



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 15, 1946

GREYS SAIL ON UNCHALLENGED Levels Sink, S. L. S. to Rescue

The score reported on August 10 showed that the Greys had taken another spurt to increase their advantage over the Maroons to 1816 points. At that date, the tally stood: Greys 9258½; Maroons 7442½. With only a week and a half remaining before scoring ends, the Maroons must put in an immense amount of work if they hope to overtake their point-eating rivals.

In many respects the customary distribution of the weekly spoils was turned upside down. The Greys surprised everyone by winning their first water meet. On the other hand the Maroons for once got in the heaviest licks on the Achievement Levels. Each of the two teams accounted for 68 levels, but the Maroons concentrated on the more valuable second levels to bring their total take up to 2245 points. First levels constituted the Greys' largest group, so their level score was only 2115. The hardball games likewise favored the Maroons, for they captured two out of three. It was a delayed report from Life Saving which gave the Greys their boost. Only one additional Maroon had passed the Junior course, while the Greys joyfully boasted of five new S.L.S., as well as five more J.L.S., certificates.

Banquet Date Set. Return Trip To Columbus Settled

The imminence of the end of this highly successful season was made apparent at the Saturday campfire by the announcement that the annual banquet would be held two weeks from that day, on August 24. Scoring activities will end the evening of Wednesday, August 21.

The Western boys will leave Dixfield Monday morning, August 26. They will go out of Boston on the 5 P.M. train and arrive in Columbus at 11 A.M., Tuesday, August 27. Depending on the connection which the pullmans make in Albany, the hour of arrival in Cleveland will be 6:40 or 7:40 A.M. At the date of writing, the Railroad Company had not notified the camp of the final arrangements for the trip to New York.

Chief Bears Kawanhee's Standard To Katahdin's Peak Again

By W. DAVIS, JR. COUNSELLOR

It was 10:00 A.M. on Monday, August 5, that we left on the first Mt. Katahdin trip to go out in five years. Bates' Bouncing Buggy and two other cars furnished the transportation for our group of twenty some Junior Counsellors and Seniors. Our route was via Farmington, Skowhegan, Bangor, Old Town, and Millinocket. During this drive we visited several places of interest, including the University of Maine and the Old Town Canoe Factory. At the University of Maine we examined the campus and saw its gymnasium, the largest in the world when built. At the canoe factory, we saw sailboats, rowboats, canoes, motorboats, paddles and oars being made. All in all it was an educational journey.

Arriving at the base camp at the foot of Katahdin around 7:30, we prepared for dinner. That night most of the boys slept in State-built lean-tos, (Continued on page 2)

Lemon Squeezer Strained by Blueberry-filled Juniors

By E. NAUEN, JUNIOR B

The day on which the Polecats and the Pine Trees started for Tumble-down was very nice. It was Thursday, August 8. We went in the Bouncing Buggy with Mr. Birch, Mr. Hall and Bill Romey. On the way over we saw where a pileated woodpecker had taken a good sized piece of wood out of a dead tree.

Near the foot of the mountain we climbed out of the truck and then we started to climb. The climb was not very hard except on the ledges maybe. When all of us climbed over the first shoulder and then came to the lake, we found plenty of blueberries, a good place to eat and a place to swim.

After lunch we went over another peak and went down and went through the Lemon Squeezer and Fat Man's Misery. I think I lost some weight in Fat Man's Misery. Then we went down the mountain.

On the way home, near Kawanhee Inn, the Buggy had a flat tire and we had to walk the rest of the way back to camp.

Kayak Production Hits New High, Nine Craft on Shop Ways

By F. SATER, JUNIOR A

Near the end of camp we find the Shop quite busy with the making of kayaks. The kits were bought from the Dedham Kayak Company, Dedham, Mass., so the kayaks could be assembled and constructed in camp. There are nine kayaks to be made. Bob Sayre, Bob Warren, Whit McConnell, Fred Sater, Jack Loveless and Tom Brydon have started theirs. They are all Junior A's or Seniors and their work will earn them the three Junior A or Senior levels in Handicraft.

First you put the keel, the bulkheads and the ribs together to make the hull. Then you plane the ribs so that they will not break through the canvas. After that, Mr. Piersche shows you how to tack the canvas onto the hull and how to tack the deck and cockpit strips on. You put on three coats of special dope to tighten the canvas and to waterproof it. Then you pick your color and paint your kayak yellow, blue or green.

Mr. Frank, Mr. Piersche and the boys who are making the kayaks have decided to have a race when all of the kayaks are made.

Woodcraft Sponsors Knot-tying, Cooking and Nights-out

By J. STATON, JR. COUNSELLOR

Those of you who have been so inclined as to wander out to the Scout Cabin this summer know that there is some activity going on there. It is true that the work in this department may not be so exciting as a skillfully executed flying jibe, a 50 yd. run in 7 seconds flat, or a beautifully shot target with 4 bulls and a 7, but nevertheless work is being done and progress is being made.

There are, moreover, those boys in camp who will tell you that Woodcraft and Scouting, which go hand in hand, are the real stuff. Take just one morning of last week for instance. Steve Garmey did that old faithful, cutting and trimming a tree. Phil Rhodes finally mastered those nine pesky knots and jerked out several (Continued on page 2)

THE WIGWAM

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Watermelon Tourmaline, Hot Dogs Sate Mineralogists' Appetites

By S. GARMEY, JUNIOR A

On Friday, August 9, all the boys who have this year made mineral boxes, or who didn't get to go last year, went on a mineral trip to Newry Mine and Perham's Mineral Shop. There were twenty-four boys and three men on this trip and at the end we decided it was the best one Kawanhee had ever had.

It took us about an hour to drive to the mine and then we had a long climb up the mountain. We wondered how the company's trucks could ever make it. When we reached the mine, we all ate a good lunch and started looking for minerals. We found quite a few which we had never heard of before, as well as some of those we did know. Mr. Kiefer knew all of the minerals and could always answer our questions. This was the old mine. It had been worked before, but still it was wonderful for us. A little way down the hill was the present mine which is now in operation. They were taking feldspar out of it and their work was quite extensive. We found some beautiful brown, almost black, tourmaline crystals and some watermelon tourmaline. The reason that it is so named is that it has green on the outside and red on the inside, just like a watermelon. Finally we started down and set off for Perham's Maine Mineral Shop, which was about twenty-five miles away in the town of West Paris.

Perham's Mineral Shop was a gold mine of minerals, with every stone we could imagine. Mr. Perham is a very patient and generous man and we bought quite a bit from him. He talked to us awhile on minerals and showed us his \$600.00 piece of smoky quartz, as well as several of his specimens of rose quartz. He told us the history of all of these.

When we left it was nearly five o'clock, so we went to a roadside pic-

Katahdin Trip

(Continued)

while others spread out their sleeping rolls in the woods.

Baxter State Park was given to the State by the late Governor Baxter. It was in his agreement that no roads or airfields ever be built near there and that the highest peak forever be named Baxter Peak.

The next morning we left the base camp and started our climb on the Hunt Trail at 9:00 A.M. The climb was a long and difficult one with Chief Marshall setting the pace, but all the campers met it with great success. We ate our lunch on a plateau about one mile from the top. After continuing the climb, we arrived at the summit at 1:45 P.M. There we signed the register and then separated. Some returned on the Hunt Trail with Mr. Kiefer and Chief Marshall, while the others went over the Knife Edge and then down the Dudley Trail. The descent of this second party was a difficult one, with Bill Taylor in the lead and Bates guarding the rear. We continued on that trail until we came to another base camp and hiked on until we came to Basin Pond. There we took a swim that greatly relieved our tiredness. We then followed an old stream bed for 3.3 miles until we came to the main road. It was then about 5:30. Some of us went on and started hiking down the road until we were met by the truck around 10 P.M. Returning to our base camp, we had supper that evening at 11 o'clock.

Wednesday morning we took the road for Greenville, which was a seventy mile drive on a dirt road through the wilderness. It was a long and monotonous ride, but we did see several places of interest, including an Indian's grave alongside the road, and a landslide of rocks which had been caused by an overflowing lake. We obtained passes from the Great Northern Paper Company to drive on its private way, the only road to Greenville. We went over Ripogenus Dam, a giant structure. When we reached Greenville, we stopped at Sanders' Store, a real frontier store with everything in it. After travelling via Bingham, Anson, Farmington and Wilton, we arrived back in camp just in time for supper.

nic ground to eat our supper of *as many hot dogs as we could eat*. We returned to camp about 8:15, with our stomachs bulging as well as our pockets. We were really ready for bed with the satisfaction of having had a good day.

Seven Beginners Conquer Lake New Swimming Test Set Up

The sixth week of the season produced notable results in the Swimming Department, calling forth a fresh round of applause for the instructors, Dick Hall and Bud Bolon. Seven campers who began the summer as non-swimmers successfully negotiated the lake, while three other beginners crossed the cove. Among the new lake-swimmers, special note should be taken of B. Birch, R. Conkey and J. McKenzie, all Junior C's in camp for their first year.

A new and much more rigorous test of swimming ability has been instituted. It is called the Bass Rock Swim, for the first requirement is to swim a distance equal to that between camp and Bass Rock. The actual test is made by swimming fourteen laps around a course marked out in the camp's swimming area. To complete the test, swimmers are required to demonstrate in perfect co-ordination the crawl, breast, back, side, elementary back and crawl-back strokes. Only four men to date have met these requirements.

J. Briscoe	Cove Swim S. Elliot	A. Tully
K. Beck	Lake Swim B. Birch	G. Collins
R. Conkey	J. McKenzie	J. Onderdonk
J. Paust		T. Ross
R. Donaldson	Bass Rock Swim J. Loveless	P. Rich
	W. Romey	

Range Awards, August 4-10

J. Blocker	Pro-Marksman P. Lattin	J. McInnes
J. Minich	H. O'Neill	J. Paust
C. Perry	J. Rogers	H. Russell
	B. Walker	
T. Brydon	Marksman B. Ford	R. Krebs
	C. Perry	
M. Greenawalt	Marksman First Class R. Krebs	T. Nelson
	C. Perry	
	Fifth and Sixth Bars J. Allen	

Woodcraft Activities

(Continued)

troublesome stumps for his approved project. These are just two of the many fellows who are doing things this summer.

At the beginning of the season, it was the Junior C's who were building fires, tying knots and spending their first wonderful night in the woods. Now the emphasis seems to be on the Junior A's and Seniors who are cooking meals, packing canoes and taking hikes of various lengths. All of these fellows realize that not only now, but throughout their entire lives, a knowledge of Woodcraft and Scouting will be of immense help to them.

Greys Win First Water Victory, Maroon Canoe Retains Title

By W. CARPENTER, JR. COUNSELLOR

On Wednesday, August 7, the Greys finally won their first water meet of the year. Of course they didn't win the war canoe race, but they made that particular race very exciting by rallying in the last few yards almost enough to overtake the fleeing Maroons. The final score was: Greys, 72; Maroons, 67.

The opening event, the Junior C ping-pong-ball race, which has never been won by the same man twice, was taken by Jeff McKenzie. Two unrelated Hedges, Herbie and Dayton, teamed to win the Junior B canoe doubles. John McInnes broke the temporary Grey monopoly and captured the Junior A 100 ft. breaststroke, but Greys Jack Loveless and Bill Fleming won the next two events, the Senior backstroke and the Junior B freestyle, to give their team a commanding lead. Bill Malory and Roy Krebs crashed through for the Maroons to win the Junior A canoe doubles. Steve Smith, Junior C, was triumphant in a close 100 ft. freestyle race. Tom Brydon and Pete Clark outclassed the rest of the field in the Senior canoe doubles and Butch O'Neill won the Junior B 100 ft. backstroke. This gave the Greys enough points to win the meet even though they lost the all important war canoe race.

In the intermission, Dick Hall demonstrated his great ability to perform his famous full-twisting-one-and-a-half dive, while disguised in a dress as a "lady" looking for a lost child.

Scouting Awards

MERIT BADGES

Canoeing	
J. Loveless	
Life Saving	
E. Hamblin	
Rowing	B. Heede
E. Hamblin	J. Loveless
Swimming	B. Heede
E. Hamblin	

League Baseball Games

Two games in the Senior League were played the evening of August 8. The big excitement was provided by the Giants as they won their first game, wiping out the Red Sox, 17 to 1. The Dodgers held on to their place in the undefeated column by a narrow 5-4 victory over the Tigers.

The Junior games on August 6 saw Ray Brown's apparently unbeatable team continue on its ruthless course by downing Griley's men, 12 to 7. Defoe's boys took their game from Capra's crew, 6 to 4.

Achievement Levels Passed August 4 - August 10

AQUATICS

Junior C—First Level			Junior A—Third Level			R. Rhodes		
G. Collins			F. Lynch	K. Beck	R. Donnenwirth		P. Rhodes	
Junior C—Second Level			R. Sayre					
B. Birch			J. McKenzie	T. Brydon	Senior—First Level			
Junior C—Third Level			C. Bury					
J. McKenzie			B. Ford					
Junior B—First Level			Senior—Second Level					
J. Detrick	D. Hedges	P. Lattin	J. Blocker	T. Brydon		C. Bury		
B. Livingston	E. Nauen	J. Reynolds	P. Clark			D. Crandall		
J. Rogers	J. Sel	J. Thompson	Senior—Third Level					
R. Thompson	A. Tully		C. Bury	P. Clark		C. Perry		
Junior B—Second Level			R. Willcox					
M. Griley	D. Hedges	T. Heede	NATURE					
P. Lattin	H. O'Neill	J. Reynolds	Junior C—Second Level					
F. Sater	R. Thompson	A. Tully	J. Alexander	B. Birch	J. Briscoe			
Junior B—Third Level			R. Conkey	B. Garney	M. Hedges			
D. Desmond	M. Griley	T. Heede	S. Smith	R. Swift				
P. Lattin	H. O'Neill	F. Sater	Junior B—First Level					
R. Thompson			H. O'Neill	R. Stroud				
Junior A—First Level			Junior B—Second Level					
M. Griley	P. Lattin	J. Loveless	J. Thompson					
P. Rhodes	R. Sayre		Junior B—Third Level					
Junior A—Second Level			W. Fleming	J. Sel	R. Thompson			
E. Barkwill	M. Griley	J. Loveless	A. Tully					
Rich. Price	P. Rhodes		Junior A—First Level					
Junior A—Third Level			P. Spiegel					
E. Barkwill	M. Griley	J. Loveless	Junior A—Second Level					
P. Rhodes			J. Minich					
Senior—First Level			Junior A—Third Level					
C. Perry			R. Willcox					

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS										P. Clark	
Junior C—First Level											
S. Elliot		M. Hedges		B. Lynch		P. Clark					
F. Lynch											
Junior C—Second Level											
B. Birch		R. Conkey		S. Elliot							
R. Garmey		J. McKenzie		R. Swift		R. Apple					
Junior B—Second Level											
T. Heede										J. McInn	
Junior B—Third Level											
P. Capra											
Junior A—First Level											
R. Appleman											
Junior A—Second Level											
R. Appleman											
Junior A—Third Level											
C. Barkwill											
Senior—First Level											
C. Barkwill											
J. Alexan											
Senior—Third Level											
H. Clark											
F. Hirsch											

HANDICRAFT

Junior B—First Level	W. Fleming	R. Thompson	A. Wallace	Junior B—Second Level	R. Thompson	A. Wallace	Junior B—Third Level	J. Paust	W. Sortor	A. Wallace	Junior A—First Level	H. Morrell	P. Spiegel	R. Taylor	Junior A—Second Level	R. Donnenwirth	H. Fisher	J. MacLaughlin	R. Taylor
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League Standings, August 10

	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
SENIOR					
Dodgers	4	0	55	13	1000
Braves	3	0	35	13	1000
Pirates	3	1	32	26	750
Cubs	2	1	56	37	667
Tigers	2	2	35	24	500
Giants	1	4	43	74	200
Red Sox	1	4	16	52	200
Cards	0	4	19	52	000
	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
JUNIOR					
Brown	5	0	54	24	1000
Capra	2	3	35	43	400
Defoe	2	3	31	42	400
Griley	1	4	39	50	200

Sr. Maroons Score at Hardball, Juniors Split Games

After losing two games, the Senior Maroons came through August 4 with a thrilling 5-4 hardball victory over the Greys. Behind 4 to 2, the Maroons came up with 3 runs in a 7th inning rally, started by Lagemann's single. Through hits and errors, the Maroons scored the winning runs in the last inning. Capt. Willard and Pete Mykrantz collected two hits apiece.

Batteries:

Maroons ... R. Lagemann ... J. Onderdonk
Greys ... T. Baldwin ... J. Diaz

The following day the team of Grey Junior B's trounced the Maroon team of the same class, 11 to 5. On August 8, the Maroon Junior A's more than avenged the defeat by disposing of their Grey opponents, 18 to 5.

PUNK FROM THE LOG

One day as Bill Romey ambled past the kitchen porch, he turned his head to smile beguilingly and to wave gallantly at Norma. The amiable skyscraper was so engrossed in blushing at his own daring and in wondering if maybe he might not be the Sam Johns of the Crows after all, that he failed to chart his course with care or to allow for sufficient clearance, and, *BONG!*, walked straight into the bell. Rest hour began early that day, particularly for Romey, who spent it, as requested, resting and sleeping. Period!

* * * *

The Katahdin trip was responsible for the end of some beautiful friendships. After culling the most reliable reports, the Log passes on to you its account of the incident which brought about this sad state of affairs.

When Bates decided to descend the trail on the far side of Katahdin, he conferred upon Art Kiefer the great honor of selecting him to drive the Bouncing Buggy around the foot of the mountain to the rendezvous. Art was as tickled and flattered as Curtis Bury when he gets to sit in the Junior Counsellor's chair at supper. He swaggered up to the Buggy and climbed aboard. The Buggy, feeling a stranger's hand on the reins, laid back her mudguards and gnashed her transmission. Art stepped on the starter and gave her the gas. The buggy responded with a sound which can only be described politely as the Bird. The Chief climbed aboard to lend his moral support. With that, the Buggy let out a whinny of rage and took off, bucking wildly, down the road.

Art and the Chief held on for dear life. By putting his chin between his knees, Art could just manage to see out from under the windshield, but, every time he tried to turn the steering wheel, his ears were tangled in the spokes. In this rugged manner, they progressed to the first bend in the road. The Buggy was so busy trying to throw her unwelcome riders that she failed to make the turn and stalled.

After recovering his wind, Art decided that he would have to back her up. Alas, he didn't know the secret words of endearment which Bates whispers into the Buggy's ear to persuade her to go into reverse. Stubbornly she refused to budge an inch backwards, and also decided that she had gone as far forward as she cared to go. Art pushed, punched and squeezed every button, pedal or lever he could find, while the Buggy roared with pain. Quickly exhausting his

large vocabulary of botanical and mineralogical terms, Art began bluing up the air with a few phrases, which the survivors of the Windjammer Cruise immediately recognized as both quaint and nautical. The Chief, perhaps not completely grasping the gist of Art's remarks, agreed with everything, nodding his head and saying, "You're quite right, Art. I couldn't have expressed it better myself." This would undoubtedly have gone on until Art burst a blood vessel or the Buggy blew a gasket, if someone from the Buggy's past had not turned up as if by magic and gentled her sufficiently for Art to steer her gingerly on to the rendezvous.

When the Buggy at last saw Bates, she wrapped her fenders around his neck and tooted hysterically on his sympathetic shoulder. Bates glared at Art. "You big bully," he snarled. "What have you been doing to my Buggy?"

"What have I been doing to her!" bellowed the outraged Art. "Why, that (nautical!), (*Nautical!*), (*NAUTICAL!*), mechanical jackass of yours tried to break my neck."

And that is why, when the party returned to Kawanhee, neither Bates nor the Buggy were on speaking terms with Art.

* * * *

Those left behind in camp during the Katahdin trip, did their best to carry on in the true Kawanhee tradition.

Guy Conkey became so interested in diving that he practiced even in the dining hall. After a spectacular Swan into his dessert, he came up with a face so frescoed with whipped cream that his counsellor told him to go to the Fort and finish shaving.

In Nature, Jim Thompson learned the names of the different parts of a flower, and was seen to cower perceptibly whenever he passed Ma Frank's flower garden, muttering, "Put that pistil down, Petunia!"

As a gesture of interdepartmental good will, Sailing Master Bob Page made Nick a handsome rope girdle to hold up the Boating Department's trousers. It proved to be quite an adequate belt, going just all the way around, but if Nick ever falls into the lake and the rope succumbs to its natural tendency to shrink, we are afraid that Nick will suddenly find himself with an hourglass figure.

The bubbler fountain on the Rec Hall porch completed its Sharpshooter badge when it scored a perfect bull's-eye on Pete Mykrantz at two foot

range, standing.

The kayak factory down in the Shop was going full blast. What with Whit McConnell and Fred Sater having reached the stage of putting on the canvas, Noel Piersche found himself forever driving in tacks. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Mrs. Piersche asked him to fasten her dress up the back, he automatically began tacking it to her spine.

Wednesday afternoon, the water meet went off according to schedule, until interrupted by the appearance of a diving mermaid. While no Esther Williams, she did have her own fascinations, not the least of which was a figure which shifted its—shall we say—location, every time she emerged from a dive.

The motion picture that evening was about Jack London. It left us with the impression that, if that gentleman ever took J.L.S., he must have devoted more time to his holds than to his breaks.

* * * *

The purpose of the Polecat-Pine ascent of Tumbledown was to widen Fat Man's Misery. To this end, Dan Desmond was put through. When Herb Birch finally pried Desmond out again, he found that Dan was a somewhat taller and thinner man, but the Misery was undented. Therefore he played his ace in the hole and put in Ernie Nauen. Then there really was a bottleneck. Herb heaved and pulled and strained, but neither Ernie nor the Misery would give an inch.

"Deflate your chest," grunted Birch.

"That isn't what's sticking," replied Ernie.

"Well, then, pull in your stomach."

"No, that's not what's holding things up, either," sighed Nauen. "I guess I just don't have the personality for this type of thing."

It must have been the Misery that gave way in the end, for Ernie's contours were not radically altered when the party returned to camp late that evening. They had made the longest trip on record down the mountain, as the result of following, not the trail, but Pete Frothingham's intuition.

* * * *

The chin whiskers which Bill Taylor brought back from Katahdin disappeared suddenly. It seems that Dick Price, who sleeps above Bill in the double-decker, objected to them strenuously. In climbing into his upper at night, Dick could not help getting his feet tangled up in those whiskers when he stepped, as usual, in Bill's face.