



The Wigwam



Volume VII, No. 4

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 31, 1941

THWAITES AND MATES PADDLE THE MOOSE

By E. DAVIS, Senior

In the three days beginning with the breakfast bell of July 21, a group of Senior and Junior A campers, led by Keith Thwaites and George Beckett, travelled by truck to Long Pond near Jackman, by canoe from Long Pond down the Moose River to Rockwood on Moosehead Lake, and from Rockwood back to camp by truck.

Early Monday morning, all of us who were making the trip, climbed into the truck. The long ride was broken by stops at Farmington and at Jackman, where the trailer loaded with canoes had been left for us by the trip of the preceding week. The first night's camp was made on the shores of Long Pond.

Next morning we were off to an early start and set out across Long Pond. After four miles of easy lake paddling, we reached the mouth of Moose River. We went down stream for approximately two miles, encountering quite a few rips on the way. We had our first portage at the remnants of an old dam. Next we found ourselves in some good, fast rapids.

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Bicephalous Photography Dept. Finds Enlarged Lair

By C. DAVIS, Junior A

At last the new dark room is open. It has been built in the large green barn out on Pine Point. There is much more room here than in the old dark room. There is even room for a second dark room, which may be fixed up later. The equipment has been moved from the old dark room, which was located in the Rec Hall and will now be used by the nature department for stone cutting.

The two heads of the photographic work are Bill Myers and Bill Thompson. There is plenty of material; enough developer for everyone, printing paper on the way, and a good enlarger, which is already installed and ready to go. Anybody who is interested in photography must be sure to go out for it, because it is a lot of fun and we can do good work now.

Maroons Hold Static Lead

As the season approaches the half way mark, the developments on the Maroon-Grey front seem to have reached a kind of impasse. The Maroons have kept their lead, the same lead, oddly enough, that they held the week before, 430 points. On Saturday night the Maroons had the total score of 2086, and the Greys, 1656. The annual flood-tide of achievement levels, however, has not yet begun to flow, and this is always the decisive factor every year.

BOTANISTS BRANCH OUT, BECOME LAPIDARIES

By G. GOODWIN, Jr. C.

One of the most interesting trips which leaves camp is the one which stops at Perham's Mineral Shop in South Paris, Maine. Those who take the trip are always fascinated by the rocks and minerals displayed, and marvel particularly at the gems cut and polished from native Maine minerals. These gems, mounted in rings and pendants, make beautiful jewelry. This year, however, due to a recent addition to the nature department, campers will be able to cut and polish their own gems.

The new addition is a gem-cutter. It consists of a diamond saw, which is used for cutting flat surfaces and roughing out gems, and several grinding and polishing wheels for producing a polished surface on the stones. With this apparatus not only can such objects as paperweights and desk ornaments be fashioned, but stones suitable for beads and rings can be cut as well. Using the rough gems that he finds on a mineral trip, a boy may produce from them objects limited only by his skill and imagination. And having cut and polished his stones, he may take them to the shop and set them in a ring or bracelet which he has made there.

The primary purpose of the new equipment, however, is to polish specimens for mineral collections. Under its magic, common stones may be transformed into objects of beauty,

(Continued on page 3)

CARDS DELIVER GOODS, THRUST REDS BACK

By R. CHISM, M. C.

In the twilight of July 28, St. Louis and Cincinnati, two powerful undefeated teams, came together and fought it out. The Cards went scoreless in the top of the 1st. The Reds, in their half, came across with one lone tally scored by Irving Bouton, a tally which loomed mighty big and imposing until the 1st of the 4th, when the Cards bunched their hits and scored Thwaites. The Reds failed to score in the 5th but the Cardinal stickmen again hit, scoring Howie Johnson for their second run. The 6th inning, scoreless, was a mere calm before the tempestuous 7th. The Cards had a precarious one run lead beginning the last frame, but Thwaites thwacked a homer with one aboard. When the Reds failed to tally in their last chance, the final score stood at 4-1 for the Cardinals, who remain at the top of the league.

Batteries:

St. Louis . . . Johnson A. Miller
Cincinnati . . . Dean Miller . . Trowbridge

Underneath the Falls at Coos Bathing Suits Get Heavy Use

By W. DAVIS, Junior B

Last Sunday at 2 o'clock, the camp truck started off with a whiff, bang, boom. We were on our way to Coos Canyon at last. When we got there, we put on our bathing suits, felt the water, and then went in. Howie Johnson dove off the highest cliff (about 25 feet). We swam about thirty minutes and then the fun started. We were going upstream against the current to the falls. When we got upstream to the falls, Mr. Bateman found a big pocket in the rocks full of small fish. We caught a few in our hands and then let them loose. We played around a while in the rushing water of the falls. At last came the sad moment for the boys of Kawanhee. It was time to leave. We got on our clothes and started for home. We reached camp in time for dinner. That was the end of a perfect day.

THE WIGWAM

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All Those Little Things

By JOHN ADAMS, Sr. C.

The other day, when we were in a cat-boat, Jim Garrison pointed to the gaps between the canvas and the boom. "In a racing sloop," he said, "you couldn't have those little openings. You'd even have to do something about the rim of space between the rope and the eyelet it goes through. Little things like that win and lose races."

Little things win and lose all kinds of races. The champion isn't a person who does one big thing well. He's the chap who does a lot of little things with care, patience, and ability. Thomas Edison, Luther Burbank, Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Harmon, Don McNeil, each achieved greatness in his particular field by mastering little things. Each reached his goal by traveling over a road paved with little things.

This is true in camp life too. Look at the outstanding camper. That number-one boy is not a leader because of any one big achievement. No, he is a good camper because he has been successful in little things. In the little every-day experiences of camp life, he has learned to think of the other fellow as well as of himself. He has learned teamwork. He smiles often. He enjoys working on his achievement levels. He is never satisfied with anything less than his best effort in anything that he does. He does big things—yes. But every big achievement is a combination of successes with little things.

An onlooker once marveled at the speed with which a great circus tent was going up. "I don't see how you do it," he told the roustabout.

"Can you pound a stake, Mister?" said the roustabout.

"Sure," was the answer.

"Can you tie a knot?" pressed the workman.

"Sure. Who can't?" replied the other.

"Well, that's all there is to it. Only you gotta be darn good at it."

Moose River Trip

(Continued)

Perley Durgin, our guide, brought out his pole and poled his way down the rapids. The rest of us had to jump out of our canoes to guide them through, but it was all good fun.

We had lunch at one of the many camp sites along the river. After eating, we hopped into our canoes again. We hit more rapids and then came into a stretch of smooth water. For about ten miles we paddled across Brassua Lake until we finally came to Brassua Dam. We portaged the canoes across the dam and camped beyond it for the night.

We made a fairly late start the following morning but, as the major part of the canoe travel was behind us, we did not have to hurry. We soon paddled out upon the waters of Moosehead Lake and on to our goal, the town of Rockwood. It looked dreary and deserted and not like the busy place that it was before the famous Mt. Kineo House, which stood just on the other side of this narrow strip of the lake, was torn down.

There Bates and the truck picked us up and we drove to The Forks, where we left the canoes. After one other adventure, running out of gas on the road into Weld and pushing the truck over the hill, we arrived in camp after Taps.

Sunday Services

For the Sunday morning service the campers and visitors gathered at the hillside chapel beside the lake. After Dean Miller gave the invocation, we sang *For the Beauty of the Earth*, which was followed with a prayer led by Jack Ford. After the reading of the scripture lesson by Frank Henry, and the singing of another hymn, Steve Whitney delivered the address.

The Sunday vesper service was held in the Rec Hall instead of at Bass Rock. Coach Wise led the singing of two hymns, after which Dean Miller led in prayer and gave the talk.

Camp life is a matter of little things—as little and as important as are stake-pounding and rope-handling to the circus. To be a successful camper, a fellow must be darn good at the little things. An accumulation of little successes means that big things have been licked too. Today—now—here—how a boy handles the little experiences of camp life decides how rich and worthwhile his summer shall be.

Knights Present Indian Nuts, Hot Tom-tom, Lynxapoppin'

Indian Nuts—a one-act farce by Monte Kleban, presented by the Footlight Knights under the direction of John Adams in the Berry Theater, July 25, and including the following cast.

"Gyp" McGonigle Jones Harris
"Lefty" Lewis Norval Goss
"Killer" Kelly David Fay
"Dutch" Schwartz Jack Smith
Mr. Barnes Bud Miller
Muzzawawah David Tilton
Gitchylungo Ross Chism

The Kawanhee Footlight Knights presented a triple feature program Friday night with Hal Myers as Master of Ceremonies. There was a round of applause as the curtain went up on the main feature, *Indian Nuts*, revealing a colorful, well constructed set. John Adams and his stage hands, Bob and Curt Davis, Joe Fraser, and Chuck Henry, are to be congratulated. In keeping with the set, a fine performance was given. The audience was well entertained, as it watched four tough young campers, played with great conviction by David Fay, Norval Goss, Jones Harris, and Jack Smith, expose two bogus Indian chiefs, who turned out to be authentic robbers worth \$500.

In past years, Hal Myers was famed as the hottest drummer in camp. Friday night he again took the sticks in hand and beat out a bit of rhythm to the tune of *One, Two, Three, Four*. Not to be confined to a couple of drums and a cow bell, Hal hit everything on the stage from light reflectors to chair rungs.

The Lynx Lodge stunt lived up to its title, *Lynxapoppin'*, by popping all over the house, while a "thrilling melodrama" took place on the stage and the audience roared. This pleasantly cockeyed act ably continued this year's tradition of outstanding lodge performances.

Lake Temperature Tested at Dunking Hours

A unique nature project is being carried out this summer by Bill Gager, Junior A. It consists of measuring and recording the daily temperature of the lake in the swimming area before the camp.

The following table summarizes his results for the week beginning July 21. The three recordings for each day were taken at the hours of morning dip, morning swim, and afternoon swim.

	7:30 A.M.	11 A.M.	4 P.M.
Monday	72	76	77
Tuesday	73	77	78
Wednesday	73	76	78
Thursday	74	79	77
Friday	74	80	80
Saturday	75	80	79
Sunday	74	76	77

Tigers Claw Indians, 6 to 4. Tribe Slumps into Fourth

By F. HENRY, M. C.

Monday morning, the Cleveland Indians dropped a close one to the Detroit Tigers. The Tribe scored the first tally in the 1st. The Tigers came through with one in their half of the 2nd, tying the game up. The Indians again took the lead in the 3rd after F. Henry doubled and Wise smacked out a homer, making the score 3 to 1. In the first half of the 5th, F. Henry poled a long one into right field for a four-bagger to make the score 4 to 1. Huntington led off for the Tigers in the 5th with his round trip for the day. Hirt followed him with a triple, and was knocked in by Pitcher Whitney's mighty home run. Thus, at the end of the 5th inning, the game was tied up again, 4 to 4. The Indians came up in the 6th and went down, 1-2-3. But the Tigers came through with two runs to put them in the lead, 6 to 4. The Indians again went down, 1-2-3, in the 7th, ending the ball game. An interesting feature of the game was a triple play by Wise, J. McHugh and Bateman.

Batteries:

Detroit.....Whitney Jaeger
Cleveland....Henry C. Davis

National League Games

In the National League, the Giants and Dodgers battled through a run-spattered game, the former winning, 18 to 8. In a close thriller, the Chicago Cubs barely managed to nose out the Pittsburgh Pirates, 8 to 7.

American League Games

In the American League, the Yankees, with homers by Tilton and Dezer, shutout the Athletics, 20-0. The Red Sox came from behind to score 13 runs in the 6th to defeat the Chicago White Sox, 18 to 12.

Gem-cutting Inaugurated

(Continued)

and the true beauty of minerals brought out. Quartz, when cut, sparkles like a diamond, and jasper and lepidolite show beautiful structure when polished.

In the vicinity of camp there are many mineral deposits. Semi-precious stones such as garnets and zircons are found, and the tourmaline mines at Paris, Maine, are among the most famous in the world. With the equipment which the nature department now possesses any boy with the luck to discover gems and the skill to polish them can fashion for himself a ring or ornament of which he may justly be proud.

Achievement Levels Passed, July 20 - July 27

AQUATICS

Junior C—First Level
T. Brydon R. Lamb
Junior B—First Level
T. Pyke J. Smith
Junior A—First Level
J. Campbell N. Evans

ATHLETICS

Junior C—First Level
T. Brydon
Junior C—Second Level
M. Umpleby
Senior—First Level
E. Davis T. Huntington
Senior—Second Level
T. Huntington

HANDICRAFT

Junior C—First Level
F. Jones
Junior B—First Level
C. Drinkle H. Erf P. Strachan
A. Yaus P. Yaus
Junior B—Second Level
C. Jaeger P. Strachan
Junior A—Second Level
N. Goss Robt. Miller J. Tobin
Junior A—Third Level
D. Swift
Senior—First Level
E. Frazer R. Goss W. Hirt
A. Miller
Senior—Second Level
E. Frazer A. Maisonnier

NATURE

Junior C—First Level
T. Brydon
Junior B—First Level
T. Griley
Junior A—First Level
N. Evans J. Fraser T. Magruder

SAILING

Junior B—First Level
N. Evans D. Fay C. Stallman
Junior A—First Level
D. Cochran
Senior—First Level
R. Davis J. Lupfer
Senior—Second Level
R. Davis J. Lupfer

WOODCRAFT

Junior C—First Level
T. Brydon F. Harrah T. Nelson
P. Yaus
Junior A—First Level
S. Price V. Williams

Maroon War Canoe Snatches Water Meet from Greys

In a hard fought water meet whose outcome was in doubt until the deciding event of the war canoe race, the Maroons nosed out the Greys by a score of 82 to 71.

Individual winners were as follows:

Junior B 25 yd. Freestyle... J. Smith, G.
Senior Canoe Singles Race... J. Garrison, G.
Junior C Kickboard Race... T. Brydon, G.
Junior A Freestyle Race... N. Nelson, M.
..... W. Ruggles, G.
Junior B Rowboat Doubles with Coxswain... T. Magruder, T. Griley, W. Davis, M.
Senior 100 yd. Freestyle... F. Henry, M.
Junior A Canoe Doubles... W. Whitney, R. Ward, G.
Senior In-and-Out Race... J. Morrison, C. Windle, M.
Diving... N. Nelson, H. Landis, T. Pyke, J. Lupfer, T. Huntington, C. Dezer
Junior A Hand Paddling Race... D. Trowbridge, G. McHugh, G.
Freestyle Relay Race... Maroon Team
War Canoe Race... Maroon Team

At the Water Meet

By HAL MYERS

While the Maroons were busy winning Saturday's water meet by dint of a smashing two-length victory in the war canoe event, an even more exciting contest was raging on the shore among various of the female spectators occupying the box seats.

The competition, though unheralded and unscheduled, did not fail to attract attention, and even some interest. Its official name was "Knitting and Crocheting, Free Style."

For a while things were neck and neck between Mrs. Anna Cartmell's bed socks and Mrs. Williams' sweater, but pressure was added upon the entry of Mrs. Doolittle with a beany (commonly referred to as a child's woolen cap, the contestant told reporters later).

Thoughts of a photo-finish were abandoned in the closing stages of the straightaway, however, as the last minute appearance of Mrs. Ross Miller put the outcome beyond doubt. Calmly, and with complete assurance, she set up a 3 ft. by 4 ft. wooden frame, stretched over it an expansive piece of burlap, and took up operations with a large gimlet and a length of rope on a rug, "to be used in the front hall," she said.

NOTE—Mr. Myers, founder and first editor of the WIGWAM and now on the staff of the Newark Evening News, kindly consented to act as guest columnist and thereby brought to light this colorful, if unscheduled, event.—Ed.

Variation

ENLARGED: The Beaver and Pine Tree Lodges by the arrival of J. and R. O'Connor of Englewood, N. J.

ENLARGED: The Lynx Lodge, by the arrival of A. Reeve, of Englewood, N. J.

DEPARTED: J. Prestele, Jr., to spend the rest of the summer at his home in Englewood, N. J.

DEPARTED: George Williams, senior counsellor of the Lynx Lodge and instructor in athletics for his home in Columbus, Ohio, where he will begin work on next fall's football team at West High School.

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
St. Louis	3	0	27	11	1000
Cincinnati	2	1	23	10	666
Chicago	2	1	21	28	666
Brooklyn	1	2	30	28	333
New York	1	2	23	34	333
Pittsburgh	0	3	14	27	000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Boston	3	0	35	20	1000
New York	2	1	38	18	666
Detroit	2	1	20	21	666
Cleveland	1	2	19	22	333
Chicago	1	2	37	30	333
Philadelphia	0	3	11	49	000

PUNK FROM THE LOG

The beautiful, beautiful dream of the week—Mr. Bryant's shining vision of the perfect rest period. On Sunday morning he shared this lovely dream with the other counsellors.

"Now every rest hour should be a perfect rest hour," he said. "It's all quite simple. All you have to do is have the boys relax. Just have them lie in a comfortable position."

(Ralph Lucas briefly conjured up the picture of Porky Strachan in Porky's own peculiar conception of a comfortable position—curled up like a pretzel, with a flashlight in one loop and a funny book in the other, 'way down at the foot of his bed under the covers.)

"Then suggest, just suggest, that they close their eyes."

(Murray Chism remembered Mike Umpleby's eyes and the only suggestion which ever closed them. It had been delivered by a wasp.)

"Then they will inhale deeply and exhale gently."

(Coach Wise could almost see the Wildcats doing that: Dick Goss inhaling deeply and strangling on his bubble gum; Don Wambaugh exhaling gently—at the top of his lungs.)

"And, finally, have their minds wiped clear of all disturbing thoughts."

(Reid Murphy had a vision of himself, armed with a filling station attendant's little flit gun and cloth, running around the lodge and wiping disturbing thoughts, like squashed bugs, from all those transparent young minds.)

"And that's all there is to it," concluded Mr. Bryant. "You can do it. Let's make every rest period a perfect rest period."

He looked around for agreement. What did he see? Thirty counsellors, all inhaling deeply, exhaling gently, with their minds wiped clear of all disturbing thoughts. The perfect rest hour was a 100% success.

The logicians of the week—the nurses. They ate the cheese out of the hospital mouse trap. When asked for an explanation, Mac answered, "Well, you see, we're always catching ourselves in that mouse trap, so we figured that we deserved the cheese more than those sissy mice who don't even have the initiative to get caught."

The most attractive man of the week—Carl Jaeger. That, at least, was the opinion of those discerning

bugs, the bees of Mt. Blue, who put the stamp of their approval on him, port, starboard, fore and aft.

The most resourceful man of the week—Jimmie Brydon. After the two inch sun fish around the dock had taken his bait for the tenth time, he put a sign on his hook, reading, "No Minors Allowed".

The novelty of the week—T. D. Griley's long awaited radio. When asked what kind it was, T. D. answered proudly, "A convertible." He'll be telling us next that his father drives one of those snappy new portable roadsters.

The shoe on the other foot of the week—well, perhaps the phrase is anatomically inaccurate, but Murray Chism and Peter Yaus will get the point. In fact, they got it.

It was on that famous ascent of Mt. Blue that Murray found Peter yowling like a frustrated timber wolf or Porky Strachan. "Why, what's the matter?" cried Murray in concern. "Something dreadful must have happened to you. Did you miss Mr. Bryant with your bomb-rack this morning?"

"No, nothing that bad," gasped Peter. "A bee stung me."

"Oh, is that all," was the relieved reply. "I'm ashamed of you, making all that fuss about a little thing like a bee sting. Why, a bee sting is nothing at all."

Peter meekly accepted the rebuke and followed his counsellor along the trail. They had not proceeded far, however, when Murray, all of a sudden, leaped high into the air and started to make sounds which would be forgivable if uttered by a red squirrel only because we do not understand the squirrel language.

It was Peter's turn to be concerned. "Oh, Murray," he asked, "what's happened? Did Lamborn swipe one of your funny books?"

"No," sputtered Murray, "a bee stung me."

"Now, Murray," soothed Peter, "you must be a brave counsellor. Remember, you just told me that a bee sting is really nothing at all."

"Yes, but this is different," wailed Murray. "This time the bee stung ME."

The most unexciting discovery of the week—Malcolm Davis' recovery

of his soap when he emptied his laundry bag on Monday. "You know," he remarked, "I thought I'd missed something all week but I never thought of soap. I guess I'll just send it on to the laundry to get the sand out before I start using it again."

The animal of the week—the mouse that went to the Fort. When asked to explain the visit, the little creature haughtily replied, "If a cat may look at a king, a mouse certainly has a right to a glimpse of Steve Whitney once in a while."

The briefest career of the week—Dean Miller's career as a golfer. On Tuesday he made his debut on the links. A few hours and a few hundred strokes later, he retired from the links forever. In his farewell address he stated, "Golf and Religion do not mix. No, I mean, golf and Religion mix too much. I find that they have too many terms and expressions which overlap."

The mathematical marvels of the week—the strange arithmetical operations performed by the Wilton laundry. Peter Yaus sent one and two halves pairs of socks and received, in return, two and one half pairs. Dick Goss, on the other hand, sent a polo shirt and received, in return, what amounted to the square root of the original shirt.

The educational undertaking of the week—Mr. Bryant's attempt to awaken an appreciation of the wonders of nature in the slumbering minds of Junior counsellors. One day, seeing Charlie Lamborn all hurt and disappointed because the other counsellor would not let him take the Eagles for rest hour, the Sage of Kawanhee launched immediately into natural history.

"See that yellow pine," said he, pointing to a white birch. "You'd never believe it, but we get a thousand and one things from that tree. Yes sir, we could make a thousand and one things from that little cedar tree. We get toothpicks from it. We get matches from it. You know, that's where we get our toothpicks. And our matches. And—er—er—toothpicks—and matches—and—. Yes sir, we get a thousand and one things from that little maple tree right there." "Hunh?" said Charlie.