



The Wigwam



Volume IV, No. 7

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 18, 1938

Kawanhee Conquers Katahdin On Annual Three Day Hike

By R. SMITH, M. C.

On August 8, fifteen boys and counsellors left Kawanhee and started the long journey to the Mountain in the Clouds—Katahdin. Because of the magnificent scenery, and because it offers one of the best climbs in eastern U. S. this trip is considered one of the major attractions of the season.

We embarked in the camp truck at 9:15 sharp, and arrived at Oldtown in time for dinner and a visit to the famous Oldtown Canoe factory. We finally reached the base camp at the foot of Katahdin late in the evening. Our cook, Bill Bittenbender, prepared a supper that was one of the best that any one of the climbers had ever eaten. After supper, the next question to decide was where to sleep. Bill Myers and Buddy Miller took the seats out of the truck and slept on the floor, while the others slept in the tent.

Early in the morning after breakfast, the truck took us fifteen miles around to the other side of Katahdin where the climb was to begin.

The hike inward to Chimney Pond where the real climbing started, was a distance of a little more than three miles. With the Chief leading, we hiked in to Chimney Pond in about two hours. Here a short rest was

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Midgets Pass Woodcraft Levels, Earn Points on Sunday Beach

By F. HUNTINGTON, Midget

For Woodcraft we often go to Sunday Beach in boats, and Johnny Marble and Dick Bittenbender have helped us put up a tent. We are going to have a council ring of our own.

I passed my first level in Woodcraft by tying knots, boxing the compass, and passing my first archery level. I hope to pass my second level which is tying more knots, sleeping out with a counsellor, making a bough bed outdoors, and making a pack. I hope to pass my third level also, because then I will have earned a hundred points for the Maroons.

Greys Increase Lead

This week the Greys are still in the lead, having increased their former margin to slightly over 600 points. Handicraft continues to be the main source of points, both teams having garnered over a thousand apiece there.

At present, the score stands: Greys—5230, Maroons—4620. There is, however, a week more of camp left and this is plenty of time for a great change. The Greys may hold their lead as they have for the past two or three weeks, or the Maroons may put on the pressure and overcome this lead. Nobody will know until the 1938 Grey-Maroon banner is lowered the night of the banquet.

Seniors Scour Rock Quarry to Stock Mineral Boxes

By G. GOODWIN, Jr. A

On Friday, August 11, sixteen boys from the senior side of camp took a trip to the mineral mines near South Paris, Maine. After an hour's drive from camp, we arrived at Perham's mineral store where we tried in vain to persuade Mr. Perham to accompany us.

Then we went to the tourmaline mine on Mt. Mica from which some of the finest specimens of tourmaline in the world have come. Upon arriving we found that the "mine" was merely a large hole blasted in the earth. We spent several hours examining the numerous bits of rock covering the ground, finding small bits of green tourmaline and other minerals. Some of the more favored boys found garnet crystals and small semi-precious stones.

After eating our lunch, we journeyed to the privately owned Benett quarry, famed for its beryl and black mica. We picked up many desirable specimens there, including some beryl crystals.

After spending several hours at this mine, we went back to the mineral store. There we were given the opportunity to purchase some pieces that

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Kawanhee Braves, Chiefs All Active at Evening Pow-wows

By R. LUCAS, Jr. C.

On several evenings of each week, pow-wows are held in the Rec Hall for the entire camp. There is no formal ceremony as on Saturday night. Instead, the program consists of stunts, songs and contests.

The boys sit by lodges in a large circle. College football songs are very popular at Kawanhee, and the rafters reverberate with *Fight the Team* and the *Princeton Cannon Song*. Next come games and contests for each lodge, varying according to ages. Sometimes an Indian wrestling contest is staged. Starting with the youngest boys in camp, the winner in each lodge meets the boys of the next oldest one, and so on until the camp champion is determined. Then there are talking contests, races and guessing games. It is an informal affair, with directors, counsellors, and midgets laughing, yelling and tumbling around together. These pow-wows give every fellow a chance to blow off steam to his heart's content, and still have his good time under supervision. They bring the camp closer together by giving a chance for old and young to participate.

After the games are over, the lights go out, and Dean Miller, the camp story teller, takes his seat by the fireplace, while the boys cluster on

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Mad Midgets Take Day-off for Trek to Bear Pond

By W. McGUCKIN, Midget

Mr. Burtis and Al Holmes took the Eagles and Falcons to Bear Pond. Bear Pond is about forty miles from camp, and is a very small lake compared to Lake Webb. First, we drove up Bear Mountain and saw the forest fire ranger station. Then we went back down to Bear Pond. Then we ate our supper. We had brought oranges, sandwiches and cookies from camp. After supper, we took a ride in a speedboat. Then we came home. It was a very nice trip and we want to go again.

THE WIGWAM

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

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Our American Camps

By S. E. SWEET, JR.

In no other country in the world is there anything comparable to the extensive camp system which exists in the United States today. A visit to the Grand Central Station the last day of June each year indicates more and more the fact that parents realize the constructive values of an outdoor existence for boys; a two months' recreational period with fellows of varied interests and ideas from all over the country.

But what is it that the American camp program has to offer that other foreign youth organizations do not give? In the first place most youth groups elsewhere have militarism as a foundation, with the State government as the authority and overseer. Their training is compulsory and their free thinking hampered, yet with it all there exists an enthusiasm and coöperation which makes our eyes pop out of our heads in amazement and admiration. All nations accept the training of youth as a fundamental principle, but the purpose of such training varies. Others place and force the emphasis on service to the State, while our system gives an opportunity to stress service to God and our fellow men.

We can have the same enthusiasm and coöperation but at the same time direct our ship along different channels. We can increase our love and respect of country without unsheathing a bayonet. We can mold our thought conscientiously and freely by open discussion with God-fearing men of divergent interests and opinions. The camps of today are building the health and character of the nation tomorrow.

Are we mature enough to accept the challenge? Can we maintain our rightful liberties and still attain the desired results? To do so we must carry the privileges and teachings which camp offers into the lives of

The Conquest of Katahdin

(Continued)

called, while we chatted with the local game warden. Mr. Bateman and Bill Bittenbender turned back so that they might have supper prepared for the expedition when it returned.

The real struggle toward the summit now began. After three hours of tough climbing, we reached the top. The peak was covered with clouds most of the time, but when it cleared for a few minutes, we had a glorious view of the surrounding wilderness. The expedition then ate dinner in the shadow of the memorial to ex-Governor Baxter of Maine.

After dinner came the exploration of the mountain, but due to the low clouds, we explored only a portion of the high plateau near the peak. After an hour, we began the long trek downward via the Hunt Trail. It was easy going, and we completed the descent in about three hours.

Following a refreshing swim in a mountain stream, we enjoyed supper and a much needed night's rest. The next morning we began the trip home, arriving in camp late that afternoon.

The conquest of Katahdin by Kawanhee's braves was once more completed.

Sunday Morning Service

The usual impressive morning church service was held in the outdoor chapel. The talk was given by Dean Sweet's guest, the Reverend Frank Janeway, General Presbyter of the Buffalo Presbytery. The subject was "Something went wrong, and it must have been me." Dr. Janeway pointed out our weakness for blaming the other fellow or shifting the blame to someone else when things do not go our way. He gave as illustrations, Charles Lindbergh and Bobby Jones who blamed only themselves when things went wrong.

those with whom we associate throughout the whole year. Our standards must be kept high and our sympathy keen. We cannot afford to accept passively the needs about us, as we are obligated to set an example and to serve.

We must seek the help of God to avoid the crises and disasters which constantly fall upon us and we need this moral strength and courage to fight for what we think is right. The American camp system with the right leadership is an incubator endeavoring to hatch worthwhile citizens.

Jive Five's Whispering and D-298 Please Drama Fans

By M. MCGUCKIN, Senior

The Orchestra stopped playing and Hal Myers hobbled out on the stage on a pair of crutches. But this time it wasn't part of his costume, as he had hurt his foot not long ago and he was slightly incapacitated. Verbally, this did not slow Hal down in the least, and he proceeded to introduce the Pine Tree Lodge stunt, which proved to be an amusing little skit. Then the Kawanhee orchestra played *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*, which I am sure everyone enjoyed. Hal then announced something entirely new in the Footlight Knights' menu, the "Jive Five", which is the successor to last year's Swing Seven. The Jive quintet swung out on *Whispering*, a delightful melody which the boys played very well.

Next came the main feature of the evening, *D-298*. The cast was as follows: Billy, the cocksure office boy, Haydock Miller; May, the stenographer, John Bittenbender; Miss Pratt, an old maid secretary, David Ackerman; and Mr. Ebbs, the testy head of the business firm who stood for 100% efficiency plus, Elliot Bugbee. The plot concerned an office boy, Billy, who was misunderstood by the boss and applied for a new position advertised under the anonymous name *D-298*, really inserted by the boss himself. Largely through the self assurance of his letter of application to this position, he convinced the surprised boss that he deserved a higher place in the firm.

D-298 was an excellent production, the cast was a capable one, and Hal Myers did a fine job of directing, despite his cracked toe.

Vesper Service

At the Bass Rock vesper service on Sunday, Dean Miller spoke on the subject of following the right road through life. He told us that the saddest sight on earth is that of a person who turns his back on God and all that is good, while the happiest sight is that of a person who keeps the windows of his soul clean so the light of God can shine in.

Notice

So that the last, six-page edition of the *WIGWAM* will contain all final team results and camp awards, it will not be printed until after camp closes. It will be mailed to campers at their homes on August 27.

Cubs and Reds Out in Front as Pennant Race Draws to Close

By R. PAGE AND W. SULLIVAN

Early Friday afternoon, the Cincinnati Reds played the St. Louis Cards on diamond number three. In the first inning the Cards took a lead by collecting four runs from Walt Estabrook's homer with the bases full. The Cards held their lead and won the game 7 to 4. This means that the Reds, before this unbeaten, will probably have a play-off with the Cubs to see who gets into the World Series.

Batteries:
St. Louis..W. Bittenbender Bullard
Cincinnati..Marble Beckley

The Cubs moved into a tie for the leadership of the National League with the Reds as they downed the Giants in a close game, 5 to 4. The Cubs held their lead throughout the game, but the Giants were always threatening, and at no time was the outcome certain. Dave Metcalfe hit a homer for the Cubs while Sid Sweet played his usual fine game for the losers.

Batteries:
Chicago....Watson S. Smith
New York..Schieber G. Mack

Other league scores were as follows: Senators 14, Indians 3; Red Sox 16, Yankees 5; Pirates 10, Dodgers 3; Cubs 12, Pirates 0.

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Chicago	4	1	30	10	.800
Cincinnati	4	1	36	19	.800
St. Louis	3	2	35	33	.600
Brooklyn	2	3	24	43	.400
New York	1	4	24	27	.200
Pittsburgh	1	4	20	39	.200

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Detroit	3	1	40	22	.750
Washington	3	1	23	17	.750
Boston	3	2	41	28	.600
Chicago	3	2	24	14	.600
Cleveland	1	4	26	51	.200
New York	1	4	23	46	.200

Seniors Explore Mineral Mine (Continued)

we had not been able to obtain at the mines. Mr. Perham was very obliging and gave us a short talk on the minerals of this section and showed some of the pieces of his own collection. Several of the boys purchased cut stones, while others purchased uncut minerals for their collections. After spending some time there, we took leave of Mr. Perham and arrived in camp in time for the evening meal, all agreeing that it had been a very enjoyable and instructive trip.

Achievement Levels Passed August 6-13

AQUATICS

Midget—Second Level	V. Williams
Junior B—First Level	J. O'Connor
Junior B—Second Level	D. MacGregor
Junior B—Third Level	A. Reeve
Junior A—First Level	J. Leiper
Junior A—Second Level	H. Miller
Senior—First Level	H. Griggs

HANDICRAFT

Midget—Second Level	F. Huntington
Midget—Third Level	R. O'Connor
Junior B—Second Level	C. Davis
Junior A—First Level	G. Goodwin
Junior A—Second Level	G. Goodwin
Junior A—Third Level	R. Chism
Senior—First Level	D. Wambaugh

NATURE

Midget—Second Level	V. Williams
Midget—Third Level	L. Fagan
Junior B—Second Level	T. Huntington
Junior B—Third Level	J. Lupfer
Junior A—Second Level	R. Jones
Junior A—Third Level	J. Leiper
Senior—Second Level	W. Myers

SAILING

Junior A—First Level	H. Miller
Junior A—Second Level	J. Lupfer
Junior A—Third Level	T. Huntington
Senior—First Level	R. Miller
Senior—Second Level	T. Taussig

WOODCRAFT

Junior B—First Level	R. Schnelle
Junior B—Second Level	D. Bullard

Braves Hold Pow-wows

(Continued)

the floor around his feet. Sometimes, the story is completed in one evening, but usually it is continued from one campfire to the next. Dean is now telling *Beat to Quarters*, an historical tale of adventure on the high seas in the early nineteenth century.

Senators and Tigers Tie for Lead as White Sox Drop Two

Friday afternoon the Detroit Tigers moved into a three-way tie for the first place in the American League race as they downed the White Sox 9 to 1. The Sox scored in the early innings and held their lead until the sixth. The Tigers were finally able to touch Dean Miller's fine pitching and they scored four runs to take the lead which they held for the balance of the game.

Batteries:
Detroit....Cloys Nichols
Chicago....Dean Miller .. D. MacGregor

Monday morning the Red Sox won a close game from the White Sox to drop them from the tie for the American league leadership. The Red Sox held a lead up to the sixth inning, then the White Sox tied the score. In the first of the seventh inning, with men on second and third, Ed Lupfer singled, scoring the winning run. The final score, 6 to 4.

Batteries:
Boston....Page E. Lupfer
Chicago....Dean Miller MacGregor

Grey Track Stars Take First Field Day of Season, 90-83

By D. METCALFE, Sr.

Due to the inclement weather which has prevailed during the whole camp season, there has been but one track meet, held last Saturday.

The teams were very evenly matched as the final score showed—the Greys pulling ahead of the Maroons by the narrow margin of seven points. During the early stages of the meet the Greys procured a lead of nineteen points. The Maroons, however, quickly overcame this lead and put themselves out in front by one point. The Greys once more came back by winning the Junior A and Senior relays, thus taking the meet, 90 to 83.

The winners were as follows:

Senior 75-yard Dash	Amison
Junior A Shot Put	Tittmann
Junior B High Jump	Beckley
Midget Broad Jump	P. Taussig
Senior Shot Put	Drake
Junior A Broad Jump	Leiper
Junior B Baseball Throw	Hirt
Midget 50-yard Dash	P. Taussig
Senior Baseball Throw	Nelson
Junior A 60-yard Dash	Leiper
Junior B Broad Jump	Towt
Senior Broad Jump	Amison
Junior A High Jump	R. Miller
Junior B 60-yard Dash	Towt
Midget Baseball Throw	Williams
Senior High Jump	Aigler
Junior A Baseball Throw	Tittmann
Midget Five-man Relay	Donovan, F. Huntington, W. McGuckin, Melcher, R. O'Connor
Junior B Five-man Relay	Ackerman, Brockie, Griggs, Leiper, Windle
Senior Five-man Relay	Cloys, A. Estabrook, M. McGuckin, Nelson, Overton

PUNK FROM THE LOG

After all these years, Kawanhee has gone in for culture. It was early in the week when Art Mann arose in the dining hall and announced that the more intellectual members of the tribe of Kawanhee had been invited to polish up their French conversation with Mademoiselle. The effect was electric. There was, apparently, a crying hunger for culture, hitherto unsuspected, in the oddest places. Even Colonel Sweet stopped flipping butter at Ruthie and listened so hard that he did not notice that Ruthie was putting pepper in his milk.

George Frank almost jumped out of his chair in his excitement. "Dibs on the first conversation," he shouted.

"Oh, but we were all going to converse in a group," interposed Art, smoothly.

"Aw shucks, then I won't play," grumbled George and went back to his eternal game of "Button, button, who's got the potatoes?" with Betty Heimberger and Elta, the Colonel's lady. The Colonel, too, had lost interest and returned to his usual pastime of stuffing bread crumbs down Ruthie's back.

By this manoeuvre, Art had very skillfully weeded the tares from the wheat and, when Wednesday evening rolled around, it was only the most high brow of the beaux garçons de Camp Kawanhee that allezed over to Pine Point to parler a spot of français avec Mademoiselle.

Mademoiselle was waiting for them. "Bonsoir, messieurs," she cried. "Comment allez-vous?"

"Tres bien, merci," came back Hal Myers right away, for he is as bright as a dollar and knows all the answers, even in French. "Et vous?" he added politely, turning to Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin was quite willing to strut his stuff. Like a flash, he cracked back, "Tres bien, merci. Et vous?"

Hal was not going to stand by and see anyone steal his thunder. So onward he carried the repartee, "Tres bien, merci. Et vous?"

Mr. Goodwin knew a good thing when he had it. Johnny on the spot it came, "Tres bien, merci. Et vous?"

"Ah, tres bien, MERCI. Et vous?"

"Oh, tres bien, merci. Et VOUS?"

"Humph, voici's where je came in," muttered Cleve Cory.

After this brilliant opening, the conversation moved onto a most intellectual plane. It concerned itself solely with world politics and the more abstruse questions of philosophy. Mademoiselle quickly gaged the cerebral calibre of her group and directed the scintillating talk accordingly. She adopted that famous jump-the-ball game as her model. Arranging les beaux garçons de Camp Kawanhee in a circle, she twirled the conversation around her at the end of a verbal rope and whoever failed to jump over was it.

Walter Estabrook was it. Racking his brain for some crackling comment that would display, not only his Parisian accent, but his truly Gallic wit as well, he hit upon the very thing. "Parlez-vous français, Mademoiselle," said he, with an air.

Mademoiselle was so swept off her feet by the daring of this remark that she could only gasp, "Tres bien, merci. Et vous?"

This put Mr. Goodwin back in the groove. In fact, it was the same groove. "Ah, tres bien, merci. Et vous?"

Ralph Lucas, realizing that the needle had stuck in that groove, changed the record before Hal could get wound up. "Savez-vous, peut-etre," he suggested, "le Stein Song de Maine?"

So the conversation rolled merrily along until, as such conversations will, it collected the subject of Love along with other moss. With that, Bill Myers' French became positively fluent.

"Ah, l'amour," he sighed. "Je pense que l'amour est swell. Parlez-moi d'amour. Vive l'amour. L'amour, toujours l'amour. L'amour—"

"Oui," agreed Allan Estabrook, "la more, la merrier."

"Tres bien, merci," began Mr. Goodwin, "et —"

But, with one promising topic completely exhausted, these ambidextrous linguists could not wait to begin another.

"J'ai faim," was Lupfer's contribution.

"J'ai froid," sparkled Art Mann.

"J'ai chaud sur un drum," chortled Hal Myers.

"J'ai sommeil," whispered Estie.

"J'ai besoin de something or other," wound up Lupfer, somewhat vaguely.

That was another conversational gambit thoroughly exploited. The repartee set out for new fields to conquer.

"Je suis jeune," began Allan Estabrook.

"Je suis grand," said the other Estie.

"Je suis doux," confessed Cleve.

"Je suis un homme," declared A. Mann, smugly.

Here Carlie Amison, who had held his big guns in reserve, decided to wow 'em. "Je suis," he began. "Je suis — er — je suis — Je, that means 'I', — suis, that means 'am' — Je suis — nuts."

"Estes-vous telling moi," said Mademoiselle and that, so far as we know, ended the first conversational soiree de la jeunesse doree de Camp Kawanhee. It covered vocabularies so thoroughly that there may not be another.

* * * *

Live and learn. Even a camp director can live and learn, even R. C. Frank at Tim Pond. For years and years he has been going to Tim and wasting his time there at trout fishing, under the erroneous impression that it was the best sport that the place had to offer. It was not until this week that he awoke to the fact that one can enjoy another sport at Tim, a sport that takes more skill, more endurance, more of the true sportsman's "stick-to-it-iveness," and, in the end, is more rewarding than trout fishing. In short, if you want real adventure, claims R. C., try Putzi-hunting. Once R. C. had been introduced to this thrilling pursuit, he had no more time to squander on mere fishes. He did not even want to go to bed that night, he was so excited about running around the woods, calling, "Here, Putzi, Putzi, Putzi, Putzi, Pu-u-u-utzi." He showed unusual skill for a beginner. It was undoubtedly his years of yodeling "Oh, Ka-wa-nheeeee-e-e" that put a peculiarly enticing lilt into his "Here, Putzi, Putzi, Putzi, Putzi, Pu-u-u-utzi."

Even R. C. is a bit doubtful as to exactly what the Putzi may be. In spite of its fine feathers, it is not a bird. Derek Lagemann seems to understand its nature a bit better. He, at least, can assure you that the "Putzi won't bite you."