



The Wigwam



Volume XIII, No. 2

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 17, 1947

MAROONS CARRY THE BALL

The Maroons have won the first round in the struggle for points. The announcement of the score at the campfire of July 12, gave them 479½, to 434 for the Greys. The Nature Room has unquestionably been the scene of the greatest activity to date, for the lion's share of the score was contributed by the thirty-seven first levels completed there since the beginning of the season. Athletic events had virtually no effect upon the score, for only the incomplete water meet of Saturday was recorded, and the Greys won that by an indecisive margin of two points. The modest contributions of fishing were likewise in favor of the Greys, for they won 35 points to the 17½ of the Maroons. Altogether, it was a slow start for the scoring and gave little indication of what is to be expected when the vast amount of good work, now under way, begins to pay off on the charts.

League Baseball Games Begin. Tigers Falter, Lose 16 to 6

By H. SENGLMANN, JR. COUNSELLOR

In the first round of League baseball games, played on July 9, Ben Hadley's Tigers went down under a 10 hit, 16 run barrage thrown at them by the Red Sox. Captain Erf led the attack with 2 for 5, both hits sailing far over the center fielder's head and out of the park for home runs. The Yanks tried hard, but all three pitchers withered under the powerful blasting. Ted Barkwill went all the way for the victors, chalking up his first win of the year.

Braves Down Phillies, 11 to 6

Lanky Robin Lagemann of the Phillies bowed to a slashing 10 hit attack to drop his first game of the year. The only bright spot for the losers came in the 3rd, when an error, a walk and a single loaded the bases. Captain Dick Miller then stepped on and blasted a grand slam homer. Mykrantz then relieved Donnenwirth, and pitched one-hit ball the remainder of the game. Jim Gest and Bud Sengelmann led the way for the Braves, going 2 for 3, and 3 for 4.

Jr. Counsellors Climb Chimney, Tumble down another Trail

By E. HAMBLIN, JR. COUNSELLOR

The Reverend Ross Miller, who is known around camp as "Dean", decided it would be a good idea to take all the Junior Counsellors up Tumbledown Mountain in order to give them a chance to know each other better.

The trip started at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, July 7. The party reached the foot of Tumbledown in the usual way, riding in Bates' famous Bouncing Buggy. The Junior Counsellors then started to climb the mountain on the Chimney Trail. This trail is not the one that the campers usually climb to reach the top of Tumbledown. The Chimney Trail is much more difficult and hazardous a trail, although not too difficult for the Junior Counsellors. This year, as in other years, the Dean took only a select group, whom he felt would not have trouble making the climb. It was without any doubt a spectacular trip.

They reached the top of Tumbledown after climbing for two hours and, after they had explored the top for a while, they decided to go for a swim in the lake between the peaks.

After refilling their canteens with refreshing spring water, the boys started the trip down the mountain. The trip down was by another trail, which connected about two-thirds of the way down with the Chimney Trail. The trip down lasted about two hours. After reaching the bottom of the mountain, they had a supper of sandwiches, oranges, and chocolate cake which had been especially made for the trip by Emma, the camp's expert baker. The boys returned to Kawanhee at 9:30 P.M., after a wonderful trip led by Dean Miller.

Junior Baseball Games

The first set of Junior games was played on Thursday, July 10, and featured two contests of very different natures. Bob Sengelmann's boys rapidly made mincemeat of J. Black's hapless team to the tune of 22 to 4, while Byron Ford's club just squeaked past Dick Price's, 12 to 11, in a long hard-fought struggle.

Season's First Trip Takes Junior A's to Sawmill

By R. APPLEMAN, JUNIOR A

On Monday, July 7, a group of Junior A's from the Birch, Beaver and Moose Lodges went on a trip with Bates and Mr. Birch to a lumber mill in Dixfield. It was the mill of Timberlands, Inc. The trip was arranged so the fellows could pass some of their Woodcraft requirements.

It was a sight worth seeing to watch the logs being brought up from the Webb River into a building where modern cutting machines, driven by a 185 h.p. Diesel motor, sliced the logs up into different sizes. After the boys had looked around, one of the workers gave each of them one of the removable saw teeth used in the saws.

This was the first, and probably one of the most interesting, trips of the summer.

Weather Wins Water Meet With Greys Two Points Up

The first water meet, which took place on the afternoon of July 12, proved to be a three-sided race between the Greys, the Maroons and the weather. As the contest abruptly ended, the Greys had 34 points and the Maroons, 32.

During the dinner hour, there had been a brief preview of a storm, much needed to clear away the unusually muggy weather. By three o'clock, however, the sun was out and the contest began. All the time the Schwarzs were huffing and puffing their way to victory in the ping-pong race, and Hughes was teetering his precarious way across the finish line ahead of Lagemann, the storm clouds were gathering in the Gap. Suddenly the wind came up, sending contestants and spectators scurrying for shelter, just before the rain arrived. The winners of first places in completed events were:

Jr. C. Ping-pong-ball Race.....	H. Schwarzell, J. Schwarzell, M.
Jr. C Running-in-water Race.....	H. Ellis, M.
Junior A Rowboat Doubles.....	J. Carroll, B. Ford, G.
Jr. B Balloon Race.....	J. Esty, G.
Jr. A 100 yd. Freestyle.....	H. O'Neill, G.
Sr. Canoe-bobbing.....	R. Hughes, G.

PUNK FROM THE LOG

The first few days of the season passed in a welter of traditional sights and sounds. The Fort door slammed, mosquitoes buzzed, baseball challenges flew thick and fast, counsellors screamed, "When's my day off?", dishes crashed as thousands cheered when Bob Warren took over as waiter and, above the din rang Ted Barkwill's laugh, which sounded like a cross between a hyena, and a hen who had just brought another egg-nancy to a successful conclusion. Lodges were assigned, and the Doctor listened to our hearts, testing the reaction to the sentence, "There's a new nurse in camp," in order to separate the Junior Counsellors from the Junior C's. Joel Reynolds again found no day long enough for saying all that he had to say, and went right on talking all night in his sleep. Jack Alexander located a nose-clip and was dressed for the summer. Robin Lagemann made his customary announcement about the hitching posts in the lake and Art Kiefer warned that, spiritually at least, he was again a-settling on every fish nest in the cove. John Nowold lost considerable weight, worrying lest Admiral Barkwill's trunk blow up before the Fourth of July. By the weekend, Stillinger and Romey had been announced as the captains. Sunday afternoon the camp convened for the annual Maroon-Grey raffle. Much to our surprise, we found that the captains had selected their teams by mail order and were merely accepting delivery. The new system worked beautifully until it was discovered that there was a Junior Counsellor left over. So the captains flipped an Eagle for Henry Blau and, judging from the noise, Stillinger lost. Henry might prove to be a decisive factor in the score, if he could just recover from his strange delusion that he can sing.

* * *

When more efficient methods of eating are invented, they will be thought up by Charlie Wilson, the head table's new vacuum cleaner for serving bowls and platters. The other day he had a brilliant idea for doubling the consumption of milk. As he blissfully contemplated his brimming cupful, it suddenly occurred to him that, if so much milk could be poured into one end of the cup, surely an equal amount could be poured into the other end. He immediately acted upon his revolutionary idea. Quickly turning his cup over, he started pouring in at the bottom. Well, in a way the experiment was effective. George Frank did not ask to have the potatoes passed. They floated down to him. Art Kiefer had

a sudden attack of milk on the knees, and Charlie's own moccasins went "Squelch, squelch, squelch," as he ran for the mop.

* * *

Bill Romey is still growing—not up, but, like Spring, he's bustin' out all over his chin. Bill landed in the wrong lodge this summer. It is easy, of course, to see how the directors would just look at him and think, "Moose", but Bill is really most interested in beavers. So, if he cannot have a whole lodgeful of Beavers, he decided that, by the hair of his chinny-chin-chin, he would grow one all his own. Joe Dawson, on the other hand, is doing his best to live up to being an Eagle. He is reported to be assiduously, but not very obviously, cultivating pin-feathers on his upper lip.

* * *

The season did not have the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval until Chief Kawanhee had given us his Okay. On a beautiful evening, therefore, everyone, including the cats, assembled at Council Point amid the murmuring pines and Inn guests. The event held a real surprise for us this time. After all these years, Chief Kawanhee has suddenly started to grow again. In his moccasins, he now stands a good eagle-feather higher than Bill Romey. His voice has changed and, unless he had just wiped his nose with a charred log, he must have been sporting a mustache.

Perhaps for this reason, the ceremony was unusually impressive, from the moment when the Chief, in all his dignity, stepped into the Council Ring and in majestic tones began, "Say, have you heard the one about—I mean, who calls Kawanhee?" As the rites progressed, he seemed to become increasingly belligerent. By the time he was swinging wildly at the mosquitoes with the sacred brand—and singeing a few adjacent Eagles with each swipe—he had most of us quaking in our boots. His tone distinctly implied that he was not going to stand any nonsense from any of us this summer. We don't recall his exact words, but we carried away the impression that he wound up the occasion with some such remark as this, "Now, you young twirps can go ahead and cuss if you want to, but don't let me catch any of you cussin' out loud! Now, get the h—eck out of here!" We didn't risk waiting to be told a second time, but lit out as fast as we could go. And just in time, too! As we raced past the Wildcat Lodge

Swimming Tests Passed, July 1 — July 12

COVE SWIM

A. Arensdorf	B. Birch	H. Blau
J. Bower	T. Brydon	C. Bury
J. Briscoe	J. Carroll	R. Conkey
J. Dawson	C. Day	G. Defoe
S. Denison	D. Desmond	J. Esty
W. Fleming	W. Freeman	J. Gest
M. Gowney	R. Hadley	G. Haines
F. Harrah	P. Hay	D. Hedges
H. Hedges	M. Hedges	S. Higgins
D. Johnson	J. Loveless	C. Mathews
R. McGurdy	R. Obetz	H. O'Neill
A. Place	R. Price	C. Robinson
H. Schwarzell		R. Tasker
D. Teegardin		J. Thompson
A. Wallace	C. Wright	A. Yaus

LAKE SWIM

A. Arensdorf	B. Birch	H. Blau
J. Bower	T. Brydon	C. Bury
R. Conkey	J. Dawson	C. Day
G. Defoe	S. Denison	D. Desmond
J. Esty	W. Fleming	W. Freeman
J. Gest	M. Gowney	R. Hadley
F. Harrah	D. Hedges	H. Hedges
J. Loveless	H. O'Neill	A. Place
R. Price	C. Robinson	R. Tasker
D. Teegardin		R. Thompson
A. Wallace		C. Wright

Achievement Levels Passed, July 1 — July 12

HANDICRAFT

Junior B — First Level

F. Appleton	B. Birch
-------------	----------

Junior A — First Level

A. Place	A. Wallace
----------	------------

Junior A — Second Level

E. Barkwill	G. Conkey
-------------	-----------

Senior — First Level

A. Arensdorf	R. Krebs
--------------	----------

NATURE

Junior C — First Level

J. Ferris	D. Fluaharty	R. Hahn
-----------	--------------	---------

D. Johnston	H. Schwarzell
-------------	---------------

J. Schwarzell	S. Warren	L. Weiser
---------------	-----------	-----------

Junior B — First Level

J. Alexander	P. Bauer	B. Birch
--------------	----------	----------

J. Briscoe	J. Carroll	R. Conkey
------------	------------	-----------

S. Denison	C. Duvall	J. Esty
------------	-----------	---------

N. Gest	M. Gowney	C. Haines
---------	-----------	-----------

S. Higgins	F. Hirsch	D. Johnson
------------	-----------	------------

D. Jones	J. McKenzie	R. Obetz
----------	-------------	----------

R. Olinger	R. Rex	W. Rutan
------------	--------	----------

D. Savelle	R. Tasker	D. Teegardin
------------	-----------	--------------

J. Waterfall	R. Wunsch
--------------	-----------

Junior A — First Level

B. Ford	R. Sengelmann	A. Tully
---------	---------------	----------

SAILING

Junior A — First Level

K. Jaeger

Senior — First Level

K. Jaeger

Indians Scalp Yanks, 16-2

Wednesday evening, without the moral support of their captain, husky John Diaz, the Yankees were no match for the hard-hitting Indians, led by slugging Dick Stillinger. Lagemann, after bowing to the Braves in the afternoon, came back to win the nightcap.

in George Frank's wake, we clearly heard the roar as Chief Kawanhee blew up back at Council Point.