

The Wohelo Bird

THE LUTHER GULICK CAMPS

South Casco, Maine

OCTOBER, 1938

ALUMNAE AND ALUMNI VISITORS AT CAMP

It has been exciting the last ten years, watching the number of alumni and alumnae visitors increase each summer. This year all previous records were broken. The list below isn't complete, because it was taken from the Guest Book, which necessarily missed a few, but at that, it's the biggest list we've ever had. We hope next year's will double it!

Wohelo

Mrs. Edwin B. Ackerman (Beatrice Marion), Katharine L. Alden (Spooks), Fanniebell Allen, Hope Allen, Mrs. Mary V. Barnes, Mary Bingham, Catherine Bolster, Mrs. Richard D. Bolster (Betty Warren), Alice Boyden, Mrs. Ellis O. Briggs (Lucy Barnard), Harriet and Mary Ellen Chamberlain, Mrs. Joseph I. Chapman ("Hochee" La May), Marie Christopher, Mrs. Richard J. Congleton (Margaret Hedden), Mrs. Alonzo G. Curtis (Jessica Whittier), Harriet Dana, Helen Davis, Mrs. W. D. I. Domer (Elizabeth Barnes), Mrs. E. O. Dorbritz (Nina Lunn), Mrs. Rutherford L. Ellis (Martha Hodgson), Mrs. K. F. Evans (Kathryn Field), Olva and Marcia Faust, Frances Findley, Mary Freeman, Mrs. W. K. Freeman (Betty Bull), Mrs. Carl W. F. Hahner (Myla Raycroft), Clara Louise Holman, Marguerite Howard, Mrs. Denison B. Hull (Dolly Walker), Mrs. Herald A. Jones (Dot Redmond), Mrs. S. W. Judd (Dorothy Leonard), Louise Kahill, Mrs. J. L. Landenberger (Emily Sutro), Lila and Jean Latham, Dorothy Le Butt, Mrs. Henry P. Leverich (Katharine Bingham), Phyllis Lovejoy, Mary Francis Lyon, Jean McGay, Mrs. Ed McHenry (Helen Henderson), Mrs. Gladys McPhee (Mackie), Caroline Merritt, Eleanor Murphy, Sophie Ostlie, Martha Patterson, Elizabeth Reynolds, Maryl Riter, Charlotte Robinson, Mrs. H. E. Robinson (Louise Gulick), Mrs. Martin Robinson (Mary Martin), Johnny Shute, Anstis Slade, Ellen and Sally Spear, Janet Stephens, Eleanor Stoddard, Barbara and Emily Stone, Mrs. L. K. Stringham (Mary Adeline Cline), Mrs. H. B. Titus (Helen Bowker), George Turn, Louise Valentine, Helen Vedder, Mrs. Charles S. Wagner (Mary Blough), Rowland Wells, Elizabeth Williams, Frances Woodward.

Timanous Alumni Visitors

Stanley Aldrich, Richard J. Congleton, William H. Curtiss, Jr., George Dana, George Gaston, James Godwin, Ernest Heath, Newton Hodgson, Sloat Hodgson, Jack Landenberger, Albert B. Nies, John Stoddard.

ALUMNAE NEWS SAVED FOR NEXT ISSUE

For the first time in many, many issues, the alumnae and alumni news has been omitted. News of the summer at camp ran into so many columns that there wasn't room enough to include anything else. The next issue will certainly burst with news of ex-campers, however, as the office desk is bursting with items such as engagements, marriages and Wohelo "grandchildren."

LITTLE CAMP PLAYGROUND

A crew of men has been working almost every day since camp closed regrading the Little Camp playground. The ground is being raised a foot and a half underneath the tree houses, and from there it is being graded gradually to the lake. In addition to this, drain pipes are being installed which should keep the ground dry in even the rainiest weather.

Years ago this entire playground was merely a swamp filled with old stumps. The filling in was started in 1916 when Hiitani decided to spend \$1,000 a year in developing an open place suitable for dancing, tennis courts, and general activities which require a playing field. The last filling was done in 1929 and since that time the ground has settled, near the cabins, making the ground muggy during rainy weather.

The work which is being done now will take at least two months of steady work, but it should make a playground which will be dry and smooth for years to come.

The road coming into camp is being re-routed so that it will not run through the grounds and spoil the new grass. Delivery trucks will be able to drive down to the back door of the kitchen. Parents and other guests will drive down as far as Bob and Beebe's garage, where a new circle is being made, and will drive back on the same road.

NATIONAL NIMBLET CHAMPIONSHIP RACES

Eleanore Strohm and Carol Smith were selected from the Sailing Unit to represent the Sebago Wohelo Yacht Club at the National Class Championships at Douglaston, L. I., on August 30th. This is the first time the camps have been represented in these national one-design races. Our crew was the only girls' crew and also the youngest crew in the races. The girls entered six races, taking one 3rd, two 4th, and three 6th places. At the Banquet following the races, Jo Misner was called upon for a speech and Halsey was elected to the Board of Governors.

CAMP COOKS GO ACADEMIC

The camp cooks are feeding the future brains of the country this winter. Harry and Gladys La Rose have gone from Sebago Wohelo to Proctor Academy, where they have made such a hit that meals take twice as long as they used to. Everyone has four helpings of everything and Halsey is going to have to get the kitchen endowed.

The Burchsteads are back at Vermont Academy, where they are adding new laurels to the hit they made there some time ago. Timanous boys will know that the Vermont boys will not grow thin.

Chef is cooking for the Kappa Sigma boys in Boston. They should be able to get all the new members they want just on that fact alone.

Winter Address

MR. AND MRS. J. HALSEY GULICK
Proctor Academy
Andover, New Hampshire

SECOND GENERATION CAMPERS

Increasing in even greater proportions than our alumnae and alumni visitors are the children of former campers who are now in camp. No number of new campers can ever make us as proud as these sons and daughters of Wohelo and Timanous who are coming back to have the experiences their parents had. It ages us, but it makes us feel the dignity of our years! This year the following campers were children of former campers:

Wohelo

Mary Carol Ackerman (Beatrice Marion).
Patricia Arno (Lois Long).
Barbara, Mariella and Mildred Boyden (Bob and Beebe Boyden).
Barbara and Patricia Curtis (Jessica Whittier).
Nola Ann Dorbritz (Nina Lunn).
Nadine Dyer (Dorothy Coburn).
Susannah Freeman (Betty Bull).
Katharine Bingham Hull (Dolly Walker).
Martha W. Landenberger (Emily Sutro).
June Robinson (Louise Gulick).
Patty Wagner (Mary Blough).

Timanous

Richard and Louise Boyden (Lee and Bart Boyden).
David Dennison, Jr. (Cordelia Whitman).
Houston V. Evans, Jr. (Kathryn Field).
Morton and Lyman Hull (Dolly Walker).

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO SEBAGO LAKE WAS CONNECTED WITH THE SEA

Between Sebago Lake and Portland you may find at frequent intervals what might have been from its appearance an exceedingly large ditch. In some places it has been filled in, in others a well-worn path follows its margin for some distance; and occasionally you may come upon rough stone walls and decaying posts containing rusty iron bolts. This is all that remains of a canal which once connected Sebago Lake with the sea.

The canal was dug by hand with picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. Twenty-one locks were needed to raise the boats from the level of the sea to that of Sebago. Ruins of two locks are still to be seen near South Windham.

When the canal was finished one hundred canal-boats were put into service. These had sail and mast so constructed that they could be laid flat when passing under the bridges. They were drawn by horses up to Sebago Lake Basin, poled across the shallow water and onto Sebago Lake. These heavily laden boats were then poled against the current up the Songo River, through the lock and out onto Brandy Pond where mast and sail were raised. If there were wind they sailed on to Bridgton and Harrison. If there was no wind they just waited.

The millstone, from which Millstone Island (now Wohelo Island) received its name, was part of the cargo of one of these boats, which was wrecked on Wohelo Island during a severe storm.

SEBAGO WOHELO—RECENTLY UNEARTHED LITERARY FACTS

Edited by Mouse Hodgson

In rummaging through the pile of leftovers after Wondie's sale, we came across these fragments from the diary of Zieania Xepent. Perhaps you knew her under another name. Gertie was the only one who could pronounce it. We felt a little guilty at first, but soon we became so interested that we thought you ought to hear of this slant on camping in 1938. We have no idea what some of the phrases refer to, but we have printed it all (at least all that we could read), and left the interpretation up to you.

Thursday, June 30. Dear Diary. Really, you have no idea what I've been through. It was all right when I marched through Grand Central, trailing my suitcase, two aunts and a distant relative. I was feeling extremely confident until I saw the group I was expected to become a part of. You know, I have never been to camp, in fact, I have always considered myself not the type, but somehow here I am on my way.

Margie thinks it was her doing, but I think it was that picture on the postcard of eight sailboats bumping into each other. I simply can't resist hitting things. Aunt Corinne has kept me from even trying to get a driver's license because of that weakness. Anyway, the sailboats got me.

But back to the subject at hand. I barged into the seething mass under the sign of "The Luther Gulick Camps". After what seemed like an eternity, I was discovered by a Very Small Thing, who attempted to pronounce my name, and led me to a counselor. She made a flustered mark on a sort of list that she had. When that was over and my suit case had been snatched from me, the Very Small Thing undertook to introduce me to people. I was told hundreds of names at once, only one of which I remember. That was Wondie's name, because I was introduced to her so many times. She seemed to be everywhere we went.

All this time I had been paying no attention to Aunt Polly, when suddenly I had a premonition. I glanced around and spotted her. She had successfully parked Aunt Corinne and the distant relative, and was making for the counselor-with-the-list with far too great alacrity for my peace of mind. It was then that I saw the bottle of codliver oil and realized that something must be done, and immediately

Well, I finally got on the train. By this time, the V. S. T. and I were getting along quite well, though we were still very polite, and I was not surprised, when, after settling me in the berth above hers, she called me down to talk to her. Then she showed me the liniment—she didn't like to bother me, but would I rub it on her? She had just fallen down the front stairs. I had been complimenting myself on maintaining my dignity surprisingly well (I am not a sober-minded creature at heart), but this last was too much. I giggled.

Friday, July 1. Dear Diary: I have had a great many strange things happen to me today, but the thing that has astounded me the most is not the fact that distance around here is measured vertically. What it is, is that the Very Little Thing, the one I rubbed liniment on and laughed at, is not only a junior counselor but MY junior counselor.

Saturday, July 2. I had to walk so far for my breakfast that if I hadn't been hungry I would have given up when I got to the top of the fifteenth rock. And as if that didn't satisfy these pep-hounds, when Halsey announced that we could walk to the village if we wanted to, they actually shouted. I

decided to drag along. I bought some ice cream and that was enough for me. The rest of them, however, came out piled with bundles. I asked my diminutive counselor, Mickey, what everybody had, and she said, "Oh, just soap and ink and food, etc." I discovered when we got back that it was mostly etc.

Sunday, July 3. Today is Sunday and we had services on another peninsula fully as long as the one we live on. They call it Sivad, and it doesn't go up and down so much.

After that I was told to go to the Bungalow, and there I was weighed and measured and told to blow into a little tube attached to a tin can, and squeeze something. When that was over and I had pushed myself up from a bench and pulled myself up on a rope, I sat around. Pretty soon Molly came over and said that my P. F. I. was low, but not to worry. It would come up. I hadn't the slightest idea what she was talking about, so I smiled brightly.

I don't believe I have mentioned it, but I am in the dancing unit. It was a frame-up. Aunt Corinne said it would help my poise, and Aunt Polly said it would be a most "valuable experience". They knew perfectly well I wanted to be in the sailing unit with Margie, but, come to think of it, they had seen the postcard of the boats hitting each other.

I went up to the tennis court at the prescribed time in my over-sized, black, two-piece rag and stood there waiting to be covered with Grace and Poise. I was not. "Hop", the person who shows you what to do and then imitates you, told me to sit down with my legs out, and proceeded to poke me and pull me apart. She sat back and looked at me, and then said rather pathetically. "Have you ever danced before?" I told her about the shag contest, and she got up and said to the class, "Have you ever seen such a perfect point as she has with her toes, and she's never danced before!"

I had planned to indulge in a bit of sailing, but after a feeble attempt at standing up straight, I gave up with a groan and sank back on the bed. What was my astonishment to see, stumbling gaily down the hill, a girl whom I distinctly remember as having been under fire along with me this morning. I called to her and explained my condition. "Don't you feel that way?" I asked. "Oh, yes", she said, "but you get used to it." A cheerful thought.

Monday, July 4. Halsey said that today being the Fourth and liable to be noisy we wouldn't have Council Fire. I don't get the connection. My experience with council fires being what it is (I am a veteran movie goer and well-informed as to the method of trucking around an up-to-date council fire shouting, "Big Chief Ugh-a-mug-gug"), I can see no reason for postponing it.

Tuesday, July 5. Now I see.

Thursday, July 14. We're off. After a mad scramble for the Timanous truck, much bouncing and singing, we were poured into the Nellie G. and dumped somewhere in the middle of Casco Bay. Supper presented a horrible problem in deciding when to stop eating clams in order to leave room for the lobsters. If I ate that much at home, Aunt Polly would call the ambulance, and rightly.

Friday, July 15. Got up nerve enough to rouse a water witch and stick my big toe into the Atlantic Ocean. Ate six pieces of French toast; hauled trees over rocks for firewood; and wasn't at all ready to go when the Nellie G. tooted for us.

Wednesday, July 20. Aquaplaned this

P. M. Aquaplaning is trying to stand up on a board attached to a boat. The people in the boat yell unintelligible things at you and get disgusted with you when you fall off, or can't stand on your head.

Saturday, July 30. Haeremai Ball. Edie and her committee fixed up the wildest art gallery. There were surrealist pictures of Mahatma Gandhi, Girl with Rake, Jo's Nose, and others. Everybody had to come in whatever they had on when the invitation was issued, but word got around that two Proctor boys were coming, which kept us reasonably modest.

Sunday, July 31. Hiiteni and Timanous Sunday.

Monday, August 1. To think it's August already and I've scarcely started on my water baby honors.

Tuesday, August 2. Up Crooked River, and it is crooked. I was sent to a farmhouse for water, and there found out that we were as close to Casco as we had been at camp. Ah, the futility of life!

Wednesday, August 3. After supper we sat around the fire and did rather strange stunts with even odder names, such as Wampoo Bird, Royal Family, etc. I started to take an airplane ride, but Halsey slipped and fell a long way. I think the ladder must have tipped, because I wasn't very far from the ground when I jumped.

Thursday, August 4. Home again. I think three days of overeating on roast lamb and pancakes has permanently stretched my stomach. I must make a note to reduce.

Friday, August 5. The long-awaited movie men arrived today and took pictures of us splashing around in circles. June did a swan dive from the Craft House rocks with balloons tied to the straps of her bathing suit. They busted, and I don't mean the balloons.

Friday, August 12. Saw camp movies, but no June.

Saturday, August 13. Pokomoke dance, but I am no Angel.

Saturday, August 20. Aunts P. and C. are here for the closing events. Margie tells me that during the crew race Aunt Corinne actually stood on tip toe and shouted. Aunt Polly, while not going that far, did wave a handkerchief (the wrong color).

Sunday, August 21. Music recital. Why, they're actually good! I hadn't paid much attention to them, they're so quiet, and don't rush around telling people how many ribbons they've won.

At this point Zieania Xepent's diary lapsed into a series of blank pages (as so many diaries do) to denote the utter ecstasy and confusion of the closing days. We find no more legible material until the last day of camp, when, probably in the interlude between the Boston and New York party, she has scrawled:

Thursday, August 25. When I look at my diary for the last month and at my entry on the first day, I wonder if it's me, or do we do so much that we can't write it all. I looked over an old girl's shoulder when she was pasting programmes in, and she had not written A THING. And she has done more than I have. What has happened to me here, anyway? Incidents which would have been major tragedies at home. I have thoroughly enjoyed here. I have suffered indignities I would not have tolerated elsewhere. Yet my great fear through it all has been that I will be dragged off to Europe next summer instead of being allowed to come back here for more punishment. Oh, Zieania, willy-nilly, and for better or worse, you have become a Woheloite to the core.

LITTLE WOHELO 1938 REVISED GUIDEBOOK

King Frog, Editor.

(Published by the Hittermiss Publishing Company, of South Casco, Maine.)

Location

Little Wohelo, pronounced Little Wohelo, is the name given to a large country, bounded on the north by the Sivad Forest, on the south by Blue Heron Cove, on the east by the Bar Nothing Riding Ranch, and on the west by "Portland's Greatest Asset", pure Sebago water. This country is reached by a tortuous strip of gravel called the Camp Road, which is traversed with great skill by Brown's Express, Betsy Ross, Hood, and numerous parents.

Climate

The climate of this country, Little Wohelo, is excellent for all growing things. Here Jellyfish grow to great size and become Pollywogs, and many of these latter become Frogs. When it rains at Little Wohelo, the inhabitants let it rain, and go about in quaint rubber boots, slickers, and sou'westers. When the sun shines, the inhabitants get themselves a good tan, but because they miss the rain they go and splash about in the waters of Sebago Lake and go through peculiar motions which scientists name the crawl.

Physical Features

Most of the land of Little Wohelo is rocky and wooded. The rocks and tree roots are frequently used for toe-stubbing, a painful pleasure which sometimes causes the inhabitants to seek our Flit, the Owl, who gives them good advice as well as iodine and bandages. In the center of the country is a large, flat meadow where toes are not stubbed and where the country people indulge in simple dances. On this meadow also is a square, clayey section, where the inhabitants stretch a net, but catch no fish, and where there is much racket, and the talk is of love and deuce.

Bird Sanctuaries

In this country of Little Wohelo there are many bird sanctuaries, inhabited by many rare and strange birds. A list and description of these sanctuaries is given here for the use of inquiring visitors.

1. CROWS: a woody region near a vast inland water; population 7, altitude 3 feet. Here are the two Sue-birds, Freeman and Rafalsky; also a Dorkey-bird and an Arno attended by a Page. The largest birds who seem to rule the roost are: a large wading bird called a Townie, and a string-pulling bird whose call is "Ellic-Ellic".

2. WRENS: a lofty bird roost; population 8, altitude 12 feet. Here are found the famous long-legged Chippy and the rare O'Connor bird, sometimes spoken of as Peg, the name from her call. One sees the two small giggle-birds, Nancy and Nola, here; also the hopping Lewis bird. One hears the plaintive cry of the Plunkett and the amiable chatter of the Midge-Midge and the Haskell bird.

3. SAND-PIPERS: a shore front sanctuary; population 8, altitude 3 feet. The greatest birds here are the frumious Grindle and the Wilma Dove. Other smaller varieties are: the diving Mariella, the chirping Kathy, the busy, energetic Gretchen-bird, the Jinny water bird, the Judy piper, and the downy Lucinda.

4. CARDINALS: a frontier settlement full of local color; population 8, altitude 4 feet. Among the smaller birds found here are the Gloria Warbler, the Morris Thrush, the Lydia Finch, the Doris Woodpecker, the Jackson bird, and the redbreasted Moss-back. The large birds in this vicinity are the leaping Chubby-Choate and the aquatic Lit-fisher.

5. CHICKADEES: a high, slightly community; population 5, altitude 12 feet. One rare bird in this sanctuary is a Nightingale. Along with this songster are found the blonde-headed Vruwink, the Kurth Warbler, and the famous Fatso-bird. It is indeed strange to see these birds cared for by a mighty Hippo, one who seems to understand the needs of her feathered young.

6. ORIOLES: a downy nest ruled over by the Becky bird and the purple Minsch; population 7, altitude 3 feet. Here one can see the braided Tirzah, the cheerful Betsy-bird, the Flavia ex Roma, the Rowse's Libby-bird, and the long-billed Lankenau. These birds must be approached carefully, as they are easily startled.

7. RED-WINGS: a lofty region with superb marine and mountain view; population 9, altitude 15 feet. This retreat is noted for its busy and chattering feathered folk. There are the two Sally-birds, one, the Leavitt variety, always chirping and chattering, and the other, the Noyes variety, mainly uttering low, cooing sounds. There is the plump Robin Richmond, the bubbling Corkey-bird, and the Patty cockatoo. Also one meets the cheerful Shaw-sparrow and the merry Hattie-finch. Two large birds are found here: the famous barn Teddy and the web-footed Sleepy-duck.

8. BLUE HERONS: a lowland region, with clay underneath; population 6, altitude 12 feet. In this bird roost we find the great Lexington Flo-Flo bird and the Jean Paddle-bird. Other strange birds are: Alice Warblers, Lindabury and Ohloff, the cheerful Phoebe, and the little Goewey-finch.

9. CUCKOOS: a peaceful, homelike place, the habitat of the famous Field Sparrow; population 5, altitude 15 feet. This region is well filled with Nancy birds, Dignan and Evans, the dimpled Devlin-dove, the gallant Winn-bird, and the great Eva Camping-bird.

10. HUMMINGBIRDS: a small exclusive region, inhabited by exquisite little birds; population 4, altitude 12 feet. The little songsters found here are: the wise Minerva owl, the diving Dyer duck, the Phyllis-bird with her cry of "Peek-Peek", and the famous Scates bird.

11. UPPER POINT: an island sanctuary, reached by a bridge, filled with many beautiful songsters; population 10, altitude 15 feet. Here lives the queen of the birds herself, the Kay-Kay warbler, and also Monnie, the racket-bird. There is Jo-Jo, the frog catcher, Elsa, the hula-hula bird, the Williams thrush, the southern Maggie warbler, the Meade thrush, the brilliant and gay Jacksonian warbler, the laughing Rextrew bird, and the wise Symons bird.

12. LOWER POINT: a rocky, ledgy region where many aves raree (rare birds), notably the diving Beppy-bird, live; population 7, altitude 4 feet. Here are found three varieties of Nancy bird: the Baker gull, the MacColl sparrow, and the Schenuit pewee. One sees here the tennis birds, Mark and Mimi, and the famous Smithsonian warbler.

13. EAGLES: a lofty region where food is plentiful and where the birds often come to feed; population 6, altitude 20 feet. Chief of the inhabitants of this region is the well-known Chef-bird, who lives here with her helpers. The industrious Noah woodpecker also lives here, as well as Jitters, the dog-bird. Most of the birds of Little Wohelo migrate to this region three times a day, as they find it an excellent feeding ground.

14. BOBOLINKS: a famous region overlooking all of Little Wohelo; population 2, altitude very high. It is worthwhile to see the male and female Bobolinks as they cast

their keen eyes over the surrounding region, and many visitors find their way to this sanctuary.

Industries

Little Wohelo is noted for its many and varied industries, and all summer visitors should visit and see these famous centers of activity. There are no labor troubles, and the C. I. O. has not come to start any sit-down strikes. Only one racket seems to exist in Little Wohelo, and that has been organized by Monnie, Pussy and Beppy in the tennis industry.

The Pine Grove Marionette Company, Inc. (E. Joyce, Pres., and Ginger Carter, V. P.), is well worth a visit. The Blue Heron Pottery Works welcomes visitors, and the chief designer, A. Townsend, will be glad to lecture on her process for women's clubs and other organizations. A very famous dancing academy that has brought students from Italy and California exists under the professional name of Chubby de la Choate.

Pleasure Resorts

Chief among these is the Laughing Loon Houseboat, a most popular night club with an excellent reputation. The Little Wohelo Yacht Club not only fosters sailing, with Marty and Lit as instructors, but also has a fleet of speed boats and go-duxes that are in use most of the time under the tutelage of J. Perrine. Nearby are the two world-famous swimming pools, the Big Rock Pool and the Crows' Beach Pool, where Sleepy Smith, the champion crawl instructor, attracts many pupils, and where the diving Venuses, Beppy and Marty, demonstrate daily before admiring throngs. The Bar Nothing Riding Ranch (C. Roberson, Proprietor; Ted Perrine, Foreman; and B. Minsch, Horse Wrangler) gives enjoyment and pleasure to hundreds of horse lovers. The Audubon Society (M. Reynolds, Pres., and K. Sanford, Chief Guide) conducts visitors by the hundreds through the bird sanctuaries and surrounding country. The Forestry Division (E. Snively, Chief Commissioner; S. Scates, Warden) has established camp sites all through the country.

Organizations

There are two important clubs or associations in Little Wohelo that visitors will be interested in.

The first of these is the W. P. A. (Wohelo Pollywog Association). Membership is based on ability, agility and amiability. The membership is very large.

A smaller and more exclusive organization is the R. F. C. (Roaring Frogs' Club). The membership is limited and is based on capability, capacity, and character. The members are comparatively few and are uniformly successful in life.

Important Persons

Residing on their nearby summer estate are the eminent Mr. and Mrs. J. Halsey Gulick. The Gulick family has long owned the land of Little Wohelo and has allowed squatter rights to the inhabitants. Visitors to Little Wohelo would do well to plan their visits when either Mr. or Mrs. Gulick is in residence, or when Mr. Gulick is scheduled to address the people. (Write for a special illustrated booklet giving the life history and intimate glimpses of the Gulicks.)

Conclusion

We invite a visit from all readers of this guidebook. We will gladly take care of your pet bird in one of our sanctuaries, and we hope all readers will feel moved to see and investigate this beautiful place.

CAMP TIMANOUS — SEASON OF 1938

June 22. Lee, Skipper, Dicky, Bunny and Rita Girard arrive at camp in the Chevrolet with the trailer piled high. Dave Crockett on hand to greet them.

June 25. Byron Johnson arrives from North Dakota and lends a helping hand.

June 26. The Burchsteads, Wally Flint and Blacky Colt, arrive to man the kitchen.

June 27. Assorted counselors begin arriving and continue to do so the next two or three days.

July 1. Boys arrive. New York party of seventeen boys with Bob Geer pulls in shortly after breakfast. Boston and Providence party, five strong, arrive in time for dinner. Western party of three come in afternoon. The rest by automobile during the day. Forty-one campers in all, twenty-five old boys. Principal activity after dinner—sleeping. In the evening nicknames awarded and paddles issued. Bed felt good to all that night.

July 2. Riding try-outs held in the morning. Also sailing and canoeing and war canoeing. First afternoon hikes to South Casco and Danceland in the afternoon.

July 3. First Sunday services in the barn, with Skipper presiding. After dinner first practice on greeting songs; then sailing, canoeing and war canoeing. Halsey and Dottie to supper, but no Council Fire. Halsey speaks in the evening.

July 4. First riflery of the season and baseball. All units took part in building monster bonfire, touched off by Frankie Weil in the evening.

July 5. First tennis of the season, and regular riding for six different groups.

July 6. All-day canoe trip for Crows with Whoops and Brownie, and first campcraft and nature study of the season.

July 7. All-day canoe trip for Herons with Whoops and Ken. First shop work of the season.

July 8. All-day canoe trip for Crogles with Whoops and Bob.

July 9. All-day canoe trip for Hawks with Whoops, Supey, Benny and Charlie. Regular hikes for the remaining units in the afternoon—six boys ride horseback each way to South Casco.

July 10. Song practice in preparation for first Council Fire. Rehearsal of Council Fire in afternoon. First Woodsman meeting. Allen Sperry, the sole camper, Tom Findley, Dave Dennison, Benny Benson and Charlie Whittemore, counselors and former Woodsmen and Voyagers, present with Skipper. First Council Fire in evening. Crows win inspection. Ownie Haskell, Dick Strohm, Skeets Scates and Al Sperry make the Crow's Nest. Rifle honors to Fuzzy Burchstead, Cooky Cook, Ownie Haskell, Al Sperry and Lin Stevens.

July 11. Two-day canoe trip for Crows, with Whoops, Johnny and Tom, shoves off in the morning for Sebago Lake to camp on Wohelo Island. Hewie Evans arrives minus his appendix.

July 12. First indoor program on account of rain. Crow's trip collected at Camp Koda on Long Lake. Songs around Eagle's fireplace in evening with report of trip.

July 13. Two-day canoe trip for Crogles with Whoops, Tommy, Hed and Tex, starts out for Sebago Lake.

July 14. Eagles' all-day canoe trip with Don and Charlie.

July 15. Herons on two-day canoe trip with Whoops, Smitty, Frank and Dizz. Rough going in Jordan Bay.

July 16. Heavy preparations for sailing races at Wohelo.

July 17. Regular Sunday in camp except for the omission of clothing check. At Council Fire that night Lin Stevens, Rocky Bethell, Cubbie Snively and Sam Lloyd make the Crow's Nest. Crows win inspection. Many rifle and water honors awarded.

July 18. Strange to say, it rained, but are we downhearted? NO.

July 19. Smitty's boat well under construction. Herons' trip with Don and Tex to Hawthorne Point.

July 20. Softball double-header in the morning. Moving in the afternoon: Hawks to Crogles, Crogles to Crows, Crows to Herons, Herons to Hawks.

July 21. Big doings in campcraft under Whoops' guidance. New fireplaces mysteriously appear and corduroy bridges span muddy spots in path to Crows.

July 22. Another rainy day with much business in the barn and underneath it.

July 23. Sunshine again and general activities out-of-doors. Hikes in the afternoon. Stay-at-homes work in shop with Smitty and Tex.

July 24. First Woodsman admitted at Council Fire, Skeets Scates. Herons win inspection. To the Crow's Nest go Sonny Westerfield, Jack Miller, Kayo Willard and Dick Strohm.

July 25. Hawks and Herons start on Moose Pond trip with Whoops, Smitty, Ken and Tom. Jupiter Pluvius sat on them that night.

July 26. Today Moose Ponders dried in day time, and a few climbed Pleasant Mountain. More rain at night, but everybody dry (?).

July 27. Herons and Hawks return and Crows and Crogles take their places at Moose Pond with Whoops, Johnny, Frank, Bob, Hed and Tex. Still it rains at night, but are we downhearted? Again NO.

July 28. Herons and Hawks strongly in favor of sleeping as an activity. Eagles adopt fishing as national pastime.

July 29. Crows and Crogles, very sleek, and not from vaseline, return to camp. What has happened to the sun?

July 30. Single-period morning to clean up after trips. Usual hikes in p. m.

July 31. Timanous Sunday held here for the first time. Service in the Council Circle, with Betty Bull Freeman as principal speaker. Dinner in barn for all three camps, almost 250 feasters. Much singing and good fellowship. No Council Fire that evening, but Crows Nesters announced as usual: Skeets Scates, Mimi Hull, Bruce Nicholson and Hawkeye.

August 1. Higgins' Beach trip for Eagles and Crogles.

August 2. Crows and Hawks to Higgins' Beach.

August 3. Herons to Higgins' Beach with Don, via Old Orchard.

August 4. Pleasant Mountain trip for eleven assorted hardy mountaineers.

August 5. Herons on Crooked River, from Scribner's Mills to Edes Falls, with Skipper and Johnny.

August 6. Hot day. No hikes; everybody went by war canoe to Danceland for ice cream.

August 7. Three Woodsmen at Council Fire: Kayo Willard, Sonny Westerfield and Dick Strohm. Crows win inspection for past two weeks. To the Nest go Sonny Westerfield, Corky Sperry, Allen Sperry and Wink Rollins.

August 8. Saco River trip leaves with Whoops and Supey: Keene, Al Sperry, Kayo, Mort Hull, Cubby, Skeets and Rocky Bethell. Canoes launched at silver bridge, Route 302.

August 10. Choose-your-own-day, with riflery the most popular activity.

August 11. Saco Riverites spend rainy day at East Brownfield, snug in the perfect camp they had set up.

August 12. First Saco River trip ends, a grand success. Mac Gaston and Bill Curtiss are visiting camp.

August 13. Sailing Regatta at Big Camp. Timanous does not win, but comes close.

August 14. Cubby Snively becomes a Woodsman at Council Fire. Crows win inspection. To the Nest go Dick Strohm, Ridge Chambers, Ownie Haskell and Ted Pigeon.

August 15. Hawthorne Point trip for Eagles with Johnny and Tom. Had to share camping spot with large group of mosquitoes. Woodsmen trip to Portland Head Light and Fort Williams.

August 16. Second Saco River trip starts with Whoops and Denny: Dave Brown, Ridge, Lank, Sam Lloyd, Bruce Nick, Westy and Dick Strohm. At the same time Halsey takes the first Saco River group on a special trip on Sebago for two days.

August 18. Choose-your-own-day again, with Shop rivaling Riflery in popularity.

August 19. Weather finally allows Herons to get in their overnight trip to Hawthorne Point; and the Hawks and four Crows to do the same on Little Sebago.

August 20. Two trips return. Grand exodus to see Water Sports Day at Big Camp.

August 21. Al Sperry made a Voyager at Council Fire. Crows win inspection. Tommy Ragle, Sam Lloyd, Jimmy Oelsner and Skeets make the Nest.

August 22. Big delegation sees Little Camp Riding and Water Sports, and a select few watch Big Camp Dancing Recital. Woodsmen go to Grand Council Fire.

August 23. Final rush to complete honors. Rehearsal in p. m. of Riding and Water Sports program.

August 24. Riding Exhibition at 9.30 a. m. of 31 riders. Eight survived to the finals: Noyes, Stevens, Hawkeye and Cubby, along with Corky Sperry, who was first, followed by Al Sperry, Sam Lloyd and Lank. Water Sports at 11 a. m., featured by many close races and Hed Reynolds' diving.

August 25. Packing in a. m. and Banquet at 6 p. m. Principal awards follow: Water Wizard, Al Sperry; Water Neptune, Kayo Willard. Medals: Swimming, Al Sperry; Sailing, Lank Lankenau; Riding, Corky Sperry; Riflery, Kayo Willard; Campcraft, Kayo Willard. Vermont Team winners of Softball League. Woodsman, Bruce Nicholson. Voyager, Skeets Scates.

Hall of Fame:

Greatest Improvement	Wink Rollins
Best Junior Camper	Corky Sperry
Best First-Year Camper	Rocky Bethell
Best All-Round Athlete	Skeets Scates
Most Courageous	Ownie Haskell
Most Courteous	Al Sperry
Most Generous	Lin Stevens
Most Initiative	Kayo Willard
Most Cheerful	Cubby Snively
Most Popular	Skeets Scates
Most Helpful	Al Sperry
Most Modest	Skeets Scates
Best Eater	Bruce Nicholson
Best Sport	Cubby Snively
Funniest	Kayo Willard
Peppiest	Rocky Bethell
Neatest	Al Sperry
Best All-Round Camper	Al Sperry

August 26. And so, good-bye!