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CAP'N BILL and MOTHER V

Photo by Retten

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The American Nature Study Society

Editorial . . .

This issue is a salute to William Gould Vinal.

Dr. Vinal, well-known as "Cap'n Bill," celebrated his 93rd birthday on November 29, 1974. He served as president of ANSS fifty years ago. His constructive, active involvement in the affairs of the Society and in nature recreation/education continues to this day.

When we decided last summer to devote this issue to Cap'n Bill, I wrote to him for his suggestions. His response was enthusiastic. He was pleased that we wished to honor him in this way, but more than that, he saw this as an opportunity to further the cause of what we now call "environmental education." He submitted a roster of almost 200 names of persons who have studied with him or worked with him, to be contacted for submission of brief articles. Over 120 manuscripts were received! He wrote a 26-page manuscript himself. He provided pictures, clippings and articles. We agreed to send this issue to the usual recipients of his annual newsletter "Vineholler" — so he donated the expense of the newsletter toward the cost of this enlarged issue. His many friends have also contributed to help make this special issue possible.

In addition to being a salute to a great man, this is a kind of report on the state of environmental education. It contains brief descriptions of what dozens of persons are doing to further the cause of quality living in a quality environment.

Cap'n Bill is perhaps the last of the "second generation" of naturalist-educators in North America. He and his contemporaries — men and women like Anna Comstock, Laurence Palmer, Fay Welch, E. K. Fretwell, L. H. Bailey — followed close upon the days of Louis Agassiz and Asa Gray. They were the great innovators in the development of techniques to revolutionize the education of children and the non-scientist with respect to science and human affairs. Those of us now working in these fields are the "third wave."

In his brief tribute to Dr. Vinal in this issue, John Brainerd of Springfield College says, "A man is known by the company he makes." This is the measure of the man Bill Vinal. Having grown his roots deeply into the eco- and social systems, and with an unlimited capacity to love persons and places, he has flourished. The fruits of his life are spread before you on these pages — men and women, some young, some old, whose lives have been motivated and inspired by Cap'n Bill. Their influence for good is incalculable. Through them the energy and enlightenment and eco-sensitivity of the Vinals continues as ever-expanding waves into the future.

A retired minister, a man in his eighties, recently told me that "no matter how long you live, if you keep learning you'll die young." There's really very little about Cap'n Bill which is "old" — and much about him which is still ahead of our time. This issue is a chance to evaluate and take stock — and then to move on with the spirit of inquiry and openness which is our heritage from WGV.

— J.A.G.

The Growth of the Concept of Nature Recreation

WILLIAM GOULD VINAL, "CAP'N BILL"

It has been suggested that I give an account of the origin and growth of the idea of *Nature Recreation*. I believe that "*The Nature Study Idea*" began with Liberty Hyde Bailey and that Anna Botsford Comstock's "NATURE STUDY" might be classified as work on that subject, such as a study of the goldfish. I recall meeting with the Course of Study Committee at Massachusetts State College (1937). The situation was that the President had accepted me but what should I be called? I was fresh from two years with the National Recreation Association and had seen the term NATURE RECREATION accepted by the Department of Recreation in every large city in the United States. The discussion of "me and my" was both amusing and serious. The concensus was that NATURE STUDY was too elementary. Recreation meant play. The students would take advantage of me, a neophyte. All were relieved when someone suggested *Biological Field Studies*. The students were calling me "Prof" or "Cap'n Bill." They were in the new "Rec" Department (Not "wreck"). I'll never know how I got my first majors. A chosen few came for an interview and some took the risk. Future students were recruited, but they had heard through the underground. They knew that there would be field work, which meant the good will of scout leaders, service in a hospital, playground leadership, 4-H Club, park ranger, school teaching. This may have deterred the unwanted. I soon found myself Chairman of the faculty committee for the annual Recreation Conference. This was a golden opportunity to bring in specialists and put on exhibit successful graduates. Bob Cole was the first Ranger Naturalist in any Massachusetts Reservation. In the winter he became Nature Guide at Northfield Inn. It was like putting ostrich eggs in front of Bantams, a powerful incentive. The student nature recreationist discovered that if he had more than one skill in his "bag of tricks" he was better equipped! I did not have to tell them to take drama, music, art, sociology, even poetry and landscaping. When they posed as a naturalist the clientele expected them to know birds, insects, trees, and ponds. Even comparative anatomy and geology loomed on the horizon. Endowment called for a sum of qualities if one wanted to serve the public in Mt. Tom, a hotel, as a "Leatherstocking." Each individual had to have outdoor tools if he was to have a job to brag about. The students knew better than I did which professors delivered the goods. The way to success did not have to be labeled.



*Bridgewater Normal School
Class of 1903*

1881-1900. The History of Nature Recreation.

As I lived and imparted it, it is so rudimentary that I have misgivings about presenting it. However, I have heard that "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Perhaps it is time that I pause from writing about the environment and identify the thing called NATURE RECREATION. I was born in 1881 in a Cape Cod-style house 201 years after it was built. This may be atavism, but I was fortunate enough to be *born poor* and *on a farm*. I firmly believe that farm chores, caring for plants and animals, doing one's share in the garden, is fundamental to cooperative family enterprise. The individual has an understanding of nutrition, economy, humaneness, and sex-character education.

1900-1903. Bridgewater Normal.

I saw women teachers gazing at birds through opera glasses. That was the funniest sight I had ever seen. On the farm I had learned to call up crows and blue jays to shoot them because they stole corn. I gave crow calls and blue jay screams for the benefit of the other fellows on a morning walk. How they laughed! I never imagined that I would teach bird study. I graduated in '03 but asked A. C. Boyden, Principal, if I could work as full-time librarian (1903-1904). I think I received \$300 but the best pay was that I didn't lose my girl friend. We were together 63 years.

1907. Summer Monomoy Point off Cape Cod.

David L. Belding, a fellow graduate student, invited me to work with him on the *Life History of the Scallop* for the Massachusetts Commission of Fisheries and Game. We lived in a fisherman's shack at the tip of Monomoy. The Powder Hole was a natural aquarium. Scallops were becoming scarce and high priced. Inflation will stir things up every time. Perhaps a life history would get us out of the crisis. This was prophetic of my career, but I didn't have a suspicion.

1907-1909. Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va.

This was my first year-round job. The boys and girls from the West Virginia hills were *environmentalists*. So was farm-raised WGV. Neither of us realized it. No doubt I got the position because of the aura of Harvard and having been a "Lab Assistant" in Betany I. The "hill billies" learned to swim in the creeks and I had my aquatic experience in the Powder Hole. They knew about Mark Twain-ing-it down the Mississipp-

pi. They got their sinew from oil wells and coal mines. They absorbed the idea of a *maturely dissected plateau*, and the Ohio flood plain was the place for corn and a state college. I had a "lab" but no furniture. I had to draw plans for tables. There was no fund for pickled cats and catfish. Everyone had to catch his own cat. A small boy asked if I had seen his "kitty." I couldn't tell him that I came from a farm where we had live cats. The mountaineers thrived on the idea of stratification. They believed in being freeborn. Their mothers wore linsey-woolsey dresses and poke bonnets. I had been brought up on Chaucer and understood *Anglo-Saxon* "ain't" and "chimley." I was not a fundamentalist but went easy on the monkey business. I had played football on the class team and felt honored when the President invited me to be the college coach. We got along famously because we spoke the same language.

1908-1913. Summers, Ecology was a New Religion.

I had never heard the word in greater Boston. However, I continued with the Fish and Game. I did research on *shellfish* (1908-1910) at the Wellfleet "lab." *Life History of Ponds*, Barnstable County and Plymouth County (1911, 1912). Buzzards Bay had been closed to fishing and I was to fish and see the results (1913). Cape Cod became the promised land (and water). Pickled biology went out the window.

1910. Salem Normal.

Prof. Sumner Webster Cushing, Geography man, had a sabbatical. Would I substitute? This was a way to get north. I accepted.

Summer 1911.

R.I. Normal School.

I was barefooted and shucking clams. A stranger walked up the railroad track and announced he was John L. Alger, President of R.I. Normal. He had heard I was seeking a job. ("Mother V" was sure that my disgraceful appearance had cooked my goose.) He must have heard I was a transcendentalist, or something. Anyway, I got the position of head of the Nature Study Department. I held on to it like a puppy to a root for 14 years. By now I was *unpredictable*, whatever the category. My inner self was cropping out. Were my antics due to heredity or environment? My critics will have to hear the evidence.

Summer 1914. Camp Chequesset.

"A Nautical Camp for Knotty Girls." My cleansing seemed to come in the summer time. At the end of the 1913 season Dr. Belding said, "Why don't you and Alice (his sister) start a summer camp?" The vision took form at Wellfleet, Cape Cod. Swimming, fishing, boating were by-products of Camp Chequesset living. The campers were the chosen people, to live in Eden. They were coerced into making bayberry candles, corn husk mats, sweet-grass baskets, pine needle mats, and beach plum jelly. Unfortunately World War I came o'er the horizon. We had sunk our money and couldn't turn back.

1914. "Handbook of Nature Study"

by Anna Botsford Comstock

Appeared, based on Cornell Leaflets (1903-1911). There was an agricultural depression (1891-93). \$8000 had been added to the Cornell Fund. L. H. Bailey was the inspiring teacher for 15 years. He called in Mrs. Comstock to help. His "*Nature Study Idea*" was basic. Mrs. Comstock was to champion the cause. The Cornell fountain was my guide. Let it also be said that the "higher ups" (Deans, Principals, Presidents) never interfered with me. I think this may have been due to the fact that the students enjoyed my frivolity (unbecoming levity) and never complained. The "Chief of Administration" (Tithingman) was enough of a farmer-naturalist to sense when all was well in the stable. My chronology ties in with *Anna Botsford Comstock* and the *American Nature Study Society*. All this was in direct contrast with the average curriculum in schools.

1916. September.

"Nature Study in Rhode Island" appeared in *Nature Study Review*.

1918. November, in Nature Study Review.

"The Nature Program at Camp Chequesset." I have written more mileage on *camp*s than any other topic. There were trips to heron rookeries with Henry Howe Forbush, State Ornithologist; a visit to the hermit on Dyer's Pond to see his "Gandy" (Canadian goose), bobwhites, and nesting mallards. The campers were using the Comstock-Vinal looseleaf notebook to tell about foraging for blueberries and wild strawberries and the hermit's environment. They gathered seaweed for blanc



Vinal Cottage, Cap'n Bill's birthplace, Norwell, Mass. Built in 1680.

mange, shells for crafts, listened to yarns by Capt. Stull "the ambergris King"; boarded the "Mouette" to see the school of blackfish (which were a kind of whale, not fish); sang chanteys with Captain Stull and Cap'n King, the sea chanty man; visited fish weirs with Captain Jack Williams of Provincetown; took gypsy hikes with topo map and compass; collected and shaped drift wood for a camp xylophone; and each day kept the ship's log. Even ship's time was by bells, as was the raising of the flag. The camp was divided into crews, "Sea Gulls," "Pirates," etc., and the counselors were the "Coxswains" who often found tough competition with the sailors. By 1918 (the 5th season) there were 34 girls. They knitted 70 pairs of socks; collected sphagnum for absorbent cotton; War Savings Stamps purchased amounted to \$300; earned \$162.90 for Red Cross and to help a war orphan in France. They earned money by hoeing the garden and digging clams to sell in the village (a Nature Recreation Program).

1918. National Education Association.

Adopted "*worthy use of leisure*" as one of the cardinal principles of education. RECREATION is an activity elected for fun and satisfaction. The Chequesset campers probably didn't stay back in camp, because they were afraid they would

miss something on the trail. All this goes back to Rousseau and Froebel. They also thought play was a potent force. Even churches were beginning to recognize recreational activities. Scouts and 4-H clubs were to become important. The Playground Assoc. was born (1906). Luther Halsey Gulick, the author of the Hygiene series, and Joseph Lee, favored Recreation.

1918. Aug. 28-31, The New England Federation of Natural Histories Societies.

John Ritchie, President; J. H. Emerton (the spider man), Sec., held their first camp-out at Chequesset. The camp cook felt insulted when Mr. Emerton had the audacity to invade her kitchen for spiders. She had to be calmed down by the director, as he "was a mere harmless naturalist." The 20 in attendance were mostly teachers. Cape Cod was still Cape Cuddy and unspoiled. They saw it as it should be. They had a visit to the Thoreau House where he was said to hesitate at breakfast. (When the man of the house spit tobacco juice across the corn cakes being prepared in the fireplace, Thoreau felt a sinking appetite. As you know, Thoreau, the sage of Concord and Walden, had a dramatic field trip down the Cape. What he saw and said was dramatic.) There was also Joe Lincoln with his sea-going heroes with a special language. Also found at the Coast Guard; heroism and culture. The group visited the sheelheaps on Great Island and a herd of 25 blackfish appeared for their benefit. I was brought up a biologist but fellow naturalists had backed my enthusiasm. This was the first of "Revival Meetings."

1920. Nature Study Review.

First Camp Number edited by WGV.

1920. The National Association of the Directors of Girls Camps.

In session at Boston, listened to harassment by WGV. *Nature Counselors needed training.* I vividly recall the alert face of Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick. He comprehended what I said. They voted to hold a seven-day training session at Camp Chequesset. Mrs. Charlotte Gulick ("Hitini"), Laura I. Mattoon (Camp Kehonka), and Cap'n Bill were elected a committee of three. WGV was chairman to direct the session the last week in June before opening of camp.

Lore is traditional, as bird lore, folklore. It is scholarly learning of literature, history, and science. It is the sort of knowledge one gains by *experience*. It was evident that the committee did not want the campers to suspect that camp was a school or that there was any hint of study or to recite a lesson. This was the same year that nature-guide training started in the west for service in National Parks. A nature counselor and a nature guide is a person who leads the way in a new country. It is *understanding* natural history. "*Stump Scouting*," for example, is for fun, and could not be expected in a classroom. The annual rings tell of droughts and good years; the imprint of the ax and saw indicated the method of cutting. Woodborers start and end on certain years. Dr. Woodpecker performs an operation. There were stumps beneath the tide line that invited deciphering.

1920. Teachers College, Columbia University.

1920 seemed to be the year of *Awakening*. The course was in New York City but the week at Bear Mt. (Apr. 24-30) Palisade Park, was the frosting on the cake. Teachers College was considered tops in the new process of education. Why they by-passed the ingenious Craig and Powers I will never know. Dr. E. K. Fretwell was Director and Charles Smith, the scoutman, was assistant director. For nature leaders they invited E. Laurence Palmer of Cornell and William Gould Vinal of R. I. College. There was a camp director's Advisory Committee which consisted of Ruby Jolliffe, hostess at Palisades Interstate Park; Dr. Allen who was to serve as camp physician;

Mrs. Edward Gulick, Camp Hanoun; the two Deming sisters, Eleanor and Agathe, devoted woodcraft Leaguers, and perhaps others. Palisades Park was the greatest camping park in the world with over 100 camps representing agencies of greater New York. On the staff was also "Uncle Bennie" Hyde, American Museum of Natural History and director of the Park Museum. He was a big boy at heart and I recall the women going into hysterics laughing when he placed a cup of coffee on his bald head, reaching up now and then to take a swallow. Dr. Frank Lutz, Entomologist, concocted nature trails which gained credo as a means of stimulating nature interest. "Uncle Dan" Beard, was there, dressed in buckskins, and threw his hatchet at a tree trunk, although his reputation as the founder of the Sons of Daniel Boone was itself dramatic. Then there was Fay Welch, with his fife, noted for a wilderness camp, and Julian Salomon who had written a book on Indian craft. The nature environment for education was taking on new dimensions. Teachers College camp course went on for several years. Dr. Fretwell became director of National Boy Scouts. He led singing at camp and I've learned since that he often sang Grand Opera and the porter on the train would join in. What a man!

1922. Summer: Nature Guide Yosemite National Park.

Elected WGV President in Toronto Meeting. Was re-elected in Boston. A. G. Boyden (1827-1915), Principal Bridgewater Normal (1860-1905) was born on a farm. His son Arthur Clarke Boyden succeeded his father as principal. For 25 years he did enthusiastic nature work and received recognition at St. Louis World's Fair (1904). I can claim the use of scissors and paste as librarian in setting up the exhibit, although all credit for the creative work should go to "AC." I had the honor of presenting my ole teacher Dr. Arthur Boyden at the Boston Meeting.

Enos A. Mills (1870-1922) started *Nature Guiding* (1888). His first article "Guides Wanted" appeared in *Saturday Evening Post* (1927) and "The Children of My Trail School" in the same medium (March 1919). "*Adventures of a Nature Guide*" (Doubleday 1920). I do not remember when Mills appeared in Providence, but when he did I was infatuated with his "Story of a 1000-Year Pine" and "Snowblind on a Mountain Summit." Whether true or not, I took them for fact and related them at many a campfire.

1920. Camp and Field Notebook.

Mrs. Comstock visited us in Providence. She spoke at Assembly at R. I. Normal. I described the idea of a camp notebook to Mrs. Comstock. It would be looseleaf for individual needs; pocket size; firm covers for use as drawing board or writing desk; topo map cut $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 6\frac{7}{8}''$ mounted on cloth; tree chart; bird outlines; constellation charts; blank pages for sketching and notes; and photo-mount sheets. She conferred with W. A. Slingerland and 70 pp. were ready for Nature Lore School 1920. Normal Schools purchased from Comstock Publishing Company and the idea went over with a bang.

1922. 3d Nature Lore School.

On staff were Anna Botsford Comstock, Henry Howe Forbush, George W. Field, Anna Billings Gallup, Schuyler Mathews. He brought his dress suit in order to appear proper in his talk on "Birds and Bird Music." (I should not tell some of these side-issues). He did not wear it. Sublime to the ridiculous was seen in the evolution of an idea.

1922. Brown University Ph.D.

During all this I did graduate work at Brown. My thesis was about *Anomia simplex* (Jingle shell), the abnormal or unusual bivalve, not so simple, with the right valve deeply notched for the passage of a byssus. The economic shellfish had been well studied by Dr. Belding and me but here was a fragile shellfish which was a challenge with all its exceptions, even if not easily transferred from the Cape. Growth experi-

ments could be carried on in the summer in Wellfleet where I expected to be. What do I remember about the biology professors at the Arnold Biological Lab fifty years later? Dr. Mead was adept in using *plastocine* in lecturing about embryos. He could make one see in *three dimensions*. He was kindly and easy to confer. Dr. H. E. Walter had been a fellow student at Harvard. There was no credit given in his course in Ornithology but I wanted to take it. I recall how pleased he was when I heard the chickadee call "phoebe" and said "Hear the phoebe." Alice Hall Walter (Mrs. Walter) was editor of the school department of *Bird Lore*. There was a colony of Black-crowned Night Herons at Great Island, Wellfleet, as well as at Butler Asylum grounds in Providence. I had opportunity to take camp girls and students to a heronry. One baby heron appeared to be dead but we soon learned he was playing possum. An aluminum band was attached to one leg. He might go to Patagonia for the winter. I took his picture and registered the number on the band. I took a mounted specimen and stood him in a brook for a photograph. I submitted a story of night herons as a method of study to *Bird Lore*. Mrs. Walter wrote a card thanking me and saying that she wished more people would do such helpful papers. Then she said "Was that a mounted specimen?" Confession is good for the soul. I was more careful after that to tell the whole truth. Dr. Walter said, "We made seven social calls today and had good luck. Only three were at home." I had a similar feeling. Professor Gorham had no degree but he taught about pathology and bacterial count in Narragansett Bay. He knew the pathos of the future. I was probably the last student at Brown to take zoology as a major and botany as a minor. Students were already entering narrow fields of endeavor. The Botany man said: "If you do not take a course with me I'll make it hard for you in your orals." I took "Plant Diseases." It was interesting and valuable. I never told him that he did not scare me into the course, but I have my opinion of such tactics. Anna Botsford Comstock wrote my biography for *Nature Study Review* (1922).

1922. Summer: Nature Guide Yosemite National Park

In the Rockies, Yosemite was discovered (1851); first road (1874); opened for autos (1913); Nature Guide Service in Yosemite (1920); Yellowstone (1921); Glacier (1922). Estimated 27,000 visitors used the service in 1920 and 50,000 in 1921. "Lucy" was the oldest Indian; deer were to be fed; bears were not for children to ride bear-back; a rattlesnake was exhibited; the biggest thing alive was the redwood; and the pleasure of trout fishing. I led my first trip to Glacier Point (7314' altitude), 3200' above valley floor. This was the point of "fire fall." Someone gathered wood and set it afire. When tourists gathered at the Campfire in the valley someone hollered "Hello Glacier." When they responded you could hear "Let the fire fall." Red coals were raked over the precipice. I led the party to the bear-feeding pit. I left orders to be called in order to see the sunrise. 409 peaks were visible. A tourist said, "Do you come up here often?" I said, "I'm climbing all the time." My scout age son noticed what I said. The dudes also want to know the names of all the peaks. We fed the golden-mantle ground squirrels. We led the party back the Pohmona Trail. It is 16 miles to Bridal Falls. As planned a bus took us back to the valley. I swam in the Merced and lectured to about 2000 at Camp Curry. My son was my cook and the first day put the potatoes on to boil when he saw me coming. He had a camera and photographed. He started a diary. He told his mother that I was slow getting into the Merced water because it was cold. I said, "You write your own diary and I'll write mine." He helped Carl Russell collect material in Tuolumne Meadow for the new museum. They trapped picket pins. We went to National Scout Camp at Estes Park. "Mother V" camped with me in Glacier and I was again guide at Crater Lake. The settings were nature's best. They were alluring and unspoiled. If I could get experience

on a glacier or on a volcano I was better prepared for my chosen life's work.

1917-1925. Arbor Day in Rhode Island.

ARBOR DAY in R. I. was in late April or early May. It was more than a school day for planting trees and singing songs. Nebraska was the first state to celebrate (1872). Walter E. Ranger, R. I. Commissioner of Education, was editor of an Arbor Day pamphlet for many years. I was first invited to contribute to this publication in 1917 and did so until 1925. I will not list the titles but it started off with *Historic Trees of R. I.* Perhaps the percolating of my ideas to the Henry Barnard Practice School will be of interest: My students-in-training shared work with the teachers in charge. Grade I — pantomime of opening horse chestnut buds. Grade II — green leaves appear. Grade III and IV — wrote songs. It is possible that Grades V and VI did not enter the affair. Grade VII — it so happened that in 1895 the school children had elected the MAPLE as the state tree. However, there were eight species of maple growing in R.I. The VIIIth Grade had a debate on Red Maple vs. Sugar Maple. The girls championed the red maple and the boys the sugar maple. My daughter took part and no doubt knows who won. I cannot remember but a "good time was had by all." The final run-off was Arbor Day 1924. The Girl Scout Troop of the Henry Barnard School, Gertrude Evans, student captain, had a pantomime on the White Pine Blister Rust. Perhaps the important thing was that *every public school* child in Rhode Island received a copy of the Arbor Day Bulletin. Student teachers had participated in Arbor Day programs. The Seniors had planted the "class tree," perhaps the Chinese Chestnut, or a white oak symbolizing Liberty. The most important thing to me was what Anna B. Comstock said in 1926: "His Arbor Day Manuals for R.I. were remarkable for their excellence, and brought him wide recognition."

1920-1925: Narragansett Council Boy Scouts.

This was another avenue of approach to nature recreation. I was elected to the Court of Honor (1920) and soon became Chairman (1920-1924), followed by being Commissioner (1924). I was elected to the Executive Committee (1923). Most important to studying the Scout Manual was being Scout Master, Troop 27, Henry Barnard School (Dec. 4, 1923-Sept. 17, 1925). Thereafter, I took a part in scouting wherever I went. The first course in Scouting for academic credit was at Syracuse University. The Scout movement began in England with Baden-Powell (1908). It soon reached the U.S. I became Eagle Scout in Providence. I received a plaque and citation at Golden Jubilee Court of Honor, Camp Yawgoog (Oct. 11, 1959), "for all that he has done for scouting and for all that he has done for education in the field of Nature Guidance." I am Honorary Life Member of Troop 76, Norwell, Old Colony Council Troop Committee (Nov. 3, 1958). I have been Member-at-large, National Council, for at least the past ten years. Scouting requires the skills of naturalists. *Scouting gave me more than I gave it.* That was equally true of Nature Lore School, Camps, and Nature Guiding in National Parks. I was hungry for each of these movements.

1923. Woodcrafters of Quinsnicket.

The Lion's Club of Providence sponsored this project. Possibly they had heard "Experiences of a Nature Guide in Yosemite." It commenced Nov. 8, 1923 and continued for 10 trips

TO EDITOR: This is my first adventure in writing up the story of NATURE RECREATION. I had no idea of its length and am surprised at its length. As far as possible I consider it important to give dates. It gradually dawned on me that there was a side to nature study that was not a **study**. I always considered Mrs. Comstock as "Dean of American Nature Study" and referred to her in that respect when writing or introducing her to an audience. I will also say that Mrs. C. entered into my changing view of the subject wholeheartedly. I have NEVER been ashamed of nature study. It has had a noble career and folks have been dedicated to it. — W.G.V.

to the Metropolitan park "Quinsnickety," submarginal land of boulders and ledges, and a surviving forest. It was labeled a COMMUNITY SERVICE and the objective was to teach *park citizenship*. Each leader participating in the course was required to have, or to organize, a nature club. Most of those registering were teachers and I am sure some thought that they could organize their class as a club. The experience included trees in winter, nature games, discovering marks of the glacier, and outdoor cooking. Melting snow to get water to boil potatoes, boiling an egg in a square-bottomed paper bag, or translating the footprints of animals, were fun. The findings were the basis of an article in the next Arbor Day booklet.

1923. The American Nature Association.

Charles Lathrop Pack made his money from the forest and decided to do some public good in return for his fortune. Arthur Newton Pack, his son, was delegated executive for the mission. The *American Nature Magazine* appeared with excellent photographs and Dr. E. Laurence Palmer, Cornell, had a prominent part. My first article for it was entitled "The Counselor and the Camp" (June 1923). Mrs. Comstock was delighted at the backing of the nature movement with substantial funds. The *Nature Study Review* had had a meagre experience down through the years. In the summer of 1927 "Mother V" and I and "Rex," a very intelligent spitz dog, were sponsored by the *American Nature Magazine* and the American Camping Association to visit camps in New York and New England. I had been elevated to president of the ACA in 1925. My suggestions for "Teacher Training in Nature Study" (pp. 221-224) had been published in the *American Nature Association's* first year book, Dr. Palmer, Editor.

1925. The Glamour of Forestry.

I had been exposed to a course in forestry with Professor Fisher as early as 1906 at Harvard. The State Forester of Massachusetts was Harold O. Cook, 1906, with whom I did considerable work in reforesting my home estate in Norwell. The forestry movement gained momentum after 1940. The yearbook of the U.S. Dept of Agriculture *Trees* appeared in 1949. At the Camp Course of Teachers College, was Prof. Harry Francis of the N.Y. College of Forestry. His title was Professor of Forest Recreation. He was the only person in the world with such a title. Fay Welch, who aroused the members of the course with a fife, Director of Camp Tanager Lodge, was a grad of the Syracuse institution. Then there was "Pierre" Pulling, the Forestry College canoeist, and in charge of that craft at the Bear Mt. course. I was deeply impressed with the College of Forestry, and when I was offered an attractive position on the Syracuse Campus I gladly accepted (Sept. 1925). At one session at Palisades, Dr. Fretwell was on leave of absence, and Charlie Smith was in charge. After the first year of the course, "Mother V" was assistant director which meant the assigning of rooms, taking of tuition, and motherly communication when needed. I should have mentioned earlier that she was also my right arm in such matters at Chequesset (and in my home) which made it possible for Miss Belding and me to devote full time to instruction. That year the Teachers College camp course was located at a high falutin' inn on the Hudson. "Pierre" made the fatal mistake of appearing in the dining room dressed in his "lumber-jack" suit. A lady guest complained! The students rallied to "Pierre's" defense. The "lady" (?) had taken her poodle into the swimming pool. "Mother V" and the manager settled the fracas. "Fret" followed James West as National Scout Executive. I recall his operatic voice in camp leadership. As head scout man he often chimed in with a Pullman porter much to the astonishment of the audience. I tell some of these ridiculous incidents to show the *growing pains*. If you object to my label you have freedom of the press.

1925-1927. N.Y. State College of Forestry.

Professor of Nature Study. Note that Nature Study was

still my title. I will quote from the 50th Anniversary Volume (1911-1961) page 274.

"During the mid-20's WGV was in the Department of *Forest Extension*. In 1927, he presented the largest number of talks, 105, ever made by an Extension Department member in the course of one year. Professor Vinal was a prolific writer, too. One year he wrote 17 different items for publication including a 551-page book, *Nature Guiding*. Meanwhile he campaigned for communities to provide a public nature guide who would be available to take field trips, to lecture, to train nature study leaders, and to start nature clubs. Traveling widely over the state, Professor Vinal developed 5-day courses on nature study for Scout leaders on Long Island and at Syracuse University; and at Teachers College Camp Leadership course at Bear Mountain; and courses for Camp Directors and boys' leaders. Emphasis on nature study lapsed when Professor Vinal left the college in 1927."

Marvin E. Wilson, a co-worker at Glacier National Park, went to the College of Forestry (1936) as Camp Naturalist at Fish Creek Ponds Campsite. His 39 lectures attracted 25,000 people. For lack of funds, the project was discontinued after the fourth season. Finances were my headache many times.

1925-1927. Visit to Cornell and Comstocks.

It must have happened sometime in this period when I had the funds and opportunity to travel. The occasion is clear, if not the exact year. I met the "Professor," J. H. Comstock, entomologist; I heard Professor Gage, who had written about the Microscope, thumping the piano; and we called on W. A. Slingerland who was located in the catacombs of the Comstock Publishing Co. Possibly we discussed the field notebook or *Nature Guiding*. I was charmed by Dean Liberty Hyde Bailey. (1858-1954). He had authored 63 books and two volumes of poetry. I remembered best that he was responsible for the memorial to "The white woman of the Genesee" who chose to live with the Indians instead of returning to the white community. Of course I knew about his "Nature Study Idea." I learned later that he had been assistant to Asa Gray at Harvard on graduating from Michigan Agricultural College (1882). I had been brought up on Gray's *Manual of Botany* (1848), 7th Edition, and at the Gray Herbarium. I wish that every nature leader could have his batteries recharged by such a stimulation as LHB.

1926 (Probably) 12th Recreation Congress, Asheville, North Carolina.

My position made absence from the campus possible. I gave an address entitled "*Nature Study on the Playground*." (It was published in *Nature Guiding*.) A *Nature Almanac* for 1927 (A Community Nature Program), suggesting nature activities, was published by the Playground and Recreation Association of America (32 pp.).

1925. National Recreation Association.

Some of my "beginnings" can be traced in my date books. I have thrown them away several times but am glad to report they were rescued. I spoke at the annual meeting of the American Nature Study Society in Philadelphia December 27-28. The first record I can find of a National Recreation contact is when I spoke at the National Recreation Congress Oct. 21, 1925, at Atlantic City, on the topic "*The Program of Nature Study for the Recreation System*." At the National Congress 1925, Oct. 8, it must have been Nature Play. I was invited to the National Recreation School at Hempstead Bay, The Cove, Long Island. George Dickie was Director. I was assigned the first two hours daily to 35 students in training. This afforded time for field work. This was Sept. 6-11, 1936. I appear again at the school October 4-15, 42 students, who were college graduates. In June *Playground* (1929) I had an article "*What to do on a Hike*." In the *Recreation Bulletin* "Nature Clubs for Teacher Training" (1933). This brought me in touch

with Abby Condit, editor of RECREATION, Howard Broucher, Joseph Lee, author of *Play* and others. It might be said that I "grew into Recreation" by contagion.

1927. Nature Lore School.

Camp Andree, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. June 17-30. Limited to 80 students; two weeks, \$20 per week. WGV Director. Distinguished staff: Bertha Chapman Cady, Girl Scout Naturalist who was to succeed me as Director (1928); Mrs. Comstock; Dr. George W. Field; Jane Deeter Rippin (Girl Scout Executive); Ruby I. Jolliffe; Lester F. Scott (Camp Fire Girls); Julian H. Salomon (N.P.S.); Bill Wessel (Cub Scouting); Ruth Weierheiser and William Alexander (Buffalo Museum of Natural History); Christina Carlson my successor at R. I. College. I never knew what happened, but I do not believe it ever met again. That fall I went to Cleveland and became enmeshed in western programs.

1927. Summer Camps, New York and New England.

Sponsored by National Camp Directors' Association and American Nature Association. "Mother V," Rex and I visited a camp a day to put on a Nature Program. It varied with the camp and environment. At Telawooket, for example, we helped lay out the first nature trail for equestrians. Once we traveled all day to make Lake Winnepesaukee for a conference with Dr. Charles W. Hunt, Dean of Cleveland School of Education, Western Reserve University. The Hunts were summering on Jolly Island, and Ernest, the boatman, landed us in darkness. How he knew the way is still a mystery, but Charles was waving a lantern on the dock. We were too tired for any interview and climbed the ladder to the loft. The juvenile members of the Hunt family never forgot my morning "ceremony" at the lake front. They were spectators. We received an invitation to head the science department of the School of Education. "Mother V" and I didn't have the heart to tell Dr. Hunt, but decided that Dean Franklin Moon, and Paul Kelleter, head of the Extension Department, had been too kind for me to leave Forestry, and said "I will write." Dr. Hunt did not let it end there. He sent a telegram urging us to at least visit Cleveland. Mrs. Hunt (Edna) showed "Mother V" the culture of University Circle and Dean Hunt had me meet authorities. The temptation was too great. I realized that the national problem was the lack of trained leaders. Secondly, they could not be trained except by long-term courses in college. I was elected to Western Reserve University in late fall, 1927. There was a group of students waiting in a classroom and Dean Hunt ushered me in and introduced me.

1928. Izaak Walton League.

Sponsored a NATURE LORE SCHOOL, at Camp Reinburg, Glencoe, Illinois, May 31-June 3. WGV Director, Professor Waterman, botanist, assistant. This was repeated again in 1929.

1928. Nature Guide School.

Western Reserve University, June 16-July 28; 6 weeks; Credit; \$95; endorsed by Cleveland Conference for Educational Cooperation; held at the 500-acre campus of Western Reserve Academy, Hudson, Ohio, the original home of Western Reserve University. WGV was director; Dr. William "Moosewood" Harlow (College of Forestry), Joel Hadley (Biologist, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis), Mabel Turner (Lowell Teachers College), Mr. Simond (Academy teacher and manager of Farm). By 1931 the catalog had 27 pp., 24 illus., 6 weeks tuition at \$60; Room and Board \$90; 32 Junior Nature Guides at \$150 each. Non-resident "Nature Guard" (children from village) for four afternoons a week at \$10. Western Reserve Academy was founded in 1826, 23 miles from Cleveland. David Dietz, Science Editor of the *Cleveland Press*, had charge of astronomy. There was a cabin in Akron Metropolitan Park for students and program there. In the summer of 1932 it was held on campus and at the Rockefeller Estate, by neces-

sity of the economy. Evening camp fires at Bedford Glen Reservation, with average attendance 300 plus.

1935. Final Nature Guide School.

At *Squire's Valleyvue*, 6 weeks, 40 teachers enrolled, Buffalo steak at last cook out; teachers wrote and presented "HIA-WATHA," a campfire play, as a closing ceremony. A NATURE GUIDE is a person who leads the way in a new country for understanding natural and historic resources. The Depression led to the ending of the Nature Guide Idea after eight successful sessions. "The last to come is the first to go."

1935. Nature Guide School on Wheels.

Was a 3-week tour of New York and New England, 2,600 mile trip, in a 30-passenger bus, limited to 25 graduate students majoring in elementary science. Total cost \$175. Visited Niagara, Owen D. Young School; Mohawk Valley; Monadnock; Mt. Washington; Gloucester fisheries; Plymouth and Pilgrim Pageant; Cape Cod; Bear Mountain. Students wrote a 21 p. Travelogue Primer named "Red Bus Spoke." 1317 pictures of the trip were sold. "Mother V," again keeper of accounts, returned \$15 to each.

1899-? ? ? ? . Physical Play.

Football - Bridgewater Normal; Class team at Harvard; Coach at Marshall. *Basketball* - Organized and played with students, Salem Normal and R.I. College. *Swimming* - very fond, at Monomoy and Wellfleet. *Volleyball* - YMCA in Providence, East End Y at Cleveland. *Handball* - Providence Y and East End and University Gym. Harap and Vinal (School of Ed.) won faculty tournament medal for several years, to compete with Oberlin and other near-by faculty teams; I usually liked to officiate wherever I was located. Is camping-out physical play? Especially on a dark night when something is following, possibly a coyote or timber wolf? Is riding horseback to plow play? More important?

1974. Sept. 7.

I reach this point in my diatribe and receive the latest issue of NATURE STUDY, where I take ex-President Greene to task. I didn't know he had fled to England. He never answered my letter. And I have rolled off a long chronology about NATURE RECREATION and still have several miles to go. It is too late to turn back. I already have written enough to choke a horse! My son ("the critic") has informed me that I am too windy. What's a doctor for?*

1935.

By the time of the *Nature Guide School New England Tour* it was evident that the School of Education was disintegrating. Charles W. Hunt, Dean, went to Oneonta State College in New York. Dean Harry Irwin wanted me to stay but the "writing was on the wall." The NATIONAL RECREATION ASSOCIATION had the answer. The temptation was too great. Cleveland public officials saw that the state was training teachers. Why not for Cleveland as well as the rest of Ohio? The School of Education vanished!

1935-1937. Nature Recreation Specialist for the National Recreation Association.

The N.R.A. had an itinerant team, including recreation in music, art, dance, social games, and the recreation philosophy, and now Nature. We visited twenty-four major cities of eastern United States. The specialists were divided into two groups, each spending two weeks with public members of the city's staff. "Mother V" and I visited our familiar haunts at Syracuse, Boston, and Providence, and even Cleveland, under a new *nom de plume*. The journey took us to the west (St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis) and south to Louisville and Houston. The stimulation was great! This included the opportunity to study the history of the nature movement in the libraries and museums of every city visited. Most of these exciting tales were published in *School Science and* *Raymond G. Vinal, M.D.

Mathematics, edited by W. G. Whitman, science teacher at Salem Normal whom I had known in 1910. (All this and considerable more is in manuscript form for the HISTORY OF NATURE STUDY, which is in the hands of Dr. Matthew Brennan for possible publication.) The ability of "Rec" leaders to assimilate the nature recreation potential was very gratifying. I found such directors as "Vic" Brown, Chicago; Dorothy Enderis, Milwaukee, and Tam Deering, Cincinnati, most cordial and receptive. I will only tell of results in Cincinnati. I returned several times for the organization of a Nature Recreation Department. The Cindoky Field Naturalist Club was formed. There was a course at Burnet Woods (April 19-May 14) and work sheets given out. Bob Straus, Frank Elliott, Louise Burtis, and Hester Stephenson, became effective leaders. Miss Stephenson is still active (1974). A "Mound Builders Trip" of 234 miles was sort of a celebration. Recently I have been corresponding with a committee about the organization of a Nature Center with tremendous salary, estate and staff possibilities.

1937.

I learned again at the National Recreation Association, as I had learned at Reserve and at the College of Forestry, that it took more than two weeks to train a nature recreationist. The NRA offered me excellent arrangements in finance, but "down deep" that was not the answer. Efficacy in the field was not only a right but fun. I was prepared to be a teacher. I even enjoyed teaching biology, but I became a renegade. I saw the straight and narrow path, but there was always a side trail. There were always financial problems. There were depressions and wars. I have already told you about landing at the University of Massachusetts and the reception. A Nature Guide School was to be organized at their 755-acre Demonstration Forest at Mt. Toby in the summer of 1938, July 6-Aug. 14, for credit. It was to be a four-year rotating plan. Board and Room \$12 per week. There was Cranberry Pond, 31 acres. There would be floored tents. Fortunately we were offered an abandoned CCC camp, at Priest Brook, Otter River, Winchendon, and a State Forest. There was a building for a dining hall, a dormitory for men and one for women, classrooms, a museum, and a building for the staff. WGV was Director, "Mother V," camp mother; Dr. and Mrs. Harvey Sweetman became important members of the staff. Visiting lecturers were President Hugh Potter Baker; Dr. William "Moosewood" Harlow; State 4-H Leader "Uncle" George Farley; and State Forester Ray Kenney. There was also the resident staff of the State Forest, and Fannie Stebbins, retired nature leader of Springfield Public Schools. Scholarships were offered teachers in her name. Twenty-six students attended from ten states and eleven colleges, and the environment made an excellent start. Alas the 1938 hurricane laid the forest low, and some of the buildings.

1939. Opportunities . . .

Always seemed to rise to the occasion. The sixteen-page catalog announced *Pine Tree Camp*, the First National Girl Scout Training Camp, Plymouth, with facilities of 16 cabins, together with art and swimming instructors. WGV was to direct and teach scouting and physiography; Dr. Sweetman, insects and marine biology; and Mrs. Sweetman, crafts. The faculty was six and visiting instructors seven, scheduled for June 17-Aug. 11. Again, success; but along came the ugly spectre of depression followed by World War II. Again, Nature Guide School closed its doors. That meant for graduate students in service. I still had to carry on for boys and girls on campus.

1939. The Conservation-Education Van . . .

With "CONSERVATION COUNCIL OF MASSACHUSETTS" painted on the side, represented fifteen well-known state-wide organizations. Two seniors, Frank W. Kingsbury and Bill Nutting, were in charge of the first expedition which

was to visit camps and put on programs. It started from Boston Common with a handshake by Gov. Leverett Saltonstall. The June *Bulletin* of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, the oldest Audubon Society in the nation, C. Russell Mason, Executive Director, printed the story and had a photo of the Van. By 1951 twelve men had served on the Van. They now are in high places, suggesting that their selection for this important service was a good investment. A summary will indicate:

Dr. Frank Kingsbury, Veterinary Professor, Rutgers University, edits monthly magazine.

Dr. Bill Nutting, U. Mass. Prof. Zoology, author of "Basic Natural History."

Dr. Bill Randall, U. Mass. Prof. and head, Dept. Environmental Services and Studies.

Dr. Elmer Worthley, U.S. Government Collector, foreign plants.

Dr. Al Hawkes, Executive Director, Rhode Island Audubon Society.

Bob Wood, Johns Hopkins Univ. Expedition, Antarctica, study penguins and skuas.

Marc Sagan, National Park Service, Visual Education Exhibits for museums.

Bill Whitmore, Head of a Department in General Electric.

1939. Camp Frederic Edwards Preventorium . . .

Of Hampden County Tuberculosis and Public Health Assoc. Inc., Springfield, located in Westfield. Underwritten by Exchange Club of Springfield, 8-page report, 11 projects proposed.

1940: Nature Recreation.

318 pp. over 75 illus. McGraw Hill; Dover Publications paperback, 1963; published in Canada (Toronto, Ontario). Published in the United Kingdom, London; still going well in 1974.

1940-1941: Student Field Work Service.

In academic year. 42 days, 28 communities, 7 out-of-state; 46 community events; 162 participants: talks, exhibits, field trips, teaching; all this in addition to summer work. Considered practice work in skills and techniques of outdoor leadership in servicing communities. This was entirely volunteer, meeting community requests.

1943. Forest Field Day . . .

(On Jan. 2), a demonstration of community cooperation in a War Emergency Effort, at VINEHALL FARM, NORWELL. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, High School Victory Corps, Town Canteen, Red Cross, and "Rec" students. Men students were at the front. It was entirely girl students. It was called "An Old-fashioned *Swampin' Bee*." Seventy-nine-year-old Robert Leavitt showed how to grind an axe on the grindstone. Nell Sparrell, School Committee, served North River Beef stew and Town Meeting Cake at 35 cents per head. Swamp maple was cut into 2' fireplace lengths and piled 4' high, 1' long, to be sold at \$1.00. The money went to Defense Organizations. Norwell Grange sponsored a square dance in the evening. The two Marges called (Marge Reed and Marge Cushman), the latter a descendent of Norwell's first settler. A cross-cut saw was used and the Boy Scouts dragged out the wood on a handmade sled. There were sore muscles, but no physical education.

1945. May 30. Girl Rangers at Mt. Tom State Reservation.

(I am just recording some outstanding events.) Young men were fighting World War II. Bob Cole, the first Massachusetts Ranger, made the supreme sacrifice. A museum was constructed in his memory at Mt. Tom. Patricia Jennings and Fran Gillotti were first Girl Naturalists in a Mass. State Reservation. Charles Bray, the superintendent, had his doubts, but when he was presented a cup of black birch tea he knew he had two Rangers. Pat always wore blue jeans and wished she was

a boy. Fran continued '45 and '46. "Babs" Beitzel was assistant in '46. At opening day, May 30, 1946, over 200 attended the opening camp fire. Fran was a farm girl. Jan. 29, 1947 I recommended her to San Antonio Girl Scouts, Bexar County, to set the tone of the camp for the year to come. Camp La Jita on Sabina River, had four kinds of rattlesnakes. I had no misgivings.

1947. March 28. Eleventh Recreation Conference, U. Mass. Campus.

Ruth Hayden, one of speakers, student at RICE about 1917, teacher at State Hospital for the Blind, Tewkesbury, held the audience in "deep silence." "If blind were allowed to tumble in the grass they would know what to do with their arms and legs. We skate within the limit of our own fearlessness. Although our eyes are closed, we cannot but feel when the sun is shining." Every sentence was a sermon. Ruth had just written *Irma at Perkins*. (i.e. Perkins Institute for the Blind) It was her personal story, a victory which comes in one's career in leadership. Ruth wrote poems for the R. I. Arbor Day Manual. I remember saying one day "A cat walks noiselessly." She informed me she knew when a cat walked. She held her notes in Braille in back of her when talking.

1947. American Youth Hostels.

My students were enthusiastic about AYH. I did not know much about it but they were anxious for me to attend a course at Northfield (The National Headquarters) where I met Monroe and Isabelle Smith, dedicated founders and leaders. I gained credit in the course and was invited to sail on a Youth Ship to Europe to make a survey of hostels and to write a manual on Hosteling. This was the time of the birth of WORLD Fellowship. 200 youth were going back by ship to restore what they had destroyed. The INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF MUSEUMS got wind that I was going and asked me to serve on their committee to learn about National Parks, Forests, Nature Preserves, and Trailside Museums. I met Richard Schirrmann, the founder of YH in Germany, who had been nearly exterminated by Hitler. I also met the heads of YH in England and other countries. It was a thrilling experience. There can be no doubt that I had met the winds of destiny. Nature recreation was a *cumulative experience*. It is impossible to acknowledge every item that had a hand in shaping my career. The dates provide a step-by-step resumé.

1947. Massachusetts Audubon.

Cooperating agencies rallied to employment of trained leaders. By this year this society had assigned 14 teachers to begin in the fall. They were busy with 300 bi-weekly classes in 70 Massachusetts towns and cities. Russ Mason was the cooperating executive.

1948. Town of Amherst.

Town Meeting, March 1946, Article 25: "Selectmen be authorized to appoint a Recreation Survey committee and that a sum of \$150 be raised." I was appointed chairman, and, of course, enlisted students. This was their training. People *can* grasp a serious situation. It is a democratic way. The scenario is unlimited. It is a long way but the future is longer. Environmental planning is not so different. The goals must be realized. They must be met on the local level. I still have faith it *can* and *will* happen. But if so, it will require dedicated individuals here-and-now in every rural community. The number of people dying in Arab-Israel, Russia, N. Ireland, famine in Africa, the nuclear crack, is not encouraging, but makes your dedication all the more necessary.

1949. April: Cedar Hill Survey.

It is SURPRISING that when you get a program going, how many opportunities arise for democratic action. The State Girl Scout Council wanted help. The area serves greater Boston. Ten committees of students, Girl Scout officials, and re-

source personnel, held a two-day meet. Results: a 55-page WORK BOOK. This was in April.

1949. June 12.

Fourteen seniors graduated. They had majored two years and summers. In the beginning the faculty questioned the scholarship of the program: four receive fellowships in higher institutions; three were *cum laude*; two Masters of Science; three Phi Kappa Phi; three Departmental honors.

1949. Recreation Students in Training For Year.

(i.e. academic). 17 serve 500 people per week in greater Amherst; 6 Leeds Hospital (mental); 7 Girl Scout leaders; S. Deerfield Youth Center; Amherst American Youth Hostel; East Street Boys Club; Amherst Cub Scouts; Veterans Hospital, Northampton; Winter Carnival on Campus; all gaining in technique, skills and leadership strength.

1949. Out-of-Town Experiences.

Fall Sampling: Oct. 12 took 5 students to Audubon reunion, Cooks Canyon; Oct. 14-16, 5 to Lewiston, Maine, 482 miles, 58 pp. Rec report (5 students was carrying capacity of my car); Oct 21, 5 to Annual Governor's Conference, Montpelier, Vt. (6 a.m. the next morning, 343 miles); Oct 31, 5 to Halloween Party for children in Watley; Nov. 1, 4 for Halloween Party for PTA in Watley (This was a good sign). Nov. 8, 17 students to Western Recreation Conference, Springfield College. (I belong to *no union!*)

1950. April 19. Norwich Lake Development.

At request of the Northampton Girl Scout Council. Survey done by student team.

1951.

I retired Nov. 29, 1951 because of age and state requirement. (I went to Boston University but will not continue that.)

I am sure I have dragged this out too long. Recreation is one phase of nature study. Study is one phase of nature recreation. There is education whether it is either or other. A larger horizon must be seen for the future. One time Dr. Chas. Adams, at the College of Forestry, and I were talking things over. He was author of *Animal Ecology*. He referred to "Closet Naturalists," and I reminded him of "pickled biology." We had a good laugh. No apology is made for my essay. The facts are true. Maybe they will help guide. Whatever the decision, it will be hard work, but the investment will pay high interest.

Get a good + Theme	Get good Students	+	Meet Needs of Social Agencies	=	You can move Mountains
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A WALK WITH CAP'N BILL

By JEAN HAZELTON CROCKER

Musing over marshlands, tramping under pines,
Thinking by the river coves, splashing sandy shorelines,
Watching orange butterflies flutter in the sun,
Listening to the morning geese speak as if they're one,
Wondering at the beauty of skylights on the Fourth,
Tasting seashore bounty as Indians of yore,
Working hidden muscles with active water sports,
Bidding at the auctions on treasures for home port,
Writing by the lakeside with wild honeysuckle smell,
Crafting late by lamplight, feel life and spirit swell,
Admiring Nature's Craftsman in wood and shell and sand,
Special shadows, sights and sounds identify this land.
Learning lore from older folks moors one fast in time.
Watching wondrous joys of young lifts future hope to mind.
Reading of traditions which open mind and heart,
From varied Cape Cod pastimes it now is time to part.

Putting VINAL IDEAS To Work . . .

One of the consistent results of Cap'n Bill's teaching over the years is the productive work of those inspired by his personality and enthusiasm. They have been motivated to pick up some aspect of their experience with him and carry it forward to new levels of attainment — as Helen Russell puts it, to “go beyond” their teacher. The following article, by William “Moosewood” Harlow of Syracuse, is illustrative of the effect Cap'n Bill has had on many, many persons throughout his long life.

— EDITOR



“Counting the years” at time of retirement in 1951. Pins are ten years apart. Cap'n Bill's famous “Stump Scouting” brought history, biology, ecology, climate and other disciplines into relationship and sharper focus as his students learned the art of observation in “hands on” situations.

Wings at the Campfire

by WILLIAM M. HARLOW

Over the years I have been associated with many wonderful ventures growing out of my acquaintance with Cap'n Bill Vinal. I spent parts of nineteen summers at various camps with the Vinals — four years at their Nature Guide School in Hudson, Ohio; seven years at Peterboro, N. H., and seven years at Sharp's National Camp in New Jersey, plus one summer visiting thirty resident camps for the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests.

At one evening campfire at the Hudson Nature Guide school I was fire maker and also song leader. The group included both his students (mostly teachers) and a lively bunch of town school kids. After nature reports, Cap'n Bill suggested I “call in” a screech owl (certainly a poor name for this little owl; the southern name “shivering owl” is much better.) His tone of voice suggested that there was no doubt that I could get one of these winged critters to come on in! He hadn't briefed me beforehand, and I think both of us felt no certainty at all that I could perform such a stunt. Anyway, I asked for absolute silence, and then began whistling the quavering call. After about four repetitions, I heard a murmur from the campers and saw a hand pointing up. There on a tree limb barely visible in the flickering fire light sat a little screech owl. And suddenly, on silent wings, came another. I kept “whistling.” Finally there were five of them perched on various trees surrounding the campfire circle!! Needless to say I've never had such an experience again.

Years later I wrote a handbook: “*Trees of the Eastern and Central United States and Canada*” (Dover, 1957), dedicating it to Cap'n Bill. I am now writing another book, distilling the experiences of 50 years in leadership training in camping and outdoor education. The following are two excerpts from that book — both growing out of my association with Bill Vinal.

THE TREE RING STORY

(Stump Clues to Trees)

As a graduate forester, I had been exposed to “stem analysis” in which one cuts down selected trees in a young stand to count and measure the rings in cross sections taken at intervals of several feet from the bottom to the top. From such data a very good profile of tree growth can be plotted.

The first year I was on the staff of Dr. L. B. Sharp's “National Camp,” I found out how much I missed of the tree ring story. Under the inspired guidance of “Cap'n Bill” it was clear that every stump had a unique story to tell. I used

to watch him as he led a group of teachers' college students, department chairmen, and deans to their first stump. Of course many of them had glanced at stumps, but none had ever thought of one as an educational tool of great value. "Cap'n Bill" would begin to ask questions and within a minute of two, the campers were down on their knees around the stump, for the first time seeing and understanding, not just looking! Having caught their imagination, he then assigned small groups of 3 or 4, each to a different stump. The campers were handed a list of questions as a guide, and at the end of about a half hour, a general evaluation was held. Of course the "old fox" had spent several hours beforehand studying the stumps he assigned, and knew their ring patterns and other individual differences as well as he knew the back of his hand.

You don't have to be in the woods to explore stumps. One day I was walking along a "ghetto" street once shaded and cooled by a cathedral of giant elms. Now the summer sun blazed down on the drab houses that looked much more forlorn than they had in the shade of the vanished elms. I stopped and crouched beside one of the enormous stumps. Some of the rings were nearly an inch wide. Elms grow fast in the open. I had counted off the first decade when I realized that I had company. Two youngsters had "materialized" and were watching. Then two or three more appeared. One of them said to no one in particular, "What's dis guy doing?" Realizing the spell of curiosity would soon be broken, I looked up; "What d'you think I'm doing?" Shrugs and averted eyes. "Well, how can you find out how old this tree was?" One brilliant reply-question, "Count the rings?" "Sure, why don't we find out?" And so began an adventure for them and for me in what Cap'n Bill Vinal used to call "Stump Scouting."

BUFFALO STEAK ROAST

I was introduced to this way of broiling steak by Cap'n Bill nearly 30 years ago. He learned it from the incomparable naturalist, woodsman, and master storyteller, Ernest Thompson Seton. Seton got it from the "Indians."

This method is the proper one for cooking steak over coals and so I have never used any other since I first saw it done. This very strong statement will be challenged by more than 50 million backyard chefs who may never have seen a properly cooked steak, and imagine that one coated with tar residues from the action of blazing fat dripping on half burned charcoal is what we should enjoy eating.

Steak should not be supported on a

grill over the coals. It should be pushed down directly on them after they have turned white with wood ash (purchased charcoal or briquets). Immediately push some coals up around the edges of the steak to keep out as much air as possible. To those who have never cooked a steak this way, the whole idea is horrifying. Of course your beautiful, expensive steak will be burned to a crisp! Actually nothing of the kind happens. When, after 5 to 7 minutes, you remove the steak its underside will be gray and not blackened anywhere except perhaps at one or two places around the edge where the coals did not touch. Before cooking the other side, stir up the coals a bit so that those that have done their work and look black are replaced with fresh hot glowing ones from underneath. After putting the steak back on, you can knock off the few coals that stick to the now cooked top side. The times given are for a one-inch thick steak which will be gray throughout, or pink in the center.

Change the time to suit your taste. Meanwhile, melt some butter or margarine in a baking pan. When the second side of the steak is done, lift it off, knock off any sticking coals and place it in the baking pan. Then carve it into strips about 1½-inches wide and let it simmer for a few minutes. If you find the inside too pink, turn the strips up on edge to finish cooking. Meantime, you can have opened and toasted some ordinary hamburger rolls. Dip the flat sides into the delicious gravy, insert a strip of the meat and hand it to one of the hungry wolves hovering around you!

One important thing should be mentioned. To cook steak this way, all excess fat, especially that around the edges, must be cut away. The heat from the fire will set fat to blazing almost at once. On a sirloin, fat removal may leave a tail piece difficult to handle. A couple of skewers can be used to pin this piece to the main body resulting in a compact whole.

Cap'n Bill, L. B. Sharp and I have cooked steaks for 30 or more people using this method. The campers are organized into (1) wood gatherers, (2) fire tenders, (3) steak trimmers and tossers, (4) steak turners and charcoal knockers, and (5) carvers. Although purchased charcoal and briquets were mentioned, they are inferior to a natural bed of glowing wood coals. The "Roast Master" will know from experience about how much good, dry, sound hardwood is needed, and will see that the wood gatherers bring in enough — much more than you might think necessary to make a bed of coals 3 inches deep. A shallow trench long enough for the number of steaks to be broiled should be scooped out (or it may be circular).

William Gould Vinal and Park Administration

by HOWARD E. WEAVER

Cap'n Bill has never been known as a park administrator. Fortunately, he has not been confined to administering the planning of park facilities, maintenance, programs, and upcoming referenda. Like Thoreau, Vinal has marched to a different drummer while providing ammunition to that park administrator seeking to preserve park values and enrich outdoor-related programs. His contributions to the park movement have been considerable via six major media — organized camping, nature recreation and education, historical research, literature, and the training of park and recreational professionals. Cap'n Bill mastered each of these media and equal accomplishments in any one of these media would bring credit to a lesser man.

For more than thirty years, Cap'n Bill was a leader in organized camping; first as co-director of Camp Chequesset on Cape Cod where he directed the Nature Lore School from 1920-1926. The two-week sessions were designed to train camp counselors and brought youth leaders into contacts with such greats as Anna Botsford Comstock, F. Schuyler Matthews, Anna Gallup, and Edward Howe Forbush. At Bear Mountain's complex of camps, he supplemented the leadership of Major William Welch and Ruby Jolliff. He gave leadership to the Camp Directors Association of America and greatly influenced such leaders as Lloyd B. Sharp and Reynold Carlson. Following the conducting of camp leadership training courses at Bear Mountain for the Teachers College of Columbia University, 1921-1927, he and "Mother Vinal" traveled 3,000 miles visiting 50 camps in New York State and New England promoting nature programs in camps. For 12 years his annual page in *Cosmopolitan Magazine* gave guidance to parents regarding the values of resident camping.

The Nature Lore School was to lay the foundation for his more influential Nature Guide School at Western Reserve University the summers of 1928-1935 and the next two summers at the University of Massachusetts where he organized the Nature Recreation Department in 1937.

Vinal's *Nature Guiding* published by Comstock Press in 1926 followed the earlier leadership of Enos Mills of Colorado, and Vinal's experience as a ranger naturalist in Yosemite in 1924, at Glacier in 1931, and at Crater Lake in 1933 enabled him to share methods of nature interpretation with such naturalists as Harold C. Bryant, Burt Harwell, Raymond Gregg, and others.

It was through the Playground and Recreation Association of America — later the National Recreation Association — and their conventions that Bill Vinal was best able to reach and influence park administrators. Through “Nature’s Invitation” in *Playground*, “Cap’n Bill’s Column,” 1931, and “Nature Recreation” in 1935-1937, and his monthly page of “Nature Grams” in *Recreation* from 1940-1945, he was able to broaden the scope of recreation programs by including more nature-related activities and encourage the setting aside of natural areas as outdoor laboratories. It is little wonder that Vinal was a pioneer in the development of outdoor laboratories and field methodology with the great nature educator of Cornell University, Dr. E. Laurence Palmer.

Vinal’s national influence was furthered in 1935-1936 by service as Itinerant Naturalist for the National Recreation Association while on leave of absence from Western Reserve. Two weeks were spent in the major cities of the United States conducting institutes for leaders of recreation departments. Many leaders at this time were being employed by federal agencies such as the Works Progress Administration. His leadership in the N.R.A. was to be continued by Reynold Carlson.

Cap’n Bill’s leadership in camps, parks, cities, and colleges culminated in *Nature Recreation* published by McGraw Hill in 1940 and subsequently reprinted by the American Humane Education Association and the Dover Press. William Gould Vinal is deserving of the title “father of nature recreation” in the United States, for numerous nature recreation activities can be traced to Cap’n Bill. His booming enthusiasm, hearty laugh, vigor, and warm personal compassion for people have endeared him to park and recreational professionals, townspeople, and those college and university students privileged to capture his spirit, dedication, and breadth of knowledge. Few university professors have endeared themselves to students and enjoyed the extent of loyalty earned by Cap’n Bill Vinal. His success is today marked by the large number of outstanding leaders in the fields of recreation, camping, conservation, education, and park administration that studied and recreated with Cap’n Bill. Many of these leaders gained useful experience and leadership with the Naturevan that his students prepared and took to Massachusetts playgrounds and schools — a pioneer example of transported nature education materials and displays.

I was privileged to know both Cap’n Bill and Mother Vinal and enjoy their hospitality before the stone fireplace built of stones brought by many former stu-

dents and friends. Their old and sturdy roots in New England have nourished the fruits that have been picked and savored by those recreators and educators who have directly and indirectly been influenced by the greatness of William Gould Vinal and the warmth of Lillie Hale Downing Vinal.

Hodgepodge Lodge

by JEAN REESE WORTHLEY

Meeting Cap’n Bill on the shores of Nantucket in August 1946 was a turning point in my life. With a degree in biology and a year in the WAVES behind me, I was undecided about what to do. Cap’n Bill invited me to Amherst to pursue an M.S. in Outdoor Education and upon my arrival introduced me to the man who became my husband. Twenty-three years later, enlightened by six children and thirteen years of kindergarten teaching, I entered the field of public television as executive producer for children’s programming. When my first assignment was to produce a series for six to ten year olds I decided on an outdoor education/ecology oriented program. Remembering what Cap’n Bill had taught me about leading field trips, using community resources, the Socratic method and such things as stumpscouting, I jumped headlong into an unfamiliar medium. Now, 650 programs later, taping the show seems easy, and I’ve coped with everything from llamas and wolves to pythons and tarantulas. I’ve heard from hundreds of people, young and old, from Maine to California, all amazed at how I can find so many interesting things in my backyard and know so much about them. The credit really belongs to Cap’n Bill and my husband (who was also his student) for teaching me to observe the commonplace birds, insects and plants in new ways. It seems ironical at times that on Hodgepodge Lodge we use *complex* cameras, lights and videotape machines to help people enjoy the *simple* things of life!

(Ed. Note: See article on “Hodgepodge Lodge” in *National Geographic School Bulletin*, Jan. 20, 1975.)

Let’s Explore

by JEAN HAZELTON CROCKER

Science class today folks, and where do we start? Let’s explore! What is science? What are the aspects of science which we discover on the nature trail? What are the aspects of life which relate to the natural world of nature trail?

Science is systematized knowledge and facts. Science on the nature trail offers the opportunity to extend beyond

the facts, to evolve an understanding of inter-relationships in our environment, to integrate the school curriculum, and to observe life. Trail science can include language arts.

It can include history.

It can include feelings and attitudes.

It can include beauty and arts.

It can include politics.

It can include research, observation, collection, and decision making.

It can include scientific method.

It can include discovery.

It can include creativity.

It can include life’s realities.

And what is a nature trail? Let’s explore! Can it be an opportunity to discover inter-relationships of life? It can be, and it was *just* that kind of opportunity for nearly 600 students at Fred Lynn Junior High School in Woodbridge, Virginia. Luckily, a natural plot of land bordered the school.

In Virginia, a federal curriculum grant and an aware staff and faculty supported a resource department integrated nature trail development. This nature trail program effort was aimed to reach the kinds of objectives which Cap’n Bill and his students have “brainstormed” through his years of teacher and leadership training. Some of the educational objectives explored were dissemination of knowledge, protection of health, citizenship, vocational stimulation, worthy use of leisure, character development, and cooperation with the home.

Cap’n Bill’s campfire and classroom discussion of philosophy, objectives, and programs evolved an enthusiasm for the integrated curriculum, called “core” in the fifties — later “integrated,” “interdisciplinary,” or “block.” The jargon juggles. But staying with us is Cap’n Bill’s philosophy that science on the trail offers a look at life.

As the seasons cycled in the Fred Lynn resource department, we wrote *Let’s Explore*, a series of three seasonal field manuals for student and teacher reference. *Let’s Explore* was the first phase of our effort to enhance the school curriculum. The objectives were “to help stimulate students toward an understanding of the local natural habitat through the use of an integrated, informal method; to orient the student in his environment; and to guide the student to independently observe, experiment, draw conclusions, and acquire knowledge and appreciation of ecology.”

Listen to what we heard at first! “But we won’t have a textbook.” “What if I can’t answer a student question?” “We’ll need a test to evaluate the learning.” “What if the weather’s bad?” These kinds of teacher comments were abundant.

But like good sports, the teachers tried the hike! And so the second phase of the program effort was in progress — exploring the trail began!

Exploring with the science classes on the trail opened eyes to the interrelationships between curriculum areas which were approached as separate activities. Trail methods and follow-through activities guided the way to integrate previously separate disciplines. And so students became aware that . . .

Trail Science can include facts. (Let's compare the needle clusters of the short-leaf pine to the Virginia pine.)

Trail Science can include language arts. (Write the autobiography of an old oak tree in your neighborhood.)

Trail Science can include history. (Do you know how this hickory tree was used in colonial times? The nuts for flavor in baked food? The coals to smoke hams? Let's observe the bark. What properties does it have? What could it be used for? Could it be used for chair seats? To tie harnesses and animal traps?)

Trail Science can include feelings. (Pause for a time on the trail. Stop. Sit on the moss. Listen. And think, "How do I feel?")

Trail Science can include politics. (Where do we observe land pollution? What can you do as a citizen to protect and conserve this school nature trail? What action can adult citizens take to protect highways and neighborhoods from land pollution?)

Trail Science can include beauty and art. (Use your field lens to note the color and pattern of this beech bud in February. Create designs by rubbing paper with a lead pencil while leaning on a large rock.)

Trail Science can include research, collection, observation, and decision making. (Ask the county extension agent to have your own lawn or garden soil tested in the county laboratory. Encourage your classmates to do this also. Compare the findings. Display the varied results. Change your garden or lawn fertilizer treatment according to the results of the soil test.)

Trail Science can include discovery. (How many dogwood tree "blossoms" have you observed on the trail this spring? They are not plentiful? Why? Recall the drought last spring and summer? On what did the local dogwood bushes and trees depend while the bracts were forming?)

Trail Science can include creativity. (Make a collage of woodland materials using twigs, leaves, acorns, grass fronds, etc. on cardboard or plywood.)

Trail Science can include life's realities.

(Read the newspaper article from *The Sunday Star*, Bull Run Mountain, Worms Turning Hostile. With no leaf cover, what effect will the summer sun have upon the ground? How will this affect forest fire hazard?)

In the third phase of the program, our resource department held teacher workshops. Teachers then explored and learned Cap'n Bill's trail techniques. That spring bloomed! The wary teachers of the fall season had grown to be the leaders of the *Let's Explore* attitude and resource unit on the trail.

Local newspapers understood and supported the program. Many resource people, community friends and parents, helped with such activities as photography, materials, interviews, trips, etc. . . . State, regional, and federal people were involved, park people, museum people. Outdoor programs extended to federal parks and forests.

In the fourth and final phase, Prince William County curriculum staff expanded our Fred Lynn innovative program. An outdoor education specialist was hired to extend the Fred Lynn efforts to schools across the county. Overnight camping was added. Philosophy, programs and progress spread.

And Cap'n Bill was specifically involved in that total development effort. How? Why? Because before I took on that curriculum resource job, where did I go for a summertime "brainstorm" session? Yes, of course, to "Vinehall," Cap'n Bill's home in Norwell, Massachusetts. Once more my friend was there to advise, enthuse, encourage, and inspire. Once more he was an exemplar. Thanks, Cap'n Bill! It was fun!

What is a Nature Trail?

by ALLAN and ELLEN BONWILL

"What is a nature trail?" was the theme of a year-long dialogue-by-mail between Cap'n Bill and the Bonwill team, Allan and Ellen.

Ellen's 6-year long series of daily radio bits, *Along The Nature Trail*, her concurrent weekly newspaper column, *The Junior Naturalist*, and the setting-up of interpretive trails at elementary schools near New Haven were all connected to this dialogue.

Allan, teaching graduate level conservation for Southern Connecticut State College, in North Branford, required a teaching device from each student. Most of these turned out to be schoolyard nature trails, following John Brainerd's ideas.

Still Cap'n Bill's questions came. "When I go from house to garage to li-

brary, is this a nature trail? When Mother V. inspects the vegetable counter at the supermarket, is this a nature trail? When a hawk seeks its prey, is that a nature trail?"

Slowly, we came to see what his Socratic method was really bringing us toward. Is there any trail we walk in life which is not a nature trail? So — where did we go from there?

Time has a way of determining your directions — and Allan's early retirement became possible. Perhaps now we could spend the whole year, instead of just summers, at Skycroft Camps, our camping area for families and groups, at Chaffey's Lock, on the Rideau Waterway, just north of the Thousand Islands, in Ontario. Could we expand our interests in closer, more harmonious relationships with the world around us, there on our 2,000 wild acres?

Ellen's pleasant little radio bit was now passé; she had shifted to a program titled *Your Environment*, still with Radio WELI, New Haven. Ecology had come to be a better understood term. The weekly *Junior Naturalist* column, in the *New Haven Register* had been superseded through the interest of Robert Leoney, of the executive staff, by a daily 150-word feature, *Conservation*, still running there, 6 years later.

Still the dialogue goes on. What is a nature trail? We still seek answers, and think we are finding them here at Skycroft.

The experimental work with sunheat, subsistence gardening, reclamation of old apple trees, reforestation, are nature-related, and economically sound practices. Interpretive information about new "energy trails," concerned with sun-heat, water-power, wind-power, possibly methane production, more wild food uses, will add new kinds of nature trails.

Our craft-shop exhibits, Allan's rustic birdhouses, Jim's make-your-own fishing lures, Anne's polished driftwood jewelry, and Ellen's fern leaf-prints all lead to appreciation of natural beauty, and toward a protective attitude. Are these not nature trails, too?

When the non-naturalist wife of a prestigious law professor spots a rare fern, when a noted concert organist strolls the camp trails at dawn, capturing bird melody to weave into musical manuscripts — surely they move a bit farther along a nature trail. When second generation campers return, with their own children, 15 years later, to share island sunsets and beaver-stick collecting, have we not turned their steps onto a nature trail?

Thinking back we remember when Cap'n Bill, set to teach nature study from 8-10 p.m. in a dingy second floor

classroom in Baltimore, drew blackboard diagrams, followed by flashlight forays in November rains into Patterson Park. Remember, too, that classic nature trail we followed on the steps of the American Museum of Natural History, facing Central Park, mid-New York City, while the 5 o'clock traffic zoomed by? The marble steps, moss-filled cracks, shapes of trees, sparrows and pigeons on the sidewalk—led by Cap'n Bill and Doc Palmer, we looked at our world.

What, then, is a nature trail? Is it not the way we walk through life, from birth to death? Do we try to work WITH nature *a lá* John Brainerd, or do we disregard her?

Skycroft's nature trails will never set the world on fire—but who wants a world on fire? Rather, they will be green pathways through a bird-filled oasis, for naturalists and others, who come to share our springtime morels, our glorious autumn maples, observing our experimental living in the natural world, carrying off new convictions to share with others.

So—a warning! Never ask Cap'n Bill a question, unless you are willing to spend the next 20 years, or even the rest of your life, seeking answers to the questions *he* will ask *you* in return!

The Fun of Learning When Learning is Fun

by MARJORY REED SMITH

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Amherst, at what was then Massachusetts State College, when I had my first class with Cap'n Bill. He decided that a field trip to introduce us to nature study on campus was a good way to start, so he led us just outside the classroom. Some of us doubted there was anything much to learn there as we'd passed that way many times, but we soon were all down on our knees looking for the "parachutes" of dandelions and the "life preservers" of milkweed. Next we examined some abandoned birds' nests hidden in the shrubbery. We learned that robins lace their nests with mud, but chipping sparrows prefer horsehair. He made us aware that we all had much to learn about the things we had lived with all our young lives, but never really saw or heard. Here was a teacher who didn't just tell us things, but who pricked our latent curiosity and showed us where to look and what to listen for as well as how to use our senses and other resources to identify our discoveries.

Two vital aspects of Cap'n Bill's teachings have had great influence on my life and my work with children, particularly in Girl Scout Day Camps. 1. "Recreation is education"; or to put it in other words:

learning is fun when presented in the best way; having fun can be a truly educational experience. 2. We may be born with the ability to see, hear and feel, but we have to be taught to listen, observe, and interpret our senses. These are my guiding principles when I direct day camps. While our prime goal is to insure that every child enjoy a day camp experience, we try to do it in such a way that each one learns a great deal about her role in the world of people and the natural environment. This is accomplished through nature exploration, games, songs, cookouts, creative arts, flag ceremonies, and just living in the outdoors. Every day new discoveries are made about nature, even if the site is what I've heard people categorize as "not challenging enough for a good day camp." What child isn't excited about the story of the tiny wasp that lays its egg on the oak leaf and causes the big gall to grow so that its worm-like larvae can feed on it and grow to maturity? The discovery that they can count the whorls of branches on a young ponderosa or white pine and tell how old it is, never fails to stir their interest. They enjoy being challenged to determine why in some years a tree grew only two inches and in other years it grew two feet!

Cap'n Bill taught me that there is a challenge to be found in almost any environment. Even the cement jungles of a city have a few trees, weeds, and insects to discover and observe. Much can be learned about their adaptation to their unique ecological niche. Cap'n Bill's "Stump Scouting" techniques are stimulating to both children and adults. I've used them very successfully for many years. He kindled my imagination as a college student in 1942 and opened up a whole new way to explore the world.

A Vineholler Reflection

by ROBERT L. PARKER

A number of years ago, while still an undergraduate student at Boston University, I enrolled in a class "Workshop in Outdoor Education" taught by Cap'n Bill Vinal. This man and his philosophy of education and life came to provide a new major focus for my own professional and personal life. Cap'n Bill believed in the value of direct experience as a major method of teaching and learning, and constantly demonstrated that commitment to me in that class, in subsequent graduate work, and in formal and informal contact ever since. I have never visited Cap'n Bill without coming away with new understandings, new attitudes, new learning, and a renewed faith in the value of direct experience as an educational force. My children have been ex-

tremely fortunate to have known Cap'n Bill and Mother V; they all have fond memories of Vinehall and of the lore and enrichment that they found there.

It was Cap'n Bill, more than any other person, who first exposed me to another giant in American Education—Arthur Morgan, the creator of the modern-day Antioch College with its dynamic curriculum based on a philosophy of the value of work integrated with formal study. Cap'n Bill used Morgan's Books as readings in classes; his presentations on the TVA were eye openers in terms of multiple land use; he presented Morgan's ideas as true educational reform. Cap'n Bill was ultimately responsible for my coming to Antioch, where I soon found out how vital practical experience through work was to the undergraduate program. I felt that here was a perfect opportunity to extend that concept in the real life laboratory settings that I had found. At the Center for Experiential Education at Antioch College, I have since been able to work with thousands of young people specifically in relation to education, environmental studies, conservation, ecology, and outdoor education. Great numbers of these students have been apprenticed to appropriate people in appropriate settings all over the country where they can get involved in the real problems of society and attempt to find a proper solution by teaching others, or through research and experimentation. Students have been placed in school camps, environmental centers, research labs, marine stations, summer camps—in fact, in every conceivable situation.

Today, more than ever before, Higher Education in America has come to accept the teaching of leaders such as Morgan and Vinal. Although formal programs utilizing experience numbered only a few dozen as late as the 1960s, there are today over 1000 institutions of higher learning with some such adaptation of the work and study concept. Students in all sorts of fields and academic disciplines spend major periods of time in real work situations, testing their career choice, extending their education, coming to grips with the real problems of society, and doing something to understand and solve them. I know that the professionals of tomorrow will be better educated, more understanding, and more adaptable because of their direct experiences as students. Cap'n Bill can be assured that his task, begun so many years ago, is in good hands. I know that he would appreciate a comment made many years ago by Arthur E. Morgan, "A society which can analyze the cause of floods but has neither the vision or the skill to build dams, will suffer from excessive dampness."

The Cap'n Bill Climate

by KENNETH W. HUNT

I shouldn't have been born so soon, because I finished at Massachusetts before Cap'n Bill came there. But Cap'n Bill was never confined to his classroom; he and his students are a national ambience, like a bracing climate. Many of us outsiders began absorbing his nature education before we realized the source. Take my case.

As Director of Glen Helen, the nature reserve of Antioch College, I was delighted to find a growing enthusiasm for nature education among my students. Several of these, I found, caught it when teaching at Cleveland Heights School Camp, managed by Bill and Alice Howenstine. Bill and Alice, of course, had been students of Cap'n Bill's!

My energetic students had instituted an annual Outdoor Education Conference, held each May in Glen Helen. So for the 1954 Conference leader we went to the source: Cap'n Bill. He arrived with former students Jim Baird and Vi Stevens. Jim fascinated the campfire sessions as he evoked an owl serenade across the Glen. Vi had been delegated by Mother V to see that Cap'n Bill didn't overexert. She really needed to protect us, trying to keep up with Cap'n Bill! But we all kept up avidly with Cap'n Bill's easy, open sharing of all that struck his keen eye and questing mind. We were led to new awareness and determination for Outdoor Education at Antioch. Next year, at the 1955 May Conference, Bill and Alice Howenstine stirred our purpose further.

Result: in 1956 Antioch opened a residential, year-round Outdoor Education Center in Glen Helen, serving regional schools and conservation conferences, and employing our students as teacher-naturalists under Antioch's Experiential Education program. The Center was headed by Jean Sanford of our faculty, who chose Bob Parker, a Cap'n Bill alumnus, to help her. (Bob later moved on to head Antioch's Experiential Education Department.) Among the wonderful people who have led subsequent conferences there have been John Gustafson and John Brainerd.

Cap'n Bill has keenly followed our subsequent fortunes. He stirred up wide support for us while Glen Helen struggled through attacks by engineers, politicians, and unions. Two years ago I retired (but have taken up new work at Stockton State College), and now have the satisfaction of knowing that Glen Helen is led by people strong in Cap'n Bill's tradition — Ralph Ramey as my successor, and Douglas Dickinson as Director of the Outdoor Education Center. Out of Antioch's difficulties, the Outdoor

Education Center has emerged in strength, fully scheduled and self-supported, a valued service to Southwest Ohio's schools and conservation interests — thriving in Cap'n Bills bracing climate!

Reflections From Pioneer Farm

by

WILLIAM L. and ALICE V. HOWENSTINE

Full-time, genuine farming is a vocation that has seemed for us like trees along an old woodland trail — we keep on brushing against their lower branches, but the tree itself never stands directly in the middle of the path. Our brushes with farming, nonetheless, have convinced us that there is no better place for learning the simple, profound truth that the universe is a unit, that man and the land are inseparably related.

Our path to Pioneer Farm, an ex-dairy farm of the Chicago hinterland, included stops at a horse-farm camp in Ohio, a cattle-raising operation in Arizona, an Appalachian mountain farm in Kentucky, and a brush with an abandoned farm in New Hampshire. Cap'n Bill Vinal was the guide in New Hampshire, as he set us and other summer workshop students exploring with map and compass the overgrown pastures and plowland, the lichen-covered rock walls, the old logging roads, cellar holes, and trash dump of the deserted farm. How he set our minds awirl with his ceaseless questions about our observations and conclusions!

The guide is important, for the acquisition of a land ethic does not come automatically through living on the land. Too many farms have been abandoned in our country because their owners never developed a harmonious relationship with their land. *Destroy to Create*^{*} was chosen as a title for a book of readings on the history of conservation in America, precisely because too much of our great culture came at the expense of too much destruction of our land. However, given the opportunity of a farm environment, where the weather, growing plants, domestic animals, human technology, wildlife, and natural land can be perceived and understood as an integrated whole, a beneficial learning situation *can* emerge. That's what nature study, nature guiding, school camping, outdoor education, conservation education, and environmental education are about, and the sometimes subtle distinctions among these terms

^{*} *Destroy to Create*. W. L. Howenstine, D. Frederick, and J. Sochen (eds.) Dryden Press, Hinsdale, Illinois, 1972. See Cap'n Bill's review of this book on p. —.

should not obscure the common goal of gaining a better ecological understanding of the human ecosystem.

Thus, as teachers who have joined the "back to the land" movement, we feel a responsibility to pass on Cap'n Bill's nature guiding idea, to let this farm produce a crop of learning, as well as corn, soybeans, and hay. That's why the poultry house and farrowing barn were converted to bunkhouses and the milkhouse made into a shower house. A small and simple youth camp in the summer, and weekends of Scouters and retreaters during the rest of the year, justify the costs. The "monuments" commemorating learning keep appearing — an organic garden, a campfire circle in the woods, paint on weathered siding, a school bus recycled into a camper, pines for Christmas trees and reforestation, wild fence-rows (uncut or planted with multiflora rose), checkdams in the gullies, horses in the pasture, ducks and chickens in the barnyard, and old-time tools in the Workshop.

Like the undulating, lichen-covered rock wall of the abandoned New England farm, each of these has a story to unfold of human interaction with the natural environment. Hopefully by understanding more fully these relationships we will be able to create with less destruction.

How Best to Teach

by

JOHN W. BRAINERD

In 1949, as now, I was pondering how best to teach conservation. With a Ph.D. in biology from Harvard, I considered myself a pure-science researcher; but three years of conscripted work for the U.S. Forest Service and Fish and Wildlife Service during World War II had almost made me practical! Springfield College was challenging me to become a leader of youth-leaders-in-training. I remember the day when Chic Weckwerth, head of the department of recreation, said to me, "You ought to teach the way Cap'n Bill Vinal does." My inner response was, "I'll teach the way I want to teach!" Quite young and a little human, I wanted to be the leader, not just another follower.

Shortly the mail brought me an invitation to a nature recreation workshop at the University of Massachusetts, a place where the aroma of manure was fading and more synthetic essences, less essential, were arising amid new buildings. I don't remember what the notice was about which irresistibly drew me; but I remember meeting Cap'n Bill and some other strange and beautiful people. Cap'n Bill liked my imitation of a mating woodcock, and made fun of me while

NATURE STUDY



“. . . the way he picks things up and holds them in his hand.” Cap’n Bill at National Camp.

patting me on the back. He caught me. I became a follower.

I never was enrolled as a student of Cap’n Bill’s — just adopted like some of his other bad habits (punning, for instance.) And I never could figure out how *Nature Recreation* was organized — but I found it as intriguing as fried oysters and cranberry sauce stirred over a midnight campfire, or orange sherbet with hot cheese sauce; the ingredients were great and the analysis personally challenging . . . With joy I sat at his feet at ANSS meetings, and I relished supporting letters from him when he thought I had made a good move on life’s crazy-quilt chessboard: conservation consulting for camps, natural areas for schools, arts and sciences mixed at the Cleveland meeting of ANSS, my two books [*Nature Study For Conservation* (Macmillan) and *Working With Nature* (Oxford University Press)] — which I think of as companions to his *Nature Recreation*. He led me by pulling, not pushing. Never in his class (pun), by correspondence I was his student, uplifted by what was lofted above the

smoke of his teepee-fire signature. A man of letters.

Then there were his *bona fide* students to help me. I kept bumping into them, being impressed by them and shaped by them: Fran Sherburn, Al Hawkes, Les Giles, Helen Ross Russell, and many more. A man is known by the company he makes. When searching for leaders, we evaluate followers. Prof. M. L. Fernald used to quote St. Matthew: “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Cap’n Bill’s students were the kind of nuts I wanted to be.

For teaching conservation, working with human nature is more important than working with nature — if you will permit a temporary artificial separation of the two. And speaking of saints, I recently received a letter from an alumna of mine, a sort of third-generation Vinalite, with this quote from Thomas Merton: “The saint preaches sermons by the way he walks and the way he stands — the way he picks things up and holds them in his hand.” When Cap’n Bill picked me up and held me in his hand, he taught me a lot about how best to

teach. In my present pondering, I doubt there is any better way than his teasing-loving example, caring for each other and for our shared human habitat.

Nature “Firsts”

by RUTH K. MOYER

Happy day when I registered for a summer course at the Nature Guide School of Western Reserve University, Hudson, Ohio! Cap’n Bill opened a whole new world of firsts-in-nature that summer, ranging from the first old burlap sack I spied hanging from a branch (it turned out to be my first experience with a swarm of bees), the first time I hypnotized a toad, the first time I tracked down a pileated woodpecker and the first evening anyone took time to point out the constellations. These and subsequent experiences in the classroom and on field trips with Cap’n Bill enriched my background in nature so that I launched with confidence into a summer career of nature counseling in many Girl Scout, Y.W.C.A. and church camps

that spread over a span of almost fifty years and a seven-state area.

Because of Dr. Vinal's influence, I encouraged an appreciation and understanding of nature as leader of Girl Scout troops for thirty years. Nature trails, games and crafts came naturally to all of us, especially during overnights and week-ends in the wilds. Once, when giving a leaders' training course, I made the mistake of picking up a snake by the tail. (Notice, I said 'oncel!') I have been invited repeatedly to give nature craft demonstrations during G.S. leadership training classes. How rewarding to help new leaders see possibilities in a milkweed pod or a flat stone!

Of course Cap'n Bill's spirit invaded my classroom. I am sure discipline problems were few and far between because of our nature activities: always a science corner in the room, always a bird or star club, always a field trip to look forward to, or to relive. How amazed the Natural History Museum staff were when they heard second graders speak familiarly of Cassiopeia, Gemini and Leo!

Then came retirement and still Cap'n Bill's enthusiasm has carried over. Teachers still in the harness ask me to help with making terraria, corn husk dolls and winter bouquets. A group of peers known as THE NATURE CLUB meets semi-monthly to consider nature, sometimes the obvious birds, flowers and insects and sometimes the wider aspects such as national parks, flowers and trees of the Bible, or a trip to the mushroom farms. For the past twenty-five years the Nature Club's highlight is the annual week-end at Cook Forest, a Pennsylvania State Forest. We book two cabins a year in advance for a weekend early in October when we are hopefully certain the autumn coloring will be in its prime. Here we revel in the glories of the out-of-doors, following the trails, each with its specialty; the Longfellow Trail with poetic beauty, the Cathedral trail with its virgin white pines, and the Blue Jay Trail with its — you can guess what! At twilight we take a little excursion to spots where we are sure to see deer and wishfully to see bear. One member brings her 'wax pot'. There's no law against taking home falling leaves, so we dip our choice leaves into the wax, plunge them in ice water and so capture their beauty to share with others at home, school or church. So many parts of these week-ends reflect Cap'n Bill's thinking, even to the Kaper Charts!

In re-reading his book *Nature Guide* and his articles printed in magazines and newspapers, I am aware that he has always been ahead of his day in nature education both in and out of schools. It has taken a long time for educators to see the wisdom of his methods.

Cap'n Bill and the Teachable Moment

by E. DEALTON PARTRIDGE

As the Associate Director of National Camp I had the very great pleasure of participating with Cap'n Bill Vinal in a program of nature education directed toward teachers and school administrators.

This experience was during the late 1930's and early 1940's. As I look back now it is evident that we were thirty years ahead of our time. This was largely due to the foresight of two men, Dr. Lloyd B. Sharp and Dr. William Gould Vinal. Dr. Sharp had the vision of a national training center and Cap'n Bill provided the teaching methods that literally changed the educational philosophy of most of the participants.

Participants in the National Camp program came from two sources primarily. There were the undergraduates from the state colleges of New York and New Jersey, and the graduate students, mostly teachers and administrators from across the country who were seeking help in the organization and development of programs for the public schools that would help prepare the youth of America to appreciate their environment and do something to protect it.

The educational methods that most of the students had been exposed to prior to the National Camp experience was the traditional classroom lecture, response, assigned readings pattern. The impact of a completely different approach to learning was so dramatic for most of these students that it usually meant a significant milestone in their educational lives. I make this statement without hesitation because I could verify it by dozens of examples and testimonials that have come to me over the years.

As an educational psychologist I am convinced that the basis of outstanding teaching is motivation. Unless the student wants to learn and can see some relevancy between what he is supposed to learn and his own life plan, if any, there can be little real learning.

Formal education has a number of traditional devices to provide motivation. The marking system, honors at graduation, the deans list, flunking out, etc. These are external and artificial motivations that have little to do with the inner feelings and hopes of the individual.

Cap'n Bill had the ability to motivate students to learn because learning became a challenge to their inner conceptions of themselves and because what they were to learn was relevant, or became relevant to their lives.

It was a thrilling experience to set out into the woods with a group of students and Cap'n Bill and watch what hap-

pened. Most of these students believed that man's knowledge was bound into books in the library and that the way to become educated was to study these books, listen to lectures about these books, then pass an examination. It never occurred to most of them that one could learn from the real thing, outside of school walls and that by the process of reasoning one could come to valid conclusions.

On most field trips I had taken with teachers before my exposure to Cap'n Bill, the teacher would observe something in the field, then explain it to the students while they stood around on one foot and then the other. Cap'n Bill, on the other hand, would locate problems and then with a set of questions leave the students in small groups to find the answers.

At first many of the students would resent this. What was a teacher for if not to give the answers? But Cap'n Bill would simply remind them that the answers were all there if they would look for them and use their heads for a change. He pointed out that no one had told him the answers and there were no books to go to to find them either.

It was fascinating to watch a group left to their own devices as they first grumbled, then poked around, then began to suggest answers and finally begin to come to conclusions . . . not always the right ones, but conclusions just the same.

I have observed groups go out in the morning with Cap'n Bill, the students trudging along with little spirit and some horseplay. They would return at lunch time buzzing around the teacher like a swarm of angry bees, asking questions and eager to try out their theories. The change of attitude in the matter of a few hours was dramatic.

The naiveté of both the undergraduates and those who have been teaching for years was beyond belief. One school principal who had been in educational work in New Jersey for a quarter century stood on Sunrise Mountain overlooking the rolling fields of Sussex County and said, "I never knew Jersey was like this." Another teacher from Jersey City asked if she could touch one of the cows when we visited a local dairy. I asked her if she had never touched a cow before. "I have never *seen* a cow before," she replied.

An occasional member of the National Camp staff was Dr. William Harlow of Syracuse University. He is a nationally recognized authority on trees of America and an author of several books on the subject. One day on a field trip he was explaining something about a tree to a group of undergraduates. A stu-

dent said, "I do not believe what you are telling us."

"Would you believe it if you saw it in a book?" Dr. Harlow asked.

"Yes, I would."

Moosewood Bill, as we called the good doctor in camp, whipped out a field book, turned to a page and pointed to a statement. "Now do you believe it?"

"Yes," the student admitted with some triumph. "I wrote that book," Moosewood told her.

Education cannot be measured in a matter of semester hours, or reading lists or years spent in a classroom. Very often the most significant educational experience will happen in a few moments of self-realization. J. B. Nash called these "teachable moments." Cap'n Bill had the ability to create such moments often and well.

Planking Fish With The Girls From Normal

by BENTLEY MACKINTOSH

Cap'n Bill and I first became acquainted by being in the same biology class at Brown University. In the laboratory sessions we were seated beside each other and soon became very good friends.

About two years later I was in downtown Providence one Saturday morning in late September and ran into Cap'n Bill. He greeted me with a big smile and firm handshake and said, "What are you doing Saturdays this fall? I would like to have you take a course I'm giving outdoors in "Nature" at Lincoln Woods State Park. There will probably be fifteen or twenty girls from Normal School who will meet in front of City Hall to take the trolley car to the Park. We'll spend the morning and early afternoon identifying birds, trees, shrubs, rocks, etc. and doing some campfire cooking." After a little more conversation I said, "All right, Bill, I'll join you."

We all arrived at the appointed time near City Hall where I met a bunch of healthy outdoor girls with Cap'n Bill. Soon the trolley came and we all climbed on board, then off we started in high spirits. As I remember we had the car practically to ourselves, because in those early days few people left the city on a Saturday morning; people came in to shop.

On our first excursion I was amazed what a lot we could learn from naked trees and shrubs. We started the campfire cooking with hot dogs, because they were easy and simple. At each meeting we would cook something progressively more difficult until near the end we came to a planked fish. Bill had a plank from somewhere that had holes drilled in it. We were to make pegs to push

through the fish and into the holes thus keeping the fish in place. While the group was busy collecting wood, making pegs, and starting the fire, Cap'n Bill "hollers" out very loud for all to hear, "Hey, Bent, where is the fish you were to bring?" Well, that shook and unnerved me as I had no recollection of agreeing the week previously to procuring a fish. He could see that I was very much embarrassed, which was just what he wanted: to have some fun at my expense. However, at that moment I heard Miss Sherman's voice call out, "Cap'n Bill, I have the fish over here."

The girls got the pegs made, the fish fastened in place, the fire had a good bed of coals, the plank put so that the fish faced the fire, then we all sat around to watch, and had some good conversation. At last the fish began to look very tempting and was about ready to eat, when all of a sudden the fish fell onto the coals. I thought, "What will Cap'n Bill do now?" All I could think of was disaster. He went over, picked up the plank, took a little stick, brushed off a few ashes, and said, Oh, that's all right, it just has a little Indian on it now."

Investigate Something of Interest

by JOHN D. BEATTIE

My friendship and admiration for Dr. Vinal began in 1938 when he and others of the National Recreation staff came to Pittsburgh for a month's course in the various aspects of recreation. At that time I was involved as one of the supervisors in the WPA recreation program in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. During this month I worked very closely with Cap'n Bill and helped him organize and carry out some of his ideas.

One of these was a sugaring-off party. This I had never heard of although Somerset County in Pennsylvania — sixty miles from Pittsburgh — is one of the important maple sugar centers. So . . . we placed a notice in the newspapers announcing this sugaring-off party and inviting attendance. We then made a deal with a grange in Somerset for a chicken dinner. How many we expected I am not too sure, but not too many. Lo and behold the day came and the roads around the sugaring-off farm were jammed and blocked with cars. A traffic mess if there ever was one! A State trooper counted 496 cars. To help unsnarl this congestion Cap'n Bill, unknown to visitors, stood in the middle of the road directing traffic. As Cap'n Bill tells it, one lady, slightly annoyed, came up to him and said something to the effect, "Who in the hell started all this?" Bill just grinned.

Another thing; Bill said he always

made it a point to investigate something of interest in every town he visited. In Pittsburgh it was the home of Dr. John Brashear, world famous American astronomer and manufacturer of many instruments of great importance to astronomy and physics. (Incidentally, Dr. Brashear was the speaker at my eighth grade graduation.) Cap'n Bill and I went to Dr. John Brashear's house in the South Side of Pittsburgh where he lived and had his workshop. We rummaged through his desk, finding some very interesting old pictures and photos of Dr. Brashear. The caretaker gave us each one.

I visited Dr. Vinal several times and always came away with the distinct feeling that here was a great man who had made a tremendous impact on the lives of many. Dedicated to nature study as he is, he has the rare ability of humanizing it and not making it complicated — understandable even to me.

His annual Vineholler tells a significant story — the affection his many former students have for him — his continuing contact with them and they with him.

Although my work since my recreation days has been far removed from nature study, Cap'n Bill still remains an important influence on my life and thinking.

A Spark Ignites at Powdermill

by RUTH SCOTT

Words cannot convey how much Cap'n Bill has influenced my life since the month of July 1959, when I was his student at Alvord Wildlife Sanctuary, Bear Island, N. H. Learning in the outdoors, and occasionally indoors, from Cap'n Bill, natural scientist, teacher, philosopher, humorist and treasured friend. Responsible living in an attitude of courtesy toward the environment, with all living creatures, was the essence of the Alvord experience. This was shared with my late husband "Scotty" (J. Lewis Scott) and about 24 young enthusiastic teachers in our group of campers studying Natural Science, Nature Study and Camp Counseling. We learned the joy of working with people of various ages, in coming to terms with ourselves on the magnitude and nature of environmental problems before we offer solutions toward the complex situations which involve changes in outlook and performance.

We left Alvord Wildlife Sanctuary full of concern for earth and the need for conservation education and action. We continued attending workshops and taking courses for a few years. Then we were given the opportunity to introduce the summer ecology program for children in the Ligonier Valley at Powdermill Na-

ture Reserve of Carnegie Museum of Natural History. Scotty and I were co-directors, 1964 to 1969. After he died I continued as director until 1971, when the Bioscience Center was destroyed by fire due to lightning.

In 1972 I became environmentalist-in-Residence at Raven's Roost, Seminar Forest at Powdermill Nature Reserve. It was my idea to create a seminar center for adult environmental education to serve the community. Many times I thought of Cap'n Bill as I designed the rustic building of mountain stone, rough hemlock "fletching" and glass, a roof of cedar shakes with a seven-foot glass overhang, and all about the building, shelters for wildlife.

The Peterboro Enterprise

by ELINOR JOHNSON

"A camping trip for teachers? Twelve days in the woods of New Hampshire? You must be kidding! Camp is for children, not experienced teachers."

But we weren't kidding. At the close of school, teachers representing all grade levels from primary through secondary, all subject areas and ages, men and women, participated in Newton's first summer outdoor education seminar.

Our home for the twelve days from June 25 to July 6, 1950 was Boston University's Sargent Camp at Half Moon Pond in the Monadnock Region of southern New Hampshire. The campus was a particularly beautiful one. A ring of tree-shaded cabins encircled a large, open play field which had been an ancient lake bed. On the far side of the lake were large glacial erratics piled like giant play blocks with narrow passageways that appeared like caves. A colony of great blue herons had built their platform nests in the upper branches of trees at one end of the lake. Pitcher plants and royal ferns grew on sphagnum hummocks in a nearby swamp. The remains of earlier Indian settlements and more recent farm houses could be found in several areas close to the main campus. This was truly an ideal outdoor classroom.

Our leaders for twelve days were Cap'n Bill Vinal and Dr. John Read of Boston University staff. Together they set the stage for the kind of shared learning which permeated the entire experience. High school biology and primary level teachers worked cooperatively on the same projects, both contributing expertise, both learning something new.

Each day's schedule was a full one with many hours of exploration, skill training in orienteering and survival, field biology and a few breaks for recreational activities. Evening programs involved cooking skills, discussions of inte-

grated subject matter, hours in the art shop and much burning of the midnight oil to prepare individual projects.

Woven through these experiences was the good humor and outdoor philosophy of Cap'n Bill. For many participants, this was their first contact with a dynamic approach to education. Cap'n Bill seldom explained anything until we had carefully scrutinized an object ourselves through his persistent questioning of detail. And then when we had some data, he verbally wove it all together in a fine tapestry of its historical, economical and ecological significance. A master teacher was at work, a twinkle in his eye, a "boob" stick for some unsuspecting victim.

"Cultural campfires" were the "in thing" that summer. Who can forget the 'wet-seat tribe' of Indians who greeted the colonists, the fish baked in clay or the water ballet complete with water lilies in the teeth of the swimmers? We re-lived history and even created a bit of our own.

Was this just a wonderful experience that enriched the lives of the participants that summer of 1950? Happily, that and much more.

A direct result of the encampment was the initiation of Newton City School Field Science and Conservation Program. A two-day trip by third graders was followed by sixth and seventh grade trips. Eventually all the sixth graders in the city were camping at Sargent Camp. Fifteen years ago the operation moved to the YMCU camp in Greenfield, N. H. Now teachers who never heard of the first camping trip accompany their classes to one of the four camp sites used by our twenty-three elementary schools in the course of a year.

Personally, I can look back to a summer experience that influenced my life, and my profession. I'm privileged to be one of Cap'n Bill's students and part of that group of people who were the 'Peterboro Enterprise' . . . Peterborough, New Hampshire 1950-1951.

A Dream Into Reality

by DR. JOHN J. KIRK

During the early 1940's when many teachers and students were being inspired with the philosophy of Cap'n Bill Vinal at National Camp in New Jersey, some of the staff members dreamed about establishing a field center that would serve the future teachers, teachers and children of the state of New Jersey and provide them with an insight and an ability to live in the out-of-doors and to feel that sense of oneness with nature and the world around them. This motivation led to the discovery of the old CCC camp located just eight miles from National Camp, and in 1949, under the

leadership of Dr. DeAlton Partridge — a friend and colleague of L. B. Sharp and Cap'n Bill — the New Jersey State School of Conservation was established. Some of the first outdoor education classes ever conducted specifically for college students in the United States were initiated at the School of Conservation, and one of the teachers was Cap'n Bill. Over the years the philosophy of Cap'n Bill Vinal has been nurtured and developed until today the New Jersey School of Conservation, a division of Montclair State College, stands as the largest resident center for environmental studies in the Western Hemisphere. From the days of Cap'n Bill and DeAlton Partridge, the School was expanded, developed and served over one hundred thousand college students, teachers and school children. The programs which stress the development of a reverence for life and the formation of a land ethic are a direct outgrowth of the nature recreation philosophy which was first preached in the United States by Cap'n Bill Vinal.

During the 1974-75 academic year there will be twelve thousand students in residence at the School of Conservation; they will range from third graders through doctoral candidates. These students will have the opportunity to live and learn in a natural environment and to develop a deeper appreciation and understanding about the role natural areas play as part of a life support system. It is hoped that as a result of the experiences at the School of Conservation they will return to their communities and classrooms with a deeper understanding of themselves and the kinship they share with all other living and non-living things. This awareness should make them better citizens and happier individuals. The dream of the early 1940's has been translated into reality.

All of us who have been a part of the proud history of the School of Conservation realize that it never would have happened if it were not for a pioneer with vision, imagination, dedication and a love of nature, Dr. William G. Vinal.

History Comes Alive

by LOIS GOODRICH

Cap'n Bill. The name evokes love, warmth, gratitude and tremendous respect and admiration among the hundreds of counselors, teachers, and leaders of young people across the United States and several foreign countries who experienced Cap'n Bill at National Life-Trail Blazer Camps during the 20 years in which he spent from one to six weeks a year with us. And their lives and influence, wherever they are, reflect this Great Master at his method: causing us to figure things out on our own, discover

answers versus swallowing textbook and professor's words, be individual thinkers — not join a nation of robots, learn by doing, become generalists versus specialists; discover the sources of things man depends on (he was the forerunner of the environmental movement by 50 years), be aware, alert — see what is around us, find the "sermons in stones" we walk over daily, and keep alive the heritage that is America.

And with all this was his rare sense of humor, and keen knowledge of people — sizing up each one — almost better than we know ourselves. (Even individualized messages, fifty at a time, personally written for each counselor on the fly-leaf of his book. Continually we refer to and try to use "the Cap'n Bill method.")

He made history come alive. One time on the steps of the Great Hall at the Girls' Camp, as we faced the mountain three miles away, Cap'n Bill, in front of us with his back to the scene, told us the story of that big rock (the Kittatinny Mountains) with its fold or crevice through which later the pioneers put the second oldest turnpike in the United States, which continues through our camp. He was vividly picturing the stage coach coming over the mountain, down the valley and up our own range, trying to bring our senses alive by having us imagine how far we could hear the iron-rimmed wheels and shod horses on the rough stones before man-made sounds of planes, cars, tractors and other equipment were known. We were carried away. I surely heard it all! He must have felt our response — our eyes grown wide, our faces shining, our ears flapping and some hands cupped not to miss it — when suddenly *his* own eyes went wide; he scratched his ear; across his face went amazement, then puzzlement, and finally he turned and looked out almost in disbelief. He stopped the story. We all sat listening and wondering if he suddenly had dropped us backward into another century.

The sounds were real, unmistakably, and were nearing. We were frozen. He had really conjured up something he couldn't explain this time. After ten minutes thus, appeared our own big team of horses, driven by our maintenance man, innocent of our story, bringing a wagon load of fresh cut hay from the field a mile down the turnpike. We roared, and Cap'n Bill's sense of humor took over.

One serious moment stands out — a vesper with us on sand. There were many lessons — but this lasting, touching one passes on from age to age.

Much as a great oak standing at the top of a hill of lesser trees, Cap'n Bill stands — the Mighty Teacher of a century.

Learning to Communicate

by FRANK W. KINGSBURY

Hardly a week goes by that I don't think of my good friend and counselor and the influence of his teachings. As an An-Hus major at Massachusetts State, I elected Cap'n Bill's Nature Education course my senior year for three reasons. First, I loved the out-of-doors and had hiked about in the woods all my life. Second, my minor was vo-ag (Vocational Agricultural Education) and I believed that Nature Education would help me better guide Agricultural students. Last, but not least, I had met Cap'n Bill and I liked his attitude and what I had heard about him.

Cap'n Bill had a way of putting you to task to use what was learned in his informal labs. I remember a secret nature trail that one or two other students and I made one weekend for a youth group in Connecticut. They had fun while acquiring knowledge as our instructive messages were followed from station to station around a pond.

After 35 years, the impromptu short talks that we students were asked to give on various nature observations, stand out. They helped us immensely to gain confidence while thinking on our feet. While we delivered our observations, we learned to communicate. Today, as Extension Veterinarian and Professor of Veterinary Science at Rutgers University, I give many talks to high school students on careers in Veterinary Medicine and related animal science fields. I credit my experiences as a student of Cap'n Bill's with being an important contribution toward my guiding and relating to these students.

Today, on Cap'n Bill's birthday, I thought of our tree identification experiences — the Nature Conservation Van tours with Bill Nutting — as I lowered and positioned two 7-foot locust fence posts into 30" holes carved out of mud, shale, and rock. As I spend many happy hours out-of-doors and close to nature on our eighteen acres of woods and streams, I am thankful for the counsel and enjoyable educational experiences Cap'n Bill has given me.

Museums — Big and Small

by RUTH V. WEIERHEISER

According to my dictionary, "A museum is a place devoted to works of nature, art, curiosities, etc. The word also applies to the collection itself."

When I was a child in the lower grades, I could not wait until I reached

third grade where Miss Roberts had an exhibit in her room. It was some tree branches arranged in a corner of the classroom with a supply cabinet in front to give support. There were several birds' nests in those branches that bothered me. They no doubt had been used by the birds and then collected in the autumn. I thought that perhaps some egg shells might be in them, and that Miss Roberts would tell us more about them. She was a lover of nature, and assisted us in becoming good observers. Then one day a gorgeous Cecropia moth emerged from a dark brown cocoon attached to a twig. What excitement for us children! We learned about the life cycle of a moth. My day was made when I was allowed to carry the moth home in a box so I could show it to my family before releasing it that evening. Many years later after working 42 years in a large Science Museum, I call Miss Robert's classroom collection from nature a *mini*-museum, and the museum in which I worked — a *maxi*-museum.

In June of 1926, William P. Alexander and I of the Buffalo Museum of Science were asked to assist at Dr. Wm. G. Vinal's two-week course for outdoor leaders at Camp Chequesset on Cape Code near Wellfleet. Here I was able to arrange another mini-museum. It was located on a spacious table in a room at the rear of a large building where registrations were taken. The room was at beach level, and everyone used it as a passageway for field trips, swimming, etc. Specimens of leaves, flowers, shells, rocks, minerals were brought in, classified, put on the table with simple hand-made ink labels for identification near each object. Flowers and leaves were shown in bottles or glasses of fresh water to prevent them from wilting too soon. If white cards had been available, we could have displayed some as follows: univalves glued to one card; bivalves on another; sedimentary rocks on a third, and so on. The actual names of the specimens were written close by. Woody-stemmed specimens should be brought in only by a responsible leader. Even cast off skins of snakes or small crustaceans form excellent exhibits. Sometimes insects in good condition will draw much attention, but keep them temporarily under glass. Be sure labels are properly placed, names are ordinary ones (not scientific to discourage beginners), and if room permits on a label, one interesting fact about the specimen could be added under the name. There were daily changes in this display as new materials arrived (which is good museum technique to insure daily attendance).

Before closing, I wish to tell you about two field trips we had during this course led by Cap'n Bill. One was to Dwyer's Pond where the elderly man with the

same name had two dozen or more Canada geese. Some of the geese he had tamed to remain all year at his pond, while others were transients lured by food. All of them honked and eyed us with suspicion, so we remained above the pond on the road while Mr. Dwyer spoke loudly to us and Cap'n Bill about his charges. It was a rare treat for us all. The other trip came on a sunny afternoon with us trekking across sandy spaces and mostly pine woods to a beach on the Atlantic ocean. After a beach "cook-out" we returned on a trail through the woods in the *dark* with dozens of whip-poor-wills calling loudly to each other. It was an eerie trip back to camp, but fun!

"The Pocket Is The Boy's First Museum"

*William G. Vinal's role
in the People's Museum Idea*

by W. STEPHEN THOMAS

Cap'n Bill pointed out in his second book, *Nature Recreation*, that with the growth of city living there vanished the need and place for daily intimacy with the out-of-doors. Furthermore, the cause of conservation demanded a change in the traditional habit of wasting natural resources. This opened wide the field for training nature leaders with a new form of nature education.

William Gould Vinal was the great innovator and force in what was a new type of nature education. A large part of it was devoted to what we call environmental education today. His spirit and example forged a vital element in my own life's work. Although this pursuit was not the same as his own, it was closely allied to it. His vocation was the training of recreational leaders, teachers, camp and community-oriented persons. My profession certainly had a parallel goal. It was to open the eyes of the public to the laws of nature and to the achievements of mankind through technology and the arts. My road happened to be that of the museum educator and administrator whose responsibilities are involved in the care, study and interpretation of three dimensional objects in the form of museum collections and exhibits. Many of the precepts of the Vinal method are applicable to the science of museum work which we call *museology*. Bill Vinal truly appreciated the living museum as playing a major role in stirring the appreciation of the masses for the natural and historical heritage around them.

Cap'n Bill was sensitively aware of the great value of the community-oriented museum in advancing environmental ed-

ucation. One of the best things he ever said was "The pocket is the boy's first museum." He also said, "The pocket is the first home of the collecting instinct. It is the child's right." One way Cap'n Bill became familiar with the importance of museums as community centers and social agencies was through his assignment in the years 1936 and 1937 as a representative of the National Recreation Association. In that capacity he traveled around to various cities and set up institutes on nature recreation to instruct local leaders. Some of these were held in museums.

One spring he came to Philadelphia where it was my fortune to be the young new director of education at the old and venerable Academy of Natural Sciences. Some of us were engaged in flushing out the musty flavor which had settled in its halls. We were desperately trying to attract people of all types and were assisting in refurbishing the exhibits. My small staff and I were embarked in an ambitious program, "Expeditions in Philadelphia," nature trips for adults to greenhouses, city parks, farms, beaches, forests and other wild areas. We had in progress classes and demonstrations with specimens handled by school children, with thousands of clients weekly. When Cap'n Bill came into our sanctum, he popped fresh plants out of his pocket and started us using the nearby Rittenhouse Square in downtown Philadelphia as an area for playing "nature games." This brought a fresh wave of inspiration to all of us. One of the fascinating ideas he introduced was geology lessons, based on the stories in the stones of city buildings — private homes, stores and apartment houses all had worthwhile geological secrets to reveal in their facades.

Another point of contact with this remarkable man, who is scientist, naturalist, scout, guide and teacher rolled into one, was our joint experience in the National Park Service. We both served, although at different times, as ranger-naturalists in Glacier National Park in the Montana Rockies. He was there several years before me, I think in 1929. My period covered the summers of 1931, 32, and 33, leading visitors on geology walks, boat trips, hikes across glaciers, lecturing at evening camp fires on plants, animals and Indians to hundreds of persons in small groups. Cap'n Bill had preceded me in this same work and his thoughts and writings about it were helpful. In mapping out nature trails and in writing labels I followed many of his principles of teaching.

Finally, the truly astounding feature of the man, in my opinion, is his all-permeating influence in a number of different fields. He has had fun, he has made others happy and more informed, and he

has made them more useful people. They are now better equipped to be missionaries of the nature idea, the environmental concept, and to realize more concretely what Thoreau said, "In wildness is the preservation of the world."

Museums For Children (and Others)

by MIRIAM EVANS DAVIS

Over forty years ago, Cap'n Bill showed my elementary school class how to make static electricity with a comb and tiny bits of paper. He kept cropping up in my life because all my family were influenced by his philosophy of loving the earth. As a child I participated in his Nature Guide School in Ohio, and later as an undergraduate student in Massachusetts. My mother caught his flame and became a nature counselor in a settlement camp; I, too, in later years followed suit. We always had pets, including a pair of woodchucks . . . One summer Cap'n Bill's student teachers at W.R.U., Cleveland, sponsored a garden club for children and there I learned more about growing things. My last experience with Cap'n Bill was during World War II. At his suggestion I attended Life Camps for camp administrators one summer. It was an antidote for the doldrums I was in and just what I needed.

With such an enrichment of nature and art behind me, it was only logical that I entered the Museum field . . . first in Cleveland and later with the Wm. T. Hornaday Foundation as a fieldperson to set up new Children's Museums.

That was almost thirty years ago. Now that my children are grown I find great satisfaction in returning to the museum field, where I share the world of nature with countless children daily. All the outdoor pleasures that were mine as a child, I strive to perpetuate through the museum's activities and exhibits.

Eco-Education

by BENTON P. CUMMINGS

I still get an occasional chuckle over a recollection of a typical Cap'n Bill ecological "leg-pulling" at the National Camp Library in 1941, when he "filled in" the minds of a group of teachers with wondrous tales of the local deer ecology — just before a big buck looked in the back window! In spite of a speedy exit, no one was ever able to find a sign of the deer. And so several of us were initiated into the "Order of Deerslayers." The information was factual, anyway!

I also recall later occasions when he amazed college science students at the N.J. School of Conservation with ecologi-



"Hands-on" museums for children

cal information. Also, how at the School of the Outdoors, for a "nature hike" he simply stepped out of the library door and spent nearly an hour in the same spot, while the group soaked up factual stories on the amazing field of ecology. We were operating programs entitled "Man and His Environment" at SOTO in the 1950's!

These were before Earth Day, Ecology and Environmental Education had become "in" terms. We were, and still are, talking about Outdoor Education and Nature Recreation. Now we here use the term ECO-Education. E for Environment, C for Conservation, O for Outdoor. ECO for Ecology. This is the term we are using in our Urban and Outdoor Recreation Curriculum here at Kean College (formerly Newark State College).

We have about 200 majors now. All are required to take a Camping Course, based on curriculum-oriented camping, and an Environmental Reconnaissance course, in both of which they are "steeped" in Cap'n Bill's philosophy of nature (ecological) recreation — as well as the fun of leg-pulling, as best we can, in his tradition. We can't pull the deer episode in our urban situation, and snipe hunts are pretty well known — but there are still some amazing things in the woods!

We are fortunate to have an historic old woodland on our Campus which the Trustees have foresightedly dedicated to the purposes of ecological and environmental education. We use it in nature recreation. We have "cored" trees that are about 200 years old. At the other extreme we do tin can, plastic and patio

gardening, street games and indoor operations. In between these extremes there is our Ecology Trail which we use with urban and other handicapped persons. This consists of a series of 4' x 4' or 8' concrete-walled planting boxes, completely surrounded by asphalt. Each box has a different theme: herbs, perennials, air pollution sentinel, marsh, roadside, fern, dunes, dye, bird, etc. We also help the township recreation department in planning a nearby nature recreation plot of 35 acres. We have also implemented Bill Vinal's concepts in the development of projects in five other states.

The Deerslayer episode was a long time ago, before most people recognized the importance of ecology. Now we have a whole new generation of ecologists, environmentalists and nature recreationists coming along. We hope that they all get the appreciation and thrill out of ecology and recognize Cap'n Bill as its source. Our Cap'n Bill Vinal Library helps. Every once in a while a student comes up with an idea from a book which he says is full of new ideas. He is always amazed when I show him my copy of the first printing of *Nature Recreation*.

I was fortunate to have worked with Bill Vinal through the National Recreation Association, National Camp, and the University of Massachusetts (but never as a formal student), as well as through the programs mentioned above. Now it is my privilege to be able to pass on some of those things which I gained from these experiences. We are now graduating about 40 students a year who will have been exposed to the meaning of nature recreation and the part that ecology plays in it.

Hope For The Future

by WILLIAM A. NELSON

One of the great regrets of my life is that I was never privileged to take a class under Cap'n Bill. By the time I met him I was long out of school and into my life's work with the American Youth Hostels — after cycling through Europe in 1934 with the first AYH Group I joined the AYH staff in 1937 and sort of grew up with the movement. But don't get me wrong — I probably learned more from Cap'n Bill than many of his students, for I came to know him at a time in life when I could truly appreciate his genius.

Cap'n Bill is the most "aware" man I have ever met and he could impart this awareness to an individual or to a group with an ease of manner that belied his long association with the classroom. He never came across as a "teacher" or "The Professor" in the academic sense of the word, for, as you talked with him, and listened, you found yourself thinking and observing as never before, and thus learning an awareness you never realized existed.

Cap'n Bill went to Europe right after World War II with Monroe Smith, founder and director of the American Youth Hostels, and together they studied the impact of the war on the one major source of recreation that European young people had always enjoyed — hosteling. They met and talked with Richard Schirrmann, the founder of the youth hostel movement, who had survived Nazi torture and brutality, and reaffirmed their faith that the hope and future of the world lay in its young people — give the youth of the world a chance to travel inexpensively and to meet one another on an informal, friendly basis, to share ideas and dreams and common problems, then the larger problems that beset the world could also someday be solved by means other than war.

I was always delighted to have Cap'n Bill accept my invitation to come to the AYH National Leadership Courses and talk and work with my group of leaders; his session was referred to as something like "Seeing What You Go By," or, "How To Make A Long Uphill Push On A Bicycle Fun As Well As Instructive." Instead of pointing out the large and grandiose features of the landscape, which were mighty obvious anyway, he would have the group sit down and look at a mud puddle, or a weed, or a tree — and then have each individual tell him, and the others, what was there. No one, that I can recall, ever got a straight answer out of Cap'n Bill to such simple straightforward questions like "What kind of tree — bird — flower — is that?" But the answers were there, and if it

took a bit of prodding, needling, and encouragement, Cap'n Bill made sure the questioner came up with the right one — and never forgot it. These leaders who had even this brief contact were better ones for it, for even though they may not have been able to teach their groups any specific bit of nature lore, they were able to impart a bit of the secret of "being aware."

One spring day I was on Cape Cod, checking out the improvements we were making on the Little America Youth Hostel at Truro — one of six hostels AYH leases on contract from the National Parks Service — and here comes Cap'n Bill with a few friends. I had not seen him for awhile and the reunion was a joyous occasion, for he was as full of enthusiasm for the hosteling idea and ideal as I was, and was pleased to see the neat, clean, comfortable facility we had made of the old Coast Guard Station. He was also impressed by the houseparents in charge, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Burger, old hostelers themselves, who ran a "tight ship" and kept the place in shining order but still retained the homey comfort and warmth that is the hallmark of hostels over the world. Cap'n Bill thought that such hostels would be the ideal vantage point to which school groups could come with a teacher, set up a base of operations with maps and test tubes and other paraphernalia, and then sally forth each day to explore the countryside, learning botany, biology, history, economics, etc., first hand; then, in the evenings, learning the most important lesson of all — how to live and work together as a cooperative family. Each student would not only be advancing in his school studies each day in a healthful outdoor atmosphere, but he would also be learning to take responsibility in planning menus, cooking meals, cleaning up, keeping his belongings and himself organized; and at the same time he would be getting a taste of cultures other than the one he lived in — learning to share and appreciate many different viewpoints.

When I was doing field work for AYH — and before I got stuck with the desk job of the Travel Director — I used to look forward with great anticipation to my trips out to Cape Cod, for then I could stop by and pass the time of day with Cap'n Bill and Mother V — the most warmly hospitable people I ever hope to know. One noontime Mother V had to leave the house on some errand, so she left the boss and me to make our own lunch. It was good; it was tasty; it was nutritious — and it was different. Some-

thing happened between the soup and the tea which Cap'n Bill was preparing and they got married and ended up in the same bowl. Strange combination he commented, this "Teoup" — but good, but good.

I knew, of course, that the American Chestnut had died off completely in the early 1900s, but my interest was always intent on trying to find out whether this great tree was ever to have a chance of coming back. So I watched a chestnut sucker year after year on a back road near our Bantam Lake Hostel in Connecticut, and finally one fall I was thrilled to see fruit on the tree. I cut off the prickly ball and wrapped it up carefully and sent it to Cap'n Bill with a triumphant announcement that the chestnut was indeed back. His answering letter was typically full of wisdom and humor, at my expense — pointing out that, yes, I was on the right track, yes, it was a chestnut, but had I looked inside? No? Sorry. There was nothing there. And he closed with the admonition to be more careful about sending him any more porcupine eggs.

So, how does one honor a good friend, a Great Chief, the best in the business? I guess the best I can do is to say *Thanks* — for being — for making me aware.

Swampin' Party

by MARGARET C. DUMAS

New Year's day 1943 was cold, overcast, with spitting snow. A discouraging holiday for those with loved ones engaged in World War II duties in various parts of the globe, while they themselves were coping with the home problems of rationing and defense production.

However, in Norwell Cap'n Bill Vinal and Mother V. held an unusual open house that day for any friend who cared to attend, which they called a Swampin' Party.

In the old days it was the custom for neighbors to help each other get the firewood which they had cut out of the woods. They had to wait until the ground in the swamps was frozen, and it was an occasion for much friendly cooperation. Such was Cap'n Bill's gathering. There was much activity as boys and girls, along with older folks, set to work with the enthusiasm, if not the skill, of former generations.

Neighbor Bob Leavitt, who at the age of over ninety had participated in many such gatherings, praised their efforts even though they did not quite come up to his standards.

Chick-a-dees, titmice, nuthatches and



"... an unusual Open-house" Vinehall Park, "house built in 1858 for Charles H. and Mary Gould Farrar, grandparents. Home of Mother V and Cap'n Bill, Norwich, Mass. on retiring, 1951."

"OLD STURDY ROOTS IN NEW ENGLAND"

W.G.V.

other winter birds flitted about, curious to see what we were doing. While some of us were familiar with these feathered friends, thanks to bird walks led by Cap'n Bill, one of the group, obviously a city gal, was heard to ask someone near her what the difference was between a titmouse and the usual mouse. Her informant replied, "A titmouse is a bird, silly!"

All this activity created hearty appetites, so everyone was happy to gather around the open fires and eat beef stew, carrot salad, sandwiches, coffee and Town Meeting cake, all prepared by another neighbor, Nellie L. Sparrell, a contemporary of Cap'n Bill and long-time Town Clerk. She had enlisted the help of the Women's Defense Corps and they did a noble job. Town Meeting cake, a delicious concoction with lots of raisins, used to be sold at Town Meetin' in the old days when such gatherings were held all day, with a break for lunch at noon.

The short winter day ended with a gorgeous sunset glowing crimson through the dark green of the pine trees. The open fires died down to glowing coals and a respectable amount of firewood had been harvested. A tiny new moon gleamed in the darkening sky.

Best of all, those who wended their way home felt they had experienced a day of friendly interchange, of thoughts which would fortify them to face the anxious days ahead, thanks to Cap'n Bill Vinal and Mother V. and their Swampin' Party.

... and just around the corner, the

South Shore Natural Science Center, Inc.

A group of unwitting citizens were introduced to the concept of nature centers by viewing a film produced by the Natural Science For Youth Foundation and narrated by John Ripley Forbes. And who was behind it all? — Cap'n Bill, of course!

The South Shore Natural Science Center was established in 1962, and our first venture was the purchase of a used school bus appropriately named "Flora." Used for daily field trips through the summer, the children collected and then investigated their findings. Every year since we have run a summer day camp based on natural science.

Three major events gave us a great boost. First, sponsoring a moon rock exhibit, drawing 10,000 visitors to the Cushing Memorial Town Hall; the gift of 16 acres of rural New England land (hard to find when the cities are creeping closer) and the lease of another 5 acres; then the building of our Science



Photo by H. R. Russell

"... for wisdom and understanding"

The South Shore Natural Science Center, Norwell, Mass.

Center, uniquely constructed by the area vocational school students, all happening in Norwell, Massachusetts, a growing country town 20 miles south of Boston.

Through trial and error, we are now instructing school children coming by the busful in the wonders of pond and field, live birds and animals. Various other programs for all ages have been successfully produced.

Through the years we have been impressed by many visitors who have been disciples of Cap'n Bill, still following the trails he laid out for them many years ago. Former students and friends have been most generous both in time and money, especially towards helping us establish a library in Cap'n Bill's name.

Cap'n Bill has sent us many of his cherished possessions — citations and honors he has received, books, pamphlets, magazines, clippings and mementoes and his own publications. Most wonderful of all, he has compiled and written a Norwell Atlas which we have just published. His prolific thoughts are ever wending their way by typewriter to us and we hope to convert more of these to the printed page. Pressure for space at this time is keeping us from displaying these artifacts and volumes. Hopefully in the near future we will be able to have ample room to have a fantastic natural science library in honor of our dear and generous friend, Cap'n Bill Vinal.

Sugarin' Off With Cap'n Bill and Mother V

by ROY BLACK

They came into our life in the spring of 1936, when the American Camping Association Secretary asked us to help a

Dr. William G. Vinal find a place where Sugarin-off still took place in Western Pennsylvania.

We traveled days and miles in our green 1936 Chevy, ending up in the small town of Bakersville, near Somerset, Pennsylvania. A town so small that you were through it before you could take your foot off the gas.

Here two families were in the business of boiling sap to syrup, and sending the first runs off to Vermont, where they sent back their second runs to consumers in Pennsylvania.

Cap'n Bill changed all that. All of our syrup is bought up by the thousands that still flock to the many sugar houses resulting from this visit. This is so vivid, because we had just shown some of the movies of his visit.

What impressed us at the very beginning of this long association, was his ability to know people as soon as he met them, to recognize what they could contribute, and have them really do their best in a recreation program.

In this light, he arranged with Ray Baldwin and the John Shrock family to have their sugar houses going full blast.

The local Church promised to serve dinner on the week-end of the Public Visitation. I believe they had chicken, and I recall Cap'n Bill telling the ladies to have enough. They didn't.

Nature Walks were scheduled, enlisting the aid of many local outdoor societies, and individuals. He astounded the Botanical Society and yours truly by finding a Witches Broom in a Black Birch tree — it only occurs in Hackberry?

The whole countryside spruced up with old time sugar buckets, hauling barrels, and other equipment pulled out from under cobwebs and chaff. Still they told me that there would be few people

who would come and appreciate.

The Sunday came, and so did the people. Thousands of people clogged the roads into Bakersville, where only a few hundred church-goers on Sunday was the usual thing. Nobody had notified the State Police, and the lone patrolman was no match for the traffic. Cap'n Bill soon straightened out the feelings, and additional help soon eased the traffic jam.

The people ate all of the food prepared, bought all of the maple syrup, and set up a chain of Sugaring-off events that last to this very day, complete now with parades, a Sugar Queen, hot sausage and pancakes, a traffic jam that gets no advertising. One man caused all of this. Most forget who started it all. We keep reminding.

We met Cap'n Bill and Mother V on the Penn State Campus many times, where he had Recreation Leaders going in every direction, following clues, making deductions, comparing observations, and making conclusions about basics so important in Environmental Education, long before the so-called experts coined the words.

Perhaps Cap'n Bill's greatest contribution was in his determination to have Nature Re-creation rather than Nature Recreation. This has been my goal, and I am old enough to see some of my students follow this path to successful outdoor experiences.

In the next ten years we traveled many times to be with Cap'n Bill, Mother V, and the students. I still show the film of the students at a sugar camp, students that would have been my first class at the University of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Black recalls the visit to the Vinal home, that was to be our home, where Mother V gave her the makings of the famous Rice Pudding.

I could write a book about Cap'n Bill and Mother V, and many would read it. But his greatness is not in his writings and in his books. My *Nature Recreation*, that students use, still has the Tepee, and the inscription that Cap'n Bill wrote, "Before Many Moons. . ."

The Cap'n Bill and Mother V team has left a blazing trail of accomplishments. Others have done this. But no husband and wife team has recruited so many players, who in turn are working so hard to Re-create Nature in the lives of the young and in the lives of the old.

The Snake in the Glove Compartment

by MRS. MURTIS HOWARD TAYLOR

I haven't been directly involved with the teaching of nature education for a number of years. But one could never have become involved with the teachings

of Cap'n Bill without having the love of nature become an integral part of his life.

My first assignment with Cap'n Bill was to organize a club at Playhouse Settlement (now known as Karamu House). The one boys club soon developed into a club every afternoon and a mother's nature club in the evening.

Upon graduating from the School of Education at Western Reserve University, I was employed as a full-time nature education leader during the school year and continuing at camp during the summer. Playhouse Settlement was the first and only Settlement that ever employed a year round nature education specialist. Since nature education became a department at the Settlement we reconverted an old empty store into our nature education center.

Cap'n Bill always instilled in us that we teach "live children" about animals with "live animals." The children brought in their pets; cats, dogs, mice, chickens, rabbits, toads, birds, turtles. A family in the neighborhood had a goat, which we borrowed. The home of the goat was six blocks away from the Settlement. I literally pulled this stubborn goat six blocks, with all of the families who lived over stores leaning out the windows cheering us on with laughter, clapping of hands, waving of scarves and handkerchiefs. One family waved an American flag to cheer us on. The goat and I were exhausted by the time we reached the Settlement. We took the goat home in our car, which smelled "goaty" for weeks.

I brought garter snakes home, one evening, for a lesson the next day. One escaped from the box in the basement. My mother was furious and frightened. She went to a neighbor's vowing she would not return to the house until Becky was found. I tried to assure her that Becky was harmless, but to the neighbors she remained until Becky was securely in the box.

I had a similar experience at an elementary school where a black snake escaped into the classroom. The cleaning women would not come into the room until Alfred was found. They finally gave in after refusing to clean the room for two evenings. No one knows what happened to Alfred.

A camp loaned us a nature leader one year to enable us to have several nature groups at an elementary school. His lesson was to be on the sparrow hawk. One of our staff went to the Museum of Natural History in her coupe to get the sparrow hawk. Her coupe was too small for the sparrow hawk's cage. With reluctance, she agreed to borrow the pilot black snake. The snake was placed in the cardboard box. While driving back to

school she glanced over her right shoulder. There was the snake sticking out its tongue at her over her shoulder. Having not been exposed to Cap'n Bill's teachings, she panicked, jumped excitedly out of the car. A good samaritan, passing by, seeing a lady in panic, came over to assist. Betty asked his assistance in getting the snake back into the box. He got into his car with a "Sorry ma'am - I can't help with that thing." Betty picked the snake up in the middle, whereupon it bit her. She slammed the snake into the box, threw books, clothes and other debris upon it and nervously returned to the school. She threw the keys into my lap and told me if I wanted that snake, go out and get it! I did, carefully removing all of the clothing and debris heaped upon the snake. Upon arriving at the bottom of the box, no snake. Betty insisted the snake was in the car. We called a few children out of class to help us look for the snake. Betty still insisted it was in the car. The leader from camp agreed to drive the car to return the snake to the Museum, after closing the bottoms of his pants with rubber bands in case the snake reappeared in the car. After driving for a few blocks, the snake came gracefully out of the glove compartment (which had no door). I got it back of the neck, holding on tenaciously while its rear parts draped gracefully around my left arm. We stopped for a red light. A truck driver stopped beside us, looked over at me and said, "My God, My God," and drove quickly away.

The teachings of Cap'n Bill have reached far and wide.

Adam and Eve

by CHARLOTTE F. WALL

I have your "Special Memorandum to Friends of Cap'n Bill Vinal." I am very happy to send you the following memories of this wonderful teacher.

Cap'n Bill has been a teacher from whom I have been learning for 24 years, and the benefits of which I have been sharing with my elementary 3rd and 4th graders down through the years at the Angier, Stearns and Lincoln-Eliot public schools in Newton, Massachusetts.

My interest in nature-recreation educational process was inspired by Cap'n Bill in the '40's, when he revealed to me the vast vista of outdoor elementary educational opportunity out in the limitless silent wilderness. This was a procedure of learning not from textbooks and classroom routine, but from a "look and see" observation of the natural wilderness, its environment and myriad life, animate and inanimate.

Students in groups of 30 to 40, chap-

eroned by parents and teachers, were enrolled for a week in Peterboro, New Hampshire, to rough it out in the woods like the early English and French settlers of the 17th and 18th centuries. Exposure to natural elements brought forth concern for the weather, for rain, snow and piercing winds required preparation for warmth and protection against frost bite. It was necessary to gather wood for kindling use, which led to inquiry and study in the nature of trees, and the kind of kindling to be gathered without destruction of living trees and shrubbery.

We also studied the terrain, rocks, rivers, trees and the many crawling and fluttering creatures, living in their natural environment, accustomed to the severe elements and predatory enemies.

The many species of birds were of special interest to me. They were so exciting that when I went back to my classroom in 1946, I procured from friends a pair of Fantail Pigeons, Adam and Eve, and corralled them in a cage in my classroom.

These loveable birds soon became members of my classroom. Instruction and research followed in the study or ornithology. Daily assignments were made to each child to care for, feed, water and cleaning of the cage. This involved arithmetic computation for the quantity of grain. The subject of nutrition became a lesson in connection with the quality of grain to be provided. Water was also discussed, as it was realized how important it is to sustain life.

The fantails were allowed to flutter about the room for exercise, and they went from child to child, alighting on a desk, child's shoulder, electric light chandelier or a comfortable molding near the ceiling.

An amazing experience occurred one warm September day, when Adam became temperamental and fluttered out an open window! He set himself up high on a sharply angled eave on the roof of the Stearns School. The children were saddened when he refused to return as they were worried about food and protection against stormy weather. Adam stubbornly remained on the roof impervious to pleas to return. Food was left at the edge of an open window at the end of the school day. Adam would fly down during the night for his food. In the morning his plate was "clean," to the delight of the children. This went on for three days. Finally, I believe, Cap'n Bill suggested that we keep Adam hungry, and under cover of a nearby student, set his plate out on the window sill, with a grasping hand ready to seize Adam. Alas! The trap worked. After two days without food, Adam came down for what he hoped would be a quick snitch! Adam

was quickly grabbed by the long human arm waiting and returned to his cage.

Another fantastic experience occurred when I had my fantails presented before a television audience. Without warning, Eve laid an egg!!! It was unexpected and proudly performed to the delight of all viewers. Cap'n Bill, when informed of the incident, jocularly, with a winking eye, accused me of "planting" the egg in a position to make it appear as a natural process. However, witnesses in the audience came to my rescue establishing authenticity to Eve's action.

A Handful of Cuttings

by FLORENCE KUNTZ GOEKJIAN

In the corner of a yard in Shaker Heights, Ohio stands a 30-foot French Willow which does its graceful and gracious best to diffuse our view of the cross-arms and metallic adornments of the utility pole serving us and adjoining neighbors.

On a farm in Dorset, Ohio, a whole row of the same willows serves as a windbreak hedge between farm house and open fields. These were all lovingly planted by my father, but they stem from the morning in 1934 when Dr. Vinal came into the classroom at the School of Education at Western Reserve U. in Cleveland with a huge armload of bundled cuttings. Spreading them along the counter, he said, "Help yourselves as you leave class, if you want some of these."

My father's first plantings along the side of our old garage made a green wall within three years and annual cuttings were in great demand among our Russian Orthodox neighbors. Every Easter Season they carried branches of catkins from their own plantings to church where they were distributed to the congregation on Palm Sunday. On Easter they were used to decorate the church, along with lilac and other early blooms, for the celebration of the Glorious Resurrection.

By now, my plantings are all memorials to my father, but each time a neighbor or friend points out some of their "offspring" in his or her yard, I feel a great glow of pleasure in recognition of the spiritual significance of the ongoing plants.

The same leap of joy comes to me each time the mail brings the familiar bundle of "Vineholler." The reading and re-reading of the testimonials of "Cap'n Bill's" continuing influence and affectionate place in the lives of so many people is a source of spiritual refreshment and rejuvenated hope for all of us—truly one of the happiest highpoints of my year!

Bugs, Bags and Birds

by GRACE LOWE REED

To a great humanitarian, educator and nature lover, Dr. William G. Vinal, I owe the major happiness of my entire life. I entered Rhode Island College of Education in January, 1922 and in a short time was taking members of my class on bird trips before the school day began. Camp counseling was my summer activity following nature lore instruction at Camp Chequesset. Many problems were shared with my Cap'n Bill, always bringing comfort. Only this week I was reminded of my resentment at being introduced to the campers as "The Bug Woman." While making suet bird feeders for the church bazaar I was asked "Are you the 'Bug Woman'?" I can really accept any name relating me with science.

My science teaching spanned 35 years. The love of beauty and humility that brightens the face of a child or an adult when looking at a beautiful warbler is its greatest reward.

A man named Foster in Conway, Mass. exchanged his gun for a bird guide which he kept on the front seat of his car. This ardent birder was converted by the page of spring warblers in Peterson's Bird Guide.

A college student from Boston University called me when home on vacation and asked for a bird trip. There were three cars in the family but none available on the day he was to meet me. At 7:00 a.m. he arrived on a bicycle, a distance of eight miles from home. He chained his bike to a tree and we were birding. I shall always remember this grown man saying, "Mrs. Reed, I love that bird." It was an Indigo Bunting. He requested another trip for his girl friend.

College students from Amherst were studying at Quabbin Reservoir. One fellow inquired about our activities. I again turned to Peterson's page of spring warblers and identified some in the area. He remarked, "You have opened a whole new world for me. Things like this could close the generation gap."

This would not be complete without a few birding experiences. We entered Goose Island in Texas the first week of April about sunset to find all camping areas were taken. Since our car was our living quarters we were directed to the edge of an inlet cove. The next morning from 6:00 a.m. on, many, many birds came in to bathe in the heat of the rising sun. A truly thrilling experience. The most thrilling new bird on my "Life List" at this stop was the Reddish Egret. We continued on to King Ranch and Bentsen State Park where I saw the female Copper-Tailed Trogon. I was disappointed

that I couldn't have seen the mister, but was glad she came in response to my calls.

Our next stop was Big Bend National Park. We camped in the lower basin near the Rio Grand River. Occasionally we saw roadrunners or a family of Wild Boars. This sent people for their cameras. I had arranged to meet two campers at 7:00 p.m. to see the Elf Owls who were living in a telephone pole. We flashed a strong light in the entrance and soon a head appeared and the female flew out to feed. You can predict very accurately when they will leave the nest in the morning or at night. The bird most sought in this area was Waglers' Mexican Oriole. 1970 was only the second year it had been seen in the U.S.A. After seeing the elf owls, I decided the next morning I would look for the Wagler's Oriole.

The night was bright with a full moon and lights from the camping area. I awoke with the singing of the mockingbirds and decided to start birding with the sunrise. After I had showered and completed the morning chores, except for breakfast, my traveling companion, Olga, said, "Grace, are you sick? It is 2:30 a.m." Well, I returned to bed but was rewarded later by being able to alert the campers to see the Waglers' Oriole. Later in the morning we saw fourteen vultures on a low dead bush. They were all in different positions and appeared to be dead with wings outspread to get the heat of the sun. They were all very much alive. A very unusual sight.

A college student from University of Texas stopped to tell us where we could see Prairie Chickens, Burrowing Owls and Prairie Dogs. The night before a skunk had entered his tent and was eating cinnamon buns under his bed. While lying motionless, the upraised tail of the skunk brushed across his face. He stayed about an hour, then left. What an ordeal!

Experiences with nature and the great outdoors enrich life and make it worth living.

We still have a bird group of adults ranging in age from 55 to 78. It has brought untold pleasure to all and we have introduced ourselves to others just by putting up bird feeders. One of our group has just moved to Colorado and has enrolled in a course in Western Ornithology at Colorado Mt. College.

My husband and I much prefer a walk through the woods with our binoculars to a theater dinner party. We traveled to Europe twice and Texas three times with binoculars instead of cameras. The world may think we are out of step but it is what we love.

It is indeed a pleasure for me to know a great honor is coming to a very great man and a dear friend for fifty-two years.

Saving God's Earth

by OLIVE (OLLIE) SCHREINER

When I was a student at Western Reserve University in the early 1930's, Cap'n Bill Vinal was aware of pollution and the destruction of creation. One of his favorite quotes was, "People are killing the goose that laid the golden egg." Cap'n Bill was far ahead of the times when he pointed out the despoiled green hillsides, the destruction of the mighty forests, the wasted mineral resources, the littered countryside, the fouled air and polluted streams, lakes and oceans.

The Bible tells us that God created a good earth giving people the beauties of nature and essentials for a full life. However, people have been too willing to squander the richness of creation mostly for material gains. Material gain is something Cap'n Bill never cared about, because he had too many other riches, such as lasting friendships, loyal students, a keen sense of humor, and a positive philosophy of life which centered around nature recreation.

The idea of conservation and saving God's earth was taught to me by Cap'n Bill many years ago. I feel this concept must be taught to the children of today. They have to understand, examine the consequences and carry the program into action. This is the reason all the pupils at St. James School in Lakewood, Ohio participated in a program called *Saving God's Earth*. Committees were formed to carry out different projects such as:

1. Removing gum wads from the asphalt parking lot.
2. Cleaning up the school grounds.
3. Planting gardens.
4. Keeping rooms and halls attractive.
5. Collecting cans and paper for recycling.
6. Selling trash bags in the neighborhood.
7. Presenting programs related to pollution.

Many students wrote poetry and songs about the program. The following is a poem which was written by a fifth grade class.

SAVE GOD'S EARTH

Pollution is poisoning God's good earth,
Take this warning for what it is worth,
People are spoiling the richness of
creation,
With their selfish destruction of forests,
minerals, streams and oceans in all
locations.

To save God's Earth there can be no
hesitation.
Everyone must help clean up the water,
air and land.
So come follow the band,
Stop the waste and work with haste,
Before it is too late.

Skyscraping

by WILHELMINA A. NULL

When I think of Cap'n Bill Vinal, I immediately recall how he instilled in each of his students the importance of keen observation. This was true whether we walked down the middle of a stream searching for caddis-fly larval cases or quietly listening to the sounds emerging from the corridor at Rhode Island College.

A course in "Nature Lore" at Quin-sicket Woods in Lincoln, R. I. under the direction of Dr. Vinal taught me much about observing nature first hand, building fires, cooking, games, telling stories and singing songs with groups. Here I was inspired to emphasize nature study in my class room, even though no such course of study was required. Subsequently I took a Nature Counselor's course at his camp, Chequesset, on Cape Cod and from there was engaged as a counselor at Camp Trefoil, a Girl Scout Camp at Danbury, Connecticut. As is customary for a nature counselor, I instructed the scouts on the material needed to earn their nature merit badges.

So that they might actually see the Big Dipper swing around the North Star, I had them sleep out under the open sky. Thus the star clock became a reality to them, even if I had to shake sleepy children awake several times in the night to observe the changing position of the Big Dipper.

Astronomy interested me keenly and in 1932 I became a charter member of the R. I. Amateur Astronomical Society, later to be called Skyscrapers Inc. This organization joined with Brown University in sponsoring a considerable number of Eclipse Expeditions, led by Prof. Charles H. Smiley, Director of Ladd Observatory at Brown. I had the good fortune to be one of the members of this society to go on three of these expeditions. One was to Camp Katahdin in Sweden, Maine on August 31, 1932. For the July 9, 1945 eclipse we traveled to Roblin, Manitoba. The third expedition was to Araxá, Minas Gerais, Brazil for the May 20, 1947 total eclipse. These were never to be forgotten experiences.

I hope that, in some small way, I have continued to instill the love of earth and sky sciences in my young students as Cap'n Bill did in all his students in many years of teaching.

We Teach As We Were Taught

by PHYLLIS M. FORD

The two people who have exerted the most influence on my professional career are both former National Presidents of

the American Camping Association. Dr. William Gould Vinal, known endearingly as Cap'n Bill, was President of the National Camp Directors Association (a forerunner of ACA) in 1928 when he was director of a private camp for girls in New England. He was my adviser when I was an undergraduate major in Nature Recreation at the University of Massachusetts. It was he who introduced me to the ACA when in 1948 he suggested I miss a few days of school to attend an ACA convention in Boston. It was he who recommended joining ACA which I did in 1948. It was he who permitted me to undertake a year long undergraduate research paper on camp administration. It was he who introduced me to the field of outdoor education and it was he who steered my long-time interest in natural history from an avocation to a vocation. It was he who laid the ground work for some of the courses I now teach.

Several years ago, I was asked to co-author a text on the administration of youth camps and I smiled as I remembered how it was that I had initially become interested in camp administration. I had had several years of experience as a camp counselor and wished to take "Kid" Gore's classes on Camp Counseling and Camp Administration in the Men's Physical Education Department. Cap'n Bill remembered that if I wanted to do that, I should go and ask "Kid" Gore if he would admit a girl to his classes. I don't know who was more flabbergasted by his affirmative response, Mr. Gore or I, but nevertheless that started the precedent which not only permitted me to expand interest in Camp Administration, but to expand the Men's Physical Education Department into co-educational classes.

It didn't end there, though, for throughout my senior year, Cap'n Bill humored my insistence to do research into Camp Administration which culminated in an "honors paper" on the subject and sowed the seed for a lifelong interest in youth camping, the subsequent textbook, and affiliation with the American Camping Association on local and national levels.

They say that we teach as we were taught. That explains the unorthodox methods of a professor at the University of Oregon. When she was first hired, she turned deaf ears on the administrator who insisted field trips (outside the library visits) robbed a student of valuable education, and surreptitiously held classes on youth camp properties in the rain. Now, thirteen years later, there are hundreds of students who remember experiential classes wherein their assignments had been: teach one natural resource activity, and one camp recreation

activity for five days and plan a last night campfire for 100 sixth graders. There are classroom teachers and municipal recreation staff who administer their own outdoor programs and others who know to call by January first for college students trained to serve as resource staff for spring outdoor schools.

There are self-guided interpretive trails for schools, parks, campus, neighborhoods and camps. There is the self-guided trail for the handicapped in the Willamette National Forest, the historical tours through the lumbering ghost town of Wendling and soon there will be three guided trails at the Forest Resource Center in Portland — one for non-reading pre-schoolers.

Those naive students! Imagine, in winter term when most people stay inside, finding yourself in a class with three or four required field trips in the rain on your choice of days, Saturday or Sunday. Field trips with activities like feeling sea anemones in the cold North Pacific Ocean, sitting alone in a wet Douglas Fir Forest, touching, smelling, hearing, tasting, or seeing.

What a practical way to teach! At least that is what I think, for I am that strange professor who knows no other way. How can environmental decisions be made unless people really know (through all their senses and intellects) what the environment is? We teach as we are taught. Am I behind the times, because I still interpret cellar holes, azimuths and listening at several octaves? Is it still all right to pass around a garter snake or play an environmental simulation game?

I think it is all right to learn by experience, but sometimes it can get one into trouble. The only way I know how to have students learn that the odor from which the western skunk cabbage gets its name is from the odor found at the base of the leaves, while the odor from the pollinating blossom is extremely fragrant. But Cap'n Bill never told me not to use the plant closest to U.S. 101 for a group of students to sniff.

That poor state policeman! He knew that was the year of hallucinatory glue sniffing episodes and drove past us three times as we blatantly passed the fragrant spathe from sniffer to sniffer. He finally stopped, asked to see our car registrations and listened to my explanation of a university field trip. He left us, shaking his head and I have since often envisioned him asking his buddies, "What will those college kids — or their professors — think of next?"

Yes, we teach as we were taught by Cap'n Bill. And it is a way of life. But, I'll think twice before I conduct skunk cabbage sniffing on U.S. 101 again.

Report From Brooklyn Botanic Garden

by FRANCES M. MINER

Curator of Instruction, 1945-1973

Camping and courses with Cap'n Bill were never my privilege, but meetings, though few and far between, were always a pleasure and inspiration.

In 1930, I was invited by Miss Ellen Eddy Shaw to join the instruction staff of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden where the Children's Garden became my special interest and assignment among the varied activities of the department. By way of training and experience, Miss Shaw sent me to visit the school gardens in Cleveland, Ohio, then and still, the most extensive program in the country. At that time "Cap'n" Bill was at Western Reserve University, and as he and Miss Shaw were very active in the American Nature Study Society I had an opportunity during that Cleveland visit for a first meeting with him. Some years later I saw "Cap'n" Bill at an outdoor education conference at Mass. Agricultural College (now University of Massachusetts), and still later one of his students became an excellent instructor at the Botanic Garden. Meanwhile, his book "Nature Guiding" was read and reread by many staff members.

Nature study is usually not the main purpose of gardening, but this Children's Garden in Brooklyn has been a center of environmental education for hundreds of young people for more than sixty years. Sun and soil, wind and water, bugs and birds, animals and people are in constant inter-play; plants bring them all together!

When the Botanic Garden was started in Brooklyn in 1910, the first director, Dr. C. Stuart Gager, initiated the idea of a program of popular education to include children as well as adults. In 1913 Ellen Eddy Shaw was appointed to direct activities that would bring children into the Botanic Garden. School classes were invited to visit immediately and the Garden — where children would actively participate — began in 1914, the first in a botanic garden anywhere in the world.

A bit more than an acre of land is set aside for this program. Boys and girls from nine years to seniors in high school work together planting, tending and harvesting their own small vegetable plots and the long border of annual flowers. Any child may join the group in spring or summer when space becomes available and may re-enroll for as many seasons as his serious interest continues. Current enrollment is close to 400 students per year.

No two seasons are ever exactly alike,

for teachers and students add ideas and new approaches, but the general procedure and the basic philosophy of this leisure-time program have been constant. The children are expected to do their own work and abide by the results, pay for their privileges in a self-respecting way, stick to their jobs and help others and the larger Botanic Garden.

For some, interests sparked here have led to careers in plant science, or related fields. For the many, innumerable reports through the years recall happy memories of work and learning in a garden, tell of plantings at new homes across the country and bring expressions of concern for the Botanic Garden itself.

I believe "Cap'n" Bill will agree with one of Miss Shaw's favorite quotations, from Comenius, "As far as possible men are taught to become wise, not by books, but by the heavens, the earth, oaks and beeches, that is, they must learn to know and examine things themselves. . . ."

Practicing a Way of Life

by WARREN D. JOHANSSON

I liked what I heard about a fellow called Dr. Vinal on campus, Mass. State College (now U. Mass.) back in 1941. So I went to see him; and it was then, and for the first time, that a faculty member became a very real person to me as well as a teacher of "things." There were always lots of "thingsie" people, but few whose way of life exceeded subject-matter oriented material in importance. As I reflect back, I realize now it was Cap'n Bill Vinal, and Mother "V", too, who were constantly practicing a way of life that seemed very compatible to my ideals. Maybe people, open space and green acres were more important than the hairs on a flea's back after all. Furthermore, this fellow, Cap'n Bill, taught by using the Socratic method and involvement seemed to be a key attraction. His students were doers deeply involved in community affairs, particularly those in nature education and outdoor recreation.

In those days Cap'n Bill's pioneering nature education or Biological Field Studies (BFS) as they came to be known was a novice idea to many. Nature recreation didn't have the sweat-shirt and muscle flair to be associated with a traditional recreational-physical education complex and of course it didn't specialize enough in any of the conventional fields of biology to allow the conventional biologist to accept his maverick program as part of theirs. So Cap'n Bill's program at Mass. State went it alone very successfully, and well enrolled at that, in spite of administrative obstacles. Had Cap'n Bill been born twenty-five years later, literally hundreds of institu-

tions would have begged his presence on their campuses.

I think of that fine old teacher of the Socratic method as one of the "greats" of outdoor education in America who pioneered the thinking that made possible Earth Day and the resulting environmental awareness that is now an important part of our planning.

For nearly thirty years I've been teaching geology and related environmental "things," but not without some of the humanistic values that came from Cap'n Bill's classes. Of all, my greatest satisfaction has come from being able to establish an Environmental Science curriculum at the Greenfield (Mass.) Community College which is considerably patterned after the philosophy and skills taught by Cap'n Bill. It is with a great sense of satisfaction that we live in a time when Cap'n Bill's pioneering and prophecy are being translated into reality.

Summers at Bear Brook

by EVELYN BERGSTROM MELACK

For thirteen summers I have been the director of the N. H. Audubon Nature Center at Bear Brook State Park in Suncook, New Hampshire. This has been a rewarding experience not only for me but for my family—husband, son and daughter. We have enjoyed "escaping" to N. H. from congested, polluted New Jersey where we make our home. For several years the children were my assistants at the Nature Center, until other interests drew them elsewhere. This past summer, another of Cap'n Bill's former students was my assistant, Jean Gould Hollis of Nashua.

The program runs from late June through Labor Day and offers a number of attractions. The exhibits emphasize ecology and conservation, and consist of live and mounted specimens of N. H. plants and animals, rocks and shells, nature games and crafts. Field trips are held three mornings a week and nature movies are shown one evening a week. Self-guiding nature trails with informational booklets are also open to the public. Our nature library has an excellent collection of books for use by visitors to the Center. Special activities such as star-gazing and bird walks are conducted when requested.

In the fall of 1973 a school program was offered for three weeks. This proved so popular with the schools that it was given again in the spring and fall of 1974. The theme of the program is "Ecology and You" and is geared for grades 3 to 6. There is a choice of 8 lesson subjects, all dealing with some aspect of ecology.

My training in nature recreation under

Cap'n Bill proved valuable not only for the N. H. work but also for a variety of jobs over the years in camps, sanctuaries and Audubon school programs. His continued interest in his students has been unique and has endeared him to many as a friend as well as teacher. When I graduated from college I thanked him for showing me how to live while making a living.

Nature and Books at Otter River

by MABEL M. SCHMIDT

In 1938 I was fortunate to be able to study under the direction of "Cap'n Bill" as we learned to call him at the Nature Guide School on Priest Brook in Otter River State Forest, which was the first State forest founded by the Massachusetts Commonwealth back in 1915.

I had been an admirer of Dr. Vinal for some time, having had a copy of his book *Nature Guiding*, and so was delighted to be able to meet him and study with him. Thus, I spent an enjoyable six weeks being exposed to Cap'n Bill's philosophy of "study nature, not books," with his thought-provoking questions and discussions which led all the pupils to think more deeply and observe more clearly than ever before. Cap'n Bill did not always tell us, he let us carry out our own observations, and thus gain useful knowledge by correlating the things we were learning. Once I remember he said, "I exposed you to it, didn't I?" when all of us had failed to look up something in a book which he had casually laid on a table where we were studying at the same time remarking that we would find something interesting in it.

Cap'n Bill made me richer in what I value—good memories, advanced knowledge, and new friends, who throughout all these years have enriched my love for New England—its seashore, mountains, forests, lakes, which all became a part of me. Since those days in 1938, I've spent many holidays there going back to the Otter River area nearly every year. But my greatest love has been Mt. Monadnock, which I have hiked in all kinds of weather and at all times of day and night. Only let someone say, "Let's hike Monadnock." and immediately my hiking shoes are on. The spell that surrounds Monadnock is due to Cap'n Bill and the friends I made while at Otter River, and this love of the mountain I have passed on to a great many young people during the past years. Many of our "get-togethers" begin with "do you remember the spider mending its broken web?" or "do you still remember climbing the chimneys" or "being on the Giant Slide and not being able to get off?" and

"Emma had no heels left on her shoes, just the nails clicking the rock," or "The night we were lost after the hurricane when the paths came to an end?" Monadnock had so much to offer us.

Camping, hiking, and cooking-out quickly became a way of life for me and my students. It did not matter whether four or sixty wanted to go on a week-end jaunt. We could always find ways and means and a desire to see and find out. One of my lasting memories was a church service on the top of a mountain where we had hiked. No matter what the faith of the young people, they all took an active part in some way in the service.

I have continued to work with Girl Scouts, Brownies, church groups, nieces, nephews, grandchildren and the neighbor children in the field of Nature Recreation and Conservation, and these young people are passing on the teachings of Dr. Vinal to the younger ones. So, you see, it has been a chain reaction. Franklin said, "The doors of wisdom are never shut." Lin Yutang said, "The wise man reads both books and life itself." Cap'n Bill combines nature and life and wisdom.

A Ramble Along Doan Brook

by JOAN H. COTTON

Cap'n Bill! What memories that name arouses. And after forty years; no, forty-two!

At that time I was teaching science in Roxboro Jr. High School in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. So my interest in Cap'n Bill's field trip along Doan Brook was a natural, an inspiration.

It was fun following the brook toward its source, noting the rock formations through which it had cut its way from the five glacial periods to the present. Its source was in upper Shaker Lake where the Shaker settlement needed a grist mill. In fact, as the brook cut its way down to the level of Lake Erie, it fell 215 feet in nine miles. As a result, five grist mills were built and other lakes formed; Ambler, Wade and Rockefeller. From them it flowed through the Boulevard to Gordon Park on Lake Erie.

Happy families had picnics along its banks and many a sweltering evening saw people stretched out on the cool grass or under the willows.

This ramble brought back memories of long ago when I was about nine years old and lived close to Doan's Corners and Wade Park. The lake was irregular with huge trees surrounding it and row-boats with happy young people enjoying its placid waters. At the northern end were stepping stones just above the waterfall formed by draining Doan

Brook. We skipped back and forth over the stones hoping we would slip and enjoy getting our feet wet.

North of the lake was a chestnut grove and in the Fall we would hunt the sweet nuts.

Now much has been changed — but not our memories.

The N.R.A. Helps the NRA

by GEORGE D. BUTLER

It was not my good fortune to be one of Cap'n Bill's students nor do I have any accomplishments in the nature field for which he could share the credit. However, we have had many interests in common over the years and I am grateful for the opportunity to express my great respect for him and my affection for him and Mother Vinal.

I first became acquainted with Cap'n Bill early in the Depression while a member of the staff of the National Recreation Association. It was my lot to help plan a series of four-week institutes that were held in many cities, primarily to provide basic training for emergency relief workers who were to serve as recreation leaders in their communities. Cap'n Bill was chosen a member of the team of four specialists who with a director comprised the institute staff. Obviously, he was the nature specialist on the team.

Occasionally, I was called on to direct an institute, so had an opportunity to become well acquainted with the Vinals. I was able to sit in on several of his classroom sessions and to observe his informal but effective teaching methods. Unfortunately, I was unable to join the group on the nature observation trips arranged in each city. These outings opened the students' eyes to countless evidences of nature which had previously been unobserved. I recall especially the amazement of the students at a New York City institute, as Cap'n Bill exposed a great variety of nature forms which none of them had realized could be found in the big city.

There was no doubt that the leaders who had been exposed to Cap'n Bill's philosophy were better able to introduce nature in their program, and the directory of interesting points of nature in the city and its environs, which he prepared for each institute, served as a useful guide for the local leaders. It was difficult to understand how he could prepare these directories in the two-week periods.

Although Cap'n Bill's work with the Association was of relatively brief duration, it was only the beginning of a long and satisfying relationship. My older son, George, as a child had a great interest in nature and had a remarkable collection of marine life, insects, etc. by the

time he was in high school. I well recall one day when the Vinals were visiting us that George gave Cap'n Bill a detailed lecture about his specimens, oblivious of the fact he was talking to an authority. Cap'n Bill did not bat an eye as he listened with interest and appreciation. George later went to Massachusetts University and holds a doctorate in entomology from Cornell.

Mrs. Butler and I have rarely enjoyed such hospitality as on our visits to the Vinal home in Amherst. I shall never forget the remarkable intelligence and obedience displayed by that beautiful dog Cap'n Bill had trained so well. Later, we never went to Cape Cod without stopping in Norwell for a visit and lunch at one of Cap'n Bill's favorite dining spots. How disappointed we were on our last visit to the Cape to learn from Dr. Vinal (Jr.) that his father wasn't able to see us. We are delighted that his 93rd birthday will be appropriately recognized and are honored that we can have this small part in it.

Nature's Designs

by EDNA W. LAWRENCE

During the fifty-one years I have taught drawing and painting at the Rhode Island School of Design, a great deal of time has been spent using all kinds of nature material as a source of design. During this time I have built up a large collection of all kinds of nature objects for the use of students. At present we have about 20,000 specimens.

This material may inspire the potential *Architect* in terms of structure — such as arches in seed pods or the inside of a sand dollar, and the strength in the bracing inside a butternut.

The student in *Industrial Design* may get ideas for better joining by studying the sutures of a skull, or the scalloped edge and hinge of a bivalve shell.

Again, for the *Textile Designer* there is countless material for surface patterns — on shells, on butterfly wings, snake skins, and marble.

There are wonderful three dimensional forms to be found in claystones, crystals and plant life that could inspire the *Sculptor* and student in *Ceramics*.

For the *Illustrator*, *Jewelry Maker*, *Painter*, *Photographer*, *Printmaker*, *Apparel Designer*, and potential *Teacher*, there is ample material for inspiration — such as mounted birds and animals, skeletons, sea life, and the principle of camouflage with its protective colors.

Geometric principles are found in sea urchins, snow crystals, spiral shells, and pine cones, to mention a few illustrations.

Texture is very important to any designer, and practically every variety can

be found in the collection. The element of contrast is also very important — contrast as found on the inside and outside of shells, seed pods, nuts, etc.

Nature drawing is planned to open the eyes of the student to see the limitless potential that is available in nature, if he will but turn to it for inspiration.

At present I have a class in elective nature drawing. It includes many juniors and seniors, a graduate student, and several students from Brown University, and they are from nearly every department of the college.

The “wows” I hear when objects are explored under the microscope, and the enthusiasm of one student wanting to share his “find” with another — these are very gratifying indeed.

For a number of years I knew Cap'n Bill as a director of Camp Chequessett (where I first worked in the kitchen and later went back as a craft counsellor). His enthusiasm, humor, and leadership were an inspiration, and I learned a lot from him — especially in terms of taking advantage of a situation when it presented itself, and to put other things aside.

I remember once he heard of a large group of black fish (a type of whale) that was beached some distance away from camp. So we all went to see this exceptional sight. There were thirty or forty of these tremendous mammals — a sight we will never forget.

Everything at Chequessett had to be based on the tides, so things were different all the time, which made it much more exciting than having a “cut and dried” program.

Cap'n Bill's spirit was behind everything — his ideas, his enthusiasm, and wit. A truly fine leader and an inspiration to all who have the good fortune to know him.

Saturday Morning, By Trolley

by GERTRUDE HARRINGTON HANNIGAN

My life has been greatly enriched by William Gould Vinal. I was a student in his classes at Rhode Island Normal School as an undergraduate, where my interest in Nature Study began. Later, while teaching, I took every Extension Course which he taught during his tenure at the school, which had become R. I. College of Education at my Commencement.



Photo by Rockcastle

NATURE'S DESIGNS! “WOW!”

The courses offered on Saturdays were the most enjoyable, and never to be missed. (Always having been a late riser, my family was amazed at my ability to awaken at dawn or pre-dawn to catch the suburban trolley to Lincoln Woods for field trips.) Once I missed our designated departure, took the next scheduled trolley and searched the wooded trails until the group was found. On these trips to Quinsnicket Glen, Table Rock, Druid Circle, Sunset Point, Potowomut and Swan Point, we learned so much. A different kind of fire was built each time. Fish baked in clay, Goulash, Slum Gullion, Kabobs, Rum-Tum-Tiddy on toast, eggs and bacon fried on flat hot rocks, reflector oven biscuits, Indian lemonade and Sassafras tea were prepared and enjoyed. Topographic maps were followed to destinations. Trees, shrubs, ferns, grasses, mosses, fungi and algae were identified as well as birds and their songs.

One Saturday, Dr. Vinal asked me to sit with him en route. He had been to a Camp Directors' meeting and asked if I would be interested in a summer job as Nature Counselor at a camp in the Adirondacks. The result of that inquiry gave me many years of happiness in sharing my knowledge of campcraft and nature recreation with eager, happy girls at Camp Jeanne d'Arc. The director and staff have become lifetime friends. *Dr. Vinal was responsible.*

Through him, I learned about Cornell's Botany Courses and attended summer sessions for four years, under the direction of Dr. Loren Petrie, preparing to become a Botany major. During the school years, I took courses as a special student at Brown University with Dr. Walter Snell and Dr. George Church of the Department of Botany. *Again Dr. Vinal's influence.*

While still an undergraduate, a few students attended a Nature Study Conference at Bear Mountain Park in the

Catskills. I was one of those privileged to participate. It was a memorable experience. *Dr. Vinal made it possible.*

About sixteen years ago, I visited him and “Mother V” at Vinehall. I treasure the postal card he sent me with illustrated directions. It was a wonderful reunion. They showed me the quilt that his former students had made for them, each square with a special significance, and many other moments. We donned rainwear to explore his fish pond. His enthusiasm was as remarkable and contagious as always. He inscribed a copy of his book, *Nature Recreation*, for me, and in reply to my note to them, addressed to Dr. and Mrs. Vinal, he wrote, “You can be more informal. Everyone calls us “Mother V” and “Cap'n Bill.” So he has always been addressed as Cap'n Bill since then.

Since my retirement five years ago, I have had more time to indulge in nature's wonders. It is so rewarding to recognize trees in winter, wild flowers and grasses emerging in spring, and bird calls all year. My children have benefited, too, from what Cap'n Bill taught me.

The Strong Run That The Weak May Walk

by GEORGE S. SINNICKS

It was said of Edmund Burke that no one could wait out a rainshower in a doorway for ten minutes with him without leaving a different and better man. This is the way I feel about Cap'n Bill. I was going down the road to nowhere when he turned me around, gave me a sense of direction and purpose which has been the primary factor in my life.

I was working as a laborer when I received a scholarship to Nature Guide School at Otter River State Forest. It was there that I met Cap'n Bill, Director of the camp. After a stimulating two week period, I went back to the job I had but couldn't get Cap'n Bill out of my mind. During a weekend visit to his camp the following summer, he persuaded me to return to college.

That fall found me at Mass. State College with Cap'n Bill as my mentor. A group of us spent more time at Cap'n Bill's home than we did in his classes. Mother “V” always made us feel welcome, and the two of them taught us what life was about and showed us the meaning of service. One example of this concern was getting me a job in the summer of 1941 on the Conservation Van; it was a remarkable summer for me and my colleague, Dr. George Erickson.

After graduation in 1942 and war duty, I entered a business career some-

what removed from the love and protection of our natural resources. I could not get far from the pattern of life I'd come to admire in Cap'n Bill. Since coming to Charlotte, it has been a privilege to serve as an elder in the Presbyterian Church, on the Executive Board of the local Boy Scout Council, and as a director of the Nature Museum. My chief expression has been an active part in the Shrine Bowl of the Carolinas — a football game between the North and South Carolina High School All-Stars. Our motto: "Strong legs run that weak legs may walk." This has been a very successful device for providing several million dollars for the Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children in Greenville, South Carolina. The miracles they have wrought, the cripples who have been taken out of wheel chairs and set on running feet, have been ample reward to those of us who have headed this project.

It's a long way from Mass. State to Charlotte and the Shrine Bowl, from 1938 to 1974. But for me they are held together by a vision that has not dimmed with the years nor grown stale — personified in Cap'n Bill Vinal.

"Who Can Name It?"

by HELEN PETERJOHN

After forty years of scouting, I must also admit that I have known Cap'n Bill for over forty years.

I attended Nature Guide School at Hudson, Ohio when Cap'n Bill was the Director and Professor at Western Reserve University.

My interest in the out-of-doors grew as I became active in scouting. I used Cap'n Bill's techniques and philosophy in my teaching career as well as in scouting. Soon scouting became a way of life to me. The scout was always more important to me than the program. As the years went by, the troop built up traditions. We always went camping. Then came the desire to take short trips in the summer time. We earned our money by having a Smorgasbord each year. This gave opportunity for parents and scouts to work together. If a scout was chosen for a wider opportunity, we were able to help financially. So the Smorgasbord became one of our traditions. We still have it and the community looks forward to this event.

Troop 5, oldest troop in service in Cleveland, Ohio, has a trip every summer. We travel by private cars with a trailer to carry camp equipment.

Two years we went to Cape Cod (1966 and 1968). We camped at Bourne campgrounds. This was a big thrill for

all of us because we visited Cap'n Bill and Mother "V" each year in Norwell. We shared our lunches and sang camp songs. Troop 5 is an integrated troop. Cap'n Bill took us on a tour of his place. The friendship fireplace, made of rocks donated by former students and friends was a big treat for all of us. On our last visit we saw the Elementary School named in his honor. He was our personal guide.

We've had many wonderful trips in the last twenty years: Canada, New England, New York State, Washington, D.C., Kentucky, Michigan and many state parks in Ohio.

At times we've had disappointments with the hard work but there is satisfaction in knowing some scouts get a real spark of enthusiasm for the out-of-doors. Many former scouts are now leaders. They want their daughters to have similar experiences. Just recently I talked to a mother of a former scout. Her daughter is married and lives in Caracas, Venezuela. She has her own Guide troop there.

One time, on a field trip with Cap'n Bill, we were studying trees. We came upon a large tree with unusual compound leaves. "Who can name it?" asked Cap'n Bill. We were all puzzled. We studied the bark, shape, and finally walked around the tree. Then we discovered it was a dead tree covered with poison-ivy. Make your own discoveries!

I'm glad you came to Reserve, Cap'n Bill. You gave me the start. Now I hope I can inspire many more young people to become leaders in conservation.

Siders Pond Birds

by MARY L. SMITH

The bluebills are here! Mid-October brings the first of the migratory ducks to Siders Pond in Falmouth, Mass. and the beginning of a winter of delight for observant birders. We have lived on the edge of this pond for the last ten years, close enough to observe the comings and goings, the habits and idiosyncrasies of the various kinds of birds that find sanctuary here during many months of the year. I am neither a naturalist nor a writer and was only able to identify a mallard when I first came here. But armed with various books in easy reach and a pair of binoculars, I can now name most of the ducks and other birds that come into view. Rather than the numbers I see, and there are literally thousands, my interest is in their actions and interrelationships. Perhaps I can tie my observations into the seasons of the year by which we all must live, but it will be a somewhat rambling story.

As mentioned above, the bluebills (hunters' name for scaup) are the first to appear from the north — then we know summer is really over and cool weather close by. They stay into March and afford us delight during the winter months. Through the day they rest on the pond but periodically exercise, swimming in formation as if led by a drill sergeant, chasing each other, diving and churning up the water. Most thrilling of all to watch is just before sundown when they take off to feed on the mussel beds along Vineyard Sound — they wheel and turn over the pond in uncountable numbers, with the lowering sun lighting their white underbody feathers — an unforgettable and lovely sight.

As the months go on, other ducks come in from the north to winter over on Siders Pond. To me the most beautiful of all are the canvasbacks, and we are fortunate to have many here. To name some of the others seen and identified — baldpates or widgeons, ringed-necked ducks, buffleheads, ruddy ducks, black ducks, golden-eyes, mergansers. Siders Pond is famous for its tufted duck, but I regret I have never sighted it. Along with the ducks come the coots, who are really the "fall guys" — they dive and bring up weeds to eat, but all the others gather round and grab them from the coots who obligingly dive for more.

Canada geese we always have with us, summer and winter. Stately and beautiful, all other birds give way before them as they land on the water or swim down its length. One winter day I counted 75 slide into the water from the edge of the ice, with more to come when I stopped counting.

As the months progress and March comes, our winter friends begin to leave, but others come to make us aware of the changing seasons. When the cormorants appear in large numbers, we know the herring are coming in to spawn — in spring evenings we can hear them slapping on the rocks at the edge of the pond and see a great number of them. Also, the "quarks" — black-crowned night herons — appear, to fish for the herring, sitting on the branches of trees overhanging the water — to the discomfiture of land birds who dive at them until they fly off to another post. Kingfishers often flash by and dive at likely targets. And blue herons take their stand along the edge of the pond to enjoy the good fishing.

Soon, as spring progresses, the mallards appear with their babies, up to twelve to one pair. At the same time a muskrat swims by and turtles are sunning at the edge of the pond. They perhaps have something to do with the disappearance of some baby ducklings.

Those tiny bits of fluff are amazing to watch in the water — no bigger than one's hand, they can swim in the gustiest wind.

We are fortunate to have had a pair of mute swans nesting at one end of the pond for several years and so an opportunity to watch them and their cygnets during the summer. The young grow very fast but do not learn to fly until early fall, under the guidance of their parents, who in the meantime are most devoted and protective. Often one sees adult and young swimming along with one foot out of water, resting it on their backs.

Birds at Siders Pond was the subject assigned me by Cap'n Bill — I have limited myself to the water birds and undoubtedly left out many, and though my knowledge of them is very superficial, watching them has given me much satisfaction and enjoyment.

I cannot finish this without a word about that grand person, Cap'n Bill. I knew him in the 1920's at Camp Chequesset in Wellfleet. Many fun and funny remembrances of those years come to me as I write. But as I look back, somehow or other, without my realizing it, he instilled in me a love of all natural things that has stayed with me through the years.

Forth to New Adventures

by JOAN C. HARAP

The record of my association with Cap'n Bill goes back to the early 1920's when as a college girl and a young counselor at Camp Wohelo, on Lake Sebago, Maine, I was sent by its director, Mrs. Luther H. Gulick, for a week's training in nature education at Nature Lore Camp, Camp Chequesset on Cape Cod. This was a unique project initiated by William Gould Vinal, Chequesset's director, and supported by the Camp Directors' Association, who were laying increasing emphasis on providing opportunities for campers to feel at home in the out-of-doors and to see and feel and understand the world about them.

My memories of that week are still vivid. Each morning, under Cap'n Bill's guidance, we went forth to new adventure on beach, dune and meadow land. We were challenged to find for ourselves the hidey-hole of the oven bird's nest and to discover the miniature Greek vase of the jug wasp's egg case. We explored fresh water ponds come upon unexpectedly in a salt water environment, and we saw sundew and pitcherplants in their boggy habitat.

We watched gulls swoop and dive with deadly precision for their fishy prey

and marveled at the split-second timing of sandpipers retreating from their feeding grounds before the oncoming waves engulfed them. We stood in awe as a practicing coast guard unit brought its small rescue craft through the crashing breakers. We were led in reverence to meet an old hermit whose nature wisdom was rooted in ageless tradition.

Back at camp, Cap'n Bill helped us to set up a nature museum for a closer study of our collected "loot," and brought to us nationally recognized ornithologists, botanists and geographers. Who will ever forget Schuyler Matthews whistling the melodies of hermit thrush, song sparrow and red-eyed vireo as he had found them in the music of Beethoven and Brahms? Round the camp fire at night, we heard legends of Indians and frontiersmen, sang joyously together, and said good night, at peace with ourselves and our surroundings.

The Nature Lore School was followed by Nature Guide Schools at Western Reserve University, Massachusetts State, and in consultancy services to camps, colleges and nature organizations.

In 1929 I was married to Henry Harap, professor of education at the Cleveland School of Education. It was an exciting surprise to find out that he and Cap'n Bill shared an office, had adjacent desks, and were friends and companions. The Cleveland years were marked by a close relationship of our families, and Mother V. and Cap'n Bill advised and encouraged us as we established our home. As the birthdays of my husband and Cap'n Bill fell on the same date, there was always a jolly joint birthday dinner, followed, believe it or not, by an annual game of *Whist!*

I have asked my husband to add some memories of his own. I quote:

"Cap'n Bill had an overflowing sense of humor. He caught me off-base many times because he was quicker than I. He chuckled when I didn't catch on fast enough.

"For exercise we both played handball, as opponents and as a team. As a team we were the best on the faculty, and even in one intercollegiate match, the winner against Oberlin.

"As a teacher he dedicated his professional life to the education and welfare of his students and to the improvement of the natural environment. He kept track of the activities and growth of hundreds of students and nature workers. He probably contributed more than any other person to the training of the young for the preservation of the natural environment."

In 1940, Cap'n Bill published *Nature Recreation*, a pioneering book on group

much interest in my Armchair Shopping Service called "The Cockle Shell" which a partner and I instigated some years ago, a service for those residing on the South Shore who want something original and meaningful. To promote interest in Norwell's rare quaking bog, we offered a willow basket entitled "Bounty of the Bog" in which we put food and other items found in marshy areas. This Black Pond Reservation is one of Cap'n Bill's favorite projects, so he edited our educational leaflet and donated his booklet telling what to look for in our bog, guidance for the out-of-doors, the fruit of his years of teaching and leadership. It has now gone through three editions, the latest a sturdy paperback of fine design. The volume is as fresh in spirit and as stimulating as when I was asked thirty-five years ago to make a first cutting and editing of his masses of source material. It is an impressive statement of his philosophy of nature education, and he has translated this into a thousand and one practical ways to respond to the lure of the land. Nature lore has no finer proponent.

Armchair Shopping

by MILDRED S. MACCOY

My husband and I knew Cap'n Bill Vinal long before our Amherst days when the two men occupied offices in the same hall on the college campus. When Cap'n Bill and Mother V retired to his ancestral home we were tickled pink because we had already returned to Norwell, and now we would be neighbors once again. Needless to say, I often visited their home, called Vinehall, where I watched Cap'n Bill till his garden, tend his bees, and plant new shrubs. I tramped his woods and trails with him, saw him on his knees weeding his little cranberry bog, gathered black walnuts with him from beneath his nut trees, and helped him feed his ducks and geese. I listened to him sputter when the skunks raided his corn patch or the birds stole too many cultivated blueberries, and I shall never forget how provoked he was when he found the tell-tale marks of a marauding coon on his wood duck nesting box.

We often sat by the old grapevine while he reminisced or told about another article he had written for the press. There on a home-made table he kept a collection of nature specimens; geologic, botanical, or what-not. Thus he was ready to play a nature quiz game with a caller. I have always felt that in his dry humorous way he delighted in tripping me up on identification.

Over the years I have taken his advice and borrowed his materials for my various endeavors. He has always taken

both of which were included in the basket. He also inspired me to originate a family gift pack entitled "North River Bounty" in which we included products found in and along the river. Again he edited our ecological summary which we put in each fish-shaped basket.

Over the years Cap'n Bill has often made mention of the products grown in his backyard by his parents and grandparents, and in their thrifty way how they gathered wild foods from the woods and fields. Again he inspired me to originate a food pack, this one entitled "Backyard Bounty" filled with foods that were grown in early backyards or found in the wild, along with the story of how they came to be used by the early colonists.

Cap'n Bill has reached four score years and ten, and I still marvel at his homey philosophy and dry humor. I still love to visit and talk with him, although our sessions together are shorter. The picture of Cap'n Bill one summer's day this year will always stick in my memory. Members of the North River Gardeners chugged downstream on an old fishing boat (his daughter-in-law among them), hopeful of learning river lore first hand. After emerging from under the Union Bridge and passing the Vinal's beach, who should we spot but none other than Cap'n Bill. There he sat in an old chair on the bank, waiting, who knows how long, to cheer and wave to the North River Gardeners who were out to discover something new about the river he knows and loves so well.

The New Preservation

by DAVID A. RYAN

One memorable summer afternoon, back in the mid-fifties, I stood with Cap'n Bill Vinal in an old overgrown field. To me that is all that it was, just one more rural New England overgrown field, common and ordinary. Since childhood I have loved the outdoors and been fascinated by the creatures that inhabited it. Otherwise I would not have been at the Alvord Wildlife Sanctuary where Cap'n Bill was teaching nor standing in that field with him.

Nearly everyone can look back upon some incident that had a great impact on his life. One such time for me was that afternoon with Cap'n Bill. In his inimitable fashion Cap'n Bill taught me to "see." He told me hardly anything, but he did put me through a mental exercise I have never forgotten and for which I have ever since been grateful. He opened my eyes and my mind to interpretation.

On subsequent occasions Cap'n Bill continued the process of getting me to "read" varied landscapes. He took me back in time well into the 19th and pos-

sibly the 18th century when the land was originally lumbered off. We proceeded from that point to the days of its being pasture and garden. From there we relived the period when the land supported a summer resort hotel with its tennis courts and carriage road. Several decades before our visit fire brought an end to an already failing resort and now the land was in an early white pine successional stage. Even so, plowed furrows could still be detected beneath the rank growth of grass and milkweed. I well recall the thrill of figuring out the sequence and equally well remember his "gentle" chiding when I jumped to erroneous conclusions. There were so many discoveries of landscape change that afternoon, from both historical and natural aspects, that this brief rendition simply cannot convey the fullness of what the experience meant to me . . . his guidance, his adroit questioning, the unselfish giving of his time to open one pair of eyes.

In subsequent years I have had numerous opportunities to put Cap'n Bill's lessons to work in my teaching, with the South Shore Natural Science Center, the Parker River Environmental Project and field trips for the Manchester Conservation Trust, to name a few. For the past six summers I have been Superintendent of the Misery Islands Reservation, in Salem Bay, a Trustees of Reservations property. I also serve on the Trustees' Interpretive Committee. The Trustees were founded in 1891, in Massachusetts, to preserve for the public, areas of historical and natural interest. To me, the "new preservation" implies "for the people," not a locking up of precious places, but sound management for present and future generations to use and enjoy.

My specialty has been island management. It has been my good fortune to have had a hand in restoring the islands to better benefit the boating public. Many of our restoration projects on the islands can be directly attributed to Cap'n Bill's influence on me. Had he not taught me to see, I would not have realized the significance of a small patch of horseradish, the last remnant of a garden started in the early 1800's. Neither would I have discovered the ruins of a dwelling had he not taught me to look for such when lilac bushes are found in unlikely places. Because of his training, I was able to locate the last pear tree, all that remains of a once extensive orchard. Also I was able to identify the foundations of three barns dating back well into the 19th century. These sites have been cleared and an interpretive nature and historical trail is being developed. On conducted tours of the Reservation I try to guide visitors into discovering for themselves what is there so that they too might experience the joy

of "seeing" that Cap'n Bill gave to me two decades ago.

The "New Preservation"? People are the preservers and they will preserve what they understand. To understand is to realize the value. To help them understand, people must first "see" and appreciate. Then they will guard for themselves and their heirs that which must be preserved. Cap'n Bill has taught us to see.

Recipe For Bayberry Candles

by NICK and JEANNE MILLS

The Mills family's acquaintance with Cap'n Bill goes back only to 1971 when Nick was editor of the newsletter of the North and South Rivers Watershed Association. This being the season to go bayberrying, and there still being some surviving bayberry bushes along Scituate's Driftway (an area of sweeping marshland in constant danger of development) we had requested Cap'n Bill to write a piece on the making of bayberry candles — and coincidentally the need for preserving the area where the bayberry grew.

The article was typically informative, folksy, ripe with Vinal humor and armored with sufficient sting that no one could miss the point. He directed the seeker after bayberries to take "to the high moraines and moors — the distant heathers, where bayberry is abundant. It is there that you will find healthy bushes not frequented by dogs." Once "two large gunny sacks" of berries had been collected, "place the berries in a washboiler of water and bring to a boil. The wax will come to the top. If the wax smokes it is burning. Get all dirt and refuse out of the wax with a fine sieve or by doubling cheese cloth. You may have to boil it a second time. When it cools it will harden. Melt with tallow, one part bayberry wax to three parts tallow. The wax will keep its green color and aroma."

To accompany the article, Nick called Cap'n Bill to arrange a picture-taking session. All of us, Nick and I and our two daughters, Nicole, just three, and Sara, barely two months old, were graciously received at the Vinal home in Norwell on November 10. Sadly, it was our first and only meeting with "Mother V" for she passed away that same night. With Cap'n Bill we kept up a steady relationship, editing some of the vast quantities of material he was writing for the local papers, until finally his sheer productivity overcame our ability to keep up. His inspiration as protector/agitator has kept us faithful to the cause of preserving the North River even as daily responsibilities seem to intrude more insistently every year.

Some Cap'n Bill Personals

BY STUDENTS AND OTHERS . . .

Outdoor Education at Arizona State University

by KENNETH V. PIKE

"Doc" Vinal has always been "where the Action is" — in harmony with people and the environment. As a student, I was impressed; that "Doc" did not insist we do "it" his way, but that we find our own way; he taught the way he professed; he accepted everyone upon first contact no matter what their academic background, as a member of the "Nature Guide" team, and community leaders continually looked to him for help. In my own case, his course "Recreational Field Studies" (University of Massachusetts, 1939) gave my undergraduate biological science major a new direction and vitality. Course activities, particularly the field trips to study geological formations, glacial evidences, plant and animal interrelationships and dependence upon sun and soil, gave a broader meaning and significance to my specialty.

A six-weeks summer session at National Camp (1941) where we camped, drank swamp water together and spent many hours exploring the Kittatinny Mountains provided further opportunities for me to know "Doc" as a person, his philosophy and techniques as well as his concerns for people and the environment.

The program which has evolved here at Arizona State University provides evidence that "Doc's" methods are as productive and fruitful as ever. It offers academic year classes for prospective teachers in field ecology and outdoor education as well as summer leadership workshops for in-service teachers.

The field classes involve supervised teaching experiences with groups of elementary and high school students utilizing an inquiry approach (modern terminology for what "Doc" espoused 35 years ago). The field teaching activities include local trips as well as five-day resident camp experiences at the A.S.U. Camp Tontozona Outdoor Education Center and the Alpine Environmental Teaching Center.

The following quotes from participating in-service teachers after five days with fifth graders at the Alpine Center may provide best evidence that "Doc's"

approach still works no matter how it is labelled.

"The students . . . had an opportunity to engage in activities that were fun and enjoyable yet provided them with real learning experiences through an activity-oriented program."

"Everyone, including teachers, seemed to be really 'turned-on' by the outdoors and the 'hands on' approach to investigating the environment."

"Socially, this camp is a bombshell for introverts and extroverts alike."

"Even with advance planning, we feared periods of time in which there would be nothing to do . . . we found the opposite to be true. The students found themselves constantly stimulated to explore, examine, investigate, experiment and just enjoy the out-of-doors."

"I enjoyed working with the kids in an environment where there was no pressure for the kids to perform and curriculum was determined by interest. . . ."

"The thing I noticed the most was the excitement of the children. Almost everything they did they thought was terrific. They never compared it to learning even though they learned constantly."

". . . the fifth grade children learned to work, like and respect the older children." (Junior high students who came as cabin counselors.)

"As a teacher, I found the entire experience exciting and refreshing."

"The school bus trip to and from camp . . . was a full day of travel and stops to learn of Arizona's natural wonders — natural bridge, fossil beds, land terrain and growth, desert and mountains. The camp activities were a sharing — no automatic dishwashers — KP duties shared — caring for self — learning outdoor sciences — (hiking through the forest, measuring trees, watching animals and birds, catching polywogs, frogs, water snakes — learning about land conservation, ecology, forest, fossils, and animals)."

"Goals we strive for during the year such as student responsibility and initiative were fulfilled easily here."

"Nothing that I have ever done in the classroom could even compare to the positive feelings toward learning that the trip generated."

Need one say more?

The Early Years of an Eastern Greenhorn in the West

by BOBBY KINGHORN PREBLE

When my husband accepted his first YMCA position, we two native New Englanders drove across the country to Utah where his immediate responsibility was to direct the boys' camp, located in the Wasatch National Forest at an elevation of 10,000 feet. My unofficial position was that of camp naturalist, first-aider, song leader, etc. As a naturalist, I felt like an alien in this beautiful, but quite different environment, but with the counsel of the nearby forest ranger, I was to get by.

The highlights came when I was an observer, rather than a participant, but they were unforgettable moments:

— Being awakened by tinkling bells and barking dogs at dawn to discover that a herd of sheep were being moved up to the high summer pasture — several hundred sheep under the care of one shepherd and two dogs. Later we discovered the footprints of a mountain lion which was following the herd, and campers and leaders alike wondered who would be successful — the lion or the shepherd.

— Watching a group of blind adults going on a hike with one of the camp leaders and listening as he described the progress of a huge porcupine crossing their path to climb a tree and feast on tender bark will never be forgotten. They came back and told me that they had "seen" a porcupine.

— A bull moose, walking through camp early one morning, excited the whole camp. No one had been that close to a moose before. He was so far south of his normal environs, the chief ranger just couldn't believe us. He was convinced when we presented him with plaster casts of footprints which had been made in the mud of the riverbank.

— And finally, the act in which the "naturalist" did participate — Finding it necessary one dark night to go "out back," I was suddenly confronted by a huge pair of eyes that seemed to have no body attached! The "naturalist" hadn't been doing too badly to this point. You can imagine how dumb I appeared, when racing back to the spot with reinforcements, armed with flashlights, we found

that the huge eyes belonged to a lost and bewildered range cow!

There have been many experiences since that time, but that first year in the west was the most memorable. Cap'n Bill used the Socratic method of teaching — and it was the Socratic method for me, but I was on the learning, not the teaching end.

Sharing, With Wit and Wisdom

by PAT PRATSON*

Cap'n Bill Vinal has been both a warm personal friend and an inspiring teacher for me. It was not until 1967 that I had the pleasure of first meeting him in connection with "Project Lighthouse," a Title III program aimed at developing enrichment materials for the schools of 10 participating towns in this federal grant.

In the course of researching and writing materials for teachers on various natural habitats along the South Shore, I read and learned much from the interpretive writings of Cap'n Bill. This reading led to our meeting and mutual appreciation of the rich natural and historical heritage of Old Scituate," a region that has since divided into almost half a dozen towns. There is no other single person so well versed in scientific and historical knowledge of this region as Cap'n Bill. His willingness to share this knowledge, with clear communication, sharp wit, and deep wisdom, has been the greatest gift he could impart to those of us who pass this heritage to the young. He is a Teacher's teacher, a warm marvelous human being who has enriched my life immeasurably.

* See story about Cap'n Bill by Pat's husband, Frederick John Pratson, in *Yankee*, August, 1971, with photos by L. F. Lawrence, entitled "A Prophet With Honor."

A Frown With A Grin

by JANE WALKER RALSTON

The Natural World has always fascinated me and as a student in Dr. Wm. Vinal's Zoology class at R. I. College of Education I had an opportunity to do an in-depth study of animal life my freshman year.

In the following semester I took as many nature courses as my schedules would permit, finding them instructive and stimulating. His teaching techniques were masterly. I was to use many of them when I became a teacher.

He frowned upon sloppy and incomplete work and never hesitated to let us know just where we stood, but he did it with a grin and in a gentlemanly manner. He was a dedicated teacher, not a martinet.

The following anecdote portrays his

very human side. Eight students cut class to visit me when I was home with the "flu." The following day he had each one write the complete reason for her absence. When he compared their notes he excused them on the ground that their stories matched, so they must be the truth. He then said there might be a time when they had to decide when a truant child could be excused, such as the youngster who went fishing because of the spring urge, and who states frankly why he went. That reasoning was very advanced for the 1920's.

In the summer of 1920-21 I worked at Camp Chequesset and from then on Dr. Vinal became "Cap'n Bill." Mother V and the whole family were wonderful, and although I had signed on as the cook's helper I was included in the camper group and enjoyed all the privileges of camp life. It was in 1920 that the Nature Lore School for camp counselors was held at Chequesset.

I am still in nature work, conducting classes in birding and assisting with areas of Garden Club work such as conservation and pollution at a local school, where our Garden Club has established a Junior Garden club.

Filling An Ecological Niche

by MILDRED LITTLE RULISON

Through the blue-green hemlock forest, with her white hair, red flannel blazer and white linen knickers, strode Ruby M. Jolliffe. She was head of the camping department of the Palisades Inter-

state Park Commission when it was the largest camping park in the United States. Her staff included the personnel of five Regional Nature Museums.

Miss Jolliffe told us that Dr. William G. Vinal (Cap'n Bill) would be at Lake Stahahe Regional Museum to conduct a seminar for the nature staff. I had taken a course in camping at Columbia University in 1929 (the course had been offered since 1920). I did not meet Dr. Vinal then but he was mentioned by Dr. Fretwell and I heard a great deal about Cap'n Bill's work.

On August 4, 1934, as Jolly had mentioned, we met Cap'n Bill and Mother Vinal and "Rex" their sixteen year old mascot.

It was so exciting to meet this outstanding figure in outdoor education. Cap'n Bill could read a story in everything on the trail, even to sticks and stones. He picked up a twig and gave it to me (the rookey of the group), and said, "What do you see?" Eager to please, I immediately spotted an ant. Dr. Vinal was kind and said, "What else do you see?" Yes, there was the message. The carpenter ants had left their mark. Dr. Vinal took it from there and told of the ecological niche these insects fill.

Dr. Vinal fills a big ecological niche himself. He has inspired so many of us to "hitch our wagon to a star." He was the first to review my book "Nature Diary Through the Year" published by Vantage Press in 1971.

Dr. Vinal's joyous and young point of view are an inspiration to us all.



Photo by Logan

Cap'n Bill and his dog with the staff of the Regional Museums, Lake Stahahe, Beal Mt. Interstate Park, N. Y. 1934.

Deep Roots

by CONSTANCE R. SAYRS

While my husband and I have never sat in his classroom in the formal sense, I feel that we have been Cap'n Bill's students for many years. My natural science education was begun when I returned to my home town of Norwell to live and became acquainted with him and Mother V.

Although we are involved in other areas of education, my husband and I have always been keenly interested in the world of natural sciences. It was through Cap'n Bill's influence that I volunteered to serve on the steering committee and later became the first treasurer of our now-flourishing South Shore Natural Sciences Center, a project which he originated.

My husband became involved in another project strongly sponsored by Cap'n Bill . . . the saving of the North River from the flow of harmful effluent. This goal was achieved by the cooperation of many like-minded and hard-working people of the area. It was Cap'n Bill who helped to arrange a liaison with the Isaac Walton League, which proved to be of great value in the course of this project.

Probably the real meaning of Cap'n Bill's influence as far as I am concerned has been the enrichment of my personal life. Walking through his woods, I learned of fascinating plants hitherto unknown to me. My first sight . . . and smell . . . of mayflowers was an unforgettable experience. In his company I first stood at the edge of Norwell's quaking bog. It was Cap'n Bill who encouraged me to start my first holly cuttings, and who delighted along with me when they grew to be thriving plants. I still consult with him on "when to" and "how to" in the raising of vegetables . . . though he claims that I argue with him on occasion. One such discussion concerned the most effective method of removing dandelions from one's lawn. I favored a special tool designed for the purpose which I insisted was quite sufficient, while his tactics involved the use of an oversized shovel! "Well," he said, "those roots went deep."

And so do our feelings for Cap'n Bill.

The "Greening" of a City Girl

by HILDE ADLER

I'm a New York City girl, went to Hunter College and became a "gym teacher" because I've always liked to play games and run. "Nature" was O.K. I'd been exposed to birds, trees, flowers, clouds and these things in Girl Scout camp, but they didn't matter terribly. All that was a long, long time ago.

Then in 1951 (to 1959) I became

a counselor at Trail Blazer Camps in Sussex, New Jersey, a camp for underprivileged New York City children. That's where I met Cap'n Bill. He was a revelation, and his philosophy, which permeated the camp, became a way of life. New things became important and still are. Now I try to teach them "diligently unto my children."

Cap'n Bill taught us "orienteering." I paced the same area several times and the number of paces came out the same each time which made me a "champion pacer" ("generalissimo"). After we learned how to find the distance we covered in one pace, we learned how to get the degree reading for our direction of travel. We learned about true and magnetic north and how to measure the height of a tree with a pencil. All operations were embellished with such Cap'n Billisms as, "What is the compass reading of the phoebe's nest from the water tower?" "What is the direction of the hurricane that toppled the big oak?"

Cap'n Bill took us on bird walks before breakfast, in the dew. I am not an enthusiastic early riser and admit it took many exposures to hear anything at all at that hour. He won out, of course, and the message got through and has remained. I shall not forget that the cowbird is a squeaky barn door and spreads his wings before the squeak, nor that the chipping sparrow sounds like a sewing machine, nor that the wood thrush says, "eeloeeee" while the hermit thrush goes up the scale. I can even recall that the chestnut-sided warbler says "pleased to meet you!" When it comes to birds, we Trail Blazers all speak in code. Much later I married a birding husband!

We talked of stones, too, especially those used to build "Great Hall," the dining hall of the camp and a most beautiful building. We learned about red sandstone, and pudding stone with "white raisins," and glacial boulders, and had to find samples. We discussed breaking and raking the joints, staggering, stone bruises and slobbering the cement. I still look for the keystone in every fireplace.

Cap'n Bill made us notice everything. He never answered a question outright, but taught us how to answer our own, and always with that sense of humor. We'd all stand for over an hour around one tree stump, finding traces of plant and animal life, figuring out what the stump did and does for the soil, the direction the tree fell, and how old it was. We ended up with the *whole* picture.

Cap'n Bill's joy and wonder at all the things of nature were enormously contagious. His way of looking at life became a model for most of us. His influence on me is immeasurable, and I love him for it. I have brought my husband

and oldest child to meet him so they could understand why it is all so important. I hope he is pleased with how we live and what we try to teach and do.

An Exciting Summer

by HARVEY and MAREN SWEETMAN

I well remember the summer we spent at Long Pond Nature School on Cape Cod. It was an attractive fresh water pond surrounded largely by evergreens.

We had an interesting group of students, mostly teachers, of varying ages and interests. The wide ecological variations of the surrounding environs were well suited to this group of teachers, who had such broad interests.

The ocean was nearby, so we made several class trips to the salt water. Fortunately on the closing day we visited the beach during an extreme low tide with perfect weather. The class was excited and thrilled with the wide variety of species exposed by this very low tide, that were not ordinarily seen on beach trips. It was an experience to be remembered and perfect for the closing session of the school.

Some of our cabins were within a few feet of the pond edge, so that we frequently had aquatic visitors that seemed as "curious" about us as we were interested in them. A large bull-frog was attracted to the site of Cap'n Bill's cabin, and gave him nightly concerts, often into the wee hours of the morning, not always to the restful pleasure of Cap'n Bill. A real contest developed between them, the frog to remain and croak, and Cap'n Bill to "scare the beast away." I have often wondered which was the final victor.

It was a successful and exciting summer. The intimate contacts between faculty and students developed excellent rapport. This was exceedingly valuable to the students, who came to fully appreciate the friendship, devotion, and dedication of Cap'n Bill to nature and people.

Tale of a Country Lassie

by SARAH JANE WYNKOOP

A love of the "Great Outdoors" and of all living creatures was a natural outgrowth of — *Life on the Farm* — for this country lassie of the early 1900's.

With this background and a two year teaching diploma, I enrolled as a Junior at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, in the college of Elementary Education. When a six week summer course at *Nature Guide School*, Hudson, Ohio, appeared in the catalog, I signed up immediately. The desire to meet the director, Dr. William G. Vinal, and to learn about the program was fulfilled with happy anticipation. Here was the answer to an inner quest for more knowl-

edge, understanding, and appreciation of "Outdoor Education."

This experience at Nature Guide School proved to be a Highlight in my life as a person and as a teacher of young children. Dr. Vinal became "Cap'n Bill" — the teacher, guide, and friend in countless classroom and outdoor activities.

The 3R's became fun! Fun to write stories about "Our Pets" — "Our Trips" — and — and. Fun to write business and thank-you letters — to read to find answers — to spell new words — to figure costs — to measure — to plan trips — to find ways to make our city a better place to live. A happy surprise came one day — a large cage for our pets — made by our interested dads. (Home and community resources were endless.)

"Learning by Doing" and the "Reason for Doing" proved to be the secret of Cap'n Bill's *Philosophy of Education* for students and teacher alike.

As a principal, my zeal for a *School Camping* program for the sixth grade students became a successful *Reality!* Thanks to *Nature Guide* friends (former students of Cap'n Bill) for invaluable help and encouragement.

1974 finds this country "lassie?" returning to "Life on the Farm" with a deeper understanding and appreciation of "Our Great Outdoors." With Cap'n Bill and Walt Whitman, I now have the same impulse to say, "The secret of making the best person is — to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth."

MAGIC

Cap'n Bill was leading fifth grade students on a field trip. They came to a huge old tree that was partially decayed. Cap'n Bill sensed that a hole half way up the trunk housed a nest and perhaps someone was at home. One sharp-eyed boy spied the hole and yelled — "Look! There's a big hole! What's in it? Who made it?" All eyes were focused on Cap'n Bill. With the command to watch the hole, he rapped on the trunk and — and — out popped a bird's head — Mr. Red-headed Woodpecker himself. What a sight! Was Cap'n Bill happy! And so were twenty-five friends who cried, "Magic! That's Magic! How did you know a bird was there? Are you a magician?" Can you guess what Cap'n Bill's answer was? A question. "Do you think so?" and "Why?" (One of his many "trail-tricks" is to answer a question by asking a question.)

The Charismatic Cap'n

by GEORGE W. DONALDSON

Cap'n Bill Vinal stands out in my memory as one of the few truly fine teachers I have known. Three experiences which I was fortunate enough to



"Learning by doing" — meet the director of the Nature Guide School, Hudson, Ohio. "War Bonnet made by 'Outdoor Girls'. The Indian was a naturalist by necessity. The virtues of the Red Man are still available to recreation leaders." — W.G.V.

share with him will illustrate my point:

In the early '40's I was invited to one of the weekend conferences at L. B. Sharp's National Camp. The highlight of the weekend was a stump study session directed by Cap'n Bill. For over an hour I participated in what is by all odds the best example of the Socratic method of teaching I have ever witnessed. Some eight or ten of us — teachers all — stood around a partially rotted chestnut stump and heard this master teacher pile question upon question. Each question (and I can't remember that he made a single declarative statement) led us closer to the truth. I still describe this experience to my students as an example of truly great outdoor instruction. While I never sat at the feet of Socrates, I am confident that the great master did little, if any, better than Cap'n Bill! That day he became one of my teacher-models.

A year or so later L. B. Sharp invited some of our children (I was Director of the Lanning Demonstration School at

Trenton, New Jersey, State Teachers College) and some of our faculty to spend ten days at the Life Girls' Camp, just across Lake Mashipacong from National Camp. One day we borrowed the "old pro," Cap'n Bill, to take us "bog-trotting." I have seldom seen children so engrossed in an educational activity, as when we bounced in unison on the sphagnum moss of an almost-filled-in lake. We saw thirty and forty foot trees sway as if in a storm. We learned later that "bog-trotting" had become a traditional exercise at National Camp. Our children gained a precise and intimate conception of how a lake fills in and becomes dry land. The charismatic methods of our leader made the difference.

It was over twenty years later, when I became Editor of the Journal of Outdoor Education, and after his retirement, that Cap'n Bill performed a unique service to the booming outdoor education movement. In a series of articles he prepared for our young magazine, he dealt with the various predecessors of the move-

ment: Richard Schirman, Bill Nelson, E. K. Fretwell, Dan Beard, Julian Salomon, Fay Welch, Ruby Jolliffe, Laurence Palmer, Ernest Thompson Seton and others. His historical perspectives help place outdoor education in its proper setting; it wasn't "invented" in the 1940's nor even by Americans. It was a perfectly natural outgrowth of the things which went before and the people who went before.

From Australia to Morocco to . . . Norwell?

by ELMER GEORGE WORTHLEY

Since the time I was a student of Cap'n Bill's I have traveled in many foreign countries, always with an eye out for new plants. My most exciting expedition was in the winter of 1958-59 when I went to Antarctica with Deep Freeze IV to study mosses. Mosses were very scarce in the spot where I was stationed so I spent most of my time studying the Adelie penguins by which I was surrounded. Later, on a plant collecting expedition to Peru, I was overwhelmed by the enormous numbers of plant species, and learned plant lore from a witch doctor. From the headwaters of the Amazon I went up to the peaks of Macchu Picchu where I collected a moss hitherto unknown, later named for me. From Australia to Morocco plants have fascinated me, but in spite of all my travels and wide acquaintance with exotic species, Cap'n Bill still got the best of me the last time I visited him. He showed me a plant in his garden which puzzled me. With a gleam in his eye and a chuckle, he told me it was a peanut plant!

What Is So Rare . . . ?

by MABEL KIMMEL

Growing up as I did in New York City as a child actress, I had little opportunity to know or enjoy any outdoor activities. Central Park was a place to skate or play ball.

The theatre became a memory when I married and moved to New Jersey. I was asked by some girls to take over a Girl Scout Troop, and to learn more about scouting I attended Camp Andre in upstate New York. It was there I met Cap'n Bill in 1926. A whole new world opened for me, completely changing my life, meeting people like Cap'n Bill, Ernest Thompson Seton, Anna Comstock, Louise Price, Lou Henry Hoover, to name only a few. I remember making candy of flag root, dandelion and cat-tail roots for salad, and Sassafras tea. From the stumps of trees we counted the rings and talked about the kinds of weather that affected the tree during its

life. For the first time I learned the names of all the trees.

Later I became first a counselor and then a director of Girl Scout camps and Cap'n Bill's book (Nature Guiding) became my bible as I tried to give to the girls what Cap'n Bill had given to me — a love of nature and the outdoors.

In the thirties we bought a log cabin and now we taught my daughter to paddle a canoe and enjoy camping out. In our birch bark canoe we spent our summers canoeing and camping on all the lakes and rivers in New York state and Vermont. Walking the Long and Appalachian trails, climbing mountains like Marcy and Mansfield, and camping out in wilderness areas. We heard our first Hermit Thrush and woke up to huge chips of wood falling on us, made by the Pileated Woodpeckers.

In the forties we lived in the Canal Zone in Panama where we took every opportunity to learn the flowers, birds and trees of the tropics. I was active in the Girl Scout movement, becoming commissioner of the Canal Zone Girl Scouts. The highlight of all my outdoor experiences came when in 1947, with a girl friend, we were the first to ever transit the Panama Canal in a native cayuco. We were up on the Dispatchers' boards along with 10,000 ton liners, our ship one ton in ballast, charges 72 cents.

We came to New Hampshire in the sixties after retirement and bought a big old house on a dirt road in a small village of 250 people. Now as I sit by my fire with my memories of a happy and interesting life I think of the occasion of the dedication of Camp Edith Macy, when I recited the poem, "What is so rare as a day in June?" and did a bare-foot dance in the Great Hall. How different my life would have been if I had never met William Gould Vinal!

Quinsnickit

by E. MILDRED HILL READ

In my hand I hold a treasure that dates back to 1914 — my first note book of field trips to Quinsnickit Woods in Lincoln, Rhode Island. Our leader was our Normal School instructor, Dr. Wm. G. Vinal. There were many of these trips after graduation, each having a special flavor.

One Saturday morning in early February, 1915, a group of young teachers assembled at Loafers' Tree at the entrance to Quinsnickit Reservation. These interested young women came from different parts of the state when the temperature was in the low 20's, to learn about our Rhode Island trees in winter. After a very cold night with a light snowfall the trees sparkled with diamond crystals

everywhere. It was a gorgeous picture for these young teachers, who slipped and slid along woodland trails.

Some learned for the first time about the chestnut blight, and how to recognize trees without leaves. Some of the city girls had never enjoyed a treat such as a hike in the woods in such cold weather.

At lunch time we gathered around a camp fire built by our leader, Dr. Vinal. A delightful lunch was served by Mother Vinal.

There were ten Saturday trips in this course, each bringing out new nature features as the seasons developed.

We learned about ten types of camp fires, some of these to be used in later trips, such as Open Trench, Reflector Oven, Back Log and Council Fire. Mother Vinal's hot biscuits baked in the reflector oven were delicious.

Of course menus, too, changed each trip. Here are a few samples of our lunch treats — Reflector oven biscuits, Rum Tum Tiddy on toast, Kabob and Indian Lemonade. I well remember that all were not happy with Indian Lemonade, but we tried it and survived.

Appropriate stories were usually a part of our lunch period. At Druid Circle in the Reservation we learned about the Druids of old. Singing, too, was enjoyed at this time, and songs like "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" and "Old MacDonald" helped to make the day very jolly.

It is just 60 years since we enjoyed these wonderful trips in Quinsnickit with our Number One Captain Bill and our beloved Mother Vinal.

My first school was within walking distance of Quinsnickit. Consequently my classes spent many, many Saturdays learning and enjoying what Dr. Vinal had instilled into their teacher.

Later, as Camp Director of a YWCA camp, the same technique was used to acquaint our girls with birds and flowers of Conanicut Island, R. I. We had a small hut built to house our Nature Study trophies. We named the hut Bir-Na-Tree (Birds, Nature, Trees).

Nature School For A Kid

by LUTHER M. STRAYER, JR.

To tell about Cap'n Bill Vinal in my life is fun. My sojourn at Camp Chequeset preceded two months as camp counselor in New Hampshire, where the director was more athlete than naturalist. It was hard to get recruits for nature study in this atmosphere. I set up shop in a barn with a snake, some frogs, and salamanders. We had tree and bird-walks and an overnight hike to Mt. Osipee, where we made the acquaintance of porcupines and the lovely brown

woodmouse. We were never more than two to four in a group. The boys were from Philadelphia, and like the woodmouse I never saw them again. I went on to Medical School at Harvard; I hope some of my enthusiasm took. I still have my nature lore schoolbook including lists of birds, plants and trees made by my pupils. This notebook plus the text "Nature Guiding" I have kept close to me ever since.

On my way through Medical School and life thereafter, it was a privilege to help others have an interest in the world about us. My most vivid memories of camp were the campfire study and walks to Cahoun Hollow Life Saving Station.

Is it coincidence in life or predestination? In ripe old age I should marry another devotee to Cap'n Bill, a nature lover from across the water who helped establish the William Vinal Nature Preserve in Norwell, Mass., which was to become the first nature conservancy project in that state. So, here I am, back in New Hampshire (practicing medicine) where we went through Lost River and climbed Mount Chocorua with a new batch of kids' explaining nature's ways as I learned it years ago from Cap'n Bill.

Home Is A Precious Place

by VI STEVENS

"Hi! You out there — who that in there hollerin'? Who that out there?"

Yes, a home is precious and so are friends; truly the most precious assets one can have. Cap'n Bill, you are mighty wealthy in your Friends estate. So "Hi! You out there!" I am truly glad to be a small part of your estate.

A home is precious because it provides enough problems and needs to keep one out of mischief. It also provides a place for friends to make a path to. Those pathmakers are the real ornament of a home. I might also say that the outdoor people who chirp in the trees, dig holes in the lawn and under the garage or run in the fields are also ornamental to the home. Indeed even the squirrelcorn, bloodroot, violets and other growing things adorn this little cottage on the hill. It is a real pleasure to lead a friend to the foot of the big ash tree to look at the flower we planted with such tender loving care last spring, or to look up at the bee hole in the tree and speculate on what is happening inside.

It is a delightful thing to find that there is no generation gap between seven and seventy, when little folks next door say, "Come, let's go exploring." In the field and woods there are plenty of things to see, feel, taste and smell. Stand on the hilltop and look across the wide



Photo by S. S. Baer

No generation gap when little folks say — "Come, let's go exploring." "No teen-ager minds being smooched if its Indian war paint. This is 'Indian Ann Baer' — her mother is photographer for South Shore Natural Science Center." — W.G.V.

expanse to friendly neighbors on other roads. Note the change in the landscape day to day or season to season. Watch the sky at sunset hour and bask in the quick changes in the beautiful world. Taste the fox grapes on the fence, chew the stem of the sassafras, sourgrass, or smartweed. Compare the leaves of the great maple, the lofty tulip and the old sycamore. Look, smell, taste, think.

What a wonderful thing to grow old surrounded by all these friends, human and otherwise. What a special privilege to have available these grandnieces and nephews who are young enough to be openminded and to want to discover new things.

Farm parents were first to whet my interest in the outdoors, but greater opportunities for learning came when I met up with the Nature Guiders and their sponsors, the Vinals. I think my first week-end safari with them consisted of

about 200 students with their leader Cap'n Bill. Bag lunch, marsh birds at Sandusky Bay, Amherst quarries, and finally over night at Sulphur Springs. It was there that we were introduced to sulphur water served at meals while Cap'n B enjoyed sweet water at his table!! Wonder who thought up that spoof. Square dancing, campfire, early morning bird walks, trail hikes, and much learning by seeing, doing and thinking took place on the many subsequent trips. It was at Life camp years later that an antlered deer browsed outside the window at the whiffle tree. It turned out to be a Vinal breed of deer. How chagrined we were when we discovered the hoax, and how disgusted was Mother V. to have had to participate in such nonsense. "If you wouldn't laugh he (Cap'n Bill) wouldn't do (say) such things," she would say.

I enjoyed my own little camp in Michi-

gan in the miserable 30's, and later, with the support of Cap'n Bill, Kathryn Perry, Verna Lewis and many others I enjoyed School Camp, with the thousands of children and the world's best staff. How happy I am to live with these memories and my new dog, Fella, in my new Little House on the Hill. Thanks to you, Cap'n Bill. Your work goes on through new generations.

Nature and Man Interwoven

by EARLE D. WHITNEY

Cap'n Bill continues to expound the interwoven philosophy of nature and man with his current concern for the North Scituate River, as he had for the Androscoggin at Lewiston during the late 40's.

Those of us who have practiced as well as preached the "use it" but "don't abuse it" philosophy continue to do so in a variety of ways. From my position of leadership in a small community through all levels of government and educational organizations, my philosophy has inevitably centered around the interrelationship of man and nature. From "stump studies" and "yard hikes" on inner city playgrounds to assisting in the acquisition of various sized properties for outdoor recreation, there has always been an opportunity to implement and identify the good and pleasurable things in the environments involved.

To have learned long ago that some people aren't sure where milk comes from or how some things grow was recently confirmed by an inner-city Student Trainee who asked while on a field trip in the country, "those big orange things aren't pumpkins? Are they?"

I share with Cap'n Bill the pleasures of having past students and staff members confess to their initial distaste for the memorization, technical insight or theoretical applicability of certain assignments or job tasks that they now utilize to their personal and professional benefit.

His thoughts and vocabulary identified conservation, environment, ecology, land use management and the people's need to know the out-of-doors better. Such academic terminology of the early 50's is now the layman's everyday language (with minimal comprehension by many who espouse it).

As state, educational, and local governmental units recognize the increased need for "breathing space" and begin directing their limited finances and staffs toward acquisition of suitable land and its development for outdoor recreational use, my current responsibilities become a greater challenge. As I see such areas and facilities begin to materialize, my appreciation of Cap'n Bill's shared experiences and philosophy are reinforced.

Cap'n Bill Vinal and His Years at Massachusetts State

by CHARLES P. ALEXANDER

Cap'n Bill joined the faculty of the then Massachusetts State College in 1937 and was placed with the Department of Entomology and Zoology, as Professor of Biological Field Studies.

In July and August 1938, he held the First Nature Guide School in New England, the school being on Priest Brook in the Otter River State Forest near Winchendon. During the summer there were 22 students in attendance, the staff including, besides Dr. and Mrs. Vinal, Harvey L. Sweetman, Olive Sweetman, Harry D. Pratt, and Elizabeth Dolliver. Visitors in 1938 included Dr. James G. Needham, emeritus professor of entomology at Cornell; Professors Elizabeth Adams and Ann Haven Morgan of Mount Holyoke; the Alexanders, and many others. The students came from a range of states, including, besides Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri and elsewhere. The next year the Second Summer Session was held at Pine Tree Camp, Cape Cod, between July 5 and August 11, the staff including the Vinals, Sweetmans, and some others, with a total of 17 students.

On the University Campus, the Biological Field Studies courses, under Cap'n Bill, attracted students in constantly increasing numbers, reaching the greatest popularity just as he retired in November 1951, after fourteen years of service. Well remembered during this period was the Christmas 'E-Z Spree,' with 55 persons attending, held on December 12, 1940, with Cap'n Bill functioning as the official Santa Claus for 1940. The Annual Report of the Department of Entomology, the 'Fernald Club Yearbook,' includes more detailed accounts of Cap'n Bill and his students, especially in No. 20 for 1950 and No. 21, for 1951, pp. 48-49, where there is a fine summary of his work, written by Cap'n Bill under the title "An Old Naturalist Fades Away." This summarizes his outstanding work while at the University. In the 14 years he was here, he had a total of 90 majors in his work, including nine M.S. degrees in Natural History between 1948 and 1951. At this time I was Dean of the School of Science, as well as head of Entomology, and both Mabel and I greatly appreciate Cap'n Bill's kindly remarks in this, his final paper before retirement. His succeeding years have been recorded in the annual Vineholler issues, much appreciated by his friends and former students.

Feeding Wild Geese

by RUTH MILLS STRINGFELLOW

In September 1912 I entered Rhode Island Normal School. I was fortunate in being a Nature Study student of Mr. Vinal.

My first field trip, in 1913 or 14, was with him. Beside his classes being most interesting and instructive his patience and understanding of human nature was helpful to me as a teacher and in later life.

After a few years of teaching, I came, in 1924, to 11 Lake St., Hopedale, Mass., to live as a housewife and mother.

My home was by the pond and feeding birds, bird walks, gathering flowers, remained as a pleasant hobby with me.

My great thrill was when a pair of Canadian geese selected the pond as their home and were seen occasionally swimming in front of the house.

They nested in some secluded spot and one day, which happened to be Mother's Day, came swimming down the pond, in an almost straight line, with small buff-colored goslings. One parent, I presume was the gander, at the head of the line, and the other at the rear. Both necks stretched and heads high.

At first we neighbors tossed bread into the water. Day after day they came closer until finally they reached the bank.

It was evident they didn't trust people or animals. If someone got too close a parent would hiss, sometimes put his head down and run toward you. At the sight or sound of a dog barking both parents jumped into the water, followed immediately by the goslings.

A hunter warned me of danger. He said, "with one flap of their wings they can break an arm or leg." However, I cautiously continued to feed them and the parents stood by, on guard, while the family ate.

How they grew! I began to look like their parents.

When I honked to them across the pond, the whole family lined up and swam across. One day, to my great surprise two of them came up the bank, across the street, up the walk to the steps where I stood.

Many friends, relatives, parents and children stopped by with bags of food and really enjoyed nature close to home.

At last Mr. Vinal's patience and understanding of nature had proven to me that you can become friends and even have visitors of wild birds.

Late Discovery of a Giant

by EDMUND NORTHRUP MOOT

Most of you have known Cap'n Bill a long time. My acquaintance with him began soon after that delightful full-

color story about him and the late Mrs. Vinal appeared in *Yankee* magazine. I intruded into the inner circle of Vineholler, by means of a rather extended letter, soon after the appearance of that excellent article recognizing the master of the NATURE TRAIL. Cap'n Bill responded immediately. My desire to share a portion of the cost of that mimeoed multi-sheeted gem of natural approaches to knowledge of man's environment, cemented the bond of our letter writing. How much richer I became as a result of that interchange of thoughts, which always seemed to move along parallel trails amid nature's cover!

When Dr. Vinal became aware that I had the envied experience of educational contact with Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey, the Drs. Comstock and Professor Needham at Cornell, around the times which followed World War I, a glow in our letter interchange developed.

This past summer, Mrs. Moot and I, who had been married, happily, for fifty-one years last August, decided to take a sort of fifty-first honeymoon trip to visit the other two generations of our three generation family, where they were encamped at that delightful public camp site at North Truro, on the Cod. We are fortunate not to have a generation gap in our three generation family, now deeply involved in maintaining our tree forest known as Pinewald. I knew this might be my envied opportunity to see and visit with the one person who perhaps is one of the last group of TRUE nature study leaders.

We plotted our return trip to include Norwell, Mass. where we knew Dr. Vinal was living with his physician son. My approach was quiet and somber as I carefully closed the car door after I parked it in what I assumed was a visitor's area. A happy-faced, lolling dog lay on the walk before the door as I rapped on the screen outer door. The inner door was slightly open. I could detect no one inside the house. Patient and repeated raps on the door brought no response. I decided to go back down town to the office of his doctor son. The courteous nurse, in the son's office, indicated I would have to bang loudly on the screen door as Dr. Vinal was quite deaf.

The whole effort of my attempt to SEE and visit with the man whom I had come to admire, through his cordial letters, bore instant fruit. Cap'n Bill's broad smile, as he opened the door, was accompanied by a greeting to melt one's heart: "I am quite sure I know who you are — Ed Moot of Pinewald."

My one regret is that I did not take my tape recorder to make secure, in my records, those precious minutes of cordial

and happy conversation with a man whose long life, deep in nature study, has few peers in today's ecological cacophony.

I have almost worn a copy of his recent Norwell Atlas to shreds as I read and reread what a stalwart man of 92 did for his local South Shore Natural Science Center, Inc. Every town in the United States should complete a similar work, NOW, before we literally destroy what nature has bestowed upon us.

Dr. John A. Gustafson, editor of ANSS, has indicated I should include some mention of our involvement in matters related to the biological field of NATURE STUDY. Our three generation family, with NO generation gap, is carrying out an unusual project at our Pinewald tree farm. It is located in the beautiful Beargulch Valley of historic Schoharie County, N. Y. Our forest was planted on worn-out hillside farm land, by my hard-working Dad, interested neighbors, Schoharie County's first county agent, the late Ray F. Pollard with the careful supervision of the late Dr. George Collingwood of Cornell University extension staff, in 1922, '23, and '24 while I was working my way through Cornell University. The land had been purchased by my great grandfather James H. Moot in 1858. Details regarding this forest are recorded in the Summer 1968 edition of *Cornell Plantations*.

We have had annual meetings, the first Saturday of each June, for the past ten years, of all persons who are deeply interested in our environment. They bring their own dry picnic lunches or grill on the outdoor grills as they wish. They pack in their own water. There are no officers, dues or formal speeches of this group which has become known as The Pinewald Society. It has developed into an unusual and perhaps the only truly rural-interest THINK TANK in the United States. This is because it has no official guiding organization, it is not obligated to one area of thought, and does not bear a personality leadership. My first book, now under consideration for publication by a reputable publishing house, will be followed by a book outlining the thoughts of the Pinewald Society for the past ten years. More than six hundred totally dedicated individuals have shared in this ten-year experience. Dr. William Vinal would have added much gusto to this group over the years. He, vicariously, has added much to the deliberations for the past three years.

On a slow wood walk over unmarred wood trails we found a day old fawn one foot from the path in 1972. The folks who, with easy shoes and proper wood clothes, followed the trail in 1973, discovered a partridge nest, with seven eggs, ensconced under a low spruce bow.

That is still a topic of conversation whenever we meet here and there in life's busy activity.

One Summer at Eighty-Two

by BRUCE LUND

Cap'n Bill calls me his "adopted student" and it's high time I formally took him on as my "adopted teacher." It was only 11 years ago in the summer after my sophomore year as a Bio. student at Springfield College that this man had his influence on me. In just one summer he (1) arranged for me to volunteer my services to the Mass. Div. of Marine Fisheries team working on the North River. There my main contribution was a long and thorough analysis of the soft-shell clam populations — let's call that my first Biologic Research. (2) Because of Cap'n Bill's involvement as a leader in the fight to keep Massachusetts' cleanest North River from being despoiled by using it as a sewage plant dumping site, I found myself doing homework and making credible statements in public meetings — that was my first Environmental Activism. (3) As part of that North River fight, Cap'n Bill asked me to take the Chief Naturalist Tommy Gilbert, from the Cape Cod National Seashore on a canoe trip to get his opinions of the river environment. That resulted in my first article, submitted as a "letter to the editor." It resulted in a lot of folks writing me some terribly nice letters and that kind of feedback can build a young student's ego mighty high. How can that experience be described — Environmental Education or PR? (4) As a result of that canoe trip, Tommy Gilbert asked me to apply for a park ranger-naturalist position and two summers of that cemented the kind of work I'll be involved with for life!

Now a lot of people have played their role to get me where I am (as important as that may or may not be), but how many 82-year-old men can affect a sophomore student like Cap'n Bill did me?

Observation and Patience:

The Great Pay-Off

by PHILIP ROSS

During our lunch period Cap'n Bill and I would try to coax the little white golf ball into the hole on the putting green in back of Thayer Hall at the University of Massachusetts. Cap'n Bill often remarked, "Observation of the roll and rub of the green, and patience, pay off."

That was back in 1951, and since then I have often recalled that remark and those two virtues Cap'n Bill had and which he taught to his students. Observation and patience have "paid off" for

me in my years of training for the Ph.D. in Plant Ecology and later on for the Master of Public Health in Human Ecology, both at Harvard University. They also paid off when I was working in Southeast Asia for the U.S.-Japan Co-operative Medical Science Program of the National Institutes of Health and more recently for the study of the effect of military use of herbicides in South Vietnam for the National Academy of Sciences.

Observation and patience are still paying off in my present studies for the Academy of the world food crisis and problems of controlling the population explosion and the problem of increasing our productive capacity in agriculture and the renewable resources.

Yes, these are simple but complex words which are difficult in implementation but have paid off in the ability to cope with life and the exigencies of a profession.

A Web of Life

by VERNON J. WALKER

Cap'n Bill's and my trails only crossed once to my knowledge during our lifetimes. Anecdotes about that crossing are probably better left unsaid, but remain in the minds and lives of those that were involved.

But something, I think, needs to be said about the web that Cap'n Bill wove, a web of which I really know only just one corner.

However, that small corner of the web has caught me as it has caught and affected so many. It has changed me as it has changed so many. And as any effected web, it has also changed its surroundings.

Although I could try to show you a corner of the web by drawing it, I feel that perhaps jotting down some pieces of "my corner" might leave more to the imagination, so that the reader can visualize how *his* corner is intertwined with mine.

So here goes with some names and places — a complex mixture once woven and constantly being rewoven:

Ed Ambry, "dee" Partridge, Gene Vivian, Rya Gelavitz, The New Jersey State School of Conservation, A.C.A. conventions, Louise Davis, The Old N. Y. Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund, Lois Goodrich, Polebridge Camp, Bill Gunn, Camp Raritan, Lindy Lindemuth, L. B. Sharp, Lake Mashipacong, Matt Brennan, The Pinchot Institute, Katie Foster, Larry Mickolic, Cliff Emmanuelson, Ben Cummings, Goldie Metcalf and literally thousands of students, counselors, teachers and just plain people who comprise an imaginary but real group, ever changing but once, twice, thrice and many

times affected by Cap'n Bill Vinal and his philosophy. Each has worked in his own way, working to change both people and the environment for the better.

Each one of us working his side of the trail, in his own way affected by his contact with Cap'n Bill and in turn affecting others to change our environment for the better, through a better understanding of our environment, continues to act out the largest Cap'n Bill anecdote of all!

William G. Vinal, The Eagle Scout

by J. HAROLD WILLIAMS

In the early nineteen-twenties, when Cap'n Bill was an instructor at the Rhode Island College of Education, he was one of the great leaders of the Boy Scout movement in Rhode Island. He made it the hard way, too.

Soon after I became the 21-year-old Scout Executive for the Narragansett Council, at the close of World War I, Cap'n Bill was tabbed by the kids of Capitol Hill to become their Scoutmaster of Troop 27 Providence. The troop met at the college and it had an enthusiastic membership, which had been suffering under the benign, but unimaginative, leadership of a grand old gentleman whose background was the Spanish-American War.

Cap'n Bill accepted the invitation of the Troop Committee and took over. In the twinkle of an eye, he transformed a drill-team into a bunch of pioneers with his hikes, camps and nature expeditions.

He got the kids working on merit badges toward Eagle Scout rank and decided that he had better set the example. So, from absolute scratch, he passed all the badges of rank and the 21 merit badges required and became an Eagle Scout himself. It was a magnificent demonstration of skills and knowledge. It led to Cap'n Bill's appointment as Chairman of the Council's Court of Honor, which made all the higher awards in the Scout advancement program. I have before me a picture of the Court of Honor in 1921, taken in the Superior Court House in Providence, showing Cap'n Bill as a handsome, virile young man.

His success with his Troop and his great influence on the whole program of Narragansett Council led to his election in 1925 to be the Scout Commissioner of the Council, the highest ranking volunteer leader. He filled the office with great influence on the leaders of the State — especially in promoting leadership training, nature guiding and outdoor activities.

Then he moved away to other fields. But we always kept in touch and in 1960 at the time of the Golden Jubilee of

Scouting, Cap'n Bill was summoned back to Rhode Island to appear at a Golden Jubilee Court of Honor at Yawgoog Scout Camps to be awarded a special medal and a citation for his outstanding accomplishments for Scouting and Youth.

School Committeeman

by FREDERICK A. SMALL

Dr. William G. Vinal was appointed to membership in the Norwell School Committee in 1956 when a vacancy by reason of resignation occurred in that body. He continued in committee capacity until 1962, unopposed for re-election.

School Committee status with Cap'n Bill served only to formalize a relationship with the Norwell Schools that had been of long duration. Constantly through the years had this exceptional gentleman given of himself and his treasure in knowledge to the youth of the community. School assemblies, field trips, science fairs and classroom instruction were perennially enhanced and enriched by the Vinal involvement.

It was during that period of tenure with the School Committee and at his behest that Dr. Vinal brought to the Norwell School System the person and services of Mary Plemmons, a science resource specialist.

The Junior High School became involved in semester-long projects in natural science, aided and abetted, of course, by Cap'n Bill.

There is on the grounds of one public school building in Norwell a proud stand of evergreen trees — Dr. Vinal's gift to the boys and girls of the town.

On the north side of Norwell is an elementary school, completed in 1967. It is the William Gould Vinal Elementary School.

There is much that is tangible within and about the Norwell Public Schools as memorial to the scholar and the man. However, with Cap'n Bill it will be his manifest kindness, his depth of understanding and his real affection for people that will cause him long to be remembered and revered.

Hook, Line and Buffalo Roast

by MARY PLEMMONS

I was a bit shaky on that evening in mid-June as I awaited the decision of the Norwell School Committee which was meeting in an adjacent room. One of the items on the agenda (and to me the only one) was the appointment of a Natural Science Resource Specialist for the elementary grades. Behind the closed door was one member I knew — Cap'n Bill Vinal. It was he who suggested that

a program in Natural Science become a part of the academic curriculum. Moments later I was invited to the meeting. As soon as I saw Cap'n Bill sitting straight and tall across the room from me and caught his beaming smile everything suddenly seemed all right.

As students at Sargent Camp in Peterborough, N. H., we were continuously overwhelmed by Professor Doctor Vinal. His genius for asking probing, mind-reeling questions was surpassed only by his ability to pull legs. I fell for everything—hook, line and buffalo roast. Then came relief in the form of that smile and somehow it was all worthwhile.

I filled that position in Norwell, and in the past fourteen years the philosophy of Nature Education and Recreation I learned from Cap'n Bill has served me well.

William G. Vinal School

by JOHN H. CROLEY, Principal

The Cap'n asked the "cabin-boy": What should the town do concerning Hatch Pond? (which was behind one of the elementary schools). Cap'n Bill directed this question at me as I was being interviewed for a teaching position some years ago. Little did I know who he was, or what was his pervasive stamp on nature-recreation and environmental education. He was on his relentless pursuit for the right use of nature. Over the intervening years I have come to know and appreciate Cap'n Bill as educator and friend.

In 1967 the Norwell School Committee honored Cap'n Bill by naming its beautiful, new elementary facility the William Gould Vinal School. This fitting tribute to Cap'n Bill occupies a twenty-seven acre site which includes about fifteen acres of woodland and nature-trails complete with holly, pines, oaks, lichens, mushrooms and ladyslippers. Cap'n Bill has shared his own duck-pond, nature-trail and fresh-cut rhubarb with pupils on a field-trip from Vinal School to his home-place on Grove Street, about five minutes away.

We at the William Gould Vinal School have been the recipients of numerous other benefits from our close association with Cap'n Bill. He has spoken to us in a school assembly, furnished books for our library and heralded the cause of preservation and proper use of our natural heritage.

This week Cap'n Bill visits us at the William Gould Vinal School as we honor him with a party to celebrate his ninety-third birthday. Happy Birthday Cap'n Bill!

Putting It Together With Music

by ANNE LACKENS GUBA

With a father Professor of Botany at the Waltham, Massachusetts Experimental Station and a mother former biology instructor at Kansas State Teachers College, it would seem logical for their daughter to follow in her parents' footsteps and major in biology. Therefore, in the year 1948, I was on the campus of the University of Massachusetts majoring in Nature Education and School Camping. Upon graduation in 1950 I was hired by the Massachusetts Audubon Society to teach nature study and conservation to fifth and sixth grade pupils in the Worcester Public Schools. It was an enjoyable year but the artistic feelings in me kept surfacing and I couldn't get music off my mind. In a few years I was able to return to college and major in music. When I had the B.A. degree in Music Literature and History in my hand from the State University of New York at Potsdam, it was a momentous occasion. I feel my nature background has enriched my music teaching in the Kingston, Mass. Elementary Schools because so much music is related to nature.

My life has been so very much enriched because of the two years spent under the tutelage of Cap'n Bill. The understanding of my environment has given me more happiness than any other subject area studied in school. My interest in the out-of-doors and the cause of conservation is just as strong now as when I was a student, and I enjoy taking nature trips and hearing lectures at the South Shore Natural Science Center in Norwell, Mass.

I will always remember Cap'n Bill as a very loving person who was keenly interested in the success of each one of his students. He had a special kind of wit which sparked his field trips and lectures. He loved us all and we knew it. His influence through his many dedicated students has been felt around the world.

Interest Intensified

by DOROTHEA MULAİK

Prior to my first husband's death I was a leader under Cleveland Girl Scout Council and president in 1930 of its Leaders Association. It was during this period that I met Mother "V" and Cap'n Bill. After my husband's death, the Council offered me the positions of Field Worker and summer Camp manager. At end of summer (1930), the Director resigned and the Council asked me to be Business Manager in interim of the search for a new director. Because of my interest in Nature Study, it was recommended that I take Cap'n Bill's courses

in School of Education, Western Reserve University. (My B.A. was not in Biological Sciences.) Biology 22W—BIRDS was completed but Biology 12W—INSECTS had to be dropped for several reasons which I have always regretted. But my interest in Nature Study was intensified and more knowledge was gained whenever possible. (At Univ. of Utah undergraduate courses in Zoology and related fields have been taken and a Master's degree received in 1944. More courses have been taken since then.)

Stanley and I have kept in touch with Dr. and Mrs. Vinal from that year. We visited one of his summer camps while Stanley was Nature Counselor at Camp Ossipee in New Hampshire in early 1930's. His book, *Nature Recreation* has been a helpful reference and guide for philosophy, techniques, modes of approach and topics for activities and projects in Nature Study wherever we have lived.

Never Too Much

by TERESA HARCOURT

I studied with Cap'n Bill Vinal for three summers, doing graduate work at Boston University's Sargent Camp in Peterboro, N. H. in 1949, 1950, 1951. I received credit for two of his courses. One course I took for the second time without credit, simply because I wanted to. You could never learn too much from Cap'n Bill.

I remember best his style of teaching—making us think of why's, wherefore's and how-come's of the many facets of nature. An old tree stump could elicit a couple of dozen questions from him and the class would finally deduce a good part of its history.

Rambling with Cap'n Bill through the fields and woods, canoeing on the Contoocook River, clambering up mountains, exploring quarry holes, watching the weather, boxing a compass, a rainy-day lesson on his dog, Polaris, were delightful.

I took an early retirement from teaching school two years ago. I incorporated what I learned from Cap'n Bill into my city classrooms as far as possible. Now I'm a volunteer guide at the South Shore Natural Science Center in Norwell, Mass., of which Cap'n Bill was the founder. School classes from the towns of the South Shore come by the bus load to us in the spring and fall. I help take them out on the trails through field and woodland and down to Jacobs Pond to look for more wonders. I do my best to instill in the children a love of nature. Cap'n Bill's work, in a small way, is being carried on.

Continued on page 46

TIPS for Environmental Education and Interpretation . . .

(Cap'n Bill said, "Time doesn't really matter—the trip can be one minute to mark the outline of a shadow.")

Ten Minute Field Trips

HELEN ROSS RUSSELL

It would be hard to find a book on teaching techniques that does not extol the values of field trips as a way of stimulating interest, of giving meaning to abstract ideas, of providing an opportunity for learners to make first hand observations and to be involved in the environment (to say nothing of being able to see life all in one piece rather than in little boxes called art, science, math, history, geography). Every teacher knows these things.

Every teacher also knows the disadvantages of field trips. These are seldom mentioned in books but they are discussed in every school at some time or another. Sometimes the discussion is led by an administrator or a lazy teacher who either doesn't want to be bothered or who fears the responsibility; but, more often the teachers' concerns are valid and the discussion is centered on solving the problems that field trips present. These include: safety, cost, discipline, disruption of school programs, scheduling the field trip to fit the right time



Photo: Schuylkill Valley Nature Center

"Every child adopts a tree."



Photo: Schuylkill Valley Nature Center

"Field trips can be carried out . . . by stepping through the schoolhouse door . . ."

in the classroom study, and, last but not least, providing well informed leadership

Many teachers enter the classroom with few field trip experiences; others may have had many under one or two professors who were experts in their field and who moved with seeming ease from one place of interest to another leaving the neophyte feeling totally inadequate.

Perhaps this feeling of inadequacy is the single largest deterrent to going outside the classroom. As one teacher told me "I took my kids out yesterday. They asked 100 questions about 100 different topics and I didn't know one answer. I decided I would never take them on another field trip."

Elementary school teachers are supposed to be generalists — knowing all about everything. Secondary school teachers are supposed to be specialists knowing their subject in great depth. All teachers can feel terribly disadvantaged and put down unless they have learned to structure field trips in such a way that they are not confronted with scores of unanswerable questions.

The best way to solve this dilemma and all the other problems associated with field trips is to take short trips to learn about one specific topic or to find the answers to a limited number of previously agreed upon questions which have been worked out by the class and the teacher. This is also by far the best type of field trip for most learning and a necessary basis for longer trips as children mature.

Short, structured field trips can be carried out in every school in the world by stepping through the schoolhouse door

to the surrounding area. Whether this area is street and pavement, a parking lot, a playground, a landscaped lawn, a wild weedy corner with hard paths reflecting children's play patterns or a combination of several of these, the area outside the schoolhouse door almost invariably reflects the physical, chemical, geological and biological relationships of the community as well as social, cultural, historical, and economic influences.

Here water can be studied — not in the abstract, or as it affects some other area, but as a part of the school and community environment, causing physical, chemical and geological changes, picking up pollution from the air and land surface, sinking into the ground, splashing off, running off, influencing and being influenced by plants and animals. Here the relationship of animals to available food and shelter or to human activities in the local community may be observed, recorded and even modified.

The possibilities are endless but the teacher need tackle only one concept at a time. If the school grounds are looked at as a great resource similar to a set of encyclopedias, then using them becomes simple. No one feels that they must know everything in an encyclopedia in order to use it. No one needs to know all the outdoors to learn from it.

One advantage of school ground field trips is the accessibility — a class can make repeated trips to watch change occur. For several years a first and second grade with which I have contact has studied trees; as part of that study every child adopts a tree. Once a month the class goes out to the school area and all children draw their tree and record special ob-

servations with words. By the time the year is over measurement, relationship of the tree to animals, sun and shade, as well as seasonal change have all been observed. Neither the classroom nor a long field trip could provide these learning opportunities.

In the same school eighth graders studied shadows over a period of several months and became deeply involved in advanced concepts of the Earth's inclination, revolution and rotation as well as in calendar making and time keeping.

When I wrote a book for teachers on the use of the school grounds for teaching I called it *Ten Minute Field Trips*. Cap'n Bill Vinal graciously wrote the introduction to that book. In it he said that time didn't really matter — the trip could be one minute to mark the outline of a shadow, repeated once an hour all day long. This, of course, is very true, just as special activities are carried out. The important thing is that the walls of the classroom are left behind repeatedly and children and teachers become accustomed to look at and learn from their environment.

I listed 257 possible trips in that book. They involve art, geography, physical science, music, earth science, ecology, mathematics. They are just suggestions. Any teacher will be able to add others. Last year a professor at Bank Street College of Education, teaching a course in social studies, used the book as a text; and I could hardly wait to write and tell Cap'n Bill about it, for what better learning is there than that which leaves behind our subject matter boxes and turns to the world in which we live?

GOOD READING

Destroy To Create. Review by Dr. William G. Vinal, "Cap'n Bill," Professor of Nature Education Emeritus, University of Massachusetts at Amherst.

Today I received a new book. The title, *Destroy To Create* hit me in the solar plexus. What a gloomy idea! At second thought, that's what's happening in Cyprus and the Holy Land. The concept of a school bus solving racial tension lines up pros and cons with vigor. Good education (to be equally created) might be the answer. A 4-year-old stamps, screams, puts on a tantrum, because he has in mind to destroy in order to win. (The idea of a nap, or this is *my* toy, didn't YOU know it?). Let's destroy the estuary by pollution so we can appropriate big sums of money to clean up the water is common thinking today. The TITLE is honest, after all.

I hasten to identify the author: I discover there are three. I know only one; he and his wife (A and B) have produced C, D, E, maybe more. I called it the alphabet family. They are busy people. They go to Mexico to work hard with other people's children in squalor that they may fare better. They learn Spanish to help the project. They now have a *farm camp* that many children can destroy to create. They must believe what they are preaching. How did three authors get time to write a book? More

remarkable, how did they agree (in 1972) what to say? I cannot find a hint on who wrote what. It is like getting Captain John Smith, Henry David Thoreau, and Theodore Roosevelt at a conference table talking about conservation. That's what they did but they also include James Fenimore Cooper, Frederick Law Olmstead, Aldo Leopold, Rachel Carson and all the other luminarists. That's some fête.

I discover a cephalopod on the cover. It must be a symbol of building something. It signifies an idea. Is it a fossil ammonite? There's one in my friendship fireplace from Niagara limestone given me by a very dear friend on the staff of the Buffalo Museum of Science. It is a fossil, and still dead, but used in a creative fireplace for many to see. Maybe it is the sketch of a dead shell of the Chambered Nautilus, from the Fiji Islands, representing life. The last of the 36 chambers is where it last lived. All the chambers are connected by a tube (siphuncle) that acts for a fluid (or gas) so that it can go like an elevator up or down (2,000 ft.) to the restaurant. Just as though that was not enough it is equipped with 94 tentacles, each with manifold discs (suckers) for capturing shrimps, so the nautilus can live. Fishermen (*natives*) in Florida are capturing nautiluses (I had to look up the plural) so that other humans (*craftsmen*) can polish the "mother of pearl" to make cups, vases, and lamps to sell to *tourists*. You know, "this is the house that Jack built" thinking. There is such a thing as

nautilus chowder but who in the world would eat nautilus chowder? I had to do a little research but it was worth the time to find out that there are 150 genera and 650 species of living cephalopods known. Before we get too pecuniary about it there is the squid, which doesn't have a shell. The Chinese eat over 80,000 tons of squid annually. That's a lot of squid. I realize they are just the yellow race and that there are too many Chinamen. Let them destroy carnivorous squid to create more carnivorous Chinamen (population explosion). They can can 'em, fry them, sun-dry 'em and put some up in olive oil. Let the poets and scientists speculate. The scientists will create papers about the kidneys and circulatory systems of the ancestors and descendents of cephalopods. The Ammonite might just have been a poor swimmer. One measly chambered nautilus disappearing will not make much difference? Or, WILL IT?

I would like to tell about the ecological crisis in my front yard. I live on the banks of the North River estuary which is about to join the other Massachusetts estuaries and harbors, as unfit for swimming or eating shellfish. People have the choice of a Federal Wildlife Reserve or sewerage. The civilized method (?) seems to be to pollute and then YOU can appropriate millions to clean up. I think it was Holmes that wrote about the chambered nautilus. The oldest citizen of Norwell is 97 and has been awarded the gold-headed cane of the *Boston Post* for her achievement. More

than incidental, she is memorizing the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes! I never thought I would see a book devoted to this kind of thinking. However, *Destroy To Create* is here. It has both depth and scholarship. It has practical ideas. It recognizes how we built our own bear trap and now are putting our foot in it. What kind of a program is it that allows us to destroy the passenger pigeon and heath hen and soon the clam and American Eagle? Is it belief or misbelief? Is it religion or science? Or both? The book could have had an index. It could have told something about the writers. It would have been helpful to have the publishers let on the price. It is a paperback. When you put together all the conservation commissions, the environmental planners, the sewer people, and the scientists that ought to be concerned with ecosystems and interrelationships, plus considering the national acts as well as local levels of government, there will be plenty of purchasers. I'm not going to worry about the cost of the book or selling price. If you are the least bit concerned with the way people behave you had better get this book and place it alongside of the Bible and Webster's (Noah, not Daniel, although Daniel was shrewd too). The Dryden Press Inc. is at 901 North Elm, Hinsdale, Illinois 60521.

Destroy to Create. Wm. L. Howenstine, Duke Frederick, June Sochen (eds.) Dryden Press, Hinsdale, Illinois, 1972. \$5.95.

SOME CAP'N BILL PERSONALS

Continued from page 43

Nature Library at R.I.C.E.

by M. VERONICA HURLEY

I am a member of the 1915 Class at Rhode Island College of Education, which will celebrate our 60th reunion on May 15, 1975. I had an idea it would be a good time for us to honor Mr. Vinal if we could get each member to donate a Nature book to the Nature Library of which he was the founder.

I have already sent about fifteen books with book labels that could be inserted in the books if approved. I plan to continue to find Nature books that I will send to Dr. V. for his approval, to be handed over to the Library. They will be from living members or in memory of members of the Class of 1915, and all in honor of our favorite teacher, Dr. V.

One of the members of our Class is Anna Sullivan, who at Mr. V.'s request bought sixteen pairs of yellow sneakers from the Bristol Rubber Co. at 26 cents a pair, because the dye was the wrong shade. Mr. V. bought them for his Marine Girls Camp on the Cape.

In 1916, during the September session, my seventh grade students started a project: THE HOUSE FLY—THE GREAT-EST CARRIER OF DISEASE. The students poured three circular pads of plain gelatin which they placed under individual glass globes. A few live flies were placed under each jar. The students watched the flies walk on the gelatin and saw the microbe mold appear on the pads in a few days.

The janitor complained that we were raising flies, not killing them. But Mr. Vinal explained to the principal the purpose of the experiment, and it became the most attractive project of the R. I. Institute of Instruction that year.

Youth Hostels

by LEO MEILINK

About the turn of this century, there was a movement among the young generation, known as the "Wandervogel." It was a kind of protest against the bourgeois society. It originated in Central Europe — Germany — Austria.

The "Wandervogel" wanted to go back to nature, to lead the simple life. They cultivated in their leisure time, an outdoor life, sleeping in farms, hay barns, singing country folk songs and reviving country dances, folkloristic arts and crafts.

Richard Schirrmann and Wilhelm Munker were members of this group. They wanted to bring young people and older children outdoors, hiking and biking through the countryside. These two men founded the first German youth hostel in Burg Altena, an old castle, still operating as a Youth Hostel, and mother-house now of 4,500 Y.H. spread over five continents.

Between 1920-1935 the Y.H. movement had spread rapidly over the world and gives shelter to young people now in more than 6 million overnights.

Our Cap'n Bill met with Monroe Smith, the founder of the Y.H. Association in the U.S.A. There he found a way to bring young people out into the country, hiking and biking and here Cap'n Bill found a field for his activities in Nature Education and Nature Conserva-

tion. In summer 1947 Cap'n Bill came to Europe to study the development of the Y.H. work in Europe. He met with the two founder members, Schirrmann and Munker, and soon they did find the common platform for their work.

Cap'n Bill did contribute to the Youth Hostel work, in bringing his field work methods to our Y.H. Association. He spread the word about field study, about scouting in nature, about conservation and environmental hygiene. In those years limited to a small group of endeavored people, now Cap'n Bill lives to see that this has become one of the main topics of politics.

The Y.H. work does contribute to this aim in training people in hiking — biking — living close to nature, field study centers, and bringing out thousands of school classes for a week's time in the Youth Hostel, to observe nature and culture, to write monographs, and to add practical experience to their classroom study.

I remember walking with Cap'n Bill through the countryside, admiring his keen observation, his stories about the "survival training" he had given to soldiers of the Second World War, once they got trapped in jungle or foreign countries.

I remember how he went stump-scouting with our young people and how they caught fire for this kind of nature observation.

I remember how astonished he was, when we hiked through wooded country. They were clean woods, no left over branches and stumps from our lumberjacks. I remember how amused he observed how the wood-cutters cleared the trunks, gathered the branches, bundled them up, stacked them for firewood for the farmers.

Wood is a scarcity in Europe, and especially in those years after the Second World War. We are still using every bit of wood we can get hold of.

I remember how he followed a track through wild country with our young people and how excited they were when they finally succeeded in finding the animal which had printed the track.

Cap'n Bill contributed greatly to the development of nature study, even when his visit was short, but his personality made a great impact.

Cap'n Bill can be proud to see many things come true for which he has worked a lifetime.

The Cap'n Bill Phenomenon

. . . a philosophy in action

Cap'n Bill Vinal, Naturalist: An Endangered Species

by RUSS and HELENA RAYNER

The hardy species of man who lives close to the earth, whose face is tanned by the sun, whose hands are strong and sturdy, yet gentle and kind, whose whole being registers one with the natural world. Cap'n Bill.

A species who recognizes the song of a bird, who can explain the intrusion in a rock formation, who reads the recorded history of past seasons in the conifers, who recognizes "old friends" as he walks through the woods. Cap'n Bill.

A species who pleads constantly for conservation of natural resources in an age of waste and destruction. A naturalist — one who loves and respects all living things. Cap'n Bill.

He is one who reveres the past, who remembers what candles and kerosene were for, in whose heart burns the pioneer spirit of courage and high adventure.

As he cut wood for his fire he counted the annual rings, told weather from the cloud formations, grieved when a Canada Goose in his pond drowned when pulled under the water by a snapping turtle. He adopted a neophyte geology student and patiently took time to explain a huge block of granite in his back pasture split by an ancestor who wanted to use it as a step at the front door of the old homestead.

He it was who inspired sharper observations from his students and helped to develop the inquiring mind approach. He could hold a group of eager students spellbound for more than an hour around a single pine tree, or an early American

herb garden. One of his questions was: how far from the Wigwam is poison ivy growing, 5 inches, 10 feet, 60 yards? — and on really looking, one found it putting its rootlets against the building.

He could reminisce on the REAL "good old days" and made us all envious that we had missed them. We learned from him about "buffalo wallows." He inspired us in bringing up our children by his advice. "Every child needs a pet to care for, even if it is only a chicken." It was he who advised one brave with many talents to continue in the camping and nature field. He could construct by questions a whole story around an old tree stump. He could sharpen one's observation and knowledge of the life and activities of the inhabitants of an old farm with only an abandoned cellar for evidence.

He could hike a group of eager beav-



"He could hike a group through a bog and everyone was richer." Lost Lake Quaking Bog, N. J.

ers through a bog, and everyone was richer for the boglike knowledge gained. He often sat under a "chiming" pear tree surrounded by adults, children and rock specimens.

Cap'n Bill boasts of a friendship fireplace replete with stone specimens, gifts of former students and friends. He is remembered by students he once inspired who never forgot his guidance and influence in their lives. He guided the building of a "cabin in the woods" with sleeping lofts and fireplace so that students could simulate the life of earlier, less hectic times.

He shows concern for former students by publishing a one man newsletter, a "Vineholler" which "keeps in touch." He expounds the value of salt marshes, and decries their loss. He mourns the loss of a great old barn with all its heirlooms and keepsakes reduced to ashes. He contributes advice and possessions to enrich the South Shore Natural Science Center so future generations may grow in "wisdom and understanding." He hangs out suet, peanut butter and seed of all kinds for our feathered friends and by so doing, benefits ecology. He gets joy from journeying to the Atlantic Ocean island home of ancestral relatives, and is amused on being recognized by the cab driver who has read a befitting tribute in *Yankee* magazine. He continues the fight to clean up the pollution in North River, a lovely winding stream meandering through miles of marshland, an ideal playground for young and old.

How fortunate we were to have "gone to camp" with Cap'n Bill and his ever ready helpmate "Mother V." May we continue to be concerned and to foster all naturalists with Cap'n Bill's special qualifications, who belong to this endangered species.

The Vinal Way

by REYNOLD E. CARLSON

In 1936 it was my privilege to spend about three months traveling with Cap'n Bill and Mother V while Cap'n Bill was conducting workshops for the National Recreation Association in the eastern states. For a young man coming from the Pacific Coast, with lots of ideas relative to the world of nature and how to teach, it was a humbling experience. Here were fresh points of view and new insights on how to help people enjoy and understand the environment.

The burgeoning recreation movement had created a need for trained leaders. Cap'n Bill was part of a team from the National Recreation Association initiating workshops for recreation leaders and youth workers in the large cities of the United States. He was planning to return to college teaching as soon as pos-

sible, and I was being groomed to step into his place.

I had been raised and educated in California. Being in the eastern states for the first time, I was keenly aware of my ignorance of my new environment and was eager to learn as quickly as possible. I had expected Cap'n Bill to introduce me to the unfamiliar plant and animal life. All of you who know him know that he does not function that way. My questions were often evaded, and I found myself digging for answers myself. That is just what he wanted.

In each community we visited, one of Cap'n Bill's first efforts was to learn the history and present status of nature education and nature recreation in schools and other community agencies. We used to chide him - a Harvard man - because in almost every community he seemed to be able to trace the origin of the nature program to a Harvard graduate.

Later we both served on the staff of National Camp with Dr. L. B. Sharp. Cap'n Bill's dog Larry, who often accompanied us on field trips, astounded the students with his intelligence. One day, with Larry soaking wet from crossing a stream, Cap'n Bill mischievously ordered him to get on the bank near some students and shake himself. Larry, of course, did so. When one of the students remarked on how well the dog understood his master, Cap'n Bill explained, "It isn't that Larry understands me. I know what he is going to do anyway; so I tell him to do it, and people think he is obeying me."

What can you do with a woodchuck skull? Cap'n Bill would pull one from his pocket and hold it up for everyone to see. Then he would begin asking questions about it. When opinions differed, he would sometimes ask, "Shall we vote on it to decide what is true?" He could elicit from that skull a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in biology, far more effective than if he had spoon-fed facts to his listeners. There must be hundreds of people today who cannot think of Cap'n Bill without remembering that skull.

His fresh, unhampered ways of looking at things and his ability to get people to observe and speculate are the essence of the "Vinal way."

One Oak Bends Many Twigs

by WM. B. NUTTING

My "working tome" *Basic Natural History*, as many of you know, came about through struggles to provide a course to take the place of Cap'n Bill Vinal's "Field Studies" at the University of Massachusetts. Our state retirement policy, as with many bureaucratic pronouncements, dictates that faculty cannot teach even a day beyond one's 70th

birthday. Using higher, but rarely human, mathematics (of which all of Cap'n Bill's students are no doubt fond!) this meant that on:

November 29, 1951 - Cap'n Bill's Field Studies had no instructor;

State retirement at 70 - Cap'n Bill's retirement age.

So: $(\text{Nov. } 29, 19)00; 70 - 51 = 19$ the age of Cap'n Bill at turn of 20th century.

$(\text{Nov. } 29, 19)74; 74 - 51 = 23$ the years Cap'n Bill has been retired from U. Mass.

If we follow choice mathematical practice using a finagle^o factor of 2 (we think twice as much of him as he thinks we do) and subtract 3 (three) because that is a sacred number, then:

$(19 \times 2) + (23 \times 2) + 12$ (months) - 3 = 1974 - 1881, or 93 - Cap'n Bill's mathematical age.

Note in the above (23×2) , that although he is supposedly retired he has not only been twice as helpful to all of us but $(23 \times 2 = 46)$ has worked extra hard this past 46 years worth to make Nature and Man a joy for each of us! Again - following best math principles, let us either divide by the number 3 or reverse the concatenated, summated digits:

$\frac{31}{3/93}$ or 93 \Rightarrow $\frac{3}{9}$ 39 - and we find

that we always think of Cap'n Bill as the young person with a smile, happy word, and twinkle in eye of between 31 and 39 (these add to 70).

To temporarily sum up, this temperamentally young man was born in:

$(19)74 - 93 = \text{November } 29, 1881;$
happy birth date of Cap'n Bill Vinal.

Cap'n Bill published "As the twig is bent" in part in honor of Robert Cole, naturalist-outdoorsman (see R. S. Cole Museum, Mt. Tom, Mass.) who studied at U. Mass. with Cap'n Bill Vinal.

Back to the troubles of 1951. On or about the third week of November, I received a phone call "Cap'n Bill Vinal retires next week, will you take over his class, he says you can handle it!" 'Twas a week of soul-searching - or should I say that after twenty-three years and one week of such a search I am sure I still cannot 'handle it' in his superhumanistic way.

As beginners usually do, I "hit the books" rustling out "facts" so that grease from the meat of Natural History would keep the wheels in students heads from rusting! I am afraid some gears were over-strained the first few years, until I "felt back" to "see" what Cap'n Bill meant to you and to me.

What greater than to be "as one who loves his fellowman," and further, teaches

us that people and their problems, feelings, and the way they respond to others including "nature" come first — fact and math are secondary. So although my modest tome holds some secondary facets for learning, what grew in the course on which the book was based was the conviction that attitude toward nature and its importance to and between people is paramount.

So the dedication ". . . to all sparkle in man — that it be caught early, encouraged and extended . . ." is a direct descendant of feelings I 'caught' from Cap'n Bill. Furthermore, the preface note of thanks to Dr. W. G. Vinal as one who has been "spiritually helpful" is not only deeply sincere, but expresses in a small way what we all feel as we honor our Cap'n Bill Vinal on his 93 years young birthday, November 29, 1974.

**fi — na — gle, v.i: to practice deception or fraud (Ed. note)

Two Copies of Comstock

by JESSIE MOLASKY

I was lucky to meet a teacher who suggested paths of curiosity. I had four years of the sciences in high school, but when I enrolled at R. I. College of Education, in the class of 1923, I scheduled another science that turned out to be nature study, with Dr. Vinal. Everyone except me received a copy of Comstock's *Nature Study*, but when questioned about my dubious answers, I gave it as my source, until one day, I was sent to the library to bring back a copy, couldn't find it, so didn't return.

Some field trips were required for make-up work, for which I took the 5:20 A.M. train from Bristol. One trip took us to beautiful, park-like Swan Point Cemetery, where Dr. V. skipped us lag-gards, leaving us to find our own circuitous way. We breakfasted at Child's before returning to school, but Dr. V. had ways of taking care of such adventures, and one day, as I was about to absent myself from some other instructor's class, two senior girls waylaid me, took both ends of my classy scarf, and dragged me into Dr. V.'s class where he "invited" me to teach them "Alouette."

I flunked that semester because as he leafed through my required notebook, which consisted mostly of my friends' castoffs, he said, solemnly, "Now, you can't expect me to pass you, can you?" But, I made it up with another group, where he called on me frequently, and made me restate passages in my own words. I was learning to study. I bought two copies of Comstock, one to keep at home, and one to leave in school. Now I could quote with authority.

I began teaching 5th grade, in Bristol, in 1923, had a Girl Scout troop of junior



Photo by Silverberg

Cap'n Bill and his dog, in Ohio

high girls, went on hikes before school, after school, and Saturdays, and passed many of their nature badges. In 1925, I was assigned 6th grade, and my principal "picked" me to teach science. I developed a course of study, started nature clubs, began early morning and after school field trips, crawling through brush in lovely Bristol, which then had an abundance of fields and wooded areas, and 15 miles of shoreline. Foxes, muskrats, woodchucks, etc., were commonly seen. We found wild flowers I thought existed only in books. We had no school or classroom library, but I borrowed piles of books from the public library, which was my second home anyway. I borrowed stuffed animals and birds from Roger Williams Park Museum. Since I also taught choral music and music appreciation, I correlated everything possible with nature study. We collected hundreds of specimens, a wasp's nest, a whole eviscerated lobster (red! — I never could figure that one out), a balanced aquarium, and snakes that caused consternation when they sometimes escaped into other classrooms. One day a boy

brought in a pair of baby skunks in a cigar box. I thought all the teachers and children would enjoy them, but enroute, the principal, apprehensive of an accident, sent him home.

However much I loved nature and music, my lasting, important contribution to ecology was as a junior high librarian, where, from 1932-1966, I built a fine collection of books and materials on those subjects, and compiled booklists for teachers and students. Because Library Science was a required subject then, with a mark for it on reports, and because I also provided an auditorium program every Friday, I had captive audiences. There were so many activities, also my Library Club's field trips. When I retired in 1966, I was invited to set up a new Children's Room in the public library, and there, too, until 1970, I built as fine a science collection as any in larger libraries. I donated my two copies of Comstock to it.

And so ends the tale of a scatterbrain, who for 47 years was paid for enjoying her work.

The Spirit Comes Through

by CAROL SHILLING

In recent months I have been particularly interested in the marvelous working of the Holy Spirit and today I'm appreciating especially the way in which I feel the Holy Spirit has been at work in "Cap'n Bill" Vinal, who was one of the great influences in my college experience at the University of Massachusetts.

His *individual caring* hit me through the scrap book he kept with pages for each of his students. Whenever either the name or a picture of any of us was included in the college newspaper or any other paper, for any reason, he clipped it out and put it on our page.

His Nature Guide Club and the Annual Newsletter have both given me a sense of *belonging*. I remember working on a cedar pin, rubbing it on our chin to bring out the natural oil, and we worked on other nature crafts — the beginning for me of a lifelong hobby. Although I'm not professionally using my nature training, he's always made me feel I belonged, no matter how I developed my interest in God's wonderful creation.

Cap'n Bill's experimental *open spirit* impressed me back when he encouraged taking students in public school out into nature and studying nature inside the schoolroom. He once gave us a unique exam having us accompany him to a grade school class to teach them about bees. He showed slides about bee culture, calling on us unexpectedly to explain any one of the slides which we had not seen although we had been studying bees with him and visited an apiary. Only in Cap'n Bill's class was the Honor System tried and effective. As we explored new concepts and beliefs I always remember his encouraging, open spirit. When he was asked to speak, often he brought members of his class and made it a panel experience, encouraging us to be open to community problems. This also encouraged us to discover and to develop new skills. The Spirit in Cap'n Bill believed in us far more than we dreamed was possible.

Awareness of the uniqueness in nature (as well as in persons) was central to Cap'n Bill. "Did you ever see one like this? Tell me about how this came to be?" whether it was a rock, stick, leaf or . . . I have a vivid memory of the day he took us outside, giving us each two square feet of ordinary ground, asking us to find all the forms of life, saying, "We need to notice and observe what seems ordinary and discover the hidden stories. You don't have to go off to a special spot to rejoice at the wonders of life."

The Holy Spirit through Cap'n Bill has given me encouragement, surrounding me with caring, a sense of belonging,

openness and an awareness of nature, making me feel glad to be me, glad to be alive, and eager to learn more about the marvels of nature.

Massachusetts Audubon

by RUSS MASON

I had never met Cap'n Bill Vinal before coming from Florida to Massachusetts in 1940 to become the executive of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. Immediately I found a need for trained teachers of conservation and natural science and turned to Dr. Vinal as one who would know likely prospects. That fall we added to the staff two of Cap'n Bill's graduates and though we may possibly have had others in the future as good, we never had better. One of these teachers and her family I still exchange Christmas Greetings with, and she is still doing a job in nature education.

Never have I lost touch with Cap'n Bill, and never have I lost my admiration and my love for him. From supplying graduates for our Audubon teaching program, (which still persists after more than thirty years, built largely on the inspiration and the teaching of that peerless leader of young people, men and women, and older ones, too, for I started my 80th year this past month) Cap'n Bill entered more largely into our program through heading our workshops for nature leaders held each summer at Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary, and participating in many other conferences we scheduled for our teachers. I came into

contact with Cap'n Bill and Mother Vinal when they were leaders at the Life Camps to which some of our teachers committed summer time.

I was fortunate to have opportunities while Cap'n Bill's nature program was still operating full blast at the University of Massachusetts to meet his students, discuss with them their opportunities in the nature field, and later through the annual issues of *Vineholler*, to see what varied fields they entered and in which they reached distinction. I know that many of them will recall, with nostalgia as do I, the broiling of "buffalo" steaks on the hot oak coals, and how good Cap'n Bill's chowder tasted for any meal in the open or indoors.

I had the good fortune to add the Vinal's daughter and her husband to the Mass. Audubon staff before I left Massachusetts in 1957 to return to Florida; and they were both "headliners."

Teaching methods may change but I see no reason to change those adopted and followed by Cap'n Bill and his admirers and associates over the years. It might be mentioned that prior to contact with Cap'n Bill, my training and experience had been in the field of Horticulture, with a background of degrees in this field from Penn State and Purdue. I wish that Cap'n Bill might live to reach the ages of some of the Bible patriarchs so that his living influence could be long continued. Whatever the age, however, his remarkable contributions and the affection of all for him, will continue indefinitely. He is a grand friend and associate.



"How good Cap'n Bill's chowder tasted . . ." "Characteristic — not bashful — just nose itching." — W.G.V.

A Gift That Grows in Value

by ELEANOR SPROWL

An appreciation of Nature and all it has to offer in knowledge and recreation is a gift that grows in value the more you become aware of its wonders. Cap'n Bill Vinal set my feet in that path many years ago. What I learned from him I was able to pass on to my young pupils in the Chaffin School in Newton.

I was introduced to the wonders of the great outdoors during a ten day stay at the Peterboro Enterprise where Cap'n Bill initiated a group of teachers into the wonders of woods, field and stream. We even spent a night in the open on the mountain in our sleeping bags. The mosquitoes played a large part in that experiment, as I remember. But we learned the outstanding accomplishment of using our ingenuity in creating eating utensils from material found in the woods. We also learned how to cook beanhole beans, fish and other foods in hot ashes placed in a hole in the ground. To this day Cap'n Bill has never lost his love of my homemade doughnuts. When he was on a diet a few years ago he had been known to sneak downstairs at 5 A.M. before Mother V. was awake and help himself to the forbidden delicacies. During my last visit I learned he now will even eat pie.

One of my greatest rewards came several years later when one of my first grade pupils, Sarah Brown, then a high schooler, spent five days in the woods, relying on her own resources for food and shelter. The book, "Five Days of Living with the Land," describes her experiences. She felt her love of Nature had begun with the simple lessons and experiments conducted in my classroom.

Freedom Hill, site of the home in Duxbury that Hilga Nelson and I shared for so many years, is another testimonial to Cap'n Bill. There he set out Swamp Marshmallow and Maples and inspired us to collect plants and shrubs for a garden. Birds make their home there and keep the feeding stations busy. Rabbits and woodchucks also live there and too often share the garden. Freedom Hill is more than a name. It is a state of mind, an inner peace that comes with the love of nature and of the simple things we should not take for granted.

A Hike With The Editor of "Time"

by MARY ELIZABETH CEDARS

We had many visitors at National Camp in the Kittatinny Mountains of New Jersey when we were graduate students in Outdoor Education (from New

York University). I can still feel the flurry of excitement when L. B., (Dr. L. B. Sharp, Camp Director) announced our guests for July 27 and 28, 1943. They were seven of the key men from Time, Inc.!

Henry R. Luce, senior editor; Ray Larsen, president; David Brumbaugh, comptroller; P. I. Prentice, publisher of Life; and Francis Pratt, who was also president of Life Camps board of directors, were to be with us! All of them were pertinent in the history of our camp.

When Time, Inc., purchased the original *Life Magazine*, the new owners were not aware, until later, that they had acquired the three Life camps for underprivileged boys and girls of New York City. They quickly made it their business to learn about these camps, and purchased 1,000 acres which included Lake Mashpacong as the new site for Girls' Camp. This opened the summer of 1939. National Camp for graduate students, with credit from N.Y.U., started in 1940. So our entire "camp family" was agog!

Although their visit was short, the men came dressed for the outdoors, and used their opportunity by taking part in the activities at the various small camps for the girls on one side of the lake and at our camp on the other. For supper they had a "cook-out" with the staff, which included Cap'n Bill's famous buffalo steaks.

They were with us on our field trip with Cap'n Bill that next morning. This included hiking along the famous Appalachian Trail. Cap'n Bill was calm as ever, but I had a feeling of awe!

We were to explore a designated part of the vast wilderness area in small groups and return to camp by using a compass. Unless it was read correctly, we could have difficulty and wander. Before we started, our camp director, Dr. L. B. Sharp, jokingly asked Mr. Luce, "Which magazine is to be saved in case you become lost?" He replied, "Throw all of them out the window!"

Although Mr. Luce was very quiet, we knew he was enjoying this experience in outdoor education. One of the famous Time, Inc., films, "March of Time," was made on Life Camps. H. R. Luce's wife, Clare Boothe Luce, gave a program to raise money for the camp funds.

Do you also remember the reunions for members of "National Camp Family" held in the lobby of the Time-Life Building in Rockefeller Center during Christmas holidays? I attended the one in 1951.

So throughout the years I have felt a personal bond with my copies of *Time Magazine* because of having taken a hike with Henry R. Luce and knowing that he and his staff were real people.

Sharing a Fine Philosophy

by RUTH McINTIRE

My first acquaintance with Cap'n Bill Vinal was in 1928 when, with Mother V. and their handsome white Eskimo dog, he came over from his Nature Guide School in Ohio to lead a demonstration field trip at Oglebay Park, Wheeling, W. Va., for youth group leaders and nature lovers of the surrounding area. That demonstration marked the beginning of a long-continuing and very popular nature recreation program which would bring as many as two hundred enthusiasts of all ages (five to seventy-five years) to follow the Park Naturalist, A. B. Brooks, over the network of Oglebay Park nature trails early on Sunday mornings.

Cap'n Bill also advised us regarding our own Nature Leaders' Training School at Oglebay Park, which from its modest beginning in 1928, developed into a highly significant educational opportunity for outdoor leaders and teachers of the tri-state area, with an annual two-weeks' session at the Park followed by a week of wilderness camping among the Canadian type flora and fauna in the high altitude of Terre Alta, W. Va.

Several years later at the University of Massachusetts, where our comprehensive statewide Annual Recreation Conference was already making an important contribution to professional and volunteer leaders of a variety of organizational and community recreation programs, Cap'n Bill added a new dimension through his field studies and outdoor education programs. At the University, as always, he was generous in sharing his fine philosophy and rare techniques with community leaders throughout Massachusetts in field demonstrations arranged by the Co-operative Extension Service in the several counties.

It has been a privilege to be associated with Cap'n Bill over these forty years, often in rather exciting pioneer ventures. None of us who have been fortunate to watch him in action or have been exposed to his crusading efforts on behalf of outdoor education, will ever be the same again.

Opening Doors to a New Life

by KITTY F. SANBORN

Just 60 years ago I entered the Rhode Island College of Education in Providence, R. I. It was a difficult time for me as my father had just died in Beverly, Massachusetts where we lived, and the move from that lovely country into a big city was a terrific adjustment to make.

A new life opened up with the usual college studies, the making of new

friends, and the necessity of working during vacations.

"Cap'n Bill Vinal," or correctly Professor Vinal, was one of my instructors and eventually I became acquainted with Mother Vinal, too.

They knew of my need to work and offered me a chance to go to Camp Chequesset at Wellfleet, Massachusetts. It was a girls' camp they had just established with Professor Alice Belding.

For three glorious summers I worked there helping in the kitchen mostly or wherever I could. But always the Vinals included me in every activity the girls had and never once made me feel less important than their paying guests.

There were hikes through the woods, along the shore and overnight treks to the Life Guard Station at Truro — even rides in Captain Taylor's boat which didn't always function. That latter activity I avoided.

Evenings were often spent in front of the fireplace talking or listening to Cap'n Bill's stories or learning from his boundless knowledge.

For five years I taught in the Providence schools, Americanization School in the evening, and summer school at the Y.M.C.A.

After marriage, my husband and I were guests of the Vinals at Camp Chequesset — a rare treat.

Years separate us, events change our lives, but sometimes we pick up the broken threads. And so three years ago, through *Yankee* magazine, I learned that the Vinals were in Norwell and shortly afterwards visited them. What a wonderful time we had!

Somehow I feel that my relationship with these wonderful people was unique. Cap'n Bill was my teacher, my employer, and my friend, and that covers so much.

Learning Can Be Fun

by POLLY BEHRMAN

I always thought "character" and "knowledge" were developed in the classroom — or around the dinner table — or in church; running in the woods — or paddling a canoe were just "fun" things to do. Then I met Cap'n Bill and Mother V. — and enrolled in Nature Recreation. No one said to me that character, spirit, philosophy, and learning can be developed *everywhere* — in all places you are — in all things you do — but after four years at the U. of Mass. (and Cap'n Bill) that's the way it was! And has been for me ever since, as evidenced by the books I co-authored in which we say "Learning can be *fun*, and can take place anywhere an adult and child are together — at the beach, in the park, on the mountain."

Ripples and Waves

by MARTIN J. FEELY

My association with Cap'n Bill and Mother V in the 30's and 40's at the Pole Bridge and National camps was a rich and treasured experience which has motivated and sustained in me an increasing interest and appreciation of the natural things of the world about me. His easy, non-technical approach, his probing and developing questions and his clever techniques in getting the questioner to work out solutions on his own were a joy to witness. "Answer a question with a question," was his thing.

Whatever flakes of this great talent that rubbed off on me probably accounts for my joy and interest, 30 years later, in spending an entire morning exploring a stretch of lonely ocean beach to find myself loaded with rock and stone specimens and just a scant quarter mile from my starting place. It has also turned a great deal of my present activity in photography toward nature subjects, getting up an hour before sunup to load cameras and gear and tramp through sand and darkness to the shore to try for some pictures of migrating flocks of strays skimming the ocean surface in the first streaks of dawn down the Atlantic coastal flyway, or to find that very special clump or stalk of sea oats gracefully poised in silhouette against the rising sun with its colorful splashes of light on waves and morning sky.

These joys are not mine alone for I find they are shared with others who view my prints or slide shows or who wear a natural stone necklace, pendant

or amulet and proudly explain how it was formed and shaped by wind and sand and sea under nature's magic hand. Double, double are the joys, for they in turn are sharing appreciations and interests, spreading them like ripples from a stone cast into the quiet pond — and for me Cap'n Bill really heaved in a giant boulder that is still making waves.

Those Personal and Professional Pebbles

by MARJORIE CUSHMAN HYBELS

Why do we remember some teachers when most have faded into a sort of memory hash of years-of-school? The memorable ones are the few who let us know them as persons. Cap'n Bill Vinal had more impact on me than any other teacher. He and Mother V were the real people of my college years. I remember some hearty meals when I did not have money enough to keep from being hungry. I remember compassion when I was in grief. True that for me the nature aspects of his teaching have been more personal enrichment than professional skills. Who snorts at that, even if it were all his influence on my life? The plant, rock, bird, tree, weather or sunset which I appreciate more for knowing something about it gives me a soul-satisfying moment of connection with eternity. And I bless Cap'n Bill.

But, in addition, his teaching was my only instruction in leadership techniques which I have used in classrooms (outdoors and in), group leadership (lay and professional), training recreational group



Photo by the Larson Studios

"Spend an entire morning exploring . . ." Nature Creeping at a National Wildlife Conservation Summit. Dodie Mulaik on the left.

leaders, and currently as director of a Senior Adult Center. And in rearing three sons. My mothering has had a lot of Vinal leadership in it!

Hundreds have been Cap'n Bill's students. Through them thousands lead fuller lives. What waves of good circle out from the pebbles of influence this man has dropped through the decades!

A Philosophy

by HARVEY G. SEGAL

The old Physical Education cage was crowded, hot and dusty. I was a student registering for sophomore classes at the University of Massachusetts, back in 1949. My course card was nearly full.

"Oh I'm tired. I'd like to get out of here. Look at that old guy sitting over there. No line in front of him! Biological Field Studies, sounds like a gut, Nature Study."

"Excuse me, sir, what is Biological Field Study?" "Hm, it is nature study, a gut."

And so I registered for my first class with Cap'n Bill and worked like hell.

It turned out to be a career choice for me and a lucky circumstance. Cap'n Bill used to teach us differently from all the other professors. He didn't lecture. He let us find out. Today they write science curriculums, using his approach to man's study of his environment. My own career influenced by that day developed; course followed course with Cap'n Bill and an interest in me awakened. I think it has become a philosophy of life for me as it has been with him.

Jobs followed, all related to this developing philosophy: Recreation Department in Baltimore, Maryland; School Camping in Newton, Massachusetts, and finally teacher training on an island in the middle of the Pacific.

Ponape is the largest of the Eastern Caroline Islands of Micronesia. An island world of the tropics struggling for an identity in today's world. The philosophy of man and his relationship to his environment was never as important to me as it is here. This is a developing land, raw, unsophisticated, beautiful, usually gentle. Its resources are perhaps more fragile than on large land masses. In older days taboos controlled man's use of the environment.

"Do not fish on the second moon." (It happened to be spawning time for the lagoon dwelling mackerel.

"Use the poison roots nine suns apart." (Period of tidal action to cleanse every drop away from the delicate corals.)

Taboos were stronger than laws. They have gone, however, with the innocence of Pre-European days. Laws representing conservationist views are few and far apart, hardly enforced. Education needs

to do here what it did in the United States, produce some generations of environmental consciousness. For this I believe is Cap'n Bill's greatest achievement. His students carried the philosophy on. All of us trained by him perpetuated the ideas, the dream. As I look across these waters back to the United States, it appears to me that the powerful groups of conservation and anti-pollution movements are composed of the former students of the teachers, and nature guides, and museum workers, and writers, and scientists who were themselves taught by Cap'n Bill and others like him across the land.

It is the ripple effect — throw a pebble in the water and who knows how far the wavelets will go.

Cap'n Bill represents to me the very spirit of the loon and the whale, the folk-singer and the canoe paddler, the wind and the sea. It is of the natural world that we belong. He has been leading us there.



Photo: Schuylkill Valley Nature Center

"His students carried the philosophy on."

The Faithful Alumnus

by V. JAMES DiNARDO

No one needs to be reminded about the many achievements which are catalogued after Cap'n Bill Vinal's name whenever his friends gather around the campfire. It has never been my privilege

to be able to sit at such a gathering with him, but if I were to somehow find myself in that position, I would heed his advice about not repeating old chestnuts and would zero in on the wonderful relationships he has maintained with the old Bridgewater Normal School, from which he graduated in 1903. Written in the archives of the "Mother of the Normal School movement in America," one would discover that with all the initiative which marks the ideal graduate student, Cap'n Bill succeeded in convincing the President of Bridgewater that the time had arrived for the College to have its first full-time, paid librarian — needless to say, he followed this suggestion by making himself immediately available for the position for the year following his graduation from Bridgewater, not unmindful that Mother "V," who at that time was a single lady, would still be living at Woodward Hall for another year before she graduated.

Four decades later, in his role as an active leader in the Alumni Association, at a time when I was graduating from what then had become the Teachers College, I first became acquainted with Cap'n Bill. In the meantime the College had established the William Gould Vinal Award in Botany, awarded to the outstanding senior majoring in biology and headed for graduate school.

Two wars later our paths crossed again — he in his well-earned retirement at Norwell and I, as Chairman of the Norwell-Hanover Regional School Planning Board. Needless to say, his service on the Regional School Planning Board cast him in his favorite role as an advocate of good schools and good programs for children. He spent endless nights speaking to groups — explaining, answering questions, guiding people to see the wisdom of the projected plan. In this manner, even in retirement, Cap'n Bill continued his favorite role as a teacher.

In the meantime, to my colleagues in the Biology Department at Bridgewater, which by now had become a State College, Cap'n Bill gave generously of his experience in setting up a first-rate graduate program in that area, a program which reflects the entire field of scholarship to which Cap'n Bill contributed from the day he left Bridgewater in the early 1900's to the present.

The logs in the campfire now burn low, but Horace Mann's famous words spoken on our Campus in May, 1846 are as applicable to Cap'n Bill as they are to the institution from which he graduated and served so well: "Coiled up in this institution, as in a spring, there is a vigor whose uncoiling may wheel the spheres."

Deer at National Camp

by "RYA" GELAVITZ

I first met both Cap'n Bill and Mother V. in 1940 at National Camp, a workshop for Teachers Colleges, Leaders of Church Camps, Girl Scout Leaders, etc. Both N.Y.U. and Columbia granted credits for the 6-week courses given there.

The Camp was located on the shores of Lake Mashipacong in the Kittatinny Mountains, not far from High Point Park. I had worked with Dr. Sharp as a counselor in his Life Girls' Camp since 1935, and Cap'n Bill always claimed that I was invited to work at National Camp because I could swing an axe and loved camping! Among others on the staff were Dr. De Partridge, Dr. Phil Walker, Dr. Bill Harlow and Dr. Ed Ambry. Some wives of the faculty were also part of the camp program.

To Mother V. I owe my lifetime interest in whittling and carving, for she introduced me to the use of a knife for something more than cutting marshmallow sticks!

To Cap'n Bill I owe my awareness of the wonders of the world around me. Oh, I had been introduced to Nature Study (out of books) while I was a student at Salem Normal School in 1915, but his methods never failed. Our trip might be a hike to the bog (land over water) but before it was over we had touched on trees, flowers, ferns, mosses, birds, soil, environmental protection, etc. Then back to the extensive library to further verify our discoveries, if we so desired.

I contributed to our little camp paper that summer the following version of an event that occurred just before the camp officially opened. The deer mentioned in the poem had been killed by a car at sometime during the previous fall. It was proposed that it be mounted and presented to L. B. for his new office. The hoax, so demeaning to Dr. Vinal, Dr. Partridge and Dr. Sharp, was repeated over and over again all summer on visiting dignitaries, much to our enjoyment and their chagrin.

"OH, DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"

by SOPHIA "RYA" GELAVITZ

Now listen, dear students, and you shall hear
The saga of the National Deer;
This is a tale both sad and true,
Which I am about to relate to you . . .

Safely ensconced within his den,
Sat Cap'n Bill, a prince among men,
Surrounded by tomes of Nature Lore
On Birds, Trees, Flowers, and many things more.

Deeply engrossed and fearing no harm,
The Cap'n surely was free from alarm;
But, hark, a sibilant whisper drifted
Across the room, — his head he lifted.

"Oh, Cap'n, come, there's something to see!
Dear Cap'n, please come quietly!"
Accustomed to stalking his wary prey,
The Cap'n cautiously made his way
Across the room, and there, bespelled,
Saw a vision such as he'd never beheld!

A soft brown head to the window reared;
Dark brown eyes so trustfully peered.
Such faith in Man was a thing unknown;
For here was a deer in the flesh and bone!

The Cap'n gasped, and then with a start,
The words "unbelievable!" came from his heart.

Still trying to balance his weighty girth,
(While his hidden audience gasped with mirth),
He tiptoed out, — no need to be coaxed,
Only to find that he had been hoaxed!

The Cap'n's chagrin went very deep.
All night long he did not sleep.
How to recover his lost aplomb
Really bothered the Cap'n some.

There was but one way his pride to free;
His face would be saved could he hoax L. B.
So, with Machiavellian cunning
For L. B. he went a-gunning.

In passing, to practice the truth of his aim,
He tried it on Partridge and netted this game.
And thus neither wit could offer apology,
Though Doctors they are — of Bugs and Psychology!

Again they planted the noble head;
(But Cap'n Bill was now "planter" instead).
Again they waited with stifled laughter,
Waited to see what would happen after.

Now to L. B. came the fateful call;
All waited to see the mighty fall!
Now L. B., you know, is a camera fan,
And he takes pictures wherever he can
What a prize! What a prize! this one would be
If in the next moment the deer did not flee.

Over his feet in his haste he tripped.
Out of its case the camera was slipped; ,
Then careful L. B. who's not given to slang
Said, "Damit! No film!" as out he flang.

At least the deer, if he hurried, he'd see
If only, if only, still there it would be!

So, crouching low to deaden all sound,
Cautiously, carefully, L. B. crept round
To where the Cap'n, in deer-like stance
Stood waiting, alert, his hoax to advance.

It worked! . . . L. B. to the earth bowed low
And hid his face so his shame would not show.

And you, dear students, who wish an M.A.
Must to him neither "deer" nor "doe" ever say!

Contributed by Rya
July 14, 1941 to the Canthook
at National Camp at Mashipacong

NATURE STUDY

Letters

FROM HIS FRIENDS

... and one from Cap'n Bill

Editor:

We had a delightful time visiting Cap'n Bill—I called ahead and his son said "Come after 2:30 and don't stay too long." "Yes, he'd enjoy meeting your young friend (Frances Ludwig), but he does have hearing problems—listening to people who don't recognize this is what tires him."

So Bob, Frannie and I arrived at 3—and were greeted by the sound of **typing**. His granddaughter answered the door and called out that we had arrived. The typing stopped, and there he was—with his beautiful white hair, friendly grin and the twinkle in his eye, welcoming us and giving us a choice of visiting in the living room or going out in the back yard overlooking the estuary.

As we sat under the tree he talked to Frannie about her activities. I had handed him a sheet giving him her "pedigree"—a friend of mine who had explored Massachusetts flora and fauna with me ever since we met many years ago when she was six and I was thirty-six.

As I watched Frannie and Cap'n Bill I was reminded of another wonderful older man I had once known, S. H. Dereckson of Lebanon Valley College, who used to say that one of the joys of teaching was to live long enough to have students go beyond you. I've thought of this often as I've experienced that special joy and I've come to realize that "Prof Derry's" statement can have several interpretations. I will never know as much biology as "Prof Derry" knew; no one will ever know the peculiar blend of history and natural history that Cap'n Bill knows, but I will probably "go beyond him" and Frannie will go beyond us both, carrying on ideas, concerns, love of the land and the living things that are dependent on it, and so it was a privileged moment for all of us.

I took some pictures. I hope they are good, but catching the spirit on film is most difficult.

We watched the motor boats come and go on the estuary, and Cap'n Bill told about the days when ships were built at the water's edge and talked about the problems of land and water use, of people and pollution. He showed us his cornfield that was first cleared and used as a garden by the Indians, and told about the artifact hunters who came each year to search for arrowheads and tools after the land is plowed.

At 3:45 I reluctantly broke the party up. All four of us could have been content for hours. His granddaughter says the most difficult thing is having enough activities to keep his active mind busy. I asked him to do a TIPS on combining history and natural history (most appropriate for the Bicentennial). I'm sure it will be forthcoming.

HELEN R. RUSSELL
President

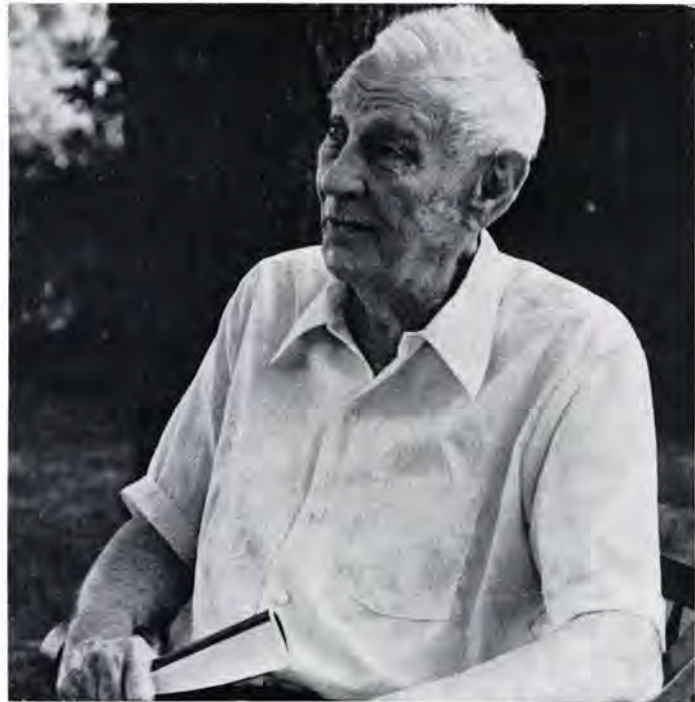


Photo by H. R. Russell

Cap'n Bill at home, Summer, 1974

Editor:

Thank you for the opportunity and privilege of helping recognize a real leader in the conservation and humane arenas.

Back in the Good Olde Depression days of thirty odd years ago when State Parks were something new, and to some unnecessary, Cap'n Bill's annual Recreational Conferences were a must.

Here were concerned leaders with experience and enthusiasm willing and able to lend a helping hand. Experiences were shared and adapted to one's needs and problems.

Cap'n Bill's belief in people and the future permeated these gatherings and we returned with renewed courage and determination.

To have our trails cross only recently because of our mutual interest in The Nature Conservancy has been an added pleasure.

On his ninetieth birthday, three years ago, he submitted his resignation as Chairman of The Black Pond Preserve Committee. This was Conservancy's first project in Massachusetts, initiated and carried to completion by Cap'n Bill.

CHARLES BRADFORD

Editor:

Having just learned by the grapevine that the American Nature Study Society is planning to publish a special issue about

"Cap'n" William Vinal, I wondered if you knew anything of his life on Cape Cod in the early 1900s.

My father, David Lawrence Belding, and "Uncle Will" were best of friends and that friendship started when they both were studying at Harvard Graduate School. They worked on the scallop in its natural environment at Monomoy Point, Chatham, in 1907. They had recently graduated and were biologists for the Massachusetts Commission of Fisheries and Game. For the next three summers they studied the clam, quahaug and oyster in a "shellfish laboratory" at the Chequesset Inn Wharf at Wellfleet. I might add that they worked long hard hours, working both tides a day, so that they could garner as much information as possible. How many biologists today are willing to work that hard?

However, their evenings must have been long because their fertile minds worked overtime dreaming up practical jokes to play on the unsuspecting. The stories they told us children kept us entertained for hours. One story we heard often was about the time the two men were standing on the raft at the Chequesset Inn and my father announced to the assembled children that Uncle Bill had a great ability to swim under water and would swim to Billingsgate Light, four miles down the bay. Uncle Will pumped great amounts of air into his lungs, threw out his inflated chest, dove in, swam

under the raft and came up in back, unnoticed by anyone. In the meantime my father pointed towards Billingsgate in the distance and enthusiastically cried, "Look, look—I don't see how he does it" Everyone would cheer Uncle Will. Needless to say, there must have been great disgust when the onlookers realized that they had been had!

During the summers of 1911 and 1912, Uncle Will studied the Barnstable and Plymouth County ponds and in 1913 surveyed the fisheries at Buzzards Bay. At this time my father, who had since gone on to medical school, suggested to him that it would be a great idea if he and Aunt Alice (my father's sister) start a girls' summer camp on the shores of Wellfleet Bay. Thus Camp Chequesset was established in the summer of 1914. Uncle Will taught Nature Study to the college students while Aunt Alice, who was head of the Physical Education Department at Vassar, managed the sports end. Aunt Lil ("Mother V") supplied the mothering and picked up the loose ends while my Grandmother Belding was the camp grandmother and librarian. Shortly afterwards my father met and married my mother, who was also a biologist, and the families all entered into the camp life. The camp ran very successfully for many years.

My father, trying to escape the hay-fever season, often would go on long hiking and camping trips to New Brunswick, Mount Washington, etc. His hiking companion was always Uncle Will, and how the two men enjoyed the outdoor life! And how the two wives must have loved being left at home with the small children!

Year after year the two men visited each other and as the years went by, the stories with which they entertained each other about the old days at the Cape got bigger and bigger. And Aunt Lil looked more and more pained! However, the two men remained close friends until my father's death at 86 in 1970. Their early works are still the standard texts of the life cycle of the clam, quahaug, scallop and oyster. "Ecology" and "conservation" were not just words to them. The beauty and the appreciation of nature that surrounded them was their way of life.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH BELDING ELDREDGE

Editor:

In 1946 I returned to campus for graduate work after having been in the Army for World War II for 5½ years. I was there for a refresher in my major, Landscape Architecture, but I was interested in Recreation. A good friend of mine suggested I take a course with Dr. Vinal in Recreation Leadership. I had done a lot of camping and hiking with the Outing Club and I liked nature so this seemed like a fun sort of course to take.

I was amazed at the enthusiasm of the students in Dr. Vinal's courses, and I found it hard to call him Cap'n Bill. But his friendliness and his enthusiasm was catching and I soon learned to do it along with the others.

My courses with Cap'n Bill got me active in square dancing and civic activities. But the biggest thing I can thank Cap'n Bill for was my introduction to Youth Hostelling. It was his recommendation that got me involved the summer after I graduated in co-leading a Rolling Youth Hostel trip around the U. S. This was a tremendous experience which I thoroughly enjoyed and I repeated it the following year. The year

after that I did it for pay for an organization called SITA (Student International Travel Association).

The other big thing I have to thank Cap'n Bill for is a recommendation for my first job at the school he had come from. I went out to the N. Y. State College of Forestry as an Instructor in the Department of Landscape and Recreational Management.

Yes, Cap'n Bill has had a big influence on my life as a result of only one year's association with him in his classes. I have visited him in his home in Norwell and got to know and love Mother V. My parents went with me to visit Cap'n Bill and my father at 89 is still interested in and inquires for Cap'n Bill.

Although I am working for a Department of Recreation and my daily work has little to do with recreation programs, I am a strong supporter of recreation of all kinds with an especial interest in nature recreation.

EDWARD B. WILLARD

Editor:

School Camping came to Northeast Ohio through the efforts and inspiration of William Gould Vinal. If Cap'n Bill had not accepted a position in the School of Education of the Cleveland School System and developed Summer School programs for teachers at Western Reserve Academy, Hudson, Ohio, North Eastern Ohio children would have been the losers.

Later the Summer School at National Camp, New Jersey, under the direction of Dr. L. B. Sharp and Dr. Vinal, presented School Camping to three Cleveland Heights teachers, Verna Lewis, Viola Stevens and me. With the backing of Ruth Hubbard (Lux), Elementary Science Supervisor, a program developed and it has spread round about Cleveland.

I firmly believe that curriculum courses in geology, physiography, biology and languages give the individual a background for understanding and appreciating the globe when the chance in life leads one into travel opportunities. And I wish to pay tribute to a great teacher who perhaps puzzled us at times, for we were pushed to discover meanings and truths and wonders of life rather than being fed by lectures. On one of Cap'n Bill's field trips to Oglebay Park, West Virginia I picked up a beautiful acorn and since Cap'n Bill and his companion appeared to have found a like object quite tasty I took a bite of my acorn and when they saw my predicament they explained that they were eating candy. You see he expected me to "learn to do by doing." It is only recently that I learned that some oaks do produce sweet acorns.

My nature interests continued after teaching days were over and the Mediterranean area calls me time and again. There I have found a tiny green orchis on Mt. Hymettos in Greece in the winter, in 1974 in Crete photographed *Gladiolus segetum*, and I have picked wild tulips above the Jordan River Valley near Irbid, Jordan. Spring time always brings *Polyanthus narcissus*, mauve and red anemones and pink flax to the Mediterranean region and at Hierapolis in Turkey the tiniest forget-me-nots I ever saw.

Tour-conducting in the Middle East and the Holy Land, and other visits there, brought me many times to Jerusalem situated at the heart of the Fertile Crescent, a place sacred to Christian, Moslem and Jew. It has an appeal beyond most other sites on the earth. I have organized pictures taken

east and west of the Jordan Rift Valley, and in the valley, into a series under the title, "Revelations of the Shovel in the Holy Land."

The editions of Vineholler through the years have kept our friendships warm and true. All hail to the leader whom I came to know those summers at Nature Guide School, in Hudson, Ohio.

KATHRYN PERRY

Editor:

Though not a student of Dr. Vinal, I have been a friend for many years. In 1914 I met a young man, Russell Sayre, who had been his student at Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va. during the years 1909-1910. He often spoke of Dr. Vinal's interesting classes and field trips and of the popularity of this young Harvard man. When word would get around on campus that "Vinal is coming in tonight" from vacation, a group of his students were at the station to meet his train, even at three o'clock in the morning.

In 1917, Russell and I were married and from then on the Vinals were very special to me, too. We knew much about their activities. There was the girls camp at Well Fleet, Cape Cod—his experiences as a nature guide in the national parks—his writings and conservation projects—and, of course, the growing up of their family.

In the late 20's, the Vinals asked us to meet them at Somerset, Pa., where he was taking part in "The Maple Syrup Festival." As we had never seen maple syrup made, this was a nice experience. In the 40's, Dr. Vinal came into our life again when he came to Pittsburgh, Pa., to help in the dedication of a lovely woodland area, Frick Park. In the 50's, we were fortunate to see them in their home in Amherst, Mass.

Dr. Vinal often spoke of "Vinehall," his ancestral home, where they planned to retire. One of his projects was to build a "Friendship Fire Place" made from the rocks given to him from friends from "all over." He said when he grew old, he would sit by the fireplace and point with his cane to each rock, recalling each donor. Russell and I each contributed our favorite rock that we had found, a fossil from West Virginia and petrified wood from the Arizona desert. I doubt that anyone but the good doctor would have gotten them.

I do not know if the fireplace was ever built,* surely not from lack of rocks, but he has continued to be so active that he hasn't had time to sit by the fire with a cane; neither has he grown old at 93.

When "Vineholler" came into existence, we looked forward to it each spring and reading it from cover to cover, we realized the great influence Dr. Vinal had had on the lives of his students.

Russell died in 1969, but Dr. Vinal has continued to send "Vineholler" to me for the subscription price of one letter to him a year. How much I appreciate having him for a friend.

LOUISE SAYRE

* It was! Ed.

Editor:

It would be a great pleasure to contribute a small portion to the "Special" in *Nature Study* honoring Dr. Wm. G. Vinal. I knew him before he became Dr. Vinal or "Cap'n Bill," being in his class of 1914 in the Rhode Island Normal School. I need not add that in our class he was a favorite teacher. It was because of our field trips that I became a life time bird-watcher in my own back yard. My daughter in Wisconsin and

I regularly exchange news of birds attracted to our bird-feeders.

I remember an incident in his class when we must have been studying weather maps. Mr. Vinal was telling us that it was not really correct to say "up north" or "down south" since up was naturally skyward and down would be underground. He explained that the expression became habit because of flat maps, north being at the top of the page and south at the bottom. I rather timidly raised my hand and ventured to disagree, saying in effect, "Well, Kentucky may not be down south or Greenland up north, but Nova Scotia is still Down East. I know because my mother was born there and I have been there." It was not my nature to be so brash in class, but Mr. Vinal took it as I mean it, and laughed and did not dispute my claim.

It has been my pleasure to renew Cap'n Bill's acquaintance when I learned he had retired to his childhood home and I lived not far away. I then became acquainted with Mother V. and learned to love her. We soon were exchanging our jams and jellies because my gooseberry jam brought back memories of his childhood, and Mother V. was an expert with her home grown fruits. What fond memories this wonderful couple have given me and my husband. I taught school only five years before my marriage, but my life has been richer for having been in one of his classes.

HAZEL GATES GARLICK

Editor:

Since we are in the season of Thanksgiving, it would seem appropriate to express our thanks for all the favors we have received.

At the head of my list is thankfulness for living in a free land, able to enjoy all its natural beauty. What can equal the splendor of the Fall foliage, the leaves outdoing each other in color? How can you describe a Winter wonderland, bare trees aglow with ice, a blanket of snow at their feet? And in Summer, a green umbrella a shelter from the heat, with a rainbow carpet of blooms to please the eye?

And, what is so rare as a day in June,—when "every clod feels a stir of might, an instinct within it that reaches and towers, and climbs to a soul in grass and flowers"?

Where do we learn an appreciation of these heavenly wonders? My early awareness of the beauties of Nature came in the classroom of Dr. William G. Vinal at the R. I. Normal School, Class of 1914.

His tremendous fund of knowledge, his natural wit, and his intense interest in all natural beauty, made our daily sessions joyful. They also made us alert to the realization that we must give our best when teaching our students. A good teacher is a golden key to a joyful life, and I believe after teaching sixty years, that knowledge is power and it must be used fully, wisely and well.

Dr. Vinal set us the example and it was an incentive for me to do my best for my pupils.

Many years passed by, and it was in 1967 that I again met Dr. Vinal. It turned out to be an ecumenical gathering, although unplanned. Several other former pupils also selected that day to call; from California, New Mexico, Arizona, Georgia, Washington, and the minister from the Church in Norwell who was making a pastoral call.

We found plenty of problems of interest

and the visit was friendly and exciting.

My greeting to Dr. Vinal was, that I had come to see if "my old teacher had changed in looks." I found he had not. A little bent perhaps, but even today the same powerful frame, pleasant voice, quiet humor and clever repartee refute Cap'n Bill's ninety-three years.

He is a prolific writer, keeps minute records of daily events, expresses his views on almost everything.

He has received countless honors and encomiums, both national and rural. He has served in National Parks as Ranger-Naturalist. He has served on town committees, and was a founder-father of the South Shore Natural Science Center. He has schools named for him, and he worked diligently on committees to curb pollution of the North River and was rewarded by cooperative movements to keep the River a clean waterway.

In this day when we hear much about ecology as though it were newly discovered; we should remember that the groundwork for this movement to preserve our Natural environment was laid decades ago by such dedicated naturalists as Dr. William G. Vinal.

SISTER MARY RICHARD, RSM
(King Class 1914)

Editor:

I am delighted to learn of this new honor for Cap'n Bill Vinal.

He suggested that I write about extended families. From his extended family of former students (and present, when I first knew him years ago), the concept in our lives has grown and spread in ever-widening circles, like the action of a pebble tossed in the water.

When our children were small, I wanted them to know, respect, and appreciate people in their infinite variety. Since it was not possible to travel to them, we decided to bring them to us.

Over the years, through International House in Washington, D. C., the Experiment in International Living, A. F. S. Washington Bus Stop, I. C. A. M. E. at Stanford U., we have been host family for young people and adults from Pakistan, Korea, India, Taiwan, New Zealand, Libya, France, Germany, Greece, Denmark, Sweden, for periods of several days to several months.

In more recent years first my older son, and later I, was privileged, through an organization called SERVAS, to visit in many European homes on trips to Europe.

For several summers in Virginia we participated in an inter-racial daycamp established to help all the children transfer more easily to inter-racial schools.

As a result of two summers working with a teacher training program for Kindergarten teachers for our Indian reservations, I became foster parent to a little Navajo girl who has since been adopted by an Indian family.

I am now director of a co-op nursery school which is another type of extended family in that our involvement with each other goes beyond the door of the classroom.

Our church, largely through the impetus of a group we started, "Open Door," has become a loving community and extended family for both family groups and the many single people of all ages who come. We also established a children's center there which has youngsters from all segments

of the greater community, and volunteer helpers from an alternative high school, a senior center, and a nearby elementary school.

"There is one man in the world and his name is all men,

There is one woman in the world and her name is all women.

There's one child in the world, and its name is all children"—C. Sandburg

Sincerely,

BARBARA (BUTEMENT) NEWCOMB

Editor:

I was asked to write about THE CURRICULUM AND DR. VINAL but the going was rugged and the words and ideas sounded forced—that is, until this weekend when the ideas came out crystal clear.

I attended a workshop on winter camping sponsored by Hiram House and Red Raider Camps for people in the Cleveland area and as I sat and listened, I recognized that the words being spoken echoed the philosophy and ideas of Cap'n Bill. Perhaps this was not surprising since many of his friends were there and those who had not met him, had heard of him. If they hadn't before, they learned of him that weekend. Did your ears burn, Cap'n Bill?

The experts brought in for the conferences were Jack Wyckoff, director of Clearwater Camp at Dowling, Michigan and Bill Howenstein, Professor of Geography and Environmental Studies at Northeastern Illinois University.

It was Fox Smith who first quoted Captain Bill as saying, "Everything is a learning experience," and isn't that what he has been teaching and living all these years? So all experiences combined add up to a curriculum. Today we might say:

—The curriculum should integrate learning in many subject areas. Did you ever go with Dr. Vinal into the sugarbrush and count tree rings and hear about the early settlers and sing their songs? We did.

—The curriculum should involve learning with all the senses. On one of those trips did you smell winter melting away into spring? See the beech branches trace lines of lace across a blue, blue sky? Feel the cool soft mud oozing up between your toes and close your eyes and listen to the raucous calling of the blue jay?

—The curriculum should involve the children actively in the learning process. Never will I forget my learning-by-doing experience with a group of twenty ten-year old boys in a garden club at a settlement house. I kept those children actively involved in digging and planting and transplanting—or I didn't keep them at all. For the uninitiated, this was a common practice in Dr. Vinal's class. His assignment: To work with a club. It might have been a bird group, an exploring group or one of many others.

—The curriculum should be child-centered. Have you ever watched Cap'n Bill lead a group of children and with skillful questioning get them completely involved with a mosquito, a cloud or a caterpillar? Yet all the time he was conscious of each one of them, meeting the needs of each individual at the moment.

I could go on and on. Cap'n Bill was a prophet living and working before his time. Those things which are a part of the "New Science" mirror philosophies and ideas which Cap'n Bill espoused years

ago. They were good then. They are good today. May they go on and on for many years to come.

DORA DEAN

Editor:

I am glad to be included in the list of luminaries in Vineholler, for I'm sure no one looks up to and loves "Cap'n Bill" any more than my husband, Leon, and I do.

Leon was 4-H club agent for Worcester County Extension Service for many years, and ran a camp for 4-H youngsters, and that is where "Cap'n Bill" first introduced me to Nature Study. It has been the hobby of the rest of my life—teaching nature to 4-H boys and girls, and to my own four. Now it is rubbing off on to the grandchildren, and we bless him for it.

At a leader-training camp at Otter River State Camp we met "Mother V," and enjoyed her thoroughly. They both enriched our lives tremendously, as they have so many others. Here's wishing you many more Happy Birthdays, Cap'n Bill.

Lovingly,

MARGE and LEON MARSHALL

Editor:

When I was teaching at the Rhode Island College of Education during 1919-1921 I organized and sponsored a Health Club. It was always a very special occasion when Cap'n Bill Vinal led us on nature walks and in nature games. Years later in the nineteen fifties at a Leisurecraft and Counseling Camp in Illinois where nature study was being featured, I recognized in the leader a kind of Cap'n Bill approach, so I asked him if he had ever known Bill Vinal. His face lighted up and he took off the hat he was wearing and said: "Why, this was Cap'n Bill's hat. He gave it to me and I am proud to wear it."

Sincerely,

EDITH C. HAIGHT

Editor:

Greetings to Cap'n Bill from a Camp Chequesset camper of some 50 years back, and from her daughter and son, who have learned to love Cape Cod—its every sand-ripple, scrub oak and pine, cheerful flowering weed and varying mood of weather—as you taught me to in those happy summers at Wellfleet. They are both truly children of the out-of-doors.

Alison (Rudkin) Linder is teaching zoology labs at the University of Washington in Seattle five days a week; then commuting to spend weekends with husband, Tom, in Vancouver, B. C. Tom, a cellular physiologist, is doing post-doctoral research at the University of B. C. Both are hikers, climbers, skiers and campers (including snow camping!)

Son, Chris, who did graduate work in environmental engineering at University of Mass., has been named water-quality chemist at Boulder, Colo., where his wife, Karen, is taking her MA in the dance, looking forward to college teaching.

All through my life I have been warmed by the immediate response of people in the fields of biology and nature study to my question, "Do you by chance know Cap'n Bill?" I've decided Cap'n Bill must be known by enthusiasts in every U. S. state—by scores and scores whose lives have somehow been touched and affected by his great love and respect for the world we live in—one of the earliest and most active ecologists in the U. S.

Most Sincerely,

ROSALIND H. RUDKIN

Dear Cap'n Bill:

Today—with rain coming down in buckets, I feel like a duckling hiding under a leaf. You have no reason to remember me, but way back (1926!) I was at your camp in Wellfleet, learning how to be a nature counselor. I well remember you; and also, a good bit of what I learned then has stayed by me over the years. I also recall following Edward Forbush as he wooed the birds from the bushes so we could study them! I was glad to read about your more recent activities in "Man and Nature" (the one published by Mass. Audubon in '73). Congratulations and good luck!

Sincerely,

HARRIET W. LONG

P. S. I have been active on the Dover Conservation Commission for ten years—so some of your teaching must have stayed!

HWL

Dear Cap'n Bill:

I have started to write, many times, something for your special issue of *Nature Study* but what to say? Of words to show what knowing you has meant, there is no limit. But how to make a "substantive contribution"?

I wish I could tell you how I have successfully returned the lower meadow on my farm in Wisconsin to prairie grass, but it is still spotted with Red Clover, Bull Thistles and Velvet weed.

My summer on Mt. Tom as a Ranger Naturalist that you offered as an alternative suggestion, came and went over 30 years ago. It is a happy memory, blurred with many vague pictures of my performance but one very clear one of yours. As usual you were by far way ahead of others who would one much-later day admit that women could be Rangers as well as men.

Fran Gillotti would have a lot more to say about Mt. Tom. She said it with her whole life and she left a sanctuary bearing her name, as a living memorial to you and your work.

I belong to the many students you must have had whose life took them in a different direction. But did any of us who stood by you and the old tree stump leave unaffected? Did we follow you into a cranberry bog and come out the same person?

Speaking for myself, I have not sent the cattle into spring pasture without thinking you would have first fenced them from another section of the woods that should be spared the grazing. I have not plowed or disced a field without wondering whether you would have plowed or disced at all. I have not made an ethnographic film without wondering how you would put the shots together so students who saw it could "discover" at least some of what the film was trying to say.

Four years ago I went back to school to get a teaching certificate. Here in the classroom I did not live through an hour of the day without your presence there—goading me out of the workbook pabulum into the granola of let's-see-if-we-can-explore-for-the-answers ourselves.

"What could you learn about the history of your village," I asked my social studies class, "if all you had left of it was the cemetery?" Shades of the old tree stump. After a lesson on respect for those who had gone before us, we went to the cemetery and came home with a history book, a poetry book, and some very beautiful rubbings for our classroom walls.

"What do you know about yourself, and

your own history?" I asked my literature class. We interviewed our parents and our grandparents. We interviewed neighbors who had known our families for a long time and by taking careful notes, we each built our own autobiographies complete with jacket, frontispiece, table of contents, family photographs and the history of our lives to the age of twelve, chapter by chapter.

You see, some of us end up in a profession where we can effectively and dramatically spread the message and others of us are not so fortunate—but none of us can forget it. Mention any of the words that are shaking our world today; off shore oil, wilderness, dieldrin, recycle, endangered species, herbicide, population—to name a few, and we all feel we have been primed by you long ago to think intelligently with real concern about their impact on our diminishing resources.

Thinking about something is not a contribution in itself, but the possibilities are there. Who knows when or how we may be moved to make it substantive?

All my love to you,

Pat Jennings Hitchcock

I am deeply honored that my old friend, Cap'n Bill, would include me among those from whom he would welcome a reply.

While our paths have crossed more often over the invisible signals of a television camera, I have, nonetheless, looked to Cap'n Bill on many occasions for inspiration, hope for man's future on this tiny planet.

Having been hospitalized several times this year, and released the last time on Sunday, Nov. 10, I have not been able to answer your memorandum of October 14, for which I apologize.

One thing I will say about Cap'n Bill Vinal, and in the most serious vein at my command, would be the following thought: this powerful influence for good, who has touched the lives of so many, will forever be a mosaic stone symbolizing mankind's need to know, and appreciate all living things—the wonder of their being—and the great need there is for all of us to live in peace, one with the other.

With respect and admiration for an old friend—

Helen and John C. Macfarlane

EXUBERANCE???

A "Cap'n Bill" Musing

When I saw E. S. MORSE headlined in a recent issue of *NATURE STUDY*, my first thought was "How could it be?" He was in his nineties when I last saw him in Woods Hole in the summer of 1913! A student of Agassiz at Penikese and now back on his old stamping ground. He played tennis that day. In the evening he gave a talk. The lecture hall was crowded. He had that glitter in his eyes. People were looking in the window. He said roguishly: "When one picks up a stone in Japan a dog will look in wonder. Pick one up in good Christian America." Again the rogue: Apes and monkeys have hairs on the forearm growing toward the elbow, to shed rain. If you don't believe it ladies, look and see when YOU get home." When I visited at the Peabody Museum in Salem he was studying arrow release with the exuberance of youth. Did primitive people hold the arrow between the thumb and forefinger or forefinger and long finger? I recall Robert Tracey Jackson, paleontologist, looking through a compound microscope at a shell. Suddenly I heard him say "By George"

with great gusto. I have experienced it myself. When looking at *Anomia simplex*, the jingle shell, in my research, I saw it pulsating. I ran to get my adviser, (and head of the department), Dr. Albert D. Mead, to come and see too. Another time I went blueberrying and a family of mallards followed me jumping up to pick berries off the same bush. They trusted me that much. Boy, was that a thrill! **TO BE EXUBERANT IS TO BE FRUITFUL.**

WILLIAM G. VINAL

P. S. Get **YOUR CLIENTELE** to tell about instances of **EXUBERANT ACTION.**
W. G. V.

A NOTE FROM W. G. V.

Virgil Kenneth Brown (1883-1974)

I met "VK" Brown in 1936 when traveling for the National Recreation team. He was director of Recreation in Chicago. "VK," like Tam Deering, Director of Recreation in Cincinnati, recognized at once that nature deserved a place alongside of the arts, music, handcraft, and physical education. The 1973 *Vineholler* was returned to me, but on the outside appeared "902 Turkey Run Road, McLean, Virginia 22101." It was with great trepidation that I wrote. I discovered that he and his wife Floy had gone to live with their daughter Margaret and were receiving the best of care. Despite his nearly total loss of sight and hearing in the late years, "VK" maintained to the end his interest in his profession, in sports, and above all in his friends. He had a hobby of polishing stones. He could see beauty under the surface. In 1963 I received a piece of jade which I highly prized. It is one of many gems given to the South Shore Natural Science Center. I want you to hear his estimate of *Vineholler* (1967): "If any American man of letters deserves the honorary title of "Old Faithful," you're that guy, Sir. It warms my heart to read the lines and visualize the dedication, personality, and wholesome influence they put in circulation as you picture them. What a family circle you and Socrates have gathered in a single lifetime." In 1969 "VK" wrote, "I have to throw an annual kiss to friends like you." In 1970: "There is only one of a kind on this earth. Take good care of the old veteran." "I only sit like a statue of Buddha repenting his sins. I'm learning to see and write again." Alonzo Stagg was asked on his 94th birthday, "His outlook?" He replied: "Prospects bright. Few men die after the 94th." I do not have to say that "VK" had humor. "VK" died peacefully at the nursing facility near his daughter's home. Three children were with him the last day. It is a privilege to pay tribute to a great leader.

- CAP'N BILL

Contributors — Vineholler 1975

It is Dr. Vinal's request that this special issue of *NATURE STUDY* serve as the 1975 edition of his famous annual newsletter, *Vineholler*. It is his custom to print abstracts of the letters and greetings he receives from his former students and many other friends in *Vineholler*, listing them in alphabetical order. For a variety of reasons we have not followed that format in this issue. Knowing that many recipients will wish to have the current address of those who have contributed to make this tribute possible, we provide the following list of contributors.

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How! How! to Cap'n Bill

by SARAH J. WYNKOOP

In tune with Cap'n Bill's idea of a round-up — the aroma of buffalo steak fills the air, the fire is burning low, hands are joined around the circle, and a refrain bursts forth — (reminiscent of the "How-How" ceremonies of yore) and in honor of — *Heap Big Chief — Cap'n Bill!* "Gilding the Lily," is not Cap'n Bill's fare,

But a hearty — *How-How* — he will gladly share.

So — *Hail* to our Chief — *How-How-How*
Congratulations and Blessings from all
his "Pow-Wow's"!

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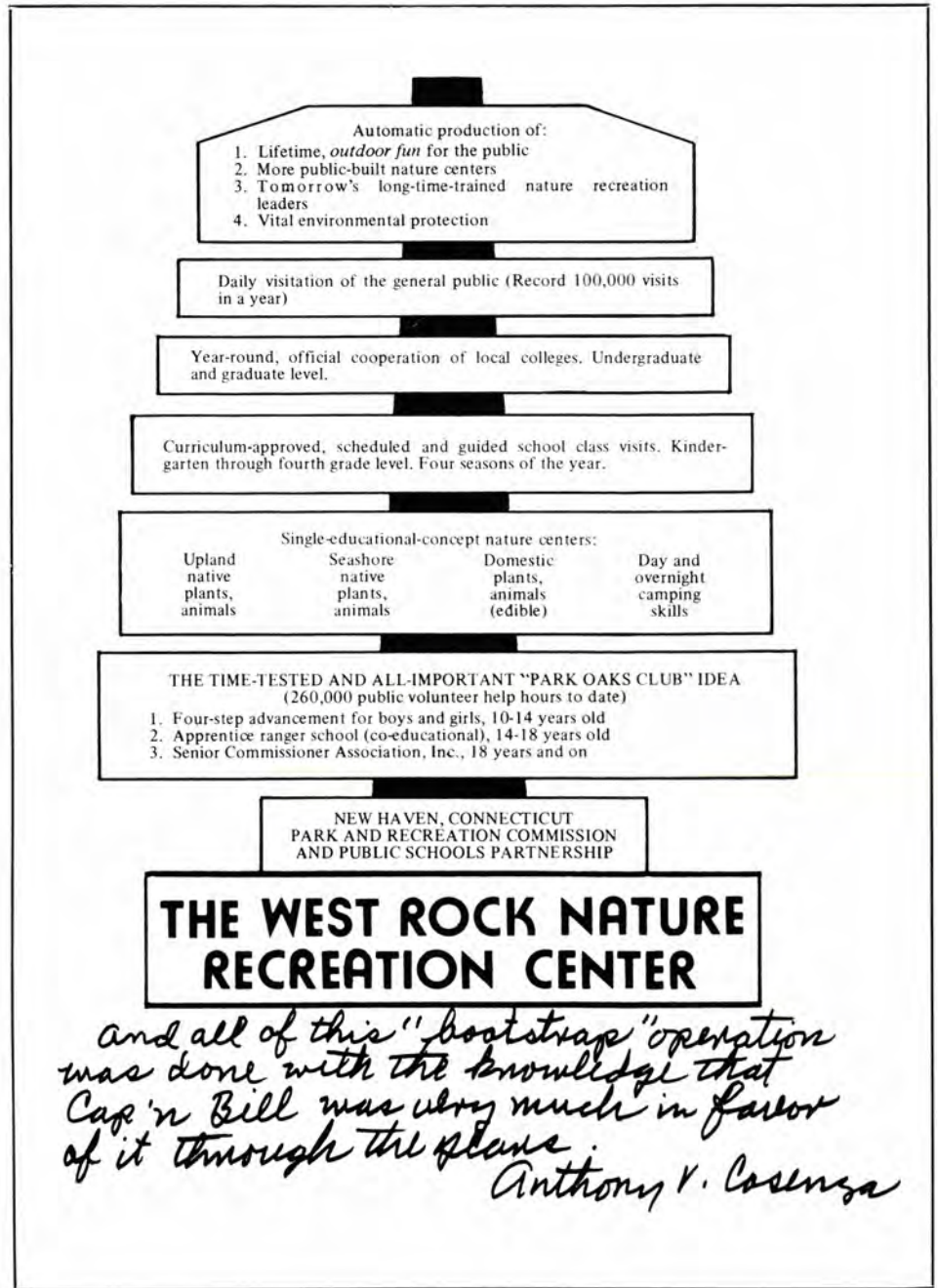
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Some Thoughts and Impressions of Cap'n Bill

Strong hearty man
full of the joy and
wonder of seeing
nature's wide world.

Friend of all living
things, growing, bursting
blooming in life's
big circle.

Totally involved in
nature's ways
birds, bees, butterflies
all things.

The river winds to
the sea curving
twisting home
by the marsh peace

Bill and Thelma French
(With apologies to the Japanese Haiku)

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