



The Wigwam



Volume V, No. 7

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 17, 1939

Budding Tennists Train Under Tutelage of Weld and Pat

By D. METCALFE

This season at Kawanhee, tennis has proved to be one of the most popular activities, functioning under the able guidance of Bill Weld and Bob Paterson. Although this season has had its share of wet weather, the Kawanhee courts have enjoyed such conditions as are conducive to good tennis, and much has been accomplished. For example, tennis plays an important part in the new Midget program for the Eagles and Falcons. Every Thursday and Saturday morning these lodges have the sole use of the courts for one hour, and derive much from being taught the essentials of tennis.

It is true that tennis is not an activity in itself, but is combined with track and baseball to form the department of Athletics. If a camper wishes to attain a level in Athletics he must pass certain units in tennis to prove his ability in the game.

At present the tennis department is holding tournaments in the Junior B, Junior A, and Senior divisions. Points are awarded to the Greys and Maroons according to the wins and losses of their respective entrants.

(Continued on Page 2)

Midget and Peek Hole Give Inside Story of Hospital

By R. WATTS, Midget

This year I have stayed in the hospital quite a lot, but I was only there for little things. When I was in the hospital I found out a lot of things. One thing I found out was how to treat a cut and how to take care of a sore throat. I learned a lot of other things but I can't tell you now because it would take too long.

While I was in the hospital, Ruth and Mac were very nice to me and I would like to stay. It is swell in the hospital because you always get ice cream and good nurses. You also get much softer beds.

In the hospital, I had a peek hole that I could look through into the treatment room. I hate to go but I have to.

Greys Increase Margin, Maroons Hold Rally

The score mounts steadily higher and higher as the last minute rush for achievement levels gets under way. And it looks like the Greys are pulling farther and farther ahead of their rivals. The score, as announced by Mr. Bryant at the Saturday night campfire, stood Greys 5657, Maroons 4496, giving Drake and his cohorts a 1161 point lead. But the Maroons are not down by any means. A mass meeting of all Maroons was held in the Scout Cabin Monday to rouse up some of the old pep. All signs augur well for a fast and exciting duel on the homestretch.

Footlight Knights Yield Boards to Puppets

By D. TILTON, Senior

Tuesday evening, August 8, the camp assembled in the Rec Hall for a type of entertainment new to Kawanhee. We saw a marionette show given by Mr. Paul Clemens. The story enacted was *Robin Hood*. Five acts by the marionettes gave almost as complete a story as could be given by real players.

Mr. Clemens was in camp a few days before the show, and gave the midgets a preview of his marionettes. He showed them how he obtained several of the technical effects. During an intermission in the show Tuesday he told us how marionettes are operated and constructed.

Mr. Clemens has his workshop in Hanover, Maine, and has had twenty-five years' experience with marionettes. He travels about the country giving his shows, stopping at schools and clubs during the winter and at camps in the summer. Now he is touring New England. Probably the only man doing this type of work unassisted, he has taken his marionettes into every state of the Union.

He is now working on a production of *Columbus' Discovery of America* for which he is doing a great deal of research work to make it as technically accurate as possible.

Junior B Canoeists Miss No Links in Chain of Ponds

By P. TAUSSIG, Jr. B

We started at seven thirty A. M., August 11, for the Chain of Ponds on the first Junior B Canoe trip of the season. The counsellors who went with us were Bill Watson, Fran Luoma and Bates. We stopped for lunch on the north branch of the Dead River, where we saw rapids. Bates and Fran went up to see if the trail was all right. When they got back, we started off, and soon reached our camping grounds where we set up our tents and laid out our blankets for the night.

When camp was made, we launched the canoes and paddled up the ponds to a place called the Upper Farm, where we had a little swim and a cool drink at a spring. Then we paddled back to camp and ate supper. At about seven o'clock in the evening, some of us went up the road by truck to find a place to take the canoes out the next day. We went as far as Canada, and had some pop.

In the morning, we had a good breakfast and paddled to the end of the Ponds, where we discovered that we had to go about 3 miles upstream to meet Bates. But the stream was too far from the road, so we had to come down again. We were taken up the lake by a motorboat. Then we came home.

Midgets See Bear and Seesaw While Visiting Menagerie

By D. SAWTELLE, Midget

I went to the Farmington zoo. There I saw animals which were proud. I fed the bears animal candy off a stick. I think they like me by now. There were baby rabbits hiding in corners and a bear prowling about.

We had lunch on a little porch on a hill. After that I went to a candy store and bought two lollipops, one grape and the other lime. Then I ran to a seesaw and went up and down with Frank Weidman.

After that we went back to camp. We had fun coming back. I ate a cookie. When we came back there was swim and then supper.

THE WIGWAM

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Kawanhee Counsellors

By H. C. MARSHALL

Parents are vitally concerned with the associates their boys have, the fellows they play with, the teachers at school, the men they admire and want to be like.

At camp a boy eats and sleeps with his lodge counsellor. He works and plays every day with some activity leader. The game he wants to know and the man who coaches it are knit together in the boy's thought inseparably. If the man is the right kind, the best that is in the boy responds. Clean sportsmanship, grit, the impulse to help the other fellow—all the finest traits of personality come out in a boy when he sees them in a favorite counsellor. "Character is caught, not taught."

That's why Kawanhee is concerned about its choice of counsellors. That's why one camp is more successful than another, more helpful, more stimulating, more successful in developing the finest in fine boys. Physical health, mastery at games, a love of nature, a knowledge of woods, ways, and mountain trails—these are the lure to the great objective of camping, the development of personality.

Fathers and mothers will be interested to know that Kawanhee men come from the best colleges in the land, East and West; from Yale, Bowdoin, Princeton, Ohio State, Hamilton, Springfield-Y-College, and others of equal standing. They come from professional experience in boys' club work, in teaching, in school administration, and from the pulpit. They come with the fundamentals and with the latest thing in scouting, with the creative freedom of progressive education and with the fire of high idealism.

Budding Tennists Train (Continued)

Much attention has been placed upon the care of the courts, with the result that they are in as good, if not better, condition than ever before. All this and the addition of new and very much needed equipment has aided no end in attaining what appears to be a most successful summer of tennis at Kawanhee.

Junior B Scrapes to Shape Ship in Shop

By S. MACCOLL, Jr. B

In shop I am making a 15 inch sailboat. First I cut a block of wood 15 inches long. Then I shaped the side of it by using the electric band-saw and a plane. I shaped the bottom of the boat with a spokeshave. I then started to hollow out the inside of the hull. That wasn't an easy job. I had to chisel from the middle to the front, and then from the middle to the back. The top of the boat, which was the deck, came next. I nailed it to the hull, and then sealed it up with white lead. Next I made a mast and a boom by planing down a square stick.

Ma Frank made the sail, and Mr. Duffey made the keel out of lead.

All the boys in our lodge like to work in the shop. David Trowbridge made a writing board with the sign of the New York's World Fair.

Variation

ENLARGED: The WIGWAM staff, by the election of W. Yardley, Master Camper, S. MacColl, Junior B, and R. Watts, Midget.

TO BE DELAYED: The appearance of the WIGWAM, Vol. 5, No. 8, until after the closing of camp on August 26, in order that its record of the final week may be complete.

Tournaments and Contest

A photography contest and chess, checkers, ping pong and horse shoe tournaments have been opened during the past two weeks. Dick Benua, conducting the photography contest, has announced that prizes of 35, 25, and 15 points, plus a box of candy for the winner, will be awarded in each division: Junior B, Junior A, and Senior. Photographs must be turned in by August 19. In the four Rec Hall tournaments, headed by Tom Benua and Murray Chism, 25, 20, 15, 10, and 5 points will be awarded for the five highest in each division.

Bumptious Bohannon Fails to Bungle Amateur Hour

By W. YARDLEY, M. C.

The Kawanhee Footlight Knights of August 11 were honored with the return of Major Blows and the amateur hour. The Major had a fine show, but a little trouble was given him by a rowdy member of the audience, one Bob "Bobo" Bohannon, who seemed bent on running a side show all of his own.

The amateur hour was featured by some very fine imitations by Mac McGuckin, and piano solos by Larry Bugbee and Frankie Harrah. The Coach gave out on two solos accompanied by a ukelele, and Hillis Schieber gave out a fine trumpet solo accompanied by Ralph Lucas. All during the show, the troublesome Bobo heckled the Major with his brilliant, though slightly rustic, humor, but the Major matched him quip for quip. The heckling, however, was put to an end when three brawny Kawanhee counsellors bounced the boisterous Bobo.

The Kawanhee orchestra gave a very good arrangement of *Three Little Fishes*, for an entr'acte piece. The orchestra, besides its instrumental skill, displayed a hither-to unheard of singing ability.

The lodge stunt was a scary one, showing the Pine Tree Lodge on an overnight trip. A bit of trouble was given the boys by a ghost. The brave counsellor, Schieber, thought the commotion was caused by the boys, but a quick glance gave him a different idea. The stunt ended by the whole lodge running as fast as the Chief does on his way down Katahdin.

Morning Service

The Sunday morning church service was held in the outdoor chapel on Council Point. After the processional, Dean Miller gave the call to worship and Bud Miller read the responsive reading. The scripture was read by Bob Bohannon and the address given by Mr. Bryant, who chose as his subject, "Becoming Men."

Vesper Service

The Sunday vesper service was opened in the Rec Hall with the singing of several hymns, including *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, and *Jesus Calls Us*. Dean Miller then delivered the address. His theme was, that it is fun to conceive something not yet created, such as a better character, and then go ahead and create it.

Giants, Cubs in National Tie; Reds, Sox, Senators Win

Wet weather and vacancies left on teams by trips out made it necessary to postpone four games from Tuesday to the latter part of last week. These are the last regular games before the play offs which determine the teams to compete in the series on August 22.

In the National League the postponed games saw the Giants move into a tie with the Cubs for first place by trouncing the Cards 6-5. The Reds downed the Pirates 7-3. The games in the American League left the Senators in a three way tie for first place as they beat the Yanks 7-1. In the other game the Red Sox also moved into first place as they handed the Wise men from Cleveland a 6-4 set back.

Final League Standings

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Chicago	4	1	55	23	.800
New York	4	1	37	32	.800
Cincinnati	3	2	42	36	.600
Brooklyn	2	3	42	71	.400
Pittsburgh	1	4	30	41	.200
St. Louis	1	4	38	41	.200

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Detroit	4	1	55	33	.800
Boston	4	1	31	20	.800
Washington	4	1	39	25	.800
Cleveland	2	3	31	24	.400
New York	1	4	25	48	.200
Chicago	0	5	18	47	.000

Swimming Tests Passed July 29-August 12

COVE SWIMMERS

Junior B			
T. Bateman	R. Button	T. Magruder	
S. MacColl	D. Trowbridge	J. Weidman	
Junior A			
V. Williams	R. Koch		

LAKE SWIMMERS

Junior B			
R. Button		V. Williams	
Junior A			
J. Button		J. Lennan	
Senior			
G. Button			

Greys Swamp Maroons in Second Track Meet

Saturday afternoon the Greys won the second track meet of the season by a score of 117 to 52. First places were as follows:

Midget Broad Jump	C. Henry, G.
Midget High Jump	C. Henry, G.
Midget 50-yard Dash	C. Henry, G.
Midget Baseball Throw	C. Henry, G.
Junior B 60-yard Dash	T. Davis, M.
Junior B Baseball Throw	J. Lupfer, G.
Junior B Broad Jump	S. MacColl, G.
Junior B High Jump	S. MacColl, G.
Junior A 60-yard Dash	M. Kinney, G.
Junior A Baseball Throw	G. Christie, M.
Junior A Broad Jump	C. Windle, M.
Junior A High Jump	F. Henry, G.
Senior 75-yard Dash	W. Sullivan, M.
Senior Baseball Throw	R. Duden, M.
Senior Broad Jump	P. Drake, G.
Senior High Jump	R. Miller, G.
Shuttle Relay	Maroon Team

Achievement Levels Passed, August 5-August 12

AQUATICS

Midget—First Level		
W. Davis	R. Gude	C. Henry
	Rich. Miller	
Midget—Second Level		
	D. Hofe	
Junior B—First Level		
T. Bateman	R. Button	T. Magruder
Junior B—Second Level		
G. Gugle	L. MacCandless	C. Swan
Junior B—Third Level		
G. Gugle		C. Swan
Junior A—First Level		
D. Eagleson		C. Nelson
Junior A—Second Level		
D. Eagleson	C. Nelson	W. Stobbs
	E. Tulloss	
Junior A—Third Level		
	E. Tulloss	
Senior—First Level		
V. Chartrand	G. Eddy	H. Hirschland
D. Tilton		T. Huntington

ATHLETICS

Midget—First Level		
W. Davis	N. Goss	R. Gude
C. Henry	D. Hofe	Rich. Miller
	F. Weidman	
Midget—Second Level		
N. Goss	R. Gude	C. Henry
	D. Hofe	
Midget—Third Level		
	N. Goss	
Junior B—First Level		
S. MacColl		C. Swan
Junior B—Second Level		
T. Davis	S. MacColl	C. Swan
Junior A—First Level		
	S. Smith	
Junior A—Third Level		
	T. Huntington	
Senior—First Level		
	V. Chartrand	

HANDICRAFT

Midget—First Level			
F. Harrah		F. Weidman	
Midget—Second Level			
W. Davis	F. Harrah	D. Sawtelle	
F. Weidman		P. Yaus	
Junior B—First Level			
	R. Button		
Junior B—Second Level			
R. Button	E. Donovan	F. Huntington	
	T. Magruder		
Junior B—Third Level			
R. Button	E. Donovan	W. McGuckin	
Junior A—First Level			
D. Eagleson		C. Windle	
Junior A—Second Level			
D. Eagleson	H. Grunebaum	F. Henry	
C. Windle		J. Wroby	
Junior A—Third Level			
G. Christie	D. Eagleson	C. Windle	
Senior—Third Level			
	R. Jones		

NATURE

Midget—Second Level			
R. Gude	D. Hofe	R. Melcher	
D. Sawtelle		F. Weidman	
Junior B—First Level			
	R. Button		
Junior B—Second Level			
E. Donovan	L. Fagan	F. Huntington	
S. MacColl		J. Weidman	
Junior A—First Level			
	J. Wroby		
Junior A—Second Level			
	E. Brockie		
Senior—First Level			
	G. Eddy		
Senior—Second Level			
H. Hirschland		C. Lamborn	

Senators Survive Sox, Will Play Tigers To Clear Three Way Tie

BY R. PAGE, JR. C.

The drawings for the playoffs in the American League were held in the dining hall Monday at the evening meal. As a result the Senators and Red Sox clashed in the first game while the Tigers will play the winners. The Senators outclassed their opponents in the first game by a score of 13-6.

The Senators' attack led by Bill Weld's homers was too much for the fighting Red Sox as a barrage of base hits left the war clubs of the Nats headed for all corners of the diamond. The game was also full of fine fielding, but perhaps the best defensive baseball was turned in by the Senators as Weld, Cole, and Brockie completed a snappy double killing in the last of the seventh, to quell a rally of the Sox, thus ending the ball game.

Batteries:

Washington	R. C. Frank	Swan
Boston	Watson	F. Huntington

Range Awards, July 29-Aug. 12

Pro-Marksman

T. Bateman	L. Fagan	D. Keating
L. McCandless		W. McGuckin

Marksman

T. Bateman	C. Davis	N. Goss
F. Huntington	D. Keating	L. McCandless
W. McGuckin	D. Trowbridge	J. Weidman
	J. Wroby	

Marksman 1st Class

G. Button	C. Davis	H. Grunebaum
G. Gugle	H. Hirschland	F. Huntington
D. Keating	R. Koch	W. Stobbs
D. Swift		D. Trowbridge

Sharpshooter

G. Button	V. Chartrand	E. Donovan
G. Eddy	C. Nelson	W. Pace
	E. Zipprodt	

Expert Rifleman—First Bar

G. Button	G. Eddy	G. Goodwin
	W. Southworth	

SAILING

Junior B—First Level		
L. Bugbee	J. Evans	E. Frazer
R. Hunter		R. Nichols

Junior A—First Level

	C. Windle	
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Junior A—Second Level

	A. Towt	
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Junior A—Third Level

	S. Smith	
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WOODCRAFT

Junior B—First Level		
T. Bateman	S. MacColl	V. Williams

Junior B—Second Level

C. Swan	J. Weidman	V. Williams
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Junior A—First Level

M. Kinney	P. Lagemann	J. Lennan
C. Nelson	W. Pace	E. Tulloss

Junior A—Second Level

Robt. Barr		P. Lagemann
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Junior A—Third Level

T. Huntington		S. Smith
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Senior—First Level

	V. Chartrand	
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PUNK FROM THE LOG

What would a stranger think of Kawanhee if he wandered through camp, listening to the snatches of conversation which would tantalize his ears as he passed? Let us join such a stranger in his hypothetical journey and see if we are men enough to face his probable conclusions.

As we come down the hill with the stranger, we pass the tennis courts. Ah, there is our first bit of conversation—to be seen rather than heard. On the courts, a tall, lean individual in white shorts—almost as white as they are short—is wigwagging a welcome to us. We are disillusioned, however, when we pause to figure out the semaphore actions of his arms. It is just Bill Weld, telling himself a story—with gestures.

Out on the athletic field, two figures with golf clubs are now within ear shot. The tall, blond one, wearing glasses, swings and a dense cloud of earth, gravel and new mown grass spews up from around the imperturbable ball. The would-be golfer laughs deprecatingly as the dust storm subsides.

"Well, Coach," he says, "I guess I'll have to replace the turf when I'm finished."

"No, Hal," comes the reply. "When you're finished, you'll have to re-turf the place."

On across the rustic bridge we go. That rustic, birch bridge does a bit of conversing itself as it feels our weight, but its remarks seem to have no bearing on the present situation. What it declares in sonorous tones is, "*Bang, bang*, here comes another counsellor, *rumble, rumble*, in from his day off, *boom, boom*."

Realizing that the bridge must have a one track mind, we proceed towards the scout grove. Now we'll hear something really enlightening. There is a counsellors' meeting in progress. The incisive tones of George Frank strike our ears. "Why, he's one of our finest boys," G. R. is stating. "He stands out like a skunk in a fog."

Stimulated on our way by the strength of this statement, we approach the Rec Hall. There seems to be strength of character here as well. A mighty voice re-echoes from the cavernous reaches of the stage. "Chism, Amison, get a move on and fix those lights. Lupfer, Lucas, stir your stumps, you lugs, and get that stage cleared off. Chief, what the heck do you think you're doing, sit-

ting there playing, 'Level, level, who's got the level'? You've got a full morning's work here, just sweeping off the apron of this stage."

A meek chorus of "Yes, Mr. Smith. Right away, Mr. Smith," is followed by the sound of great activity.

Encouraged by this whiff of authority, we turn to the lodges. From the Pine Tree comes the sound of Larry Bugbee, still wondering, "But what does keep the puppets' hair on?"

"Who cares," pipes up Ted Frazer. "The Duke's going to strike tonight."

"I know who the Duke is," contributes Denny McCandless.

"Bet you don't," cries Jim Evans.

"I do too. It's Hal Myers."

"How do you know that?"

"Aw, that's easy. Sure it's Hal. Wasn't he out of the lodge the other night when the Duke left those signs?"

And so on to the Polecat, where a pleasant singing sound seems indicative of complete harmony between boys and counsellors. Approaching more closely, we hear the singing sound resolve itself into the chant of "Alice and Estie, Alice and Estie, Alice and Estie." It is only broken up when Jimmie Fulton suddenly shouts, "Hey, you fellows, the Duke's going to strike tonight."

"I saw the Duke on Wednesday," claims Colby Swan. "Boy, we better look out."

"Aw, everybody knows who the Duke is," says Sonny Williams scornfully.

"Alright, who is it?"

"Why, it's just Estie. It must be because he was out of the lodge the night the Duke left those notes."

The silence of the Panther Lodge is broken by the polite voice of Daisy Trowbridge, inquiring, "Do you mind if my little, pet snakes sleep in your bed tonight?"

"Eeeeeeeeee, take 'em away," roars Bittenbender.

"Better look out, Daisy," remarks MacColl, "the Duke's going to strike tonight."

"Who cares about the Duke," laughs Johnnie Weidman. "It's just Bitt. I know it because he was out of the lodge the other night when the Duke left those signs."

A pleasant patty cake sound is emanating from the Eagle Lodge and then the gentle voice of Peter Yaus saying, "But I don't want to give

Russel hot swats. It hurts my hand. His pants are so hard."

"Do you think the Duke is going to strike tonight?" asks Frank Weidman, blowing on his own hand.

"I hope he does," replies Doug Hofe. "I'll bet the Duke is just Murray, anyway. He was out of the lodge the other night when the Duke left that note on Russel."

And so down through the camp. Only when we reach the Lynx do we prick up our ears at hearing some topic of conversation other than the Duke. Thence are wafted the sounds of serious discussion.

"Ah yes, my boy," Bill Weld is holding forth grandiloquently, "The best, the finest, the most precious things in life all come in the smallest packages."

"Oh, Mr. Weld," remarks Ross Chism in a tone of enlightenment. "Is that why you're so big?"

"Did you know," says Vic Chart-rand, tactfully changing the subject, "That the Duke is—"

To the hospital we flee as towards a sanctuary. There we find Bobbie Watts, with his eye glued to his favorite knot hole, seriously considering a nurse, decked in all her finery, and several equally resplendent counsellors as they go out the door. "You know," he drawled, "I'd like to go on a day off myself. I'd like to see what the counsellors do on them."

"Better be careful coming in," shouts Brewster Beach. "Remember, the Duke is going to strike tonight."

"Don't give me that stuff," sneers Bobbie. "The Duke isn't anybody but Ruth. She was out the other night when all those signs—"

There remains for us only the Fort, that last refuge of all troubled souls. From the splash and gurgle of the shower room, emerge the muted tones of Peter Yaus. "I don't see why we don't take showers every day. Then we wouldn't get so dirty and then we wouldn't have to take showers on shower day."

"But what does keep their hair on," inquires Larry Bugbee, hopelessly, from the other side of the partition.

We could wander on until the wee, small hours, when Bill Allison sings about "Fair Wesleyanna" in his sleep, and such would be the conversations we would hear. But our hypothetical stranger has heard enough to form his conclusions. We wonder what they would be!