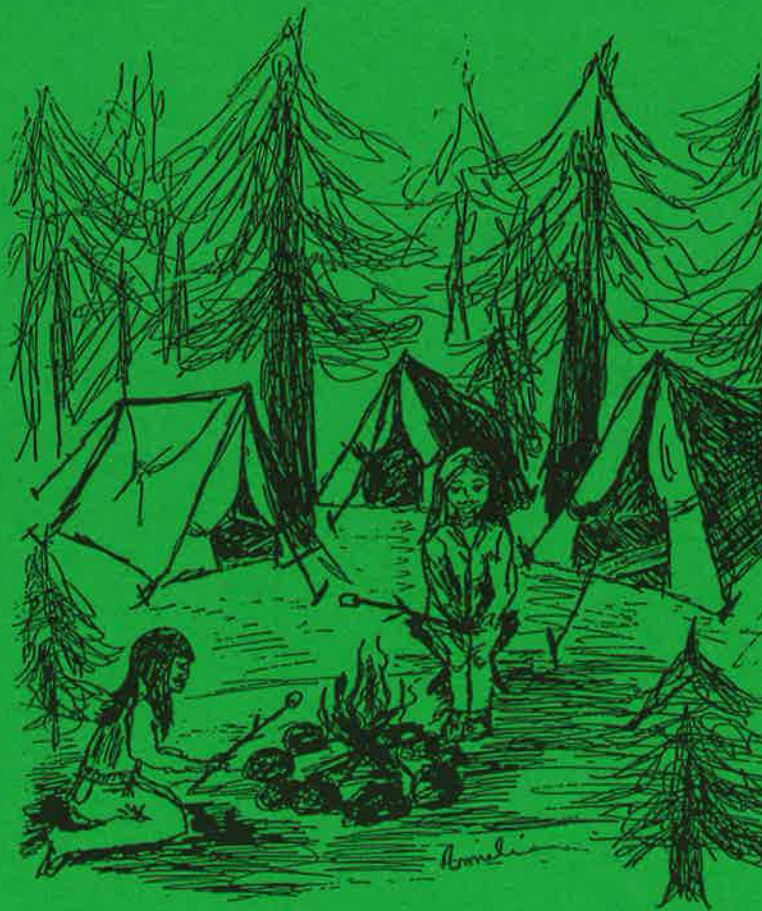


A SCRAPBOOK OF CAMP MEMORIES



HISTORY OF DARK HOLLOW (1950), SACAJAWEA (1952),
SUGAR HOLLOW (1959), SHAWNEE (1965), MASSAWOMEE (1979)

Virginia Skyline Girl Scout Council, Inc.

This book is dedicated

to

GIRL SCOUTS OF ALL AGES --

those who have fond memories of
days and nights in the out-of-doors
and those who would like to.

INTRODUCTION

I was very excited when I received a call from the council archives group asking me if I would be interested in heading up a committee to put together a history of Virginia Skyline Girl Scout Council's currently owned camps. I have spent many years on the Camp Committee, and six years as Chair for the Property Development Committee. Outdoor program was, is, and always will be my very first love.

The committee is very happy to say that many people have pitched in to tell us favorite memories, send pictures, and reveal some very personal feelings. We have spent many fun-filled hours reviewing the materials sent to us as well as those hidden in the files of the council office. Some of the material is factual such as important dates, prices paid for the campsites, acreage, and previous owners. We have tried to incorporate as many facts as we could find without being boring. There will be some gaps in this information we are sure. We felt that your own stories and memories were especially important, because these are the things which we do not find in files and papers. These are the things which make camp experiences so personal and memorable. We have tried to include more of those here for all to enjoy.

This, the committee feels, should be the first in a series of scrapbooks. There is a gold mine of material out there in the hearts and thoughts of all of you. You all have stories, pictures, songs, and poems which you could and should share with the rest of us. We appreciate all of the material sent to us, however we could not use all of it. We have included the names of the contributors with specific stories. All material sent in will become a permanent part of the archives and is on file in the council office. Others who contributed by personal communication include: George Savage, Pat Tarplee, Libby Pitzer, Elaine Roy, Betty Wooldridge, Cissy Davidsen, Clarisse Garretsen, Betty Banton, Marjorie Webber, Margaret Shaw, Gaye Webb Hancock, Margaret Weringo, Pattie Deshazor, and others.

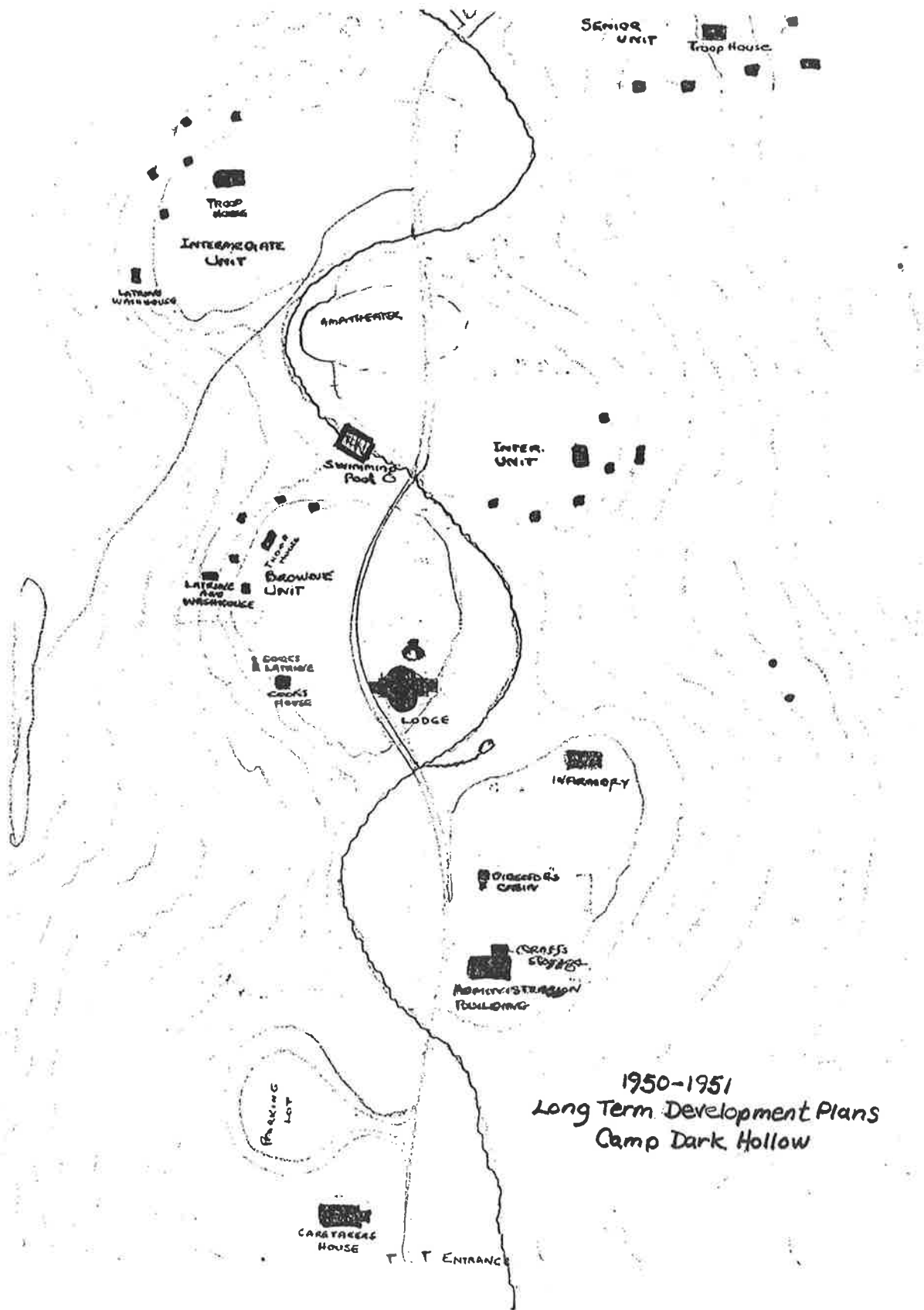
The Committee consisted of HelenRuth Burch, Liz Stout, Tricia McMahon, Carolyn Winstead, Mary Brunk, Helen Walton, Bobbie Carroll, Helen Duke, and Marion Pinkerton. The cover was designed by Annelise Miller Mayer, my daughter, who was an older Girl Scout in Blacksburg in the early 1970's.

Hope Miller, Chair
Camp History Committee

April 7, 1990

DARK HOLLOW





1950-1951
 Long Term Development Plans
 Camp Dark Hollow

1988 Pinecrest Playing Field was cleared and seeded to provide a more central, flat, games area for the camp

1989 Entrance to the camp was widened to two lanes and a new gate constructed



camp, putting up with many seemingly impossible situations such as an impassible road, and the need to carry water from the one well to the other units.

Gertrude Richardson made many appeals to civic groups and individuals about the need for and the importance of a Girl Scout Camp in the Roanoke area. Through her efforts Camp Dark Hollow now has 3 units, (Trathel, Pinecrest and Oakridge). Each unit has five cabins with bunk beds, a latrine with lights, a washstand, unit house and kitchen, fireplace, storage cabinets, sink, refrigerator, electric stove, fire circles, outside fireplace and picnic tables. In addition to the well at Trathel, another well was drilled. The water is pumped from Pinecrest to Oakridge. The Marines built the cabins and cleaned the unit for Oakridge. This unit has its special features. An example: the seats in the latrine are built high from the floor. Built for giants, not little girls and the washstand is hard for young girls to reach. The kitchen fireplace at Oakridge is in memory of Ruth Fox, who was a very dedicated Girl Scout leader.

In August 1962 a maintenance committee was formed to check the needs of the camp since we did not have a caretaker living on the property. Lots of repairs were needed to be made to bring the camp back into first class condition. Not until October 1965 was anyone found to take care of the camp. Mary and Thomas Brunk were appointed by the Council as Site Chairmen of Dark Hollow. Through lots of hard work and time they were determined to make the camp improvements. They also saw that the site was physically ready for camping in all seasons. A list of instructions were made to give each troop as they went camping. The Brunks kept the keys to Dark Hollow and went over all instructions with each leader so there would be no misunderstanding about them. They also checked the campsite after each troop used it to see that nothing needed to be replaced or repaired. Betty Barrett and Katherine Cochran worked very closely with the Brunks for many years.

Mrs. Jack Young was the first day camp director in 1951. The cost was \$3.75 and camp lasted from July 2-7.

Dark Hollow has no song of its own, but all the Girl Scout songs were sung. We feel sure that when the Girl Scouts sang all their songs at camp that all the trees, squirrels and birds joined in the chorus.

Many traveling troops used Dark Hollow for at least an overnight. Some troops from Texas, Missouri, Colorado, Illinois, Ohio, and North Carolina. Mrs. Brunk usually had some local troops greet them as they arrived. One time we made homemade ice cream for them. We would always have firewood for a campfires and after went back the next morning to send them on their way with an early start. The local girls would cleanup and close the camp.

Mary Brunk shared the following stories with the Camp History Committee:

"ICE STORM, 1975"

One Saturday night, we had an ice storm that was the worst that this part of the country had ever seen. On Sunday morning we went to Dark Hollow to see if there was any damage. We just couldn't believe our eyes! There were so many very old, large, beautiful trees destroyed. All of the trees were down on the east side of the ridges. It was a chain reaction. A tree at the top of the ridge would fall from heavy ice, it would hit the tree below it and so on down the ridge, one after the other. We had never seen so many trees down in one place at one time.

"FIRE!!"

In the early 1970's the night before Easter, a fire broke out on the ridge across from Oakridge on Mr. Phillips' land. The fire fighters came, worked hard, got it under control or so they thought.

Easter Sunday morning, about 11:00 AM, the wind picked up and fanned the coals. The fire picked up again, and in no time at all, it was headed over the ridge towards Oakridge and Pinecrest. We called the fire fighters, and they were there in a matter of minutes.

One young man came in his own car and he was not alone. With him was his little baby about 6 months old. He had been home baby-sitting while his wife was at church. He called the church, left a message for her, and came on to Dark Hollow to fight the fire. His only choice was to bring the baby with him. How do you fight a fire with a babe in arms? Fortunately for both of us I was there and could care for the baby. It gave me something important to do so he could concentrate his efforts on saving Dark Hollow.

Other fire fighters arrived in their Sunday suits since the had received calls at church. They changed into work clothes in one of the lodges. They worked very hard and had big tankers of water in to hose down the cabins to keep them from burning up. Along about dark they had it under control and left.

Willie Richardson came up to see how things were going, and as it got darker you could see sparks and tiny coals on logs. She filled milk jugs with water and went around from log to log putting water on them to put them out. After about an hour, she realized there were too many to do them all. So we prayed for rain. Our prayers were answered. Later on that night, we had a light rain, and all the fire was put out.

It turned out he wasn't so "little" and was pretty strong. By the time a gallon jar could be found, Roo's smile was very fixed, and she never let the girls know just how she really feels about snakes. (The snake went to the Mill Mountain Zoo.)

Arlene Rhodes of New Castle shared the following:

"DAY CAMP, 1981"

The summer of 1981 there were so many girls at day camp that some had to be placed at Sleepy Hollow where there was no shelter. Sharon, an 18 year old whose camp name was Lefty, was working with the younger girls and they dug a big hole in the ground to build their fire in. They fixed their food and then buried it in the big hole. The girls got very upset! They were so hungry and could have eaten anything in sight, even a horse. They couldn't understand why they buried ALL their food in a hole? They fussed and fussed and declared that they would all die of hunger before they could get home to eat. Needless to say when the food was cooked they all had smiles on their faces and they didn't complain any more.

"APRIL FOOLS"

In the spring of 1989, Mother Nature played a big April Fools' Joke on Cadette Troop #120. The girls arrived for their overnight retreat on Friday afternoon. It was a balmy 75 degrees outside and absolutely beautiful.

That night, or should we say early the next morning, they went to bed and then it got really cold. By the next morning, it was snowing. Yes, SNOWING!!! It was also April 1st...April Fools' Day.

That was one windy, cold, camping trip they will never forget. They ate well using the indoor fireplace for cooking, and peach cake cooked in the dutch oven. They worked on Indian bead looms and had just a real pleasant time...but indoors not out!! That was one of the most unexpected April Fools' jokes ever played on anyone in the troop.



PINECREST AND FIELD



CREEK



TROOP 115 UPPER FIREPLACE 1965



UPPER FIREPLACE 1990

SACAJAWEA



CAMP SACAJAWEA--TIME LINE

- 1952 118+ acres purchased by the Lynchburg Council of Girl Scouts
Cost: \$11,000
- 1954 Pavillion unit site cleared, tent platforms and latrine built. Unit shelter built by the Lions' Club
Cost: \$2,500
- 1954 Troop House unit site cleared, tent platforms and latrine built.
- 1958 Troop House shelter built by the Exchange Club
Cost: \$2,750
- 1958 Gay Lodge constructed and named for Sam Gay, Jr
Cost: \$12,500
- late 50s Tanglewood Primitive area cleared by Joseph Beard for Jean Beard's troop to learn primitive camping skills
- 1960 Shower House built
Cost: \$1,659
- 1961 Craft House built
Cost: \$3,500
- 1968 Hideaway Unit built
Cost: \$3,025 given by the Kiwanis Club of Lynchburg
- 1970's Chapel built by Troop #30, curved cinderblock wall was tiled by Troop #318
- 1970's Chapel trail built by Troop #30
- 1970's Judith Creek Trail renamed Sweetheart Tree Trail
- 1970's Skinny Dip Hole Trail named
- 1974 Trail of '74 developed by Margie Pitzer and Dawn Worsham as part of their day camp program
- 1987 Rendezvous shelter built
Cost: \$1,250
- late 80s Animal Tracker Trail built

Training Center sent food and supplies, and the campers "were delighted to be in a place with trees, flowers, and open areas with the sky above. For some of them it was the first time to see stars and the moon." The leader reported on one of the campouts. "They were a gay group; their laughter filled the air from morning until night. Not one discipline problem occurred".

Mrs. Anne Kennedy, another volunteer leader, often took her troop of underprivileged girls from Lynchburg's inner city to Camp Sacajawea. One rainy day she was seen in the old kitchen teaching them basic table manners. Before the last words of the grace were sung, two girls picked up forks to stab pieces of bread. Hunger and habit took precedence over manners.

In the very earliest years of Camp Sacajawea, two black leaders were outstanding in their work at camp, teaching the girls art in various forms and encouraging them in badge work. They were Natalie Jackson and Vasthi Hopkins.

Through the years service clubs, businesses, and individuals have all been generous in their support of Camp Sacajawea by providing materials, money, time, and labor for the buildings and campsites. In 1954 space was cleared for tent sites in the units known as Pavillion and Troop House and tent platforms and latrines were built. That same year the Pavillion, a roofed building open on three sides with a fireplace and storage closet, was constructed by the Lions' Club. In 1958, Gay Lodge, a large all-purpose building was built at the end of the camp road turn-around. It has a large fireplace, a small kitchen area, and flush toilets. Sam Gay, Jr. was often at camp with his wife Phyllis who was a troop leader. They trained many girls and troops in outdoor living and camping. After the lodge was built, the girls called it "Gay Lodge" for Sam who was so special to them. He had done the architectural drawings for the lodge and had a real part in its construction. Fuqua Construction Company built it for \$12,000 at about cost. A capital fund drive provided the funds for Gay Lodge.

In 1960, a shower house was built on the edge of the playing field, and the water was heated by solar power in two large tanks mounted at the end of the building. The showers have been replaced by a pavillion to provide shelter near the playing field. In 1961, S. R. Gay & Co constructed the craft and storage building. In 1982, this building became the nature center known as "Sun Spot". Anne Severance developed the materials for Sun Spot and Bonnie Yelvington, the day camp director helped to keep the center maintained.

Hideaway is the newest unit and has platform tents and a shelter. It was financed and built in 1968 by the Kiwanis Club of Lynchburg. More recently, Gay Lodge has been winterized and heated so that troops or training groups can use it in the winter.

Tanglewood is the primitive camping area at Camp Sacajawea.

within the troop and with girls in other troops when they had campfire together. Some troops have secret pals that they do special things for in camp or exchange swaps made with things found around camp.

Some of the special places at camp: the sweetheart tree, skinny dip hole trail, the chapel trail, the old chapel area, the new chapel area built by the girls, the trail along the ridge overlooking the river, Tanglewood (the primitive camping area, the totem pole made by some day campers to honor "Chief" the day camp director (Cathy Middleton) and "Whiskers" (Jean Beard).

Scouts' Owns are always special at camp. In the old chapel area, a table that could be adorned with flowers was lashed between trees. In the new chapel area, an alter has been constructed with cement blocks. There is a special place beyond the Tanglewood area, overlooking Judith Creek that is often used for Scouts' Own.

Connie Hensley responded to a request for some funny stories about her time at Camp Sacajawea, and we have reproduced some of them here for all to enjoy.

"JANE'S HAIR RAISING ADVENTURE"

Jane (not her real name) went to day camp at Sacajawea one year. She had long hair, and every older girl wanted her hair to look just like Jane's. At least they did up until one fateful day. That day Jane went to the latrine in the primitive unit. Now remember that in a primitive unit you don't have a latrine like in the other units. A primitive latrine is two poles lashed between two trees with a hole dug under them.

Jane was sitting there and something happened! We all heard this noise coming from the latrine, and we heard her scream for help. As we ran to the latrine, she yelled for us to stop. Then we heard her say..."My hair, My head... I can't believe this....!!!" We could not think of what was going on as we stood there waiting and not knowing just what to do. Then we saw.....here came Jane out from behind the shower curtain with her body bent over and her hair....her beautiful hair.....full of toilet paper and other "stuff". You see Jane fell head first into the latrine. Well, not all the way in but enough to get toilet paper in her hair.

We tried not to laugh, but we couldn't hold it back. We got her to the shower house (now no longer at Camp Sacajawea), gave her some shampoo, and then we just stood there. She got her hair washed and then took a shower only to leave camp to go home for the night.

When she came back the next day, she looked at all of us and laughed and laughed. We were all standing there with toilet paper in our hair. We all hugged, and the rest of the week went on as usual with no more excitement.

"HOW THE SWEETHEART TREE TRAIL GOT ITS NAME"

This trail was at one time called the "Judith Creek Trail". The name got changed because of the tree at the overlook at the end of the trail. This tree was one that everybody would carve their names in. (Of course we do not do that anymore!) During day camp the older girls would go to the tree and sit and sing songs about the war, scouting, friendship, pop folk songs, and any other song that made them feel good. A lot of times the girls would talk about their boy friends who were at home while we were at camp. The tree became like a friend that we would talk problems to, and it seemed to listen quite well. The tree, in our minds, helped us overcome the sadness of missing our boy friends during our week-long stay at Camp Sacajawea.

"HOW SKINNY DIP HOLE TRAIL GOT ITS NAME"

It was back in the early 70's during day camp. Jean Beard was camp director, and Betty Lane was the unit leader for the older girls. Ann Wynn was also a leader with the older girls. At this time day camp for the older girls was two weeks long. The first week the older girls would build their unit in what was called "Tanglewood", which was at the far side of the playing field. The units were set up as primitive units where tables were lashed, roundup tents were used, latrines were dug; and we used only firewood. No propane stoves were allowed.

Well, it was during the second week of camp and it was HOT! All of us wanted to go to Judith Creek and wade in the water, so we got our towels and headed to the Creek. When we got there we all got in to cool off. We started to walk all around and noticed that the water was deeper on the other side. Ann had a rope. We all talked it over and decided to tie the rope across the creek in case someone fell in. I took the rope and walked across only to find it was deeper than I thought, and I got real wet. I tied the rope to the tree and then came back. (At that time I could not swim.) We had a great time, and when we got back to camp, Jean asked how we got all wet. We said, "We went skinny dipping with our clothes on!" The name stuck, and a gateway to the trail, set up by my Cadette troop in 1985, still reads "Skinny Dip Hole Trail".

Dot Blanchard, past president of Virginia Skyline Girl Scout Council, remembers only too well the following challenge. It was not only one for the girls but one for her too.

"AN EMERGENCY PREPAREDNESS CHALLENGE, FOR WHOM?"

Lisa, my daughter, was a Cadette in Troop #739 and I was asked to help on the campout to Sacajawea Girl Scout Camp in Lynchburg. Prior to leaving for a "walk in the woods" Barbara Wierwille, the leader, said that she was going to present the girls with their challenge--an opportunity to prove to one and all that they were truly prepared to react in a responsible manner to life's challenges. As we approached the last campsite

Margaret Denham shared an interesting experience at Outdoor Training with us:

"VERY BASIC OUTDOOR TRAINING AT CAMP"

I remember the very first time I gave Basic Outdoor Training at Camp Sacajawea. I couldn't understand why the participants were all late in arriving so I finally decided to walk down to the entrance to camp. There I found a tree had fallen down across the road completely blocking the trainees and their cars. We hiked back to the unit, got a saw and returned to clear the road. At the end of the training session everyone agreed that the best lesson learned was that we were able to deal with the emergency of the fallen tree and adjust our program accordingly.



KAPERS ARE PART OF CAMP FUN, TOO!



GAY LODGE



TROOP HOUSE UNIT



NATURE STUDY -- THEN

Mrs. Garnett Hill (center), director of the first over-night intermediate Girl Scout Camp at Sacajawea, explains types of rocks and leaves discovered by the campers on a nature hike yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Harold Johnson (right) checks information to answer other questions raised about objects seen while the girls and five staff members are at the camp until tomorrow



AND NOW

SUGAR HOLLOW



CAMP SUGAR HOLLOW--TIME LINE

- 1959 52.18 acres purchased from the Crozet Methodist Church
by the Charlottesville Community Chest
Cost: \$4,200
- 1959 First day camp was held, Marjorie Webber, director
- 1960 Camp Hall constructed
Cost: \$4,000
- 1961 Running Creek unit shelter built
- 1962 Rocky Top unit shelter built
- 1962 Shop and storage building constructed
- 1967 Latrine and shower house built
- 1979 Multipurpose building constructed
- 1987 Sally Rex shelter construction started
- 1988 Sally Rex shelter dedicated



"SUGAR HOLLOW--THE FIRST 20 YEARS!"

As I sat at my desk on that late summer's afternoon my phone was ringing as it had all day with one call after another. It rang once again, and in my innocence I picked it up never dreaming that this call would change my life for the next twenty years.

"Hello, this is the Girl Scouts, and you have been appointed Camp Procurement Committee Chairman". Not quite understanding what this meant, I said "yes". This unfortunately was taken as agreement and I was promptly swamped in what was wanted:

1. Sufficient acreage for living space, games, play, campfires, etc.
2. Buildings for living and administrative duties during the day camp period. Tent platforms for the troops.
3. Swimming, if possible, without too much cost.
4. Time frame: open for camping the next spring.

Feeling the press of time I went to work letting others know my problem and need. I went to see several pieces of cheap, mountain-top property that people couldn't sell for any price--dry, no water, sometimes logged over, no trees left, much erosion as a result-but good enough for the Girl Scouts. Not in my book!

Then a break! The Crozet Methodist Church bought fifty acres more or less in an area called Sugar Hollow, just west of White Hall, VA. I arranged to view it. I liked it. Although head high in brambles, it had level land, an old farmhouse (useless, and falling in), a large stream called Moormans River that also fed part of Charlottesville water supply. The camp could use it for limited swimming. The property was already equipped with a sixty foot deep well flowing about 10 gallons or more a minute and the land even had its own small streams. A long time ago one of the streams had a "whiskey still" on its banks. When I showed the property to Girl Scout officials I showed it to them from a scenic overlook not on the site itself.

The price seemed right for the times, as I recall, about \$4000. I recommended purchase by the Charlottesville Community Chest. The Girl Scouts agreed, and we set a date. Before the meeting, not quite trusting the Chest, I arranged for an angel (a person who would buy the property for the Girl Scouts as a donation). For various reasons, I wanted the property to be publicly owned rather than privately given. However, it was nice to have an alternative purchaser if one were needed.

At the Community Chest meeting, chaired by Wright Harrison, president of Peoples National Bank, I was submitted to a rigorous examination. Some of it was ludicrous, and demeaning. Some was an exhibit of ignorance I didn't dream was present in the banking community, i.e. "The Community Chest will be here long after the Girl Scouts are defunct!" Amazing!! Statements were made that I wanted the property for my own reasons, that I would soon turn it

plans and specifications with you. I think we can save some money on this building." Between us we took out approximately \$2,000 of unnecessary cost. The architect had specified a roof to support an elephant herd. It required a special tool for the joists, available only from Timber Engr. Co. of Washington D. C. We switched to a FHA standard truss. He specified a 300 pound per square shingle virtually fireproof because he forgot to specify a spark screen in the chimney! There was \$300 worth of special millwork just on the double front doors and porch railings. We did the millwork on the site from common materials and saved all that.

I could go on to other items but a technical treatise this should not be, however one other item or so might interest you. The stone mason, with the chimney half completed, went on strike. The building which was coming up behind him was not good enough for his craftsmanship! We finally argued him back to the job. As the cabin became more complete, he even asked me for a set of plans commenting, that with proper partitioning, it certainly would make a nice house!

It should be noted that all of the stone that went into the chimney of Camp Hall was picked up by the girls as they went to and from swimming and other activities. They deserve a lot of credit.

At the dedication of Camp Hall and the Camp, the speaker suddenly stopped, turned to me and, in full voice, offered me a job designing the next building for his estate since I had gotten so much for the Girl Scout dollar. I couldn't help a flash of pride, I must admit.

We had a few other incidents you might enjoy. Like the afternoon I was riding my mower near the kitchen shelter, and one of the leaders was making a fire in the woodstove preparing for supper. I noticed a considerable amount of smoke coming from the eaves and the stove. Soon the leader came out to intercept me, asking for help to solve the problem of the stove that smoked. I investigated. Lo and behold, she had built the fire in the warming oven instead of the other side of the grate! She was so embarrassed! I smothered my laughter and gave her a five minute lesson in the mysteries of the wood burning monster her grandmother probably had used most of her life.

Then there was the Saturday we were adding to the water system, taking it up on the hill to shelter #2 while the troops were milling about. We were testing the line under about 30 pounds pressure, when all of a sudden I heard a female scream and whipped around to see what was the matter. I saw a leader surrounded by her young troop with a 20 foot fountain of water towering over her and giving her a full bath. As I meandered over, I noticed a hatchet in her right hand. It seems she had gone out to educate her girls on how to pick up sticks for a fire, saw a black thing in the leaves, yelled "snake" and employed her hatchet to protect her brood. I wasn't very happy

described wooden sign and fence.

Years of pleasurable experiences have taught me that worthwhile moments come usually after doubt and frustration. And "pleasurable" certainly describes most of my moments spent at Sugar Hollow, whether troop camping, day camping or training others. I discovered that one really can go to sleep on the wooden floor of the raised platform (well maybe some can) or inside Camp Hall (more to my liking).

For a couple of summer sessions I was given the doubtful title of assistant day camp Manager. This involved handing out craft supplies and cooking utensils to the campers (and getting them returned). Under the capable leadership of Pat Henderson and Marjorie Webber, I witnessed what seemed like hundreds of little city girls trying out their skills and enjoying the setting for hiking and singing sometimes silly, sometimes serious songs, appreciating nature and one another. The lessons I learned don't all come under "The Eight Basic Outdoor Skills". They also included flood management, Indian lore, and the fun of swimming in the creek (which I later found out was a river). My admiration grew for unit leaders, shoppers, waterfront lifeguards, and bus drivers.

Many other daring souls have kept the camp going and growing since the early 1970's. Many, many fortunate girls have had that wonderful Sugar Hollow experience. Many have enjoyed the opportunity to use the camp year round since the addition of the winterized building.

My heartfelt thanks to Sally and George Rex who gave untold hours and years whipping this marvel into shape and doing the physical labor required to keep it usable. One of my regrets was not being able to attend the ceremony to dedicate the new shelter to Sally's memory.

My friends are aware that camping is not truly my forte. I appreciate indoor plumbing, heating and streets with house numbers, but I'll be eternally grateful that among my treasured memories stands the very special Sugar Hollow Girl Scout Camp! My prayer for the future is that this secluded paradise continue to bring pleasure, outdoor knowledge and, more importantly, the love of nature itself and the Creator Himself to thousands of future leaders and camp directors.

Barbara Pasquel remembers the following event:

"PIONEERS, PEAKS, AND PRESIDENTS VISITS SUGAR HOLLOW"

During the summer of 1986 Virginia Skyline Girl Scout Council hosted a national and international wider opportunity, "Pioneers, Peaks, and Presidents" which brought 80 girls to our area.

After several days of touring sites around the council, one

budget for a shelter. So in the spring of 1985, Jackie Gamache, Sugar Hollow Site Committee Chairman, and staff member Barbara Pasquel, decided that the need was great enough to try to build a shelter with monies raised in our own Association. After consulting committee members Cam MacGregor, Ian MacGregor, Marjorie Webber, Barbara Hart and others, it was decided to present our case to Kate Genaitis, C.E.O. After approval to raise funds was given, the task was to raise the funds!

A fall fund-raising event was planned so the shelter could be erected at the edge of the field as soon as possible. The spring Brownie Bee-In and summer day camp were to be the main users of such a shelter. Troops could use the shelter for picnicing during short trips to Sugar Hollow, and overnight campers could enjoy it also. A basic open shelter design with a concrete slab floor, a fireplace for cooking on one end, and a set of shelves for holding supplies was proposed. Crafts could be done more easily, and clean-up was better on concrete than on a gravel covering. Concrete was less dangerous than loose gravel.

A carnival had been considered as a fund-raiser, but there was too much competition from school events in the Fall such as Halloween. We also needed something that didn't take a lot of "people time" during the busy season of Girl Scout registration and training. So the idea of having an auction at the Association III meeting in mid-October, combined with an appeal to troops to donate money for "their" shelter, was initiated. S.O.S. became our slogan: SUPPORT OUR SHELTER. Troops and individuals rallied to the cause. At the Association III meeting, with Kate Genaitis as the world's most enthusiastic auctioneer, handmade items and camping gear from someone's closet were auctioned to those in attendance. Because it is against council policy to have a game of chance, the drawing for a rabbit was made legal as only two people paid \$1.00 each to win the rabbit and they agreed between them who would take it home. Thirteen others paid \$1.00 each NOT win the rabbit.

Thanks to Jackie's wheeling and dealing, materials for the shelter were purchased and donated. Some came from VSGSC's kindness. A group of UVA fraternity members helped erect the shelter one sunny day in March, 1987. Our shelter was first used by the Brownies in May of that year.

The shelter was finally completed in the Fall of 1988. The pouring of the concrete slab took more time than anyone thought possible, and the stone mason was not able to complete the fireplace until the morning of the dedication, October 1, 1988.

A special event that took place on that day. Those who really appreciated the out-of-doors were there when George Rex and Jackie Gamache unveiled the plaque to dedicate the shelter to Sally Rex. Sally had been active in Girl Scouting for many years as a volunteer, executive director of Albemarle Girl Scout Council, and staff member for Virginia Skyline Girl Scout

or just enjoy the solitude with nature. A small trail leads past the storage shed and through a miniature forest of ferns and mosses to one of the most unique areas of Sugar Hollow. If you're ever in the area, follow that path, have a seat on the old carved log, relax and enjoy.

"MAIL BOXES AT SUGAR HOLLOW"

"Do-it-yourself" arrived at Sugar Hollow in the Spring of 1989 when 8 mail boxes containing nature study materials were posted around the camp. The materials in the boxes focus on the environment and encourage girls to see more, do more, feel more, and think more about the area in which they are the visitors. Woodpecker's Hole, Kangaroo Pouch, Hollow Log, and Pelican's Bill are the mail boxes which house the age-level, program ideas. Everything from star gazing to looking at ants is suggested as learning/fun activities for those who have the good fortune to be at Sugar Hollow.

"BROWNIE BEE-INS"

In an effort to encourage new Brownie leaders to take their girls overnight camping and to utilize Sugar Hollow to a greater extent, the Brownie Bee-In was created in the Spring of 1982.

Cadette and Senior Girl Scouts provided the core staff for planning and carrying out these annual happenings. They completed service hours and leadership hours for recognitions. Jane Lamar and Wendy London of Madison and Charlottesville, respectively, served as the volunteer advisors. The Bee-In began at the suggestion of Jan Russillo, former Program/Training Specialist who moved to Florida.

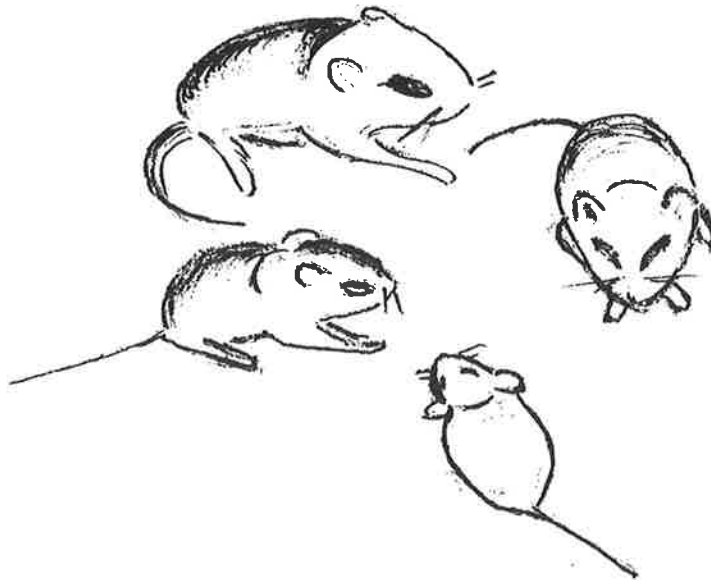
The most "exciting" Brownie Bee-In was in May of 1989. Rain had fallen for several days prior to the event. With the indoor/outdoor plans in hand, it was decided to "go for it" as usual. Troops could decide on their own whether or not to come. On Friday some of the older girls came and didn't unpack until after lunch or just before dinner, trying to decide whether or not to stay. Indeed it did rain that Friday night. Due to the water coming down the hill, much of the area behind multipurpose building was a river. Because of some construction, the water did not take its usual course down the hill, but turned and came down in a waterfall behind the building. The depth was a couple of inches below the top of the concrete slab. As the Cadettes and Seniors were all asleep and dry for the moment, it was decided that the water was draining safely enough, no need to panic! The sky was clear and the stars were shining brightly on the raging river beyond the borders of Sugar Hollow. A quick phone call to the ranger assured us that all was okay.

The next day all the Brownies arrived, relating tales of cars washing away tornado in Louisa County. The skies over Sugar Hollow were still clear blue. About 4:00 the ranger told us that more rain was expected and that if enough fell he would have to

Troop #81 was glad to be home!!

"THE EXTRA CAMPERS"

One of the first troops to spend the night in the multipurpose building was Troop 395 from Charlottesville. Twenty girls and their leaders had arranged their sleeping bags on the floor taking up nearly all of the space. After an early lights out (they had spent the previous night in very wet platform tents) all was quiet. Suddenly the leaders were awakened by screams of "Don't move, don't move, you might kill it!!" Of course the leaders moved and saw flashlight beams dancing all over as girls were either getting up onto things or busily turning over sleeping bags and searching through gear. The cause of all the commotion turned out to be centered around an old couch which had been moved from Camp Hall into the new building. Unknown to the movers, the couch was a field mouse apartment house. The adult mice must have been food gathering at the time of the move because they were nowhere to be found. The baby mice had come out during the night looking for their parents. The girls had a "mouse hunt" putting their captives into paper cups. Some captives were put outside. The leaders often wondered how many were taken home to confound the girls parents as to what caused the mouse invasion in their homes.





CAMP HALL



MULTIPURPOSE BUILDING

SUGAR HOLLOW DAY CAMP SESSION I, II, III

1962

Session I June 19-22; 26-29
Session III August 6-10



Special buses are hired to take care of the number of campers expected to register for both Session I and III.

The buses will stop at the University Baptist Church, at the corner of Rugby Road and Barracks Road, and at Hessian Hills. These stops are being made for the convenience of the campers and to reduce local bus fare.

Bus schedules will be announced on the days for physical examinations. If more than one trip is necessary, campers will be assigned by units. This is necessary to carry on the program at camp. Campers should pick up bus tickets when they come for physical examinations, June 13 or August 1.

WEAR: Shirt with shorts, slacks or jeans; socks and sturdy shoes; hat or kerchief. (No halters allowed). Official camp uniforms are available at Tilman's, but not required. Please label all clothing and personal possessions.

BRING: Sweater; sit-upon; cup; kerchief; bathing suit, cap, and shoes; towel; rain gear for protection against sudden showers; lunch including sandwiches, fresh raw vegetables, fruit and cookies - except on cookout days.

Camp Chairman: Mrs. R. E. Miller, Phone-295-2761
Co-Chairman: Mrs. J. C. Ritz, 293-3513.

Camp Director: Mrs. R. F. Webber, 293-9730

Sponsored by
ALBEMARLE GIRL SCOUT COUNCIL
Charlottesville, Va.

SHAWNEE



CAMP SHAWNEE--TIME LINE

- 1968 197 acres of farmland purchased from Larry Gravely. Buildings on the site included Hoki Hi (presently used for crafts), the big white farmhouse (presently used for maintenance, storage, and the day camp office), three tobacco barns, two small cabins, and another barn. Two old family cemeteries are also part of this site.
- 1970 Tall Pines, First platform tent unit built
- 1974 Troop 100 of Danville, Helena Cox--leader, restored the old log cabin
- 1977 3 Adirondack shelters constructed by Cadettes and Seniors from around the Virginia Skyline Girl Scout Council
- 1978 The lake and dam construction began
Cost: \$33,493
- 1978 Multipurpose Building constructed
- 1979 Lake and dam were dedicated
- 1979 Environmental Education Center--EEC--and Trail constructed. Mary Lynn Selzer and Peggy Spiegel developed this project after attending a National Girl Scout Opportunity at National Center West
- late 70s first shelter at Oak Bend Unit built
- 1982 Boat House built, swimming and boat docks rebuilt
- mid 80s Shelters at Tall Pines, The Meadow, and Adirondack Units were built.
- 1985 Acreage across road from camp was sold
- 1987 Breezy Hill shelter built
- 1989 Shower House built
- 1989 Scouts' Own Area was rebuilt by Danville Girl Scouts

CAMP SHAWNEE

When the phone rang and the voice on the other end of the line asked me to help write a history of Camp Shawnee, I couldn't help but say yes. Often I have credited that camp as the instrument that made one the most dynamic impacts in my life. As an eleven year old Junior Scout fresh out of fifth grade, I was ripe to receive tremendous influence; and it was at Camp Shawnee that a "spark" was struck in my life. It was a spark of the joy of living, of laughter, of challenge, of dreams that would touch every fiber of my being and every day of my life. To Camp Shawnee I have a great debt and I offer this history as partial payment of that debt. I begin with an apology because I'm not a historian and would never claim to be objective. My growing up years and love for that camp and the people involved prevent me from any such claim to objectivity. I give to you simply a peek at one of the treasures of my life--a camp called Shawnee.

As the nation struggled with civil rights in the 1960's, Girl Scouting took a stand to provide the opportunity of Scouting to all races, ethnic groups and faiths. When Camp Axton was closed due to the integration situation, the Virginia Skyline Girl Scout Council sought other property for its program.

In April 1965, Jane Scott, the field director, went to the home of Margaret Shaw to ask her about the possibility of locating some property and holding a day camp in late June. Although Mrs. Shaw was in bed with back trouble, their hour-long conversation produced the decision that she would try to locate an appropriate place and serve as the director of the day camp.

Mrs. Shaw went about the task of searching for a site for the day camp. Fliers were sent out to the girls informing them that a day camp would be held June 21st to July 2nd. The cost for the two week day camp (where ever it would be) would be \$5 and would provide program supplies, juice, milk, and transportation. By the May 15th deadline, ninety registrations had been accepted, which were ten above the quota set.

As the date for the day camp drew near, the search for a site continued. The criteria for the property were a) enough land and trees for hiking and b) a place to get out of the rain. All but the final decision was made to use part of Fred Leggett's farm on Route 58 when his lawyers objecting to the idea due to an issue concerning the property being on the soil bank. The idea was abandoned, and the search for a site continued.

In May 1965, Margaret Shaw asked Mrs. Maggie Burgess about camp site possibilities and her immediate response was, "Why don't you use the old Gravely farm?" Mrs. Shaw went to Gravely's Store and asked Larry Gravely about using the farm and he gave permission. No one was living in the home place and the land had

the place. The sky was blue and the weather was perfect as ninety little girls were gathered in the front yard of the farm house to have the very first flag ceremony at Camp Shawnee.

After the ceremony the girls were divided into groups according to age, with each group going to its designated unit. The Brownies had two tents in the front yard. The Flyups were in the field called "Happy Hollow". The Juniors were in the woods called "Lonesome Hollow" behind the tenant house. The Cadettes were stationed at the staff house, and the counselors' little children called "Papooses" were in the right side of the front yard.

We quickly adapted to the "roundup tent" latrines, and the proper use of lime, as well as the farm animals and drinking from Igloo coolers which were hauled into camp since the inspector did not approve the well.

The days were filled with hiking, singing, making squaw dresses and Indian tom-toms out of large cardboard cylinders, inner tube rubber, lanyard lacing, and painted designs. I still remember how mine looked when the tom-tom fell over and some dry grass stuck all over the fresh yellow paint. It never did come off! That grass didn't affect the sound as we held a big "Pow-Wow" on the last day of Camp. With Margaret Shaw receiving the nickname "Chief" and being dressed appropriately, we danced and performed skits and sang and celebrated two weeks of fun. All too soon it was over. The bus pulled up at my stop that last afternoon, and I knew I'd be back.

That night I remember lying in my bed before going to sleep. Camp had been wonderful, and even at eleven years of age, I knew I had found my place in life. I knew that I'd never be the same for having experienced the friendships, the challenges, the laughter, and the delightful joy of sharing that time with the counselors, who romped those woods and fields and streams with us. I wouldn't be the same and wouldn't want to be.

In January 1966 a contest was held for the Girl Scouts to design a patch for the camp. About thirty girls entered the contest, and three designs were selected to combine into the winning patch. Beth Weringo's tree and moon were added to Beverly Shaw's tent and campfire with my design of the light blue background and yellow letters encircled by red borders. We were given copies of "Cooking in the Out-Of-Doors" as prizes at the Girl Scout Birthday Party held at the Danville Fairgrounds in March. Four hundred and twenty-five patches were ordered from Mark Embroidery Company at a cost of 27 cents each and sold to the girls for 35 cents. The patch added a sense of special identification with a camp we already loved.

In April 1966, Margaret Shaw met Margaret Weringo at a Team Meeting. They were destined to work together as Director and Assistant Director for years. Their friendship provided continued leadership for Shawnee for over two decades. During

him...I thought. Dot Loftis, a Cadette day camper whose family owned the stables, led the trail ride. She was way out of sight when Duke was raising his head to fight off a horsefly and would not go out the gate. Several other horses were also behind us.

By the time that battle was over, we struggled to catch up. I began to notice that my saddle was slipping sideways, but I held on to the saddle horn and kept going. When we caught up with Dot and the rest of the girls, she decided it was time to head back to the barn. With a shout and a slap on her horse's rump, Dot took off. Every horse galloped off behind her...including Duke!! My seat was hitting the saddle which continued to shift sideways and my feet were out of the stirrups as Duke took off with more life than could have ever been in his bones. There are times when we think we're going to die. That was one of them for me. When my body felt almost parallel to the ground, I decided it was time to get off of that horse! Even that was difficult. I said "whoa", but that horse didn't speak English. I tried to talk sweetly as I bounced in mid-air. That didn't work either. Pulling his reigns up to his ears only seemed to encourage him to become airborne. I decided it was time to make a jump, so off I went. That action got his attention, and unbelievably Duke stopped.

We stood there looking at each other with his saddle hanging sideways and my body scratched and sore. We stood there on the trail in the woods. Only the Lord and Duke knew how far we were from the barn, and they wouldn't tell me. Whether I liked it or not, I did feel a responsibility to bring back the horse I took. I took his reigns and tried to lead him back to the barn. By the time I got back, he had added a squashed foot to my list of aches and pains. Needless to say, old Duke stands out in my day camp memories!!

"THIS WAY GIRLS!"

One year during day camp, I stayed overnight as a Senior Scout to help with the Juniors. It was decided that we would carry our equipment across the creek and camp at the primitive unit at the waterfall. Every girl and counselor was loaded down with sleeping bag, gear, food, and cooking utensils. Since I had a backpack, I loaded it with equipment and carried a tent in one hand. When we got to the creek, I tried to pick a spot where we could cross on the rocks. With twenty little girls behind me and a couple of leaders, too, I confidently said, "This way girls!" I made it to the first and second rocks with only a moment of wavering, but my top-heavy pack won out when I struggled to retain my balance. Completely overweighted, I fell back flat into the creek with tent and all! Then I found out what it was like to be unable to get up. My backpack held me down as I got an eye-level view of the creek on both sides. Were all of those girls and leaders a bit of help? Of course not!! They were standing on the bank laughing then, and they still laugh at the tale twenty years later! Ever since, I have always had compassion to turn over distressed turtles.

of that upstairs bedroom and as a result was disowned by her father. When she caught tuberculosis, he reluctantly allowed her to return home. He prepared the narrow room with the many windows for her bedroom. The daughter died and was buried in the cemetery near the log cabin. Joseph Smith refused to be buried near her and was laid to rest in the cemetery overlooking the pond. The daughter's ghost is still heard walking in the woods at night. Maybe that's the noise we heard on our midnight hike!!

"THE CABIN"

In 1974 it was discovered that the tenant house east of the staff house was originally built of logs. Helena Cox headed up a group of girls who helped to tear away the newer rooms and restore the cabin to its original state. For nearly a year we worked on Saturdays to knock out the chinking and daubing between the logs and to replace it with new mortar. We built a table and benches, a table with a top that would fold up to make a seat and backrest and a bed with ropes attached to the frame for the mattress support.

By summer we were ready for resident troop camping with a bicentennial theme. I served as director, and the girls who had worked on the cabin served as the counselors. We had a wooden flagpole with a thirteen starred flag, a flower and vegetable garden, and a spring. The troops would come to the cabin and learn to make lye soap, weave honeysuckle baskets, and the cure-alls for every malady from earache to arthritis. It was a summer of deep satisfaction and lasting memories.

By the time Christmas rolled around, it seemed only natural to spend some time at the cabin. Several of us fixed supper and took it out to the cabin. We swept the cabin, cut a cedar tree for a Christmas tree and spent the evening making decorations, stringing popcorn, and singing Christmas carols. My mind has gone back to that night a thousand times, and I've hungered for the quiet simplicity of those hours. In many ways that evening in the cabin summed up the gift that Camp Shawnee gave to my growing-up years. We were young and so carefree. We knew nothing of the sadness of drugs, alcohol, illicit sex, or broken homes. We were happy and knew the joy of laughter and the awesome beauty of that land. I suppose it is the fact that our hands helped to build the camp that made those years so precious. We learned of challenge and responsibility and the joy of giving of ourselves. We were committed to the goal of building a camp that would encompass the dreams of our hearts. They were such good times! I'm thankful that parts of Shawnee's history are written across the pages of my life. For that camp I will be forever grateful.

Carolyn Winstead

The following memory was shared by HelenRuth Burch:



ADIRONDAKS BEING BUILT



ADIRONDAKS NOW



PIONEER HISTORY AT THE RESTORED CABIN



1966 DAY CAMP



Along the Skyline

VIRGINIA SKYLINE GIRL SCOUT COUNCIL, INC.

JANUARY, 1978

ADIRONDACK BUILDING PROJECT Camp Shawnee

Senior girls from Virginia Skyline have begun building 3 Adirondack shelters for Camp Shawnee.

- (1) Leslie Harper and Jane Cuthrell, of Danville, mix the cement to be used in chinking the shelter:



- (2) Linda Franks, of Salem, helps to chink the one completed Adirondack shelter:



- (3) Leslie Harper, of Danville, and Mary Lynn Selzer, of Salem, use a draw knife to strip the logs in preparation for building the 2 additional shelters:



Watch the February Skyline for the Spring building dates!

MASSAWOMEET



MASSAWOMEE--TIME LINE

- 1979 154+ acres purchased from Graham McCray, (the land had been used previously for a private campground named Indian Bottom). Pool and lodge were on the site when purchased
Cost: \$216,500
- 1980 3 units of platform tents constructed
Ledges: named for a unit at Camp Kiwanianna
Indian Bottom: named for the original camp name
Hiadechi Shejaræ: name made up from the first letters of campers names
- 1982 Picnic shelters constructed in each unit
- 1982 Property Manager's house built
- 1982 Shop and storage building built
- 1983 Causeway rebuilt
- 1987 Observation Tower built
- 1988 Amphitheatre and campfire ring constructed
- 1989 Lodge rebuilt
- 1989 Loft over the bath house constructed

CAMP MASSAWOMEE

The Massawomee Program Center of the Virginia Skyline Girl Scout Council is young in years but its site is steeped in history and lore, rich in nature, peace, and spirit. Located in the Shenandoah Valley of western Virginia, Camp Massawomee occupies soft rolling hills and fields that are tucked alongside higher and more sharply defined mountains. All are part of a geography of mountains, valleys, river and stream beds.

We think Indians named the whole area "Shenandoah" meaning "daughter of the stars", and our hearts feel this tale must be true once we have spent a night under the stars at or near Camp Massawomee. The Massawomee confederacy of tribes inhabited the valley of Virginia before settlers arrived in the New World. Their name appears in English texts as early as 1743, and they are mentioned in the writings of Thomas Jefferson. For a long time, the Shenandoah Valley area is thought to have been used as a summering place for Indians whose more permanent settlements were to the north or south. After a thoughtful present-day drive through these mountains and valleys, we too can view this area as a place to use, harvest, protect, and treasure.

Ceremonial and burial mounds in the vicinity of Camp Massawomee seem to indicate a time when some Indians formed a firm bond here. A local legend tells of an Indian maid who watched a battle from Jump Mountain which is the peak easily seen and identified from camp. -When she sees her lover defeated in the battle below she leaps to her death. The story continues that slain warriors were buried in the several mounds located nearby. One, and probably the only, major archaeological investigation of the mounds took place early in this century with poor results--few pictures, lax cataloging, and misplaced or lost artifacts and bones were found.

Early Virginia history tells of settlers crossing the Blue Ridge from the eastern seaboard and even more pioneers filling the valley by way of Pennsylvania. What would become Rockbridge County was populated with people of varied backgrounds. They built homes and their lives centered around farming and/or the land. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, among other founding fathers, were personally familiar with the lands west of the mountains. As the United States was born, grew and prospered, so did Rockbridge County. It may have done so at a slower pace but perhaps treasuring nature's gifts a little more than most.

Life was interrupted in mid-nineteenth century by our Civil War. Once more the Shenandoah Valley was used as a corridor for movements of peoples--armies of the North and South--the relics and stories of which abound.

of permanence. A signal bell and lookout tower have been erected by older girls. Most recently the lodge and bathhouse building have been extensively remodeled and updated.

How neighboring areas develop in the near future will effect the atmosphere of Camp Massawomee. Changes are coming even here. Hopefully we will always be able to visit and feel the flow of ancient Indians, national heroes, all of those vacationers, and farmers through several centuries. They have now been joined by hundreds of people, young and old, and especially "the girls". May Camp Massawomee remain a haven where we may commune with all the grandeur and vastness of the universe or simply with ourselves.

Jeanne Lutze remembers this delicious (?) incident:

"ADVENTUROUS OUTDOOR COOKING TECHNIQUES!"

"Outdoor Training for Trainers" sessions didn't always go as planned. One event included more adventurous outdoor cooking techniques than expected or desired--box ovens at one station, dutch ovens at another, and chickens on a spit at another. All required a bit of trial and error--but success seemed possible everywhere except at the spit. Time passed and darkness fell. The box oven cakes were perfect and delicious. The dutch oven stew was steaming and near perfection. The chicken-on-a-spit group had finally realized that 18 inches above the coals was too far away to do very much cooking unless you had a whole day to do it. With flashlights in hand, they kept poking and turning, trying to determine just how **UNDONE** the chickens were. With the spit lowered and coals added from the other cooking projects (already being eaten), the chicken began to sizzle for the first time when the group pronounced the chicken fit for eating! They had fewer takers than they had hoped for. Some were fearful, others just realized it was too near bedtime to eat, or so they said!!

Linda and Cristal "Boo" Darcus were kind enough to share some of their special memories with us.

"MASSAWOMEE MEMORIES"

First of all we think Massawomee is one of the most beautiful campsites that Virginia Skyline Girl Scout Council has. Here are some of our most memorable times at Massawomee and the people we have worked with and met. Planning and carrying out the Association IV meeting when I was the chairman, taking my Brownie and Junior Girl Scout Troops on a hike to the pond and going fishing are some of my favorites. Another was when we went to the older girl weekend and helped to erect the emergency bell which now stands near the flagpole at Massawomee. During the older girl camporee in 1987 the plumbing and electricity went out and we had to dig our latrines. Another leader and I were the only experienced ones there who had dug latrines before. It was fun to teach latrine construction again.

war whoop or beats on her knees as on a tom-tom.

Story

Long, long ago, a land deep in the mountains of Virginia was settled by INDIANS. One tribe of INDIANS, called the Massawomee, lived at the base of a tall mountain peak. A trail wound through the woods to the very top of the mountain, and any INDIAN BRAVE who hiked there could SEE (shade the eyes with one hand and look off to each side) for miles around.

Among the Massawomee lived a beautiful INDIAN MAIDEN. She often roamed the woods with her father, who was a great HUNTER (shoot an arrow from an imaginary bow), and she loved to follow him to the top of the Mountain. She also loved a young BRAVE.

The INDIAN MAIDEN and the young BRAVE laid plans for their future together. They promised to marry when the FULL MOON ROSE (form a large circle with the arms, swing it slowly from the left side to high over the head) high over their mountain.

But trouble arose first. Neighboring INDIAN tribes began to raid the Massawomee camp. Enemy BRAVES stalked the Massawomee HUNTING GROUNDS (shoot an arrow from an imaginary bow). The chief called together the oldest men of his tribe--the Council of Elders--to ask their advice. LATE INTO THE NIGHT (yawn and stretch sleepily) the old BRAVES met, until finally they reached a decision. They would declare WAR.

Excitement blazed through the INDIAN camp. BRAVES gathered at the campfire to paint their faces and join in the ancient dance to the gods of WAR. At daybreak, the BRAVES would face the enemy. The beautiful MAIDEN watched proudly, for her young BRAVE had been chosen to carry the BATTLE flag.

The INDIAN camp grew strangely quiet during the long morning. Finally the lonely MAIDEN climbed the steep trail to the mountaintop. From there she could SEE (shade the eyes with one hand and look off to each side) the fields far below where the war raged. She saw BRAVES from her tribe wrestling enemy BRAVES in the clearing. She saw ARROWS (shoot an arrow from imaginary bow) whizzing back and forth from the trees. She saw the Massawomee BATTLE flag flying proudly, and thought of her BRAVE who carried it.

All day the MAIDEN watched the BATTLE. First one side, then the other seemed to be winning, but while the proud Massawomee flag flew, she feared nothing. Then in the gathering dusk, the flag dipped to the earth. The MAIDEN SAW IT RISE (shade the eyes and look upward), and FALL (shade the eyes and look downward) once more, never to rise again, for the young BRAVE had taken an ARROW (shoot an arrow from an imaginary bow) in the HEART (clutch hands together over the heart).

As the MAIDEN cried out, a FULL MOON ROSE (form a large



1980 OLDER GIRL PLANNING BOARD - NAMED UNITS



SHELTER AT LEDGES BEING BUILT



SWIMMING POOL



OBSERVATION TOWER

