



The Wigwam



Volume XVI, No. 4

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 28, 1950

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The Maroon lead has survived another week, but in none too robust a condition. At the campfire of Saturday, July 22, Mr. Spangler announced a total score of Maroons, 2069; Greys, 1984. This left the Maroons with an advantage of only 85 points, as compared with the margin of 312 which they had enjoyed in the revised tally of July 15. The third week of activities had seen the Greys doing the heavy scoring. They had conceded to the Maroons the baseball game and the week's fishing, the latter amounting to 83 and 60 points, and had put in their best licks in the vital Achievement Levels. There the aroused Greys had won 1015 points with forty-six levels, while the Maroons were passing only thirty levels for 750 points. This development gives an entirely new aspect to a Maroon-Grey contest which, to date, has been somewhat tame, and not a little one-sided. Now the Greys have discovered what they can do and intend to do much more of the same, while the Maroons have been startled out of any sensations of complacency into which they may have lapsed.

The campers who completed levels in the week between July 16 and July 22 are as follows:

ATHLETICS, Junior C—First Level; P. Mellon, C. Parker.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—Second Level; P. Mellon, C. Parker, R. Windecker.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—Third Level; P. Mellon, C. Parker.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—First K Level; S. Miller.
ATHLETICS, Junior C—Second K Level; S. Miller.
ATHLETICS, Junior B—First Level; R. Beatty, C. Frost, R. Harris, D. Jeffrey, Peter Macmillan, H. Pope, P. Schiff, J. Shepard.
ATHLETICS, Junior B—Second Level; R. Beatty, C. Frost, R. Harris, D. Jeffrey.
ATHLETICS, Junior A—First Level; R. Hahn.
ATHLETICS, Senior—First Level; W. Fleming, I. Garbin.
ATHLETICS, Senior—Second Level; W. Fleming, W. Meador.
ATHLETICS, Senior—Third Level; A. Wallace.
HANDICRAFT, Junior C—First Level; W. Diehl, R. Gaston, C. Parker, R. Windecker.
HANDICRAFT, Junior C—First K Level; J. Murray.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B—First Level; D. Enloe, Peter Macmillan, D. McCabe, H. Pope.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B—Second Level; R. Angier, R. Beatty, A. Briscoe, T. Hicks, D. Jeffrey.
HANDICRAFT, Junior B—First K Level; W. Dutcher, C. Pike, C. Salembier, J. Salembier.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A—First Level; W. Hadley, J. Knezevich, T. Ross, F. Ward.
HANDICRAFT, Junior A—Second Level; W. Hadley.
HANDICRAFT, Senior—First Level; D. Boothby, P. Hay.
HANDICRAFT, Senior—Second Level; D. Boothby, P. Hay.
NATURE, Junior C—First Level; P. Mellon.
NATURE, Junior A—First Level; James Corrodi, T. French, N. Knezevich, R. Lacey, A. Windecker.
NATURE, Junior A—Second Level; P. Fagan, W. Hadley, F. Ward.
NATURE, Junior A—First K Level; H. Schwarzell, J. Schwarzell.
NATURE, Senior—First Level; P. Bloser, R. Brown.
NATURE, Senior—Second Level; R. Brown.
SAILING, Junior A—First Level; J. Beatty.
SAILING, Junior A—Second Level; James Corrodi.
SAILING, Junior A—Third Level; D. Desmond.
SAILING, Senior—First Level; J. Gates, C. Robinson.
WOODCRAFT, Junior B—First Level; R. Baker, S. Miller, J. Murray.

Archery Department Busy

The popular Archery Department has been outdoing itself this season. Mr. Sengelmann has had sizable lists of awards to read at the recent campfires, and the one announced at Council Point on July 22 probably established a record for the most productive week in the history of Kawanhee's Archery. Between July 1 and July 22, the following campers have won Camp Archery Association awards:

Junior Yeoman Pin; C. Davies, D. Enloe, P. Fagan, D. Fisher, A. Hilton, W. Johnston, J. Knezevich, N. Knezevich, R. Rector, S. Reuter, H. Schwarzell, F. Ward, T. Wilson, A. Windecker.

Junior Yeoman Arrow; F. Appleton, C. Davies, D. Enloe, P. Fagan, D. Fisher, A. Hilton, W. Johnston, J. Knezevich, R. Rector, S. Reuter, H. Schwarzell, F. Ward, T. Wilson, A. Windecker.

Yeoman Pin; F. Appleton, C. Davies, S. Eilers, D. Enloe, P. Fagan, A. Hilton, W. Johnston, J. Knezevich, R. Rector, S. Reuter, T. Wilson.

Junior Bowman Pin; F. Appleton, C. Davies, C. Duvall, A. Hilton, Paul Macmillan, S. Reuter, J. Sanders, T. Wilson.

Junior Bowman Arrow; C. Davies, C. Duvall, A. Hilton, Paul Macmillan, S. Reuter, J. Sanders, T. Wilson.

Bowman Pin; C. Davies, J. Duncan, C. Duvall, A. Hilton, Paul Macmillan, S. Reuter, T. Wilson.

Bowman Brassard, First Rank; D. Boothby, J. Duncan, A. Hilton, S. Reuter, T. Wilson.

Bowman Pin Sharpshooter (gold); A. Hilton, B. Miller, S. Reuter, J. Waterfall, T. Wilson.

Archer Pin; S. Reuter.

Archer Pin, Sharpshooter (gold); Silver-bow Pin (bronze); Silver-bow Pin, First Rank (silver); Silver-bow Pin, Sharpshooter (gold); R. Sengelmann.

News Roundup of Wandering Tribesmen

There comes a time every summer when the *Wigwam* attempts to round up some news of the members of the Kawanhee flock who have strayed from the fold. Pickings for this column have been rather slim this summer, but here is such information as is available concerning those who are absent, but by no means forgotten.

The fabulous trio of Stillinger, Romey and Blau, for the past five seasons a unique Kawanhee institution, is scattered far and wide. All that is definitely known of Henry Blau, counsellor in last summer's Woodcraft and Dramatics departments, is that he is spending the summer preliminary to his Senior year at Yale in his home city of Columbus. Beyond that fact, reports differ as to whether he has a job or is attending summer school at Ohio State. Bill Romey has ventured farther afield. He began the summer by hitch-hiking to Colorado, taking a job on a construction gang there for three weeks, and then riding a bicycle back home to Richmond, Indiana. That seems a bit strenuous, even for the lengthy Romey legs which used to cover so much territory on the Kawanhee tennis courts. It is rumored that Bill will be going abroad later in the summer, to spend his Junior year of college studying modern languages in France. Dick Stillinger, at least, has furnished the camp with some firsthand news of his own activities through a letter to Dick Miller from California. Stillinger, who last year was a Junior Phi Beta at Oberlin, is taking summer courses in Calculus at U. C. L. A. His work will

be finished on August 12 and after that he hopes to move eastward, possibly as far east as Maine and Kawanhee.

Three other members of last summer's staff are to be found in Columbus, Ohio. Ben Bennett, who for two seasons was one of the counsellors in charge of the Shop, is working with a construction company, building houses, as a change, if not a vacation, from his winter work of teaching Mathematics. Ben Hadley, too, is working with a construction company, in the shipping department. He will begin his Junior year at Dartmouth in the fall. His Kawanhee career in the past included summers as Senior Counsellor, Junior Counsellor and Captain of the Greys, although not in that order. Another old-timer, David Fay, is also in Columbus, working for his father's firm. He now attends Ohio State, having transferred from Kenyon during the past winter.

One counsellor of last year may not actually be in camp, but he is not far distant. Gordon Willard has again taken a position at Kawanhee Inn, and participation in the Glee Club and in some athletic events brings him down to camp upon occasion. Gordon, too, has had a long Kawanhee history which included being the captain of a team. The coming year will be his Junior one at Worcester Polytechnical Institute.

Kawanhee hopes this summer to see some very old and very good friends who were unable to put in an appearance in 1949. Mr. and Mrs. Noel Piersche are expected to spend at least part of the month of August in their cabin near the Inn. Noel was for so many years the head of Kawanhee's Shop that veteran tribesmen have not yet been able to adjust themselves to the thought that he is no longer the guardian of all the camp hammers. Much concern has been caused in Kawanhee by the knowledge that both Mr. and Mrs. Piersche have suffered serious illnesses during the past year, and it is the sincere hope of the whole camp that their return to the Webb Lake valley may be no longer delayed.

The Heimbergers, too, are expected in August. Their long planned and often delayed summer home, at the fork of the Center Hill and Mt. Blue roads above the village, is at last a reality, and they hope to have their first glimpse of it about the first of the month. Fred's duties as Dean of the Arts College at Ohio State will limit his vacation to the month of August, but Betty is planning to stay on into September.

Two gentlemen, well known in the past as both campers and counsellors, have been seen in Kawanhee during the past two weeks. Bud Miller visited his parents on the week end of July 15. Bud is now teaching at the U. S. Naval Preparatory School at Newport, R. I. His visit coincided with his promotion in Naval rank to Lieutenant, J. G. Hal Myers is making a somewhat longer stay with his parents in their cottage up the lake. With Jean and their young daughter, Judy, he arrived on July 19. Hal, of course, is the minister of the Covenant Presbyterian Church in Springfield, Ohio, but no sooner had he appeared in camp than mention of the word "drums" was heard. It seems a safe bet that camp may look forward to at least one more appearance of Hal in his old familiar role behind the Kawanhee footlights.

Another long term membership in the Kawanhee tribe was renewed by mail when a letter arrived recently from Miss Marie McElwee. "Mac", of evergreen memory, was for many years the camp's highly popular and most able nurse. She reports that she spent three weeks in June as camp nurse at Camp Akita in Ohio and that she expects to be with her family at her home in Columbus for the remain-

der of the season. She found the return to camp life very enjoyable, but expressed the wish that the scene of her return might have been Kawanhee, a sentiment which Kawanhee most heartily seconds.

Large Audience, Including Duke, Attends Show

The Friday evening offering of the Kawanhee Players was another sprightly variety bill, with considerable emphasis on the "variety" part. A lodge stunt, a skit, and a special Sproul version of *The Cremation of Sam McGee* were the features of the program, while the entr'actes, as Mr. Sproul himself admitted with disarming honesty, were of a somewhat impromptu nature, ranging from a session of "Cahoots" with Admiral Barkwill and Herb Brown, to a bit of mystification about a disappearing egg performed by Merrill himself. The Glee Club had shrunk to the so-called "Gruesome Twosome" of Dick Miller and Bud Sengelmann, whose crooning of several songs, while one scene was being changed, proved to be most acceptable to the audience. The other musical interlude was furnished by those instrumental experts, Bill Fleming on the trumpet and Ted Parsons on the clarinet. A solo apiece and a duet were very well received.

The curtain raiser was the very entertaining lodge stunt staged by Dick Miller and his Birches. It was an impression of the strange kaleidoscope of nonsense which assails one's ears if a radio is switched rapidly from station to station. Sports announcers, soap opera, gossip column and crime dramas were presented in quick succession by members of the lodge, and with most amusing results, including subtle allusions to "Our Gal Wednesday", Arlene, and the broad and comic hamming of Stew Eilers, who seemed to get all the "sob sister" sections of the script. Bruce Miller was most effective in a number of roles, while John Waterfall and Fred Ward regularly brought laughs, as their "tough guy" dialogue kept recurring like a hiccup.

Bob Sengelmann and Butch O'Neill put over their lines, in the skit entitled *The Facts of Life*, with admirable clarity. The most ambitious number on the bill was *The Cremation of Sam McGee*, complete with heavy make-ups, and special lighting effects furnished by S. Denison in the rafters. Jock Duncan and Bob Appleman took care of the narrative part, with Bob in particular ably delivering the most important part of the story, while the action was carried out in pantomime by Fred Hoster and Brian Birch. The smash finale of the evening was the sudden appearance of the Duke of Zanzibar, to revive a traditional running gag which has enlivened many a past Kawanhee season. This year's Duke was notable for his elaborate costume and the comparative gentility of his comportment.

* * * * *

The week's schedule of trips was rather light. Only one trip went out in midweek, a Tumbledown expedition for members of the Moose and Wildcat lodges, with Mr. Bateman, Merrill Sproul and Bob Hadley leading the climb. Possibly for this reason, the powers-that-be seized eagerly upon the ideal weather of Saturday for the first Popham Beach trip and had the campers and counsellors of the Birch, Beaver and Moose lodges out of camp and on their way in record time. This necessitated some change in the traditional Saturday program of events in camp. The usual soft-ball game between the Maroon and Grey Seniors was played in the morning, with the usual results. The Maroons won, this time to the tune of 11 to 8. It was the afternoon which was completely revised. In the absence of the whole

Junior A division, it was thought advisable to omit the customary water meet. In its place, a series of East-West contests were arranged, a hard-ball game, and Senior and Junior water polo games. This impromptu competition proved to be highly successful, from the carefully staged and very effective build-up in the dining hall at noon, to the last splash of the Senior water polo game before supper. Sunday found the camp and the trip schedule back in their usual groove, with the Coos Canyon expedition of the afternoon arranged for Polecats, Panthers, and such Falcons as had passed the necessary swimming tests.

C. Scarlett

Popham Beach Trip Very Enjoyable

During inspection time Saturday morning, Mr. Bateman rushed to the Birch, Beaver and Moose counsellors to tell them that their lodges were going to Popham Beach for the day. With quick preparations and after a hurried inspection, we loaded ourselves into the camp trucks and were on our way. With Mr. R. C. Frank and Admiral Barkwill in the pickup truck, and with Bates, Don Wambaugh, and Dick Miller piloting the Buggy, we traveled through Lewiston, Brunswick and Bath, and reached Popham at noon.

First we explored the nooks and crannies of the old fort. After we had eaten lunch, we walked along the waterfront. Bruce Miller became so interested in looking at a crab that he fell in and came out very wet, having measured his length in two feet of water. We hiked to the beach, while Bates and Mr. Frank brought down the trucks. We changed into our bathing trunks in the trucks, and by so doing eliminated going to the beach house. Then we went down to find a place to swim. After swimming around and bucking the waves for a while, we took a hike up the beach, picking up shells and driftwood on the way. We found a large hill of sand and played on that for a while. When we tired of that, we returned to the swimming area. We took another quick dip and went into the White Spot for an ice cream cone or a bottle of pop.

We then climbed into the trucks and headed for home. About halfway we stopped and ate our supper. Then, with no more stops, three lodges of tired boys returned to Kawanhee. We gave a cheer for Bates and Mr. Frank and then unloaded ourselves to head for our beds. Sunday morning, we awoke with the thought of a wonderful trip behind us, and the thought of many, many more such trips as the camp season goes on.

G. McCleary, Jr. A

League Baseball, Senior and Junior

In the afternoon games of the Senior League on Friday, July 21, Ted Wilson's Indians defeated the lowly White Sox, 11 to 3. In the other game Byron Ford's Tigers maintained their hold on the league's first place by defeating Jock Duncan's Yankees, 6 to 1, in a closely fought game. The Yankees led, until the first of the 7th, when on seven successive hits, the Tigers came up with six runs and an easy victory. The batting honors went to Sherman Denison and John Gates, each with two for three. Jock Duncan and John Knezevich collected the only two hits off Gates.

In the night game, Andy Wallace's Red Sox trounced Bob Hadley's Senators, 28 to 3, in a game that was called at the end of three and a half innings because it was time

for the show. The Red Sox, led by Byron Ford with five for five, and Bill Fleming and Gardner Defoe, with three hits each, scored twenty-eight runs on seventeen hits. The victory put the Red Sox in a tie for second place with Wilson's Indians.

A baby cloudburst during the afternoon of Tuesday, July 18, rained out the Junior soft-ball games. The third round in this league was therefore played on Wednesday afternoon. Brian Birch and his Giants successfully defended their first place position by swamping Pete Macmillan's Phillies, 19 to 3. Rector's Dodgers easily handled Joe Shepard's Braves, 16 to 9. One of the earlier games of this series was replayed Thursday afternoon. The contest in which the Phillies had beaten the Braves had been nullified due to the use of ineligible players. The results of the repeat game were about the same, for the final score was: Phillies, 22; Braves, 9.

R. Brown

East-West Struggles Enliven Saturday

Three clashing contests marked the rivalry between the Western boys, and those from the East on Saturday, July 22. The West swept all three contests before the afternoon was over. An East-West hard-ball game was first on the agenda. It started out with much fanfare, as the Eastern boys took the field arrayed in sport coats and neckties, representing the city slicker of the Eastern metropolis. The Eastern battery was composed of "Reckless" Richard Webber and "Merciless" Merrill Sproul. Webber only allowed five hits in five innings, but they came together when Herb Hedges slammed out a single, and hard-hitting Bob Hadley lifted a double to deep right center. Several Eastern errors and some good Western base-running combined to blow a five-run Eastern lead to a one-run loss in the bottom of the 5th, when relief hurler Bill Fleming scampered across the plate with the winning run. For the West, "Fireball" Ted Wilson started, but was relieved in the 4th by Fleming, who held the East scoreless to the end. Mass larceny was the high light of the Eastern offense, as Bob Sengelmann and Merrill Sproul combined to steal home three times. "Deadly" Sherm Denison, Western catcher, successfully mowed down several runners attempting to steal second. At the end of the five innings, the West emerged with an 11-10 victory over the East.

From the athletic field Camp Kawanhee moved to the waterfront to witness two rugged games of water polo. Once again the West was too much for the East, taking both the Junior and the Senior events. Rector, Wolcott, McCabe, Dave Johnston and Al Hoster combined to score three out of five goals against Enloe, Pope, Pete Macmillan, Brian Birch and Barry Birch. Wolcott and Rector did the scoring for the Westerners. When the Seniors took to the water in their turn, the East was again stopped, as Jack Corrodi pushed across the first goal for the West. Minutes later John Gates, behind the blocking of team mates Chick Robinson, Bill Fleming and Sherm Denison, rushed across the second and last goal necessary to take two out of three and to subdue the combined efforts of Ben Waski, Bob Sengelmann, Dan Desmond and Sid Hawks.

M. Sproul

Punk from the Log, July 22, 1950

No sooner is one Log out of the way, than along comes another Saturday night to slap us in the face, like the tomato salad passed to Bill Fleming. The time has whizzed by, as rapidly as Boots on his way to swim period, since we were sitting at last Saturday's campfire, listening to Carl Spangler as he announced that week's thrilling score: Bindle-weenies, 9,482; Senators, 3. No, we're wrong — that must have been a baseball score for this week. What Spangler announced a week ago was just a Maroon-Grey score. As we remember it, the Maroons gave a particularly vociferous yell after the announcement. And why shouldn't they yell! In the Maroon huddle, John Knezevich and several others found themselves standing in the glowing embers of the North Wind fire, and there's nothing like an unexpected hot foot for adding pep to a yell.

* * * * *

Everyone who visits the Range is wondering just what is to be the exact nature of the new building which Stew Reuter and Mitch Greenawalt are pounding into shape. At present it looks suspiciously like a hot dog stand. We find that idea very attractive. We are sure Howell's Hang-out in the woods would become deservedly popular as a snack-bar, and that Mr. Windle would manage it with great distinction. We can almost see him behind the counter, nonchalantly frying a hamburger with one hand as he reads the mystery book which he holds in the other, and announcing, "One hot dog coming up. Fire when ready, gentlemen! Mustard, or pickle?" We know that he would serve better food than the near-by Woodcraft Department, where one has to stand around drooling for hours, while Dick Rector chars bacon, or scrambles eggs with ashes.

* * * * *

The camp post office has had its problems during the week. Of course, Ed Hamblin and Ken Beck are quite accustomed to dealing with such matters as the blank envelopes which Jimmy McHutchison occasionally posts. Knowing Jimmy to be perfectly logical, they realize that when he has nothing in particular to write, he sees no reason for addressing his letters to anyone in particular. Ed and Ken, however, were really puzzled as to how to dispose of a letter addressed to

Wild Mosquito
Control Committee
Weld, Maine

Should it go to Art Kiefer, the counsellor in charge of all miscellaneous Kawanhee livestock? Should it be delivered to Joe Murray, who constantly buzzes around, waiting for someone to swat him? Or was it intended for the Eagle counsellor, who is admittedly "Bugs"?

* * * * *

A touching little incident occurred on the Senior side of camp a few days ago. Dana Green was temporarily confined in the camp hospital. Possibly to encourage him, possibly as a gentle hint to another resident of the Infirmary, Dick Webber sat on the back steps of the Beaver Lodge and soulfully serenaded the Infirm on Tony Hilton's pleaded pucker-box. *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* was the song

which he played over and over again, and a most heart-rending performance it was! Tears, in fact, splashed down Dick's own cheeks, although they may have been caused, not by sentiment, but by the merciless pinching which the pucker-box was administering to his tummy. This went on, and on — and on, until Emma could stand it no longer. "For Heaven's sake," she shouted at the Infirm, "let him call you 'Sweetheart', or 'Toots', or anything he wants to, so the rest of us can have a little peace and quiet."

* * * * *

The Friday evening show was topped off with the surprise appearance of Bloomer Girl — excuse us, we mean His Lowness, the Duke of Zanzibar. Heavenly days, is the Duke dressy this year — hat by Hattie Carnegie, cape by Macey's Basement, and a snood discreetly worn over the front, rather than the back, of the head! We can remember the old days when the Duke was lucky to have a whole pair of pants in which to dress formally. In spite of all the chic, the camp was not particularly alarmed by the Duke's dire threats of vengeance, for there are plenty of tough hombres here, ready and able to take care of him. Pete Mellon intends to arm himself with an air rifle, thinking that those striped droopy drawers of the Duke will make an excellent target, and Emery Sanders now goes to bed armed with a frying pan, just in case the Duke should come poking around at night.

There is, of course, considerable speculation as to the identity of the Duke. Steve Miller announced that he was sure that it could not be Mr. Kiefer, because Mr. Kiefer couldn't run that fast, and Arlene insists that she is not the Duke, in spite of the hat. Furthermore, we are convinced that it is not Tony French, because Tony is much too polite to barge in on a party the way the Duke did Friday night. That, however, leaves a wide range of suspects, from Joey Salembier to Howell Windle, and only time will settle the question.

* * * * *

Saturday morning a Popham Beach trip took off, apparently by spontaneous combustion, before anyone realized what was happening. It was expected that the resulting Mooseless, Birchless, Beaverless day would be unusually peaceful, but NO! Rivalry between the East and the West blazed up bitterly at dinner that noon. For a minute it appeared that Merrill Sproul and Jock Duncan would come to blows and that blood and teeth would soon be flying. The outburst was so sudden that everyone just sat and gaped — everyone, that is, but Art Kiefer. Art's a peaceable man, and will always do his bit towards keeping the peace. At the risk of life and limb, he waded into the fray, muttering soothing words and putting down a by no means negligible foot where it would do the most good. Alas for the peace maker! Did anyone thank Art for preventing bloodshed? Not at all! All he received for his pains was a sotto voce growl from Merrill, "Aw, quit lousing up our act, you bum." Poor Art retired in hurt silence to teach better manners to the young phoebes down at the Nature Building, while the East-West feud was carried out to the baseball diamond whither it had been headed all the time.

C. Scarlett