



*Flowers of Love and Memory*



*Where Our Caravan Has Rested*



*Dear LC/TBC Friends,*

*My inspiration for writing this booklet came from Joan (Jo) Cormack, who began her association with LC/TBC as a counselor in 1951 (the last year when Camp was known as LIFE Camps). Jo was one of the counselors who helped Lois Goodrich save Camp when LIFE withdrew its support in 1952, and re-establish it as Trail Blazer Camps. For many years, Jo returned to Camp, and was a counselor in the small camp group called Timber Ridge when I first came to Camp in 1957 as a 9 year old Fern Hill Farmer.*

*Not long before Jo's death on May 15, 2013, she sent me a box full of precious documents she had accumulated over the years. Jo's hope was that I would be able to figure out a way to preserve and share them with members of the LC/TBC family. Well, I gave it my best shot. And, I think that the documents reprinted in this booklet will resonate with each of you and remind you of the extraordinary impact that LC/TBC and its people, most especially Lois Goodrich, had and continue to have on the lives of those who have been a part of the LC/TBC experience.*

*This booklet includes two major chapters." The first chapter, "Where My Caravan Has Rested" tells the story of the first 70 years of LC/TBC (1897-1957), primarily through a script that was written by Hilde Wohl-Adler for the 70th Anniversary celebration at TBC's Mashipacong property. This chapter also includes the scrolls that were written by Lois, Betty and Nita in 1952, the year that Camp was threatened with closure, and a tale written by Mary Dell Morrison about how the donkeys were saved to come back the following summer when Camp reopened. The second chapter, "Flowers of Love and Memory," includes several "scrolls" that Lois wrote for Council Fires, and also includes a transcription of her closing remarks at her retirement reception in 1980.*

*Throughout this booklet, my "voice" (i.e., where I have personally authored the text) is distinguished by typing the text in the same italic font as this cover letter.*

*My best to all of you,*

*Juanita Barrena (former TBC camper and counselor)*

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*I would like to thank everyone who contributed to this project by providing additional documents and advice- most especially, Pamela Goodrich Cooke (Lois's niece), Hilde Wohl Adler, Kay Smorto, Pam Gregory, Diane Schaefer, and Linda Coniglio. Also, quite a few years ago, Jane Granzow gave me her wonderful collection of photographs that were taken for "Roofree," a collection of LC/TBC photos, songs and history, which she and Sandy Running published in 1980. Many of the photos in this booklet (including the two wagons on the inside cover) are from that collection. Other photos were collected from LC/TBC friends and Camp's archives over the years. here I can remember the source of the photo, the person/source is indicat-ed. Where holders of copyright could be identified, reprint permissions are noted and greatly appreciated. Where, I have been unable to identify the source of a photo or writing or have erred in the identification, my apologies.*

*My thanks to former TBC Executive Director Riel Peerbooms and Board Co-Chair Marc Hyman for their support of this project and their commitment to preserving these materials and making them available to others.*

*To Jo Cormack, thank you so much for entrusting me with so many precious flowers of love and memory. To the late Raymond Goodrich (Lois's youngest brother) and his daughter Pamela Goodrich Cooke, my deepest gratitude for permission to reprint Lois's writings in this booklet. And, to Lois Goodrich, I shall forever be indebted for the inspiration and encouragement to become all I have been or could be.*

## CHAPTER I: WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED

### *Where My Caravan has Rested*



#### SPECIAL CELEBRATION OF OUR 70th ANNIVERSARY

Since it was 70 years this summer since our camps were started, we declared Saturday, August 17th, our day of commemoration and worked up and presented a long, historical pageant, with every group of campers in both boys' and girls' camps participating.

From pre-camp training period on, attention was given to collecting data on our history. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Brink, of Sussex View, were brought in as resource people about history of our present locale. Hilde Wohl, one of the counselors, put all the material together in a script for the pageant and read the whole, giving time to each group to act its own part of the story. A letter sent out to Board members telling of the whole event is included here to serve as a description of the gala day.

Following this is included the script of the pageant in total.

Lois Goodrich

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*This document was transcribed in July 2013 from a copy of a typed document provided to me by Joan (Jo) Cormack. It is likely that the small camp groups also produced written scripts, but these were not available. The photos were not included in the original. These were added by me for this publication. The cover page to the Pageant script was written by Lois Goodrich. As noted in her message, the pageant narrative was put together by Hilde (Wohl) Adler, and is reprinted here with her permission. The photo at the top of the page (provided by Hilde) shows Hilde reading the script at the event. The intended recipients of the document are not known to me, but it is likely that the document constituted a report to the Trail Blazer Camps Board. The referenced letter to the Board was not available. The actual event took place at the Mashipacong property on August 17, 1957.*

## PAGEANT - 70<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY - TRAILBLAZER CAMPS

This is the 70th birthday of Life Camps, and this is its story.

It is a story of faith, and courage, and hard work.

It is a story of great love, of happy laughter, of strong friendships.

It is a story which teaches us, in the words of John Donne, that

“no man is an island, entire for itself; every man is a peece  
of the continent, a part of the Maine . . . any man’s death diminishes  
me, because I am involved in Mankinde . . .” [1]

This was the lay of the land in 1887. Grover Cleveland was president. People either walked, or rode around in buggies with horses pulling them. Potatoes were 30 cents a bushel, eggs 12 cents a dozen, a good hot turkey dinner cost 20 cents, and a man could easily support a family on \$12 a week. There was gaslight in the houses and the people used woodstoves to keep themselves warm. The gold rush was over. The ladies’ hemline was still to the ankles.

Things weren’t quite the same as they are today, but this was still America . . . there were still children in cities, and grownups who had known trees and mountains and who wished to share. And, for a beginning, that was enough.

In 1887, Life Magazine was a humorous magazine, a little like the present “New Yorker.” It was read only in the vicinity of New York City and two of its editors were a Mr. Mitchell and a Mr. Gilbert.

### SKIT: BEGINNING OF LIFE’S FRESH AIR FUND (FRONTIERSMEN)

In 1891, Life Magazine leased a farm near Branchville, Connecticut and called it “Life’s Farm.” The Fresh Air Fund sent some of the children to this farm, while others continued, as they had done for the four previous years, to go to farms in the neighborhood. The children were sent to get fresh air and sunshine, and were pretty free to do what they wanted most of the day. As a matter of fact, for some time there were only 5 counselors there, and over 200 children. When the director was asked how he managed this, he said, “well-there are 4 stone walls around the place. One counselor watches from the north wall, one from the south wall, one from the east wall and one from the west wall. That leaves one for emergencies!”

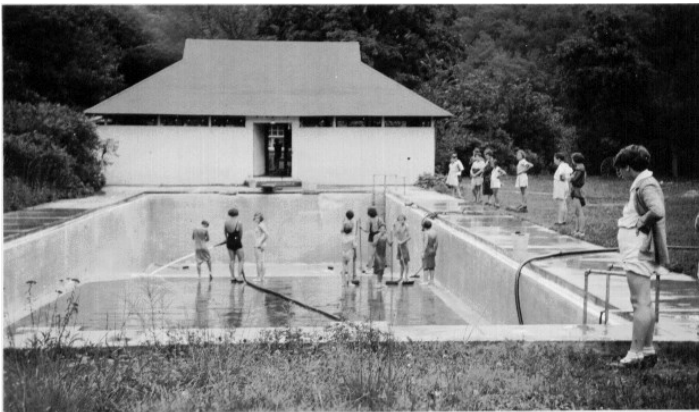
By 1894 all the children who were sent to the country by the Fresh Air Fund went to Life’s Farm, and they continued to do so until 1923 when James Cox Brady donated a farm near Pottersville, New Jersey. For the next two years, boys and girls went to both farms for periods of 2 weeks. The necessary money was donated by people from all over the United States and several foreign countries. As “Life” was a local magazine at that time, it seems amazing that word of the Fresh Air Fund spread so far so quickly.

*[1] These are not typos. The quote is in old English from John Donne’s Meditation XVII, in Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions (pub. in 1624).*

In 1925, a man named L.B. Sharp was hired by Life Magazine to become executive director of the activities of the Fresh Air Fund, and the name “Life Farm” was changed to “Life’s Camp.” Also, from then on, the Branchville farm became the girls’ camp; the Pottersville farm the boys’ camp (later known as Camp Raritan).

The children who went to Life’s Farm in those days are now grown up; many are married and have children of their own - but they still treasure their thoughts of the place and have many wonderful memories. As we can see by the following example, the Life Camp Spirit, which we know now, has been growing for a long, long time. One day, a man came to the Branchville Camp in a big black Cadillac. He got out of his car and walked around, looking everywhere, saying nothing. A Counselor became curious about him and spoke to him and this is the story he told her. He had been at Life’s Farm for two weeks when he was 6 years old; ever since then (and he was in his forties or fifties) he had held very dear memories of the place and had wanted to come back and see it again. He remembered that he slept in the upstairs of the farmhouse in a big double bed; that he played in the hay in the barn loft; that there was a big sled, and all day long he and the other boys used to slide down the grassy hill on it and then drag it back up so that they could go down again; that there was always plenty of molasses and milk for supper. But the most amazing thing of all was that he had made two friends there at the age of 6 . . . and all through the years he had kept up his friendships with them.

These Life Campers of yesterday remember a lot of things – like the White House, dramatics hill, the Scamp (the camp newspaper, which got its name because everybody slurred “Life’s Camp” and it sounded like “Scamp”), musical night, stunt night, awards night, talent night, counselor-camper softball game, the swimming hole, and later on the pool and all the fun of scrubbing it.



*Scrubbing the Pool at Life’s Girls’ Camp, Branchville, CT.  
(Photo provided by Kay Smorto)*

They can recall that, no matter what, nobody could go to the bathroom until the red light went on at 10:30, and remember the little train called "The Prince of Wales" which ran right through camp every day at siesta time. They remember that if a girl raised her head up in the dormitory after "goodnight," she'd put it down fast enough if Miss Sexon waved her little finger. Some of them look back on being a C.A. (counselor assistant) or an A.A. (activity assistant), both of which were much like what our leaders are today, and the fun of living in the A.A. tent all by themselves. There are many names to love and remember – like Hi Sexson, and Mike Stein, and all the counselors. One of the 1925 campers wrote this for the Scamps:

"This camp is about the best place I came to. The dormitory is just wonderful and the games, swimming, stories and crafts which the children love very much. Every morning we have exercising and after we finish the exercise we have flag raising and every group has a chance.

We have stunt night in which we have a lot of fun when we have seen it already. We have talent and musical night which are very nice. The hikes the children enjoy very much. We work very hard for our group points. At the end of camp they give us awards. When we get showers it is nice also because if you stay under it longer, you will not want to get out. We enjoy singing songs. I like to come next year because of all the good things such as nice playground and all of the air and all of the good things around camp."

Let's see what it looked like at Branchville.

SKIT: LIFE AT THE BRANCHVILLE CAMP (BRAE TARN AND TIMBER RIDGE)



*The "White House." Life's Girls' Camp, Branchville, CT (late 1930's)  
(Photo provided by Kay Smorto)*



*Clem Allured (nee, Clementina Di Geronimo) as the "king;"  
Camper/Camper Leader, 1936-1942*



*Kay Smorto (nee, Catherine Logatto);  
Camper/Camper Leader, 1935-1941*



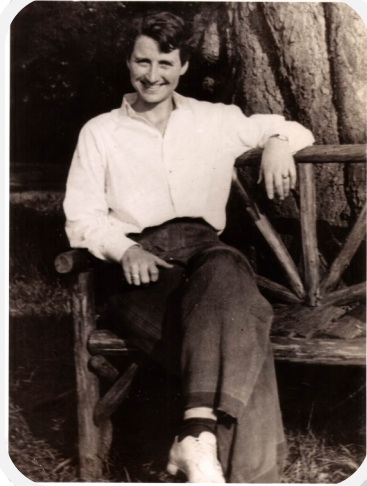
*The "Nature House." Life's Girls' Camp, Branchville, CT (late 1930's)  
Ms. Friend is the Counselor in the photo  
(Photos provided by Clem Allured [L] and Kay Smorto [R and B])*

In 1928 something happened which has made Life Camps different from all others and one of the best known and respected camps in the whole country. "Outpost" camps were established- Sherwood" in Connecticut, and "Oshkidee" by Marty Feely at Raritan. These were little places away from the main camp to which groups could go, and where they could learn how to live in the woods and how to love them . . in other words, how to become real campers. It was the beginning of decentralized camping. . . camping where children live in small groups away from the others, like a real family, and plan and carry out the program just as they want to. Sherwood and Oshkidee were followed by Tuckaway and Conestoga – it was like the gold rush – everyone wanted to stake a claim someplace and as fast as possible. Although there was not enough room for everyone to have a small camp right away, the groups which lived in the dormitory and tent fields found names for themselves and developed a group feeling and spirit. Raritan used the magical names of Indian nations for their tribes .. Waeka, Weniki, Hill Teepee, Iroquois, Eagle Feather, Lenape, Blazing Arrow, Moccasin, Flying Wolf; the girls were a little more feminine – they claimed the puppies, the silver birches, the redstarts, the eagles, the cotton tails, the hoot owls.

In 1931, a young, thin and frightened maiden came to Branchville to be the scouting counselor. She was from Texas and it was difficult for anyone to understand what she said. It was her job to teach the girls fire building, how to handle the axe and saw, what wood to use – when, and she took them on gypsy trips - they went all over the country side and explored. On one of her trips she discovered some covered wagons in an old barn, and with her Texas drawl, she persuaded the farmer to sell her those for \$5 apiece. Those same wagons stand today at our Pioneer small camp! She took the girls across Route 7, the highway, and taught them how to sing "Little Sir Echo" and how to signal from Pine Point down to camp. She enjoyed her summer tremendously. 3 years later she became the director of the camp!

SKIT: ABOUT MISS GOODRICH (LEADERS-GIRLS)

*Lois Goodrich was born in Jayton, Stonewall County, Texas, on August 8, 1908. She was the 3rd oldest of nine children. When she was about 5 years old, the family moved west to Lynn County, Texas, in a "wagon train." Many will remember her stories about this journey and life on their frontier farm (especially gathering cow chips for fuel). Some of these stories are re-told by her sisters Flora and Anita on the audio CD. Despite the many challenges she and her family faced, including her mother's death when Lois was still in High School, Lois graduated valedictorian of her High School class and went on to college at West Texas University, where she earned her B.A. in English. She taught physical education in grade school and English and Journalism in high school in Canyon, Texas.*



## Lois Goodrich

(Photos from Pam Goodrich Cooke)

Lois first came to LIFE Girls' Camp as a counselor in 1931 and became its summer director in 1934. In 1937 she took time out to pursue a Masters in Guidance and Personnel at Teachers College, Columbia. In 1938, she became year-round director of LIFE Girls' Camp. In 1953, when the Boys' Camp was moved to Mashipacong and Trail Blazer Camps was established and associated with St. John's Guild, Lois continued as Director of the Girls' Camp. In 1957, the year when TBC became independent of St. John's Guild, Lois became Executive Director and also continued to direct the Girls' Camp through Summer 1980, when she retired. In that same year, Lois's leadership in the field of camping was recognized nationally by her being awarded the Taft Campus Outdoor Education Award. In 1982, the ACA published an updated revision of her 1959 seminal book on decentralized camping titled, Decentralized Camping: A Handbook. Lois had hoped that during retirement, she would also be able to work on a book on "creativity in camping," which would include the writings of campers and counselors that she had collected over the years. Unfortunately, that hope could not be realized. Lois died on May 4, 1984, from injuries sustained in a car accident on the way to "Hillside House," the home at Sussex View that she and Betty Faust had built on the site where they and so many LC/TBC campers and counselors went on their Vagabonds and listened to the call of the Whippoorwill.

In 1937, another boys' camp, Camp Pole Bridge was established in Matamoras, Pennsylvania, on the other side of the Delaware River, only 11 miles from here. There were 3 Life Camps now - Branchville, Raritan, and Pole Bridge. Pole Bridge Camp was for older boys, 12 to 16, and under the leadership of Chief Marty Feely, their director, they established many wonderful traditions. Many of their chiefs and campers today are active members of the Men's Alumni Association, and come back to Mashipacong every spring to help get the summer started. On the corner of the Pole Bridge Prospector, the camp paper, is written, "... as the old prospector of yore was ever exploring, pioneering, breaking the way toward his goal, so too Pole Bridge Camp reaches into new and unknown fields with certain aims and ideals, searching for the best in camping. . . "

#### SKIT: DEPICTING POLE BRIDGE CAMP (LUMBERJACKS)

In 1938, Nita came to Branchville and had a group called Donkey Trail. She spent most of her time taking care of the donkeys and very little of it watching the children. The donkeys were called Jack and Jenny, and there were two goats, a grown up one named Melinda and a baby named Billy. Billy grew up with the donkeys and thought he was one, and became very upset when the donkeys went anywhere without him. One day he was left home from a vagabond, and became so disturbed that they took him out by truck, just so he wouldn't have a nervous breakdown.



*Nita Baumgardner with Jack and Jenny, 1938  
(Photo from the TBC collection)*

1938 was, in general, a rather normal summer at Branchville. Everybody had a wonderful time, but that was nothing unusual. Martin and Terrace Grassel, our dear caretakers of the preceding year were moved permanently to Raritan and we began a wonderful era with Robert and Elizabeth Dollar. At the end of the summer, as always, the campers left their nicest thoughts for the girls who would come the following summer.

From the Tuckaway scroll: "To those who will be next to live in Tuckaway, we the Homesteaders of 1938 leave our quiet camp tucked away in the woods near the river. We hope that during your stay in camp you too will enjoy some of the things the first Homesteaders did years ago. We especially liked having a barbecue, making molasses taffy, building a house and riding in a boat we made . ."

From Sherwood, "there's a peace in the woods, too, and you can hug it to you and let it fall about your shoulders like a mantle. You will also find everlasting qualities of friendship, cooperation, understanding and good character. You may reach a changing point in your lives as some of us have done. And when you sit before your campfire at nights, you'll look into it and see your soul laid bare. Look honestly. Find your faults and let the fire cleanse and purify your spirit. Coldness and selfishness and all little petty things will melt away from you and you will have the strong scent of clean wood smoke in your nostrils and a great throbbing follows in your heart."



*The Scent of Clean Wood Smoke*  
(Photo from Juanita's personal collection)

Neither the campers nor the counselors knew it till the very last night of camp, but 1938 was the end of an era. There was to be no more Life Camp at Branchville; 1100 acres of woodland, unspoiled and beautiful had been bought at Mashipacong. There was magic even in the name of the place – an Indian name, meaning “place of big waters.” Some people say the whole thing came about like this:

#### SKIT: LEGEND OF MASHIPACONG (HOMESTEAD)

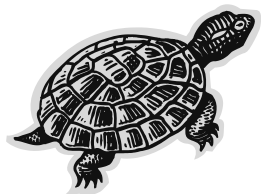


*Trail Blazer Camps Postcard*

Others, who have studied some history tell us an even more wonderful story. They tell us that long, long, ago, about 30,000 years, this land was covered by a great sheet of ice – the glacier. It took many thousands of years for the ice to melt and the glacier to recede, but when it did, it left here many of the rocks and stones we see today. For a long time after that, only animals lived in these woods and hills – such strange things as dinosaurs, camels, lions, tigers and buffaloes. We know this because we have found the remains of bones and fossils to prove it.

The first people to whom the land belonged were the Indians. Many of them lived on the banks of the Delaware, about 6 miles from here. Most of them belonged to the Leni-Lenape nation and the tribe which inhabited most of this area was the Minsie tribe. Minsie means “land from which the waters have gone” and the tribe was so named because, according to their history, long ago, before the Delaware river broke through the mountain and made the Delaware water gap, the entire valley was a huge lake. After the water gap was made, the lake was drained and only the river remained while the rest of the land became a fertile valley known as the Minisink land. The Minsies believed that the land was a direct gift from the Great Spirit to them, as the first people. In their language the river was known as “the river of the original people.” Their totem was the wolf and their council hall was on a level plateau near Milford, Pennsylvania, called “Pow-wow Hill.”

Another of the Lenape tribes was the Unami tribe. Unami means “people further down the river.” Its emblem was the turtle and their plaque pictured a turtle enclosed in a circle of gold and set in a seven pointed star. Their chieftain was called Tammany and he was perhaps the most beloved chieftain in the annals of American History. During the Revolutionary War he was known as Saint Tamman.



*Turtle from Microsoft Office clip art;  
Photo from Jane Granzow's Rooftree Collection*

The Indians grew corn, beans, tobacco, and many squashes and melons. They cracked their corn with a pestle and mortar. The mortar was made of stone or sometimes of hard wood which would not split, such as gum or balsam. The thick forest was a hunting ground for deer, quail, geese and other animals. The lakes and streams were filled with fish and the Indians caught them with bone hooks or nets. Opossum and beaver furnished fur for skins. The Indians never killed or hunted for the sport of it; they were thankful to the Great Spirit for providing for their food, and they killed only what they needed to eat. They worshipped the Great Spirit and showed their appreciation through songs and dances.

#### INDIAN DANCES (FOREST TEPEE AND UNAMI)

The first Europeans, the early pioneers, came from the direction of the Hudson river. The Indians felt their land was a gift from the Great Spirit and therefore for the use of all mankind, so they sold land to the Europeans and were ready to live with them as brothers. The early pioneers dealt fairly with the Indians and learned many things from them. These pioneers were a hearty and courageous people who wanted only to find freedom in a new land – to build homes and to till the soil, It was not until the white man became greedy that the trouble began.

The Lenapes were not thoroughly aroused until the second “Walking Purchase.” It was Indian custom that a man could buy as much land as he could walk in a day. William Penn made the first famous walking purchase, and the land he bought was south of here, below the Lehigh river. He stopped to rest, smoke and eat with the Indians as was the custom, and they considered it a fair purchase and were ready to live in peace. On June 23, 1683, William Penn and the Unami chief, Tammany, signed the Great Treaty which read, “. . . we will be brethren, children of one Father. If the Indian or Christian shall harm one another, complaint shall be made by the sufferer, that right might be done and wrong shall be forgotten. We will transmit this league between us to our children. It shall be made stronger and stronger and be kept . . . while the creeks and rivers run and while the sun and moon and stars endure.”

#### SKIT: PENN’S WALK (PATHFINDERS)

But the white man had to have more and more and the second walking purchase was made by men of less character than William Penn. The Indians did not intend to sell any of the land of the Minsies, but were fooled by the white men. When news of another walking purchase spread, 2 men who walked with great speed and were known for their strength and endurance were chosen to walk. A horse, which carried food and rum, walked before them, and they did not stop to rest, eat or smoke as was expected. When they walked past the Lehigh river into the Minsie land, the Indians realized they were tricked and ran to warn the people in the villages which were no longer theirs. From then on there was never peace between the white man and the Indian. Indian attacks on the whites became more and more frequent. The homes of people who lived in the Minsie land were attacked, the houses and fields burned and the people murdered. Indians were considered wild beasts and regular Indian hunts were organized— but it was always open season for Indians. The man who killed more Indians than anyone else of his time was Tom Quick of Milford, Pennsylvania. Tom swore to kill 100 Indians as vengeance for his father who was murdered by them as he was carrying firewood home along the Delaware. Tom did manage to kill 93 Indians before he died. Many of them were killed along the Old Mine Road, which runs near the Delaware from Kingston to Pahaquarry, and is one of the oldest roads in America.

During the French and Indian War, the French fanned the flame of Indian attacks and during the Revolutionary War, the English allied with the Indians against the Americans. An Indian half-breed called Thayendanege, and also known as Colonel Joseph Brant of the English Tory army, led the Indians against the whites and cruelly massacred 19 settlers. This battle, known as the Battle of Minisink, is one of the most tragic stories of the American Revolution. After the Battle of Minisink, General Washington sent Generals Clinton and Sullivan to teach the Indians a lesson. These completely destroyed the Indian strength and never again could the Indians revenge themselves on the white owners of the Minisink.

In the early 1790's and early 1800's, pioneers flocked to these beautiful mountains and valleys. They tilled the soil, and to do this had to remove the rocks. They made them into stone walls which we can still find in many places, if we look. They planted apple trees and grape vines, and ground their corn in mills. The remains of 2 of these are here at Pioneer Brook. They built homesteads and schools. Everywhere we look we find evidence of their having lived here. They worked hard during the day, and when their work was through, they took time to enjoy themselves – with no need for the type of entertainment we know today.

#### SKIT: TYPICAL PIONEER DAY (PIONEERS)

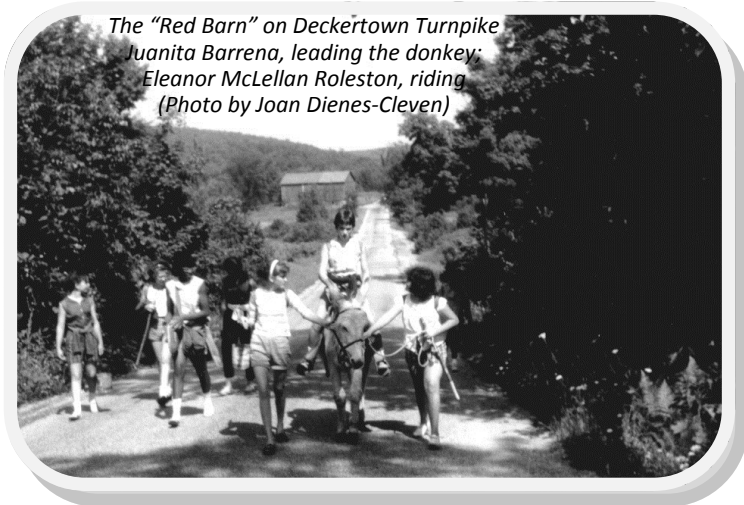
Stagecoaches with 4 horses whipped along the old turnpike, the road right here in our camp, and stopped to rest the horses in a building which stood where the Lodge now stands. After 1810, the stage ran every day from Deckertown (which is now Sussex) to Milford. It came through 3 times a week on the long journey between Owego and Jersey City. The stage went about 40 miles a day, and in the evening the people rested at the various inns along the route. People weren't in any great hurry in those days. It is said that one of the early presidents of the United States came along this very road.



*Deckertown Turnpike on the Mashipacong property  
"The Lodge" in the distance  
(From Jane Granzow's Rooftree Collection)*

But the land was poor for farming, so these homesteaders piled their belongings into the covered wagons and pushed westward toward new frontiers.

Little is known about this land between the time the pioneers left and the early 1900's, but people did live here, and the little school continued. Those who loved the land too much to go struggled along and tried to farm it. In the 1920's there were 21 homes between camp and Sussex View. The little schoolhouse had 13 students and there were the remains of a tollgate between here and the Red Barn.



*The "Red Barn" on Deckertown Turnpike  
Juanita Barrena, leading the donkey;  
Eleanor McLellan Roleston, riding  
(Photo by Joan Dienes-Cleven)*

So . . . right here in our own camp, we can relive the history of our country . . . from the days of the ice cap . . . the Indians . . . the pioneers. We can find evidence to support our convictions. We come to understand that we are a very small part of a very long story!

Back to Life Camp. The land at Mashipacong was bought in 1938 [2]; 1100 acres which have never been broken since King George of England gave the land to Lord Rutherford in return for some favor.

The land was bought from a Mr. Robinson. Before Mr. Robinson had it, it belonged to a Mr. Wilson of Sussex and was used by a hunt and gun club. Mr. Wilson sold it to Mr. Robinson for \$3000. Through the years there was a little lumbering done by various people.

The boys camp was to stay at Raritan, but the girls' camp they were to move to Mashipacong. When the children and the counselors found out about this they were excited to be sure, but they were sad too. They loved their Connecticut camp and hated to leave it to go to a place they did not know.

*[2] The land was purchased by Doris Duke and leased to Camp for a nominal fee. In 1991, Doris Duke transferred the land to the Nature Conservancy to create the Mashipacong Bogs Preserve, with provision for Camp to continue to use 200 acres.*

In the fall of 1938, Dr. Sharp, his wife and daughter, Miss Goodrich and Nita Baumgardner came here to the unspoiled forest to look at it and to get some idea about where to put buildings and small camps. They lived in an old house, the foundation of which can still be seen by the old campfire circle, and every evening they listened to the sounds of the lake. They saw many deer swim across it, sometimes whole families – mother, father and a little one. They fished and ate fish every day . . only one day did they buy a chicken from the people who lived in the house that was where the Lodge is. They discovered Vesper Glen and named it “Vesper Glen” and they took a trip to Lost Lake. At the edge of the lake they carved their initials into an old stick, as a newsletter to anyone who might come after them, and while there, they discovered that the boys from Camp Polebridge had already been there and left a newsletter for them. They decided on a possible location for the dining hall; there was no lawn then, and no view, so they weren’t exactly sure.

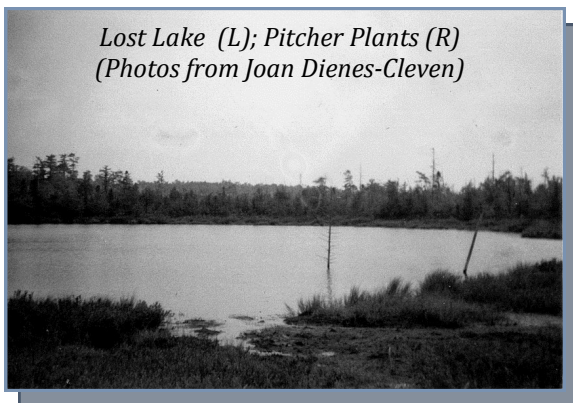
SKIT DEPICTING ABOVE PARAGRAPH (AWANASA)



*White tail deer in back of the Dining Hall Kitchen  
(Jane Granzow's Rooftree Collection)*



*Lois Goodrich (L); Nita Baumgardner (R)  
from a 1943 group photo of Girls' Camp  
Counselors (TBC Photo Collection)*



*Lost Lake (L); Pitcher Plants (R)  
(Photos from Joan Dienes-Cleven)*



On November 18<sup>th</sup>, 1938, a group of Life Lifers and B squares came to camp and broke ground for the first building, the Lodge. They dedicated the Girls Camp at Mashipacong with the following words:

“Today we have come to dedicate this site, a new Life Camp.

Today the foundation is to be laid for the first building from which, as from the White House at Branchville, Connecticut, will home the administering of the wants of Life campers.

We also ate our first meal here today. There is no dining room yet to match the bright black and orange one at Branchville, Connecticut, but the same spontaneous spirit was established on this spot to mark the foundation of the future dining room.

For years, Life Campers have dreamed of a lake in which to swim, row and fish. Today we saw the fulfillment of our dream – a shining lake which reflected so brilliantly the blue of the sky.

We have found our ideal camp.

We have come to rest in our covered wagon.

The brake is set!”

Throughout the winter and following spring the buildings were being designed and constructed, and everything from Branchville was moved over here. Can you imagine what strangers thought to see a procession of covered wagons rolling merrily across Bear Mountain Bridge! But roll they did, and the Trail-blazers and Pioneers are sleeping in them today. The buildings were designed with thoughtfulness, and purpose, and love; they had to blend into the landscape and become a part of the woods. Only native materials were used and great care was taken not to chip or scratch the stones. Master craftsmen, artisans, experts with the axe and saw, were chosen to be the builders. A sawmill stood where the garden is now and the lumber came from the land. Trees were carefully chosen for strength and shape. Few nails were used in buildings and most of the joints were pegged or notched.



*Saw Mill and matching “bell-bottom” trees on the Dining Hall Porch  
(from Jane Granzow’s Rooftree Collection)*

Despite hard work, summer came before the buildings were finished or the paths made. When the counselors came in 1939 they ate their meals on the triangle of grass in front of the Lodge; the food was passed through the windows of the Lodge. They were constantly getting lost and had to abandon all woods etiquette, and yell loudly in order to find each other. One of the counselors who came that year was a young Pennsylvanian named Betty Faust. When Miss Goodrich and some of the staff went to get the children in the city there was no roof on the dining hall; by the end of the day, magically, it had been finished. Nail kegs were used as serving tables and goats wandered in and out of the dining hall because there were no doors. There was no Big Dipper; all the campers had to shower at the Little Dipper and walk all the way down to the old dock . . . can you imagine that on a cold day? Bathing suits were kept on lines inside the Little Dipper, and the lines sagged and it was rather confusing. There was no front lawn, or any lawn; campers as well as counselors longed for a place to sit down.



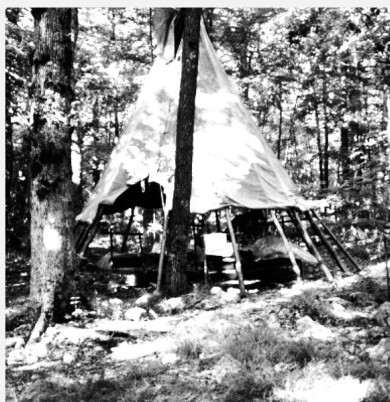
*Betty Faust*



*Betty Faust: Upper Left from 1943 Girls' Camp Counselors group photo; Upper Right photo with Lois in 1951 during Gardening Week and Bottom photo (date ?) during Winter Camp from Pam Goodrich Cooke*

When the children arrived the first day, they were divided into 10 small groups - the Dutch Settlers, Amadahi, Homestead, Laynes, Unami, Trail Blazers, Pioneers, Trail Patch, Unaliyi, Timber Ridge. They lived like the real pioneers – it was not easy and bed was welcome at the end of the day, but the fun, the friendship, the joy of work well done made it all more than worthwhile. The tradition of good, clean living in the out of doors is a worthy one for us to carry forward.

SKIT: FIRST YEAR AT MASHIPACONG (TRAIL BLAZERS)



*Small Camp Shelters (Juanita's personal photos)*

In 1940, National Camp was opened on the other side of the lake. Its purpose was to train educators and youth leaders in how to conduct outdoor education and camping. Several local colleges sent their students to National Camp for training in these areas, and people from all over the country came to take courses during the summer. The girls camp had many visitors from National because on this side of the lake these people could see in practice what was taught them in theory on the other side.

SKIT: NATIONAL CAMP (HERMIT GLEN)



*Buildings at National Camp (later to become TBC Boys' Camp)  
The Doubletree (Top) and The Wanagan (Bottom)  
(from Jane Granzow's Roofree Collection)*



There are, at this point, two gentlemen and two ladies who deserve mention. The gentlemen are Charlie Benjamin and George Babcock. Without them it is difficult to imagine how the camp at Mashipacong could have been a success. Charlie took tender care of the donkeys; when they were babies he picked them up in his arms and carried them to the barn; in honor of Charlie, one of the baby donkeys born here was named Charro.



Charlie drove the horses for the covered wagon trips, and he did many, many other things; and since he has left, he has been sadly missed by all who knew him. George Babcock, and for that matter his whole family, has done and still does every-thing and anything. No matter how busy he is, he always has time to lend a hand when he is needed. Both of them, Charlie and George, have become a part of the tradition of this place, and our hands go out to them with respect and appreciation.



*Charlie Benjamin driving; Nita Baumgardner (in the wagon directly behind Charlie) and Bonnie Faye Goodrich, Lois's youngest sister (last camper standing on the right of the wagon)  
(From Trail Blazer Camps Collection)*

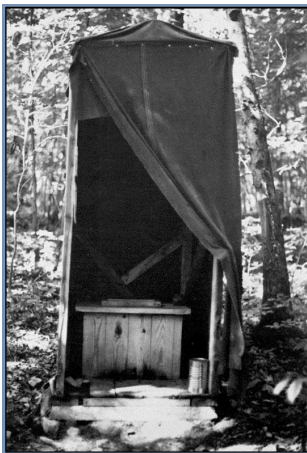


*"The Triangle" rung at meal times*

The two ladies are Mrs. Ella Hopewell and Mrs. Ellen Thomas. Miss Ella came in 1940 and Mary Ellen in 1944, and they have been back every summer to make sure all of us are getting enough to eat. Their fame has spread far into New York City through all the campers who have known them through the years. We have all been thoroughly spoiled by them, but we hope that they will continue to spoil us for a long, long time.

The Life Lifers fixed up a campsite at the Mashipacong camp and named it Old Timers Camp. Here the ex-campers come with their families and cook all their meals in the out of doors. The LL Club has become more and more active. The Life Lifers, who are the girls camp alumnae, always find ways to show their appreciation for the wonderful times they had at camp. The boats we are using this summer were scraped, caulked and painted in June by one of the LLs and her family . . . more services than any of us realize are being done by them all the time. The alumnae from the boys camp formed a Men's Alumni Association and many of them come every spring to get the camp ready for the children. At the end of summer, every year, the Life Lifers have their camp out here for about 10 days, and attendance is growing every year. Here families live in small groups, and husbands and children get to share some of the experiences the LLs had when they were children.

SKIT: LL CAMP (FERN HILL FARM)



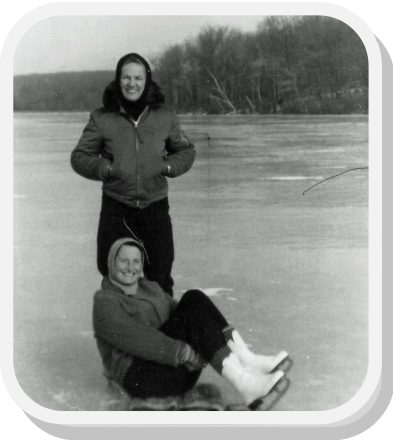
*From Rooftree Collection*



*Tent at Old Timers Camp  
(Photo from Elizabeth Wheeler)*

Winter camping, started in 1937, has become a favorite part of the program. When the mountains are covered with snow and the lake is a shining sheet of glass, campers find a new magic they never dreamed of. The children sleep in the dining hall in front of a blazing fire and cook all meals themselves. They toboggan down the hills, ski, walk on snowshoes and ice skate, and they come home in the evening with red cheeks, feeling just wonderful. Sometimes there is no snow and they take long hikes and learn about winter in the woods and how different the trees look. In the evening they sing favorite songs, and as they go to sleep, to the sound of the fire and the smell of the woodsmoke, many wonderful memories of summer come back.

SKIT: WINTER CAMPING (PIXIES)



*Betty Faust and Lois Goodrich  
(Photo from Pam Goodrich Cooke)*



*The Lodge in winter  
(Photo source unknown)*



*The Dining Hall (Great Hall) in winter  
(Juanita's personal photo collection)*

Many important changes have taken place during the last 15 years. Pole Bridge Camp closed in 1943, 4, and 5 due to lack of staff. Because there were so many men in the service, there were only enough counselors to operate one boys' camp, and Raritan was chosen. The boys who went to Raritan during the war years worked on farms in the neighborhood; they got up at 6:30, had breakfast, packed lunches and were trucked to the farms. They worked all day and came back to camp just in time for a short swim and supper. All hikes and vagabonds had to be fitted in on the weekend. Pole Bridge opened again in 1946, and then was closed permanently.

In 1952, Life magazine, which by then had become an international magazine, decided it could no longer sponsor a local organization, and due to lack of funds, the camps closed totally for half a year. Counselors, campers, life lifers, everyone who had ever been associated with camp worked and thought and prayed. . . . All dreams came true, everyone suddenly burst out singing, when in the spring of 1953 camp was reestablished by affiliation with St. John's Guild. The name was changed to Trail Blazer Camps, after our Trail Blazer small camp. The boys' camp was moved to Mashipacong and the Brady estate was returned to its owners and is now being used as a camp for the Newark Boys Club. Martin and Terrace Grassel, who were the caretakers at Branchville and then went to Raritan are still there and take care of camp for the people who are now using it. National Camp became an independent organization and is now located where Pole Bridge Camp used to be. This year, Trail Blazer Camps will have its own board, no longer affiliated with St. John's Guild board, but the Chairman of the St. John's Guild, Dr. Phillip Stimson, will also be chairman of the Trail Blazer Board.



*Lois with boys at the Boys' Camp at Mashipacong*



*Chief Rowland Warren, ca 1953 at Mashipacong*

*1943 LIFE Girls' Camp Staff*



And so we have reached the present.

Some day, others will sit here and look out at these mountains.

Some day, others will tell this story.

The spirit of this camp is an ever-growing thing, and, as it has been

Passed to us, we will pass it on to others.

We are Life Campers.

We are Trail Blazer Campers.

And we look to the future with faith!

Hilde Wohl

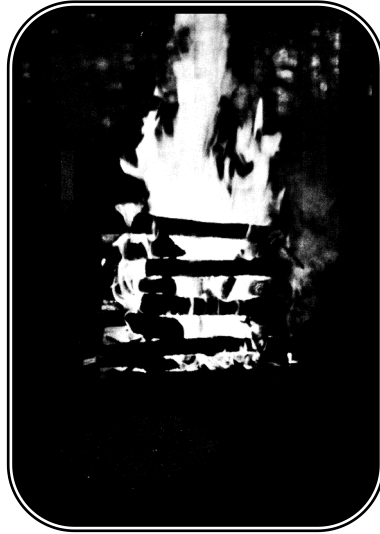
August, 17, 1957



*Trail Blazer Camps Girls Camp Staff, 1957*

*(Jo Cormack and Hilde Wohl, back row, 4th and 5th from the left)  
(Nita Baumgardner and Betty Faust, front row, 1st and 2nd from the left)  
(Lois Goodrich, back row, last on the right)  
Photo from 1958 TBC Annual Report*

## 1952: REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSURE OF LIFE CAMPS



### 1952: REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSURE OF LIFE CAMPS

*As noted in the 70h Anniversary Pageant script, Life Camps was closed at the end of the summer of 1952, but re-established as Trail Blazer Camps in time for the summer of 1953. Not surprisingly, the thought of not being able to continue the long legacy and mission of the Camps or to return to the beauty of the Mashipacong property caused many to reflect on what Life Camps meant to them. This is most poignantly expressed in the scrolls that Lois Goodrich, Betty Faust, and Nita Baumgardner wrote for the final Council Fire in Summer 1952. These are reprinted on the following pages. But first, let us light the Council Fire with flint and stone and sing the opening Council Fire song, composed by Dorothy Van Kirk, a former counselor.*

#### COUNCIL FIRE SONG

Down the shaded trails of night,  
Leaps a spark and gleams a light.  
Slow the flame and smoke upcurling  
Fill the silence warmth unfurling.  
God of starlight,  
God of firelight,  
Touch our tiny planet whirling.  
Where the glow of firelight shines,  
Dance the shadows of tall pines.  
Here are heat and light to cheer us  
Friends to speak and friends to hear us.  
God of starlight,  
God of firelight,  
Let us feel thy presence near us.

*Justify the Camp I Love*  
*Lois Goodrich, 1952*

*Ask me to justify the camp I love more than life itself?*  
*How can I?*

*Ask me the questions I cannot answer*  
*in graphs, charts and fiscal years.*

*God gave one gift - love.*  
*Was a temple built to house it?*  
*Can the machines of men calculate it?*

*Justify the children*  
*City saddened faces*  
*Cement prison places*  
*Morning born of covetousness*

*Justify the streets*  
*Congested streaming sights*  
*Red blazing lights*  
*Sin born of loneliness*

*Justify the sun*  
*Roving pathless mountains*  
*Gold painting green fountains*  
*Insurance for life*

*Justify the woods*  
*Green coated trees*  
*Nodding in the breeze*  
*Songs for the heart*

*Justify the stars*  
*Silver bullion bars*  
*Poor man's diamonds*  
*The night's guiding lights*

*Justify the street light*  
*Eyes of a city*  
*Looking down in pity*  
*Symbol of artificial moral pride*

*Justify the wind  
Fern bedded trees  
Sun parted leaves  
Evening born of loveliness*

*What is gained in justification?  
Petty rationalization.*

*My heart beats where my lips cannot speak.*

*May children's faces ever thus look up in wonder!*

*May God be always as near as at this moment and may I  
find communion with Him in the return of these things - so  
that His purpose for me becomes my purpose.*

*And may I approach my purpose with the courage of the  
red leaf - courage based on the faith in Thee that Thou has  
promised makes all things possible.*

*And to you, all - my dear ones:*

*"The sun be warm and kind to you,  
The darkest night, some star shine through,  
The dullest morn a radiance brew,  
And when dusk comes -  
God's hand to you." [1]*

*[1] The poem that Lois cited at the end of her scrolls at Council Fire, as well as many pow-wows, is "Benediction" by Eleanor Powers, first published in the May 1932 issue of Good Housekeeping, (Volume 94, Number 5, p. 159).*

*How can I go from these woods  
Betty Faust, 1952*

*How can I go from these woods  
Never to return?  
How can I leave the shelter  
In the forest  
Built with my own two hands?  
The little fireplace just outside it  
That sheds the dancing radiance  
Of the flames in me  
To bring peace and welcome sleep?*

*How can I leave the beauty  
Of the friends I have known here?  
The warmth of their smiles  
The joy of their laughter,  
Work shared together, playtimes as well,  
Friend caring for friend,  
Shorn of sophistication  
Worldly dress and manners,  
Only honesty and reality and love remaining  
To form bonds unknown in city friendships?*

*How can I walk straight and strong  
Through city streets;  
Through shoving crowds and noisy subways,  
In sweltering heat, dust-laden air?  
I shall go. I shall walk those streets - -*

*For I shall remember my woods,  
This place that I love,  
My shelter, my friendly little fires.  
I shall remember you, my comrades,  
Who have shared yourselves with me -  
In gladness and in sorrow,  
Discouragement and pain,  
And so, remembering, always,  
I can go back again.*

*I'm so very glad that I was here*  
*Nita Baumgardner, 1952*

*Glad am I that I have lived  
Neath falling rain and open sky  
That I have been where growing things  
May thrive and stretch to heights afar.  
That I have known some shadowed places  
As well as the bright and shining star.  
And seen children's eager faces  
Full of wonder round a fire.*

*That I know running brooks hold secrets for all who look  
And fish can give a thrill on dish as well as hook.  
That timid deer can make one feel a catch within the heart  
And birds have songs that we can learn to tell apart.  
That donkeys will give rides if you insist  
And blueberries ripe reflect the morning mist.  
That katydids have orchestras all their own  
And chipmunks play games when they're alone.*

*That flowers brighten the dulllest day  
And lightning flashes can show your way.  
That chestnut split has beauty at the heart of it  
And lanterns make lacey patterns when they're lit.  
That laughter ringing clear and loud  
Can dispel the darkest cloud.  
That the quick touch of a friendly hand  
Brings a message that I understand.  
That firelight burns into the soul  
And leaves a glow forever there.*

*These things I'll cherish and take with me  
But let me not go selfishly.  
May I leave in this loved spot  
Some part of me that shall remain where I am not.  
And may I say in voice so clear  
I'm so very glad that I was here!*

## A DONKEY TALE



### A DONKEY TALE

*This story of efforts to find homes for the donkeys when Life Camps was to be closed in 1952 was written by Mary Dell Morrison, a former counselor, as a letter to the group involved in this escapade, who, with other counselors that year, helped to close camp. You gotta love those donkeys!*

September 30, 1952, Philadelphia, PA

Sitting here in the middle of Philadelphia with those \*-”#\* trolley cars drowning out Brahms’ 4th every couple of minutes, I have a hard time believing that the last few weeks really were. Then I think of Tina, Chicca and Chiquita on a beautiful farm and of Burrito and Negra with Joan Tomms’ children. I only wish I could report on both Charro and Old Jack, but they were still at camp when I left Sunday. Well — on with the story, I know you are all interested.

Several weeks ago we all missed the donkeys in their pen when we got up one morning. But each of us was afraid to say anything to the others, and we all went around with gloomy faces, just sure they had been shipped off to the glue factory. When I found they were in the “swamp” down back of the barn, I felt better, that is, till I saw the place. They all looked so forlorn standing in mud with their ears drooping and their noses running.

All kinds of ideas popped into our heads - buy them - find a home for them! So Lois drove over to this farm near Sussex and was it wonderful to see her when she came back! The farmer had said he would board three of them and on the way back she talked with Mr. Strubbel who lives at the bottom of Sussex View and he agreed to board one too. With the chance that Joan Tomms still would want two, that accounted for 6 out of the 7 donkeys.

You can imagine what L.B. said when Lois told him she had homes for 6! He just said he had a buyer and that was that! Since he could get only \$15-\$25 for each donkey, we couldn't see what could be gained by selling them now. We wanted to just saddle them up and ride them over to the farm. Nancy even wanted to call up the so-called buyer, whose name she had gotten from Jimmy, and offer to buy them from him. We talked so much about them and had so many schemes but nothing more happened till the 20th. L.B. and Lois had a 2 hour session that day in the usual way with Lois beating against the wall, and I guess that much of it was on the donkeys. After many "No"s, he finally said "Just give them away - I don't want to see or hear of them again - but they must be gifts" (or words to that effect).

Shortly after he left so did Lois—to call Joan and the farmer. Joan's answer was that they could all hardly wait to get the donkeys and would be there the next week sometime to pick them up. The farmer said, "Sure, bring them over tomorrow." We decided the sooner the better so made our plans for the next day, Sunday. Lois and Betty were going to Conn. to see Shirley, Hilde (Wohl) was to type and help with the donkeys, and Dash (Dorothy Yaeger), Jo (Cormack), and I were to deliver the donkeys.

Sunday morning at about 6, I "bounced" out of bed—it took the donkeys to do that to me at that hour. We ate breakfast at 6:30 and then Lois and Betty left taking Jo as far as Port for Mass. After we did the dishes and such, Dash and I tied the double cart to the station wagon while Hilde went to Port to pick up Jo. Then we thought—why not catch the donkeys while we were waiting for them to get back. Why not!!

We confidently got the halters and started toward the pen. After searching diligently we found the gate and went in. There in front of us were 7 donkeys - but - which was which? I happily grabbed Tina (the only one I knew for sure) as my victim and caught her surprisingly easy. Dash was sure she knew Chicca so caught her (??) and we started out. The only trouble was that the other 5 donkeys started out too. We finally managed to push them around so I could get Chicca (?) out (we had switched donkeys somehow) where I could tie her up. I heard a screech and turned to see Dash huddled in the middle of the donkeys pushing at the gate. Only Burrito and Negra got out but they scampered around madly. Negra took off up the road and Chicca (?) followed with me hanging onto the rope. I finally got Chicca (?) turned around so Negra followed and we got back to the gate. We got her into the pen and tied Chicca (?) up so we could try to get Burrito back in. As he galloped past me I tried, with quaking knees, to catch him but he just ignored me and ran on. Chicca (?) got so excited that she broke her rope and went too, both of them straight towards Hilde and Jo who were just coming down the road. We desperately yelled "Stop them" - and Jo just calmly walked up to them, put her arms around their necks and held them for us. Isn't she a marvel? From then on she was our donkey resource person—just ask Jo about donkeys, she can tell you a lot.

On closer investigation we found that of all things, Chicca was a boy so not Chicca at all, but Charro. So, out of all that chasing only one of the three was caught, but apparently all of it had calmed them down because we easily got Chicca and Chiquita caught. We got them ready to go, saddles on Tina and Chicca, and a halter and rope on Chiquita (all with many questions asked of Jo) and pulled out from the barn yard at about 10:30. The station wagon went first and we followed to get them started, going out the near entrance (so as to avoid National). They went along nicely, even after the car got out of sight, in fact I said as much to Jo but only got a scream for an answer - Chiquita had tried to take a bite out of Jo's leg. As we found out during the day, she loved to nibble on just any old thing - grass, Tina, Chicca, or Jo - and constantly nibbled.

The ride to Sussex View was very slow since every little turn off was just a place for them to turn in circles for a while before they decided to go on. The lead rope for Chiquita kept getting in awkward positions like around Jo's neck, or around Chicca's legs. I kept my distance but once got in the way, being in the loop of the rope while both Chicca and Chiquita were pulling away from me. Another thing was Chicca's bit - I was sure startled when Jo said the bit was out of her mouth, so I looked around fast - what a sight!! Don't know what was funnier, Chicca with the bit hanging under her chin, or Jo's face. With all these little bothers overcome, we finally got them near the bottom of the Sussex View hill where they stopped with an air of finality. I guess they realized that this was something different and didn't want to face it. After much sweating and swearing (tsk, tsk) they moved on down the hill.

Dash and Hilde were to take the cart and then meet us on their way back to give us the complete directions for the way to go. We had figured on an hour or a little more at the most before they would meet us. By the time we got to the bottom of S.V. hill it was almost 2 which meant 3 1/2 hours, so we were beginning to get worried, and incidentally starved, too. Just past the farm there, we saw the car coming and soon found why they were so late. Ham sandwiches, hamburgers, French fries, milk and ice cream, - - - Dash had got these for us in Sussex figuring we would be hungry. We tied the donkeys to the bumpers of the car and sat down to eat, being disturbed only once when Tina broke her bridle and started off. She didn't go far though. Hilde knocked us for a loop when she casually said we had only 7 miles to go—it had taken us 3 1/2 hours to go 3 1/2 miles, so we could see ourselves still riding at midnight. They surprised us though when Dash brought the 5 o'clock snack she said we had gone 5 miles in the two hours and so were doing well on the time.

After we got out on the paved road we had to lead them more, but they would follow much faster than when we rode. We went on through beautiful country, mostly farms. At one, the farmer yelled from his porch "You want to sell them?", and we said "Sorry, No." We were sure suspicious

### A DONKEY TALE (end page)

when he yelled back, "Oh, I thought they were for sale." because where could he have gotten that idea? The traffic got heavier but the donkeys were wonderful, even when some jerks dashed madly by without even slowing down. Of course, we got a lot of stares and remarks from all kinds of people. Once man stopped his car, full of kids, and asked to buy them from us and seemed disappointed when we said no. A couple of state patrolmen stopped and asked all kinds of questions about them, what they were, how we knew they were donkeys, and all that. They passed us again a couple of miles farther on and made cracks about how slow we had gone. We told them we had been riding since 10:30 and they really thought we were nuts.

Our most trouble was getting them across water, and there seemed to be a little creek or stream around every bend in the road. It took us about 20 minutes to get across one where there were quacking geese on the water. Cars were coming constantly and the people looked at us pulling and pushing, and laughed. Jo and I were tired enough to be hysterical about it and just sat laughing at each other. It was even worse later on when a herd of cows crossed the road just as we came along. The cows just stood and stared at us and the donkeys spread their legs and stared at the cows. Have you even looked a curious cow in the eyes while holding on to a stubborn donkey - try it. They were getting tired from then on and were really good, plodding on steadily even across a bridge without stopping. We crossed S-31 and were getting into the last mile when a woman called out to us, "Been on a hike, girls?" When we said yes, she asked how far we had gone, and after we told her 9 miles, she answered "How nice." I thought we would split before we got out of sight.

The road turned into a little country lane and came up a long hill. As we got to the top of it the sun was just setting and it was really beautiful - a heavy grey cloud hanging just above the hills and the red sun just under the crack between cloud and hills. The whole little valley was aglow with the red light from the sun. We felt that we were really doing the right thing to bring the donkeys here.

We took them up a long hill, past one farm owned by the same guy, and on to the next one through rolling fields. The farmer is one of the nicest men I have ever met. He said animals will love you if you love them and they can always tell if you do. - then he added "I love all animals." We turned them out into a big pasture and they seemed happy there at once. We felt quite satisfied about them as Dash drove us home. Lois and Betty got to camp just before we did, so we all had supper together and went to bed. It had been a big day for us all.

About Burrito and Negra - Joan Tomms and her children and husband brought a friend and his family with their truck to get the donkeys. It took them a couple of hours to get them into the truck - poor Burrito was scared stiff - but I think they got off to a good start. The children were very good with them, not being loud and such. They should have a good home too.

## CHAPTER II: FLOWERS OF LOVE AND MEMORY

### *Flowers of Love and Memory*

#### *Lois's Council Fire Scrolls*

A selection of scrolls that Lois wrote for Council Fires are reprinted on the pages that follow. The scrolls included here were collected and provided to me by either Kay Smorto or Pam Gregory, and are reprinted here with permission from Lois's youngest brother Raymond Goodrich and his daughter Pamela Goodrich Cooke. Hopefully, some day, a fuller collection of Lois's scrolls will be brought together in a publication for a larger readership, so that her teachings can be more widely read and inspire future generations. This would be possible since her writings, along with other writings of each summer of her tenure (including counselor and group scrolls) were collected and bound in annual volumes of the "Red Books" and "Green Books," which remain in the Trail Blazers' archives.

As I read and re-typed Lois's scrolls, so that they could be preserved and shared with all of you, I was reminded of all of the lessons I learned (or should have learned) as a camper and a counselor under her tutelage. But, since one of the lessons I did (actually) learn from listening to Lois read the works of great poets was to appreciate both their aesthetics (in terms of the creativity and beauty of their use of language) and the importance of the values and meaning they attempt to convey, I also read them for these qualities. And, in this regard, I would liken Lois's writings to the writings of a Khalil Gibran. O.K., I know this dates me; and that I have been greatly influenced in this by Lois's adherence to the values expressed in his writing "On Work" in *The Prophet* ("Work is love made visible . . ."), which was often read upon the completion of a group effort to build a new shelter).

To paraphrase the song that was sung at the closing Council Fire each session, in her scrolls Lois left to 50 years of Life/TBC campers, counselors and staff, and to generations that followed, exquisite flowers of love and memory. The lyrics to the song, "Where My Caravan Has Rested," as sung at Camp (at least when I was a camper), are reprinted below (note: these differ slightly from those of the original song, lyrics written by Edward Teschemacher, music composed by Hermann Löhr, and published as sheet music by Chappell & Company Ltd. in 1913).

#### **Where My Caravan Has Rested**

Where my Caravan has rested,  
Flowers I leave you on the grass,  
All the flowers of love and memory,  
You will find them when you pass.

You will understand their meaning,  
Stoop to kiss them where they lie,  
All the flowers of love and memory,  
Leaving thoughts that will never die.

*I have taken the liberty of providing titles for Lois's scrolls (most were untitled). Wherever possible, I have maintained Lois's original poetic formatting of the text. In cases where Lois included in her scrolls readings of poems written by other authors, I have attempted to identify and cite their sources, and where necessary and possible to obtain permission from the copyright holder. Because of space constraints (and to conserve trees, which Lois would have approved), I have not included the full text of the poem "Benediction" (by Eleanor Powers) at the end of all of the scrolls in which it was included (which is most of them), and I would note that Lois also only wrote the first line in many of her scrolls and recited the poem from memory. Since some of the scrolls I received were not dated, I have included these where space permitted, since they are, in a sense, timeless.*



*The grand old chestnut tree pictured here once stood at the site near Pioneer Brook, where the small camp Trail Blazers was once situated. Although it is not the tree that inspired the original TBC song "Fallen Chestnut," it was often visited on a "Lois Walk," a time when Lois explained the human history of the land, the chestnut blight, and many other wonders of nature that the land of Mashipacong was made of. And then, all were sent off to ponder these wonders and capture their thoughts, feelings, and images in writings and sketches that were often shared at Council Fire or in "The Log" or "Smoke Rise." And, I am pretty sure that some of Lois's writings were created here.*

*The story that I recall about the "Fallen Chestnut" song is that the lyrics were written by a small camp group at their Pow-Wow Circle, where the logs around the circle were formed from the large limbs of a fallen chestnut.*

Once a tree was green and brown,  
Now it's gray and bare.  
A fallen, giant silvery smooth,  
We see it lying there.

Sleeping in the forest still,  
Silhouette in light.  
Sharing secrets with the moon,  
Guardian of the night.

Secrets of the woodland folk—  
Elves and pixies too!  
Secrets of the timid deer,  
Browsing in the dew.

From its branches, I would swing  
Far out into space  
Or sit, with quiet thoughts, and rest,  
Within its curved embrace.

## *I Am Camp (beginning scroll, 1942)*

*I am Camp!*

*I am sunlight, a sheen on the water, a mist on the mountains and stars.*

*I am a doorway out of the commonplace into the joy of pay and work as one, and realize rest as important as either, of fellowship, of creative efforts, and of a good time that leaves no regrets behind.*

*I am a new purpose for life that will make the years different.*

*I am Noise - and silence with a thrill in it.*

*I am Laughter - and quiet resolution that seeks the comfort of the hills.*

*I am Energy - and the touch of loving service.*

*I am Youth - and the slowly emerging habits that make matured experience worthy.*

*I am today - and also tomorrow that is being shaped.*

*I am the place where people go the extra mile for the joy of its travel and find happiness in their own growth therefrom. I know the joy of the good neighbor act and what it really means to consider others in all that you do.*

*I am Habits, Ideals. Ways of living. Attitudes, in the Soul of Youth.*

*Because I am all of these, and more, I would invite you into fellowship with me.*

*Come with me, and I will do thee good.*

*Come with me, and life for you will be the same no more.*

*I am Camp - calling for the best within you.*

### *Your Daughter Has Changed (1942)*

*I feel as though I should like to write a letter to the mother of each of you. I think if that were possible, it would sound something like this:*

*I am sending your daughter home to you after having lived with her for many days and nights of rain and sun. You'll find her brown or freckled and heavier. She may even be taller. I believe her eyes have more sparkle, and the lines of her face are not straight, grim, tired lines - but soft curving ones from much laughter and many pleasant thoughts.*

*Yet there is a graveness about her expression, a straightness in her posture and carriage, and a squareness about her shoulders, all of which I think indicates added wisdom coming from having carried greater responsibility than ever before.*

*These are physical changes, but I am sure you are even more concerned with the changes which have happened within your daughter's mind and spirit. Don't be upset if you find a seeming change - a different tone, a changed accent, a freer way of living. She has been in very close contact with eighty different girls of many different nationalities from all sections of New York City and has made close friends of counselors from thirteen states. So many codes of living! What she has gained or lost from all these contacts has been beyond my power to control. I believe anyway these surface changes wear off in a few days and then you'll find your real daughter.*

*I hope she is more sturdy and stable than ever before; that you'll find her spirit taller from having walked with tall trees, her disposition sunnier from having lived in sun and rain, sharing the joys of living with others, her voice softer from having experienced the soft murmur of waters and the quietness of glowing embers, her knowledge and skills broader from having lived many new experiences, her wisdom deeper from having often to exercise judgment and decisions, her faith in God strengthened from having lived in and with His world - the constant evidence that He is; and her heart warmed and happy with the love of many new friends - love which goes with her and will stay with her, for she is now a part of a great and lovely thing, a part of a people and of a spirit which make up this thing called LIFE Camp - and the beauty and love of that people and of that spirit will live on in her and be reflected in others of whom she becomes a part.*

### *A New Way of Living (1947)*

*Yesterday sunlight was on the tall grasses by my  
sled*

*The yellow and gold heads waving to and fro  
Told of the passing again of summer;  
Told of the joy and pain of living -  
Of the aspirations rising like cloudships in  
the blue sky  
Of failures and stumbling, of groping and losing -  
Of fear and hope repeating themselves in rapid  
succession.  
Of triumph and strength of shame and  
remorse  
But always most of living!*

*And what of it all can we take away with us?  
Not the trees, nor the lake nor the mountains  
No suitcase will hold them!  
Not the fire nor the powwow spot, nor even  
the salamanders and flowers, for  
Too quickly would they die.*

*Memories of all these we can take into our  
hearts  
And bring out again and again through the  
Cold winter -  
But one treasure more , and this above all  
We can take:*

*A new way of living!  
And every day we live we can use it  
As we do here our faithful axe -  
Each use bringing us nearer perfection.  
Our camp way of living!*

*Not under canvas nor an outdoor table  
But we can make attractive our tables at home  
And add to the meal our cleanliness and  
cheer.*

*Our kitchens can be exciting with new  
recipes,  
And our square corner beds and daily  
scrubs can add sparkle and zip to our  
living.*

*But it's the kind of life we've lived here that  
has given so much joy to the living.  
And that we can pack away in great lots  
and spread and spread without losing:  
The kindness we've known here we can  
overflow in all directions  
To make glad our families, friends and  
neighbors.  
The readiness to take the heavier load,  
to choose the hardest task;  
To offer the extra help, to give the neglected  
"thank you".  
To try the new and untried with courage, and  
seek to grow.  
To ask for help humbly and deal with others  
gently,  
And find beauty in the simple tasks of  
living.  
To be glad for the friends we've made  
and seek out others  
And be ready always to give and give and  
give.  
That is truly to live and be glad in the'  
living.*

*And now my wish:*

*"May the sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

## *An Adventure (beginning scroll, 1948)*

*It is an adventure that we have here - the greatest in the world.*

*For here we have fires and friends and home - small camp homes - all at once. We are at home here - yet our friends are around us. We are engaged in an exciting adventure for we are putting democracy to work. Americans have always had a vision of a more perfect society - a more abundant life. Here that vision can become reality. We can live abundantly. For here, we can do the things that we've only heard and talked about before: Every day, we have a chance to "do unto others," to go the extra mile, to do the extra tasks, to forgive those who hurt us and to ask forgiveness for our own mistakes and start anew, to love our enemies and do good unto them until they become our friends.*

*Almost every hour of the day there is a chance to stop and think and ponder and then to discover suddenly, "Gee those words I've heard at school at church - at home, must have meant me, here and now." And, there, we can really make this work out in the real world.*

*Ours is an exciting adventure too, because we have around us this big green world - all the flowers to discover, all the berries to pick, all the new foods to try, hikes to take to beautiful spots, streams to wade, stars to watch over us and bird songs to learn. These we can enjoy more and more as we know them better. Just as we enjoy an orchestra more when we learn the various instruments, so we hear and love each bird song more once we know that particular bird. There are so many exciting things to do in so short a time. Three weeks from today, you'll return home. Between now and then, we have before us a chance for the greatest adventure in the world . . . an adventure in living . . . living in a new way in a new world.*

*I hope we don't waste a minute of it.*

### *Take Away Beauty (date unknown)*

*With all you leave behind here for others – Take  
with you love and laughter and friendships  
and hold it forever in your hearts.*

*And above all take beauty – Take a lovely  
thing! Stow it away and treasure it.*

*No one can ever steal it or take it from you  
quite.*

*Take the beauty of sunlight on our blue  
mountains in the distance.*

*Beauty of a powwow fire burning low with  
the sound of soft hushed voices around it.*

*Beauty of rows of light green lettuce you have  
weeded in the garden.*

*Of sparkling blue waters of our lake in  
Sunshine*

*Beauty of a group of children – your own  
campmates – your small camp family,  
planning, working and playing together –  
sharing in kindness – Beauty of a counselor's  
love! What lovely things!*

*When winter's cold surrounds you; when  
trouble comes or you are facing something  
dark and difficult. Look into your heart's  
treasury from camp, let the beauty of one  
memory flash before your mind. As you  
see it once again – pause and think, "What  
a lovely thing!" As you do, may you be  
flooded with love, warmth, friendship and  
laughter. You'll feel strong and kind.*

*Go on then courageously seeking the lovely  
things among people and places in the city  
and in all your life. A lovely thing, each  
day to tuck into your heart's treasury.*

*"May the sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

### *Seize The Moment (1954)*

*This is the moment - balanced between day and night - between summer and winter - between camp and the world outside - between childhood and growing up - and time passes so swiftly. How can I seize it? One little moment it is, only, to fill with some beautiful thought, some use of time that will outlast this moment and go with me and be tucked away for needs arising when the cold winds of winter arise - some truth or virtue or love that will transcend time into eternity - and spread out its wings and hover over others long after my time has run out.*

*If only we could see and best use the moments as they come - what heights might be ours.*

*Perhaps we could try, through this winter, to use a few moments each day for such special purposes that our lives might be enriched.*

*--Look for something good or beautiful each day. Think on this and be thankful for such a blessing in your day.*

*--Think of the good in others, or think of others' needs, not always of yourself- but of what mother needs, how sister feels, a brother, or a friend- and sacrifice your wish to theirs, and thus become a more thoughtful, considerate person*

*--Follow up through the winter something camp has started or tried to start within you; an interest in collecting recipes, or cooking, of collecting poetry, an interest in insects, birds, trees, rocks, stars or clouds or weather - do sketching or writing or clay or carving -*

*Or read about Pioneers or Indians of this region. Become an authority on local history or folklore or square dancing - But do follow one thing, at least, and get really good at this - and each time you work at it, return in memory to camp and the joys you had here and each day you'll grow and when dark or gloomy days come you'll have this thing - this hobby, this interest - to hold against your heart to keep it whole and happy and beautiful—because of the memory of the friends and the good things that went with it.*

*And your happy heart will make you sunny and smiling  
and happy and others will feel your happiness too - and  
you'll be spreading camp spirit everywhere - and it will ex-  
pand you to a bigger, finer person.*

*"The sun be warm and kind to you. . ."*

### ***End Of Summer (1957)***

*Again we come to the end of the summer - to  
the end of hot sunny days and deep cool  
shades - to the end of red tomatoes in the  
garden and lazy donkeys in a pen begging  
for your friendly pat, - to the end of camp -  
fires, powwow circles and being tucked  
securely and lovingly under a mosquito net  
for the night - to the end of the song of the  
katydids - of blue lake waters - of happy  
singing in the dining hall - of canvas  
shelters rolled high so you could feel the  
caress of sunlight and starlight.*

*May it also be the end of all things unbeautiful  
inside us - the end of hate and selfishness, of  
fears, jealousies, and petty dislikes -*

*May it be the beginning of a new awareness  
of all God has made - even His people. May  
you see their needs truly as your own. May  
you see their souls "as singing flames through  
space," passionate, shining, and swift as  
yours. May you - seeing them even as your-  
self; sensing their needs, know the truth of  
the words you've been singing: "We need  
one another, so I will defend each man  
as my brother, each man as my friend."*

*And may that knowledge and the love you  
have known here go with you throughout  
the long winter and winters and always  
lead you to spring again -*

*"May the sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

### *The Beauty of Human Kindness (1956)*

*We have spoken of the beauty of the trees, of the mountains, of campfires, of rain and sun, of days and nights spent here together this summer. And, I hope this beauty will lie in your hearts and warm you with many memories throughout the winter. I hope you have learned to look for the beautiful and see it where-ever it is. And there is beauty everywhere. Yes, even in the city. Look for something beautiful every day. Let no day pass without finding and noting it. Stop long enough to see it and think about it for a moment and to review it in your mind's eye and thank God for it as you fall asleep at night. No day will let you down - if you are really seeking something beautiful. It may be in a ray of sunlight slanting through a window or in the face of your parent when you have done something thoughtful.*

*You have had laughter, sunlight, waters, woods and sounds of winds, birds, insects and animals. But most of all you have had friends with whom to share all this beauty. As much as we love this campsite - with its beautiful buildings, hills, woods, and lake, you wouldn't like to be here a month alone. So it is the people, after all, who make these things beautiful to us. And if the people were unpleasant, unkind, selfish, and thoughtless and unhappy, you wouldn't want to be here no matter how beautiful this place. So above all other beauty in the world, I guess, is the beauty of human kindness; the kind of kindness that causes one person to do the job of two, that causes a group to wait patiently for one camper who has been slow to get ready to swim, that makes a camper help another with her bed or job, the kind of kindness that makes a camper, or counselor, though she is so tired she feels she cannot go on, -smile, and sing and say to her fellow campers, "come on - just one more hill to climb," or "just one more pot to scrub" -who goes the extra mile to help another, and in going, finds new strength and happiness which makes her in turn a more beautiful person; the kind of kindness that causes one to think kind thoughts about everyone, and they all feel her kindness in her tone of voice, never lifted in anger or sarcasm, never sulking or whining in the face of criticism or correction; such kindness as sees all people as warm, lovable, needful human beings, worthy of knowing and deserving of the best that one can give to them.*

*Such kindness living inside one is one of the most beautiful offerings life has for us.*

*There's beauty in the swing of the axe, in the song of the saw and in all tasks well done, but unless you have learned the thoughtful, kind, consideration of others that makes no sacrifice too great - that puts me last and "others first" - that causes me to give up some selfish interest for the good of another, beauty is not inside our lives - shining out of our eyes, smiling from our mouths, giving energy to our useful busy hands, and giving calm and peace to our souls.*

*And, this beauty which comes from living beautifully with people can be continued and carried on in the city, in the country, in the summer, winter, fall or spring. We can all practice it daily no matter what people we are among: family, friends, neighbors, clubs, strangers. And the rewards will be rich and immeasurable. Beauty will shine from our faces because of the happiness in our hearts.*

*I hope we'll try this beauty of human kindness.*

*And now before we leave this fire and this summer, I would like to recognize before all of us what you who have been living with them must have recognized long ago and daily in their kindness and extra miles - two people who have come especially and most often near this beautiful ideal. They are ----- of Timber Ridge and ----- of Brae Tarn [1]. Because of the way they have lived among us, I'd like to name them as leaders - and hope they can join us next summer as leaders.*

*And, I recognize that so many of you have caught this same beauty of human kindness, and I hope all of you in your daily living during winter can keep sight of the beauty in human kindness, practice it, and return here next year to the happiest summer yet spent.*

*"The sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

*[1] After reading her scroll, at Council Fire (usually in August), Lois often announced the names of campers who had been selected to return as Camper Leaders the following summer. However, these announcements were not normally included in the text of her scrolls, as they are in this scroll. Although the original manuscript for this scroll includes the names of the two campers, I have omitted them here.*

## *Happy Memories (1959)*

*Our paths met only a short time ago, really, as the calendar measures time - yet how well we know each other! So many things we have experienced together. So many memories are ours to take home with us - Happy memories!*

*We've recorded them here tonight and will leave their fragrance here in the flowers we leave, and leave their imprint in our hearts.*

*Yet not every hour or day was happy at the moment we met it. We've all had ups and downs. Many have even shed tears as difficulties arose. And, we've been tired - so very tired that we felt sorry for our plight - yet we have spoken tonight of happy times and of growing! How could this be?*

*Perhaps we can discover from this something we can use a life-time - that happiness lies in the way we face and meet our hard tasks; that it is these very difficult things that give us opportunity to grow; that happiness lies too in the way we use or spend our lives - the way we use them in worthwhile work for the good of others. (We all know the beauty and happiness in lives thus spent and the ugliness in lives where all thoughts are for self).*

*Some of our happiest memories of this month are those in which we tackled some very hard work and met great difficulty - and we were ever so tired - but we were ever so happy about the job well done. I hope that each has had this chance to know this feeling. We can remember too the warm feeling of having made someone else happy.*

*Now we go our separate paths again and we will each meet hard things and difficult days. We can take with us this discovery about happiness, and by facing the hard things and doing the hard work and going the extra mile and helping another, we not only spread happiness - but find it for ourselves.*

*So, happiness lies inside each of us if our attitudes will let us find it. It isn't difficulty, the work, the hard problems*

- but the way we look at it - the way we face it and give ourselves totally to the task which needs us or the person who needs our help. In short, in unselfish living.

May this lesson and the memories of this beautiful place and our many friends - bring happiness to our lives through the winter and throughout our lives.

May the sun be warm and kind to you . . . “

### ***Full And Overflowing (1960)***

The song sparrow came back yesterday on his way south to let me know that Fall is close behind him, and to drop three liquid notes and trill his way into my heart, -already so full of the beauties and joys of summer.

*Full and over-flowing.*

From having seen faces of children glowing around a campfire and heard their squeals of delight and their giggling laughter as they licked the dasher of the ice-cream freezer.

From having leaned heavily against an understanding oak as I lay on the lawn and gazed at the mountain rim which told of heights I wanted to reach and of scenes beyond today's small problems which I might attain if I but look up and climb.— -From having an hour of Sunday afternoon peace on that lawn with only the sounds of music soft upon my ears, and faces of friends around me.

From having known so many and such great kindness of people - seen their love and sacrifices which were given freely without the need of my knowing.

From having seen campers in almost every group who, in the face of the discouragements they found in their group members (ones yet unaware of the beauty of good camp living and unappreciative of its joy and wonder), forgave daily their gibes and blind bruises, and in their loyalty and greatness of soul, with each new day took new courage and found strength to seek new camp experiences and obtain deeper values and try again to share them.

*From having the great privilege of working with counsellors who are loyal and who love this place and its people, who find no service too humble or too great to be tackled with the greatest courage and devotion.*

*Who remember each other and often remember me too with many small kindnesses, and these are the things which make up happiness.*

*I go from here filled and overflowing with love, thankfulness and the hope that I can keep these treasures by giving some away each day of Fall and Winter.*

*I can only hope that each of you that help make up this circle tonight, go thus filled also - ready to use and share your joy and happiness through your love for and kindness toward others.*

*“ May the sun be warm and kind to you . . . ”*

### *One Birdsong (date unknown)*

*“ . . . whatsoever things are true; whatsoever things are honest; whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue; if there be any praise, think on these things. . . ” [Philippians 4:8 (King James Version)]*

*If one birdsong has sung itself into your heart -  
Let it sing there throughout the bleakness  
of winter's cold -  
If one tree you've come to know and love or  
lean against -  
If you've loved the feel of wood you've whittled  
and polished smooth -  
If the soft clay - once felt between your  
toes in the streambed  
Is now your bowl to look upon all year.*

*If one friend you've come to know and with  
whom you've shared  
Your inmost thoughts-your struggles and  
your joys -  
If once you've met trouble and mastered it -  
If you've learned one gentle, soft, kind word  
To use instead of an ugly, harsh one in your  
life -  
If one star you've seen and wished on -  
One vegetable you've planted, weeded, harvested,  
and made into your salad -  
One song you've sung and love the most,  
Let the melody sing on, the friendships grow  
The memories of all these strengthen you; the  
gentle words flow -  
Touch that bowl and in the touching, feel the  
good earth from whence it came  
and the waters; feel the breeze that blew  
that day, the sun that warmed you,  
the friends who laughed with you, the  
birds that sang to you;  
Feel close to the God that created it all,  
Whose hand made possible such beauties  
And joys and still keeps watch over you.  
Hold fast to all these things: Your stars,  
your dreams and your wishes.*

*Counselors:*

*If one child you've come to love  
And one who has loved you  
One life you've touched  
Count all as gain - a harvest of plenty  
Enough to feed a hungry soul all year.  
And, now my friends, all that is true, all  
that is noble, all that is just and pure,  
all that is lovable or gracious, whatever  
is excellent and admirable, fill your  
thoughts with these things.*

*And, . . . "The sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

## *Beginnings (date unknown)*

*My Dear Ones, Counselors and Campers All:*

*This is not an ending —*

*But a beginning.*

*Today as I walked the green path to my sled, at my feet fell an acorn and rolled away into some dead leaves. It told me that today is not an ending - - Here above me was a tall and sturdy oak, sending forth an acorn to lie hidden in leaf mold under winter's snow, and to burst its shell and put forth roots into the leaf mold and dirt that will have blown over it from now till spring's refreshing showers cause it to send out its roots, and spring's warm sun invites it to send upward its tiny green leaves; so some-one next year or the year after, walking the path and exploring on either side, will say, "I noticed young oak trees beginning to grow here!"*

*Today I waked to a thud on my shelter and listened and heard other softer thuds and knew the sound of apples falling to the earth. Inside each one, at the core, are little dark brown seeds that may become young apple trees long after the apple itself has rotted away. And I thought: These are beginnings of new orchards yet to be— -*

*I sat upright and very still at another sound very close by - and there coming nearer me was mother deer and prancing and hiding and peeking out close behind her was a tiny spotted fawn - a very tender life just beginning now for some camper to see next summer and to announce in the Diningroom, "We saw our first doe today!"*

*A group harvested apples today so that Miss Ella could make applesauce for another beginning - the beginning of a winter's camping season.*

*You took inventory of your equipment and tools and some of you sharpened tools— all toward a new beginning— all so you could list the things needed for another summer's use - getting ready a new beginning. Margaret, the secretary, for days has been mimeographing the handbook for counselors to begin next year's training for camp - another beginning growing out of this summer's experiences.*

*You've been copying recipes to use when you get home - poetry to make your own, to read and re-read, songs you want to sing and to teach others in your club or neighborhood.*

*Today a red leaf fell at my feet as I came to the Dininghall. Counselors doing tree keying a few days ago discovered (perhaps they have shown you now) - that on every tree in the woods, at the place where the leaf stem joins the branch- already before it falls, in fact, all summer, a tiny bud is hiding*

*and will be hiding for next spring's early call to burst open into a new leaf -*

*Even now the tree which is dropping its leaves is making room for the new bud to grow. A new beginning— -*

*I'd like to think that in you too lies a beginning bud - - which will feed and nurture many beginnings of a new life in you -*

*A life happier somehow than the old one with which you came - happier because you've known the joy of human kindness and will develop it with kind acts of unselfishness at home and pass this on to others - all whom you come to know—, forever after.*

*I believe that in you— right in the heart and core of you— have been planted some seeds that will grow new things in your lives: - -*

*Some softer, gentler words you'll use in your talk with softer, gentler tones of voice, gentler thoughts about life and about others; some softer, kindlier acts you'll carry out.*

*I think seeds of laughter are inside you from the many ties of laughter and fun in camp and they'll burst out in a new-found healthy sense of humor which will help you through difficult times when, up to now, you grew angry or let yourself fill with hate.*

*Some seeds of cleanliness have been planted— you now love the feel of clean bodies, soap showers, clean teeth and hair, clean clothes, clean food, and clean dishes, clean talk, clean minds and hearts.*

*Some seeds of new interests and skills will sprout into new interests in studies at school, new love of poetry, new hobbies, new visits to parks and museums, new ideas about what you want to do in your life, what you want to make of your life, what kind of persons you'll want to be*

*And seeds of new friendships have been planted which can grow and grow in letters and meetings.*

*Strong seeds of character - - of honesty, of right and wrong, of strength to stand up under difficult situations, to carry big responsibilities to the end.*

*Yes, a new you can grow—if you will let it and determine it so. This is not an ending.*

*Indeed— - It is only a beginning!*

*And, as you carry out these beginnings throughout the year and years— -*

*“May the sun be warm and kind to you . . .”*

## *Able to See Ourselves in a New Light (date unknown)*

*We've been able to see ourselves in a new light - a little as others see us - a little as we see ourselves in comparison with others.*

*You've been able to look inside you and see and assess what's there and what's not there. Sometimes it takes even our difficulties and struggles to cause us to see ourselves as we really are. And this is worth building your winter on when you get home.*

*Surely we've been able to see, hear, feel, touch and absorb into our beings some of the beauty of this place - beauty God has placed so abundantly all around us in every tree, flower, moss, bird, and glen - in every person He sent to be with us.*

*How much have we let these things enter into us? How much can we nurture and care for these inside us - as we meet some things in the harsher, more difficult world of the cities?*

*You may be thinking as I am now how "I wish I could start camp over again and see more and feel more" - as the poet Millay felt once and wrote:*

*"I would I were alive again  
To kiss the fingers of the rain  
To drink into my eyes the shine  
Of every slanting silver line  
To catch the freshened fragrant breeze  
From drenched and dripping apple trees." [1]*

*Some people go through life deaf and blind to joy and the beautiful because they fail to open their senses and their hearts to it; fail to reach out in gentleness, kindness, understanding, forgiveness, sharing and love. And, even while surrounded by it - as we are at camp - never find it or feel it. Their souls starve and shrivel in selfishness as they close the doors of their unhappy beings to beauty in people and in the world.*

*So it isn't [so] much where we are and live as how  
big we live and grow while there - how open to  
drink in and to share - open to others and  
to God's world.*

*As the same poet says:*

*The world stands out on either side  
No wider than the heart is wide;  
Above the world is stretched the sky,  
No higher than the soul is high.  
The heart can push the sea and land  
Farther away on either hand;  
The soul can split the sky in two  
And let the face of God shine through.  
He whose soul is flat - the sky  
Will cave in on him by and by." [2]*

*Then what do we want to rule out of our  
lives? Ugly words and thoughts? hate? spite?  
cruelty? selfishness? Refusal to open the  
doors of our hearts and thoughts to all who  
stand outside our beings? Failure to look,  
see, feel, share, and enjoy the beautiful?*

*And how shall we fill our souls? Let's look for  
Something beautiful each day. It's there even  
in the city. Let's do something beautiful each  
day and feel this lovely thing that happens  
inside of us. Let's remember something beautiful  
from camp. Let's share something beautiful so  
others are made happy too.*

*If we are pretty now at 8 or 15 years we  
can't be proud. It wasn't our doing. But if  
we are beautiful at 60 years, it will be our  
doing - the ways we've found beauty daily  
and shared it - the happy way we've lived.  
May you live beautifully all winter.*

*"May the sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

[1] and [2] from the poem "Renascence" in *Renascence and Other Poems* by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1917), Dover Publications, republication by Dover Publications in 2011. [1] lines 119-124 ; [2] lines 203 -214.

### *Of What is Summer Made (1964)*

*Of what is summer made?  
Of wind in tree tops and cloud shadows  
on a mountain top;  
Of a bird's flute-note, - a child's wonder;  
Of work and tiredness  
Of exuberance and joy and energy;  
Of happy singing voices; red apples on a tree;  
And laughter of children licking an ice-  
cream dasher;  
Of the plunge in the cool waters of  
Mashipacong;  
The warm snugness of being tucked in under  
starlit skies;  
Of pain and tears;  
Of forgiveness and growing-  
Of friendship and love;  
Of hands clasped around a fire-  
All these and more weave the warp and  
woof - the slender threads of summer.  
Yet when the weaving's done, the fabric-  
so full of color and pattern - belong to  
each of us.-  
A fabric so strong that it can wear  
forever,  
So warm that it can be our cloak  
Against the winter's wind and storms-  
the troubles great and small that  
come our way.  
And it can serve as our most becoming  
garment for daily wear  
Or for the most special days of our  
lives.  
To all of you about this circle whom I've  
come to love-  
Take this fabric of summer -  
Use it well.  
May it be a most precious and useful  
garment.  
"May the sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

## *Some Things are Unfailing (1969)*

*Some things are unfailing.*

*Take this thought home with you. Hold on to it. And hold to these unfailing things.*

*The sunrise, the stars overhead, the full moon—they come over and over again since many ever first stood upon this earth and wondered at their magic but sure return. The coming of Spring after a long cold winter and Fall blows the leaves of summer away every year since the world began.*

*Some things are unfailing and our lives are made secure and full of faith because we can count on these:*

*People have long said, “camp is unfailing.” Only last week a woman of middle age drove from Ohio - many extra miles just to come into this place and look around to see if camp was the same - unfailing - the Dining Hall, children singing on their way to the lake, Fern Hill Farm, Homestead, wagons and tepees; counselors reaching out with love; children weeding gardens, and someone offering to carry the pack basket—20 minutes or so was all she had after her long drive—but she said that was enough. She simply had to have that little renewal and assurance that camp is the same - unfailing.*

*During World War II, grown up campers from our boys camp, torn from their homes to service our country, wrote letters from every part of the world. The words running through all their letters were that down in the mud of the trenches, up in the air among the flack and smoke and clouds of erupting, falling planes, or in the depths of ocean submarines, the thing that sustained and gave strength to them - was the surety that camp was unfailing - that they could return and find it the same - filled with kind and loving people reaching out to each other, and to all people everywhere, with this love and kindness that we live and share here.*

*Yes, some things are unfailing. A smile is unfailing and kindness never fails to warm a heart.*

*The strength and beauty that love can give to a life is unfailing.*

*The glow kindled in the spirit by a helping hand when all are weary or discouraged never has failed to lighten the load and brighten a life.*

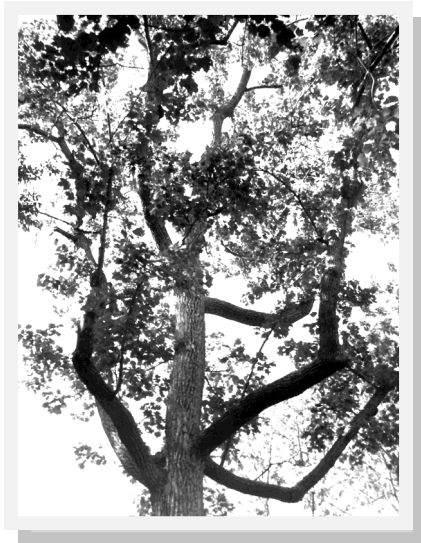
*No matter what condition you find the people and things at home when you return or sometime during the long winter to come, remember to hold to these unfailing things and use them. They'll hold you together.*

*And, finally -*

*God is unfailing.*

*Spare yourself a few minutes to ponder His greatness and the wonders of His great world and universe and most of all the love generated by all of us - His people.*

*"May the sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*



*Tulip Tree on the "Awanasa Road"  
(Photo from Jane Granzow's Rooftree collection)*

### *Look For Something Beautiful (1969)*

*We've been surrounded here by beauty - -*

*This day - a jewel rare as the most expensive diamond in the world!*

*Each day was overflowing with beauty - -*

*Wind in leaves and trees bending and swaying in gentleness for our tiredness, soothing our pains or woes.*

*The loyal constancy of friends, animals of the woods appearing quietly nearby, showing us friendship without fear - sharing their world - -*

*Waters to cool us; sun to warm us, brooks to make music, and birds to greet us cheerily;*

*Blue skies to expand our spirits, and cloud ships to beckon us upward and outward.*

*Rich harvests of vegetables to add to our bounteous blessings. With now and then a red leaf falling at our feet to tell us that time is passing, and with it the season, and the days of our lives - reminder of how we are filling them.*

*As some of us have seen and used this beauty and filled our lives with it. Some saw it not or realized only bits of it.*

*The season is over - but not our lives - and not beauty. It's all around us and will always be there.*

*So as we leave I risk a bit of advice - a few guidelines toward beauty.*

*Don't pout or feel gripey about your lot in life - Hate or envy no one.*

*Look for something beautiful!*

*Wherever in the world you go - look deep within a person to see the shining soul of her. Don't judge another by the way the other acts or handles a situation until you understand the situation, or as the Indians say it, until you've walked in his moccasins a while.*

*Don't surround yourself and bind your world only by those who are like you - or whose looks you like. Then you are blind to the world's riches.*

*God made and loves us all - - -*

*the woolly, caterpillar, as well as the graceful fawn;  
the humblest weed and the elegant sunflower; all of us;  
the quietest or the loudest,  
the homeliest, as well as the gay and beautiful.*

*Each was made to serve a purpose in His plan, and when each finds this purpose and fits into the Great Plan, she is beautiful - - in this great and beautiful world of His. So, bother to look, to seek to know that person and her beauty in God's plan. We don't have to look far. People are all around us, here, and in the city.*

*This is the way I feel:*

*"My soul goes clad in gorgeous things,  
Scarlet and gold and blue,  
And at her shoulder sudden wings  
Like long flames flicker through.  
O folk who scorn my stiff gray gown,  
My dull and foolish face,  
Can ye not see my Soul flash down,  
A singing flame through space?  
And folk, whose earth-stained looks I hate,  
Why may I not divine  
Your Soul, that must be passionate,  
Shining, and swift as mine?" [1]*

*And, in parting I give you this song of beauty:*

*"Life has loveliness to sell  
All beautiful and splendid things,  
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,  
Soaring fire that sways and sings  
And children's' faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup.*

*Life has loveliness to sell,  
Music like a curve of gold,  
Scent of pine trees in the rain,  
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,  
And for your spirit's still delight,  
Holy thoughts that star the night.*

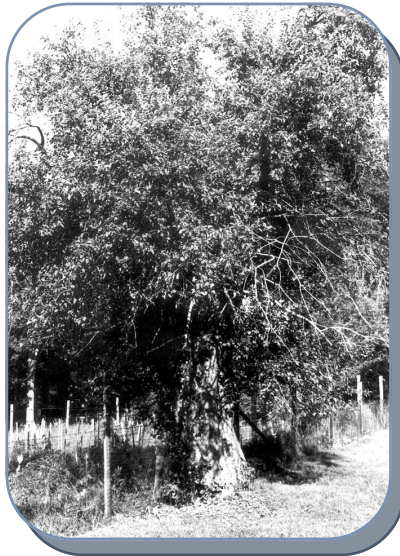
*Spend all you have for loveliness,  
Buy it and never count the cost;  
For one white singing hour of peace  
Count many a year of strife well lost,  
And for a breath of ecstasy  
Give all you have been, or could be."* [2]

*My wish of each of you: - -*

*"The sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

[1] "Souls" by Fannie Stearns Davis. In Rittenhouse, Jessie B., ed. The Little Book of Modern Verse, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1917; New York: Bartleby.com, 2002, (reprinted with permission from Bartleby.Com, Inc.)

[2] "Barter" by Sara Teasdale. In Love Songs (a collection of poems by Sara Teasdale) Macmillan, Co., 1917.



*The Hollow Apple Tree by the Garden Gate  
(Photo from Jane Granzow's Roofree collection)*

## *Courage of the Red Leaf (1971)*

Wind blown as I walked the path today, one scarlet, blood-red leaf fell at my feet and suddenly it was as drops of blood from my heart, for it spoke to me of fall; it spoke to me of summer's ending - of summers past, of love and friendly faces, of friends I've known and campers now grown. It spoke to me of the future.

Its color was that of courage, and it told an age old story of faith born of the turn of the seasons.

How could such miracles be?

This place of bright sunlight, blue skies, green trees, and white clouds sailing by.

These sounds of wind in tree tops and children's laughter.

And these people this summer - beautiful people - sharing love and joy - sharing difficulties and turning sadness and pain to strength and giving - to happiness and fullness of living.

How could such a place be true, where people smile, and help each other when the load is heavy or the going rough? Where every day someone sees something good you've done and lets you know.

Where people are open and tell you how they really feel inside and let you tell them too. Where showing love is the real means of communication used constantly and naturally and un-abashedly - a common but rich exchange of daily life. Actually living "as if living and loving were one."

How could such things be? We truly must be the most blest place in this world today. God must be very near to us - as near as in our very thoughts.

Because it is each of you who have been so full of love and beauty that you've spilled over on all of us all over the place. No one could escape such an overflow. You've shared - and through your sharing you've been filled.

How can we approach you God? On bended knee. And with humbled heart? Yet where are the words? What is the act: Wherewith to offer thanks for so much you've given us?

In the threads of our lives - the threads you gave us, we've been able to spin, as with a magic wheel, strands from all

*the beauty and wonder and love of this place and of these our friends.*

*We leave here now but the threads of our lives go on. How can we return to the thin brown threads we knew before: Or wouldst Thou have it so? Why were we given so much? Didst Thou have some purpose for each of us. God, we approach Thee, in all humility - our thanks, our very living - the continuance of these beautiful threads Thou hast allowed us here.*

*Let us who leave carry with us these new beautiful strands. Help us that we not break off one single thread. To do this, we realize, God, that each day we live we should take from our memories one lovely strand and spin it into that day by what we do, or think, or say.*

*We know, God, that by so using these strands can we keep our thread beautiful and worthy of Thy blessing - and that in so spinning this thread wherever we live, we can start these strands of beauty in the lives of others; and thus, we would presume to approach you, God, in our gratitude. What miracles might thus be wrought in our lives and in those around us.*

*Oh, God, let me drink in all this beauty, let none escape me. Let me feel these winds forever blowing my soul free of ugliness or sorrow. Let the dappled sunlight play thus across the pattern of my life, giving it at once the touch of lightness and darker shadow colors for depth of beauty.*

*May the liquid notes of music here sound their melody thus ever in my heart through the years, weaving the threads of my life into a harmony so great and full that it will resound in ever widening circles to others about me.*

*May the greenness before me return as a feast before my eyes when they tire of world-weariness.*

*May children's faces ever thus look up in wonder!*

*May God be always as near as at this moment and may I find communion with Him in the return of these things - so that His purpose for me become my purpose.*

*And may I approach my purpose with the courage of the red-leaf - courage based on the faith in Thee that Thou has promised makes all things possible.*

*And to you, all, my dear ones: "May the sun be warm . . ."*

## *Where Did the Days of Summer Go? (1971)*

*Where did the days of summer go?*

*The June days of the Towhee's song - the days deluged with caterpillars - then hot, hot days of bare trees and longing for shade.*

*There were "Children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup. . . "*

*Then the shortening quick days of August rushing by . . . .  
Happy August with such promise! And despite the sticky,  
grayish, humid days, the happy sounds that brought in  
August were one long song that never ceased.*

*Faith inside us kept telling us that crisp, cool evenings  
would come and clear blue skies of morning would sparkle  
with sunshine and glow with evening and put our hearts in  
time with the wind's song.*

*God must have known we needed first, those more trying  
days to be able to see and realize and appreciate His gift of  
such beauty when it came. He must have known how  
much we needed to become aware—to note and love every  
passing moment—with its special beauty - to deepen our  
vision, our feelings and our sensitivities.*

*So it is with all parts of our lives - in the winter as well.*

*We can learn to thank Him for our troubled times which  
help us to see more clearly the smaller blessings around us.  
These help us through the difficult times - the smile, a  
friend, the kind word said to us or what we say to someone  
- the letter a friend writes.*

*All these He sends us in times of great troubles. If we but  
see and become aware of them. And, they help us truly to  
enjoy and use well the big opportunities and joys He sends  
our way - the sunshiny days in our lives - if we but hold  
fast to faith that these will come.*

*So let's thank Him for our troubles that help us grow and  
be ready with Faith in our hearts for His Blessings.*

*"May the sun be warm and kind to you . . ."*

## *The Beauty of Struggles (1974)*

*Struggle --- - -*

*What a beautiful thing it can be.*

*Children who struggle to overcome fears*

*To try a new food*

*To remember soft voices are better*

*To learn to do the job others are dependent  
on their doing;*

*To curb anger and seek to understand camp-mates,*

*To learn there are times to laugh & to be serious,*

*To express themselves & to be quiet;*

*To participate & go on trying when home thoughts  
fill them with sadness;*

*To hurry so the group will not be late --- -  
(though they'd like to dawdle) ---*

*And the struggles of Counselors--- - -*

*To overcome fears*

*To do the job well*

*Struggle up the hills push-pulling  
a group of campers*

*Struggle to find what's worthwhile*

*Struggle & sweat with the weeds in the garden*

*Struggle of me to remember to smile  
& speak of the good things I see  
consistently in others*

*And perhaps the greatest struggle of  
all; for all of us:*

*To reach outward to another with all our strength & being,  
hunting the way with all our compassion and love,  
hunting sometimes blindly - - but untiringly—*

*—rewarded finally by the indescribable beauty of finding  
that someone's hand whose been stretching hard to  
find us too & we passed it by failing to see & under-  
stand 'til this moment.*

*Oh the beauty and reward of such struggles.*

*Don't give them up — Keep on struggling with these things  
all winter —all of our lives. For*

*These are the paths to growth & glory— to  
the richness & beauty in living.*

*May the sun be warm and kind to you . . .”*

### *Where Did We Begin? (1977)*

*Wasn't it only yesterday you came - all the strange faces of counselors in a circle on the grass, followed soon by circles of faces of strange campers on the grass - each one, a counselor and camper, wrapped up in the tightness with which she clutched herself - fearful to venture, to be known.*

*But wanting to know - to reach out - to be one with us all.*

*Where did we begin? And how? I'm not sure.*

*But somehow in the so-swift passing of light and dark, of sun and starlight - from buttercup to goldenrod, the chorus of early bird songs to the brass band of katydids - -*

*Somehow the opening up took place: Hands found other hands; heart spoke to heart - the interweaving of the strands of love formed the web of warmth and glow around us.*

*How could this be? So unknowing were we of time; so subtly the web was woven, so quickly now each is one with us all.*

*Only yesterday we stood alone - each one - needing the same nourishment that could be found only by ourselves—all of us by the opening of the doors of our hearts for others and reaching out to the hearts of others.*

*Only by giving! - - we all are nourished! Now strengthened, grown.*

*So that as we go our ways, we can never be quite the same. We take with us the nourishment and strength that together we have given each other.*

*Take this time then! Cherish it! Keep it alive in your hearts. Hold on to it through whatever darkness the winter may bring. Let it help you to go on reaching out and sharing it with others—at home and wherever you go.*

*“May the sun be warm and kind to you . . .”*

## *Lois 's Retirement Scroll, June, 1980*

*Lois Goodrich retired as Executive Director of Trail Blazer Camps at the end of Summer 1980, after 50 years of extraordinary service to LC/TBC and impact on the lives of the thousands of children and staff who had the good fortune to be a part of the Life/Trail Blazer Camps "experience," under her leadership and personal care.*

*In June, 1980, a retirement reception was held in Manhattan to celebrate Lois's many years of service to LC/TBC. And, as one would expect, it was attended by campers and staff from all of Lois's years with Camp and from all of the "Camps" (Branchville, Raritan, Pole Bridge, and Mashipacong), Lois's family, and Board Members (both past and current). In a sense, the reception was a closing Council Fire for all those who had been at Camp with her. As one would expect, Lois ended this Council Fire with remarks that were very much like one of her lovely Council Fire scrolls. And, as one would expect, her "scroll" was filled with flowers of love and memory, and teachings about how to go forward into the future. A recording of Lois's full remarks at the reception is included at the end one of the audio CD's, and her closing "scroll" is transcribed on the pages that immediately follow.*



*Photo provided by Catherine (Kay) Smorto taken at Lois's retirement celebration, June 1980, of Lois, Betty and former campers at LIFE Girls' Camp at Branchville. Pictured Left to Right: Lois Goodrich, Clem (diGeronimo) Allured, Jane (Davi) Bongiorno, Emily (Valentino) Scotto, Kay (Logatto) Smorto, Betty Faust).*

### *A Golden Life (June, 1980)*

*I look about the room, as I've looked about, over the years,  
at the people that have been there (at Camp) - that are  
there.*

*And, I always think - How fortunate I am. How really fortunate  
I am to work with such people, they have just been  
the most wonderful people. So that, I have this golden life  
of working with these wonderful people in such a beautiful  
setting.*

*For me,*

*"Life has always had loveliness to sell,  
All beautiful and splendid things,  
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,  
Soaring fire that sways and sings  
And children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup.*

*Life has had loveliness to sell,  
Music like a curve of gold,  
Scent of pine trees in the rain,  
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,  
And for your spirit's still delight,  
Holy thoughts that star the night.*

*I've spent all I have for loveliness,  
Bought it and never counted the cost;  
For one white singing hour of peace  
I've Counted many a year of strife well lost,  
And for one breath of ecstasy  
I've given all I have been, or could be." [1]*

*And, I'll only feel very fortunate and thankful that I was  
alive, at the right time, to spend my life thus, in such a  
beautiful place. I love every blade of grass, every cloud  
pattern that passes over that mountain. That scene out  
there, which keeps me inspired. The whole place, which  
gives beauty to my being and peace to my soul. Yet Camp  
really is the children. Camp is the people, and I have had  
those beautiful people—I still have.*

*There's a song that Becca sings, Becca Roe, sings, that I call  
my song. And, Becca's here and I've asked her to come and  
sing it, because it's part of what I'm saying to you.*

....Thanks [2]

*Thanks for the good times that I've had today*

*Thanks for the friends I've got, the people I've  
met along the way*

*Thanks for the good times that seem not to end*

*Thanks for my life, oh Lord, the greatest of  
your gifts to me*

*Thanks for my life, oh Lord, your greatest gift.*

*Thanks for the trees, the mountains and  
streams*

*Thanks for the music ringing, thank you for  
the dreams I've dreamed*

*Thanks for the children with all of their love*

*Thanks for my life, oh Lord, the greatest of  
your gifts to me*

*Thanks for my life, oh Lord, your greatest gift.*

*My future, you ask; several of you at one time asked me  
this and talked about it.*

*I'm not leaving. I'm not deserting. I'll be in the city a  
while. And, if Betty and I can possibly manage it, we'll  
have a very small little house out at Sussex View where all  
of you—so many of you have, and we too-- have slept over-  
night on trips and learned to love—where, we hope, open  
house will always be for you, as we are planning to visit  
many of you. I will be consulting for the camps for a while.  
But mostly, I really want to write. Just yesterday, I got a  
letter from the American Camping Association saying  
they'd like to publish my re-written book, of my re-write of  
the book I did write, since I can get it done. But I also have  
promised over the years to collect the writings that I have  
so strongly encouraged you to have, and to make, and to  
give. I haven't all of them, but will welcome any that you  
still have and I don't have, and I do have a good collection  
also; and to put those also into a publication on creativity  
in camping. Yes, I want to travel. And yes, I want to gar-  
den. It isn't fooling that I love to garden at Camp.*

*Some of you don't know that I am directing the Camp this summer, that I am working, that I came in from Camp to come here, that summer is well upon us - thick and fast; that it's very exciting to me. In fact, I'm terribly excited about this summer. Almost a whole staff of new young counselors to carry on all the things that we learned to teach them, and this is a chance to do that. There are already four out there working tonight, while we are in here, and doing a good job. It will be a splendid, shining summer. I'm sure of that. . . .*

*Some of you won't be going to Camp tomorrow on the bus, I understand. By the way, we just, we left the City a week ago, right now. We've just been there a week, and it's a very big place. It isn't all set up as you knew it in the summer, but a lot of it is already underway and set up. So, it isn't all finished, it's all straighten up and clean up as it will be in the summer, in the short time we were there. But, it's a beautiful place. And, I know you'll have a wonderful trip out there.*

*But, since some of you will not be going, I thought this might be a time, a time for me to say goodbye - goodnight, at least - to all of you, because some of you have come long distances and it might be a long time before we saw each other again. So, I thought I would just say goodnight the same way I say goodnight at the Council Fire the night, the last night the children are at Camp. For, it's rather dear to me, and I think it's dear to a lot of people around this room since they have been blessed with it as children.*

*"The sun be warm and kind to you,  
The darkest night, some star shine through,  
The dullest morn a radiance brew,  
And when dusk comes -  
God's hand to you." [3]*

[1] Lois personalized the poem "Barter" by Sara Teasdale. Her modifications are shown by underline. The unmodified poem is included on pp. 59- 59

[2] The song "Thanks" was introduced and sung by Rebecca Roe (counselor 1978-80, Girls' Camp Assistant and Program Director, 1982 - 1983. Neither Becca nor I could find a reference to the lyrics writer or music composer..

[3] "Benediction" by Eleanor Powers.

## *Lois's Final Council Fire Scroll, August, 1980*

Lois continued to direct the Camps through the Summer of 1980. So, of course, there were still scrolls to write for the Council Fires at Camp that summer. The last of these, Lois's August 1980 Scroll is included below.

### *A Dream Fulfilled (August, 1980)*

Yes, there have been rain and storms as well as sunshine - discouragements, but an equal shower of refreshing joys. On the wall of a dear friend's house I found some lines I want to share with you. They are a slightly different wording of the 23rd Psalm which I had used for years through difficult times. These words are so usable to me and can be so usable and helpful to you that I want to give them to you to remember when things are rough:

*"The Lord is my pace-setter, I shall not rush;  
He makes me stop and rest for quiet intervals;  
He provides me with images of stillness, which restore my serenity.*

*He leads me in ways of efficiency through calmness of mind,  
And His guidance is peace.*

*Even though I have a great many things to accomplish each day.*

*I will not fret, for His presence is here.*

*His timelessness, His all-importance will keep me in balance.*

*He prepares refreshment and renewal in the midst of my activity*

*By anointing my mind with His oils of tranquility.*

*My cup of joyous energy overflows.*

*Surely harmony and effectiveness shall be the fruit of my hours.*

*For I shall walk in the pace of my Lord and dwell  
In His house forever."* [1]

*Whatever you do, "Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die,  
life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly."* [2]

*I made a promise to God long ago - a desire to serve Him. I said, "God, somewhere a child needs me." He opened doors. I have found a dream fulfilled above and beyond my fondest hopes - all these years. But, God, through the prophet and great writer, Isaiah, tells us not to cling to the events of the past. To all of us leaving this place, he says to us for our winter and our futures:*

*"Behold, I will do a new thing; now I shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness and rivers in desert,"*

*Or, in the modern interpretation,*

*"Do not cling to the past; watch for the new thing I am going to do. It is happening already . . . You can see it now."*

*Isaiah 43, 18-19*

*And, so my wish for you now as you leave, and always:  
(take it with my love and my faith):*

*"The sun be warm and kind to you,*

*The darkest night, some star shine through,*

*The dullest morn a radiance brew,*

*And when dusk comes -*

*God's hand to you."* [3]

[1] "23rd Psalm for Busy People, Translation by Toki Miyashina of a Japanese paraphrasing of the 23rd Psalm.

[2] 1st verse of the poem "Dreams" by Langston Hughes (1926).

[3] "Benediction" by Eleanor Powers.

## *Leaving Thoughts That Never Will Die*

*Lois Goodrich died on May 4, 1984, less than four years after her retirement, and did not have a chance to do many of the things she had looked forward to doing in her retirement years. However, she left behind thoughts that never will die in her beautiful flowers of love and memory for all who will strive to understand their meaning.*



*Lois at Hillside House,  
looking out at Sussex View*

*A TBC song, written by Dorothy Van Kirk, captures some of the spirit of how Lois lived her life. She was a "Pioneer," in every sense of the word.*

### **HIGH FAR SEEING PLACES 1941 CAMPER LEADER SONG**

High far seeing places  
From the valley's lowly plain,  
Stir the pioneer within me,  
Make my soul stretch forth again  
My plodding feet be quickened  
To a rhythm strong and sure  
And mountains pull me onward,  
Higher up and high.  
To the crested peak I go,  
And the valley falls below me.  
My horizon lies beyond  
Each tow'ring mountain rim.



*Flowers of Love and Memory*