



The Wigwam



Volume XV, No. 7

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 16, 1949

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The semifinal report on the summer's score found the Greys well in the lead. At the campfire of August 13, Mr. Spangler announced that the Greys had 10,284½ points to the Maroons' 9,723. For the second successive week, the Greys could claim substantial victories. During the week ending August 6, they had pulled up from a trailing position to a lead of 51 points. During the days that followed they built up their advantage to 561½ points. The Greys had every reason for making their cheer a particularly loud and enthusiastic one. Of course, as Captain Bob Hadley wisely pointed out, the Greys would be very ill-advised if they should sit back and rest on their laurels. In the past, trailing teams have, in the last period of activities, wiped out greater deficits than that of this year's Maroons to win the final count. The score may suffer many changes before its final form is made known at the banquet on August 23. Several blocks of points, not counted in the weekly scores, will weigh in; the results of the Life Saving classes, the points from merit badges in Scouting, and even the modest returns on articles written for the *Wigwam*. In these departments, the Maroons are supposed to have one or two valuable aces in the hole.

During the past week the levels, of course, had told the tale. Outside of level-work, the Greys as usual had dropped the ball game, but had more than compensated by squeezing 56 points out of Fishing, to the Maroons' 20½. All six of the major departments reported numerous completed levels. The Nature Department, in spite of a premature assumption that it had been milked dry of points, led all the others with forty-five levels worth 1875 points. The Greys made their greatest gains in the Shop, where they harvested sixteen Handicraft levels for 635, while seven levels, worth 230, represented the Maroons' take.

In the field of individual scoring, a newcomer has jumped well into the lead. On the charts of Achievement Levels, Jim Corrodi, a Grey Junior B, is credited with fourteen levels for 415 points. He has finished the Junior B work in three departments and lacks only four levels for a completed plaque. His nearest competitors for scoring honors are three Junior C's, W. Dutcher, S. Miller and R. Thatcher, each with 365 points. Close on their heels come H. Schwarzell, Junior B, with 350, and D. Johnson, Senior, with 345.

The list of those who added Achievement Levels to their plaques between the dates of August 7 and August 13 is as follows:

AQUATICS, Junior C—First Level: J. Shepard, R. Thatcher.
AQUATICS, Junior B—First Level: F. Hoster, E. Johanson, R. Rector, R. Root, R. Tolchin, S. Warren.
AQUATICS, Junior B—Second Level: James Corrodi, H. Dingle, P. Ward, L. Weiser.
AQUATICS, Junior B—Third Level: H. Clark, James Corrodi.
AQUATICS, Junior A—First Level: W. Cotton, J. Shimer.
AQUATICS, Junior A—Second Level: P. Bloser, B. Miller.
AQUATICS, Junior A—Third Level: H. Schwarzell.
AQUATICS, Senior—First Level: J. Turben.

AQUATICS, Senior—Second Level: W. Fleming.
AQUATICS, Senior—Third Level: W. Fleming.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—Second Level: J. Murray, J. Shepard.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—Third Level: F. Evans, J. Shepard.
ATHLETICS, Junior B—First Level: James Corrodi, D. Fluharty, T. French, T. Jones, W. Van Arsdell.
ATHLETICS, Junior B—Second Level: James Corrodi, F. Hoster, T. Jones.
ATHLETICS, Junior B—Third Level: T. Jones.
ATHLETICS, Junior A—Second Level: B. Miller.
ATHLETICS, Senior—First Level: J. Black.
HANDICRAFT, Junior C—Third Level: L. Battista, J. Murray.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B—Second Level: P. Noone.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B—Third Level: R. Lacy, P. Noone, R. Root, R. Tolchin.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A—First Level: P. Bloser, S. Denison, J. Shimer, C. Vicary.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A—Second Level: P. Bloser, J. Shimer, C. Vicary.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A—Third Level: J. Ferris, P. Markay, H. Schwarzell, C. Vicary, F. Ward, L. Weiser.
HANDICRAFT, Senior—First Level: T. McKell, C. Misamore.
HANDICRAFT, Senior—Second Level: T. McKell.
NATURE, Junior C—First Level: W. Dutcher, A. Hoster.
NATURE, Junior C—Second Level: R. Baker, Barry Birch, W. Dutcher, A. Hoster, J. Shepard.
NATURE, Junior C—Third Level: R. Baker, W. Dutcher, S. Miller, J. Murray, J. Shepard, R. Thatcher.
NATURE, Junior B—Second Level: J. Black.
NATURE, Junior B—Third Level: P. Bauer, W. Chipman, H. Clark, F. Evans, J. Ferris, P. Fonda, F. Hoster, E. Johanson, J. McHutchison, P. Noone, C. Pike, C. Salembier, W. Van Arsdell, F. Ward, L. Weiser.
NATURE, Junior A—First Level: P. Bauer, R. Vermilye.
NATURE, Junior A—Second Level: C. Vicary.
NATURE, Junior A—Third Level: F. Appleton, P. Hay, G. Norris, H. Schwarzell, J. Schwarzell.
NATURE, Senior—First Level: S. Reuter, J. Turben.
NATURE, Senior—Second Level: T. McKell, T. Parsons, S. Reuter, J. Turben.
NATURE, Senior—Third Level: T. Parsons, S. Reuter.
SAILING, Junior B—Second Level: James Corrodi.
SAILING, Junior B—Third Level: D. Desmond.
SAILING, Junior A—First Level: F. Appleton, P. Lattin, J. Olinger, J. Shimer.
SAILING, Junior A—Second Level: J. Dauksch, B. Ford.
SAILING, Junior A—Third Level: C. Haines.
WOODCRAFT, Junior C—First Level: L. Battista.
WOODCRAFT, Junior C—Second Level: R. Baker, L. Battista, Barry Birch, S. Miller, J. Murray.
WOODCRAFT, Junior B—First Level: W. Dutcher, R. Tolchin.
WOODCRAFT, Junior B—Second Level: P. Fonda, R. Sengelmann, J. Shepard.
WOODCRAFT, Junior B—Third Level: G. Norris.
WOODCRAFT, Junior A—First Level: D. Johnson, P. Markay.
WOODCRAFT, Senior—First Level: John Corrodi.

Big Show and Special Pictures

The Kawanhee Theater Guild presented the summer's most ambitious program before a capacity audience the evening of Friday, August 12. The curtain rose on one of the most imaginative and amusing numbers to grace the Rec Hall stage in recent years. It was a pantomime, entitled *Horton Hatches the Egg*, played out by the members of the Eagle Lodge to the narrative accompaniment of Ed Hamblin. S. Miller, as Maisie the Lazy Bird, and J. Salembier, as the Elephant Bird, were highly effective, but the star

of the evening was unquestionably Mitch Greenawalt as Horton, the Elephant.

After an enthusiastically received group of songs by the Glee Club, the members of the Crows' Nest took over in a variety bill of their own. It included two playlets and an interlude of instrumental music played by Bill Fleming on the cornet and Ted Parsons on the clarinet. One sketch was entitled *The Spirit Is Willing* and presented D. Johnson and H. Hedges as two very nonchalant ghosts. The other proved to be a very entertaining skit, starring Jock Duncan, who repeatedly brought down the house with his performance, as the patient who contracted in a virulent form every ill to which the human race has been made heir by the magazine advertisements.

The famous team of Blau-Sproul split up for the bill. Merrill presented, and starred in, a number featuring a violent confusion of accents. Butch O'Neill as a Swiss (?), and Jack Corrodi, as a representative of the U. S. S. R., earned many laughs along with Sproul himself. Henry Blau brought the evening to a rousing conclusion with an original pantomime featuring the Falcons. The performances were all striking, but the stand-outs were Joe Shepard, as a bullfighter, and W. Dutcher and F. Evans as, respectively, the fore and aft of a most remarkable bull.

The camp enjoyed a special treat during the evening of Sunday, August 14. Professor Marion Bradshaw, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, showed a number of his spectacular colored slides in the Recreation Hall to a very appreciative audience. Prof. Bradshaw is an authority on the beauties of the state, for he is the author of such books as *Nature of Maine* and *The Maine Scene*. His slides showed one magnificent scene after another. Many were of familiar places, near-by Tumbledown and the mountains and rivers visited on camp trips, and the pictures that gave glimpses of unknown parts of the state were so beautiful as to inspire everyone who saw them with the hope of seeing more and more of Maine.

Outpost Camp Open for Two Weeks

The continuous operation of the outpost camp during the week tended to shift the focus of interest from Kawan- hee itself to Swift River. Mr. Birch was in charge, with Dick Taylor as his assistant and Mr. Bateman taking care of the transportation of the overlapping groups of campers. The Crows and Wildcats were the occupants of the outpost from Monday, August 8, until Wednesday evening. Wednesday morning members of the Lynx, Moose and Beaver lodges moved over to Swift River. On Friday they in turn were replaced by the Panthers and Polecats, who remained until Saturday evening. The adventures of the two latter groups are admirably reported elsewhere on these pages by Phil Lattin and Denny Fluharty.

Dave Logan and Herb Brown acted as caretakers at the outpost over the weekend. Monday, August 15, found it filled again, this time with campers from the Deer and Birch lodges. Weather conditions permitting, the plans call for two other groups to follow: on Wednesday the Pine Trees and such members of older lodges as were unable to go with their own groups; and on Friday the Eagles and Falcons for one night.

C. Scarlett

Maroon Nine Take Seven Straight

Saturday morning, August 13, the Maroon nine, for the seventh consecutive time, triumphed on the diamond, this time to the tune of 18 to 5 in a seven-inning hardball game. Admiral Barkwill went all the way for the Maroons, Andy Wallace doing the catching. The Admiral gave up six hits,

walked seven batters and struck out eleven. For the Greys it was lefty "Chuckles" Anderson doing the hurling, while Butch O'Neill did the receiving. The Maroons only squeezed out seven hits from Anderson, but got on base sixteen times on errors and walks. The Maroons were trailing, 4 to 2, up to the top of the 5th, when slugging Ted Wilson stepped up and slashed out a long two-bagger. Admiral Barkwill promptly followed it up with a ringing single to left center. The inning ended with the Maroons ahead, 6 to 4. In the bottom of the 2nd, Duncan of the Greys doubled to right. O'Neill, Growney, Roberts and Hadley then drew walks to pull out a four-run rally. After a six-run seventh inning, the Maroons emerged with an 18-5 victory over the Greys.

M. Sproul

Junior and Senior League Baseball

In the course of the week four games were played in the baseball leagues. The Junior games occurred on Monday, August 8. Dick Hahn's Pirates settled themselves in the league's second place by defeating Jim Corrodi and his Dodgers, 9 to 3, while Chris Brookhouse and his Braves won a 4-2 decision from MacMillan's Cards. In one Senior game, played on Friday, August 12, Bob Hadley's Browns knocked off Sproul's Red Sox in a close one, 4 to 3. Saturday morning Admiral Barkwill's Athletics continued on their all-conquering way by blanking Roberts and the Tigers, 3 to 0.

These games produced the following standings in the two leagues:

JUNIOR: Giants, 4 wins, 0 loss; Pirates, 3 wins, 1 loss; Braves, 1 win, 2 losses; Dodgers, 1 win, 2 losses; Cardinals, 0 win, 4 losses.

SENIOR: Athletics, 5 wins, 0 loss; Red Sox, 3 wins, 2 losses; Tigers, 2 wins, 2 losses; Browns, 2 wins, 3 losses; Indians, 1 win, 3 losses; Yankees, 1 win, 4 losses.

Archery, Range and Swimming

The following Archery awards were announced at the campfire of August 13:

Junior Yeoman Pin; Brian Birch, M. Davis, I. Garbin.

Junior Yeoman Arrow; M. Davis, P. Hay.

Yeoman Pin; M. Davis.

Junior Bowman Pin; M. Davis, W. Devorss, D. Fergus.

Junior Bowman Arrow; M. Davis, W. Devorss, D. Fergus.

Bowman Pin; M. Davis, W. Devorss, D. Fergus.

Bowman Brassard First Rank; M. Davis, J. Waterfall.

Bowman Pin Sharpshooter (gold), Archer Pin, Archer Brassard First Rank; M. Davis.

Between the dates of August 7 and August 13, the following campers qualified for Range awards:

Pro-marksman; James Corrodi.

Marksman; M. Growney, R. Sweet, F. Ward, L. Weiser.

Marksman First Class; Brian Birch, M. Growney, B. Miller, R. Sweet, M. West.

Sharpshooter; C. Duvall, J. Olinger, R. Rex.

First Bar; D. Desmond, R. Sengelmann.

Second Bar; D. Desmond, S. Reuter, R. Sengelmann.

Third Bar; D. Desmond, S. Reuter.

Fourth Bar; S. Reuter.

Fifth and Sixth Bars; W. Fleming.

Seventh Bar; M. Greenawalt.

Eighth Bar; M. Greenawalt, C. Haines.

During the week, P. Noone, G. Norris and S. Warren swam the Cove, and C. Brookhouse swam the Lake. Two names were omitted from the Aquatic Department's list of completed swimming tests last week. A. Findlay should have been credited with the Cove Swim, and P. Lattin with the Bass Rock Swim.

Many Dips in Coos and Swift River

Wednesday morning, August 10, at about 10:30, the week's second group of campers bound for Swift River

pulled out of camp. We arrived at Swift River around eleven o'clock and immediately went for a swim. Bates and Dick Taylor took us about three miles up the river to a point where the group of campers, who were ending their three-day stay, were already panning gold with Mr. Birch. We had lunch, and then started to pan gold, while the other group ate lunch. At 4:30 P.M., we decided to take a dip down the river. We came back and Bates, Dick Taylor and Mr. Birch took us to the outpost camp. After supper, Bates and the Seniors who had made up the first Swift-River group, pulled out for Kawanhee. We put our packs in the tents and made ready for the night. We had an evening dip and went to bed.

Thursday morning we woke up early and had our breakfast. When the camp was put in order, we started for Coos Canyon. We arrived forty-five minutes later and immediately went for a swim. After that, Dick Taylor and Mr. Birch served us our lunch. When lunch was finished, Mr. Birch took some of the boys to a store down the road where they could buy some soft drinks. After Mr. Birch and that crowd returned, we took another swim. Half the group went up the falls and swam down to Coos, while the others stayed in the swimming hole and swam around. We returned to Swift River and ate supper. We went up the river and had an evening dip. Then we returned to camp and went to bed.

Thursday after breakfast we went up the road to a beaver dam and then we returned. We stopped on the way back and had our morning dip at the swimming hole. After lunch, Bates, who had just brought in a group of Junior B's in the truck, picked us up and took us to his cabin, where we had "fun", while Mr. Birch settled the new group in the outpost camp. We left Bates' cabin, returned to the outpost, picked up our packs and left for Kawanhee in the truck. Although we were a bit tired, we had all had a good time on Swift River.

P. Lattin, Jr. A

Panthers and Polecats at Outpost

It started during inspection Friday morning, August 12. Through some unknown channel news came that the Panthers and the Polecats were going to the outpost camp on Swift River for two days. That ended inspection for us. Before you could spell "Eureka", we were packed and rarin' to go. When second period ended, Dave Fay called us together for a short rest period. Then after lunch we started out in the truck.

In a short time we arrived at the Kawanhee outpost camp. Then we had another rest hour. After that we were assigned to tents and made our beds. Then it was time for a swim. We went to a place called "Slippery Slide". It was really two slides. We would go down one slide into one pool, and then the current would sweep us into the next pool. It was neat fun. When we returned to the outpost, we started preparing for the night. Some of us even slept well.

After breakfast Saturday morning, Mr. Birch showed us how to pan gold. Soon we were all panning madly. No gold! Pooley! After lunch we went to see a lumber camp. We followed a tractor that was hauling logs. Phil Nussbaum was by far the happiest. He made mud bombs all the way back to the Buggy. Soon we were speeding along in the truck toward a beaver dam. Finally we arrived at the dam. When we returned to the outpost, we were laden with beaver cuttings.

After a wonderful supper, it was time to start back to Kawanhee. On the ride, we murdered all the college songs

we could think of. We reached camp just in time for campfire. When we went to bed that night, we slept like logs, dreaming of our wonderful experiences at Swift River.

D. Fluharty, Jr. B

Punk from the Log, August 13, 1949

One day following another just as surely as Olinger follows Lattin, the camp found itself embarked upon another Monday. It was nothing to boast of, as days go. Strongman Sonny Williams bonged the bell and the bell, as it came tumbling down, tried to return the courtesy. Henry Blau added one more adhesive tape patch to those blue shorts of his, thinking sadly that next time the seat would have to be turned in for a complete retread job. Jack Black ill-advisedly decided to take up diving. So Jack Black took a crack at a back jackknife. Unfortunately it proved to be one of those jackknives equipped with a corkscrew and a bottle-opener, both of which opened up on the way down. Jack ricocheted off the board a few extra times and finally came up, looking more like a cock-eyed pretzel than either a back jack, or Jack Black.

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Irv Bouton's debut as a sailor produced one of the most puzzling incidents in the not unconfusing history of the Sailing Department. Irv started out by mistaking the *Sea Hawk* for an ice-cutter, and trying to plow a course through Center Reef. When half of the boats on the lake arrived on the resulting scene of turmoil, they found the waters over the reef littered with such flotsam and jetsam as bits of the *Hawk's* tiller, the scattered remains of one of those special Bouton picnic lunches, and, oddly enough, several miscellaneous young ladies bobbing about. This discovery brought such enthusiasm to the rescue work, for every gallant Kawanhee tar attempted to salvage at least one lady for himself, that Bouton himself was completely overlooked. It was only as he was going down the third time that he was noticed, because he kept burbling something that sounded like, "Pickle! Pickle! Save me just one pickle!" Now isn't that just like a Yale man, thinking about the lunch when there were gals to be rescued!

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Many people deserted camp to spend a vacation at that popular resort, Birch Hotel and Herb's Lunch Room on beautiful Swift River. They brought back glowing accounts of the comfort and elegance of the accommodations, special balsam mattresses, guaranteed to stab you in the back as soon as you went to sleep, and hot and cold running pine needles down every neck. It was the cuisine, however, which brought forth raves. Herb's golden brown French fries, served appropriately in a gold-panning pan, were highly approved, and for a few days the resort was so fortunate as to secure the services of that famous chef, Andy Findlay. When Andy's specialty, fried bread, was on the menu, everyone ate so much fried bread that, for the remainder of the day, they couldn't do anything but loaf. (Excuse it, please! That's what comes of sitting next to Kiefer every meal!)

The chief excitement on Swift River was stirred up by Dave Fay. Much agitated by the news that there was an encampment of girls somewhere on the river, he staged a one man rodeo. Mounting that yellow peril of a car of his, he dashed 'round and around, standing up as he drove so that any passing damsels might think him tall in the saddle. With his uncurried blond marcel waving wildly in the breeze, he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Yippee, I'm a rootin', tootin', shootin' buckaroo from way out west in

Ohio." It was a performance to make Bates and his new truck green with envy. Bates, however, felt better when he heard Butch Battista's flattering comment, "Bates doesn't drive the truck. He aims it!"

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During the week, certain unmistakable symptoms of the rapidly approaching end of the season made their appearance. Ray Spence started painting paddles. Carl Spangler began pleading for plaques. Howell Windle started popping pictures. Bud Sengelmann and Irv Bouton came down with their annual attack of tournaments. Time was obviously running out, so everyone began working twice as hard, and twice as fast, at their pet projects for the summer.

After breakfast, Chuck Salembier fed the fishes in front of the dining hall twice as much bread.

Henry Clark started two arguments every minute, instead of just one.

Chuck Vicary rang in a recruit from the Inn, and that boat of his rapidly began to take shape. By midweek, the shape was that of a substantial bathtub, and by Friday it was actually water-borne on the cove.

Frazier Evans decided that he would hurry up and get in some boxing. His hurry ended abruptly when he ran into Willy Dauksch's glove. That stopped Frazier cold.

Bill Devorss decided that he would get busy and tie some trout flies. Unfortunately Bill's enthusiasm ran away with his better judgment. He just kept on adding a green feather, and then a red one, and then a yellow one, until the results looked, not so much like a fly, as like a woman's hat of the dizzier type.

The collecting of leaves by Nature enthusiasts continued so relentlessly that the surrounding woods were as thoroughly stripped of foliage as Joey Salembier's scalp after an encounter with Spangler's clippers. This hepped-up pace told on Johnnie Schwarzell. When it came to finishing his leaf prints in Nature, he was so tired that he just had to rest his chin, already somewhat smudged with ink, among the prints. Rising up at last, he discovered that he had an extra print on the page.

"Mr. Kiefer," he cried, "what kind of a leaf made this print?"

"Dunno," said Art. "Looks like some kind of a nut."

Joe Olinger was another who appeared to be using every minute to cram on his Nature Study. At least, we can think of no other rational explanation of his taking a toad to bed with him. It is possible, of course, that he was planning to do some track practice, for no sooner were the toad and Joe tucked in cozily together, than Joe suddenly made a record broad jump. He cleared three beds and landed on a shelf, exclaiming, "I do believe that is a toad."

Bill Van Arsdell and Stu Eilers put in their track practice in a race to the Fort one rainy night. The idea was good but, unfortunately, they forgot adequately to chart the major puddles on their course. They finished looking not

so much like two runners, as like Mickey Fisher when he lost that water duel in the dining hall to Ben Bennett and his pitcher.

Things became so hectic in the Beaver Lodge that Boris Norris took to spending most of his time on his raft, afloat on the waters of the cove.

Dick Sandberg redoubled his efforts to establish a firm beach-head in his bed. Admiral Barkwill, in fact, claimed that Dick should be known simply as Dick Berg, since he left all the sand behind him when he got up each morning.

Chuck Duvall found himself too busy to talk during the day, so he made up for it by talking all night in his sleep, thereby causing his counsellors many sleepless hours, as they tried to figure out whether they should take his remarks personally and, if so, how insulted they should be.

Paul Markay was also in a hurry — to make a plaster cast of a fish. True, Paul did manage to restrain his impatience enough to wait two days to make the cast, and it proved to be the fish that could not wait to get plastered. In the course of two warm days in a tin can under the Pine Tree Lodge, that fish managed to get extremely high all by itself.

Ivan Garbin decided to get busy on a little target practice, so he took his water pistol along on the Swift River trip, only to have it confiscated by Bates. Bates did not mind the practice, but he did object to being the target.

Pete Hay rushed through his bird tests in Nature in such a hurry that he could not stop to make up his mind whether one bird was the "Spattered Pin-swoper" or the "Potted Pan-swiper."

Finally, some of the Deers set out to prove that Junior B's can be just as fine sailors as anyone on the Senior side of camp. Taking Jock Duncan along as ballast, Bill Van Arsdell and Ernie Johanson set sail in the Marconi one evening and, before you could say "Bouton", they had capsize the boat as neatly as any Lynx could have done. It took a bit of doing, we will have you know, for it was a dead calm, and only the most skillful maneuvering, and a good sized burp from Eggebert, could inspire the cat to turn turtle.

At the show Friday evening we could not decide which performance we admired the most, Frazier Evans' eloquent portrayal of the south end of a bull going north, or Jock Duncan as the patient who caught every disease mentioned in the magazine ads, except a Toni home permanent. (He probably escaped that only because he wasn't twins!) Of course the characterization which appealed most immediately to the Log was that of Steve Miller as Maisie, the Lazy Bird. The Log, having laid an egg or two of its own, could very well sympathize with Maisie's desire to forget about hers. The real star of the show, however, was Mitch Greenawalt as Horton, the Elephant. What a performance! Such tenderness! Such feeling! Such poise! Such *avoir du pois*!

C. Scarlett