



The Wigwam



Volume VI, No. 5

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 8, 1940

Naval Squadron Goes to Bat, Led by Murphy's Gaff- Rigged Cat

On the afternoon of July 31, encouraged by the best wind of the season, the sailing department of Kawanhee ran a sailing trip for the boys on the senior side of camp who had passed three Junior A or Senior Levels.

Led by Admiral Murphy in his latest creation, the gaff-rigged "cat," the fleet set forth shortly after dinner. After an afternoon of keen sport, the fleet assembled on a sandy beach at the other end of the lake.

Here a few hardy sailors went for a short swim. The majority, however, were glad to build a fire to warm themselves and dry those wet shirts and shorts. The waves had made it a wet afternoon for all.

After a supper that disappeared in no time under the eager attack of the sailors, the fleet headed back toward camp. As we entered the cove, a bugle announced campfire. So ended Kawanhee's first sailing trip of the 1940 season.

Canoeists Inspect Kennebec's New and Imposing Dams

By V. WILLIAMS, Jr. A

On the Junior A Kennebec trip, we got up at six o'clock to make an early start from camp on July 29th. We started in the truck and did not take the canoes with us. They had been left at The Forks after the Moose River trip, to save wear and tear.

The Kennebec is a very long river and one of the best rivers in Maine. We did not have to paddle at first, because the water was so swift. We travelled ten miles the first day. Half of the day we were on the river and the other half on lakes, bucking a head wind.

Tuesday we travelled ten miles to Wyman Dam, which we portaged. It is one of the biggest dams in the state of Maine. We then travelled down the river ten more miles until we hit Solon Dam at four o'clock. We were shown around the dam, which was only a year old. It was very new. There the truck picked us up.

Greys Increase Small Lead

The Greys have increased their lead over the Maroons to thirty-eight points. The score, as announced at campfire, now stands: Greys, 4275; Maroons, 4237. The score is still close. It is unusual for the teams to be so nearly neck and neck at this advanced stage of the game. An important source of points this week is Junior Life Saving. Each camper passing this course earns seventy-five points. In this field the Maroons outclassed the Greys 525 to 150. It now appears that nothing definite can be predicted about the outcome of this battle.

Juniors on Chain of Ponds Sleep to Strange Lullaby

By W. DUCKHAM, Jr. B

Early in the morning of August 1, the voice of Fran Luoma roused me from sleep. He told me and the other boys in the lodge to get our bed rolls and cooking kits. The Panther, Polecat and Pine Tree boys ate a hearty breakfast and were on the road before the third bell had rung.

Five of us went in Mr. Goodwin's car and the others in the truck. Before we reached Rangeley, we stopped to view Small Falls. Mr. Goodwin stopped in Rangeley. I stretched my legs and bought some peanuts. We ate lunch outside of Eustis and continued on our way.

Bates and Fran put the canoes in the water at the first of the Chain of Ponds. I was in the boat with Webby Davis and Norval Goss. We paddled all afternoon until Fran Luoma told us that we were to beach our canoes near a deserted farmhouse belonging to the Megantic Club. Tommy Bateman, Jim Fulton, David Fay, Jones Harris and I decided to sleep in the old barn. So we made our bed rolls. After dinner Bates drove us up to the Canadian border and back. Following a marshmallow roast we went to bed. We went to sleep to the combined strains of Bates snoring and Jones Harris singing *Imagination*.

(Continued on page 2)

Inter-Fern Highway Opened to Speed Naturalist Traffic

By F. HENRY, Sr.

This year a new nature trail is being built from the scout cabin to the road by the tennis courts. The trail starts at the monkey bridge, which passes over a bog full of ferns. It then parallels the road and ends by the bend in the road opposite the tennis courts.

The first thing we had to do, after the trail was decided upon, was to clear it out. Dead limbs and sticks had to be removed. We then cut away the ferns and underbrush which grew on the proposed trail. Halfway down the trail a small bog was encountered. John Morrison built a bridge over this.

After the trail was cleared and was easily recognizable, we put up the signs marking and identifying the various plants, trees, mosses and fungi.

In the first bog we found three kinds of ferns and all were very good specimens. Those found were the Cinnamon Fern, the Sensitive Fern, and the Interrupted Fern. Some of the other ferns represented were the Bracken and Royal Fern. An exceptionally fine group of Royal Ferns were found in a swamp.

(Continued on page 3)

Rain on Bald Induces Tumble, Midget Exits on His Rumble

By M. BORR, Midget

Tuesday we went to Mt. Bald with Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin and Ralph Lucas. The Eagles and Falcons went on the trip. Mr. Bateman took us in the truck. It was a steep climb. It took us quite a while to get to the top. On top, we saw some girl scouts from Wilton. We had sandwiches and cookies and fruit for lunch.

We were just about to leave when it started to rain. We slid almost all the way down the mountain. I started running and I could not stop until I took hold of a tree. I swung half way around it and sat down hard. It did not feel very good. On the way down, we thought that we would have to wait for the truck, but just then we heard its horn.

THE WIGWAM

Published weekly during summer season by Camp Kawanhee, G. R. and R. C. Frank, owners and directors.

Editor C. SCARLETT, Sr. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

M. CHISM, Sr. C. R. LUCAS, Sr. C.
D. METCALFE, Jr. C. R. PAGE, Jr. C.
F. HENRY, Sr. BUD MILLER, Sr.
T. BATEMAN, Jr. B.

For Value Received

By F. HEIMBERGER, Sr. C

Not one boy in a thousand has the advantages enjoyed day after day by most of us. The best of food, warm clothing, adequate medical care—all are at our command. Our houses are pleasant to live in, we have access to good books, and we attend the best schools available. Summers are spent away from the heat of the city and amid every opportunity for fun and self-improvement.

Surely our families and the social order in which we live have been kind to us—so kind that we wonder what we have done to deserve our enviable position. Such privileges, however, create obligations of which we must never lose sight. They are the price we must pay, if we are honest, for what has been given us so lavishly.

One obligation is that we appreciate our special opportunities and use them to the limit. Anything less is a betrayal of those who are not so fortunate. A second is that we develop into clean, strong and able individuals,—worthy of the confidence placed in us and prepared to do our jobs in the world of work. Another is that we return in some increased measure the opportunities afforded to us. Here there are untold possibilities. You and I can, and should, do much to increase the pleasures and ease the miseries of our fellow men. Some of us can become business men who care less for profits and more for honest products and fair dealing with employees and customers. Others may turn to medicine, the law or teaching—healing the sick, assuring justice to all, and bringing light to dark places. Still others will find themselves in public offices with all of the attendant opportunities to improve the lot of mankind.

Because of our privileges, you and I have definite social obligations to meet. Let's prove ourselves worthy of the trust placed in us.

Camp Applauds Movie as Worm is Raffled, Robin Baffled

By J. HARRIS, Jr. B

Last Wednesday night at 7:30, Kawanhee Indians gathered in the Rec Hall to be entertained by Mr. Eagleson. Mr. Eagleson brought along a movie projector and showed us some scenic pictures he had taken in Nova Scotia. In one scene he showed how the fishermen harpooned sword fish.

The last reel showed many different kinds of American baby birds being fed by their mothers. We were very intently watching a robin feeding her babies. Somehow the mother robin couldn't think of which baby robin to give the worm to and someone in the audience shouted "Raffle." The last three seconds found all of Kawanhee's tribe laughing to the utmost.

The evening ended in a big success. Kawanhee gave Mr. Eagleson a good round of applause, and went to bed.

Sunday Morning Service

The Sunday morning service was held on Council Point. Bob Paterson led the responsive reading and Read Murphy read the scripture. The address was delivered by Mr. Heimberger. He spoke of our obligations to the social order of which we are the favored product.

Vesper Service

The Sunday vesper service was held at Bass Rock. Here, surrounded by the wooded shores and mountains of Webb Lake valley, Mr. R. C. Frank led us in singing several hymns, and Dean Miller gave a talk on prayer.

Variation

ENLARGED: The Falcon Lodge, by the arrival of R. Gude, of Englewood, N. J., returning for his second summer at Kawanhee.

ENLARGED: The Eagle Lodge, by the arrival of J. Mosley, of Englewood, N. J., a newcomer to Kawanhee.

DEPARTED: F. Dorman and W. Sly, to spend the month of August with their families at home or on vacation.

TRANSFERRED: P. Drake, from the Eagle Lodge to the position of assistant counsellor in the Deer Lodge.

PROMOTED: D. Tilton, from the Crows' Nest to the post of assistant counsellor in the Eagle Lodge.

Seventh Doctor Administers Effective Dose of Laughter

By R. LUCAS, Sr. C

The Seventh Doctor—a comedy in one act. Produced and directed by Ralph Lucas and Murray Chism, presented Friday evening, August 2, in the Berry Theater and including the following cast:

Rufus Sharp.....	Haydock Miller
Mose.....	Robert Smith
Dr. Homer Path.....	Frank Henry
Dr. Allen Path.....	David Tilton
Dr. Molar.....	Ross Chism
Dr. Cutter.....	Murray Chism
Dr. Vetter.....	John Bittenbender
Dr. Rubb.....	John Pogue
Dr. Quack.....	Dick Bittenbender

The plot of *The Seventh Doctor* concerned the problem of a young husband, Rufus Sharp, whose wife played sick whenever she wanted anything badly. In his anxiety, Sharp asked his colored servant Mose, to call a doctor, and the latter proceeded to call every medico in town from an osteopath to a horse doctor, all of whom demanded their fees. The best comedy scenes came with the arrival of the seventh doctor, the loud-spoken patent medicine vender, Dr. Thomas Quack, who, by one ruse after another, cleared the house of the swarming medicos. Acting honors for the evening went to Dick Bittenbender and Bob Smith for their effective and highly comical portrayals of Quack and Mose.

The Kawanhee Orchestra also turned in neat performances of *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Playmates*, the latter tune having become a hit of the first magnitude at Kawanhee. R. C. Frank re-introduced that perennial favorite, *Little Tommy Tinker*, and Bob Johnson played a novelty piano solo to complete the evening's entertainment.

Chain of Ponds Trip

(Continued)

The following morning I grabbed my cooking kit and had a good breakfast of wheatena, toast, jam and cocoa. We started paddling about 9:30. At noon our canoe reached a big sandy beach where the campers sat down and ate lunch. We paddled all afternoon.

Our canoe trip ended at the Megantic Club. Webby Davis and I helped load our canoe on the trailer. I rode back in the camp truck. Fran cooked a grand meal of hash and stewed fruit near Rangeley. We all ate heartily. The truck reached camp just in time for the play. Our lodge was a very tired but happy group.

Pat's Bat Clinches Flag for Chisox. Tigers Down Yanks

By R. PAGE AND T. BENUA

Monday morning, the White Sox slugged their way to a hard earned 10-8 victory over the Indians, thus winning the American League pennant. Led by "Big Pat" Paterson, who, besides pitching a fine game, drove in eight runs with his three homers, the Sox took an early lead. The Indians rallied in the 6th to go ahead momentarily, but the Sox came back in the 7th to win the ball game.

Batteries:

Chicago...Paterson Rich. Barr
Cleveland...Weld Lamborn

The Detroit Tigers downed the New York Yankees, 10-4. It was a game featured by timely hitting on the part of the Tigers. The Tigers at the end of the session are out of the race, but they are rated as one of the most powerful aggregations in the league.

Batteries:

Detroit...R. Thompson, Haney....
New York...R. Miller, Sr.....Gager

Reds Down Phils, Get Crack at Pennant, Cubs Rest in Cellar

The Reds earned the right to enter the National League play-off by defeating the Phillies, 5-3. The Reds came from behind in the 6th to win. They scored four times as Bob Johnson and Allison hit home runs. The pitching of both teams was the highlight of this all important game.

Batteries:

Cincinnati...R. Johnson Griswold
Philadelphia...Marble N. Evans

In a battle for the cellar of the National, the Cards broke into the win column by downing the hapless Cubs, 9-3.

Batteries:

St. Louis...Hirt F. Weidman
Chicago...Paterson R. Paul

Greys Capture Field Day

At the Saturday afternoon track meet, the Greys added another scalp to their athletic trophies defeating the Maroons 140 to 100. The winners of first honors were:

Midget 35 yard dash.....M. Bott, G.
Junior B 50 yard dash.....N. Evans, G.
Junior A 50 yard dash....G. Christie, G.
Senior 50 yard dash.....J. Pogue, G.
Junior B High Jump.....C. Henry, M.
Junior A High Jump.....I. Bouton, M.
Senior High Jump.....Bud Miller, G.
Junior B Broad Jump.....J. Moores, M.
Junior A Broad Jump.....E. Davis, G.
Senior Broad Jump.....H. Miller, G.
Junior B Baseball Throw...J. Moores, M.
Junior A Baseball Throw...G. Christie, G.
Senior Baseball Throw...W. Barrington, G.
Three-legged Race.....
F. Henry and W. Blake, M.
Senior Tug of War.....Grey Team
Junior Tug of War.....Maroon Team
Relay Race.....Grey Team

Achievement Levels Passed, July 27—August 3

AQUATICS

Midget—First Level
T. Nelson
Junior B—Second Level
A. Meardon
Junior B—Third Level
L. McCandless A. Meardon
Junior A—First Level
J. Evans
Junior A—Second Level
J. Evans
Senior—First Level
E. Brockie
Senior—Second Level
T. Huntington

ATHLETICS

Junior A—First Level
R. L. Jones P. Lagemann J. Lennan
R. Tracy
Junior A—Second Level
R. L. Jones P. Lagemann J. Lennan
R. Tracy

HANDICRAFT

Midget—Second Level
M. Bott T. Nelson M. Umpleby
A. Yaus
Midget—Third Level
C. Henry F. Weidman
Junior B—First Level
Robt. Miller

Junior B—Second Level
J. Harris Rich. Miller
Junior B—Third Level
J. Campbell
Junior A—First Level
D. Cochran L. McCandless R. Tracy
Junior A—Second Level
L. McCandless R. Tracy
Junior A—Third Level
E. Davis L. McCandless
Senior—First Level
C. Davis E. Miller
Senior—Second Level
C. Davis W. Southworth
Senior—Third Level
W. Southworth

NATURE

Junior B—First Level
C. Stallman
Junior B—Second Level
D. Fay P. Norton D. Sawtelle
Junior A—First Level
E. Davis
Junior A—Second Level
T. Bateman J. Fulton
Senior—Third Level
H. Hirschland

SAILING

Junior A—First Level
H. Rutan
Junior A—Third Level
R. Goss
Senior—First Level
H. Miller
Senior—Second Level
H. Miller J. Pogue
Senior—Third Level
W. Blake E. Brockie H. Miller

WOODCRAFT

Junior B—First Level
Rich. Barr H. Duckham N. Evans
C. Henry
Junior B—Second Level
C. Henry T. Magruder
Junior B—Third Level
T. Magruder
Junior A—First Level
Robt. Jones T. Magruder
Junior A—Second Level
D. Swift
Junior A—Third Level
D. Swift

Giants Win Berth in Play-off. Revamped Browns

Bump Bosox

The Giants bounced back into the win column Monday evening by downing the Dodgers 8-4, thus gaining a place in the National League play-offs. In the 1st the Giants scored one run. The fighting Dodgers were never ahead, although they twice came from behind to tie the score. In the 6th, the Giants hit the ball hard, scoring four runs to put the game beyond the reach of the Dodgers.

Batteries:

New York...R. Bittenbender ... Harris
Brooklyn...Benua C. Davis

The St. Louis Browns outclassed the lowly Boston Red Sox, 10-5. With a line-up consisting of many new men, the Browns played good ball to down their rivals very easily.

Batteries:

St. Louis...Luoma Fulton
Boston...Pogue, H. Johnson..Trowbridge

Nature Trail Extended

(Continued)

We also marked the mosses. Four different kinds of club mosses were found on the trail and were all marked. The Star Moss was also identified.

Besides the ferns and mosses we marked the trees and wood flowers. All the various kinds of trees found in this region can be seen from the trail. Some of the wood flowers we marked were the Clintonia, Bunchberry, Gold Thread, Wild Iris and Lady's Slipper. The trail is highly representative of the woods of Maine.

In the future an extension of the Nature trail is proposed. It is to run from the tennis courts to the road by way of the old spring trail.

In connection with the Nature Trail, there is a new bird sanctuary where the archery range formerly was. Already a bird feeding station has been placed there. The feature will be of great value to those who are studying birds.

League Standings

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Chicago	4	1	52	28	.800
Cleveland	3	2	58	41	.600
St. Louis	3	2	50	48	.600
Detroit	2	3	42	41	.400
New York	2	3	29	46	.400
Boston	1	4	31	58	.200

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
New York	4	1	62	23	.800
Cincinnati	4	1	45	36	.800
Brooklyn	3	2	43	38	.600
Philadelphia	3	2	25	27	.600
St. Louis	1	4	27	43	.200
Chicago	0	5	31	66	.000



PUNK FROM THE LOG



Kawanhee sparkled all week, Heaven helped it. Ever since Weld was "discusted" in sachems' meeting last Saturday, we have gone right on sparkling. We sparkled at breakfast and we sparkled at colors ceremony. We had sparkle parades during inspection and Mr. Bryant paraded sparkle when he announced that we did not win inspection. When we retired, sparkle stalled us half way down in the form of a pied bed. Bob Sargent and Eddie Miller sparkled in their milk and the milk sparkled all over the Beaver table. Watermelon provided the sparkle at Tuesday's dinner and the sparkle was brightest around Tom Cole, where the seeds flew thickest. And far, far into the night, overworked counsellors sat up, sparkling away that others might sparkle the next morning.

* * *

Wednesday came the big blow. Hastily slapping a sail on everything that floated, except Mr. Windle, Admiral Murphy called out all classes of naval reserves and prepared for mass embarkation. A representative of the Log was on hand.

The Admiral, unfortunately, would make no statement for publication. He had just descended precipitately from the mast of the *Sea Gull*, and had lapsed picturesquely into his ancestral Gaelic. That mast, you know, is the secret weapon upon which the fleet counts so heavily. It is constructed on the principle of the hedgehog or porcupine. Our attempt to interview Captain Page was likewise untimely. That gruff old sea dog was supervising the stowing of supplies in the lockers of the *Sea Gull* and we hastily retired as we heard him roar, "Mister Christian, see that none of these scums eat my cheese sandwiches."

Spying an individual with an authoritative nautical cut to his jib, we ventured to approach him.

"Please, sir," we asked respectfully, "Are you sailing with the fleet?"

"Aye, aye, lad," was the hearty response. "I'm Rear Admiral Bittenbender and I'm sailing with my old shipmate, Admiral Murphy, as guest expert and ballast on the cat-rigged gaff."

"Gaff-rigged cat," amended Murphy, rolling up.

"That's what I said, caff-rigged gat," growled Bitt.

"Sorry, old man, you called the gig-caffed rat a rat-gigged caff."

"Did not. I said cat-giffed rag as plain as day."

Just then the fleet sailed and the slight disagreement lapsed. Into the teeth of the gale the ships beat their way. All went well until suddenly a hail rang out.

"Admiral, ho," came Pete Lagemann's voice, "Begging to report, sir, that the *So What* has burst her stay. Gaff-rigged cat, ho."

"What ho, yourself, you lubber," roared Murphy. "Who do you think you're hailing? This is a cat-gaffed rig."

"Tis not," shrieked Bittenbender, "It's a gig-raffed cat."

"Pipe down. It's a git-caffed rag."

"Admiral ho," came the hail again. "What shall we do? The *So What* has burst her stays."

"Buy her a new corset," bellowed the Admiral. "Anyway, this is a giff-ragged cat."

Fortunately a squall came along and ended that passage. The two old companions sailed on in hostile silence. Not until they neared Pine Point on the return voyage did they begin to thaw. There they saw a frail canoe, riding the surging waves with indomitable courage. In the bow was Murray Chism and, in the scuppers, Bill Thompson. Poised masterfully in the stern was Lucas. So cool, so competent, so much the masters of every emergency were those paddlers that the Admiral's admiration overcame his animosity.

"That's what I like to see," he cried. "Just look at that. A completely safe and reliable crew."

As if to bear out his words, the canoe, smoothly and neatly, turned bottom side up.

"Yes, yes," continued Murphy, beaming with satisfaction. "A completely dependable set of men to send out in a canoe. Just see how efficiently they did that. No unnecessary splashing, no wild arm-waving, no—Hey, what am I talking about? To the rescue."

By this time, the heads of the completely safe and reliable crew were bobbing around in the water, very efficiently calling for help. Thompson was swimming around with one arm raised far, far out of the water, as if to attract Teacher's attention.

"Have courage, men," shouted the Admiral, "We'll have the cat-gagged riff over there in a minute."

"Yanh, yanh," crowed Bitt. "Call yourself a sailor and you can't even name a caff-gigged rat."

"I said git-caffed rag."

"You called it a gat-rigged caff."

At this point Admiral Murphy once more lapsed picturesquely into his ancestral Celtic and Mr. Frank put out from camp to rescue the completely safe and reliable crew.

* * *

After several false starts, one of which ended him up three miles out of camp in a state of startling dishabille, Dave Metcalfe finally managed to depart on that day-off with Yardley and Drake. In the due course of affairs, he returned from that day-off, accompanied by two new playmates. He spent the rest of the night introducing his little friends, the guinea pigs, to various key sparkle men around camp. Their reactions to the introductions were interesting. Weld, awakening to find himself face to face with a guinea pig, remarked politely, "Why, Paterson, what are you doing out of bed at this hour?" Marble took one look and started screaming, "Cats, cats, I'm being moused." As for Admiral Murphy, he once more lapsed picturesquely into his ancestral Erse.

* * *

Sometime Friday night, Weld and Paterson came sparkling back into camp, struck a detour sign on the bridge and blew up. At least, there was a loud report. Next morning, those detour signs were on the Fort, to the great inconvenience of Arthur Griswold who obediently detoured all the way down to the monkey bridge without finding what he sought.

* * *

How better can we end this week of sparkle than by briefly saluting the very spark of sparkle.

Sparkle, sparkle, little Chief,
Down with worry, down with grief.
Chipper as the chipping sparrow,
Underneath your grey sombrero,
Sparkle as you gaily line up
Every slow and erring sign-up.
While each topic takes a beating,
Sparkle on at counsellors' meeting.

Sparkle, sparkle, little Chief,
Though your shorts are very brief,
You your nimble limbs disport
On the startled tennis court.
Sparkle on for every camper—
No one wants to shut your damper—
Sparkle on with gleam impartial,
Sparkle, sparkle, H. C. Marshall.