



The Wigwam



Volume XVI, No. 6

Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

August 11, 1950

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The Maroons made a clean sweep of the week. Mr. Spangler's analysis of the score at the campfire of Saturday, August 5, revealed the fact that they had dominated each phase of point-winning during the preceding seven days. Fishing had favored the Maroons, 96 to 51. They had captured both of the Maroon-Grey sports events of the period: the water meet, 44 to 24; and Thursday's basketball game, which gave the victors 50 points to the losers' 35. In the Achievement Level work, the Maroons had come out on top with 1030 points, to the even 1000 of the Greys. It was no surprise, therefore, to find that the Maroons had increased their lead to 148 points. The total score, as of August 5, was: Maroons, 4335; Greys, 4187.

At the risk of further belaboring an already well worn point, it must be pointed that this score is not particularly significant. The advantage of 148, comforting as it may be to the Maroons, is too small to be in any way decisive. There are numerous examples in the past of much more impressive leads being wiped out in a single week. Furthermore, the total score is low this year, compared with what the score has frequently been at the end of the fifth week of activities in past seasons. This is in no way a reflection on the energy and enthusiasm of this summer's campers. It is rather to be attributed to the fact that the early and vigorous execution of the program of trips has slowed up the completion of many projects in the different camp departments. The major pay-off in those valuable third levels is still to come, and that will be the major factor in the final score. Only twenty-five third levels have been completed to date, whereas one hundred and ninety-one first levels have been passed. Since all of these first levels pave the way for the much more valuable second and third levels, it is easy to see that the scoring potentialities of the summer have scarcely been tapped.

A break-down of the present total scores reveals that it is the Greys who have a slight lead in the level work, for they have completed 159 for 3950 points, while the Maroons are credited with 146 worth 3565. To date the Shop has been the source of the most pay-dirt, yielding 92 levels and 2305 points to the two teams together. Athletics, with 1815 points, and Nature, with 1730, are the other most productive departments.

The campers who completed levels in the week between July 30 and August 5 are as follows:

AQUATICS, Junior C—First Level: W. Diehl, R. Gaston, J. Wright.

AQUATICS, Junior A—First Level: P. Fagan, N. Knezevich, F. Ward.

AQUATICS, Junior A—Second Level: James Corrodi, P. Fagan.

ATHLETICS, Junior C—First Level: J. Wright.

ATHLETICS, Junior C—Third Level: W. Diehl.

ATHLETICS, Junior C—Third K Level: Barry Birch, S. Miller.

ATHLETICS, Junior B—First Level: R. Kincaid.

ATHLETICS, Junior A—Second Level: F. Appleton, Brian Birch, R. Hahn.

ATHLETICS, Senior—First Level: S. Reuter.

HANDICRAFT, Junior C—Second Level: P. Mellon.

HANDICRAFT, Junior C—Third Level: R. Windecker.

HANDICRAFT, Junior C—Second K Level: J. Murray.

HANDICRAFT, Junior C—Third K Level: J. Murray.

HANDICRAFT, Junior B—Second Level: E. Sanders.

HANDICRAFT, Junior B—Third Level: C. Frost, Remy Harris, T. Hicks.

HANDICRAFT, Junior B—Third K Level: J. Salembier.

HANDICRAFT, Junior A—First Level: E. Johanson, N. Knezevich, J. Sanders, T. Wolcott.

HANDICRAFT, Junior A—Second Level: A. Hilton, J. Sanders.

HANDICRAFT, Junior A—Third Level: W. Hadley, A. Hilton.

NATURE, Junior C—Second K Level: R. Baker, Barry Birch.

NATURE, Junior B—First Level: D. Enloe.

NATURE, Junior B—Second Level: A. Briscoe, D. Enloe, H. Pope, J. Shepard.

NATURE, Junior B—Third Level: J. Shepard.

NATURE, Junior A—First Level: J. Shepard.

NATURE, Junior A—Second Level: T. French.

NATURE, Senior—First Level: F. Appleton.

NATURE, Senior—Second Level: F. Appleton, P. Blosser.

SAILING, Junior B—First Level: D. Boothby, T. French, R. Hahn, D. Jeffrey, D. Johnston, E. Sanders.

SAILING, Junior B—Third Level: J. Waterfall.

SAILING, Junior A—First Level: A. Windecker.

SAILING, Junior A—Second Level: J. Olinger.

SAILING, Senior—Second Level: C. Robinson.

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

WOODCRAFT, Junior B—First Level: Barry Birch, A. Briscoe,

C. Frost, D. Jeffrey, H. Pope, E. Sanders, F. Ward.

WOODCRAFT, Junior B—Second Level: Paul Macmillan, T. Wolcott.

WOODCRAFT, Junior A—Second Level: I. Garbin.

Trips, Trips and More Trips

Trips held the priority on Kawanhee's attention during the first days of August. The outpost camp on Swift River was set up again and on Wednesday, August 2, the members of the Wildcat, Lynx and Moose lodges took possession of it for three days. They were the first of several groups which, before the end of the season, will spend two or more days there under the supervision of Mr. Birch. On Thursday, the summer's second Popham Beach trip cleared the camp of Deers, Pine Trees and Polecats. With half of the normal population absent, the remaining lodges took picnic suppers and scattered to different beaches around Webb Lake that evening.

There was no show on Friday evening, for the week's talent had been camping on Swift River, rather than rehearsing in the Rec Hall. Saturday, however, the camp was filled to the brim once more and a busy week end began. The morning was devoted to a general clean-up period and to a Junior hard-ball game. In the afternoon came the water meet and, in the evening, the Senior Counsellor-Junior Counsellor baseball game, which the Juniors won, and the usual campfire on Council Point. Sunday was a beautiful day, but a bit too cool and breezy for a service in the church on the shore. Dr. Elmore's inspiring sermon, therefore, was delivered in the Recreation Hall. During the afternoon an exciting hard-ball game was played on the camp athletic field. A Kawanhee nine, composed of Senior Counsellors, Junior Counsellors and Master Campers, met and defeated the Weld team, 11 to 10. The vesper service, with Dean

Miller as the speaker, was held in the Recreation Hall that evening.

Even before this service, the trips were under way again. Right after supper Mr. Birch and Dick Taylor set out with campers from the Beaver, Birch and Deer lodges to spend several days in the outpost camp. The Falcons, with Ed Hamblin and Mitch Greenawalt, slept at the foot of Mt. Bald Sunday night and made the climb the following morning. Monday morning, August 7, was clear and bright, promising perfect weather for mountain climbing, and two of the major mountain trips pulled out of camp before 9:00 A. M. A large group of Seniors and Junior A's took off for Katahdin in the big truck with Mr. Bateman, Mr. Bouton, Mr. Bugbee and Ken Beck, while a smaller group departed in the pick-up truck with Mr. Chace for the first Mt. Washington expedition in several seasons. Later in the morning when a canoe flotilla, manned by Pine Trees and Polecats under the command of Mr. Nickerson, sallied forth to make the circuit of Webb Lake and to spend Monday night on Sunday Beach, Camp Kawanhee temporarily had something of the air of a ghost town.

C. Scarlett

Tigers Stay on Top, Giants Upset

The regular games in the Senior baseball league were played on Friday, August 4. Bob Hadley's Senators upset Jock Duncan's Yankees, 10-9, by scoring the tie-breaking run on a single by Mitch Greenawalt.

In the other afternoon game, Andy Wallace and his Red Sox defeated Ted Wilson's Indians, 11-2. Sparked by the 6-hit pitching of John Gates and the team's good fielding, the Red Sox stopped the Indians' many rallies. Batting honors went to Bill Fleming, Sherm Denison and Andy Wallace of the Red Sox, with two hits apiece. An 8-run rally in the last of the 1st provided the runs necessary for the victory. By winning, the Red Sox gained undisputed possession of second place in the league, with a record of three wins and one loss.

That evening Byron Ford pushed his Tigers one step closer to a perfect record for the summer by walloping Bob Appleman's White Sox, 19 to 6. The Tigers produced their nineteen runs on sixteen hits, and fourteen errors by the opposition. The leading hitters of the game were Ray Brown and Byron Ford, with three for six, and Chick Robinson and Sherm Denison with two hits apiece. Rallies of four or more runs in the 1st, 4th, 6th and 7th innings, kept the White Sox from gaining any ground. The Tigers now have a record of four wins and no defeats.

The Junior soft-ball games were played on Tuesday, August 1. The Giants were finally humbled when Dick Rector pitched the Dodgers to a 3-2 victory over Brian Birch and his boys. The victory put the two teams in a tie for first place, with three wins and one loss apiece. The other game found Pete Macmillan's Phillies the 33-22 victors over Joe Shepard's Braves in what might conservatively be called a free-scoring game.

R. Brown

Water Meet Won by Maroons

The third Maroon-Grey water meet of the season was held on Saturday, August 5. It began with a bang, or rather a puff, as Jim Corrodi and John Waterfall sailed to victory against Grey sailors Johanson and Ward. The Maroons held the advantage during the greater part of the afternoon, but just before the all important war canoe race, their margin

was only 29 to 24, due to the valiant swimming of H. Schwarzell, who succeeded by the skin of his teeth in beating R. Rector to the beach in the last lap of the Junior B cross country race. With the victory as usual depending on the final event, the Maroon war canoe pressed hard in the last one hundred yards of the course and eased away to capture the meet, 44 to 24.

Midway in the afternoon, there was staged a relay race between the Senior Counsellors and the Junior Counsellors. Herb Brown, "Bugs" Bugbee and Dick Webber fell haplessly to the powerful stroking of the Juniors, Mal Davis, Bob Appleman and Andy Wallace.

Several of the events were designed for laughs as well as for points. The Junior B nightgown relay was particularly hilarious, as the contestants attempted to swim in the long trailing gowns and then struggled wildly to divest themselves of the clinging folds. A good deal of amusement was also provided by the sight of the Master Campers and Seniors in a combination of two customary Junior C events, the ping-pong ball blow and the pajama race. But the most startling race of the day was the exhibition of aquatic speed put on by Andy Wallace and Bob Tolchin. Tolchin, without the assistance of a dive and after giving Andy a quarter of the pool advantage, flew to certain victory. This record-breaking sprint was made possible only by a submerged rope and the pulling power of twelve counsellors on the other end. It certainly provided a good laugh.

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

Junior A Sailboat Race	J. Waterfall, James Corrodi, M.
Junior C Potato Race	Maroon Team
Junior B Nightgown Relay	Maroon Team
.....	(W. Dutcher, C. Frost, A. Hoster, W. Keating)
Senior Relay	Grey Team
.....	(W. Fleming, J. Gates, A. Wallace, H. Westbye)
Junior C Water Polo	Maroon Team
Junior B Cross Country Relay	Grey Team
Senior Ping-pong Ball Blow and Pajama Race	C. Robinson, M.
Junior A War Canoe Race	Maroon Team

The Maroons were also the victors in the week's only other Maroon-Grey contest, the basketball game played on August 3. This event they won by the score of 44 to 41.

M. Sproul

Range and Archery Awards

In the period between July 30 and August 5, the following campers won awards on the Range:

Pro-marksman; C. Davies, D. Fisher, Remy Harris, T. Hicks, R. Lacey, P. Schiff.

Marksman; C. Farrow, D. Williams.

Marksman First Class; P. Hay.

Sharpshooter; Brian Birch.

First Bar; J. Gates, Paul Macmillan.

For the same week, the following awards were made in Archery:

Junior Yeoman Pin; R. Beatty, R. Brown, J. Minich.

Junior Yeoman Arrow; R. Beatty, J. Minich.

Yeoman Pin; J. Minich.

Junior Bowman Pin; W. Johnston, J. Minich.

Junior Bowman Arrow; W. Johnston, J. Minich.

Bowman Pin; W. Johnston, J. Minich.

Archer Pin; B. Miller.

Outpost Camp on Swift River Opened

The first Swift River trip of the season left Kawanhee Wednesday, August 2, at 10:15 A. M. Our group was composed of members of the Wildcat, Lynx and Moose lodges, under the supervision of Mr. Birch. We boarded the new "Buggy" with all the supplies and drove around the head of the lake, through Byron Gap to the outpost camp on Swift River, about two miles from the town of Byron. This camp is operated for several weeks each summer and the different groups in turn spend periods of two or three days camping there as part of their work in Woodcraft. We arrived at our destination after a drive of half an hour and started to organize the camp. We set up the main tents first, for a light rain had started, and then had our lunch. We began the afternoon by putting up the small sleeping tents.

The rain did not amount to much. The weather soon cleared so we decided to go to the swimming hole about an eighth of a mile up the road. We returned in an hour and found that it was time to get supper. After a wonderful supper we cleaned up the outpost camp and made our tents ready for the first night. Later in the evening we went across Swift River to an open field and played some games. About 9:00 P. M., Mr. Birch blew his whistle and we came back to the outpost to find that Mr. Birch had mixed some cocoa. We all had some and went to bed.

Thursday morning we awoke after a good night's sleep. After we had eaten a very satisfactory breakfast and had our tents inspected, we were ready to start the hike to Coos Canyon. Mr. Birch and J. Shimer started first, having to go a longer way in order to see Mr. Shilling, who always helps us to pan gold, and to ask if he could help us the following day. Mr. Birch left Ivan Garbin in charge of the main group and about five minutes later we set out with him for Coos. We arrived at the canyon forty-five minutes later and waited for Mr. Birch. When he came we were all ready to go in. After a long swim we came out of the water to find that Mr. Birch had started lunch. It was consumed in no time at all and we topped it off by hiking about a quarter of a mile to a small store near Byron for some pop and candy. Returning to Coos we relaxed until it was time for another swim. Our swim was not so long this time, for soon Mr. Birch said we should be getting back to the outpost for supper. On the way, we stopped at Bates' cabin for some wood to repair the benches in the outpost camp. We spent the evening in games in the field across the river and were more than ready to turn in for the night when the time came.

The main activity of Friday was panning gold. Mr. Shilling and his helper helped us until about 2:30 P. M. and then we had our lunch. After lunch we did some individual panning and found enough gold that each one of us will have a few flakes to take home. At 4:15 we returned to the outpost camp to get our packs ready. A little after five, Bates came for us in the truck and we were back in Kawanhee in time for a late dinner. The Swift River trip was successful in every respect and we had a lot of fun.

P. Lattin

Junior B's Take Trip to Popham

On Thursday, August 3, a caravan made up of the two new camp trucks, loaded to the brim with members of the Deer, Pine Tree and Polecat lodges, set out for the popular Popham Beach trip in the company of Mr. Nickerson, Mr. Bateman, Herb Brown, Mal Davis and Ken Beck. Popham Beach, which has been selected from all the Maine coast as

being one of the cleanest and least tourist-infested beaches, along with old Fort Popham, was the destination of this popular journey. This was the second group of campers to make the trip this summer.

Upon arriving, the fort was visited by the campers. It was built in 1861 as part of a protective barrier which was at that time erected along the entire New England coast. Due to insufficient funds, however, the building was left in its present condition. After a thorough investigation of each cannon chamber and powder room, the expedition adjourned to a very welcome lunch, which was served off the tail gate of the large truck.

Having hiked down the beach, the boys had their first salt water swim of the season. The breakers were coming in with just the right height and, although the water was a bit chilly, the coolness only spurred the boys on to enjoy themselves all the more.

After swimming for an hour, the group once more assembled in the truck. On the way home, supper was eaten beside a quiet lake and the boys returned to Kawanhee in time for *Taps*.

K. Beck

Punk from the Log, August 5, 1950

The question of where we were to have church on Sunday morning threatened to obstruct the whole week. Since the weather looked as uneasy as Shirley, sitting in the bottom of that leaky canoe in which one of the gallant dining room boys took her for a ride, instructions were given to Bob Hadley to bring some benches back from Council Point for use in the Rec Hall. Bob had his load of benches all the way back to the middle of camp when the sun peeked from behind a cloud. The sun wasn't very robust—in fact it was as groggy as Pete Fagan, leaping out of bed at the first stroke of the *third* bell, but it was enough to cause that mysterious governing body, known simply as "They", to decide the day fine enough for holding the service on the point. Troops of Inn guests, therefore, started marching down the trail, carefully detouring around Bob and his benches. Just then the wind gave a huff and a puff. The powers-that-be immediately decided that we would have church inside after all. The Inn guests resignedly headed back toward the Rec Hall, bucking some opposition from Hadley, who by now had his orders for the point. The wind died down. No, we had better have the service on the shore. Once more the Inn guests reversed their field, trampling down a few of the unwary in the process. The sky darkened. No, we would have church inside. The sun flashed out again. No, no, we *must* have the service outside. Just then Wambaugh or Bouton dropped a chunk of ice in the kitchen. Hear that thunder! We'll have to have church indoors. By this time the Inn guests were playing Ring-around-the-Rosie in Dr. Elmore's corn patch, while Hadley, dashing back and forth as madly as Boots during swim period, was mowing down church-goers with his benches, like Samson doing business with the donkey's well known jawbone. Well, the service was eventually held in the Recreation Hall. It was not until swim period in the afternoon that someone wandered down to the point. There sat Hadley on one of his battered benches. He was still clutching his Sunday nickel in his hot little hand and muttering, "Isn't church kind of late this morning?"

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It is said that names make news, so let's call a few people names—we mean, let's call a few peoples' names and review the news which they made during the week.

Bob Gaston. Bob went fishing one evening and introduced a new technique which threatens to revolutionize that noble sport. He hung onto the hook and threw the pole, reel and all, overboard, just to give the fish a sporting chance for a change. No fish, however, took the trouble to reel Bob in, for it appears that in the Webb Lake schools only half a point a pound is given for Junior C's. Naturally every bass and perch is out after a Spangler, for which they would be awarded a hundred points an ounce.

Mitch Greenawalt. Mitch likes to keep things going according to schedule. He considerably suppressed the Falcons during a telephone call at dinner one day. When the call ended and there ensued an unprecedented moment of silence, Mitch was heard to remark briskly, "Alright, boys, make some noise now!"

Jimmy McHutchison. Jim complained of the service in the Infirmary. He had taken a wounded shoe up there, but Arlene wouldn't even let him have enough adhesive tape to bandage it. Possibly he caught Arlene at a bad moment, when her disposition was not up to par as the result of being forced to sleep on the floor all the previous night. Something odd had happened to her bed, for the sheets had shrunk to the point where she could not shove her legs more than ankle deep in the bed.

The Pine Trees. It was certainly news when a lodge was so bursting with energy that it would get up to play baseball before breakfast, and the Pines appeared to be making a habit of it. Of course, all of them did not play. Dave Johnston preferred to remain snugly sleeping until third bell, not at all crowded by the knife, hatchet, two flashlights, rock collection, duffle bag, rifle shells and a few shoes which usually shared the cot with him. And kind-hearted Tony French could not join the game until he had fed that dinosaur of his that lives under the lodge.

Andy Wallace. Andy received his new boat and he aint been the same man since. He has been going around and around and around in the cove, until the Crows were not surprised to find him a bit dizzy. Even the Crows, however, were a bit nonplused the other morning when Andy hopped out of bed and, after a glance out of the window, began to dress with the indignant question, "Who's using my slip this morning?" Dave Logan surreptitiously checked to make sure that it was a pair of shorts which he had just donned, before he remembered that, to Andy, a slip is just one of those numerous boat-berths built into the ever lengthening Crows' Nest dock.

Dick Lacey. Dick has been boasting of his marksmanship. He claimed that he could even hit the mark when he was blindfolded. Webber took him up on it one day and Lacey stood up, blindfold, to eat the remainder of his dinner. Unfortunately, Lacey's aim wasn't so good after all.

Judging from where the food lit, all that he remembered was that his mouth was somewhere, anywhere in fact, between his waist and his forehead.

The Junior Counsellors. The really shattering news event of the week was the institution of honest-to-goodness days-off for Junior Counsellors. It was probably brought on by the complaints of such Juniors as Bob Appleman and Mal Davis that they were getting too much sleep. Of course, the J. C.'s learned that a day-off may be a responsibility as well as a joy. Mitch Greenawalt, Ted Wilson and Stew Reuter, in particular, took their first sabbatical very seriously. They spent the whole morning grooming and primping, and finally took off, dressed to the nines—sport jackets, slacks, and spectacular neckties under their chins which made them look as if they had just cut their throats and were bleeding to death.

Bill Hadley. Bill was certainly the news of the Birch Lodge picnic supper on Bowley Beach. After the dip, Bill was cooking his supper over the fire, when a party of mixed sight-seers appeared at the other end of the beach. Bill was certainly the sight to see, since his costume consisted chiefly of the hot dog he was roasting. He hurriedly took to the woods, where his rustling and scuffling around in search of adequate shelter thoroughly alarmed the lady visitors.

"Bear, bear," they shrieked.

"Aw, I am not," Bill called back. "I've got on a towel!"

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Dinner on Monday found Ed Hamblin in a quandary. He stood up with a birthday cake in one hand and began to announce inspection winners, thereby arousing innumerable false hopes among the lodges who thought that they might receive the cake in place of the candy bars which the inspectors pass out with such a lavish hand. The cake, however, was destined for Mitch Greenawalt, and Ed finally arrived at the point of asking for "Seventeen loud hand-claps with a big Mitch on the end." Enthusiastically he began to lead the clapping with the cake still in one hand, but, just in time to avoid catastrophe, he realized that this would be rather hard on the cake. To free his hands, he started to set the cake down on the nearest table, only to jerk it back in horror. He had almost set it down in front of Merrill Sproul, already drooling happily in anticipation, and Ed realized that this would be even harder on the cake. He eventually compromised by holding the cake under his arm as he clapped, and Mitch at long last received enough of his cake to discover how numerous were his friends who expected to be cut in on it.

C. Scarlett