



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 21, 1950

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The Maroons have served notice that they have no intention of resting on the laurels which they won in the initial round of the contest for points. During the second week of activities they were in there punching on all fronts, and increased their lead from 70 to 302 points. At the campfire of Saturday, July 15, Mr. Spangler announced that the score stood: Maroons, 1181; Greys, 879. The total score was not particularly impressive, even for so early in the season. Its division, however, was sufficiently one-sided to inject a great deal of enthusiasm into the cheer given by Jack Duncan and his boys for their rivals, and to warn the Greys that they had a real struggle on their hands.

The preceding week had been generally favorable to the Maroons. They had won both athletic events, the baseball game and the water meet of July 15. The week's remarkably productive fishing had to some extent offset this, for the Greys' catch was valued at 134 points, to the Maroons' 129. Needless to say, the bulk of the score came from the Achievement Levels. There the Maroons had captured thirty levels for 605 points, to their opponents' twenty-two, rated at 385. The greatest discrepancy was in the Athletic Department, where the Greys' two First Levels and 30 points were completely swamped by the Maroons' thirteen levels (six First Levels, six Seconds, and one Third), adding up to 350.

A new classification appears on the lists of Achievement Levels this week. It is the "K Level" or "K Project". Heretofore, it has been customary for any camper, who has completed the work required for the three levels in his own age group in any department, to proceed at once to the requirements for the next highest age group. As a result, it was not uncommon to find ambitious Junior B's passing Junior A, and even Senior, levels in the activities in which they were most adept. To avoid this confusing state of affairs, the "K Levels", or "K Projects" have been instituted. This new plan allows any department head, at his discretion, to set up a sort of post graduate set of levels for the campers of any group who have completed the requirements for their regular levels. Thus the aforementioned ambitious Junior B's will work on the Junior B — K-levels, rather than advancing to Junior A work while they still have Junior B rank. The scoring potentialities will be the same for the K Levels, as for the regular levels: First K Level, 15 points; Second, 35 points; and Third, 50 points. Any camper completing the K work for his division in all departments will receive a K emblem to adorn his proud chest, in addition to the plaque which he must already have won.

There follows a list of the campers who passed levels in the period between July 9 and July 15:

AQUATICS, Junior B — First Level: J. McHutchison, J. Shepard.
AQUATICS, Junior A — Second Level: C. Duvall.
ATHLETICS, Junior C — First Level: W. Diehl, R. Gaston, R. Windecker.
ATHLETICS, Junior C — Second Level: W. Diehl, R. Gaston.
ATHLETICS, Junior C — Third Level: R. Gaston.
ATHLETICS, Junior B — First Level: P. Appleton, R. Lacey, D. McCabe.

ATHLETICS, Junior A — First Level: P. Fagan, N. Knezevich.
ATHLETICS, Junior A — Second Level: P. Fagan.
ATHLETICS, Senior — Second Level: H. Hedges, R. Sengelmann.

HANDICRAFT, Junior B — First Level: R. Angier, A. Briscoe, C. Frost, W. Keating, E. Sanders.

HANDICRAFT, Junior A — First Level: James Corrodi, P. Fagan, D. Williams.

NATURE, Junior C — First Level: W. Diehl, R. Gaston, C. Parker, R. Windecker, J. Wright.

NATURE, Junior C — First K Level: R. Baker, Barry Birch, S. Miller, J. Murray.

NATURE, Junior B — First Level: R. Angier, R. Harris, A. Hoster, D. Jeffrey, W. Keating.

NATURE, Junior B — First K Level: C. Salembier, J. Salembier.

NATURE, Junior A — First Level: F. Ward.

NATURE, Senior — First Level: D. Boothby, R. Hahn, B. Miller, J. Waterfall.

SAILING, Junior A — First Level: James Corrodi.

SAILING, Senior — First Level: C. Davies, R. Johnston, B. Waski.

WOODCRAFT, Junior C — Third Level: J. Murray.

The traffic across the lake and the cove continued to be heavy, as more and more campers passed their swimming tests. The non-swimmers in camp have already been whittled down to a mere handful, and it begins to appear that Dick Webber may soon run out of material to keep these tests going. This suspicion was strengthened when he padded his announcement of one day's lake swimmers with the name of Boots, the R. C. Frank's very aquatic dog. The names of the bona fide campers who passed the swimming tests between July 9 and July 15 are as follows:

COVE SWIM: W. Dutcher, J. McHutchison, J. McKinney, S. Miller.

LAKE SWIM: R. Angier, Barry Birch, S. Eilers, D. Enloe, D. Fisher, R. Hahn, A. Hilton, E. Johanson, D. Johnston, R. Johnston, R. Lacey, Paul MacMillan, C. Salembier, R. Sweet, D. Williams.

Fishing Hits New High on Wednesday

The week's weather favored several camp activities in turn. The warm (Hot for Maine!) atmosphere of Monday and Tuesday found the lodges scattered over the mountains which bound the Webb Lake valley. On Monday, the Lynx climbed Tumbledown, while the Polecats and the Pine Trees were on Blue. The next day, six lodges took to the hills. The Eagles and the Panthers, with Larry Bugbee and Henry Sengelmann as guides, were the season's first Kawanhee explorers of Mt. Bald. The Deer and the much traveled Lynx scaled Blue. Members of the Birch and Beaver lodges took Tumbledown in their stride, with Dick Miller, Jack Corrodi, and Butch O'Neill in charge of the trip. Firsthand accounts of two of these expeditions may be read elsewhere in these columns.

Wednesday was heavily overcast, with rain constantly threatening but never materializing. It was an ideal day for fishing. Inspired by reports of several large bass caught by guests at the Inn, the camp's hopeful fishermen made a concerted attack upon the fin-propelled population of the lake. The venture was such a spectacular success that one hundred and thirty-five perch provided breakfast for the whole camp the following morning, and Mr. Spangler developed a severe allergy to the mere mention of cleaning fish.

That day was merely the most productive of a season which, to date, has been remarkable for good fishing. In all, campers caught two hundred and seventy fish during the second week. Points are given for fishing as for all camp activities. The humble but delicious perch is worth half a point a fish, with another half point given for cleaning. Bass, pickerel and other game fish bring five, ten and even fifteen points a pound. The week's fishing score of 134 points for the Greys and 129 for the Maroons is believed to be a record. W. Fleming, whose catch included two pickerel, accounted for 50 of those points, while J. McKinney, C. Farrow and H. Westbye landed thirty-six, thirty-five and twenty-five perch respectively.

Early Friday morning the wind came up and rapidly blew away the clouds and the muggy weather. That day was a true Maine "wool-shirt day", and one to provide the Sailing Department with plenty of activity. The fair weather prevailed through the whole week end, allowing all the baseball games to be played on schedule, the first water meet to be held Saturday afternoon, and the chapel on the shore to be used again for the Sunday morning service.

Second Sproul Variety Bill Clicks

The Friday evening show in the Recreation Hall began with the usual vociferous cheers for producer Merrill Sproul as he attempted to announce the bill, composed upon this occasion of three skits and two musical interludes. The Lynx Lodge stunt opened the program. It was a pantomime version of *Casey at the Bat*, to the narrative accompaniment of Irv Bouton. C. Farrow was starred as Casey in this amusing revival. The popular Glee Club then took over. Included in its group of five well received songs were two novelties, *Not Yet, but Soon*, and *There's Animals and Animals and Animals*. The Bandilleros concluded their appearance with a wildly applauded rendition of *Li'l Liza*, respectfully dedicated to the nurse. A skit, entitled *A Very Good Reason*, proved to be the great hit of the evening. Rich in topical allusions, it gave Jack Corrodi the opportunity of carrying off all dramatic honors with his magnificent performance in the difficult role of Ed Hamblin, while Byron Ford, cast as Dick Webber, fairly brought down the house, to say nothing of the original Webber, with some of his lines. Following his established policy of discovering and presenting hitherto unsuspected Kawanhee talent, Sproul next introduced Paul MacMillan and his flute. Paul's four selections evoked much well earned applause. The evening's hilarious finale was *Night Court*, a skit in which G. McCleary and J. Shimer ably carried the heaviest parts of the judge and the clerk. B. Miller, E. Johanson and J. Knezevich impersonated various prisoners before the bar, with the biggest laughs going to S. Eilers who, after all, was only "guilty of doing nothing."

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The week ended to the sound of pounding hammers out on the Range. That popular camp institution was in the process of receiving extensive repairs and enlargement. The area under roof is to be doubled, and a room for storage and gun repair added. When completed — and it was expected that the work would take only a few days — the capacity of the Range will be considerably increased, allowing five, and possibly six, more marksmen to shoot simultaneously. We take this as just one more symptom of the fact that the 1950 season is one which is ready and eager for bigger and better things.

C. Scarlett

Lynx Climb Tumbledown, Visit Fawn

On Monday, July 10, Irving Bouton, Dick Taylor and the boys of the Lynx Lodge set out for Tumbledown Mountain in the new "Bouncing Buggy". Mr. Bateman had a stop for us along the way. He said that there was a little fawn on a farm near the head of the lake and that, if the ranger were home, we could stop and see it. The ranger was home, so we saw the fawn. It was about two and a half feet high and looked very funny walking around on four spindly legs.

We were soon on our way again and were let out of the Buggy at the foot of the trail. About 1:30 P.M., we reached the plateau. There we ate lunch and decided to take the Loop Trail up to Fat Man's Misery and the Lemon Squeezer. The climb was a good one, and very interesting. At the lake on top of the range, we had supper and filled our canteens. Some of us swam out to the little island in the lake, while others stayed on shore. It was getting late, so we started down the old trail. We had fun coming down that trail.

Bates was waiting at the foot of the mountain with the Buggy. We stopped in Weld for a few minutes, and then proceeded towards camp. When we rolled in, *Tatoo* had just been blown. It had been a wonderful trip and we had had the best of weather.

J. Olinger

Two Lodges Climb Mt. Blue

Members of the Deer and Lynx lodges started out for Mt. Blue about 10:00 A.M., Tuesday, July 11, under the guidance of Mr. Birch, Bob Hadley and Jock Duncan, with Mr. Bateman driving the new "Buggy". On the way we passed Mr. R. C. Frank's sawmill in the village and his winter home on Center Hill. As we neared Mt. Blue, a porcupine ran across the road and up a tree. After all and sundry had tried their techniques in attempting to capture it, we resumed our trip. The rest of the journey passed uneventfully and we reached the foot of the mountain. While we were getting organized, a Forest Patrol truck rolled up, and Bates put in a call to Mt. Bigelow. Then we started to climb.

A little way up the trail we came to a ranger's cabin, where we had a drink from a spring. Then we climbed the rest of the way to the top. The going became a bit stiff, but we made it with no difficulty. On the summit, we ate our lunch and rested for a while. Later we climbed the lookout tower, from which we could see for miles in every direction. Even camp itself, and Bass Rock out in the lake, could be clearly seen. Then we started down.

When we reached the foot of the mountain, we took a short cut along an old lumber road to save Bates about five miles of driving. Eventually we climbed into the Buggy again and returned to camp at the end of the afternoon's first activity period.

I. Garbin

Tigers Undefeated, Take First Place

Friday afternoon, July 14, Andy Wallace's Red Sox defeated Jock Duncan's Yankees, 6-5, in a closely fought game. Although outhit 10-6, the Red Sox came from behind in the 6th to tie the game, 5-5, and went on to win on solid hits by Bill Fleming and Parker Bloser. Byron Ford went the distance for the Red Sox on the mound and pitched well in the clutches. Leading the hitting for Duncan's

Yankees were Jim Corrodi, with three for four, and Ted Parsons, with two for four. The leading Red Sox batter was Bloser with two timely hits. The game put both teams in a tie for second place with 1-1 records.

Bob Hadley's Senators swamped Bob Appleman's White Sox, 15-2, in the other afternoon game. The Senators started a big rally in the first of the 7th which the White Sox could not overcome.

In the night game, Byron Ford's Tigers warded off the challenge of Ted Wilson's Indians for first place with an 8-3 victory. Led by the team's excellent fielding and the consistent pitching of John Gates, the Tigers were able to stop the Indians' many rallies. Wilson and Mal Davis led the Indian batting with two hits apiece. For the Tigers the top batters were Byron Ford, with three for four, and Gates, with two for four. The win gave the Tigers undisputed possession of first place.

In the Junior soft-ball league, the first games of the season were played on Tuesday, July 11. Pete MacMillan's Phillies came from behind to defeat Joe Shepard's Braves, 14-13, in seven innings, while Brian Birch pitched his Giants to a 4-0 shut out over Dick Rector's Dodgers in the five innings which are standard for the Junior games.

R. Brown

Maroons Win First Water Meet

The Maroons and the Greys clashed in the first water meet of the 1950 season Saturday afternoon, July 15. The Maroon team emerged victorious by the slim margin of two points. At the end of a diversified afternoon, including both humorous entertainment and many thrilling contests, the score was tallied at 52 to 50. Interspersed among the various races were comedy routines, including the appearance of that world-renowned swimmer, Emery Sanders. He gave several demonstrations of the fine art of life saving. The victim was Herb Brown, who was more than a handful.

One of the outstanding contests of the afternoon was the Senior Cross-country, with its various laps on land, as well as in and on the water. A 50 yard dash started things off, followed by a 220 yard run. A second 220 yard lap continued the race to Pine Point, where the contestants started in canoes across the cove. Upon reaching the middle of the cove, the contenders jumped from their boats and swam to the beach to end the race. Although far behind in the early part of the race, as the result of the fact that one of the runners fell, the Grey team caught up in the water and moved on the win, thanks to the fine swimming of John Gates. The winners of first places in the various events were as follows:

Junior C 100-ft. Swim	J. Salembier, G.
Senior Cove Swim	J. Gates, G.
Jr. B Paddle-less Canoe Race	H. Schwarzell, G.
	R. Lacey, G.
Junior A 100-ft. Swim	W. Hadley, G.
Junior Counsellor-Senior Water Polo	Maroon Team
Junior A Canoe Race	J. Knezevich, M.
Junior B Relay Race	Maroon Team
Junior C Tug-of-war	Maroon Team
Senior Cross-country Race	Grey Team

That morning, the Senior Maroon nine had reasserted their mastery on the diamond by defeating the Greys, 9 to 8, in an extra inning soft-ball game.

M. Sproul

Punk from the Log, July 8, 1950

One of the most baffling incidents of the season occurred while George Frank was bringing his convoy of campers to Kawanhee. He was trying to organize his traveling Ohioans for a breakfast invasion of the dining car. Everyone quickly fell in line except one young fellow, who dashed madly back and forth, wailing, "I can't find my pants, I can't find my pants!"

"Well, sonny," said George, trying the reasonable approach, "where did you last have your pants?"

"I don't remember, Mr. Frank," was the distracted reply, "but I'm pretty sure I must have had them on when I left Columbus."

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Chief Kawanhee, of course, dropped in to give us his Okay. This year it was with some trepidation that we lugged our annual contributions of "sticks as big around as our elbows and as long as our middle fingers" down to Council Point. There was a widespread and uneasy feeling that the camp's titular ancestor might be somewhat annoyed by Dr. Elmore's remarks about the probable frequency, or infrequency, of the Chief's observance of the ritual of the Saturday night bath. Sure enough, no sooner had Raymond Frank sent his three melodious yodels floating out over the lake than up popped Kawanhee, every feather in his war bonnet quivering with indignation.

"Say, who's been calling me a crummy old savage around here?" he roared. "Who says I'm smelly?"

With that he grabbed the fiery brand and started swinging. "Whoosh, whoosh," it whistled through the air. Theoretically he may have been making the mystic sign of the K on our hearts and on our hands, but Larry Bugbee and Billy Diehl and other adjacent Eagles claim that it was only due to some fast dodging on their parts that the Chief failed to put his brand on other, more obvious, parts of their anatomies.

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The Nature counsellors are bearing up very well this summer. After the first two hour session with the Eagles and Falcons, it must be admitted that Art Kiefer was a bit woozy, but no more so than was to be expected after his efforts to keep Joe Murray from short-circuiting the buzz-board, and to suppress the motherly instincts of Ronnie Baker. There is a phoebe nesting on the porch of the Nature Building, and Ronnie was anxious to climb up to help her sit on the eggs. Art showed no more alarming evidences of the strain than positively to identify the "Red-breasted Nit-wit", an entirely different species, he insisted, from the "Pot-bellied What-not". Dave Logan, on the other hand, has not yet recovered his usual skill in putting words into other people's mouths. He was steering Stew Eilers through a bird identification test when Stew stuck tight on the Maryland Yellow-throat. Dave, trying to be helpful, suggestively patted the general region of his own throat. Stew caught on fast.

"The Maryland Yellow-chest," he said triumphantly.

"No," said Dave, patting more emphatically but with poorer aim.

"Stomach," hazarded Stew.

"No," moaned Dave.

"Yellow-bellied," whispered Stew, deploring the vulgarity.

"Higher up, higher up," gasped Dave, who by this time had patted most of the air out of his own lungs.

"Why, do you mean the esophagus?" Stew asked.

"Now, who ever heard of a Yellow-esophagus bird!"

The strange behavior of Dick Rector absolutely flabbergasted his counsellor, Dick Webber, one evening. Rector appeared at supper in a clean T-shirt and his best Sunday pants. It was apparent that he had brushed his hair and even combed his teeth. Naturally Webber asked an explanation of the phenomenon.

"The nurse told me to come back this evening," replied Rector in blissful tones. "Oh gosh, do you think this shirt's becoming?"

"She did!" exclaimed Webber. "Gee, old man, do you think you're able to get up to the Infirmary alone? Just a minute and I'll go with you." Whereat he dashed down to the lodge, put on a clean T-shirt and his best Sunday pants and, needless to say, brushed his hair and combed his teeth.

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Punk from the Log, July 15, 1950

The second week of the Kawanee summer began when those two Sunday icemen, Bouton and Wambaugh, rose up bright and early. Well, perhaps we should qualify that statement. It may have been early, but somehow the adjective, "bright", does not seem just the word to describe the before-breakfast appearance of the Tennis and Boating Departments. As a matter of fact, the kitchen force would even dispute the "early". Laurence had already been up so long that he needed his lunch, and Emma and Flora had had plenty of time to divvy up the premiums from the cereal boxes, flipping a pancake for the extra one. Shirley and Elaine were deep in the matutinal ritual of "blending the fruit juices".

"Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble," muttered Shirley, stirring vigorously as Elaine poured in can after can of brightly colored juices.

"Grapefruit juice, pineapple juice," hummed Elaine, as she kept track of her contributions. "Cherry, orange, lemon and lime, spinach, prune"

"Hey," cried Shirley, "what did you put in here last? There are a lot of leaves floating around and the whole thing's turning green."

"Why, it was just a can of spinach," said Elaine. "Isn't spinach a fruit?"

"Dunno! Seems as though maybe it is. Oh well, likely the boys will just think the leaves are unusually large orange juice vitamins, but I'm afraid we'll have to do something about the color. Is there any catsup left from last night's beans?"

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The hardball game with Weld, which interrupted the overfed somnolence of Sunday afternoon, proved to be very exciting during those rare moments when the batters could get close enough to the plate to swing at the ball. Most of the afternoon, that spot was occupied exclusively by Jimmy McHutchison, sweeping and dusting with an enthusiasm which he has never been known to expend upon the Panther floor.

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That party of Lynx and Deer would probably never have reached the summit of Mt. Blue had it not been for the generous behavior of Dave McCabe. Fearing that the weight of all those full canteens would be too much for the other climbers, he conscientiously drank the contents of each one. When he finally arrived on the top himself, he was sloshing and burbling like the Infirmary water cooler, during an attack by parched patients.

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A few minor adjustments have been necessary to keep the season running smoothly. Dave Fergus, for instance, had to be persuaded that the best way to use salt was to

sprinkle on a little, not to knock the top off the shaker and dump the whole works on his meat. A bit of adaptation was needed to fit Pete Hay into the diving classes. That dive of Pete's may be a swan some day, but he ought to hatch the thing before he takes off the end of the board. The Deers feel that their counsellor may also be suffering from some slight maladjustment to camp life. They report that Webber is apt to spend hours waltzing dreamily 'round and around with a broom stick. Even the Fort demanded some readjustment. When the sound of pneumatic drills assailed our ears, it was generally assumed that the Fort was being refortified, that deep shelters were being put in for such drastic emergencies as bombing attacks and the Eagle-Falcon shower periods. This, however, was not the case. The workmen were just giving more of a tilt to the floor, no doubt to make it possible for clients successfully to bank their turns when in a hurry.

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As we wandered forlornly around camp on Friday, vainly scratching for *Log* material, the only promising lead which we could uncover was the gruesome fact that the Nature Department was experimenting with leaf prints in Technicolor. We hung around hopefully, thinking that Stew Eilers might go all the way to sleep and fall into the pot of green printer's ink, or that Logan might mistake Joe Olinger for a quaking aspen and try to print him. Nothing happened, however, until Ray Brown expressed the opinion that it would be interesting to make a print of Parker Blaser's nose, and someone followed up with the sinister suggestion that a mustache would make an even more interesting green smudge. With that, we decided that it was high time to take ourselves elsewhere.

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This seems a good opportunity for sneaking in a word about the *Log* itself. The *Wigwam* has already been constrained by the season's developments to give an explanation of the Fort, so it may be in order to produce a working definition of the *Log*, the runner-up to the Fort for the title of the camp's most venerable, not to say decrepit, institution. The *Log* is read at each Saturday night's campfire and purports to be the day-to-day history of each season, with the emphasis upon the big, important facts, such as the news that Joe Olinger eats toothpaste, and the scoop announcing that this summer Bill Fleming was the first to demonstrate his great boating skill by stepping masterfully into a canoe and then gracefully sitting down, not on the seat, but in the lake. There are those who hint that the *Log* may mix a little fiction with its facts, that a story, once told to the *Log*, is apt to suffer a sea change before it comes out, like *Taps* going through Mitch Greenawalt's bugle. We take this opportunity to assure you, gentle readers (if any), that every word you find in the *Log* is as authoritative as Art Kiefer's information as to where the ham comes from.

These columns, entitled *Punk from the Log*, are merely such extracts from each week's *Log* as will take to print and still make a minimum of sense. Their debut is a bit tardy this summer. The first number of the *Wigwam* went to press before the *Log* had made its initial appearance at a campfire. The copy for the second *Wigwam* fitted so neatly on two pages that the editor's tidy soul revolted at the thought of messing up a clean new page with such trivia as could be pruned out of the first *Log*. Two weeks' snippings are therefore to be found in this number. The *Punk* which will pad future *Wigwams* should be a bit more timely and even, since hope springs eternal in even an editor's breast, a bit more sprightly.

C. Scarlett