

*Gary*

August 5, 1975

Dear you all,

To those of you interested in the Cacapon Reports, here is the start of the 1975 Series. At present we have in Cabin 21: Rev. & Mr. Milton Daugherty, Gary and Doris, Alan and Alma, and Chuck Daugherty. If you're wondering where the children are, you have to look in Cabin 20: Sandra, Simone, Selma, Susan, Alan, Norman, Carol, Soninha and Shawn Daugherty. Later this week we expect to be joined by Donald and Peter; Peter is finishing his course in driver education, and Donald is studying the Nebraska courses and keeping him company. Mary Lee will be joining us later in the week too.

Yesterday started with the Alan Gordons and Daugherty seniors, who all had been at Montreat for a week, starting up from Waynesboro, Va. Chuck started from Charleston about 11 AM. The Gary Gordons were held up by COMSAT business; I had worked on a report all day Saturday, and got up at 4:45 AM to work on it Monday. I finally left COMSAT about 1, and we headed for Cacapon shortly thereafter. It was a hot summer afternoon, and the car was fully loaded (Alan and Norman did most of that), and we got only a little by COMSAT when we got a flat tire. With no spare I drove the rest of the way at 40-45 mph, figuring to arrive there slowly was better than to have another flat.

We arrived shortly after 4 PM, got unloaded and just started getting settled when the Alan Gordons and Milton Daugherties drove up. Later we ate supper at "Allemonds"; this has a new management and new name \*Double-D\*, but the vegetable soup and pecan pie were still excellent. The service was slow, but we decided in the future we'll get there by 5:30 or before. Alan finally took some initiative and got a tray with 16 glasses of ice water. He looked so official and efficient that a couple sitting at an adjacent table asked for some water -- which he served them; later, when they saw him sitting at our table they were embarrassed and apologized. Chuck, Shawn, and Soninha arrived later in the evening, and our present party was complete.

Early this morning Alan hiked around the green trail, and shortly thereafter I hiked up the orange trail to the top of the mountain. I saw a chipmunk, squirrel, rabbit, spider, birds and deer. I saw deer twice, the first time two small deer, and the second time at least one. About noontime most of the gang went to the beach, and bought their lunch there. In the evening we had corn on the cob, beef stew, biscuits, and brownies for desert. For the corn we had to get some salt from our neighbors in Cabin 23 -- Jim Cole and his family go to the Gaithersburg Presbyterian Church and are good friends of ours.

The children didn't express much interest in the slide show Monday evening, or the campfire Tuesday evening; they seem to have fun with games. We had devotions this evening, and later went to the Lodge for bowling: Gary 103, Doris 120, Chuck 143, Alma 146, and Alan 167.

It's 11:30 PM, and way past my bedtime. Good night,

*Gary*

August 6, 1975

Dear Gordons, Silvas, Doles, Nichols, and Gordons:

This is your Wednesday report from the beautiful mountains of West Virginia. This is your son, brother, friend, and father writing. Today was a wet, cool, very rainy day, so no one went to the beach. Gary and Doris went on an early morning hike, and Susan came over to the adults cabin for breakfast, having awakened after breakfast dishes were washed in the "young" cabin. Each one gets his or her own breakfast. Then Alan, Alma, Doris, Milton, Carrie, Sandra, Simone, Selma, and Carol Sue went to Hancock in "Cricket", our 1972 Chevrolet "Kingswood Estate" 8-seat station wagon that the Medical Benevolence Foundation gave us, to shop for food. We bought enough for one week, planning to have one meal out each day. Chuck, Susan and Shawn went on a hike, finding many blueberries. We didn't get a chance to savor any, however, since they found a good place to keep them in their upper G.I. systems.

We drove up to the "Double-D" for soup and sandwiches, then back to the cabins. The children played games in their cabin, while four or five of us took naps. Gary worked all day on reports he is preparing for Comsat. Gary and little Alan built a warm fire (do you know any other kind?) in the fireplace, big Alan chopped wood, Norman and Doris cooked supper for 16.

Family prayers included Alan on the accordion, Sandra on guitar, sixteen of us on voice plus the Cole family, friends from Washington Grove who have an adjacent cabin; they and their three children sang with us as we sang, including "Jesus loves ..... Sylvia, Sonia.....Donald Peter.....Sonia Shawn....etc." Immediately after devotions Sonia, Sandra, Simone, Selma presented Carrie and Milton with a present, a tile with a pictured cardinal, "for tea". Then came the judgement when Susan announced that she had been murdered, after playing all-day murder. She was hanged, and the torn yellow note found with the body stated that "the mark of the murder - hanged". Young Alan admitted he was Dr. Watson, Sonia was Sherlock Holmes, and the trial began. After Chuck and Alan were falsely accused, the murderer was discovered - Norman Gordon.

At devotions we read Psalm 8, in Living Bible. Please note the difference in verse 2 - some paraphrase!

After the three youngest were in bed, Gary, Chuck, Alma, Alan, Sonia, Simone and Selma went to the Lodge basement for Bowling, Electronic Hockey, and "motorcycle racing". Chuck won the bowling, Alan the Hockey (only two players at one time), and Gary was the expert motorcycle driver. At 10:30 P.M. we all had tea, that is, all in the adult cabin, and talked for two hours.

We were greatly pleased to received Hope's letter this evening. THE BIG EVENT for today. Thank you so much, Hope. Mary Lee, Donald and Peter are expected t<sub>wo</sub> days from now. We love you all,

*Alan & all*

CACAPON - Day 3  
August 7, 1975

Dear Gortons, Silvas, Doles, Nichols, Gordons, and Mary Alice,

This is the Thursday edition of the chronicle of Cacapon-1975. The living arrangements continue to be conducive to fun, relaxation, exercise, that is all the things vacations are for. The adults plus Shawn, at the moment, are in one cabin, and the children inhabit the other cabin. That means that naps, late night talking, sleeping in etc. can go on with relative ease. The children also have the run of the other cabin. They both enjoy it and manage it very well.

The morning started early for some. Gary, Alan, and Chuck went up to the top of the mountain-red trail up and orange down. They brought back some blueberries to prove to skeptics that there were some up on the mountain. They also had a long-5 minute-visit with a deer. They seem to be very plentiful around Cacapon and not very shy. Speaking of animals, the racoons make a nightly foray around the cabin. The first night they overturned the bucket full of worms that Shawn and Chuck and brought to fish with. It looked like they ate around 100 worms. The worms were gone the following morning. The racoons take the lids off of the trash cans regularly and take the tidbits they find.

One of the events of the morning was Carrie Daugherty playing tennis. This was not a first, but it had been some time since she played. I want to report that her improvement during the half hour she played was dramatic. With a few more times on the court she could develop into a threat to such tennis experts as Alma Gordon, Chuck Daugherty and maybe Sandra Gordon.

Lunch was again very fine. Sandra as chief cook "cooks a mean meal." Spagheti, garlic bread, vegetable, and a special dessert a frozen seven up salad all tasted very good. Most everyone eats well after having exercised.

Having had lunch "at home" the evening meal was out. We ate on the beach after swimming, making sand castles and the like for a couple of hours. Doris made sketches of the children. Even the small ones posed fairly quietly for her expert crayons to capture on paper.

I don't want to give the impression that we just go from one meal to the next. You might have jumped to that conclusion from the previous paragraph. I want to emphasize that between meals, especially lunch and our evening meal we also take naps and do other similar types of activities. Many of us follow the example of Milton Daugherty. If he just could get us to follow some of his other examples we might all be better off.

The Children went to the Inn this evening to see nature movies. Susan promptly fell asleep. This was not an indication of the quality of the films. The fights between the various types of ants were enough to keep anyone awake.

After the films the kids went to bed and the adults sat around and talked, wrote, ate and drank. Gary asked for Guarana, but took tea as a substitute. Carrie asked for hot chocolate and ended up with a cookie or two.

Everyone is in bed except the racoons and your scribe. Your scribe is going to bed and the racoons have many garbage cans to explore before they sleep. So both of us bid you a good night.

Cacapon State Park, Aug. 9, 1975.

4.  
Dear Far-Away Family:

This is reporter C.D.D. speaking. My day started early. There were little sounds like maybe the racoons had gotten inside-little tearing, tinkling, swishing sounds. So, I opened our bedroom door and the scene was obscure. In the semi-darkness Gary Gordon and Chuck Daugherty were moving about, having already had breakfast. Soon they were out and gone in Blue Crickett, an 8 seater Chevy station wagon now under the care of Alan Gordon. Their mission is to meet Mary Lee Daugherty at the National Airport in Wash.D.C., pick up Donald and Peter Gordon, go to Comsat, and a few other things - and return by supper-time.

Milton Daugherty and yours truly then settled down for an early and quiet breakfast. Quiet because 3 of the rooms surrounding the eating area had sleepers in them. We must have been noisier than the first two racoons, for soon we were joined by the sleepers, and all had a jolly breakfast together, each one getting what he or she wanted for breaking their fast.

The big program for the morning was a visit to a fish hatchery. This was of particular interest to Shawn Daugherty, the fisherman. He came around several times to be sure we knew he wanted to go. He came in our room as I was combing my hair and said "You have on a pretty dress G andmother. It is very colorful!" He is right, it is quite bright. After awhile he said "Grandmother your make-up is knocking me out!" I was so surprised I thought I hadn't heard right, so asked him to repeat, which he did with gestures indicating distress and difficulty in breathing. Well! I had just put a new cream on my face and wasn't liking it myself, so I just washed it all off and we were both happier.

All the children except Sandra, Selma and Norman went to the Hatchery. Selma went to see a friend, and Norman did his tumbone practicing in peace.

We all enjoyed seeing the fish, and they would have enjoyed us more if we could have fed them. Alma asked the man in charge what they feed the fish. He seemed at a loss, especially when she added "what does the food contain"? He stuttered awhile, then took off, returning later with a red label torn from a feed sack. There was a list of 20 or more ingredients, foods, vitamins, etc. contained in the small pellets which are given three times a day to the young fish in the long concrete tanks. There was a quiet pond with luxuriant growth of plakton where many turtles lived and fed, as well as fish. Shawn very much wanted to bring one home, but submitted gracefully to restriction on that.

By the time we came home everyone was hungry, and it was decided to try a Dairy Queen near Berkeley Springs. There were tables and benches outside, and when orders were ready ticket numbers were called out, so this proved to be a good place to feed hungry people. There the children enjoyed playing "Who's knocking?"

Next came naps for young adults and senior citizens. As I closed our door I remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Rip Van Winkle were going to nap. Doris retorted "Hope you don't sleep as long as he did!"

The lake and beach were greatly enjoyed by most of the young fry, since this has been another of those glorious sunshiny cool days. I took off for the golf club to learn if 19 persons could descend, or ascend to their snack bar at one time for lunch, and also to find out what they offered and the price. They gave me a menu, so my safari was successful - until someone asked "What time do they close, and can we go for supper?" Guess I'll have to go again to complete the assignment.

It is now a few minutes after 6 p.m., and tonight's two cooks are busy in the kitchen. They are - a beautiful blonde, Sandra Gordon (who has already had a successful premier), and a luscious brunette, Sonia Daugherty, who may have inherited some cooking ability from her accomplished garret parents of international fame. We hope to soon enjoy what they have to offer. Vovô Daugherty is serving as their timer since

5. these cabins do not supply such.

- The End Of The Day -

Since the travelers delayed, it was decided to feed the children. Shawn had to be persuaded since he wanted to wait for his mother. When the children finished and the others still hadn't arrived, the adults decided to eat. About dessert time there was a great and joyous outcry - the Blue Crickets and passengers had arrived! Such joy, such confusion! In the midst of it all, Sandra and others managed to feed the newcomers and then serve dessert to all 19 of us!

Dishwashers were asked to wait until after vespers, which were led by Milton Daugherty, featuring verses about children. As usual, we had lovely new songs led by Alan on the accordion and Gary in song.

The oldest helped the younger with dishes, then attended a special showing of Mary Lee's slides done for her doctoral work on Appalachian snake handlers. So ended a long and interesting day. We look forward to more of the same.

AUGUST NINETH, 1975.

Dear Reading Public:

We have now changed horses in the middle of the stream, I mean correspondents in the middle of the page. This is the "ancião" of the crowd now pecking away at the typewriter. "My Day" is a dilly, involving considerable travel both on foot and by car. You are about to be clued in on what happened.

In the early morning hours, which means about 7:30 of the clock, eight persons (Gary, Alan, Charles, Donald, Peter, Alan, Norman and Sandra) silently stole away - heading for one of the trails up the mountain. Their objective was to go to the top and then down the other side, where they hoped someone would pick them up. The timing was to be geared to the Paw Paw canal tunnel tour, leaving the lodge at ten o'clock. It was a good idea, except that Simone, Susan and Carol Sue decided to go blueberry picking and they were about an hour late coming back to the cabin. We finally got on our way, in three cars so as to have room for the hikers, and purred along merrily. At the given point on route 9 we found seven of the eight hikers - "Uncle" Alan had thumbed a ride to town to get his car in case we didn't show up. Not knowing this arrangement, we weren't looking for him. However, he saw us and debarked from his "borrowed" transportation. Charles agreed to go back and look for Alan - he found him eyeing a tree loaded with green peaches. They decided the time was not ripe to gather the fruit!

The rest of us had gone on to Paw Paw to purchase vittles for lunch. Gary stationed Donald on the road to flag Charles down, which was a good thing because the latter was rolling downhill a good clip as he came through that wide spot in the road. To make a long story short, we got together, got the necessary food, and wended our way to the parking area from which one hikes to the tunnel. We had lunch before the majority of those present struck off for the tunnel. Carrie and I stayed in the car, at times dozing, at times chatting. Not quite two hours later Garry and Peter appeared, then others singly or in small groups. They brought word that Charles and Selma were returning the hard way - over the top of the mountain.

Since Sandra was chief cook for the evening meal, we came on to the cabin, picking up some food and gasoline along the way. She prepared an excellent meal of curried chicken and rice, plus squash, with banana pudding for dessert. Yum, Yum! The gang has now scattered, the word being that evening prayers are to be held at 9 p.m. With this I better stop. Anyway, the bottom of the page is about to let me know that I am at the end of the line. We hope that all is well with each one of you, and that this serial letter will reach you in proper order. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, so they say. Tomorrow will be another day, and you will have a different correspondent.

August 10, 1975

*Sandra*  
6.  
Dear family,

Around 7:00 this morning Donald and Shawn took the red trail while Peter and Norman took the yellow trail. By now all trails have been trodden on by someone, except for the blue trail. We usually go on the trails before breakfast because it is cooler and so we work up a good appetite.

As pastimes, we attended Sunday School at the methodist church up the road a bit. They put Donald thru ~~Norman~~<sup>Selma</sup> into one class and Sonia on down in other various classes. After we were "found out" by the teacher it was us who did all the talking and she only listened and asked questions. I don't know if the kids in that class thought much of this but we told all about Brasil and missionary work.

After church we came home and most of the kids played card games while Simone and Susan fixed lunch: pizza and peaches. U. Chuck fixed custard for dessert.

Lunch over and each one did his own thing. Most of the adults took a nap. U. Gary sorted out slides that he was going to show after supper. Us kids went up to the lodge and played shuffle board, ping pong plus just looking around. The lucky ones were Peter, who got a free game and Norman who found a quarter. Later on some went to the beach house, where there is a pin ball machine that keeps giving balls with or without money. Nobody takes it away so we get alot of free games. In fact, all of the games there are free. Then U. Gary and A. Doris plus some of the younger ones went to the beach.

For supper we went to the tradicional Double-D restaurant. The gift shop is not so great any more but the food is still good. Also we still get that same row of tables every time. During supper, the list for jobs went around for everyone to sign up and that always causes quite a commotion, but it finally was over with and then we left.

When we got home, we had devotions in cabin 20, after which U. Gary showed slides. Donald, Peter, Norman and I instead of watching slides, came to cabin 21 and played various cards games. Later with Mom and A. Doris we made out a grocery list for the next week. Then I got ready for bed which includes mixing milk and making a pitcher of tang for the next morning. Soon the cabins were quiet and everyone asleep.

Thus ended another great day at Cacapon State Park!

Much love,

*Sandra*

Alma's Alma  
7  
August 11, '75

Dear Ones,

This is a sunny Tuesday morning after real rain yesterday. Lightning and thunder were so strong and seemingly close, that the Mamas got worried about the little darlings down at the beach and the Papas got drenched going for them. When they got back they had only the middlers with them, saying the youngest had wanted to stay at the beach house with Donald to play an endless pinball machine. It is broken enough not to require money for starting, and fixed enough to actually play the game. That is a fine arrangement according to our crew.

I'll go back for a moment to Sunday to tell you about the adult breakfast Vovó invited us to the lodge for. We woke up a little later than we expected to, and had Sunday School deadline on the other end, but even so we had fun being "granfino" for awhile. Actually the dinning room was full of all sorts of people, most speaking very loudly so that we could only talk to the one seated next to each one of us. We did have a special treat of seeing two young deer come out of the woods and walk across the open grass, cheerfully swishing their tails.

Monday was work day. Washing and grocery shopping took the morning for seven of us. The laundromat was very hot, and the store next door there in Hancock is kept at such a cold temperature that I was uncomfortable in my all-weather coat. Both jobs were accomplished though, and we did get home before the heavy rains started. Mary Lee had taken six kids on the hour's outing horseback riding early in the morning. At devotions that evening when each of us thought what we would most wish for, Selma decided it was a horse. The rest of the morning Mary Lee took a group to the old castle. Lunch was soup made from the broth of cooking chicken for curry, which Doris doctored up real nicely. For supper Mary Lee and family fixed a real special meal, including blueberry pie with berries that Simone, Susan & Carol picked on the blue trail.

The tennis courts have been greatly improved but now charge US\$1.50 per hour. Even so the kids and adults have used them quite a bit. Yesterday Sandra and Alan had just started a good game when the rain caught them, so they got home really drenched. Shawn was at the lodge and decided to come home in the thick of it. All you could see at the door was a drippy smile holding out the limp card he had just bought to send to Mima. Chuck went down to the beach after the rain near sunset, but the life guards must have decided that they could have that last hour off, and the place was all locked up.

Shawn has enjoyed the open spaces. Sunday he was not around for several hours and when Mary Lee did go after him she found him waist deep in one of the creeks communing with the wildlife there. I don't think he had actually hand caught a fish, but I wouldn't put it past him. The trails have been enjoyed by all sorts of combinations of people. Doris has half a dozen of her crayon art work up on the walls. Some of us have enjoyed the reading and sleeping the most. However you look at it, this year we have the largest number of humans able to contribute effectively to group living, so that each one of us has time and leisure to just soak up vacation.

We miss each one of you, pray for you daily, and send happy thoughts your way.

With love,

Alma

reporting on August 12  
August 13, 1975

Dear Non Vacationers,

By now our vacation is in its second week, and we feel the need to assess our activities and plan for getting in the things we haven't got done that we really want to do.

For breakfast on Tuesday we enjoyed English muffins. Gary surprised me by staying in bed and letting me bring him muffins and tea. At first I thought he was sick but he assured me he was just enjoying his vacation; which was exactly what I had wished for him.

Mary Lee had to leave us in mid-morning to return to her teaching in Charleston. Chuck and Mrs. Daugherty drove her to Hagerstown airport to get a plane to Baltimore and thence to Charleston. Her few days with us added a lot.

Chess made its official debut when Peter and Gary organized a tournament with a point system so arranged as to give everyone incentive to play. The more you win, the bigger the handicap you have to give a poorer player, like me.

Just before noon poor ill-fated Susan was murdered again in another All-Day Murder game. It's good she is so good natured. It happened behind the kid's cabin during a game of freeze-tag which involved only kids. There was a lot going on at the time. Alan (Jr.) was performing juggling acts for the amusement of the girls. Peter was running through the cabin, so and so was tagging so and so. To hear about it later at the court it was no wonder the murderer didn't have time to give Susan any piece of evidence without being seen or heard. Carol and Donald were the detectives. Their first guess was right -- Peter.

A lot of us bought lunch at the beach. Later Alan and Alma left to take Alma to the hairdressers and Sandra back to start supper. That started the momentum. Then another kid left and that left seven; and another and that left six. Gary and I kept counting down until only two were left. Carol and Simone played in the water the whole time.

Sandra fixed another of her splendid suppers -- chili, corn on the cob, green beans, and baked potatoes. Alan and Alma, Alma's parents, and Gary and I went over to Union Chapel at 7:30 PM when Alan and Alma were invited to talk about their work and show some slides. The congregation was tiny but enthusiastic. I got a lot out of being one of the listeners myself.

The kids were playing Capture the Flag in the dark when we got back. We gathered for the court trial, though Alan went to bed and Sandra relayed the detectives' questions to him over the intercom. Late desert of homemade cakes finished off the day.

Along with a background of forests, crickets, and birds, the daily music from Alan Sr's FM radio, Station WEZR, has been sweet and lovely. I haven't said anyone hiked a trail. Most unusual. Someone must have quietly slipped off for one at some time during the day.

Shalom,

DG/gg

*Alma*

Wednesday, August 13, 1971

Dear family (not at Cacapon),

I woke up late and everybody was already eating breakfast in our pint-sized cabin. Alan and Sandra went out and played tennis as they had been doing sometimes. My father went out and bought a huge tire which must have been used for a tractor it was so big. He bought for us to bounce on and we sure did. In or outside the cabin the kids had fun.

Selma and Donald went blueberry hunting on the green trail and up on the mountain there are thousands of blueberries all little and juicy hidden among the brush. We've had lots of expeditions going out for blueberries or blackberries.

We've always been playing card games that we taught each other and are getting good at. It gives us a feel of friendship. It usually ends up in a game of freeze tag (which is what happened) or something of that sort.

It was Alan and Peter's turn to make lunch. They made some chunky soup and other fixin's. They did a fine job.

It was a hot and sticky day as my mother described it, and we decided to go to the beach. We've always had fun at the beach swimming, having races, building sandcastles, playing games and doing all sorts of things. The adults favorite amusement is playing bridge which is always played.

We had eaten at the Double-D restaurant many times before and again we went to the Selicous food-serving place. We sometimes look at the gift shop which is glamorous and the younger kids usually get a flavored stick that you can suck on.

There was scheduled a movie on Flowers and Edible Plants some of us went to. We found that there were a lot of interesting flowers on roadsides and other places. The edible plants are none-to-my-surprise plentiful in West Virginia. Lots were used by the American Indians. Most of them are simple to prepare but some are dangerous if not used properly. I haven't seen many but I hope to see almost all of them.

While we were having an interesting time watching slides (It was a slide show, not a movie), the others were playing Charades and having a joyful time. Charades is a game where one person tries to act out what is written on a piece of paper and the others try to guess it. Afterwards the bowlers of the family went and played bowling at the lodge which they do often. It is usually pretty crowded in the evening.

We usually ~~to bed~~ retire to bed about 11:00 on the average but the raccoons usually start eating our garbage right after it gets dark. We usually watch them with eager eyes to see what they do because most of us don't see them anywhere else than Cacapon. The crickets start there loud and distinct chirping about the same time.

That just about sums up the day of August 13 here at Cacapon. It is a pretty normal day. I hope all of you can come here one of these years and join us. We are having a lovely time and are always thinking about you.

Our two weeks is <sup>k</sup> almost up and we will be going home with glad tidings of joy.

I hope to see all of you very soon.

Signed with love for all,

Norman

Thursday, August 14, 1975

Dear Cacapon Readers,

Doris wrote about Tuesday's activities, but I didn't get around to typing them until this afternoon. Norman is signed up for yesterday's activities, but I don't think he's started writing yet.

This morning Alan and I drove to Barney's, an auto mechanic who is about to retire. (In Berkeley Springs you drive down William St., cross the bridge, left past two churches, right up a steep hill, and around to your left). He's in a secluded spot, but gets plenty of business. Alan got a lot of minor items corrected, but Alma was disappointed that Cricket (that's their car) still chirps. The speedometer cable needs lubrication and General Motors designed the car so that is a major job -- just to get to the cable. I left Erik to have the right rear bearing replaced; it's been giving signs for the last month or so.

Lunch was prepared by Norman as chief cook, assisted by Carol. Unofficially he was also helped by Doris, as the adults assist when needed, whereas the children have assignments for meals. But after things were well under way, Norman told Doris very politely that she was no longer needed. We all had a good meal, especially the chocolate bit cookies. Norman did the same as Alan (Jr.) yesterday; he signed up for dishes also, so he did his duties all in one lump sum.

After lunch the fishing expedition got organized, Chuck Daugherty leader. Shawn is an enthusiastic fisherman, and a number of the other children are quite willing. This time Chuck took Donald, Alan, Norman, and Simone, as well as Shawn. It's now after 8 PM, and they're not back yesterday.

Doris organized the beach expedition, and took Sonia Daugherty, Susan, and Carol. The weather was not the best, but they had a good time until a shower later in the afternoon. The rest of us stayed around and each did our "thing." Alan, Alma, and the Daugherty seniors took long naps. Selma did a puzzle, played solitaire, and read. I played a game of billiards with Peter at the lodge. Then in late afternoon I started letter writing.

There is a new activities director here this year -- Tom Ambrose. The former one, Joe Frescoln, is in Russia this year; apparently his wife is a teacher, with interest in going to Russia, and he went with her. The activities are still pretty much the same, and Tom seems to be doing a good job. A few children have enjoyed some movies at the Inn, Alan and I went to the end of the campfire this week, and Shawn played in the softball game. By and large, our group is self sufficient, since we have enough for our own activities, and since we already are quite familiar with Cacapon.

Well, the fisherman returned about 9:30 PM with 21 fish (they caught 45 but put the small ones back) 1.5 quarts of blackberries, and sassafras. They started frying fish, making blackberry pies with two slices of bread, and sassafras tea. The lake (18 mi from here) sounds great. Donald caught 9 fish, and was the high scorer.

Love to all,

*Harry*

August 16, 1975

Hi everybody,

We had a picnic lunch and I went fishing. We had samoas, hamburgers, and hot dogs near a dam. It was about half an hour from Cacapon. I had lots of fun playing. Donald caught a blue gill; Uncle Dick probably knows what that is. Carol and I didn't catch any fish. There were blackberries on the way there. We got lost on the way going back. There were a lot of puddles on the road. When we were carrying the watermelon it dropped, and popped. The kettle got all black. Lots of people came there afterwards.

We played Capture the Flag twice since we've been here. Once I won, and once our team lost. Carol and I are always on different teams. Once Carol got the flag and ran all the way back. Whichever side Selma is on lost, because Selma always drops out.

There's a trail from our cabin to Uncle Gary's cabin. We played murder three times; I was murdered two times, and Selma was murdered once. We always have one meal out and one meal at the house; plus breakfast at the house. Carol and I have been learning how to swim. We know the crawl, the breast stroke, the back stroke, the butterfly.

tube We ate supper at Allemongs. Uncle Gary bought an inner<sup>tube</sup> for swimming and playing. We're going to Washington Grove after Cacapon. Uncle Gary and Aunt Doris went up the mountain this morning. We have devotions after supper every day. At Allemongs today I found a nickel on the floor and bought a blueberry stick. Aunt Doris draws good. She drew a picture of me at the beach. It's eight o'clock and the fishermen haven't come back yet. They were fishing since lunch. They are: Uncle Chuck, Donald, Simone, Norman, and Shawn. Last time they went fishing, they caught 21 fish. We ate lots of fish.

Goodbye. Love, *Susan*

SG/gg

P.S. The proper way to read the above is to pause five seconds between sentences.

The picnic was at Sleepy Creek Lake located in Sleepy Creek National Forest. When we left there, Alan and I took the wrong turn, and ended up on the wrong side of the mountain. So after asking directions we had to come back over the mountain again.

This evening four of us bowled. Alma was top scorer with 143, Alan and I got 133, and Doris a close fourth with 132. These scores were considerably better than when we all last played, when I was top scorer with 121. But Thursday Chuck and I got 159 and 154 respectively.

Your correspondent, *Gary*

August 16, 1975

Dear Readers,

Nobody signed up to write about yesterday's activities so this is Gary again. At the moment we are having a picnic lunch at Sleepy Creek Lake, but someone else will tell you all about that.

The day started about 7 AM when we got up to go on our long planned expedition. The weather was quite cloudy, but not too rainy, so we decided to try it. Chuck, U. Alan, Donald, and I wanted a long hike. So Doris and Alma drove us to Berkeley Springs, then west on Rt. 9 towards the Cacapon river and Paw Paw. They dropped us off at that great view overlooking the Potomac, which is at the North end of the Cacapon mountain. From there we hiked about eight miles along the top of the mountain to the top of the orange trail, and then down the orange trail to our cabins.

We didn't know quite where the "jeep trail" started, so we had to hike through the woods looking for the ridge of the mountain, until we came upon the trail. From then on it was a good trail for jeeps, and quite easy hiking. (It started to rain -- time out for gathering everything up, coming home and getting lost). We climbed slowly but steadily from 950 ft to 1300 ft when we came to the park entrance. Two solid stone pillars had once had a heavy wooden gate, but this was now broken and tossed to one side. A little further on we came to Prospect Rock with a view to the west. We also got a nice view where the trees had been cleared for a power line that crosses the mountain. Other than those views, it was hard to realize we were on the ridge of the mountain, since the jeep trail was not steep, and the trees hid the view. We climbed rapidly first, and then more slowly until we reached a height of over 2200 ft. A lot of it was straight hiking; after the start we met no one the whole way. We came to a point marked "airway beacon" on the map, but apparently the tower had been removed, and four metal legs sticking out of the ground was all that was left -- with some blackberries in the middle. It was a long hike, but we finally made it to the familiar shelter at the top of the orange trail, after which things were more familiar. We got back to the cabins about 1:30 and found that the rest of them had departed for the beach.

For lunch I would have been satisfied with a bowl of soup, but Alan and Chuck really went to town, and got all kinds of goodies out of the kitchen. We ended with "pasta de manga" that Chuck had bought at the Safeway International in Washington. Nobody could taste the manga, but it was still good with cheese. The rest of the afternoon was spent in various activities. Chuck drove me in to Berkeley Springs to pick up Erik; unfortunately Erik needs a new axle, which can't be obtained around here, so I'll have to do it next week. The ones at the beach came home when it started raining.

In the evening after devotions and another murder trial we had a talent night, with various numbers. Selma and Sonia put together quite a program. Carol surprised me by singing a portuguese song with Susan. U. Alan directed an adult orchestra -- with instruments they did not know how to play.

Guess that's it,

Gary

Cacapon, August 18, 1976

Hi everybody!

Today, like every day, Carol and I woke up and went to the Lodge without any breakfast. We watched tv. My favorite program was Dennis the Menace, because it's so funny. Aunt Doris went home this morning, but she came back tonight with Uncle Gary and Alan.

After coming back from watching tv, we played dolls. I was the mother, Carol was the mother...see, we have two houses. I had five children, and she had three. It was fun.

After lunch, which Mommy ate outside under the trees, Donald, Sylvia, and Mommy played Scrabble--still out under the trees. Then when Daddy woke up from his nap, he found a piece of paper that said he was dead. At night, we had the Court, and nobody guessed the right one in three turns. It was Norman!

Mark was the supper cook, and he made a good supper. After that we had Devotions, which Daddy led. After the court, Carol and I went to bed. We always play a little in the dark, and talk a lot. That's all I have to say. Bye! Love, Marcie

Greetings, once again, from Marcia Elena's secretary. It's been a fast-flowing Ten days, and it's hard to admit that only four more remain before our Cacapon '76 experience gets transferred from the idealistic department of Vacation Plans and Dreams to the realistic department of Vacation Doings and Memories. As to the specific content of the latter, I've asked each one to share with you what

THE BEST FOR ME HAS BEEN...

- .....a change of pace in a beautiful location!
- .....hiking, swimming, and I don't know!
- .....building the control panel for the model railroad, complete with power pack and switches!
- .....horseback riding, sub-soaking, and deer watching!
- .....the fresh air!
- .....hiking, especially to the Bald Spot on the mountain!
- .....the Bible!
- .....fooling around at the Lodge!
- .....looking out on the view from Bald Spot!
- .....going on the trails with my mother and father, especially to the water tower!
- .....playing with the Walkie-Talkie and playing with Carol!

Once again, you have probably noted that the order of the interviews was a chronological one, yes? Doris seemed to wish I hadn't asked, but all cooperated. We love you, and hope you know that you've been here in thoughts, conversations, and prayers!

*20<sup>th</sup>: So good to share your beautiful letters yesterday -- Thanks, dear Mother and Dad! We love you loads, and are so grateful to be your family! Much love, from all of us & especially your cousin, Wena*

Cacapon, August 20, 1976  
Activities of 12 ~~and 15~~

Greetings to Cacapon Readers:

I signed up to write the activities of last Thursday and last Sunday, but I got tied up with many other activities, so this is being written a week later. Fortunately, Alma get a detailed record of events (at least from her point of view), and my memory can be used to fill in some of the details.

One highlight of last Thursday was a hike that Alma, Doris, and I had in the afternoon. We hiked up the right branch of the red trail to the road that goes to the North Fork Cabin Area (Cabins 7-12), and then back on the road. A new lake is located near that road; it's as large as the swimming lake, but is a reservoir (partly for the golf course) and not used for recreation. Alma was interested in seeing some deer, and I carefully explained to her that the afternoon is not the best time, since the deer are active in the morning, but rest in the afternoon. The only thing wrong with the explanation was that the deer weren't listening. Right after my explanation we saw one deer go bounding away; a little later we saw two deer; and just before we got back we saw a doe and two fawn -- six deer on one hike!

After the hike all but Dick and Sylvia went to the beach; the beach is not Dick's favorite location, but he does go there to play games. After the beach we went to the Double-D restaurant for supper. Last year Allemongs had been changed to the Double-D, with a new management but the same location. Since then a fire gutted the building, and the new Double-D is a couple of miles towards Berkeley Springs. It still has about the same menu and an associated gift shop. The food and service and not quite as good, but we still had a nice supper.

This year the Doles and Sylvia have been here for the full two weeks, but the Gary Gordons have been in and out; the only ones here for the whole two weeks will be Norman and Carol. Alan spent the first week with the church youth at Montreat; Donald, Peter, and I have been working part of the time. Donald came up with us on Monday, but returned Tuesday afternoon. After our dinner at the Double-D Peter and I returned to Washington Grove; on Friday he joined Donald selling food at the Shady Grove Music Theater. Friday morning I got up about 5 AM to take the first plane flight to Chicago.

Every year an annual conference on Speakeasy has come during our Cacapon ~~vacation~~ vacation. As I explained to Alma, Speakeasy is another programming language that we have been using at COMSAT -- in addition to Fortran and APL. One of my friends at COMSAT wanted me to go to the conference; after I said I would, it turned out he also wanted me to give his talk for him. So I gave about an hour's talk, partly on what he was planning to say, and partly on some items I wanted to talk about. There were about 60 there, and my talk was well received. The talks I heard were worthwhile, and the group was a very friendly and congenial group. There was plenty of time for questions and discussion. I stayed in Chicago on Friday night, and returned home Saturday night. Shortly after I got home, Alan returned from ~~Cacapon~~ Montreat.

More later,

*Gary*

Cacapon State Park, Cabin 21,  
Berkeley Springs, W.Va., 25411,  
August 13, 1975.

Dear Don and Helen:

Your double-barreled letter of June 23rd arrived a long time ago, but has been saved for an answer during our stay here. The general idea was that you would like to know what is going on. However, I had not counted on the "daily bulletin" that Gary organized, so find that all I have to do really is respond to your letter.

Thank you for the news of family and friends. We had not been receiving too much of this once Alma entered the final phase of their coming to the USA, which is understandable. I also appreciated the bulletin of the meeting of the Synod of Campinas. The situation seems to be tragic, and we wonder what God will do to resolve the problem. We can't help but wonder how we would react (or act) were we still on active duty. At this distance all we can do is pray.

We are grateful to you for your prayers in behalf of Carrie's mother. Before we left Panama City she had gotten to the point where she no longer communicated with anyone. Everyone, including Alan, said this might last for sometime, so we decided to accompany Alma and Alan on this expedition - first Atlanta, then Montreat, and now Cacapon. We have had two letters since leaving Panama City, and both of them brought us the word that there is no change in Mima's condition. The two doctor brothers, plus the retired preacher brother (and their wives) continue to visit Mima and give her all possible support. We have been pleasantly surprised with the care she receives in the Nursing Center.

Turning to my own medical situation, it would seem that the mountains (combined with a conference) are not good for me. Alan took my blood pressure a day or two ago and found it to be 170/85 in a sitting position. I have also taken more Sorbitrate (a chewable variation of the sub-lingual Nitro Glycerin tablets) than I was using in Panama City. Strangely enough, an excess of food causes problems in my chest and arm.

Thank you for your willingness to send the saccharin and Zincfrin. Alan brought both. I was aghast at the price of the former, it is five times what I used to pay. This is not a complaint, as Alan did not allow me to reimburse him; but it does make me more aware of what inflation is doing to Brazil.

Helen, you are so right about one's own typewriter, it just works better. That's the reason I brought this machine along on the trip. My hunt and peck system gets better results on this familiar keyboard. Sandra also likes it because she has the same kind of machine. And your jingle about the "min" strikes a responsive chord with yours truly. I have to write things down if I am to remember them - our grocery list grows gradually as I think of things (or Carrie thinks of them) while at the table. I keep a piece of paper close by.

Your comment about missing us in Campinas leads me to say that one of these days, weeks, months or years we'll "appear". Alan has invited us to go with them when they return to Brazil next February, but we have made no decision on this as yet. One thing that has to be taken into account is that Margaret and Delores will very likely be with Alma and Alan until July. On the other hand, I do want to maintain my permanent residence status in Brazil, and that means landing in Brazil before August 1978 rolls around - if the five year limit is still in effect for persons married to Brazilians.

As I mentioned above, you should be receiving a daily letter from Cacapon which gives you detailed news of our "goings on". Carrie and I are enjoying it here, and grateful to Gary and Doris for including us in the group. This has enabled us to have fellowship with Gary and family as well as with Alan and family, and with Charles and his children. We have been in rather constant contact with the Alan Gordons ever since they arrived in this country, which has been all to the good - at least from our point of view. Next Monday we go to Charleston, W.Va. with Charles for a visit of indefinite duration. End of the page, so I better stop. Carrie joins me in love to you both.

Sincerely, *John*

Cacapon State Park  
Aug. 8, 1975

Dear far away Family,

This is reporter C.D.D. speaking "My day" started early. There were little sounds like, maybe the racoons had gotten inside, little tearing, tinkling, swishing sounds. So I opened our bedroom door + the scene was obscure. In the semi-darkness Gary Gordon + Chuck Laugherty were moving about, having already had breakfast. Soon they were out + gone in Blue Crickett an 8 seater Chevy station wagon now under the care of Alan Gordon. Their mission is to <sup>Laugherty</sup> meet Mary Lee at the National airport <sup>in Wash. D.C.</sup>, pick up Donald + Peter Gordon, go to COMSAT, do a few other things + return by suppertime. At this writing that is still a few hours off.

Milton Laugherty + "yours truly" then settled down for an early + quiet breakfast. Quiet because 3 of the rooms surrounding the eating area had sleepers in them. We must have been noisier than the first 2 racoons for soon we were joined by the sleepers + all had a jolly breakfast together, each one getting what he or she wanted for breaking their fast.

The big program for the morning was a visit to the fish hatchery. This was of parti-

cular interest to Shawn Daugherty the fisherman. He came around several times to be sure we knew he wanted to go. He came in our room as I was combing my hair & said, "You have on a pretty dress grand-mother. It is very colorful." He is right it is quite bright. After a while he said, "Grand-mother, your makeup is knocking me out." I was so surprised I thought I hadn't heard right so asked him to repeat which he did with gestures indicating distress & difficulty in breathing. Well! I had just put a new cream on my face & wasn't liking it myself, so I just washed it all off & we were both happier.

All the children except Sandra, Selma & Norman went to the Hatchery. Selma went to see a friend, Norman did his trombone practicing in peace.

We all enjoyed seeing the fish & they would have enjoyed us more if we could have fed them. Alma asked the man in charge what they fed the fish. He seemed at a loss and especially when she added, "what does the food contain?" He stutted a while, then

→ capon

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took off, returning later with a red label torn from a feed sack + there was a list of 20 or more ingredients, foods, vitamins etc. contained in the small pellets given 3 times a day to the young fish in the long concrete tanks. There was a quiet pond with luxuriant growth of plankton where many turtles lived + fed as well as fish. Shawn very much wanted to bring one home, but submitted gracefully to restriction on that.

By the time we came home everyone was hungry + it was decided to try a Dairy Queen near Berkeley Spgs. There were tables + benches outside + when orders were ready ticket nos. were called, so this proved a good place to feed hungry people. There the children enjoyed playing Who's knocking

Next came naps for young adults + Senior Citizens. As I closed our door I remarked that Mr. + Mrs. Rip Van Winkle were going to nap. Doris retorted, "Hope you don't sleep as long as he did."

The lake + beach were greatly enjoyed by most of the young fry since this has been another of those glorious sunshiny cool days. I took off for the golf club to

learn if 19 people could descend or ascend to their snack bar at one time for lunch, and also to find out what they offered + the price. They gave me a menu, so my safari was successful until some one asked, "What time do they close, can we go for supper?" Guess I'll have to go again to complete the assignment.

It is now a few minutes after 6 PM + tonight's 2 cooks are busy in the kitchen. They are a beautiful blonde, Sandra Gordon, who has already had a successful premiere; + a luscious brunette, Sonia Daugherty who may have inherited some cooking ability from her accomplished gourmet parents of international fame. We hope to soon enjoy what they have to offer. Vova Daugherty is serving as their timer since these cabins don't supply such.

- The End of the Day -

Since the travellers delayed it was decided to feed the children. Shawn had to be persuaded since he wanted to wait

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→ Ca Pan

for his mother. When the children finished and the others still hadn't arrived the adults decided to eat. About desert time there was a great + joyous outcry the Blue Cricket + passengers had arrived. Such joy such confusion! In the midst of it all Sandra + others managed to feed the newcomers + then serve desert to all 19 of us!

Wish washers were asked to wait till after vespers which were led by Milton Blaugherly featuring verses about children. As usual we had lovely new songs led by Alan on accordion + Gary in song.

The oldest helped the younger with dishes then attended a special showing of Mary Lee's slides done for her doctoral work on Appalachian snake handlers. So ended a long and interesting day. We look forward to more of the same.