



The Wigwam



Volume VI, No. 4

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 1, 1940

Pole Cats Make Beds, Sleep, Cook Meal to Pass Level

By S. MACCOLL, Jr. B

In woodcraft for first level you have to go on an overnight hike. The Pole Cat lodge went Saturday night. We had boating second period, so we made our bed rolls and took them across the lake to the beach where we were going to sleep. It is a rule in woodcraft that you must have your rolls in the place you are going to sleep by four o'clock. That afternoon it rained and we had to move our bed rolls into a cabin.

We went over after campfire. Drake and Yardley, with John Weidman, went in a rowboat. Dick Barr, Norval Goss, and Chuck Henry went in another. Bill Duckham and I went in a canoe. When we got over, we went to bed.

In the morning we got up and built a fire. Each boy cooked his own breakfast of eggs, bacon, cocoa, and toast. After breakfast, we loaded our blankets into the boats and headed for camp, arriving just in time to make our beds and to go to Sunday morning church service.

Many Hammers Help Midgets Construct Crooked House

By M. BORR, Midget

The Eagles are building a crooked house. The crooked house is in the woods a little ways away from the hospital. The first day we had only one hammer. We did not use the hammer anyway, because we were getting boards. The second day we got almost all of the floor finished. We had more hammers that day. Everyone had a turn at hammering. Mr. Bateman and Mr. Bittenbender helped us the day we had all the hammers. Murray Chism helped us get boards. It rained the second day. It was a good thing the roof was up the day it rained. Sunday was the third day we worked on the crooked house. We finished the floor and there is only one more board to put on the walls. We call it the crooked house because the window is crooked and the house is crooked. Maybe we will spend a night in the crooked house when we get it finished.

Grey Team Again Takes Lead

The torrid race for points continued as the season passed the half-way mark, with the Greys recapturing the lead by the narrowest of margins. Although the Maroons were routed in the water meet, they held their own in the achievement levels. With a lead of only 2833 to 2822, the Greys can hardly afford to let down. Not for a number of seasons has the race been so consistently close. One team or the other has shown its heels to its rival. But in a contest like this one, every level, every insignificant third place may prove to be the margin of victory. Here, team spirit and individual perseverance count most. Here each captain has a chance to prove his leadership, a fighting spirit and a cool nerve under fire.

Campers Aid in Conservation Of Piscatorial Population

By BUD MILLER, Sr.

Campers in the Crow's Nest are working on a new fish hatchery which the village of Weld is developing. This work is being directed by a committee of which Mr. J. C. Marble is head and on which Mr. R. C. Frank is serving. At present 30,000 baby salmon are being raised for future distribution. In addition to the salmon a number of adult trout are to be received for spawning purposes. The fish were obtained from a state fish hatchery and will be inspected from time to time by officials of the state.

The new hatchery is placed so as to make use of a little stream in Weld, at the head of the lake. In order to duplicate the natural habitat of the fish, campers helped haul loads of sand and spread it on the banks and at the bottom of the stream in which the trout are kept. The salmon, an inch and a half long, are kept in wood containers, through which water flows constantly.

After this restocking program has been completed, fishing in the lake will steadily improve and campers should be able to report improved fishing conditions throughout the lake.

Rocky Rapids of Moose River Yield to Paddlers

By R. CHISM, Sr.

On Tuesday morning, at an hour when most people were just getting up, the truck, with Bates at the wheel and a load of campers and counsellors and canoes in tow, pulled out of camp, headed for Moose River.

Our destination was Jackman, a small town on Moose River which was the starting point of the sixty-mile paddle down to Greenville, at the end of Moosehead Lake. We reached Jackman about three o'clock in the afternoon, having eaten lunch and picked up our guide, Perley Durgan, earlier in the day.

When all last minute arrangements had been completed, the canoes were carried to the water, and the trip began. We paddled along the river until we came to Long Pond, about five miles from our starting place. We camped that night on a beach half-way down Long Pond. After supper everybody went to bed, either in tents, under canoes, or right out on the beach.

Wednesday, after eating a very

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Woodcraft Department Enters Low Cost Housing Field

By F. HENRY, Sr.

Across the lake from camp a log cabin is being built by senior boys who are working for Woodcraft levels. The work is done during the regular activity periods under the direction of Dick Bittenbender.

The cabin measures ten by fourteen feet, and will be approximately ten feet high. It is to have bunks for eight people, all being at least six feet long and three feet wide. The front will be semi-opened, having a low, solid railing or wall three feet high. In the rear of the cabin will be a small window. So far only the posts and sills have been put into place.

Situated on a small hill several hundred feet north of Skookamee Beach, the cabin affords a fine view. There is always a gentle breeze blowing. The cabin should be finished by the end of this season.

THE WIGWAM

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My Day (at Kawanhee)

BY W. DUCKHAM, Jr. B

It was seven-fifteen in the morning when I was aroused by the clear "bong" of the bell. I looked around sleepily, jumped out of bed, and ran to the lake for a dip. The water was cold, but refreshing. At third bell the camp gathered on the dining hall porch for flag raising. We went into the dining hall and, after Dean Miller said grace, sat down to breakfast. Following breakfast I went back to the Pole Cat Lodge to get ready for the daily inspection. After making my bed, I soon discovered, to my sorrow, that it was my turn to sweep the lodge. I did this, and was ready for morning activity.

My lodge was assigned to archery and nature. I tried a few shots in archery without much success; but with practice, I expect to become a better archer. At the call of the bugle the bows and arrows were put away and I went to nature. To pass my first level I had to learn my stars. Just after I finished learning them, the swim bugle blew. I had a swell time learning how to do a back flip.

When rest hour blew, I started writing my letter. Every Wednesday and Sunday campers have to write home to their parents, or else no supper. At the sound of first bell for dinner I washed and went up to dinner. After dinner I went down to the camp store for a bar of soap. I had signed up for shop for the next two periods. I worked on my mineral box for nature.

After second period I went back to my lodge to change for the free swim. I jumped off the high diving board. After swim I finished my letter. At second bell for supper I gathered with my lodge mates to salute the flag. Following the meal I went into the Recreation Hall and played a game of ping-pong. At *Taps* our lodge was all in bed, after another active day at Kawanhee.

Moose River Trip

(Continued)

early breakfast, we slid our canoes into the water, packed in our luggage, and resumed our way. That day we hit the rapids which are located on a stretch of river between Long Pond and Brassua Lake. In the rapids, everyone except Perley was forced to jump out in midstream now and then to dislodge canoes from various rocks. These rapids in Moose River are about the most difficult in Maine. Almost everyone liked this part of the trip best of all. After passing through the rapids we came to Lake Brassua. We stopped at a camp site on the shore of the lake and made camp for the night.

Thursday, we set out later than before, paddling until noon, when we stopped for lunch. We hadn't paddled far after lunch when the wind made the water so rough that we were forced to put in at a beach about a mile beyond. At first we waited, in hopes that the wind would die down, but, as the wind continued, we prepared to spend the night there. In order to pass the time away a few went exploring in the woods. That night everyone went to bed fairly early.

Friday, after an early breakfast, we started out on the last lap of the journey. We ate lunch on Moose Island, about eight miles from the last camp site. From there we paddled down to our final camp site, about a mile from Greenville. After a swim, supper, and a hike to Greenville, we turned in for our last night out on this trip.

After breakfast the next morning, we took the canoes into Greenville and found Bates and Bob Smith waiting to take us back to camp. We arrived in camp with a "Long Kawanhee" for Moose River, one of the most interesting rivers in Maine, and one of the best for canoe trips.

Sunday Morning Service

Sunday morning being warm and fair, the services were held in the lakeside chapel that looks across the water to the blue mountains in the distance. Mr. Bateman led the responsive reading and Frank Henry read the lesson for the morning. Mr. D. C. Bryant was the speaker. He built his talk around the word "Mastery." His message was that a man must be evaluated, not only by the things that he has mastered, but by the dreams and the ideals by which he in turn is mastered.

New Stars Shine as Footlight Knights Come Out of Hiding

By D. METCALFE, Jr. C

After a prolonged period of inactivity, the Kawanhee Footlight Knights blared forth on July 26 with their first evening of dramatic entertainment. Included on the program were various skits and songs, besides the main feature, *Jerry Sees the Gorilla*. Bill Weld acted as master of ceremonies and the technical side of production was very effectively directed by Bob Smith.

After the orchestra played *Make Believe Island*, the Eagle Lodge, directed by Mrs. R. C. Frank, started the evening with a clever skit, *Henny Penny*. Reed Murphy and Dick Bittenbender put on a witty dialogue depicting a typical Kawanhee kitchen scene. Mr. Frank led the song, *Go Long, Mule*, and Bob Johnson played two novel piano selections.

Jerry Sees the Gorilla, which topped the bill, was the final feature. This thriller, which has delighted Footlight Knights' fans in past years, reached perhaps an acme of perfection on this night. The play is built around the nightmare of one Jerry, who has just seen that terrifying movie, *The Gorilla*. Parts in the play were handsomely taken by Eddie Miller, Bobbie Jones, Mr. D. C. Bryant, Bill Weld (likewise director), Dave Metcalfe, Reed Murphy, and Dick Bittenbender.

Variation

ARRIVED: R. Gude of Englewood, N. J. and W. Blake of Scarsdale, N. Y. to spend the month of August with the Falcon and Wildcat lodges respectively.

TRANSFERRED: J. Pogue, from the Wildcat Lodge to the Crow's Nest.

DEPARTED: L. Hinds, M. MacColl and T. Montei, to spend the month of August with their families at home or on vacation.

Vesper Service

The Sunday vesper service was held at the chapel on Council Point, instead of Bass Rock, because of threatening weather. After three hymns, led by Mr. R. C. Frank, Dean Miller led us in prayer and gave a talk on another character trait he would want in a friend of his. A perfect friend should lift a person up mentally and spiritually, and should help him to picture and to realize a better future.

Giants Bow to Fighting Phils, White Sox Swamp Browns

BY R. PAGE AND T. BENUA

Monday evening the Phillies nosed out the Giants, 9-8, in what was undoubtedly the most exciting game of the season to date. The Giants led by one run as the Phillies made their last appearance at the plate. Two hits produced one run and then, with two men out and a man on third, Griggs hit a liner to the third baseman, scoring the winning run.

Batteries:
Philadelphia...Marble N. Evans
New York...R. Bittenbender Harris

In a free-scoring game, the Chicago White Sox defeated the St. Louis Browns, 17-12. The Sox outplayed their opponents and the outcome was never in doubt. Paterson hit two homers and Metcalfe, one, for the winners. R. Chism hit one for the Browns.

Batteries:
Chicago.....Paterson Rich. Barr
St. Louis.....Benua Fulton

Greys Splash Through to Second Aquatic Victory

BY D. TILTON, M. C.

Saturday afternoon, July 27, Kewanee had its second water carnival of the year. The Greys splashed through the water and the rain to win again, 144 to 66.

New events were added to the list as Coach Haney had would-be fishermen casting for division championships.

Sr. Casting.....G. Goodwin, M.
Jr. A Casting.....R. Sargent, G.
Jr. B Casting.....H. Duckham, G.
Jr. A 30 yd. Dash.....E. Miller, G.
Medley Relay.....Grey Team
Jr. B Rowboat Race...C. Henry, N. Goss,
R. Barr (Coxswain), M.
Midget Underwater Contest.....
A. Meardon, M.
Sr. 100 yd. Freestyle.....Ross Miller, G.
Jr. A Canoe Doubles.....G. Christie,
F. Dorman, G.
Jr. B 35 yd. Freestyle.....N. Evans, G.
Hurry-scurry Canoe Race.....E. Miller,
C. Stallman, G.
Relay Race.....Grey Team
War Canoe Race.....Grey Team

Swimming Tests Passed, July 21—July 28

35 YARD SWIM

Junior B
J. Moores

COVE

Junior B
F. Weidman
Junior A

M. MacColl

R. Tracy

LAKE

Junior B
D. Fay
Rich. Barr
Junior A
Rich. Miller
M. MacColl
Senior
C. Lamborn
T. Montei
J. Pogue
R. Lagemann
R. Paul

Achievement Levels Passed, July 20—July 27

AQUATICS

Midget—First Level

M. Umpleby

Junior B—Second Level

W. Duckham Rich. Miller D. Trowbridge

Junior B—Third Level

N. Goss C. Stallman

Junior A—First Level

C. Davis E. Davis F. Dorman
J. Fulton A. Griswold R. L. Jones

Junior A—Second Level

E. Davis F. Dorman J. Fulton
A. Griswold R. L. Jones

Junior A—Third Level

E. Davis F. Dorman

Senior—First Level

R. Koch J. Pogue E. Tulloss

ATHLETICS

Midget—First Level

M. Bott R. Lamb T. Nelson
M. Umpleby

Midget—Second Level

M. Bott R. Lamb M. Umpleby

Midget—Third Level

R. Lamb

Junior B—Third Level

C. Swan

Senior—Third Level

H. Hirschland

HANDICRAFT

Midget—First Level

R. Lamb T. Nelson M. Umpleby
A. Yaus

Junior B—First Level

J. Campbell N. Goss J. Harris
Rich. Miller P. Norton

Junior B—Second Level

J. Campbell N. Goss C. Henry
P. Norton

Junior A—Second Level

R. Goss

Junior A—Third Level

J. Fulton R. Sargent

Senior—First Level

W. Southworth E. Tulloss

Senior—Third Level

J. Pogue

NATURE

Midget—First Level

M. Bott T. Nelson M. Umpleby
A. Yaus

Junior A—First Level

Rich. Barr D. Cochran A. Griswold
V. Williams

Senior—Second Level

Ross Miller

SAILING

Junior B—First Level

T. Magruder

Junior A—Second Level

J. Evans J. Lennan V. Williams

Senior—First Level

W. Blake E. Brockie H. Hirschland
J. Pogue W. Sly

Senior—Second Level

W. Blake E. Brockie W. Sly

Senior—Third Level

W. Sly

WOODCRAFT

Midget—First Level

D. Sawtelle

Junior B—First Level

N. Goss J. Harris

Junior A—First Level

G. Christie R. Goss

Junior A—Third Level

E. Miller

Dodgers Win Last Inning, Reds Take Slugfest

Monday morning the Brooklyn Dodgers defeated the hardfighting St. Louis Cardinals 7-6. The Cards jumped into a 4-0 lead, but the Dodgers tied it up in the fifth. St. Louis took the lead again 6-4, but the Flatbushers recovered it in the seventh with 3 runs. Benua and Weld hit homers for the winners.

Batteries:
Brooklyn....Benua Campbell
St. Louis....Hirt F. Weidman

The Reds defeated the Cubs by the margin of 15-13. Both teams hit the ball hard, with homers by Johnson and Slager for the winners and by Dick Bittenbender for the losers.

Batteries:
Cincinnati....R. Johnson Fulton
Chicago.....R. Bittenbender Paul

Red Sox Downed by Yanks, Tigers Upset Tribe

In an afternoon encounter, the Boston Red Sox were downed by the New York Yankees 10-6. The Yanks jumped into an early lead and were never threatened.

Batteries:
New York....Marble Harris
Boston....Benua — H. Johnson .. Trowbridge

The Detroit Tigers, playing with a revamped line-up downed the league leading Cleveland Indians for a startling upset victory. The slugging Tigers hopped on Weld, the opposing pitcher, early in the ball game. Rallies by the Indians in the last two innings failed to close the gap and the Tigers won 18-11.

Batteries:
Detroit....Haney R. Lagemann
Cleveland....Weld Lamborn

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	Opp	R	Pct.
New York	3	1	54	19	750	
Cincinnati	3	1	40	33	750	
Brooklyn	3	1	39	30	750	
Philadelphia	3	1	22	22	750	
St. Louis	0	4	18	40	000	
Chicago	0	4	28	57	000	

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	Opp	R	Pct.
Chicago	3	1	42	20	750	
Cleveland	3	1	50	31	750	
St. Louis	2	2	40	43	500	
New York	2	2	25	35	500	
Detroit	1	3	31	37	250	
Boston	1	3	26	48	250	

J. L. S. Tests Passed

The following campers have successfully completed the American Red Cross course of Junior Life Saving. A second group is now receiving instruction.

R. Chism F. Dorman J. Evans
W. Gager P. Lagemann J. Lennan
R. Paul C. Swan V. Williams

PUNK FROM THE LOG

The week came in with a bang. In the witching hour of midnight last Saturday, some single-minded person visited the Fortress on the Hill, undoubtedly to do a bit of historical research among the inscriptions upon its storied walls. He had no opportunity to satisfy his curiosity as to the earliest date when Tom Benua's name appears on this palimpsest of Kawanhee legend. He hit the jack pot instead. A thunderous roar rent the darkness, for the cannon was out of order both as to time and place, and a hectic week was off to a resounding start.

While the echoes still boomed through the night, the Eagle counselor drowsily muttered, "Shut up, Morrill," and stuffed his pillow deeper in his ear. The doors of the Panther Lodge rattled in sympathy and seven little figures popped bolt upright in alarm. Hastily they sought to get into their customary refuge, the dense thicket of Dave Metcalfe's hair. Elsewhere in camp, another sleeper awoke. Opening the one eye which his multifold duties allow him to close in slumber for a couple of hours each night, Lawrence was instantly on the alert.

Now the whole camp seemed tranced in the cold, heavy silence of dread. Through the shivering darkness, wraithlike white figures slipped stealthily from lodge to lodge and, wherever they passed, there lingered in their wake the sinister whisper, "Tong." Back and forth through the camp they drifted, now gathering in knots, now dispersing, and ever the ominous ring of that word, "Tong," accompanied them. At last they began to converge upon the defenseless dining hall. Wave after wave of dim, white forms crept towards its open door, up the steps, across the porch. Even the screen door was too horrified to shriek its usual protest. Into the hall itself moved the ghostly hordes. The awful silence held. Then—the clink of a plate! With that, someone else hit the jack pot. From the staircase came the evening's second explosion.

"Git," roared Lawrence.

A covey of young elephants thundered out the door. Lawrence advanced to the porch to reconnoitre his position. Just then a herd of buffalo, which had apparently been grazing there, scattered tumultuously down the steps. Ever the tactician, Lawrence rushed to the kitchen to

safeguard his rear. A happy family of hippopotami, who had—believe it or not—been waiting for a car, crashed massively off into the night. Hastily arousing Bates, Lawrence patrolled the dining hall through the long, dark hours.

Possibly as the result of that night's alarms and excursions, all week there lingered a strangeness in the air which affected the behaviour of Kawanhee's noblest sons. Sunday you couldn't rub two counsellors together without producing an echo of that mysterious word, "Tong." Weld made an unusually angular entrance at breakfast, when he sat on a chair that wasn't there. George Frank caused consternation in the ranks of the midgets by his dissertation upon the Weber duck. That delectable fowl, it seems, goes wading but not swimming and thereby remains tender. Andy Yaus, who had been contemplating just such an aquatic career, suddenly decided that he would go swimming, but wading no more. It is better to be tough, than to be tender and end up where the Weber duck does.

Monday the rains came, and the barbers, and Metcalfe's birthday. The combination was too much for Dave. He fled shrieking into the wilderness. At dinner, a half-nude and dripping apparition wandered in, with water lilies tangled in its dank tresses and clam shells clattering in its pockets. Contrary to first impressions, it was not some forsaken merman, risen from a watery tomb, but only Tom Monte, who had suffered a sea change into something very strange after making the tactical error of going fishing with Bates in a canoe. Metcalfe ventured briefly back into camp but, meeting what he took to be a freshly plucked chicken leaving the barber and hearing the denuded creature address him in John Campbell's voice, he took to the tall timber again. Hinds, Barrington and Haydock Miller propelled a small raft across the lake toward camp. Kawanhee failed to recognize it as the monumental float which had consumed so much energy until it grounded in twelve feet of water off the diving tower. Like an iceberg, it was nine-tenths under the surface. Late in the afternoon, Dave was captured and dragged to the barber's chair. After desperate struggles he

escaped, looking like a moderately well trimmed box hedge. After every other form of felicitation had been exhausted and he could still wriggle, he was ceremonially tossed into the lake, to the sweetly blended strains of *Happy Birthday* and a funeral march.

Wednesday evening the Lynx table was once more the cynosure of all eyes, in spite of the fact that it was still denuded by the Moose River trip. Two young ladies of the sub-sub-deb age were dining there. Bill Weld looked longingly at his old chair, as he passed to his temporary exile at the head table. The Eagles were in an uproar as Morrill Bott and Mike Umpleby competed for the shy glances of the young charmers. Morrill, with a dazzling smile, repeatedly flashed his pearly—if not numerous—teeth at them. Mike, whose name isn't "Oompheby" for nothing, just gazed at them soulfully, while Drake, seething with jealousy, found himself hopelessly handicapped.

Thursday and Friday rushed toward the climax of the big show. Peter Yaus, in spite of valiant efforts, was unable to wash from the main dock. He insisted that, every time he tried it, a three inch sunfish came up and growled at him. George Haney's summer was ruined when Larry Hinds caught the "big one" that George had always allowed to get away. It was a great credit to the size of Larry's catch that we immediately recognized it, even from the descriptions that George had given us. The Lynx found the infallible means of halting Mr. Bryant on his inspection tour. They stationed a ferocious mouse on their door step. One squeak from the mouse and Davey forgot all about towels on the floor.

The gigantic production of *Jerry Sees the Gorilla* was finally unveiled Friday night. The Log finds its supply of superlatives inadequate for the description of the acting or the settings. Popular accord, however, awards the palm of the evening to Dave Metcalfe for his sensitive and imaginative interpretation of Sambo, the colored boy. After his breath-taking entrance, Andy Yaus turned to the cowering Eagles and said, "Don't be afraid. He's not really a gorilla."