



The Wigwam



Volume VII, No. 3

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 24, 1941

New Boating Dept. Features Trips, Tags, Thwaites

By R. CHISM, M. C.

This year rowboats and canoes are under the vigilance and guidance of Keith Thwaites, Kawanhee's new boating instructor. Under his direction, boating levels, regulations, and privileges have been revised with a special eye to the care and handling of the boats. Also, an extensive fool-proof check system has been devised, consisting of a master check board holding a tag for each camper. When a boy goes out in a boat, his tag is shifted to the canoe or rowboat board, being placed on a hook having the same number as the boat taken. Thus, the beach guard knows exactly who

(Continued on Page 2)

Panorama, Cold Spring Reward Arduous Conquest of Blue

By H. ERF, Junior B

On Monday afternoon, July 14, sixteen boys left camp in the truck to climb Mt. Blue. Upon arriving there we jumped out of the truck, all eager to reach the tower at the top of the one and a half mile climb. After climbing half way we arrived at a ranger station. There we stopped and took a sip of the ice cold water from a spring. We discovered that the last half of the climb was a great deal rougher than the first.

Finally, through the pine trees, we saw a small cabin with the American flag waving over it. A short distance from that we sighted the forty foot tower that we wanted to climb. We went up the steps of the tower to a small room. A ranger was there and he pointed out Rumford, Mt. Bigelow, Webb Lake and other places. He said that he could see 120 miles that day, but Mt. Katahdin was not visible.

After leaving the tower we went into the small cabin where we found a bed of pine needles. We finally began our journey downward, stopping only at the ranger's cabin. Soon after we arrived at the base of the mountain, the truck came to take us back to camp. The first mountain trip of the summer was loads of fun.

Quartz, Tourmalines and Lunch Reward Toil of Diligent Mineralogists

By T. PYKE, Junior B

Friday the seventeenth, the boys in the Polecat, Pine Tree and Birch Lodges, who had passed the first level in Nature, went on a mineral mining trip. We left at ten o'clock in the morning. After we had ridden about forty-four miles we came to the mica mine. There we climbed around in a rock quarry where we found pieces of mica and green tourmaline and many other minerals common to Maine. It was soon lunch time. The cook had put up a fine lunch for us and it tasted good after climbing up, down, here, there, and all over the rock dump after minerals.

After lunch we climbed into the camp truck and rode to a rose quartz mine in Albany. There, just a year ago, they had mined rose quartz and beryl, and there was a huge hole in the ground. The caretaker wouldn't let anyone take any of the beryl or quartz, but we could buy specimens.

After we left the rose quartz mine we went to Perham's mineral shop. There we could buy some of the other minerals that we had not found. He sold the stones very cheaply. He also showed us some beautiful and interesting ones. A piece of smoky quartz that he showed us was worth five hundred dollars.

We came home just in time for supper, having had lots of fun on a successful mineral trip.

Levels Double Maroon Lead

The outstanding event in the Grey-Maroon competition, the track meet, caused some doubt as to who would be in the lead when the score was announced at the Saturday night campfire. Had the Grey track victory put them ahead of the Maroons? The actual announcement of the score set Maroon minds at ease, since it showed that they had doubled their lead over the Greys during the past week: Maroons, 1494; Greys, 1064. The Maroon advantage is due to the greater number of achievement levels which they passed.

Visit to Nova's Training Camp Highlights Jackman Trip

By L. BUGBEE, Senior

Duffle bags, food, flit and kettles packed, the camp truck, loaded with twelve boys and three counsellors, left camp on Monday morning and headed for Jackman, one hundred and twenty miles away. Bingham, a small town in northern Maine, was the first pause, where Perley Durgan, the camp guide, joined us.

Reaching Jackman, we drove to the starting point, Attean Lake. Bates, Dick Bittenbender and Perley packed the food into their canoes and gave the order to shove off. We paddled up Attean Lake for about two and a half miles, when we came to a camp for adults. We walked up to the main lodge, and were greeted by the proprietor, who showed us around.

(Continued on Page 3)

Lamborn Leads Lambs Astray, Tilton Finds Narrow Way

By C. DRINKLE, Junior B

Monday afternoon, July 13, the Mt. Bald trip left. It was composed of twelve younger and less experienced campers with three counsellors, Chuck Lamborn, Dave Tilton, and Mr. Prestele. When we arrived at the bottom of the mountain, we walked across a field and started the climb. The winding forest trail was marked by rags tied on tree branches, and the trail across the bare rocks on top was marked by piles of stones. We stopped to rest several times on the way up because we were tired. Those in front got more of a rest because they had to wait till the others caught up. Near the top there was a marsh which some of the boys played in.

Our supper, which we ate on the mountain top, consisted of sandwiches, cookies, and oranges. When we started down, Lamborn did not find the forest trail. But rags were soon sighted and Tilton finally found the trail. At the bottom Bates was waiting for us in the truck. We rode back along the bumpy roads and arrived in camp about half an hour before *Tattoo*.

THE WIGWAM

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

Acting Editor M. CHISM, Sr. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF

R. LUCAS, Sr. C. C. SCARLETT, Sr. C.
R. MILLER, Jr. C. R. CHISM, M. C.
F. HENRY, M. C. T. BATEMAN, Jr. A.

What Price Honor?

By ROSS MILLER, Sr. C

At a Boy Scout circus recently, several hundred boys pledged to be honorable: "On my honor, I will do my best." Honor is the most important thing about anybody. To save your honor is to save yourself; to lose it is to lose everything. Honor is pledging yourself whole-heartedly to do the best you know.

Real men are always held tight by the best they know. Men are not for sale. It's slaves who put themselves upon the auction block for a price. But someone says, "Everyone has his price." Metternich, the European politician, said so years ago. Raise the ante high enough and even a man with "honor" will sell out. So speaks the cynic. But those, who throughout human history have done the most for men, were not for sale at any price. Temptation came to Joseph to sell out to his mistress. Said she: "The master is away from home. He'll never find it out." But Joseph's master was his honor; and that master was at home. "How can I do this thing, and sin against God?"

The world comes to depend upon those people whose honor has no price tag on it. There is no price tag on a gentleman's honor. Madame Curie gave her discovery of radium to society because her honor prompted her to. Dr. Carver, the negro, is giving the magnificent results of his research with peanuts and sweet potatoes for the benefit of his race, because his honor won't let him sell out. Jesus, too, refused the devil's bribe. Only honor can hold us true, when, hit by the storm, we tug at our moorings and threaten to break loose. Only honor can steer us straight out into lanes of service and kindliness.

When Paul asked God the question, "What wilt Thou have me do?" God replied with an answer clear and authoritative. Paul knew exactly what God meant when God said, "Arise. Go into Damascus. Share

New Boating Department (Continued)

is out on the lake. On each camper's tag will be listed the levels he has passed, which determine the extent of the area in the lake in which he is allowed. These regions are: Greenhorn, in the cove only; Hunter, and Explorer, in more extensive areas.

Keith also has planned a number of unique projects. In order to find the deepest part of this end of the lake, boats will be rowed, paddled, or towed by fish-line-dropping campers. The Seniors will compete in a canoe-camping contest. At another time, ten bottles, some with and some without clues, will be dropped in this end of the lake, for a treasure hunt.

Not all boating activities, however, are carried on in camp. This year canoe trips of all kinds are on the list. Kawanhee canoe trips are all accompanied by Perley Durgan, an expert Maine guide.

With all these activities and projects in the offing, the tags on the master check board will be shifted many times, and boats and campers will receive a thorough workout.

Morning Service

The Sunday morning service was held in the outdoor chapel by the lake on Council Point. Dean Miller preached the sermon, using as his subject that highest of human qualities, honor. It is this sense of honor which distinguishes man from the lower animals. The scripture lesson, from St. John, was read by David Tilton.

what you have. Others, Paul, are just as deserving of that great story you have as you are; others, too, have a right to the best you possess." Men are equal before their Creator. Talents, to be sure, are distributed unequally; but Democracy and Christianity stand or fall upon this ideal: that Man is a child of his Maker; each stands equal before God.

But, you ask, what evidence is there that all people are equal? Well, facts show us that Genius plays no favorites. God distributes talents in strange, out-of-the-way places. Marian Anderson, one of the world's greatest singers, is a Negro. Caruso was Italian. Dr. Noguchi was a Japanese. Einstein is a German. Men are obviously equal before God. Others are as deserving as we are of the good things we happen to inherit. Our blessings are obligations to be useful and kind.

Mystery, Myers, Mephisto Make Maximum Merriment

The Feed Store Mystery—a farce in one act by Howard Reed, presented by the Footlight Knights under the direction of John Adams in the Berry Theatre, July 18, and including the following cast:

Henry Gibbons J. Bittenbender
Lemuel Peck E. Davis
Mr. Philburt R. Murphy
Westley Meadows C. Windle
Townsend Knowles A. Miller
Martin Peeples R. Bittenbender
Alvin Hawes W. Barrington
Bert Bevins F. Henry
Keeper Jenkins D. Wambaugh

For the farcical *Feed Store Mystery*, Director Adams had assembled some of the best theatrical talent in camp. If the star must be chosen, it would have to be Murphy, the escaped asylum inmate who thought himself a great detective. But Ethan Davis was perfect as the sleepy old checker player, while Dick Bittenbender and Walt Barrington pulled down many a laugh with their witty impersonation of the pompous sheriff and his portly deputy. In fact the entire cast played their parts so ably as to keep the audience in merriment from curtain to curtain.

A rousing long Kawanhee rose spontaneously from the audience at the Friday night show as Hal Myers, the old Hal with his big smile and rustic accent, stepped from behind the curtain. It came as a surprise, as Hal is just visiting camp, but any old Kawanhian can tell you that, with Hal as Emcee, no show night can fail.

The Crows' Nest stunt, the first number on the program, featured Keith Thwaites in a dream induced by Lawrence's plum duff, in which Ross Chism and Jack Ford, as St. Peter and his unholy confrère from down under, staged a post mortem dispute over the possession of certain Kawanhee celebrities. The stunt was a model for years to come, and Ford's Mephistophelian antics gave a convincing demonstration of what we hope won't happen to us.

The program was rounded out with the playing of the popular *Dolores* by the orchestra, and a rendition in the best virtuoso style of *The Arkansas Traveller* by pianist Larry Bugbee.

Vesper Service

For the Sunday vesper service, the camp met on Council Point. The Reverend Carl H. Elmore, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Englewood, New Jersey, spoke on the characteristics of the set of laws which it is necessary for a person to lay down for himself to make life a success.

Yanks, Reds, Bosox Defeat Indians, Dodgers, Tigers

BY R. CHISM AND F. HENRY

In a thrilling extra-inning game the New York Yankees defeated the Cleveland Indians by the score of 11 to 9. The Indians pulled ahead in the first and held the lead until the Yanks tied them in their half of the second. The Yanks turned the tables in the third and held their lead until the seventh, when Howie Johnson hit a four-bagger with the bases loaded, tying up the old ball game. The Yankees opened the eighth and couldn't be stopped until they had scored twice, the Tribe failing to score.

Batteries:

New York...Stocking Borg
Cleveland...F. Henry Drinkle

The heavy hitting Cincinnati Reds defeated the Dodgers 12 to 5 for their second straight win.

Batteries:

Cincinnati...Dean Miller ... Trowbridge
Brooklyn...Garrison, T. Huntington, Licht
..... Pace

The Detroit Tigers were easily defeated by the Boston Red Sox 10 to 5. Steve Whitney made himself known by his wise-cracks and distinctive pitching.

Batteries:

Boston...Dean Miller Goodhart
Detroit...S. Whitney, T. Huntington
..... Jaeger

Chisox Crush Athletics Giants, Cards Win

At 9:00 on Monday morning the slugging Chisox defeated the Athletics by the score of 22-6. The Chicago club got a flying start with four runs in the 1st inning, and when they pounded in four more in the second and five in the third with no signs of weakening the outcome wasn't hard to guess. Roger Frost, subbing for the Sox, came through with two homers. The Athletics had a big second inning, scoring five of their six runs then. This game was the first win for Chicago and Philadelphia's second loss.

Batteries:

Chicago...R. Chism Griley
Philadelphia...Yardley Magruder

The Pirates and the Giants had an evening fracas out on diamond number three with the Giants coming out two runs ahead, 8-6.

Batteries:

New York...Bud Miller Drinkle
Pittsburgh...R. Bittenbender .. Griswold

The St. Louis Cards staged an easy 14-3 victory over the Chicago Cubs.

Batteries:

St. Louis...Johnson Hanna
Chicago...R. C. Frank Puccinelli

Achievement Levels Passed, July 13-July 20

AQUATICS

Junior C—First Level
M. Davis J. MacLaughlin L. Miller
Junior B—First Level
T. Griley C. Pace
Junior A—First Level
W. Whitney

HANDICRAFT

Junior B—First Level
E. Goodhart F. Harrah
Junior B—Second Level
E. Goodhart F. Harrah
Junior A—First Level
N. Evans J. Fraser N. Goss
N. Nelson D. Swift

Junior A—Second Level
N. Evans J. Fraser N. Nelson
D. Swift

Junior A—Third Level

C. Stallman

Senior—First Level

J. Lennan

Senior—Second Level

L. Bugbee T. Huntington H. Landis

J. Lennan L. McCandless

Senior—Third Level

T. Huntington

NATURE

Junior B—First Level
E. Goodhart J. Puccinelli T. Pyke

J. Smith P. Strachan

Junior A—First Level

W. Brewer J. Evans F. Huntington

G. McHugh J. Moores S. Price

W. Ruggles R. Ward

SAILING

Junior A—First Level
T. Magruder W. Ruggles

Junior A—Second Level

T. Magruder

Senior—First Level

J. Garrison V. Williams

Senior—Second Level

J. Garrison

WOODCRAFT

Junior A—First Level

D. Cochran

Greys Take First Track Meet

Under a bright, hot sun, last week, the Maroons and Greys held the first track and field meet of this camp season. It opened with the grueling cross-country race, in which the holes, logs, and rocks behind the baseball backstops acted as obstacles.

Another interesting event was the Junior C baseball throw, in which several of the contestants threw the ball with plenty of force, but definitely in the wrong direction. A thrilling relay race, which the Greys won easily, closed the meet.

This final event added to the lead already gained by the Greys, who won the meet and avenged their aquatic defeat by a score of 156 to 107. First places were as follows:

Cross Country.....C. Windle, M.
Junior C 50 yd. Dash.....R. Lamb, M.
Junior B 50 yd. Dash.....H. Erf, M.
Junior A 75 yd. Dash.....R. Ward, G.
Senior 75 yd. Dash.....K. Licht, G.
Junior C Baseball Throw...R. Bruce, M.
Junior B Baseball Throw...C. Stallman, G.
Junior A Baseball Throw...J. Moores, M.
Senior Baseball Throw...C. Dezer, G.
Junior C Broad Jump.....M. Bott, G.
Junior B Broad Jump.....T. Pyke, G.
Junior A Broad Jump.....R. Ward, G.
Senior Broad Jump.....K. Licht, G.

Jackman Canoe Trip

(Continued)

There were many things of interest, including a freshly caught batch of lake trout, mounted deer heads, guns for shooting bears, and finally a huge shell used for shooting moose and bears. Then we were on our way to a camp site about four miles up the lake. Arriving there, we had a supper of baked beans, pork and oranges, after which we found a site for our pine-bough beds.

The next morning we cooked a tasty breakfast of oatmeal, cocoa, bacon and toast. We paddled across the lake, landed our canoes, and began our five mile hike to Lou Nova's camp. When we reached his island by motor boat, we were greeted and taken to the lodge. Soon we met Lou and marvelled at his tremendous build, as he stood smiling and shaking hands with all of us. Keith Thwaites asked Lou if some pictures might be taken. This took quite a long time, but Lou was very gracious and obliging. A little later he took us over to his wood chopping pile and we watched him for a long time. When asked when the fight was to be held, he said, "Sometime in September, but the date is not yet set." After we had spent about three-quarters of an hour on the island, we headed back for camp.

That afternoon, we broke camp and started the long trek to the head of Moose River. After a hard paddle of seven miles down Moose River, we come to a huge windy lake which we had to cross. Paddling directly into the wind, it seemed to take two minutes of hard work to move only four feet. Finally we reached the camping place and prepared a supper of beans, ham, pineapple and cocoa. The night proved comfortable and everyone slept soundly. The next morning we packed our belongings, ate a hearty breakfast, paddled across the lake and climbed into the camp truck. After a long ride, we were thankful when the familiar sign, "Camp Kawanhee for Boys," came into view.

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Cincinnati	2	0	22	6	1000
St. Louis	2	0	23	10	1000
Chicago	1	1	13	21	500
New York	1	1	15	16	500
Brooklyn	0	2	12	20	000
Pittsburgh	0	2	7	19	000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Boston	2	0	17	10	1000
Chicago	1	1	27	12	500
Cleveland	1	1	15	16	500
Detroit	1	1	14	17	500
New York	1	1	18	18	500
Philadelphia	0	2	11	29	000

PUNK FROM THE LOG

Once upon a time there was a boy named Webbie Davis. Webbie was a fine, brave lad, so brave that he could tame snakes with his bare hands. If there was one thing he loved more than snakes, it was nurses. Faithfully he visited Adhesive Tape Lodge to see Mac and Marge each day, taking little offerings to show his admiration, candy or, perhaps, a nice juicy worm which he had won in single combat from Steve Whitney or some enraged robin. He was, in fact, the nurses' own true knight.

One day, as he watched the fair Mac going about her work of mercy, Webbie spoke out. "Dear lady, what you need is someone to take care of you. Let me come and guard the Hospital through the long night."

"How strong and brave you are, Sir Webbie," replied the lady, leaning 'way down to rest upon his stalwart shoulder. "Guard us this night and we shall fear neither bear nor wildcat."

"B-b-b-bears, did you say?" gulped Webbie. "I thought you'd just want me to protect you from the savage mosquitoes and the fierce bees."

"Eeeeee!" shrieked the heroine, leaping gracefully into the rafters and waving her arms like windmills. "Bees! Get 'em out of here."

"There, there," he soothed. "I will protect you." And he smote himself a mighty blow upon his manly chest.

When he picked himself up from the corner where the mighty blow had knocked him, Webbie set forth to clear the surrounding territory of possible assailants before nightfall. He fought a brisk skirmish with the chipmunks in the wood pile and defeated some sapsuckers in a pitched battle back in the woods. Emboldened by these triumphs, he dashed through the darkling wood, shouting defiance to all such savage creatures. He became so engrossed in telling them what he would do to them, that he entered the dangerous precincts of the Crooked House with no thought of the horrors which might lurk in that lair of Lamb and Yaus. Onward he strode, nearer and nearer the weird structure, and never heeded the shadows that closed around him. At last his foot was on the very threshold. He stepped in. And then —

A hideous snarl froze our hero in his tracks. From a dark corner a monstrous, shadowy form sprang forth, menacing him with fang and

claw. But Webbie was not daunted. Heroically he steeled himself for what was about to happen, — while backing out the door. Another blood-curdling roar smote his ears. Webbie crouched to spring. The shaking and creaking of the Crooked House warned him that the enemy was about to attack. With that, Webbie charged — straight back to the hospital, valiantly shouting his battle cry, "Help, help! A bear, a bear! It jumped at me out of a crack."

After our hero had been restored by the tender ministrations of the nurses, he set out once more, this time with a band of heavily armed counsellors, to rid the Crooked House of its dangerous inhabitant. It proved to be a ferocious wood-chuck, fully six inches long and already slaphappy from dodging counsellors behind the wood pile.

* * *

Why is Keith Thwaites? You are not the only one who has been puzzled by this strange phenomenon. You are not the only one who has wondered why the mighty New Zealander, from time to time, seemed to be suffering so acutely for no immediately observable reason. The Log has at last found an adequate explanation in the sensitiveness of Keith's soul. You have all heard of two persons whose spirits are so completely in harmony, whose hearts and minds are so intimately akin, that no injury can come to one without the other sympathetically suffering the same pain. Just so is it with Keith and his canoes. Whenever the prow of a Kawanhee canoe is rammed against an inhospitable shore, no matter how near or far away, Keith feels his own nose grating in the gravel. When a paddle bangs against a gunwale, he feels the blow on his own ribs. So, if sometime you see Keith sitting peacefully and comfortably on the shore and suddenly he leaps high into the air with a yelp of pain, you can be quite sure that somewhere, somehow, a canoe has scratched its bottom.

* * *

For many years there has been a crying need for an authoritative dictionary of the Kawanhee language. Preliminary to undertaking this monumental work of compilation, the Log submits the definitions of a few words and terms which are absolutely essential to any understanding of the tribal lingo.

Bull session. Something produced by spontaneous combustion through the action of a Bittenbender on one or more counsellors.

Center Hill. A place where Eagles and Falcons go to be rained on.

Counsellors' meeting. A weekly session, held to produce in all counsellors a state of reasonable confusion, by means of the Chief's explanation of Mr. Bryant's clarification of Mr. Goodwin's elucidation of the Chief's interpretation of Mr. Bryant's review of Mr. Frank's statement.

The Hospital. A place devoted to nursing the kids and vice versa.

Inspection. A clean-up period each morning, specially designed to inspire campers to go to the Fort.

It. A specific term used to designate everything that was "brought up" in Sachems' meeting.

Junior C. A new name given the Midgets, to prove the old saying that a rose, to say nothing of a wood pussy, by any other name would smell as sweet.

Letters home. Something without which, or a reasonable facsimile of, our Sunday night suppers aint.

Master Camper. A boy with a head of hair for Junior Cs to get into.

Raffle. An exercise in mathematical ingenuity on the part of a counsellor; a demonstration of the fact that 2 and 2 make 3, 5, 6 or any number but 4; usually most vigorously stimulated by ice cream.

Rest hour. An infinitely variable period of time set aside each day to allow the Junior Cs to introduce the required amount of sand into their beds; something that starts when we feel wide awake and ends as soon as we feel sleepy.

Sachems' meeting. The place where "It was brought up that —."

Sign-ups. An intricate arrangement whereby we pick a place where we won't want to be when the Chief tells us it is where we should be after he has found us any place else but.

Sweep. Move a part of the beach from one area of the lodge floor to another, preferably just under the next bed.

Sunday Beach. A place Junior Cs are taken when no one can think of any place else.

Supper. The refreshments served during inspection announcements.