



The Wigwam



Volume XV, No. 3

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 19, 1949

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

Kawanhee didn't let any grass grow under its feet during the past week. The campfire of Saturday evening, July 16, produced ample evidence that it had been an active and successful period. Each department in turn reported awards won, tests passed or Achievement Levels completed. When Mr. Spence read the Shop levels, he fortunately mislaid a whole page of names, for, as it was, virtually all the standing room around the Council Ring was already occupied by level-passers. It was no surprise, therefore, to hear Mr. Spangler announce that the score had taken a big jump. On July 9 the score had stood 454 to 427 in favor of the Greys. In one week it bounced up 3044½ points. The Greys were still in the lead, 2042 to 1883½ for the Maroons.

The Greys increased their advantage from 27 points to 131½, not a commanding lead by any means, but distinctly encouraging to them. They had come out almost even—Stephen, 102 to 100, with the Maroons in the week's two athletic events. Fishing told much the same story, for the Maroons caught forty-four fish worth 26½ points, while the Greys landed fifty-one valued at 26 points. It was in the levels, particularly in the Handicraft levels, that the Greys had struck pay dirt. In the Shop they had passed forty levels for 1035 points, while their rivals were accounting for thirty-two worth 850 points.

The records of no other season show such a productive second week of activities. The many campers who reaped this bumper crop of levels are to be congratulated for their ambition and enthusiasm. Their names are as follows:

AQUATICS, Junior A — First Level; H. Schwarzell.
ATHLETICS, Junior B — First Level; R. Rector, J. Sanders.
ATHLETICS, Junior B — Second Level; P. MacMillan, R. Rector.
ATHLETICS, Junior A — First Level; J. Duval, W. Meador, M. West.
ATHLETICS, Junior A — Second Level; M. Growney.
HANDICRAFT, Junior C — First Level; R. Baker, L. Battista, S. Miller, H. Pierce.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B — First Level; W. Blees, James Corrodi, F. Evans, D. Fluharty, P. Fonda, A. Hoster, E. Johanson, R. Lacy, J. McHutchison, P. Nusbaum, C. Pike, R. Root, J. Shepard, R. Thatcher, S. Warren.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B — Second Level; P. Bauer, W. Chipman, James Corrodi, D. Fluharty, D. French, D. Johnston, C. Salembier, J. Salembier, J. Sanders.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B — Third Level; F. Hoster, J. Schwarzell.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A — First Level; D. Boothby, H. Clark, W. Cotton, J. Dauksch, W. Devorss, J. Duval, P. MacMillan, P. Markay, R. Sandberg, H. Schwarzell, R. Vermilye.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A — Second Level; W. Cotton, D. Johnson, P. MacMillan, W. Meador.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A — Third Level; M. Growney, H. Hedges, P. MacMillan, R. Rex.
HANDICRAFT, Senior — First Level; F. Appleton, J. Carroll, I. Garbin, P. Lattin, J. Olinger, T. Parsons, S. Reuter, C. Robinson, A. Wallace.
HANDICRAFT, Senior — Second Level; F. Appleton, J. Carroll, P. Lattin, J. Olinger, T. Parsons, S. Reuter, C. Robinson, A. Wallace.
HANDICRAFT, Senior — Third Level; H. Fisher, P. Lattin, J. Olinger, S. Reuter, A. Wallace.

NATURE, Junior C — First Level; H. Pierce.
NATURE, Junior B — First Level; James Corrodi, W. Dauksch, S. Eilers, E. Johanson, J. Sanders, W. Van Arsdell.
NATURE, Junior B — Second Level; S. Eilers.
NATURE, Junior B — Third Level; M. West.
NATURE, Junior A — First Level; P. Bloser, J. Dauksch, H. Dingle, D. Fergus, D. French, R. Hahn, D. Johnston, G. Norris, R. Sandberg, H. Schwarzell, J. Schwarzell, J. Shimer, R. Sweet, J. Waterfall, M. West.
NATURE, Junior A — Second Level; H. Dingle, R. Hahn.
NATURE, Junior — First Level; I. Garbin, M. Growney, W. Meador, J. Olinger.
SAILING, Junior A — First Level; B. Ford.
SAILING, Senior — First Level; D. Johnson, S. Reuter.
WOODCRAFT, Junior B — First Level; L. Weiser.
WOODCRAFT, Junior B — Second Level; P. Bloser, G. Norris, R. Vermilye.

Second Show Wins Enthusiastic Applause

The Kawanhee Players scored a solid hit with their second production, a variety program presented in the Rec Hall during the evening of Friday, July 15. Local talent did itself proud, and a guest star added luster to the occasion. He was Mr. John Allison, of Englewood, a singer of American folk songs who has appeared frequently on the radio. Mr. Allison immediately won his audience with *The Bowery Grenadiers* and the song about the boll weevil, delighted it with *Old Ninety-seven*, and had its hearty co-operation in *The Blue-tailed Fly*. Enthusiastic applause greeted each number and a unanimous groan of disappointment was heard as, too soon, he returned his guitar to its case.

The curtain raiser was a sprightly blackface song-and-dance number featuring the harmonica playing of Pete Fonda and the vocals of Billy Blees. The members of the Birch Lodge staged their lodge stunt, a topical quiz program with B. Miller as M.C. The evening's stirring finale was a Blau-Sproul number, entitled *Don Quixote*. While Merrill himself read the original verses, the action was carried out in pantomime by a cast that represented a triumph of casting. Dick Stillinger was the fair (???) maiden and Joey Salembier the villainous knight, but it was Bill Romey, as the Don himself, who brought down the house with his dead-pan clowning and the vision of those interminable legs astride a wooden horse.

The surprise of the evening was the Wildcats' lodge stunt. Under the direction of Herb Birch, they had taken that groan-worthy old chestnut, *No Means Yes*, sifted out the deadliest parts and then played the residue for gags. The result was a highly entertaining farce. The individual stars were Jack Corrodi, as the Joe-College son, and Sherman Denison, as a willowy and somewhat adenoidal heroine of the Hepburn type. The other members of the admirable cast were H. O'Neill as the father, A. Wallace as the well powdered secretary, C. Misamore, T. McKell and J. Turben.

The weather put no obstacles, except the heavy rain Wednesday morning, in the way of the week's program. Groups and whole lodges from the Senior side of camp were able to sleep out overnight. The Beavers spent Thurs-

day night on Skookamee Beach and, during the following nights, other groups camped on the government beaches across the lake. The week end, although warm and quite hazy, allowed the full schedule of events to be carried through in the open. Saturday afternoon threatened to be calm the sailing race, but was ideal for the other races of the water meet. At the campfire on Council Point that evening, the opening ritual of the Four Winds was revived. The Sunday morning service was held on the shore for the first time this summer. Dr. Elmore chose a subject of immediate appeal when he spoke of "What we can learn about life from fishing." Another participant in the service was Hal Myers, minister of the Covenant Presbyterian Church in Springfield, Ohio, and a Kawanhee camper and counsellor during many a past season. Hal, with Mrs. Myers and their young daughter, Judy, arrived on July 14 to spend his vacation in the Myers' family cabin near the Inn. Another old friend was welcomed that day when Perley Durgin dropped in for a brief visit. Perley is the guide who made many Kawanhee canoe trips so memorable in the past. The first hardball game with the Weld team was played during the afternoon and, at the evening service in the Recreation Hall, Dean Miller's sermon was on "the importance of putting all that you have into life". Monday brought two very acceptable developments, the beginning of the Life Saving classes and the end of "Kawanhee Time", that temporal compromise peculiar to Kawanhee whereby the camp sets its clocks to half an hour of daylight-saving during the first few weeks of the season. While conceding that the arrangement circumvents the unpleasantness of putting the younger lodges to bed in broad daylight during the longest evenings of the year, those who maintain contact with the outside world find it a great relief to be once more on Daylight Saving Time along with the rest of the state.

C. Scarlett

Junior and Senior League Baseball

During the afternoon of July 15, Admiral Barkwill's Athletics trounced Bob Hadley's Browns with a one-sided score of 14 to 2. Many of Barkwill's runs were helped along with eight errors by the Browns. Barkwill's Athletics got seven runs in the 3rd inning, and eight runs on four hits during the game. At the same time Bruce Roberts' Tigers were squeezing out a close, 4 to 3, victory over Ted Barkwill's Indians. The game was close and in the first extra inning, the Tigers got their winning run. That evening Merrill Sproul's Red Sox defeated Chuck Anderson's Yankees with a 4-1 victory. The score was tied until the 7th inning, when Anderson blew up and let in three runs.

In the first round of games in the Junior League, played on Monday, July 11, Brian Birch's Giants beat Chris Brookhouse's Braves with a score of 5-2. The other Junior game played that day turned out to be a batting practice for Jim Corrodi's Dodgers, when they trounced MacMillan's Cards with a lopsided score of 19-0.

C. Anderson

Maroon-Grey Contests and Weld Game

Saturday morning, July 16, the Grey softball team bowed to the Maroon team for the third consecutive time. This contest ended in a 7 to 4 victory for the Maroons. Charley Barkwill hurled for the Maroons, while Ted Barkwill went five innings for the Greys, being relieved by Chuck Anderson. Ted Barkwill tripled in the 5th, to move the Greys ahead, 4 to 1. In the Maroon 6th two

walks and five hits put the Maroons back on top. In the 9th inning, the Maroons once more exploded with two runs, this time clinching the contest, 7 to 4.

That afternoon, the Grey and Maroon teams met on the beach for the second aquatic encounter of the season. The Maroons started out by winning the first event and then maintained a slight lead up to the ninth contest. In this event, the Grey tug-of-war team won two out of three struggles, moving the Greys ahead by a slight margin. The final event, the war canoe race, was to decide the meet. Both teams paddled furiously, ending in victory for the Grey team. The final score of the meet was 67 for the Greys, to the Maroons' 50.

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

Sailboat Race	W. Fleming, T. Parsons, M.
Junior C Ping-pong Blow	W. Dutcher, M.
Junior B 100 ft. Swim	James Corrodi, G.
Junior A Canoe Efficiency	J. Black, J. Duval, G.
Senior Freestyle Relay	Maroon Team
Junior A Canoe-bobbing	M. Gowney, G.
Senior Ping-pong Ball Retrieve	A. Wallace, M.
Junior C Balloon Blow	W. Blees, M.
Junior B Tug-of-war	Grey Team
War Canoe Race	Grey Team

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The first Weld-Kawanhee hardball game of the summer was played on the Kawanhee diamond Sunday afternoon, July 17. The Kawanhee nine took the field in the 1st, and promptly retired Weld in order. Coming to bat, the tribesmen sluggers pounded out an 11-0 lead, backed by Ben Hadley's tremendous round-tripper with two aboard. Dick Webber, who went all the way, giving up five hits, tripled in the 1st, with one on, to strengthen the lead. In the 2nd inning, Chuck Anderson doubled and scored on singles by Sproul and Dick Miller. Dana Green tripled in the 3rd, and scored on Stillinger's single to make the score 13 to 0. The Weld nine couldn't seem to get going, hitting safely only five times and fanning eleven times. Winter struck out seven for Weld, and singled in the 7th. In seven innings of play, the Kawanhee tribesmen trounced Weld, 14 to 4.

M. Sproul

A Day in the Polecat Lodge

BY D. FLUHARTY, JUNIOR B

At (?) o'clock the bird sings.
At 7:15 the bell rings.
To the order, "Get up", it's "Nay",
But then the glint in the eyes of Fay
That means, "Be up and on your way",
Ends our little spell of dismay.
So we climb into yesterday's duds,
Which could do with a dip in the suds,
Run out the door and away
To the mess hall without delay.

At breakfast we start off like this,
With counsellors in wonderful bliss,
Till T. French, so strong and able,
Puts his elbows on the table.
The wrath of Fay and Barkwill
Begins to swell and swell and swell.
The one whose handle is Fay
Says, "Take them off without delay,
Or you'll be in bed the livelong day."

"To the lodge for inspection," cries Chuck.
 If someone happens to be in luck
 It's his day-off, the happy duck.
 After inspection we feel a bit dim.
 Though activities are fun,
 We're a little low on vigor and vim
 When two periods are done.
 Then we head for instructional swim,
 But never on the run.

At lunch it's the same as before,
 With elbows that make Dave roar.
 Then comes a rest hour (It should be quiet,
 But it's sometimes noisy. We can't deny it!).
 Two more periods come and go.
 Then to free swim we go, and never slow.
 After swim it's off to the next meal
 Where we dig in with honest zeal.

When we're done, we're on the run,
 With many things to do,
 But the night's still young, when "*Taps* are rung",
 Before you can say "Boo".

It's "Go to bed!" and "Go to sleep!",
 And "Never let out one little peep!"
 So it's off to dreamland that we go,
 Thinking thoughts of tomorrow.

Punk from the Log, July 16, 1949

The rain last Sunday morning not only washed the camp clean, but very nearly washed away some odds and ends that were not firmly nailed down, such as stray canoe paddles and Steve Warren, the Polecats' floating ambassador of good will to the camp at large. But who can say 'twas an ill rain that wet nobody good! Bates, for once unable to be up and out with the birds, decided that he would have to think up some new, indoors activity to keep himself amused. So he made his bed! In the process he discovered his pet cap, for which he had been hunting high and low since his first day in camp. Ray Spence blossomed forth in a rain hat of a distinctly new style, featuring a snood in the back and two protuberances in front that made him look like nothing so much as a great horned owl with a hangover. Maybe it was the chill and the damp that made Dick Webber put on all the clothes he could find for dinner. He arrived in the dining hall with, horror of horrors, a necktie showing under his chin. There were loud and indignant demands that he be dunked for such indecent exposure.

The games in the Rec Hall Tuesday night proved a number of things. Mitch Greenawalt demonstrated just how overpowering is his personality when, in the jump-over-the-stick race, he caught a whole line of Junior Counsellors flat-footed, and mowed them down like ten pins. The most enlightening remark of the evening, however, was made by Herb Birch, as he explained the monkey race. "Get down on all four hands, get down on all four hands," he kept shouting. If it is true, as this implies, that Herb himself is equipped with hands on all four corners, it at last clears up the mystery of how he is able to do so many things at once out in Woodcraft.

After observing the limited effectiveness of the ordinary, shoe-laden bomb-racks, Steve Warren and Phil Nusbaum and the other Polecats thought that it was time to introduce the block-buster type. They promptly rigged up a bomb of large, economy size in a duffle bag and suspended it, by an intricate arrangement of ropes and pulleys, in the rafters, whence it comes crashing down on the unsuspecting. There is no doubt of its effectiveness. It leaves its victims shorter, but much broader, men. The Polecats chose the Ford family for their first target for tonight, squelching Mr. Ford and scoring a near miss on Mrs. Ford that grazed the powder off her nose. Of course, with Denny Fluharty in the lodge, it was all done most politely. With true courtesy, he bowed to the lady as she staggered out of the lodge, and murmured, "Do come again, Mrs. Ford, when our aim has improved."

Jimmy McHutchison is once more at the head of the camp's Department of Inventions. To date, Jimmy has created a revolutionary clam-digger, which he hopes to patent as soon as he can break it of its bad habit of bringing up, not live clams, but empty clam shells and other lake-bottom debris, such as the bathing trunks which Bill Meador lost during the most recent swimming period.

Jock Duncan has taken to lecturing on Sailing at the Wildcat table. He was particularly interesting one day at dinner. "Now, when the boom swings over—," he said, and, suiting the action to the words, Casey—we mean, Duncan—lowered the boom. The milk pitcher unfortunately found itself in the path of his sweeping gesture, and capsized as neatly as any sailboat with Delbert at the helm. The Wildcats found themselves bailing madly and it took a good deal of deck-swabbing before order was restored.

"Now," continued Jock, "as I was saying, when I was so rudely interrupted—,"

"No," shrieked the Wildcats in one voice, and they promptly lashed him to the mast, so they could complete the meal without having their scuppers awash with milk.

The Nature Department is going full blast and, as usual, Art Kiefer and Dave Logan are learning some astounding facts about the fauna and flora peculiar to Kawanee. Terry Wolcott has brought in specimens of a new plant, identified as "Spreading Dog-brains", and Pete Noone has discovered a hitherto unmapped constellation, known alternately as "Joe's Coffin" or "Joe's Coffee-cup". Logan, who should know better by this time, is experiencing the normal results of using hints to teach the names of the birds on the buzz-board. He so frequently hears the same reply to his subtle prompting of "What's the opposite of sweet?", that he is now firmly convinced that the true name of the American Bitter is "The American Sour-bird."

The days when the Nature Counsellors learn the most about—well, if not about Nature, at least about human nature—are the periods when the Eagles, the Falcons and the Panthers all swarm simultaneously in the Nature building. Then the place is a veritable beehive, not to say hornets' nest, of activity. The little critters, when they do settle down for a minute, are apt to light in the queerest places. Dave finds the buzz-board short-circuited because Chester Pike had inserted himself in the slot of the Wood Peewee, and Art discovers that, in his natural confusion, he has filed away Butch Battista in the flower press, along with the day's squashing of black-eyed Susans. In an at-

tempt to bring some kind of order out of the chaos, the Nature Counsellors even tried Webber's methods of keeping the swimming classes in order. "Buddy up," roared Art. Al Hoster immediately crawled into the cage with the turtle, and Billy Bleeas clasped his bottled snake to his bosom, so Art went back to the old catch-as-catch-can methods.

One development has completely stymied the redoubtable Art. It came to his attention one day when he observed Freddie Hoster searching the Nature Room as thoroughly and systematically, although by no means so successfully, as Bill Shafer looking for sand in Tony French's bed. Politely but firmly, Freddie even dislodged Mrs. Ford from the table where she was assiduously working on her third level for visiting mothers, dislodged her just to make sure that she was sitting on nothing more interesting than a chair. At last he gave up.

"Hey, Mr. Kiefer," he cried. "Where do you keep the cigars around here?"

"Cigars," said Art, looking blank. "What cigars?" Then a familiar gleam appeared in his eye. "Say, that reminds me. Have you heard the one about —"

Freddie cut in hastily. "Yeah, you know — those big, brown things the Birches have been smoking. They said they got them here. Called 'em pussy-tails or cat-willows or something."

A horrid thought struck Art. Nervously he looked at the chimney corner. Sure enough, the worst had happened! Every one of his big bunch of cattails had been decapitated, or detailitated, if that's the term for amputation of the other

end. He just stood there and stared. For the first time since he was a little shaver, knee-high to a giraffe, Art was stricken speechless. Turning, he fumbled for the door and staggered up the hill to Flora's bar. "Gimme a slug of buttermilk, quick," he gasped. "I need it bad." It is a shame that this had to happen to him, just when he was trying to taper off. He had already had another nasty shock that day, when he suddenly found himself face to face with the amazing first product of Ivan Garbin's experiments in fly-tying.

After that the Nature Building enjoyed a violent flurry of popularity as a smoke shop. Everyone, from Chuck Misamore to Ronnic Baker, dropped in to mooch a cattail corona. The rush soon died away when it became known that the supply was exhausted, and Mrs. Ford was able to go on boning up for that third level, without being mistaken for a cigarette girl.

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The person who really had troubles was Delbert. One morning, as was his custom, he lugged a basket of trash out to the woodpile. Not paying much attention to what he was doing, he dumped it into the trash barrel, meanwhile looking around and sniffing the pure, fresh morning breezes with appreciation. All of a sudden a lot of static came in on a sniff. The barrel was already occupied — by a skunk! The skunk was expressing in no uncertain way its resentment at being bopped over the head with paper plates and discarded comic books. For the remainder of the day, Delbert found himself ostracized with a bad case of W. P. O. (Wood Pussy Odor).
C. Scarlett