



The Wigwam



Volume XIV, No. 5

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 6, 1948

SCORING SEESAW CHECKED, Greys Hold, Build up Lead

For the first time this season, one team has stayed on top for two successive weeks. When Ethan Davis made his eagerly awaited announcement at the campfire of July 31, the score stood: Greys, 4492½; Maroons, 4032. Thus it was revealed that the Greys not only had held their lead of 80 points, breaking the seesaw swing of this year's score, but had also increased it to 460½. This is the first week in which the difference between the two teams has amounted to more than two or three levels' worth of points.

In a week completely devoid of any sports competition, virtually all the scoring was derived from the Achievement Level work. The Greys passed 62 levels with 1830 points, while the Maroons cleaned up 54, worth 1455. Range gave the two teams an almost even break, with 90 points for the Greys and 85 for the Maroons.

Junior B Finds Fun in Nature, Collections and Bird Hikes

By A. MacKOWN, JUNIOR B

I think that Nature has the easiest levels because I find it fun. Other boys may think it no fun because they like something else better.

The Nature projects, too, are fun. You can collect bugs, twigs, minerals or butterflies, or make plaster of Paris casts of fish, leaves or animal tracks. You can also have an ant colony, cut up a frog, or keep an aquarium.

I like the new Nature Building because it is not so crowded and you do not have to dig so much for things. Things on display are not so crowded and you can get lots more in because of more shelf space.

Bird hikes are fun too. When you see a bird or hear it, you try and identify it. On one trip we went up the road to the highway and headed in the direction of Weld until we came to the Inn. Then we went to the beach and from the beach to the green barn and back to the lodge. Some of the birds we saw were barn swallows, robins, chimney swifts, goldfinches and chipping sparrows.

Junior Canoeists Paddle Ponds, Bounce over Border in Buggy

By A. TULLY, JUNIOR B

On Tuesday morning, July 27, eighteen Junior B's were ready to leave on the Chain of Ponds trip. Nick and Bates loaded the food and the packs on the truck. Al Wunsch and Dick Taylor, the two Master Campers who were going, were told to check the canoes and we were off.

The Bouncing Buggy bounced out of camp at 10:00 A.M. Everybody waved as we passed the athletic field. We headed toward the Chain of Ponds, laughing, talking and trying to sing. Luckily for the country folks the motor drowned out what you wouldn't call sweet singing.

After we had traveled about 65 miles through Rangeley, we stopped at a place called Cathedral Pines and had lunch.

We ate our lunch and then rode on until we had almost reached the first pond. There we met up with some men repairing the road. The road was so rough that we had to get out and walk. When we were past the bad part of the road we climbed on the Buggy again and rode on to the first pond. There we took the canoes off the trailer and were ready to go. Bates took all the packs on the Buggy and drove on, and we just took a few

(Continued on page 2)

Red Sox Finally Stub their Toe, Take Tumble from Tigers

By M. SPROUL, JR. COUNSELLOR

In seven innings of hard play on July 28, Sproul's Red Sox finally hit a break in their tremendous winning streak with a 3-1 defeat by Barkwill's hard-hitting Tigers. Sproul and Hinman composed the battery for the Red Sox, giving four hits and walking none, while Barkwill and Day went for the Tigers, allowing a total of three hits with six strike-outs. Jack Duncan of the Tigers slammed a powerful double to center field in the 3rd to drive in the winning runs. This, in spite of a double by Sproul and singles by Price and Griley, proved to be the decisive blow that evened up the league into a two-way tie for first place.

Rough Water and Crowded Island Encountered on Rangeley Trip

By K. BECK, MASTER CAMPER

On the morning of July 29, a group of ten enthusiastic Master Campers began their Rangeley Lakes canoe trip, which is an annual event.

As we planned to launch our six canoes at Haines Landing, we journeyed to that point in the camp truck and car. The water, however, was much too rough, with the wind blowing against the shore, so we retraced our tracks and turned north. At a State Conservation Camp, near the head of Mooselookmeguntic, we launched our canoes and paddled southward.

After investigating several islands,
(Continued on page 2)

Busy Junior C Makes the Rounds, Reports Gains on All Fronts

By W. CHIPMAN, JUNIOR C

I am making a bird house in Shop. I have it almost made. I still have to saw out the bottom of it. Then I will paint it.

I can surface dive a little bit. I have swum the docks and I couldn't swim at all when I first came.

I learned to tie three knots in Woodcraft and now I am learning the things in the woods. I am learning to make fires without matches. I am learning Indian signs by hand.

I pretty nearly have three levels in Athletics. One of the things I have to do is to draw a picture of the baseball field. I did the high jump too.

I passed two levels in Nature. I am on my third level. I am making a scrap book of flowers. I have learned the stars and I have learned some of the birds.

My lodge had a play last week. I am having a fine time at camp. My mother and father came and visited me last week too. I have learned to dive a little bit.

I am on my third level in Boating. The last thing I have to do in Boating is to jump out of the boat and get into it without tipping it over.

In the evenings sometimes we play games. Some of the names of the games are "Red Light" and "Red Rover".

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

M. Sproul

Chief Moves, Plans Camp Visit, Tribesmen Travel Westward

The first name which occurs in the Gee-I-wish-they-were-back discussions of those who are absent from Kawanhee this summer is that of Mr. H. C. Marshall, the Chief, whose influence on, and contributions to Kawanhee history have been the greatest and most invaluable of any counsellor. He served the camp as Head Counsellor and Director of Activities for twenty-six memorable years and his absence from Kawanhee since the end of the 1946 season has been continually regretted. In June of this year, Mr. Marshall retired from his position as Head Master of the Columbus Boy Choir School and, with Mrs. Marshall, moved their home to the country near Dayton, Ohio. A recent letter from the Chief brings welcome news.

"At noon came the *Wigwam*. Thank you very much indeed and all good wishes to the bunch. The familiar names and the well known doings make us wish we were there, Mrs. Marshall and I."

"Most of all material things I want to see the new Ma Frank Memorial. I want to see the old familiar line of sky and lake and mountains, and hear the gentle sounds of the wind in the pine trees . . . the trips, Dr. Elmore, the mingling of men and boys . . . the good old banter."

"We've finished the moving and we don't recommend it for recreation. We're settled and happy, with cows and cats and kindred. I'm toying around the edge of real farming. I've turned the pasture into a part-time driving and chipping range. We'll be up on Webb Lake by mid-August."

Travel has claimed the attention of several others who are gone, but by no means forgotten, this summer.

Carl Spangler, deserting Kawanhee's Athletics, baseball, score charts, fish, bugle and barber shears for the first time in seven years, has driven to California with Mrs. Spangler. A recent card from southern California indicates that they have safely arrived at their destination.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederic Heimberger

Rangeley Lakes Trip

(Continued)

we stopped at Cold Spring because of the rough water which had blown up. About four o'clock, we were able to continue and we headed this time for Student's Island. Arriving there about 5:30 P.M., we set up camp and ate our supper.

Friday morning we launched our canoes again and in the usual order, with one counsellor, Don Wambaugh, leading, and the other, Mr. Nickerson, following, we pointed the bows of our canoes toward Upper Dam. When we arrived there, we made a portage of about one-fifth of a mile to Upper Richardson Lake. After paddling south, we stopped at Little Pine Island for lunch.

Resuming our task of paddling again, we journeyed through the Narrows and into Lower Richardson. As we neared Spirit Island we noticed several canoes approaching from the other side of the lake. As there was no other place to camp, we had to share the island with the boys of Camp Menatoma, who were in the canoes we had seen.

After a very crowded night on the small island, we awoke to find a strong wind blowing from the northwest. We launched our canoes for the last time and eventually arrived at South Arm to find Mr. Bateman and Mr. R. C. Frank waiting for us in the two camp trucks. Thus ended another successful trip for the campers of Kawanhee.

Variation

ENLARGED: The Lynx Lodge, on July 27, by the arrival of W. Lutz, of Leonia, N. J.

DEPARTED: J. Detrick, on July 28, to spend the remainder of his vacation with his family.

REVIVED: The Bass Rock Vesper Service, on August 1, with Dean Miller in his traditional role of speaker.

have also gone West. Disappointed of their hope of building their long planned summer home in Weld this year, they started driving to the Southwest late in June. Post cards of the Having-wonderful-time variety have informed the camp that Betty and Fred have progressed as far as Yosemite on an ambitious itinerary.

John Nowold, Athletic and Archery counsellor for the past four summers, is also hitting the road. With his family he is driving through the East and has promised Kawanhee a visit before the season is ended.

Chain of Ponds Trip

(Continued)

things in the canoes. We paddled through several of the ponds with nothing very exciting happening. At the next to the last pond, we met Bates and put all the packs into the canoes, because the truck wasn't going any farther. We paddled through another half of a pond and came to the place where we were going to camp.

We gathered wood for the fire and Nick started to cook. As we were eating our pancakes we saw something going through the water. It was a muskrat. We finished our excellent meal and put up our tents. Then Nick took us down the river to see if we could see any animals. All that we saw were another muskrat and a few frogs.

We woke up early the next morning and gathered wood for the fire. Nick made our breakfast and it was very good.

While some of the boys were paddling around on the pond after breakfast, Bates went to get the Buggy and took five boys with him. We walked along a way and suddenly we heard some kind of a woodpecker. We went right up under the tree on which it was pecking and saw that it was a pileated woodpecker, the largest woodpecker there is. We walked along a little farther and saw a place where a bear had slept, or at least rested.

Later we all started toward Canada in the truck. We reached the border line and were inspected by the U. S. customs and the Canadian customs bureau. We were allowed to stay in Canada for an hour. We all bought post cards with Canadian stamps on them and mailed them to our parents. We also bought a little candy.

We rode back to camp and packed up our stuff. We put some of it on the truck and the rest in the canoes. We paddled a way and picked up Nick. Then we paddled about three and a half miles to an old cabin where Bates was waiting for us. We put our packs in the Buggy and the canoes on the trailer. We went along for a while but soon we were hungry. So we stopped near the road and had supper.

After we had eaten, we rode on. In the truck, we were ahead of Nick's car, but he caught up and passed us. The boys in Nick's car laughed at us, so we wanted Bates to beat them. We stayed behind them and, when we were almost at the camp road, we passed them. Bates didn't let us down. As we rolled into Kawanhee again, we gave him a big cheer.

Indians Join Top Spot Tie, Scalp Miller's Senators

By M. SPROUL, JR. COUNSELLOR

In a seven inning slugfest on July 28, Stillinger's Indians edged out Miller's Senators to move into a two-way tie for first place in the Senior League. The losers, as the result of this 4-2 battle, found themselves in a three-way tie for second place. Although Dick Stillinger, Indian pilot, was unable to play due to a foot injury, he led his team to victory while acquiring splinters on the bench. Barkwill, a substitute for Stillinger, hurled for the Indians, giving only three hits and striking out five batters. He was assisted greatly by the outstanding backstop performance of Big Ed Hamblin. The losing pitcher, Miller, gave six hits, including doubles by Crandall, Barkwill and Blau. His backstop was Mike Growney. Dick McCurdy hit a thundering triple to deep left in the top of the 7th, but the Senators finally gave way to the error-plagued Indians.

Athletics Give Way to Yanks, Have Cellar to Themselves

Pete Mueller's Athletics, better known as the Cellar-dwellers, followed along the path of defeat on July 28 by bowing to Dick Webber's slugging Yankees, 8 to 10. Mark Mueller smashed two doubles and a single, only to be out-batted by Bob Hadley's three doubles and a single. The Athletics were badly out-hit, chalking up only six bingles, compared to the Yank's ten. Webber and Bill Hinman were battery-mates for the winners, allowing five hits, while Pete Mueller and Andy Yaus went for the A's, sacrificing a total of nine hits. Early in the game, Webber's home-run drive got the Yankees off to winning ways with two quick runs. Later, in a 7th inning rally, on three hits and two walks, the Yanks came from behind to take a two-run decision. This is the fourth consecutive time that the Athletics have gone down to defeat in the final minutes of play.

League Standings, July 31

	SENIOR				
	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Red Sox	3	1	31	15	.750
Indians	3	1	35	23	.750
Senators	2	2	15	19	.500
Tigers	2	2	14	26	.500
Yankees	2	2	24	30	.500
Athletics	0	4	23	29	.000

	JUNIOR				
	W	L	Runs	OppR	Pct.
Pirates	4	0	45	7	1.000
Braves	2	2	15	20	.500
Phillies	1	3	18	26	.250
Giants	1	3	13	38	.250

Achievement Levels Passed,

July 25 - July 31

AQUATICS

Junior B—First Level	T. Jones	G. Norris	C. Vicary
Junior B—Second Level		M. West	
Junior B—Third Level		D. Matheson	

ATHLETICS

Junior C—First Level	J. McHutchison	C. Salembier	J. Salembier
Junior C—Second Level	W. Chipman	J. Dresbach	F. Evans
Junior C—Third Level		B. Fogg	
Junior B—First Level	D. French	D. Johnston	
Junior B—Second Level	N. Day	D. Desmond	G. Norris
Junior B—Third Level		H. Schwarzell	
Junior A—First Level	D. Desmond	D. Matheson	M. West
Junior A—Second Level		M. West	
Junior A—Third Level	J. Black	G. Defoe	
Senior—First Level	J. Black	W. Lane	
Senior—Second Level	W. Fleming	H. Hedges	
Senior—Third Level			

HANDICRAFT

Junior B—First Level	J. Brookhouse	S. Elliot	D. Goss
Junior B—Second Level	R. Hahn	A. MacKown	T. Moore
Junior B—Third Level	G. Norris	M. West	T. Wolcott
Junior A—First Level	R. Boody	T. Ross	R. Sandberg
Junior A—Second Level			
Junior A—Third Level	R. Boody	R. Rex	
Senior—First Level	C. Haines	H. Hedges	D. Johnson
Senior—Second Level	R. Rex	W. Rutan	A. Tully
Senior—Third Level	C. Haines	R. Rex	A. Tully
Senior—Fourth Level		J. Waterfall	
Senior—Fifth Level	P. Lattin	R. McCurdy	J. Olinger
Senior—Sixth Level		J. Waterfall	
Senior—Seventh Level	R. Price	R. Sengelmann	
Senior—Eighth Level	J. Duncan	W. Fleming	P. Yaus
Senior—Ninth Level	C. Barkwill	J. Duncan	W. Hinman

NATURE

Junior B—Second Level	R. Angier	R. Blosser	W. Devorss
Junior B—Third Level	H. Ellis	D. French	D. Johnston
Junior B—Fourth Level	G. Landon	P. MacMillan	G. Norris
Junior B—Fifth Level	R. Sandberg	J. Schwarzell	C. Vicary
Junior B—Sixth Level		M. West	
Junior B—Seventh Level		H. Dingle	
Junior A—First Level	W. Brownson	T. Ross	
Junior A—Second Level	W. Brownson	J. Olinger	T. Ross
Junior A—Third Level	C. Barkwill	W. Fleming	

SAILING

Junior B—First Level	C. Day	W. Devorss	H. Dingle
Junior B—Second Level	N. Gest	G. Landon	
Junior B—Third Level	C. Day	G. Defoe	N. Gest

Eagle Chicks, Chatty Card Game, Win Chuckles and Applause

By E. HAMBLIN, JR. COUNSELLOR

Friday night, July 30, the camp was honored with the best production so far this year of the "Kawanhee Theater Guild."

The Eagle Lodge was first on the program with the skit, *The Little Chicken that Didn't Want to Go to Bed*. Joey Salembier was the star of the performance as the little chicken that didn't want to go to bed. The mother hen, who was portrayed by Ed Hamblin, Junior Counsellor of the Eagle Lodge, was especially appreciated by the audience. The Senior Counsellor, Ethan Davis, was the narrator.

Merrill Sproul was next on the bill with a portrayal in his own inimitable style of army, or camp, life. The Kawanhee Glee Club presented four numbers. *The Mermaid* was the new song of the evening.

To round out the night, *If Men Played Cards as Women Do*, by George Kaufman, was presented by Felix Ziffer. The cast was composed of Dave Fay, Web Davis, Ed Hamblin and Merrill Sproul, the host. Their able performances aroused much mirth as they delivered the skit's clever lines.

Pirates Continue Undefeated

Tony Tully's terrific tots, the powerful Pirates, continued on their undefeated way with a two-game lead over the other Junior teams. On July 29 they took on Waterfall's Giants for the second time and again vanquished them, this time by the score of 8 to 3. Pete Hay and his Braves gained a definite, but not decisive, hold on second place by blanking the hapless Phillies, 6 to 0.

First Basketball Games

Two games in the new basketball league were played during the evening of Tuesday, July 27. They resulted in a substantial victory for Pete Mueller's team, 28 to 9, over Bob Hadley's boys. The other winner was Dick Stillinger's team, which defeated Merrill Sproul's hopefuls, 16 to 9.

WOODCRAFT

Junior B—First Level	F. Appleton	R. Blosser	G. Landon
Junior B—Second Level	D. Matheson	G. Norris	T. Ross
Junior B—Third Level	R. Vermilye	J. Waterfall	
Junior B—Fourth Level	D. Johnson	J. Olinger	
Junior A—First Level	B. Ford	H. O'Neill	R. Smith
Junior A—Second Level	W. Fleming	M. Griley	

PUNK FROM THE LOG

The week produced the most radical change in the Kawanhee landscape since the year when the hurricane took out several extensive swathes of timber along the Council Point trail. This major deforestation was wrought, not by any violent caprice of the weather, but by a visit of the barbers. They had been called in to remedy the serious situation developing on the Range, where the sheep-dog bangs of Pete Yaus were coming seriously to interfere with his view of the rifle sights. So the barbers came, they saw, they clipped. They set to work right after breakfast, or as soon after breakfast as a sufficient number of cereal bowls had been washed to provide them with working models. When, at length, the fur stopped flying and the lodge counsellors collected their shorn lambs, it was discovered that on the combined domes of the Eagles there did not remain enough of a pile to make up a small door mat. All over camp, ears seemed to be sticking out at such stark and acute angles that, when a sudden breeze came up, it was necessary for several campers to tack to the Dining Hall.

One notable clump of camp underbrush escaped the reaping. When Bill Romey hove into sight, every barber began to drool, for Bill, in addition to a vigorously functioning scalp, has on his chin what looks like every lady porcupine's dream of her boy-friends crew-cut. While the barbers, however, were whetting their scythes and sickles, Bill fled, shrieking, "I don't want a shave and a haircut. I want to go on being the blond Abe Lincoln." With that, he took to the tall timber (and we do mean "tall" to accommodate Romey!) and appeared no more.

* * *

There was a spanking breeze on Thursday and it certainly proved not to be that notorious ill wind. For Dave Fay, at least, it blew to good effect.

Returning from the lake, flushed and disheveled, he rushed up the beach, shouting gleefully, "I did it. I did it. I'm a captain in the Kawanhee Navy now."

His friends clustered around. "No," they cried, "You don't mean to say that you really —?"

"Yes," chanted Dave jubilantly, "Both of them at once — kerplow! Admiral Tulloss is so pleased with me."

Although at first hearing this bit of dialogue might seem somewhat cryp-

tic, it was perfectly clear to all who understand the requirements for promotion in the Sailing Department this summer.

The new order became apparent early in the season when Admiral Tulloss took his flagship, the *Sea Hawk*, out for a cruise the first windy day. Everything went swimmingly, except for the Admiral's slight faux pas of dropping the rudder and tiller overboard at the anchorage. It only took an hour or so, however, to correct this error, and the *Sea Hawk* sailed grandly forth. The return voyage, too, was quite shipshape except that (Oops!) the Admiral lost the rudder and tiller overboard again.

The first mate, Dick Miller, quickly got the hang of things. A few days later, under his commanding officer's approving eye, Dick brought the *Hawk* smartly into the cove and — lost the rudder and tiller overboard.

"Mister Miller," roared the Captain Bligh of the *Sea Hawk*.

"Aye, aye, sir," piped Dick.

"Did I see you drop the rudder and tiller overboard?"

"Aye, aye, sir," Dick returned, looking pleased and proud.

"What's the meaning of this?" snapped Admiral Tulloss.

"Well, sir, you told me to do everything just the way you do it when out sailing," said his second in command.

"Ahem, all quite correct," the Admiral remarked gruffly. "But hereafter see to it that you don't splash the Admiral when losing the rudder and tiller. That you never saw me do."

Thus it was that Dave, in his turn, attained to officer's rank in the Kawanhee fleet, for he, too, had proved his seamanship by losing the rudder and tiller in the middle of the lake.

* * *

A new bubbler fountain has made its appearance on the Rec Hall porch, replacing at last that old Dead-eye Dick of a fountain which could spit in Stillinger's eye at five paces every time.

* * *

Art Kiefer has developed duffle bags under his eyes from burning his candle at both ends. Coming home late from a star hike he is apt to meet himself starting out on an early bird hike.

* * *

If for no other reason, the summer of 1948 will go down in history for its phenomenally rapid organization of days-off. The whole affair just goes to show the value of an efficient pressure group. This, as far as we can ascertain, was the inside story.

Bright and early the first Monday morning of the season, Bouton and Windle and Wambaugh, having seen the Dean and G.R. go into the office, made a strategic advance. Irv went in one door and locked it behind him. Charlie, entering the other, barricaded it with a desk. Don nailed shut all the windows. To G.R. and the Dean, cowering in the corner, they turned with winning smiles.

"Good morning, gentlemen," leered Irv.

"We trust that we find you in good health — for the present," WHISPERED Don.

"And," added Charlie, "We want to take this opportunity of telling you how honored and privileged we feel to be once again members of your staff."

"Now, about days-off!" said Don in his GENTLEST tones.

"Oh," remarked the Dean, casually, "Forget about 'em."

"Forget about days-off," gasped Irv, outraged. "What are you saying! Why do you think that counsellors come to camp — for the lovely scenery, for the beautiful friendships, for the — don't be naive, Dean."

"I'll take care of them by and by," cut in the Dean hastily.

"Oh, yeah!" snarled Irv. "You'll take care of them right now, or, so help me, I won't let you take sun baths on the tennis courts."

"And I'll run you off the athletic field for indecent exposure," added Charlie.

"And I won't let you have a canoe to go out on the lake and fry your hide," chimed in Don.

The Dean turned pale at the thought of spending the summer, clothed and un-sun-kissed, and subsided.

Here G.R. made his stand. "Now that's no way to talk to the Dean," he said. "We'll get around to days-off, all in good time."

"Careful, G.R.," rasped Irv, twisting G.R.'s wrist. "What if we wouldn't let you have Friday evening off for lobster night at the Inn?"

G.R. gulped and capitulated. "Ha, ha, I guess that this is the best time to discuss days-off after all," he admitted heartily. "Nothing like a good day-off to put hair on your chest. Take a day-off. Take two days-off. Take —"

"Oh, G.R.," gasped our three heroes. "We wouldn't think of such a thing. But since you insist —"

The rest of what they had to say was lost in the roar of Wambaugh's Red Rocket as it tore out of camp on the season's first day-off.