



The Wigwam



Volume VII, No. 2

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 17, 1941

Old Prospectors All Aquiver Lost Lode Sought above Swift River

By G. GOODWIN, Jr. C

As long as mankind has existed upon earth, gold has held for him a strange and irresistible fascination. Its glitter led the primeval man to search for nuggets in the beds of streams, that he might hammer from them his crude ornaments, and in quest of it, pirates sailed the Spanish Main.

The first deposit of gold in the United States was discovered on the Swift River of Byron, Maine, in 1825. Since then, other discoveries have been made, but those on Swift River and its branches still remain the largest in the state. Forty years ago a wildcat gold mine was established above Byron to extract the gold commercially. There was not enough gold to make this profitable, however, and the mine failed, thus leaving people with the idea that there was no gold in Maine. This impression is, however, false.

The gold in this region is in dust form; that is, small particles instead of ore. A few nuggets are found, some worth as much as \$75, but these are unusual. This dust has been

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Songs, Sachems, Story Start Saturday Powwows

By P. SUTRO, Jr. B

Last Saturday we had the first formal campfire of the season. At 7:30 we all marched out to the point where we heard the monotonous sound of the tom-tom beaten by one of the counsellors. We sat down in the council circle. Then Mr. Frank lit the Central Fire of the Great Spirit with four fires for each of the four winds. Then we all sang *Roar, Wildcat Roar*. Then suggestions were made by the sachems for improvements around camp, and Cam Scarlett read the amusing camp log.

After that Dean Miller continued his exciting story about a boy in the south sea islands. Then we marched back as we had come, looking forward to the next campfire.

Maroons Gain on All Fronts First Communique Reveals

From the minute that the first blood is drawn until the final count is made, the announcement of the Maroon-Grey score is a high point of the week. The results of each week's struggle on all fronts are kept secret until the Saturday night campfire, when the revelation of the all-important figures brings elation into fifty hearts and gloom into as many more. Each side then gives a long Kawanhee yell for the other, and the two captains exhort their men to further effort. This week's score, the season's first, was Maroons 672, Greys 488.

Windle Beats Bobbing Braves, Dean Miller Begins Story

By J. HARRIS, Jr. A

Last Tuesday night when all the dinner plates had been cleared off the tables, Coach Wise beat on the tom-tom and announced that at 7:15 all the lodges should come to the Rec Hall. So, promptly at 7:15, Barrington blew on the bugle and soon the Rec Hall was filled to capacity. After we were seated, Coach Wise called the Eagle Lodge up and told them to stand in a circle while he swung a long rope with a boxing glove at one end on the floor. When the glove was swung at your feet you had to jump so it wouldn't hit you. But if you were hit, you were immediately directed to your seat. This kept on until every lodge had played the game. Then Mr. Frank swung the rope for the counsellors and they went down right and left until Keith Thwaites emerged victorious. Then all the lodge winners got in the circle, Mr. Frank being the twirler, and everybody was shouting and pulling for his lodgemate. Soon, however, the circle was no more except for Chuck Windle who received the highly popular prize of a candy bar.

Mr. Frank then had the lights put out and Dean Miller, the popular story teller, began a new story about a Polynesian boy called Mafatu.

Ex-Kawanhee Counsellors Seek New Worlds to Conquer

Every summer, Kawanhee makes new friends in the form of counsellors who are in camp for the first time. This is a pleasant experience. But, also, on the first day of camp, it is discovered that some of Kawanhee's old friends are not to be back. This season, for various reasons, many of the men who were in camp last year were not able to return.

Dr. Frederic Heimberger, who has spent eleven years in camp in the aquatic and woodworking departments, is now teaching a graduate course in political science at Ohio State University, Columbus. As far as Kawanhee is concerned, the Heimbergers — Fred and Betty — would do well to return.

Mr. Howell Windle is teaching in summer school at the University of Pennsylvania, interrupting six years as range instructor. Mr. Raymond Spence, notable for starting the present camp shop in 1928, now has an industrial position with the government.

Bill Weld, a ten year man at Kawanhee, head of the tennis department.

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Midgets Midgets Will Not Be; Change Their Name to Jr. C

By M. DAVIS, Junior C

There are not going to be any more Midgets in Camp Kawanhee. For a long time the Eagles and Falcons have had this name. It was not a very good name. This year we decided that we who live in the Eagle and Falcon Lodges have had this name long enough. We think that only very little boys should be called Midgets. If we were very little boys, we could not come to camp. The Eagles and Falcons had a meeting to decide what our new name would be. We voted between "Cubs" and "Junior C s". All of us but one voted for Junior C s. At the campfire Saturday night, Morrill Bott told the whole camp about our new name. Everybody agreed that it was a good name. So please do not call us Midgets any more.

THE WIGWAM

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Knocking Holes in Darkness

By R. C. FRANK

I came across the following story the other day in a book by Joseph F. Newton.

As a small boy Robert Louis Stevenson was frail and often had to stay in his room in bed, week after week. He loved to look out of the window and watch the lamp lighter lighting the lamps in the streets at night.

"What are you doing, Robert?" asked his nurse, who caught him watching one evening.

"I'm watching the man knocking holes in the darkness," replied the young boy.

"After all, what is all of our education," goes on Dr. Newton, "our science and our religion too, but so many ways of knocking holes in the darkness of ignorance, fear, misery and hatreds."

Right here in camp we need a lot of lamp lighters going around knocking holes in the darkness.

Here is a boy who is thoughtless, never thinking about the rights of others and, because of this, he does not get along with the other boys. The only trouble with him is that he is just surrounded by darkness and needs to have a lot of holes knocked into that darkness, so that other people can really see him and so that he can see the other fellow. He needs to let in the light of friendship, and in order to have friends you must be a friend. Let in the light.

Today the world is filled with hatred and wars. Almost every country is fighting some other country. Why, we are all just in the dark. What a lot of light would pour into this old world if each country just followed the golden rule, doing unto other countries as they would that other countries should do unto them.

Yes, the whole world today needs not only each one here at camp, but every person in the world, going around knocking holes in the darkness of world problems so that the

Ex-Counsellors

(Continued)

ment last year, has been called for military duty. John Marble, who has spent four years in the athletic and aquatic departments, is now working for a lumber company in Dixfield, Maine. Bob Johnson, who has been succeeded as head of the aquatics department by his brother Howie, is now at the Naval Air Base, Jacksonville, Florida, working under Gene Tunney in physical training.

Fran Luoma is instructing canoeing in a camp on Cape Cod, having spent two years in this position at Kawanhee. Tom Cole, in the nature department for four years, is in an army training camp. Bill Allison is with the Eastman Kodak Company. Last summer was his second as head of scouting. Bob Duffey, after three summers in handicraft and archery, is completing his master's degree at Ohio State University. George Haney is teaching summer school in Columbus. He was in camp last summer as head of the athletic department.

Bob Paterson, tennis assistant and score keeper, is now a timekeeper in the State Highway Department of Ohio. Phil Drake, bugler and motor boat tender, is also with the State Highway Department. Tom Benua is working in his father's business, Bob Smith is in training at an ROTC Camp near his home in Columbus, and Bob Page is in summer school in Oswego, New York. Wally Peper, last year's camp secretary, is with the Lamont Corliss Company in New York City. Russ Thompson, of the boating department, was unable to be at camp this summer because of his work with the YMCA.

Sunday Morning Service

The Sunday morning Church service was held in the Rec Hall with Coach Wise delivering the address. As his theme he chose "Planning Your Course," and he urged that the result of an action be contemplated before acting hastily. Preceding the talk a trio, composed of Mr. G. R. Frank, Mr. R. C. Frank, and Mr. Harold Myers, sang two selections, and Mr. Myers and Mr. R. C. Frank sang the inspiring *Calm as the Night*. The scripture was read by Ted Huntington, and Murray Chism led in the responsive reading.

light of peace, the light of good will and friendship may come into the world. Then and only then may we expect lasting peace.

Premiere of Prince and Pauper Makes Name for New Director

The Prince and the Pauper—a play in four scenes, adapted from the novel by Mark Twain, presented by the Footlight Knights under the direction of John Adams in the Berry Theater, July 11, and including the following cast:

The Prince.....	D. Trowbridge
The Pauper.....	N. Evans
Sir Hertford.....	J. Lupfer
Sir St. John.....	J. Lennan
The Hermit.....	D. Wambaugh
Miles Hendon.....	T. Huntington
Ruffians.....	L. McCandless, L. Bugbee,
	W. Davis, H. Erf
Guard.....	C. Tuttle
Servants.....	C. Stallman, F. Harrah,
	C. Jaeger, Robt. Miller, P. Schurman

To the fanfare of the newly reorganized Kawanhee Orchestra, the Footlight Knights made their annual bow in one of the most ambitious productions ever to grace the local boards. This performance, marking the debut of Kawanhee's new producer, John Adams, was notable for smoothly-paced direction and handsome costumes. In the simplest terms, the play set forth the well known tale of Prince Edward and Tom Canty, and of the strange adventures which befell them when they changed clothes and stations in life. The production was fortunate in its principles, for Nick Evans and Dave Trowbridge carried the main burden of the action with assurance. The scene in the ruffians den was undoubtedly the climax of the show, for Bugbee and McCandless delivered their rowdy lines with gusto and Wambaugh turned in an effective impersonation as the crazy hermit. In the second scene, the colorful costumes of the servants and their elaborate ritual of serving the Prince's dinner made a striking picture, while Joe Lupfer was a convincing and amusing embodiment of a well fed nobleman. A capacity audience was loud in its appreciation of Mr. Adams and his actors, and the stage managers, C. Henry and J. Fraser, must come in for their share of praise for an outstanding success.

The evening's bill was rounded out with the orchestra's featured number, *Do I Worry*, and the Lodge stunt of the Beavers. The whole program was introduced by Read Murphy, as Master of Ceremonies.

Vesper Service

For the first time this season, the evening vesper service was held at Bass Rock. Dean Miller spoke, and stressed the fact that, although we are alone, we can escape neither from ourselves nor from others. As the sun was setting in all its glory, everyone joined in singing *Day is Dying in the West*.

Tiger Sluggers Trim Yanks; Bosox, Cards Are Winners

By R. CHISM AND F. HENRY

Under a blazing red hat and the early morning sun, Mac, the nurse, grooved a sizzling over-arm pitch across the plate, and the first game of the American League '41 season between the Yanks and the Tigers was on. The Tigers won the toss, and chose the field. The last of the second saw the game's first score, one run for the Tigers. Then, in the fourth, Slager, of the Yanks, hit a homer with three on. A tremendous six run Tiger splurge in the fourth, followed by one run in their halves of the fifth and sixth gave the Tigers the winning total of nine runs. The Yanks scored one more in the fifth, a homer by Dezer with one on in the seventh made the final score 9-7 in favor of the Tigers.

Batteries:

New York...Stocking Fay
Detroit.....S. Whitney Jaeger

The Boston Red Sox, aided by Ken Licht's homer, defeated the Athletics to the tune of 7-5.

Batteries:

Boston.....Licht Goodhart
Philadelphia..Yardley Gager

St. Louis' strong Cardinal team defeated the Dodgers in a game featured by Howie Johnson's two homers. The score was 9-7.

Batteries:

St. Louis...Thwaites, Johnson . A. Miller
Brooklyn...Garrison Lennan

Swimming Tests Passed, July 1- July 13

COVE

Junior C
M. Davis F. Jones R. Lamb
L. Miller

Junior B
J. Hanna P. Schurman P. Sutro
C. Tuttle

LAKE

Junior C
F. Jones M. Umpleby

Junior B
W. Davis H. Erf N. Evans
T. Griley T. Magruder Rich. Miller
T. Pyke D. Quilligan J. Smith
C. Stallman

Junior A

T. Bateman R. Borg I. Bouton
W. Brewer J. Campbell D. Cochran
C. Davis R. Donaldson E. Frazer
W. Gager N. Goss A. Griswold
J. Harris C. Henry F. Huntington
J. Lennan N. Nelson J. Prestele
W. Ruggles D. Swift J. Tobin
R. Tracy D. Trowbridge R. Ward
W. Whitney V. Williams

Senior

L. Bugbee R. Chism C. Dezer
J. Garrison R. Goss F. Henry
H. Hirschland H. Landis K. Licht
J. Lupfer A. Maisonpierre L. McCandless
J. McHugh A. Miller J. Morrison
R. Sargent D. Wambaugh

Achievement Levels Passed, July 1- July 13

HANDICRAFT

Junior C—First Level
R. Bruce T. Brydon M. Davis
R. Lamb J. MacLaughlin M. Umpleby

Junior B—First Level
C. Jaeger J. Puccinelli P. Schurman
P. Sutro

Junior A—First Level
R. Borg J. Evans C. Henry
Robt. Miller J. Moores S. Price
J. Tobin

Senior—First Level
L. Bugbee J. Campbell D. Cochran
E. Davis C. Dezer T. Huntington
H. Landis J. Lupfer A. Maisonpierre
L. McCandless R. Sargent

NATURE

Junior B—First Level
W. Davis C. Drinkle H. Erf
J. Hanna F. Harrah C. Jaeger
C. Pace P. Schurman P. Sutro
C. Tuttle

Senior—First Level
L. Bugbee E. Davis C. Dezer
J. Garrison R. Goss W. Hirt
H. Landis J. Lupfer A. Maisonpierre
L. McCandless J. McHugh A. Miller
J. Morrison D. Wambaugh

Maroons Dunk Greys in First Water Meet of Season

With a boom of the cannon and a sputter from the *Pete*, the Maroons and Greys splashed into the first water meet of the season Saturday afternoon. As in all Kawanee water meets, there was color, excitement, and humor too in the various events.

The Junior C (formerly Midget) balloon race was a combination test of muscle power and air pressure, with Malcolm Davis demonstrating his proficiency in each area. In the 25 yard free style, Nick Evans lived up to last year's reputation when he showed his heels to the whole Junior B pack. The senior canoe bobbing race was enlivened by Henry Hirschland, who apparently regarded it as an in-and-out race; at least he and his canoe rarely found themselves of one mind.

The traditional climax of every meet, the Maroon-Grey War Canoe race, lacked some of the thrills that come late in the season when both teams are better trained. This time the Maroons came in two lengths ahead, which made the final score 107 to 43 in their favor.

Individual winners were as follows
Junior A Freestyle Race...N. Nelson, M.
Senior Canoe Singles Race...R. Goss, G.
Junior C Balloon Race...M. Davis, M.
Junior A Rowboat Doubles with Coxswain
R. Donaldson, C. Henry, J. Tobin, M.
Junior B Freestyle...N. Nelson, M.
Senior 100 yd. Freestyle...F. Henry, M.
Junior B Canoe Doubles
D. Quilligan, J. Smith, G.

Junior A In-and-Out Race...J. Campbell, R. Ward, G.
Diving...N. Nelson, M.
Senior Canoe Bobbing...T. Huntington, M.
Freestyle Relay Race...Maroon Team
War Canoe Race...Maroon Team

Cubs Down Giants in Opener Indians, Reds Victorious

Miss Fast, camp nurse, pitched a slow ball across the plate to open the 1941 National League Season in the stifling heat of the afternoon of July 14. The Chicago Cubs defeated the New York Giants by a score of 10-7 in the opening game. The Cubs started strong and their steady hitting continued throughout the game to bring them a victory. As the game progressed the Giants' hitting became stronger, but it failed to overcome the Cubs' lead.

Batteries:

Chicago...R. C. Frank Puccinelli
New York...Whipple, Bud Miller

In a thrilling nine inning game, the Indians finally overcame the Chisox, who had taken an early lead, 6-5.

Batteries:

Cleveland...F. Henry C. Davis
Chicago...Ford, R. Chism Griley

The heavy-hitting Cincinnati Reds, with Ethan Davis' home run, easily defeated the Pirates 10-1.

Batteries:

Cincinnati...Dean Miller Trowbridge
Pittsburg...R. Bittenbender ... Griswold

Swift River Gold

(Continued)

washed down by the stream, and lodged in crevices between rocks, where it is covered with gravel. The method of recovery is panning, which consists of placing the materials containing gold in a pan and washing off the lighter sand, so that the heavy gold will remain. This process is rather slow, but yields good results. As much as \$400 has been taken from one "pocket" of Swift River, and it is estimated that over \$50,000 has been recovered since its discovery.

Geologists tell us that the gold in this region is mostly glacial, brought down and deposited by the huge ice sheet which covered this section ages ago. Old prospectors, however, stick to the idea of a mother lode—a vein of ore through which the stream has cut. And who knows but what somewhere on the other side of Mt. Tumbledown, in the dense forests from which Swift River rises, there is not a vein of quartz, yellow with gold—the mother lode from which comes Swift River's wealth? Perhaps some day it will be discovered—even, possibly, by a trip from camp. A fortune would reward its finder.

Variation

ARRIVED: W. Thompson of Lowell, Mass. to take over his duties as camp photographer and assistant in dramatics.

PUNK FROM THE LOG

Well, shiver my timbers and call me a quaking aspen! That Log's here again! When it remained blissfully silent last Saturday, there were some who thought that it might have completely mouldered away—and high time! Quite to the contrary, there is a little sap in the old stick yet. Last week the Loggerhead had merely seized the auspicious occasion of Kawanhee's twenty-first birthday to retire and write his memoirs, which will be published in due time under some such title as *Twenty Thousand Years over a Hot Clipboard* or *The Eggs I've Laid*.

* * *

The bubbler fountain on the Rec Hall porch has the hiccups again. Woe to him who doesn't get his drink when it hics, and dodge when it ups!

* * *

The opening of camp can be dismissed with the simple statement that everything went exactly according to schedule. The train was late. Andy Yaus arrived and asked when his first allowance would be paid. Murray Chism arrived with duffle bags under his eyes, after spending a night in the Eastland Hotel with such restful personalities as Jones Harris and John Campbell. Peter Yaus arrived and every toad fled, croaking, to the hills. Lawrence Miller and Johnnie MacLaughlin glanced briefly at their beds in the Eagle Lodge, then filled their canteens, assembled their fishing tackle, girded on their cooking kits and announced that they were ready: (a) to sleep out, (b) to cook out, (c) to play tennis, (d) to go on the Allagash trip, (e) to go fishing, (f) to start shooting on the range, (g) to go sailing. All of us in camp collected sticks as big around as our elbows and as long as our middle fingers. We went to Council Point. Mr. R. C. Frank called for Chief Kawanhee. Mr. R. C. Frank called for Chief Kawanhee again. Mr. R. C. Frank called for Chief Kawanhee for the twenty-third—nay, verily, for the third time, if we may borrow the climactic style peculiar to the Chief. Just then we heard Chief Kawanhee's Squaw out on the lake, telling him in some strange tongue, but no uncertain terms, not to get his feet wet again this year. Chief Kawanhee arrived with another new version of the welcoming speech, on which he can produce variations as numerous as those

which Barrington plays on the theme of *Retreat*. And then we all went to bed. The first half of the camp season was over.

* * *

A moment of unique confusion came to Charlie Dezer, as he and Ted Huntington were choosing the Grey and Maroon teams.

Murray Chism, in advising him, said, "I think you should take Drinkle, and then Erf."

"Wouldn't it be simpler just to take bicarbonate of soda?" asked Charlie.

* * *

The whole camp is puzzled by the problem of how Curt StockingbutcalmeSox manages to shave in the shower room. Part of the time the answer is quite simple. He doesn't! When he does, however, certain complicated gymnastics are involved. He enters the shower room on all fours and then, with his back to the mirror, rises just as far as the sloping roof will allow. The next strategic move is to bend his trunk forward and down until he reaches a position where he can look straight into his face in the mirror from between his legs. With his head in this inverted position, he has a tendency to trim his hair as a goatee and to leave eyebrows on his chin.

* * *

The laundry went out on Monday and stayed out most of the week, much to the embarrassment of Ted Nelson who, not wanting to play favorites, had sent *ALL* his socks. When the laundry did come back, it put the counsellors in a quandary. After taking one look at their heroically starched white ducks, they realized that they must choose between fracturing their legs or shattering their trousers, come Sunday morning.

* * *

No matter how harmoniously the camp may be running, there are always a few who are the victims of serious misunderstandings. The Log, whose cardinal purpose is that truth should prevail at all times, would like to present a few of these unfortunate creatures to you in their true colors.

Charlie Lamborn, first of all, has been mistakenly accused of allowing his new dignities as a counsellor of the Eagles to go to his head. Nothing of the kind has happened. You see, after Charlie has ricocheted

his skull off the lodge lantern for the umpteenth time each day and spent each rest period reading the adventures of Unc' Billy Possum and Peter Rabbit, he just can't help running, lipperty-lipperty-lop, up the Crooked Little Path to the Gurgly Old Fort on the Hill.

Of Ralph Lucas we can only conclude that he must be misunderstood or he would not sit alone in the Rec Hall, soulfully playing *Oh, Promise Me* to himself on the piano.

As for Mike Umpleby, it is a downright libel to say that he deliberately spit in the eye of another Falcon. All that Mike did was to invite the other Falcon to watch him accomplish the difficult feat of spitting through a knothole. Could Mike help it if the other boy acted upon Mike's chance remark that the best view of the performance might be had by applying the eye to the other side of the knothole through which the spitting was to take place?

The Eagles were the victims of another misconception when someone spread the belittling rumor that they had turned into robins. This was all the result of the scene which was observed at the Eagle table the other evening. It appeared to some imaginative individuals that the six birds at that table were tugging worms out of the ground, or out of their dishes, with all their might. Every now and then, a worm would snap and backfire in the eye of the robin or Eagle or what-have-you. Is that any reason for defaming the mighty name of Eagle? How do you eat spaghetti at your table?

For a misunderstood baseball team, we nominate the Pittsburg "Privates", as Art Griswold dubbed them.

The most misunderstood animal in camp is that critter on the archery target. It isn't a moose. It isn't a cow. It isn't a kangaroo. It isn't a camel. Well, we'll bite. What is it?

Walt Barrington and his alarm clock are the source of the most general misunderstanding of all. According to popular belief, he totes that alarm clock around in order to wake himself up before he blows *Reveille*. Actually he sets it to go off just as he finishes the last note of that remarkable call. And that explains a number of things which have puzzled us early in the morning.