

NOW IN ITS FIFTEENTH YEAR

The Quaker City Scout

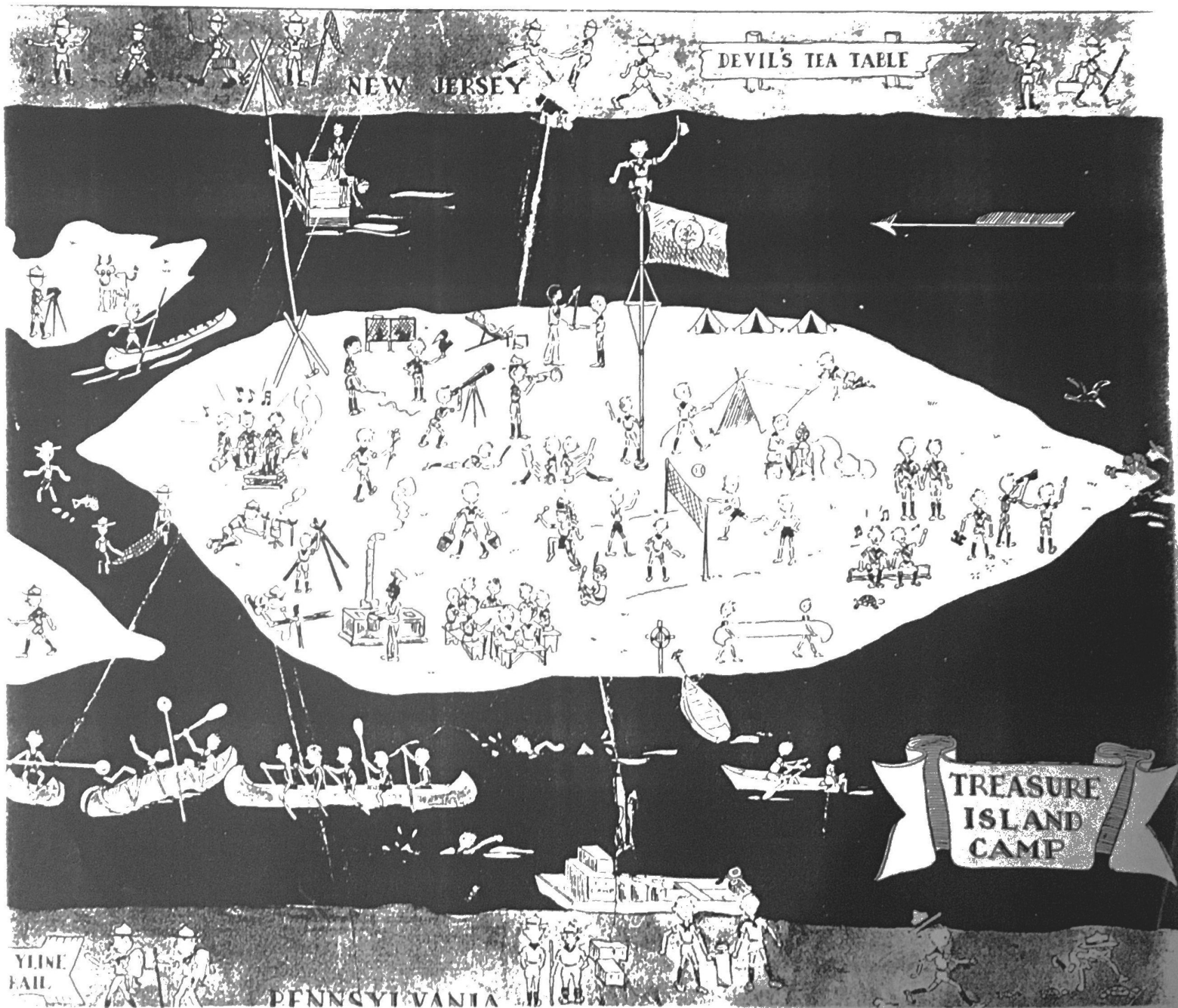
Boy Scouts of America

Philadelphia Council

JUNE

1936

"THERE'S LOTS OF FUN UP THERE"



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Cover by George H. Rodenhausen

DRINK



Delicious Refreshing

Every Bottle Sterilized Keep a Case in Your Home

Campfire Daze

a Yellowstone Yarn

by

Thomas R. Sussman

BRIGHT were the embers like blood red rubies. Flames curled lazily over the last glowing coals. Night was a peaceful blanket that enshrouded the world with a blessed tranquillity and the vast stillness had compelled a silent hush over the little group huddled about the campfire.

"Aw, tell us just one more story before we go to bed," begged little Iggy. It was his first time at camp and he was thrilled, as he had never been thrilled before. In his eyes shone an eager light, the reflected glory of the fire.

"Shall I tell you about my experiences in the wilderness?" asked Scoutmaster Jones. An answering chorus of eager assent circled the smoldering blaze.

"I was very young at the time," began the scoutmaster. "It was my first camping trip. There were just four of us, Scrappy, our senior patrol leader, Tubby, our quartermaster, Stew, our assistant scoutmaster and leader of the party, and me. We were making a tour of the country and especially Yellowstone Park.

"It took us three weeks to get there and we had a great time along the way. But nothing of interest happened until we had been camping in the park for three days. During the day we had seen smoke curling up through the valley from where we were camped on top of a thickly wooded slope. We thought it was merely a group of campers like ourselves and went about our own business. At night the whole sky was alight with a reddish glow and then we knew something was wrong.

"It's a forest fire," gasped Scrappy and, hastily clutching our blankets, we rushed down the incline. We had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when we were met by a giant, wall of flame. Burning fingers leaped out as though to seize us in their consuming grasp. Stew took one look, threw down his blanket and ordered us to run as fast as we could up the hill. We needed no prodding."

"Didn't you try to put the fire out?" little Iggy queried. One could see the disappointment in his face.

"What could we do against that ferocious wall of flame? It no longer was a question of extin-

guishing the blazing forest. We had to flee for our lives. Up the hill we went. We needed no impulsion to go faster, the air was thick with smoky fumes, and fast on our heels roared a mighty ravenous ogre. The trees that had offered us shelter on the preceding night were now the instruments of our destruction, fuel to feed the ardor of the flames, tinder to heap on the bonfire. We had no desire to return to camp; our things could burn, or aught we cared, if only we ourselves could reach safety. Tubby was now breathing painfully; he had kept up with us so far but now he was beginning to show the strain. He fell panting to the ground.

"Go ahead, fellows," he gasped, "don't wait for me; save yourselves."

"But we weren't going to desert him in this crisis. Scrappy and I bore him up on either side and kept racing ahead, while Stew broke a trail in front. Frightened animals began to scurry by in scampering hordes, rabbits, a pair of great lumbering bears with the speed of express trains, a graceful puma on bounding feet. They paid no attention to us, nor we to them. In the face of this great calamity all nature existed in a state of truce. There was a greater foe to fear than each other, a hungry avaricious enemy who attacked man and beast indiscriminately. All the animal kingdom seemed to be hastening purposefully toward some specific point and Stew wisely led us in their tracks. In a few

moments the wisdom of this procedure was evident; there straight ahead was a narrow ravine and out on the other side we could see a trackless waste that could offer no food to the fire demon. A drove of deer bounded gracefully through. With renewed hope we pulled and dragged at Tubby until, at last, we too were through into the desolate safety beyond. We could go no further, blackened by soot, scorched by the breath of the devouring element, gasping for breath, we lay on the arid soil, obvious to everything that happened about us. Suddenly, over the crackling of the flame, a mighty crash resounded behind us. We jumped up with a start and looked back. What had been a narrow pass was now an impassable barrier of rock and earth, the sides caved in under the enormous heat. The air was thick and sulphurous but we were safe. Lying down as best we might we prepared to wait for dawn.

"There was little sleep for any of us that night. Animal cries mingled with the dying wail of the burning forest made the darkness hideous with noise and then as the first faint rays of the sun began to herald the day, we had our first glimpse of the land that harbored us."

Mr. Jones paused. He was a good dramatist. To the little group around the campfire, the plight of the four adventurers was real. Iggy, with an eager intentness, hung on every word. He was breathing laboriously as though he too were gasping for breath.

"What did you see?" he ejaculated breathlessly.

"On every side as far as we could see, there were sheer rising walls, it was impossible to get over them; they were too steep to climb. In front stretched a barren

waste, solid rock, on which even moss refused to grow. My mouth was parched and dry with thirst. Before there had been too many other things to think about but now the need for water was crying through every nerve and I was hungry. Of course there was nothing we could do but look for food and water. Wearily we followed Stew, too tired and miserable to care where he went.

(turn to page 34, please)

illustrated by
Joseph Kotzin



Three Of A Kind

Sphecidae, Philanthus and Cerceris

YES, he'll appear soon! Belonging to the thread-waisted wasp family, (*Sphecidae*) Mr. and Mrs. Ima Mud Dauber will be with us soon.

Don't fail to have a representative in your collection if you want the merit badge for insect life. It's well worth a sting.

This creature is familiar for its several tubular cells built side by side on ceilings, under the eaves of houses and beneath



A Mud Dauber

porch roofs. These characteristics are well borne-out at "the island." Though exquisite in their habits, mud daubers work in mud—thus their common name!

Be observant. Watch the Mrs. gather a pellet of mud at the bank of a stream. You will see her get her feet dirty and her mandibles soiled, but with foresight she has carefully rolled up her sleeves and tucked up her skirt. When this job is over, every particle of dirt is removed from feet and mandibles, for like a good scout she observes point 11 as well as the rest of the law.

The dog-days are here. The lyreman, dog-day cicadas and harvest-flies start the annual din. The appearance of the big, yellow-banded, rusty-black wasp enemy is now upon the scene; having emerged from clayey soil where cradled by her mother.

Watch carefully. You too, will see the big huntress flying about near the source of the aria of the most popular member of the Order Hemiptera—the Cicadas.

Suddenly the chant has ended! From its place comes a shrill, distressing call. The huntress has struck her blow! Has driven her venomed spear into the nerve center of her victim, the songster. With a shriek of pain it tumbles, with its conquerer, to the earth.

Then her real task begins. Being heavier than she, the wasp gets astride and laboriously drags it up a tree. From this position the wasp volplanes (in the manner of a flying squirrel or flying snake), toward her burrow. This process is repeated until home is reached.

Having thus arrived, an egg is laid under the middle leg of the victim which she then seals in a cell. Now starting to

by Drew David

hunt and repeat the complete process again.

No! don't feel too sorry for the cicada. Though the joy of living has been exterminated; life has not been annihilated! The cicada was not killed, but paralyzed!

In two or three days the egg hatches, thus the grub is assured of fresh juicy meat. Yes, though lower in the scale of life, the wasp seems more intelligent than man. Our electric refrigerators can keep meat fresh only so long, but the sting of the wasp will last as long as necessary.

Inside of ten days the grub has become full grown. Two days are spent in spinning a cocoon of earth and silk mixed. Therein, it spends the winter in suspended animation. Emerging from this sleep of transformation it is time to follow the footsteps of mother. Time to listen to the lyreman's song. Time to listen to his chant—to listen for his announcement of a new season.

SO MUCH FOR HER.

Now let us learn something of her sister known as *Philanthus*.

A hunter of bees, although not for herself or her offsprings, but both!

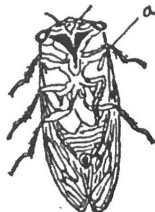
In adult form Mr. and Mrs. *Philanthus* are honey drinkers and nectar sippers, while her offsprings are carnivorous. To give the babies bees with honey sacs full, would be like putting poison in the milk of human babies.

Mother *Philanthus* has no time to select bees—instead—makes them serve a double purpose. She therefore, must empty the honey sac of the bee before giving it to the grub.

But only death will produce the muscular relaxation needed to force out the last bit of the bee's crop.

Therefore, in Mrs. *Philanthus*, we discover a new kind of surgeon! She has discovered she can open the armor of a bee by forcing down its head. Thus she

Adult Cicada Bearing Egg of Sphecidae



*illustrated by
Nicholas Kohlbecker*

finds a tiny opening—less than one twenty-fifth of an inch. With faultless aim she causes her sting to strike a vital spot. A little of her toxin is injected into the wound, almost instantly comes death. At the same time, the antennae and mandibles are stilled! The *Philanthus* Wasp then begins kneading to force out the honey—every bit of it. With gusto she drinks it, then conveys the honey-less victim home for the grub.



Philanthus in Flight, Transporting Her Prey

Is it not interesting to know this? Let us continue just a little more.

Concerning the species known as *Cerceris* Wasp, we learn what is true to the *Sphecidae*, as well as some others, but not that mentioned in section two.

One stab of her dagger causes complete paralysis. Mortification would occur in a few days if death were produced, but the youngster of *Cerceris* must eat only fresh meat—that mentioned in section two, you will recall, may eat dead bees!

The *Cerceris* Wasp hunt weevils and beetles. The beetle lives for weeks, under the most powerful of sense extinguishers. In a tender spot of the beetle's abdomen the egg is laid. Upon hatching the tiny grub starts eating into the carcass of the beetle. On the victim's part, there is no pain or motion, yet: the flesh is as fresh as if it were alive—for in reality, it is!

So skillful a surgeon is Mrs. *Cerceris* that her knife and toxin are able to release sense and motion, but still let life remain!

Man has conquered earth, water, air and numerous other things and elements. Have these long-ago civilized insects conquered even more? Is their science further advanced than ours?

It seems so—without drugs—with no instruments—man cannot create a suspended animation that would sample theirs.

Why do I tell you this? Would you not be proud to wear insect life merit badge? Know it well. The badge is not as hard as you think. Get it.

But, brothers, I've fooled you! Although this is useful knowledge, it is not necessary for insect life merit badge.

Life Begins At 5:30

A Tenderfoot's Letter

Dear Eddie,

The other morning at dawn (it seemed like four a. m.) I was blasted awake by a confusion of deafening jabber coming from outside my tent. It went something like this:

"There it goes, there it goes!"

"Shucks! I didn't see it."

"Hey, what's this up here?"

"Where, where, I don't see ———?"

"What is it?"

"Gimme the glasses, somebody."

(yelled) "Oh boy! Look at that flashy color. That's a ———"

"Well, where is it?"

"Pipe down, you guys, you'll scare it away."

(exasperated) "Well, where is it?"

"See that second branch to the left in back of this birch here, well right in front of that about three feet below in that open space—anyway, it's sitting on a twig there. See it?"

"No! Move over."

"Hey, how do you focus these glasses?"

"Yippee! I see it, I see it!"

"Well, I don't; where is it?"

(desperate) "I see it, but what is it?"

At this point, tired of mumbling to myself, I raised on my elbow and faced ten wide-eyed bird hikers in full action. Ten or no ten, I loudly threatened to go out and brandish a cot end over their heads if they didn't clear out, pronto. It didn't phase them. "I still don't see it!", one little fellow insisted. In despair I slumped to my pillow, vaguely wondering if any of the great martyrs of history were ever so unjustly abused as I.

Yesterday morning, half asleep (I suppose I had those hikers on my mind) I became dully aware of something sharp jabbing my neck. I reached up and dislodged a twig about eight inches long. Suddenly two more fell on my head. Then there was a shrill, bubbling note, a whirl of wings and a flash of brown shooting out the tent. Jumpin' Jeepers! What next! I looked up and saw a wad of twigs in the front tent flap. Some had slid down the rolled flap on to my cot. Again I heard that whirl of wings and then, presto!—a tiny brown bird, twig in bill, perched on the end of my cot. He was a shifty little fellow with perked-up tail and defiant eye. He flew to the flap, sang that garbled song and vanished. After the fourth performance a sinister yet familiar yelp came to my ears.

"There it goes, there it goes!"

Ah! The bird hikers again. Cot-end, where art thou! But, somehow they didn't seem so annoying. Someone was speaking:

"Yes, that's a red-eyed vireo all right. See it pick that caterpillar off the leaf! He

written in camp

is one of our most valuable birds—eating hundreds of destructive pests each day. If it were not for our birds, insects would totally destroy all plant-life and man could not possibly exist. You can always identify the ———"

(interrupting) "Wait a minute; what's that big thing out over the water?"

"It seems to be fluttering over something."

"Watch this closely, fellows; this will be good."

I sat up in bed and poked my head out the side of the tent. Sure enough, a big brown bird, white underneath, was hovering about 50 feet above the water. Then, suddenly, it dove head first straight for the water, hit with a terrific splash and went clean out of sight. Boy, what a dive! Quickly it appeared on the surface again and began to flap clumsily over the water. Finally it lugged a big fish out of the water with its feet and flew down the river, gaining altitude all the time. That certainly was a pretty catch—I got a big kick out of watching it. "Osprey" I heard someone say as the bird hikers strolled off. By the way, I described that little twig-gathering bird to a nature counselor and he had me show him where the twigs were. It was a house wren getting ready to nest. He seemed to know a lot about it.

Mrs. House Wren was on the job bright and early this morning. What with twigs falling on my face and that constant gurgling song, that bird certainly raises a rumpus. Looking at my watch and remembering that the nature counselor said that the bird hike would start at 5:30, I jumped out of bed determined to be a bird hiker.

At the meeting place a sleepy-looking counselor distributed field glasses and told us how to judge the sizes of birds, how to describe them, and what to put down

in our notebooks. It was no time before I found that this birding business requires technique. To begin with I kept looking through the wrong end of the glasses. Then I was scolded for talking out loud when someone discovered a new bird. I kicked up leaves and tripped over branches and in general got off to a bad start but boy, let me tell you what we saw! For five minutes we watched a nuthatch circle upside down around a tree trunk searching for bugs. Then we stopped to hear a wood thrush singing in a bush nearby. Something happened to me that never happened before. A thrill ran through my body as I listened—so pure in quality and almost divine it was . . .

Down at the river we saw sandpipers bobbing up and down among the stones. Then a big bluish bird sailed in and landed not 50 feet away. It had a long bill, neck and legs—and looked for all the world like a stork without the diaper and baby. The counselor (by the way, his name is Lou Rathmell) said it was a great blue heron. Once in the woods again we stirred up a woodcock taking soundings for worms in the path. Away we crashed through the brush after it but with no luck. Lou asked if any of us could describe it and I was the only one that could. I guess I'm getting on to this game. Along the edge of the woods near a campsite we ran into a whole swarm of tiny little birds.

"What's this one up here?" someone yelled.

"Leepin' Leeches! Look at that fellow go!"

Lou, Lou, quick! What's this?"

"I've got 'im, I've got 'im!"

"Come over this way. Boy, what a look!"

"Holy Mackerel!" I whooped. "Look at that nifty ———"

And then a roar from a nearby tent:

"If you guys don't move out of here ———"

"I'll brain you with a cot-end!" I finished, and promptly forgot all about him.

"That's a wave of warblers," Lou explained, "they're lots of fun!"

Just then reveille blew and we broke up to get ready for breakfast. Was I hungry?—say, I could have eaten rawhide on the spot. I counted the birds on my list and found I had 18 new ones. I'm going to try for bird study merit badge now. Back at the campsite I found I was just about ready for the cleaners. I had sticky weed seeds all over me; both knees were scratched, a stocking ripped and both feet were soggy—but I learned 18 birds! This bird hiking is all right!

Yours, as usual,

Karl.



by

George T. Davis

Looking Over The Migration

with Norman J. McDonald

ANY one who gets out at daybreak these mornings, knows that now birds should be able to "speak" for themselves. And so, in order to present as many of the fine records of hikes as possible, we will omit the usual comment on the current scene and let the birds in the record tell the story.

The Record

Norfolk and Cape Charles, Va., April 2 and 3: Loon, horned grebe, gannet, great blue heron, Canada goose, scaup, old squaw, white-winged scoter, surf scoter, red-breasted merganser, bald eagle, osprey, herring gull, ring-billed gull, Bonaparte's gull, laughing gull, hairy woodpecker, flicker, barn swallow, Carolina chickadee, mockingbird, brown thrasher, blue bird, golden-crowned kinglet, pine warbler, Maryland yellow-throat, towhee and field sparrow. Alan Brady (188).

Cresheim Valley, Germantown, April 4: turkey vulture, Cooper's hawk, marsh hawk, mourning dove, flicker, fish crow, chickadee, goldfinch, chipping sparrow, white-throated sparrow, fox sparrow. Alan Brady and H. G. Stevenson (188).

Wissahickon Creek, April 12 to 18, mallard (nest with ten eggs), turkey vulture, Cooper's hawk, sparrow hawk, herring gull, mourning dove, belted kingfisher, flicker, hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker, blue jay, crow, titmouse, white-breasted nuthatch, robin, starling, black and white warbler, purple grackle, cardinal, junco and song sparrow. Taylor, Richards and Dougherty (99).

Briarbrush Bird Sanctuary, April 14: Pheasant, mourning dove, downy woodpecker, white-breasted nuthatch, English sparrow, cardinal, purple finch, junco, tree sparrow, white-throated sparrow, song sparrow. Gratz High School Biology Club, reported by Moskoff (293).

Cresheim Valley, April 18: Turkey vulture, broad-winged hawk (14), sparrow hawk, pheasant, mourning dove, flicker, hairy woodpecker, phoebe, blue jay, titmouse, brown creeper, winter wren, hermit thrush, ruby-crowned kinglet (singing), palm warbler, cowbird, chipping sparrow, field sparrow, swamp sparrow (5), white-throated sparrow (singing), song sparrow. Stevenson (188).

Morris Park, April 18: Kingfisher, flicker, sapsucker, phoebe, blue jay, crow, brown creeper, robin, blue-gray gnatcatcher, ruby-crowned kinglet, purple grackle, cardinal, junco and song sparrow. Cutler (27).

Cobb's Creek, April 18: Sparrow hawk, flicker, crow, titmouse, brown creeper, robin, hermit thrush, ruby-crowned kinglet, starling, black and white warbler, English sparrow, purple grackle, junco, field

sparrow, white-throated sparrow, song sparrow. Ross (115).

Pennypack, Fox Chase and vicinity: 37 species among which were yellow-bellied sapsucker, barn swallow, pipit, siskin and vesper sparrow. Sailer, Boileau, MacBride, Cadwallader, Boardman and Beck. (260).

Hart Reservation, April 26: 42 species among which were grouse (drumming), spotted sandpiper, Louisiana water-thrush, and meadowlark. Troop 188.

Cresheim Valley, April 30: Ovenbird, catbird; May 1: brown thrasher, wood thrush, red-eyed vireo; May 2: Blue-headed vireo, blue-winged warbler, parula warbler, cedar waxwing. Stevenson (188).

Delaware-Maryland Peninsula, Pocomoke Swamp at Willards, Rehoboth, etc. Troop 260 on May 2 and 3 under the guidance of Boardman and Troop 188 on May 9 and 10 under the leadership of Weyl. Well over 100 species were seen by both the troops in these two fine trips to see the onrushing migration to the south of us. Among the many warblers seen, the gorgeous prothonotary in its natural habitat, a southern swamp, was of course the most striking. (More camping and bird-hiking troops should follow the example of these two troops that make this trip an annual affair. A postcard to BIRD NOTES will bring you any needed details.)

Fairmount Park, vicinity Smith's Playground, May 8: 21 species including scarlet tanager, towhee and black and white warbler. Aaron and Al Katz (293).

District 1 Field Meet, Port Royal avenue, Roxborough, May 9: 16 species seen including Baltimore oriole, towhee and black and white warbler. Taylor and Richards (99).

Comstock Society hike, Eastwick: American egret, green heron, black-crowned

BOW CREEK HIKE

Use Frankford elevated to 13th st., then downstairs to Route 37 (no exchange necessary). Take Broad st. subway to Market, then down into subway surface car (Route 37) at 15th and Market (exchange necessary). Or any N. or S. bound trolley which intersects Route 37. Or in South Philadelphia take "M" bus from Broad and Snyder avenue out Moyamensing avenue and Penrose Ferry Road intersecting and transferring free to Route 37 at 84th st. Leave 37 car at the rifle club, which is at the end of first fare limit. Walk out road, southeast, to Hog Island and return to 37 car over any of various roads or paths. For an additional five cents the 37 car will take you to Tinicum. Leave car at Jansen avenue. Walk right two squares and a two mile walk on top of the Darby Creek dike will bring you back to the rifle range and the good old 37 car.

night heron, least bittern, sparrow hawk, Florida gallinule, killdeer, spotted, least and solitary sandpipers, greater yellowlegs, laughing gull, mourning dove, chimney swift, kingbird, flicker, tree swallow, barn swallow, blue jay, crow, house wren, long-billed marsh wren, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, yellow warbler (100), myrtle warbler, yellow-breasted chat, meadowlark, purple grackle, goldfinch, white-throated sparrow, swamp sparrow, chipping sparrow and song sparrow. 15 members led by "Colt" Matthews. (Interesting country and a great place to see yellow warblers and swamp sparrows.)

Treasure Island and vicinity, May 9 and 10: 69 species, and among the 16 warblers are worm-eating, blue-winged, yellow, magnolia, Cape May (!), myrtle, chestnut-sided, bay-breasted, black poll, yellow breasted chat and Canada. Boileau, MacBride, Little, Cadwallader and Sailer (260). (A fine list, indicating that Treasure Island bird-hikers will have the usual bird population at which to look this summer.)

A Word About Books

by Charles Strecker

GROSSET and Dunlap have just published a catalog of new books (\$1.00) by well known authors.

BEST BOOK BETS

SCOUTERS—

GOOD SCOUTING—Vera Barclay, Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$1.00.

THE SCOUT WAY—Vera Barclay, Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$1.00.

Pamphlets from the Service Library, Boy Scouts of America, N. Y.

OLDER SCOUTS—

FORGOTTEN CANNON—Hoffman Birney, Grosset and Dunlap. \$1.00.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini, Grosset and Dunlap.

THIRSTY RANGE—E. B. Mann, Grosset and Dunlap.

BLACK CAMEL—Earl Derr Biggers, Grosset and Dunlap. \$0.75.

YOUNGER SCOUTS—

SCOUTING WITH DANIEL BOONE—E. T. Tomlinson, Grosset and Dunlap. \$1.00.

SCOUTING WITH KIT CARSON—E. T. Tomlinson, Grosset and Dunlap.

If you have any questions concerning books that have been, are, or will be issued, just drop me a postcard at the scout office or at 249 South 16th street and I will answer them as soon as possible.

Imps of The Wilderness

by

Peter J. Schwab

In "Field and Stream"

NO TRUE sportsman or voyageur of either sex can afford to sacrifice his or her debt to the Red Gods upon the altar of the Insecta. The mosquito, punky, no see 'em, black flies and gnats of whatsoever breed must be kept in their places. Life in the bush must be made endurable before it can be made soul satisfying.

How?

Stout footwear and heavy clothing will protect most of the person but gloves and headnets are a nuisance not to be tolerated except by the exotic. Both are too warm, too stuffy and too much of a hindrance. There remains only dope. Dope for the person and dope for the camp. No one dope will suit everybody but here is a collection that has stood the test of time.

The United States Department of Agriculture is responsible for the following:

- 1 Ounce Oil Citronella
- 1/2 Ounce Oil Cedar
- 1 Ounce Spirits of Camphor

It is effective and pleasant; stainless, but the immunity is fleeting. As with the others, care must be taken when anointing the forehead and face. It will cause the eyes to smart if brought into too close contact. For use about the camp, it is suitable for evenings—after washing up.

Fully twice as efficient is this one:

- 1 Ounce Oil Pennyroyal
- 2 Ounces Oil Cedar (wood or leaves)
- 2 Ounces Oil Citronella
- 1 Ounce Gum Camphor (not tar camphor)

Powder the camphor and dissolve in the essential oils, then add:

- 2 Ounces Olive Oil
- 20 Drops Carbolic Acid

This is clean and pleasant. It lasts better than the first, but leaves a slight oily stain which will scour out with soap and water very easily. The mixture is suitable for spraying with soap emulsion made by boiling about a cubic inch of laundry soap in a quart of water until dissolved. Use about one fluid ounce of the dope to each half pint of the soap solution. Shake well and use the milky emulsion thus formed through any kind of atomizer or sprayer.

In place of the water emulsion, the dope may be thinned for spraying with a mixture of three parts kerosene and one part carbon tetrachloride. The kerosene alone

will do the trick beautifully and kill every mosquito or punky coming within reach but it is dangerous in the vicinity of flames. Carbon tetrachloride renders the kerosene non-inflammable and safe around camp fires and lanterns.

Small tin sprayers of the hand pump type can be obtained for a few dimes in most hardware, novelty and seed stores. They occupy but little space and weight but a few ounces, certainly no hardship in the average pack sack. If weight and space must be brought down to the irreducible minimum—and the average vacationist had better stay nearer home than embark upon such an expedition!—either dispense with the spray altogether or get one of

with some efficacy, I can recommend a salve made from:

- 4 Ounces Cocoa Butter
- 1 Ounce Anhydrous Lanoline
- 1/2 Ounce Refined White Beeswax
- 1 Ounce Oil Citronella
- 1 Ounce Oil Cedar
- 10 Drops Oil Cloves
- 1/2 Ounce Gum Camphor (not tar camphor)

Chip the gum finely and dissolve in the essential oils by shaking together in a small bottle. Stir the cocoa butter, lanoline and beeswax together in a saucepan using just enough heat to melt completely and being careful to avoid charring. When thoroughly mixed, remove to some distance from the flame and stir in quickly the inflammable mixture of essential oils and camphor. Pour immediately into jars

which have been made ready in advance.

As a protection against insect pests, the foregoing salve is nearly ideal. It is clean, not excessively greasy, washes off readily with soap, is antiseptic and has positive emollient properties. As an ointment for open cuts and burns, however, it would be heroic treatment on account of the smarting effect of the skeeter-chasing essential oils; good medicines none the less.

Finally we come to the black dope, the basic idea of which originated in the mind of Buzzacott, Nessmuk, Nimrod or Noah as the

winged hordes arose from the sodden fields. Get a pint bottle, pre-Volstead shape, ideal for easy packing, and into it pour:

- 1 Ounce shaved or powdered Gum Camphor
- 1 Ounce Oil Cedar
- 1 Ounce Oil Citronella
- 1 Ounce Oil Pennyroyal, and shake until the camphor is completely dissolved.

Then add:

- 4 Ounces Oil of Tar and
- 8 Ounces Olive Oil

This dope will not spray well without reducing somewhat (preferably with the kerosene-carbon-tetrachloride mixture) and the oil of tar will leave a permanent (please turn to page 11).



the small mouth-blowing atomizers sold by dealers in artist's supplies. Cologne sprayers are seldom worthwhile.

Knowing in advance that the pests will be thick enough to make spraying of the tent advisable, it is best to substitute pure raw linseed oil in place of olive oil, and the kerosene-carbon-tetrachloride mixture in place of the soap solution. Olive oil will not dry upon the tent and the soap will collect campness. Linseed oil will dry slowly but surely by oxidation and the thinner will evaporate.

For those who object to the fluid, oily dopes but still want a cleanly ointment

illustrated by

George H. Rodenhausen

DEDICATED to the memory of four great pioneers, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Davey Crockett and William Bridgen, the Pioneer Camp at the Hart Scout Reservation, near Sumneytown, Pa., stands unique among scout camps in the spirit and atmosphere it re-creates for its campers. The names of Boone, Crockett and Carson need no justification and little explanation in a list of American outdoorsmen and the adventures of Bridgen are equally thrilling and important.

William Bridgen was a pioneer who lived in the middle nineteenth century and discovered the section now known as the Yellowstone National Park. The geysers, springs and other strange natural features were known to the Indians, for many generations prior to the arrival of Bridgen, who was the first white man to set foot in the territory. Later the United States Army sent exploration parties through the section to explore and map it. Now as travelers go through the park they can see all about them the deep gulleys, high mountains, wild animals, beautiful scenery and gorgeous waterfalls which met the eyes of a white man for the first time as recently as 1867.

Much in the same sort of way the scouts of Philadelphia can today have the thrills, the joys, the happinesses of a discoverer like Bridgen, for the Hart Scout Reservation provides a taste of comparative wilderness for those who spend most of their lives in the city. The ice age has left its mark on the place now known as the pioneer Camp. High boulders remain as

Backwoods Camping Popular At The New Hart Scout Reservation

mute tokens of that time. Cedar and juniper trees abound throughout the whole area. Big trees are common.

The people responsible for developing this camp have been wise enough to go right into the woods and build delightful and interesting camp sites there. As a fellow drives along the creek road, which in the best of times is probably no better than some of the roads the prairie-schooners used in approaching the Alleghenies, he gets deeper and deeper into a fine stand of timber. The road winds for several miles along a creek that often pounds furiously along its rocky bed and then approaches a heavily wooded section. In a little clearing on the left is a reconstructed farmhouse, itself more than a hundred years old and now used as the Unami Lodge House. A short distance beyond is the Trading Post and to the right is the entrance to the Pioneer Camp. From the roadway a fellow cannot see any evidence of campsites but after a hike through the woods he discovers an open pavilion used as a kitchen-dining hall and just to its right a leanto. Later he learns that this is where his scoutmaster and the other leaders will live and in a circle in the midst of the trees, sometimes hidden by the brush, are a series of tents where he and his buddies will stay for a week or two. These are raised on platforms and make fine living quarters.

Like Bridgen, campers here get themselves settled and with the other fellows in their patrols start the preparation of supper. They are true pioneers, since upon their own initiative and enterprise will depend their enjoyment of the camp. They cook their own meals, organize their program and carry on very much like any group of fellows might who are in the deep northwest or the mountain fastnesses of New England.

Further evidences of pioneer living is the trekking in of food supplies, fellows using buck-saws to prepare the wood for the fire and doing those things which make life comfortable in the out-of-doors.

Each troop site is equipped with a building used as a kitchen-dining hall, tables, benches, field range, tents, cots, board floors, etc. Four troops share an artesian well and a modern latrine.

In addition to these creature comforts, the camp supplies the services of a resident staff consisting of a camp chief, avail-

able to review, plan and help in supervising troop programs while in camp; a naturalist, to give instruction, lead hikes; a water-front leader, to help supervise the swimming, boating and canoeing and give instruction in the same. Staff men are available for other services: to advise with

THE HART RESERVATION OPENS JUNE 27, 1936

Rates

The camp fee is one dollar per camper per week, with a minimum of \$15.00 per site. In addition troops have the cost of transportation, food and other supplies.

How to Go

At Chestnut Hill take the Bethlehem Pike U. S. route 309 to Spring House. Turn left on the Sumneytown Pike. In Sumneytown turn right at the hotel and follow the Hart Reservation signs. Use either the ridge or creek roads to the summer camp sites.

Mail

Address mail to scout and troop at the Hart Scout Reservation, Green Lane, Pa. There is no telephone in camp. Visitors are welcome on Sunday (only).

TREASURE ISLAND CAMP OPENS JUNE 27, 1936

Rates and Dates

The rate for 1936 is \$8.00 per week. Treasure Island troop scouts pay one dollar per week additional for the first two weeks.

The time between August 8 and 22 will be one period and only troops staying the two weeks may secure sites for it. Troops may not end or start a camping period on August 15. During the balance of the season troops may camp for either one or two weeks. The camp limit is 352 campers per week.

How to Go

At Willow Grove take York Road through Hatboro and toward New Hope. Turn left at Buckingham to the Danboro-Point Pleasant Road. Turn right to the river and left three miles on state route 32 to camp. Visitors' day is Sunday (only) but no visitors may come on August 9.

Mail and Telegraph

Address mail to scout and troop at Treasure Island, New Jersey. Send telegrams to Frenchtown, N. J. There is no telephone in camp.

menus, camp-fires, hikes, scoutcraft and first class reviews.

Each troop supplies its own cooking and eating equipment, axes, brooms, lanterns, etc. The troop is also responsible for its program, including religious exercises, hikes and all other component parts, remembering always that the staff is available to help to support or augment but not to substitute for the troop leadership.

There is a thrill which comes to a fellow at the end of a day when, with memories of that morning's bird hike or a canoe trip up the creek or a campcraft project completed, the larder well stopped and tucked into warm bedding, he looks through the folds of his tent to see a beautiful, starlit sky and realizes that this same sky looked down on William Bridgen, Kit Carson, Davey Crockett, Daniel Boone and pioneers of another day much as it now looks down upon the pioneers of the present.

Treasure Island Camp

Activities To Provide

Happy Days Once More

"COME on you fellas, we've got to get across the river. The game will start in an hour."

"Hey, Smitty, did you bring your canteen?"

"Where's Tommy?"

"Come on you guys, hurry!"

These and several other remarks are heard as we listen in on the preparation of an Indian hunt, a Treasure Island activity remembered by many old-timers with fond recollections. The whole camp, it seems, was roused by a group of Indians whose small band had challenged the campers in woodsmanship. The scouts, three hundred strong, crossed to the New Jersey hills and tracked the Indians who carried a bucket of fire which they had to keep lighted. The pursuers set out to capture the Indians, remove their food and go on about their business, for this way the one way they could subsist for the twenty-four hours of the game. At the end of this time, tired, weary but happy they would return to recount how they had captured or almost captured, one or more Indians.

The totem hung all day on the flag pole. It was just a little stick, beautifully carved with Indian signs, the mystic stick of the Gitchie Gommie. At the approach of dark that night the scouts in camp gathered at the flag pole to defend, protect and prevent the removal of the totem. Suddenly a dozen or so of the campers revealed themselves as members of the opposite party, snatched the totem and disappeared into the woods, with hundreds in pursuit. But up to 9:30 the search had been unsuccessful, for the keeper of the totem had most carefully put it on his person and mingled with those who were trying to capture it.

A telegram arrived asking the scouts of Treasure Island to assist in locating a feeble old lady berrypicker who had wandered away from her home and whose life was in danger. Two hundred scouts quickly gathered together and went off to the mainland near Uhlerstown. Those who listened recently to THE BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE OF THE AIR will remember this story and how the scouts found the old mother. (And her son, to show his gratitude, brought a huge birthday cake to the camp.)

Most of the day is spent in hammering, nailing and going about seeking the odd things and the approach of night on the

parade grounds appears an unusual collection of tents and booths, all visible in the light from Japanese lanterns. A town fair has come to Treasure Island. There is the most ferocious man in captivity, the wildest animals and the most difficult games of skill—all arranged and organized by the fellows in the camp.

Twenty-five hundred scouts will enjoy camping on Treasure Island this summer and many of them will appear at the Kiwanis Lodge eager for handicraft help. Eager, perhaps, but not ready, for most of them won't know what they want to make or what they need most to complete their camping gear. And they'll spend a lot of good time trying to decide like Jack, who began thinking about what to make in the middle of his stay at camp. Subsequent opportunities to use camping gear found them unfinished and not very useful to him.

TREASURE ISLAND TROOP FACTS

After a scout has spent two weeks in camp with his troop (\$8.00 per week) or in the Treasure Island troop (\$9.00 per week) or a combination of these, he may stay not more than an additional three weeks in the Treasure Island troop at \$11.00 per week.

No scout may camp at Treasure Island for more than five weeks in a summer. Preference for space in the Treasure Island troop is given to fellows in troops which camp at Treasure Island.

Fellows who want to register for the Treasure Island troop must do so in advance at the scout office.

But, in the same troop, Bill, following the scout motto, looked over his camping gear, found some things missing, others needing repair — all before he went to camp. Once there he knew just what he was going to do. He went to work with a purpose and in the second week of camp had the thrill of taking hikes that permitted the use of his newly made gadgets and the satisfaction of knowing that his old gear, recently repaired, would not let him down.

WHAT TO TAKE TO CAMP

Clothing

Bathing suit
Belt
Garters
Handkerchiefs
Hat (scout)
Jerseys
Moccasins or rubber-soled shoes
Pajamas
Poncho or raincoat
Shirts (scout)
Shoes and shoe-strings
Shorts (scout)
Stockings (scout)
Sweater or mackinaw
Underwear

Toilet Articles

Comb
Drinking cup (for toothbrush water)
Mirror (non-breakable) x
Soap (floating)
Toothbrush and paste
Towels
Wash cloth

Sleeping Equipment

Blankets
Blanket pins (x)
Pillow (rubber) (x)

Scout Equipment

Axe and sheath
Compass (x)
Flashlight (x)
Field glasses (x)
First aid kit (x)
Handbook for Boys
Magnifying glass (x)
Knife
Rope (x)

Miscellaneous

Books on nature, etc. (x)
Camera and films (x)
Musical instrument (x)
Paper, pencil, fountain pen and notebook
Stamps and letter-writing supplies
Watch (x)
and other personal equipment such as materials for archery, Indian lore, leatherworking, etc.

Articles marked (x) are not necessary but desirable. The scout's name should be on his clothing and other articles. Suitable camp boxes or duffel bags should be used to carry equipment.

BEFORE one starts to pack there are three essential points to consider. The first is the kind of trip which you are going to take. The second is the type of pack which you are going to use. The third is what you intend to take with you in the pack. You can easily see that the three points are in logical sequence. The third is dependent upon the second and that upon the first.

The selection of the pack is more ably treated in the article HOW TO PICK A PACK than I could hope to do. I will say though that your selection depends upon the kind of trip which you intend to take. For instance, if you are going on one of the increasingly popular auto trips which Philadelphia scouts are taking, you need not worry about the size of your pack. By all means get one as large as possible, one that will hold a larger tent, more changes of clothing and so on. If you are going on a several day trip where the means of locomotion is wholly up to you it is necessary to have a pack large enough for necessities yet small enough to avoid becoming heavy. A one day hiker should avoid a large pack which is only half full. A small one just large enough to carry what he must have is all that he needs.

Now then we come to the question of what to take and how to pack it. A good maxim to follow is "what will not fit in the pack, don't take." When you see a scout hiking along the road with a knife, a coil of rope, an axe, a flashlight, a whistle, a camera, a pair of field glasses, and the latest whatnot draped from his belt, neck and shirt, you may take for granted that he is only a parlor scout who has never had the experience of a real hike. For mind you, not only does he have his traveling hardware store hitched up all over him but he also has the weight of the pack itself in addition.

The first thing to do is to eliminate all the non-essentials for each one is additional weight which must be carried. This does not mean the elimination of those things necessary for the health and comfort of the hikers. He should still have sufficient blankets, tentage, change of clothing and so forth. Food should be carried for its food value and therefore all cans should be eliminated if possible.

When you have finally made the pile of what you are not going to take bigger than that of what you are, then is the time to consider the problem of the placement of the equipment in the pack. The comfort and ease of movement of the hiker should be considered at all times. After all a hike is not supposed to be a test of how much you can stand but of how little effort you can expend thereby increasing

How To Pack A Pack

by Paul Keebler

your endurance. I'll bet that most fellows can still remember their first or second hike, when they walked with a shoe poking them in the ribs, or a can of beans in the middle of their back. It only takes one experience of that kind to convince a scout that his blankets are the foundation of his pack. They should be folded flat against the back of the pack and they should be the first piece of equipment put in it.

Food and equipment which is not for immediate use should be placed in the front and bottom of the pack. The weight of the pack should always be kept evenly balanced on your back. Articles which may be needed while you are hiking or at a moment's notice should be packed so as to be instantly available. Your poncho and first aid kit are of first importance, then come your cooking kit, lunch food, towel and soap, and shoes and socks. These things are the last to be packed and care should be taken that it is done in such a manner that they may be removed without disturbing the arrangement of the pack.

A great many hikers are devoted to the bag method of packing. Under this system there is nothing in the pack except the blankets which is not in a bag. Usually

there is a clothing bag, a shoe bag, a bag or small articles, perhaps a toilet set in its own bag, and bags for food. In this way it is impossible for small articles to roll around in your pack. The blankets go in first as usual, then the shoe bag at the bottom of the pack, then the larger clothing bag in front of them. The bag for your knick-knacks goes on top of that and the food bags on the sides and front of the pack. The poncho or raincoat and your first aid kit come last so that they are easily procured. All other equipment which would not be taken care of under the above arrangement such as a cooking kit should be treated as if it were just another bag and packed in a sensible place.

Finally your pack should be waterproof. This can be taken care of in an emergency by thoughtful use of your tentage or additional poncho. If the poncho is opened halfway and one end placed in the pack before the blankets and other articles are put in it can be folded over when the pack is filled and tucked down in front to form a waterproof covering.

All that is necessary in packing a pack correctly is the use of careful thought and common sense. Once the rudiments are learned it is easy to go on trip after trip with the least amount of discomfort.

Your Patrol Quartermaster—

hints from Phil. Edwards

JUST as your troop has a quartermaster to take care of all troop property, so should your patrol have one to take care of all patrol property. Every fellow in the patrol should be kept busy and not only will the job of patrol quartermaster give some one else a job but it is absolutely necessary in order to keep patrol equipment and property in good condition. Wouldn't it be great if you could go to the patrol box and find what you wanted, when you wanted it? Well, with a little forethought, you can.

Does your patrol have a place to store its equipment? Most patrols do have a patrol box or closet, either in the troop room or the patrol den. There is the proper place for your equipment; not in each member's home. Here it is easily accessible and no one has to chase around to John's house for the other half of the pup tent or the folding lantern.

The patrol quartermaster should be one who is orderly himself because it is his job to see to it that all patrol equipment is accounted for, and in orderly condition. He is responsible for every bit of property that the patrol has. He keeps the key to the patrol box or closet; he being the

only one in the patrol, except the patrol leader, who has a key. When the patrol goes on a hike or takes a trip somewhere, the patrol quartermaster arranges for all patrol equipment necessary or the affair to be ready and waiting when the patrol leaves. When the trip is over, all equipment is returned to the patrol den and, under the supervision of the quartermaster, is returned to its proper place in the box. In this manner the quartermaster knows where everything is and the patrol need not worry about looking for tents, cook kits, canteens and packs at the last minute.

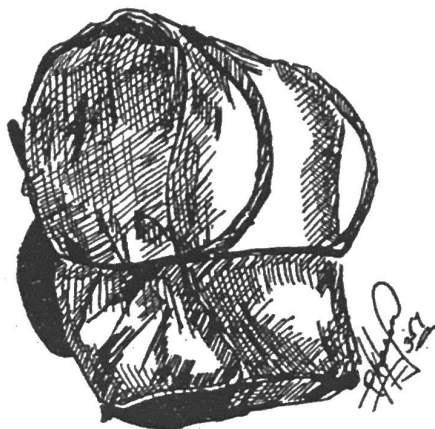
The next time you're in the troop room or patrol den, look over the patrol box to find out if it is in good condition. The chances are ten to one it isn't. With a little work on the part of one of your members, the box could be made to be a storage place and not a place or every thing from a skunk's tail to a comb and brush.

If your patrol doesn't have a quartermaster now, see your patrol leader and tell him you want the job. It isn't hard and you'll be doing your patrol a great favor by asking for permission to take care of its belongings.



How to Pick a Pack

HERE we are—all set to go on our camping and hiking trip. Everything is piled in a heap—and then the question comes out—how are we going to pack everything so it will be easy to carry? We remember seeing pictures of all sorts of packs in catalogs and magazines. Last summer at camp we saw some of the fellows making Duluth packs and we decided



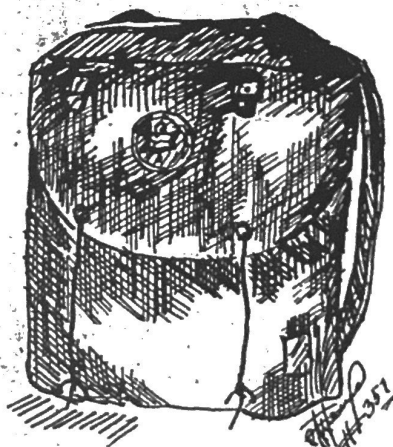
then and there to make one like it—without stopping to think whether or not it would be the best type for us to use.

Picking the proper type of pack is quite a problem. Perhaps we are going on an overnight hike in the warmer months. A smaller comfort type pack or a scout camp-o-sack or a pack-basket are samples of the type that may be used. On the other hand, we may be starting on the same hike during the winter months—and then we'll need the larger comfort type pack or the Duluth pack or its overgrown brother—the Northwestern pack) or a duffel bag or a packboard.

by Herbert Hertz

In buying our pack, therefore, we have to consider above everything else the general type and quantity of equipment that we will be likely to take on the majority of our trips. The pack must be large enough so that we can get in—without crowding—all the material that we'll need for a cold weather trip—and at the same time must not be too large or of a design that will make it uncomfortable to wear when it is only three-quarters full. Another factor of importance when considering size is whether or not the pack will be waterproof. Ample space should be provided **IN THE PACK** for miscellaneous equipment so that it can be closed properly and made completely waterproof when entirely or only partially full.

Possibly the most important factor of all is the "hang" of the pack. It should be



well balanced so that it will hang straight and should be so constructed that it will ride high on the back. The straps should be wide so that they do not cut into our shoulders. They should have a rather wide degree of adjustment. If a heavy pack is used a tump-line—which goes around the forehead—is helpful in hanging the pack high and in taking the strain of a long trip away from the shoulders. Nothing can spoil a good hiking trip faster than a poorly adjusted or poorly hung pack that is always sliding down the back or that swings and bumps with every step. Don't make it necessary to "fight your pack."

Finally, we should consider the materials of which the pack is made and how it was put together. The real camper learns that it pays to buy the best pack that he can afford. It should be made of strong heavy waterproof canvas, well sewed with several rows of double stitching over a heavy tape binder at all edges. The straps should be of a good quality flexible leather and should be riveted with copper rivets. The buckles should be rustproof.

Perhaps all of this sounds complicated but it's worth the effort for our pack is going to be a close companion on many a pleasant hike—made doubly pleasant because the pack is comfortable.

slight stain around the collar of your flannel shirt, scarcely noticeable as soap and water will remove the bulk of it. When there are no ladies in the camp this is the only dope. For best results use it straight and, unless you are a hopeless addict to the use of soap, wash with plain water only.

Poor Lo's defense against the common enemy, his smudge fire, has been improved by the brown, yellow, white and nearly white men until it is now almost perfect. I tabulate two formulae:

Pastils	I	II
Potassium Nitrate (Saltpeter)	3 Oz.	2 Oz.
Persian Insect Powder	5 "	2 "
Powdered Althea	1	
Gum Tragacanth	1 "	1 "
Powdered Charcoal		3 "
Benzoin (Siam)		2 "
Balsum Tolu		2 "

Powder all the ingredients—it's much more fun than it sounds—and mix in a deep bowl or agate pot. Dissolve the ni-

trate in a pint of water and pour it over the powders. Stir immediately and thoroughly, using a large spoon, kitchen knife, spatula, flap-jack turner or egg beater; anything that will enable you to make a good stiff dough. The ingredients vary somewhat and you are finally to shape the dough into neat pastils which must retain their nice proportions while drying.

If it does not stiffen up enough for this desirable end, add small pinches of gum tragacanth until it does. If it stiffens up too much, add water but only in tablespoon quantities. Roll into shapely little cones about one inch high and one inch in diameter across the base. To conserve space, you can flatten the sides to make a square pyramid, but retain the cone shape and sharp point at the top as this is

the place to which you will apply your lighted match in the hour of need. Let them dry hard.

Light the pastils on a tin or aluminum plate raised above the floor of the tent, summer cottage, cabin or table upon a few stones. The smudge will kill, smother or otherwise incapacitate the last skeeter, punkie or flea in the place. If you stay outside while it is burning be sure to slap yourself vigorously before entering your tent and be careful to draw the netting close as you enter. Then only can you be assured of enjoying the sleep of the just. Remember, one lady mosquito buzzing around your ears, alighting now and then for a sly dig into your scalp, eyelids or double chin ruins your night's rest and your sweet disposition for the ensuing day.

Imps of the Wilderness

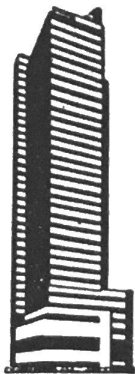
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12TH AND MARKET STREETS BRANCH

What's Wrong With These Uniforms?

A New Game by Charles F. Smith

Before starting the game read several of the twenty-four errors in wearing the uniform and accoutrement listed below and let the scouts tell some of them. Let them do most of their own thinking. Then explain the game and send all groups (crews or patrols) except one out of the room.

The remaining group lines up in the center of the room and each member arranges his uniform so that he is wearing it with one distinct error.

When all members are ready the other players enter and march silently in single file around the incorrectly uniformed players. After encircling them one or more times in absolute silence, the groups go to their corners and each scribe or yeoman records all the errors noted by the members of his unit. The group that records most errors wins. If time permits, each group may take its turn in the center of the room.

A list of twenty-four errors follows:

1. Hat cocked on back of head.
2. Hat on backwards.
3. No badge on hat.
4. Tenderfoot pin on breast of uniform.
5. Tenderfoot pin on hat with first or second class pin on sleeve.
6. Both eagle and star badges worn.
7. Eagle badge on right breast.
8. Patrol leader's badge on right arm.
9. Service stars on right breast.
10. Patrol emblem on left shoulder.
11. Neckerchief shawl-like, instead of tight around neck.
12. Belt buckle on side or in rear.
13. Neckerchief worn with coat.
14. Tie worn with neckerchief.
15. One stocking rolled round, the other folded flat at top.
16. One stocking tan, the other a different color.
17. One shoe black and one tan.
18. Button or buttons unbuttoned.
19. One sleeve rolled up, the other down.
20. A scout with leather puttees.
21. Stockings under breeches, lacings exposed.
22. One pocket of breeches turned inside out.
23. Unsheathed axe in belt.
24. Sheath knife carried in front.

Press Ratings Coming

The 1936 rating plan of the Philadelphia Boy Scout Press Association is being conducted this month by a committee of three association members consisting of George Day, 188, chairman; Edward Rudolph, 187, and Joseph Robbins, 257. The system of rating will be identical with that of last year—the highest obtainable rating being "A," next "A minus," "B plus," "B," etc., down to the lowest possible mark of "C." Each judge is given a base of 100 points per paper and will give his ratings plus opinions to the committee. When all five judges have completed their work, the committee will then find the average ratings by giving each rating letter a numerical value proportional to the others.

The judges for this year have all acted in this capacity before and are therefore most capable of giving excellent criticisms. The judges are Edward L. Love, who will give his opinion on the scouting content of the individual papers; Charles A. Wright, of Temple University, and Reese D. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, who will both judge journalism; James L. Siddall, of the A. B. Dick Company, will give advice on the mechanical excellence of the papers while Laurence Whyte—the press association adviser—will give his general impression of the papers.

Twenty troops are represented in the periodical section, among which are many papers which have recently been started; while four troops have entered their yearbooks. On Saturday June 13 the ratings will be announced, along with the judicial criticisms.

Scout Gets That \$5,000

SCOUTING points the way to world peace according to Eagle Scout Owen W. Matthews, 3rd, an able sea scout and member of Troop 83, Portland, Ore. Matthews is the winner of the Eddie Cantor \$5,000 scholarship prize essay contest entitled "How Can American Stay Out of War."

One of 212,000 entries submitted, Matthews' whole approach to his subject is based on his two weeks experience camping in a foreign country with 30,000 scouts from 46 different lands, plus the friendships with foreign boys in the years that have followed.

The fourth world scout jamboree which Matthews attended as one of the 402 scouts and leaders from the United States was held at Godollo, near Budapest, Hungary. The four judges—Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago; Frederick Bertrand Robinson, president College of the City of New York; Ray Lyman Wilbur, president Leland Stanford University, and Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar College—based their decision on the quality of "the most constructive, sincere and interesting letter, regardless of fancy writing and technical knowledge."

Matthews, in his essay, said, in part:

"All boys at the jamboree wanted to be friends and we made new ones every day. By actually living for two weeks with thirty thousand foreign scouts we learned that they thought and acted just as we did, even though their color and creed might be different. Throughout the jamboree encampment covering many square miles was an attitude of friendliness and good will, no thought of enmity, everyone showing their paramount thought of creating world peace for the future.

"The real benefits from this jamboree are being manifested as time goes on. I am corresponding with eight scouts I met at the jamboree who live in the following countries, Esthonia, Luxembourg, England, Austria, Persia, Syria, South Africa and Australia. We exchange stamps, songs, literature and various articles pertaining to our respective countries and thereby continuing our worthwhile friendship. After these contacts how could we ever want to go to war against each other?"

Many First Class Promotions

MANY fellows have become first class scouts in the past few weeks. The names of a few, chosen at random, are printed below. Congratulations go to them and all the others.

Here is the list: 8—James Thornton; 15—Wayne D. Wiest; 9—Jack Seitz, Robert Snodgrass; 23—Donald Kennedy, George Maier; 32—William Maher; 35—Thomas MacAulay, John J. Todd, Robert Wendig; 38—George Katz, Carson A. Stiles; 42—Edward Korostoff; 43—Frank Caulfield; 44—James McElree; 45—William Bell; 47—Herbert Ott; 70—Edward Hopkinson, John Hutchinson, Neal Hutton, Robert Reid; 84—Charles Lebow, Irvin Lebow, Daniel Miller; 86—William Stewart; 88—Howard Kinney; 96—Franklin Peirson, Morton Raphaelson; 97—William Shapiro.

102—William R. Muir, Thomas G. Nessler; 105—Howard Sullivan; 111—George Miller; 131—Solomon Feingold; 134—Fredrick Spengler; 138—John Kennedy; 140—Walter Schaufele; 143—Jack Wolfe; 148—Milton Haines; 173—W. W. Grimsley, W. Nelson Price, William R. Thomas; 179—John Adams, Stuart Brader, Robert Filemyer, Richard Monk; 185—Martin Bratman; 189—Clifford Wirth; 192—Richard Butler; 194—Edwin Carvin, Earl Parsons; 195—Marvin I. Hersh, Edwin Wolff.

201—Bud Aldan, Francis Dougherty, Robert Walton; 203—Robert Martin, Harry Miller; 206—William Schloo; 215—Robert Manton; 216—Edward Friel, William Tietjen; 217—Samuel Lippi; 218—John S. Dubbs, Stephen Skidmore; 223—Max Patterson; 234—Herbert Boris; 258—Israel Jaffe; 259—Walter Piechotchka; 262—Albert Bonitatibus, John Harm, William Hollenden, Hugh O'Neill; 274—Harold Bryant, Hugh Robb, Paul Sweeney; 276—J. K. Benischeck, Albert Smith, Eugene Smith; 293—Stanley B. Cooperhouse, Joseph Schley.

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Notes On The Flag

by Charles Strecker

SOMETIME during our lives we have heard the story of our flag, but do we ever stop to think of the things we have been through concerning it. How many of us know who composed the committee that designed the first flag, or can name at least five flags used by the colonies prior to the adoption of "Old Glory," or for that matter, know the circumstances that gave birth to the name, "Old Glory"?

In the early part of the fourteenth century the flag of England bore simply the red cross of St. George on a white ground; while at the same time, the flag of Scotland was a white St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground. In 1603 these two countries were united, and naturally the two flags were combined, forming the "kings' colors." Each country, however, retained its own individual flag.

In 1707 England adopted for herself and her colonies a flag which was for the most part red, but having in its upper corner the combined crosses of England and Scotland.

America declared war on England and the thirteen colonies banding themselves together, drew up and signed the Declaration of Independence. Each colony had her own flag or flags, and at times there was much confusion. Washington, seeing this, asked for a flag "by which our men and vessels may know each other." Franklin's Congressional committee suggested the use of a flag similar to the British flag of 1707 with the combined crosses in the upper corner, but substituting thirteen stripes, alternately red and white for the red ground of the British flag, this plan was adopted, and the new flag was first

unfurled at Cambridge, Mass., being hoisted by Washington himself.

As the colonies became more and more embittered against the tyranny of England, they developed a hatred of anything pro-British and would no longer recognize the flag with the combined crosses of England and Scotland. Finally, Washington, Robert Morris and Colonel Ross designed a new flag with the same thirteen stripes, but instead of the crosses of England and Scotland, they placed in the upper corner a circle of thirteen stars, representing the thirteen colonies and signifying that they were for all time and had no end. This flag was adopted by Congress, June 14, 1777, and is the Adam and Eve of our present day flag.

This year flag presentations by members of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be held on Saturday June 13 at 11 a. m. at the scout building. All troops organized during the past year will be presented with parade size American flags. Troops 58, 65, 71, 75, 91, 125, 136, 137, 208, 256, 271, 342, 394, 401, 402 and 403 will be recognized.

Campfire Daze—concluded



"Water," cried Scrappy, "I think I see water," and he pointed to a small glittering pool about thirty yards away.

"We started madly in that direction but had only taken a few steps when a snarling mountain lion sprang angrily across our path and stood with bared fangs effectively blocking our way. We turned and there, coming warily behind us, were two ferocious brown bears, also intent upon the life-giving liquid ahead. On one side was the perpendicular wall of the cliff, on the other, a bleak, serous waste. What to do, where to turn? Uncertain with fright, Tubby took a few steps backward. A low growl of warning issued from the cavernous jaws of the bears. We couldn't go forward, we couldn't go back and to go to either side was impossible.

Suddenly the bear and the puma be-

came aware of each other. They froze into statues, the tawny feline became rigid and the very blood seemed to congeal in our veins so that we too, were motionless. There we stood, the bears, the lion and ourselves, an immobile tableaux. Afraid to retreat, afraid to advance, all of us stood in a sort of cataleptic trance."

Again Mr. Jones paused, the suspense was terrific. Iggy seemed to be drawn to a painful nervous tension. He could no longer contain himself.

"Did you escape?"

"No," responded Mr. Jones, "we all died of starvation."

For a moment Iggy looked nonplussed. He opened his mouth to say something, shook his head bewilderedly and then, overcome by the pathos of the situation, strolled tearfully to bed.



A Lineup of Scout Shorts

Review Information

1. White card to Edward J. Whitehead, 422 Lemonte street, Roxboro.
 2. White card to D. M. Wiesen, 164 W. Ontario street.
 3. White card to Abraham Durfor, 2622 S. Chadwick street.
 4. June 9, 7:30 p. m., Athletic Recreation Center, 36th and Master streets.
 5. White card to Edward L. Lahner, 179 W. Roselyn street.
 6. White card to Charles H. Fox, 821 Bullock avenue, Yeadon, Pa.
 7. White card to Mark Mooney, 705 DeKalb street.
 8. White card to Norton D. Fleu, 6807 Sprague street.
 9. White card to Norman Rutherford, Sr., 7419 N. 21st street.
 10. June 13, 2:30 p. m., Camp Melmar, Bethayres, Pa., or white card to Lester G. Reeve, 309 Loney street.
- Sea Scout—notify Joseph McFarland, 221 Winona street.

Durfor Honored

Congratulations to Scoutmaster Abe Durfor of Troop 67 at the R. E. Church of the Reconciliation, 18th and Barbara streets, who has just received the scoutmaster's key.

95 Celebrates

Troop 95 has just celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary at the Starr Garden Recreation Center at 7th and Lombard streets. The program included a sea scout demonstration by the sea scout patrol, selections by the bugle and drum corps and the presentation of patrol and individual prizes. Samuel G. Friedman, chairman of the troop committee, presided at the investiture ceremony and welcomed three new scouts into the troop. Richard W. Robinson, executive of District 3, was a speaker and motion pictures were presented. The scoutmaster is L. Clarence Binswanger.

9 Holds Scoutaree

Troop 9 of St. Martha's House, 8th st. and Snyder ave., where Raymond B. Reeves is the scoutmaster, has just conducted a scoutaree, a standard achievement contest which is popular with scouts and scouters in District 3. The events included Morse signaling, scout badges and insignia, fire by flint and steel and tripod lashings. S. Harris Landesberg of District 6 acted as judge. Following the scoutaree Assistant Scoutmaster Edward Heiser conducted an investiture ceremony at which Stephen Uselis, Jr., Joseph Baker, Jr., George Downs, Abraham Marino and Albert Lauria were welcomed as tenderfoot scouts and Leonard Mancini, Jr., Albert Marino, S. Uselis and A. Moscariello were promoted to the second class rank. Richard W. Robinson, executive of District 3, presented the troop with the Good Appearance and Achievement Awards and the program was concluded with a sketch entitled "Time Will Tell."

99 Is Thirteen

The thirteenth anniversary of Troop 99 was celebrated recently with a large gathering of parents, friends and scout officials present. The program included motion pictures, songs and an inspection under the direction of Joseph R. Sumner, executive of District One, and Joseph N. Pattison, 3rd, of the council staff. The troop is directed by Scoutmaster Walter R. Robinson.

Falcon Is Tops

The Sea Scout Ship Falcon, 132, of the Oak Lane Presbyterian Church, J. Hartman Benson, skipper, was recently rated 1936 Regional Vice-Flagship by the regional committee with the co-operation of the National Sea Scouting Service. Other Philadelphia sea scout units receiving honors were: second class—"Nine Bells," August C. Wahl, Jr., skipper; "Old Ironsides," G. R. Oglesby, skipper; "Polaris,"

Alfred R. Boileau, skipper, and "Horney," David Brown, mate. Third class: "Blue Pigeon," Bernard Kretschman, skipper; "George Fried," Charles Denneker, skipper.

309 Plays

The sketch "After Dark" was recently presented by the members of Troop 309 under the direction of Assistant Scoutmaster Francis Testa. The proceeds are to be used for the Treasure Island camping fund. The Baptist Institute for Christian Workers sponsors the group which is led by Scoutmaster J. Ralph Cornish.

9 New Eagles

On Wednesday, May 20, at the scout building, nine Philadelphia scouts were honored by the conferring of their eagle badges. The group included Raymond Brehant, 307; I. Thomas Collett, Jr., 38; Elmer Elcock, 239; David Gaehring, 62; Edward H. Gishburne, 243; Vincent Hanna, 262; Edward Haywood, 210; Carl Sorenson, 268 and Elmer Wenzel, 162.

Sea Base Available

Scout troops interested in sea scouting or who desire to spend a weekend at the sea scout base will find that the accommodations are very attractive. There is a cabin accommodating twelve people, equipped with a stove, which may be booked by writing to Charles Hummel, harbormaster, 4552 "D" street.

Germantown Swim Ends

The scout swimming period on Wednesday June 3 at the Germantown Y.M.C.A. will be the last until September.

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