities. The work of the department is divided into two parts, scouting and woodcraft itself. The center of all the work is Kah-nedo-go-nah, the scout cabin. The staff is composed of Bill Bittenbender, Dick Bittenbender and Jim Warren.

Every phase of scouting is offered. The majority of the tests this year are passed by boys working for Second and First Class rank. There are fine opportunities for gaining such merit badges as Pioneering, Archery, Bird Study, Carpentry, and First Aid. A scout meeting is held every Monday night where contests are held between two teams.

Levels in Woodcraft include many items necessary to the true woodsman. Skill in Range, Archery and Canoeing are required along with such woodsman's lore as the knife and axe test and the fire in wet weather test. All campers, with the exception of the very youngest, are expected to take an overnight hike, carrying their own packs.

This summer the Woodcraft staff plans to repair one or two dilapidated bridges on the Nature Trail and build a new one. The trail to Sun-

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Free Swims, No Beds to Make Please Tim Pond Fishermen

By D. ACKERMAN, Jr. A

On Monday, July 19, we started out on the first Tim Pond trip of the season. When we reached Eustis Ridge where we met the buckboard, we ate our lunch. We loaded our knapsacks on the buckboard. The only trouble was that we had to walk five or six miles. Half way along the trail, Alan Noble decided that we were too slow for him. So he started out by himself, taking five steps to our two. But we soon caught up with him. When we reached Tim Pond we fixed our fishing rods. After supper we went out fishing. Around eight-thirty, we counted our trout and found that we had only about twenty fish.

In the morning we were awakened by a loon. One good thing about the stay at Tim Pond was that we did not have to make our beds. Around lunch time, we went to a beach where the boys went swimming.

That afternoon we went down Tim Brook and the boys went swimming again. After supper we continued our fishing but when we counted up the day's catch, we found that we had caught no more than thirty.

Wednesday morning we didn't do much of anything. We started to pack our duffle on the buckboard after lunch. We took turns riding the buckboard on the hike out to Eustis Ridge. We reached camp in time for the show in the evening.

Visiting Eagle Shares Salad With Farmington Deer

By W. DUCKHAM, Midget

Thursday, the Eagles and the Falcons went to the zoo in Farmington. We saw monkeys of all kinds and then we saw buffaloes. One buffalo was drinking water.

Then I went to the tiger cage. He was roaring because it was supper time for him.

Next I saw a native deer and we fed him lettuce and then we went back to camp.

THE WIGWAM

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A Weighty Subject

By G. P. LAWRENCE, M. D.

There is one subject which carries a great deal of weight with most persons—and that is *WEIGHT*. A great many try to measure up, or down to some arbitrary standard of weight. The use of a single standard of so-called average or normal weights for all is an old-time mistake. Now we realize that there are several different types of normal human body, such as the tall slender type, the short heavy and the medium build.

The first weighty question confronting Kawanhee braves on reaching camp this year was, "How much do your grandmothers weigh, and are your grandfathers skinny or fat?" From the campers often nebulous reports, we tried to determine their proper type classifications, normal weights, and if under or over weight. "Under weights" get extra feeding and rest.

All are re-weighed weekly to check the effect which camp life is having. At the first re-weighing every boy was carefully inspected, his type classification checked, and perhaps questioned again regarding his ancestry. Several probable "under-weights" were found to have been gaining height rapidly during the last few months, in spite of which their ribs were well covered. One boy, thought to be the slender type with normal weight, was found to have ribs like a xylophone and parents and grandparents of medium and heavy type and was mercilessly chucked into the malted milk brigade.

Last week, the "underweights" gained, none of the "run of the mine" campers lost and we made a special study of the "overweights". Several of them had made satisfactory reductions in poundage, and several are definite "endocrine problems".

Kawanhee gives due weight to the weighty subject of weight and has its weights under good "weight control".

Achievement Levels Passed,

July 17 - July 24

AQUATICS

Midget—First Level
W. Duckham J. Fulton G. Lowe
G. Mack A. Reeve L. White
Midget—Second Level
G. Mack
Jr. B—First Level
H. Grunebaum F. Henry T. Huntington
F. LeVeque A. Showalter
Jr. A—First Level
B. Beach C. Fall W. Gallup
R. Miller E. Waller

HANDICRAFT

Midget—Second Level
G. Lowe
Jr. B—First Level
S. Bisbee G. Goodwin R. Jones
Jr. B—Second Level
A. Showalter A. Towt
Jr. A—First Level
D. Ackerman B. Beach W. Cook
Jr. A—Second Level
R. Lamonte S. Smith J. Zuck
Senior—First Level
J. Aigler D. Metcalfe J. Mitchell
M. Saylor
Senior—Second Level
D. Metcalfe M. Saylor

NATURE

Jr. A—First Level
W. Cook W. Gallup H. Griggs
A. Hinds C. Lamborn J. Leiper
G. Nelson J. Sotomayor E. Waller
Senior—First Level
S. McAllister J. Means W. Myers
R. Page

SAILING

Jr. B—First Level
B. Battelle W. Beebe F. Henry
T. Huntington F. LeVeque E. Tulloss
Jr. B—Second Level
F. Henry
Senior—First Level
L. Waller
Senior—Second Level
L. Waller

WOODCRAFT

Jr. B—First Level
R. Jones
Jr. A—First Level
R. Miller G. Nelson E. Waller

Woodcraft Projects

(Continued)

day Beach is to be rebazed and a trail opened to the dam at the end of the lake. These trails are important, for, at the end of Sunday Beach, stands the recently completed Adirondack lean-to, equipped with four bunks, which is the special overnight camp of the younger boys.

As its most ambitious project, the Woodcraft staff expects to build, for display, a thoroughly equipped weekend camp, with a model camp kitchen. A shelter like the proposed one would be used by hunters as a temporary camp. It will be constructed behind the scout cabin and completed by the middle of August.

Altogether, the Woodcraft Department plans to go places and to make this a profitable summer.

Moose, Music and Melodrama Thrill Kawanhee Audience

By D. METCALFE, Senior

The third performance of the Footlight Knights was staged in the Kawanhee "auditorium" Wednesday night, July 21st. The main feature, *A Chinaman's Chance*, surpassed all previous plays of the season in providing chills and thrills.

The starring roles were handsomely taken by Hal Myers, as "Slippery Elm", a slick crook who was a Harvard honor graduate, Ralph Hird, who played the Chinaman, "One Lung", and Dale Jenkins as the husky "brute" crook. Correll Hance and Ramsey Maddock filled out the cast as an airplane pilot and a rural Sheriff.

The story was based upon a mail plane robbery in the mountains of Arizona. The pilot of the mail plane was forced down and robbed by the two desperadoes. After much exciting action, it proves to be the wise oriental who eventually saves the day.

As usual the Kawanhee orchestra played a few entertaining pieces, and then that great institution, the Swing Seven, played *Rigamarole* in a way that will never be forgotten on the Kawanhee stage. A breath-taking, terrorizing stunt, called *Murder*, put on by the Moose Lodge, completed the bill. The whole evening was considered an overwhelming success.

Sunday Morning Service

By F. HENRY, Jr. B

Last Sunday we had our Church service on the point. Mr. Marshall preached a sermon on fellowship. He said that our arrival at camp was just like David's entering the court of Saul. David never had been with many boys before and he had to learn to get along with other people. Likewise we in camp must learn to get along with the other fellow.

The service was closed with the hymn "Hear Our Prayer, Oh Heavenly Father" sung by the quartet.

Variation

ENLARGED: The Lynx Lodge, by the arrival of Derek Lagemann of Englewood, N. J., returning for his second season in camp.

DOUBLY ENLARGED: The Eagle Lodge, by the arrivals of Robin Lagemann and Peter Taussig, both of Englewood, N. J. and both new to Kawanhee but both following in the footsteps of brothers well known in this camp.

Cubs Trample on Cardinals, Reds Nose Out Pirates

By W. GALLUP AND G. SULLIVAN

In the most overwhelming victory of the season, the Chicago Cubs upset their heavily favored rivals, the St. Louis Cards, in a 21 to 5 slugfest that surprised all spectators. Don Schieber's fast ball again scared all batters into a frenzy, while Coach Wise's stick work excelled. The lone home run of the game was made by Brud Van Alste.

Batteries:
Chicago.....D. Schieber..... Hance
St. Louis.....Jenkins..... Zuck

The Cincinnati Reds and the Pittsburgh Pirates had a close scoring game with the Reds coming out on top, 4 to 3. In the 3rd inning, the Reds were ahead, 1 to 0, when Bill Bittenbender of that team stepped up and hit a home run with two men on bases. The score remained 4 to 0 until the last half of the last inning, when the Pirates made a concerted drive which fell short of tying the score by only one run.

Batteries:
Cincinnati....Di Roberto..... Lamborn
Pittsburg.....Holmes..... R. Miller, Jr.

These National League games opened the day's baseball in the afternoon of Tuesday, July 27. The results of Monday's heavy downpour made it necessary to postpone two American League games.

Two Upsets in Evening Games, Yanks and Giants Triumph

By W. GALLUP AND W. SULLIVAN

In the one American League game of the day, the Yankees pulled one of the biggest surprises of the year when they tripped up the fast-stepping Detroit Tigers, 5 to 2. The Yanks started things off when G. Tittman hit a home run with one man on base. In the other half of the same inning, DeVoe of the Tigers hit another.

Batteries:
New York....G. Tittman..... J. Ruth
Detroit.....DeVoe..... Lamonte

The National League's evening game was the day's second big upset. The New York Giants swamped the Brooklyn Dodgers, 11 to 3, as Johnnie Marble held the Dodgers well in hand throughout the full seven innings. The big surprise of the day was the superb batting of Frank Lawrence, who connected for a clean double and a booming homer that sewed up the game for his teammates. Phil Drake, of the Giants, knocked off another home run.

Batteries:
New York....Marble..... Lieper
Brooklyn....Maddock..... Nelson

Maroons Mop up Field Events, Mack and LeVeque Top Scorers

The second track meet of the camp season was held for the Midgets and Junior B's on Saturday, July 24. With the outstanding performances of Mack, in the Midget group, and LeVeque in the Junior B division, the Maroons were able to gain an overwhelming victory over the Greys by a score of 72 to 26. Below is a list of events and the winner of each event:

MIDGET

Baseball Throw	L. White
40 yard Dash	A. Reeve
High Jump	G. Mack
Broad Jump	G. Mack
Relay	Maroons

JUNIOR B

Broad Jump	A. Towt
Dash	L. LeVeque
Baseball Throw	F. LeVeque
High Jump	C. Windle, S. Bisbee
Relay	Maroons

Greys Snatch Water Sports in Final Contest of Meet

The third water meet between the Greys and Maroons took place under ideal weather conditions last Wednesday. It was a very thrilling contest, with both sides taking the lead at various stages of the meet. As a result of the Senior War Canoe race, the Greys finally won by a score of 93 to 89.

Senior 100 yd. free style relay—R. Maddock, P. Drake, R. Benua, L. Waller
Jr. A rowboat doubles—W. Barrington, W. Gallup, G. Mack (cox)
Midget swimmers 50 ft. novelty race—G. Mack
Jr. B canoe doubles—A. Showalter, W. Lawrence
Jr. A medley relay—W. Cook, E. Waller, R. Miller
Senior rowboat singles—H. Schieber
Jr. B 25 yd. free style—F. Henry
Jr. A novelty canoe race—W. Cook, R. Miller
Senior novelty swim—Cancelled
Jr. B rowboat singles—A. Showalter
Jr. A 50 yd. free style—R. Miller
Senior canoe doubles—J. Warren, S. Johnson
Midget novelty race—P. Taussig
Junior War Canoe race—Maroons
Senior War Canoe race—Greys

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Brooklyn2.....1.....27.....23.....666
Chicago2.....1.....34.....12.....666
New York2.....1.....26.....25.....666
St. Louis2.....1.....25.....33.....666
Cincinnati1.....2.....17.....26.....333
Pittsburg0.....3.....7.....17.....000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

New York3.....0.....13.....8.....1000
Detroit2.....1.....26.....9.....666
Chicago1.....1.....9.....6.....500
Cleveland1.....1.....15.....16.....500
Boston0.....2.....7.....20.....000
Philadelphia0.....2.....6.....18.....000

At the Water Meet

The Junior War Canoe race promises to be quite a thriller each time. We on the shore, however, are wondering how "Bilge-Water" Cook, the Grey Coxswain, is going to address his crew next time. He created quite a disturbance last Wednesday when he shouted, in that husky voice of his, "If any of youse guys drop your paddle, for cripe's sake, don't jump out after it."

* * *

The Senior novelty swim was cancelled because of a little mix-up in directions. Some of the lads were under the impression that they were to pick up the rocks on the small dock and walk back to the big dock with them. Others thought the command was to swim back. As a result, quite a melee occurred, with Drake and Maddock carrying off the laurels on land, and Doug Hird in the sea.

* * *

Pete Taussig celebrated his arrival in camp by winning the Midget novelty race. "Flash" Henry Eliot seemed reluctant to leave the shore to participate in this event. Long after Duckham and Taussig had crossed the finish line, Eliot was to be seen gazing dreamily out to sea. It seems that he was thinking that it was rather immoral to be sporting his best pajamas before the gallery of admiring ladies.

Rough-Riding Moose Dine On Summit of Blue

By E. BUGBEE, Jr. A

As Friday seemed a likely day for mountain climbing, the Moose Lodge decided to tackle Mt. Blue. The camp truck not being available, we rode in the old Ford dump truck.

We bounced along for several miles. By the time we reached the foot of Blue, our spines were thoroughly jolted and the hard climb seemed a blessed relief.

We started up the mountain and came to the spring, a third of the way up. We refreshed ourselves and continued the trek to the top.

When we reached the top, we climbed the watch tower and looked over miles and miles of the surrounding country. After a delightful supper, cooked in the open, we descended the mountain trail, allowing ourselves time to stop at the spring and be back in camp for *Tattoo*.

We all thought it a wonderful climb, but we were glad to hit the hay once we were in camp again.



PUNK FROM THE LOG



The *Crawlark* has left us for good. No one feels this loss more keenly than the Loggerhead, for it deprives him of a source of material almost as inexhaustible as the one of which he was robbed when Mac Henney's voice changed last winter. Doc Lawrence was the cause of the *Crawlark's* departure. The delicate sensibilities of the good ship were outraged when he tried to caulk her seams with glycerine packs.

In the dark of the night, the *Crawlark* swished her bilge from these shores for her last time and set out on her own, escorted by a mysterious convoy of canoes. Her first stop was Bass Rock, where she settled herself comfortably after several junior counsellors had shoved the rock around until it made a dandy seat. The good ship thought that she had a date with Dean Miller. After waiting forlornly for two days, she lit out in pursuit of the fascinating Dean, for she knew that he had last been sighted swimming up the lake. She wanted to be his little caboose, not Doc Lawrence's. Although she never found him, she did meet some very nice young people and expects to make her permanent home with them.

"Pooh, for Kawanhee!" she says, "no one is going to tell a self-respecting ship to obey any landlubberly old signals. Sea-going craft obey bells and steam sirens, not signals."

* * *

During the past week, we of Kawanhee have witnessed a number of sunsets so spectacular as to stir our very souls with their beauty and inspire each one of us to the highest thoughts of which we are capable. No heart soared to loftier heights or more heroic utterance than did Bob Raymond's. Gazing in rapt awe at the crimson splendour of the west, his soul took wings and his voice shook as he murmured reverently, "Gosh, it's so beautiful it reminds me of the inside of a salmon."

* * *

One night, there were so many trips out of camp and the dining room was so quiet, that Mr. R. C. Frank was repeatedly forced to pound on the tom-tom and request that just a little more noise be made, in order that the head-table-ites might eat in their accustomed comfort. They had already been rather upset by a strange chain of events, initiated by H. C.

Marshall. The Chief had so far forgotten his dignity as to leave off his war paint and feathers and appear on the tennis courts, clad only in abbreviated shorts. Those shorts were of so violent and peculiar a red that Ralph and Doug Hird were inspired to build another boat, thinking that they had found a new color which it could be painted. After all, there is such a thing as too many boats, and the completion of their latest and umpteenth craft is being delayed until Jimmie Fulton can fulfill his contract to supply them with two dozen cans of red and white striped paint.

* * *

The smash climax of the Wednesday presentation of the Footlight Knights was the stirring pantomime and monologue of Ralph Lucas. He began his act by doing sinister things with the stage lighting and then gave a personification of Captain Bligh, addressing the mutineers of the *Bounty*, which out-Laughtoned Charles Laughton. Simultaneously, he gave impressions of Patrick Henry, declaiming "Give me liberty or give me death", and the three Ritz brothers, singing *He Ain't Got Rhythm*. What the Footlight Knights need is more and better parts for Lucas. Next week, Lucas in *Othello*, with Ma Frank as the off-stage Desdemona.

* * *

Of all the expeditions that left Kawanhee this week, no group set forth with more grim determination than did the Lynx Lodge on the road to Tumbledown. That was no mere pleasure party going to strain itself through Fat Man's Misery. It was a great safari invading the jungles in the pursuit of big game. "Bring-'em-back-alive" Frank Lawrence was taking Bob Raymond out to show him that fishing isn't everything. And Bob certainly learned a thing or two on that trip.

Establishing a base camp at the foot of the mountain, they bade a fond farewell to Bateman and plunged into the wilderness. Pushing through the almost impenetrable thickets, they were making slow progress and sent Bill Myers and Skippy Means ahead as scouts. Eventually, they reached a roaring river and the main body, Bob Page, effected a crossing with some difficulty.

Just then, the thunderous noise of nibbling electrified their ranks. The scouts scurried in. Tom Benua freed his concrete-encased arm from its sling in order to use it as a club. The nibbling noise changed suddenly to the crashing sound of some great animal lumbering through the brush.

"It's charging," shouted McAllister.

"What is it?" cried Means.

"It's a hippopotamus," yelled Myers.

"Sounds like a pickerel rushing a fly," contributed Raymond.

"It's a skunk," shrieked Means and everyone lined up behind Page.

With a roar, the brute broke cover. Their startled eyes beheld a gigantic woodchuck, standing at least six inches at the shoulder. Panic paralysed them for a second. Then "Bring-'em-back-alive" Frank took command.

"Flank him," he shouted. "McAllister, cut down the tallest tree you can find. The rest of you get the fifty foot ropes ready. We'll have to use strategy on him. Myers, give him a piano lesson until we're ready."

Bill thought that this was a tougher assignment than trying to teach Ed-die Waller but, somehow, he managed to distract the monster's attention. McAllister brought a forest giant crashing to the ground. It wasn't big enough. Frank told him to cut another. Myers was almost exhausted by this time and the mighty woodchuck was preparing to attack. Just then, McAllister brought down an immense pine. Quickly they trimmed it. Frank's preparations were completed at last.

"Now, boys, up and at 'em," he cried.

Four of them, using the great log, managed to pin down the monster by the neck. The others, carefully avoiding the lashing of the murderous claws and the gnashing of the fierce teeth, gingerly lassoed each leg. Frank supervised each move, risking life and limb, time and time again. At last the struggle was ended. With great effort they spread-eagled that King Kong of all woodchucks and tied him securely in a lunch box.

In triumph, they returned to camp. Now the woodchuck lives in captivity on the porch of the Lynx Lodge, where all may see and wonder at the courage of those dauntless hunters.