



The Wigwam



Volume VI, No. 7

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 22, 1940

New Electric Motors Generate Increased Interest in Shop

By C. DAVIS, Jr. A

The shop, which is near the Crow's Nest and the Deer Lodge, is the scene of one of the activities which all boys enjoy. There you can make many things, such as boats, metal trays and dishes, leather belts and pouches of different kinds. When the activity bugle is blown, the shop doors are opened and boys troop in to enjoy the fun of making things with their own hands.

This year the two heads of shop are Mr. Heimberger and Mr. Spence. Mr. Heimberger has charge of all the work with wood, and Mr. Spence teaches metal work and leather work. A specialty of this year, which has been introduced by Mr. Spence and which has made a big hit, is the construction of small electric motors. This is included in the work for Senior levels. So many of the boys have been making the motors that the supplies may not last out the summer.

I have been making an electric motor and a bill fold. It took about sixteen shop periods to make both things. They were not too difficult to make nor too easy, and they gave me lots of fun. There are so many things to do in shop that I had a hard time deciding what to make.

Juniors, on Shore Leave, View Bowdoin, Fort, Defunct Seal

By D. SAWTELLE, Jr. B

On Tuesday, we went to Popham Beach, which is 80 miles from camp. We stopped at Bowdoin College. We saw some buildings there. After that we drove on to Popham. We had lunch and explored the fort there. It was a scary place.

After that we looked around the beach. We found sand dollars and shells. We met another camp there. There was one boy that I knew. We waded along the edge of the breakers. We had to be careful that they did not catch us. We kept on walking until we found a dead seal. When we came back, we went in swimming. The waves were big but I dove into them. When we got dressed again, we had supper and drove back to camp. We were in camp again before *Taps*.

Greys Jump Again in Leap-Frog Race for Points

One switch after another has occurred in the battle between the Greys and Maroons. This week the Greys have recaptured the lead by a score of 8422 to 7951. A summary of the struggle, up to date, shows that the Maroons have been ahead twice during the summer, and the Greys four times. The largest advantage either team has had is the one by which the Greys now hold the Maroons. The next announcement of the score will be made at the banquet. It will reveal the winning team for the 1940 season. Only then will it be known whether the Greys hold their lead, or whether the Maroons stage another comeback.

Paddle-and-Portage-Men Meet Challenge of Upper Kennebec

By F. HENRY, Senior

Monday, August 12, we left for the upper Kennebec for one of the most exciting canoe trips we have ever taken. By noon we had reached the Kennebec, by way of an abandoned railroad bed. We put our canoes in and shot down the rapids for about a mile to a spot where we made camp. That mile consisted mostly of rapids and, by the time we reached our camp site, the boats all had an inch or so of water in them. The rapids were extremely fast and some of the backwashes, or waves, caused by drops in the river bed, were two and three feet high. Every time we would go near one, the water would either splash or pour in. It was swell fun. The rest of the first day we spent in swimming and looking for places to lay our bed rolls. After dark that evening, we sat around the fire and toasted marshmallows and talked.

Next day we woke up bright and too early, as far as we were concerned. In the morning we hiked through the woods to Chase Falls where the stream drops about twenty-five feet. Below it the brook was dammed up, forming a small pond. In the afternoon we took our canoes

(Continued on page 2)

Expedition Conquers Katahdin. Stricken Leader Left Below

By R. PAUL, Senior

Thursday morning, August 15, a group of boys and counsellors went on a trip to Mt. Katahdin. On the way we visited the Old Town Canoe Factory. We camped for the night at the camping grounds at the foot of Katahdin.

At 8:30 the next morning we started to climb. Dick Bittenbender was in the lead, and, believe me, it was the hardest climbing that I ever did. We pulled ourselves up little by little. We took a half hour off to eat lunch and did we welcome that moment! Nothing can taste so good on a mountain as chocolate bars and jelly sandwiches, and they were just what we had. Chief Marshall had hoped to go up with us, but unfortunately he cut his leg on a nail at the canoe factory and was unable to do so.

I have never seen so many rocks in all my life. I admit that they made tough going. The heights along the Knife Edge were something else to make us stop and think twice. The summit of Katahdin is only thirteen feet below a full mile in altitude, so that is getting up some.

The way down was much easier, I thought, and a dip in the stream was waiting for us at the end of the trail. Boy, what a day! We returned to camp on Saturday.

Falcons Rule Inspection Time, Give the Bird to Dirt 'n' Grime

By the last week of camp, the winners of the annual candy bar marathon seemed to be clear. Competition has been keen, and there have been more awards than ever before, despite the rigorous inspection standards of Mr. Bryant. On August 19, the number of inspections won by lodges was:

JUNIOR LODGES

Eagle Lodge.....	28	inspections
Falcon Lodge.....	35	inspections
Panther Lodge.....	10	inspections
Pole Cat Lodge.....	10	inspections
Pine Tree Lodge.....	23	inspections
Deer Lodge.....	14	inspections

SENIOR LODGES

Birch Lodge.....	11	inspections
Beaver Lodge.....	16	inspections
Moose Lodge.....	27	inspections
Lynx Lodge.....	31	inspections
Wild Cat Lodge.....	18	inspections
Crow's Nest Lodge.....	33	inspections

THE WIGWAM

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Twenty Years of Kawanhee

BY H. C. MARSHALL, Sr. C.

Twenty years ago sixteen boys came over the hills from Wilton to Weld. The road was narrow and the underbrush was so close that we could reach out of the bus and snatch leaves from the bushes here and there. As we came bumping and swinging over the divide, "Allie Mac," the driver, pointed out the first glimpses of shimmering water down in the valley. Off there the Webb Lake set in the green forest sparkled deep blue like a jewel.

Two miles beyond the village we all piled out in the pine woods behind three buildings along the waterfront. The midgets were given quarters upstairs over the dining hall in the main lodge. Max Savelle took charge in the Eagle Lodge and I in the Falcon. And that was all there was of Camp Kawanhee in 1921.

Much, very much, has been added to Kawanhee since then. Instead of three, now there are twenty buildings, larger or smaller. Where sixteen boys went swimming from the float, now eighty-five dive in from dock and tower. Four tennis courts instead of one, commodious and well equipped quarters for Scouting, shop, nature and all that the best trends in modern camping demand are here in 1940.

In order to have enough men on each team in 1921, "G.R." was a Maroon and "R.C." was a Grey, and every other man in camp was Grey or Maroon also. We all sprang out of bed at the bugle to take snappy "setting ups" and to plunge stripped into the lake before dressing for breakfast. (We know better now.) Trips, we didn't have 'em! Now nature instruction is planned where it used to be incidental, and so too are woodcraft, handicraft, sailing and all the rest of what boys do at summer camp.

Kawanhee, along with the great outdoor camping movement in the

Archers Shoot for New Honors

Archery at Kawanhee took a big step forward this year when the camp became a member of the Camp Archery Association, which is similar in its nature to the more familiar National Junior Rifle Association, of which Kawanhee is also a member. The following boys have qualified for the various diplomas:

<i>Junior Bowman</i>		
I. Bouton	E. Davis	W. Davis
N. Evans	J. Fulton	N. Goss
R. Gude	J. Harris	Robt. Jones
J. Lennan	S. MacColl	A. Meardon
Robt. Miller	J. Moores	P. Norton
R. Sargent		F. Weidman
<i>Bowman</i>		
Robt. Barr	I. Bouton	R. Chism
E. Davis	N. Evans	J. Fulton
N. Goss	R. Goss	J. Harris
Reg. Jones	A. Meardon	Robt. Miller
J. Morrison	J. Pogue	C. Swan
D. Wambaugh		F. Weidman
<i>Archer</i>		
R. Chism	E. Davis	H. Hirschland
	D. Lagemann	

Sunday Morning Service

The Sunday morning service was held on Council Point. Mr. G. R. Frank led the responsive reading, and Mr. H. C. Marshall read from the scriptures. Dr. R. E. Tulloss, President of Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, delivered the address. He answered the question: "Why is Kawanhee?", summing up the benefits of a summer at camp. After the talk, Dean Miller gave the benediction.

United States and throughout the world, has found many new and better ways of doing things. But still Kawanhee has a quality that was here from the first. Boys still become more manly here, men play square, there is freedom for fellows to grow. Still the air is charged with that subtle, kindly thing we call "the Kawanhee spirit."

Maine is still the ideal state to camp in. The roads are not so rough, the bushes are cut way back out of hands-reach as you ride through the notches. But step off the highway a few feet and the silent trails are still covered with soft pine needles. Deer and beaver and lurking trout are still found in forest and stream. On lofty Katahdin and on a hundred other changeless mountains the rocks are still rugged and the view looks off to myriad lakes and a trackless wilderness of unmatched beauty.

In such a setting has Camp Kawanhee nestled by its lake now these twenty years.

Dean's Urge to Approach Heaven Spurs Disciples Up Bigelow

BY R. LUCAS, Sr. C.

A party of eight counsellors, master campers and seniors set out on Saturday morning to take on Mt. Bigelow, one of the stiffest and grandest climbs in the state. Bigelow is located in the wild, picturesque Dead River country. From one of its two rocky peaks, Major Thomas Bigelow, of Benedict Arnold's ill-starred expedition of 1775, is said to have scanned the horizon in vain for a glimpse of the city of Quebec.

The trail is steep and rocky from the base to the summit, ascending evenly and relentlessly over 3000 feet in less than 3 miles. Between the opposite magnetic attractions of the Dean, who bounded up like a mountain goat, and Ralph Lucas, who served as an involuntary anchor man, the party managed to gain altitude at a respectable pace. After an hour and a half of steady climbing, the trail emerged from the scrub pines into a little rocky hollow between the two peaks, where a cold, seeping spring offered welcome refreshment. From there, it was on to the east peak and a chat with the ranger in the fire lookout tower. (Rangers, we find, are a very communicative tribe. Living alone as they do, they improve each shining moment of conversation.) After taking in the vast panorama of mountains, lakes and forests, somewhat dimmed that day by a stubborn haze, the group began the descent. Once more the Dean led. The trail, by the way, is named the Parson's Trail, and seemed to satisfy Dean's professional craving for the straight and narrow way. We drove back to camp via the Rangeley Lakes and the historic Height of Land.

Upper Kennebec Trip

(Continued)

a mile below our camp, without our duffle, because of the extremely rough water. In several places we had to wade our canoes. Even though we went through the rapids at the quietest places, we had to empty the water every hundred yards or so. Every canoe came through this section safely. We hiked back to our camp and went swimming before supper.

Wednesday morning, we carried our duffle down stream to where we had left the canoes. Before lunch we stopped and hiked up a stream to Moxie Falls. It was a beautiful place with water dropping over ninety feet. After lunch we paddled the rest of the way to The Forks, where Bates picked us up and brought us back to camp.

Umpleby's Heavy Blows Cannot Save Water Meet for Maroons

In the fourth Kawanhee water carnival of the summer, the Greys took the lead and held it to the end, in spite of the fact that the Maroons stroked to victory in the War Canoe race. The final score was: Greys—108; Maroons—92.

We could have told Bob Johnson that thirteen men in a row boat would meet with difficulty in rowing out to the starting line of the senior 100 yard freestyle. As it turned out the contestants swam part way out as well as all the way back.

An instructive demonstration of life-saving by campers, and a diving exhibition by the Johnson brothers and Fran Luoma, were novelty numbers on the program. In the Midget balloon-bursting race, Umpleby breezed in first. The Yaus brothers huffed and puffed neck and neck to the last pop, with Peter outwinding Andy with a blow.

Winners of first places were:

Relay Race.....Grey Team
Midget Row Boat Race.....Grey Team
Junior A 35 yd. Freestyle...E. Miller, G.
Senior Canoe Bobbing...T. Huntington M.
Junior B 35 yd. Freestyle...N. Evans, G.
Senior 100 yd. Freestyle...Bud Miller, G.
Junior B Canoe Doubles...W. Duckham,
J. Weidman, G.
Midget Balloon Race...M. Umpleby, M.
Hurry-Scurry Canoe Race...W. Duckham,
E. Miller, G.
Diving.....E. Miller, G.
Junior A Row Boat Race.....R. Goss,
E. Tulloss, M.
Jockey Race....M. Bott, Bud Miller, G.
War Canoe Race.....Grey Team

Swimming Tests Passed, July 28 — August 19

30 YARD SWIM

M. Bott J. Moseley T. Nelson

COVE

Junior B
J. Moores

LAKE

Midget
M. Umpleby
Junior B
F. Weidman

Vesper Service

It was the largest congregation of the season that assembled at Bass Rock Sunday night, having been augmented by many guests from the Inn. The address was delivered by the Rev. Thomas Mutch, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Morristown, N. J. His subject was freedom, in its widest concept.

Achievement Levels Passed, August 10 — August 17

AQUATICS

Midget—First Level
D. Sawtelle F. Weidman
Midget—Second Level
R. Lamb F. Weidman
Midget—Third Level
F. Weidman
Junior B—First Level
F. Weidman
Junior A—First Level
D. Trowbridge
Junior A—Second Level
R. Goss D. Trowbridge
Junior A—Third Level
C. Davis R. Goss
C. Swan
Senior—First Level
Robt. Barr E. Davis W. Hirt
H. Miller R. Paul
Senior—Second Level
Robt. Barr H. Miller E. Tulloss
Senior—Third Level
H. Miller

ATHLETICS

Junior B—First Level
J. Campbell
Junior B—Second Level
J. Campbell P. Norton
Junior B—Third Level
J. Harris
Junior A—Third Level
R. Koch
Senior—First Level
R. Koch
Senior—Second Level
R. Koch
Senior—Third Level
Bud Miller

HANDICRAFT

Midget—Second Level
J. Moseley
Midget—Third Level
W. Davis
Junior B—First Level
R. Gude R. Lagemann A. Meardon
C. Stallman
Junior B—Second Level
N. Evans R. Gude C. Stallman
F. Weidman
Junior B—Third Level
W. Davis W. Duckham N. Goss
C. Henry Rich. Miller C. Stallman
C. Swan F. Weidman
Junior A—Second Level
Rich. Barr D. Cochran
Junior A—Third Level
E. Frazer
Senior—First Level
E. Davis E. Frazer R. Koch
Senior—Second Level
G. Christie R. Koch E. Miller
R. Sargent V. Williams
Senior—Third Level
R. Sargent V. Williams

NATURE

Midget—Third Level
W. Davis
Junior B—First Level
J. Campbell
Junior B—Second Level
Robt. Miller
Junior B—Third Level
J. Fulton J. Moores
Junior A—Second Level
E. Davis A. Griswold D. Swift
Junior A—Third Level
T. Bateman Robt. Jones P. Lagemann
J. Morrison D. Swift
Senior—Second Level
C. Windle
Senior—Third Level
Bud Miller

SAILING

Junior B—First Level
T. Bateman J. Fulton N. Goss
S. MacColl D. Trowbridge

Kawanhee Netmen Down Wilton, Bow Before Rumford Attack

BY BUD MILLER, Senior

In two matches against foreign opposition last week, the Kawanhee tennis team took one and dropped one on the home courts. Against the Wilton Indians, on August 16, the camp racquetters gained a decided lead by winning the first five singles matches. Weld defeated Benson 6-1, 6-1, and Paterson defeated Karkos 6-4, 6-1. In like manner it was Benua over Sewall 6-3, 6-1; Metcalfe from Welch 6-2, 6-3; and Meldrum beat out Bottiggi 7-5, 6-1. Koch bowed to Farnum for the camp's only singles loss, 6-2, 6-1.

In the doubles it was another story, the Wilton team winning two out of three matches. In the No. 1 doubles, Weld and Reg. Jones took second to Benson and Farnum, 6-0, 7-9, 6-3. Kawanhee's only doubles victory came when Paterson and Hirt defeated Karkos and Welch, 3-6, 8-6, 6-3. In the No. 3 doubles Derek Lagemann and Bud Miller were beaten by Sewall and Bottiggi by a score of 6-1, 6-4.

In the second match, August 19, the Kawanhee netters bowed to the Rumford team, 6-3. Weld polished off Maynard, a former Kawanhee counsellor, 6-1, 6-1. Meldrum defeated Macardy 6-4, 4-6, 6-3 for the camp's other singles victory. Bujold beat Paterson 7-5, 6-2, Benua lost to Philips and Dean Miller bowed to Paterson (of Rumford). In the doubles, it was Maynard and Philips over Benua and Meldrum, 6-4, 8-6, Paterson (Rumford) and Fisher over Barr and Christie, and Robbins and Carey over Blake and Huntington. Weld and Paterson downed Bujold and Macardy 6-3, 6-1, for Kawanhee's only doubles victory.

Junior B—Second Level

J. Fulton S. MacColl

Junior B—Third Level

T. Magruder

Junior A—Third Level

I. Bouton V. Williams

Senior—First Level

J. Morrison

Senior—Second Level

J. Morrison L. McCandless

Senior—Third Level

H. Hirschland L. McCandless

WOODCRAFT

Junior B—First Level

N. Goss

Junior A—First Level

J. Moores

Senior—First Level

Robt. Barr E. Brockie F. Henry

H. Hirschland W. Hirt T. Huntington

R. Paul J. Pogue

Senior—Second Level

R. Paul J. Pogue



PUNK FROM THE LOG



When the Chief departed for Katakhdin, Ralph Lucas attained the zenith of his glory. At last he was undisputed master of the files, unchallenged ruler of the sign-ups. The Chieflet had become the Chief—for three days. Verse alone is a worthy commentary on so momentous an event, so, with due apologies to poetic metres in general and the gentleman in *H.M.S. Pinafore* who "became the Ruler of the Queen's Navee" in particular, we take off.

When I was a lad in the Wildcat Lodge

My Nature periods I'd never dodge.
To all assignments I'd dutifully scoot
And I tweetled in the orchestra upon my flute.

I tweetled that flute so soulfully
That now I am Assistant Chief of
KA - wanhee.

As flautist I acquired such fame
The WIGWAM thought that it could
use my name.

At the editor's jokes I'd politely laugh
So they made me a member of the
WIGWAM staff.

I'd laugh at those quips so tactfully
That now I am Assistant Chief of
KA - wanhee.

As star reporter I went to town
Till the Chief caught on and promptly
nailed me down.

So I'd make up charts so very involved

That even by a Marshall they could
not be solved.

I'd draw up charts so tirelessly
That now I am Assistant Chief of
KA - wanhee.

So famed grew the skill that I made
charts with

That I became a colleague of *THE*
Mister Smith.

I took to the drama with no regrets
And figured out a play for each of
Smitty's sets.

I coped with the drama so manfully
That now I am Assistant Chief of
KA - wanhee.

With the artist's soul I showed such
finesse

Soon sign-ups were referred to me
in their distress.

Each morning in the office I sat in
state

While 'round about the camp the
Chief would circulate.

I sat in the office so efficiently

That now I am Assistant Chief of
KA - wanhee.

I soon had affairs so well in control
That the Chief only functioned as a
Gallup poll.

There was no more reason to keep
him in

So I bundled off the Chief to climb
up Ka - tahdin.

I bundled him off and now I'm free
At last to be the Chief-in-chief of
KA - wanhee.

* * *

Friday morning, in a few minutes, Peter Yaus learned a lesson that the Chief has failed to master in a whole season at the head table—to wit, that it is inadvisable to be a Roosevelt man in Maine. While preparing for inspection, Peter was so indiscreet as to let slip a remark to the effect that possibly F. D. R. did not eat babies for breakfast *every* morning. The Willkie cohorts, led by Frankie Weidman and Bobbie Gude, almost tore him limb from limb for such heresy.

* * *

Morrill Bott has apparently learned his first lesson in the conservation of natural resources. Having time on his hands last Wednesday, he wrote, not one, but four letters. Minute calculation assured him that such a supply would meet the demands of all the letter days remaining in the camp season, so, with a sigh of satisfaction for a job well done, he hoarded away his reserves. Those epistles should be able to compete with the WIGWAM for fast news service.

* * *

After weeks of research, Johnnie Weidman and the other scientists of the Polecat table are ready to report that a plate can be tipped, in passing, to an average angle of 33 degrees, 15 minutes, without spilling *very* much. Local conditions, however, effect this general calculation. Spanish rice will maintain its center of gravity up to 41 degrees, while Jello salad will shift ballast at 17 degrees, 9 minutes and 42 seconds on a warm day.

* * *

With the season poised for the last hair-raising skid to the banquet, it is now or never if the Log hopes to preserve, not to say pickle, the memory of a few of the year's most notable personalities in print. It therefore hastily presents the following very incomplete series of thumb-nail portraits, sketched on the most convenient nose:

BOB PAGE—Grant's tomb cuts a rug.

GEORGE FRANK—the hammer that always hits the nail on the head, even if the nail already has a headache.

WEBBIE DAVIS—a hopeful chipmunk, scrabbling among the candy wrappers.

DAVEY TROWBRIDGE—the littlest giant.

MORRILL BOTT—that still, *small* VOICE in the NIGHT.

CHUCK LAMBORN—the lost chord.
THE CHIEF—Don Quixote, mounted on a questionnaire, tilting at a rotating program.

TOM COLE—Quarantined—and it ain't measles!

TED HUNTINGTON—a harvesting machine in a bowl of shredded wheat.

DRAKE and YARDLEY—the Rover Boys at Vassar.

ANDY YAUS—a sneeze looking for an allergy to sponsor it.

CHRIS STALLMAN—the preview of a toughie.

JIMMIE FULTON—a bubbler fountain with ticklish ribs.

BILL THOMPSON—Art for Art's Sake, or Why Barbers Leave Home.

JIM EVANS—the Cheshire cat that mislaid his grin.

CHUCK HENRY—a walking sit-down strike.

GLENN GOODWIN—a portable debating society, will function on either D.C. or A.C.

BOB SMITH—the dress rehearsal for a nervous breakdown.

MR. BRYANT—the war of nerves on the dust pan front.

DICK BITTENBENDER—Donald Duck in Lilliput.

FRANKIE WEIDMAN—the slap-happy pappy from Portland.

ROBIN LAGEMANN—the kitten that cannot make up its mind which of its nine lives it is about to lead.

JOHNNIE POGUE—Young Lochinvar comes out of the west at 500,000 watts.

ARTHUR GRISWOLD—the Ancient Mariner as a boy.

DAVE FAY—the galloping guppy.

BILL ALLISON—Little Lord Fauntleroy steps out on his first date.

THE JOHNSON BROTHERS—a double feature and bank night.

BOB LAMB—And the lion shall lie down with the lamb, but, personally, we're betting on Lamb.

DEREK LAGEMANN—the ship that passed itself in the night and forgot to bow.

THE LOGGERHEAD—the hiccup in the story of Kawanhee.