



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

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GREYS HIT FIRST PAY DIRT Sports, Nature Build Score

The Greys have taken the first inning of the summer's game for points, as they discovered to their loud delight when Ethan Davis announced the score at the campfire of July 10. Their lead proved to be only a narrow one of 19 points, but the total scores, too, were comparatively small, 409½ to 390½. For once, team athletic events were the deciding factor, for the 104½ points which the Greys collected from the water meet and the hardball game, as opposed to the Maroons' 30½, quite overwhelmed the Maroons' advantage of 360 to 305 in the usually decisive Achievement Level work. The bulk of the first score, as we have come to expect, was produced in the Nature Room, where forty first levels accounted for 600 points of the combined score.

Red Sox Swamp Tribe in Opener, Tigers and Yanks Win Games

By M. SPROUL, JR. COUNSELLOR

The first round of games in the 1948 Camp Kawanhee Senior softball league was played during the afternoon and evening of July 8.

The opening game was a hard fought battle between Sproul's Red Sox and Stillinger's Indians. Sproul and Dale went for the Red Sox, giving up eleven hits, while Blau and Hamblin composed the battery for the Indians, handing out twelve hits.

Stillinger and Van Horn ran away with batting honors for the Indians, while Gest, Sproul and Wunsch each made two hits for the Sox.

After seven innings of hard play, the Red Sox won their first game, 12 to 7.

Dick Webber's Yankees trounced Miller's Senators, 6 to 2, in the third game of the Senior league. Sengelmann and Hinman handled the battery duties for the Yanks, while Van Horn and Miller pitched for the Senators, Robinson doing the catching. Jack Van Horn slammed a home run deep into right field in the fifth inning.

In the remaining game of the first round, Admiral Barkwill's Tigers squeaked by Pete Mueller and his Athletics, 6 to 5.

Miller Maroon, Barkwill Grey, Teams Selected, Join the Fray

With the flip of a coin in the Dining Hall on July 6, the twenty-sixth annual struggle between the Maroons and the Greys began. The new captains, Charles Barkwill and Richard Miller, had been announced and loudly approved by the cheers of the whole camp. Miller won the toss of Nick's coin during the supper hour and, as was expected, chose to lead the Maroon team. Maroon, inevitably, is considered the more auspicious color. Not only did last year's Maroon team win the hard fought contest by 345 points, but through the years of competition the Maroons have had fourteen victories to eleven for the Greys.

Both captains are Junior Counsellors and veteran members of the Kawanhee tribe. Dick Miller, Dean Miller's younger son, has already experienced almost every vicissitude of a camper's life in his nine previous summers at Kawanhee. In comparison with this record, Barkwill might seem something of a newcomer, although he has already taken an active part in three camp seasons. For some half-forgotten reason, he is universally known as "Admiral". As assistant leaders, Dick and the Admiral chose last summer's two outstanding captains: Dick Stillinger for the Maroons, and Bill Romey for the Greys.

The new captains selected their teams later that Tuesday evening in the Recreation Hall. For once it seemed possible to distinguish the basis upon which they were making their choices. Barkwill appeared to be putting considerable emphasis on men of proven point-winning ability. Of the seventeen returning campers who last summer ran up individual scores of 400 points or better, thirteen went to the Greys, including Bob Hadley, the camp High Point Winner with 615, and Bill Fleming, the leading Junior A with 582. Miller, on the other hand, seemed willing to take more chances with new men who, since they start from scratch, have not already exhausted the potential points to be earned from the lower and easier Levels.

Junior C's Climb up Bald, Find Scenery, Wallet, Maybe Gold

By R. ANGIER, JUNIOR C

Last Thursday, the Junior C's climbed Mt. Bald. We left right after rest hour. We had lots of fun. Mr. Bateman drove us in the Bouncing Buggy. We went up with Ethan Davis and Webby Davis and Ken Beck. Ken and Webby carried the food part of the way up the mountain.

At the foot of the mountain, we got out of the truck and Mr. Bateman told us a little story about mountain climbing and why we had to be careful. We crossed a mountain stream and there was a little field by it. It had some interesting flowers in it. Then we started climbing the mountain. We stumbled a few times over roots. There was wilderness all around us. We had fun climbing on the rocks high up the mountain. We took a few rests climbing up, but none on the way down. There was very beautiful scenery. We found a wallet with a little money in it. It was quite a discovery. David French thought he found a gold rock.

It took us a little less than two hours to climb the mountain. We played that we were cowboys when we got to the top, and we played that the rocks were a canyon. After we finished playing, we ate our supper. We had sandwiches, eggs, cookies and chocolate bars for supper. Then we went down the mountain. We heard Webby making a noise like a bear. Bates was down at the bottom waiting.

Greys Win Pitchers' Battle, Webber, Mueller on Mound

Saturday morning, July 10, was featured by a Maroon-Grey athletic event which gave the winning Greys 50 points, to 0 for their rivals. In seven innings of play, the Greys defeated the Maroon hardball team, 2 to 0. Dick Webber, the winning pitcher, gave only two hits and also led the hitting, getting the only two hits against Pete Mueller, the Maroon hurler. Mueller and Sproul got the only two hits for the Maroon team, but were left on base as Webber retired the succeeding batters.

Greys Win Water Meet, Take Five out of Eight Firsts

By M. SPROUL, JR. COUNSELLOR

On Saturday, July 10, Camp Kawanhee held the season's first competitive water meet. The respective Maroon and Grey teams lined up on each end of the beach before their captains. There were eight separate events, the Greys winning five and the Maroons taking three, to give the Greys the first Aquatic victory, 54½ to 30½.

The winners of first places in the various events were as follows:

Junior C Pajama Race.....	B. Fogg, G.
Junior B Potato-find.....	J. Ferris, G.
Jr. A Potato-and-spoon Race.....	R. Smith, M.
Senior In-and-out Canoe Race.....	R. Dale, L. Potter, M.
Junior C Ping-pong Race.....	D. Johnston, G.
Junior B 2-man Freestyle Relay.....	M. Gowney, J. Waterfall, G.
Junior A Canoe-bobbing.....	J. Carroll, M.
Senior Steeplechase.....	J. Van Horn, G.

Swimming Tests Passed, July 1 - July 10

COVE SWIM

F. Appleton	C. Barkwill	K. Beck
B. Birch	J. Black	H. Blau
R. Blosser	J. Brookhouse	J. Carroll
H. Clark	R. Conkey	R. Dale
C. Day	N. Day	G. Defoe
D. Desmond	H. Dingle	J. Duncan
H. Ellis	J. Ferris	W. Fleming
J. Gest	N. Gest	M. Greenawalt
M. Griley	M. Gowney	R. Hadley
C. Haines	P. Hay	H. Hedges
D. Johnson	D. Johnston	R. Johnston
T. Jones	R. Lamb	P. Latin
E. Loughrey	P. MacMillan	C. Mathews
D. Matheson	W. Meador	J. Minich
R. Miller	P. Mueller	H. O'Neill
J. Olinger	K. Peterson	L. Potter
R. Price	R. Rex	J. Reynolds
B. Roberts	W. Roney	T. Ross
R. Smith	H. Schwarzell	J. Schwarzell
R. Taylor	A. Tully	J. Van Horn
R. Vermilye	C. Vicary	J. Waterfall
R. Webber	M. West	A. Wunsch
A. Yaus		P. Yaus

LAKE SWIM

K. Beck	B. Birch	J. Black
R. Blosser	A. Clark	R. Conkey
R. Dale	C. Day	D. Desmond
J. Detrick	H. Dingle	J. Duncan
H. Ellis	W. Fleming	J. Gest
M. Griley	M. Gowney	C. Haines
P. Hay	D. Johnson	D. Johnston
T. Jones	W. Lane	E. Loughrey
C. Mathews	D. Matheson	W. Meador
H. O'Neill	R. Rex	C. Robinson
W. Roney	T. Ross	W. Rutan
H. Schwarzell	R. Smith	R. Taylor
J. Van Horn	C. Vicary	J. Waterfall

First Junior Baseball Games

The season's first set of Junior softball games was played during the morning of Thursday, July 8. Of the new clubs, Tony Tully's Pirates clearly marked themselves as the team to beat, by wiping out J. Waterfall and his Giants, 14 to 0. Pete Hay and his Braves won the other game handily, 5 to 2, over the Phillies, led by Mike Gowney.

PUNK FROM THE LOG

It was late in June. The pink lady's-slippers were already a bit down at the heel, and the pines were sprouting pale new needles as Bill Romey's chin sprouts whiskers. Suddenly, up on Tumbledown, old Chief Kawanhee snored so loudly that he woke himself up from his long winter sleep.

"What's that?" he mumbled. "Who calls Kawanhee? I hear you. I am - - - Oh!" He looked around sleepily. "I wonder what woke me up. Suppose it must have been a thunder shower, but it sounded just like someone snoring. Wonder who it could have been."

(Here we must explain that Chief Kawanhee never snores. He says so himself! So don't believe a word to the contrary from the people who roost above the Dining Hall, where later the Chief, disguised as Art Kiefer, was to go into residence.

"Oh well," he grunted. "Maybe it's time to get up anyway. R.C. will be yelling for me pretty soon. R.C. — good gosh, the camp! The boys! I wonder if they'll all be back. Wonder if Rozzie Angier ever swallowed his bubble gum. Wonder if Ga'dner Defoe is ready for another sta' hike. Wonder if they're here yet."

He listened intently for a minute. The Webb Lake valley was full of silence, so it obviously could not also be full of such tribesmen as Johnnie Schwarzell and Don Wambaugh.

"Ugh! Got time for another nap," the Chief mumbled. He promptly snuggled down in Fat Man's Misery and again there was a sound as of thunder showers over Tumbledown.

The Chief awoke towards evening — several days later. Quiet had fled from the camp across the lake. The Fort door slammed. Counsellors yelled, "When's my day-off?" A steady *Phlumpety-phlumpety-phlump* might have been either the Dining Hall pump or Merrill Sproul's heart, as he waited by his mail box. Above all could be heard the steady cracking of timber as campers, large and small, collected sticks "as long as their middle fingers and as big around as their elbows".

"Holy smoke," gasped the Chief. "They're here. I got to get goin'."

Hastily he began to don his finery and to slap on his war paint. As he jammed on his flowing toupee with one hand, with the other he automatically used his squaw's lipstick to write the mystic letters, L-S-M-F-T, across his brow. "Hope no one puts

Variation

RETURNED: D. Crandall, on July 6, to assume his duties as Junior Counsellor in Falcon Lodge and as assistant on the Range.

RETURNED: J. Selden, on July 7, to resume his position as head of the Aquatics Department and Counsellor of Deer Lodge.

ENLARGED: The Deer Lodge, on July 7, by the arrival of R. Vermilye, of Englewood, N. J.

ENLARGED: The Eagle Lodge, on July 10, by the arrival of J. Salembier, of Englewood, N. J.

ENLARGED: The Falcon Lodge, on July 8, by the arrival of C. Salembier, of Englewood, N. J.

REVISED: The status of Henry Sengelmann, from the rank of Junior Counsellor to that of Senior Counsellor. (Henry's alma mater is Colgate, not Rutgers, as reported.)

RELIEVED: The congestion in the Crows' Nest, by the opening of another lodge in the Green Barn on Pine Point, with H. Sengelmann as Counsellor and following members: J. Gest, R. Hadley, R. Lamb and J. Van Horn.

Achievement Levels Passed, July 1 - July 10

NATURE

Junior C — First Level

W. Chipman	J. Dresbach	C. Evans
B. Fogg	J. McHutchison	C. Pike
	C. Salembier	

Junior B — First Level

R. Angier	R. Blosser	R. Boody
J. Brookhouse	N. Day	W. Devorss
H. Dingle	H. Ellis	D. Fergus
J. Ferris	D. French	D. Goss
R. Hahn	D. Johnston	G. Landon
A. MacKown	P. MacMillan	D. Matheson
T. Moore	G. Norris	R. Sandberg
H. Schwarzell	J. Schwarzell	C. Vicary
	M. West	

Junior A — First Level

N. Gest

Senior — First Level

R. Dale	C. Day	J. Duncan
M. Greenawalt	H. Hedges	R. Johnston
	E. Loughrey	

SAILING

Junior B — First Level

R. Conkey		C. Haines
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Senior — First Level

W. Fleming

Senior — Second Level

W. Fleming

firecrackers in the campfire this time," he grumbled. "Last year everybody thought it was me, burping."

He snatched a last look at himself, using Tumbledown Lake as a mirror. The general effect seemed to disappoint him. He parted his long, straggling locks and peered at his reflection again. "Oh, well," he sighed. "I aint no Gregory Peck, but, so help me, I'll slug the first guy that calls me Nature Boy."