



The Wigwam



Volume IV, No. 5

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 4, 1938

Three Day Mountaineers Hike, Paddle, Sleep, Swim and Eat

By R. MILLER, Jr. A

Early Monday morning, a group of the older boys led by Bill Bittenbender and Bob Peckham, embarked in canoes to begin a three day trip to Tumbledown. Along with the group went a few boys who were to return the canoes to camp.

After landing at the head of the lake, a short dip was taken and lunch was readily eaten by the party. Then, after a two mile hike to the foot of the mountain, camp for the night was made in the buildings of Camp Maranacook, now owned by the town of Weld and available as shelter to all responsible parties. Beds were prepared and the rest of the afternoon was taken up with fishing and miscellaneous things about camp.

That night no one slept exceptionally well, but a few of the more ambitious ones arose early and fished in the brook.

Then came the ascent. Everyone had fairly heavy packs, so about three hours were required to reach the lake between two of the peaks of Tumbledown. At once, dinner was prepared and devoured by the ravenous climbers.

That afternoon everyone romped around and had a glorious time on the summit, climbing through Fat Man's Misery, going over all the
(Continued on page 2)

Midget Climbs Shop Levels on Sailboat and Ash Tray

By E. DONOVAN, Midget

In shop, I have passed all my levels. For my first level, I started a sailboat. I cannot paint the boat until the end of the year.

For my second level, I finished my sailboat. I only needed to do half of it to get my first level.

For the third level, I made a pewter ash tray. First I filed the edges to make them smooth. Then I shaped it with the hammer. In two days, I finished my ash tray.

Now I have passed all my shop levels. I have three levels in two activities, Shop and Nature.

Greys Out in Front Again

On the scoring chart, the Maroons and Greys are playing leap frog. At the last camp fire, we learned that the Greys have done the jumping this time and now stand in front by 220 points. The score is 2355 for the Greys to 2135 for the Maroons. It would seem that the contest might be won in the shop this summer. To date, the achievement levels in Handicraft amount to 1375 points. Aquatics, Nature and Woodcraft are other departments swelling the totals, but Athletic levels and athletic events, such as water sports and track meets, have not yet emerged from the floods of our recent "inclement weather".

Dirt Detectives Protect Camp Candy Stores by Sleuthing Under Bed and Trunk

By D. METCALFE, Senior

Ever since Kawanhee started, back in 1921, inspection of the lodges by certain picked counsellors has been a vital part of the camp routine.

This year, the inspectors are Dean Miller and "Colonel" Sweet, with Fred Heimberger pinch-hitting in case of the absence of either one. According to Dean Miller, the main places to look for dirt, while inspecting a lodge, are behind doors, in corners, under trunks and counsellors' beds. The Dean and the Colonel go around separately and record their respective scores.

At 8:50 A. M., the lodges must be ready, the inspectors coming around shortly afterward. The victors on the Junior and Senior sides of camp are announced at dinner. When a lodge has won seven inspections, every member of the lodge is awarded a candy bar.

On July 30, the Eagles were panting for their third round of candy and leading the inspection winners with 20 to their credit. The Beaver Lodge led the Senior Camp with 15, closely crowded by the Lynx Lodge's 14. The inspections credited to the other lodges are as follows: Falcon, 8; Panther, 6; Polecat, 3; Pine Tree, 9; Birch, 7; Moose, 8; Wildcat, 9; Crow's Nest, 8.

Wilton Takes One Tennis Match, Kawanhee, Two, And Rain, Six

By M. CHISM

Members of the Wilton Tennis Team arrived at camp Monday afternoon to play a tournament against the best Kawanhee courtmen. Of the six singles and three doubles matches to be played, three singles were completed; two won by Kawanhee and the other by Wilton. Two singles matches and a doubles match, interrupted by supper, were to be continued in the evening, but the evening matches could not be played because of rain.

In the singles, Peckham took his match by winning the necessary two sets out of three from Williams of Wilton. Peckham won the first set, 9-7, after a hard battle in which almost every game went to deuce. He won the second set, 6-3.

Dean Sweet won from Karkos of Wilton, 6-1, 6-3. Howard of Wilton defeated Metcalfe, 8-6, 6-1. Adams of Wilton and H. Myers had each won a set, and Sullivan was leading Farnham of Wilton when supper intervened. At this same time, Karkos and Williams of Wilton had taken the first doubles set from S. Sweet, Jr. and C. Cory, 6-3.

To form the Kawanhee team, the names of the best players were put on a ladder. Any camper could then challenge these men, and thus, if he won, obtain a place on the team.

Curious Crowds and Clicking Cameras Leave Fawn Blase

By W. MCGUCKIN, Midget

The game warden brought a ten day old fawn to camp the other day in the back seat of his car. Everybody in camp who had a camera was down in front of the Rec Hall taking pictures of the deer. I got eight snapshots of it. It was very tame.

The game warden's name was Burt. He found the deer in the woods. Its mother was probably shot by a hunter. The game warden fed it bread and milk. He is going to keep the baby deer on his game preserve until it grows up.

THE WIGWAM

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The Challenge of the Difficult

By S. E. SWEET, Sr.

"Those boys want something hard to do—something the younger fellows dare not and cannot undertake. Give them a task that tests them and they will jump at it," so spoke one of the counsellors of a senior group, and his words revealed his own inner nature as well as his conviction in regard to the boys. Perhaps his analysis does not fit every boy and young man, but it is true that there is in the best of us a desire to do hard things and a satisfaction in accomplishing the most difficult feats. There is little thrill in doing the simple and easy things that everybody else can do—the things that take no effort or skill.

Many young men here and in other places are trying to get physically hard—they are putting themselves through a strenuous program of exercise so as to be able to stand the strain of hard games—to endure the bumps and bruises, to be able to give their best for their school or college. Now it is even more important to condition ourselves morally and spiritually, because not only the results of games, but the issues of life depend upon our moral and spiritual strength. And there is no better place to get into good condition morally and spiritually than at Kawanhee.

Here a fellow has the chance to learn self control, to play the game fairly even if it means losing the match, to do the things he ought to do even if he cannot do them so well as the other fellow, to treat the other fellow kindly even when he does not seem to deserve it, to do his part irrespective of the fact that others may shirk, to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong. That is getting into good moral condition, so that one can win the real struggles of life, so that he can take the hard with the soft and still be a man.

Three Days to Tumbledown (Continued)

peaks, and then taking a plunge into the icy waters of Tumbledown Lake. Supper was eaten, and fears of a storm took form as the clouds grew dark and thunder was heard in the distance. After a short discussion, it was decided that it was best to return to the foot of the mountain for the night. The packs, somewhat lighter because of vanished food supplies, were carried unused to the bottom, and beds were again prepared in the same shelter used the night before. Just as the beds were completed, the rain started and everyone thanked his lucky star that the descent had been made. Thoroughly tired, everyone slept soundly, although floors weren't made for beds and this one was no exception.

Next morning, the sleepers were awakened by a pair of barn swallows, who had nested in the eaves, scolding noisily. The breakfast, including delicious pancakes, was eaten in quantities, and the remainder of the morning was spent in much the same manner as Monday afternoon.

About eleven o'clock, the truck arrived and the travellers clambered in. A little later, the expedition arrived in camp, hale, hearty and, wonderful to say, quite dry.

Sunday Morning Service

In the Sunday morning service at Council Point chapel, Mr. G. R. Frank gave a fine talk on the subject of "What are you aiming at?", a subject very vital to every boy's life here at Kawanhee. He pointed out that every boy should select some field or fields in which to work, and go after that until he has achieved his goal.

And here one can enter into close fellowship with God, can be aware of the presence of God, can say his prayers and know that God is near at hand.

That is the way to get into good spiritual condition, so that no matter what happens a fellow can go ahead with faith, courage, hope and good will. The world needs men who have moral and spiritual muscle, who are morally and spiritually in the pink of condition, who in business and politics and social relations have the moral quality to "live all the years of their lives faithful to the highest they have seen", who know God and love God, and are determined to do the will of God no matter what it costs, even as Jesus did.

Knights, Beavers and "Willie Talk" Arouse Camp Mirth

By M. MCGUCKIN, Senior

Footlight Knights again! Hal Myers came through with another super-colossal production, complete with the Beaver Lodge stunt, Sandy Towt and "Willie Talk", and the feature of the evening, *Don't Make Me Laugh*.

As the Kawanhee orchestra finished *Teamwork*, the house lights darkened and Hal Myers stepped out on the stage, dressed in an assortment of ponchos, raincoats and various straw hats. After he had introduced the Beaver Lodge stunt, the curtains parted and the show was on! The Beaver Lodge "mellerdramer" was a great hit, with Bob Peckham "stamping" his foot with a three cent stamp and Gene Tittmann tenderly pressing Ross Chism's hand with an iron.

Next on the bill was Sandy Towt with his dummy, "Willie Talk". There was an amusing conversation between Willie and Mac, the Nurse, in the style of Charlie McCarthy and the fair ladies of Hollywood.

Then the curtains parted once more, revealing the climax of the evening's entertainment, *Don't Make Me Laugh*. The players were Bill Coe, Lee Cloys, Tim Overton, Ted Taussig, J. G. Nelson and Allan Estabrook. The play opened with "Sally" Coe screaming at the top of her lungs while "Mack" Cloys was choking her in an effort to obtain "ziss combeeneation". All the action took place during a peculiarly hectic rehearsal, and the director, Tim Overton, seemed to suffer more trials and tribulations than Hal Myers himself. It had an amusing plot concerning mistaken identity.

Vesper Service

On Sunday evening, every boat in Kawanhee was jammed to capacity as campers and Inn guests were rowed, paddled or towed to Bass Rock. This was the season's second service on the rock, and it was noteworthy in that it was graced by the presence of Ma Frank, who was sitting on the government-owned beach a few hundred feet away, after riding around the lake in a car. This was the first time that Ma had ever attended a Bass Rock service. After a few familiar hymns, Dean Sweet spoke upon "The Challenge of the Difficult". The quartet closed the service by singing "Abide With Me".

Senators Blast Indians. Cards Come from Behind to Win

By R. PAGE, Senior

Saturday afternoon, the Tigers, behind the fine pitching of Lee Cloys, downed the Indians 16-5. The Indians took an early lead, but in the third inning, John Nelson's homer, with one on, tied the score and, from then on, the game was a walk-away for the Tigers who scored 15 runs in the third inning, Nelson having two extra base hits, a homer and a double, to lead the ticket.

Batteries:
Detroit.....Cloys Nichols
Cleveland....Amison ... J. Breckinridge

The Cardinals defeated the Giants in a close game, 8-7. The Giants were leading at the end of the first half of the seventh inning. The Cards, however, bunched several base hits and a walk, and Ted Brockie came home on Mr. Goodwin's drive, to tie the score and send the game into extra innings. The Giants were shut out in the first half of the eighth inning, and then, after Sid Sweet had purposely filled the bags, Ted Huntington singled to left, bringing in the winning run.

Batteries:
New York...S. Sweet, Jr. G. Mack
Saint Louis...W. Bittenbender .. R. Jones

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Chicago	1	0	7	0	1000
Cincinnati	2	0	17	5	1000
St. Louis	2	0	19	8	1000
Brooklyn	0	2	0	18	000
New York	0	2	11	13	000
Pittsburgh	0	1	2	12	000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Chicago	1	0	3	2	1000
Detroit	1	0	16	5	1000
Washington	1	0	4	3	1000
Cleveland	1	1	15	18	500
Boston	0	1	2	10	000
New York	0	2	5	7	000

Polecat Voyage to Adirondack Lean-to Marred by Hard Beds

By D. MACGREGOR, Jr. B

Last Wednesday, the boys of the Polecat Lodge, with Cleve Cory and Bill Watson, went across the lake to stay overnight and pass some of their Woodcraft levels. Their shelter was the big Adirondack lean-to, built as a W. P. A. project behind one of the government-owned beaches.

It was raining when they left camp. The boys thought it was great fun paddling in the rain. They had a lot more fun cooking their suppers.

The night in the lean-to was not so very comfortable and there was a lot of rolling and tossing. Next morning, the boys started back to camp in time for the first bell.

Achievement Levels Passed July 23 - July 30

AQUATICS

Midget — First Level		
L. Fagan		F. Huntington
Junior B — First Level		
E. Davis	W. Hirt	D. MacGregor
R. Nichols		P. Taussig
Junior B — Second Level		
	W. Kidder	
Junior A — First Level		
T. Brockie	A. Beckley	T. Huntington
R. Jones	J. Lupfer	H. Miller
	W. Snare	
Senior — First Level		
	R. Richardson	

ATHLETICS

Senior — First Level	
D. Metcalfe	
Senior — Second Level	
D. Metcalfe	

HANDICRAFT

Midget — Second Level		
E. Donovan		L. Fagan
Junior B — First Level		
	G. Mack	
Junior B — Second Level		
R. Hunter	P. Lagemann	G. Mack
Junior B — Third Level		
	A. Reeve	
Junior A — First Level		
	W. Snare	
Junior A — Second Level		
B. Beach	J. Bittenbender	W. Snare
Junior A — Third Level		
D. Ackerman	R. Miller	W. Southworth
Senior — First Level		
W. Coe		R. Richardson
Senior — Second Level		
E. Bugbee		R. Richardson

NATURE

Midget — First Level		
	D. Mack	
Midget — Second Level		
E. Donovan		W. McGuckin
Junior B — First Level		
Robt. Barr	D. Bullard	C. Davis
E. Davis	W. Kidder	D. MacGregor
R. Nichols		J. Warren
Junior A — First Level		
T. Brockie	D. Wambaugh	C. Windle
Junior A — Second Level		
	J. Leiper	
Junior A — Third Level		
	H. Griggs	

SAILING

Junior B — First Level		
	P. Lagemann	
Junior A — First Level		
A. Henderson		T. Huntington
Senior — First Level		
E. Bugbee	T. Overton	R. Richardson
	R. Smith	

WOODCRAFT

Midget — First Level		
L. Fagan		W. McGuckin
Junior B — First Level		
L. Bugbee	E. Frazer	R. Hunter
D. MacGregor		R. Nichols
Junior B — Second Level		
L. Bugbee	P. Lagemann	D. MacGregor
Junior B — Third Level		
	J. Lupfer	
Junior A — First Level		
A. Beckley		T. Huntington
Junior A — Second Level		
	B. Beach	

Reds Blank Dodgers, Senators Snatch Last Minute Win

By W. SULLIVAN, Senior

On Saturday afternoon Kewanee's baseball season again got under way, with the Brooklyn Dodgers playing the Cincinnati Reds. From the beginning, the game was a rout, as the Reds scored six runs in the first inning and then went on to shut out the Dodgers 11-0. Marble and Bud Miller were the big guns of the Reds, each hitting a home run.

Batteries:
Cincinnati....Marble Lamborn
Brooklyn....Peckham Griswold

Later in the afternoon, the Senators won over the Yankees, 4-3, in a thrilling last inning rally. In the last half of the sixth inning the score was 3-1 in favor of the Yankees. Wambaugh, of the Senators, was first man up and hit a single. Then, with the bases full, Duffy hit a single to tie the score and Drake hit another to win the game.

Batteries:
Washington...Duffy Lamborn
New York...W. Myers Kidder

Swimming Tests, July 18-Aug. 1

COVE SWIMMERS

W. McGuckin, Midget	R. Barr, Jr. B
D. Bullard, Jr. B	E. Davis, Jr. B
A. Reeve, Jr. B	R. Schnelle, Jr. B
	R. Chism, Jr. A

LAKE SWIMMERS

R. Barr, Jr. B	J. O'Connor, Jr. B
R. Schnelle, Jr. B	J. Breckinridge, Jr. A
	R. Chism, Jr. A

Variation

ARRIVED: Tom DeVoe, after an illness of several weeks, to assume, at long last, his duties as the Junior Counsellor in the Lynx Lodge and as an assistant in Tennis and Athletics. ENLARGED: The Panther and Birch Lodges, respectively, by the arrival of Robert and John Breckinridge of Larchmont, N. Y., both returning for their second summer at Kewanee.

ENLARGED: The Eagle and Panther Lodges, respectively, by the arrival of Robert and Joseph O'Connor from Englewood, N. J., for their first sojourn at Kewanee.

DEPARTED: Elmore McKee, Master Camper and, for three weeks, acting Junior Counsellor in the Pine Tree Lodge, for a trip to Bermuda with his family before entering upon his final year at Taft School.

DEPARTED: W. Coe, A. Hinds, R. Richardson, W. Snare and C. Stallman, to spend the remainder of the summer at their respective homes or at various summer resorts.



PUNK FROM THE LOG



That heroic three day trip to Tumbledown has been the subject of more rumors than are caused by the speculation on who will take Ma Frank and Nurse Ruth on their next day-off. Uncanny stories have been making the rounds, but no one has explained what awful thing did happen on the summit. The Log is prepared to give you the inside dope. Of course, it is strictly private, but you know that all the Log says is private, as private as a towel left in the shower room.

When our band of heroes had fought their way as far as the Tumbledown lake, misfortune struck them a decisive blow. The first aid kit was missing. A hasty council of war was called. Who had lost it?

Barrington hung his head and admitted his guilt. Then he swelled his manly chest in determination, while his belt creaked under the strain, and cried, "Let me redeem myself. Alone and unprotected shall I go back through the dismal wood to retrieve the first aid kit. And, should I not return, let it be said that I met my end preserving the honor of a Barrington."

Too overcome for words, his comrades watched his gallant form disappear. Courageously he marched along, ignoring the ominous rustlings of the forest. He had almost reached the spot where he would begin his search, when one sound more chilling than the rest gave pause to his heart. Could it be Peckham's hears? Could it be elephants, dancing? Could it be Mac McGuckin imitating a whole flock of hens laying eggs? As cautiously as a counsellor returning from a day-off, he advanced and peered through the scrub. Did he dare make a dash for it? The awful sounds were coming closer, swelling in volume, rising in pitch. It was now or never. Just then the enemy broke cover. Heaven forbid! The flutter of a skirt! Were the legions of Kineowatha on the war path, still seeking retribution for that famous dance, the memory of which two snows have not washed away? Walter was rooted to the spot. Just then the enemy broke cover. What our hero saw was too much for even his dauntless heart. Shrieking like one demented, he fled, and, a moment later, passed his fellows, gasping, "Run for your lives."

The gallant band stood shaken and helpless. What awful fate awaited them? It was Charlie Lamborn who

took command. "Wait here," he hissed. "I fear nor man nor beast. I will reconnoitre."

Trembling they waited as Charlie melted into the shadows. Now the dread sound of the unknown danger reached their ears and their hearts were ice within their breasts. Only Lamborn stood between them and terrible, nameless calamity. But they could rely on that stout heart. Just then a shriek more awful than Walter's rent the Heavens and the invincible Lamborn passed in full retreat.

"Run," he shouted, "run while you can. The Girl Scouts are after us."

The shock of this impending catastrophe aroused Bill Bittenbender to action. "Retreat immediately to Fat Man's Misery," he commanded, "and we'll barricade ourselves in. Peckham, hold the Girl Scouts at bay."

But Peckham had vanished.

* * * *

Due to a bit of inclement weather, We've all been walking on squeaking shoe leather,

And our clothing has felt so very fluid

That we thought we'd be forced to appear in the nuid.

Yet, strangely enough, it's with poignant enthusiasm

That we've welcomed each flood to our rain-dabbled bosiasm,

For the prophets have told us we've no need to worry,

That each rain means all rain must now cease in a hurry,

Because it's the clearing-off shower.

With the weather remaining so very aquatic,

We are worried lest Lawrence become a neurotic,

Unless something does happen to finally turn off

His unshakeable hope that "it's going to burn off".

So, rain, rain, don't go 'way.

The weather prophets want to play.

Hour by hour, and day by day,

Gleefully we hear them say,

"This is the clearing-off shower."

While into the lake the beach is sinking,

While hope and woolen shirts are shrinking,

And the Hospital's full of dish pans, *plinking*,

Ma Frank stands firm to avow 'er

Belief that, though Webb Lake Valley fills,

Though the rains may wash away the hills,

Though the campers start to breathe through gills,

This is the clearing-off shower.

Our feet go *squelsh* wherever we walk.

We've given up salt, 'cause all salt cellars balk.

Some fungus has sprouted on "Willie Talk"

And is sapping the sap of his power.

But never mind if the mists come drifting,

The Dean detects that the wind is shifting.

Though the clouds touch the lake, he's sure they're lifting,

For it's really the clearing-off shower.

You would think that the prophets, who know their onions,

Would gladly admit, be they sage or crack pot,

That this is the year, (Can't they tell by their bunions?)

When Jupiter Pluvius hit the jack pot.

Well, never mind the rain and moisture,

The world, though dunked, is still our oysture,

Or, if you think my line is hammy, Admit, at least, our world's quite clammy.

It's "Rain before seven, shine before eleven".

Perhaps it's raining those "pennies from Heaven".

So, seven, seven, come eleven,

For it won't pay off till the clearing-off shower.

The moon may wane and the moon may wax,

While the rain on Kawanhee renews its attacks,

But our weather prophets never relax. No, Ma and Peleg and even Emmer

Will look in your eye, without a tremor,

And, because tonight the moon will change,

Or the streaks on the lake look unusually strange,

Or because at dawn the wind did blow,

Or because of a twinge in their favorite toe,

They'll assure you with all their might and power

That *this* one is *REALLY* the clearing-off shower.