

Chatham

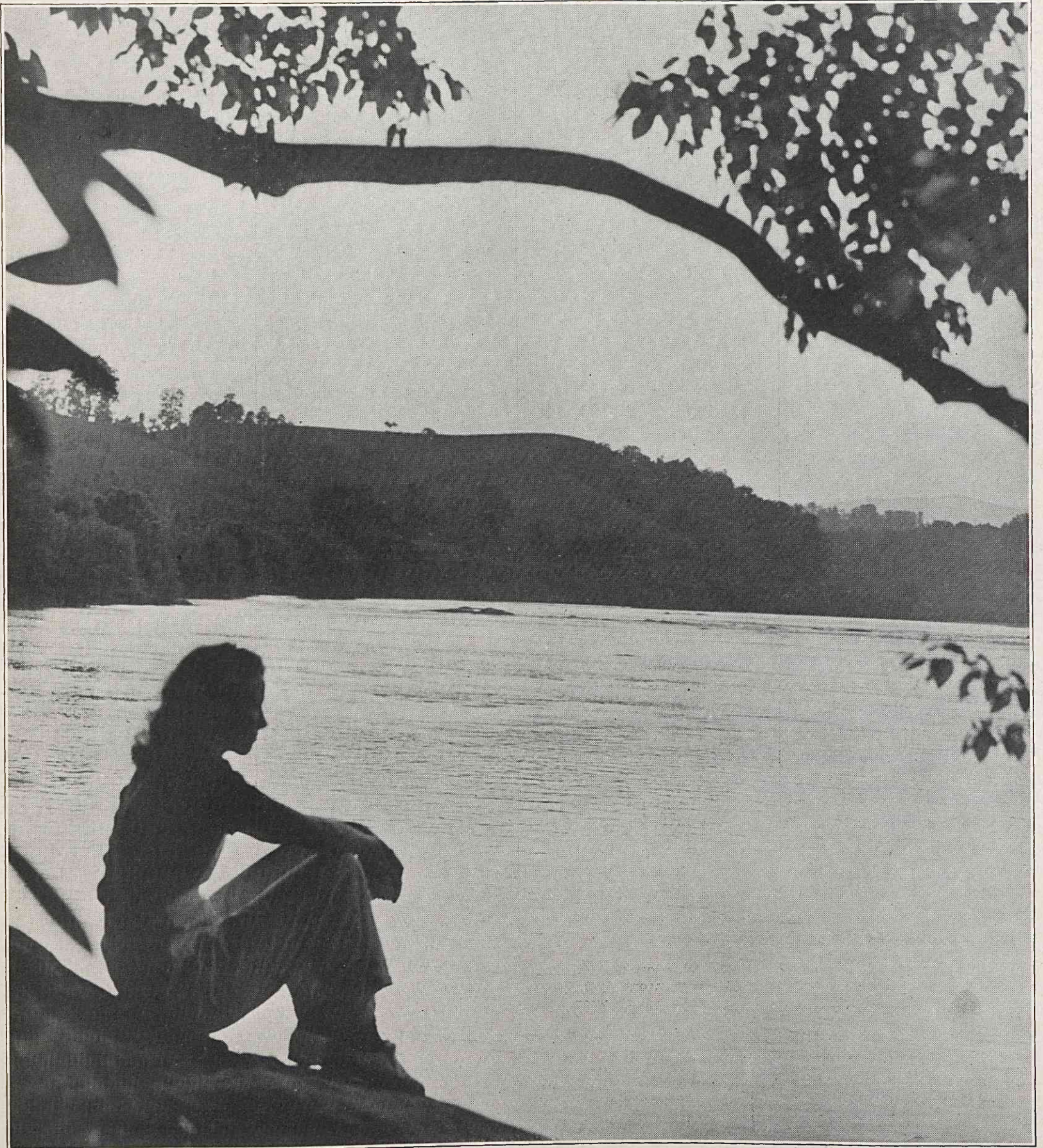


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When with the setting sun there comes the sound of beating wings on a hollow log high up on the mountainside as a cock pheasant calls to his mate; the croaking of the big bullfrog around the bend; the gentle ripple of the water around the big rocks in the river, and—as twilight falls—thousands of fireflies change the scene to a fairy-land of a million lights—then it is "VACATION TIME."