

"RUSSELL"

If "Russell" is as dear to you,
As the old camp is to me,
Then we'll be back at "Russell"
For a week or two or three.

No brighter skies, no better lakes,
No greener trees abound,
Than those our glad eyes rest upon
Around the old camp ground.

The joys we had, the friendships made,
The Scouting, swimming, ball—
Combine to make the life complete
And brothers of us all.

So here we've met again tonight,
Old "Russell" to praise;
To sing the songs and yell the yells
In memory of those days.

Around the Council Fire we've met
For honors there we've stood,
The open palm our spirit told
The brands our brotherhood.

Our "God" is nigh and all is well,
Our trust we place in "him",
To the greatest scoutmaster of all
We dedicate this hymn.

Camp Russell, White Lake, July 1st to Aug. 26th
Fifth year, 1922

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