

BOY SCOUTS of AMERICA

A full-page illustration of a Boy Scout in a winter setting. The Scout is wearing a brown uniform and a campaign hat, kneeling in the snow. He is looking down at a small fire burning in a hole in the snow. In the background, there are snow-covered trees and a two-story house with a chimney. The scene is set in a snowy landscape.

ANNUAL
1920

AT
VALLEY FORGE

DELAWARE AND MONTGOMERY
COUNTIES FEDERATED COUNCILS

Boy Scouts of America

DELAWARE AND MONTGOMERY
COUNTIES FEDERATED COUNCIL

1920 ANNUAL

*Dedicated to more than four thousand
big hearted friends, who by their generous
financial support and faith in the future
of Boy Scouting have made possible the
continued growth of the work among boys
in the two counties.*

Editor

EDGAR S. NASH

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*Sargent Cabin,
Camp Delmont*

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FOREWORD

In presenting to our many friends and supporters the Fourth Edition of our annual publication, the editors have endeavored to remove it from the cut-and-dried "Year Book" class, and make of it an "Annual" which will be of live interest to the more than 2,500 boys enrolled in the Scout Movement in Delaware and Montgomery Counties.

And right here a word of grateful appreciation is due to the generous writers and illustrators who have cheerfully contributed to make this the best "Annual" we have ever offered our friends.

After the liberal financial response from so many of our "Good Old Scouts" we feel that an introduction to our great work of Scouting in the Counties is no longer necessary. The boy himself is the best introduction we have. His advancement in Scout activities and in Scout ideals is the sole purpose in supporting this movement.

And what does the Boy Scout stand for?

He pledges himself—

First, To do his duty to God and Country.

Second, To help other people at all times.

Third, To keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

Is there anything more we can ask of any boy?

Is there any task better worth while for you and me than to incorporate these fundamentals into a growing boy's character?

Enthusiastically submitted,

WINTHROP SARGENT,

PRESIDENT

Delaware and Montgomery Counties Federated Council, Boy Scouts of America.



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Vice-President



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Commissioner



EDWARD A. CARLSON
Scout Executive



B. K. WILBUR, M.D.
Associate Commissioner

ANNUAL REPORT

By Edward A. Carlson
Scout Executive

Delaware and Montgomery Counties Federated Council

THE war is over, but our work is not. There is no doubt that the Scouts did wonderful work during the war, and helped in an indirect way to win it. This has been acknowledged repeatedly by leading men, President Wilson, General Pershing, McAdoo and others. But because the war is over, we should not sit back and rest on our laurels.

It means greater effort than ever, only along different lines. It means getting back to our Scout program which we laid aside

force of Executives are always anxious to and glad to help the Scoutmasters solve their problems.

Troop Inspection

One of the most important phases of our work this year has been the troop inspection, and, judging from letters received from Scoutmasters, it is the biggest piece of work we have ever rendered the field.

By means of this inspection, we are enabled at all times to tell what condition our



GEORGE H. WEIDNER
Assistant Executive



JOHN H. A. BOMBERGER
Assistant Executive

Active Troops.....	104
Troops Dropped.....	2
New Troops Organized.....	24
Scoutmasters Secured.....	9
Membership Scouts.....	2,579
Associate Scouts.....	19
Total Scouts.....	2,598
Scoutmasters.....	104
Assistant Scoutmasters.....	150
Total Membership.....	2,852
Local Councils Organized.....	5
Executive Staff Visits.....	328
Contests.....	4
Rallies.....	12
Service.....	3
Merit Badges Passed.....	640
Troop Increase.....	22
Membership Increase.....	717

1 Eagle Scout,
DONALD WILBUR
2 Honor Medals,
ALBERT STREICHER,
CHARLES HUGHES.

willingly to help win the war, and it is not easy to change back.

During the war the Scouts' watchword was "Service" to our country. Our watchword today is still "Service," but now it is service that can be rendered to the Scouts and Scoutmasters by the Executives, and service by the Scouts to their local communities. We want it understood that our

troops are in, and to remedy any difficulty which may arise. The night of inspection is looked forward to with eagerness by the Scouts and the Scoutmaster, for they know that the inspector will give them a rating on their work, and of course, they are all anxious to have as good a report as possible. This inspection has stimulated the troops to greater efficiency.

War Work Campaign

The War Work Campaign was directed to spur our Scouts on to greater effort in war work. The splendid results more than justified our labors. Special awards were given by the Commissioner, Mr. Sutton, to the winners in this work. The winners are as follows:

Troops		Points
Troop		
Merion.....		70
Ashbourne.....		69
Wyncote.....		56
Pottstown No. 3.....		52
Bryn Mawr No. 1.....		48
Royersford No. 1.....		31
Jenkintown.....		30

Individuals

Name	Troop	Points
Richard Alexander Ashbourne.....		289
Charles Nash.....	Wyncote.....	273
Thomas Taylor.....	Ashbourne.....	199
Henry Jones.....	Pottstown No. 3.....	188
J. Donal.....	Ashbourne.....	177
G. Burlingame.....	Bryn Mawr.....	155

Victory Loan

Our Scouts did such excellent work in the Fourth Loan, that we felt that they would be doing more than could be expected of them if they did as well in the Fifth, especially since conditions in the Fifth Loan made it so much harder to secure subscriptions. The Scouts, however, went at it with their usual enthusiasm, with the result that they sold 13,852 bonds, with a total of \$3,771,250, which was just one million and a half more than in the Fourth. It was especially gratifying that one month from the close of the campaign all but six troops had sent in their final reports. This is in contrast to the great difficulty of obtaining reports in the prior loans.

Honor Medal

It is an unusual honor to have a Scout receive an Honor Medal from the National Council for saving life. During the past year, however two of these have been awarded to Scouts in our Counties. One was presented to Albert Streicher, a member of the Collegeville Troop in the Perkiomen District, and the other was awarded to Charles Hughes, also of the same troop. In both of these cases, rescues from drowning were made at a great risk.

Financial Campaign

During the fall months very little scouting was attempted, due to the Executive's time

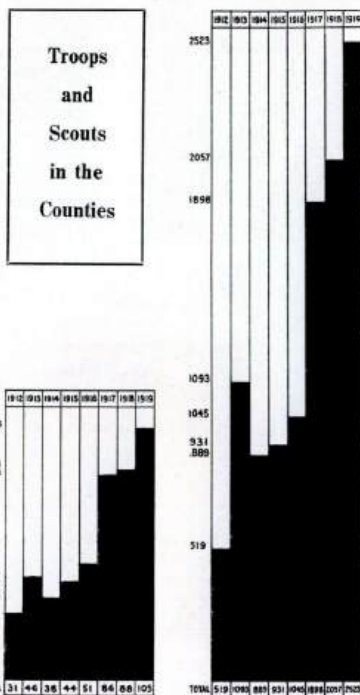
being taken up with the Financial Campaign, which at that time was considered of greater importance by the Executive Council.

In the beginning things looked pretty discouraging for the success of the campaign. By degrees, however, the clouds rolled by, and things took on a brighter aspect, until our final dinner showed we had gone well over the top, having the honor of being the second campaign that had been a success in the vicinity of Philadelphia out of about forty which had been conducted in 1919.

Mr. Hardt's Help

The Executive wishes to thank the members of the Council and especially our Chairman, Mr. Frank M. Hardt, for their untiring efforts and support, for the campaign would not have succeeded had it not been for their giving so liberally of their time and money. Our thanks are as sincerely due to the many friends of the Scouts who helped to collect the funds in the different towns throughout the Counties.

This was the first general campaign in the Counties, so that most all of the 3,000 individual pledges represent new givers, who will be interested in the work of the



GEORGE M. STEWART
Main Line District



REV. E. A. CHAMBERLAIN
Northern District



CHARLES H. RUSSELL
Southern District



W. H. WATSON
Norristown District



H. K. DIMLICK
Pottstown District

FIELD EXECUTIVES Counties Council



C. KENNETH SCULL
Upper Darby District



E. H. BRIESACHER
Eastern District



F. F. HUBER
Perkiomen District

Scouts in the future, and so stimulate the movement throughout our field of work. We have felt for years that the many big-hearted friends of boys living in our Counties needed only to know more about our work in order to back it up enthusiastically both by their dollars and their interest.

In addition the following activities were conducted:

Scoutmasters' Conference on February 1st, at the City Club.

Annual Pilgrimage to Valley Forge on February 22nd, in which 327 Scouts, representing 29 troops, took part.

Anniversary Sunday, on February 9th.

County Championship Field Meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wyeth, on May 24th, where 410 Scouts participated.

Dan Beard Reception, October 4th.

Liberty Bon Fires.

Efficiency Contest.

District swimming meets.

Camp Delmont Re-union, on December 30th, when 200 Scouts were present.

Camp Delmont

Camp Delmont: From the standpoint of members this was the best season Camp Delmont has had. 648 boys attended, representing 50 Delaware and Montgomery County Troops and 10 Chester Troops.

Future Plans

A complete reorganization of the Executive Staff.

The County has been divided into two sections: Mr. Bomberger will take charge of the Upper Territory and Mr. Weidner, of the Lower or suburban territory. These men will give their entire time to work in the field, organizing troops, putting the Scout program before the public, and helping the Scoutmasters wherever needed.

In the past we have tried unsuccessfully to conduct activities at a central meeting point. It was difficult to get the boys out because of the great distance they had to travel. We have now divided the County into ten districts, hoping thereby to secure the attendance of greater numbers.

In order to give each district the proper amount of supervision, a part-time man will be put in charge of each and each man be responsible for inspecting all the troops, in his respective district, not less than once every three months and oftener if needed. He is also responsible for conducting district activities and publicity.

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD A. CARLSON,
Scout Executive



The Boat House—Camp Delmont



The Chapel, Camp Delmont

Camp Delmont—Past and Future

By Dr. B. K. Wilbur

Chairman, Camp Committee

TO those who have known the wonderful beauty of those hundred acres of woodland and meadow, the magic word "Delmont" always causes a little gasp of joyous remembrance. Delmont, the place of rippling brooks overhung by great trees whose leafy canopy is mirrored in the quiet pools; Delmont, where the great granite boulders, moss grown, shelter the lovely maiden-hair ferns and carry the crimson columbine; Delmont, with its sunlit flower-decked meadows, its khaki tents and rustic dining hall, its swimming hole sun-kissed and tree sheltered; its quiet chapel among the rocks and trees! How our hearts turn to Delmont and we dream of those happy days of the past, fragrant in our memories as the sweet odors of the eventide and hope for the happier days to come when we shall hear again the night call of the whippoorwill as the murmur of the brook soothes us gently to sleep.

But, Delmont is not always sunshine and balmy days. The rippling brook becomes, sometimes, a rushing torrent—as 200 Scouts found out last summer. The three officers of the Council and their visiting friend

found it out too, last summer, when they entered the flood at the swimming pool and were swept down past the dining hall and half a mile below, almost before they realized they had started. And so it was this gentle little creek flooded banks and covered meadows. Then the lower tents had to come down and camp closed for nearly a week until, like Noah, a dry place was found on which to set the foot of man.

The camp season of '19 was unusual in many ways. Over 500 Scouts were in camp during the seven weeks, more than 200 at one time. 19,614 meals were served, and many more boys secured camp awards than at any previous camp. 1919 camp saw the greatest rainfall, the worst flood and the best camp of any season.

But, we have better things in view. The generous response of the many friends of the Scouts in the two Counties has made possible improvements that we have wanted and needed for years. While the almost primitive beauty of the camp will be preserved, there are improvements that are absolutely necessary. A permanent bridge is one of these. Last year the foot bridge

"went out" twice during the summer. We now plan to put in a suspension bridge, high enough to escape all floods.

A better supply of drinking water is urgently needed and will be ready for camp this season.

The tents will not last much longer and will be replaced by as many rustic shacks as can be put up this year.

The dining hall must be made larger, and plans are under way for an addition enlarging and relocating the kitchen also.

Then, a more sanitary sewage system must be planned and installed.

These additions and improvements are all needed to take care of the constantly increasing number of Scouts who every summer are turning toward Delmont. Last year Bryn Mawr Troop No. 1 paid for the erection of a Director's Cabin on the campus, and Bala Council erected a hospital shack nearby; these will be starting points for the lines of shacks to be put up this spring.

To those unfamiliar with the camp, perhaps a word of explanation will not be amiss. Following one of the branches of



A Veteran Scout—Camp Delmont

the Perkiomen Creek beyond Sumneytown, one enters a series of small valleys, each with its creek at the bottom of the ridge. The hills are heavily wooded, the farms are small and comparatively far between, and the whole country seems so wild and rugged it is very difficult to believe that one is not more than forty miles away from Philadelphia. In one of these valleys is Camp Delmont. The Scouts own good-sized tracts on both sides of the stream. A dam forms a beautifully wooded pond a half mile long, for bathing or longer swims. Below the dam is the swimming hole, nine feet deep in places, but gently shallowing so the beginners have their chance also. It's a big pool, ideal for the summer swim, and a place of great charm and beauty.

The campus, a quarter of a mile away, is on a well-drained gentle slope surrounded on two sides by trees, with the creek on the third side; for it is triangular in shape. Along two sides of the triangle are the tents and shacks with the Director's Cabin at the point of the angle, and the hospital shack nearby. Off a little to one side with a great rock for the front porch is the Council House, a great log cabin, 30 x 60, built for rainy days and erected to the honor of our president of the Delaware and Montgomery Counties Scout organization, Mr. Winthrop Sargent. Across the creek on a bluff and facing the broad end of the triangle is the dining shack and kitchen with storehouse attached. A beautiful wooded path out beyond the swimming pool leads to the Chapel, a quiet place of peculiar charm, between two great rocks and shaded by tall high-branching trees. Here the Sunday services are held. Nearer to the campus are two places among the boulders for evening camp-fires, one for a smaller and one for a larger group. The latter has a natural rock platform with a great broken, but straight faced rock for the back.

Of course there are acres and acres to explore, hills to climb, hikes without end. Indian arrow heads are found quite often, while a few shards of old pottery were found by one exploring party.

And with it all, it is beautiful, wonderfully varied, wildly and naturally beautiful. One who is familiar with much of the Adirondacks in their earlier days, with the lake region of Maine, with some of the wilder sections of the coast region of the State of Washington and with much of Southwestern Alaska, has said: "I've seen wilder places and places more beautiful in spots but I have never seen anywhere one hundred acres as varied, as wildly beautiful, as charmingly wild as the Scout Camp of Delmont."



Canoe Tilting



Morning Swim



War Canoe Race Above the Dam



Director's Shack



1919 Staff of Camp Delmont

1777

VALLEY FORGE

1920

Our
Annual
Pilgrimage



to the
Counties
Shrine

IN this year of our Lord, 1920, seated on the windward side of a modern electric fan, with the temperature flirting around ninety degrees, it takes a real flight of imagination to picture the sufferings and privations of the Continental Troops in camp at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777.

Well, had you been with us on February 22 last, what those sturdy heroes went through would be far more realistic.

Valley Forge, situated within the territory comprised under the Delaware and Montgomery Counties Federated Council is the patriotic shrine of the Delaware and Montgomery County Scouts. For eight years, now, the County Scouts have made an annual pilgrimage to this shrine. This year it was more successful than ever. The number of Scouts participating was larger and the enthusiasm greater.

Where our Continental soldiers once suffered the hardships of a severe winter without equipment, their patriotic descendants—no

less heroic—trod over the same fields, built their camp fires on perhaps the same spots.

This year about 350 Scouts participated in the annual pilgrimage; some left on the early train over the Reading Railroad, while others hiked from various districts.

One troop hired a horse and wagon and traveled gypsy fashion. They started the preceding afternoon and when it became dark stopped on the wayside and cooked their meals, then stayed at a club over night. Early the following morning, they again cooked breakfast and finished their trip to Valley Forge.

Another troop started early in the morning and hiked a distance of about twenty miles.

At 11 o'clock 350 boys started from Washington's Headquarters to follow the treasure hunt which was a straight line from the Headquarters to the Chapel. At the end of the hunt there were four axes given as prizes.



As the Continentals did it



Spaghetti "au Natural"



The Modern Battle

From about 12 to 12:30 o'clock the Scouts had an opportunity of visiting the different historical places in and about the grounds, and were particularly interested in the collection of relics which had been picked up on the fields of Valley Forge.

At 12:30 o'clock they scattered about the woods, each troop building its own camp fire and cooking meals. The menus were frankfurters (a staple article at camp), beans, flapjack, hoecake, etc. It was, perhaps, just as well, that some of the parents of the Scouts did not inquire too closely just what courses constituted the meal.

Many a mother would be interested, if not shocked, by seeing what a boy who is apt to

be somewhat dainty in his eating at home will devour under the spur of hunger.

After the cravings of the inner Scout were satisfactorily appeased the boys gathered around the camp fire and indulged in informal games, such as tug-of-war, horse-and-rider tag and other outdoor games. Later the boys were marched to Washington Memorial Chapel, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Herbert Burk. After the religious exercises, patriotic songs were sung by all the Scouts, the American flag was saluted, the Scout Oath of Loyalty repeated and 350 good Americans scattered for home, thoroughly tired out but as thoroughly happy.

"No spot on earth—not the plains of Marathon, nor the passes of Sempach, nor the place of the Bastille, nor the dykes of Holland, nor the moors of England—is so sacred in the history of the struggle for human liberty as Valley Forge."

—Cyrus Townsend Brady.





Cabins in our Counties

THE LANSDALE CABIN

By Walter S. Slifer

I AM glad to give you the story of the Cabin of Troop No. 1, Lansdale, Pa., because of our happy experience in its building, which brought to us many new friends and added much benefit to the Scouts by reason of intensified activities and increased knowledge of how to do things.

While Mr. King was still Scoutmaster, after my return East, I became interested in the desire of the Troop Committee to have a cabin for their Scouts and, my father, who was interested in the work from its beginning, formulated a plan whereby the Committee became responsible for the debt incurred during construction. The boys were to do all the work possible, and then after the building was ready, the public were to be interested in what the boys had accomplished and asked to get in behind the boys and do their part.

Accordingly, I prepared working drawings for a cabin 40 x 24, one and one-half stories, to be built in log-cabin style. Foundations were concrete. The floor was in colored concrete. A ten-foot fireplace of stone occupied one end. The walls to the eaves were of railroad ties carefully spaced and spiked with 12-inch boat spikes, and the chinks afterwards filled with rich mortar.

The roof was carried on the gable ends and two wooden trusses with steel tie rods. Wooden beams between trusses and gables carried the rafters, upon which beaded sheathing was carefully and tightly nailed, the whole covered with flint-covered prepared roofing. The doors and frames were built up on the ground.

The sash were bought. The railroad ties were given by the yardmaster, in number about 400; a good portion of the cement was contributed by President Trexler, of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, a personal friend. Mr. Chas. Jenkins most generously offered a site that cannot be equalled in its natural beauty and location. Mr. Jenkins on his home farm possessed a tract of virgin woodland about ten acres in extent. This he gave for the use of the boys, in the belief that they would share his regard for the beautiful spot, and learn to care for and protect the life it contained. The regard that the boys have borne for their home has justified his confidence.

A mason was employed to construct the big fireplace. Mr. Oliver Rosenberger generously loaned his concrete mixer and furnished the services of a floor finisher. Mr. Brunner glazed the sash for the boys, and

Mr. Jenkins and his help gave us a most timely lift on the placing of the prepared roof in December, as bad weather was impending.

We employed a carpenter to hang the doors and set the sash, but all the other labor was done by the boys.

The actual construction of the building was marked by most pleasant experiences among all those engaged. Through it all we remembered that we were Scouts and that we had to pursue Scout activities just as sincerely as though we had nothing else to do. We have always maintained that Scouting reaches its maximum success when pure Scouting is made a Scout's business. It is a mistake to build a cabin or make any activity a Troop feature that does not have Scouting as its direct foundation. The cabin was not to have a pool table, it was not built to accommodate basket-ball, and therein lay its success. It did have a cook stove.

It had a shop upstairs under the roof, and on the opposite end there were built bunks for twenty boys. It had a piano donated by Mrs. Jenkins, as well as a dining table. The boys made a long bench and mission table as well as a lamp. They laid the brick hearth, put up panelled bird pictures, built a latrine to the rear, and a cinder path winding through the undergrowth to a stile at the main road.

We began to clear a space near the eastern edge of the grove in March, 1913. We did not progress very fast that Spring. But during those three months the boys became acquainted with the work and saw what would be required to attain their end. By the time vacation time came, the walls were up about four feet and the fireplace stood completed awaiting the activities that would bring the log walls up along its sturdy sides.

So all during vacation time, when so many of the boys were away, the building stood untouched and the Scoutmaster planned

and wondered as to the final outcome, not to tell the truth, without his doubts.

But in the Fall, all was enthusiasm again and the boys went at it heart and soul. We arranged a schedule. Three nights a week, or two nights and Saturday afternoon, were required to give a boy his standing in the Troop. Each boy's time was checked by the Troop leaders, and a system was evolved that brought results. During the week of Teacher's Institute, the boys had a holiday, and the cement floor was put down in three days. It is five inches thick and will last.

All this time regular meetings were held and tests in Scouting given. Merit Badges were in demand, and during the building, the Troop had a better record for progress in Scouting than ever before or since.

There were so many interesting occurrences that it is hard to tell them. One night in November, when nights were getting chill, stands out in my memory. We had strung electric lights over the cabin and were working to properly fasten the big beams between the trusses at one end, and at the other, where we had progressed further, the sheathing boards were being placed. There were about twenty boys of all sizes, ranging from diminutive Hiram to big "Blondy," and noisy "Shanty," to the more finished Layton, who was a "bear" when it came to getting the bunch together for real effort. Then there was Mort, who was a beater at hustling when things were right with him. As two regular reliables it was hard to beat the two Raymonds. They were always ready for more than their share.

It was Saturday night, and we were most anxious to get that roof on. It was not until near midnight that we seemed to have made a satisfactory showing, and as time went on the tired legs began to drag and there was a dearth of repartee, but the job was moving along in great shape, and finally we decided we could quit. When we climbed down, the place presented such a



Real Building



Tired but happy

littered sight that we just looked at each other and without words pitched in again and spent another half-hour cleaning up. The bunch that went home that night were mighty tired, but they were very happy and most certain that they had done a big job well.

We did not have everything under roof by Christmas as planned, but New Year's saw a different picture. The cabin was roofed and the cook stove was sending clouds of smoke into the open. Inside the cabin all was activity. Scouts were cutting wood, carrying water, and cleaning the grounds. The visitor inside was greeted with the busy chatter of girls and mothers, and, oh! such odors, for the truth was plain! All was being made ready for the first dinner, a real turkey dinner, and what a good time the girls and boys did have!

The time until Spring passed rapidly. The upper floors for shop and bunks were put in. Electric lights were installed. Furniture was made, and everything made ready for the dedication which was to bring all the activities to a climax.

We realized that an advertising campaign was required. Accordingly we planned a Scout meet to which we invited Troops from Philadelphia and the Counties. We wrote all firms making Scouting supplies, and interested many who assisted by donating kits, uniforms, axes, lamps, first-aid kits, bicycle tires, fishing tackle, and the like, which we gave as prizes to winners in the Scouting events. There were cups for winning Troops.

The Committee set aside two days, Friday and Saturday, early in May, 1914, as Scout Days in Lansdale, and the community was asked to celebrate with the Scouts. The true meaning and intent of Scouting was fully explained, and exhibits in show windows acquainted the public with our plans.

Friday was "tag day," and the Scouts' girl friends outdid themselves in labeling everything about them. Ten cents bought a tag which admitted the holder to the sports Saturday. Several hundred dollars were realized in this manner.

On Friday night a dinner was given to the business men of the town. Commissioner Sutton, Executive Aplin, Committeeman Buck and others laid before the men the full import of the movement. Scouts furnished the music, and with the cabin completed the guests were brought to realize that the Scout Idea stood for more than words. Our guests were most responsive to our endeavor and left us substantial pledges, which the Committee realized upon later to meet building expenses.

Saturday morning witnessed the arrival of about twenty Troops. After a parade,

Scouts and friends went to the cabin, where, after an address by Commissioner Sutton, and responses by Comrades Hines and Markley, of the G. A. R., the keys were delivered to the Scoutmaster by the President of the Scout Committee, Mr. Thomas. "Old Glory" was run to the top of the tall flag pole, the bugles sounding "colors," and Lansdale Scouts had a cabin complete and practically paid for.

The games in the afternoon were witnessed by crowds of friends, and in the evening we all gathered around a huge campfire and listened to the story-telling of that real Scout, Thomas Martindale. It was a fitting ending to a very important event in Lansdale's Scouting, and we count ourselves extremely fortunate to have had the assistance and encouragement the great hunter and naturalist generously gave us.

The building required an expenditure of about \$1,000. After the dedication, the Committee owed about \$200, which, by concerts,



Interior Lansdale cabin

entertainments, etc., under Scout auspices was gradually wiped out in two years, with little effort, beyond the active work of the Scouts in disposing of tickets.

To those who contemplate a similar experience I would advise strongly to do about as we did. If the Committee and Scouts are in dead earnest and like to apply themselves to the attainment of a desired end, get a cabin. Have it designed by a Scout leader who will at the same time instruct the boys and work with them. He will need to get the materials required, lay out each boy's task, and keep the work interesting.

Above all, don't neglect Scouting proper. Encourage the boys to prepare themselves for steady advancement, and don't belittle the worth of the tests by sliding over the requirements. Too many Scouts do not obtain a working knowledge of Scouting which they can use in emergency. Be thorough!

SPRING WANT ADS.

By James J. Montague
In the Philadelphia Bulletin

WANTED—A home in the country
Surrounded by a garden or lawn—
A house that will do for a family or two,
And maybe eight more—later on.
Prefer a bright, sunny location,
With outlook on woodlands and glens,
But won't pay a cent in the nature of rent,
Speak quick, if you want us—

TWO WRENS.

WANTED—A site in the suburbs,
Will build upon same right away,
By young wedded pair, fond of fresh country air
And needing a home before May.
Can't pay a deposit this season,
Returning from Florida broke.
Describe what you've got, and we'll visit the spot.
Apply

HOMELESS ROBINS, The Oak.



WANTED—A place by the water,
Till sometime in early July;
Our family is small—just a couple, that's all—
But we think it will grow by and by.
Please don't expect pay for the present;
Have just had a streak of hard luck;
We'll be happy indeed if you have just what we need.
Please hurry your answer

A DUCK.

WANTED—A home in a forest,
Afar from the town and its noise.
Safe hidden away from the creatures of prey,
Those murderous demons called boys.
A place where it's safe to rear children,
And handy for nocturnal prowls;
No lucre have we, so the rent must be free.
Write quickly

A COUPLE OF OWLS.



THE GLENSIDE CABIN

By H. Carroll Brooke

Money for the Glenside Scout Cabin was raised through personal subscriptions and by the boys and the Scout Council. The boys themselves purchased the lot. The cabin is built on a piece of ground 75 x 150 feet and it has been partially paid for; the balance on the ground is being paid by instalments of \$20.00 per month. This money is being raised by the various patrols and turned over weekly to the Treasurer.

The cabin has created new interest, and the boys seem very anxious to beautify it and make it attractive to every one. The reason we financed the lot on the plans we did was to give the boys an idea as to what can be done through Building and Loan Associations. They all have the idea and some of them promise to be great financiers in the future.

THE WAYNE CABIN

By Walter Whetstone

It took nineteen months to build the Wayne Cabin working only on Saturday. The entire affair was done by the First Troop of Wayne, numbering forty-two boys, of which twenty-seven did their duty in the past war, one paying the extreme sacrifice and four being seriously wounded, one of the four for life.





Becoming a Nature Guide

By Enos A. Mills

Nature Guide and Contributor to the Saturday Evening Post

THE beavers in the Moraine Colony had begun to build a dam on a dry flat more than one hundred feet from the brook that flowed through their old pond. Just why a beaver whose hind feet are webbed like those of a goose, and who travels mostly by swimming would build a dam so far from water was unusual, and I made up my mind to watch it.

Every day for sixty-odd days I went to the Moraine Beaver Colony. Each trip gave me either a new nature story or another chapter of an old one. It was great fun each morning to see the work and the changes made by the

beavers during the night. A few times the morning visit was so exciting that I went back in the evening and remained all night. But sometimes while there something else came along, or during the night there had been visitors which the beavers had not invited.

The beavers were making this dam of the large half-burned trees left by a forest fire. These logs were hard to gnaw and heavy to handle. Beyond the dam they were building was a grove of more than five hundred aspens. These small trees are of soft wood and thick juicy bark, and are the favorite building



The Moraine Colony Dam, Made of Dead Wood



Beaver House 84 feet in circumference

material for beavers and their bark the favorite beaver food. But these aspens were not being used.

One morning I could not see that the beavers had done any work during the preceding night. Tracks showed that a black bear had prowled over the scene. Evidently the beavers remained close at home, for black bears eat beavers, fur and all. The bear had rolled two logs chunk out of the dam where they had been placed by the beavers and he had torn the logs to pieces in getting out nests of ants.

One evening I crept up easily as usual and there, in the edge of the old beaver pond, a little grizzly cub was having a swim. Another time a doe and two fawns were standing in the edge of the pond. Each visit gave me something new, and often this was exciting.

Between visits the beavers had gnawed down a tall dead tree and this had "kicked" back and killed one beaver and in falling glanced from a boulder and injured another. But a sixty-foot dam of dead timbers was completed. This formed a dry pond. Where was the water to come from? The beavers had planned.

They next proceeded to put a small dam across the brook below their old dam and from the little pond which this dam formed they dug a ditch or canal across to the dry pond. They had trouble with this canal, for there were many boulders, and a ridge into which they had to dig deeply. But one morning there was a good stream of water running from the brook through the canal into the dry pond. This canal was a foot or more deep and from two to three feet wide.

This new pond flooded most of the aspen grove, and into this grove went the beavers for the coming winter's food supply. Every aspen was gnawed down. Commonly, after each tree was down the limbs and the top of each was cut off, the trunk cut into two or three lengths; then the trunk lengths, the tops and the limbs were all taken, floated across the new pond, dragged up the canal and piled in a heap thirty feet across in the

deep water of the old pond. This was the food supply for thirty-two or three beavers all winter.

Apparently the beavers had built this dam so as to have water for the floating of the aspens, and the aspens being wanted for food explains why they did not cut them for the dam.

In this old beaver colony aspens were becoming scarce and none were close to the shore of the pond. Later on, the beavers went up stream a quarter of a mile and cut aspens, floating them all the way in the stream down to the pond.

There were ducks in this new pond when I arrived one morning. Blood and tracks in the mud another morning showed that a lion had one night captured one of the beavers while the fellow was busy gnawing down an aspen. Then, one day as I sat on the dam of dead logs a porcupine came waddling along and after one dull look at me began to gnaw one of my shoes.



Beaver-cut Aspens

Although, through thirty years, I have been often to this beaver colony, I still enjoy going. Of the happenings around it I have written many magazine articles. Three of these, *Beavers' Engineering*, *The Ruined Colony* and *Home Loving* as a Beaver appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Many hundred times with other people I visited this place as a nature guide. I have had with me people from every state in the Union and a few from foreign countries.

Every locality needs a Nature Guide. To be prepared, a Nature Guide must know not only how to identify birds, flowers, trees and animals, but what is more interesting, know stories concerning each; these he will learn by going often to the same place, and by lingering there. Anyone who wants to master woodcraft will find one good way by giving most of his attention for a time to one kind of tree, bird or animal and by frequently going over the wild places close to his home. Fabre wrote a number of books about the adventurous small wild folks who lived in his yard.



Specially drawn for the Annual
by Charles Livingston Bull

Taking one look into the inky waters, he drew a deep breath

The Master of the Pond

By Scout Charles E. Nash

FOR three cold and dreary months the Master and his mistress had sojourned in their dry cozy home in the bank of Beck's Pond. The weather had been unusually severe, but conditions in the outer world affected these particular heavy-coated muskrats very little, for the door of their home opened beneath the waters of the pond, which had frozen to a depth of three inches, only a small hole at the spring being left where fresh air might enter. The subsequent quenching of several inlets had permitted the water to fall several inches below the ice, so the Master and his mate lived comfortably beneath a storm-proof, crystal dome to which the spring-hole furnished entrance and exit.

The sky darkened ominously and in a very short time a veritable blizzard was raging. A dark, furry form slid down the bank and crossed the ice to the spring-hole with spasmodic bounds. It was lethal Angheela, the mink, out to kill. His beady black eyes flamed wickedly with the blood lust of starvation. He reached the spring and, taking one

look into the inky waters, he drew a deep breath and launched himself into the forbidding depths. Well he knew that some plump member of the muskrat tribe held sway over that crystal domain.

The Master woke, stretched himself, and, after nibbling several succulent cattail roots and neatly arranging his fur, he took a deep breath and noiselessly sank down the passageway of his cozy home. His descent half-way accomplished, he saw a bullet-shaped head slide through the entrance of the passage, and the snake-like body of the mink shot up the tunnel towards him.

Now the mink is the very incarnation of evil for the smaller animals, and its lightning-like movements, together with the throat-slitting slashes of its razor-like teeth make it compulsorily respected by the muskrat tribe. In this case, however, hunger had rendered the creature careless, and he was now caught at a great disadvantage.

The Master paused in his downward course, braced all four feet against the walls of the tunnel and awaited the onslaught of the mink.

The first strike landed on the Master's jaw, but the wound was negligible and the beast recoiled, launching a throat hold. He gained his objective, but the thick fur of the Master prevented the laceration of his jugular. However, Angheela chewed and chewed, ever inward in bulldog fashion.

The Master, with a mighty effort, forced the mink against the wall of the tunnel and, twisting his neck, he bit completely through the shoulders of his adversary. The dauntless killer still clung to the Master's neck tenaciously, but his strength ebbed quickly as his air gave out, and after several futile attempts to gain a mortal hold on the marauder, the muskrat closed his great incisors on its back, severing the spinal column. The

mink's body jerked spasmodically and, after a final gurgling breath, lay still.

The Master, hard pressed for air, noted this and, immediately diving, he emerged from the tunnel and shot to the surface of the water. Oh! how good the pure cold air felt to his bursting lungs!

After inhaling a little of this tonic of nature he dove again and towed the body of his assailant to the spring-hole. Laboriously he pushed and pulled his burden onto the surface ice lest it contaminate his aquatic realm, and, taking one last look at the whitening outside world, he returned to his mate in the home in the bank where he could nurse his wounds with true muskrat vitality.

Verily he was the Master.

THE COMING OF THE SCOUT

By Will McCrae

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger

Listen, listen, Uncle!

Put your ear down to the ground!
Can't you hear our coming footsteps?
Can't you hear our bugle sound?

We know you bid us welcome.
Never our allegiance doubt.
So listen, listen, Uncle!

'Tis the coming of the Scout!

We are growing fast as blazes;
Legs and arms are shooting out;
So we have not long to proudly
Wear the khaki of the Scout.
We are drilling, we are training
To be sturdy men like you.
So listen, listen, Uncle!
'Tis the Boy Scout calling you.

We have pitched our tents and bivouac'd
All the drills and tactics know;
We can shoot as good as Teddy;
We're not stopped by rain or snow;
We are trained in mind and body
Thus to fight with any foe.
So listen, listen, Uncle!
We are coming, don't you know?

When all wars have passed to hist'ry,
When in earth all strife is past,
And the swords are plowshares gleaming
And the devil's chained at last,
May the thousand years of peaceful
Happy days be brought about.
So listen, listen, Uncle,
For the coming of the Scout.

We will fight not with the weapons

That this world has always known,
With the sword and gun and gas mask
That strike terror to the bone;
But we'll fight with Freedom's banner
Which has stars on heaven's blue.
All the stripes of red are taken
From our banner tried and true.

For our weapons will be ballots,
And our swords will plowshares be;
And we'll reap a wondrous harvest
When the world at last is free,
When the Golden Rule has proven
That it stands the acid test.
So listen, listen, Uncle!
To the boys who love you best.

Thus we pledge to you in boyhood
All our boyhood's, manhood's days,
Knowing well you fight for freedom,
Seeking naught of earthly pays,
When for honor, peace and justice
You are forced to show your might.
Then listen, listen, Uncle,
To the boys thus trained to fight.

Scouts and Reptiles in Camp

By Dr. Allen S. Williams

Director, Reptile Study Society of America; Founder, Camp Directors' Association of America; A Commissioner Boy Scouts of America, Bronx Council New York City

THERE might be places where reptiles, particularly harmless snakes, would be out of place, but one where they ought certainly to feel at home would be a Boy Scouts' Camp. In my faith, one of the dominant characteristics and motives of a perfect Scout is interest in, sympathy with and loving kindness for the "little people of the woods." Now, as turtles, lizards and serpents are in this class, why give them the cold shoulder?

One extremely interesting incident bearing on this recently came to my notice. This was at Camp Caesar Rodney, at Mount Pleasant, Delaware, on the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal. This camp is under the direction of Frank A. Greenhawk, Scout Executive of the Wilmington (Del.) Council, Boy Scouts of America.

Soon after the camp opened in the 1919 season, a "dark cloud" in the form of a blacksnake over six feet long was a caller at the camp. Someone there was "snaky" enough to welcome the little stranger, and he promptly elected himself the camp mascot. By his own selection he made his home in a big enamelware dish-pan. I could revel in writing a thousand words about this incident alone; the touch of human interest was there in force. No Scout hurt the reptilian self-invited guest; the Scouts did not shut him up in a cage; he just lived there with the rest of the boys; fed himself—lived on the country—and those boys did not see anything abnormal about it. This mountain blacksnake did not really belong in that locality, but somehow instinct told him "A Scout is kind."

Scouts, there are three kinds of reptiles—four, I beg your pardon. One kind is in a

class by himself, the Tuatera, or *Sphenodon punctatum*, "a funny-looking guy" resembling a lizard; this is a veritable "living fossil" survivor of an obsolete race of the prehistoric past. With other freaks of nature the Tuatera lives in Australia.

The other three are lizards, serpents and turtles. "Who's afraid of a turtle—provided one does not get too near the business end of a big snapper? Or who fears a lizard? Of course, one would bar the Gila Monster, the beaded lizard of Arizona and New Mexico; yes, he is venomous, enough to kill a guinea pig or a chicken. Man-killing Gila (Hee-lah) Monsters are chiefly in imagination, such as beliefs in Apaches being now on the warpath, outside of the "movies" and other wild western myths."

But, when it comes to snakes—well, that's different. Now I cannot tell you fellows all I know in a few hundred written words, but just add this to your mental Scouting equipment: Of all the world's wild creatures, the average snake is the easiest to tame, to handle and to keep. If you keep that in your mind and use your hat, a handkerchief, or anything to smother his head while you get him by the neck you will learn that only more experience will make you an expert snake hunter. Use your head too. Hold your new captive several times so he cannot bite you and eventually he will not want to when you drop protective measures.

In your realm of operations, say a radius of 100 miles from Scout headquarters, there is found ordinarily only a score of species of serpents. The most common and numerous snake is the Garter Snake; these are very prolific; the young are born alive; a Garter

Snake matron is likely to have anywhere from 30 to 120 snakelets in a brood and two families in one season. Many times I have had startling surprises in carrying my living specimens around the country for my lectures at camps in summer and in winter to all kinds of schools and organizations. On my 1918 annual visit to Dan Beard's Outdoor School for Boys, in Pike County, I put my hand in a muslin bag to extract a Garter Snake to show the boys when I was talking to them, but instead of one snake, I had sixty-three—enough to give every camper a baby Garter Snake to start a collection of living specimens with.

For years I have had just as much fun as any other spectator in teaching some volunteer boy or girl from an audience "Snake Charming in One Lesson." The candidate for the position of ophidian fascinator makes some excruciatingly funny moves in handling lively snakes for the first time; particularly in returning them to the bags from whence they came; almost invariably the novice aims to get the business end in the bag first.

However, a snake has a very funny way of shooting himself out of a bag as quickly as you put him in; sometimes he makes his get-away; then I always sternly insist that the amateur snake charmer must catch him. But, "the worst is yet to come"—for, blindfolding, securely, the hapless kid, I force him to put his hand in a bag and pull out whatever is in there—a good husky, live snake, usually. To help him along I offer to take down his last words in shorthand and shoot a wire of regrets and condolences to his bereaved parents, or, maybe to "little Mamie Sullivan, who lives on the next block." Verily, the troubles of a candidate for snake charming honors are many and real; the worse they are the higher the glee of all the spectators. In fact, when a blanket invitation is issued to an assemblage to hold up hands to volunteer, most of the bunch say, "Not for me," or "Sooner

it would be him than me," or "Let George do it."

Here are a few "snaix facks": Never was such a thing as a hoop snake. Milk Snakes nor any other kinds, do not milk cows or steal or drink milk. No snake has a sting, or stinger in his mouth or his tail. A snake's tongue is a tongue, feeler and ears. Boas and all of the big constricting snakes are non-venomous. When I state that some boy is sure to interject "Oh! they squeeze you to death." Maybe they can or do, but they have not done me yet, even when I was catching anacondas and boa constrictors alive in South America jungles. What a reptile might do and what he does are different.

Girls like snakes better than boys do. Anyway, they are not as much afraid of them; so don't you Scouts get cocky and think you are the brave sex; I have seen many examples just the other way in my travels and experiences in times of peril and stress.

In New York State the Box Turtle and the Wood Turtle are protected by the law in the conservation code. The Reptile Study Society is working now in several states to procure legislation to be enacted to protect the Milk Snake and other non-poisonous species which are invaluable to the farmer and in food conservation because they kill and eat vast numbers of rodents and other destructive creatures.

Finally, Scouts, never kill another harmless snake; photograph him, study his ways, catch him alive and keep him for an interesting mascot; spare him and benefit America in so doing by helping food conservation and terminating the atrocious cruelty toward reptiles caused by ignorance and cruel instincts.

Be a reptile student. Also become a real amateur snake charmer. Then folks will regard you with awe and say, "Why, his hypnotic power over snakes is simply marvelous!"



The Black Snake



The Milk Snake

Photo by J. Fletcher Street

The Return of the Red Man

By Isaac C. Sutton

Scout Commissioner, Delaware and Montgomery Counties Council



The Author in full war regalia

ONCE again the Red Man trod the forests in the land of Penn. An almost forgotten memory stirred the rocks and awakened Mother Earth as she felt the warm pressure of the mocassins on her bosom. Only here and there were left monarchs of the forest who could remember the dusky faces of the departed people. All the spirits of nature thrilled as they heard the whispers of their few older companions who saw the last thin line of the children of nature depart with their faces turned to the setting sun; and they seemed to reach out and welcome the red face as he passed among them.

Chief Red Fox Skiuhushu, of the Northern Blackfeet, western cousins of the Delaware or Lenape Nation, wandering far from home, seeking citizenship and justice for the original Americans, was persuaded to visit our Boy Scout Camp. Here, with the modern children of nature, the Boy Scouts, he communed with the spirits of the woods and waters and smoked the pipe of peace. Here was again performed the very ceremonials by which the Delaware Indian boy, who once lived, became a warrior in his tribe. Every Boy Scout who won honors at the camp was eligible to the tribe and those who took honors two years were initiated as warriors. The ceremonial was prepared by Mr. A. R. Harrington, of the Institute of the American Indian, New York, who is the leading authority on the aborigines who once dwelt upon the streams of Eastern Pennsylvania, the "Unami" or "river" Indians of the Leni-Lenape "original people." But I dare not reveal the ceremony for that is the secret of our white face Indian band.

There is something indeed tragic in the passing of this once mighty Indian nation. With them has gone their history and legends, and all that is left are a few melodious Indian names—Wissahickon, Perkio-men; and the pale faces who live on the banks do not even know the meaning of the words. Even the names of their great chiefs, Tamenund and Teedyuskung have passed into oblivion.

In the midst of a remnant of forest, in Montgomery County, which the Scouts found for their camp, we have erected a large cabin after the model of the Delaware Chin-wikon ("Big House") or Indian Ceremonial Lodge. The plans were obtained from the museum of the University of Pennsylvania. To the lovers of romance, nature and history, it seems most appropriate that the memory of the earliest inhabitants of our land be so commemorated.

As we sat about the blazing logs on the floor of the cabin, with the smoke ascending through the smoke hole in the roof, we were carried back two hundred years, and seemed to see a band of braves gathered to worship the "Great Spirit" and to hear the old Medicine Man chant from the "Walum Olum," or poem of creation of the Leni-Lenape.

Our ceremony ended and Red Fox, in full costume of a Chief, rose to plead the Red Man's cause for justice to his people so long, too long delayed. He told the admiring circle of newly made warriors of the quaint and beautiful customs of his tribe. We shall not soon forget the eager faces of the boys as he recited a poem of his own composition, so appropriate that we wish to preserve it as a memorial to our Indian guest.



"Hack," the MSINGH

Long Before the White Man Came

By Chief Red Fox Skiuhushu

Many suns have kissed the morning, many moons adorned the night,
Came and gone full many winters; gone as many summers bright,
While across the rolling prairie, through the forest deep and still,
O'er the plains and up the mountains roamed the Red Man at his will.
Warrior, Chieftain, man of fame—
Long before the White Man came.

'Neath the pine trees' friendly shadows on the shore of lake and stream,
Here he pitched his humble Tipi, near the waters' crystal gleam;
Swan-like glides he 'cross the waters in his light birch-bark canoe,
Catching fish and trapping game—
Long before the White Man came.

Reared he here his sons and daughters, Nature's children, plain and free,
Temperate, moral, true, and honest—he knew no law but liberty,
Bound by no confederation, scarcely knowing of its worth,
Yet the Indians were the sovereigns of the greatest land on earth,
Possession being their sovereign claim—
Long before the White Man came.

He heard the voice of the Great Spirit in the thunder's rumbling sound,
Whispering winds brought him a message from the 'Happy Hunting Ground.'
By Suns and Moons and Winters counted he the days and months and years,
And in the spirit of the water, read he all his hopes and fears,
Read his destiny in the rain—
Long before the White Man came.



Chief Red Fox, of the Northern Blackfeet

Thus they dwelt for generations in their own dear native land,
Sea to sea an earthly Eden, fish and game on every hand;
Countless birds sang in the forest, anthems rang from all the trees,
And the wild flowers in profusion, scented every wind and breeze,
Paradise, or much the same—
Long before the White Man came.



The Red Man's Successors

Another Honor for the Counties



Scout Charles Hughes

WELL, boys, I guess we will all have to give one big A-M-E-R-I-C-A for the Collegeville Troop; now, all together! You fellows can imagine the surprise and delight of the Editor when he was told by Mr. Carlson that another one of our county's scouts had won a Life Saving Medal.

Last year, you remember, it was Scout Schreiber. Imagine my surprise—on seeing the picture of Scout Charles Hughes, the winner of the medal this year—to find that here was another member of the Troop No. 1, Collegeville. If Colonel C. H. Regar is not one of the proudest scoutmasters in the counties, it is because he is too modest. Certainly, he is developing, along the banks of the Perkiomen, boys who are giving a wonderful account of themselves.

Here is what the Colonel has to say about Scout Hughes and his heroic act, and I think—and I know you will agree with me—that somewhere behind the act and the thought that prompted it, stands the Colonel himself:

Clamer's Dam on the Perkiomen Creek, near Collegeville, Montgomery County, Pa., is the most popular "Swimming hole" for Scouts of that vicinity. There they have plenty of elbow room in which to pass their swimming tests, the dam being about three hundred feet across and ranging in depth from six to sixteen feet. A drowning accident may be expected to occur there each summer,

usually from among the strangers summering or outing in the locality, who are unacquainted with the depth of the water and are careless with boats and canoes.

On an August evening in 1918, Scout Charles Hughes, and several other members of Troop 1, Collegeville, came to the bathing houses at Clamer's Dam. Another party of boys and young men had preceded them and were already enjoying themselves in this glorious swimming hole. Hughes and his friends were just about undressed and ready for their first dive, when a splashing and gurgling, with faint cries for help, were heard to come from a young man out near the middle of the dam. It took Scout Hughes only an instant to take in the situation, so he plunged in and swam to the aid of William Haldeman, who had no strength left.

Of course, as usual in the case of a drowning person, Haldeman anxiously caught hold of Hughes, making it necessary for the latter to dive several times in order to free himself, but finally Hughes was able to make the excited man understand that he would be safe if he allowed himself to be towed, which Hughes did, catching hold of Haldeman.

Scout Hughes talks very modestly about this rescue, and it is said that he has two others to his credit. He is an excellent swimmer, having lived near Clamer's Dam all his life. He is now seventeen years old, six feet tall, and of a fine slender physique.



Scoutmaster, Colonel C. H. Regar

Why I Believe in Scouting

George J. Fisher, M. D.

Deputy Chief Scout Executive, Boy Scouts of America.

I BELIEVE in Scouting first because it is a program, romantic, virile, and manly, a program which emphasizes the great out-of-doors, which emulates the great national characters, which gives to the boy great yet attainable ideals, and which stimulates him to honor God and do a daily good turn to his fellows. I believe in Scouting because its program is adaptable to any existing agency which can provide wise and wholesome adult leadership. This program can be used by any boys' club, any school, any group, and any church—Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish. It does not compete with the church, it energizes the church. It strengthens existing agencies. It is a program available for any group of boys anywhere and at any time. In fact, any single boy no matter how lonely or remote so long as the mails can get to him, may become a Scout and undertake its program as a Pioneer Program.

Service to Boys

I believe in Scouting because it is a service to boys—to the boys of America, her most precious national asset. Who wouldn't give his service to boys in their teens, and what great things these boys have been able to accomplish through the Boy Scouts of America! Hundreds of boys each year are awarded medals for heroic service. The story of these deeds reads like a romance. Here are two boys for illustration who hear the cry of a woman struggling in the water, they bring her to the shore almost exhausted only to be told that a man who had endeavored to help the woman is in distress and is crying. Tired as they were these boys dashed into the water and with great effort brought the man ashore. Or take the case of the little boy who, seeing two elderly ladies lose their heads as they were driving toward a railroad crossing jumped between the onrushing engine and the buggy, swung the horse about, and saved the women from a terrible calamity. Or witness to the quick action of a Scout who, seeing a little fellow toddle in front of an approaching automobile without time to reach him, literally dove at him and butted him out of the way, receiving the impact of the auto himself. These incidents show what boys are capable of in time of stress or danger.

So important is the service which the Boy Scouts have been able to do also collectively that the Government has called on them

for service, and the story of the several Liberty Loans and the part of the Scouts in them is a matter of proud record. The way the Scouts have served their communities in times of calamity or emergency is without parallel. This leads me to say without qualification or hesitation, that it still remains to be demonstrated what it is possible for a group of boys to do for a community under wise adult leadership.

And this leads me to say in the next place that I believe in Scouting because it is a movement directed largely by volunteers, by men who serve for service sake, men in the main who are impelled by high, unselfish ideals and by a supreme belief in the boyhood of America. Many of these men, in fact most of them, are men of such ability that the movement would be unable to pay for their service if it should attempt to do so, men who would not serve in fact if they were paid. One hundred thousand laymen giving themselves freely and unselfishly to a movement represents a great national force for good in the nation.

I believe further in Scouting because it is in my judgment, the greatest practical educational Americanization movement in America. By practical I mean that the Boy Scout movement teaches loyalty and patriotism, not alone from the point of view of theory, but, more important still, it teaches the boy to do things which involve the spirit and practice of patriotism and loyalty to the highest American ideals. The Boy Scout movement has discovered ways and means by which and through which a boy may serve the state and therefore have the consciousness that he is actually a factor in the life of the nation. This is a great contribution both to boy life and to the nation.

It Teaches Patriotism

The Boy Scouts of America teaches 100 per cent. Americanism. In years past I remember with what confidence I witnessed the coming of thousands of people to the United States from foreign lands. I was glad that the doors of America always swung inward. I was confident that there was something in the atmosphere of America, something in her institutions that would bring to these peoples who came to our land the spirit of American ideals and the values

and attractiveness of our democracy. I had little question but what they would all imbibe this spirit and practice these principles, but recently we had what I believe is the most tragic and the most serious experience in the history of America, namely, the spectacle of a ship leaving our shores with several hundred passengers who had not imbibed this spirit, who were not impressed by our American traditions and principles, who were not a part of our democracy, but who had attempted to overthrow our institutions and to weaken our Government.

No, we can not depend upon atmosphere nor simply upon traditions. We must educate our youth, we must enlist our youth in those forms of service which reveal and portray the great principles of American patriotism and democracy. I am sure if all those people on that ship who were forced to leave our shores had, in their youth, been Scouts, there would not have been the necessity for such a tragic experience. Patriotism, loyalty to the nation, love for its traditions and its aims and for its high destiny must be taught,

must be expressed, if it is to exist and prevail in the nation and this, the Boy Scout movement is promoting.

And lastly, lest this article exceed its prescribed length, I believe in the Scout movement because it develops character, that commodity which is the foundation of national strength and power. What the world needs most is men and boys who are true and noble and kind—honest in every relation in life—dependable in every emergency—true to the noblest ideals of life, reverent, God fearing, and thrifty. Such a body of citizens lends stability to a community and makes possible as no other factor the development of sound institutions and of national righteousness and national honor.

Good Luck. God Speed

May the Boy Scout work of Delaware and Montgomery Counties prosper, may it minister to every available boy in its area, and may it ever hold forth the highest aims of the Boy Scouts of America.

The Scoutmaster

By Dr. H. W. Hurt

Editor, "Scoutmaster's Handbook"

THE Scoutmaster is a human engineer. His it is to touch the deep, vital things of the future through the immediate interests and tendencies of the present.

His is the incomparable privilege, and equally momentous responsibility, of intimate association with Boys.

To him it is permitted to turn backward the inexorably fleet hands of time and live again in the world of boyhood—not as a distant and critical spectator, but as a close and (if he be wise) almost fully initiated participant—almost one of "the bunch."

As a human engineer the Scoutmaster has long since recognized that Human Relations are the core of life—whether it be life in a Scout troop, or life in a great or small business or profession.

And what, pray, is the Key to Human Relations? 'Tis a simple thing and so easily eclipsed—THE OTHER FELLOW'S INTEREST. Not what interests ME, but what interests HIM.

Boy nature is one of the most fluid and "surprising" problems on the planet. He is a creature of "the now." His interests

(established or budding) inexorably sway his choices—they may be merely misapplied, but in any event they are the formation upon which the Scoutmaster's work must rest.

There are no snug rules of thumb which may be applied to a boy under a certain condition. What a boy will DO or WANT TO DO next cannot be prophesied with safety. He will be governed by HIS INTERESTS. A chasm of ten to thirty years yawns between the LAD and the MAN. Their interests have diverged.

The keen-minded Scoutmaster will be quick to observe, and adroitly to follow those boy interests. Because upon the confidence, which comes from intimate association in THINGS THAT INTEREST BOYS, there is oft unconsciously builded the deeper adult objectives.

That Scoutmaster whose study of boys (from the boy's angle!) and whose preparation in planning to fill every minute (or in getting the boys to plan to fill every minute) can find the level of boy interest—that Scoutmaster can deeply influence the life the boy must build.



Winter



The Swimming Hole at the Dam—Camp Delmont

Summer

NOTE—The views were taken from almost the identical spot, as can be seen from the tree marked in each photograph with a cross.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—In proof of this, the photograph of the swimming hole at the dam, on the opposite page, shows among the swimmers at least three Scoutmasters, one of whom is a grandfather. Are they not "almost one of 'the bunch'?"

Scoutmasters' Round Table

Helpful Hints from the Book of Actual Experience

WHILE there is nothing in the world more appealing than a group of thirty or forty boys of Scout age, the average Scoutmaster also knows there is nothing more appalling.

Given a group of red-blooded American boys, full of wholesome mischief, bubbling over with energy, and one realizes that he is facing a dynamic force which, if it once gets "out of hand," is irrepressible.

Such a group the writer faced for over three years. During that time the novelty of the organization and the lack of close intimacy between Scoutmaster and Scouts served to keep the boys in fairly respectable shape. But after living together two summers in camp when the boys were beginning to get around the age of fifteen or sixteen—almost young men—then came the problem.

Adopting the old principle that while a bundle of sticks is unbreakable, single sticks are easier handled, the patrols were separated. That is, there were two rows of four chairs for each patrol, with a distance of eight feet between this patrol and the one immediately back of it. (A reference to the

The very simplicity of this plan is the secret of its success. Five patrols separated from each other will not cause nearly the disturbance nor be so difficult to handle as a group of forty boys *en masse*.

A regular program is followed at the meeting. Promptly at 7:30 the door is closed. A Scout is appointed "Keeper of the Inner Gate," and takes his place at the door. Every Scout arriving later than 7:30 gives one rap for attention, followed by three raps, typifying the three branches of the Scout oath.

The "Keeper of the Inner Gate" opens the door, ascertains who the Scout is; closes the door, steps to the centre of the room, gives the Scout salute and announces the "Scout Blank is without." The Scoutmaster returns the salute and directs the Keeper to "allow Scout Blank to enter."

Scout Blank steps to the centre of the room, salutes the Scoutmaster, and announces his excuse for tardiness, before the entire troop. It is surprising how much larger a percentage of the troop will be on time when this plan is adopted.

After the door is closed a whistle is blown and the Scouts rise. The American flag is taken to the right hand of the Scoutmaster and placed in position as the bugler blows "colors," Scouts standing at attention. After "colors," and while standing, the roll is called. The Scouts are then seated with a whistle and the Scoutmaster calls on different ones for the Scout oath and Scout law.

A regular program for the business meeting is followed strictly. The secretary, who is known as the "Keeper of the Scroll," reads the minutes of the last meeting, which are corrected or amended by the Scouts as necessary. The "Keeper of the Bag" (Treasurer) reads the Financial Report, and any bills which may be before him are passed or rejected by the boys. Unofficial business, new business, reports of committees, announcement of hikes, etc., follow in regular order.

Then comes inspection. The Scoutmaster, or his assistant, inspects each patrol and gives it an average mark.

While the Scouts are still standing, the reports are read aloud and marked on the blackboard. This shows the marks received last week compared with those of this week.

There are three reports:

The percentage of deportment for each patrol for that evening—read by the Treasurer.

The report of inspection—read by the Assistant Scoutmaster.

The percentage of attendance by each patrol—read by the Secretary.

At the end of six months the patrol receiving the highest average percentage is accorded some special honor, such as being presented with a silk embroidered patrol flag; or perhaps a secret hike with the Scoutmaster; sometimes a theatre or movie party.

Such a meeting as this described occupies about a half hour, so that the Scouts have an entire hour—from 8:00 until 9:00—for general scout work.

Various meetings of the months are devoted to different activities.

The business part of the meeting has proved remarkably successful. It is neither so dry nor so uninteresting as may appear. Certainly, the boys like it and the meeting is conducted in a dignified manner. All motions are

regularly offered, seconded and passed, thus giving the boys a slight insight into parliamentary law. No boy is permitted to speak aloud unless recognized by the chair.

The Junior officers of the troop, which consist of the patrol leaders and their assistants, hold a meeting with the Scoutmaster once a month. At this time various activities of the troop are discussed and plans outlined for the coming month.

In this instance, it has been found that the appointment of the patrol leaders and their assistants works very successfully when made by the Scoutmaster. Having the power of appointment he also has the power of removal.

As there are special favors granted to the officers, they are very keen to retain this appointment and the power of removal keeps these boys on their toes constantly.

Perhaps this plan possesses more imperfections than appear on the surface. It solves the problem in this particular community.

HOW "SPIN" HANDLES HIS PROBLEM

The problem of planning for meetings that will keep the troop interested for a long period is one that confronts every Scoutmaster.

It is comparatively easy when first starting with the troop, to keep the boys interested by crowding the meetings with plenty of Scout work and tests. This is, in many ways, an unwise thing to do. A variety of programs carefully planned will help the Scoutmaster to keep the troop running smoothly and will allow of plenty of scout work without running out of "material" which so often is the case with a troop as it advances in age.

The following is a suggested plan of meetings for a month. This plan can be repeated each month.

First meeting night: Instruction and tests.
Second " " Educational.
Third " " Instruction and tests.
Fourth " " Social and Investiture.

Plans for above meetings:

Instruction Meeting:

Opening period: 20 minutes.

Assembly: Meeting called to order with the bugle or whistle.

Attention: All Scouts stand at salute and give the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Repeat the Scout oath in unison.

Scout laws given by different Scouts selected at random.

Roll call and collection of dues.

Reports and announcements.

Election of candidates.

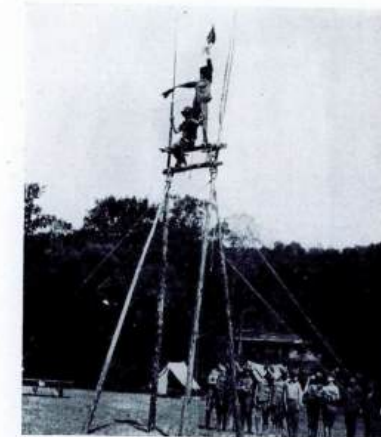
Instruction period: 40 minutes.

Best results can be secured by class work in the different subjects, lead by Assistant Scoutmaster, Patrol Leaders or other Instructors.

The Scout tests can be taken at this time by the Scoutmaster and troop committee.

Recreation period: 20 minute.

Games, either inside or outside.



Boys can be seen and not heard

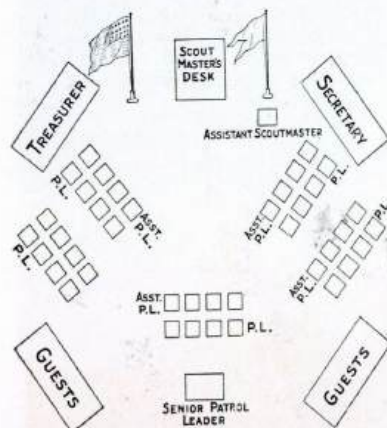


diagram will show the general arrangement of the room.) The assistant patrol leader sits on the front row of each patrol and has direct supervision over the three boys beside him. The patrol leader sits on the opposite end of the second row, thus having supervision over his entire patrol.

Educational Meeting:

Opening period: 20 minutes.

Same as first program.

The balance of the meeting to be given over to talks by specialists in Nature Study, Beekeeping, First Aid, Life Saving, Wireless, Aviation, Business, etc., or

Illustrated Lecture by an outsider or by Scoutmaster from slides which can be secured from the State Museum, or other sources, or Travel Talks by outsiders.

Visitation and talks by Troop Committee or Civic Officials.

Social and Investiture Meeting.

Open period: same as other programs.

Stunt night.

Have different Scout questions written out on slips of paper and placed in a hat. Each Scout picks out a slip and does that stunt

immediately. If it is some test which he has not passed he is sent to an older Scout and taught it and then does it later. If a Scout does not do a stunt he forfeits his right to the refreshments.

This stunt can be varied by putting numbered slips in the hat (one for each boy present). Each boy picks a slip and is called in order of his number. He must do some Scout stunt of his own choice, not done by a preceding number.

These stunts act in the nature of a review of Scout work.

Refreshments at the end of the meeting:

Hot weather—ice cream and cake.

Cold weather—Cocoa and buns.

If there is enough for some "seconds" give same to Scouts having birthdays during the month.

"TOM" MERION TELLS US HOW HE DOES IT

Meetings are opened promptly at 7:45 o'clock and close promptly at 9 o'clock. At 7:45 o'clock "Assembly Call" is given by the Troop Buglers, the Scouts quickly form in line, two deep, Patrol Formation, and come to attention; the United States flag is presented to the troop by the color bearer and the Scout Oath and Law repeated by all the Scouts in unison. Roll call and collection of dues follows by the Troop Scribe, and the dues turned over to the Troop Treasurer.

Scouts then take their seats according to their Patrol.

Ten or fifteen minutes are devoted to troop business, official and unofficial reports are read and discussed. Opportunity is given any Scout to be heard on any subject of interest to the troop.

A ten-minute talk by the Scoutmaster, on subjects of local and national affairs that may be beneficial to the Scouts, and a con-

stant reminder of a Scout's Duty so brought out that it does not become tiresome or monotonous.

The passing of tests may now take place if any Scout so desires, questions are asked of the candidate by Scouts of senior rank, all subject to the approval of the Scoutmaster. General instruction is given by the Scoutmaster in the subject of tests as may be requested.

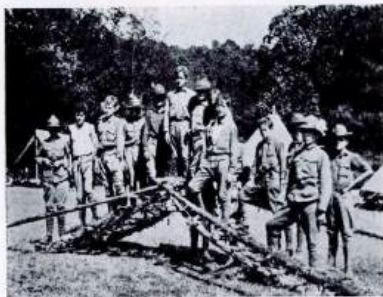
"First Aid" instruction is given one evening each month by a regular physician, the entire meeting is given over to this one subject except the opening and closing exercises.

Services of men and sometimes women versed in subjects of interest to Scouts are from time to time secured and lectures and demonstrations given; except on nights when a special instructor is secured, one-half hour is given over to recreation, setting-up exercises, simple drill formation, signal drill and games, the Scouts selecting their own Scout games.

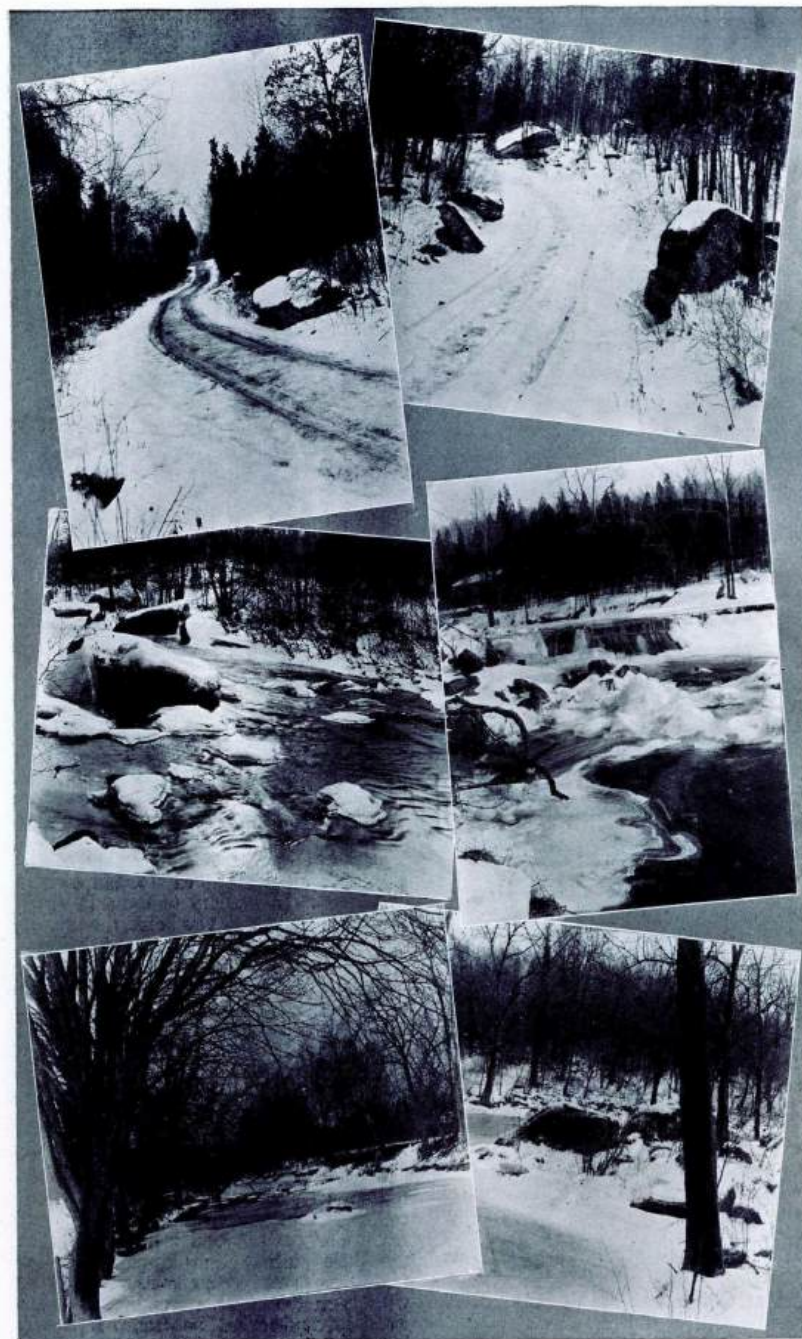
All meetings are closed by the Troop coming to attention, instructions are given for the hike to take place the following Saturday, the Colors are again presented by the Color Bearer, and the Pledge to the Flag given by the troop. Scout yells.

In addition to the above, at intervals, meetings of the Patrol Leaders and Scribe, with the Scoutmaster are held. Different committees, appointed for special work, also hold regular meetings.

Always a definite program is laid out and adhered to by the Scoutmaster, the keeping up of the interest and enthusiasm of the Scouts being the prime factor.



The Bridge Builders



Winter Scenes—Camp Delmont

The Voice of Nature

WHILE nature study opens up a vast field of possibilities—much wider than could be included in the space of this entire book—it seems especially appropriate that at this time attention be drawn to the arbutus, a flower which every Scout should love.

Three hundred years ago, in 1620, there landed on the bleak New England coast the hardy pioneers who were to carve out a new nation. These stern-visaged, iron-hearted men had a soft spot in their natures little suspected.

That first cruel winter of 1620, as every one knows, was a season of unceasing hardship for the gallant little band of settlers. Nine long weeks of ocean travel, followed by five more weeks of careful investigation, had ended finally in the landing of the brave company on a bleak and inhospitable shore in the dead of winter. Constant violent storms, when work was almost impossible and every effort must be bent toward keeping body and soul together, made still more difficult the erection of the rude log cabins that were the Pilgrims' only shelter. Hostile Indians prowling through the nearby woods kept the workers in a state of fearful uncertainty, while the howling of the wolves at night as they silently flitted over the gleaming snow, added to the terrors that surrounded them.

Then came a wave of sickness that, with ruthless hand, decimated their struggling ranks until at last scarce fifty out of the original hundred odd remained. For a time, indeed, it seemed as though the hand of God, as well as man, was against their every move, and the firm, strong faith that had led them to forsake their homes and seek in this strange land the freedom of their souls began to waver. But, with the first warm breath of spring, a message came to them that seemed direct from God.

Ranging the bare, brown woods in search of game one day, says Ann Hark in one of the *Public Ledger's* weekly series of nature studies, three young men of their number caught a gleam of rosy whiteness peeping from the leaves that covered the ground. Going closer, they discovered a cluster of starry, wax-like flowers, whose dainty little faces, looking up at them, seemed the very embodiment of hope and joy.

*"Now, God be praised," the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
'Behold our Mayflower here:'*

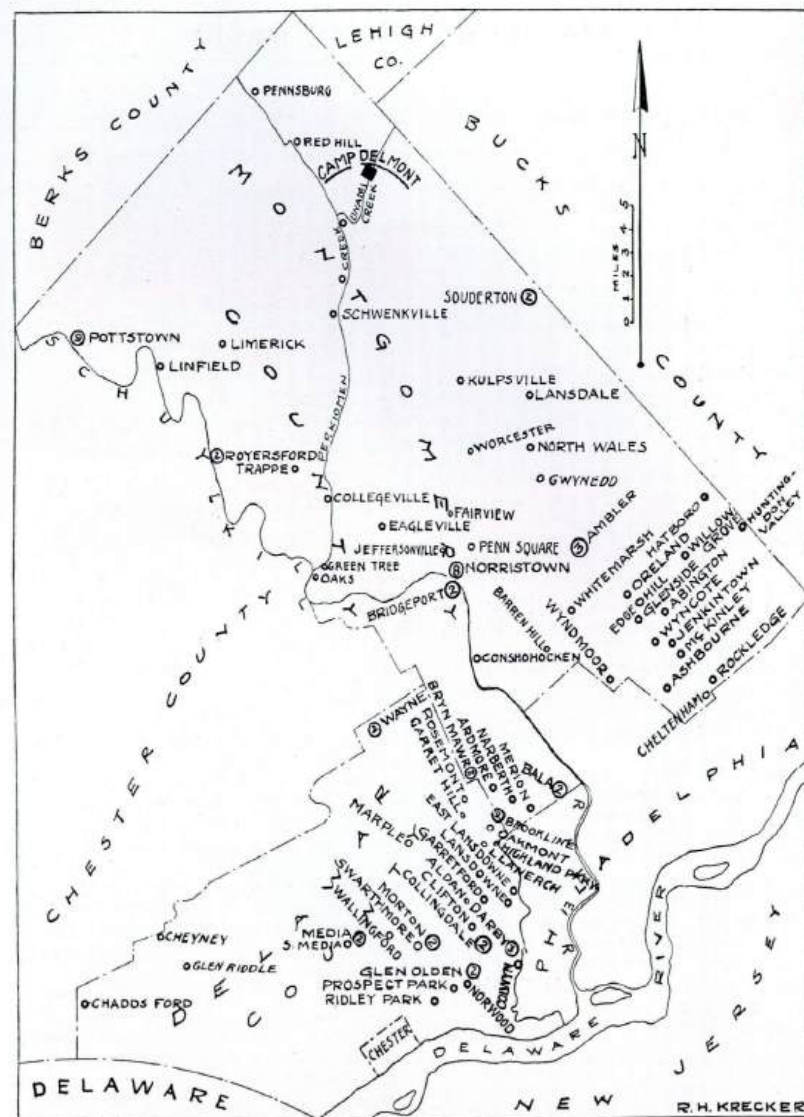


Winter View at Camp Delmont

And so the little flower, with its glad assurance that the bitter winter days were over, seemed to signify to the despairing Pilgrims that their prayers had at last been heard and, with the coming of the glorious springtime, their hardships were at an end. In memory of the ship which brought them to their new home, they named the blossoms "mayflowers," and by that name they are still known today, particularly in the vicinity of that first rude settlement in New England.

So popular has this mayflower, or arbutus, become that it has several times been suggested as our national flower, but as has been pointed out, it is too local to stir the enthusiasm of the entire country.

Arbutus, impervious to the cool breath of a tardy spring, thrives best in shady woodland places, where the sun does not penetrate too strongly, or on the hillside that is still cold and damp with patches of melting snow. As regularly as the coming of spring itself, the little pinky-white blossoms are seen for sale each year on our city streets, bringing with them the sweet, warm breath of the woods that beckons us from our labors, bidding us answer without fail nature's soft, insistent call into the open.



Map Showing Location of Troops of Boy Scouts of America
in Delaware and Montgomery Counties
Also Showing Camp Delmont

Can You Pass 100 Per Cent on These?

Observation Test Given Several Troops of Boy Scouts During the Past Winter

1. In what direction does the statue of William Penn, on City Hall, face?
2. How often is the United States Census taken?
3. Why is a wagon tire put on hot?
4. How long is a span?
5. Name commander-in-chief of the United States Army; of the United States Navy?
6. Who wrote

(a) Robinson Crusoe	(c) David Copperfield
(b) Pilgrim's Progress	(d) Treasure Island
(e) Webster's Dictionary	
7. In what direction from the South Pole is Alaska?
8. What is

(a) A Hangar	(d) The Sphinx	(h) Carton
(b) An Archipelago	(e) The Spanish Main	(i) Cinch
(c) The Obelisk	(f) A Totem	(j) Pommel
	(g) Wampum	
9. Give the name of the head of the Boy Scouts?
10. What is the Beaver Patrol call?
11. Which side of the tree does the squirrel climb?
12. What animal is called a "river horse"?
13. Locate

(a) Buenos Ayres	(c) Jerusalem	(e) Colon
(b) Winnipeg	(d) Fiume	
14. In what hall in Philadelphia did the Colonial Congress meet?
15. Who drafted the Declaration of Independence? Where?
16. What great events happened in

(a) 1492	(c) 1861	(e) August 1, 1914
(b) 1620	(d) 1682	
17. How many Scouts beside the Patrol Leader constitute a patrol?
18. Correct the following:

(a) This is the best of the pair.
(b) There is no other alternative.
(c) The Eiffel Tower is New York's highest structure.
(d) If coffee don't agree, try Postum.
(e) The man charged her and I \$2.50 per seat.
(f) The Washington Monument is Mt. Vernon's most cherished shrine.
19. Name

2 walking birds	2 wading birds	2 hopping birds
-----------------	----------------	-----------------
20. Name the greatest living Scout?

Some Answers that are Interesting

And remember, the boys are only from 12 to about 15 years of age

1. North. Up Broad Street.
2. Every 20 years. Every 2 years. Once a year.
3. Because it is softer then. Because it shortens when hot. So it will stick tighter.
4. A span is any known distance; for instance, a span of horses. A span is the length of a bridge. A span is the distance from the finger to the elbow. I do not know.
5. Secretary Baker. Secretary Daniels. General Pershing and Admiral Sims. President Wilson of the Army and Admiral Sims of the Navy.

(a) Robert Louis Stevenson. Dickens.
(b) Harriet Beecher Stowe. Miles Standish.
(c) Sir Walter Scott. Lord Beaconsfield.
(d) Not a boy missed this one.
(e) Ninety per cent. answered Daniel Webster.
7. Northwest. North northwest.
8. (d) A lady's statue that never talks. A sphinx is an architectural structure in the desert. A statue with a body of a lion and the head of a woman that Napoleon could not phase.
(e) The water around Spain. The ship sunk by the Spaniards off Cuba. The home of the pirates.
(h) A character in Dicken's novel. A funny drawing. Min and Andy is a carton.
(i) This exam is no cinch.
9. Spin Weidner. Mr. Sutton. Dan Beard. President Wilson.
10. Not a boy missed this one.
11. The side nearest to him. The outside. The side away from the wind. The side away from the hunter.
12. The mule that pulls a canal boat. A steamboat. An alligator. An animal who lives in the sea and is shaped like a horse.
13. Practically all were right in their answers to this question except to E. From the number of answers given for Germany and France, Colon, Cologne Cob enz were not differentiated in the boys' minds.
14. Independence Hall. Congress Hall.
15. Benjamin Franklin in Independence Hall. George Washington at Mount Vernon. Robert Morris at his home on Chestnut Street.
16. The date 1682 was a little bit doubtful in the minds of a few, but each gave some historical happening on that date.
17. Many boys answered "No. 8," failing to note the condition "beside the Patrol Leader."
18. On this question none of the subdivisions presented any great difficulty except E. Most of the boys felt that the man should have charged "she" and "I" \$2.50. A few thought "me" and "her" would be better.
19. In the main the boys knew these very well, with the exception of one bright Scout who mentioned as the two hopping birds the frog and the toad.
20. Practically every Scout assured himself a perfect mark by naming as the greatest living Scout his particular Scoutmaster.

Delaware and Montgomery Counties Federated Councils Boy Scouts of America

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SCOUT TROOPS—DELAWARE AND MONTGOMERY COUNTIES

No.	Location	Scoutmasters and Assistants	No. Scouts	Place of Meeting	Time
1.	ARDMORE	H. Lester Haws	18	Y. M. C. A.	Thursday
2.	ASHBOURNE	Geo. H. Weidner Hammond Armstrong C. Kenneth Scull Joseph Friedrich Raymond Lazar	80	Presbyterian Church	Monday
3.	WAYNE No. 1	Wm. K. Holman Mittin C. Bunting Horace E. Clark F. P. Radcliffe, Jr. H. N. Norris	43	High School and Scout Cabin	Monday
4.	LANSDALE	Henry D. Sell Robert N. Snyder Russell B. Stevenson	27	Scout Cabin	Monday
5.	SWARTHMORE	P. F. Waterson Howard Jenkins Walter B. Keighton	39	Borough Hall	Tuesday
6.	BALA-CYNWYD No. 1	Clayton M. Hunsicker Alex. H. Holcombe, Jr. Geo. E. Gillespie	38	Presbyterian Church	Friday
7.	GLENSIDE	Geo. Peiffer, Jr. George Westphal Paul Schreiber	59	Cabin	1st and 3rd Friday
8.	NORWOOD	George M. Stewart John M. Rowden Edward Ackroyd Geo. H. Mundell Calvin G. Engel	46	Lutheran Church	Thursday
9.	LANSDOWNE	John Huston J. S. Van Zandt, Jr.	42	High School	Friday
10.	JENKINTOWN	Jenks B. Robinson Robert W. Jones	31	Presbyterian Church	Friday
11.	NORRISTOWN No. 1	Thos. L. Cole	28	Associated Charities Room	Tuesday
12.	BRYN MAWR No. 1	B. H. Wilbur H. L. Wilbur	21	Presbyterian Church	Friday and Sat. Aft.
13.	BALA-CYNWYD No. 2	R. M. Shoemaker, Jr. G. Lewis Schaffer	26	Presbyterian Church	2nd and 4th Friday
14.	GARRETTTOWN	Rev. Norman Oliver Arthur R. Matthews, Jr.	35	Baptist Church	Tuesday
15.	DARBY No. 1	John E. Barcus H. Green Nelson Torbolton	33	Borough Hall	Friday
16.	MORTON-RUTLEDGE No. 1	Roland MacKannon Horace Egner	21	Episcopal Church	Monday
17.	SHARON HILL	Robt. W. Campbell Ralph MacMullen	36	Methodist Church	Monday
18.	COLLINGDALE No. 1	Wm. Toogood Franklin Herchenrider Arthur Wilson	12	Episcopal Church	Thursday
19.	NORTH WALES	Rev. F. W. Teske George E. Lukens L. P. Stevens	40	Methodist Church	Friday
20.	LINFIELD	William C. Kastle Harry W. Grubb	13	Myers' Office	Monday
21.	GLENOLDEN No. 1	Wm. W. Marshall Thomas Marshall	15	Congregational Church	Friday
22.	CONSHOHOCKEN	Rev. Thos. A. Armour John Woodward	35	Methodist Church	Tuesday

SCOUT TROOPS—DELAWARE AND MONTGOMERY COUNTIES

No.	Location	Scoutmasters and Assistants	No. Scouts	Place of Meeting	Time
23.	WHITEMARSH.....	Rev. N. B. Groton..... Jos. S. Myers E. S. Mills	26	St. Thomas' School	Thursday
25.	CLIFTON HEIGHTS.....	Rev. E. H. Bonsall, Jr.....	18	Episcopal Church	Friday Aft.
26.	AMBLER No. 2.....	John E. Martin..... Clarence Haywood Godfrey Haywood Irving Woodward	32	Trinity P. E. Church	Friday
27.	SCHWENKSVILLE.....	Eden Erb..... John Beltz Irvin Nyce	17	Scout Room	Friday
28.	MEDIA No. 1.....	Elmer K. North..... G. Stanley Lynch Geo. H. Nyce	26	Armory	Friday
29.	CHADD'S FORD.....	Rev. R. W. Wickes..... Christian Sanderson Henry M. Faucett J. P. McMullin	12	Church	Friday
30.	ROCKLEDGE.....	Harry C. Buckley..... W. Sutton I. T. Wallwork	18	School	Thursday
31.	COLWYN.....	E. LeRoy Van Roden..... Wilbert Day W. H. Brown	40	Borough Hall	Wednesday
32.	ABINGTON.....	Rex Kiffe.....	32	Y. M. C. A.	Thursday
33.	NARBERTH.....	Fred C. Patten..... W. L. Peebles	36	Y. M. C. A. School	Friday
34.	POTTSTOWN No. 2.....	Rev. Stanley R. West..... Harry Holloway Alfred G. Widdick	24	Episcopal Church	Friday
35.	COLLEGEVILLE.....	C. H. Regar..... Albert Gottshalk	16	School	Friday
36.	DARBY No. 3.....	Wilbert H. Paret..... Edward Hess Herman Richter William Pratt	29	Scout Rooms	Thursday
37.	ROYERSFORD No. 1.....	Rev. Wm. Roberts..... G. T. Sload	11	Episcopal Church	Monday
38.	NORRISTOWN No. 2.....	Albert Eastburn.....	16	Episcopal Church	Thursday
39.	WILLOW GROVE.....	P. L. Haldeman..... John Westwood F. C. Rush	24	Willow Grove Club	Friday
40.	BRIDGEPORT No. 1.....	Harold Batchelder..... John K. Gehret Horace Clyde	20	Presbyterian Church	Friday
41.	COLLINGDALE No. 2.....	Wm. H. Benson..... Robert R. Elzey Chas. W. Benson	38	School	Friday
42.	EAGLEVILLE.....	Frank R. Shaeffer.....	20	School	Friday
43.	MCKINLEY.....	Angelo J. Myers..... Milton R. Katzenberg	20	School	Monday
44.	HATBORO.....	R. C. Harbaugh..... Rev. W. E. Harkness Geo. S. Stuart Clifford Winner	17	Methodist Church	Monday
45.	ORELAND.....	Edward Breisacher..... A. Earl McCauley	23	School	Wednesday
46.	NORRISTOWN No. 3.....	Francis V. Miller..... Raymond W. Hoxworth	18	Associated Charities Room	Tuesday

SCOUT TROOPS—DELAWARE AND MONTGOMERY COUNTIES

No.	Location	Scoutmasters and Assistants	No. Scouts	Place of Meeting	Time
47.	PROSPECT PARK.....	Rev. Beck..... William Kinkaid Charles G. McNally Habbie Haines J. Nelson Hicks	56	Baptist Church	Friday
48.	WYNCOTE.....	Edgar S. Nash..... Kenneth Scull	36	Hall	Friday
49.	LIMERICK.....	Reuben Scheffey..... Wm. I. Kline Paul K. Knipe	14	School	Friday
50.	MERION.....	Thomas D. Belfield.....	18	School	Friday
51.	NORRISTOWN No. 4.....	John H. Bolton..... Raymond E. Saul	17	Methodist Church	Thursday
52.	WALLINGFORD.....	Wm. P. Barney..... Von H. Byre	26	Hall	Friday
53.	KULPSVILLE.....	Russell M. Bickel..... Irvin W. Bauman	7	School	Friday
54.	RIDLEY PARK.....	Rev. C. E. Eder..... Earl Jardine C. B. Felton	19	High School	Thursday
55.	WYNDMOOR.....	H. M. Edenborn, Jr..... Raymond Young	22	Lutheran Church	Thursday
56.	NORRISTOWN No. 5.....	A. B. Eastman..... T. Wolfenden Raymond W. Hoxworth Raymond W. Hoxwell	21	First Presbyterian Church	Friday
57.	POTTSTOWN No. 3.....	Geo. N. Leister..... Rev. A. H. Simpson W. H. Collins	20	Presbyterian Church	Friday
58.	POTTSTOWN No. 4.....	Edgar C. Pike.....	23	Methodist Church	Friday
59.	TRAPPE.....	W. O. Fegely..... C. G. Wismer D. Reiner E. B. Moyer	20	School	Tuesday
60.	AMBLER No. 4.....	Robert E. Brown..... John Ford, Jr. Jesse Tolliver	25	Hall	Tuesday
61.	BARREN HILL.....	Rev. E. A. Chamberlin.....	19	Lutheran Church	Saturday Aft.
62.	OAKS.....	Isaac G. Price..... Russell A. Lauer	28	Church	Thursday
63.	ROYERSFORD No. 2.....	Rev. Geo. L. Roth..... Richard Cobb	30	Reformed Church	Monday
64.	FAIRVIEW VILLAGE.....	William R. Thomas.....	9	School	Friday
65.	WAYNE No. 2.....	G. C. Lamson..... Theo. K. Ferry Alfredo Dignazio	13	Men's Club	Wednesday
66.	GREEN TREE.....	Wilbur K. McKee..... J. Herbert Francis John C. Milligan	26	Church	Monday
67.	JEFFERSONVILLE.....	Jos. C. Middleton..... Irvin Markley	14	Presbyterian Church	Friday
68.	NORRISTOWN No. 6.....	Rev. J. R. Reed..... D. A. Wilson, Jr.	14	Mt. Zion A. M. E. Church	Wednesday
69.	POTTSTOWN No. 6.....	A. B. Reichenbach..... Elias H. Hemelright Rev. J. H. Smith C. F. Urff Raymond Hartranft Chas. Bean J. Russell Reifsneider	49	Reformed Church	Friday

SCOUT TROOPS—DELAWARE AND MONTGOMERY COUNTIES

No.	Location	Scoutmasters and Assistants	No. Scouts	Place of Meeting	Time
70.	POTTSTOWN No. 7.....	Wm. G. Firing..... Rev. E. Burke Chas. Nagle	15	Methodist Church	Friday
71.	DARBY No. 4.....	Russell P. Lincoln..... Robert H. Lincoln Harry L. Lincoln	12	Presbyterian Church	Thursday
72.	PENNSBURG.....	F. F. Huber..... Wayne Alderfer William J. Snyder William Xander	41	School	Friday
73.	MAPLE-NEWTOWN.....	Wesley J. Campbell.....	13	School	Thursday
74.	EDGE HILL.....	Herbert Mathers..... C. Russell Gilbert	26	Presbyterian Church	Friday
75.	CHELTENHAM.....	O. D. Ringer.....	29	School	Monday
76.	RED HILL.....	Rev. A. M. Stump..... Raymond A. Kline Grover C. Welker	13	School	Thursday
77.	NORRISTOWN No. 7.....	Max E. Seltzer..... Henry Rosenman	15	Y. M. H. A.	Friday
8.	POTTSTOWN No. 8.....	Paul E. Dahms.....	22	Lutheran Church	Friday
79.	POTTSTOWN No. 9.....	James H. Davis..... John L. H. Watkins C. E. Roberts W. H. Merriman	12	Bethel A. M. E. Church	Friday
80.	BRYN MAWR No. 2.....	Wm. S. Mengert.....	18	Community Center	Friday
81.	HUNTINGDON VALLEY.....	Horace R. Baker..... Kenneth Markley	25	Presbyterian Church	Monday
82.	PENN SQUARE.....	Harry L. Wolf..... Joseph Warburton Roscoe Hamkins	16	Sunday School	Thursday
83.	SOUDERTON No. 1.....	Roland G. Albright.....	20	Garage	Tuesday
84.	SOUDERTON No. 2.....	Jordan B. Allen.....	22		
85.	MEDIA No. 2.....	E. A. Harding.....	10	Baptist Church	Thursday
86.	SOUTH MEDIA.....	Ernest Carter.....	8	Trinity A. M. E. Church	Friday
87.	ALDAN.....	Rev. E. H. Bonsall, Jr..... Henry A. Thompson	17		Friday
88.	BROOKLINE No. 1.....	P. A. Randle.....	8	Union Church	Sunday Aft.
89.	BROOKLINE No. 2.....	Howard R. Baldwin..... Robt. Von Bulow	6	M. E. Church	Friday
90.	BRIDGEPORT No. 2.....	Matthew F. Wafer..... Vincent J. McCafferty James A. Turley	30	T. A. B. Hall	Friday
91.	CHEYNEY.....	Clifford W. Burnham.....	8	S. M. Home	Saturday
92.	GARRETT HILL.....	C. P. Williams.....	20	School House	Friday
93.	GLENOLDEN No. 2.....	Robt. I. Peyre-Ferry..... L. Hawkins A. Roan	25	Presbyterian Church	Friday
94.	GLEN RIDDLE.....	James H. Achuff..... Albert H. Ingram Clarence U. Smith	32	Presbyterian Church	Friday
95.	GWYNEDD.....	Geo. I. Bartleson..... T. McKean Downs Wm. D. Cardell	16	Episcopal Church	Friday
96.	LLANERCH No. 2.....	Elheridge Powers..... J. S. Zellers	18	Presbyterian Church	Friday
97.	MORTON-RUTLEDGE No. 2.....	A. I. Cottrill..... Reese Kingsmore Philip Mornberger	20	School	Monday
98.	ROSEMONT.....	Maxwell Koplin..... Rev. Chas. Townsend	25	Good Shepherd Home	Thursday

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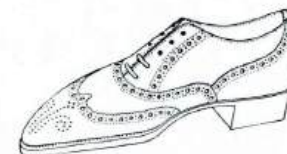
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