



The Wigwam



Volume XV, No. 4

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 26, 1949

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The Maroons took the bit in their teeth and ran away with the score during the third week of activities. Mr. Spangler's announcement at the campfire of July 23 revealed that, after trailing for two weeks, the Maroons had come up fast on the outside track, from a disadvantage of 158½ points to a lead of 405. The final corrections on the score of July 16 had left the tally at 2027 from the Greys to 1868½ for the Maroons. One week later the places were reversed, and the Maroons had 3828 points to the Greys' 3423.

Levels, and levels alone, accounted for the impressive increase in the score. There were no Maroon-Grey athletic contests during the week, and fishing made the very modest contribution of 10½ points to the total. The Athletic Department for the first time carried appreciable weight, giving the two teams twenty-five levels worth 590 points. The bulk of the score was again mined in the Shop and the Nature Building. Handicraft levels paid off with 1420 points, and Nature with 1030. The big jump in the Maroons' score is easily explained by the fact that they passed seventy-two levels during the week, while the Greys completed forty-nine.

The names of those who completed levels, during the period between July 17 and July 23, are as follows:

AQUATICS, *Junior B — Third Level*: F. Appleton.
AQUATICS, *Junior A — First Level*: B. Ford, B. Miller, R. Rex.
AQUATICS, *Senior — First Level*: D. Desmond.
ATHLETICS, *Junior C — First Level*: L. Battista, Barry Birch, W. Dutcher, P. Fonda, A. Hoster, S. Miller, J. Murray, H. Pierce, R. Thatcher.
ATHLETICS, *Junior C — Second Level*: L. Battista, W. Dutcher, P. Fonda, S. Miller, R. Thatcher.
ATHLETICS, *Junior B — First Level*: W. Dauksch, J. Ferris, F. Hoster, C. Salembier.
ATHLETICS, *Junior B — Third Level*: J. Olinger.
ATHLETICS, *Junior A — First Level*: B. Miller, J. Shimer.
ATHLETICS, *Junior A — Second Level*: M. West.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior C — Second Level*: Barry Birch, S. Miller.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior C — Third Level*: S. Miller.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior B — First Level*: Brian Birch, W. Dutcher, S. Eilers, D. French, P. Noone, R. Rector, W. Van Arsdell.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior B — Second Level*: Brian Birch, W. Blees, W. Dutcher, S. Eilers, P. Fonda, J. McHutchison, C. Pike.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior B — Third Level*: P. Bauer, W. Blees, D. Fluharty, D. Johnston, C. Salembier.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior A — First Level*: H. Dingle, J. Ferris, R. Hahn, P. Hay, F. Hoster, G. Norris, L. Weiser.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior A — Second Level*: C. Brookhouse, J. Dauksch, H. Dingle, J. Duval, R. Hahn, T. Moore, G. Norris, H. Schwarzell.
HANDICRAFT, *Junior A — Third Level*: H. Dingle, J. Duval, W. Meador, G. Norris.
HANDICRAFT, *Senior — First Level*: W. Meador, J. Waterfall.
HANDICRAFT, *Senior — Second Level*: J. Waterfall.
HANDICRAFT, *Senior — Third Level*: T. Parsons.
NATURE, *Junior C — First Level*: R. Baker, L. Battista, S. Miller, J. Murray.
NATURE, *Junior B — First Level*: F. Ward.
NATURE, *Junior B — Second Level*: W. Blees, W. Dauksch, D. Fluharty, P. Fonda, E. Johanson, P. Noone, P. Nusbaum, R. Root, C. Salembier, J. Sanders, W. Van Arsdell, F. Ward, T. Wolcott.
NATURE, *Junior A — First Level*: F. Appleton, D. Boothby, W. Cotton, W. Devorss, J. Duval, G. McCleary, B. Miller, C. Vicary.

NATURE, *Junior A — Second Level*: F. Appleton, D. Boothby, W. Cotton, J. Duval, D. Fergus, G. McCleary, B. Miller, J. Shimer, R. Sweet, J. Waterfall.

NATURE, *Junior A — Third Level*: J. Waterfall.
NATURE, *Senior — First Level*: T. Parsons.
NATURE, *Senior — Second Level*: P. Lattin, J. Olinger.
SAILING, *Junior A — First Level*: J. Dauksch, D. Desmond, C. Robinson, R. Sandberg.
SAILING, *Junior A — Second Level*: D. Desmond, C. Robinson.
SAILING, *Senior First Level*: J. Carroll.
WOODCRAFT, *Junior B — First Level*: D. Fergus.
WOODCRAFT, *Junior B — Second Level*: H. Dingle.

Letters from the Chief and Other Friends

News of well remembered tribesmen has been finding its way to camp by various channels during the past few weeks.

No one, of course, could feel that the 1949 season had been adequately sanctioned until it received at least the written blessings of "The Chief". Mr. H. C. Marshall, who was Kawanhee's Head Counsellor and Director of Activities during the first twenty-five formative years of its history, has, to everyone's regret, not been an active member of the camp since 1946, but in camp his memory is ever-green. The anticipated letter, saying that he had received, and approved, the first *Wigwam*, arrived during the past week, and most welcome it was. Since the greater part of the epistle was devoted to nostalgic comments on Kawanhee, Howell Windle, the Chief's son-in-law, has provided such concrete news of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall as is at hand. They plan to spend the summer on the farm near Dayton where they now reside, although Mr. Windle, in the hope of tempting them back to Weld for a few weeks at least, is in the process of building a small cabin for them near his own cottage up the lake. The information that the Chief is devoting his tireless energies to the farm raises pleasant pictures in Kawanhee minds. We are sure that he has worked out an unusually well organized and interesting program for those cows he milks.

Another highly esteemed old friend, who has recently checked in by mail, is Miss Marie McElwee, the nurse whose long tenure of office in the camp infirmary marked a high point of that institution's efficiency and popularity. This summer Mac is in Columbus, at her home where, all Kawanhee is sorry to hear, there has been sickness in her family. Mac, too, expressed considerable homesickness for Kawanhee and sent her best wishes to all her many friends in camp. It is sincerely hoped that before too long she will pay Kawanhee that long promised visit.

A visit from Dr. and Mrs. Frederic Heimberger is a more immediate prospect. They plan to come to Maine late in August and hope that before fall their summer home near Weld will actually be under construction. Fred's new dignities, as Dean of the Arts College at Ohio State, might make us hesitate to greet him merely as a former Kawanhee counsellor, if we did not know that it would take much more than a few academic honors to change Fred.

A letter which recently came to Mrs. R. C. Frank gives some news of two other tribesmen of past seasons, Robin

Lagemann and Joe Selden. "Robin is pitcher for his outfit now and tours the country playing baseball for the Air Force. He was down in New Orleans and Texas, and will probably go West now. Joe Selden writes that their (the Yale Glee Club's) trip has been wonderful. They had their best time in Copenhagen so far. They are in Sweden and Finland now, and in August will be in France and Germany." Frannie also heard from Mrs. Piersche, telling of Noel's continued improvement and saying that he is now able to come downstairs every day.

Two former counsellors recently paid Kawanhee brief visits. Web Davis stopped in overnight on July 22 during a very rapid trip from Ohio. Marshall Umpleby, Head Master of the Englewood School for Boys, with Mrs. Umpleby, on July 23 returned to Kawanhee after an absence of several years.

Several Trips Out, More Imminent

The trips began to roll out of camp during the week. On Tuesday, July 19, a group of the more ardent fishermen, led by Mr. R. C. Frank and Mr. Spangler, investigated the pickerel fishing in a lake near Flagstaff, Maine. The area is soon to be flooded to provide another storage dam in the upper reaches of the Kennebec and its tributaries. The evidences of this work in progress made the trip interesting, as well as the sight of the devastation caused by recent forest fires. Everyone enjoyed the pleasant ride and the day in the boats, but the pickerel, judging from the modest size of the day's catch, were not seriously disturbed. On Wednesday, a number of Seniors and Dean Miller explored the Tumbledown range. They climbed Big Jackson, traversed three peaks of Tumbledown, enjoyed the usual dip in Tumbledown lake, went down by the Chimney Trail and ended up at Coos Canyon.

On Monday, July 25, the trips struck out farther afield. The first major expedition of the season began that morning at 5 A.M., when the twenty-odd campers signed up for the Windjammer Cruise, with Mr. Bateman and Mr. Birch in command, set out for Boothbay Harbor. There half of the number boarded the sloop, *Susan*, which has been chartered for the cruise, and put out for a day's sailing, while the other half went by the regular motor launch to Monhegan Island. A base camp has been set up on Monhegan and all of the nights are to be spent there. The plan for this summer's cruise calls for the two groups to alternate days of sailing with days on the island. While one group is at sea in the sloop, the other group is exploring the many points of interest on Monhegan. On Thursday, the boys who have signed up for the Monhegan trip will be taken to Boothbay and go out to the island on the motor launch, while the members of the Windjammer Cruise return to Kawanhee.

The program of trips should be in full blast by the end of the week, for Wednesday, July 27, has been set as the date for the delivery in camp of the Bouncing Buggy's successor. This new, one-and-a-half ton Ford truck has been delayed in Lewiston for some time by the construction of the special, all-steel body.

Friday Show and Windy Week End

The show of Friday evening, July 22, featured the return of Hal Myers to his pre-pastoral love, the drums. In the star turn of the program, Hal quickly demonstrated with tapping sticks and rural dialect that he had lost none of his old rhythm or sense of fun. The other numbers on the bill were two lodge stunts, an appearance of the Glee

Club-shrunk-to-Quartet, and a Blau-Sproul skit entitled, *What Are You Selling?* The Moose Lodge earned a number of laughs with that old faithful, the operation done in shadow pantomime, thanks largely to the performances of J. Dauksch as the patient, P. Lattin as the doctor, and J. Shimer as the nurse. The Deer Lodge put on an ambitious cops-and-robbers play, with the somewhat cumbersome title, if we understood correctly, of *The Theme of the Haunted House on a Night Like This*. S. Eilers carried off the dramatic honors as the most agitated of the visitors to the "haunted" barn, and was ably supported by Pete Bauer as the villain, Brian Birch, R. Hahn and other members of the lodge. The Quartet, consisting of Dick Miller, Ben Hadley, Bud Sengelmann and Dick Stillinger, was enthusiastically applauded for such spirited numbers as *Old Man Noah* and *Shine*. The best laughs of the evening were provided by *What Are You Selling?* The skit itself had humorous possibilities and the sight of Mitch Greenawalt, costumed as a housewife and industriously sweeping the stage, quite obviously tickled the audience. It was, however, the way in which Greenawalt and Chuck Anderson handled their lines that brought down the house. Since those lines were obviously not in their heads, with great aplomb they read them out of hats, searched for them under the properties and, at times, gave the impression that they might be about to chase the elusive memories around the stage like butterflies. Scarcely a finished performance, but a very amusing one!

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The week ended with the Kawanhee roster increased by one new camper. Bob Tolchin, of Larchmont, N. Y., joined the Pine Tree Lodge. After a number of hot, sunny days, the weather settled in, Saturday morning, to give the camp a "three-day blow" in two. The Sailing Department took to the waves with delight, until the Directors pronounced the breeze too boisterous even for that activity. The blow ended all possibility of holding the regular water meet that afternoon. The Saturday evening campfire was held indoors for the first time this season. The wind continuing Sunday morning, the service, at which Dr. Elmore gave one of his finest talks, was also in the Recreation Hall. The cool, bright afternoon proved to be ideal for hikes and a trip to Coos Canyon. A brief and simple vesper service, with the Reverend Hal Myers as the speaker, brought the day to its conclusion.

C. Scarlett.

Junior and Senior League Baseball

During the afternoon of Friday, July 22, Bruce Robert's Tigers squeezed out a close victory over Chuck Anderson's Yankees with a 2-1 score. The score was 1 to 1 through eight innings, and it wasn't until the second extra inning that a run was let in on an error to win the game for the Tigers. Meanwhile, on Diamond No. 3, Admiral Barkwill's Athletics were also taking a close victory from Sproul's Red Sox, with a score of 3 to 2. The game went the usual seven innings with both Sproul and Barkwill pitching good ball. Sproul had three strike-outs to his credit, and Barkwill eight. That evening, in the third close game of the day, Ted Barkwill's Indians squeezed past Bob Hadley's Browns with a 10-9 score. This third round of games leaves the Admiral's Athletics in undisputed possession of the league's first place, with three wins and no losses.

In the Junior games played on July 18, Brian Birch's Giants beat MacMillan's Cards with an 8-1 score, while the Pirates were winning from the Braves by the narrow margin of 8 to 7.

C. Anderson

Turtles, Mice and Nature Projects

Things are never dull in the Nature Department. Mr. Kiefer is always thinking up new plans to make the work more interesting and the boys bring in live animals to put on display.

Mr. Kiefer reports that, if the telescope now in the Nature Building, belonging to Steve and Bruce Miller, proves a success, one like it will be ordered for the camp. Previously he had planned on making one out of a stove pipe. Maybe he still will, but it is quite doubtful. He said that there had been one here several years ago and that it had proved to be quite successful.

Two turtles have been brought in so far this season. Brian Birch brought in a terrapin from a trip with his father, and Paul MacMillan and Peter Bauer caught a baby snapping turtle over by the docks in front of the green barn. The snapper has devoured three frogs already, and is keeping Paul and Pete on the jump, hunting for more.

Not long ago Mr. R. C. Frank found a nest of newborn mice in his desk drawer. As he opened the drawer, the last one had just arrived. He was so startled that he forgot that, if he could catch the mother, he could give the whole works to Mr. Kiefer. As it was, Mr. Kiefer only received the young ones. Mr. Frank had cleaned out his drawer that morning, and it still remains a mystery as to how the mice got there. They did not live long and are now being preserved in a bottle of alcohol.

Sometime soon, Mr. Kiefer plans to go to Mr. Perham's mineral shop in West Paris, Maine. He is in quest of a box of luminous minerals for the Nature Building. He believes that these minerals may be bought in West Paris. Mr. Kiefer plans to take a load of boys along with him.

All of these things help the Nature Building a great deal. It is a new building and all of these additions help to improve it.

H. Dingle, Jr. A

Range Popular, Stresses Safety

The Range is one of the most exciting places in Camp Kawanhee. Whether we are working on our Pro-Marksman or on our Sharpshooter, we are always having fun there.

Mr. Windle has to take every step of caution to keep us from getting hurt. He doesn't get mad over what we consider nothing at all. Everything he does is for our own safety.

Our Range is a nice place to go. It is a place where we try our aim and skill, not acrobatic feats. The Range is a popular place and is often full. When Mr. Windle has to send some of us away, we should not grumble, for we will get another chance. Our Range isn't large compared to the whole camp. With so many of us wanting to shoot, some of us may not get to use the Range as often as we want to, so we should make good use of the time we do have. Just remember two things: first, make an aim for each target and go after that aim; and second, always shoot safely.

The National Rifle Association offers awards in the Junior Division from Pro-marksman on up to the top. These awards can be won by anyone who shoots ten targets, each of twenty points, for Pro-marksman, ten of twenty-five for Marksman, and so on. There are no Range levels given, but the work in Range counts on Woodcraft levels. Then there are always all of those medals for which we can try.

Just remember — "Always shoot safely!"

G. McCleary, Jr. A

Range and Archery Awards

The campers who have qualified for Range awards in the period between July 1 and July 23 are as follows:

Pro-marksman: John Corrodi, W. Dauksch, T. Jones, B. Miller, C. Misamore, S. Reuter, R. Sweet, L. Weiser.

Marksman: John Corrodi, T. Jones, P. Lattin, W. Meador, C. Misamore, S. Reuter.

Marksman First Class: S. Denison, J. Duval, W. Meador, C. Misamore, C. Robinson.

Sharpshooter: S. Denison, C. Misamore.

First, Second, Third and Fourth Bars: C. Haines.

Archery has been unusually active and productive this summer. At the two most recent campfires, Mr. Sengelmann announced that between July 1 and July 23 the following campers have won awards:

Junior Yeoman Pin: F. Appleton, C. Barkwill, P. Bloser, D. Boothby, C. Brookhouse, D. Desmond, W. Devorss, H. Dingle, J. Duncan, J. Duval, S. Eilers, D. Fergus, P. Hay, P. Lattin, B. Miller, J. Olinger, T. Parsons, R. Sweet, L. Weiser, M. West.

Junior Yeoman Arrow: C. Barkwill, D. Boothby, P. Bloser, C. Brookhouse, D. Desmond, W. Devorss, J. Duncan, J. Duval, D. Fergus, P. Lattin, B. Miller.

Yeoman Pin: C. Barkwill, P. Bloser, D. Boothby, C. Brookhouse, D. Desmond, J. Duncan, J. Duval, M. Grownney, C. Vicary.

Junior Bowman Pin: C. Barkwill, J. Duncan, M. Grownney, J. Waterfall.

Junior Bowman Arrow: J. Carroll, J. Duncan, D. Johnson.

Bowman Pin: J. Black, R. Sengelmann.

Bowman Brassard, First Rank: J. Black, R. Sengelmann.

Bowman Pin Sharpshooter (gold): J. Black, R. Sengelmann.

Archer Pin, Archer Brassard First Rank, Archer Pin Sharpshooter (gold), Silver-bow Pin (bronze), Silver-bow Pin First Rank (silver): H. Hedges.

Punk from the Log, July 23, 1949

The week began abruptly with the campfire on Saturday evening, began so abruptly, in fact, that it caught our tom-tom tapper, Ken Beck, out of the groove. Ken was leaning dreamily on his thump-tub at Council Point, apparently lost in happy thoughts of mail boxes and candy sales. He came to with a start to find that the chain gang of campers was already entering the Council Ring in the majestic wake of Mitch Greenawalt, that mighty warrior striding along wrapped in dignity and a blanket, with his pencil, as usual, over his ear. But, alas, no drum fanfare! Hastily Ken started beating it out. In his hurry he missed the customary stately *PUM-pum-pum-pum, PUM, pum-pum-pum*, and picked up, instead, the rhythm of the dining hall pump, which nightly lulls the Eagles to rest, *pu-DUMP, pu-DUMP, pu-DUMP*. Big Chief Greenawalt had to shift into a modified rumba, a Butch Battista congaed happily along behind, wagging a three foot train of blanket.

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Bright and early Sunday morning, Bill Romey was up and about, enthusiastically demonstrating to his lodge the proper use of a broom. The Beavers watched with admiration as Bill gave that broom the heaviest work out that it has had this year, tying his plethora of legs and arms into pretzel knots around the stick, and getting the business end tangled up in the overnight crop of barbed-wire entanglements on his chin.

"But, Mr. Romey," said Dave Fergus at last. "I thought a broom was for sweeping."

"Oh, you TINNGGGG SO!" said Bill in surprise.

Tony French very efficiently dressed for church and topped off his costume of snowy white with a particularly time-worn and battle-stained sweat shirt, from which his counsellors had forcibly separated him after a long and intimate association. Dave Fay looked at him and sighed.

"Tony," whispered Dave, in his softest, gentlest tones, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT SWEAT SHIRT ON? ! ? ! ?"

"Oh," Tony said brightly, "I just put it on over my white shirt to keep my white shirt clean for church."

So saying, he dug his tooth brush out of its secret hiding place, and dashed down to the big dock. There he grabbed the sunfish that had eaten all his tooth paste that morning, squeezed the fish until it frothed at the mouth, and then vigorously brushed his upper right bicuspid in honor of the day.

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Various departments have reported a number of interesting developments.

The Eagles have added a new sport to the Athletic program. Now, when they report to the field, Steve Miller and Butch Battista pass up Gordon Willard's lectures on

track technique, in favor of Joe Murray's much more fascinating instruction in the art of picking the lock of the field house.

In the Boating area a new craft has appeared, that remarkable boat belonging to Billy Blees and Pete Fonda. It is about the size, and shape, of one of Art Kiefer's moccasins and, when Pete propels it along with a kayak paddle, it wags its stern like Boots at the mention of a free swim.

In the Nature Building, the resident menagerie was enlarged when Paul MacMillan and Pete Bauer contributed a small, but very indignant, snapping turtle. When poked with a stick, the turtle bites on it as promptly, and as obligingly, as the new assistant, Mrs. Ford, bites on Mr. Kiefer's jokes. The astronomers, meanwhile, continue to make astounding discoveries. Ralph Root, with the able coaching of Freddie Hoster, has successfully identified the constellation of "Burp-ules."

In the Health Department, a new diagnostician has taken over. As he looked at the last dab of spinach on his plate one day, Butch Battista felt himself mysteriously stricken. "I've got a headache in my stomach," he announced plaintively.

C. Scarlett