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## The Luther Gulick Camps on Lake Sebago

Charlotte V. Gulick

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Summer of 1920





"A PERSON IS PRESENT WHEREVER HIS EFFECTIVE  
INFLUENCE IS FELT"—*Bergson*

# The Luther Gulick Camps

ON LAKE SEBAGO

P. O. Address; South Casco, Maine

Sebago-Wohelo  
for Girls of  
13 to 18 Years



Little Wohelo  
for Girls of  
8 to 13 Years

MRS. CHARLOTTE V. GULICK, Director

First President of the National Association of Girls' Camps  
and, with Dr. Gulick, Founder of the Camp Fire Girls

Address until June 1st, Hotel Hemenway, Boston, Mass.



The Luther Gulick Camps were formed primarily for Dr. and Mrs. Gulick's own children. Mrs. Gulick has always been vitally concerned with girls' problems and has molded her life, always with the idea of helping girls understand themselves and derive the fullest interpretation from life. She traveled their way gropingly, at first, experimenting with herself and her children, and experiencing the things she believed girl-nature would be deepened by having known.

Mrs. Gulick is an ardent believer in the romance of work. Drudgery is unnecessary, she found, if people are willing to put imagination and personality into their work. The most commonplace experiences if approached in the proper spirit, radiate a glamour of adventure. Wohelo girls sense this new kind of romance and respond to it.

When the pervasive effect of Wohelo ideals was seen in the characters of the girls of the Luther Gulick Camps, Dr. Gulick with his pioneer genius for organization, declared that all girls would love these ideals. It was in this way that the Camp Fire Girls of America was started. Although Mrs. Gulick is no longer directly connected with this organization, her systems and ideals are still being perpetuated through it.

The Luther Gulick Camps from their very nature are not static institutions. Mrs. Gulick in the intense way in which she lives the life of her girls, is constantly discovering and developing new possibilities for her camps. From her natural qualities, understanding and sympathy, and her training and experience, Mrs. Gulick is particularly fitted to be the director of a girls' camp.

*Dear Camp Girls:*

The 1921 Booklet of The Luther Gulick Camps is being presented to you in the form of a girl's diary, telling you all the little intimate things which you wish to know to get ready for camp. But I want to tell you, myself, why camping has become a necessary part in the education of boys and girls.

As I think them over, there seem to be four gains I want my girls to have:

More Abundant Health  
Team Work

Education for Leisure Time  
Shaping of Ideals

There is much to be said about these things, but I shall merely suggest what they mean to me.

Health is gained almost automatically under the conditions existent in camp. Proper eating, sufficient sleep, the rationally vigorous exercise which we enjoy, yield an astonishing harvest of health. In the two months we are together, we are forming habits of regularity and control which affect us all the rest of our lives. If women understand and practice the simple rules of healthful living when in their teens, they become more fit to lead active, well balanced lives. No one can fulfill her purpose, nor realize the full meaning of life, who is not equipped with consciously unconscious health. And that is what I want for you—health so superb that you never think of it, but which you understand to be under your conscious control.

At school they are teaching you how to live one important phase of your life. But there is another side which needs conscious attention. Recreation is a vital part of living, but unless you are educated to enjoy it, it loses its force as a recreating, revitalizing factor. I want you to have a fund of pleasure-resources so large and varied that you will be always thirsty for a chance to do the things you enjoy. Swimming, horseback riding, tennis, dramatics, craft work, and hiking, are some of the things which require a developed enjoyment.

You learn the fullness of this enjoyment with other girls and come to feel quite naturally a sense of team spirit. More and

more, people are coming to realize what an important thing this is. The difference between an aggregation of individuals living together, and a community, is the result of team spirit. In crew practice, in dramatics, in pulling together for the glory of your unit, you cannot help getting a new strength of leadership and sense of organization. Camp is a little world; what you learn here is going to serve you in the big world.

Living in close communication with the great outdoors builds up moral fibres as nothing else can. Under the inspiring influence of the lake and the forest, there is opportunity to think out definitely the things you want your life to stand for. Crystalizing your desires and ambitions does much to accomplish them. A poise of spirit can be acquired at Wohelo, which will have a lasting effect on your life.

Camp is a tremendous experience, and one that I live over each year with you. You mean a great deal to me, you girls who are born to me every summer. Just as a mother loves all her children equally, irrespective of their personalities or abilities, I love you. The following lines somewhat express the ideals of my comradeship with you:

"To be one with you;  
To grow old with you in years and to stay young with you at heart;  
To make my mistakes your stepping stones to better things;  
To guard you from those dangers that I have learned to see;  
To understand your desires and your hearts' ambition, and when I do not understand to have faith in you and judge you not;  
To be true to that trustworthiness that has given you to me to live and grow with;  
To follow all the Law of the Fire with you, doing the things you do and learning the things you learn;  
So may I win and keep your confidence and love, which is my deep desire."

*Charlotte Gulick*  
*Hilari M*



June 22nd.

All this week I have been on my tip-toes with eagerness. Next week I am going to Camp Wohelo! I have been sewing name tags on all my new camp clothes, and whispering little songs of happiness as I sewed. We have even attached tags with adhesive plaster to my pen-knife, bug-light, camera and every single thing I am taking. Here is a list of what is in my steamer trunk, besides my mandolin, tennis racket, camera and a few of the books I especially want to read:

#### NECESSARY OUTFIT

Two pairs of dark blue bloomers.

Two white middy blouses (unbleached blouses without color trimming.)

Three French Peasant blue blouses (must be secured from the Outfitters).

One dark blue middy blouse (flannel).

A heavy dark blue sweater.

A scarlet bathing suit (must be secured from the Outfitters).

A bathing cap.

Black middy tie. Scarlet middy tie.

Black headband. Scarlet headband.

Six pairs black stockings.

Two pairs of tennis shoes.

One pair of water-tight shoes.

A Southwester hat.

A raincoat. A navy blue tam-o-shanter.

Beyond these things the girl needs only her traveling suit.

One pair of woolen blankets and one army blanket.

One very large rubber blanket (60 x 90 inches).

Three pillow cases. One pillow.

Three ordinary or flannelette sheets.

Four bath towels.

Two laundry bags. A jackknife.

Dark blue and white are the camp colors.

Steamer trunks or large dress-suit cases only are allowed in camp. Trunks should have owner's name.

My outfit came from James W. Brine Company, 286 Devonshire Street, Boston. We ordered it three months ago so it would be sure and arrive on time. I have had my name put on my steamer trunk and now everything is ready. Especially me!



Friday, July 3rd.

Somehow I cannot quite believe I am at Wohelo. I look out of my tent at Sebago's twinkling waters; I press my face into the slim cool needles of the pine that grows up beside my bed; I prove it to myself a hundred times—and yet it seems too wonderful to be true.

We arrived this morning, a suppressedly joyous band, eagerly waiting to get into bloomers. As the lake steamer churned through the water the "old girls" danced up and down in glee. Then camp came into sight! "There is Heavenly Rock!" they cried. "Oh, the tents look like great mushrooms among the trees!"

It was very thrilling to look out at the mass of birches, hemlocks, balsams and pines and know that soon I was going to be acquainted intimately with them. As I ran joyously from tent to tent and back to the big cheery bungalow where dinner and the rainy-night fires are held, I breathed in deep lung-fulls of the crisp, tangy air. No wonder Longfellow, Thoreau and Whittier loved this part of Maine! You *know* you're alive here.

The camp property is really very large, covering two hundred acres of woodland and twenty-five acres of farm land with a house and barns for the horses, a beautiful, tree-surrounded

peninsula on the Songo River, and five enticing islands where we may go adventuring. Besides the bungalow with its massive stone fireplace, there are twenty-three tents and four cliff houses where we live. Every tent insists it has the best view of the lake and the sky. There are five cottages, an assembly house, a large teepee, three craft houses, a houseboat and a boat house all belonging to us.

Quickly I unpacked my trunk and made up my bed. It is very exciting to be in uniform; we arrived a disconnected jumble of individuals and now we are a glorious, uniformed band. It is like being born again and knowing that it is entirely up to you, without any help or hindrance from your background, to make what you want of yourself.

We are divided into five units, each consisting of five councilors and fifteen girls. Each unit is named and has a wealth of reputation and tradition to carry on.

Hiiteni introduced us to our councilors and our two tent-mates. There is a twinkle in Hiiteni's eye that tells me she understands what thrilling business it is to be a girl. And my councilor understands too. Camp is very wonderful, and part of its wonder is learning to live and work simply and naturally with other people. There is a spirit of comradeship here that makes you want to have people-adventures.



This is a sample of our days' program, and you cannot imagine at what a breathlessly joyous rate the hours go speeding by.

- 7.00 First Bugle. Crew practice. And hurry to the dock to dip before the 7.30 bugle.
- 8.00 Breakfast, then back to straighten your tent and cheat the tent inspector of her fiendish glee at finding untidiness.
- 9.00- 9.45 Morning sing. Hiitenni talk. General jollity.
- 9.45-11.30 Scamper to crafts—pottery, jewelry, dyeing, wood blocking, weaving, basketry. Or gardening and horseback riding.
- 11.30-11.45 Folk dancing or setting up drill on the tennis court (very exciting!)
- 11.45 Splashing and gurgling with glee in the water.

1.00 Dinner. (My dear!)

2.00- 3.00 Rest Hour (appreciated after the first week).

3.00- 3.30 Letter Writing. Profound silence except for swift scraping of pens.

3.30 till Supper. Tennis, hikes, horseback riding, canoeing, rowing and sailing.

Supper till 8.30 Thought by many to be the best part of the day. *Anything* may happen! Hiitenni may read, we may sing, or have gay parties on the tennis court, go for a long winding tow behind the motor boat—or *anything*.

8.30 Halsey risks his popularity by blowing the first bugle, and at nine comes taps. Then we dream it all over again.







July 6th.

I am ambitious to the tips of my pigtails. I want to be doing everything at once! I want to be a Water Baby; I am going to become a Little Gypsy; I can hardly believe such fascinating craft work is waiting for me to do.

Halsey Gulick is Hiiteni's son, and a perfect whiz in the water. He has charge of all the water sports, and he certainly understands the game. No one is allowed in a canoe until she has passed a hundred and thirty-five yard swimming test. Many of the girls swam it today, ably chaperoned by a motherly row-boat that waddled protectingly beside them. The girls who cannot swim took a lesson at the beach which is in the center of the camp shore line. It's awfully convenient to have a sandy beach and straight gray cliffs growing on the same lake.

Halsey explained the water rank requirements, which inspired me to start working this very morning. There are three ranks; Water Babies who are thoroughly at home in the water as shown by their passing tests, Water Witches who must be able to—

1. Upset and right a canoe all alone.
2. Rescue an (apparently) senseless person fifty feet from the dock.
3. Perform artificial respiration by the Schafer Method.
4. Paddle well alone on a rough day.
5. Paddle standing.
6. Improvise sail, and sail canoe.
7. Swim one-third of a mile.
8. Swim six strokes in good form.
9. Make four good dives.
10. Bring up cup from 8 feet of water.
11. Undress in deep water and save all clothing. (Bloomers, middy blouse, shoes and stockings are put on over bathing suit, removed one by one without touching anything, throwing each into boat or onto float.)
12. Make a canoe shelter.
13. Tie bowline, eyesplice, whip end of rope.
14. Show good judgment, resourcefulness and leadership. (The most difficult test to pass.)

And then there are Water Queens who are superb creatures admired by everyone, and who understand that physical control is a matter of self-respect. They have passed the life saving test for Senior Campers, as arranged by the National Association of Camp Directors.

Water Witches and Water Queens can sail in the jaunty sailboat that waits out by the jolly blue buoy, and aquaplane behind the speed boat.

The best part of Wohelo water sports is that not just a few girls excel in them, but everyone is good. Hiiteni believes that a camp should develop *everyone*, rather than concentrate on the people who are particularly clever in any one line.

Water Sports Day will be on August 16, and Daddy and Mother are invited to the exhibition. I am going to make them proud of me!

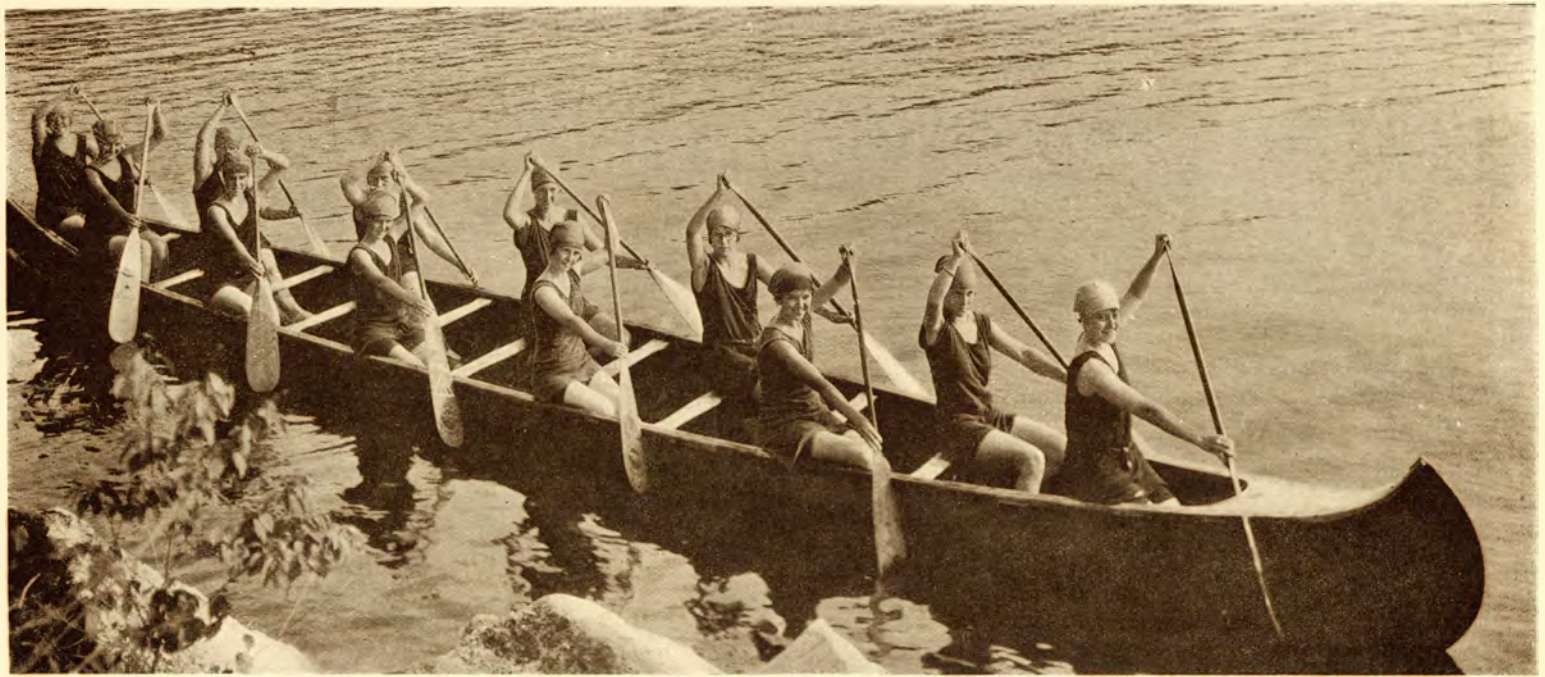




July 23rd.

Is there a satisfaction to you in a machine that runs smoothly with all its parts working harmoniously together? I never realized that the same thing is possible with people. Men realize it, but women are just beginning to know the team feeling. They're understanding how much more efficient is united

energy than the same amount of disorganized effort. It's a splendid thing to feel. It came to me this morning in crew practice, when twelve of us "one, two, three-heaved" the thirty-four foot war canoe into the water.



Into our places we sprang, and paddled peppily out of the cove into the wind swept lake. I dipped and pulled with my paddle, watching the muscles breathe in Peggy's arms, and feeling the glorious new strength of my own. There was a crispness about the air, and a clearness about the emerald and

amethyst mountains beyond, that intoxicated me. We cut through the water, and it crooned to us as we passed.

Suddenly there were tears in my eyes; it was so big and I was a part of it. I had a part in an infinite rhythm!



July 8th.

Much of the family-feeling of Wohelo is built up in morning services.

After breakfast, the day is put on its feet by our devotional service. It is held at "Sivad," a beautiful old house set in the midst of the woods overlooking the lake.

There is a particular feeling one gets on the way to Sivad. Going through the new morning woods, along the narrow, needled path, and hearing the joyous stir of the birds and the friendly chip-munks in the bushes makes you feel awesomely in tune with outdoors. I hold my breath as I go, wondering what beautiful thing is going to be given us in the service, and being humbly great with the harmony of it all.

Service begins with music—marvelous music that thrills through me, and makes me want to be beautiful and good. Hiitani loves music and gives us the best there is.

Then we sing. There are a number of hymns that Wohelo girls have found exactly express their reverence and joy. After we have sung a few hymns everyone settles down in anticipation of Hiitani's message. Sometimes it is a psalm she has found helpful in her life, sometimes it is a beautiful poem accompanied by a few explanatory words, or it may be an informal talk on the ideals she is sharing with us. We talk things over together, just as every girl loves to talk things over with her mother.

Then announcements for the day's plans are made, and we end by singing a few jolly camp songs.

Oh, I love to feel that I am an active part of a community, and that is how I feel after a Sivad Service.

July 10th.

Our Camp Doctor and Nurse gave us each a physical examination when we came. Last night at supper I heard little rumors-around which said, "This is classification night! Wonder what I'll be; I ought to be a tough this year." I concealed my ignorance, and after supper with everyone gathered around the tennis court fire, I found out. A carefully appointed committee sized up everyone, and classified them into—

"Too Thins" (who eat more and exercise less).

"Too Thicks" (who eat less and exercise more).

"Regulars" (who must become stronger but are normal in weight).

"Toughs" (who are strong muscularly, but must gain).

"Huskies" (who are quite splendid physically and are entitled to double exercise).

Each girl was told what she should weigh and instructed how to set about mastering herself. We sang a song about it all which is truer than you would believe until you had looked over the weight charts of other years.

"At Sebago-Wohelo, we all are classified you know.

If a tough or a 'reg' or a big husky,

You're as happy as a girl can be.

But if you're a thin, or fat,

You needn't be afraid of that.

For if you're a T-H-I-C-K

You'll be a "Too Thin" yet, they say.

And you'll finally homeward go,

All P-E-R-F-E-C-T from Sebago Wohelo."

No one eats candy or anything else between meals, and the girls amazed me by saying they believed that was one reason everyone keeps so well here. The food is so wholesome and satisfying that we just naturally don't think about in between-meal candy. It's a good thing to learn.





AT HOME ON THE ROAD

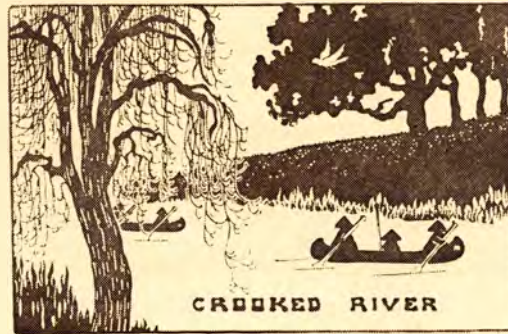
July 15th.

We've just come back from an overnight hike, and it's strange to feel as though we were coming back to a complicated civilization when yesterday we thought living in a tent was quite primitive!

If you ever want really to know anyone, take her for a hike. No one can help being herself on an overnight trip. The best and the worst comes out, and you find out all about yourself.

Isn't it strange how people expect to enjoy Nature without making an effort to understand her? Imagine expecting a person to be your friend and doing nothing to get acquainted! This summer I am getting on intimate terms with the world I'm living in. I have learned the coziness of being in a dry, warm poncho, and hearing rain pattering upon me in the darkness. I have learned how to make a fire in the woods and how to use it to cook food that makes you glad you were born hungry. I know the delicious independence of feeling that you are able to take care of yourself in the forest. I have felt the thrill that comes from flipping a perfect, Titian blonde pancake! Its something worth working for.

After you've known the tired delight of ten miles behind you, the lure of tramping is in your blood, and you can never be the same person. You have opened a new room in your soul's house, and when you are tired or bewildered by the others, the door will softly open and beckon to you. You may go in and wander around inhaling the peace God breathed into that room—and come out ready to go on valiantly with whatever you are doing.



July 18th.

From the time when I was a very little girl and watched the silver darts beating against the window, I wanted to know the feeling of tramping through rain. If you love the world you live in, you want to feel keenly the elemental weather-feeling. You yearn to have it seep into you, and be conscious of its changing moods.

Today it has been raining all day, a delicious purring rain that tingled upon your cheeks and made your blood dance. This afternoon, all the girls who were physically fit were allowed to go on a Rain Walk.

We wore our rain-coats, sou'westers, and water tight shoes, and tramped briskly along the road, listening to the song of the raindrops in the trees, and feeling very adventuresome and close to each other under the spell of our common experience. It satisfied something deep down within me.

We came home just before supper, dry and comfortable, for we know how to enjoy rain without suffering from it. People's enjoyment of the outdoors would be quickened if they understood how to cope with outdoor things. An exuberance of health can be gained from educating the skin in a sane and rational way to stand the exposures of wind and sun and rain. Nature expected it to receive this exposure, but civilization has interfered.

There was hot tomato soup for supper that exactly hit the spot. It is time for the bugle now, and I am curled up on my bed, as contented and cozy as a kitten-by-the-fire.





AT HOME ON THE FARM

July 20th.

We went to the farm today. Since the war I have been wanting to know how it feels to help things grow. A farm is a thrillingly poetic place when it is in charge of a live wire who is at the same time an artist for growing life.

We picked peas for dinner and shelled them in the shade of the quaint old farmhouse. While we worked, we talked over our Little Gypsy plans. Wouldn't you adore being a little

“Now list to the tale of the magic brew.  
There are ferns within it, and flowers too,  
There's the comradeship of fifty miles  
With their dusty pleasures and joyous smiles.  
There are seaweeds too, so smooth and thin.  
There's the shell of five small snails within,  
There are horseback stunts, prepared by Pack,  
And playthings little fingers lack,  
There's the smell of the poncho warm and dry.  
There's the sight of the towering firs on high.  
There are squash bugs sitting in a row,  
There are yards and yards of beans to hoe.  
Oh, Gypsy Pal to you we give  
A taste of the joyous life we live,  
And now to the Gypsy babes bestow,  
The Gypsy brew of Wohelo!

Do you blame me for working as fast as I can to become a Little Gypsy?

Gypsy, and wearing a blue bandana when you hiked. And gypsy trips! My dear, I have heard the most alluring stories of adventuring behind a gypsy wagon, with a little band of fellow-spirits!

The gypsies have a magic brew they drink at Council Fire. It is the essence of what they have done to become Little Gypsies.





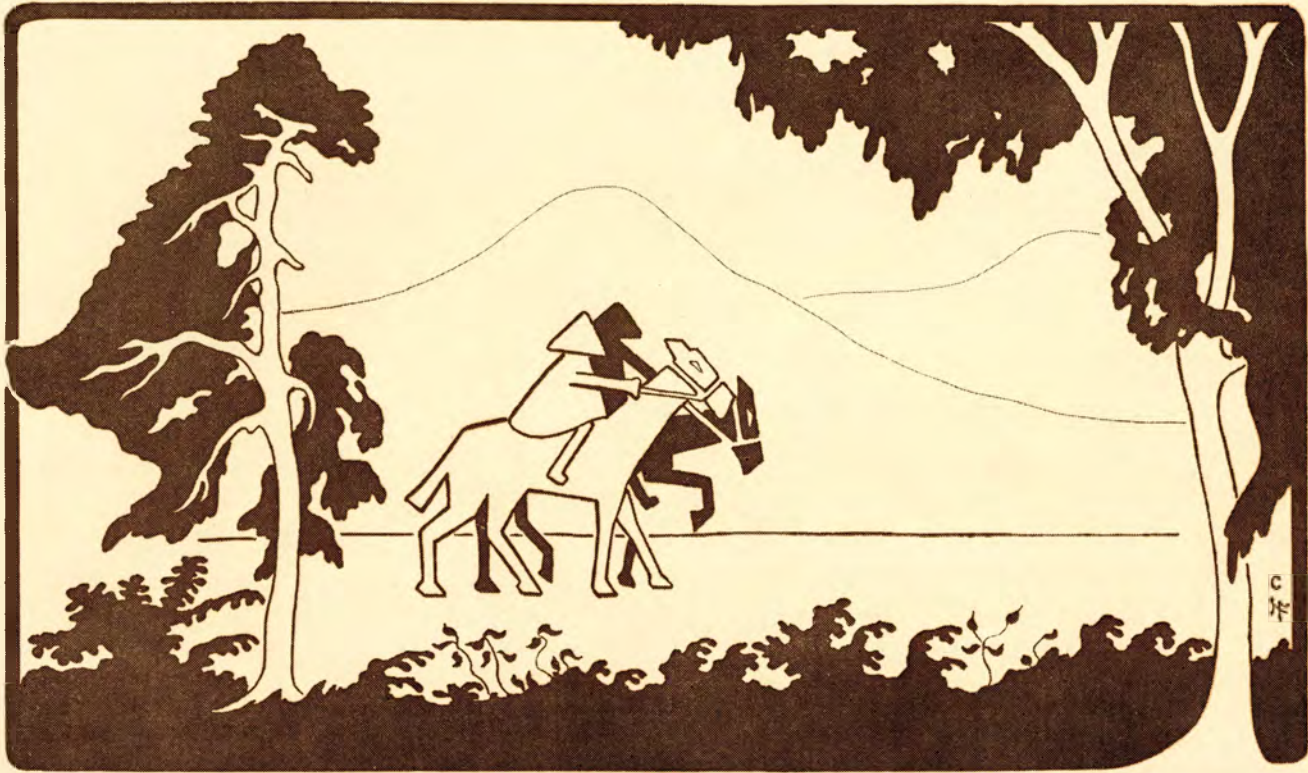




PHOTO  
BY  
TODDAN  
PORTLAND  
1920







**AT HOME ON THE HORSE**

July 21st.

Is there anything so superb as a controlled horse? I have always been vaguely afraid of horses, but under the safe supervision of the Wohelo riding masters, no one *could* be afraid. We play awfully good horseback games, that make you feel as though the horse were part of your own body that you can control with your mind. It thrills me to pieces to go dashing down the narrow road and know that with one little motion of my hand I can stop!

Hiiteni knows how to give us a taste of the very things that will create new and wholesome desires in us.

Every girl at Wohelo has a chance to ride horseback; there is no extra expense for anything that is done here, whether it be craft work, canoe, mountain or ocean trips, or horseback. Everything that we can take is ours.







July 23rd.

We were gathered around Hiiteni's fireplace in front of her house. We love to sit there in the evenings, for there is an atmosphere of coziness about Hiiteni's fireplace that soothes and exhilarates at the same time. Hiiteni often reads to us, or

tells us things that she has been thinking, or we sing our beloved songs. "Tomorrow we are going to the Ocean!" Hiiteni said last night. The old girls gasped with glee at her announcement, but I didn't appreciate why—then. Now I know! We wrote a song about it—we write songs about everything.



“There’s a place I’d like to be,  
It’s a beach by the sea,  
Where the icy waves do break,  
There are tide pools galore,  
Which we love to explore,  
And from them treasures take,  
With the waves dashing high  
'Neath the wonderful sky.  
And they tumble us under,  
And we come up to wonder  
How we ever could say good-bye.”

I had such a good time, and I learned such a lot—  
that’s one of the astonishing things about Wohelo—  
learning and playing are the same thing!





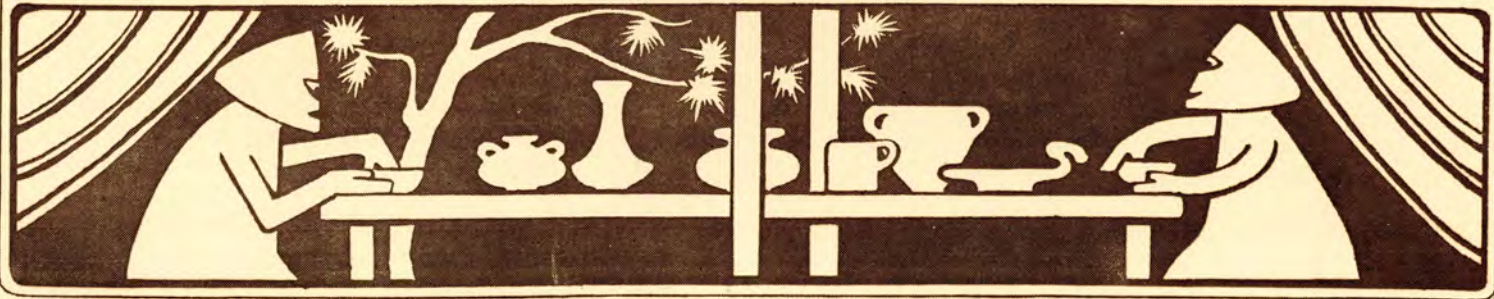
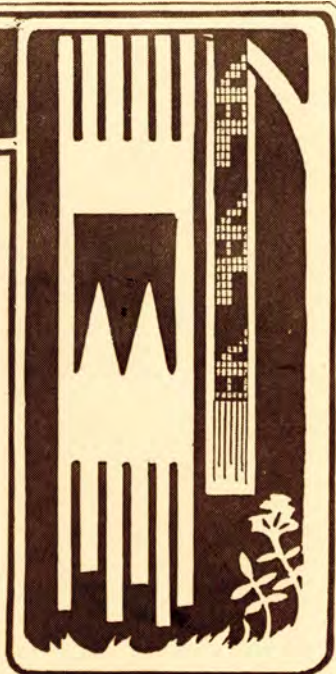
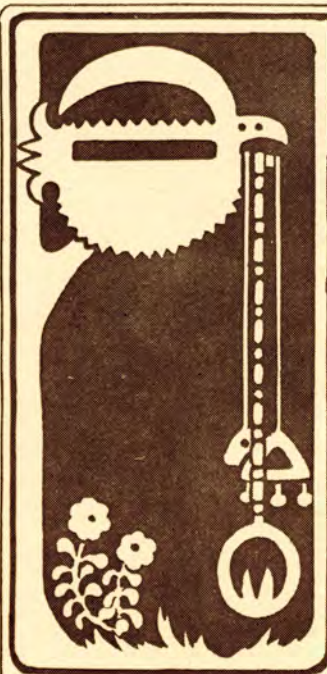
# HAND CRAFT

If you've never made anything with your hands, you can't understand how glorious a feeling it is to be a creator! Today I finished a bowl in pottery, a nice fat cuddly little bowl. Around its rim in symbolic pictures is the story of the overnight trip we took last Thursday. You cannot imagine what a joy it was to feel a shapeless lump of clay growing into something beautiful beneath my fingers.

I have almost finished a silver pendant for Mother. It has a wave curling over it, and a moss agate set in it, to represent the lake and rocks of Sebago. Jewelry work is awfully interesting, especially when everything you make tells a story.

My tent mates are doing batik, sketching, photography and weaving, and next week are each going to paint a paddle.

Daddy and Mother are invited to Craft Exhibition Day which is going to be on August 23. Mother is going to be especially pleased, because she has always felt I wasn't very clever with my hands. But I have never before had a chance to do these things in such an attractive way.







August 4th.

Once a week each unit cooks its supper outdoors over its own particular fire place. Last night our tent was supper committee, and such an adventurous time as we had!

We were given big baskets containing the raw materials and recipes from the kitchen. Peggy is a splendid cook—I didn't know I admired her so much till I saw how deftly she handled the kettle of chowder.

Casey and I made place cards of birchbark (peeled from the kitchen woodpile, *not* from trees). We printed a little rhyme about each girl in the unit and attached tiny bouquets of

bunch-berries. We arranged the seating of our guests about the rocks, thinking about their personalities and arranging them as carefully as though we were having a real diplomatic dinner-party.

Peggy was hostess, and the rest of us served as graciously and elaborately as we could, wearing little caps made of a folded paper napkin, and aprons that were really pinned-up pillow cases.

Do you know, you can get a real, primitive thrill of hospitality out of cooking and serving a meal daintily outdoors.



August 10th.

Last night was our wonderful pageant, and though I had hoped for something splendid, my breath was taken away by the stupendousness of it.

Everyone made her own costume and the effects were startlingly beautiful. The pageant was written at Camp, and everything grew out of just what is here.

We gave it partly because we love to do beautiful things and partly because we wanted to help the Armenian children, who are so in need of help.

From the Pageant, and various other enterprises, including beauty shops, laundries, auctions where all the unmarked laundry which had been salvaged during the summer was sold, shoe shining, darning, and mending establishments, dental parlors and circuses, we raised \$550.53. It was heaps of fun running a jolly little shop in your own tent, and patronizing the other jolly little shops about Camp.





Home. September 2nd.

Camp is over—at least the physical experience is over. But there is a part of Camp I have brought home that is so deep-rooted in the elemental me that it can never be over. There is a feeling about myself, and about other people that I have gained, that makes everything I do have a new meaning. It is as though I have discovered something that had been hidden from me, for a long time.

Do you understand what I mean when I say that a new respect for myself has been awakened in me, because of the things I have learned to do? It is a splendid thing to find yourself as an individual, to understand your possibilities and begin developing them. And that is what I have done at Wohelo.

The physical control I have gained, the keener response to the beauties of the world around me, a recognition and respect for other people's personalities, the intoxication of *doing* things, and the desire to make mine a masterpiece life, is what Wohelo means to me.

August 16th.

It always takes me a long time to get over the mystic wonder of a Council Fire. It is held on our marvelous cement tennis court, guarded on all sides by sentry pine trees.

My unit had the "count" which is what we call the record of what has happened during the week. There is a peachy stage across one end, with trees growing up through it and the black depths of the night behind for scenery. Four of us did a dance representing a storm we had last Wednesday.

There are unlimited possibilities in the costume trunks that are kept in the attic, and we have lots of fun getting together stunts just a few minutes before time to give them. Don't you *love* "dressing up" and "playing"! It's especially fun when it's done on the spur of the moment, and hasn't had all the spice taken out by rehearsals.

After we had sung our good-night song, watching the fire growing softer and dreamier, I stole quietly to my tent, too happy and awed to talk, and very, very glad that I am alive.



Miss Frances J. Gulick, an enthusiastic and vivid factor at the Luther Gulick Camps, has had wide experience in camping. She has grown up with the Luther Gulick Camps and knows every phase of the life.

Her experience includes the organization and direction of the first camp conducted by the National Headquarters of the Camp Fire Girls at Shawnee on the Delaware, a year of successful directorship of Little Wohelo, a year's community service work (in New York City). Miss Gulick received a Divisional Citation for her splendid service in Y. M. C. A. canteen work during the war. Her work in France and Germany gave an added competence to her natural "dash" and ardor, making her a capable and inspiring leader.

Miss Gulick has a stimulating way of making surprising things happen!







### LITTLE WOHELO

Nature was thinking of little girls when she put the forest and the lake together and formed the cove around the corner from Sebago-Wohelo. The long crescent-shaped beach, the shallow rippling water, the woods crammed with mysteries, the happy spring bubbling in a secret spot in the woods, cried out for little girls to come and discover and love them. We heard the cry and began answering it.

We built a large assembly and dining hall, two log cabins and a few tents for the little girls to sleep in. We built a craft house and a little log home for the spring to live in. The beach became gay with yellow canoes, and a tiny house, fantastic with suggestive camouflage, suddenly appeared like a strange, colorful flower among the trees. The little girls came! And Nature sighed a sigh of satisfaction. Because the Luther Gulick Camps began as a family camp, it has always been our ideal to have as much of the family life reproduced as possible.

Little Wohelo was formed to be a little sister to Sebago-Wohelo, and the little girls from 8 to 12 who are there are either real or adopted-for-the-summer sisters of the older girls. To girls who have never known the joys of sister-hood, Little Wohelo furnishes precious opportunity.

Life at Little Wohelo is a fairy tale existence, in which one's imagination is fed and developed into a healthy, constructive faculty for pleasure. One learns the mysterious beauty of woods in early morning, and of glimpses of stars from the cabin window as one is dropping to sleep. There are fanciful toys to be cut out of wood and painted; collections of woodsie treasures to be acquired and learned about, fairy tales to be acted out and costumes to be designed, dyed and made with the councilors' help. There are glorious story-telling times around the camp-fire; there is a friendly lake waiting and romping on the beach where one may swim safely.

Little Wohelo furnishes ideal incentives for the normal functioning of a small girl's imagination, and gives her many things which she could have from no other source. Health, a guided development of personality, and all the quaint pleasures that make little girlhood the enchanted time it is, are the offerings of Little Wohelo.





It is a real adventure to catch a glimpse of one of your friends in an intimate pose like this. If you tiptoe cautiously through the trees behind the cabins, you may be taken into many precious secrets!



There is romance incarnate in haying. Driving a gentle horse over a hay strewn field, with the clanging jaws of the rake chewing up the hay and depositing it in great shining heaps, is a unique experience. Jabbing a gleaming fork into an immense fragrant puff, and hurling it with a perilous sweep into the hay wagon, makes muscles where muscles should be.

Then after an hour or so, to wander back to camp, laughing and happy and feasting on juicy blueberries along the way—no wonder girls clamour for the haying privilege!



Here they are, hardly able to suppress a laugh while the picture is being taken. On the back row are the councilors, splendid young women who understand little girls and love them.

No wonder they all look so happy. They've had an ideal summer, they've learned to swim, each has a little craft exhibit



to display proudly when she goes home, they've learned a great many happy things about the woods, they're very much interested in each other. Indeed the little girls, as well as their older sisters, feel the full significance of the camp watchword, Wo-he-lo, a perfect balance of work, health and love.

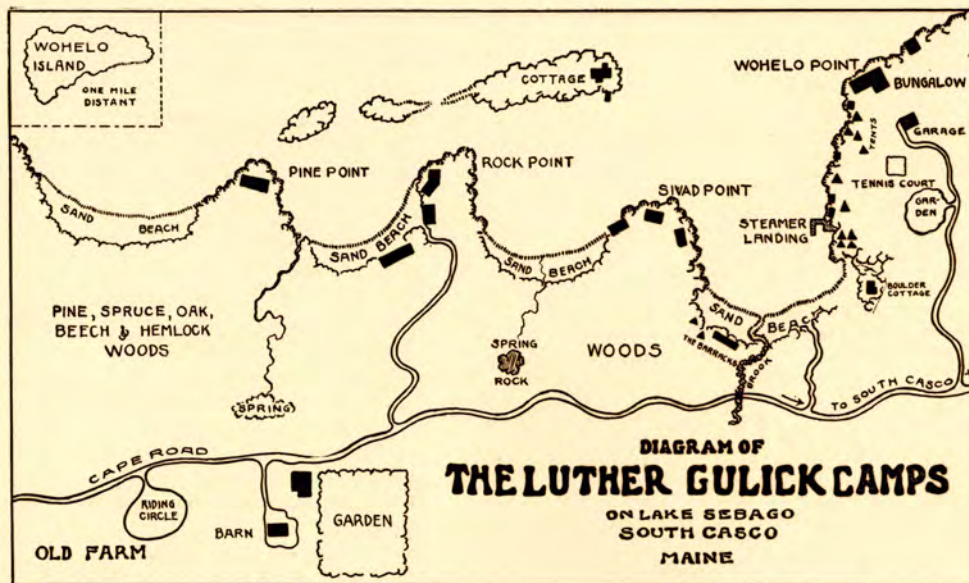


All children have the dramatic sense. If guided, it may become a source of endless joy to them throughout their lives.

Little Wohelo girls dramatize the old stories they love, new legends, poems, and even psalms in a beautiful way that endears them to their hearts forever.



This is a map of a part of the camp vicinity which is the scene of over night trips, showing the Lake 45 miles around, Sebago Lake Station, the railroad terminal from which the lake steamer may be taken to camp, South Casco, the post office, 2 3/4 miles away, the White Mountains silhouetted against the western sky, and a glimpse of the girls.



The Luther Gulick Camps are located on Lake Sebago near South Casco (twenty-five miles from Portland, Maine).

Postoffice: South Casco, Maine.

Express: South Casco, via South Windham, Maine.

Telegraph: South Casco, Maine. Telephone: Webbs Mills, Line 80 Ring 3.

**IMPORTANT**—Send blankets by express, two weeks in advance, to Luther Gulick Camps, South Casco, via South Windham, Maine.

Boston Address; Mrs. CHARLOTTE V. GULICK  
Hotel Hemenway. Telephone Back Bay 3180

### ONE FEE—NO EXTRAS

The Luther Gulick Camps have grown out of a family camp in which friends were guests.

It would be unfortunate to have differences in treatment of guests owing to differences in financial resources.

To accomplish this a fee is charged which covers every activity undertaken and includes laundry. Money cannot buy for one girl what is denied another because of expense.

In considering the cost of a summer at Wohelo, remember that it is not a luxury. It is education. Each experience makes for a happy, healthy development of body, mind and spirit.

Fee for the season beginning Friday, July 1st and ending Friday August 26th is \$400.00.



Following are the names of some of the parents whose daughters have been at the Luther Gulick Camps, two or more years.

- Mr and Mrs Schuyler Armstrong,  
1929 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. W. Reginald Baker,  
43 Crescent Road, Madison, N. J.
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Baker,  
18131 W. Clifton Road, Cleveland, O.
- Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Berger,  
Naugatuck, Conn.
- Dr. and Mrs. George W. Billig,  
2041 Byron St., Chicago, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Brewster,  
Lake Forest, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. Emory R. Buckner,  
2291 Sedgwick Ave., New York City.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. Sidney Burnet,  
1438 North Dearborn Parkway, Chicago.
- Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Bull,  
Naugatuck, Conn.
- Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Cathcart,  
134 Park Ave., Leonia, N. J.
- Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cramer,  
2596 Fairmount Boulevard, Cleveland, O.
- Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crawford,  
155 Turrell Ave., South Orange, N. J.
- Mr. Charles R. Doughty,  
19 Hillcrest Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.
- Dr. and Mrs. David H. Evans,  
58 Fenway, Boston, Mass.
- Mr. and Mrs. James E. Fentress,  
Hubbard Woods, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. Edw. P. Field,  
Short Hills, N. J.
- Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Field,  
Lake Forest, Ill.
- Prof. and Mrs. Irving Fisher,  
460 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn.
- Mr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Foster,  
215 Ridge Ave., Winnetka, Ill.
- Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Gehring,  
40 Deering St., Portland, Me.
- Mrs. H. E. Goodman,  
5753 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harper,  
Wheeling, West Va.
- Mrs. E. N. Hazard,  
631 E. Anapamu St., Santa Barbara, Calif.
- Mrs. John G. Hazard,  
989 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.
- Col. and Mrs. F. E. Hodgson,  
Clifton Road, Atlanta, Ga.
- Dr. and Mrs. Martin H. Ittner,  
202 Ege Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
- Mrs. R. W. Johnston,  
1207 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
- Dr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Kinnicutt,  
2328 Grandview Ave., Cleveland, O.
- Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Laffer,  
2248 Stillman Road, Cleveland, O.
- Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leonard,  
440 Logan St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Mathews,  
John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
- Rev. and Mrs. Shailer Mathews,  
5736 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Dr. and Mrs. George P. Merrill,  
1422 Belmont St., Washington, D. C.
- Mr. and Mrs. Kempster B. Miller,  
431 W. 3rd St., Mansfield, O.
- Governor and Mrs. Carl E. Milliken,  
Augusta, Me.
- Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McCormick,  
5816 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Dr. and Mrs. Herbert V. Neal,  
126 Packard Ave., Tufts College, Mass.
- Mr. and Mrs. Owen Osbourne, Jr.,  
Valley Road, Melrose Park, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. George B. Pfingst,  
Oak Lane, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Powers,  
166 Lafayette Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Penrose,  
1200 Prospect Ave., Hartford, Conn.
- Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Pierce,  
Orchard Road, Syracuse, N. Y.
- Mr. and Mrs. Stephen C. Radford,  
746 Algoma St., Oshkosh, Wis.
- Dr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Raycroft,  
Princeton, N. J.
- Mr. Fred. N. Rowe,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Mr. Jesse Richards,  
153 Washington St., Hempstead, N. Y.
- Mr. and Mrs. James C. Simpson,  
516 N. Prairie St., Galesburg, Ill.
- Rev. and Mrs. Sherrod Soule,  
205 Sigourney St., Hartford, Conn.
- Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Starr,  
130 Mulberry St., Springfield, Mass.
- Mr. and Mrs. R. Bruce Scott,  
2520 Sheridan Road Evanston, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Shurmer,  
2709 Southington Rd., Shaker Heights.,  
Cleveland, O.
- Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Thayer,  
Hotel Charlesgate, Boston, Mass.
- Mr. and Mrs. Everett Thompson,  
10 East Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. George A. Thorne,  
319 Sheridan Road, Winnetka, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Warner,  
Lake Forrest, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. F. Edson White,  
Lake Forest, Ill.
- Mr. and Mrs. Harris Whittemore,  
Naugatuck, Conn.
- Mrs. Ira Couch Wood,  
72 East Elm St., Chicago, Ill.



#### A FEW QUOTATIONS FROM DR. GULICK IN REGARD TO GIRLS

"We do not know what women may become—they have never been exposed to as varied opportunities as boys have during the teens."

"We do not know that boys and men have more aptitude for team work, government, etc., than girls nor shall we until girls have been given equal opportunity during the teens."

"Women have not generally wakened as to what a team is. To a large extent the usefulness of women in community affairs is determined by whether or not they have learned to keep step and do team work during the teens."

"We are building a national consciousness among girls for team social service."

"It is not enough to take regular exercise and hate it. It is not enough to have regular habits when you think of it. Get all these deep down in your loves and in your habits. Hike and camp out until it is a part of you. Go with your best friends, so that all your life long you will turn to the life-giving out-of-doors for your happiest times with your friends. To do this you must begin young and keep at it. The out-of-doors is yours if you win it, and you will belong only as you give yourself to it."

"In walking we go back to levels of activity that I suppose are literally as old as the hills. The nervous processes involved in walking are profoundly established. This is an activity so old that it flows readily along well worn channels and tends to give strength rather than exhaustion."

"There is no activity which gives so much pleasure to those who understand and love it as walking."

"There is no possible harm in a girl sleeping all that she can. There are no dangers in over-sleeping; there are many dangers in not sleeping enough. The amount that a girl likes to sleep is one measure of her wholesomeness. The eagerness to be up and at work when one should be asleep is not usually wholesome; it is usually the result of excitement or pressure. When a girl is well and rested, sleep is normal, long and peaceful."

"There is hardly anything more important to establish in a girl than those habits of action and of thought, those desires and those social relations that make her vigorous, able to work hard and joyously, that give her quiet nerves, sound sleep, regular habits and the joy of living—joy of cold water, strong winds, long roads, brown earth, open fires, friends on the hike, skating, swimming, diving, canoeing, the road to the hill and round the lake."

The influence of Timanous (Dr. Luther H. Gulick) is felt by the girls as a vital force in the camp life. The educational principles on which the Camps are based, may be found in the following of Dr. Gulick's works.

The Efficient Life . . . . .	<i>Doubleday Page</i>
Mind and Work . . . . .	<i>Doubleday Page</i>
The Healthful Art of Dancing . . . . .	<i>Doubleday Page</i>
The Dynamic of Manhood . . . . .	<i>Association Press or Geo. H. Doran</i>
Morals and Morale . . . . .	<i>Association Press</i>
A Philosophy of Play . . . . .	<i>Association Press Scribner's</i>
Editor, The Gulick Hygiene Text Books . . . . .	<i>Ginn &amp; Co.</i>

