



The Wigwam



Volume IV, No. 4

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 28, 1938

Representatives Voice Lodge Opinions in Sachems' Councils

By R. LUCAS

There is at Kawanhee an organization of boys known as the Sachems. Early in the season, each lodge chooses two of its members to act as representatives in this body. The purpose of the Sachems is twofold. First, it brings the boys in close contact with certain camp problems, and makes them conscious of their own responsibility toward the camp. Second, it develops leadership and gives experience in a kind of self-government. To be chosen a Sachem is an honor as well as a responsibility. A Sachem is usually the boy who is most respected by his lodgemates.

The Junior and Senior sides of camp each have their own body of Sachems. The Junior leader this year is Hal Myers, while Sid Sweet has charge of the Seniors. Each Saturday after lunch, the two groups meet separately to discuss the problems to be presented to the whole camp. At the formal campfire that night, a short time is devoted to reports upon the results of these meetings. The Sachems are asked to sit before their lodges. Various ones, after being recognized by the leader, rise and discuss before the entire camp any difficulties or problems which the boys themselves should remedy. It may be a question of safety, such as leaving fish hooks on the beach, or a matter of cleanliness in regard to

(Continued on Page 2)

Panthers and Falcons Survive Bate's Misery on Bald

By C. DAVIS, JR. B.

On Thursday, the Panther Lodge and three Falcons were going to climb Mt. Bald. Mr. Bateman drove the truck to take us to the place where we started to climb. When we got to the top, we began looking for "Bate's Misery". "Bate's Misery" is a big crack in a rock and Mr. Bateman got stuck in it the last trip.

Then we went and had lunch and started back down. When we got to the bottom, the truck took us back. So that was the end of that trip.

Maroons Overtake Greys

The score mounts steadily and, last week, the Maroons jumped into the lead by 25 points. Saturday evening the score stood 1390 for the Maroons to 1365 for the Greys. With Saturday's scheduled track meet washed out by the torrential rains, it appeared that no athletic points would swell the totals, but both sides struck unexpected bonanzas in the treasure hunt, which yielded scores of more than 400 for both sides. The remainder of the week's additions came largely from the achievement levels, with the Midgets leading all their elders in the number of levels passed. The real race for the banner, however, has barely begun and this margin of 25 points will vanish like smoke in the conflict to come.

Tourmalines, Orchids and Trips Rate Naturalists' Attention

By E. LUFFER

This year the Nature Department plans to take several trips to cater to the varied interests of the boys. Already several of the older boys have gone on a mineral trip to some of the most famous mines in Maine, where, under the expert guidance of Mr. Perham, tourmalines, beryl crystals, purple mica, and other stones were found. A similar trip is planned for the benefit of the younger boys. Those who are forming butterfly, rather than mineral collections, will have their special trips, while three times a week, weather permitting, bird hikes are scheduled.

This year it is also planned to take those boys who are trying for the Samuel Fessenden Clarke wild flower prize to spots where they may obtain specimens not to be found in the immediate vicinity of camp. The prize, in memory of the late Dr. Clarke, is furnished yearly to any camp willing to abide by the rules of the foundation, for the purpose of stimulating interest in wild flowers, thereby helping ward off their ruthless destruction by the thoughtless and ignorant. One of the rules of the

(Continued on Page 3)

Tim Pond Fishing Interrupted Only for Food and Sleep

By A. HINDS, JR. A.

About ten o'clock last Wednesday morning, we set out for Tim Pond to enjoy three days of its famous trout fishing. We reached Rangeley and stopped to get some flies and other fishing equipment. Then we started for the point at the end of Eustis Ridge where we were to have lunch and start our hike for Tim.

After lunch Mr. R. C. Frank told us to start walking. After walking for a while, some had gone ahead and some had fallen behind. Every time we came to a hill, Ethan Davis would stop at the side of the road to rest, and we would keep on going until finally we would find that he was not with us. So we would have to go back for him. After hiking six miles we reached the pond.

Mr. Frank assigned us our cabins. We unpacked our packs and put our fishing rods together. After getting settled we had supper, which seemed very good. We went out fishing in the evening. We fished until nine o'clock. Altogether we caught about fifty trout that night. We went to bed very tired.

We had scarcely gone to sleep, it seemed, when we were awakened by the breakfast bell. We fished all day.

(Continued on Page 3)

Beavers Growl, Bears Cry as Midgets Decend on Zoo

By E. DONOVAN, MIDGET

The Eagles and the Falcons went to the Farmington Zoo. We got there in the truck without any mishaps.

The first thing we saw was the spotted hyena. Next we saw the beavers. Peter Taussig kicked the side of the cage which made them growl at him.

There was a store by the zoo which sold stale candy for the people to feed the bears with. Franz Huntington bought some of the stale candy to feed the bears. Mr. Bateman gave us some sticks to put the stale candy on. He told us to make the bears cry for it.

It was now time to leave. "Good-bye" we said to the zoo.

THE WIGWAM

Published weekly during summer season by Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine.

G. R. FRANK Directors R. C. FRANK

EDITORIAL STAFF

C. SCARLET, SR. C. R. LUCAS, JR. C.
M. CHISM, JR. C. D. METCALFE, SR.
W. SULLIVAN, SR. R. MILLER, JR. A.
D. MACGREGOR, JR. B., E. DONOVAN, M.

On Cheating Yourself

By R. MILLER, SR.

Isn't it strange how you can cheat yourself and still believe you are getting away with it?

If you waste your time doing what injures you, you can't spend that same time tomorrow doing something that helps you. To waste your time is to cheat yourself out of a good time.

You can grow cabbages on a gold mine if you want to—but if you are cheating yourself out of a gold mine if you do.

You can train a baby eagle to eat corn in a barnyard like a chicken if you want to—but if the eagle lets you do that, he has cheated himself out of his mountain freedom by exchanging the great, high peaks for the barnyard.

Every moment brings a temptation to waste it on yourself and thus cheat yourself. It also offers a great chance to enrich yourself by making new friends out of mere acquaintances. Every morning is a disembarking upon an unexplored shore; there are new trips of adventure to be enjoyed; there are new mountains to be climbed; there are new chances to help boys who are just waiting for you to come to them; there are new friendships waiting to be formed. Each person at Kawanhee might become your friend—let's give him a chance.

Sunday Morning Service

Rainy weather forced us to hold the Sunday morning service in the Recreation Hall. Dr. Heimberger delivered the sermon upon the social aspect of Christianity. He pointed to the fact that Jesus himself emphasized this aspect in all his teachings. It is not enough to observe the formalities of Christianity. Dr. Heimberger stressed the importance of applying its principles to modern problems such as poverty, labor, and international relations.

Visit to Moon Gives Campers Unusual Inferiority Complex

By R. MILLER, JR. A.

Tuesday evening, July 19, we filed into the Recreation Hall to attend one of the most interesting and informative programs ever presented at Kawanhee. It was an illustrated lecture on astronomy, entitled "Through Giant Telescopes", given by Prof. Everett Grant, formerly of Harvard University.

In the lecture Mr. Grant showed us pictures of a few of the constellations, sketches of the animals which they represent, and pictures of the constellations themselves in the sky.

Next we took an imaginary trip to the moon, via a de luxe rocket ship. Upon arriving, Mr. Grant explained that the moon was very mountainous and had no atmosphere at all. There are also a great many craters, the smallest of which dwarf the famous meteor crater in Arizona.

Many listeners were greatly impressed by the great curvature in the surface of the moon. A three mile high mountain would not be visible from the peak of a mountain five miles high even at the distance of thirty miles.

We also paid interesting visits to Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and, briefly to others. One of the most instructive portions of Prof. Grant's lecture had to do with sun spots, their cause and their effect upon the earth.

Everyone was much impressed by the vastness of the space which surrounds this little speck that we call "Earth".

Sachems Speak for Lodges

(Continued)

waste paper, candy wrappers, etc. The Sachems may suggest a more orderly manner of leaving the dining hall after meals. The leader usually adds some comments of his own to each Sachem's suggestion. Sometimes the entire camp is asked to vote on important questions.

Each year the Junior and Senior Sachems take a special trip to some point of interest.

The following is the list of Sachems for the year 1938:

JUNIOR SACHEMS

Eagle T. Magruder, R. Melcher
Falcon T. Bateman, E. Donovan
Panther A. Reeve, E. Frazer
Polecat J. Lupfer, L. Bugbee
Pinetree T. Huntington, R. Schnelle

SENIOR SACHEMS

Birch T. Brockie, W. Griswold
Beaver R. Chism, E. Tittmann
Moose J. Leiper, B. Beach
Lynx E. Bugbee, C. Lamborn
Wildcat D. Metcalfe, R. Page

Dramatic Fare, from Eggs to Nuts, Served by Knights

By D. METCALFE, SENIOR

The Footlight Knights once more came through with a splendid performance last Friday evening in the Recreation Hall.

The Moose Lodge opened the program with a novel skit entitled *Waiting for the Snipe*. Brewster Beach and Joe Leiper took the lead roles as two colored boys who pulled the well-known "Snipe Gag".

The real hit of the evening was Malcolm McGuckin, an imitator on Kawanhee's "Major Blowes' Hour". Mac proved to be quite adept at imitating an auto race, then a hen laying an egg, and finally J. G. Nelson, an amazing member of the Wildcat Lodge. Hal Myers, alias Major Blowes, completed the Amateur Hour with a few imitations of his own and a clever skit featuring Coach Wise.

After such preliminaries, the main feature of the evening was brought forth, *Why Teachers Go Nuts*. The old maid school teacher, the lead role of the play, was quaintly and realistically taken by Ralph Lucas. The supporting cast of school children was handled by numerous boys from the Junior side of camp, for the play had been purposely selected to give parts to the younger boys. Bob Schnelle was the rowdy of the play as "Bull Durham", while Bob Jones was the tomboy with whom he was always picking fights. Other characters were Sandy Towt, Joe Lupfer, Brewster Beach, Peter Lagemann, Larry Bugbee, Charles Windle, and Bill Kidder.

New Staff Members

The WIGWAM is happy to welcome to its staff E. Donovan and D. MacGregor, who have already fulfilled the requirement of submitting three acceptable articles and are the first newcomers of the season to join the editors held over from last summer. Donovan has the distinction of being the first Midget to join the WIGWAM.

Vesper Service

Sunday evening, the vesper service was held on Bass Rock for the first time this season. Dean Sweet spoke upon a problem which is vital in modern life, namely that of racial prejudice. He pointed out the danger of forming unfavorable opinions of another race because of some single unpleasant experience. A tolerant attitude and the spirit of Christian brotherhood are the only means by which the nations of the world may achieve peace and understanding.

Damp but Undaunted, Campers Hunt Treasure When Rains Drown Weekend Schedule

By M. CHISM

Saturday it rained so hard that the baseball games, already postponed from Friday, had to be put off again. Since getting wet was inevitable, everyone decided to get gloriously drenched and then end up with hot showers and dry clothes.

A treasure hunt was prepared. The course followed by the seniors was marked by the C. C. C. camp across the lake, "Gertie's"—a store in Weld, the scout cabin at Sunday Beach, and the town line. The circuitous route of the Juniors took them to the Kawanhee Inn, the archery range, the Kawanhee sign, Council Point, and the tent at Sunday Beach. Campers started at the Rec. Hall and were told where to go first. When a camper arrived at a station, after sloshing through the puddles, he found a saturated counsellor who checked his name and told him where to go next.

The individual winners were Bill Kidder in the junior division and Joe Leiper in the senior division. The Pine Tree Lodge was the first junior lodge to have all its men finish, and the Moose Lodge was the first senior lodge. Each of these lodges received a box of candy. Grey and Maroon points were given. The Greys won with a score of 480 to 427.

In the evening the tables turned. It was the counsellors who played in the rain. The baseball diamond was one big mud-puddle, so, to carry out the spirit of the day, the counsellors played a ball game. The sliding and splashing which followed was topped off when they all jumped into the lake.

Naturalists' Varied Plans

(Continued)

competition is that double credit shall be given if a rare flower is left unmolested, a sketch with a description and the exact location being offered instead. In the camp's reference collection there are at present seven species of orchids. We should like to encourage the growth of all of these, particularly the beautiful Greater and Lesser Purple Fringed Orchids. Another flower worthy of special consideration is the brilliant Cardinal Flower, which, on account of its peculiar construction, must be cross-fertilized almost exclusively by humming-birds. In all, during the two month period, it is possible to find about 150 wild flowers in this neighborhood.

Achievement Levels Passed July 16—July 23

AQUATICS

Midget—First Level

E. Donovan W. McGuckin R. Melcher
C. Stallman

Junior B—First Level

W. Kidder

ATHLETICS

Midget—First Level

Rich. Barr F. Huntington T. Magruder
W. McGuckin C. Stallman

HANDICRAFT

Midget—Second Level

P. Taussig

Junior B—Second Level

Robt. Barr E. Frazer R. Nichols
A. Reeve

Junior B—Third Level

T. Bateman

Junior A—First Level

R. Jones A. Towt

Junior A—Second Level

R. Chism W. Griswold E. Tittman

Junior A—Third Level

H. Grunebaum J. Morrison

Senior—First Level

W. Sullivan

Senior—Second Level

W. Barrington

NATURE

Midget—First Level

L. Fagan W. McGuckin

SAILING

Junior A—First Level

B. Beach

Senior—Second Level

H. Griggs

WOODCRAFT

Midget—First Level

Rich. Barr F. Huntington

Junior B—First Level

A. Reeve

Wilton Tennis Stars Bow to Kawanhee on Diamond

By R. LUCAS

Monday afternoon saw the Wilton Tennis Team arrive at Kawanhee for the annual tennis match with the local netsters. Due to some misunderstanding about the date of the match, the Kawanhee stars were strewn over the countryside on trips or days-off. Consequently, the visiting athletes had a swim and supper at camp, and that evening engaged a mixed Kawanhee team of counsellors and campers in a baseball game.

With Duffey on the mound and Page behind the plate, the game proved to be a walkaway for the camp team, which emerged on the heavy end of a 6-1 score. Amison starred at bat with two triples, while two double plays featuring Wise, Duffey and Bill Myers were added to the Kawanhee laurels.

In the near future, the visitors from Wilton will have an opportunity for revenge in the annual tennis match, as well as another evening ball game.

Well Guarded Trout Tantalize Fishermen at Hatchery

By R. PECKHAM

Last Wednesday a few of the boys of the Birch and Beaver Lodges piled into Mr. Bateman's truck and we drove down to visit the State Fish Hatchery located at Dry Mills, near Gray. This, by the way, is the largest in the U. S. A. In the rearing pools, which extend for five miles, five million trout are hatched per year and are grown to the legal length within nine months. There were several extremely large trout in one pool that interested the boys more than the thousands of small trout in other pools.

After strolling around a few pools, we visited the nearby game farm which has a collection of some of the native animals of Maine, such as bears, raccoons, foxes, etc. The chief function of this farm is the raising of various types of pheasants for release in the state.

On the return trip we passed through Poland Springs and stopped along the road to eat our supper under some pine trees. Later we paused for a soda in South Paris. Our last stop was at one of Maine's famous mineral shops, Perham's, which is located at Trap's Corners. Mr. Perham talked for a short while and showed us some of his displays of semi-precious stones found in Maine.

The trip was very interesting for the boys and proved to be very educational.

Variation

RETURNED: Bill Thompson, from a trip to Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks, to take up the duties of a Junior Counsellor, functioning as an assistant in Dramatics and Midget Games.

Tim Pond Expedition

(Continued)

After supper we continued our fishing. All of a sudden we heard a splash and thought it was Ethan Davis catching a fish, but it was only Sid Sweet who had fallen overboard by mistake.

Friday, we were going to fish during the morning and start home after dinner. After dinner, however, it looked like good fishing so we decided to stay another day. We fished for about an hour. The fishing wasn't any good, so Mr. Frank decided we might as well go home. After the two hour hike and the long drive, we reached camp late in the evening. It had been a grand trip.



PUNK FROM THE LOG



Chris Stallman, dining with his newly arrived parents at the Inn, had a terrible confession to make. "My table manners," he admitted between sobs of shame, "have improved, but, honest, *honest*, it isn't my fault. You'll have to blame it on my counsellors."

* * * *

One trip this week allowed Bateman no time for picking black-eyed susans. That was the Eagle-Falcon trip to the zoo. No one had much time for anything and the animals were ready to go on a sit down strike before the visit was completed. Not that some people did not have plenty of fun, notably Dick Barr and the chimpanzees! As soon as they saw Dick, those apes decided it was old home week. Dick took to them quite as readily and everything was very palsy-walsy. Dick thought that he might like to stay, for the zoo offered certain obvious advantages over the Eagle Lodge. Duncan Mack was coming to the same conclusion by a different path. He was carefully inspecting the inmates of each cage, from bear to wood pussy, in the hope of finding either Graham or a nurse, when he came across the porcupines. "Gosh," he thought, "they certainly are lucky not to have a counsellor who makes them brush their hair before each meal."

But all good things must come to an end. Wild-eyed counsellors made it clear that Duncan and his porcupines must part and Dick and his chimpanzees. When the chimps understood that Dick must leave them, loud were their shrieks of anguish. The most attractive little lady chimp became downright hysterical in her grief. Weeping and wailing, she clung to Dick, piteously imploring that he never, never leave her. And she kept right on clinging. Unfortunately she clung, not to our hero's manly bosom, but to his hair. The emotional strain told on Dick rather badly, even to the extent of a few bald patches. After this harrowing scene, he decided that the return to Eagle Lodge and Russel might not be so bad after all.

* * * *

It was as the expedition was returning from the zoo that Clarence Bateman had his fun. Not far from

the golf course, he stopped the truck and blew bubbles. Yes sir, he stopped right in the middle of the road, opened the hood, pulled out the feed pipe and blew bubbles in the gas tank. And was Tommy embarrassed for his father! He knew that Bates had been taught not to blow bubbles into his chocolate sodas but now, escaped from home, he was blowing merrily, while the gas tank went *glubble-glubble*. Of course Bates tried to cover up the breach of etiquette by saying that he had to blow because the gas line was clogged. If that was the case, why didn't he just let Russ Melcher chase Billy McGuckin through the thing? That would have cleared it out in no time.

* * * *

Just what is the meaning of those initials, J.L.S.? The midgets, after watching the morning activities on the beach for several days, have at last arrived at a completely satisfactory answer. J.L.S. stands for "Justa Longer Swim".

* * * *

After the astronomy lecture last Tuesday night, one question rang and echoed through the junior camp. "What will happen when gravity gives out and how soon will it happen?" The urgency of this question was greatly increased by the fact that the lecturer had exhibited a picture of gravity, evidently a first cousin of Atlas, and that picture had very, very closely resembled Sid Sweet, not yet shaved for his day-off, swinging that ball at the end of a rope, which we had to jump over at a camp fire in the Rec Hall. We all knew that Sid not only could, but actually did, give out several times. The danger of gravity's collapse, therefore, seemed imminent. Franz Huntington was particularly disturbed. If, in the near future, he was to go whirling off into space, he wanted to arrange that the lodge, Dick Barr, and several meals, complete with plenty of potatoes and gravy, should whirl with him.

* * * *

The Junior Camp's epidemic of initiations, which consisted of bringing a brilliant blush to the initiate's tummy with a hairbrush, came to an abrupt halt when Dean Miller presented himself as a candidate. No mere hair brush could ever produce a visible blush on that well tanned, partially cured, epidermis.

Saturday morning it was raining so hard that Coach Wise did not even try to announce that the baseball games had been postponed for the umpteenth time. He just chewed his orange juice in gloomy silence and glared. By noon, with the rain increasing hourly, it was obvious that something—anything—had to be done. The lake would soon be so deep that even Don Wambough would be able to dive into it without scraping off part of his nose on the bottom. G. R. Frank was making plans for an ark. Bells were being used in place of buglers, for the bugles just filled right up with water and only gargled. At dinner, therefore, the Coach, with a wild light in his eye, let loose. According to the plans that he outlined, everybody was to go everyplace and, everyplace everybody went, there would be somebody to tell everybody some place to go where everybody would find somebody else to tell everybody someplace else to go. The clarity of the Coach's plan was only exceeded by that of the mud on his ever hopeful baseball diamonds. And so everybody went everyplace. Hither and yon they went, through bog and lake and woods, and it was almost impossible to distinguish one from the other by that time. Up to the Inn, back to Sunday Beach, up to the sign, on to Gertie's, back to the town line, went Master Campers and Seniors and Juniors, slipping and sliding and squelching in their boots. Half way to Gertie's, the Moose Lodge boys were offered a ride in either a truck or a motor boat, no one seemed to know which. The Crows' Nest bogged down completely some place around Sunday Beach and came in last, with Smitty bringing up the rear by an exclusive margin.

All the time, at strategically located points, sat the counsellors, warm and dry, enjoying an extra day-off. Chism held down Council Point and Bill Bittenbender performed the same courtesy for Gertie's in town, with the bonus of a complimentary double chocolate root beer float for all the business he attracted. Most strategically located was Bob Pecham, who held down the Inn and the tea party at which were gathered all the ladies of Kawanhee. It was not until that evening that the counsellors caught up on their mud-bathing in a so-called baseball game.