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The Luther Gulick Camps on Lake Sebago

Charlotte V. Gulick

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**THE LUTHER GULICK CAMPS
BOOKLET
AND WINTER NUMBER OF
THE WOHELD BIRD
1922**

THE CALL

There's a great wild pull
That's come into my heart,
Like the pull of the wind on the sea.
There's a far, far call,
Flute-sweet and small,
Like the song of new sap in the tree.

There's a restless joy,
And a glad, dull ache,
And a longing to understand
The meaning that lies
In butterflies,
And sunsets, and stars, and sand.

For the spring has bloomed
In a goldeny mist
Of willow buds, sap and tears,
And the fleecy sky
Gives promise shy
Of the "country that knows no fears."

And my heart feels tied
And calls out to be free,
For it longs for the woods and the earth,
And a fire's soft light
In the velvet night
When dreams dare bloom to birth.

I must go with the pull
That has hold of my heart;
I must touch the warm earth and be free
And I have no choice
But to follow the voice
Of the haunting joy-to-be.

Margaret Bradshaw (Embers).
Now Mrs. Harold McGee.

The LUTHER GULICK CAMPS

ON LAKE SEBAGO

Post Office 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 Directors of Girls' Camps
and, with Dr. Gulick, Founder of the Camp Fire Girls

ADDRESS UNTIL JUNE 1, HOTEL HEMENWAY, BOSTON, MASS.





Mrs. Gulick in the Ceremonial Gown of the Camp Fire Girls.
(Not part of the camp costume)

Dear Friends, Old and New!

The 1922 Booklet of the Luther Gulick Camps is written this year not by myself, but mostly by the girls, councilors and friends who have been at the camp. I feel that I have exhausted my resources in trying to tell what is accomplished at our Wohelo Camps. We know that we have wonderful camp sites, that we have the most wonderful views, the most healthful surroundings and that our days are filled with happy, joyous, wholesome activities. We believe that old, new and prospective girls and patrons will all be interested in this new way of telling our story.

The booklet is a combination of our Wohelo Bird, our new camp magazine, and the booklet.

First of all I want to tell you again this year 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



Here in the dusk at twilight time,
When sunset glows are o'er,
We gather 'round the laughing fire
To sing our songs once more.

The drooping branches of the pines
In silence hover near,
While shadows of old camping days
Come creeping back to hear.

MAINE

By Dorothea Griffin

Maine has been called the "Vacation Land of America." A proud title; and one justly bestowed, for no other State can boast of as many natural beauties and advantages. Those cold, star-bright nights of healthful sleep; those happy, sun-warmed days of work and play among the myriad lakes and majestic mountains are known and loved by more and more "city creatures" who eagerly return each succeeding year to renew the joys of this idyllic playground of a lavish nature.

Twenty-five miles northeast of Portland, in this wonderful "Vacation Land," lies one of the loveliest lakes in Maine—Sebago, beside which Wohelo's tents gleam whitely from the green depths of lofty pine trees. Here the air is sweet with the smell of the woods; the very ground is fragrant with its soft, thick carpet of sun-browned pine needles that drift lazily down from the swaying trees. Balsam-scented trails wind their way down, from the high roads of the outside world through the lordly forest of firs and slender silver birches, past the brown cabins and white tents, over the huge, grey rocks, on down to the sandy shores of Sebago from which, for miles, the clear blue water stretches far away, sparkling in the radiant sunlight.

There is a unique beauty of untrammelled nature, a gloriously

exhilarating purity of atmosphere in this spot that would be hard to equal anywhere in the world, not excepting Switzerland. Above all there is a happy isolation from artificial civilization that is complete and perfect.

Formed like a giant's table, there is, in camp, a great grey slab of stone called Sunset Rock. It rises high above the lake, facing the west, looking across the still, sapphire water to the distant rim of purple-misted mountains, where, high above the rest, towers the kingly Washington, showing darkly against the flaming sky of crimson and gold as the sun sinks slowly behind the jagged peaks. Imperceptibly amethyst shadows deepen; the cool wind ruffles the waters' calm surface, softly stirring the sweet, pine-scented air while tall trees whisper mysteriously together in the heart of this silent forest. Slowly the stars come out, very bright and very near, while from over the tree-tops the moon rises, flooding with her pale light the still beauty of the earth. And distantly the loons' low call echoes lingeringly on the clear night air.

"Wohelo, Wohelo,
Big red moon across the water
Shine with favor on thy daughter."



TO YOU WHO DO NOT KNOW SEBAGO-WOHELO

By Jeanette Jamison

There are so many points of unusual and unguessed charm about this camp called "Sebago-Wohelo" that it is difficult to tell which would interest you most.

But let me begin with the setting, perhaps the most difficult of all to describe, as it is in a class alone. One must have a vivid imagination indeed to picture the rugged beauty of the dense forest along the clear lake's edge, dotted with innumerable boulders of all sizes and shapes. Tiny bungalows cling to huge rocks and look directly out upon the ever-changing moods of blue Sebago. Tents hug the sides of hills and boulders, and some even rest among the protecting branches of pine trees. Here and there log cabins open enticing doors. Everywhere the fragrance of pines fills the invigorating air with invitation. Birds of many kinds and colors send their calls from tree to tree. In spite of the presence of human abodes the forest remains original and undisturbed.

Into this marvelous spot of unspoiled nature have come spirits of a few far-seeing, loving children of nature, who first made it their own and then flung wide their hospitable portals and allowed those who are capable of loving too, to come and live the abundant life of association with the high beauty that surrounds them.

Dr. and Mrs. Gulick came to Sebago-Wohelo many years ago when their own children were small and here worked out ideals of life which have meant so much to all who have been privileged to learn them. Although for three years now Dr. Gulick has no longer been there in person, his personality seems to be a vital, living part of camp life and nearly every girl feels when camp is over that she has met and known him. His spirit of good cheer, of comradeship, of encouragement still gives life and hope and courage to the young campers. Mrs. Gulick makes her "summer daughters" feel the love of a real mother. She gives to them inspiration, love of nature, courage. "Hiiteni" she is called and truly according to the Indian significance of the name, for she lives and gives an "abundant life" to her girls.

Not only have these two leading spirits given of themselves and their ideals, but they have brought together every year other forceful personalities to have charge of arts and crafts, swimming, dancing, riding, hiking, study of birds and flowers and in general to help them create that great love of nature, which is big and broad and inspirational.

Practically every child who comes to camp goes away a skillful swimmer. Every precaution is taken against accident. In fact, it may be said that everyone is over-cautious.

Long hikes are enjoyed in company with those who not only love nature in all its phases, but who love to reveal it to others. Horseback riding and gypsying are a glorious part of the summer's program.

In short, girls learn to love a wholesome, natural life. Their work is pleasure. Their pleasures are worth while accomplishments. They rise early, they eat regularly things that are best suited to give perfect health, they meet people who live ideals and inspire them to do the same, they sleep their full number

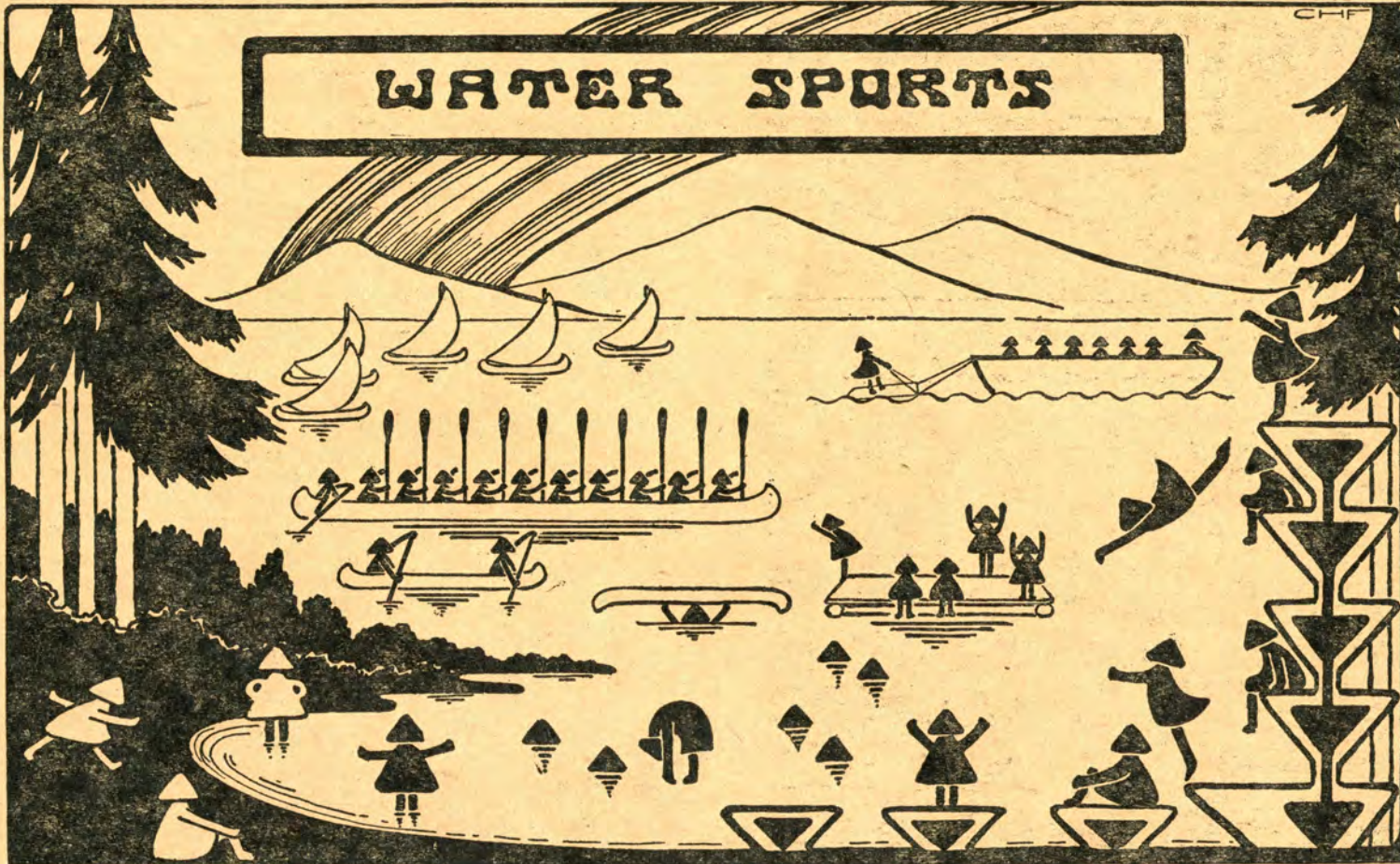


of hours every night and at the end of eight weeks they go home wholesomely happy, more fit for work and life than ever before.

I have only hinted at the joyousness, the bigness, the worthwhileness of this unexcelled camp, Wohelo, where Work, Health and Love, the three words from which its now famous name has been made up, are the cherished ideals constantly striven for. If you would know it better, look into the faces of the "old girls" as they leave in the summer, talk to the mothers, whose daughters have tasted the spirit of Wohelo, or if you can, come and join us. We welcome you to our forest home.

WATER SPORTS

CHF





J. Halsey Gulick

Mr. J. Halsey Gulick is in charge of the water sports. He is an expert swimmer and diver, ranking high at Princeton University on the swimming and diving teams. He has been for the last two summers one of the instructors at the Camp Directors' Swimming Conference.

No one is allowed in a canoe until she has passed the 135 yard swimming test. Girls are taught to swim at the beach. The camp shore is unique in that it has a combination of rocks from which one can dive into deep water and also wonderful, safe, sandy beaches where girls are taught to swim. There are three ranks to be striven for in water sports: Water Babies, Water Witches and Water Queens. The following are the tests which one has to pass to become a Water Witch:

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 of water.
11. Undress in deep water and save all clothing. (Bloomers, middie blouse, shoes and stockings are put on over the 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.)

Water Queens are those who have passed the life-saving tests for senior campers as arranged by the National Association of Camp Directors.

Each unit is to have a sailing canoe this coming summer for its Water Witches and Water Queens. It is hoped to make more of sailing at Sebago-Wohelo. Water Sports Day will come on Tuesday, August 15. We expect it to be the most spectacular Water Sports Day that we have ever had. Parents and friends are invited to spend the day. Many bring their lunches and stay all day, swimming and diving in the morning and boating in the afternoon.



BECOMING A WATER WITCH

By Dorothy Merrill

I determined to become a water-witch even before I learned to swim. It's a strange thing, but everybody does that at camp. It's part of the atmosphere.

My first attempt at undressing in deep water was a failure. Somehow, bloomers and middies seem to become a part of you, when they are wet, and mine just wouldn't come off. But the water-witches were all encouraging and I tried again and succeeded. A failure never seems to be remembered at camp. It's only the successes.

Whenever I completed a requirement, the next one seemed easier, for I was gaining experience. When I had completed most of them, it was announced at dinner that the "Would-be"

water-witches could paddle to Jordan Bay that afternoon. And there I met my Waterloo! For the lake got very rough, and as we rounded a corner we began to get nearer and nearer the rocks. The girl in the stern of our canoe was a strong paddler, and if I could have done as well in the bow as she did in the stern, all would have been well. But I couldn't. I wasn't any good at all, and we kept getting nearer the rocks. Finally Hiitani and Timanous came over in the Migis and threw me a rope, which luckily landed in my hands. I don't know yet how that rope happened to land in my hands, but Hiitani says that that is what made her decide to make me a water-witch.* Ropes have had a fascination for me ever since. I even decided to be a cowboy once.

*While this seems daring to a new camper there was absolute protection.



POTTERY

POTTERY

By Martha Hodgson

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever" and especially if you have made it. If you can gaze fondly on a lovely piece of pottery and realize that it is there because you made it and is beautiful because your fingers moulded it into its graceful curves, you have realized something of the joy of creation.

Our camp gives every girl the opportunity of learning to turn the cool, moist clay into smooth, shining bowls; of seeing a chubby vase or a tall, slim pitcher grow into being under the touch of her fingers. It is not all magic, though, for sometimes it takes days to achieve the line that will satisfy your mental conception of what your piece must be.

Pottery presents a wonderful chance to make a lasting and attractive record of some event or an expression of some ideal. In a symbolic design can be traced the story of a night under the stars; of a bird walk, or perhaps a jolly gathering around the campfire. In the symbols on the back of a book end as around the edge of a low dish may be expressed your love of the water, of music, of the growing companionship of a fire.

Then, when the finished article has dried and been placed in the kiln to bake you can hardly wait to have it ready for the glaze. You inspect row after row of the envelopes filled with strange powders that confront you in the pottery tent. After turning the matter over carefully in your mind you decide upon the color your piece must be. Then, with a long-handled brush and great care, you glaze your pottery. Three or four coats and again you give your precious bit into the fiery kiln. The thrilling part about this process is that it is impossible to tell just how the glaze is coming out. A cream-colored powder, when it is baked, turns out brown and a bluish-gray one turns out shiny dark green.

Indeed this art which has come up to us through the ages from long, long ago enables us to make today articles fascinating in their primitive beauty—a beauty that can be obtained with no other medium.

JEWELRY WORK AT WOHELO

By Marion Cady

All girls like jewelry, and everyone values articles made with her own hands above things bought in a store. At this camp of ours, jewelery is one of the many fascinating crafts taught us. In one side of Sivad, the place where we hold our morning services, we learn to make things with our hands. On that beautiful point, with water on three sides of us, among the pine

trees where the birds sing to us, during the summer months, may be heard the sound of saws and files, of talk and laughter. In the making of a piece of jewelry, we learn patience and skill. We learn to fully appreciate the value of other pieces of hand-made jewelry we may come across during our lives. We make something that is our very own, for what can be more ours than



Weaving has become one of the most attractive of our crafts. We shall have at least two additional looms this summer and probably more. We shall have enough looms for every girl to have an opportunity to weave.

something we have made with our own hands? A piece of jewelry on which we recognize every mark; remember little incidents connected with the making of each part; feel the thrill when it is finished and realize that we have created something beautiful; these things make a piece of jewelry infinitely more our own than as if it were bought. Also, what more pleasing gift can we make for a friend than something we have made? If you buy a gift for a friend it will be something that she, too, could have bought, but something you have made—no!

So many pieces of jewelry were made last summer that no one knows the exact number. Those who have never taken jewelry before must start on copper, but these copper pieces

Henry K. Bush-Brown, the sculptor, 1729 G Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., in speaking of the Luther Gulick Camps says, "No where else that I know of is there so high a moral and spiritual standard coupled in the simplest way with free life in camp, where physical energy is generated so naturally as to be one of the joys of life.

"It was a great pleasure to be a part of this for a few weeks

were varied and all good looking. In addition to pins in the form of symbols, there were book marks and paper knives with initials in silver. Each girl is allowed to make only three pieces during the summer, so that the chances of the slow and fast workers may be equal. The silver work was wonderful! There were pins, rings, bracelets, pendants, of all beautiful designs imaginable. There were many other things, too, that the girls made with the aid of our experienced instructors.

What a wonderful sensation it is when at home in the winter someone says, "What a good looking ring that is! Where did you get it?" and you can answer, "I MADE IT."

and to see how naturally the fine arts become a part of camp life under wise guidance.

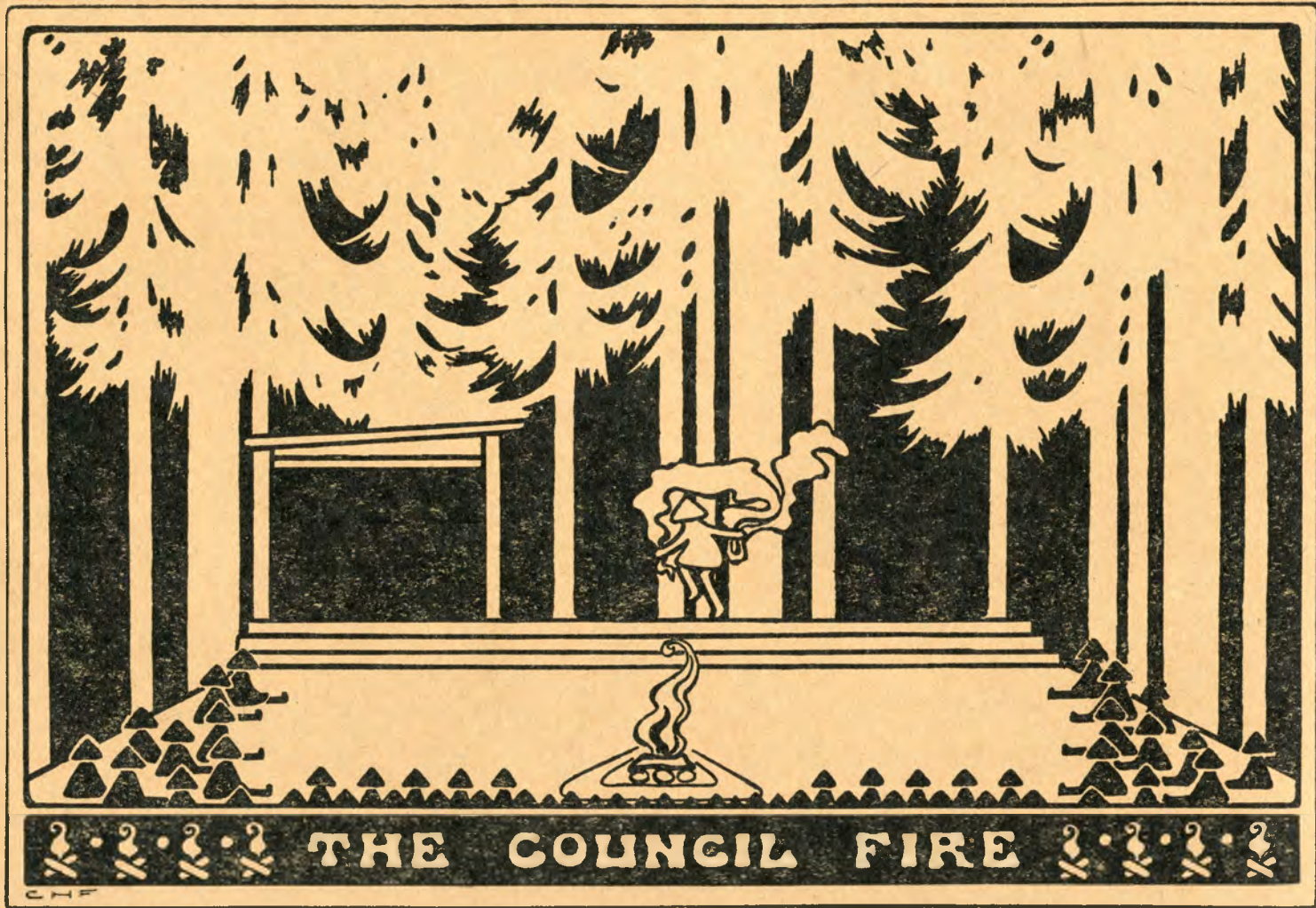
"This is putting art into the lives of the people in a practical way, making it indispensable for every home however simple. Art has too long been considered available only for the wealthy, whereas it is necessary for everyone and may be had without added expense to life."

PRELUDE AS ALICE IMPROVISES

By Peter Templeton-Hunt

Music, enwrapping my soul
In harmonious peace,
Suddenly stops—and I am
Left as one stranded
On a still island
Of unforgettable grief.

But, grazing the pale mist
The new orb of an old moon
Rises in the night, and
All the songs of nature
Soothe my old ache
As only before
In a dream.



THE COUNCIL FIRE

C.F.F.

COUNCIL FIRE

By Lucy Barnard

At that first dinner you heard girls saying, "Isn't it wonderful that Josephine's back?" and you listened eagerly to them talking of "Hiitene's fire-place" and "Water Sports Day," and "the Pageant," and "Crooked River," with hosts of other memories—such funny ones that you were more than anxious to know what each phrase meant. But there was one that seemed to surmount all in importance, a custom that the old girls spoke of lovingly and eagerly. "Council Fire's wonderful," they all told you, and the name itself pulled your imagination out of its ordinary grooves, though perhaps you didn't dare hope it would mean more than a happy gathering around a fire.

Do you remember how you loved your first Council Fire? How it hurt to think on that last Council Fire night that a whole year must go by before you could again sit in the triangle of Work, Health and Love, and see Hiitene sitting beside the fire, or get the thrill of the first flame! There are so many do-you-remembers that I want to say to you. First came the expectant hush as we lined up by units, in the woods, in ceremonial white middies and red ties, then the first chords of that Indian song of praise that Margie-Lee and Grace made for us, and the little inner feeling of exaltation when—all together—we raised our hands, singing,

"Hear us, Wokanda, O bless our Council Fire!"

Next, Hiitene made fire with the rubbing of sticks. As she gently fanned the tiny spark, we sang softly, helping her magic along, until the flame shot up. With her new fire she kindled

the torches of the Head Councilors, giving it to them, "the precious gift," and all together lit the fire. "Burn, fire, burn!" came next, of course, and when we finished singing it, Council Fire had really begun.

Then do you remember the funny things, happy things, and beautiful things that happened? Sad things, too, sometimes, when the Tent-Inspector gave you 42½% in neatness. Maybe you always got in the nineties, however? Some did. What fun, too, it was to see how the different units gave the Count.

When the Count was over, Hiitene gave out the ranks won during the week, Water Queen, Water Witch, or Water Baby, for achievements in the water, Gypsy Queen, Gypsy, or Little Gypsy, for achievements on land. If Water Witches, or Gypsies were to be made, she always spoke of the loyalty, trustworthiness, and lack of "cliquishness" that the winners of these ranks must have. We felt more strongly each time how great an honor it is for a girl to win them. Then came the initiation of the new Little Gypsies. From a kettle, supported by a tripod, a drink of the mysterious Gypsy Brew was given to each one.

Then after singing various camp songs, Hiitene said, "Shall we have 'Mammy Moon' now?" So we sang

"De day am past an' gone, an' what am done am done,
Ef you ain't done yo' best you'll be de sufferin' one!"

and

"Lay me to sleep in sheltering flame."

At last we got up and slipped away, with a clasp of Hiitene's hand as a good-night message as we left the triangle.

RECREATION WITH A PURPOSE

By Robert W. Boyden

Before I had ever been to Sebago-Wohelo or become a part of it, I had heard from friends of the camp that it was a place where fine things were done and a camp very much worth while. It was not until I had become the so-called "right hand" that I realized what Sebago-Wohelo meant. I had seen other camps doing things well, and I found that Sebago-Wohelo was not succeeding alone by doing the usual camp things better, but by cultivating a spirit for highest ideals and by doing unusual things. I was conscious of a great purpose at Sebago-Wohelo, a purpose to follow out the triangle of Timanous and have every girl and councilor go from camp benefited not only in physical well-being, but with keener minds alive to the beauty and love in life and with a greater spiritual outlook. Most camps have such an ideal to strive for, but very few come anywhere near attaining it. I want to show how Sebago-Wohelo keeps to this great purpose through all its life and activities.

Sebago-Wohelo does not go in for competitive athletics like basketball, baseball, or track and field sports. These things, which are practiced in most camps, do not always make for an all-around physical development that girls should get from camp. There should be plenty of exercise, of course, and the exercise should be gone into for the very fun of it. That is what we do at camp. Think of the fun of swimming and diving, paddling, and hiking! It is not competing against other girls, but competing with one's self to attain greater proficiency and the consequent rank on land or water that goes with it.

It is great to be a Water Witch or a Gypsy and worth a good deal of effort! There is more joy in being in the great out-of-doors and of doing something in it than there is in winning a hundred competitions. Then there is the amusing yet serious business of attaining (or rather striving for, in most cases) the proper weight. But this serious striving and the consequent approach to the perfect weight is a wonderful thing for building up a girl physically,—and it is fun too.

Our camp does not have any studying or tutoring as many camps have, but the development of the mind is not forgotten or neglected. Girls who are using their brains and are studying all through the school year ought not to do it through the summer in the same old way any more than they should play the same old competitive athletic games. I believe that the beautiful songs, hymns, poems, and counts that are turned out at camp by the girls are good because the girls are resting their minds of the usual burdens and can therefore grow intellectually by letting their minds work spontaneously along new, glorious, natural lines. Then there is the nature work, the training the eyes and ears to see and hear and the mind to appreciate the wonders and beauties all around. This is play at camp and yet it is not mere aimless play, but play with a purpose.

It is hard to express what camp means spiritually, for one must live there to appreciate it fully. With the living and present influence of Hiiteni and the ever-living influence of Timan-

ous no girl or councilor can go away from camp without feeling invigorated in spirit, feeling that life is a wonderful thing, worth living to the limit, feeling the opportunities life offers for loving service. Can any girl sit in Sivad every morning, singing, hearing Hiiteni read or talk, and not come away with higher thoughts of nature and of life and keener desires to be of service to all mankind? Who has been at a council fire, seen the creating of new fire, heard the songs rising in the evening air, seen the triangle of girls around the triangle of fire, and has not felt the thrill of the mystic fire and the mystic call

“To work for the good of all womanhood,
And to follow, wholesome and free,
The vision he had of Thee”?



A trip to the ocean, with a swim in the breakers of the Atlantic, is given every member of camp during the summer.

At the beach are the wonderful sea-pools. Barnacles, living and dead, sea-ferns in infinite variety, crimson star-fish, teem-

ing small-life of a thousand kinds---a real fairyland of color and life.

The roomy house-boat carries groups of girls adventuring into the remoter regions of Lake Sebago.



Pageantry plays a great part at both Sebago-Wohelo and Little Wohelo. The weekly council fires give opportunity for much dramatic expression when the activities of the previous week are acted out in pantomime or in

any way that the unit in charge desires to present them. The camp plays are always original, written by some one individual or by groups of individuals in the camp.

PAGEANTRY APPROPRIATE TO THE TIMES

At least one serious original play with a timely theme is given every summer. In 1917 it was "The Magic Uniform," based on an article in the *New York Times* by Dr. John Finley. In 1918 it was "The Spirit of Jeanne d'Arc," shown thru the work of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., given in French. In 1920, "The League of Nations," ending by all the nations passing thru the arch of International Justice. In 1921 it was the "Spirit of Wohelo." The costuming is all done at camp, ably assisted by artists who are at camp for this purpose. (Next summer the theme will be "Victory of Health.")



Dr. Gulick had a fertile mind, always thinking of new interesting things for the girls to do. This spirit of adventure he has left at the camp. The girls are constantly trying to think of new stunts which are harmless, interesting, yet amusing. This is stimulating to the imagination, is educative in its effect on the girls, and we believe thoroughly worth while. The two pictures on this page illustrate this point.



HORSEBACK RIDING AT WOHELO

By Darthea Plemister

Have you ever had a chance to really know and love horses? If you haven't, a wonderful experience awaits you at Wohelo.

So many girls who may have ridden all their lives don't know the first thing about saddling, bridling, and caring for their mounts. This is one of the first things learned at camp.

Every girl has a chance to ride in the classes. That means that she learns to keep her seat with and without the assistance of stirrups,—at first at a slow trot and later at a brisk canter.

As soon as she has proved competent to handle her horse on the road, how grand it is to ride along the winding road to the village or to Fry's Leap! Every girl's ambition is to ride well enough to go with the experienced riders on longer trips.

If a girl has never been on a horse, camp is the place to learn to ride, for nowhere else will she find the freedom and feeling of safety that she does with open fields to gallop across and wooded roads to explore.

A WEIGHTY DISCUSSION

By Katherine Packer

Can you guess who I am? I am nothing more nor less than your old friend—the Wohelo Scales.

How well I know all of you girls! I am a true friend to all of you. I never tell lies about you nor flatter you. No true friend ever does.

How I look forward to our little before-breakfast chats—that intimate, chummy time, when I whisper secrets to you.

After you had all been weighed the first week—don't you remember what fun you had being classified? I had to strain my ears to hear—but I heard.

I am always so happy when I hear the regulars, toughs, and huskies being made. I am not nearly so sad as the girls themselves, though, when the fatal words "Too thin" or "Too thick" are spoken. That's because I've been here so long—and am so very wise that I know what the "too thins" and "too thicks" have done in former years. So I just smile slyly up my sleeve (or rather through my weights) and wait for the next weeks to show them what can be done.

Have you ever wondered why Hiitene keeps me so near the dining tables? It is to be a constant reminder that I am always here to do my part—if you will do yours. Do not think, though, that I am not sympathetic. How I do admire Flora May or Betty when they refuse some of Josephine's luscious desserts and how I gloat when I see Vera take an extra potato or another glass of milk—when she is "absolutely full."

But isn't it worth it? And don't you feel like a Joan of Arc when some day Bob gets up and puts you in the coveted "tough" or "husky" class?

We made some wonderful records last summer, and now I am resting up to be able to help do even more wonderful things next summer.

Those of you who had to fight to reach the goal—do not grieve me by slacking this winter. Let me see that you are a real follower of Hiitene and Timanous—and not a backslider. If we work together this winter you will enjoy next summer all the more. And I'll promise to help you—through "thick and thin."



Last summer we began taking girls who have attained the rank of Gypsies and the older girls on Rookies to the Mountains. We are hoping to have many Gypsies this coming sum-

mer who will have this great pleasure with its lasting memories. Second year Gypsies will have a different trip from first year's.



THE SONGO

Nowhere such a devious stream
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow thru brush and brake
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf
Ever doubling on itself
Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud and sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

So sang Longfellow of the Songo River. Every summer the girls are towed across the lake in canoes and war canoes, and then they paddle up this winding stream to the still more winding Crooked River. There, after a thrilling adventure

with the "rapids," they camp on a wooded peninsula, belonging to the Luther Gulick Camps, cooking their own meals and enjoying such experiences as only the romantic region of the Songo can afford.



CHF

A LETTER FROM THE INSTRUCTOR OF NATURE LORE

By Margaret N. Cornell

Dear Wohelo Gypsies:

This morning as I turned my face toward the west and sought the Open Road across the Skokie (a great, reclaimed swamp), I wished for you, that you too might drink in the crispness of the golden rayed air and feel the snow crunch beneath the feet, hear the wind's soft moan through the naked boughs, or glimpse the ice castles at the brook's edge. On every side were evidences of a kind Creator's providence.

The wayside plants, hung with downy tufts of snow, swayed to and fro, as the friendly chickadees pried the seeds from winter coats, the while calling lustily to comrades in the poplars across the way, or challenging the jays daring to invade their sacred feeding areas.

Overhead, the hawks flapped their wings and soared gracefully as they trained their marvelous eyes earthward in search of an errant field mouse, shut from its customary haunts by depths of ice and snow. In every direction were tell-tale tracks, and signs that told of wee, small folk seeking sustenance during the hours when only the stars saw. And such stars!

As I write, the light from the Pleiades, Taurus, Orion and Sirius filters softly through the window and beckons me without. It reminds me of those nights on Sebago, when we lay on the sands or in canoes, or even on the tower and first learned to know and love Corona, Scorpio and Delphinus; or again when we saw the shooting star streak across the azure and vanish into space.

I hope you are continuing your interest in star lore, and becoming familiar with the more brilliant constellations of winter. Let not your knowledge slip from you. It will afford endless pleasure in the years to come. No lands will be strange, as long as familiar friends look down from above.

My sincerest wish is that all of you may have that joy and peace that comes from acquaintance with the glories of the firmament, as well as from the beauties of the Open Road.

A Happy New Year to all.

Makawin.



An overnight hike or gypsy trip is one of the most joyous and valuable of camping experiences. To sleep on a carpet of pine-needles spread over bare ground, to waken in the night and see the stars peeping at you, and the moon looking quietly down on you, everyone around you sleeping; and then to be awakened in the morning by a bird singing over your head, is a wonderful experience.

One can get very close to her Creator, sleeping out under the arch of heaven with only interlacing boughs between.

And this tramping, cooking, sleeping out together, makes for the forming of fine friendships, trains for future comradeships between friends who have the love of outdoor things in common.

A LETTER FROM MADAMOISELLE BERG, OUR
BELGIAN GUEST

Dear Wohelo-Girls:

I am glad I can greet you all through the "Wohelo Bird" this winter. This paper is an excellent idea; I am looking forward to getting news about all of you.

Can you imagine that when I came to America last spring I did not know that summer camps existed? Think how thrilled I was, when Hiiteni asked me to spend the summer at Sebago-Wohelo!

My mother was horrified at the idea. She imagined I would be utterly unfit to live in polite society after that; that we would run wild, perhaps in rags, be dirty and half-starved, ride horses bare-back, and finally be drowned trying to go down rapids in those terrible Indian canoes!

Of course, when I arrived, I expected nothing of the kind. During the first week I was chiefly conscious of a sense of absolute freedom and oneness with nature. Later on I realized the wonderful educational value of Sebago-Wohelo.

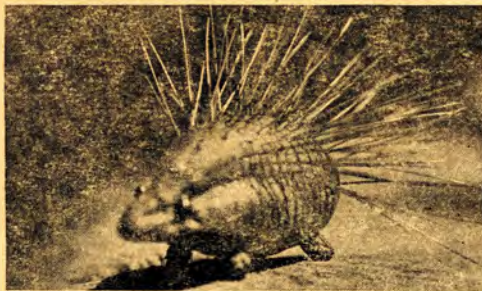
You all know how I loved the swimming and riding and hiking, yet there is something more subtle which I am at a loss to put into words. Is it the guiding spirit which ensures co-operation towards one ideal—perfect womanhood?

We saw life, divested of prejudices and artificiality, in its simplest and most natural form. These are ideal conditions to develop, fundamental qualities of justice, right-thinking, initiative, alertness, tolerance, patience and many others, on which life is based.

Another excellent thing is the uniform, and the fact that everyone can enjoy and take part in everything that is offered.

I once wrote to my mother, trying to explain camp to her:—imagine a very large family living a simple life in a land of dreams, every child full of fun and over-brimming with vitality, and yet coming to order at the first word of the mother, who radiates a magic influence.

I wish you all, big and small sisters, a very happy Christmas.



The making of a woodsy toy is another requirement for becoming a Little Gypsy with the same idea back of it of entertaining little children. This toy here is made of a twisted cucum-

ber with tiny pine cones for feet and pine needles for quills and some seeds for eyes. This toy gave much merriment.



BOULDERS

The unit system of grouping tents, five tents to a unit has been found not only beautiful, but has simplified the manage-

ment of camp. Each unit of twenty girls, including councilors, has a war canoe, three 18-foot canoes and a row boat.



A girl at Sebago-Wohelo has a glorious, happy summer. Becomes vigorous and learns to preserve that vigor. Secures conscious and beautiful control of hand and body.

Grows into a deeper understanding of nature. Obtains an equipment in outdoor sports which is available for the rest of life, making for wholesome social relationships.



AA



Photo by
Tippale
Portland



THE DANCE

By "Peggy" Smith

The soft swaying of the stately pine trees to and fro silhouetted against the sky, the forceful motion of the waves during a severe storm, the gentle ripple on the quiet lake, the deep swoop of the sea gull out over the ocean are all natural rhythms we enjoy.

The sea gull flies over the ocean, with now a long deep swoop, followed by a horizontal soaring with the graceful wings at rest, the ocean beneath continues its delightful rhythm of billow upon billow nearing the shore where the breakers roar continuously. But none of these different rhythms are at odds at any moment. Each blends harmoniously with the other to give the effect of natural beauty we all love. A little break or irregularity now and again in rhythms of nature gives an added interest, a feeling of not knowing exactly what to expect, the anticipation of future beauty.

Nature talks to us through curves. The circle in part or in whole predominates, having no edges or corners to break the beauty of the curved line.

Nothing, however, is more beautiful than the natural movements of the human body. Action prompted by the inner desire for self-expression, not the sort of action where one thinks only of pointing his toe or raising his arm to a very definite position, but where one feels the harmony and beauty of the music and expresses it through the entire body. Joy is light and sorrow heavy. The saddest emotion can be expressed in dance as well as the most joyous, but it is all the joy of self-expression, the joy of the dance.

The different members of the body carry different rhythms, but here again they are harmonized through the body itself. No unnecessary movements are made and each follows the other

through unlimited curved forms. Here as in the seal gulls' flight, variation holds an interest. Each girl's personality brings its particular form of expression.

We after all are what our thinking makes us, so the dance to try to express beauty in natural movements brings to us fine thoughts and should help us to be fine characters in the making. Dancing is not an external thing, not a thing to be taught the body. It is a thing the spirit must understand and express through the body. Natural movements among natural beauty with the "ego" forgotten brings an expression of unbounded happiness which can only be expressed in the joy of the dance.



"The dance is a natural heritage of childhood, and should not be denied our boys and girls in its pure form, that of healthful, joyous, rhythmic expression of feelings and emotions that are deep-seated and instinctive, and which classic folk-dance music, and the best of all our melodies and harmonies will draw to the surface and afford expression for in the hands of a competent teacher and lover of children."

Dr. Gulick.

"Dancing is the most universal of the arts. Practically everyone possesses the capacity of learning to express feeling through the dance. Dancing is not only the most universal of the arts, but the mother of all art. Out of the rhythm of body-movements has grown the sense of rhythm and balance that underlies art as portrayed in music, sculpture, architecture and painting."

Dr. Gulick.

"From Healthful Art of Dancing."





By N. P. Larsen, M. D.
Camp Doctor, 1920

One beautiful day in August I stood upon a ragged, jumbled mass of rocks. About me were fresh smelling pines, singing caressingly. The wavelets of Sebago Lake lapped against the rocks below. Beyond rose the multiple peaks of the White Mountains. When I think of health I think of that setting. The Camp there I consider the best health insurance agency I know, one of those "Life Extension Institutes," whose function is not so much to add more years to life, but to make happy and free from suffering *all* the years of our lives. I was glad!

The luxury and ease of a mechanical era does not tend to develop health. A few generations of it and what a puny race

would scowl back at us. It is a real danger to be struggled against. And right there on the shore of a beautiful lake was one of the Legions fighting against it.

There were a hundred girls who came from all over the country. There were no signs of luxury and ease about them. They were destined to be leaders in their many different communities. Daily they enjoyed playful, strenuous exercise, given to develop their bodies uniformly. A cheerful mental attitude toward health was inculcated. A broad spiritual environment was there which tended to give a pleasant view of life—so essential for a healthful body. Careful instruction and "practice" in

wholesome eating was also given—helpful in this age of over-eaters, soda-water-sponges and candy nibblers. The fat were helped toward reduction, the thin encouraged to carry more, the strong to make the best use of the strength they had. Surrounded by many other loyal, healthy, happy, enthusiastic, ambitious girls, she would indeed be a dead soul who would not be thrilled to acquire more health and be proud to maintain what she had. If all girls could have such training, what a wonderful race of mothers we would have. With strong mothers no race need fear anything.

To have two months at such a camp each year would raise the “disability resistance” to a very high level. If the girls applied in their daily lives what they learned of health their future would be easier. Their days of suffering would be fewer. Old age would be a joy instead of a tragedy. The possibilities of Camp Sebago-Wohelo are boundless. Health and happiness lie in its teachings. The race needs its students. The nation needs more of such institutions. Truly they are the “fountains of youth.” Happier and healthier always will she be who has taken a draught of Sebago-Wohelo and “carried on” with its spirit



FOOD AT CAMP

The food at Luther Gulick Camps is always well cooked and healthfully balanced.

Vegetables are supplied almost exclusively from the Camp farm and garden. The best milk, eggs and meat are procured, regardless of cost.

*The use of candy between meals is not allowed.

Abounding bodily health is one of the Camp ideals.

Camp health and sanitation are scientifically cared for. The water from the spring, and from Lake Sebago (which is Portland's water-supply) are absolutely pure and the water from the lake is pumped into camp through long pipes.

All drainage is cared for by the safest sanitary methods.

Immediate and expert medical attention will be given any girl should she show or feel signs of illness.

*Parents are requested not to send candy to camp during the camp season.

SUNSET

By Lydia Bush-Brown

I can see it now, just as if I were sitting on the Wohelo rocks. The Sun has just dipped behind a fluffy big cloud and the sky is glaring like a great golden dome. The little waves are almost quiet, for the Wind who danced with them gaily is now chasing the Sun down behind that big cloud. Oh, the cloud *was* fluffy, but now it stretches long and sweeping and quiet across the sky, hovering over the beautiful White Mountains that curve their varying peaks against the glowing sky.

There is the Sun again, a red ball slowly slipping down below the cloud and resting for a moment on the mountains.

A tiny wavelet turns over at my feet and smiles up sunnily, then another shimmers and another and another and my eye follows all that golden path across the Lake to the fiery ball above the mountains.

I looked away at the cool Lake lapping gently the gray mass of Wohelo's rock. How could that peaceful Lake ever have worn its way into all those lichen-covered hollows? Not on quiet evenings like this, but in the battering of millions and millions of storms.

Now the sun has gone. But the sky, (as I snuggle into the hollows of my comfortable rock) is turning from one color to another, that dark cloud has suddenly come to life and clothed itself with all the gold and crimson of the beautiful robe the Sun left sweeping behind him. It is the very wind-blown edge of Apollo's own cloak, and the reflection of its glory spreads over the whole sky! Little pink cloudlets sail through the bluest blue---or *is* it blue, so subtly it merges into robbins-egg green down close to those dark purple mountains. And even as I wish I could hold the color there forever Apollo's cloak turns to violet and soft gray and the pink cloudlets fade to wisps of gray mist.

Now a star peeps out and another and another. Overhead a brilliant star twinkles and then thousands burst out at once.

The Lake is still and smooth except for one gurgle of a sleepy wave far in the cave below my rock.

Good night, Sunset and Lake and Rocks, and Pines and Tents and Girls. How well I can see you when I shut my eyes and how I love you all!

Bushie

THE SUNDAY SERVICE

By Phyllis Radford

A short walk through a delightful part of the fragrant woods leads to Sivad, where Hiiteni conducts the Sunday morning service in the semi-out-of-doors. It is a very simple service in which the girls have a direct part. They choose the hymns, the old familiar ones alternate with those the girls themselves have composed in expression of their feelings of reverence and thankfulness. They select and read the Scripture passages, and have an opportunity to formulate prayers, which, like the hymns, express their vital religious sentiments. All this centers around a particular theme, which has a real interest and

meaning for the girls in their life at camp and at school.

This also is the time during the week when Sebago-Wohelo is joined by her little sisters from around the point, who in pantomime and reading of Bible stories add their share to the services.

The glorious natural surroundings make for spontaneity. It is a fitting time to express the love of trees and water, the love of friends and the love of God. The Sunday service becomes not a duty nor a habit, but a joy.

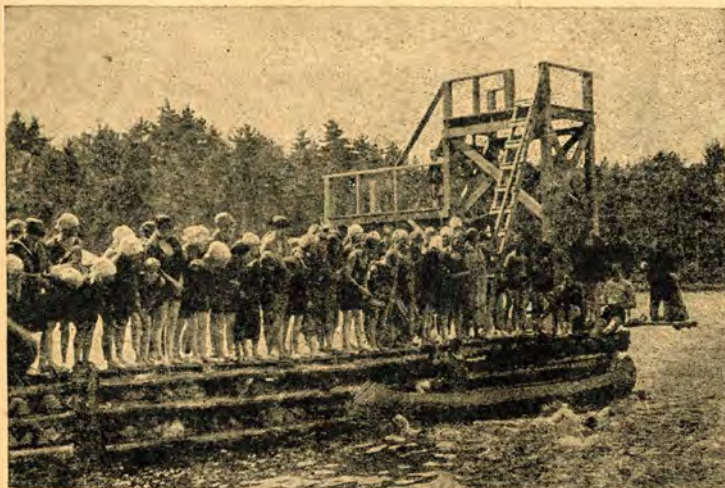
THE ARMENIAN WAR ORPHANS

A year ago Wohelo girls raised \$550.42 to help Miss Elizabeth S. Webb of Adana, Turkey, in her very interesting and constructive work for war orphans in Armenia. The following statement from Miss Webb shows how this money was used:

"We have bought an orange orchard of about five acres on the main waterway of Euzerli just before it enters the village. About seventy orange trees were growing on the place when we bought it, and we have planted more than that number since. One end of the property is an old glacier bed, with stones enough to build a small city lying loose on the ground. These only need to be gathered and put together with mortar for the walls of the building. Among them are stones which can be burnt into lime, while brush is growing at hand which can be used in burning it. Sand also for the mortar is found right there. The only expense will be for labor, timber and tiles for the roof. We have about \$5,000, but it will take at least as

much more to get the walls up and the roof on. The Relief Committee will support the children on the same basis as it costs in the Constantinople region. If we can once get a roof over our heads, with our industries, I am sure we can manage the rest, saving enough in time to finish the building. Some of the girls are learning to weave cloth for their own clothing. They are learning to knit by hand, but we also have two knitting machines which they are learning to use. We hope to earn something by making stockings for the boys' orphanage. Fifteen of the girls are taking a course in dressmaking. Then we shall have gardening, bees, chickens, cows, and goats for our own use. We shall make various kinds of preserves and marmalades from oranges. Oranges are exceedingly cheap there, and there is no industry of this kind. I feel sure it can be made profitable.

Our girls are bright, interesting children, very lovable, I think. Quite a number of them do not know who they are, or



Our New Diving Tower

anything about their parents. We have several named Azadoohi (the freed one), a witness to their joy when they were saved from Turkish hands.

The money you sent is in the \$5,000 we already have for the building".

All Wohelo girls will be interested in the following article written by Ruth Metzger, describing Camp Aladdin, which she and Margaret and Janet Victorius started for settlement children. These girls raised \$15,734.07 to start this great work. We believe that this is a unique camp. It's ideal is to give city children, who cannot afford to go to the regular summer camp the advantages which they once had at Wohelo.

These three girls were at Wohelo four or five years and Ruth says: "We were constantly finding last summer that the things we learnt at Wohelo were standing us in good stead, and it was great fun, every day of it."

Janet is to be married this winter. We presume that she will continue, however, with Ruth and Margaret in this splendid work. How proud Timanous must be of the work these girls are doing! We wish them great happiness and success in it.

We hope to hear of many other Wohelo girls doing constructive and needed work of this kind.

CAMP ALADDIN

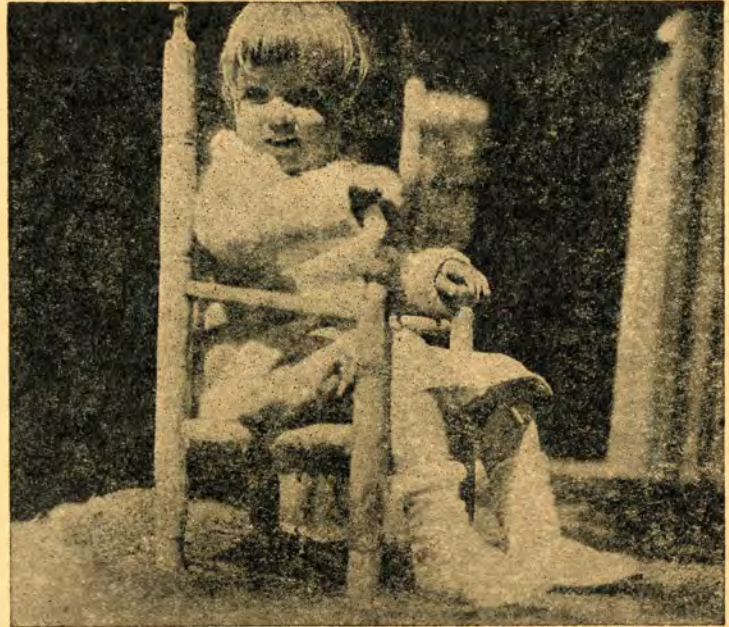
Last summer there appeared in the hills of New Jersey, not far from the lovely Culver's Gap region, a band of workmen and young people who frequented a hilltop covered with oak, cedar and maple. There was carting of wood and hauling of stone, and the sound of axes and hammers among the trees, and finally big trucks came laboriously over the wood road that was little more than a trail, and crates were unloaded and opened. July came and with it the shout of children and their running feet thru the quiet woods that were to ring for two months with the sounds of their voices. They found a low little building newly sprung from the ground, with sapling cedars and beeches still pressed close about it, and on the front, near the peak of the roof, was a lamp cut in the wood, and under it, 1921. This legend stood for the wonderful lamp of Aladdin, for it seemed as tho only thru its agency could they have gotten a camp where they could live away from the city for two long summer months.

Camp Aladdin belonged to its campers from the minute that they first saw its gay roof of many colors in the sun. There were

eighteen of them, boys and girls, and many of them had never heard a quieter sound than a city street, or seen a lovelier sight than a fenced-in playground, or slept alone in a bed with sheets on it. The wonderful lamp seemed never to fail in supplying new, and sometimes, at first, fearful, experiences. The boys and girls very soon remembered their kinship to frogs and went kicking and struggling thru the water; and their kinship to the monkey folk and climbed rocks and trees, the ridge pole and water tank; they remembered, altho their ancestors came from seven different countries, that once they had all hunted and fished and lived with the minimum of possessions as tribes in the woods and fields. City thoughts and city ways gave place to habits that showed in surprising results every Sunday morning, when one by one camp Aladdin youngsters climbed on the scales; and in no less surprising ways when every morning everyone came together at council where a camper was chosen as leader, and jobs for the day were discussed and parcelled out. At council new songs were learnt and sung, quicker, quieter and better ways of cleaning camp, serving supper, rolling a poncho, or treating the recalcitrant who swiped the neighboring farmers' apples, were talked over. The vote of the council was law and the powers of the council embraced all activities and their regulation.

Next summer there are to be thirty campers at Aladdin and a new wing built to the bungalow, so that the girls may have one and the boys the other. A patch of ground is to be cleared for farming, and stumps are to be pulled up in the rough clearing that served last summer in a primitive way as playground.

Camp Aladdin is meant for children from New York whose parents cannot send them away to summer camps because they



Kitty's Betty Visiting Grandmother

are too poor. They pay as much as they are able, all the way from five to fifty dollars for the summer, and the rest of the money is collected during the winter from people who decide to become members of the Camp Aladdin corporation.

All during the winter months the Camp Aladdin boys and girls meet once a week at a club and play games and talk about next summer. They bring friends and brothers and sisters with them and next July they will bring some of these and other new friends back to camp with them.



EXTRACTS FROM GIRLS' LETTERS

"Sometimes I put my face in a pine pillow and inhale long, deep breaths of that sweet, pure fragrance, then I sing camp songs and it really is hard to believe that I am not at Wohelo."

"I certainly don't know how to thank you for the wonderful time I had all summer. It was marvelous. I didn't think I would like it this winter, but now I adore it. I certainly want to come back next summer if possible."

"I wish I could describe to you the reason I love camp so. It's all so wonderful. The whole spirit of it makes you just love it."

"I certainly did have a marvellous time this summer, and I just loved 'Heavenlies.' There were so many nice things to do all the time and it was wonderful having the aqua-planing. I certainly am coming back next year."

"I'm quite sure that you don't want me to start on the subject of what a wonderful summer it has been and how I've enjoyed it and (of course) what it's meant to me. I, like all others, am quite sure that it was more enjoyable for me, that I got more out of the summer, that I had splendid tent-mates with mini-

mum faults, that I was the most fortunate and so on! I hope you know this and a great deal more without my telling you. I'm sure you do."

"All the five Wohelo girls here made the varsity hockey team at school. That's a pretty good reputation for Wohelo, isn't it? Molly Radford is center forward, Katherine Adams is a halfback, Elizabeth Boyden is wing, Alice Brown is a forward, and I am a halfback."—*Margaret Brown.*

"It seems ages since camp closed, yet I remember so many things about last summer; the way, when there was a glorious sunset, every ripple on the lake was flushed with pink and gold; the way the moon rose beautiful and still over the darkness of the pine trees and the white tents; the way the trees whispered by my bed, the water lapped against the shore, and the loon called over the waters. I remember the council fires, the wonderful ceremony of it all, the quiet feeling I had when it was over and the dreams I dreamed those nights."

"I thought my first summer at camp was perfect, but last summer was even better."

"There is nothing like a paper or magazine of some kind to bring a community together. I thought the 'Wohelo Bird' was wonderful and I'm so glad our camp has it. When it came it seemed to me that it was like a breath from camp."

"I shall be so glad to see you, so that I can really tell you all that last summer meant to me and what the 'Wohelo Bird' does, too. So many people have asked me what it meant and each time I have felt inside of me, sort of sorry for them

because they have not been to camp and do not and will never know all the wonderful things that our 'Wohelo Bird' stands for."

Francine Saintard, our French guest of 1920, whose address is 25 Rue Juliette Lamber, Paris, has written, "I do not forget you, Wohelo and the genial friends I found there. I have shown that booklet and the things I made in camp to my relatives and to my friends. Every one of them thought I was most fortunate to have had such a splendid opportunity."

Helen Wilder, a real "Wohelo Bird" girl, is living in England and in a note she said, "If any of the girls I know are coming over, please give them my address. It is c/o Glynn Mills, Currie, 67 Lombard Street, London, England."

Old girls who remember Peggy Haserot will be interested in her most attractive booklet about her Camp Caho in Cherry Home, Michigan. Her address is 1786 Crawford Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

In next summer's "Wohelo Bird" we hope to have a great many news notes from old campers. Will the girls of former years keep us posted in regard to what they are doing? We do not forget them. News items about each one will be read with interest and appreciation. Once a Wohelo girl, always a Wohelo girl.

An interesting letter from "our Bill" gives the following information: that in about a year she is to be married to Mr. Lee M. Woodruff of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a graduate of Michigan University, an honor student who wears the Phi Beta Kappa key, and a lifelong friend of Bill's.



"OUR BILL"

EXTRACTS FROM COUNCILORS' LETTERS

It is a joy to get expressions such as these from those who come to help make camp a success.

"This is just to thank you for the splendid summer I had in camp! It was certainly a great privilege to be with you—the more I think about it and talk of it the more glad I am. Some of us used to build air-castles about going to camp—especially the one on Lake Sebago in Maine—and now what I always longed for is to be a pleasant and inspiring memory of the past! Who could ever forget those beautiful pines and fir trees, the warbling birds and squeaking "chippies," the cool, clear, clean waters of the lake, the gorgeous sunsets and above all, the fine, happy American girls! I loved to see the girls in the water—they were so happy doing all their funny stunts. I loved to watch the crews in their war-canoes. How thrilling it was to gather around your big fireplace and sing camp songs. Then—what a joy it was to learn to swim, to overcome the fear of water and to gain control of the body!"

"My aunt asked us the other day what stood out most as we thought back on Wohelo. We named over—and talked a bit—of Council Fires, Sivad, Crooked River and Frye's Island trips, the two bonfires on the beach at night, Alice's playing, oh, so many things that leave such a big mark. But most of all was the *joy of living*, of putting romance into work, the whole spirit of a happy life which we caught from your own enthusiasm and the spirit of Timanous. My last few years away from home I had some way lost that *key to living*, physically, mentally, and morally, but now that dullness and disinterest is all gone; and I can scarcely wait to get back to college and "land into"

my last two years. Whenever I get stuck, I'm just going to stop and think of some of the beautiful things of this summer, of the inspiration of the talks I had with *you*; and time will fly until next camp time comes around.

"The whole world needs Wohelo religion!"

"I wanted so much to tell you how grateful I am to you for my wonderful summer at camp. There were so many things going on just at the end of camp that there didn't seem to be any time or place for it.

"I have just been living over all the wonderful experiences and trying to realize that it wasn't just a dream.

"I loved the community life and the altogetherness of camp. It filled a great gap which I have often felt in not having sisters and being one of a big family.

"I think Bill did wonders in giving the girls in Barracks a fine feeling of pulling together for the unit."

"We wish to tell you how much we have enjoyed this summer; it has done us all good to be at camp, and we'd like to thank you for making it possible. It has been a privilege and a joy, and I hope I may have that opportunity again. It is a great camp, and I am very proud to be a part of it."

"Ten days ought never to have slipped away without my writing you to thank you for this summer. Sometimes I get so hungry for camp that it seems to me that I just *must* be able to clutch those days back again. It was all so perfect that there just aren't words in which to express it. I often felt that on account of having worked hard in school and knowing what the

grindstone of business in the city is I could appreciate what you gave us, more than some of the girls who perhaps accept joys and privileges as their due. I didn't take camp even with the proper amount of discrimination, I'm afraid. I swallowed it whole, loved it all."

"What a satisfaction there is in having spent a summer in camp! It always gives me sort of a sense of completeness, a rounded-out experience one can't get anywhere else. Again I am more than grateful to you for the pleasure there has been in it and particularly for the education camp provides in so many things."

Dorothy Savage, a head councilor in 1919 writes:

"How was camp last summer? I thought of you often and wished that I might be able to run in and see everybody. I took a course in Physical Training at Chautauqua and enjoyed it very much."

Mother B. sends greetings. She is connected with the Garland School for Home Making, and her address is 86 Pinckney Street, Boston. She loves to hear from the Wohelo Girls. Two Wohelo girls are at the school taking courses in Home Making this year, Lois Holman and Augusta Hazard.

Our "Bill" writes: "I have come back summer after summer, Hiitani, because it means more to me than any place in the world, you and Timanous are there, the girls and all nature are my friends, and then there is the friendly road that urges me to harness 'Pal' to the Gypsy wagon and follow the Gypsy Star."

EXTRACTS FROM PARENTS' LETTERS

"We always try to keep our enthusiasms about your camp more or less in check, for when we get started on the subject, people who hear us become a bit skeptical.

"I think the biggest thing I could do for my own daughters is to send them to *your* camp. To give them that life in the open under your supervision, which we parents, as a whole, are unfortunately unable to give our children. And even if we were, the group spirit and work are in themselves such a necessary and joyful experience."

"I have been intending to write to you all summer to let you know how glad I am that my daughter is in your splendid camp. I really think that it is one of the finest things that has ever come into her life."

"Her father and I now look on Camp as our daughter's 'other home.' Her days with you are such happy ones! Each year she returns feeling that 'This has been the very best summer.'

"Yet as she lives over these days with us during the winter I see that the preceding summers have left lasting joys and impressions. This year has been one of particular joy to her, because she became a Water Witch, which achievement has given her quite a bit more confidence.

"When she returned I asked if she would like to return to Camp another year. 'Why, of course, Mother,' she said, 'I just love it all, for think of the privileges I have now and can enjoy as a Water Witch, and then the initiation of the "Heavenlies"! If you could have seen us, Mother, oh, it was so jolly!"



"I have been very negligent in not writing you before this of our deep appreciation of your splendid work with its far-reaching influences in character building."

"The girls have come home in splendid form—the joy of life radiating from them. I cannot tell you the feeling of thankfulness and gratitude that serges over me in wishing to thank you for the benefits they show from the wonderful influence of your summer life. ——— is a great joy, the quiet way she seems to expand and be ready and willing to join in with anything. At times I am very anxious about her. Then she returns from camp with just what I am looking forward to in her character."

"I have been a ready listener to all the recitals of the wonders and bewitchments of Sebago-Wohelo for some days and am convinced that the summer in camp has been full of pleasure and profit and must have permanent value in the lives of both girls. Any mother would be proud to hold the exalted place in her daughters' thought which they so spontaneously accord to you."

"One week ago yesterday ——— returned to us, looking so well and feeling so happy. I just want to tell you how satisfied both her father and I are with what she has accomplished under your supervision. I presume, however, it is really what ———

has gained thru your camp the last three years—only this summer she has gained so many things she could bring home and show us, and I know she that has profited in many, many ways, which we will be able to discern only as the weeks go by. I can see now, as my daughter has developed, broadened, deepened through and by your ideals carried into practice, why your tremendously responsible work is such a joy to you. Her father and I certainly feel that she is going back to school a splendid physical specimen and with a clear rested mind."

NOTES ON HIITENI'S VISIT TO NEW YORK OVER THE HOLIDAYS

Halsey and I spent two days with Frances at her week-end lodge in Monroe. It is beautiful country up around her place. Everything looks like a very prosperous season for her. Franta was so busy that she was unable to spend her Christmas with us at Louise's in Pleasantville. We were all there except her, Louise and Bob, Ned and Kitty, Halsey and I, Charlotte and Betty and little Louise, Jr., called "June." Charlotte and Betty were marvelously cunning, when they saw the Christmas tree. It was most amusing to watch them play with their new toys, dishes and kiddy cars. Grandmother drank imaginary tea all afternoon.

On Saturday, the thirty-first, there were twenty-five of the councilors, past and present, who had lunch with me at the National Arts Club. Madam Mouroux was with us. We had too short a time and not much opportunity to talk about next summer's plans, but it was good to see each other and to reminisce.

A delightful day was spent at Peter's. His mother is the soul of hospitality. Kitty and Betty are living there for a while. We drove over to Montclair and saw Mildred and incidentally her parents, Bob and Beebe.

We had a delightful call on "Morie," too.

Halsey and I had dinner one evening at Lucy Barnard's, driving back to New York in the "Bug." It was a bitterly cold night, but we were as snug as a bug in a rug when the sides were all buttoned down tight.

1920 girls would like to have seen Doc Larsen and his lovely wife as I did one evening. They are living at 71 East 77th Street.

Floydie-Woydie and Edie-Weedie are wonderful cooks. This I found out one evening after seeing an exhibition of paintings with them.

I had a nice chat with Peggy Smith and Dottie Griffin when they came to the train to see me, when I was leaving New York.

Fritze writes:

"There are many charming surprises for the new girl at camp, such small things as when one sees for the first time tall pine trees or the fresh vivid green all about one after it has rained, and felt the relief in finding the girls so friendly. Oh, I envy the new girl who will be at camp next summer. I know the joy that is hers."

Extract from a letter to Hiitani from Ibbie, now Mrs. C. H. Malan, whose address is c/o C. H. Malan, Esq., I. C. S., Postmaster General, Camp, India.

"At present we are here in Lucknow, staying with some friends of ours, but in a little less than a month we are to leave the North and travel a five days' and nights' journey to the South, to Madras. Have I told you that Charles has been appointed Postmaster General of the entire Madras presidency? We are very much pleased, as it not only is a good position, but means our having a little bungalow of our own in Ootacamund, the lovely hill station where I spent six months with my aunt before I was married. I think I must have written you from there. And then the next thing we shall be thinking about will be coming home! Shall you be at the Hemenway, I wonder, and shall I be able to curl up on that big sofa by the fireplace and make up for the loss of two years' conversation?"

Springfield, Mass.,
January 6, 1922.

My dear Mrs. Gulick:

The little paper you sent us has brought such beautiful memories that I am impelled to tell you once more how much "Sebago-Wohelo" means to me.

To one who has never known "Sebago-Wohelo" I might seem to be too far removed in years really to appreciate what it means to the girls who make up its membership. But "Sebago-Wohelo" has no age limit. The same expressions of joyful comradeship, service and unfailing courtesy is manifested by everyone from "Little Betty" to "Mother B."

There is something in the atmosphere of "Sebago-Wohelo" that brings out the best in everyone and the remarkable thing is that no one seems to be conscious of doing anything unusual. They simply reflect the wonderful ideal that dominates the camp.

As you know, all the girls were strangers to us, when we visited you in July. We knew that some of the girls were used to unlimited wealth and in the nature of things could know little of personal service, but there was nothing to indicate who they were. Everyone was eager to help wherever there was a need. We had many opportunities to study them under unusual conditions and we were always delighted at the way those conditions were met.

In these days of perplexity and bewilderment as to what to do with our girls it is good to know "Sebago-Wohelo." Such work as yours is of inestimable benefit to everyone who comes under its influence and I am glad that I have had that privilege.

Your sincere friend,
Jessie B. Daggett Moxom (Mrs. Philip S.)

REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM, D.D., OF SPRINGFIELD,
MASS.

It has been my good fortune to visit the Luther Gulick Camps twice within the last three years. One of these visits covered a full month.

The objects aimed at are physical health, cheerfulness and unselfishness of spirit, comradeship and co-operation in activity and the awakening and strengthening of moral purpose. Religion has its appropriate place in the total scheme. The brief

devotional exercises each morning are a most attractive and helpful element in the daily program, giving tone to the day's life.

All the activities of the camps go on in an atmosphere of joyousness that is a mental and moral prophylactic against morbidness and mawkish sentimentalism.

Such are the impressions made upon me as instinctively I subjected the life of the Luther Gulick Camps to a somewhat searching scrutiny.

AN EXPRESSION FROM DR. THOMAS M. BALLIET
Former Superintendent of Schools, Springfield, Mass., and a
Dean of New York University

My visit to your camp last summer impressed me more than I can express with the vast significance of the mode of life of the young girls there. The conditions for their physical development are ideal. Their athletic sports develop a degree of physical vigor and endurance that is very remarkable and they develop likewise a most wholesome spontaneity and physical courage. This means much for health of body and mind and for force of character.

The effectiveness of this phase of their camp life is due to the wonderful skill and the deep insight into girl nature with which their varied athletic achievements are planned and graded, and to the ingenious system of honors awarded for excellence.

The woods, the rocks, the lake, all in their undisturbed wildness, arouse in the young girls a love of nature and a feeling of oneness in soul with it which is unusual and to me was impres-

sive. It is not a mere fondness of nature which is not uncommon; but it is a genuine poetic insight into the spiritual meaning of the woods as God's first temples; and they enter into the symbolism which expresses this spirit almost with religious reverence.

The social life of the camp, its freedom from artificial conventionalities, its spontaneity, and especially its whole-hearted comradery, impressed me as the most wholesome that one could wish for these young girls.

A NEW VENTURE FOR PARENTS AND THEIR FRIENDS

If enough parents will sign up, Sebago-Wohelo will be open during the month of September for parents and their friends. We have a number of buildings with fireplaces and central gathering places where one can always be comfortable if the weather is chilly. There is no time of the year unless it is October when the Maine woods are so delightful. It has always seemed a waste of a wonderful plant to shut it up at the end of August. We have the horses, the boats, the gardens with all their left-overs, the opportunities for craft work, and that wonderful Maine air with its health and peace-restoring qualities.

This is an opportunity for parents to experience and understand the life which their children have had. So often fathers and mothers have expressed a desire for this.

I am sure that no one will ever regret the experience, for we come near to the realities of life, the things which make for wholesomeness, for saneness and right living. This kind of education is coming to all children and the sooner that people under-

stand its worthwhileness the sooner that day is coming. We welcome you to Wohelo. None can get this opportunity when they are younger.

A fee of \$50 a week covers everything, the best of food and the things enumerated above, besides your camp laundry. I hope that we shall have a family of about twenty and that besides having a happy, glorious time together we may have some worth-while discussions on the problems which we are meeting with our children during these changing periods of ideals.

ONE MONTH FOR OLD GIRLS AT CAMP

Last summer's experience with old girls who could not come back for the entire season was so successful that we are planning to make it the custom to offer girls, who have been at camp two seasons or more and are eighteen years of age to return for one month and live at Rookies. The following girls were with us last summer:

Elizabeth Osborne, Catherine Pfingst, Margaret Doughty, Betty Richards, Pauline Crawford, Janet Scott, with Charlotte Smith as councilor. We invite them all to return next year and any other girls meeting the above requirements.

This was offered for the month of August last year, but if sufficient number apply, we may have two groups, one in July and one in August. It is better to keep the number small. Every one of last summer's girls expressed great enthusiasm over their experience. They were given a special trip to the mountains. The life on Rookies was restful and at the same time they had all the privileges and enjoyments of camp.

The fee will be \$200.

CAMP TIMANOUS

By A. E. Hamilton, Director

Years ago Ernest Thompson Seton, Doctor Gulick, Henry Van Dyke, and General Baden-Powell talked over a program for dramatizing the Religion of the Out-of-Doors.

Mr. Seton called it Woodcraft and reached out especially after American boys. Doctor Gulick saw it already at work in Hiitani's camp for girls and developed it into a program for Camp Fire. General Baden-Powell applied it to British boyhood and founded the Boy Scouts. Doctor Van Dyke has lived it, preached it, and written it into beautiful books.

This Religion of the Out-of-Doors is a way of life. It is built to meet each of our deep-rooted instincts with a happy outlet in wholesome fun or in helpful service.

In camp it takes the form of education for manhood and womanhood, for character and spirit rather than for scholarship.

At camp we have some of the very conditions under which social custom, tradition and religions sprouted and grew. We lie on hard beds under the open sky like our ancient ancestors, like them we drift to sleep to the music of the wind among tree-tops and of waves beating time on the shore. Hard work for our muscles, keen jobs for alertness of mind, simple food for the strength of our bodies and the gathering around little fires to feed our souls.

Around the fire are rooted traditions, tabus, legends, folklore, poetry, drama, music and the beginnings of science and of government. Here it was that, after the work and the hunt and the strife of a primitive day men gathered together in leisure, when there might come that



"Sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God."

And so, at Camp, we meet at twilight to review the events of the day or the week around the age old, ever new Council Fire. Here we give and receive awards and honors, by standards, not by competition. Here, without mention of name, we tell of acts of kindness, courtesy, helpful service observed among our fellows. Here we see how some have gained in real development of body, mind, spirit, self-control. Here we welcome into the Inner Circle him who has passed his test and spent his night in lonely vigil and won his right to a name. Here we see the glowing smile of the lad who has won his coveted paddle, symbol of work well done. Here traditions are made out of the stuff of our daily life. Here we have a touch of poetry, of music, and of fine old story, making great heroes to live again, stirring us to walk like them in the ways that made them truly great.

Council Fire focuses the activity of camp, ties up its many separate deeds in bundles, seeks to treasure all the gold of the day and to forget its dross. Here we learn what Camp is really for, where we are going, and why. And so, our life-out-of-doors, the things we think and do together, becomes for us a Religion-of-the-Out-of-Doors, a way of life, a training for character and manhood.

Mr. Hamilton is Mrs. Gulick's son-in-law and conducts a camp for boys, many of whom are brothers of Wohelo's sisters.

We expect Miss Frances J. Gulick to be with us next summer. She is an enthusiastic and vivid factor at the Luther Gulick Camps, has had wide experience in camping. She has grown up with the 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!

We are proud to announce the Winter Week Ends
Conducted by Frances

THE FRANCES GULICK WEEK-END LODGE Highland Mills, New York (Near Tuxedo)

Facilities for entertaining selected groups in a comfortable, well-appointed country home. House-parties, reunions, anniversaries. Unique and superior accommodations for a few persons appreciative of an opportunity for outdoor recreation under peculiarly pleasant conditions. The Lodge is under the personal supervision of Miss Frances J. Gulick, of the Luther Gulick Camps.

Skiing, skating, coasting, snow-shoeing.

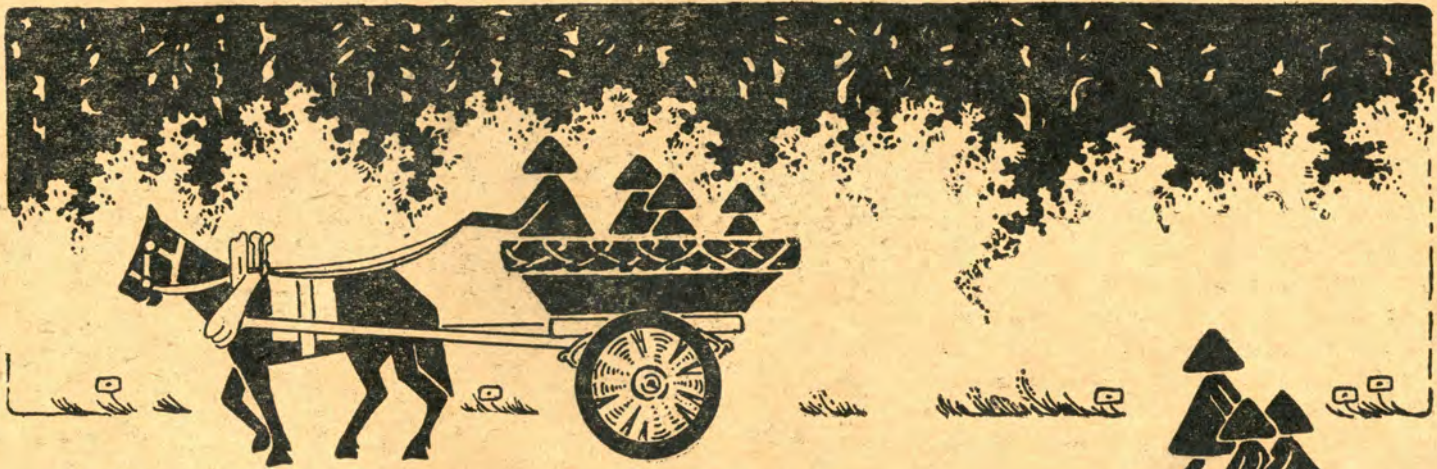
Arrangements can be made for week-ends or longer periods, individuals or personally selected parties. Rates and further information on request.

FRANCES J. GULICK,
Highland Mills, N. Y.

R. R. Station, Monroe, N. Y.
Telephone, Highland Mills 38.



CHF



TO SOUTH CASCO

TO THE NEW GIRLS COMING TO LITTLE WOHELO

By Bill Bennett

The things we do at Little Wohelo are simply astonishing. When I say "we" I mean everybody in the Little Camp from the smallest girl to good dear old Daddy Sam who does so much to give us all a good time. Did you ever dress up for supper? Well, we do at Little Wohelo. It's this way,—some girl says, "Let's have a dress-up supper tonight," and then we do it. You see, we all have so much energy when we are in the woods that we are always ready for any fun and the little masquerades, such as we have are so jolly. Imagine eating your supper on a sandy beach with John Silver, Captain Kidd, The Siamese Twins, Yankee Doodle, Jack and Jill and any number of other such famous people,—or being one of the honored guests of a band of faires serving food in an enchanted forest.

But dressing up is only one of the many things we do. I haven't told you of the perfectly wonderful swimming we have, or of the fun it is to paddle a light canoe on the smooth lake, or how exciting it is to paddle in rough water when passing your test for the Starfish rank. I don't believe that I told you of our system of honors at the Little Camp, have I? Well, when you come to camp you are a plain jellyfish, but if you have some backbone you start right off to pass different tests for honors. When you have won a certain number of honors, you become a Pollywog. It takes a lot of hard work and good spirit to be-



come a Pollywog; but it is certainly worth while. After you become a Pollywog, if you try ever so much harder you may be either a Starfish or a Firefly; but it takes a very smart girl to reach these ranks.

You receive these honors at the Caucus, which comes on Monday morning at six. My, but the bugle seems loud those mornings. Really, it almost blows you out of bed and you're in the lake before your eyes are open. Then we gather about the Council Fire and have the most beautiful little opening ceremony. Next, the weight classifications for the week are read off. You'd be surprised how exciting it is when you listen breathlessly to see if you are going to get out of the ranks of



the "Toughs" and be a "Regular," or if you have at last become a "Husky" instead of a "Too Fat." We always clap like anything when a girl who has been "Too Fat" manages to work off enough of that fat to be a "Husky"—and how we do laugh when some girl eats so much that she becomes a "Too Fat." We clap, too, when a girl wins an honor (even if you have not been lucky enough to win it yourself). You know how hard it is and feel that she deserves praise for getting it.

Then the Blue Heron (we have a real blue heron who lives near the camp) reads the report on the tidiness of the girls' cabins and tents. This public announcement of the tidiness

helps a great deal towards keeping your clothes hung up and everything like that. The Blue Heron even went to my cabin once and gave me a terrible low mark because I left my wet bathing suit in the middle of the floor.

I can't begin to tell you hardly any of the many things we do. It would take a book to tell about the horseback riding, the farm, the overnight camping trips, our war canoe and a thousand and one other things. I can hardly wait for next summer to come and I know that the girls of Little Wohelo are waiting just as anxiously as I am.



The girls at "Little Wohelo" live in three roomy, airy log cabins and a large bungalow set in among spruce, hemlock, fir and pine trees. The cabins have been built purposely near shallow water where the sandy lake bottom slopes out very

gradually for fifty feet or more from the shore. Here the little girls learn to swim without fear, soon becoming rivals of their big sisters at Sebago-Wohelo.



The day is spent in doing useful and interesting things,—in learning to make pottery, to know and love the trees, flowers and birds, to work in the garden, to ride horseback, to swim, to row, to cook out of doors, and many other things which people

love to do all the rest of their lives. Rest hour and letter writing time come every afternoon, and the evenings are all too short for little plays, stunts, dramatization of stories and fairy tales

LITTLE WOHELO

Pagie writes in speaking of the day's activities at Little Wohelo:

"After breakfast, where the "Too Thins" spread just a *little* more butter on their Johnny cake (Mother Jordan's wonderful Johnny cake), and the "Too Fats" don't spread *quite so much* on it, comes "Sivad." A day just *couldn't* start without Sivad. We have a few hymns, Hiiteni talks to us before a prayer and then follow our camp songs. I am sure that no one could find any peppier songs than ours and we really privately think that they've got more pep than the Big Camp's—but we wouldn't *think* of telling them so. After the songs there's always a breathless pause and the great question arises in our minds—"Which

is the lucky unit to spend its morning riding?" Riding *is* the most popular, but the other "doings" are nearly as much fun. There's craft work, gardening and learning ferns and flowers to washing Piggywig and Piggywee (two very pink and very squealy little pigs).

"Before it's really dark—when we're just about ready to turn into our cots we hear the clear sweet notes of Benny's bugle

All that's here
Is so dear
Wohelo, Wohelo, Wohelo
The fire burns low
To bed we go
Wohelo. Taps."



Every day the girls of Little Wohelo take turns in going with the pony cart to South Casco to get the mail. On Saturdays everyone goes to get some ice cream and to have a good walk.

Oh me, oh my,
We'll get there by and by!
If anybody here loves Wohelo
It's I! I! I! I! I!

Oh, my, oh me,
Our hearts are full of glee
If anybody here loves Wohelo
It's wel wel wel wel wel

Little Wohelo has a large new kiln for this summer. It is expected that there will be great rivalry between the two camps in the quality and quantity of Pottery work done. The kiln is located at the end of the stonewall near the log cabin craft house.

There will be haying again next summer.

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!



Grab your soap and your tooth brush, too
Tooth brush too, tooth brush too,
Grab your soap and your tooth brush too,
Awake, awake, awake.

Put on the paste and do this too,
Do this too, do this too,
Put on the paste and do this too
Awake, awake, awake.

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.

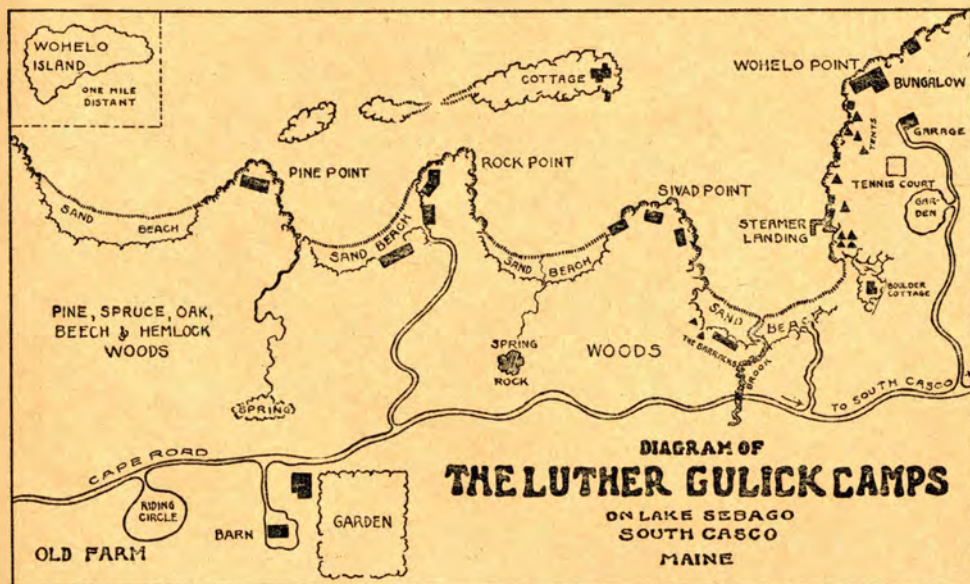
Steamer trunks or large dress-suit cases only are allowed in camp. Trunks must have owner's name.

All the articles must be marked with owner's name on a woven name tape. Mother B. says indelible inks fade, leaving articles difficult to distribute. Bring your tennis racket, any favorite music and musical instruments, your camera and sketch book. Remember that good pictures do much to preserve happy memories.

Arrangements have been made with the Camp Supplies, Inc., 52 Chauncy Street, Boston, to supply the camp outfit. Full information regarding materials and prices will be fur-

nished by them upon application. It is advisable that your orders are placed as early as possible. Prompt attention is guaranteed.

It is desirable to have early registrations. If parents are not certain of their summer plans, the fee will be returned if notice of such change comes to the director by May first. Better planning can be done by the camp director after her constituency is assured.



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 Wohele, 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, June 30 and ending Friday, August 25, is \$400, payable before June 10.

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 24, 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.



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."

"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."

"There is a rapidly growing tendency among our best physicians to treat practically all diseases in the open air. Fresh air bears no more particular relation to tuberculosis than it does to any other disease. Its significance lies in the fact that it is related to health. It increases not only the power to resist disease, but *raises the level of living* itself. It is associated with better digestion of food, sleep that is more complete and sound, i.e., sleep in which the threshold of unconsciousness has been left behind further than is the case in ordinary sleep. Sleeping outdoors is no more important for sick people than it is for well people provided the well people are those who wish to live on the highest level of most vivid living, thinking, feeling and doing."

1922

The Luther Gulick Camps

Send to Mrs. CHARLOTTE V. GULICK

Hotel Hemenway

Boston, Mass.

Application for.....

Date of Birth.....

Name and Address of school now attending.....

.....

Name of parent or guardian.....

Address.....

Church affiliation.....

Recommended by.....

References:.....

.....

.....

A registration fee of fifty (\$50.00) dollars should accompany this application. The remainder of the fee is due before June 10.



(OVER)

How did you hear about the Luther Gulick Camps

Through advertisements.....

or

From personal friends.....

What is the condition of your daughters health?

.....
.....
.....

What are your expectations for her from this camping experience?

.....
.....
.....

Has she any known weakness of the heart?

.....
.....
.....

Remarks:.....

.....
.....
.....

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	Association Press or Geo. H. Doran
Morals and Morale	<i>Association Press</i>
A Philosophy of Play	<i>Association Press</i> <i>Scribner's</i>
Editor, The Gulick Hygiene Text Books	<i>Ginn & Co.</i>



SPIRIT

I VÄR HÄLSEY
GVLICK

MIND

BODY

Immunous
OVR
GVDING
SPIRIT