



The Wigwam



Volume XII, No. 7

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 22, 1946

WEEK GREY ALL THE WAY Junior C's Lead the Play

The Greys made a clean sweep of the season's semifinal week. They captured the water meet, the Senior hardball game, and all of the 4½ points worth of fish to be landed. The *Wigwam* gave them a modest boost, for an accounting of the points earned by work on the first six numbers allotted them 260½ points, and the Maroons 30. Eighty-two levels passed during the week netted the Greys 2855 points, while their rivals annexed only sixty-seven for 2500 points. The Greys, therefore, went into the final lap of the race to the banquet well in the lead. On August 17, the score stood: Greys, 12,501½; Maroons, 10,060½.

Whichever way the score goes, it is obvious that the Junior C's have done more than their share to increase its bulk. Already B. Birch, R. Conkey and J. McKenzie have passed fourteen levels apiece and have only one to go to complete their plaques, while hot on their heels come J. Briscoe and S. Smith, both with thirteen. In the group of three campers who have twelve levels to their credit, another Junior C, J. Alexander, shares the honors with W. Fleming, Junior B, and R. Appleman, Junior A.

Camp Canoeists Safely Trek Down the Racing Kennebec

By M. SPROUL, SENIOR

The season's first Kennebec trip started off Monday morning, August 12, at about 9:15, with that familiar squabble over who was to sit where, and why, in the Bouncing Buggy. After everything was settled and we were well on our way, Bob Erf, who will probably acquire a new nickname, the Maestro, led us in such familiar songs as "Pass the Biscuits, Mirandic".

Our first stop was at Wilton, where we stayed for ten minutes or so, and then started off again. Next was Bingham, the main objective for spending money. Five miles out of Bingham, we stopped at a roadside picnic ground and ate our lunch. The final stop was at The Forks where we were to start our journey down the

(Continued on page 4)

Schedule for New York Trip Set

The arrangements for the homeward trip of the Eastern boys have been completed and the parents have already been notified. On Monday, August 26, these campers will leave Wilton at 5:37 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, and will reach Portland at 8:00 P.M. From there they will travel by a special train which the Railroad Company has put on to take care of the many summer camps in New England. This will bring them into Stamford at 6:05 A.M., and into Grand Central Station, New York, at 6:55 A.M., the morning of Tuesday, August 27. (The schedule, as given above, is according to Daylight, not Railroad, Time.)

Buses Take'em, Rain Can't Stop'em, When Kawanhee Goes to Popham

By R. DONALDSON, JR. COUNSELLOR

The largest group ever to leave Kawanhee on a single trip pulled out immediately after breakfast Monday, August 19, and headed for the coast. Sixty-two boys and men completely filled the school bus engaged for the trip, as well as two of the camp cars. Expecting to meet more of the good weather we have enjoyed all summer, we encountered wind and rain. This greatly added to the trip for it gave us a chance to see the New England seacoast in one of its less tranquil moods.

Popham Beach, our destination, is situated just south of the mouth of the Kennebec River. There is an old fort there, built in the eighteen hundreds, and an abandoned Coast Artillery encampment which was used during the recent war. The campers explored both of these after lunch. Everyone was particularly interested in the obstacle course which had been used for training. Many of us tried it, with no casualties except the seat of Bud Bolon's trousers, which remained on some of the barbed wire, much to his embarrassment.

Later in the afternoon we had a short dip in the chilly Atlantic. We had our supper in the fort and returned to Camp a little after Taps, having enjoyed a full day of fun at Popham Beach. This was Kawanhee's last major trip of the season.

River's Speed, Bates' Directions Confuse Junior A Paddlers

By E. TAYLOR, JUNIOR A

Wednesday afternoon, August 14, we were given about three hours notice that we were leaving on the second Kennebec trip, but finally we started off in a flurry of dust. There were only eleven of us Junior A's, not including the other counsellors and Nick, who was waiting for us with the canoes on the river.

After a rough ride, we arrived at Baxter Landing, as our destination was called. We were told to take the canoes upstream five miles and paddle on down. It was getting slightly dark then, as it was after nine, but we made the journey downstream safely. After a dinner of hot dogs and baked beans, we went to bed.

Next day after breakfast, we made our first attempt to paddle against the rapids. We started out. Bravely we began to paddle upstream. When we saw the water rush past us, we were elated over how fast we were paddling. Then one of us looked towards shore. It seemed that the shack, that was there five minutes ago, was still right there in the same place. It was then that we found out that we were moving faster backwards than forwards. Later Bates took us up the river and we bravely shot the rapids again, although it would have been easier shooting if we had had rifles. The rest of the day went by with a little

(Continued on page 4)

Life Saving Lists Enlarged

The completion of the second course in Life Saving brings the number of Dick Hall's graduates for the summer up to the very impressive total of thirty-eight. Five J.L.S. certificates were earned in August to make a total of twenty-six in that division. Another man passed the Senior course and his name, along with those of two who earlier were mistakenly reported to the *Wigwam* as passing J.L.S., swells the list of Senior Life Savers to twelve.

Junior Life Saving	
R. Krebs	W. Mallory
J. Minich	J. Onderdonk
Senior Life Saving	
J. Dawson	G. Willard
H. Blau	

THE WIGWAM

Published weekly during the summer season by Camp Kawanheh, Weld, Maine.

G. R. Frank and R. C. Frank, owners and directors

EDITORIAL STAFF

Senior Counsellor

C. Scarlett

Junior Counsellors

W. Carpenter

H. Sengelmann

W. Davis

Senior

E. Hamblin

Junior A

S. Garmey

Tour of Nature Trail Reveals Varied Plants and Terrain

By S. GARMY, JUNIOR A

We'll start on the Nature Trail where it joins the main path at the Woodcraft Cabin.

After walking about half a minute, we come to a bridge going over the swamp. This bridge used to be a suspension bridge, but now it is only a split log. We come at the end of the bridge to the point where the trail hits the camp road around the athletic field, and we continue on the trail parallel to the road. Here bunchberries and *Clintonia borealis* grow by the score. There are trees such as spruce, fir, hemlock and white birch, which are all labelled. Wherever there is a swamp, there is a bridge of some sort.

At the foot of the hill near the tennis courts, the trail leaves the road and we start into the woods on our wide circle back around to camp at the other end. Along the trail, we pass many ferns, the most common of which are the bracken, the New York, the interrupted and the cinnamon ferns. After walking about five minutes, we cross a big suspension bridge and pass a branch of the trail that goes off to the main road.

When the hurricane struck in 1938, it blew down almost everything in this section. Every lodge was assigned to fix up a certain stretch of the trail the following summer. These areas are marked by signs that show a picture of the animal for which the lodge is named, the wildcat, the lynx, the moose, etc. Along this section of the trail, we come on signs of deer every once in a while. Where all the trees were taken out, blackberries and wild cherry trees grew up thickly, but, in a year or so, the firs and hemlocks will have cut them out again.

After the trail joins a path which was used for hauling out logs, we come to the Crooked House, which was built by the Junior C's. We have also passed the branch that leads down to Sunday Beach. Our trip of

about half a mile and half an hour ends right by the Infirmary. We have had a very interesting and instructive trip and so will anyone who takes a walk on the Camp Kawanheh Nature Trail.

Achievement Levels Passed, August 11 - August 17

AQUATICS

Junior C—First Level		
J. Alexander	J. Briscoe	H. Clark
S. Elliot	R. Garmey	M. Hedges
Junior C—Second Level		
J. Briscoe	H. Clark	R. Conkey
S. Elliot	T. Ross	S. Smith
Junior C—Third Level		
B. Birch	H. Clark	R. Conkey
Junior B—First Level		
P. Rich		
Junior B—Second Level		
P. Rich		
Junior B—Third Level		
P. Rich		
Junior A—Third Level		
R. Appleman		

ATHLETICS

Junior C—Second Level		
J. Alexander	J. Briscoe	F. Lynch
Junior C—Third Level		
J. Alexander	B. Birch	J. Briscoe
R. Conkey	J. McKenzie	S. Smith

HANDICRAFT

<i>Junior C—First Level</i>		
F. Lynch		R. Swift
<i>Junior C—Second Level</i>		
J. Alexander	B. Birch	J. Briscoe
H. Clark	R. Conkey	R. Garmey
M. Hedges	F. Hirsch	B. Lynch
F. Lynch	J. McKenzie	S. Smith
	R. Swift	
<i>Junior C—Third Level</i>		
J. Alexander	B. Birch	J. Briscoe
H. Clark	R. Conkey	R. Garmey
M. Hedges	F. Lynch	J. McKenzie
S. Smith		R. Swift

<i>Junior B—First Level</i>		
D. Hedges		R. Stroud
<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>		
W. Fleming	D. Hedges	R. Stroud
	R. Watt	
<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>		
W. Fleming	D. Hedges	H. O'Neill
	R. Watt	
<i>Junior A—First Level</i>		
E. Barkwill	D. Evans	D. Hedges
<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>		
R. Brown		D. Hedges
<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>		
R. Brown	P. Capra	H. Fisher
	D. Hedges	

NATURE

Junior C—Second Level		
H. Clark	F. Hirsch	B. Lynch
F. Lynch		J. McKenzie
Junior C—Third Level		
J. Alexander	B. Birch	J. Briscoe
H. Clark	R. Conkey	R. Garmey
M. Hedges	F. Hirsch	B. Lynch
F. Lynch	J. McKenzie	S. Smith
	R. Swift	

Junior B—First Level

D. Hedges	<i>Junior B—First Level</i>	A. Wallace
	<i>Junior B—Second Level</i>	
R. Huck		R. Stroud
	<i>Junior B—Third Level</i>	
R. Stroud		R. Watt
	<i>Junior A—First Level</i>	
	E. Loughrey	
	<i>Junior A—Second Level</i>	
	E. Loughrey	
	<i>Junior A—Third Level</i>	
D. Desmond	S. Gariney	P. Rich
	<i>Senior—First Level</i>	
J. Allen	H. Blau	H. Cammarn
J. Diaz	G. Perry	R. Willcox
	<i>Senior—Second Level</i>	
H. Blau	H. Cammarn	J. Staton
	A. Wunsch	
	<i>Senior—Third Level</i>	
H. Blau	H. Cammarn	P. Clark
	I. Staton	

SAILING

SALE		
Junior B — First Level		
G. Defoe	W. Fleming	P. Frothingham
P. Lattin	P. Spiegel	R. Warren
Junior A — First Level		
M. Greenawalt	A. Wunsch	
Junior A — Second Level		
W. Mallory		
Junior A — Third Level		
J. Loveless		
Senior — First Level		
J. Dawson		
Senior — Second Level		
H. Fisher		

WOODCRAFT

Junior C—Second Level	
R. Conkey	
Junior B—First Level	
W. Fleming	B. Livingston
Junior B—Second Level	
B. Ford	R. Sengelmann
Junior A—First Level	
G. Conkey	R. Sayre
Senior—First Level	
T. Nelson	C. Perry

Range Awards, Aug. 11-17

<i>Pro-Marksman</i>		
G. Conkey	D. Crandall	R. Donnenwirth
T. Fulton	S. Garmey	J. Reynolds
<i>Marksman</i>		
G. Conkey	D. Crandall	J. Paust
W. Sortor		
<i>Marksman First Class</i>		
T. Brydon	D. Crandall	W. Fleming
J. Paust	F. Sater	
<i>Sharpshooter</i>		
D. Crandall		
<i>Second and Third Bars</i>		
C. Blocker		
<i>Seventh and Eighth Bars</i>		
J. Allen		

Swimming Tests, August 11-17

<i>Cove Swim</i>		
H. Clark	J. Detrick	M. Hedges
R. Sengelmann	J. Sel	S. Smith
<i>Lake Swim</i>		
S. Elliot	F. Sater	E. Loughrey
<i>Bass Rock Swim</i>		
E. Barkwill	C. Blocker	J. Blocker
C. Bury	P. Clark	D. Crandall
W. Davis		D. Evans
H. Fisher	T. Fulton	B. Hadley
E. Hamblin	T. Griley	R. Krebs
J. Minich	H. O'Neill	C. Perry
Rich. Price	J. Reynolds	P. Rhodes
J. Staton		A. Wallace

Braves Edge Out Dodgers. Secure Invulnerable Top Spot

By H. SENGELMANN, JR. COUNSELLOR
Sengelmann's Braves, on August 15, sneaked a thriller past the Dodgers which ruined the latter's pennant chances. With only one set of games to be played, the Braves can lose and still remain in first place.

In the 5-3 Dodger encounter, Jack Nowold again proved his worth, as he lashed a triple and his fifth circuit clout of the season into the tennis courts. He rose above expectations, for he had just that day returned from a short stay in the infirm. He pitched shutout ball until the last inning, when the heavy end of the Dodgers' batting order came up and pushed three runs across. Captain Mathews was but once retired, but his inspiring play could not pull the Dodgers through. The Braves' defence bogged down for the first time in the season, but snapped back just in time.

Possessing the best infield in the league, they have held their opponents down to 21 runs for six games, and thus remain the least scored-upon team in the league.

Batteries:
Braves J. Nowold H. Fisher
Dodgers P. Clark J. Minich

Braves Keep Their Slate Clean, Knock off Cubs and Cards

The Braves won two games on August 13 to keep clean their undefeated record. When the Dodgers lost to the Pirates, the Braves came into undisputed possession of first place, with the Pirates and the Dodgers tied for second with one loss apiece.

Despite the fact that the Braves were minus their slugger, Jack Nowold, they out-hit the Cubs and went on to win, 6-2. The Braves had one big inning, the 2nd, in which they blasted out enough hits to score 5 runs and win the ball game. After this big inning, Robin Lagemann almost shut out the Braves and only allowed one more run.

Batteries:
Braves R. Miller R. Krebs
Cubs R. Lagemann F. Harrah

The Braves also triumphed easily over Ben Hadley's Cardinals, 16 to 2. Robin Lagemann pitched for the Braves and held the Cards to five hits. Craig Mathews, substituting for Capt. Sengelmann, got five hits for the Braves. Pete Mykrantz played good ball at short stop and hit the first of two successive home runs in the 5th. Mathews accounted for the other.

Batteries:
Braves R. Lagemann E. Barkwill
Cardinals B. Hadley G. Conkey
B. Walker

Tough Pirates Scuttle Dodgers' Championship Dream Boat

By W. CARPENTER, JR. COUNSELLOR

In the most important of the many Senior League baseball games played on August 13, the Pirates, showing a fighting spirit unequalled in any game this year, fought from behind to hand the league-leading Dodgers their first defeat, 9 to 6.

The Pirates started out by handing the Dodgers four unearned runs and a 6-2 lead. The smooth-fielding Dodgers were coasting along on their lead, when they made their only false step in the game. It proved to be costly. There were two out in the fourth, last half of the Pirate line up. Things looked black for them, and even blacker when Roy Krebs hit to the pitcher, Rod Willcox. Rod's throw, however, was wild, and Krebs was safe on first. John McInnes, the last batter, punched a single into center, and Bill Carpenter followed with a hit scoring a run. Jerry Staton stepped to the plate in the clutch and smashed a tremendous home run into center field to tie the score.

After that, there was no question as to who would win. The now spirited Pirates added spectacular plays by Donaldson, Ted Barkwill and T. D. Griley, and scored three more runs, to knock Mathew's Dodgers out of the undefeated column once and for all.

Batteries:
Pirates W. Carpenter J. McInnes
Dodgers R. Willcox R. Warren
R. Miller

In a crucial game earlier that day, the Pirates shackled the hard-hitting Cubs to win by a 10-3 margin. The Pirates scored nine of their runs in the first inning and coasted in on good fielding. Erf made the Cubs' only hard hit when he smashed a triple to left.

Batteries:
Pirates W. Carpenter G. Conkey
B. Heede
Cubs Rob't Price R. Warren

Archery Awards

<i>Junior Bowman</i>		W. Sortor
R. Donnenwirth	S. Garmey	
<i>Junior Arrow</i>		R. Hodges
R. Donnenwirth	S. Garmey	
<i>Bowman</i>		H. Hedges
S. Garmey		
<i>Bowman Bar</i>		H. Hedges
C. Bury		
<i>Bowman Medal</i>		H. Hedges
C. Bury		
<i>Bowman Arrow</i>		
C. Bury		
<i>Double Arrow</i>		
C. Bury		
<i>Archer</i>		J. Nowold
<i>Archer's Arrow</i>		J. Nowold

Greys Repeat Aquatic Victory

On August 17, the Greys won their second water meet of the summer. They ended the afternoon with the impressive advantage of 83 to 63, in spite of failing once again to win the war canoe race. The winners of first places in the various events were as follows:

Junior C Freestyle	S. Smith, G.
Junior B Canoe Doubles	D. Hedges, G.
	H. Hedges, G.
Jr. A Over-and-under Canoe Race	R. Wilcox, M.
	R. Garmey, G.
Junior C Rowboat Race	F. Lynch, G.
Senior Backstroke	B. Hadley, G.
Jr. B In-and-out Canoe Race	P. Capra, G.
	W. Fleming, G.
Junior A 100 ft. Freestyle	R. Wilcox, M.
Senior Chariot Race	W. Carpenter, G.
	B. Hadley, G.
Junior B Breaststroke	W. Fleming, G.
Mixed Relay	Grey Team
War Canoe Race	Maroon Team

Cards, Cubs and Giants Win

Of the other games played early in the week, the most surprising was that in which the Tigers suffered their second loss of the summer, as Ben Hadley's Cards copped the 9-6 decision. Hadley lashed out his first circuit clout, scoring two men ahead of him. Dick Stillinger, substituting for Johns, rapped three hits, including two triples, to insure the victory.

Batteries:
Cardinals B. Walker G. Conkey
Tigers G. Willard M. Greenawalt

Andy Maisonnier's Giants defeated Willard's slumping Tigers by a score of 14 to 4. Dick Donnenwirth shut out the Tigers after the first inning.

Batteries:
Giants R. Donnenwirth P. Rich
Tigers G. Willard J. Black

Logan's Red Sox fell before the onslaught of Erf's Cubs, who played without their captain, 12 to 7. Robin Lagemann won his second game of the day, besides hitting a home run. Pete Mykrantz hit his second home run of the day, also for the Cubs.

Batteries:
Cubs R. Lagemann F. Harrah
Red Sox B. Walker K. Beck

League Standings, August 17

SENIOR					
	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Braves	6	0	67	21	1000
Pirates	5	1	51	35	834
Dodgers	4	2	62	31	667
Cubs	3	3	74	61	500
Giants	2	4	57	73	333
Tigers	2	4	45	47	333
Cards	1	5	30	74	167
Red Sox	1	5	23	67	167
JUNIOR					
	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Brown	5	0	54	24	1000
Capra	2	3	35	43	400
Defoe	2	3	31	42	400
Griley	1	4	39	50	200

First Kennebec Trip (Continued)

river. After Nick had chosen the more muscular boys for stern men and they, in turn, had chosen their own bow men, our six canoes were off with Nick in the lead and Bud Bolon bringing up the rear.

It was an exciting trip. After many thrills from rocks and rapids, Nick finally passed back word that our camping ground was just around the next bend. We made camp and spent the night in those cozy new pup tents about which everyone has been raving so much.

Next morning we were up bright and early. The chief exertion of the day was paddling back upriver to The Forks and repeating our trip down the river. There was plenty of time for swimming, and for demonstration of canoeing skill by solo trips through the rapids near camp. Pete Clark, in one such shooting of the rapids, ended up *IN* the rapids, clothes and all.

Tuesday night we all turned in early, for Nick informed us that we were going to get up at five o'clock next morning for an early start for camp. It turned out that Bates and the Buggy were about an hour late in coming for us, but he made up for this by making the return trip in record time, which put us back in camp before lunch. This very successful and enjoyable trip ended up with an emphatic cheer for Ma.

Second Kennebec Trip (Continued)

swimming in the river. We started half a mile upstream and ended across the river from camp.

After another night of fighting off the gnats, we found that it was time to leave. So, after folding our tents, packing our duffle and other—shall we say—work, we proceeded to start paddling in search of the place that Bates had described as a landing, about a mile and a half downstream. So we went about a mile and a half downstream, where we thought there was a place that looked vaguely like a landing. Then three people went ashore to find out if it was the place, while the others waited and waited and waited. Meanwhile those three drank pop in a little roadside store.

Finally we found Bates and started home. Everything was peaceful, except, of course, for the usual racket from Bob Sayre and Rod Willcox, until we were about a quarter of a mile from camp. Then the canoe trailer had a flat. Bates decided to leave the trailer there, so we made our way into camp with the usual Kawanhee cheer.

Henry Blau and his swimming trunks came to the parting of the ways Tuesday afternoon. Miss "Brooklyn" Bryan had wandered down to the shore to watch the boys having fun. She was noticing with particular interest the innocent tussling of some merry little Crows in the surf, when something dark whizzed up into the air and nestled, dripping, high on a branch right over her head.

"Oh my goodness," she said, looking up. Hastily she moved aside, wiping her eye. "Say, what kind of a bird is that?" She took another look from a safer angle. "Oh, it's only a pair of swimming trunks."

Blau, meanwhile, was covered with confusion. That, as a matter of fact, was all that he was covered with, except for the waters of the swimming area. Despairingly he calculated all the open and populated space between his person and his swimming trunks, hanging so forlornly in the tree above the nurse's head, and knew that there was no sanctuary in that direction. He dunked his blushing anatomy even deeper in the water and whispered hoarsely, "Aw, fellows, you've had your fun throwing my pants up there. Now please, *pul-lease*, somebody get me a towel quick."

Joe Dawson at length took pity on Henry. Rushing down to the Crow's Nest, he searched madly for Henry's towel. Not finding it, he snatched up the next best thing and raced back to the beach. Blau's blushes subsided slightly as he saw rescue approaching, but his heart sank again when Joe handed him, not his towel, but a small and somewhat shredded piece of Kleenex.

Brooklyn's attention had been attracted once more to the bathers, and to Henry in particular. "Say," she commented. "Look at that boy down there. He must have an awful sunburn. He's red all over."

* * * *

While the trips were away, we kept the home fires burning here in camp. We had the Chief's nose with which to keep them lit. As he coursed the highways and byways of the camp behind that glowing beacon, we wondered just what had happened to bring it to such a state of ruddy glory. Had the Chief, perchance, nipped it in his clipboard as he filed himself a memo, or had he been keeping the aforesaid nose too close to the grindstone and scraped all the skin off in a sand trap?

* * * *

The campfire in the Rec Hall Thursday night was highly enjoyable. No-

PUNK FROM THE LOG

thing was done to dampen anyone's spirits—except Sam John's, possibly, when he just missed the ten-thirty shift by a split second. At first it was difficult to pay much attention to the proceedings when we could feast our eyes on Dick Donaldson, arrayed in all his glory like a picture in *Esquire*. Some thought that he had trained a butterfly, probably a Tiger Swallowtail, to perch on his Adam's apple, but those close enough to form a snap judgement said it was just a peculiarly brilliant bow-tie. Even this was forgotten when Bob Thompson mounted the swinging log and vanquished all comers with his pillow. We particularly admired the firmness of his seat on that log, and were glad that he had found one log which would not let him down.

* * * *

We knew that the end of the season must be just around the corner when Jim Sayre brought up the matter of painting canoe paddles at supper Friday. The wild applause, and one thing and another, made it difficult to grasp Jim's message clearly, but he seemed to be advising the boys to go and get a tag from Burtis, and then to put their names and stuff and things on the paddles—no, put the stuff and things on the tag and hang the paddle on the tag, or the tag on the stuff—and then to take Burtis down to the Shop to have rings and things painted on him.

* * * *

Friday night, Kawanhee made its theatrical debut in the Minstrel Show up town. The camp's ambassadors to this brilliant 1st night were the They are-coming-through-the-windows Boys, plus Bud Sengemann to crack a few vintage jokes, Art Kiefer being unavailable. Their success was so great that anyone from Kawanhee automatically found himself the belle of the ball that followed. A husky strawberry blonde with bare feet whisked off demure Dick Miller, and Brooklyn briskly waltzed Junior Nowold around the floor, while he murmured, "Oh, Miss Bryan, you sweep me off my feet." Ed Hamblin mislaid his partner in the midst of a square dance and had no one to swing but himself. It was Bill Romey, however, who was the most dashing figure on the floor. The girls flocked around to cut in, although most of them risked having a few teeth knocked out by his knees as they danced with him. Possibly Bill was the cynosure of all eyes because he was clad so simply, but tastefully, in a suit of long underwear.