



The Wigwam



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Camp Kawanhee, Weld, Maine

July 18, 1952

Dear Tribesmen and Friends of Kawanhee:

The Greys successfully ended the first full week of activity by defeating the Maroons by a score of 643½ to 429½. These were the scores when Mr. Nowold made the season's first report at the campfire of Saturday, July 12. Although the Greys appear to have at least some advantage over the Maroons, such an early score will probably have little effect upon the long awaited final score which will be released at the annual banquet which crowns all Maroon-Grey competition.

All in all, both teams could look back at what could be called a very satisfactory seven days. In a week characterized by sunny warm weather, the wheels of activity began spinning and already a considerable number of completed levels have been reported. Although the Greys have gained impressive victories over the Maroons in both Water and Field Events, their lead in actual level competition has not been so decisive.

All activity heads reported much work under way. In many departments this had not progressed substantially beyond the stage of laying the groundwork for the levels to be completed later in the summer. It was in the Nature Department that the first solid block of points had been earned. Under the capable leadership of Mr. Kiefer, twenty-four levels had been completed for a total of 360 points in that department alone.

The campers who passed levels up to the time of the campfire on July 12 were as follows:

ATHLETICS, *Junior C—First Level*; R. Duvall.

ATHLETICS, *Junior B—First Level*; C. Creith, J. Lewis.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior C—First Level*; T. Benua, W. Borel, R. Borel, T. Clark, D. Connor, J. Fish, T. Harrison, K. Johnson, D. LaRue.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior C—Third Level*; F. Gaston, E. Knezevich.

CAMPCRAFT, *Junior A—Second Level*; M. Robson.

NATURE, *Junior C—First Level*; R. Borel, D. Connor, R. Duvall, J. Fish, K. Johnson, D. LaRue.

NATURE, *Junior B—First Level*; C. Davenport, J. Denise, B. Emerson, G. Ford, F. Gaston, N. Granholm, D. Hoover, S. Hoster, R. Johnson, J. Kenderdine, J. Lewis, J. McKenzie, D. Platt, R. Rhine, F. Richardson, R. Sommers, M. Sterrett, D. Tuttle.

SAILING, *Junior A—First Level*; W. Hadley, T. Hicks, D. McCabe, T. Wolcott.

SAILING, *Senior—First Level*; J. Waterfall.

Archery, Swimming, and Fishing

At the weekly Saturday night campfire, the names of boys who have won recognition in activities not giving Achievement Levels are also read. Herb Hedges announces the names of those who have won archery metals and Mr. Windle reports for the range. Since a shipment of range metals had not yet been received by the camp, Mr. Windle will announce the names of those boys qualifying for metals during the first three weeks at the campfire of July 19.

The following boys were reported by Herb Hedges to have qualified for Archery Insignia:

Junior Yeoman Pin; F. Andreae, J. Brown, J. Denise, D. McCabe, J. Whitacre, J. Whitney, J. Whitson.

Junior Yeoman Arrow; F. Andreae, Brian Birch, J. Brown, J. Denise, D. McCabe, J. Whitacre, J. Whitney, J. Whitson.

Yeoman Pin; F. Andreae, Brian Birch, J. Denise, D. McCabe, J. Shepard, J. Whitacre, J. Whitney, J. Whitson.

Junior Bowman; Brian Birch, M. Robson, J. Shepard, J. Whitacre, J. Whitney.

Junior Bowman Arrow; M. Robson, J. Shepard, J. Whitacre, J. Whitney.

Bowman Pin; J. Tribou, J. Whitacre, J. Whitney.

Bowman Brassard First Rank; J. Tribou, J. Whitney.

Archer Pin; R. Rector.

"Swimming the cove" or "swimming the lake" is just cause for congratulations in Kawanhee. These are the tests by which campers qualify for their boating and sailing privileges. During the first two weeks, scarcely a dinner passed without Joe Driscoll calling up the successful lake and cove swimmers to be applauded. Sixty-four campers have completed the cove swim and forty have passed the longer lake swim test, indeed, a credit to the Swimming Department. In the following list, campers are listed under the more advanced test which they have passed (Many, before swimming the lake, made the shorter cove swim.):

COVE SWIM: N. Anderson, R. Boyce, R. Burleigh, C. Davenport, W. Dutcher, B. Emerson, F. Gaston, M. Gelpi, F. Hoster, D. Hutton, E. Johnson, W. Keating, J. Kenderdine, D. Kerr, N. Knezevich, D. LaRue, J. Martin, G. Milliken, J. Murphy, R. Rector, S. Ryner, J. Schwarzell, M. Sterrett, T. Wolcott, J. Wright.

LAKE SWIM: F. Andreae, R. Angier, R. Beatty, J. Beatty, Barry Birch, Brian Birch, J. Borghi, H. Born, J. Brown, C. Conant, W. Diehl, R. Duvall, D. Earle, R. Gaston, E. Granholm, N. Granholm, W. Hadley, D. Helsley, T. Hicks, T. Hirsch, S. Hoster, R. Johnson, R. Knowlton, C. Kurtz, D. McCabe, J. McKenzie, B. Miller, S. Miller, J. Murray, M. Robson, C. Salembier, J. Salembier, H. Schwarzell, J. Shepard, J. Tribou, T. Vicary, J. Waterfall, J. Whitacre, J. Whitney, J. Whitson.

Fishing has been exceptionally good during the first two weeks of the season. A large number of campers have been taking part in the sport and an even larger number of the tribe has been enjoying eating the freshly caught fish for breakfast. Points are awarded to the fishermen as follows: One-half point for every perch and one-half point for cleaning the fish; Two and a half points per pound for bass and one-half point for cleaning; Two and a half points per pound of pickerel and one-half point for the cleaning. The following campers have won points for their respective teams as follows:

R. Boyce—G, 7½; D. Connor—G, 1; E. Garbin—G, 1; M. Gelpi—G, 2; H. Hamilton—M, 4; F. Hoster—M, 6; P. Johnson—G, 4; C. Kurtz—G, 3; J. Lewis—G, 1; B. Miller—M, 15½; S. Miller—M, 4; G. Milliken—G, 4; J. Murray—G, 2; M. Robson—M, 1; J. Roche—G, 2; T. Vicary—M, 1; J. Waterfall—G, 15½.

Former Counselors and Campers Visit

Kawanhee frequently gives a strong tug at the memories of those who have participated in former summers and draws them back to the shores of Webb Lake. The first two weeks of the 1952 season have been particularly rich in such reunions.

Jack Walls, a camper of the early '30's, was on hand for the opening of the season. A tribesman of even longer standing, Bill Vicary, visited the Inn and the camp during

the second week. He is now a professor of Economics at Columbia University. His summers as a camper belong to the very early period of the camp, between 1921 and 1928. It was, however, the Rev. George Tittman of Arlington, Virginia, who precipitated a real epidemic of Do-you-remember sessions with the surviving continuous inhabitants. George was successively camper, Junior Counselor and Counselor from the later '20's through 1937, and in all capacities, from baseball-player, to camp bugler, his participation in Kawanhee life was so vital and enthusiastic as never to have been forgotten. He made his reappearance early in the season to settle Mrs. Tittman and their family at Pine Lodge for the summer, and will himself return for a longer sojourn at the end of the month.

Another well remembered camper of the '30's, Ed Waller, stopped at the Inn with his wife for several days. Ed is now a pathologist at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina. His last summer in Kawanhee was in 1937. More frequent, but none the less welcome, visitors have been Bill Myers, Ed Tuloss and Bob Cory who this summer, as they have for many of the years intervening between their active camp careers and the present, are spending their vacations in cabins belonging to themselves or their families on the lake shore near the Inn.

Two tribesmen of more recent vintage have recently paid Kawanhee rather too hasty visits. Web Davis spent the greater part of his leave from Fort Benjamin Harrison at the Inn during July's second week. Kawanhee has had no chance, nor inclination, to forget Web, for his camp career, ending in 1948, was long and active, and scarcely a summer has passed since its termination without his fitting in at least a flying visit to the Inn and the camp. Kawanhee received a pleasant surprise late Saturday, July 5, when Bill Romey and a friend coasted down the hill from the highway on bicycles. In view of his expected absorption into the Armed Forces of the U. S. in August, Bill is spending the early part of the summer in a sort of leapfrog bicycle-and-automobile trip through New England. Happily he would not omit Kawanhee from his itinerary and it was much regretted that his visit proved to be so short. Bill's several Kawanhee summers, particularly his term as Maroon captain in 1947 and his final season as a Senior Counsellor in 1949, were memorable periods in recent camp history.

A Busy Second Week for Kawanhee

The week of July 7 was a busy one at Kawanhee, for with trips, activities, and Inn guests all running at top speed, even old Chief Kawanhee was probably looking forward to the daily rest hour.

Bate's truck was continuously on the go. Early Monday morning the first over night trip departed for a two day trip up Mts. Jackson and Tumbledown. Three trips had already been run to Coos Canyon where members of the tribe cooled themselves under the falls of Swift River and plunged into the deep water of the lower canyon.

Life Saving Classes were being held regularly each day by the swimming department. Joe Driscoll and Ted Wilson were busy teaching Junior Life Saving during the morning activity periods and Senior Life Saving in the afternoon. Instructional swim was held everyday at eleven o'clock and the very popular free swim was enjoyed by all at four in the afternoon.

The lodge inspector, Mr. John Nowold, makes his tours of inspection twice a day—once in the morning when he inspects beds and general lodge cleanliness. He devotes his afternoon inspections to searching for wet bathing suits and towels improperly cared for.

The weekly movie, which is ordinarily seen on Wednesday night was divided into two sections because of its

extraordinary length. July 9th's movie was entitled *Rusty* and was seen on both Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Saturday, the twelfth, saw the traditional Kawanhee program running true to form. The morning was devoted to the Maroon-Grey baseball game. The first water meet of the season was held during the afternoon and following the usual Junior-Senior Counselor ball game, the second campfire of the summer was held in the evening. It is at these campfires that the activity leaders call upon all the campers who have passed levels or won awards to stand as their name is read. The total Maroon-Grey score is read by Mr. Nowold and Mr. Campbell Scarlett reads his famous *Camp Log*.

After breakfast on Sunday morning, the Roman Catholic boys departed for their church in Wilton, and at the 10:30 Service in the Rec Hall, Dr. Elmore gave another of his memorable sermons. The Sunday dinner was traditionally chicken with "all the fixins". After a leisurely afternoon an evening vesper service was held during which musical selections were offered by Ken Beck and Dr. Miller delivered a meditation on the Lord's Prayer.

K. BECK

Tribesmen Climb Tumbledown and Jackson

On Monday, July 7, a group of campers consisting of Seniors and Master Campers started on their climb up the west shoulder of Little Jackson. They headed north-west toward the first peak of Tumbledown from which the entire Swift River Valley and the Bigelow Range were visible. Of particular interest was Mt. Abraham towering in the sky.

Leaving the first peak of Tumbledown, the group headed down through thick underbrush and arrived at their camping rendezvous at the shore of Crater Lake. During the remainder of the afternoon the campers swam and hiked. In the evening Dean Miller, the leader and guide of the party, told several delightful stories.

Early the next morning the group continued their journey by climbing a huge bluff on the northern peak of Tumbledown. At the foot of the bluff the springs were dry, but fortunately Dean Miller found a new fresh water spring which the climbers promptly named "Miller Springs". The Kawanheites then continued west over the remaining peaks until they came to the very difficult passes, "Fat Mans Misery" and "The Loop". After each climber had squeezed through the "Misery" and climbed up through the "Loop", the group continued westward until they came to the Chimney Trail. On the way down this difficult trail, five of the party became confused and lost the trail for a short time. Coming upon the trail again, the climbers journeyed safely down to the bottom of the mountain. Although the trip was strenuous, every camper thought it was a very worth-while two days.

N. KNEZEVICH

Baseball Leagues Organized

In a reversal of last year's procedure the Athletic Department is switching its leagues from the traditional softball games to hardball. The reason for this move is answered by the increasing demand for better hardball players in high school, college, and the professional leagues. Kawanhee's two leagues this year are called the Little League, made up of boys on the Junior side of camp, and the Little Big League, which takes in all lodge members on the Senior side of camp.

The Little League set the ball rolling last week with two contests scheduled on Tuesday, July 8. In the first afternoon game the Herb Hedges' managed team downed Chick Robinson's nine, 2-0, in a game which featured a no-hitter pitched by Fred Gaston, of the losers, and a one-

hitter by Rozzie Angier for the victorious Hedges aggregation. The only hit of the hotly contested battle was a single smashed out by Fred Gaston. The game also featured eleven strike-outs by each team's pitcher.

The second game, played on Thursday because of complications in mustering the two teams on Tuesday, found Chuck Duvall's team coming from behind after trailing 6-0 at the end of two innings, and capturing an 8-6 decision over the strong-hitting nine of Dick Harris. The game was sparked by the excellent hitting and fielding of Bill Dutcher, Jimmy Kenderdine, and Buzzy Granholm.

In the only game played in the Senior Circuit of camp baseball, Herb Hedges' nine easily overpowered the team of Dick Harris by a 10-3 count. The game was highlighted by the flashing performance of Herb Hedges on the mound, registering the season's first no-hitter. The opposing pitcher, Dick Harris, also hurled excellent ball, only giving up four hits, one each to Ray Brown, Herb Hedges, Nick Knezevich, and Sherm Denison. The game remained tied at 1-all until the third when the victors came up with four important and deciding runs.

In compliance with custom, the first Maroon-Grey hardball game of 1952 was played on Saturday morning, July 12. The Greys came up with a decisive 6-1 victory behind the one-hit pitching of John Borghi. Getting the lone hit for the Maroons was Bob Beatty in the sixth inning. Jere Whitacre and Bruce Miller also pitched well for the losing cause. The big feature of the contest was Borghi's strike out record, marking up 17 of the 21 outs by that route.

Greys Win First Water Meet

In the first Maroon-Grey water meet of the season on the Kawanhee shore of Lake Webb, the Greys took complete command and coasted to an easy 83-45 victory, on Saturday afternoon, July 12. In the comparatively small 7-event meet, the Greys captured first place in every contest but one, while sweeping second place three times. The only double winner of the swimming meet was Eddie Knezevich of the Greys in the Jr. C. Division. Winners in the individual events were as follows:

Jr. C Pajama Race	E. Knezevich, Grey
Jr. C Freestyle	E. Knezevich, Grey
Jr. B Boat Race	J. Salembier, Grey
Jr. B Breast Stroke	T. Hirsch, Grey
Jr. A In-out Canoe Race	J. Whitson, R. Beatty, Maroons
Jr. A Back Stroke	J. Shepard, Grey
Senior Freestyle	J. Waterfall, Grey
Senior Relay	N. Knezevich, R. Rector, Grey Team
War Canoe Race	Grey Team
	R. BROWN

Punk from the Log, July 12, 1952

The time has finally come when it may be necessary for Raymond Frank to get a retread on his standard introduction for the Log at the Saturday night campfires. "The Camp Log, Cam Scarlett" has evidently worn down to the point where it is confusing the new men. We stumbled over this misunderstanding when we were nosing in odd nooks and crannies of the camp after our usual Friday fashion. John Denise, seeing our lean and hungry look, inquired, "Oh, Mr. Log, are you looking for stuff to write in the Camp Scarlett?"

"Unh hunh", we answered absent-mindedly, and it wasn't until hours later that it dawned upon us that somewhere, somehow, someone was balled up.

Why do Junior C's go to the Infirmary? Many people have pondered the question, the nurse not least of all. When Ed Knezevich went up to have a spot of merthiolate applied to a mosquito bite, the whole Falcon Lodge accom-

panied him, and Truus thought "Why, isn't this nice and neighborly of the Falcons to pay me such a friendly visit!"

A moment later, she wasn't so sure of the friendliness of the visit. Abruptly she found herself locked in her room, while her visitors, led by big Chief Trippe Harrison in his Indian bonnet, did a war dance outside. Horrible thoughts ran through her head. Was she going to be scalped? No, scarcely that, for her poodle-cut was too short to provide a worth-while trophy. But she knew that she needed assistance. "Oh, save me, save me", she shrieked. "Who will save me?"

At this pathetic cry, Dick Duvall's gallant heart melted within him. He flexed his mighty muscles and spoke up manfully. "Fear not, fair maiden, I will save you".

"My hero", sighed Truus. "True continental courtesy at last, among all these American savages! You may kiss my hand".

That broke up the clambake. The heroic Dick fainted dead away from the shock, the other Falcons fled in alarm, and Truus was left more puzzled than ever as to just how brave Kawanhee braves really are.

By midweek, some of the counselors began to wear a bemused and bleary-eyed look from much sitting up late to listen to the Republican convention on the radio. The camp as a whole, however, paid little heed to the political goings-on. Other problems were more pressing. In the Dining Hall, Kawanhee was having trouble in seating its own Georgia delegation—the Green Barnites, or Green Barn Swallows, or Green Barnstormers, or whatever they should be called. Not having a table of their own, these gentlemen had to be scattered all over the Dining Hall, like onions through the hash. Consequently their morale was suffering from exposure to all kinds of table manners, from those of the Eagles to those of the Head Table. It seemed imperative that they be reassembled for uniform feedings. George Frank and Jim Armstrong busied themselves with slide rule and yardstick to find space enough for another table in a dining room already as well filled as the Bouncing Buggy on a trip to Coos. After much figuring, they ultimately salvaged a small area, previously the favorite parking space of Sadie, the Cup-cart, amid the mustard bottles under the stairs. Into this, with the aid of a shoe-horn, they fitted a pint-sized table. The Eagles were accorded the honor of first occupying this niche.

It is possible that the Eagle counselors may find the honor dearly bought. Dick Donnenwirth's chair is well out into the main stream of waiter traffic from the kitchen. His smile is somewhat fixed and apprehensive as he waits for a slurp of cocoa to go down his neck when Barry Birch sloshes in with the morning pitcher, and he cringes in anticipation of the crockery crashing around his ears when Fred Hoster staggers out with a pyramid of dishes. The problem of Ken Beck, crouching at the other end of the table, is quite different. He runs the constant risk of batting his brains out on the under side of the stairs if, in a moment of forgetfulness, he lifts his chin out of his plate. "Little Jack Horner" Beck, they are calling him now.

One evening the telephone rang as Raymond Frank was working in the office shortly after *Taps*. He snatched up the receiver and into the mouthpiece somewhat gruffly breathed the official salutation, "Who calls Kawanhee?"

"This is Kineowatha", trilled a sweet feminine voice over the wire.

Ray perked up. "Hail, mighty squaw", said he, gallantly. "Long time no see!"

"Get lost, sonny", came the reply. "I want to talk to Don Miller".

"But we have no Don Miller in camp", Ray announced huffily.

"What, no Don Miller", wailed the lady. "Oh dear, oh dear, I am so disappointed! What shall I do?"

"Well", remarked Ray, ever the perfect salesman, "Perhaps we could interest you in something else. We do have Millers in four other delicious flavors this year."

The lady brightened up. "Oh, maybe one of them will do. What are they like?"

"Let me see", he said. "First we have Steve Miller. He's the go-getter man-about-town type. A little young, but still — ! We also stock a Bruce Miller, the large economy size of the same brand. For the really discriminating taste, we can offer something special in Dean Miller. Now, if he just had an eye-patch, he might pass for a Man of Distinction. And then, of course, there's Dick Miller. He's our Sailing Counsellor, so I suppose that's why he's known as the 'Kawanhee Dreamboat'."

"That's the one for me," cooed the lady. "Wrap him up and send him over. Or, better yet, let me talk to him right now."

"But he's gone to bed," objected R. C. "can't —"

"Quit stalling, brother," cut in Kincowatha sternly. "This is important with a capital I. *Get him UP!*"

That was the end of Millings' beauty sleep for that evening. And, if there was any more to the story we regret to say that it could not be ascertained from "reliable sources."

The second week of the season was one of considerable accomplishment. The Moose won a whole inspection, and Herb Hedges' first crop of sideburns sprouted, bloomed and was harvested. Art Kiefer was assigned three night patrols, four different days-off, and five Nature periods with the Deer Lodge — a somewhat unequal distribution of blessings, he thought. Enough pressure was brought to bear on Ken Beck to force him to cough up the first allowances. Bill Keating tried passing his canoe test in one of the new aluminum canoes and discovered that there was no means, short of a can-opener, of scuttling the bouncy craft. Ronnie Baker worked on his swan dive, getting in his best practice, not during swim period from the diving board, but during dinner into the whipped cream on top of his pineapple upside-down cake, with Bruce Tuttle kindly assisting and instructing in the attainment of the correct form. Fishing from the big dock again developed into a major activity, with Hans Hamilton landing the season's first big catch, one tired old shoe. The two most important members of the tribe, the fawns Luigi and Whiskers, continued to thrive, although some concern was expressed that Whiskers, at so tender an age, should apparently have acquired the bad habit of "chawing" a plug of tobacco. When Saturday rolled around with Water Sports (featuring that ever interesting strip tease, the Junior C Pajama Race) and baked beans for supper (featuring the ever recurring peril that Kiefer, if requested to ask the blessing, might intone "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!"), it was clear that Kawanhee had shaken itself down in good shape for another summer.

C. SCARLETT