



The Wigwam



Volume V. No. 3

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 20, 1939

Rejuvenated Boy Scouts Seek New Worlds to Conquer

By R. CHISM, Sr.

On July 10, at 7:15 p. m. a strange bugle call sounded through the stately pines of Kawanhee. Immediately a large number of scout-braves sallied forth to the woodcraft cabin, where, under the leadership of Bill Allison and Dick Bittenbender, the first Boy Scout meeting of the 1939 season was begun. As Bill Allison is new at Kawanhee this year, it is to be expected that scouting will be rich with the juiciest of new ideas. To convey a small notion of what is being done, a brief account of the first meeting follows.

After the opening ceremony, consisting of a repetition of the Scout Oath, Gene Tittmann was elected scribe, and Dick Duden, Ross Miller, Jr., Ted Lord and Bobby Jones were appointed patrol leaders. Then followed a short period in which the patrols met and chose their names. Next came a bit of competitive sport, after which a full-sized tent was erected on the cabin floor, just to

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Archery, Swimming and Hiking Interest Ambitious Midget

By D. HOFER, Midget

This is my first year in Camp Kawanhee, in fact, in any camp.

When I came to camp, I did not know how to swim very well. With the good lessons of Perryman—of course, you all know Perryman—I swam the cove before the first two weeks were over. Soon I will swim the lake.

At home, I shot bows and arrows with rubber stickers on the ends. The first day I went to Archery in camp, it was the first time I handled a real bow and arrow. I took aim and let go. Away it went and hit right near the bulls-eye, to my amazement.

One day I climbed Mt. Bald. When I got to the top, I could see Lake Webb to the west. To the east, I saw Wilton. I hope very much to climb Mt. Blue.

Greys Take Lead at First Lap of Annual Contest

The score of the camp teams has been tallied for the first two weeks of the season, and shows: Greys — 420; Maroons — 290. Due to an error in computation, the score announced at camp fire last Saturday night was incorrect and put the wrong team in the lead. Campers earned most of the points during the first two weeks by passing levels. The remaining points were earned by WIGWAM articles and Grey-Maroon baseball games. Only at the end of the season, however, when the score is up in the thousands, will the victorious team be known.

Seniors Seek Culture, Spy on Celebrities at Lakewood

By W. YARDLEY, M. C.

On Saturday morning, about thirty boys, including the Lynx, Wildcat and Crow's Nest lodges, made a trip to the summer theater at Lakewood which is about sixty miles from camp. The occasion was the matinee performance of *Family Portrait*.

A box lunch, made at camp, was eaten along the shore of the lake near the theater. After eating, the boys took a look around the rather Bohemian actors' colony, hoping to see some celebrities.

There was some embarrassment in the theater, when a few of the boys found they were sitting in the wrong seats. Amid laughter from the others they got up and moved to their correct places. The play was a deeply moving one, dealing with the life of the family of Jesus, and the influence of his work upon them.

After the play, a few old campers went back stage to see Clark Kuney, Jr., a former Kawanhian who was a member of the cast.

A little after four o'clock, the camp truck and the two autos carrying the group were on the way back to camp. The boys arrived in time for supper, after having a swell trip and seeing a fine play.

Congested Airways Predicted By Model Plane Enthusiast

By M. MCGUCKIN, M. C.

If, sometime this summer as you make your way across the athletic field, a swarm of buzzing objects obstructs your vision and you begin to be a little concerned about the mosquito situation, look closely and you will see a new activity in full swing. It's the new model airplane class. In case you are a little in the dark about the particulars of this class, I'll enlighten you.

This year many boys have expressed their desire of having a model airplane class here at camp; so with Mr. Frank's and Mr. Piersche's approval, an order was sent to the Megow Model Co. for a number of kits: models of the latest type fighting planes, world war pursuit ships, and even small, hand-launched gliders.

A special bench is being equipped in the shop for this new activity. It is made of white pine so that pins may be easily stuck into it. Pins are

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Kawanhee's New Inhalator Adds to Lake Webb's Safety

By F. HENRY, Jr. A.

The Davis Inhalator, which the camp has recently purchased, is an auxiliary means of resuscitation to the prone pressure method of artificial respiration. It is a method of supplying fresh oxygen to the lungs when breathing is stopped by electric shock, gas poisoning, or drowning. The apparatus is in a compact metal case. It consists of two masks, an oxygen tank, a valve for regulating the oxygen, and a bag which holds the oxygen before it enters the lungs. The oxygen is in the tank under 2500 pounds pressure. There is over an half hour's supply for one person, or over fifteen minutes' supply for two persons. Extra oxygen tanks can be had from the Rumford Fire Department on short notice. The inhalator can revive a person when the prone pressure method fails. It will be kept in the camp office, and is a valuable asset to Kawanhee, Lake Webb and the surrounding territory.

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Creative Camping at Kawanhee

By G. R. FRANK

The program of Creative Camping at Kawanhee this season is offered especially for boys twelve years of age and older. It is a new approach to progressive camp training and a wide departure from the strict standardization of the formal program which is still followed in many camps.

This type of program is individualized and built about the boy, with continual emphasis placed upon his interests, needs and abilities. Under careful supervision, he "charts his own course", makes his own decisions, meets new challenges and reaches out for worthwhile goals. In other words, "his canoe goes as fast as he paddles it, and his bed on trips is as soft as he makes it." He becomes an independent personality and must be so dealt with.

Kawanhee boys first make their acquaintance with the Creative Program through a camper-interest chart, or questionnaire, which they fill out with the coöperation of their parents before camp opens. They check very carefully the activities in which they wish to participate and the things they hope to accomplish. Emphasis is placed upon the fact that a happy and profitable summer in camp involves doing not only the things boys already like to do, but in meeting new responsibilities, acquiring new skills and being conscious that they are reaching a goal worthy of their best efforts. The answers which are given to the questions are not binding to the extent that changes cannot be made after camp opens. On the contrary, changes can be made, if the council staff considers them to be for the best interest of the individual.

Quite often, in fact, a boy has a number of undiscovered interests that cannot be listed in a questionnaire, but which are uncovered as he comes in contact with new activities, meets

New Scouting Program (Continued)

"show how it is done". A reading of the Scout Law closed the meeting.

The above will be the accepted manner of carrying on a meeting. But these ritualistic orgies will not be the only feature of the new era in scouting. Patrol and troop hikes are booked for dates yet unnamed, and the making of equipment and the swapping of ideas will fill many an evening. The possibility of big, overnight war games is being contemplated. A tracking pit in the woodcraft area has been built. This is a sand pit in which footprints, by their position and arrangement, record a particular incident. One troop may put on an event for the whole camp, such as an Indian pageant. Last, but most important, scout tests, perhaps on a competitive basis, will be emphasized, leaving the regular woodcraft periods more open for the hordes of level seekers.

It looks like the star of Scouting is on the wax at Kawanhee, and perhaps as an additional lure, I might say that at the close of the meeting, all indulge in gustatorial solace (eats!).

new leaders, and acquires skill and confidence in new endeavors. This interest-discovery period becomes one of the vital phases of camp life as new horizons open the way to new achievements. We now know that some of the most important learnings that take place in the life of the camper are the new adjustments which cannot be predicted until a boy is brought face to face with the new problems of actual camp living.

There are those of us who can look back on our own childhood and remember things we wanted to do but lacked the personal discipline to drive ahead and make the grade. Again, as we look back, we remember some man for whom we had great respect and admiration, who stepped in just at the right time and supplied the urge needed to push through. The Creative Program capitalizes upon mutual friendship between the individual boy and his counsellor. Often, an added push from the right man, who, in many instances, is a hero in the eyes of the boy, sends a youngster over the first hurdle which was blocking the path. He gains confidence in his own ability and may move on into the next and more difficult achievement, and to a fuller and richer life, because he has a better understanding of himself in his association with others.

Knights' Bill of Fare Includes Signals and Ice Cream

By W. THOMPSON, Jr. C.

Signals—a comedy in one act. Produced and directed by Hal Myers assisted by Elmore McKee, presented Friday evening, July 14, in the Berry Theater, and including the following cast:

Martin Parker Joe Lupfer
Jack Finley Lawrence Bugbee
Bob Finley Malcolm McGuckin
Slink the Rat David Tilton
Officer Murphy Robert Page

The simple plot concerns two boys, Martin and Jack, who arranged an SOS signal to aid each other when in trouble. The signal, "My Uncle Charlie is here," comes in handy much sooner than anyone has expected. A few minutes after Martin has gone home, Slink the Rat, an escaped criminal, breaks in upon Jack. The telephone rings. It is Martin. Jack gives the distress signal, which Slink, covering him with a gun, fails to suspect. Martin, thinking it a joke, carries it out for fun, and brings a cop to Jack's home. Slink is captured, and the boys receive a thousand dollar reward.

This second show of the *Footlight Knights* showed how an extra week of rehearsals can improve a production. The cast was well chosen, with Joe Lupfer putting across the best lines. Bugbee fitted his part well. We can congratulate McGuckin on his performance as Jack's love-sick older brother, Tilton on his menacing characterization of Slink, and Page, who made a quite excellent flatfoot.

A kind of hors d'oeuvre on the theatrical menu was the Wildcat Lodge Stunt. It consisted of a caricature on the radio quiz programs, and was sponsored by the "Vanilla Ice Cream Company". At the end of the broadcast, they proceeded to torture the audience by eating the advertiser's product, which was excellent. I had some!

Vesper Service

Last Sunday the evening vespers were held in the Rec Hall. Dean Miller stated in his sermon that one's most valuable possession is a true friend. He then pointed out how the one vital quality of such a friend may be summed up in one word, "trust"—a trust in which you would go so far as to risk your life, character and reputation. Although all of Dean Miller's sermons have great appeal to the campers, this one on friendship will perhaps remain more deeply rooted than any other. The trio sang "Softly Now the Light of Day".

Reds Run Riot, Down Dodgers Tigers Claw Slumping Yanks

By R. PAGE AND W. SULLIVAN

At 9:30 in the morning on diamond number two, the Cincinnati Reds broke into the win column at the expense of the hapless Dodgers of Brooklyn. The daffy boys from Flatbush jumped into an early lead, but the Reds, paced by the homers of Amison and Bill Weld, came out from behind to put the game on ice. The pitching in this game was unique, as Bob Page and Fran Luoma of the Dodgers' mound corps were both knocked out of the box, and took turns pitching the rest of the game. The final score was 16-8.

Batteries:
Cincinnati...Weld A. Showalter
Brooklyn....Page, Luoma .. Wambaugh

With Mr. Duffey leading his team with a perfect batting average including a home run, a triple, and two singles, the Detroit Tigers gave the New York Yankees (who have most definitely not lived up to their namesakes) a terrific shellacking, 16 to 5.

Batteries:
Detroit.....Duffey Taussig
New York....R. Miller Sr. Rutan

Boston Trims Chicago Sox Giants Nose Out Cubs

On diamond two in first afternoon tilt, the Giants nosed out the Cubs in a see-saw battle that was not decided until the last man was out. The Giants, with the aid of Allison's circuit clout, led off with four runs in the first inning. In their half of the second, however, the Cubs came back strong with six runs and held the lead until the last of the fifth when the Giants went ahead 8 to 6. The Cubs started a rally in the 7th, only to have it nipped by the Giants, leaving the final score 8 to 7.

Batteries:
New York....Marble Gogle
Chicago.....Drake Frazer

At 2:00 o'clock the Red Sox continued their winning streak as they handed the White Sox a 6-1 trimming. The Boston Sox took the lead right from the start as Bill Watson hit a circuit clout with two on base. The Chisox were unable to solve the slants of Bill Watson and managed to garner only one run on an error, while their opponents gathered three.

Batteries:
Boston.....Watson F. Huntington
Chicago....Myers Zipprodt

Variation

ENLARGED: The Pole Cat and Birch Lodges by the arrival of Curtis and Ethan Davis from Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

Achievement Levels Passed July 1-July 15

NATURE

Midjet—First Level

Rich. Barr	N. Goss	D. Hofe
R. Lagemann	R. Watts	P. Yaus
Junior B—First Level		
T. Bateman	E. Donovan	L. Fagan
W. Forbes	W. Hill	F. Huntington
S. MacColl	H. Rutan	P. Taussig
D. Trowbridge		J. Weidman
Junior A—First Level		
F. Henry		J. Morrison

SAILING

Junior A—First Level

W. Sly	E. Tulloss
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WOODCRAFT

Junior B—Third Level

T. Magruder

Midjet—Third Level

L. Bugbee

Campers Clamber up New Trail but Tumble Down Old One

By R. MILLER, Sr.

Last Thursday afternoon the Lynx Lodge and a few Wildcats set out to attempt the new trail on the northwest side of Tumbledown. After a ride in the truck past the head of the lake and part way through the gap, the party arrived at the foot of the trail. The packs were distributed and the expedition was underway.

The first part of the trail was rather steep, proceeding through the woods. The trail then came out into the open and the great cliffs were brought into view. There, a choice of two routes was presented, and the party took the shorter which proved to be by far the more difficult. The trail soon turned into a rock climb stiff enough to prove the mettle of the staunchest mountaineer.

After an exciting climb up the gulch, the first peak was close at hand. Then, after the climb over the two peaks, the end was in sight and supper was cooked by the lake. It was simple and hardy, consisting of ham, eggs, oranges, and cookies. After supper was cleaned up, the boys again set out for the foot of the mountain, this time by the old trail. The fact that the spring was dry made the stream at the bottom even more welcome. A short rest was then taken before the ride back to camp. Thus ended a long-to-be-remembered trip.

Model Airplanes

(Continued)

used to hold parts down while the glue is drying. One of the most enthusiastic of the model fans at camp is David Keating of the Moose Lodge. He has brought several large kits to camp, one of which, the Clodhopper, promises to be an excellent flyer.

Cardinals Walk off Pirates' Plank, Nats Nip Wise Men

At 3:00 o'clock the St. Louis Cardinals and the bold Buccaneers of Pittsburgh tangled in a thrilling contest. The Red Birds took an early lead, but the Pirates led by Estabrook, who hit two homers, came up slowly and then took the lead in the last of the sixth. The Cards staged a rally in the seventh, but fell one run short of a tie, the final being 7-6.

Batteries:
St. Louis....Eddy Lamborn
Pittsburgh...Estabrook Warren

At 3 o'clock, the Washington Senators beat the Cleveland Indians by a score of 6 to 2. With the score tied up at 2 to 2 and the bases loaded, Tommy (Slugger) Bateman walloped out a terrific double to drive in the two deciding runs. The Senators then went on to win easily from the Coach's not so wise Wise Men.

Batteries:
Washington...R. C. Frank Swan
Cleveland....Schieber ... W. McGuckin

League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
New York	2	0	13	11	.1000
Cincinnati	1	1	20	13	.500
Chicago	1	1	13	13	.500
Pittsburgh	1	1	12	12	.500
St. Louis	1	1	22	13	.500
Brooklyn	0	2	19	32	.000

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Boston	2	0	12	4	.1000
Detroit	2	0	24	10	.1000
Washington	2	0	14	9	.1000
Chicago	0	2	8	14	.000
Cleveland	0	2	7	14	.000
New York	0	2	8	22	.000

Boating Notice

Campers taking out boats and canoes are required to give their mail box numbers to the Beach Guard who places a tab on the corresponding numbers on the check-in board. If it is a canoe, the Beach Guard uses a tab marked "canoe", or one marked "rowboat" in case of the latter. When a camper checks in, he beaches his craft and brings his oars to the oar house. Failure to do this results in temporary loss of boating privileges. This new system has made the withdrawal and return of boats much simpler and quicker.

Sunday Morning Service

Because of disagreeable weather, the morning worship service was held in the Recreation Hall instead of the customary location at the point. The sermon was delivered by Hal Myers, who chose as a subject, "Who Is God?" The responsive reading was led by Phil Drake, and Malcolm McGuckin read the scripture lesson.

PUNK FROM THE LOG

There is a much loved camp institution, known as letter day. The time has come, the *Log* believes, to record some of its wonders.

It is, let us say, Wednesday afternoon in the Eagle Lodge. Everything has been running promptly and smoothly—promptly and smoothly, that is, according to one counsellor's version of the new afternoon schedule for midgets. Yet a sense of incompleteness hovers in the air. Something is lacking. Enlightenment strikes. It is letter day. Paper and pencils are retrieved from various unlikely hiding places and the Eagles drape themselves in acrobatic positions over trunks and suitcases as they abandon themselves to the ecstasy of composition. The counsellor, just to be in on things, starts pecking on his typewriter. A brief silence is soon lost in animated conversation.

Frank: Aw, gee. I don't know anything to write about.

Russel: How do you spell *dear*?

Counsellor: *D-e-a-r*. Why don't you tell about going in swimming, Frank?

Don: How do you spell *plaque*?

Russel: Is the *a* before the *e*?

Counsellor: *P-l-a*—No, the *e* comes before the *a-r*,—*q-u-e*.

Frank: How do you spell *swim*?

Don: *P-l-a-e-a-r-q*—What did you say comes after the *q*?

Counsellor: *S-w-i-m*. It's *q-u-e*, Don.

Bobbie: How do you spell *send*?

Don: *P-l-a-e-a-r-q-s-w-i-m-q-u-e*?

Counsellor: *S-e-n-d*. *P-l-a-q-u-e*, Don.

Don: *P-l-a-e-a-r-q-s-w-i-m-q-u-e-s-e-n-d-p-l-a-q-u-e*. Gee, what a long word.

Russel: I don't think you spelled *dear* right. *D-q-w-r* looks funny.

Bobbie: Is this enough? "Dear Mother, Please send me a dime. Sincerely yours, Your loving son, Robert."

Frank: I'm finished too.

Counsellor: Oh, don't you think your mothers would like to hear more than that? Why don't you tell how we won inspection this morning? It's *d-e-a-r*, Russel. Don, listen to me, it's *p-l-a*—No, Peter, the stem on that letter goes up. It's *d*, *D*—*q-u-e*.

Don: Oh, gosh. I don't see how you expect me to write this letter if you spell that word differently every time. Now you say it's *p-l-a-d-d-q-u-e*.

Counsellor: No, Don, *p-l-a*—

Frank: "We—won"—how do you spell *inspection*?

Counsellor: *I-n*—No, Peter, it doesn't go up that far. You want a *d*, not a giraffe.

Don: *P-l-a*—then what?

Frank: What comes after *i-n*?

Counsellor: *I-n* what?—*q-u-e*.

Frank: *I-n*—you know, Hawk Eye and Eagle Eye and candy bars.

Counsellor: Oh,—*s-p-e-c-t-i-o-n*.

Don: Well—*what*?

Counsellor: What do you mean—*what*?

Don: Now you say to spell *plaque*—*p-l-a-i-n-what-q-u-e* and I don't know what *what* is.

The door bursts open and Johnnie Marble appears.

Marble: Why aren't these kids having their rest period?

Counsellor: They had it. It ended at four.

Marble: Oh, no. That's been changed. It ends at four-thirty.

Counsellor: Then it must have been changed again.—Peter, if you must make that a capital E, it has only three thingumabobs on the side, not five.—Now the rest period begins at three-twenty and ends when the regular swim begins.

Marble: No, that was yesterday.

Now the special swim begins at three-thirty and the—

Russel: Do you spell *dear d-e-r-a*?

Bobbie: Do you put the stamp on this corner or that one?

Counsellor: No,—*e-a-r*, Russel—But I'm positive that rest period ends when—Peter, if that word is *dear*, the *e* and the *a* both go on the same line. Bobbie, don't seal that letter until I have—

Doug: What day is it?

Counsellor: Wednesday.

Marble: No, Saturday, the Chief has changed them around.

Counsellor: I thought it was Tuesday and Friday he swapped.

Marble: No, he's put them back where they were. Now he's reversed Wednesday and Saturday.

Russel: *D-e-a-r*. Is that right?

Frank: What else is there to say?

Bobbie: Please read my letter now?

Don: How do you spell *achievement*?

Counsellor: Yes, dear,—I mean, Mother—I mean, Russel. *A-c-h*—Didn't you go up Bald last Sunday?—*i-e*—I can't make out that word, Bobbie—*r-e*—I know your mother would like to hear about that, Frank—*m-e-n-t*.

Frank: What would Mother like to hear about—how to spell *achievement*?

Bobbie: That word is *please*.

Russel: Does *Mother* begin with an N or an M?

Marble: I think I'll take that rest period myself. (Exit)

Peter: How do you spell *gaga*?

Counsellor: *N-u-t-s*, Peter. Frank, I'm sure your mother would love to hear how you climbed that rest period—I mean, Mt. Bald. Begin with an M, Russel. If that word is *please*, Bobbie, make the first letter look more like a *p* and less like an *f*.

Don: Will you please address my envelope?

Bobbie: Hurray. I'm the first one done. Now I'll go on with my ghost story.—so when the seventeen awful green things jumped on Frank and me, with twenty-nine swords and fifty-six long bloody knives, we didn't know—

Frank: Oh, gee. That's scary. I'm going to tell Mother.

Russel: Heck. You told me to begin with a D.

Counsellor: Begin what with a D?

Russel: Begin "Dear Mother" with a D.

Counsellor: You mean "Mear Dother", don't you? Shall I send this to your home address, Don?

Don: No, they aren't there.

Counsellor: Well, where are they?

Don: At their summer home.

Counsellor: Where's that?

Don: Where they go in the summer.

Counsellor: Well, where do they go in the summer?

Don: To their summer home.

Counsellor: But what town is it?

Don: Let me see—Oh, I forget—no, it's in—no, I forget.

Bobbie:—and the nine grizzly bears were chasing us down this long, dark tunnel—

Peter: How far down does the tail of a *g* go?

Russel: If *dear* begins with N, what does *Mother* begin with?

Doug: Well, what day IS it?

The counsellor smiles a smile of childish happiness, licks Russel, sticks a stamp on Bobbie's ear, runs Peter through the roller of his typewriter and addresses him to Don's mother. Then he departs to attempt to put himself through the letter slot at the Post Office, under the delusion that he is first class mail.