



The Wigwam



Volume VI, No. 2

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 18, 1940

New Horizons Beckon, Tribal Favorites Fail to Return

Kawanhee, like the rest of the world, wishes it could have its cake and eat it, too. The camp, while it rejoices heartily in the various interesting newcomers who enliven its staff this summer, laments none the less bitterly the absence of so many favorite members of the Kawanhee tribe.

The Very Reverend and Mrs. Sidney E. Sweet of Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo.,—that is, the Colonel and his charming lady of many Kawanhee seasons,—have again answered the call of foreign lands. They are travelling in Mexico during the month of July. Kawanhee hopes to see them some time in August. They plan to visit Dean Sweet's sister at her summer home at Parlin, Maine, and could scarcely pass so many old friends without at least stopping to say, "Hello."

Miss Marie McElwee and Miss Ruth Dowler, popular camp nurses of the past few summers, are languishing—so they report—in Columbus. Unhappily for all concerned, Ruth has to take courses at (Continued on page 3)

View from Fire Tower Tops Restful Trip Up Mt. Blue

By T. BATEMAN, Jr. B

On Sunday, July 7, I climbed Mt. Blue with some other boys and Bates. We started about two-thirty and got to Blue in about twenty minutes. At the foot of the mountain we divided into two parties. I was in the second. Then we started to climb. We walked a little and then rested. We rested on fallen logs. A third of the way up is a spring. There we refreshed ourselves.

On the top is a fire tower. We went up it. A man stays there and watches for fires. There is a beautiful view at the top. You can see three lakes from there.

It did not take us long to get down the mountain. We stopped at the spring again going down. The truck brought us back to camp just in time for supper.

Greys Attack on All Fronts, Seize Initial Advantage

The first score of the summer, announced at the Saturday night camp fire, showed that the Greys have begun the annual battle with a blitzkrieg, piling up a margin of 650 points over the Maroons: Greys—1609; Maroons—959. Most of these points came from levels passed. It is in this that the Greys gained the bulk of their advantage, passing 50 levels to the Maroons' 32. The Grey-Maroon baseball game and the water meet also gave the Greys a boost. This is, however, only the beginning of the struggle. The hazards and victories of the next six weeks will tell the tale.

Sachem Election Gives Lodges Voice in Camp Government

By ROSS MILLER, Sr.

For many years, the boys of each lodge have chosen two of their number to represent them and to voice their opinion on any needed improvement in camp. This group of sachems meets each Saturday afternoon, the sachems from the senior lodges with John Marble, and those from the junior lodges with Bill Weld. In these meetings the sachems discuss the problems which have been suggested by their lodge-mates during the week. The matters which are considered important are brought up for decision in the big sachems' meeting, during the formal Saturday evening campfire. Sponsored in this manner, helpful suggestions are brought before the campers and improvements are often effected.

A list of this year's lodge representatives is as follows:

JUNIOR SACHEMS

Falcon.....N. Evans, F. Weidman
Panther.....W. Davis, Rich. Miller
Pole Cat.....S. MacColl, J. Weidman
Pine Tree.....T. Bateman, J. Moores
Deer.....H. Rutan, V. Williams

SENIOR SACHEMS

Birch.....D. Cochran, R. Tracy
Beaver.....G. Christie, E. Miller
Moose.....E. Davis, F. Dorman
Lynx.....J. Morrison, W. Sly
Wildcat.....R. Chism, F. Henry
Crows' Nest.....Ross Miller, D. Tilton

Mineralogists, Mountaineers Make Joint Expedition

By F. HENRY, Sr.

Thursday morning, July 11, eight campers, Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Bateman left for the Newry tourmaline mines in search of specimens for their mineral collections. The collecting of minerals is a phase of the nature work at Kawanhee. Some of the rare and prized stones searched for were pink, green and black tourmalines and large clear and milky quartz crystals. The boys also sought large deposits of mica. On the way home, the group stopped at Perham's mineral store. There they saw cut tourmalines and other precious stones. On one shelf was a dark brown quartz, worth five hundred dollars or more. All around the inside of the store were large quartz crystals, rosy, milky and clear.

Four other boys and Mr. Umpleby also went along and climbed Mt. Spec. It was a steep and tough climb. They ate their lunch with the ranger stationed on the summit. A very good view was afforded from the forty foot ranger's tower. One could see most of the peaks of the Presidential Range, including Mt. Washington. Sebago Lake was the farthest point in the east to be seen. The Rangeley Lakes could be seen very plainly.

The two parties met at the foot of Spec and cooked their supper. They arrived home a little after 8 o'clock, with stones bulging their pockets.

Falcon Finds Fun, Fauna and Food on Center Hill

By D. SAWTELLE, Jr. B

We went to Center Hill. It was fun. We climbed on rocks and walked through the woods. Then we had a picnic. We had sandwiches, cocoa and oranges. We had a fire going. We toasted marshmallows. Then we took a walk. We came down another way. We waited for Bates. It began to rain. So we played around in the big Adirondack lean-to. Then the truck came and we went home. When we came to camp, we had a swim. It was all fun. We saw toads and birds.

THE WIGWAM

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Looking in on Kawanhee

By MARSHALL UMPLEBY

A traveler gets his first impression of a new place from the people he meets. Later he begins to absorb the atmosphere of his new surroundings. Then, if he stays around for a time, he is likely to feel the spirit of things.

Coming into Kawanhee, one finds men and boys going about a variety of tasks. The newcomer is met with unobtrusive kindness. Incidentally, it seems these busy people have time to do a number of small favors for him. Favorably impressed the stranger looks about him, first at the charming lake and woodland setting, then at the work that is going on. Everyone seems to know what he is doing. Here is a camp where people are engaging in purposeful enterprise. Boys and counsellors both are striving toward common ends, improvement and genuine accomplishment in a number of worthwhile activities.

This is no loafer's paradise, the newcomer finds. Here people are living, not just camping out and relaxing and whiling away the long summer days and evenings. Here is a thriving community. People have jobs to do and they seem happy about it. Pondering this fact and wondering, perhaps, what the central purpose of it all is, the visitor tries to follow the program of a typical camp day. Many boys, young and old, are going to regularly assigned activities. Some are engaged in tasks of their own choosing. Experts are at hand for guidance; they too move about in an orderly manner, coaching a young athlete here, teaching a nature student there, joining in a ball game in the evening, building a new addition to camp equipment on the side. And amid this multiplicity of activity, an atmosphere of harmony and unity seems to exist. "What makes this thing click?" the visitor asks.

Actors with Strings Give Season's First Show

By W. DAVIS, Jr. B

Friday night we met in the Rec Hall at 7:30 to see a marionette performance of *Treasure Island*. All the campers, from the Eagle Lodge to the Crows' Nest, were there. It was a program produced by Mr. Paul Clemens. The program lasted seven acts. Mr. Clemens goes to other camps to put on shows like this. His home is in Maine. He built his own stage and made his own scenery and marionettes. We enjoyed Jim Hawkins' adventures very much. At last, Kawanhee said "Good night" and pulled up the covers at 9 o'clock.

Sunday Morning Service

At the morning service in the outdoor chapel on Council Point, Mr. Marshall Umpleby gave the address. He spoke of the importance of making the most of time and opportunity during a summer in camp. As his text, he cited a sentence from an article by R. Watts, Midget, that appeared in the WIGWAM, Volume V, No. 2, "I have set my sails to be kind and swim the docks," using it as an example of how one camper set out to accomplish something, chose a definite goal and, at the same time, thought of the other fellow.

We come back to the subject of the people one meets at Kawanhee. Competence, good will, and character are at the head of this outfit. But isn't it, after all, the boys themselves that make any camp what it is? These fellows here can make plenty of noise in this neck of the woods. This is no serene glade in Arcady. A healthy measure of horse-play and mischief goes on. Competition in games is aggressive and keen. Yet on occasion there is also a spirit of reverence. Behind it all is a sound tradition, one learns,—twenty years of healthful activity, on a lake shore where adventures have been shared, honors won, characters made.

Perhaps that's the word—character. That's what Kawanhee really means. Men and boys have been working here for a long time. They have put together a structure in which achievement is the watch word. They know what they are about. The character of men and boys and good Maine geography have combined under extraordinary leadership to make this place one to which the weary traveler longs to return.

Achievement Levels Passed, July 1 — July 13

ATHLETICS

Junior B—First Level
J. Harris J. Lennan J. Moores
R. Tracy
Junior B—Second Level
J. Harris J. Moores R. Tracy
Junior B—Third Level
G. Christie C. Davis R. Tracy
Junior A—First Level
Robt. Barr G. Christie E. Davis
H. Hirschland W. Hirt Robt. Jones
M. MacColl
Junior A—Second Level
Robt. Barr G. Christie E. Davis
W. Hirt Robt. Jones M. MacColl
Junior A—Third Level
M. MacColl

HANDICRAFT

Junior B—First Level
Rich. Barr H. Duckham N. Evans
C. Henry S. MacColl J. Weidman
Junior B—Second Level
H. Duckham S. MacColl J. Weidman
Junior A—First Level
T. Bateman G. Christie C. Davis
E. Frazer M. MacColl R. Sargent
D. Trowbridge
Junior A—Second Level
D. Trowbridge
Senior—First Level
E. Brockie T. Monte J. Pogue

NATURE

Midget—First Level
R. Lamb
Junior B—First Level
T. Bateman N. Goss R. Lagemann
A. Meardon Robt. Miller J. Moores
F. Weidman
Junior A—First Level
T. Bateman E. Frazer R. L. Jones
M. MacColl S. MacColl R. Sargent
J. Weidman
Senior—First Level
E. Brockie T. Monte R. Paul
J. Pogue W. Sly

SAILING

Junior A—First Level
E. Frazer D. McCandless
Junior A—Second Level
E. Frazer D. McCandless
Junior A—Third Level
E. Miller W. Sly
Senior—First Level
G. Goodwin

WOODCRAFT

Junior B—First Level
D. Fay T. Magruder J. Moores
P. Norton
Junior A—First Level
T. Bateman J. Fulton D. Swift
Junior A—Third Level
J. Lennan
Senior—First Level
F. Henry
Senior—Second Level
F. Henry

Vesper Service

The vesper service at Bass Rock was opened with the singing of *America the Beautiful*, *Onward Christian Soldiers*, and *Day is Dying in the West*. Dean Miller, having spoken on courage last week, continued his theme of important character traits with a talk on honesty. After a prayer, the quartet of counsellors closed the service, singing *Abide With Me*.

Greys Use Pajamas, Balloons, Buckets to Win Water Meet

By R. LUCAS

On Saturday afternoon, amid flying spray, the first water carnival of the season got under way, with a colorful gallery of celebs and dignitaries on the shore. It was a perfect day, with a perfect program, divided equally between novelty and conventional events.

With a splash and a scramble, the Midget pajama race was on, with Evans, Lamb and Meardon donning and doffing their P.J.'s at a rate which would have overwhelmed their counsellors. We thought that Carl Murray violated the laws of neutrality when he recovered Koch's artillery from the bottom in that canoe bucket tilt, but perhaps he was just taking a tip from international politics. Fran Luoma gave a stellar demonstration of how to empty a swamped canoe in deep water, but, like most good lessons, it was lost—at least on Hirschland in the hurry-scurry canoe race.

That balloon race at least served to show who was the windiest Junior B in camp, and we were not surprised to see Jimmy Fulton come thru without a close rival. We did think, however, that Jones Harris got gypped with a balloon, most as big as he was, that just wouldn't bust.

As usual, the biggest thrill of the meet was the Maroon-Grey War Canoe race, a close contest all the way, with the Greys winning by a neck. When the spray had subsided, the final score was Greys 99, Maroons 44, and there was but one question in every mind, "Was Bob Johnson swimming, or was he only flying?"

The winners of first places in the various events were:

25 Yard Relay Race.....Grey Team
Junior B Rowboat Race.....
C. Henry, N. Goss
R. Barr (Coxswain), M.
Midget Pajama Race.....N. Evans, G.
Junior A Canoe Doubles.....G. Christie,
F. Dorman, G.
Junior B 35 yd. Sprint.....N. Goss, M.
Bucket Tilting....H. Griggs, R. Koch, G.
Junior B. Balloon Race.....J. Fulton, M.
Hurry Scurry Canoe Race (Senior)...
H. Miller, G.
Junior A 35 yd. Sprint....F. Dorman, G.
Senior 70 yd. Sprint.....Ross Miller, G.
War Canoe Race.....Grey Team

Baseball Openers

On Monday, June 8, the baseball season at Kawanhee got under way with three games in each league. The results in the American League: Cleveland 14, Boston 4; St. Louis 6, New York 5; Chicago 5, Detroit 0. In the National League: New York 18, St. Louis 4; Philadelphia 5, Chicago 3; Cincinnati 13, Brooklyn 8.

Phils Take Trick from Cards, Dodgers Trounce Cubs

On the morning of July 15, the Phillies continued to play ball as they downed the Cards 7-1. The Phillies took the lead in the first inning and were never headed as they outclassed their opponents. There were no individual stars.

Batteries:
Philadelphia...Bud Miller.....N. Evans
St. Louis....Hirt.....F. Weidman

The Brooklyn Dodgers slugged out a 14-10 victory over the hapless Cubs. It was nip and tuck for three innings, but then the Dodgers, paced by one homer apiece by Page and Benua, jumped into the lead and moved steadily ahead to win the ball game.

Batteries:
Brooklyn....Page — Duffey....C. Davis
Chicago.....Pogue.....Paul

Slugging Red Sox Take Tigers "Dizzy" Dean Downs Chisox

The afternoon games saw the Boston Red Sox defeat the Detroit Tigers in a hard hitting contest. The score was 15-10, with the winners leading most of the way. Page hit a round tripper for Detroit.

Batteries:
Boston.....Pogue.....Trowbridge
Detroit.....Thompson — Haney...
C. Henry

Behind the masterful pitching of Dean Miller, the Yankees eked out a 7-6 win over the White Sox. Paterson led the attack of the losers with two home runs.

Batteries:
New York....Dean Miller....T. Bateman
Chicago.....Paterson.....Rich. Barr

Lagemann Stars as Indians Win Smitty Smears Red Rally

In an evening encounter, the Cleveland Indians downed the St. Louis Browns, 8-6. It was a hard fought game, featured by Derek Lagemann's hit with the bases loaded. Drake and Duffey hit for the circuit.

Batteries:
Cleveland....Weld.....Lamborn
St. Louis....Duffey.....Fulton

The Giants nosed out the Reds to the tune of 5-4. The ball game was wide open all the way and it was not until Bob Smith checked a last minute rally that the ball game was won for the Giants.

Batteries:
New York....R. Bittenbender....Harris
Cincinnati....R. Johnson.....Griswald

Variation

ENLARGED: The Deer Lodge, by the arrival of L. McCandless of St. Louis, Mo., returning for his second summer at Kawanhee.

Tribal Favorites Astray (Continued)

Ohio State and Mac's whole attention is absorbed by proposed increases in her duties as nurse for the Grandview schools.

Journalism has claimed Hal Myers, long to be remembered chief of the Footlight Knights. He began his career as reporter for the Newark Evening News on June 30th. He has already made the front page, a feat which causes the WIGWAM no surprise. Hal, it is proudly recalled, was the WIGWAM's founder. Bill Myers is doing special work in a camp at St. Albans, Vermont, preparatory to entering Brown in the fall.

Noel Piersche, many years the head of the Kawanhee shop, is making an extensive tour of the West with Mrs. Piersche, taking in both the southern and the northern routes.

Coach Harold Wise, who headed the athletic department at Kawanhee for the past three years, and who is assistant coach of football and basketball at Ohio University, Athens, O., is remaining on the campus this summer with his family. Happily, he expects to return to camp next year.

Edgar Lupfer, formerly of the Nature Room, has followed Horace Greeley's time-honored advice and is ranching in the Far West. He, too, plans to return next summer.

Bob Bohannon, famous on the Range as a crack rifle shot, has gone military this year. He is spending six weeks at the ROTC training camp at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Elmore McKee, well known as an actor in camp, will spend his vacation at a dramatic school on Cape Cod and will enter Yale in the fall.

William Watson has graduated from Yale and embarked upon a training course with the E. T. Borroughs Co. at Boston, preparatory to taking a position with that company.

Dick Benua, of photography fame, is spending the summer at his home near Westerville, Ohio. He is a pre-medical student at Western Reserve.

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Philadelphia	2	0	12	4	1000
New York	2	0	23	8	1000
Cincinnati	1	1	17	13	500
Brooklyn	1	1	22	23	500
Chicago	0	2	13	19	000
St. Louis	0	2	5	25	000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Cleveland	2	0	22	10	1000
Chicago	1	1	11	7	500
New York	1	1	12	12	500
St. Louis	1	1	12	13	500
Boston	1	1	19	24	500
Detroit	0	2	10	20	000



PUNK FROM THE LOG



Since the first campfire, when the aboriginal jitterbugging of Fran Luoma failed to arouse the sacred fire to even a sputter but the first lines of the Log inspired it to a resounding bird, Kawanhee life has followed what is known, to some, as an even tenor. If what we have heard from day to day is an even tenor, we'll take Mike Umpleby and *Home on the Range* any time. We admit, however, that Kawanhee life has proceeded in the Kawanhee manner, only more so.

The path from the Wildcat Lodge to the hospital has been worn steadily deeper and it may soon be necessary to install a traffic light where it intersects the highway from the Falcon domains.

Mr. Bryant has been pursuing his duties as inspector with such grim determination, that the aforesaid duties have been heard to cry, "Uncle," on several occasions. One day he marked five lodges down ten percent because, in the middle of each floor, he found a large, dark object, out of line with the beds and the shoes, obstructing light and view from the windows. Eventually he noticed that it was the same large, dark object in each lodge and realized that it was his fellow inspector, Mr. Umpleby.

The status of George Haney's green sun-visor has been cleared up. Although he has been seen to take a shower in it, the appendage did not prove to be of that order of things that just grows on one, like a wart or Tom Cole's moustache. The Wildcats deduced the true state of affairs when they saw that Haney did not sleep in the eye shade at night, but removed it and put it in a glass of water by his bed.

Glenn Goodwin temporarily earned the title of Kawanhee's strongest character, by anointing himself with bear grease. The total effect was that of a lady wood pussy, using quantities of Five and Ten perfume, in the fond hope of smelling like Mae West.

Howell Windle tired of the hurly and the burly of the Range, planned to immure himself in the water tower on Pine Point, there to languish and pine like another lily maid of Astalot, high in her bower up a tower to the east. The dining room boys were to guard the tower's approaches, hoping the fair Elaine might wave a dainty hand at them as he whiled away the sunny hours.

Morrill Bott, Mike Umpleby and Andy Yaus captured a number of fireflies, which they took to bed with them. In the morning, the Eagle counsellors were hoarse from shouting, "Douse those flash lights."

When we sang the old "Oompah" song at campfire, it seemed impossible to stop Tom Monte, once he had started. Then it was discovered that Tom was not actually singing "Oompah," but shutting his eyes, concentrating on Ann Sheridan and murmuring, "Oomph, ah. Oomph, aaahhhhh."

Every morning, three or four new lumps increased the already extensive collection on Bob Smith's head. It was the normal indication that he had been patrolling the Pine Tree Lodge in the dark and ricocheting his skull off the lantern, accompanied by the gleeful chuckles of Moores and Norton, who keep score for the lantern.

* * *

Bill Weld has become a brancher-outer. In addition to his heavy schedule of tennis classes and early morning seminars, down on the main dock, in the art of the strip tease, he is now supervising the camp's vocational guidance work. Some of his projects are a bit puzzling. He is apparently attempting to fit Russel Paul for a chamber maid's career. Pause outside the Lynx Lodge any morning, and you will hear some such instructive dialogue as this:

RUSSEL. Oh, Mr. Weld, should I—

CHORUS OF LYNX. His name is Bill. RUSSEL. That's right. Please, Mr. Weld, should these criss-cross things be on top when the bed is finished?

BILL. No, Russel. Those criss-cross things are the springs. Remember what we learned yesterday?

RUSSEL. So these are the springs! Do you suppose that's why I looked like a waffle when I got up this morning, Mr. Weld?

CHORUS OF LYNX. His name is Bill.

RUSSEL. Really. What an interesting sidelight upon his personality. Oh, Mr. Weld, are the sheets the woolly grey things or the smooth white ones?

BILL. Remember our last assignment, Russel. We start at the bottom and work up, spring, mattress, sheets, blankets.

RUSSEL. I must make a note of that. Springs, mattress, sheets, blankets. Thank you, Mr. Weld.

CHORUS OF LYNX. His name is Bill. RUSSEL. Thank you for keeping me up to date. Oh, Mr. Weld, my pillow doesn't seem to fit the pillow case this morning.

BILL. Remember Lesson 9, Russel! In bed making, of two stuffed objects, the pillow is always smaller than the mattress.

RUSSEL. Thank you, Mr. Weld.

CHORUS OF LYNX. His name is still Bill.

RUSSEL. How true Oh, Mr. Weld, should I—

* * *

Sunday was ladies' day at the head table. It is too bad that the ladies, on their first release from the feudal seclusion to which they have been consigned this year, could not have been entertained by one of the more interesting groups. There is, for example, a notably chummy atmosphere at the Falcon table where, as he waits for some startled counsellor to ask the blessing, Peter Yaus companionably bumps bustles with the adjacent Eagles. The Polecats can boast of Bill Duckham, that man of mighty lungs, who occasionally breathes upon his tomato juice and veils the whole lodge in a flying red mist. The ladies would surely have enjoyed the highbrow conversation of the Panther table. Robin Lagemann, to keep up the intellectual tone, makes noises like a chicken, accompanied by Stallman's quacks and Magruder's plaintive moo, while Dave Metcalfe beams with pride at his boys' accomplishments. If liveliness was the thing for which the ladies hoped, the place for them was the festive board of the Pine Trees. It knows never a dull moment when Jimmie Fulton gets around to dealing with a whipped-cream-topped dessert. With one mighty sweep, he cleaves the pudding neatly in twain, landing one half in the potato bowl and dropping the other smoothly into Bob Smith's lap, with all the nonchalance of G. R. Frank sinking a thirty foot putt.

* * *

Have you seen the Chief in his ten gallon hat and bandana! Heigh ho, Silver, bring me m' boots'n'saddle! The dazzling vision of H. C. Marshall in his cowboy regalia strikes even the Log so speechless that it shuts up with one urgent warning. Put your brooms under lock and key, boys. *Buck Kawanhee rides again!!!*