



The Wigwam



Volume XIII, No. 5

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 7, 1947

MAROONS STAGE SMALL RALLY Trips Diminish Total Tally

The Maroons edged away from the Greys again during the fifth week of the season, building up their lead to 234½ points. The score which Mr. Spangler read at the campfire of August 2 was: Maroons, 4184; Greys, 3949½. With the exception of the water meet, which the Greys won, 108 to 78, the Maroons had the advantage in all fields of scoring. The Shop had been the scene of the greatest activity, for, of the total of eighty-nine levels passed by the two teams together, forty-two were won in Handicraft.

It was pointed out at the campfire that the score this season was lagging well behind that of last summer. A check of the figures reveals that the total of the two teams on August 2, 1947, was some twenty-seven hundred points lower than it was on August 3, 1946. This is a big discrepancy, but not necessarily large enough to cast any reflections upon the enthusiasm of this summer's teams. The difference is no more than might be expected as the result of the unusually heavy schedule of trips which has caused one or, usually, more large groups to be out of camp every weekday since the middle of July.

Trip Schedule at Full Capacity, S.R.O. Sign on Outpost Camp

The program of trips continued with unabated energy during the week. A group from the Senior side of camp went to Coos Canyon for a Sunday afternoon swim on July 27. Monday, a party consisting of Wildcats, Lynx and three Moose climbed Mt. Spec. That same day a small group set out for the Appalachian Trail. Wednesday, the Beaver Lodge went up the Jackson Range and Tumbledown. The outpost camp on Swift River was in almost constant use. The Panthers and Deers moved in on Tuesday and stayed until Thursday. The Birch and Beaver lodges then took over the camp until Saturday evening. On Sunday, the Wildcats, Lynx and Moose began a two-night sojourn there. A large group departed for the Chain of Ponds on August 4, thus beginning the season's first major canoe trip.

Spec Trip Featured by Falls, Screw Auger and Stillinger

By M. SPROUL, SENIOR

At approximately 6:30 A.M., on Monday, July 28, the trip to Mt. Spec started off in full swing, with nineteen sleepy boys from the Senior side of camp. The transportation was supplied by the handsome limousines of Joe Seldon, Bud Kast and Herb Burns. The start was made in mist and rain, which continued most of the day.

After driving through Dixfield and Rumford, the expedition turned north toward Dixville Notch. The first stop
(Continued on page 2)

Jackson Expedition Dunks in Tumbledown Lake and Brook

By H. O'NEILL, JUNIOR A

At 9:30 A.M., last Wednesday, July 30, the Beaver Lodge left on Bates' Bouncing Buggy to climb the Jackson Range and Tumbledown. The trip was supervised by Dean Miller and Mr. Kast.

We started the climb at the camp buildings where the old Tumbledown trail begins. Instead of crossing the brook and taking that trail, we went to the right up an old logging road. The logging road soon turned into a narrow trail and, when the trail gave out, we went right through the woods up the shoulder of Jackson. Half way up the mountain we stopped to rest by a spring. There we filled our canteens and picked blueberries. After five minutes we started again, and reached the top of the range at 12:30. Then we went down the other side for half a mile to reach the lake on Tumbledown, which is sometimes called Crater Lake. There we ate lunch and went swimming.

After lunch we separated. Some went with Mr. Kast to the Lemon Squeezer and Fat Man's Misery, while Dean Miller took some of us to climb one of the peaks of Tumbledown. We met again at the lake and started down.

We ate supper at the bottom and, while waiting for the Buggy, went for a dip in the near by brook. On the way back to camp, we stopped at the Farmer's Wife, and arrived at Kawanhee shortly after Taps.

43 Miles of Appalachian Trail Test Stamina, Exhaust Shoes

This summer's successful Appalachian Trail trip, July 28 to 31, added 43 more miles of mountain climbing to the portions of the Trail covered by Kawanhee tribesmen within the last three years. Charles Windle commanded this year's group, which included Henry Blau, Herb Erf and Ben Hadley. The route extended north from Maine highway No. 4, over the Saddleback range, through the Ober-ton Stream valley, over Mt. Sugarloaf, through Bigelow village and finally across the lengthy Bigelow range to Maine highway No. 16.

The Appalachian Trail, completed in 1937, is a mountain footpath blazed for 2050 continuous miles, south from Mt. Katahdin in Maine, to Mt. Oglethorpe in Georgia. White blazes, cairns and the diamond-shaped Trail symbol serve as markers on the trail.

Food, bedding and accessories were carried by each of the four in knapsacks. These packs averaged 38 pounds. Trail lean-to's provided shelter for two nights. The third night the party slept on a mountain summit. Weather proved to be the obstructing force the first day. An all night rain had left the forested trail wet, and
(Continued on page 4)

Braves Bow to Rampant Yankees Kerr Hurls 7 to 1 Victory

By H. SENGMANN, JR. COUNSELLOR

When the regular schedule of Senior League baseball games was resumed on Tuesday, July 29, the mighty Braves finally came a cropper. John Diaz and his Yankees humbled them, 7 to 1. Johnny Kerr's great performance on the mound, which silenced all but one of the Braves' big guns, rated him as one of the two top hurlers in the Kawanhee League. Captain Bud Sengelmenn collected two of the losers' three hits. Jack Onderdonk, the Braves' hurler, pitched good ball but, the breaks being against him, he was handed his first defeat of the year. Even Dick McCurdy, star rookie 3rd baseman of the Braves' previously air-tight infield, failed to reach first safely, as the Braves dropped into a tie for second place.

THE WIGWAM

Published weekly during the summer season by Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine
G. R. Frank and R. C. Frank, owners and directors

EDITORIAL STAFF

Senior Counsellor
C. Scarlett

Junior Counsellors

E. Hamblin

H. Sengelmann

Franks Review Weld Hibernation, Find Rigors of Winter Nothing After Joys of Remodeling

So much interest has been expressed in the story of the R. C. Franks' first winter in Weld that the *Wigwam*, somewhat belatedly, sent a representative to interview Mrs. Frank on the subject. Frannie wagged her head and waved a hand in characteristic fashion, as she remarked, "Quite a winter!" and launched into her story.

It appears that their first year as citizens of Weld divided itself naturally into several periods, the first and most harrowing of which was dominated by the great plumbing problem. In September, the Franks had established themselves temporarily in the Elmore cabin on Pine Point, while the house on Center Hill underwent the necessary repairs and improvements. The most pressing essential was to get water piped into the house. As the weeks passed and the plumbers came and went, the situation did not appear to change radically. All the fixtures were in the bathroom, but too detached to be useful. The kitchen sink stood dry under a nonexistent faucet. A septic tank had been sunken in the ground, but the workmen were too proud of their work to bury it deeply and it promptly floated up and out in the first heavy rain. At last the great day arrived when the plumbers could announce that there was water in the house. The new kitchen tap emitted a modest stream. Of course, in the process, the sink had been broken. The water, therefore, could not be used, but still there *was* water in the house. At that point, the workmen were coerced into a brief flurry of true Kawanhee ingenuity, and the notably cranky sink from Pine Lodge was temporarily, if somewhat awkwardly, installed. From that time on, there was progress at a more satisfactory rate.

On October 20, the Franks actually moved into the new house, accompanied by Laurence and Emma, who stayed into November to give their invaluable assistance. Morse Burtis, for several weeks, commuted daily from Dixfield to lend a hand. They all pitched into the jobs of painting, plas-

tering, papering and so forth. Frannie admits to several new experiences at this time. She papered the kitchen and the bathroom with the aid of Emma and the Franks' good neighbor, Mrs. Lee of the Farmer's Wife. She learned, too, of the untidy potentialities of the law of gravity, when painting a ceiling after the walls had been papered. The kitten took on the job of ridding the place of moles, whose corpses she lined up on the porch, after receiving due praise. Boots, the pup, his nose somewhat out of joint, dragged in a dead porcupine to add to the line-up. Raymond's chores during the fall and winter included the building of shelves, installing a furnace with registers, turning the basement stairs around, putting a new floor in the kitchen, insulating the house, to say nothing of shovelling snow and overseeing the cutting of ice for the camp.

When asked about the winter weather, Frannie very creditably demonstrates her progress towards becoming a true State-of-Mainer. Oh no, it wasn't a hard winter. The thermometer never went much lower than twenty below. Ayeh, of course there was snow, but nothing special. She does admit, however, to being somewhat inconvenienced by four weeks of mud in the spring, when it was impossible to get the cars beyond the end of the surfaced road at the Farmer's Wife, and it became necessary to walk, or wade, the rest of the way.

Time never hung heavy on her hands, Frannie insists, what with the P.T.A., the Farm Bureau, the Church Circle, the Tyngtown Club in Wilton, and the biweekly meetings of the Grange, to say nothing of the house. Betty attended the school in Weld, having the third grade all to herself. Raymond revived the church in Weld for services on Christmas and Easter. These services were so successful as to stimulate the members to vote for employing a full time minister again. In the Spring, Raymond bought the local sawmill, in partnership with a local man, Mr. Lloyd Gould, who became the mill's manager. The old buildings were torn down and the old saw sold. Two new buildings were erected and a saw of a different type installed. The mill is now in operation, under the title of Squares, Inc., turning out birch squares to supply factories.

The house on Center Hill is now a home and shows the results of the winter's work and planning. The Franks are naturally proud of it and want to show it off to their friends. To this end, Frannie plans two open houses this summer for the Kawanhee staff and their wives.

Expedition to Mt. Spec (Continued)

on our journey was at Screw Auger Falls, about two miles from Spec. This is a very unusual formation of solid rock, which has been wearing away for thousands of years. We did a little exploring and then proceeded to the base of the mountain, close to the New Hampshire border.

Dean Miller set the pace all the way to the top. After reaching the summit, strange as it seems, there was still something to climb. There was a forest ranger's lookout tower on the top-most peak of Spec and, of course, each and every one of us had to have a turn up the tower. It was then nearing noon, so naturally there came the familiar cry, "Let's eat!"

After lunch, we started the long, rather rough, journey down the mountain, with Burns in the lead, and Kast and Seldon bringing up the rear. As things turned out, Mr. Kast and Mr. Seldon didn't reach the bottom quite as soon as they expected. In fact, they were half an hour late. It could all be blamed on Dick Stillinger. About half way down the wet and slippery trail Dick fell and twisted his ankle.

After reaching the bottom, everyone had a refreshing dip under the falls near the beginning of the trail. We then drove back to Screw Auger Falls, where we had our supper.

Indians Blank Red Sox to Grab Undisputed Top Spot

On August 29, the Indians took an 8-0 decision from the Red Sox to continue in the top spot, which has now become their undisputed possession. Inspired by their crippled captain, Dick Stillinger, who managed from the bench, the Indians lashed into the Red Sox pitchers to collect 8 runs. Meanwhile, Big Robin Lagemann gave the Erfless Red Sox little opportunity. His pitching was the hurling feat of the year, a two-hitter and his second consecutive shutout. This ranks him as the "Ewell Blackwell" of the Kawanhee league. Pete Mykrantz showed the way for the tribe, collecting four for five. The 8 to 0 loss just about ruins the Red Sox chances for the pennant, and makes the Indians appear, to this writer, as the team to beat.

Junior Baseball Games

In the third round of Junior baseball games, played on August 1, Price's team broke the tie for second place by defeating Sengelmann, 15 to 7, while Ford squelched Black, 9 to 3. Ford's boys thus continue undefeated.

Eagles, Falcons Win Applause As Rabbits and Geese

With the informality which has become its trademark this summer, the management of the Kawanhee Theatre presented another variety bill on Friday evening, August 1. The program began with the very amusing lodge stunts of the Junior C's, and ranged through several specialty numbers to the final eruption of the Crows in a few catch-as-catch-can skits.

The Eagle and Falcon plays were both pantomime versions of animal stories, read by the respective lodge counsellors and acted out by the boys. A special bow should have been taken by Mrs. R. C. Frank, who designed and executed the very clever costumes. The star of the Eagle drama was Rozzie Angier, who gave a very spirited performance as the little rabbit who wished for wings, and then wished that he hadn't. For the Falcons, Jerry Ferris effectively took the leading role of Mrs. Goose, who gave a party but forgot to invite the guests.

The specialties followed, with progressive difficulty as the evening rapidly took on the character of *Hellzapoppin'*. C. Haines played trumpet solos, accompanied by K. Beck at the piano. Tony Tully, in blackface, recited a poem by Dunbar. A trio, composed of Grownney, Hay and Reynolds, rendered a few old vocal favorites. Harry Ellis put several larger pianists to shame when he stretched himself up to the keyboard. Then the Master Campers and Junior Counsellors took over and, as McAfee pointed out, anything could happen—and did!

Phillies Leave Tigers in Cellar

The Phillies finally won a ball game as they conquered Hadley's winless wonders, 8 to 1. Ted Barkwill pitched very good ball for the winners, except to Bud Sengelmann. Bud, playing for Ben Hadley, had a perfect day, going 3 for 3, but to no avail. Thus the Tigers have stretched their winless streak to three weeks, and are now sole owners of the cellar.

League Standings, August 2

	W	L	Runs	Opp	R	Pct.
Indians	3	0	19	2	1000	
Braves	2	1	27	17	667	
Yankees	2	1	15	11	667	
Red Sox	1	2	20	29	333	
Phillies	1	2	17	18	333	
Tigers	0	3	7	28	000	

Achievement Levels Passed, July 27 — August 2

AQUATICS

Junior C — First Level	R. Angier
Junior B — First Level	R. Sengelmann
Junior A — First Level	J. Waterfall
	D. Desmond

ATHLETICS

Junior C — Second Level	R. Angier
Junior A — First Level	E. Barkwill
Junior A — Second Level	E. Barkwill
Senior — First Level	W. Romey
Senior — Second Level	W. Romey

HANDICRAFT

Junior C — First Level	R. Angier	H. Ellis	J. Ferris
	D. Fluharty	D. French	R. Hahn
	D. Johnston	H. Schwarzell	
	J. Schwarzell	L. Weiser	
Junior C — Third Level	F. Hirsch		
Junior B — First Level	R. Obetz	R. Tasker	
Junior B — Second Level	F. Appleton	J. Briscoe	R. Conkey
	J. Esty	N. Gest	C. Haines
	M. Hedges	D. Jones	P. Lattin
Junior B — Third Level	C. Duvall		
Junior A — First Level	J. Hambleton	J. Reynolds	
	M. Shannon	R. Stroud	
Junior A — Second Level	C. Day	J. Hambleton	W. Hinman
		M. Shannon	
Junior A — Third Level	C. Day	M. Shannon	R. Taylor
Senior — First Level	C. Barkwill	G. Conkey	J. Schieber
Senior — Second Level	A. Arensdorf	K. Beck	R. Hadley
		J. Schieber	
Senior — Third Level	R. Donnenwirth		

NATURE

Junior C — First Level		
H. Ellis		D. French
Junior B — Second Level		
J. Briscoe	J. Esty	C. Haines
R. Olinger		R. Rex
Junior A — First Level		
C. Day	W. Hinman	A. Place
Junior A — Second Level		
B. Ford	W. Hinman	A. Place
Junior A — Third Level		
B. Ford		M. Shannon
Senior — First Level		
E. Barkwill	B. Roberts	R. Taylor
Senior — Second Level		
E. Barkwill		J. Bower
R. Donnenwirth		J. Loveless
B. Roberts		C. Wright

SAILING

Senior — First Level	C. Bury	M. Greenawalt	J. Loveless
----------------------	---------	---------------	-------------

WOODCRAFT

Junior C — First Level		
H. Ellis		D. French
Junior B — First Level		
J. Briscoe	J. Carroll	C. Duvall
D. Jones		D. Teegardin

Water Polo and War Canoe Race Decide Victory for Greys

By E. HAMBLIN, JR. COUNSELLOR

On August 2, the Greys won another water meet, the water polo and the war canoe race being the deciding factors. Before these two events, the meet was tied at 33 to 33.

The Seniors participated in the water polo, which was divided into two heats. The Greys won both heats, which gave their team 50 points. The losing team received 30 points. The watermelon which was to be the prize for the water polo was swiped by the Duke and a helper. The Duke dropped the melon in his flight, furnishing refreshments for many of the spectators.

The winning of the war canoe race brought an end to the meet, giving the Greys an additional 25 points. The final score was 108 to 78.

Jr. C Pajama Race	J. Ferris, M.
Jr. C Balloon Race	R. Hahn, G.
Jr. B Canoe Doubles	D. Jones, R. Rex, G.
Jr. B 200 ft. Relay	S. Denison, M. Grownney, M.
Jr. A Steeplechase	E. Barkwill, G.
Senior Canoe-bobbing	R. Miller, G.
Senior Water Polo	Grey Team
War Canoe Race	Grey Team

Range Awards, July 27 - August 2

Pro-Marksman		
J. Bower	C. Haines	J. Hambleton
D. Jones	J. McKenzie	R. Olinger
R. Rex	B. Roberts	A. Tully
P. Yaus		
Marksman		
J. Bower	J. Hambleton	B. Roberts
W. Rutan	R. Sengelmann	P. Yaus
Marksman First Class		
J. Hambleton	B. Roberts	P. Yaus
Sharpshooter		
D. Desmond	J. Hambleton	R. Taylor
P. Yaus		
First Bar		
J. Carroll		P. Yaus
Second and Third Bars		
D. Crandall		
Fifth Bar		
J. Dawson		
Sixth Bar		

Swimming Tests, July 27-August 2

COVE SWIM	H. Ellis	J. Ferris	D. Johnston
		R. Warren	

LAKE SWIM	A. Clark	G. Conkey	D. Jones
	B. Roberts		R. Wunsch

BASS ROCK SWIM

C. Anderson		R. Appleman
A. Arensdorf	C. Barkwill	J. Black
W. Boden	J. Briscoe	C. Bury
R. Conkey	S. Denison	D. Desmond
J. Esty	W. Fleming	J. Gest
M. Griley	M. Grownney	R. Hadley
C. Haines	D. Hedges	H. Hedges
S. Higgins	J. McMinn	C. Mathews
J. Onderdonk	H. O'Neill	A. Place
R. Price	R. Rex	J. Reynolds
H. Schwarzell		R. Tasker
R. Thompson		A. Wallace
J. Waterfall		C. Wright

Appalachian Trail Trip

(Continued)

the rocky summits slippery. Long stretches of swamp further hindered hiking progress. The two-mile stretch above the timber line on Saddleback Mountain (4,116 ft.) was crossed in extreme fog, mist and wind. Following the summit cairns at this time was particularly difficult. Other peaks traversed during the ten miles of the first day included the Horn (4,023 ft.) and Saddleback Junior (3,640 ft.).

Eleven of the fourteen miles traveled the second day were located in a game preserve area, officially closed because of lumber operations and heavy blow-down. The zenith of the day's hiking was Mt. Sugarloaf (4,237 ft.), Maine's second highest mountain. The remarkable view from the conical peak of Sugarloaf embraced the entire Rangeley Lakes region and all prominent peaks in every direction. The summit of Spaulding Mountain (3,988 ft.), where lunch was eaten, furnished an excellent view to the west. Poplar Ridge (3,120 ft.), the final crest of the Saddleback region, was crossed early in the morning.

Hard climbing on the eight mile eastern half of the Bigelow Range characterized the fifteen and a half miles accomplished the third day. This range is second only to Katahdin in attraction and length. The very steep ascent of the initial peak, the South Horn, the considerable sag between the South Horn summit (3,831 ft.) and the West Peak summit (4,150 ft.), and another smaller sag between the West Peak summit and the East Peak summit (4,088 ft.), are convincing arguments of the strenuousness of the climbing. In the minds of the hikers, however, most of this was anticlimactic to the distance between the East Peak and the Little Bigelow summit. This area had been badly damaged by the hurricane of 1938. This three and one-half mile traverse, carried out late in the day, was the most exhausting of the entire experience.

The descent of three and one-half miles from the summit of Little Bigelow completed the trip Thursday morning. The utter destruction of one pair of shoes, by the rough climbing of the preceding three days, cancelled the remainder of the projected 63 mile trip. The remaining twenty miles, which, according to the original plan, were to be completed by early Friday, did not, in any case, contain any of the climbing. The initial forty-three miles had included all the mountains.

The summits of Saddleback and Bigelow were made more interesting by fifty-foot fire towers.

The tom-tom has disappeared from the dining hall, reducing such unquenchable announcers as Miller and Seldon to the silly expedient of applauding themselves, when they want quiet. A very inefficient means of attracting attention, we think. Why don't they have Loveless drop a tray of dishes or, better yet, dunk Carl Wright in his graham-cracker pie. That really makes everyone sit up and take notice.

* * *

A group of intrepid mountaineers climbed Mt. Spec on Monday. At least they think that they climbed Mt. Spec. They made the ascent in such a thick fog that, for all they actually saw, they might just as well have been scaling Howell Windle in his camouflaged poncho with Art Kiefer standing on his shoulders.

The fog produced some strange situations during the trip. Dean Miller, setting the pace, led the party right across the summit and well down the other side before the ease of the going made him realize that he had overshot the mark. Herb Burns exclaimed constantly over the scenic beauties, and snapped pictures right and left, meanwhile commenting, "I really must come back some day when I can see what I have taken all these pictures of." When it came time to deal out the lunch, visibility was so poor that all Seldon and Kast could do was to tell everyone to stretch out a hand. Then Bud and Joe would grope around and push a sandwich into the first fist they encountered. When the meal was over, Appleman and Sproul and others complained that they were still hungry.

"That's strange," said Joe. "I thought that there was plenty. Every time I gave someone a sandwich, he gave me another right back."

"Why I had the same experience," exclaimed Kast. It was to be assumed that in the obscurity, they had fed most of the food to one another.

On the return trip, Dick Stillinger developed a new method of coming down mountains. He would walk a few steps, and then his feet would shoot up into the air. He would soar through space and make a one-point landing several yards down the trail. In spite of this step-saving means of locomotion, he made rather poor time. The vanguard of the expedition reached the foot of the mountain and waited long enough to begin to worry. Just as scouts were about to be sent back up the trail, Kast and

Seldon staggered into the open, lugging something between them.

"Is Mrs. Jones in the house?" gasped Bud.

"Look, isn't this Stilly!" cried Joe.

And Stilly it was — not the dashing, confident Captain Stillinger who passes Junior B first levels in Sailing with a snap of his fingers, but a mere shattered hulk, whose fevered brow Merrill Sproul was tenderly bathing.

"Tell the Greys to carry on," Dick quavered in a feeble voice as they laid him gently down. "And tell Romey that, with my last breath, I wished him another half-point's worth of perch."

A scene of wild confusion immediately ensued. Above the more practical cries of "Where's the First Aid kit?", Dean Miller could be heard shouting, "Call an ambulance," while Burns intoned, "Miss Black wanted in surgery, Miss Black wanted in surgery!" The injury was finally localized as a sprained ankle.

"Funny," muttered Sproul. "I thought that the seat of the injury must be elsewhere. The part of his anatomy that he used most coming down the mountain was certainly higher up and farther back than an ankle."

* * *

The Crows' Nest suffered a visitation from the Duke, or gremlins, one day. The whole place was thoroughly pied. Onto this scene of ruin and desolation wandered Bob Warren.

"Why, what happened here?" he asked with wide-eyed innocence.

The question, or the innocence, proved to be Bob's undoing. He was seized and unwrapped faster than any bar of inspection candy in the Eagle Lodge. He found himself suddenly in the middle of the road, dressed in nothing but Warren. It felt a bit chilly to him, so he warmed up the surrounding atmosphere with a few choice Maine expressions.

* * *

Kawanhee seemed to have become a menagerie at the show Friday night. Rozzie had turned into a bunny and Robin Lagemann into an ape. As you see, the change was greater in some cases than in others. Joel Reynolds, Mike Growney and Pete Hay tried to turn into a trio, but the trio reminded us of a ham sandwich in reverse. The usual sandwich consists of a thin slice of ham between two thick hunks of bread, but the trio had Mike, as a very thin slice of bread, in the middle. The ham was on the outside.

PUNK FROM THE LOG