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The Wohelo Bird, 1921

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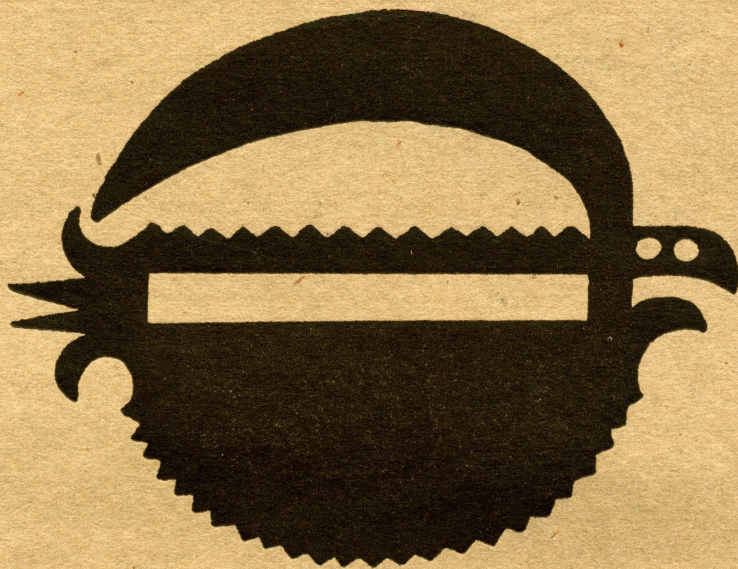
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**THE
WOHELO
BIRD**



**SUMMER
NUMBER
1921**





Editorial Staff of the Wohelo Bird. 1921

ROBERT W. BOYDEN, Editor

Representatives from the Units

LEWA,
HAERIMAI,
HEAVENLIES,

Dorothea Griffin
Marian Cady
Martha Hodgson

BOULDERS,
BARRACKS,
LITTLE WOHELO,

Dorothy Merrill
Jessadee Runbeck
Joan Chater

Dear Girls:—

I am very happy as I look back on the accomplishments of the past summer. My heart is full of thankfulness. Things which Timanous and I dreamed about are happening. We have never had such team work as was shown this year.

The old girls remember the talks that Timanous gave about the uniform. One of the most difficult problems was to make you realize the morale back of the uniform. A girl coming to breakfast Tuesday morning with a white middy on because it happened to be the one she wore at council fire the night before or because she had not planned ahead to have a clean, blue one ready for that morning seems a very little thing, but it spoiled something. Camp is not a unit when such things happen. We had very little of it this year. I do not remember seeing one girl this summer with brown stockings on. Very few rolled their stockings down except the girls in Little Wohelo and they are allowed to. I saw Barbara Baker pull hers up one day when she saw me coming. It nearly lost her the Wohelo Bird. The head bands have not been so varied since we have had the regulation black and red.

I heard a remark from Franta when the girls came back from the trip to the mountains something like this: "I never realized the importance and beauty of our uniform as I did on this trip. We saw camps with all kinds of togs. Ours was distinct and beautiful, and every girl was in uniform. It is important and we must never forget it." As Timanous said it would be a poor army that did not have a uniform. We need this discipline.

We have had wonderful war canoe work in past years but nothing compared to this summer. I thought new strokes had been exhausted but we saw marvelous new ones. I wish we had had motion pictures taken, for these new strokes should be preserved in some permanent way.

The gardening and gypsying are well established. Land honors rival water sport honors which is a real accomplishment.

It was impossible for me to talk with each councilor before she left camp and I want one and all to realize how much the success of this summer belongs to them and I want to thank each one for her hearty co-operation.

The summer has been noteworthy for the interest shown in helping to restore the old Hawthorne House and converting it into a Community Home. The people in South Casco continue to speak with thankfulness for the work done by you girls. They appreciate the piano very much. Last night the last service was held for this year and you will be inter-

ested to know that Jamie played the hymns, that Dr. Larsen's wife played some Hawaiian music and Bill Bennet sang a solo. Mr. Norris preached and I read a quotation from Timanous about being happy. Mother B, Peter, Mother Jordan, Daddy Sam, Dr. Larsen, Mrs. Larsen and Frances were there.

Halsey is chairman of the Membership Committee of the Hawthorne Community Association. Most of the girls this summer joined and we would love to have the old girls become members for they would not only help to establish a Community Home in South Casco but would help in honoring one of the greatest authors of this country. We hope to have it a place that will be visited by lovers of Hawthorne. The annual dues for membership in this Association are \$1.00 a year. They made me chairman of the Board of Trustees and of the Entertainment Committee.

We are making improvements all the time at camp. The Migis is back in all her pristine beauty and has given joy to all Water Witches. I hope there was not a girl at camp who did not have a ride in her. Our new diving tower is the best that can be made. We are busy now in installing a modern sanitary system, which will make a great improvement for next year. Ten men have been and are still working. There is a full winter's work ahead.

There are some things which I hope my girls will not forget this winter: that our watchwords Work, Health, Love, when rightly combined, make a perfect woman, that "every wish is a prayer," that it is immoral to be sick. Most illnesses are due to carelessness and can be prevented. Broken rules of health cause illnesses. It is impossible to steal time from sleep and not suffer for it. Lost sleep should be paid back to one's bank account of sleep. Eating candy between meals is harmful.

We need to pray to want to keep well and for strength of character to want to observe the rules of health. It is a form of selfishness not to be as well as one possibly can be. Health gives joy and happiness to other people as well as to ourselves and the lack of it causes suffering to others as well as to ourselves.

These are some of the ideas I have tried to pass on to you from Timanous.

Hoping that they may go with you throughout the year I am with a great deal of love

Your summer Mother

HIITENI.

THE WOHELO BIRD

WATER BABIES MADE IN 1921

(This list is given in the order in which they were made.)

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Darthea Phemister | Pauline Day |
| Elizabeth Lovell | Alice Freeman |
| Peggy Smith | Joan Stuart |
| Katharine Adams | Lucia Miller |
| Suzanne Armstrong | Jean Corbett |
| Frances Howard | Rita Weill |
| Katharine Lytton | Marion Adams |
| Helen Walrath | Elizabeth Seymour |
| Katharine Bingham | Eleanor Leavitt |
| Hope Allen | Dorothea Scovill |
| Pamela Johnston | Betty Smith |
| Dorothea Griffin | Lillian Esp |
| Dorothy Stearns | Eileen Chater |
| Virginia Reid | Vera Halliday |
| Katharine Manice | Miriam Benner |
| Noel Halsey | Katherine Kuechle |
| Betty De Cravioto | Carol Abbott |
| Janet Cook | Lucia McBride |
| Georgianna Duncan | Jane Naugle |
| Marie-Louise Berg | |

Total made during the summer, 39.

WATER WITCHES MADE IN 1921

(This list is given in the order in which they were made.)

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Katharine Packer | Dorothy Berger |
| Jennie Hodgson | Darthea Phemister |
| Ruth Buckner | Beatrice Burnet |
| Molly Radford | Helen Stecher |
| Elizabeth Pierce | Frances Howard |
| Barbara Baker | Suzanne Armstrong |
| Isabel Johnston | Dorothy Douglass |
| Hope Allen | Nathalie Penrose |
| Jane Durston | Elizabeth Lovell |
| Peggy Smith | Jane Shurmer |
| Katharine Adams | Virginia Reid |
| Marian Cady | Margaret Langdon |
| Helen Walrath | |

Total made during the summer, 25.

WATER QUEENS MADE IN 1921

(This list is given in the order in which they were made.)

| | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Townsend Barnard | Evelyn Bayne (2d time) |
| Eleanor Franing | Peggy Smith |
| Molly Radford | Frances Howard |
| Frances Gulick | Helen Walrath |
| Jennie Hodgson | Katharine Adams |
| Mary Griffith | Janet Scott (2d time) |
| Kathryn Field | Celene Rowe (2d time) |
| Lucy Barnard (2d time) | |

Total made during the summer, 15.

LITTLE GYPSIES MADE IN 1921

(This list is given in the order in which they were made.)

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Kathryn Field | Molly Radford |
| Darthea Phemister | Dorothy Berger |
| Alice Freeman | Katherine Kuechle |
| Evelyn Bayne | Betty Darling |
| Mary Griffith | Helen Wood |
| Marie-Louise Berg | Lucy Wendorff |
| Dorothy Douglass | Alma Joseph |
| Elizabeth Lovell | Gladys Marquette |
| Helen Cox | Betty De Cravioto |
| Eleanor Ellison | Lillian Madlin |
| Carol Abbott | Lucy Barnard |
| Mildred Fairbairn | Charlotte Smith |
| Elizabeth Evans | Margaret Bull |
| Mary Irwin | Peggy Smith |
| Isabel Johnston | Elizabeth Magowan |
| Katharine Bingham | Carolyn Wolf |
| Miriam Benner | Ruth Miller |

Total made during the summer, 34.

GYPSIES MADE IN 1921

(This list is given in the order in which they were made.)

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Margaret Powers | Darthea Phemister |
| Jean Gibson | Evelyn Bayne |
| Kathryn Field | Dorothy Merrill |
| Martha Hodgson | Lucia Miller |
| Alice Freeman | |

Total made during the summer, 9.

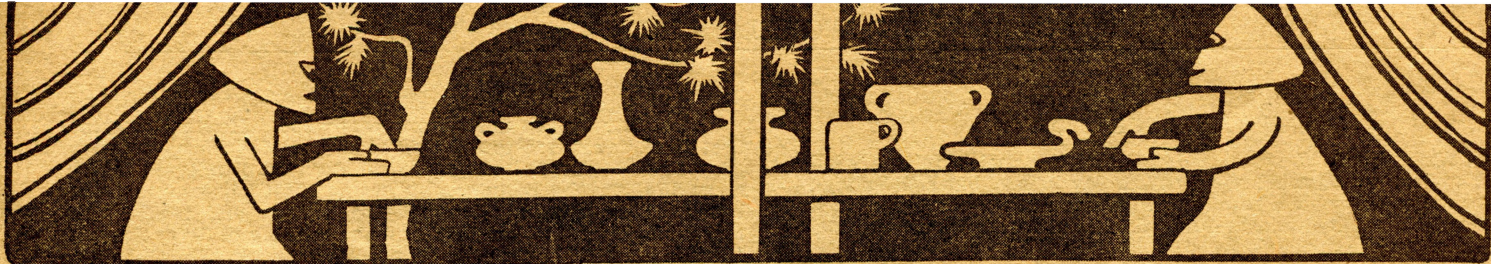
THE SACRAMENT OF FIRE

The following poem "The Sacrament of Fire" by John Oxenham was read by Hiiteni after making fire with the rubbing sticks at one of the Council Fires.

Kneel always when you light a fire!
Kneel reverently, and thankful be
For God's unfailling charity,
And on the ascending flame inspire
A little prayer, that shall upbear
The incense of your thankfulness
For this sweet grace
Of warmth and light!
For here again is sacrifice
For your delight.

Within the wood,
That lived a joyous life
Through sunny days and rainy days
And winter storms and strife;—
Within the peat
That drank the sweet,
The moorland sweet

Of bracken, whin, and sweet bell-heather,
And knew the joy of gold gorse feather
Flaming like Love in wintriest weather,—
While snug below, in sun and snow,
It heard the beat of the padding feet
Of foal and dam, and ewe and lamb,
And the stamp of old bell-wether;—
Within the coal,
Where forests lie entombed,—
Oak, elm, and chestnut, beech, and red pine bole;—
God shrined His sunshine, and enwombed
For you these stories of light and heat,
Your life-joys to complete.
These all have died that you might live;
Yours now the high prerogative
To loose their long captivities,
And through these new activities
A wider life to give.
Kneel always when you light a fire!
Kneel reverently,
And grateful be
For God's unfailling charity!



CRAFT WORK

JEWELRY

This is the story of the Jewelry Department as I received it from Floydie-Woydie. And I want to tell you right away that Floydie-Woydie told me how to spell his name himself. I know that it's not the way that you and I would spell it—but after all—it's Floydie-Woydie's name, and I never could spell.

I found Floydie-Woydie outside of Sivad, and I rushed up to him saying, "How many pieces of jewelry have the girls made?" And almost immediately I knew that I had made a break. He looked dizzy and said, "Let's sit down." I ceased to count, after one or two hundred had been made.

The rules for girls taking jewelry are the same as in past years. Each girl is allowed to make only three pieces, which makes the chances equal for both the slow and rapid workers. For those who have never worked on jewelry before the first piece must be copper; the second and third are silver, and may be pins, rings, bracelets, or pendants. Floydie-Woydie says that it is remarkable how the girls who have never done this work before learn the art and make rapid strides. The younger girls have done almost as well as the older girls; and the councilors have done well too, although they only have the opportunity to work in the afternoon. Floydie-Woydie is a hard working man, however, and is there every afternoon. Coxie and Billie help too, and are also doing some beautiful work of their own.

Each piece of jewelry has some symbolism on it. The symbols used are those of the American Indians. Rings, pins, and bracelets, decorated with symbols, make ideal counts and records of memorable trips.

Since the jewelry apparatus has been moved to Sivad and since Floydie-Woydie has bought many new tools for making jewelry, the work has become better than it has ever been before. Sivad, Floydie-Woydie says, is the most ideally situated room for work that he has ever seen, for the long windows make the lighting as nearly perfect as could possibly be.

In conclusion let me congratulate Myla Raycroft for her wonderful work in transforming a nail, stolen from the South Casco blacksmith, into a beautiful ring. We all envy Myla.

DOTTY MERRILL.

WEAVING

By MARGARET BROWN

"Sh-sh-sh-sh!" This came from the campers who were seated at the breakfast table one morning early in July.

"Sh-sh!" "Bob has an announcement to make." All was quiet for a second, then Bob's voice came forth saying, "We are ready to begin our weaving. We have worked out a plan which we hope will give everybody a chance to weave this summer. I have here numbers written on little slips of paper, and will everybody who wants to weave please line up after breakfast and draw. Then the people who draw 1, 2, 3, and 4 will go to weaving first, and as we have only four looms, only four will go at a time. Everybody who goes to weaving will have to give up all other crafts while she is weaving, the farm and everything else, so as to get her work off the loom as soon as possible for the next person."

Nearly the whole camp lined up after breakfast, and while the lucky ones who drew numbers between 1 and 30 were going around joyfully congratulating themselves, those who drew 100 and above wished dolefully for a lower number. But, nevertheless, they were satisfied with what they had because Bob assured them that if all went well, they would all have a chance to weave. Four girls started the next day.

Everybody has been working very hard, and we have accomplished a lot. We have made fifty-six scarfs, three rugs, and a cover for a sofa pillow, which is a very good record, since all the girls were beginners. There have been many days when weaving could not be done, such as Sundays and two-night camping trips.

Next year Hiiteni hopes to have two or more looms, one like the scarf looms we have now, and the other a little larger for

rugs. We hope to get a lot more designing and harder weaving done next year because we will have six looms.

The weaving has become the nicest of all the crafts in the opinion of most of the girls. Some of the girls have decided to wear their scarfs home, and we are anxious to see how they will look.

POTTERY

I didn't get a chance at pottery until August, so when I arrived at Chasie's studio I found an imposing array of finished pieces. I looked over the various flower and salad bowls, tiles, ash trays, book ends, pitchers, vases, etc., and tried to decide what I would make. It wasn't easy to decide because all the pieces looked so attractive. Finally I started modelling a tile. I worked and worked until it looked very smooth and even to me, but Chasie found cracks in it. I had to eliminate these because a crack spoils the piece when it is fired. Next I cut a design in my tile. Some of the girls use their symbols, but I decided to make a leaf. I thought the designs made from natural objects were very artistic and original. Several of the girls were making their counts in pottery, but I decided not to attempt that as I was a beginner. After I finished my modelling my tile hardened for about two weeks and then it was fired in the kiln right here in camp. Then I had to choose a glaze. I chose the matts glaze—the majolica is also a favorite. I could hardly wait for Chasie to bake my piece again so that it would be ready to put with the others. Now there are three hundred pieces all completed this summer, waiting to show themselves at the Craft Exhibit.

NATURE LORE

Not often does a camp site boast such opportunity for Nature Study. Here the question is one of time, not material. Whether we paddle up the rivers, hike the open roads, or loiter on the blazed trail we meet natural objects which challenge our curiosity, interest, and admiration.

The woods, as long as kept in their present wild state, will harbor beautiful songsters whose nests and families will afford endless pleasure. The swamps, creek, river, lake, and ocean are excellent fields for investigations, while the winding roads lined with Nature's wayside blossoms and stately ferns, point the way to Gypsy camps and mountain hikes.

Within our own camp bounds, material is everywhere. Not a trail but is bordered by flowers, shrubs, mosses, ferns, or fungi. There is a wholesome joy in finding a rare orchid; in watching the hermit thrush slyly slip through tangled ferns and grass to her nest, placed so cunningly among the dried fern roots just below the edge of a cliff; or in trying to imitate the stately Clintonia's blue of maturing seeds.

Who will forget the sphinx-like caterpillars that lifted their heads in defiance as we bore them to captivity? Or the shrinking form that slowly diminished in size and changed its color and emerged a dark brown imago sensitive to the slightest touch? Those who saw the Destroying Angel with its fatal collar and "death cup" that clings so tenaciously to its hold in the ground or the poisonous Water-hemlock, with its beautiful blooms and purple stems rising so gracefully from the brown pool's surface, learned that Nature has mysteries man can not solve, nor understand.

Today only the chipmunk and red squirrel cross our paths where formerly wild life was abundant. It has not entirely disappeared, however, for an occasional coon, fox, porcupine, or deer sends his mate call through the woods or leaves his tracks to betray his presence in search of enemy or food. Perhaps the years to come may see these woods once more peopled by the animals that provided food and raiment for the Indians and our forefathers.

Whether we are conscious of the great wealth Nature has placed around us or not, we are influenced by its subtle charms and made stronger for the coming years.

By MAKAWIN.

THE WOHELO BIRD

WATER SPORTS DAY

Water Sports Day dawned cool and clear with quite a wind blowing, not as much wind as the day before, but still enough to make us wonder how the canoes would go. By ten o'clock the automobiles were arriving thick and fast, and parents and friends were appearing.

At ten-thirty Halsey blew the bugle, and dressed in our bathing suits and sweaters, we went down to the Boulders Dock to start the excitement. The first races were the different stroke races. In the breast stroke race Jennie worked her arms and legs so fast you could hardly see them and won easily. Kay Adams went shooting through the water very smoothly and reached the Heavenly Rocks first in the side stroke. Betty Lovell splashed her way across the line first in the back stroke race. The single and double over arm races were very exciting. Scotty was picked as winner of the first and Dot Griffin of the second. In the crawl race there was another close finish, but Tints managed to push herself over the line a winner.

Then came the form swimming. We had to swim along by the dock while Halsey picked out the best one. Scotty won the breast stroke. Jean Corbett was the best in the side stroke, and Jean had only just been made a Water Baby. I thought that was fine. One of our camp Timanous brothers was the best at the back stroke. In the speed stroke we could swim the single over arm, the double over arm, or the crawl. Bobby Baker had the best form in this contest.

Next Halsey announced an Obstacle Race. We had to swim around the dock, climb up the ladder, go off the spring board, then up to the tower, down the slide, and up on the dock again. This race was very exciting, and Bobby Bayne finally was the first one out on the dock.

There was one girl from each unit in the undressing contest. Jane Durston's middy was off almost before she hit the water, and her clothes were off and in the canoe long before the others had finished.

Then we had diving for numbers. It was a contest to see which unit had the highest percentage of girls who would dive off the spring board. It was a close race, but no unit got 100 per cent except Boulders, Haerimai, Lewa, Heavenlies, Barracks, Rookies, and Camp Timanous.

We had all been wondering what "The Mystery" was going to be. Now Halsey told us. Bert and Don tied chains around Halsey's wrists and ankles and padlocked the chains on. Then they threw him into the lake, and Bert with a file and Don with a hack-saw dived in to rescue him. We could see them struggling around under the water for a minute, and then they all came up, and Halsey had no chains on. I wonder if Don and Bert really sawed and filed them off!

The diving was great fun to watch. I wish I could dive like that. Kitty judged the diving, and when the points were added up, a Camp Timanous brother had won, Bep was second, and Dotty Merrill was third.

That ended the swimming part, and the points showed that Barracks was a little ahead of Lewa and the rest.

After dinner the guests and those of us who couldn't get into canoes were on the old dock, and Heavenly Rocks, and any old place we could find, when out from behind Sivad Point came the Migis with five war canoes and twelve small canoes in tow. It was a beautiful sight to see all those canoes filled with scarlet clad girls. They paraded past the dock and then the procession broke up.

The units each had one canoe in the small canoe race. Some of the canoes seemed to have a strange attraction for each other and while they were trying to get separated and going, Hope Allen and Dot Griffin, the Lewa crew, crossed the line, winners.

Halsey and Bert went out in a canoe, and at a given signal tipped it over, righted it, got the water out, and got back in again in 1 minute and 12 seconds.

While the units were getting their stunts ready, Halsey took some of the Water Witches aqua-planing behind the Migis. You should have seen Molly standing on her head on the plane.

The stunts by the units were very good. Heavenlies came first in a war canoe towed by swimmers. In the canoe were girls representing the crafts done at camp with a figure in the stern holding the triangle. Barracks did their stunt on the beach. They were all dressed like Indians and represented the burial of an Indian chief and the naming of Lake Sebago. Lewa had a float in their war canoe representing Work, Health, and Love. Boulders had three small canoes and they illustrated the song "Red Fires are Gleaming." The girls in the three canoes showed the "red fires", the "blue shades", and the "white stars." In another canoe some girls sang the song. Haerimai had a small canoe float representing Work, Health, and Love. A triangle of swimming girls was about the canoe.

Next came the War Canoe Exhibitions. Halsey said the exhibitions were so good that it was impossible to judge them. We were disappointed, for we each thought our unit did the best. However we were glad the exhibitions were so good.

Then came the final event, the War Canoe Race. It was hard to get the canoes lined up, the wind was so strong. Soon, however, they got away amidst wild shouts from the guests and spectators and stentorian orders from the captains. The race was close, but Lewa's canoe shot over the line about three feet ahead of Boulders, who were, in turn, only a few feet ahead of the others.

The final point score showed Lewa first with 33 points, and Barracks second with 27 points. The others were close behind. It certainly was a great Water Sport's Day. All praise to Lewa for their showing! And here's to the other units, who gave Lewa a close contest and who did their best to make this day great!

I HAVE—WOULD YOU?

Perhaps you have entertained (as I did) a secret longing to become an honored Crew Captain. It really is a very fine thing (oh, yes, yes) but are you positive you know the commands? When one half the crew is doing "Windmill" and the other half "Calisthenics" and you want them to stop, might you not confuse "Rest position" and "Cross rest" and add to the confusion by shouting, "Cross position"? Might you not even be forced to bellow, "Whoa", in desperation? Have you a strong enough voice and a strong enough mind to say, "Stroke, stroke", and steer while you are saying it? Are you sure that when you are hatched for a tow and Barracks is forward paddling into your stern and Lewa is back paddling into your bow and you are being washed slowly but very surely ashore, that you won't command the left side to do what you intended the right side to do?

Oh, girls, girls! Hard is the life of a Crew Captain and many days of toil therein.

By A CREW CAPTAIN.

A WATER WITCH COUNT

To be a privileged Water Witch
Is not an easy task,
For there are dives and six hard strokes
Each one of us must pass.

Then there's paddling twenty miles or so
And diving for a cup—
And tying knots, performing stunts
Watch out, they'll trip you up.

There's undressing in deep water,
There's Shafer method too;
And that which takes a lot of time—
The emptying of an upset canoe.

But these are not the hardest things
Which a would-be Water Witch must do;
There's the test of Hiiteni—
"Is she dependable and true?"

By KATHERINE ADAMS



WATER WITCH COUNT

A short play by Marian Cady. Time: Just lately. Place: Under the dock. Characters: Go Fish and Poor Fish, rather puzzled fishes.

Go Fish: Hello! Don't you find the water a bit warm for so much pep of late? I was telling you Fish just yesterday that—what the dickens is that girl over there doing?

Poor Fish: She seems to be taking off her clothes in the water. It's a queer thing to do in the water—now if she got up on the dock—

Go Fish: They are all acting queerly lately. Just a few days ago I saw a girl take a canoe away from the dock, upset it, and work for a long time to right it again. If she wanted it right side up I don't see what she upset it for.

Poor Fish: You were talking so fast just then you missed a piece of intense stupidity. A girl threw a cup in the water and then tried to get it again. It would have saved her a lot of trouble if she hadn't thrown it in, in the first place.

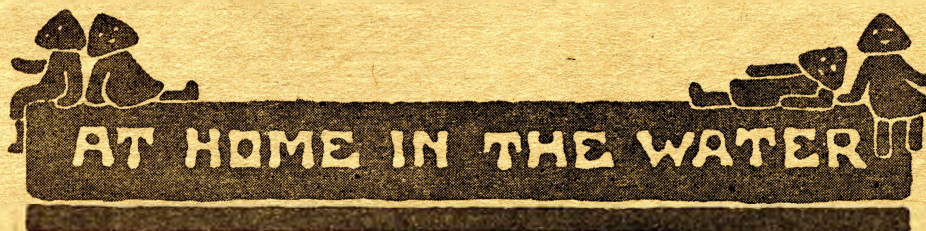
Go Fish: There's another thing I don't understand. Some girls chose the roughest day last week to go out for a short trip in the canoes. A few almost upset. It would have been much more sensible to wait a few hours until it calmed down.

Poor Fish: I was so shocked a few days ago. One girl was lying face down on the dock. Another one was pushing on her back hard every few seconds, and the things the girl lying down said! ! !

Go Fish: I saw that, too. She'd just towed her to the dock by her head from quite a distance, before she began that performance.

Poor Fish: There's another odd habit of theirs; the way they have of getting into the water from the dock. They walk out on that board and throw themselves in, head first, in various different ways, and when they get in they don't stay, but go out and come in and go out and come in and—
(Girl dives in between them.)

Curtain of Spray.



THE WOHELO BIRD

PERSONNEL OF SEBAGO-WOHELO

Charlotte V. Gulick, Director, Hotel Hemenway, Boston, Mass.

Head Councilors

Bull, Margaret E., (Bullet), Naugatuck, Conn.
 Kinnicutt, Ruth, (Kinnie), 2328 Grandview Avenue, Cleveland, O.
 Powers, Katherine, (Bill), 166 Lafayette Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 *Radford, Phyllis, (Phyl), 746 Algoma Street, Oshkosh, Wis.
 Runbeck, Margie-Lee, (Margie-Lee), (Vassar), 145 Apple St., New Britain, Conn.
 Smith, Charlotte, (Charlie), Shippan Point, Stamford, Conn.
 Smith, Marguerite, (Peggy), 21 W. 122d St., New York City.

Councilors

Allen, Hope, (Hopi), 40 Oriole Ave, Providence, R. I.
 *Barnard, Lucy, (Lucy), Rochelle Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Caldwell, Alice, (Alice), Bristol School, Ojai, Calif.
 Mathews, Mary, (Teddy), Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 Merrill, Dorothy, (Dotty), 1422 Belmont St., Washington, D. C.
 Newsom, Grace, (Nuisance), Oberlin, O.
 Packer, Katherine, (Kay), The Delmar-Morris, Germantown, Pa.
 Raycroft, Myla, (Venus), 293 Nassau St., Princeton, New Jersey.
 Smith, Edythe M., (Edie), 112 Riverside Drive, New York City.
 Walrath, Helen, (Wapi), 1918 Orrington Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Trusted Girl Councilors

Abbott, Carol, (Carol), 25 Kensington St., Northampton, Mass.
 Bayne, Evelyn, (Bobby), 30 W. 55th St., New York City.
 Billig, Kathryn, (Billie), 2041 Byron St., Chicago, Ill.
 *Hodgson, Martha, (Mart), Clifton Road, Atlanta, Ga.
 Kempf, Caroline, (Empie), Theta Phi House, Bloomington, Ind.
 Langdon, Margaret, (Peggy), 8 Kraft Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.
 Plemister, Dorothea, (Dot), 28 Pine St., Belmont, Mass.
 Reid, Virginia, (Virg), 312 Clinton Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
 Richards, Helen, (Dixie), 19 Prospect Ave., Wollaston, Mass.
 Rowe, Helen Mary, (Helen Mary), 119 Prospect Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Runbeck, Jessadee, (Fritzie), 225 Pine St., Chicago, Ill.

Hüten's Right Hand

Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. and Mildred, (Bob, Beebe, and Mildred), 170 Valley Rd., Montclair, N. J.

Jewelry

Ackley, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. and Telka, (Floydie-Woydie, Eedie-Weedie), 139 Macdougall St., New York City.
 Cox, Muriel, (Coxie), 505 E. 25th St., Kearney, Neb.

Weaving

Hewitt, Bertha, 321 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

Pottery

Hanson, Mrs. M. E. and Barbara, (Chasie), 150 West St., Reading, Mass.

Pageants, Painting, etc.

Templeton-Hunt, Peter, (Peter), 243 Dodd St., East Orange, N. J.

Nature Lore

Cornell, Margaret N., (Makawin), North Shore Country Day School, Winnetka, Ill.

Riding

Packard, F. C. Jr., (Pack), 10 Tappan St., Roslindale, Boston, Mass.
 Rockwood, Lillian P., (Billie), 107 Jersey St., Boston, Mass.

Farm

*Gulick, Frances, (Franta), South Casco, Me.

Doctor

*Southard, Dr. Mabel, (Doctor), 70 Francis Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Nurse

Madlin, Lillian, (Lillian), Morristown, N. Y., Box 155.

Swimming

*Gulick, J. Halsey, (Hals), 12 Lower Pine, Princeton, N. J.
 Bowman, A. Donald, (Don), 12 Lower Pine, Princeton, N. J.
 Smith, Bertram, (Bert), 1376 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

Camp Hostess

Gleason, Mrs. Cora, (Mother B)

Cook

Williams, Mrs. Josephine, (Josephine), 38 W. 136th St., New York City.

Secretary

Jamison, Jeanette, (Jamie), 39 Hemenway, Boston, Mass.

Girls

Adams, Katherine, (Kay), Winetka, Ill.
 Adams, Marion F., (Marion), 58 Green St., Augusta, Me.
 Armstrong, Suzanne, (Sukie), 400 Park Ave., New York City.
 *Baker, Barbara L., (Bobby), 43 Crescent Rd., Madison, N. J.
 *Barnard, Townsend, (Townie), Rochelle Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Benner, Miriam C., (Shredded Wheat), 5109 Underwood Ave., Omaha, Neb.
 Berg, Marie-Louise M., (Mile.), Connecticut College, New London, Conn.

Berger, Dorothy, (Dotty), 45 Rockwell Ave., Naugatuck, Conn.
 Bingham, Katharine, (Tatty), 125 Prince St., West Newton, Mass.
 Boyden, Elizabeth, (Libby), 725 Pine St., Winetka, Ill.
 Brown, Alice D., (Driver), 765 Willow St., Winetka, Ill.
 Brown, Margaret, (Maggie), 765 Willow St., Winetka, Ill.
 *Brown, Betty, (Betty), 9 Forest Heights, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Brown, Elizabeth, (Libby), Garrison P. O., Baltimore Co., Maryland.
 *Buckner, Ruth F., (Buckie), 2291 Sedgwick Ave, New York City.
 *Burnet, Beatrice, (Bea), 1438 North Dearborn Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
 Cady, Marian, (Marian), 4 Boulevard, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Chater, Eileen, (Eileen), 6 Bayridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Cook, Janet R., (Jane), 5650 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 *Corbet, Jean, (Jean), 2276 Creston Ave., New York City.
 Cox, Helen, (Little Coxie), Care of R. A. Cox, Fed. Reserve Bank, 20 Kilby St., Boston.
 Crawford, Pauline, (Paul), 155 Turrell Ave., South Orange, N. J.
 Darling, Elizabeth, (Betty), 175 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
 *Day, Pauline P., (Paul), 34 Gramercy Park, New York City.
 De Cravioto, Elizabeth C., (Betty), 9 E. 8th St., New York City.
 Douglass, Dorothy, (Dot), 1401 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.
 Doughty, Margaret, (Dodo), The Franklin, 66 Hardenbrook Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.
 Duncan, Georgianna, (Jojo), 587 Union St., Portsmouth, N. H.
 Durston, Jane, (Jane), 143 DeWitt St., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Ellison, Eleanor, (Ellie), 1423 Franklin Ave., Portsmouth, O.
 Erlich, Edith, (Toby), 99 1/2 W. 3d St., Mansfield, O.
 Esp, Lillian V., (Felix), Greenridge and Bolton Aves., White Plains, N. Y.
 Evans, Elizabeth C., (Betty), 58 The Fenway, Boston, Mass.
 Fairbairn, Mildred, (Mildred), 387 North Kellogg St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Fairbanks, Edith, (Bunny), 66 E. Cedar St., Chicago, Ill.
 *Field, Kathryn, (Kay), Short Hills, N. J.
 Franing, Eleanor, (Galesburg), 1119 North Broad St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Freeman, Alice C., (Ike), 1710 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Gibson, Jean F., (Jean), 61 Brinkerhoff Ave., Mansfield, O.
 Green, Helen, (Helen), 225 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Griffith, Mary, (Mary G.), 1527 North Cherry St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Griffin, Dorothy, (Dotty), 612 W. 115th St., New York City.
 Halliday, Vera, (Vera), 994 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.
 Halsey, Noel, (Christmas), 1406 7th St., New Orleans, La.
 Hanna, Fanny M., (Fanny Hanny), 11505 Lake Shore Boulevard, Cleveland, O.
 Howell, Jane, (Jane), 2513 Park Place, Evanston, Ill.
 Howard, Frances, (Frisco), 37 Oakdale Rd., Atlanta, Ga.
 Hodgson, Jennie, (Jenne), Clifton, Atlanta, Ga.
 Irwin, Mary A., (Mike), Short Hills, N. J.
 Johnston, Isabel, (Georgia), 1207 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
 Johnston, Pamela, (Pam), 1207 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
 Joseph, Alma, (Al), 76 W. Tremont St., New York City.
 Kitchen, Flora May, (Kitchenette), Care of R. R. Kitchen, Wheeling, W. Virginia.
 Kuechle, Katherine, (Kay), 2038 E. 102d St., Cleveland, O.
 Leavitt, Eleanor, (Eleanor), 29 West St., Portland, Me.
 Long, Helen, (Helen), 17200 S. Woodland Rd., Shaker Heights, Cleveland, O.
 Lovell, Elizabeth, (Betty), Kabeyon Knoll, Madison, N. J.
 Lytton, Katharine, (Kay), Hazel and Dale Ave., Highland Park, Ill.
 Manice, Catherine, (Kit), 973 Park Ave., New York City.
 McBride, Lucia, (Lou), 1583 Mistletoe Drive, Cleveland, O.
 Magowan, Elizabeth H., (Betty), 427 Ft. Washington Ave., New York City.
 Marquette, Gladys, (Gladys), 5932 Newark Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Miller, Edith, (Edie), 300 Hoosick St., Troy, N. Y.
 Miller, Lucia, (Lucia), 5430 Wayne Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Miller, Ruth B., (Ruthie), 431 W. 3d St., Mansfield, O.
 Morehouse, Dorothy, (Morie), 30 Draper Terrace, Montclair, N. J.
 Naugle, Jane A., (Jane), 2236 Lincoln Park, West, Chicago, Ill.
 Osbourne, Elizabeth, (Bep), Valley Rd., Melrose Park, Pa.
 Penrose, Nathalie W., (Nathalie), 1200 Prospect Ave., Hartford, Conn.
 Pflugst, Catherine, (Tince), Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Pierce, Elizabeth K., (Ellie), P. O. Box 2, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Powers, Margaret, (Peg), 166 Lafayette Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 *Radford, Molly, (Oshkosh), 746 Algoma St., Oshkosh, Wis.
 Richards, Betty, (Betty), 153 Washington St., Hempstead, N. Y.
 Rowe, Celene E., (Kelene), 119 Prospect Ave., N. E. Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Scovill, Dorothea H., (Pete), 15 Woodland Ave., Tarrytown, N. Y.
 Scott, Janet, (Scotty), 2520 Sheridan Rd., Evanston, Ill.
 *Seymour, Elizabeth S., (Betty), 1613 E. 115th St., Cleveland, O.
 Shurmer, Jane W., (Jane), 2709 Southington Rd., Shakers Heights, Cleveland, O.
 Smith, Betty F., (Betty), 145 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 *Stearns, Dorothy, (Dot), Care of Marshall Stearns, New Canaan, Conn.
 Stecher, Helen L., (Shrimp), 18135 W. Clifton Rd., Lakewood, O.
 Stuart, Joan, (Joan), 990 Sheridan Rd., Hubbard Woods, Ill.
 Thayer, Mary E., (Mary), 176 Main St., Waterville, Me.
 Tucker, Elizabeth, (Tuck), 1723 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill.
 *Well, Rita, (Rita), 249 Culver Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
 Wolf, Carolyn, (Carol), 301 College Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Wood, Helen T., (Helen), 53 Presidio Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

*Girls whose names are starred have brothers or cousins at Camp Timanous.

THE TEA ROOM

The Tea Room at the farm was an inspiration which was carried out almost before any rumors spread around camp; and rumors spread fast at Sebago Wohelo, especially when they concern punch and cake and cinnamon toast! Edie had the brilliant idea that by means of a tea room she could raise enough money to buy a piano for the Hawthorne House in South Casco. At first Hiiteni was aghast. But she decided that if the girls were each permitted just one feast day the tea room would not ruin our constitutions, or undermine the health or standards of Wohelo. So Franta nobly evacuated her room and allowed the invasion of confusion, excitement, and noise into the farm. Edie gathered together several girls with artistic ability and let them paint tables and chairs an attractive buff color with little designs at the corners. Fresh white curtains with little teapots embroidered on them and Peter's batik hangings put the finishing touches to a most attractive little tea room.

Armed with a small collection of cooking utensils, supplied by Mother Jordan and Josephine, Edie proceeded to make luscious cakes, which were set out in little saucers on a table ready for the onslaught of guests. Let it be understood that the line extending from the farm door down the path and the road well along toward camp was not the slightest reflection on Josephine's marvelous blueberry pie, that had been served at a wonderful big dinner at camp not three hours before. It is just that the thought of chocolate cake with marshmallow frosting always makes that wild look come into our eyes after about four weeks of vigorous life at camp.

For two weeks Edie spent her mornings preparing for and her afternoons meeting an attack upon her resources. Punch, iced chocolate, cheese crackers, salad, cinnamon toast—these were the main features of the menu. Edie had a way of making us feel privileged to pay fifteen cents for a cracker with a large dab of marshmallow on it when the cake ran out. She hypnotized us into thinking that we preferred it to the cake. So every crumb disappeared as the afternoon waned, and the poor souls who were turned away that afternoon were invited back the next.

So in two weeks our object was attained. Two hundred dollars painlessly extracted from the Wohelo girls and their guests, so that Hiiteni and Alice went to Portland and bought a fine piano for the Hawthorne House. MORAL: When you have a clever idea don't hesitate.

THE WOHELO BIRD

The Wohelo bird is a mystic bird,
 And its meaning is mystic, too.
 For nobody knows its head from its toes,
 Save the girls of the white and blue
 But to them it stands for high ideals,
 With its triad, work, health, and love.
 And a challenge it brings
 To everyone sings
 Of our guiding spirit above.

By PEG POWERS—*Heavenlies.*

Wohelo our watchword is.
 O, how glorious it is!
 Health and happiness it means—
 Effort—the coming true of dreams.
 Love of life and nature, too.
 Over all—when, how and what to do.

By MARTHA HODGSON—*Heavenlies.*

Wohelo's here from far and near
 Over mountains high and steep,
 Rivers could not block their way,
 Keen winds, nor dangerous deep.

Here on Sebago water's cool
 Each girl some task performs
 Attempting water baby tasks
 Little water witches scorn.
 Tall pines their silent vigils keep
 High rocks do guard the lake.

Low hanging branches round about
 Our soft sweet music make.
 Vermilion clouds at sunset glow
 Everything has gone to rest.

Wavelets gently lap the shore
 Our world is at its best.
 Here in the camp at twilight time,
 Each cloud a different hue
 Light hearted maidens gather 'round
 On the grey rocks wet with dew.

By PEG POWERS—*Heavenlies.*

A LULLABY FOR THE LADY OF THE NORTH

To HITENI

I shall not call for the pale moon
 Or the soft stars to watch upon you
 Through the night,
 Gentle tree whisperings
 And soft languorous breezes
 Are not your element;
 Rather, if I were God
 A torrent of howling winds,
 Rushing hilariously,
 And the crackling lights
 Of Aurora would surround
 Your sleeping place from harm.
 A tall shifting copper flame,
 Bold and certain,
 Would wrap your heart in dreams
 If I were God.

PETER.

CAMP WOHELO

There's a lake in the heart of the Pine State
 That is emerald and blue and gray,
 That glimmers and gleams in the moonlight
 And shimmers and shines in the day.

On its shore there are aspen and fir trees
 And hemlocks and white birches bright,
 While stately and tall are the pine trees
 That lift up their heads to the light.

The oven bird sings in the forest
 And the hermit thrush answers his lay,
 E'en the birds love the shores of Sebago
 As they carol the summer away.

'Mid those hemlocks and birches and pine trees
 Is nestled a camp that is dear,
 And dear little Junior girls—fun loving Senior girls
 Come there from far and from near.

There in bloomers and middy clad freedom
 With the great out-of-doors at their feet
 In the pure wholesome air, lithe and strong without care,
 Winter's tasks they're preparing to meet.

There they work for the joy of working
 And play for the fun of the play,
 And their hiking and sleeping
 Their swimming and sweeping
 Make them browner and stronger each day.

Then at night tired eyelids are drooping
 And the wind whispers lullabies low,
 And the stars in the sky and the moon shining high
 Keep watch o'er the campers below.

Dear Wohelo, Camp of Sunshine,
 We love thee and thy memory we ne'er shall forget
 Nor the friendships so true, nor the days all too few
 When we part with a sigh of regret.

Do you miss us when all have departed?
 And as you caress every wave
 Do you long? do you sigh
 For the summer gone by?
 Do you murmur of Friends you have made?

By KAY PACKER—*Barracks.*

THE WOHELO BIRD

SONG TO BROCK

He was only a cow boy
With heart so brave and true.
He came to Camp Wohelo
On Sebago's waters blue.

After the work was finished
Just at the close of day
Some one said: "Sing a song, Brock,
To drive dull care away."

He sang of a blue eyed maiden
Way out on a prairie wide
All gathered 'round the fire
The maidens heard and sighed.

They learned to love his singing
And wanted him to stay,
Hiiteni came between them
And the cow boy rode away.

Your sweethearts wait for you, Brock,
Your sweethearts wait for you, Brock,
'Way back at Camp Wohelo
On Sebago's waters blue.

When he returned to Wohelo
He looked with anxious eye,
For the maidens all had left him
Without a fond goodbye.

Don said as they left on the steamer
They softly breathed his name
And said to Mother Bee
To tell him when he came.

Your sweethearts dream of you, Brock,
Your sweethearts dream of you
Way back at Camp Wohelo
On Sebago's waters blue.

'Way back at Camp Wohelo
On Sebago's waters blue
Your sweethearts dream of you, Brock,
Your sweethearts dream of you.

WOHELO CHANT

By MARTHA HODGSON

Oh, look at me-i-ee-i-ee
And look at you-i-ou-i-ou,
And tell us what-i-at-i-at
We cannot do-i-oo-i-oo.

For we are girls-i-irls-i-irls
From Wohelo-i-o-i-o,
And that is why-i-y-i-y
You like us so-i-o-i-o.

Oh, we can walk-i-alk-i-alk
And we can ride-i-ide-i-ide,
Oh, we can swim-i-im-i-im
And dive beside-i-ide-i-ide.

We live in Bar-i-ar-i-arracks
And the cove-i-ove-i-ove,
And from our Bould-i-ould-i-oulders
We won't rove-i-ove-i-ove.

There's Lewa too-i-oo-i-oo,
And Haerimai-i-ai-i-ai,
They're very nice-i-ice-i-ice
But then—oh my-i-y-i-y.

There's Heavenlies-i-ies-i-ies,
They do quite well-i-ell-i-ell;
They act as if-i-if-i-if
They came from—way down upon the Swanee River!

BOULDERS' HYMN

Tune:—Hawaiian Melody

In the wonder of wind and tree,
In the grandeur of mountain height,
Through the glory of sun and sea,
In the majesty of the night,
Show us, Father, show us thy love,
Love of the earth, standards of worth
We will follow, follow to see
The vision therein of Thee.

To Timanous in days gone by
Came a vision of things to be,
And a challenge for all mankind
In a beautiful trinity.
Help us, Father, help us to serve,
To work for the good of all womanhood,
And to follow, wholesome and free,
The vision he had of Thee.

HEAVENLIES' HYMN

Tune by Alice Caldwell

Our days on Lake Sebago's shore
Speed past and leave their memories
Of ever-murmuring hemlock boughs
And pines soft swaying in the breeze.

CHORUS

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for these joys
That fill our days from morn to eve;
We're singing now in praise of Thee
And ask that we may worthy be.

The flash of bodies strong and lithe
As they cut the clean cool waters green;
The feathery foam of dashing waves
That swirl behind our paddles keen.

CHORUS

Our watchword here, Work, Health, and Love,
Firm moulds our life from day to day;
But through it all we strongest feel
Timanous' and Hiiteni's love.

CHORUS

CHEER TO CAMP TIMANOUS

Words and music by Martha Hodgson

Here's to Timanous, hail 'em, hail 'em, hail 'em,
There's nothing that they cannot do.
Here's to Timanous, we will never fail 'em,
To them we'll be ever true.
They work for the good,
And they work with all their might,
They're always doing things,
And they always do them right,
Here's to Timanous, hail 'em, hail 'em, hail 'em,
There's nothing that they cannot do.

HAERIMAI FARM SONG

Hals, take warning, we're not scorning
To cultivate the soil;
Franta's farming is so charming
Work with her's not toil.
At any old hour from morning to night,
We raise cauliflower, our greatest delight.
Dig potatoes, raise tomatoes,
Pull up all the weeds,
Use bug eradicator,
What the garden needs;
There's nothing greater, the beans love Fran
But the bugs they hate her,
When we're working, never shirking
At Franta's farm.



THE RIDING EXHIBIT, AUGUST 24, 1921

The weather threatened rain; but Peggy Smith groomed Jezebel and it snowed instead. After a splendid drill by Little Wohelo, the Big Camp began.

The first event demonstrated first the rider's form and then the commendable advancement made by girls who have never ridden except at our camp. Barracks fortunately had both K. Field and Fritzie Runbeck, who were given the two firsts in this event. Lewa and Heavenlies each got a second place, and Boulders and Haerimai each a third. For seeking the bizarre in riding, Vanda's bucking and the "fainting" gait will be remembered with glee. And those crazy arm-flinging exercises? Well, they at least kept the flies from annoying the beasts too much.

You have doubtless heard that looks count least on Lake Sebago. In the so-called Musical Stalls—without the music, and the stalls were boards—it was size that counted least. Vanda again starred. Urged on by the insistent heels of our Galesburg, he practically slipped between the other horses' legs and literally snatched victory from beneath their very noses. That clever Griffin person was second on Darky, and Marian Cady broke all precedent by placing third in this event on "101".

In the first Obstacle Race Haerimai again shone when Wapi and Galesburg towed Jezebel to an exciting finish. Many are the beginners who will take comfort in recalling that there was once that Jezebel actually moved faster than Dick or Darky—and "101" again too!

Poor Heavenlies! Just at the crucial moment in the Saddling and Bridling Relay Race, Darky got lock-jaw and nobody had the key. So Boulders, Barracks and Lewa placed in that order. Haerimai would have been second if Wapi hadn't aqua-planed off Jezebel along with the saddle. As someone said, "Well, who would have thought of letting the girth out on the other side!"

The second Obstacle Race was a star race; strenuous, funny and close. Riding bareback backwards was fun—for the one who led the horse. Don't ask why the single pajamas were purple—I don't know anything about a horse's taste in that line. Maybe straw-colored ones would have been more to the point. As Pete said, "Billy didn't act a bit as if he wanted it on; he wouldn't lift up his foot." So there you are. At any rate, the potatoes were speared, the sneakers put on, and in came Jezebel first again, with Galesburg clinging to her like a drowning man to a sugar barrel. Barracks was second and Heavenlies third. Thus ended the afternoon.

In closing, I should like to mention by way of appreciation some of the girls who have shown the best spirit around the horses this summer. Among those who have ridden elsewhere before coming to camp, Kay Field, Eleanor Franing, Molly Radford, Bobbie Bayne, Alice Freeman, Peggy Powers, Marian Cady, and Dotty Griffin deserve high mention. But particularly I wish to commend the following, who have ridden only at Sebago-Wohelo, for their progress and sportsmanship:—Fritzie Runbeck, Mile. Berg, Jane Cook, Lucy Wendorff, Jamie, Martha Hodgson, Lucia Miller, Celene Rowe, Joe Duncan, and Jane Shurmer. Of course there are dozens of others who have made very good progress and who, I hope, have grown to like horses just a little bit and have gained a lasting interest in this splendid sport.

Well, I guess that's about all I have to say—except that—Aw! Cease the exercise!

With every good wish,

PACK.

A LITTLE GYPSY COUNT

Once there was a little Gypsy
Who a Gypsy longed to be.
Many things she knew, and harder
Were there to attain this honor.
But nothing daunted, on she wandered
Through the woods and fields to find
All the secrets known to Gypsies
Gypsies who can seek and find.

From a bed of fir for three nights
Or the shelter of her green canoe,
Watched she then the starry heavens
Till each jewel had a meaning
Told her by her friend Makawin.

Many hours were spent with Franta
Pulling weeds and planting seedlings—
And the horses gave her pleasure
Riding or attending them.
Best of all were open stretches
Miles and without a fetter.
And the tang of woodsy cooking
With the smoke wraiths of the camp fire
Guiding all forever upward
By the Gypsy spirit flame.

By DARTHEA PREMISTER.

ROOKIES' TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS

By BETTY RICHARDS.

Day after day we see, across the waters from Sebago-Wohelo, the White Mountains. What a beautiful sight to see the outline of mountains with the fast dying sun sinking behind them! These heights seem to lure the camper and make her wonder what they conceal.

One day we Rookies were called to Hiitani and told that we might take a trip to explore some of the wonders of these mountains.

A few hours after, towards "tea-time", the seven Rookies, namely:—Tince, Bepp, Scotty, Pauline, Dodo, Betty, and Charlotte, met Bill Powers and Franta at the bungalow, ready to start. But we found we needed patience, for the Henrietta had to be over-hauled. It was not long before we were speeding along the road, singing joyously and eating our supper of delicious sandwiches.

The night was a glorious one; the moon was shining, the air was cool, and the hills were long. Every once and so often we had to get out and push the Henrietta up the hill while Halsey sat still and steered.

Finally we came to the Appalachian Mountain Club hut, but upon inquiring for a place to lay our weary heads, we found there was no room; so on we traveled until we came to a grove of balsams. Here we made our beds and slept peacefully for the rest of the night.

Bright and early next morning Franta and Bill left us to start up Tuckerman's Trail to the top of Mount Washington. The rest of us pitched in and made our breakfast down beside a mountain stream.

Then along the "Friendly Road" again until noontime when at Randolph, N. H., we heard an awful racket. Upon getting out we found piles of trouble. The self starter was no more, for it had a quarrel with the magneto system resulting in death to both. But Halsey, always cheerful, decided that we'd better have our lunch while he telephoned to a garage in Gorham.

About an hour later we were taken back to Gorham, there to spend the afternoon while the Henrietta was being repaired. For a thrilling time we advise no one to go to Gorham. After eating ice cream and sending post cards to all our friends, we went back to an open field. There we had our supper, mainly of fudge and chops, and then went to bed. Carefully we made our beds, and snuggled in to spend a warm and comfortable night; but fate was playing tricks that night and sent from the sky buckets of water which trickled into our beds and made miniature swimming pools at our feet.

Four Rookies were nearly drowned, so they took up their beds and fled to a place of shelter. Morning brought Halsey to us terribly wet and bedraggled; but our spirits were undaunted so we went to a deserted farmhouse and there found the other four who had left us the night before. Halsey climbed into an open window to open the door of an old kitchen where we made a fire to dry our clothes and make our breakfast.

At last we were all dried out, or nearly so, so we started for a short hike. Soon we had our dinner while Halsey went back on the train to Gorham to see how the Henrietta was coming along.

About six o'clock we left Randolph in the Henrietta and started for Crawford Notch, where we were to meet Franta and Bill. Toward nine we swept into the Notch and stopped at a canteen to inquire the whereabouts of Bill and Franta. Alas! They were not there and later we learned that they had tired of waiting and had started off for home.

Starving children cannot sleep, so we raided the canteen for something to drink. What food! 'Twas awful! But then, it was hot. It did not take long to find sleeping grounds though, and soon we were tucked carefully into bed. How cold it was! Jack Frost was out, probably for his first exploit this season, for in the morning dear Henrietta's glass face was frost-bitten. Very shortly though, Father Sun came smiling over the top of the mountain to warm us up.

After breakfast we sped along a beautiful road over which nature had made a canopy of trees. Past evergreen groves and mountain streams we rode until we came to a rushing river where we stopped to explore. Halsey and Scotty took many pictures, and then, "All in!" for a swim. After a cold swim we continued on our journey homeward, stopping only once, and then for dinner; not for long, however, as we

wanted to get home as early after lunch as possible. Just before we came into Bridgton a bearing burned out. "Now is the time to take a picture", exclaimed Halsey.

After contemplating what would be the best thing to do we decided to push the car in someone's yard for safety's sake. Then we got lifts to Bridgton, where we had some yummy ice-cream, and where Halsey telephoned ahead to camp for Bert to come for us in the Paige. Some of us started on ahead, getting lifts all the way until, as we neared South Casco, we met Franta, instead of Bert coming to get us. We joyfully piled into the car and rode on back to camp in all our glory.

THE BANQUET

The annual farewell banquet of Sebago-Wohelo took place in the camp out-door dining salon (the tennis court) at 6.45 P. M. on August 24th. The tables were arranged in a triangle, and besides there was a long table on the stage for the guests. Peter and the Rookies had worked hard and long in the afternoon decorating, as the candles and goldenrod and ferns attested. The guest table was filled and the girls, in their white middies and red ties, filled up the triangle.

Then came the banquet. It is hard to do justice to this in words, but everyone seemed to be having a very good time. Sometimes actions speak louder than words. I will give the menu, and then the readers can judge for themselves whether it was good or not.

- MENU
 Sebago Fruit
 Roast Wohelo Bird
 South Casco Sauce
 Sweet Potatoes à Josephine
 Mystic Maize
 Sivad Salad
 Wohelo Favorite
 Work, Health, and Love Cake

After we had eaten to our hearts' content, we adjourned from the tables to the fireplace where we had speeches. Galesburg was Toastmistress and called on various girls to speak. The theme of the speeches was The Wohelo Bird, our new magazine, and the speakers talked on the various departments. Dotty Griffin spoke on the Dramatics of camp; Betty Lovell on the Comic Section; Peggy Powers on Society, and Towny on Advertising. Peter gave us a look into the future by what he found in the Picture Section. Kay Adams represented the Sporting Section; Mike Irwin talked on Fashions; and Georgia spoke on Stocks.

Last, Galesburg called on Hiitani. Hiitani spoke of the summer's accomplishments and then proceeded to award honors. Five Water Babies, one Water Witch and six Water Queens were announced, also seven Little Gypsies and one Gypsy. Then came the awarding of the Wohelo Birds, emblems given to girls who measure up to the highest standards of campers. This year Hiitani gave thirteen, although she said she had intended giving only ten. She found she could not limit the award to ten. Here is a list of the thirteen:

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Kathryn Field | Jane Durston |
| Elizabeth Lovell | Ruth Miller |
| Dorothy Douglass | Molly Radford |
| Barbara Baker | Frances Howard |
| Elizabeth Pierce | Katharine Bingham |
| Margaret Powers | Eleanor Franing |
| | Isabel Johnston |

Then Hiitani read the names of some girls who almost fulfilled the requirements and who deserved honorable mention. Here they are:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Ruth Buckner | Jane Shurmer |
| Katharine Adams | Margaret Brown |
| Mary Griffith | Alice Freeman |
| Elizabeth Evans | Dorothea Griffin |
| Suzanne Armstrong | Gladys Marquette |
| | Lucia Miller |

Hiitani asked Bob to give the number of girls who have received rank of various kinds. In the entire camp there were 87 who had attained the rank of Water Baby; 58 that of Water Witch; and 19 that of Water Queen. On the land, there were 41 who had attained the rank of Little Gypsy; 11 that of Gypsy; and 1 that of Gypsy Queen.

Everyone was loath to break up this pleasant assembly around the blazing, living fire, but it was getting late, and everyone needed rest for the next day. We sang some of our camp songs, and then with mingled feelings of joy and sadness—joy of a successful summer, and sadness that it was almost over—we departed to our respective tents and houses.



THE SUN FLOWER

(With apologies to the "Sun Dial")

Smile on, brave weed. Let none inquire
 What made or bade you rise;
 Toss thy tough fingers high and higher
 To flout the drenching skies.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

Speaking of weeks, we want to remark right here that if Sam and Nellie Jordan could count a quarter of the hours that they spent in farm work before camp opened they'd put to shame the hours done by even the peppiest of the units.

All of which reminds us that "Farm work at a Glance" contains food——— for thought. Here follow the cold hard facts.

TABLE I.

FARM WORK AT A GLANCE

| | | | | |
|------------|-------|--------|--------|--------|
| Lewa | 46.25 | 99.20 | 150.20 | 177.50 |
| Haeremia | 37.30 | 90.20 | 172.50 | 204.40 |
| Heavenlies | 63.55 | 120.20 | 146.30 | 180. |
| Boulders | 57.15 | 99.25 | 148.35 | 148.35 |
| Barracks | 60.30 | 127.15 | 186.55 | 217.10 |

Speaking of cold hard facts,—we have at hand a very savory list of vegetables which have been supplied by the farm,—(we are sure of our facts because our Franta has checked the list and said it was so)—and as for the peas, who will forget that tasty mess which was waiting for us on our arrival, picked, oh so carefully, by those paragons and connoisseurs, the head councilors. And the Golden Bantam WAS worth its weight in—gold—

TABLE II.

The farm has raised all the vegetables that have been used in both Sebago-Wohelo and Little Wohelo with the exception of about three days of the last week of camp.

The produce furnished has been:

| | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| Peas | Lettuce |
| Romaine | Beets |
| Radishes | Curly lettuce |
| Beet greens | Carrots |
| Chard, Swiss | Squash |
| New Zealand Spinach | Cucumbers |
| Turnips | Pole beans |
| String beans | Potatoes |
| Honey | Tomatoes |
| Shelled beans | Green corn |
| Cabbage | |

as usual in the summer-
 time
 i keep my eyes open
 i have seen
 enough this summer
 to make me gray if it were
 possible
 for me to turn that color
 those girls in camp
 ain't good companions
 for any nice
 bug
 i don't care what they say
 if you could have seen them
 exterminating
 whole families
 cousins -
 aunts, uncles, brothers
 of squash bugs
 you would get my idear

ARCHIE

Well this ought to satisfy Bob and besides,—we really haven't time between walking for miles for Little Gypsy and rowing around islands for Water Baby, to do any more. You know how it is.

LIUB-KEILUG

THE WOHELO BIRD

COUNT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 11, 1921

Presented by Haerimai.

In the centre of the pine wood called Wohelo Forest there lived not long ago two philosophers. They were wiser than anything else in the world except the Wohelo Bird who lives at the bottom of Iodine Pool into which the drops of knowledge drip from the red bathing suits as the Wohelo girls come in from crew practice.

These philosophers were so wise that they knew even where the supper committee expected to serve supper.

A short distance from their home there was a clearing about ten feet square. Through this as through a funnel one of the philosophers gazed out at the world, watching the Water Babies take their tests and the Little Gypsies kill their fifty caterpillars. The more he meditated on the strange race, the more perplexed he became.

The wives of the philosophers, The Too Thin Woman and the Clay Woman, were annoyed at the interest their husbands took in Wohelo. Being women, they knew everything by their feminine intuition and had supreme scorn for the mere reasoning of man.

When the children of the philosophers were ten years of age, the philosopher who knew Wohelo called the two households together and said:

1st Phil.—My sister, my children, and my wife, the time has come when I must bid you goodbye. I am going to die as quickly as may be in spite of the fact that I am more robust than I have been for a long time.

2d Ph.—Brother, by what steps have you arrived at this commendable resolution?

1st Ph.—Once, dear brother you and I were the wisest people in the world. We were able to attain more truth in a single week than any other people on earth. But today I discovered a race of people who have excelled us at our own game.

2d Ph., wife, and everyone.—Oh, no, I am sure this cannot be.

1st Ph.—Yes, it is so. Today I found that the Wohelo maids learn more in a single week than we have learned in the past year.

2d Ph.—I am appalled. There is no knowledge we cannot have assimilated.

1st Ph.—Yes, it is so. Let me tell you. Do you know how to attain your correct weight?

2d Ph.—No, and no one else does either.

Isabel Johnston. I think women ought to be fat.

1st Ph.—You are now stating your thoughts and not your convictions. This superb race of women I have discovered, understand that there is a correct weight toward which one must strive. Doctor Mibs, the noted authority on figures, declares that water seeks its own level; water has weight; without weight it would not seek its own level; it would seek someone else's. Do you know whether you are a Too Thin, a Tough or a Husky? Wohelo maidens know.

2d Ph.—Aha, your wife is a Too Thin.

1st Ph.—Reserve your observations for your own wife. She isn't a Too Thin; she is a tough proposition. And, brother, those people know the correct way to dance. Do you? I learned at Wohelo that the modern school of dances has many phases with many devotees of each. There is the Ichabod Crane, participated in by long-legged young men. The text book on this subject is written by Prof. Donald Bowman. Others revert more to nature and the elemental and draw their methods from the wind that rushes over the meadows or to a rubber balloon that bounces up and down. I would refer you to Gulick and Smith. Others follow the maxim that two heads together are better than one. This school is dying out. Did you know that? Neither did I.

2d Ph.—No, I did not know. How sad.

1st Ph.—And do you know as much as Floyd-Woydy, father of Telka, the Wonder-child, who teaches the young ladies to wield saws while balancing their feet on window sills? Alas, I am ready to die because I have discovered I do not know even as much as Bob, the schedule man. He has scheduled everyone in that remarkable world so that they can each indulge in their favorite craft at any moment, day or night, without interfering with anyone or anything.

2d Ph.—Alas, it is high time we die.

1st Ph.—Even our wives are not as clever as they. On Saturday morning these remarkable girls made stirabout that had no lumps in it! Think of that!

2d. Ph.—Ah, but brother, do not die yet. Think of the great forest we have raised from very acorns. No mere women could do anything as wonderful as that.

1st Ph.—That only proves how really ignorant you really are. I have eaten peas, superb, globular, green peas raised by these creatures at their farm. This wonder-farm is supervised by a goddess who wears blue cornflowers in her hair when she goes to Sivad in the morning.

2d Ph.—Do these perfect creatures mind the heat that has prostrated us this week?

1st Ph.—They do not. They flourish under it, devouring the unutterably delicious ice-cream of their queen, Josephine.

2d Ph.—You overwhelm me. You had better die. If you cannot be supremely wise, death is your consolation. I shall live and send our children to that wonderful camp.

1st Ph.—Goodbye. (He gyrates and dies).

2d Ph's Wife.—Your stirabout is on the hearth. You can get it for yourself. I hope there are lumps in it.

2d. Ph. (Goes and looks in stirabout kettle)—Finality is death. Perfection is finality. Nothing is perfect. There are lumps in it.

THE TRIP TO ROOKIE'S

(From the Lewa Count July 13, 1921.)

Some fair Wohelo maidens with faces far from white,
Went to Rookie's Island for to spend the night.
They piled with greatest eagerness into the war canoes,
Sitting on their packs and bars by the ones and twos.
They packed all of the ponchos and canteens into a heap,
So that every unit to its very self might keep.
The new girls made their beds upon the very rocks
And waded in the water quite denuded of their socks.
Girls on supper duty bent went flourishing about,
Keeping wayward flies and insects from slum gullion out.
On the score of eating they did their level best,
And sang their peppy camp songs with loads and loads of zest,
The terror-stricken new girls their ability did show,
After which each happy maiden to her poncho-bed did go.
'Twas a little after midnight when the rain began to pour,
And the wisdom-laden lassies moved to the old porch floor.
Breakfast tasted good that morning under a clouded sky—
You really should have been there to see the cornflakes fly!
Half of Lewa landed home just before the rain,—
For the rest left on the island the canoe must go again.
Then Haerimai and Boulders did venture o'er the water
And each, though sopping, landed like a Hiiten's daughter.

STUNT

Old Maid: Well, I never! See those creatures
Dressed in skimpy bright red suits,
Tall and short ones, thin and fat ones,
Did you ever see so many?

Girl: Mama, mama, they're in swimming,
Mama, mama, they'll get drowned!

Old Man: Weel, by Jeepers, they act hungry!
Wonder where on earth they come from!
Must be from Sahara Desert
Way they fall on watermelon!
Jumpin' crickets! Watch them eatin'!

Mother to little girl:
No, indeed, you can't go swimmin'.
You must wait until you're bigger.
Land's! They're awful athletic;
Watch'em now, they're playin' baseball!

Lover: Well, by hicky, look at that one!
She's a bird now, ain't she, Lizzie?
Look's like she could knock you over
When she got her city duds on.

Country Vamp: I don't think she's very stunning;
I like girls with light hair better.
See them stormclouds that are coming;
We had better get a move on. (EXIT)

SONG OF FRYE'S ISLAND

(From Heavenlies Count)

Friday morn the sun shone bright
Upon the burning sand,
And all the little maidens played
And shouted, "This is grand!"
And this was scarcely odd because
They were a happy band.

When they had dived and dipped and dived
Till Franta cried, "Enough!"
Some paddled around the island
Doing Waterwitchie stuff;
And this was scarcely odd because
They all were really tough.

Then Peter had a brilliant thought
And whispered to each group
That he, Marjelly, Don, and Bill,
And perhaps another goop
Were going to have a dancing class, I think perhaps
He'd eaten too much soup.

That night they gathered near a fire
Of blazing time-worn stumps
And sang and sang of walks and talks
And cabbages and pumps,
And swims and rides and jelly fish
And bumble bees and bumps.

They sang of ev'rything around
And some things far away;
Then after that they went to bed
Until another day;
And all of them were sorry that they
Would have to go away.

(Boulders Count August 1, 1921.)

All the maidens of Wohelo
Very early Tuesday evening
Wandered up to Franta's farmyard,
Where they added to their knowledge
Of the art of outdoor cooking.
Eggs and short-cake greatly relished
Testified to the unequalled
Skill of all the five committees,
Aided by the apt Makawin
And her helpful demonstration.
Then back they sped to be instructed
In the lore of things that crawl,
Of the turtles and the reptiles,
Concerning which each wond'ring maiden
Knew too little, feared too greatly.
Several of the braver maidens
Then revealed unto the others
How a snake when treated kindly,
With humane consideration,
Made no use of fangs or venom,
Harmless as a caterpillar.
Till the darkness deepened 'round them
They remained, spellbound, enchanted,
By the learned Mr. Williams.
And with fuller understanding
Of the mysteries of nature,
The maidens gained a courage,
Which will make them truer gypsies.

SNAKE SONG

I'm a snake, a travelling creature,
I've wandered far and near;
I'm here this eve to tell you
That snakes you need not fear.

To name a snake correctly
You must use the Latin tongue;
My name is Anguis Aquae,
In the H₂O I've swum.

I'm absolutely harmless,
Though my looks are rather fierce;
Mr. Williams will verify this,
For I've lived with him for years.

Many of my brothers
Are asleep in that valise;
There's rattlesnake reptillian
And hydra constrictis.

But now it's getting chilly,
And since my tail is told,
I hope again to see you
Before I'm very old.

Then on Wednesday and on Thursday
All the daughters of Wokanda,
Armed with bathing suits of scarlet,
Sallied forth in trucks together
To the beach of Mr. Higgins.
What of pleasure and of beauty
They experienced at the ocean,
Is a story oft repeated,
Is a story old and worn out,
Unless one really knows the feeling,
Loves the tingling fresh sensation
Of the roaring tearing breakers,
As they crash headlong upon one.
While these jolly scarlet tanagers
Were frisking at the seashore, they were
Eyed with intense interest by a
Crowd of watchful natives who would
Vouchsafe their opinions of the
Maidens of Wohelo. 'Twas an
Interesting audience, critical and sympathetic,
So let the bathers from Sebago
Who have tried the great Atlantic
See themselves as they might be seen
By the eyes of other people.

While three groups went to the ocean
Struggled with the monstrous breakers,
All the would-be Water Witches
Struggled with some monstrous breakers
On our own dear Lake Sebago,
Paddled bravely 'round the buoy.
In the evening of the same day
Haerimai with packs of blankets,
Soap and one or two tooth brushes,
Jumped into their war canoe and
Paddled over to the houseboat,
Where they spent a very swell night,
Big swells, little swells, and wavelets.
But they stood the rocking bravely,
And they said they slept much better
Than we did at Camp Wohelo.
Once again the would-be Witches
Paddled with great vim and vigor
Off to Kettle Cove with Robert;
There they supped and went in swimming
On Bare Point well known to Boulders.
They returned with tempting stories
Of the wondrous cakes of chocolate.
Saturday right after dinner
Henrietta, piled with ponchos—
Off we tramped for Camp Timanous;
In the lead was Bill the stalwart,
Mounted on Queen Jezebel,
Brightly decked with Franta's cornflowers.
All the units kept together,
Few in number were the stragglers;
'Twas an excellent formation.
Panther Pond we soon arrived at,
All the boys were there to greet us
With a cheer both loud and hearty.
Following a swim and supper
There was baseball in the meadow,
Where the maidens of Wohelo
By Timanous boys were vanquished.
Through the woods we then were guided

THE WOHELO BIRD

To a beauteous council fire;
There in recognition of the
Campers' manly merits
Were awarded various honors
By their leader Chief Ishkoti.
Songs were sung and tales related,
As they gathered close together.
Just before the evening ended
The Timanous' guiding spirit
Truly seemed to hover o'er them.

Sunday, spite of mist and drizzle,
Once more gathered we together,
With our brothers in the circle,
Where an old friend of Timanous
Told us of his great achievements
In the realm of symbolism.
Then the tablet of great beauty,
Gift of dearest Hiiteni, in a
Touching and impressive manner,
Was unveiled by Camp Timanous.
Thereupon the boys and councilors
Each received from Hiiteni
A medallion of the tablet
To impress upon their natures
The love and courage of their leader,
Guiding spirit, Chief Timanous.



THE PAGEANT OF 1921

By LUCY BARNARD

On the night of August 21st, the last Saturday of camp, we gave our annual pageant. This year Hiiteni chose one written some years ago by Admont Clarke. Its name, "The Spirit of Wohelo", was happily fulfilled in its simple beauty.

Hiiteni was the Spirit of Wohelo, asking the gifts of Earth, Sky, Fire, and Water for her Earth Sisters. Each element came at her call, the Earth Spirit attended by the souls of trees and flowers, the Spirit of the Sky bringing the sunbeams, the Water Spirit the mist ghosts, and the Spirit of Fire her fire flames.

Then came the Earth Sisters to whom was given the joys of Earth, Sky, Water, and Fire; and surrounded by these comrades, the Spirit of Wohelo goes, leaving behind her the melody of her music.

The words and music of the pageant were written by Admont Clarke, with the exception of the song for the Fire Spirits, written by Margie-Lee, and the music for the Earth Sisters, written by Grace Newson. Each theme and melody was of a curiously simple nature, adding primitive beauty.

The costumes, which were dyed under Peter's direction, were lovely indeed in the light of the fire and lanterns. The Earth Spirits in green, the Sky Spirit in blue with her golden sunbeams, girls of Little Wohelo, around her, the Water Spirit in deeper blue, with shades of purple and violet mists around her, and the Fire Spirits in orange, red and yellow, made vivid masses of color, while the Earth Sisters in their grey robes made a background of color for Hiiteni, the Spirit of Wohelo, in her Camp Fire Ceremonial gown.

One of the chief delights of it all was the ease and rapidity with which the pageant was produced. A thing of beauty, as it was, should be of such simplicity that only joy can be had out of it by the actors as well as by the audience. Such surely was "The Spirit of Wohelo", a glowing bit of beauty.

BUMP, BUMP

Words by:—

Tune:—*Down the Field*

Bump, bump along the road,
Bumping together,
Onward we ride and sing
Our Nellie forever!
So give a long cheer for South Casco,
Bumping where'er we go;
We'll be true to the black and the blue
And Wohelo.

A SECOND VERSE TO CHIEF TIMANOUS

Tune:—*Lord Jeffrey Amherst*

And because he loved the beauty
And the wildness of the earth,
With a love that was primitive and deep,
We can feel him in the woodlands
And be conscious of his worth
Long as pine trees their vigils keep,
Long as pine trees their vigils keep.
And because he loved the fire,
Fire will always bring him back
To the hearts who heard his call;
For he had a way of luring them
To undiscovered heights,
Showing things they never knew could be at all.

CHORUS

O Timanous.

TO A COSTUME

(Drying by Peter's Tent)

My fingers flame
With your dye.
You undulate languorously
On a cedar tree
Like a giant nasturtium
Blooming.
As I sit in Peter's swing
Waiting for you to dry,
Little unborn phantoms
Of costumes you will be
Come and dance around you.
Little piece of magic cheesecloth
There are a hundred incarnations
Before you!
A Turkish lady's trousers,
A dress for a dawn-dancer.
A color of Joseph's coat,
A pirate's sash
The spark of a firefly—
A hundred unsuspected parts
You will play
In the future,
Little Costume!

By MARGIE-LEE

TIMANOUS

By MARGIE-LEE

God writes men's lives as men write symphonies. Every man's life has a theme that grows and deepens until it reaches the climax of its beauty.

The theme of the Timanous-symphony was joy-in-everything, and all who catch its strains go on their way with a keener sense of pleasure in the world around them. Those who have heard it love to teach to others fragments of its invigorating measures. They love to gather together and play again as much of it as they can.

We who love Timanous, catch his theme in a hundred different ways all about us, in our response to the things we enjoyed together. We hear it on chill, clear mornings when our blood tugs at our hearts with gay, gypsy fingers, we sense it in the vibrating caress of the sun on our bodies as we swim, in the enchanted drowsiness of dreaming before a fire, in suddenly illumined passages of old-loved books, in the sharp ecstasy of triumphs over ourselves, in glints of mirth in comradeship, in the blending of many voices in one song, in the gray mistiness of unexplored forests.

We heard stirring, primitive measures of it at Camp Timanous when the boys leaped in joyous triumph over their baseball game. We heard magic chords of it in the Council Fire when the guarding circle of trees closed in a ring of wonder. And in the morning when the little boys unveiled the new tablet with the utter simplicity of complete sincerity, tender tones gripped our throats with overwhelming poignancy of meaning.

Some symphonies, when they are written, are forgotten by the world. But as long as the waves of music swell and reach new ears, the Timanous-symphony will live.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., SEPT 1, 1921.

Dear Hiiteni:

How are you? I miss you very much. I wish I could look out the window and see you kissing your hand to me. I wish I could see the girls out in the war canoes, too. I used to watch them because I liked to see their bright bathing suits in the morning sun. I told Grandmother that I had a scarlet bathing suit and went swimming in the lake. She says I must be a big girl to do that.

I wish the little baby next door could go to Wohelo so that she could learn some of the things I did. I try to teach her how to play pat-a-cake the way Mother B showed me and how to climb up and down rocks. If Eileen were here I think she'd teach us both the names of more animals in my Mother Goose Book. She showed me "dog" and "horse" and "pig" this summer.

I am still trying to walk but it is quite hard without Lucy and Towny to help me. When Grandfather was playing the piano yesterday he was surprised because I could beat time to the music. I told him I learned at camp.

I can eat lots of things now because that ninth tooth that I got at camp helps me. The only trouble is I haven't Franta to send me carrots and spinach and other good things. Grandfather wanted to know how I could eat so much. I told him I guessed it was because Margaret Bull used to feed me such big mouthfuls and stretched my mouth.

It's hardly any fun to get dressed now. Mother never tries to put my shirt on upside down or my shoes on the wrong feet the way Myla used to.

I wish I could see all the girls again and most of all you, dear Hiiteni, because you were the first one I got to know at Wohelo.

With love,

MILDRED.

THE CROOKED RIVER TRIP

By DOROTHY STEARNS

At dinner on Tuesday, August 9, 1921, (to be exact), Hiiteni announced that we were to go to Crooked River, the trip that is looked forward to the whole summer. Although Thursdays are the days that we go on trips, Hiiteni declared that the lake was so calm, the sky so blue, and the weather so superb, that it would be best to take advantage of it.

Everyone received this glorious piece of news in open-mouthed astonishment. For one moment everyone was silent; then as if by magic everybody commenced talking and jabbering at once. There were cries of: "Will you sleep with me?" "Shall we make a canoe shelter?" Or, "Let's sleep where we slept last year."

As soon as possible we rushed to our tents to prepare for the trip. Those that had colds or anything the matter with them were to stay at home. Of course there was disappointment among those that were to remain at camp. In less time than it takes to tell, we were down on the dock with our rolled ponchos; into the canoes we leaped—for the Migis was to tow us across the lake—and off we started. Mr. Tisdale, the photographer, was on the rocks taking pictures of us as we set off.

It was very merry as we sped over the lake. The bows of the canoes dipped and plunged into the waves, sending spray hither and thither. Soon we reached the Songo River and at the locks where the Migis left us we started paddling the rest of the way.

We were a happy group as we started up the winding, crooked river. Everyone was thrilled, for we knew that in order to reach our camping place there were rapids to paddle over. After paddling for some time there were cries from the canoes ahead that the rapids had been sighted. Immediately we doffed our shoes and stockings, pulled our bloomers up as far as they would go, and some, who were wise, quickly slipped into their bathing suits, for we knew that in order to pass the rapids there would be wading to do to get the canoes safely and uninjured over the sharp, protruding rocks of the rapids.

Finally the rapids were passed, and we arrived safely at our camping site none the worse for our long paddle. Some rushed about seeking sleeping places; others hunted for wood, and still more started supper. Ah, how good that supper did taste! As the fire, from a flickering flame died down to sleeping coals, we toasted marshmallows. By the time we had finished the marshmallows it was time to retire.

As I lay in my nice, warm, poncho-bed, I gazed up at the bright, twinkling stars that peeped down from the black heavens above on the sleeping world below. It gave me a queer feeling that is impossible to describe. I was almost sure that those who were lying on the ground the way I was could not but be thinking the same. Before long I had dropped off into a restful slumber.

Next morning we were up bright and early hustling about to get breakfast. We had delicious, juicy blackberries, hot cocoa, and scrambled eggs. Even after breakfast was over and cups and spoons washed, there were countless things to do. Several gathered around Grace who had a "uke" and sang songs. The general favorite seemed to be "Way out on the Lonely Prairie". Others read and wrote letters, some went fishing or paddling up the river, and still others who felt very ambitious took walks. The morning went altogether too fast and soon it was time for dinner. We had salmon, potatoes, and peaches. It was announced that after quiet hour we were to be initiated. As soon as rest hour was over, we were blindfolded and led far into the woods until we came to a little clearing where we were told to sit down. And then! We had some scrumptious chocolate ice-cream!

That night we sat around a big blazing fire and Wapi read a thrilling story from "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes". All too soon we were compelled to withdraw, and almost immediately we fell asleep.

We were up at dawn next morning, as we were to start at eight o'clock for home. It was raining a bit as we left but it quickly cleared and the sun came out in all his glory. It didn't take long to reach the Songo Locks, and there we found the friendly Migis waiting patiently for us. We were out upon the sparkling waters of Lake Sebago almost immediately and speeding rapidly towards home. At last camp was sighted, and there on the rocks were the girls that had been left behind, waiting anxiously for us.

How happy and satisfied I am! To the girls that could not go on this wonderful trip I want to express my deepest and keenest sympathy, for they will never realize what they have missed. This trip has been an experience I shall never forget; I put it down as one of the brightest spots in my camp life this summer.

THE WOHELO BIRD

CYNIC'S DIARY, 1921

- June 1. Hiitani arrives and finds camp still here.
- June 22. The Red Beak gets a coat of paint. Don gets a coat of tan.
- June 23. Bob, Beebe, and Mildred, are introduced to Sebago Wohelo and Josephine.
- June 24. Mother Bee prepares mosquito netting.
- June 25. The bubbler fountain is installed. Mother Bee prepares mosquito netting.
- June 26. Halsey returns in triumph from the swimming conference. Mother Bee still prepares mosquito netting.
- June 27. Great excitement! The hordes gather!! Bert arrives!!!
- June 27-30. Mother Bee still prepares mosquito netting.
- July 1. The good ship Goodridge makes its annual deposit of old and new campers and trunks on the dock. Hiitani reads the tent assignments.
- July 2. Getting settled and getting weighed.
- July 3. First Sunday Sivad.
- July 4. Patriotic Council Fire! Peter reads the count. Peggy makes a speech. We are classified.
- July 5. Some farm, some jewel, some potter, some dance, some weave, all swim, all rest.
- July 6. "Oh, Bert, watch my dive! Oh, Don, will this breast stroke pass?"
- July 7. Hiitani reads "The Crock of Gold". "There are lumps in it!" The clans go to and return from Frye's Leap.
- July 8. The sailboat is launched. Water Witches gleeful! All others envious!
- July 9. The weekly drive on the ice-cream of South Casco takes place. Objective made! No casualties!
- July 10. Great!!! A Sunday swim on account of the heat.
- July 11. Haerimai gives the count at Council Fire.
- July 12. All five units cook delicious suppers. Would-be Little Gypsies walk to Quaker Ridge.
- July 13. Grand slaughter of Gypsy Caterpillars? Thousands perish!!
- July 14. Barracks and Heavenlies go on a camping trip to Sivad!
- July 15. Lewa, Haerimai, and Boulders return from their perilous camping trip to Rookies Island. Bill and Co. go on the first Gypsy trip.
- July 16. South Casco again gains much money but loses much ice-cream.
- July 17. The Little Camp does Daniel in the Lion's Den for us.
- July 18. The Migis takes Boulders trunk hunting at Sebago Lake Station. The Migis rests on the way back. The rest rest. Lewa's count. Little brothers from Camp Timanous come to visit us.
- July 19. Rita finishes a piece of pottery and sits down to wait for it to harden. Hiitani talks in Sivad on keeping count books. Boulders, the champion chart makers, go on a watermelon party.
- July 20. Rita is still waiting for her pottery to harden. A grand hike to Raymond takes place.
- July 21. The camp adjourns to Frye's Island. Marian Cady and Shrimp break all paddling records getting there.
- July 22. The would-be Water Witches propel canoes around Frye's Island. Oh, blisters!!
- July 23. Halsey elected Chairman of the Membership Committee of the Hawthorne Association. All the girls join.
- July 24. We are inspired in Sivad by Alice Freeman Palmer's life, Haerimai dramatizes Ruth and Naomi.
- July 25. Rita is still waiting! Heavenlies gives the count.
- July 26. Much good ammunition is made at the farm in an attempt to rival Josephine's biscuits. Suitcase of snakes imported to camp.
- July 27. Camp Wohelo astonishes the natives of Higgins' Beach!
- July 28. They do it again!!
- July 29. And again!!!
- July 30. Bill and Jezebel lead the parade to Camp Timanous. Billie turns out to be a star pitcher, but the girls lose.
- July 31. Timanous Day. Dr. Balliet speaks. Josephine and Charlie serve dinner.
- Aug. 1. Dr. Balliet talks on democracy. The Rookies arrive. Boulders gives the count.
- Aug. 2. Great rush to South Casco NOT to see Harding. Peter brings the Hardings to camp. Kinnie departs.
- Aug. 3. Eleanor Leavitt gets mumps.
- Aug. 4. Eleanor Leavitt recovers. Peggy nominated for the third time as Lady Legislator. The Jack Blackman throws Woppy for a wetting. Water Queens and Witches to-be, Migis to Kettle Cove. Haerimai presents Winsome Winnie.
- Aug. 5. The councilors go on their famous gasless motor boat ride. The Rookies go gypsy-ing. Bobby Vincent and his bear entertain the camp. Heavenlies have initiations.
- Aug. 6. Bill loses two pounds. Strange sights on the tennis court at Haerimai's fancy dress ball.
- Aug. 7. Hymn contest won by: Boulders (?), Lewa (?), Barracks (?), Heavenlies (?), Haerimai (?).
- Aug. 8. Indian chiefs visit camp at Barracks' Council Fire count. Betty comes to visit Hiitani.
- Aug. 9. Edie opens the tea-room at the farm. Grandma Hiitani enters her third granddaughter, Louise Robinson, for Little Wohelo in 1929. The camp departs behind the Migis for Crooked River. Hals and Don try the footing on the roads from Songo Lock.
- Aug. 10. Fine weather at Crooked River. The Rookies start on a trip to the mountains with Halsey, Henrietta, Franta, and Bill. Franta and Bill are going up Mt. Washington.
- Aug. 11. The clans return from Crooked River in tow of the Migis. Aloha Club girls spend the night on Rookies Island. Esther dance for us.
- Aug. 12. Franta and Bill arrive home from the mountains walking 75 miles in 6 hours!
- Aug. 13. The Henrietta limps home with the Rookies. We enjoy Lewa's yachting party.
- Aug. 14. Reminiscences of Timanous at Sivad. Miss Woodruff sings for us. Councilors go to South Casco to hear Chief tell stories at the Hawthorne Community House.
- Aug. 15. Heres and Theres count at Council Fire.
- Aug. 16. Water Sports Day! Parking space for autos at a premium.
- Aug. 17. Hiitani, Alice, and Mother B buy a piano for the Hawthorne Community House. Bob, Beebe, and Mildred go to Denmark and other foreign countries in the "Bug".
- Aug. 18. The war canoes start for South Casco "in the teeth of the booming gale" for ice-cream. Mother B and Edie make fortunes telling fortunes. Peter dyes at Sivad.
- Aug. 19. Chasie and Barbara depart. The play rehearses.
- Aug. 20. Rehearsing and then the play!
- Aug. 21. Last Sunday Sivad. Miss Woodruff sings to us.
- Aug. 22. Great sporting event! Men defeat Lewa in grand war canoe race!! Barracks, Boulders, Heavenlies, Haerimai, Lewa, and Heres and Theres do the count. Anybody left out?
- Aug. 23. Craft Exhibit. Much last-minute paddle painting in the boathouse.
- Aug. 24. Horseback Exhibition. THEN—the great and final BANQUET!!
- Aug. 25. Is your trunk packed?
- Aug. 26. Ma-layum, Jayum, Jayum! The tribes depart, and how funny those city clothes did look!

SOME WEIGHTY STATISTICS

Camp Sebago-Wohelo has been a heavy proposition this summer. To be sure the girls have been quite light-hearted but the figures show that the camp is pretty heavy after all. I am going to give you some figures to show the weight of my words.

If the whole camp should step on the scales together the marker would show:—7 tons and 628 pounds. No wonder it took two big trucks to take the crowd to the beach!

Here are the weights of the units, given in pounds:—

| | | | |
|------------|-----------|-------------|----------|
| Barracks | 3031 lbs. | Overweight | 189 lbs. |
| Haerimai | 2965 " | " | 137 " |
| Lewa | 2652 " | Underweight | 44 " |
| Heavenlies | 2540 " | Overweight | 42 " |
| Boulders | 2521 " | " | 126 " |
| Rookies | 919 " | | |

It is interesting to note that if the Head Councilors of Barracks, Haerimai, and Boulders had been left out, those units would have weighed just about right.

Most of the girls this summer finally got into the coveted classifications of "Toughs" or "Huskies". A good many who needed to gain did gain, and many of those who should have lost did lose. Here are some of the prize winners who made big strides toward their perfect weights. Mildred Fairbairn gained 15.2 lbs.; Helen Richards gained 11.6 lbs.; Vera Halliday gained 11.5 lbs.; Alice Caldwell gained 10 lbs., and went home from camp weighing exactly what she should; Isabel Johnston lost 13.7 lbs.; Marion Adams lost 12.5 lbs.; Flora May Kitchen lost 11.5 lbs.; Betty Lovell lost 11.5 lbs.

OVER NIGHT AT FRYE'S ISLAND

I gaze at the stars
Through quivering green
Soft earth's beneath me
And night is queen.

My face is caressed
By a soft stirring breeze
That winds through and about
Into the trees.

My dear companions
Dream not far away
And peacefully rest
To meet the day.

Ah, calm, wondrous night,
Ne'er before have I known
The glory of you
When on your throne.

"JAMIE"

MARCHING SONG OF 1921

Words by:—

Tune:—1st part, *As We Go Marching*
2d part, *John Brown's Body*

As we go marching,
There's not one of us that's L-A-Z-Y;
You can hear the people shouting,
"They certainly have the pep at Wohelo."
Wo-he-lo!

REPEAT CHORUS

Oh, we're from Lake Sebago,
And we went to South Casco;
We marched on to Raymond,
And our pace was far from slow;
We went to the fish hatcheries
To see the fishes swim,
And now we're home again
All full of pep and vim.

Glory, glory to Wohelo,
Glory, glory to Wohelo,
Glory, glory to Wohelo,
As we go marching on.

REPEAT FIRST CHORUS

TWO ADDITIONAL VERSES TO MONTHS AND MONTHS

Words by Towny

The boys they claim they have a dish,
Slumgullion is its name;
It's made of shrimp and tuna fish,
I thought I'd try the same.
And so I took a monster pot
And made a sauce of cream,
For, oh, slumgullion hits the spot,
Slumgullion is a dream.
And I don't believe I'll get rid of the taste
For months and months and months;
I used the sauce for library paste
For months and months and months;
I speared a hundred times for shrimp,
I only caught one once,
And I don't believe I'll do it again
For months and months and months.

I took a weenie and a bean
And beat it for the woods;
I thought I'd rival Josephine,
I thought I had the goods.
I spiked the weenie on a stick,
And tried to boil the bean;
And soon you couldn't tell which was which,
If you know what I mean.
I don't believe I'll learn how to cook
For months and months and months;
Although I studied out of a book
For months and months and months;
I got a friend to try that mess,
She only tried it once,
And I don't believe she'll try it again
For months and months and months.

SONG TO LITTLE WOHELO, 1921

Words by Bob

Tune:—*Upidee*

Around our council fire we meet,
Wohelo, Wohelo;
Our little sisters we would greet,
Little Wohelo.
You work with vim and frolic, too,
And so we sing this song to you.

CHORUS

Little sisters, here's to you,
Here's to you, here's to you;
Little sisters, here's to you,
Little Wohelo.

THE WATER QUEEN AND THE LITTLE GYPSY

Words by Marion Cady, Towny Barnard, and Helen Stecher

I wish I were a dignified Water Queen, a Little Gy-hyp-sy-he,
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
But though I am not, still I have hopes to be
A dignified Water Queen, a Little Gy-hyp-sy-he;
I'm a nondescript, I'm a total loss,
But watch me get a move on right away,
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

I killed a gypsy moth, I choked a bumble bee,
Toodle-de-doo.
The rushing raindrop has nothing at all on me,
For I'll be a Water Queen, a Little Gy-hyp-sy-he,
I can paddle, I can back-stroke,
I can swim and Hiiteni push-off, too,
Toodle-de-doo!

Oh, ain't it grand to be a dignified Water Queen, a Little
Gy-hyp-sy-he,
Tweedle-de-dee.
I had to work, but it didn't quite finish me,
I now know a gypsy moth from a beautiful bumble bee;
I can rescue an ossified jelly-fish,
I now can clean a dirty dish,
Tweedle-de-dee!

THE WOHELO BIRD

PERSONNEL OF LITTLE WOHELO

Camp Hostess

Torrance, Ethel, (Company M), 10 Pelham Place, Colo. Springs, Colo.

Head Councilors

Coggeshall, Elizabeth, (Miss Betty), Pleasantville, New York.
Chäter, Joan, (Jonah), 6 Bay Ridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hartridge, Doris, (Dorr), 190 81st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Craft Councilor

Ackley, Mrs. Edith, (Edie-Weedie), 139 Macdougall St., N. Y. C.

Swimming Instructor

Bennett, William C., (Bill), Phillips Brooks House, Harvard U., Cambridge, Mass.
Thompson, Gladys, (Thomps), 1460 Grand Concourse, N. Y. C.

General Councilors

Parlin, Ruth, (Ruthie), 128 E. Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa.
Lawson, Margaret, (Peggy), Foxboro, Mass.
Buchanan, Corinne, (Spaghetti), 35 Farragutt Avenue, Medford, Mass.
Wertsner, Elizabeth, (Huckleberry), 79 Hermán St., Germantown, Pa.
Page, Edith, (Paigie), 193 Main St., Andover, Mass.

Dramatics Councilor

Seaber, Emily, (Lou), 281 Newberry St., Boston, Mass.

Bugler

Bender, Elizabeth, (Bennie), Pleasantville, New York.

Horse Back Riding Instructor

Rockwood, Lillian P., (Billie), 61 Austin St., Boston, Mass.

Mother Jordan and Daddy Sam, Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Jordan, Webbs Mills, Me.

LITTLE WOHELO 1921

1. Berwanger, Frances, (Frankie), 267 W. 79th St., N. Y. C.
2. Boone, Florence, (Flo), 375 State St., Albany, N. Y.
3. Chätillon, Mary, (Mary), 206 DeWitt St., Syracuse, N. Y.
4. Clark, Virginia, (Pattie), 516 Fountain St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
5. Clarke, Charlotte, (Carl), 223 Western Promenade, Portland, Me.
6. Curtis, Gertrude, (Gertie), 303 Cannon Place, Troy, N. Y.
7. *Day, Laura, (Laura), 34 Gramercy Park, N. Y. C.
8. Durston, Barbara, (Bevo), 143 DeWitt St., Syracuse, N. Y.
9. Eckhart, Marion, (Eckie), W. Kenilworth, Ill.
10. Ennis, Margaret, (Smuff), 39 E. Schiller St., Chicago.
11. *Fassett, Cecilia, (Cecie), Pine St., Woodmere, L. I., N. Y.
12. Gere, Elizabeth, (Ebie), 112 DeWitt St., Syracuse, N. Y.
13. Goodwill, Charlotte, (Charlie), Jamestown, N. Y.
14. Goodwill, Eleanor, (Peggy), Jamestown, N. Y.
15. Graham, Miriam, (Kitty), 46 Adin St., Hopedale, Mass.
16. Ives, Hilda, (Brownie), 7 Carroll St., Portland, Me.
17. Johnson, Fanny, (Billie), 387 Canterbury Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
18. Johnson, Katherine, (Kay), 387 Canterbury Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
19. Kerr, Jane, (Jane), 207 Sedgwick Drive, Syracuse, N. Y.
20. Little, Virginia, (Ginger), Chestnut Hills Drive & North Park Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio.
21. Lytton, Rosemary, (Dumplings), Hazel and Dale Aves., Highland Park, Ill.
22. Mabee, Edna Louise, (Edna), 20 Circular St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
23. Marshall, Marion, (Bobby), 25 Cushing St., Providence, R. I.
24. *Nunn, Dorothy, (Dotty), 920 Greenwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill.
25. Pierce, Frances, (Tommie), Flint, Michigan.
26. *Rosenberger, Gretchen, (Gretchen), Majestic Hotel, N. Y. C.
27. Sheesley, Eleanor, (Dimples), 344 Tioga St., Johnstown, Pa.
28. Stecher, Martha, (Marti), 18135 W. Clifton Rd., Lakewood, Ohio.
29. Strauss, Aline, (Aline), Adams Square, Boston, Mass.
30. *Southard, Anne, (Chubby), 70 Francis St., Cambridge, Mass.
31. Sturges, Elizabeth, (Libby), 110 Benevolent St., Providence, R. I.
32. Veeder, Josephine, (Joie), 17 Marshall St., Hartford, Conn.
33. Veeder, Dorothy, (Dotty), 17 Marshall St., Hartford, Conn.
34. White, Dora, (Dora), 157 Hope St., Providence, R. I.
35. *Warren, Elizabeth, (Betty), 216 Lake St., Evanston, Ill.

*Girls whose names are starred have brothers or cousins at Camp Timanous.

LIST OF HONORS AT LITTLE WOHELO, 1921

Pollywogs

Frances Gulick
Joan Chater
Frances Pierce
Marion Marshall
Marion Eckhart
Doris Hartridge
Rosemary Lytton
Barbara Durston
Elizabeth Gere
Aline Strauss
Hilda Ives
Corinne Buchanan
Ruth Parlin
Emily Seaber
Cecilia Fassett

Margaret Ennis
Florence Boone
Elizabeth Warren
Josephine Veeder
Jane Kerr
Gertrude Curtis
Elizabeth Bender
Edna Maybee
Elizabeth Sturges
Frances Berwanger
Edith Page

Fireflies
Frances Pierce
Joan Chater
Doris Hartridge

ECHOES FROM LITTLE WOHELO

The Traditions of Little Wohelo have started now in full swing. This summer marked the birth of many little customs that are entirely unique to Little Wohelo.

The most conspicuous of these is perhaps that Monday morning ceremony which has been called "Caucus." Early in the morning when the sun is just shooting its rays among the trees, The Spirit of Living Things wakes the four Fairies—Work, Health, Love, and Play, and calls them to light the council fire. Then one by one She beckons to the units and all Little Wohelo sits around the fire. Here they have the reports of the week—"The Count" (or diary), The Epistle from the Blue Heron (Tent Inspection), and the Awarding of "Pollywog" honors.

The Order of Pollywogs was established last summer, and to be one of these honorable wiggly creatures, a little girl must be quite an all-round Good Sport. She must swim, dive, handle boats, be able to turn a hand at various and sundry Crafts, work in the garden, understand the preparation of vegetables. She must have walked certain distances, ride and take care of horses, and, I repeat, be an all-round Sport. Sometimes Pollywogs go off for a whole day on horseback. The little camp adores their very own pets—Vanda, Billy, and Buddy. And besides,—there are Piggywig and Piggywee, the friendliest pigs that ever existed. When they were tiny squealing bits of bright pink, it was a daily function to bathe, manicure, and feed them. But now that they are nearing the bacon stage, feeding and back-scratching are the main attentions they receive.

Every Wednesday the whole camp sleeps out over night,—scorning the ordered protection of their tents and cabins, with a starry sky or sweet-scented pines above them. Once they were towed in the houseboat to Wohelo Island,—another time they tramped to a big field and one very exciting Wednesday they "camped" on the site of Big Wohelo, when the Big Sisters were off to the Songo.

"Now we're off to Casco for to get the mail!" Every day a councilor and two or three girls hitch up Buddy to the pony cart and hie them to South Casco for the mail for both camps.

In the very first few days of Camp, the funny, fascinating little stuffed dolls were started for the circus, which later proved to be a very wonderful affair. Everything in it was made by the little girls,—elephants, giraffes, ponies, spectators, freaks, clowns,—everything! A miniature tent was pitched in one of the pastures and the Big Camp came in throngs to see the "Grand and Glorious, the Greatest Circus on Earth."

Then, the last days of Camp, the reminiscing counts, the gay banquets and get-togethers, the mad searchings for tricky trunk keys that conceal themselves in the very locks they belong in, the clamor for wrapping paper and string,—then, the teary "au revoirs" that mark the end of a glorious summer season and beginning of a winter of expectation of the coming year.

THE STORM

Oh, the whirl and dash of a rushing storm!
The mad grim joy of Nature's ordered chaos!
My very soul's set free—set wildly free,
Is tossed—is lost in the storm.
Like a bird high in the rush of the winds
Is tossed and lost,
Is flung hither and thither
Till it falls.

With the calm then it sinks,
Floats to the ground,
Then like the bird my soul descends,
Like the bird lies panting,
Weak and trembling,
Yet perfectly purged and purified.
Filled with a peace and joy,
The peace and joy that a Storm gives.

By EDITH PAGE—*Little Wohelo*.

SONGS OF THE LITTLE CAMP

MAIL SONG

Now we're off to Casco
For to get the mail.
What's the matter with Buddy?
He's going like a snail.

Giddap (cluck) giddap (cluck)
Giddap, giddap, giddap, (cluck)
Giddap, (cluck) giddap (cluck)
Giddap, giddap, giddap.

Now we're home from Casco
Feeling mighty fit,
Wait till next Saturday,
We'll have another trip.

Chorus, this time ending with Whoa.

BLUEBERRY PIE SONG

We've been working on our craft work
All the morning through,
Dolls and clowns and fairy gardens
And beads and count books, too.

Oh, when will Benny blow the bugle?
With emptiness I sigh,
And what is Mother Jordan baking,
Do you s'pose it's blueberry pie?

Oh, Mother Jordan, how you do it
Is more than we can tell,
But that your rolling pin works magic
We all do know right well.

Why even Hiitenni's "lick-off"
Won't leave us in repose
When blueberry pie comes in for dinner—
Is there any on my nose?

MARCHING SONGS

As Wohelo comes marching along
With a step that is eager and strong,
We know that we cannot go wrong,
And so we sing with all our might
Our spirits are loyal and true,
As we sing to the white and the blue
Wohelo, our hopes rise to you,
And so we sing and so we tramp to dear Wohelo.

March, march, march,
Singing gladly as we go,
March, march, march,
Marching off to Wohelo.
If the weather's rainy
It matters not to us, or
If the road is dusty
We will not make a fuss, but we'll
March, march, march,
Singing gladly as we go,
March, march, march,
Marching off to Wo-he-lo.

CAUCUS SONGS

The Call

Little Wohelo fairies awake,
The bright sun is rising over our lake,
The spirit of morning to you is calling,
Wohelo maids, Wohelo maids, Wohelo maids,
Awake.

The Answer

Oh, Spirit, we are coming
For we heard thy call,
Wohelo maids will answer
Hear us one and all.

We're wide awake and ready
To start our week anew,
To try and work the harder
And help each other, too.

Tent Inspection Song

Oh, this is the little blue heron,
She lives in the top of a tree,
Every morning she visits camp Wohelo
To see what she can see.

And now she's just going to tell you
Of the things that she saw with her eyes
In the week that's just past at Camp Wohelo,
It surely will be a surprise.

AWAKE

The bugle rings out so clear each morn,
Awake, awake, awake, awake,
Hustle and get the scarlet on,
Awake, awake, awake.

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.

Then back to your dens and a rub you'll take,
A rub you'll take, a rub you'll take,
Then back to your dens and a rub you'll take,
Awake, awake, awake.

Then gimme my breakfast for goodness' sake,
For goodness' sake, for goodness' sake,
Then gimme my breakfast for goodness' sake,
Awake, awake, awake.

Chorus after each verse

Awake, awake, jump in the lake,
Awake, awake, jump in the lake,
Then gimme my breakfast for goodness' sake,
Awake, awake, awake.

WOHELO, WOHELO (Tune, Mammy)

The sun shines east, the sun shines west,
But we all know where the sun shines best,
Wohelo, Wohelo.
Our heartstrings are tangled around
Wohelo.
Diving, swimming, all the things we love to do,
Rowing, paddling, gardening, and horseback, too,
Wohelo, Wohelo.
We do things to the honor and praise of Wohelo.

TWO LITTLE PIGS (Tune—Three Blind Mice)

Two little pigs,
Hear how they squeal,
They squeal when they're washed and they squeal when
they're fed,
They squeal every night when you put them to bed,
And both their complexions are very pale red.
Two little pigs.

One's piggy wig
One's piggy wig
The other's piggy wee
The other's piggy wee.
One has a tail that's very kink-y,
The other's as straight as a tail can be,
The piggies you ever did see,
Two little pigs.

THE WOHELO BIRD

POLLYWOG SONG

Pollywogs,
We're glad to have you with us
Pollywogs.
We hope you're going to hold our ideals up
Before all the rest,
For they stand stand
For all that is best.
Oh, Pollywogs,
You've earned the right to join us
In our work and play,
And as we crown you now,
May you ever keep our vow!
Oh, Pollywogs, here's to you!

Wohelo, little camp
Wohelo, little camp
Sings to you, Oh, Wohelo,
Sings to you,
Sings to you.

JORDAN BAY TRIP

We've been about half a day
On a trip to Jordan Bay,
And we hope you all will find it
When you come to pass that way.

It's full of curious sights
In the days and in the nights,
Orchids, lizards and porcupines,
And many mosquito bites.

The camping site's just great
Right on Sebago Lake,
And you'll love it, you'll love it, you'll love it,
When a nice cool swim you take.

MOTHER JORDAN

Oh, Mother Jordan, oh, Mother Jordan,
We love you better every single day,
Oh Mother Jordan, Oh, Mother Jordan,
Don't ever, ever, ever, go away.

LISTEN ALL

Listen all and we will tell you
Of the charms of Wohelo,
Of the things that make us happy
On the shores of Sebago.

First, we have a dandy leader,
Our big Bill so staunch and true,
Then we have a fine camp hostess,
Co. M we love her, too.

Next we live in tents and cabins
Underneath the tall pine trees,
Where we listen to the songsters
Who have made their homes in these.

And my goodness, oh, the riding,
Vanda, Billy, Buddy, too,
And the swimming and the gardening
So many things to love to do.

Last of all we sing to her, who
Made for us these things and more,
Hiiteni, dear camp Mother,
She's the one we all adore.



CAMP TIMANOUS,

October, 1921.

GREETINGS WOHELO:

I am sitting up late by lamplight in the little grey weather-stained, hundred-year-old house by the big Robin Hood Barn to write a word or two before the page proofs of the Wohelo Bird go back to Portland for printing. This beautiful brown bird is just another one of the many things that Wohelo has sprung as a happy surprise which we over here must imitate and adopt. I'm so pleased with it that we'll not be happy until Camp Timanous shall have a grey journal of its summer doings. Of course we'll not try to compete with Wohelo Senior, for Timanous boys are so much younger, but we'll try to match our little sisters of the Log Cabins, anyhow. Wait and see!

We'll have a garden and farm page, too. For everyone who comes over here after seeing what you girls did at the farm, says, "Why don't the boys have a garden, too?" So we have bought an old farmhouse right next door, and a real barn, and plenty of rocky Maine land to cultivate, and our Sam says he'll start a garden for the boys to work in when they come.

Maybe we'll follow you in the tea-room, too, for the farmhouse is big and roomy, and has a wonderful attic, and if our Pirates can paddle around to wherever it is that Peter lives, and kidnap him some darksome night, and bring him over, we'll just put him in thumb-screws and iron-maidens, and lead-bots, and auto-da-fe and things until he promises to so decorate that attic that it will be the most wonderful place this side of South Casco.

Then, too, your brothers over here simply must have a piggie wee and a piggie wig all of their own and maybe go you one better by hunting up some of the grandchildren of that famous goat which once was Halsey's over on your rocks . . . the one, you remember, that the song records as chewing up Clara's hair?

Imitation in our case, O Wohelo, is much more than the mere "flattery" of the proverb; it is a very genuine recognition of the truly worthwhile, and the things Hiitani and Timanous worked out and planned for you are, with little differences here and there, adapting them to boys, just as valuable and fine for your brother campers over here as they are for you. Our boys went home well and strong this summer largely because we followed out that scheme of yours, of the Huskies and Toughs. Andy Brown, for instance, came here 19 per cent. underweight, took right hold of eating, resting, sleeping and exercising as prescribed, and went home a couple of pounds overweight, which he could well afford, and we hardly knew him at the end of the summer. And Taclott, bless his buttons . . . you remember, perhaps, that jolly hunk of heavy butter . . . went home a pound or two only removed from normal weight, and happy as a king that he could move so spryly.

Kitty, over on the Point, was as nearly like our Old Chief Timanous on the diving dock as anyone could possibly be, and the reason your Camp Brothers could come over on Water

Sports day and surprise you so was because the ways and methods, and a large part of the very spirit of Timanous carried right on from Wohelo to Panther Point, and did its work.

Well, of course it would work through Kitty, you might say. Yes, but it works through the rest of us, and through "some of us who never saw him, too," as our song so truly sings. You all thought Brock was pretty fine stuff . . . even wrote a song about our lonely Cow Boy . . . well, he was brought up over in China, and his father over there was General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and wore the triangle which Timanous worked so hard to get the Y to adopt as their symbol, and in front of which, on our big grey rock, Emory sang you his firsthand prairie songs. So Brock *had* the spirit, even before he came up here and watched and felt its workings over there by your beautiful fire under those tall straight pines. And so with the rest of us over here, we have caught, and are trying to live and work out for the boys some of those fine things that one just feels all over when he drops in and breathes the air of Wohelo.

But what a place this is over here without the boys! The big barn is bursting with all the cots the boys turned back and wouldn't sleep on, saying it wasn't camp-like enough, this sleeping on cots; the horses no longer break through the fence to raid the ice-cream freezer for salt; the crackle of rifles on the range is stilled; gone are the white sails of the Pointer canoes from the cove; red and yellow apples lie everywhere over the ground, wondering why their hard, green brothers were so popular when the boys were here, always being picked up and carried away; big-hatted Brock and tiny "Runt" Bissell no longer arrest the attention of passing motorists; and the forlorn, jobless baby-jumper, another member of the long line of unemployed, hangs out there listless and solitary, swinging mournfully in the lake breeze and dreaming of another summer when all its muscles and sinews shall be in play again.

They'll be back, though. The "Crows" will be cawing from their tree-house nest; the engineers will be hammering and chopping and lugging boards and beams; the Eagles will pitch their tents on the knoll; the Falcons will establish themselves in a new settlement down in the woods, and the Pointers will be cooking everything that's good except "dough-gobs," which we'll respect as a very special specialty of Brock's.

And we shall hope to see more of Wohelo than ever before, and to welcome more of your Gypsies to our open fields by the road, and to add still more brothers to the very enviable bunch who are so happy that they have real, live sisters over there.

Betty, and Kitty, and Amo, and "Vac," and Fred Hodgson (the only boy left here now) all join me in hearty greetings to you, and when the snow flies and the lake freezes and the little Ford car is ever so hard to start in the morning, think of us up here in the woods, working to make Camp Timanous all that our Guiding Spirit, and our Hiitani Mother would have this little camp be for the boys.

"Chief"

