



The Wigwam



Volume IV, No. 3

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 21, 1938

Pickarel and Sunny Succumb to Sweet, Fishermen, Bateman

By P. LAGEMANN, Jr. B

Fishing is a sport that boys at Kawanhee enjoy very much. Mr. Bateman and Colonel Sweet, both very good fishermen, have charge of fishing this year. Boys can sign off from any activity to go fishing. Dark days are thought to be the best times to go fishing by most fishermen. Mr. Bateman has all the bait.

Perch are the most common fish you can catch in the lake. Bass and pickarel are also quite numerous but not as much so as perch. All three of these fish should be thrown back under ten inches. Salmon and trout should be thrown back under fourteen inches. Chub should be thrown back at any size because they aren't any good to eat. Sunnies are good to eat at any size. Black bass are fun to catch because they give more of a fight than pickarel do.

The largest fish caught this season was caught by Hal Myers. It was a three pound black bass.

I am now going to tell you about the points you get for the fish you catch. Perch brings one point per pound. Bass brings five points, pickarel ten, brook trout fifteen, salmon twenty, and the rare lake trout, twenty-five points per pound. You can buy any equipment at the store. Boys from ten to sixteen must buy a junior fishing license, which costs \$1.15 for the whole season.

Story-Telling and Sun-Bathing Resumed by Tardy Dean

Dr. Ross Miller, Mrs. Miller, and their sons, Ross, Jr., and Dick, arrived at Kawanhee on July 13. Dr. Miller, who tells the stories at camp fires and assists with devotions at Kawanhee, is Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Ohio. Because of his duties there, he and his family were unable to leave for camp sooner. Dr. Miller, whom campers know as "The Dean", Mrs. Miller, and Dick are living in a cabin beyond the Kawanhee Inn. Ross, Jr. (Buddy) will be in the Beaver Lodge.

Greys Take First Round

The formal camp fire of July 16 revealed the first Maroon-Grey score of the year. The Greys lead with 481 points, while their rivals have 440. So far, the largest part of the score has been rung up by the younger boys, who have already passed a number of first levels in Shop and Nature, and by the hotly contested first water meet. The margin of 41 points may well be an encouragement to the Greys and a stimulus to the Maroons, but it is too small to be significant in forecasting the final tally. Anything can happen, once the athletic events are in full swing and the achievement levels roll in as numberless as the sands in the midgets' shoes.

J. L. S. Training Includes Varied Tests for Kawanhee Swimmers

By D. METCALFE, Senior

Junior Life Saving, one of the most instructive and practical courses for boys, is a most important step in the training of campers at Kawanhee. It is a branch of the American Red Cross, whose headquarters are at Washington, D. C.

The requirements for J. L. S. are that the boy taking the test must be twelve years old or older, and that he must have eight hours preparation and practice. He must also be able to pass a Swimmers' Test issued by the Red Cross.

This preliminary Swimmers' Test has seven different requirements which a boy must pass to gain his award. They are: 1, to tread water 30 seconds; 2, perform plain front or racing dive, in good form; 3, float motionless; 4, swim 100 yds., using side and one other standard stroke; 5, witness demonstration of artificial respiration; 6, swim 50 feet on back, using legs only; 7, recover object in 6 to 8 feet of water, by means of surface dive.

The actual Life Saving Tests consist of ten requirements: 1, in deep water, disrobe and swim 100 yards; 2, release double grip on one wrist,

(Continued on page 4)

Trout of Four Ponds High-Hat Advances of Camp Piscators

By D. ACKERMAN, Jr. A

Early in the afternoon of Monday, July 11, a group of boys left Kawanhee with Mr. R. C. Frank and Mr. Bateman on a fishing trip to Four Ponds. Four Ponds is about twenty-five miles away from camp beyond Byron. This is one of several new trips added to the Kawanhee schedule this summer.

We parked our car at the side of the road and followed a trail for about a mile. Then we came to Long Pond, which is one of the Four Ponds. We unlocked our boats and rowed up Long Pond to our cabins.

Mr. Frank, our chef, gave us some sandwiches to pep us up. Then we went fishing. Being our first expedition to Four Ponds, we did not know where the fish bit best. We went to Round Pond also, but we didn't even get a bite that evening.

We had our supper, and then we had a few games and went to bed.

In the morning, we caught a few fish, but had to throw them back because they were too small. Mr. Bateman got the only two we brought home. In the afternoon we started home. We reached camp about five o'clock.

Faithful Pete, Brimming with Midgets, Cuts Wide Swath

By E. DONOVAN, Midget

The Eagles and the Falcons took a trip in the *Pete* Wednesday, July 14. Each boy had his turn at the wheel. In back of the *Pete* there was a rowboat in which three boys and one man were riding. The boys who were in the rowboat were Peter Taussig, Russell Melcher, Eddie Donovan and Johnny Marble. We played "S. O. S. Coast Guard". We all rocked the boat so hard we made Johnny Marble say he was seasick. Russell didn't like it very well so he put on his life saver.

When we had gone all around the lake, it was time to come back, so that ended that trip.

THE WIGWAM

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G. R. FRANK Directors R. C. FRANK

EDITORIAL STAFF

C. SCARLETT, Sr. C.

R. LUCAS, Jr. C. M. CHISM, Jr. C.

D. METCALFE, Sr. W. SULLIVAN, Sr.

Adventure—The Real Fun Of Camping

BY G. R. FRANK

Adventure! It is the thing we all want, the thing we long for whether we are six, sixteen or sixty. The nature of what we call adventure may change with the passing years, but the thrill remains as one of the bright spots in our lives.

A summer at Kawanhee is an ideal chance to find a hundred new adventures. Each day should turn up at least one happy new experience in living, something that we have, perhaps, looked forward to long before camp opened.

It may come through learning to swim or executing a graceful dive from the high board; paddling a canoe or sailing the *Sea Gull* in a stiff breeze; catching trout in swirling rapids and cooking them by the side of the stream; or landing a scrappy four-pound bass with a light weight rod.

To the little fellow in camp for the first time, it may come through the hitting of a two-bagger in a close game or executing a forehand stroke in tennis.

To the boy with mechanical bent, real adventure may come through the felling of a big tree and the building of a water-tight shelter for the night; or making a raft or a house-boat and sleeping in it over night out on the reef by Bass Rock.

To the nature lover, it may come in the form of a beautiful flower nodding itself to sleep at night and opening with a blaze of color to the rising sun. It may come through spying on deer and moose down by the dam at dusk, or watching the skilful beaver at work on West Brook, or getting a glimpse of a mother bear and her two cubs on the road to Swift River.

To some boys, a never-to-be-forgotten adventure may be a midnight hike up Tumbledown, with a full moon lighting the way, curling up in

Achievement Levels Passed, July 1-July 16

NATURE

Midget—First Level

Rich. Barr E. Donovan F. Huntington
T. Magruder R. Melcher C. Stallman

Junior B—First Level

E. Frazer W. Hirt R. Hunter
T. Huntington R. Schnelle L. White

Junior A—First Level

B. Beach R. Chism G. Goodwin
N. Griswold A. Henderson H. Miller

Senior—First Level

J. Bittenbender W. Coe R. Richardson

SAILING

Senior—First Level

H. Griggs

SHOP

Midget—First Level

Rich. Barr E. Donovan L. Fagan
F. Huntington D. Mack T. Magruder
W. McGuckin R. Melcher C. Stallman
P. Taussig V. Williams

Junior B—First Level

D. Bullard E. Frazer R. Hunter
R. Nichols

Junior A—First Level

R. Chism N. Griswold

Nature Lover Regrets Birds' Weakness for Early Hours

BY A. REEVE, Jr. B

Thursday morning at six o'clock we started out on a bird hike. Cleve Cory took the boys working on the Bird Study Merit Badge out in his car, and Mr. Goodwin took the rest. We went out along the main road until we came to a dirt road, where we turned in and walked back along the lake. We saw many interesting birds, including an oven bird and a redstart. I like bird hikes, but they are too early in the morning.

Sunday Morning Service

The Sunday morning service was held in the outdoor chapel on Council Point. Dean Miller talked on the subject of getting the most out of life. He declared that unless we make the most of every minute, day and year, we are literally cheating ourselves out of becoming the persons God intended us to be.

blankets at the top and waiting for a glorious sunrise.

It may come through a closer acquaintance with God. Some will find Him on a starlit night, or in a beautiful sunset, or in a nest full of young fledglings. But scarcely is there a boy who won't find Him somewhere in camp.

Adventure? Yes! Look for it! Dream about it! Experience it! Live and enjoy the real value of summer camping through adventure.

Metcalfe Dazzles in New Role. Knights Score Once Again

BY R. LUCAS

The fact that Show Night has been rather abruptly shoved from the traditional Wednesday night to Friday seemed to have no effect on the quality of the performances, and last week the Kawanhee Footlight Knights went to town once more with a show which sent the critics searching for superlatives. Friday night's program included numbers by the new swing band, the Lynx Lodge stunt, a piano solo, and the main feature, *Yes Means No*, by the footlight veterans themselves.

Sid Sweet and his boys concocted an amusing novelty called "Lynx in China". Kawanhee bigwigs in the audience saw themselves and their pet idiosyncrasies exploited on the stage. Next, Larry Bugbee of the Polecat Lodge sat down at the piano and played a selection from Schumann's "Night Music", doing it remarkably well.

Yes Means No showed that polish which comes only with the well rehearsed play. The cast was a strong one. Elmore McKee played Mr. Lawson, a hard-headed, hard-boiled business man who was determined to teach his more pliant son, Teddy, to say "NO". The latter, played by Bill Myers, agreed to run the office for thirty minutes, while the secretary, Carleton Amison, kept count of the times he said "No". If he did not say "Yes" once, his father promised to finance his honeymoon. Teddy took the job so seriously that he enraged his father's business friend, Morgan, played by Murray Chism, and even broke his engagement with his sweetheart, Edith. The latter part was in the capable hands of David Metcalfe, who drew the biggest laugh of the evening with his straw hat, frock, and seductive manner. The play ended right side up, as the irate father wrote a check for a long, long honeymoon.

Vesper Service

Sunday evening was rainy, and vespers were held in the Recreation Hall. Dean Sweet stated the true Christian's attitude toward human misery and misfortune. Many people today are suffering from war and poverty through no fault of their own. There are those who say that these people get what they deserve. According to Dean Sweet, however, the true Christian will feel a personal responsibility for these unfortunates, and do his best to help them.

Babe Ruth Tosses Out First Ball While Crowd Roars

By W. SULLIVAN AND E. BUGBEE

Camp Kawanhee's long postponed baseball season finally opened Friday afternoon, July 15, with two games. "Babe" Ruth Dowler of the Hospital opened the game between the Boston Red Sox and the Cleveland Indians. Cleveland was off to a good start, scoring one run in the first and two in the second. From then on it was a rout, 10 to 2 for the Indians. Marble, substituting for DeVoe, was responsible for Boston's two runs, by slamming out a home run with one man on base.

Batteries:
Cleveland....Amison Warren,
W. Southworth
Boston.....Page E. Lupfer

Amid great ceremony, Haydock Miller's Chicago White Sox topped Bill Myers' New York Yankees in the other opener of the season. Three-baggers by Dean Miller and Bill Myers were the hardest hits of the game. After uneventful early innings, the game warmed up to an exciting finish, 3 to 2 for Chicago.

Batteries:
Chicago.....R. Miller, Sr. .. MacGregor
New York....W. Myers, W. Estabrook ..
J. Lupfer

Controversial Tiger-Senator Battle Brings New Ruling

Friday evening, the most vigorously fought battle of the infant season raged between the Tigers and the Senators. Coach Wise was batting out homers for the Tigers and "Iron Man" Duffy slugging the old apple for the Senators, but the game was not completed because of darkness, leaving a controversial score which Marble, after consultation with the umpires, called 11 to 11. This incompleting session produced a new ruling for the Kawanhee leagues, that all games must go the full seven innings to be counted in the league ratings and must be replayed at a later date if they are not completed.

Batteries:
Detroit.....H. Myers Bullard
Washington...Cloys Nichols

On diamond No. 3, the Cincinnati Reds won over the New York Giants, 6 to 5. The Reds got off to a good start by scoring three runs in the first two innings. The Giants, managed by Joe Lieper, tried to catch up, but the Reds were always able to keep far enough ahead, through the good pitching of John Marble.

Batteries:
Cincinnati...Marble MacGregor
New York....S. Sweet, Jr. G. Mack

Watson Stars as Cubs Blank Dodgers. Cards Victorious

Saturday morning the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Chicago Cubs played. For a while, it seemed that the game would be close, but Bill Watson of the Cubs hit a home run to put his team ahead, 1 to 0. Then in the fourth, Bill hit another home run with two men on base. In the next inning, John Nelson, manager of the Cubs, hit one more home run off Bob Peckham. Bill Watson did not allow the Dodgers to score, while the Cubs scored 7.

Batteries:
Chicago.....Watson Coe
Brooklyn....Peckham Grunebaum

In a rather lopsided game, the Cardinals took the Pirates into camp to the tune of 12 to 2. The home runs and heads-up pitching of Bill Bittenbender seemed to have the Pirates baffled, in spite of their struggles.

Batteries:
St. Louis....W. Bittenbender ... Bullard
Pittsburgh...R. C. Frank Jones

Swimming Tests, July 11-18

COVE SWIMMERS

E. Donovan, Midget E. Frazer, Jr. B
W. Hirt, Jr. B W. Griswold, Jr. A

Greys Run Away with First Water Sports Day

The Greys defeated the Maroons in the first Kawanhee water meet of 1938 by the score of 121 to 75. The Maroons took an early lead, and the score was close up to the half-way mark, when the Greys passed the Maroons and increased their lead steadily. They clinched the victory by winning the war canoe race by a boat length and a half. Campers who took first places in events are as follows:

Senior 120 yd. free style relay—C. Amison, P. Drake, D. Metcalfe, W. Myers
Jr. A rowboat singles—W. Southworth
Jr. A ping-pong-ball-in-spoon relay—D. Ackerman, J. Morrison
Senior 60 yd. breast stroke—M. McGuckin
Jr. B rowboat doubles—L. Bugbee, J. Lupfer
Canoe tilting—W. Barrington, M. McGuckin
Jr. A 25 yd. free style—A. Henderson
Jr. B pajama relay race—A. Beckley, R. Schnelle
Senior canoe rescue—J. Aigler, A. Estabrook, R. Southworth
Jr. A medley race—T. Brockie, J. Leiper, W. Snare
Senior rowboat doubles with coxswain—T. Bateman, D. Cloys, J. Nelson
Specialty: climb for lollipops at end of greased pole—C. Amison, E. Bugbee, H. Griggs, W. Myers, T. Overton, W. Sullivan, C. Windle
Midget running race—P. Taussig
War canoe race—Grey team

At the Water Meet

Spectators at the water meet noticed that the Maroon team in the senior canoe rescue race became a bit mixed up. Carleton Amison paddled out and tipped over. Elmore McKee and Dave Metcalfe rushed out to rescue him. But both canoes were tipped over and rescuers and victim were struggling in the water. Then Carlie swam his canoe ashore, emptied it, and paddled around the dock, entirely snubbing his water-soaked rescuers.

* * * * *

"They're off!" The senior teams in the rowboat doubles sped down the lake. Looking down the course, spectators were astonished to see Sid Sweet and Hillis Schieber in the *Pete*, each wielding an oar. At first it was thought that Sid and Hillis were going to show those seniors just how a boat should be rowed, but the truth was learned—the *Pete* had a relapse. Then a new event—the motor boat rescue—took place as Phil Drake putt-putted out in the outboard to pull them in.

* * * * *

The greased pole stunt was a real "specialty". The object was to climb out on an almost horizontal, well larded pole, and get one of the lollipops at the end. To let go meant to be dunked in the lake. Chuck Windle showed his ingenuity by straddling the pole and sliding out horsie-back method instead of attacking from below like his sloth-like competitors had done.

Pole and Pine Mountaineers Scale Summit of Blue

By P. MACGREGOR, Jr. B

On Sunday, the Pole Cats and Pine Trees went to Mt. Blue. They parked in the parking place and started climbing. After a long, hard climb, they reached the spring where they filled their canteens. Then they started up again.

When they reached the top, the boys went up the observation tower and looked down upon miles and miles of forests and mountains and lakes. After they had lunch of sandwiches and cookies and oranges, they started down again.

When they reached the bottom of the trail, the truck took them back to camp. So ended a nice trip to Mt. Blue.

Swimmer Bares Inside Story. Trans-Lake Tests Analysed

By A. BECKLEY, Jr. B

Safety at Kawanhee is always provided beforehand. The topic I am going to discuss is that of swimming a given distance. If a boy knows how to swim when he comes to camp, he is instructed to swim what is called the cove. It is not quite the whole of the distance across the cove in which Kawanhee is situated. This distance is less than one-eighth of a mile. Many boys think that they would rather go ahead and swim the quarter mile distance across the lake, but the swimming instructors think it best to swim the lesser distance first. Nearly all pass this test easily.

The next and harder attempt is that of swimming the lake. As I related previously, this distance is a quarter mile from the point on the other shore opposite the camp to the diving tower. Most of the new boys feel quite ominous about this ordeal as they can't imagine swimming that distance. But in spite of their fears, most of them pass easily, although often with much puffing and blowing.

✻ Variation ✻

ENLARGED: The Pine Tree Lodge by the arrival of Ethan Davis and the Panther Lodge by the arrival of Curtis Davis who have come from Paris, France after a four day trip on the *Normandie*. Their father is head of the Carnegie Peace Foundation of Europe.

J. L. S. Classes Begun (Continued)

left and right; 3, release front strangle hold, left and right; 4, release back strangle hold, left and right; 5, resuscitation, 1½ minutes demonstration, prone pressure method; 6, surface dive in 6 to 8 ft. recovering various objects 3 times, and a ten pound weight once; 7, correct approach, 30 feet, and head carry, 30 feet; 8, correct approach, 30 feet, and cross chest carry, 30 feet; 9, correct approach, 30 feet, and hair carry, 30 feet; 10, tired swimmer carry, 30 feet, preceded by 30 foot swim.

This year at Kawanhee there are 17 candidates for Junior Life Saving, a very fine showing. The classes are held every morning at 10:00 on the dock. They will be continued during July. The department at camp this year is headed by Eric Perryman.

✻ PUNK FROM THE LOG ✻

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune have been too much for the *Punk from the Log* this year. The first week, the whole Log suffered immolation upon the traditional council fire composed of Chief Kawanhee's sacred brands and the Bitenbenders' perfumed kerosene. Since that solemn and gusty night, the four winds have huffed and puffed and blown two Saturday camp fires into existence and two Logs have had their customary airings. But there's many a slip 'twixt Council Point and the WIGWAM.

Last week, the Loggerhead mistook the smouldering end of the Log for the burning brand of poesy and tried to carry the torch for dear old Kawanhee. When the ensuing smudge had cleared away, drastic measures were necessary to restore the Log to its usual non-inflammable state. A bit of grafting seemed the only hope, so an extremely distinguished guest artist was engaged.

The results were most happy, as all within ear-shot of Council Point on Saturday night will testify. But the members of the staff of the WIGWAM made a sorry error. They failed to guard all the exits and, in the final flurry of blanket folding, both guest artist and Log vanished into the night. Frantic searches into the wee, small hours failed to uncover a clue. Next morning, the distinguished guest artist had returned, affable but inscrutable. The Log has never been recovered. Suspecting some dastardly crime of infanticide, the WIGWAM representatives gave the guest artist a thorough grilling, but with no results. Only one chip and a few ashes were found about his person, so, with a shudder, we must accept the fact that the worst has happened. It is that chip which we here present, in memoriam, to so speak.

* * *

Chiefs Clarence, the Baitman of camp, and Charles, the only Good'un among the counsellors, announced one night at supper that early in the morning a trip would be made to watch the wee warblers which might be discovered in haunts so far from the noise of Kawanhee braves as to seem safe. So all those campers, who cannot sleep after dawn and whose diurnal habit it is to arouse the warriors whose consciences are clear, started together to see if there are any

rare birds without the boundaries of Kawanhee so strange as some of the rare birds right in camp. We have never heard whether or not any birds were found but, wondrous to relate, upon the return of the bonnie band there was a marvellous tale brought back to camp—the tale of a fox. It was not a red tail but a told tale—yea, a twice told tale, a thrice told tale. It was the tale of a fox and little foxes and the skeleton of a rabbit, which Clarence the Baitman recognized by its ears. It is said that Bill, the Snare, was sent out to catch the foxes but ran when the baby foxes appeared. Well, perhaps, there are some among you who do not believe that there are any foxes in these here hills, and you will have to content yourselves by listening to the bark of the pines and the snores of the Crows. There are some who claim that the dens of foxes might be called lairs. Who are we to say that the bird lovers who returned with the fox tale might be called by a similar word, with just two letters shifted?

* * *

It is quite apparent that the camp season is well under way. Noel Piersche is already on the war path to recover lost hammers and the baby sun fish around the dock have again lost their early season greed for tooth paste, unless their mammas have actually taught them that it is impolite to "pit it out" that way. It is equally apparent that there is another paragraph to fill, so it occurs to the WIGWAM, in desperation, that its new readers may wonder just what in thunder the Log is, anyway.

For eighteen summers many have wondered the same thing. In theory, the Log is a commentary, ostensibly humorous, upon the activities, habits and vagaries of the tribe of Kawanhee. Each Saturday night, the Log for the week is read at the formal camp fire. Customarily, chunks are hacked from each instalment to cover this page under the heading, *Punk from the Log*. So simple a description probably gives no clear conception of the Log's peculiar qualities. So be prepared! When, in the future, there appears upon this page something which resembles the combined efforts of Aesop, Walter Winchell and Mother Goose, it will be no mistake. It will merely be *Punk from the Log* in its natural state at last.