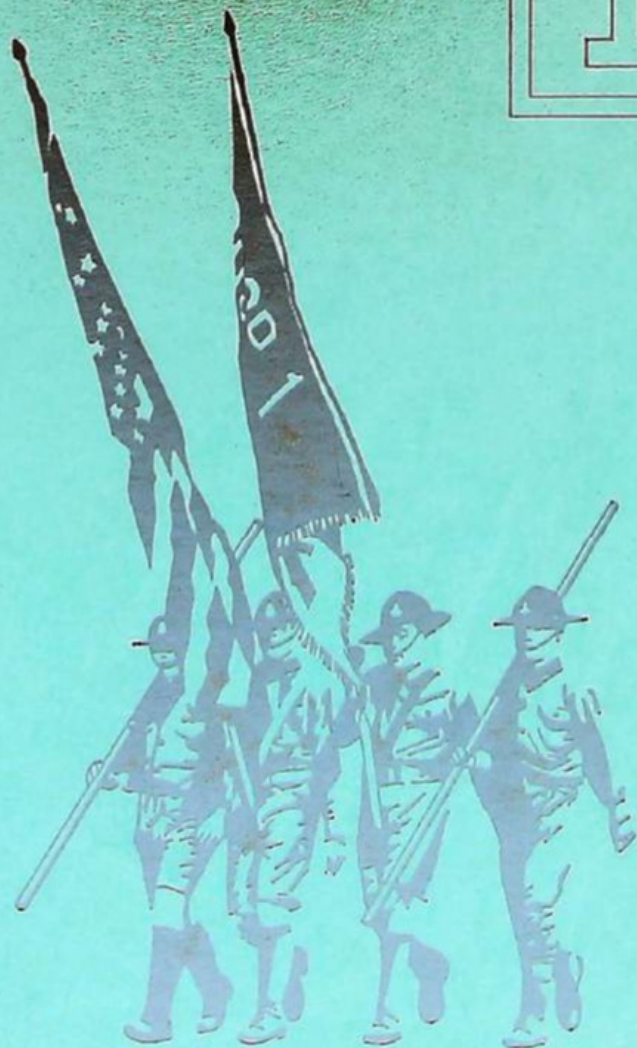
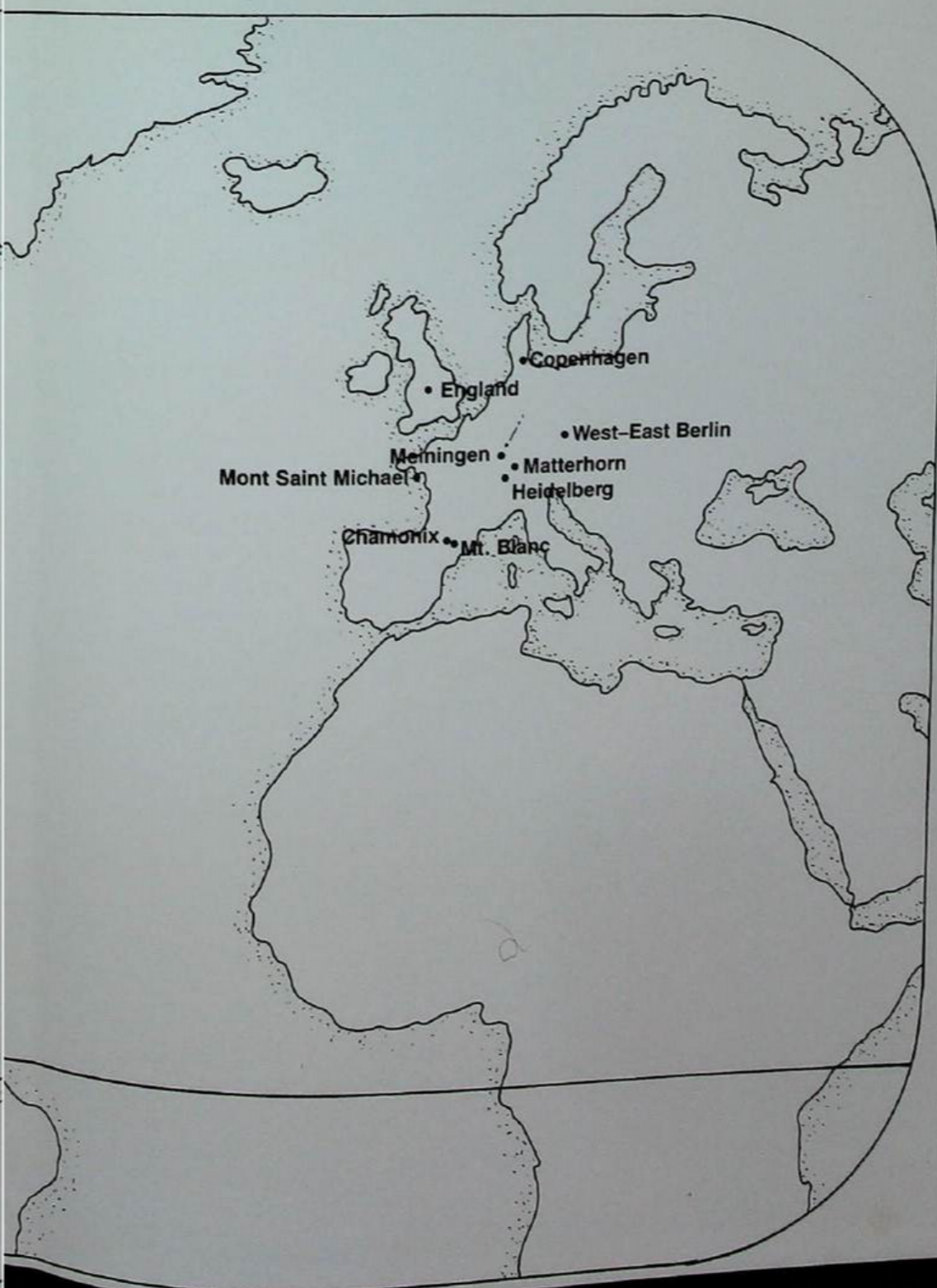


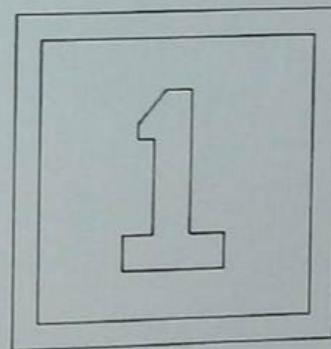
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PAOLI TROOP 1, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
1911-1986

The World of Paoli 1





*The Story of Paoli Troop 1, B.S.A.
on the Occasion of its
Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of Scouting*

1911-1986

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 23, 1987

To the Scouts and Alumni
of Paoli Troop #1 BSA:

Congratulations on 75 years of continuous service to the youth of Chester County and the nation. As one of the oldest troops in America, you, better than anyone else, know how important Boy Scouting is to maintaining the traditions and values upon which the very foundation of our country depends.

Your achievement is noteworthy not only for your longevity but, more important, because you produced many notable military and civilian leaders and innumerable good, productive citizens. Indeed, many of your alumni went on to pay the supreme sacrifice to preserve the liberties we hold so dear.

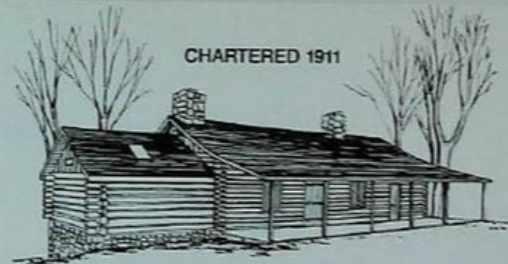
You should never forget that those sacrifices, as well as the daily sacrifices and leadership that have kept Paoli Troop #1 active for so long, through good times and bad, are the very characteristics and traditions that make America what it is, and they are our foundation for the future.

Nancy and I send our best during this important celebration and wish you continued success in the future.

Ronald Reagan



CHARTERED 1911



PAOLI TROOP 1, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

75 YEARS

1911 to 1986

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

This is the story of Paoli Troop 1 Boy Scouts of America whose fine traditions merit preservation. The memories of the Scouting adventures that are the substance of these traditions remain fresh, but time passes and generations succeed one another. Before memory dims, this book is written to record what we know of our history. We owe such a record to those Scouts who will carry the traditions of Paoli 1 into the Twenty-First Century!

Since it is impossible to recall and record all the adventures and events that were experienced by more than two thousand Scouts, we have tried to recapture the highlights and provide an insight into the true spirit and fiber of "The Troop"

Many people have encouraged us in this endeavor, but a few have actually given up numerous nights and even days to bring this book to final production. It seems only proper that their names be formally recognized. Accordingly, we salute the members of the Seventy-Fifth Birthday and Book Committee: Niles Beeson, Richard Myers, Dr. Lee Porter, Ann Schrogie, and a special tribute to Hewitt Heiserman, Jr. whose commitment to the actual writing of the book's text deserves more than just a simple thank you. I also want to thank my good wife, Nancy, and the members of the Troop Committee, especially Dave Gallup for their steadfast support and confidence.

It is with particular fondness that I treasure the warmth of friendship, loyalty, and esprit de corps which has always characterized this great Boy Scout Troop.

The past is prologue as traditions should serve as a guide. The real challenge for current Paoli 1 Scouts and those of the future is to record their own history and traditions consistent with the Scout Oath and Law.

Frank C. McCown,
Chairman 75th Birthday Committee

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Prologue

As it concludes seventy-five years of scouting, the alumni of Paoli Troop 1 pause to savor the smell of wood smoke, the sound of roaring torrents, the sharp breath of ice at high altitude, the awe of a night sky, and the glory of a sunrise that is associated with adventures to places with names like Katahdin, Couchsachraga, and Camp Muir, Teton Village, Tear of the Clouds, and Thames Ditton. Transportation to these destinations has included New York City subways, Paoli Locals, Republic Liners, Grumman seventeen-foot canoes, Bonna 210-centimeter cross-country skis, eight-cylinder Hupmobiles, Boeing Widebodies, Raleigh ten speeds, and Pullman sleepers. Since its 1911 inception, the Troop has witnessed its colours fly from the continents of North America and Europe as well as from the Berlin Wall, the Delaware State House, and Switzerland's Matterhorn.

At home, in Wayne, Pennsylvania, the physical plant boasts a Cabin, a Canoe Barn, and a Lean-to, situated on sixteen and two-thirds oak, maple, and mountain laurel covered acreage. The first American Troop to travel to Europe, Paoli 1 has also been the subject of a *Philadelphia Bulletin Sunday Magazine* cover story, a *Chicago Tribune Sunday Magazine* feature, an *Off Belay* magazine profile, and countless *Suburban* and *Wayne Times* articles.

The 1972 Mt. Hood climbing trip became part of a nationally televised American Adventure series. Our alumni have pursued a wonderfully diverse array of professions, including medicine, law, engineering, banking, accounting, retailing, construction, artificial intelligence, environmental risk assessment, teaching, and conservation. Three work for professional Scouting, one for a national television network, and another for the Executive branch of the Federal Government.

Many of our members served in the armed forces; one became a United States Marine Corps General while a second attained the rank of Admiral with the United States Navy. Four of ours have won Scouting's Silver Beaver, three the Award of Merit, and two the Distinguished Eagle. Paoli 1 probably has more Eagle Scouts — two hundred and thirty three as of June, 1986 — than any other Troop in the World. The Scout, having become an alumnus, goes on to new challenges. But if he had given of himself, he was permanently touched. He never knew when a reverie would come, or what would set it off: the sight of a boy saluting the flag, perhaps, or the yelping sounds of a game of tackle football; a canoe, stacked firewood, the ritualistic alignment of his belt buckle in the morning — any of these could tug the heart, and from the deep recesses of his memory he would hear the clackity-clack of hobnails, the muffled thud of the basedrum, the crisp, syncopated stutter of the snare, and the proud, stentorian voice of his Senior Patrol Leader as he counted cadence down Lancaster Pike.

One, can't hear you, Two, little louder, Three that's better, Four, now you've got it... Lehhft, Lehhft, Lehhft, Right, Lehhft.

Paoli Troop 1. The syllables fall off the tongue with dignity and military precision. A masculine-sounding title, it's short, crisp, and direct. No identity crisis here; the name reveals where we were conceived and how we think of ourselves.

In Appreciation

The Troop Committee wishes to thank all those who shared memories, photos, and financial support to the production of this History of Seventy-Five Years of Paoli Troop I Boy Scouts of America. We salute the following former Scouts and friends. Our debt is immense.

George Aman	David Gallup	Sean Minnick
Wayne Army	Jim Gassaway	Tom Minnick
David Aronson	Sandy Gassaway	George A. Munger
Joseph Aronson	Franklin Good	Jay Mutchler
Mark Beeson	Tom Gray	Jim Myers
Owen Behen	Bill Grieb	Tom Nojunas
Hal Bemis	Bruce Hatton	Jim Pantano
Dick Bensing	Russell Hatton	Pat Pantano
Howard Borzell	Herbert J. Henderson	Bill Patterson
Florence Boulden	Bruce Hoffmann	Horace Pryor
Ramsat Buchanan	Doug Hoffmann	Nina Quinlan
Philip Burnham	Frank Hoffmann	Jim Rice
John Chalfont	Roger Hollingsworth	Harry Rolin
Paul Clark Jr.	John Johnston	Mahlon Rossiter
Pete Clark	Dick Jordan	Ted Ruben
Carl Cole	Drew Jordan	John Schrogie
Taylor Cole	Kirk Jordan	Jack Shea
Richard Colgan	Trey Jordan	Dick Shepherd
David Corry	Bill Lacock	Glenn Shipp
Richard Crane	Stuart Lacock	Bill Slugg
Craig Curley	Bob Lamley	Bob Smythe
Ned Curtis	Nancy Lisle	Stuart Smythe
Keith Douglass	Harlow Loomis	Ralph W. Stacy
Art Edrop	William R. Manchester	Jonathan E. Stine
Jack Embick	Tom McCown	Tom Sugar
Art Ferry	Chip McCown	Chris Teaf
John Fisher	Arthur P. G. McGinnes Jr.	Katherine P. Walker
Jack Fitzgerald	Arthur P.G. McGinnes III	Derek P. B. Warden
Bob Forster	Sandy McGinnes	Jim Wilson
Mike Friel	John Minnick	

We are especially grateful to the following business friends and supporters:

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PAOLI 1 extends its thanks to those Patrons whose financial assistance has been invaluable to the production of this 75th History!

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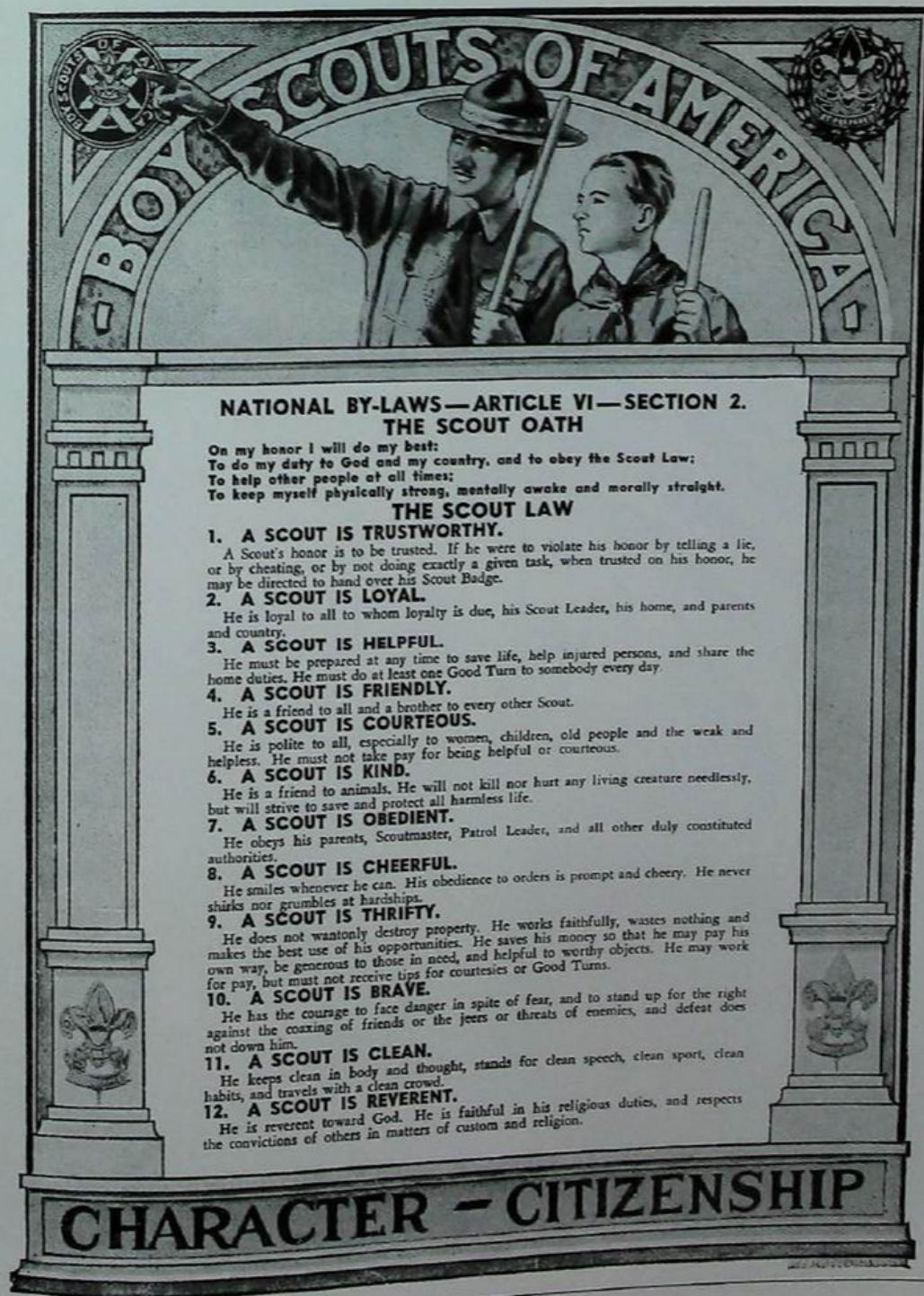
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Chapter I
Our Founding Years
1911 to 1928



NATIONAL BY-LAWS—ARTICLE VI—SECTION 2. THE SCOUT OATH

On my honor I will do my best:
To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law;
To help other people at all times;
To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

THE SCOUT LAW

1. A SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY.

A Scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his Scout Badge.

2. A SCOUT IS LOYAL.

He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due, his Scout Leader, his home, and parents and country.

3. A SCOUT IS HELPFUL.

He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must do at least one Good Turn to somebody every day.

4. A SCOUT IS FRIENDLY.

He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.

5. A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS.

He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people and the weak and helpless. He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.

6. A SCOUT IS KIND.

He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

7. A SCOUT IS OBEDIENT.

He obeys his parents, Scoutmaster, Patrol Leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A SCOUT IS CHEERFUL.

He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships.

9. A SCOUT IS THRIFTY.

He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or Good Turns.

10. A SCOUT IS BRAVE.

He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up for the right against the coaxing of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

11. A SCOUT IS CLEAN.

He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd.

12. A SCOUT IS REVERENT.

He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

CHARACTER - CITIZENSHIP



Our first leaders
L to R: William Miller, Rev. Horace A. Walton & Clifton Lisle



The Scout Oath

On my honor I will do my best!

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.



Troop 1 Founder Rev. Horace A. Walton

In March, 1911, space travel was confined to Jules Verne's fertile imagination, Winston Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty, learned of Germany's extraordinary increase in the striking force of its ships, and the United States Congress debated the possibility of a "temporary" Federal income tax. Theodore Roosevelt, hero of San Juan Hill and founder of the National Park Service, was determined to regain the White House, and was running for President on his own Bull Moose ticket, while the Reagan family of Tampico, Illinois, cared for their one-month-old son, Ronald. Out west, California-bound pioneers still looked for the Tooth of Time to guide them through the rugged Sangre de Cristo Mountain range, a territory later admitted to the Union as part of the state of New Mexico.

If you were an adolescent boy in 1911, you enjoyed Oreo cookies, available for the first time that year, Coca-Cola softdrinks for a nickel, and debating the chances of Connie Mack's Athletic's winning another World Series (they did, beating Chicago four games to one, with the help of "Home Run" Baker, "Chief" Bender, and Episcopal Academy's Eddie Collins). And if you lived on Philadelphia's fabled "Main Line", you may have even heard about a local rector who was forming an organization for boys at a church not far from the site of the 1777 Paoli Massacre.

Paoli Troop 1 was first registered with the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America in New York City, in March, 1911, several years before the Chester County Council came into being. The Troop had operated informally since the previous summer under the aegis of the Church of the Good Samaritan and its rector, Horace A. Walton. Reverend Walton—Mr. Walton to his scouts—had witnessed the movement while visiting England in 1910. With curiosity aroused and impressed with the possibilities, he brought home a copy of Robert Baden-Powell's *Scouting for Boys*. Not surprisingly, many of the Troop's first members were in the Good Samaritan choir or church school.

The origins of the Scouting movement preceded the founding of Paoli 1 by barely a decade. In 1899, British occupation of South Africa sparked what became known as "The Boer War". Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell was commander of the British-held Mafeking garrison and supply center at the time, and he and his eight-hundred men found themselves surrounded by nine-thousand Boers two days after the fighting began. Despite being vastly outnumbered, the British never capitulated, and the commander became an enormously popular national hero back home. *London Morning Post* war correspondent Winston Churchill called Baden-Powell, "The outstanding hero of the war."

Returning home to England, Robert Baden-Powell quickly became appalled by caliber of the nation's youth on whom the army drew for its recruits. The youths, he wrote, "were without individuality or strength of character, utterly without resourcefulness, initiative, or guts for adventure. They were thoroughly dependent on being tucked into bed at night, getting light by touching a button, travelling by motor car, and ascending by elevator." The solution to stemming this collective atrophy, Baden-Powell



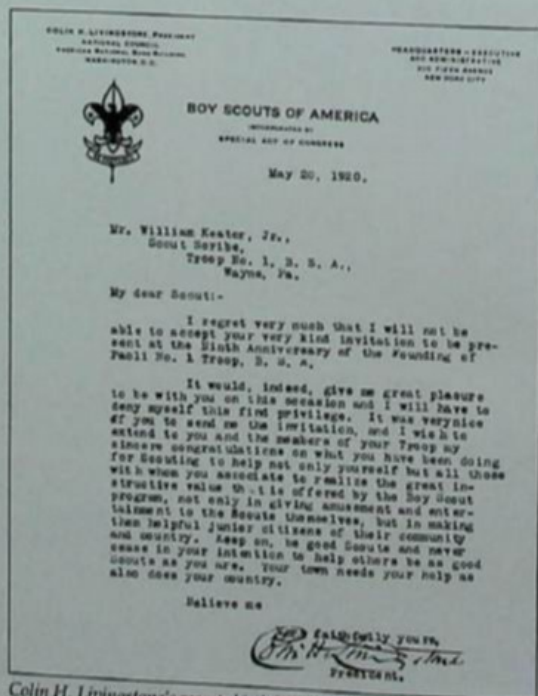
L to R: Clifton Lisle and Rev. Horace Walton



Troop Committeeman Sydney Roberts - 1924



L to R: First Asst. Scoutmaster William Miller, Rev. Horace Walton and Clifton Lisle



Colin H. Livingstone's regrets birthday invitation - National President, Boy Scouts of America, 1920



Robert Baden-Powell
Founder of Scouting at "Pax Hill", England,
1927



Scouts at Church of the Good Samaritan
Parish House 1917

theorized, would be a youthful organization which used outdoor adventure as a lure to turn "pale, narrow-chested, hunched-up, and miserable specimens into sturdy, patriotic, and self-disciplined young men."

This idea was tested in 1907 when Robert Baden-Powell held an experimental camp using his military training methods at Brownsea Island, in Poole Harbour, England. The camp turned out to be such a tremendous success that "BP", as he became known, rewrote his 1899 handbook for soldiers about survival in the field. The new edition was called *Scouting for Boys*, and within a year it had been translated into five different languages.

In 1909, King Edward VII, who had taken a great deal of interest in the Scout movement, knighted Baden-Powell in recognition of his work with boys. At the 1920 World Jamboree, "BP" was acclaimed Chief Scout of the World—the only person to ever hold that title. King George V made Baden-Powell a Baron that year; he became Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, taking his title from Gilwell Park, the international training center for scouts located just outside London.

In his last years, Robert Baden-Powell took up residence in Africa. The Chief Scout died there in 1941, and was buried in Nyeri, in the shadow of Mount Kenya.

Reverend Horace Walton, a tall man whose thick crop of white hair made him distinguished-looking, was considered "a lovable grandfather" by his Paoli 1 scouts. Scout Harry Rolin noted that Mr. Walton took a terrific interest in each boy's welfare, and he displayed his affection by calling them "laddies". The Troop was frequently his guest at the movie houses or at church oyster suppers. Rowdy "America yells" was its way of thanking Scoutmaster Walton for his frequent and most appreciated hospitality.

Choirmaster William Miller and John Follett helped Reverend Horace Walton with the activities, and both served as Paoli 1's first Assistant Scoutmasters. Early members of what later became the Troop Committee included William Beattie, Gardner Cassatt, Albert Groff, John Jones, Ellwood Leech, Brooks Parker, Magill Patterson, John Platt, Harry Reeves, Edward Richardson, Horace Rigg Sr., Captain Sidney Roberts, Captain Richard Warren, and George Wood.

Since its inception, there has always been much speculation devoted towards determining whether Paoli 1 is the oldest American Boy Scout Troop. Joe Aronson, attempting to reconcile this confusion, wrote the National Council, in September, 1934, with this question. Their non-committal reply, which hangs in the Memorial Cabin's Scoutmaster Room, was that they purposely kept no comparative records of that kind, "as the giving out of such information frequently starts arguments which have no good results and often have an ill effect."

E. deForrest Curtis had better luck with his research, however. In a letter to the Troop in the summer of 1985, "Ned" wrote that five Troops are a year older than Paoli 1, all begun at Episcopal churches, "which was natural, for Baden-Powell's father was an Episcopal priest." Ned quoted the July, 1985 issue of *The Episcopalian*, which claimed that Boonton, New Jersey Troop 1; Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts Troop 12; Babylon, New York

TROOP NO. 1., PAOLI, PA.
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE

FOUNDING OF THE TROOP

MAY 5, 1917

DRILL AND EXHIBITION

- | | |
|-------|-------------------------|
| P. M. | |
| 2.30 | Troop in marching order |
| 2.40 | Order of the staff |
| 2.45 | Pitching camp |
| 3.00 | Inspection |
| 3.15 | Signal code |
| | Setting up exercises |
| 3.30 | Close order drill |
| 3.45 | First aid |
| 4.15 | Individual signaling |
| 4.30 | Fire by flint and steel |
| | Measurements |

Invitation Sixth Birthday

From: S.M. Troop 1, Paoli, Pa. B.S.A.
At: Hdqrs. Paoli, Pa.
Time: 11 A. 10 Jan.
To: P.O. Lion Patrol.

No: 1. By: Messenger.

1. You will assemble your patrol and such portion of the Eagle Patrol as may be assigned to you, inspect them for the necessary equipment. One tent, rations, and march north on the Valley Road to the first road leading off to the right. Here you will halt and open the accompanying sealed order and proceed as directed therein. Strict march discipline will be observed. You will march in proper patrolling order, with point sent forward 200 yards.

"A. Walton

Scout Master

A Scoutmaster's special contest message

UP'N DOWN
THE LINE

By Don Collins

Back in 1911 Chester County's first Boy Scout troop was formed under the sponsorship of Good Samaritan Church. Just across Lancaster Ave. from the church, 11-year-old Eddie Plank watched with interest, and he joined up to become one of the first members of Paoli Troop Number One.

Troop One scouts are planning a reunion next month, and Eddie Plank, now known as Paoli's familiar Mr. Plank, will be on hand for the event. He isn't active in scouting now, but the ideals and desire to do a good turn daily, which were implanted in those early days of scouting, still remain alive in Mr. Plank.

He has been a familiar sight walking by our office window with his ever-constant companion "Ginger" at his side. The old collie lies and waits as Mr. Plank spades up a wheelbarrow-load of dirt for a disabled neighbor or tightens a bolt on a neighborhood tot's tricycle.

Mr. Plank sat in the office last week and reminisced of those early scouting days when hikes were really hikes and the Boy Scouts drilled with the same precision as soldiers. There was a Washington's Birthday hike from Devon station to the site of what is now Washington Memorial Chapel in Valley Forge. There were many



MR. PLANK with "Ginger" as they help a neighbor.

Up 'N Down

(Continued from page 1)

River and the ferry boat ride was a big thrill.

Mr. Plank is looking forward to the reunion which is slated June 11 at the Lamp Post Inn. Guest of Honor will be former Scoutmaster Clifton P. Lisle. Arrangements for the event are being handled by Rev. Wallace Houston and "The Committee."

A busy day is planned beginning at 10 A.M. at the troop's cabin in Strassford. Some 150 of the 208 former scouts who were in the troop from 1911 until 1929 have been located and the search is on for still more former members.

And, as far as can be determined, Mr. Plank will be the only Paoli resident there who was a member of the original troop.



EDDIE PLANK in his 1911 Boy Scout uniform with sword.

Eddie Plank, one of our first Scouts - 1911 Uniform

Paoli No. 1
Boy Scouts of America

Requests the honor of your company at the Tenth Anniversary of the founding of the Troop—

Sunday, April Twenty-eight
Troop Anniversary Service in the Church of the Good Samaritan, Paoli, Penna.

Saturday, May Fourth, 10 A. M. sharp
Troop birthday meeting called in the Parish House, State Road, Paoli

Luncheon at 12:30 P. M. - Drill and Exhibition at 1:00 P. M. - Dance for the Troop and their friends, 5:30 P. M. - Moving picture, 8:15.

All friends of the Troop are cordially invited to attend both the Service and Meet.

A. E. F. WILLIAM KEATON, Jr., Scout Master, Paoli, Pa.

Paoli No. 1
Boy Scouts of America

Rev. HERBERT A. WATSON, R. A., Scout Master
Captain Clifton Lisle, William F. Miller, Theodore E. Perry, Assistant Scout Masters

Requests the honor of your company at the Tenth Anniversary of the founding of the Troop.

Sunday, May 23rd, 11 A. M., Troop Anniversary Service in the Church of the Good Samaritan, Paoli, Pa.

Saturday, May 29th, 10 A. M. sharp, Troop Birthday-meeting called in the Parish House, State Road, Paoli.

Luncheon at 12:30 P. M. - Drill and Exhibition at 2 P. M. on the Church Field, opposite Paoli House. - Dance for the Troop and their friends, 5:30 P. M. - Moving picture, 8:15.

All friends of the Troop are cordially invited to attend both the Service and Meet.

A. E. F. WILLIAM KEATON, Jr., Scout Master, Paoli, Pa.



John D. Follett, First Senior Patrol Leader, 1911-1914

Troop 1; Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania Troop 16; and Philadelphia Troop 1 were all founded in 1910.

In any event, these were the chrysalis years for Paoli 1, and in the decade-and-a-half between the 1911 registration and 1927, the year of the Troop's first European summer trip, many of the traditions and activities known today were established. Patrols were filled, a Staff created, and uniforms purchased. The Interpatrol Contest, the backbone of all activities between the patrols, dates to 1913.

The Wolf and Lion units were the first two patrols, both having been formed during the Troop's initial organization period. The Eagle Patrol was added in 1913 and the Colour Patrol in 1915, the latter having special privileges in guarding and carrying the Troop colours. Paoli 1's Colour Patrol was the first American unit so named.

Most of the activities of the early Troop years involved the outdoors, and they included bird study, camping, and signalling. A particular favorite was tracking. Albert Groff's father, a local blacksmith, fashioned a pair of irons shaped like a deer's hoof which could be screwed onto a pair of shoes. The irons were similar to crampons, and in snow, wet soil, or dust, the imprints were clearly visible. The "stag" was given a head start before the chase was on. Hard or frozen ground was to the quarry's advantage, while soft ground favored the pack. The predators, upon finding their prey, attacked "in full cry."

This excerpt from Philip Livingston's minutes recorded the action of the January 8, 1938 tracking event:

After lunch it was decided that we would have a tracking mee. The whole Troop hiked to Martins Dam where four men were stationed, one from each Patrol. These men were to leave from this point a half hour later and follow the trail which would lead them to the next group of four. As soon as the man in the second group was touched, he would immediately follow the trail onward until he arrived at the third group, etc.

The first fellow to arrive at the cabin was "The Little One", a.k.a. George Raab of the Eagle Patrol. David Houghton of the Lion Patrol came in second.

A slippery Bob Potts and Dick Colgan were also renowned for eluding would-be captors.

Early Troop equipment was informal. Each scout had a flat-tin canteen and messkit, relics of the Spanish-American War, along with a knife, fork, spoon, and cup. No one had Gore-Tex raingear, Patagonia Snychilla pile sweaters, or Eddie Bauer down parkas; few were lucky enough to have ponchos. Blankets served as sleeping bags and patrol equipment was limited to a frying pan, a kettle, a long-handled fork, and spoon. All scouts had bamboo staffs, which were used at night for pitching "worn and tattered" canvas pup tents.

Part of the Paoli 1 tradition derives from the military life, and this influence was most recognizable in the Troop's distinctive uniform. When Scouting was in its infancy, a national dress code had not been universally adopted, so the Troop created its own. Army-Navy stores were numerous, and each carried a wide selection of the familiar olive and gray wool clothing. These uniforms were less than smart, however, as hats were floppy, breeches baggy, and canvass leggin puttees unwieldy.



A Signalling Contest



"The Blue Devil"

L to R: J. Patterson, J. Howson, R. R. Keator & R. Rigg



The Colour Patrol - 1915

L to R: A. Ferry, E. Leech, Ted Ferry, T. Schaeffer, H. Rumrill, Diehl Mateer, E. Richardson & G. Franklin Good, Jr. PL



Drum & Bugle Corps. practice



Take five



Choirmaster & Asst. SM William Miller's camp — Tom's River, NJ



F. Wayne Reed, 1920



Senior Patrol Leader (SPL)
Arthur Ferry, 1920

The sailor hat is the most idiosyncratic element of the Paoli 1 uniform, and it originated when Scoutmaster Horace Walton took the boys on their first summer trip to Mr. William Miller's Island Heights choir camp, near Toms River, New Jersey. The Troop spent a week there and enjoyed it immensely, especially the swimming and sailing. Each boy received a sailor hat as a memento of the trip.

The years since the sailor hat was first distributed has witnessed it become an occasional source of frustration, especially for recruits who struggle to learn the intricacies of blocking. John Schrogie, sympathetic to their plight, took the initiative in 1978 to write a pamphlet called *All About Uniforms*:

Several days before it is needed, dissolve a half a box of salt in warm water. Soak the hat for a day, and then fold the brim of the hat upward. While wet, put a heavy safety pin through the center of one side of the brim to make two holes for your rank pin. Then use clothespins to make four square corners. Let dry several days. Brush off excess salt and insert rank pin.

Not everyone would heed John's advice, however, as many a scout would compress a week's worth of blocking over a Saturday breakfast. To accelerate the drying process, the wet hat would be put in Mom's oven and set for "broil". Invariably it came out the color of burnt toast, in which case the now-frantic scout headed for Dad's workshop to get the white paint. Those who never profited from having Ted Friel as their Painting merit badge counselor during the seventies were surprised to learn the drying time of Sears' WeatherBeater paint is measured in hours, not minutes. The scout, heading to the Saturday meeting in the neighborhood car pool, would nonchalantly hang the hat out of the window, being ever so careful to keep it away from the seat or car door.

The embarrassment caused by the uniform was not necessarily confined to the recruit. As a senior scout, Art "Otts" Ferry had responsibility for purchasing forty brown neckties to wear at an upcoming Troop Birthday. He wrote:

Going to a store in Philadelphia, I was shown a good quality tie and I told the salesman we wanted forty if he could have them ready in a week. When I returned a week later, the salesman showed me the ties. They were of inferior quality to the tie I had selected, but, being fifteen years old, I was afraid to accuse him of cheating.

I paid him and took the ties. The other boys gave me a terrific ribbing about it but they wore the ties anyway. Leather hobnailed shoes were the most utilitarian part of the uniform, and they were purchased early in the fall so that they would soften before the long summer hikes. During hikes, ten-minute intervals were devoted to removing shoes and dipping feet in nearby streams to promote circulation. The uniform has been altered over time. Shoulder patches, for example, replaced shoulder ribbons about the time of the First World War (Art Ferry designed the Colour Patrol's bulls-eye motif, cutting the prototype out of felt). The color of the neckerchief was changed to maroon in the late twenties because Scoutmaster Clifton Lisle believed that the black ties had cost Paoli 1 the 1927 National Jamboree (they lost by three-quarters of a point). In the thirties, britches, long wool socks, and puttees were intro-



Robert Benedict (SPL) - 1923



SPL Tom Bishop - 1925



Jim Howson - Signalling Contest - 1925



Dick Keator - Semaphore Contest - 1925

duced. And during the early sixties, Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann replaced wool pants with white chinos as the former were difficult to get in sizes which fit recruits.

Some years ago Frank Good, Jr. wrote an assessment of the meaning of the Scout uniform. This is an excerpt from that letter:

That the Recruit is permitted to wear the Scout uniform signifies his acceptance into the vast brotherhood of Scouting. As he observes the bedecked uniforms of his leaders, he must appreciate the experience, achievement, knowledge, and authority denoted by the insignia they bear. When he wears that uniform, it proclaims to all who observe him that he has assumed the obligations imposed by the Scout Oath and Law, the verbal exposition of the basic principles of Scouting.

That uniform is not just pieces of cloth sewn together; it represents high principles and many years of honorable tradition — tradition which is the Recruit's heritage. Wear this uniform with pride, with honor, and wear it right.

The Good Samaritan's white, two-story parish house on Paoli-West Chester Pike served as the new Troop's first headquarters. Great delight was had jumping out of second-floor windows before Mr. Horace Walton's Saturday morning arrival. Across the street was an athletic field which served as a parade ground and baseball diamond.

Bi-weekly Saturday business meetings commenced when the imposing Senior Patrol Leader seated himself in the second floor auditorium. Scouts entered by seniority to salute the American flag, Scout flag, and the Troop's ranking officer. Such worthy individuals as Bob Benedict, Tom Bishop, Art Ferry, Ted Ferry, John Follett, Frank Good, Albert Groff, Bill Keator, Stewart Lacock, Jim Mitchell, Horace Rigg, and Harry Rolin served in this mandarin capacity with distinction.

A regular order of business followed, beginning with the Scout Oath, Scout Laws, and the Pledge of Allegiance. John Chalfont characterized meetings as "very formal and dignified," and *Roberts Rules of Order* were scrupulously enforced. During the Scoutmaster's talk, Mr. Horace Walton might chide Clayton Wetzel for his dirty uniform or admonish John Schimmel and Brognard Okie not to create any more disorder during hikes. Sometimes the entire Troop was at fault: "mobilization has been a failure, and those who don't shape up will find their names on the black list." The Scout Oath and Laws were discussed prior to adjournment, with each member speaking on what they meant to him.

The Troop often cooked a lunch called "hunky-dory" at the parish house, a smorgasbord of cooked hamburger, mashed potatoes, canned peas, baked beans, corn, and fresh vegetables. Albert Groff prepared one of those meals, and the minutes editorialized that the concoction "was burned beyond all recognition."

Clean-up was assigned after rice pudding dessert, and one recruit not on to the manipulations of the older boys invariably found himself on detail. They would saunter up and quietly suggest the flip of a coin; "heads



Dick Krick 1927



L to R: Elliot Compton & Jim Howson 1924

I win, tails your lose," they said straight-faced. It is unclear whether the tractable youngster realized that the laws of probability played no part in his ongoing predicament.

Efforts were made to end meetings promptly so that speedy starts could be made on the day's outdoor activity. Casey's Spring, Cathcart Rocks, Darby Valley, Diamond Rock, Hammer Hollow, and Hershey's Dam were favorite destinations. Ned Curtis remembered his first outdoor activity with Paoli 1 was a hike to St. Agnes Fountain on North Valley Hill. He wrote:

When things slowed up in the old Radnor Troop, I transferred to Paoli 1. I left my old scout uniform at home and took the train to Paoli, all dressed up in my best Sunday clothes ("I was going to a church, after all"). That Saturday, we took a hike to a rocky creek where we were mined upon all day, and it did not help my seersucker suit a bit.

True to the military spirit of the time, hikes were in formation, with bugles and drums at full throttle. The American and Scout flags snapped in the wind while tent poles were held over shoulders like guns. The Paoli townspeople invariably stopped along the streets or looked out of windows to applaud the phalanx. Once beyond the railroad overpass, ranks broke with a rousing cheer:

*Oh the Boy Scouts of Paoli are the best in the land
Wherever you may meet them they will lend a helping hand
In numbers 6 and 30 they're a fine-hearted band,
Glory, Glory to Paoli Glory, Glory to Paoli Glory, Glory
to Paoli While scouts go marching on
Strawberry shortcake, Huckleberry pie,
Paoli, Paoli, eat till you die.*

Jim Howson recalled the outcome of his first hike, which occurred in 1923. At the end of the day he and a fellow recruit separated from the main body of the Troop. The pair, "thinking it no harm," trudged off to their homes in Wayne. They were called before the Junior Court the following week. Jim later wrote:

Sitting there, not yet twelve years old, thinking we had done no harm, but appearing before our peers, all of whom we idolized, we soon learned we had broken one of Captain Lisle's cardinal rules, that of obedience to discipline. Tears rolled down our faces, and wanting so hard to be good scouts, we quickly learned the error and earnestly vowed it would never happen again. No reprimand followed.

The first overnight was in the summer of 1912, when Paoli 1 and the Jenkintown Troop held a camp at Valley Forge Park. This may have been the first inter-troop contest ever held in Chester County. Tents were pitched on the sloping hill in back of the Washington Memorial Chapel. Scouts were proud to swim the Schuylkill over and back without stopping. Bonus points were awarded for knowing that Schuylkill was a Dutch word meaning "Hidden River".

Snowy winter weekends often found the Troop at the Paoli Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge sledding down North Valley Road into Chester Valley. A second hill was close by St. Peter's Church, near Cedar Hollow, in Great Valley. A sharp curve near the bottom once threw scouts Battersby and Rumrill off their sled; the pair suffered mild concussions which required evacuation by borrowed sleigh.



Troop Colour Guard 1925 at outing at Mr. Platt's



L to R: Jim Howson, Bob Morris, Francis Smaltz, Clifton Lisle, Roger Hollingsworth 1927



Mess line at Diamond Rock Quarry 1927 (Elliot Compton in hat)



Major Lisle, Diamond Rock Quarry 1927

During the Christmas seasons the Troop hiked to Mr. and Mrs. Robertson's farm for "amazing feasts." As many as three huge turkeys were roasted and shared by all to the last drumstick. Sliding off the slippery back of a donkey named "Betty" was considered prime sport, although few succeeded in riding the crafty animal. Yuletide dinners were also held in a ruined house hidden in the forest near St. Agnes Mountain. The house, which was a Troop campsite in warmer months, was owned by the Phoenix Iron Works, and company cashier Charles D. Cox leased it to Paoli 1 for a dollar a year.

Clothing and toys were collected for needy families during this time of year, as well. The Staff devoted part of its Christmas Eve to distributing these gifts, which always brought great personal satisfaction.

Paoli 1 scouts have always displayed a keen sense of industry and ingenuity towards Troop-related activities. In preparation for the 1985 Birthday, for example, Patrol Leader Scott McClain and assistant's Doug Gates and Rich Gates sewed silverware to their table cloth to shave seconds off their Full-field setup (their patrol won the Birthday Plaque). For the 1977 Paddlerama canoe race, John Fisher reconfigured his weight set to simulate the river's resistance. Each night he paddled his imaginary Delaware while brothers Eric and Bruce cajoled him with threats like "Boone's Bunnies are right behind you." On the 1967 Allagash trip Bill Slugg and Chris Teaf lashed two canoes together to create a catamaran. A slender, de-limbed tree doubled as a mast and a poncho became a makeshift spinnaker. "It was a complete failure," Chris noted sorrowfully, "and we ended up paddling like everyone else."

Scouts active in the early fifties recalled how Paul Clark fabricated a special bicycle wheel carriage to ferry summer trip food into the Adirondack's Johns Brook Lodge campsite. The Troop thought that this carriage would save "much time and muscle." Doug Hoffmann wrote:

We painted it a bright aluminum color and were very proud of it. Lashed to the top of our bus for the four-hundred-mile drive to upper New York State, the sight of it caused quite a stir among the motorists who shared the road north with us. Upon arrival, we loaded it with heavy food boxes and took many proud pictures of it.

Then it happened. One of the wheels buckled and collapsed under the load. We could not believe our eyes, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. So, out came the faithful old packboards and familiar mule grind of carrying all the week's food on our backs. Chief architect Uncle Paul remained undaunted through it all.

But the most beloved and enduring product of this resourceful spirit is the modest trek cart, designed in 1917 by Frank Good. The vehicle's original purpose was to transport the furled colours when not on display. Such initiative, no doubt, is one reason why this Paoli 1 scout became a highly-decorated United States Marine Corps Lieutenant General.

First aid supplies were stored in trek carts when World War I started for the United States in 1917. There had been expectations of sabotage, and



Jim Howson at bat, Camp Rothrock 1924



Colour Patrol with the troop's first trek cart

the Troop was prepared to help. One afternoon there was an explosion at the Eddystone munitions plant, near Philadelphia. The older scouts, upon hearing the news, attached the trek cart to a car and hustled off to the stricken factory. The property was tightly cordoned off by police, however, and "When told our mission to help was appreciated, but not needed," wrote one scout, "we returned home, somewhat crestfallen, to wait for another catastrophe, which never came."

Trek carts could be drawn by rope without causing interference in the twenties because automobiles were scarce. Later, when motor vehicle traffic became more common, two scouts sat in a car's trunk and held its six-foot tongue. Rubber tires replaced the steel-rimmed, wooden-spoke wheels in the mid-fifties in order to conform to Pennsylvania motor vehicle codes. In 1959, trailer hitches were fastened to the tongues for automobile attachment.

Ramsay Buchanan recalled trek carts were occasional sources of mishaps; here is one episode in the mid-thirties in which he was the victim:

One day we were pulling it on West Wayne Avenue. I was on the left front pull rope as the order was given to turn left onto Walnut Avenue. We were trotting like horses at the time and I wasn't paying attention. Consequently I was knocked down and the wheel went over me — no injuries but it made an impression mentally.

Ramsay presently practices veterinary medicine in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania.

While Reverend Horace Walton was the Troop's Scoutmaster, he did not participate in the outdoor activities. That responsibility was left to Assistant Scoutmaster Clifton Lisle, a writer of boys' adventure stories and a 1913 Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. His father, Robert Patton Lisle, had fought in the Civil War and later became a distinguished Navy Vice Admiral.

Activity diminished when Assistant Scoutmaster Clifton Lisle and the Troop's senior members went to World War I. Mr. William Miller managed the junior Troop, and the boys became involved with area Red Cross canvasses and war garden projects.

With the Armistice of 1918, which ended the first World War, the Troop regained its balance between youth and experience, and it quickly expanded to full capacity. In contrast to today, young people then had few constructive activities like athletic leagues to engage their propitious energies. Scout troops filled this void, and the demand necessitated the use of waiting lists. Hal "Bezie" Bemis noted that this backlog made Paoli 1 selective, and that "you were evaluated not by your family's pecuniary situation, but whether it was believed you would enjoy the program and get along with the other boys."

In 1920, Reverend Horace Walton asked Clifton Lisle, twenty-nine, to formally assume Scoutmaster responsibilities. Lisle later remembered the founder with these words:

No Troop in the United States owed more to its founder and Scoutmaster than Paoli 1 owed to Mr. Walton. His influence is felt strongly to this day in the Troop and throughout all of Chester County Scouting.

Reverend Horace Walton remained active on the Troop Committee until his death in 1942.



Full field layout 1920



Patrol with trek cart, circa 1923.



SPL Tom Bishop & Clifton Lisle with awards at 14th birthday 1925. Troop mascot Vin II at base.



Clifton Lisle with balanced trek cart

If you had lived in Wayne in those early Troop years, you might have recalled observing a "handsome, dashing, and charming" young man dressed as a country gentleman striding briskly along the streets of Wayne with a jaunty air, swinging his cane as if he were heartily enjoying himself. He might have even knocked on your door, in which case he would introduce himself as Clifton Lisle of the Paoli Troop of Boy Scouts. "Would you and your brother Ted be interested in joining?" he politely inquired.

Advertising executives call this door-to-door solicitation "cold calling", and Scoutmaster Clifton Patton Lisle was most effective. Soon Paoli 1 consisted of thirty-six boys, with a waiting list of fifteen to twenty additional prospects. Under his spirited hand, a military emphasis became reflected in the Troop's activities and uniform. Each scout dressed smartly to avoid demerits for dirty or incomplete attire.

A handsome man with a regal countenance, laser-beam blue eyes, and a spontaneous personality, Clifton Lisle — "Burny" to Mr. Brooks Parker and Captain Richard Warren — was admired by the boys for the breadth of his skills, for he was a scholar, athlete, decorated military man, writer, naturalist, horticulturist, and accomplished horseman. He had a supreme mastery of words, and his writing was lucid and poetic.

But it was in speaking that Clifton Lisle really excelled, whether giving a prepared address or an informal talk. He commanded respect by approaching each Troop meeting as an important occasion to be accompanied by good taste, ceremony, and edification. Lee Porter remembered the future Penn Charter English department chairman had a gift for elocution. He wrote:

Mr. Lisle would take a drab little story and make it riveting. His eyes twinkled as he regaled us with anecdotes and commentary on the subject at hand, using occasional artistic license to embroider the facts when necessary. Even the yearly reading of the by-laws was a treat.

He encouraged our speaking skills as well, having one or two scouts stand before the Troop to discuss the Scout Oath or Laws and their significance in one's life. Truly useful training for all of us.

Clifton Lisle, like all those in positions of authority, occasionally had to remind his scouting subordinates who was boss. Jim Rice recalled one summer trip when the command to fall-in for Sunday church services was heard. From under a pup tent Tom "Hock" Patterson said he wanted to sleep late and that Mr. Lisle was "trying to scare the Lord." This didn't sit well with the august Scoutmaster, who replied tersely: "Go to your tent, sir, and when you have considered your impertinence and insolence, you report to me."

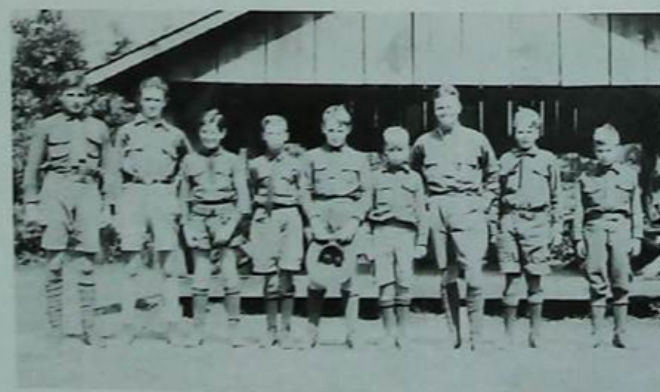
Art Ferry incurred Clifton Lisle's wrath on a later occasion. He wrote:

One late winter day, we were hiking to Malvern. The snow was beginning to melt, and I called, "Look here, Mr. Lisle." As he turned, I threw a snowball which hit squarely in one eye and required medical attention.

In jolly but nonetheless definite fashion, Mr. Lisle sentenced me to read his manuscripts back to him for correction. This curtailed my afternoon fun.



Camp Rothrock 1922



Camp Rothrock 1923
L to R: Harry Rolin, Warren Bodman, Roy Faulconer, John Abbs, George Robertson,
James Howson, Clifton Lisle, Thomas Patterson, Richard Rigg



Troop birthday 1921, L to R: Chief Heistand Chester Co. Executive, Rev. Walton & Clifton Lisle



Retreat at Camp Rothrock 1920



Camp Rothrock 1924
L to R: (Rear) Reed Kantor, Roy Faulconer, Nick Faulconer, Richard Warren, Thomas Bishop, Horace Rigg, Richard Kantor, Tom Foley, Richard Krick,
(Middle) John Greiner, Fred Kantor, Howard Hill, Braden Kane, Jack Abbs, Jim Howson, (Unknown), George Howson, Thomas Patterson,
(Front) Roger Hollingsworth, Wynn Whetstone, (Unknown), Clifton Lisle, Sam Hollingsworth, Walter Whetstone, John Chalfont, Winslow Cokket



At Mr. Platt's, April 1925



Hike to Chester Co. Council Jamboree 1924



Hal Bemis (at left) 15th birthday 1926



The Patrol Leaders, 1926



Troop #1 Paoli starting out from Mortonville, 1st night's camp, June 24, 1924



15th birthday at Walton Estate
New Eagles Francis Smaltz, Hal Bemis, R. Rigg



The old cabin 1926



Edward Curtis, Patrol Leader 1927

glass, Stew Lacock pointed the chimney, and Jack Abbs rebuilt the latrine. Clayton Wetzel of the Wayne Iron Works donated the crane and andirons for fireplace cooking.

The Troop officially moved into its new home on September 26, 1925. Mrs. Brooks Parker gave the scouts a housewarming present of chocolate eclairs and chilled ice tea. A letter was sent to Mr. Horace Walton thanking him for his "kindness and labor" in housing Paoli 1 for fourteen years.

Paoli 1 celebrated its fifteenth anniversary of scouting at its new property the following summer, in June, 1926. The cold weather and the threat of rain did not deter Berwyn 1, Coatesville 1, Malvern 1, West Chester 11, and three hundred other spectators from joining the occasion. A thirty-seven tent encampment in the LeBoutillier's Japanese garden housed the weekend guests. Mr. William S. Ellis, Chairman of the Third Scout Region, loaned a fifty-by-twenty-foot marquee for use as a convenient mess hall.

After swimming races at St. Martins Dam, Colonel H. Harrison Smith and Major's Thomas Bailey and James M. Hamilton of the 316th Infantry examined Full-field layout and uniforms. Brooks Parker presented Mr. Horace Walton with a Boy Scout statuette in token of the regard with which he was held as founder. Colonel Smith presented Dick Krick with his Eagle rank, John Greiner, the other Eagle for the year, having received his badge earlier. Mr. John O. Platt presented the Interpatrol Cup to Krick and his Eagle Patrol. John Follett, one of the Troop's first scouts, presented Horace Rigg, Jr. with the Efficiency Cup.

Louis de Branges and Harry Rolin served as Assistant Scoutmasters that year, and the Staff included Horace Rigg as Senior Patrol Leader, Stew Lacock as Scribe, and Reed Keator as Quartermaster. John Greiner, Jack Abbs, Tom Patterson, Dick Krick, and Richard Rigg were the Patrol Leaders. "With our fifteenth Birthday," wrote one scout, "Paoli 1 had clearly established itself as a viable asset to the western Main Line community."

That summer, *The Suburban and Wayne Times* reported:

Word has just been received in Wayne of the rescue of a boy from drowning by E. deForrest Curtis, Jr. of the Eagle Patrol. While swimming near Arlington, Vermont, a boy was caught in the current and sank from sight to the bottom of the pool. Ned Curtis went in after him, got a grip on his hair, and pulled him to the surface.

A severe struggle followed as the drowning boy tried to get a strangle hold, but young Curtis broke this by using the methods learned at Camp Horseshoe last summer. He then swung the lad over his back and towed him to shore, where he contrived to get the water out of him by artificial respiration.

Rescue techniques are among the many skills acquired by a Boy Scout. That this particular skill saved a life is a credit both to the rescuer and to the organization with which he was associated.

The Troop took a night off from its busy schedule during the weeks leading up to the 1926 Birthday to take in some motion pictures at the Wayne Theater. One of the scenes took place at Trafalgar Square, London. "What



1927 European Trip
L to R: Richard Krick, Edmund Curtis, Roger Hollingsworth, George Howson, Francis Smaltz, Harrison Rigg, Clifton Lisle (SM), Robert Morris, Elliot Compton, Hal Bemis, James Howson, Thomas Patterson, Stewart Laycock, Harry Rolin, John Greiner, Horace Rigg



Aboard ship
enroute
to Europe



At Lord Baden-Powell's estate "Pax Hill" England 1927



Harold
Blackstone
aboard ship
1927

the movie was," wrote Clifton Lisle, "I cannot remember. What I do remember is that one of the boys asked why we couldn't go there ourselves." From that chance remark, spoken in fun, came a seventy-one day overseas trek known as the European trip of 1927. It would be the first time that an American Boy Scout Troop traveled the Continent, as Europe was then called.

The Troop Committee gave the idea quick approval. The boys, full of enthusiasm, wrote Robert Baden-Powell, asking him whether he believed this idea feasible. Not only was the Chief Scout supportive of the trip, but he offered every assistance in the power of the British Scouts Association.

The group of Hal Bemis, Elliott Compton, Ned Curtis, John Greiner, Roger Hollingsworth, George Howson, Jim Howson, Richard Krick, Stewart Lacock, Clifton Lisle, Robert Morris, Thomas Patterson, Jr., Harrison Rigg, Horace Rigg, Jr., Harry Rolin, and Francis "Franny" Smaltz formed by February, 1927. The 316th Regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard contributed aluminum messkits and the Wayne American Legion Post donated pup tents. Round trip expenses were budgeted at \$2,856.

The great day came on Friday, July 1, 1927, and the excitement moved Scoutmaster Clifton Lisle to write:

No words can describe the thrill of that moment. Till then, anything might have happened. One could have fallen ill, the trek been called off. Parents might have interfered or numbers reduced. Anything! But now it had come. The unbelievable, hoped-for moment was here, and only the pilot boat could stop us! Europe, unknown, lay ahead, the zest of it gripping. What else mattered?

Once on board their ship, Ned Curtis, John Greiner, Roger Hollingsworth, George Howson, Jim Howson, Bob Morris, Harrison Rigg, and Horace Rigg joined their Scoutmaster in bunk-ridden misery. Tom Patterson, Harry Rolin, and Franny Smaltz, became breakfast gluttons, earning the loathsome title, "iron-bellies". Reports were heard that Elliott Compton made prodigious strides with the ladies, while Dick Krick reigned as checker-board champion, and Stewart Lacock pursued a charmer known as "Peggy". In 1986, Hal Bemis, "who could Charleston and reverse twice before the soles left the ground," recalled what struck him most about the 1927 trip:

The voyage had an unmistakable aura about it as few kids from our area ever received the opportunity to travel abroad. In England, we were looked upon as pioneers, and as heroes in Wayne when we returned.

The Troop met Chief Scout Robert Baden-Powell at his home, "Pax Hill". "The keenness of the man was contagious," observed one scout, "for he was using our first names before we reached the house." Inside, the host captivated the boys' romantic sentiments by opening doors which displayed rooms filled with gifts from all over the world, including a cane from Edward VII, spears from India, rifles from South Africa, tomtoms, hunting skins, fishing rods, and flags used at his headquarters during the siege of Mafeking. Over lunch, the host explained how he felt a special kinship with the wide-eyed visitors because many of his ancestors were American born.

The charm was apparently reciprocal, for in his introduction to Clifton Lisle's *Hobnails and Heather*, Chief Scout Robert Baden-Powell wrote, "No group of Scouts that has visited England has left behind it a warmer trail of goodwill than has the Paoli Troop of Boy Scouts." Ned Curtis later



Harry Rolin
England 1927



Roger Hollingsworth and cousins, England 1927



The Troop arrives at Plymouth, England 1927



Elliot Compton at Mont St. Michel 1927



Racing the tide 1927

recalled, "The visit with Baden-Powell, leaving our Troop flag to decorate his living room, and his presenting me with a scout badge I still have was the highlight of the trip."

A visit was made to Mont St. Michel before departure from Cherbourg, France. Mont St. Michel, a huge granite cone rising three hundred feet from the English Channel off the coast of Normandy, was originally an island later connected to the mainland by a causeway. At low tide the Mont springs sheer from the sands; no sea can be seen, and the smooth flats lie like a beach for nearly ten miles. When the tide turns, however, the waters of the bay hurtle across the flats at fifty feet a minute. Soon the rock is an island, and boats sail upon the salt-water where an hour before one could walk dry-shod.

One day Roger Hollingsworth, George Howson, Stewart Lacock, Clifton Lisle, Bob Morris, Tom Patterson, and Harry Rolin made a tour of the island. Shoes and leggings were removed for a wade in the sand — "just far enough out to get a good picture." Soon the adventurous group was far from the shore. The ensuing event was noted in *Hobnails and Heather*:

People in town had warned us repeatedly of the tides. Quicksands, they said, were numerous. Sudden fogs drew in from the sea or rose in an instant from the dampened flats. These fogs appeared in the clearest weather without warning. A notice had told us: TO BE ENSHROUDED IN A THICK FOG BY TIDE TIME IS DEATH! But a mile or so away arose the Tomberlaine Rock, and we knew we must answer its challenge.

The sand was like carpet to our feet and the tang of salt air bracing, while overhead not a cloud marred the blue. Stewart Lacock and Roger Hollingsworth were like runners on the mark in their haste to get on. Watches gave us about three hours or a little less before flood tide. We knew the waters would soon be turning, if they had not done so already, creeping in to meet the ebb. Tomberlaine was still a mile away. That meant a three-or four-mile walk to reach it and return, as our only refuge was Mont St. Michel. The margin of safety seemed closer to one hour if we went on, but nearly two if we turned back at once.

Roger nodded at his feet as we stood there debating what to do. In less than a minute he'd gone ankle deep, and ominous bubbles were breaking all around him. Far off shore, some carts were hurrying toward the land at Avranches, the horses tandem. It meant the tourists had left Mont St. Michel, gauging their time to avoid the tide. We were easily three miles farther seaward on the flats than they were. "Let's go!"

I don't know who was the first to wade in, but we crossed the second river and reached our goal in safety. That moment was the high-water mark of our venture, the very cream of its thrill, for everyone knew the risk we had run. On Tomberlaine, Roger gathered some seaweed and Tom Patterson got some shells; then, fearful of the tide, we clambered down to the sands. As we were crossing the first river, Elliott Compton and Francis Smaltz appeared far off, racing towards us as fast as they could make it. They had



seen our intention from the walls of Mont St. Michel and had been following us for nearly an hour. We waited till they had reached rock, then all hurried homeward together.

As soon as we felt that we were near safety, the tension broke. Stewart, Roger, and Tom wallowed like buffaloes in a shallow spot, while George Howson gave an imitation of quicksand. At the foot of our ramparts, Elliott experimented with a real quicksand we found there, and Bob Morris took his picture while we stood by to help if it were needed. Ankle deep, it was easy for him to get out. Halfway to knee, it was hard. Knee-deep, he had to be pulled. That gave us a sobering sense of what we had missed, and we joked no more of death in the grip of it. Horace Rigg, Hal Bemis, Jim Howson and the rest had been told to be careful. Following orders, they stayed on the walls, discovering too late where we were headed. Their comments when we got back are best not repeated. Dick Krick, in particular, had a good deal to say.

In New York, Mr. Horace Rigg, Mr. Brooks Parker, and Mr. Magill Patterson met the returning voyageurs as they disembarked from the liner *S.S. George Washington*.

On Sunday, September 11, 1927, the sixteen scouts and Scoutmaster Lisle were feted by the home Troop with "a sumptuous victory dinner" at the North Wayne Avenue cabin. The cabin was outfitted to resemble a ship, and no effort had been spared to make it realistic. "We even had port-holes," recalled Harry Rolin. Captain Richard Warren showed his motion pictures and the sixteen boys told of their experiences. "For the wonders of the summer," wrote one scout, "those taking part in the trip to Europe have been eternally grateful to the friends of Paoli 1 who made such an adventure possible."

The new cabin's impact on Troop spirit was real and immediate; not only did the facility serve as Paoli 1's official headquarters, but it was a boy's perfect clubhouse as well. Situated in what then was considered "the wilderness section of Wayne," its rural, sylvan setting made the property attractive, even though there was nothing "modern, convenient, or fashionable about it."

Outside the rough-hewn cabin were wheat fields which held vigorous athletic contests of baseball, football, and soccer. Joe Aronson recalled how soccer games on the sloped, rocky hill were particularly competitive — "matches there favored the fellows with big shoes and padded shins" — but that the rough and tumble spirit nevertheless prepared him for a stint as an accomplished Yale University goalie. A fresh spring with water cold enough to numb teeth refreshed thirsty players at each game's conclusion.

A fieldstone fireplace, built by the Troop, warmed the cabin's interior.

A fieldstone fireplace dominated the interior of the wood-beamed log cabin, and winter firewood was "anything not tied down," including neighbor's post-and-rail fences. Blazing fires on cold mornings warmed the heart of Bill Grieb, who recalled sitting cross-armed on benches of split locust while silently taking in the wisdom of the Troop leadership. Off to one corner was a library of two hundred volumes dedicated to Captain



"When we went," he said, "we went with the express purpose of winning, and we usually did."

On the day of a Jamboree some thirty-six "dressed to kill" Paoli 1 scouts would descend upon the meeting spot. "It was an awesome array of talent," reported one scout. The Troop's Drum and Bugle Corps led the parade while hobnailed boots clicked in unison against the macadam pavement. Such was the excellence of the Corps that many scouts still recall the jingle, "The Muffin Man, the Muffin Man, Nobody can play the bugle and drum like Bemis and Francis can."

Scoutmaster Clifton Lisle had complete confidence in all, and the boys took his commitment to heart. In their first meet Paoli 1 won the Chesterbrook Cup, with the Malvern Troop runner-up. The semaphore unit of Roy Faulconer as message reader, Jim Howson as sender, Tom Patterson as receiver, and Richard Rigg as scribe was particularly successful. Skills were practiced after school, and the team was able to send one hundred letters a minute with a maximum of six mistakes. They won their 1925, 1926, and 1927 meets. The Morse team of Ned Curtis, Braden Kane, Reed Keator, and Harry Rolin was equally feared, as was Jack Abbs, who set the United States speed record for fire by flint-and-steel at one early Council camporee.

Today it is sometimes difficult to visualize life as it was back then. In those halcyon days before super highways, landscaped business parks, and purple and orange Federal Express delivery trucks, the Main Line was farm and horse country, much of it a series of endless fields and streams.

Enhancing the charm of the Main Line were great estates with expansive lawns, Georgian architecture, and manicured English gardens. One such estate was "Kelso", owned by Mrs. Gardner Cassatt. Scoutmaster Clifton Lisle knew Mrs. Cassatt well, and she graciously permitted soccer matches on her polo field's verdant green barbered turf. Delicious marmalade and tea biscuits were enjoyed as after-game snacks. John Johnston recalled that Mrs. Cassatt's pool was "ice cold." Today the Cassatt mansion is home to the Upper Main Line YMCA.

With time, however, many of the sprawling estates like "Kelso" were sold and subdivided into what developers call "tract housing". Chances are some of today's scouts live on property once used as campgrounds by earlier Paoli 1 boys. This process of suburbanization began in the 1870's and 1880's when the Pennsylvania Railroad built its main rail line to Pittsburgh, and was effectively completed with the advent of the automobile. Old airplane pilots notice the change in areas like the Main Line; until World War II, they will tell you, a pilot could leave Norfolk and head north without instrumentation, using the lights of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Manhattan as beacons to Boston. Today's pilot, in contrast, finds a continuous carpet of twinkling lights stretching up and down the Atlantic seaboard.

Although the western Main Line was still suitable for day hikes in the late twenties, there was a desire to take more extensive trips further from home. The 1925 and 1926 Rothrock hikes and the European trip of 1927 all had met with great success, and there was a consensus among the boys that it was time to find more rugged country. The Troop believed that



Mr. Weisenbach's Hupmobile 1928

the 1928 two-hundred mile Adirondack Mountain hike would be "the antidote to stop the itch."

Parents filled cars with scouts a few days after the June Birthday and headed north for a Saranac Lake, New York, rendezvous. This trek, led by Scoutmaster Clifton Lisle, included Hal Bemis, William Dale, Art Ferry, George Howson, Jim Howson, Dick Krick, Stew Lacock, Bob Morris, Tom Patterson, Lee Porter, Jim Rice, Harrison Rigg, Horace Rigg, Richard Rigg, Harry Rolin, Dick Trainer, Carl Weisenbach, and Fred Weisenbach.

Rothrock veterans reassured the neophytes, and a commando spirit prevailed. Certainly nothing could be more demanding than the unimproved road that led from the Octagonal School House to the top of Diamond Rock Hill, "which we climbed at one-hundred and twenty steps a minute." Mr. Weisenbach drove an eight-cylinder Hupmobile. "The Hupmobile," wrote one scout, "was the flagship of our fleet, and its steering column's manual spark retarding lever facilitated progress on the steep grades." A rented Ford truck carried tents, blankets, cooking equipment, and food. The truck had a missing floor board under the front seat and the exposed exhaust pipe glowed red hot after ten miles of driving. As a result, there was no place for the driver's feet unless they were carelessly perched on the pipe, in which case shoes started smoking.

Lee Porter recalled part of that 1928 trip:

After reaching the summit of Marcy, we headed for Loon Lake, only to find a terrible torment: pin point sized insects scientifically identified by the natives as "no-see-ems" had infested the area. The insects were so ravenous that sleep was impossible.

The discomfort was not without an advantage, however. Mr. Lisle was keeping a notebook listing those deserving criticism, and there was considerable apprehension as to whose names were in it. Such was his discomfort that in desperation, he tore the pages out of his book and vainly made a smudge to combat these minute torturers.

Bathing the next morning, it was easy to see that everyone was covered with red spots. Survivors of the carnage reported the victims of the plague of the Middle Ages probably looked better.

The hikers pressed on, however, and they crossed the forty-five degree latitude, the half way point between the equator and the North Pole. Nightfall displayed the twinkling lights of the Aurora Borealis. In Canada, William "Biddie" Dale caught an eel. "He cooked superbly," one scout recalled, "but everyone thought that it looked so much like a snake that it was returned to the river, intact."

Arrival in Huntingdon, Quebec, created a panic when the hikers were mistaken for a foot patrol of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Ten men were observed rushing from a house to its root cellar with heavy boxes. Viewed from afar, with trek cart, campaign hats, chin straps, khaki uniforms, and staffs in hand, the resemblance was striking indeed. Art Ferry recalled the incident:

We camped in the school yard, and then went to town, where we were hailed by a stranger asking us who we were. Upon hearing we were American Boy Scouts, he gave a hearty laugh and said we had given his friends a horrible

scare in the morning. "Yes," he said, "they were hiding bootleg whiskey."

The hikers returned to Wayne, told the younger scouts about the trip, and awaited word from Scoutmaster Clifton Lisle as to what would be the next big adventure.

The seventeen years between its 1911 registration and its 1928 Adirondak hike had witnessed Paoli 1 blossom from an eager but loosely-organized confederation into a confident, worldly, and mature unit. Charismatic leadership, healthy competition, challenging summer trips, and a new home hastened this process. Indeed, the Troop had come a long way, and its members rightfully basked in the warm praise displayed by the greater Wayne community.

Over the next sixteen years, between 1929 and 1945, Paoli 1 would continue to operate as a successful Boy Scout Troop. But the blush of enthusiasm was tempered by events over which its members had no control. None of this was foreseeable, of course, and so the Troop entered the thirties with innocence and anticipation.

Chapter II

Growth Years 1929 to 1945



World Jamboree - 1929

World jamborees, held every four years except during World War II, are among the most important events in international Scouting. The shared ideal of world friendship overcomes barriers of language, race, custom, and religion. Clifton Lisle led Paoli 1 to one such jamboree, the third World Scout Jamboree, which was held in Gilwell Park, near London, in 1929. Eagle scouts Hal Bemis, Harold Blackstone, Ralph Crane, Joe Crawford, Wallace Houston, Lorne Hummel, Abraham McIlvaine, Bob Morris, David Post, and Harrison Rigg joined some fifty-thousand other boys to make this Scouting's largest Jamboree. (The next largest was the ninth, held in 1957, which was attended by thirty-two thousand scouts to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of Lord Baden-Powell's birth and the fiftieth anniversary of Scouting.)

For the Troop's 1929 visit the Marine Corps donated eight brand new shelter tents — "specially made with flaps to close at both ends" — while Colonel Harrison Smith and other officers of the 316th Infantry presented the voyageurs with a "magnificent" cooking set. At Gilwell Park, the Troop was personally commended for its skill in camping by Chief Scout Baden-Powell. Afterwards, the Troop went on to Wales, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, and Sussex. They crossed the English Channel at Dover and visited Antwerp, Brussels, Kandersteg, Switzerland, Verdun, and Paris before returning home.

Ralph Crane's journal was featured in *The Suburban and Wayne Times*. This is an excerpt from his report:



Encampment - World Jamboree - 1929



1929 Jamboree Trip



Stream Crossing, England 1929



Scoutmaster, Clifton Lisle, retires, 1929

Time forced us to leave Yorkminster's ancient aisles and naves for Fountain's Abbey, beautiful and reverently situated in ancient yesterday. It was destroyed during the Reformation yet it's still a stately structure surrounded by lovely gardens.

In the afternoon we stopped at Ripon Cathedral. It's ancient Saxon Crypt, dating back to 670, was most interesting, having been a former relic room. In one of its moist walls was an oblong hole, and if you could crawl through it you were supposed to be cleansed "by ordeal." All of us crawled through.

Later that year, in the fall of 1929, Clifton Lisle submitted his resignation to the Troop Committee. As Mr. Horace Walton's assistant and as Scoutmaster in his own right, Lisle served as a boy's inspiring mentor for almost twenty years; "All of us loved him," commented Art Ferry, while Stew Lacock called him "One in a million, he was like a father to me." Frank Good said: "Clifton Lisle was an example of just what a man should be. . . His example of leadership brought out the best in scouts." And Art Edrop knew his Scoutmaster as "a man who made us proud of ourselves and of our achievements."

This was Jim Howson's fondest memory:

Never will any of us forget those quiet evenings in Mr. Lisle's study, before a fire, when we talked of the Troop, the boys in it, and finally of our own personalities. One could not but come away a bit more eager to fight life's battles, a bit more strong to carry whatever burdens might be his lot, and a bit more happy for knowing we had one person on whom we could count as our friend and guardian.

Much of Clifton Lisle's personality still remains a cherished part of the Paoli 1 fabric, and that debt is acknowledged with a Memorial Cabin portrait, the Colonel Lisle Advancement Award, and the Memorial Day visit to his St. David's Church gravestone. In 1985, the Chester County Council renamed Camp Horseshoe's Shawana campsite in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Clifton Lisle.

In the late twenties the motto "Be Prepared" held a particular immediacy, especially in light of the recent World War I experiences. The cabin, for example, had a mobilization chart with instructions alerting ranking members to their responsibilities. Packs loaded with rope, poncho, blanket, and food hung at the end of each scout's bed, "ready to go at a moment's notice." The Troop regularly participated in emergency mobilizations organized by District Two, and meeting places were unknown until the call went out to the various scoutmasters. Being a neighborhood Troop — Walnut Avenue boys included Burnhap and Dave Post; Henry Soleliac; George, Jim, and Walter Howson; Jim Hunt; Elwin Blackstone; and David and William Dale — the scouts were quick to assemble. In their beautiful 1977 yearbook commemorating their fiftieth year of scouting, Devon 50 noted, "Paoli 1, our soon-to-become long and friendly rivals, won the 1928 mobilization, with over 1,000 scouts turning out for the big District event."



Paoli I in London - 1929



Paoli I Scouts Abroad
L to R: (Front Row) Joe Crawford, Ralph Crane, Wallace Houston, Harold Blackstone. (Back Row) Hal Bemis, R. Morris, H. Rigg, David Post and Lorne Hummel



Across the rocks - 1929 Scotland



Encampment, World Jamboree, 1929



Gateway at 1929 Jamboree



Field equipment layout 1930

One day the deployment training paid off. Art Edrop recounted what became known as the 1930 Devon fireworks explosion when he wrote:

The Troop had camped out in the cabin field the previous night. I was walking with Bob Porter, and we were looking at the drive, which we were giving thought to repairing as a Colour Patrol project. Suddenly, an explosion knocked us off our feet.

We hiked as fast as we could through the countryside to Devon. All the little houses that lined the road had their porches sagging. I asked the fire chief if we could be of help. Since we were all in uniform, he seemed delighted at the idea, and he immediately put us to work moving the families and their belongings out of their houses.

Sunday we returned, but the state and local police were not as delighted to see us. Since we had been invited, however, they asked us to keep traffic moving. The flow was unbelievable, as people from every nearby state came to gape.

After the activity subsided, the boys refused rides home, preferring to walk so as to "displace the carbon monoxide with good fresh air."

Robert Rigg was Senior Patrol Leader in 1930, the year of the Devon fireworks explosion, and his "tough, athletic bearing" insured that all paid close attention to his words of advice. At the year's first business meeting he underscored the emphasis on discipline and obedience by stating there was to be no laziness: "We are going to get down to business and work," he stated. At the conclusion of Rigg's talk, newly-appointed Scoutmaster Jules Prevost welcomed recruits Joe Aronson, Sydney LeSueur, Philip Livingston, Fayette Plumb, Howard Potts, and George Wendall.

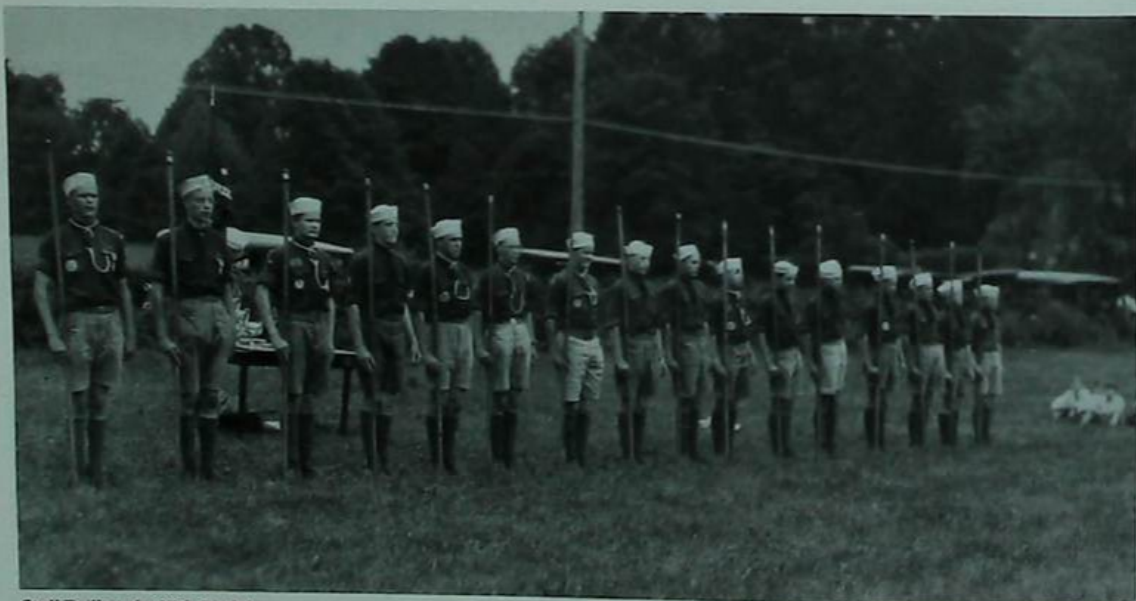
Joe Aronson had commissary responsibility following one of those meetings, and he asked his mother for the hunter stew recipe. "It's a simple meal to make," she said, "just be sure you mix the flour and water before pouring it in the kettle." At the next meeting Joe blissfully went about his business, but in his haste he inadvertently poured the flour directly into the stew. The day's minutes chortled:

We then had Hungarian goo slop for lunch, with quite a bit of flour disguised as meatballs thrown in for good measure. When we bit into them, the flour exploded in our mouths and nearly choked us. Chef Aronson thought this was all rather funny.

Joe recalled that the practice of Troop cooks "ceased soon after this fiasco."

It was about this time, the early-thirties, that Paoli I began spending fall and spring weekends at Chester County Council's Camp Horseshoe. The new camp was located on the Octoraro Creek near Rising Sun, Maryland. Accommodations in the Browning cabin included a second-floor balcony, a pot bellied wood stove, and a fireplace built into one wall.

Days were spent hiking, signaling, and doing good-turns. Late afternoon boxing matches featured Ned Gilchrist and George Kelton, Alan Stewart and Bob "Pottsie" Potts, and Sydney "Your Honorable Scribe" LeSueur and Bob Love. The most spirited encounter, which occurred in the late-thirties, pitted Scoutmaster Harry Rolin and Mahlon Rossiter, "one of the most muscularly developed boys in the Troop at the time." The Troop acted as judges for the slugfests.



Staff Drill at the 25th Birthday



Bridge building at the 25th Birthday

Free-for-all water pistol battles and snipe hunts organized by the "Secret Six" on the pine covered slopes of Flagpole Hill followed supper. Evenings closed around with the campfire listening to "Old Coley" telling yarns of his life as a customs patrolman in the Pacific Northwest. "Young Coley" later took over campfire duties.

Horseshoe trips were made by car, and Dick Shepherd frequently drove Jim and Ned Curtis's "antiquated" open Packard. This car was considered the smartest of the caravan, despite one occasion when its eight-cylinder engine threw a rod. Bob Forster claimed that entire patrols could fit in the back, with the bigger guys sitting on the smaller ones, "to keep them warm, of course."

Heavy rains flooded Camp Horseshoe's driveway preceding one visit, and the freezing temperatures turned the road into a series of giant ice blocks. Vehicle traffic was impossible, and all equipment was hand carried two miles into Browning.

The most talked-about Camp Horseshoe car ride took place in 1937, while the senior Troop returned from its annual summer hike to Laurel Lake. Jim Howson wrote:

The hike was over and everybody was sitting back, I am sure, with the feeling that all possible excitement was over. However, we decided to stop on our way home at the new Scout Camp, Camp Horseshoe, and see the boys there.

Our route took us over some mighty hilly country, and the roads went up and down in rolling fashion. Every hill made its toll on our poor third-hand truck and its brakes, though at the time we were not conscious of it. Finally we reached the crest of a long winding hill and started nonchalantly down. Dick and I were up front, the other twelve in the back, singing away for dear life. As we went down the hill the truck commenced to gather momentum, and gradually got faster and faster.

Dick, who was driving at the time, applied the brakes but nothing happened. We continued merrily on our way, faster and faster. Dick then tried the hand brake, with the same result. Then desperately he pushed in the reverse pedal, and it went to the floor without causing a flutter. With his foot on all three pedals, and his hand pulling on the lever, he turned to me and yelled: "She won't stop, Jim."

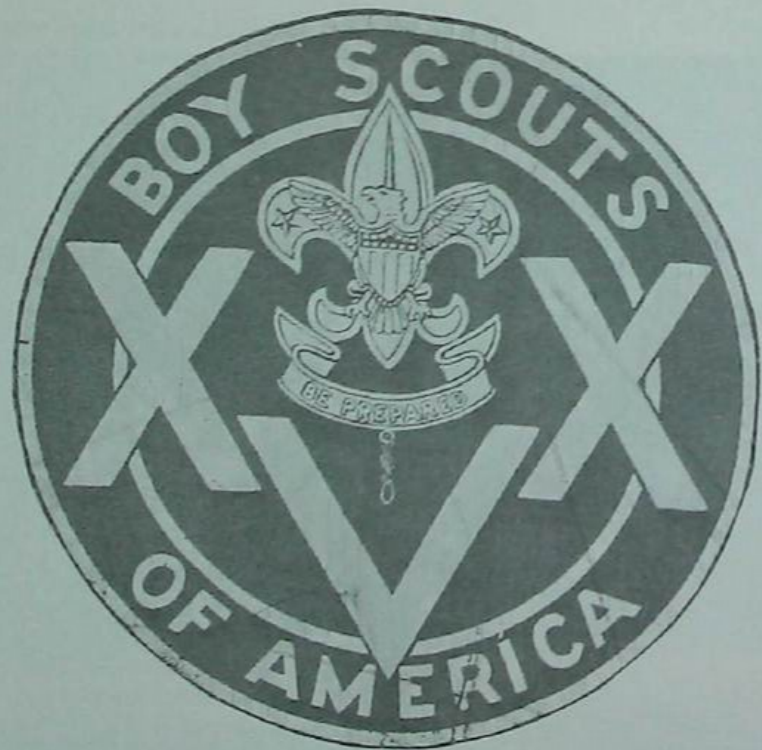
By that time I knew, and I was just hanging on and hoping. The kids in the back, noticing the faster speed, knew something was wrong. And there we were, heading down the hill with twelve boys on our hands, nothing to stop the car, and we knew what was waiting for us at the bottom. I tell you I was scared a-plenty.

And what made it all the worse was that we could finally see the bottom, and there before us was a sharp curve, and we wondered how we could ever make it and stay on four wheels. But we had a guardian angel that day. For just before the curve there was a slight raise in the road, and that little hump was just enough to stop us.

Exhausted, we climbed from the old blunderbus bus and examined its smoking brake-lines and steaming engine.



"Eagle" and "Scouters" Grove, Scene from the Chapel, Horseshoe Reservation, Chester County Council B.S.A.



Troop Awards Table - 25th Birthday



Chow Time - 1939

Everybody was allowed to buy some candy to help relieve the situation and pressure. The greatest excitement of the entire trip had been saved until the final day.

I would not want to do it over again, but it is swell to recall it and talk about it. To this day, that ride is talked of as none other, save that of Paul Revere. Every so often I meet one of the gang who was on the trip with us, and invariably our conversation includes that ride.

Radnor High School social studies teacher, varsity football coach, and Paoli 1 Scoutmaster Jules Prevost was a man of "mesomorphic build" who was "always a great talker." Although unable to devote as many hours as his predecessor, Clifton Lisle, "Pre" was popular with Troop members nonetheless. Were he able to spend more time with the boys, it is possible that the lop-sided 1933 football loss to Devon 50 could have been prevented. In their yearbook respected rival Devon 50 gushed, "We trounced Paoli 1, with a final score of 72-0. What a powerhouse."

Horseshoe football and other athletic contests were often noisy affairs as each participant played by his own interpretation of the rules. Dick Shepherd, for example, was remembered in brother Bob Shepherd's minutes for his "roughness and illegal tactics." A half-century later, in 1987, Dick claimed, with a knowing wink and chuckle, that "There wasn't anything illegal about my tactics, I was just playing to win."

Paoli 1 also participated in inter-Troop soccer leagues. One such match against the Strafford Troop took place in October, 1934. The line up featured Dick Holland at left wing, Ned Trout at left under, Dick Shepherd at center forward, Syd LeSueur at right inner, Jim Abrams at left inner, Bob Stilwell at left half, Bill Crane at center half, Roy Hinkle at right half, Huey Diamond at left full, Dick Emerson at right full, and Senior Patrol Leader Jim Moore at goalie. Paoli 1 scored the only goal that day by pushing the Strafford goalie out of the play. "We might be scouts," the minutes concluded, "but we're not saints."

The Troop's right half from that year, Roy Hinkle, wrote a letter to the Troop in 1986 in which he recalled the fun when five or six managed to capture Scoutmaster Prevost. Known professionally as Roy Neal, this Paoli 1 scout is the NBC television network's leading expert on aerospace coverage.

Roy has been present at every one of America's major space flights, including the Mercury, Gemini, Apollo, and Space Shuttle flights, as well as Lunar Orbiter and Surveyor flights to the moon, and Voyager's recent exploration of Jupiter and Saturn. This is an excerpt from his letter:

I've covered the space beat ever since the United States made its early moves into that new frontier, back in the 1950s, so it's only natural that I look forward to the turn of the century, which is now only a few years away. I hope there will be a place for future Paoli 1 scouts, in the 21st Century, to do their scouting on the moon and Mars.



Gassaway conducting meeting



Flag Raising at the old Cabin



The Father-Son Banquet - 1945

Can't you see them pitching tents on those strange soils and beginning a real round of exploration? Especially on the moon, where the low gravity should allow the greatest athletic competition in the mind of man, with high jumps clear over the nearest mountain.

Roy concluded by stating that part of his interest in reporting first began when he was fulfilling requirements for his Electricity merit badge.

While in Europe in 1929 the Troop had come in contact with the Rovers, and in December, 1934, Ned Curtis, Jim Howson, and Clifton Lisle formally organized the Horace A. Walton Rover crew. The Rovers were aged eighteen to eighty, and their motto and working philosophy was "Service". These scouts were community oriented," recalled Ned Curtis, and "at a time when the Depression threatened to adversely affect the activities of the Chester County Council, we played an instrumental role in aiding their program, including managing the '34 Camporee." Original Paoli 1 Rovers included Jack Abbs, Roger Hollingsworth, Sam Hollingsworth, Bill Houston, George Howson, Bob Hunt, John Johnston, Burnhap Post, Dave Post, Harry Rolin, and Henry Soleliac. District Two Financial Committee Chairman and 1932 Paoli Eagle Scout Art McGinnes was a Horace A. Walton Rover member, as well.



The Rover Group - 1934

In February, 1935, "the strong willed, reserved, and full of vinegar" John Johnston took over as Scoutmaster for Jules Prevost, and he promptly reorganized the Colour Patrol, reinstalled the Pine Tree system of trek carts, and made plans for the upcoming 1935 summer hike. The Troop marched to Valley Forge Park's Memorial Arch at the conclusion of Scoutmaster Johnston's first business meeting. Bud Aman, Dick "Weiner" Crane, Alexander Glass, and Herman Packard absorbed the brunt of the snowball fight punishment. Afterwards, Syd LeSueur challenged Bob Forster to a duel. Each was instructed to walk seven paces, turn, and fire. The result was scored a draw as neither scored a hit.

The next day Jim Abrams, Iredell Eachus, Dick Holland, Syd LeSueur, Bill Plummer, and Bob Shepherd took on Devon 50 in hockey. Paoli 1 vindicated Troop honor, winning six to four, with Abrams, Holland, and Plummer each scoring two goals apiece.

In the spring of 1935 the Chester County Council commemorated twenty-five years of Scouting in the United States with a gathering at the Phillips Memorial Building. Associate Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts' presentation of the Silver Beaver Award to Clifton Lisle and Devon 50's Edward H. "The General" Richardson highlighted the event.

An article from *The Suburban* and *Wayne Times* reported: One of the greatest rallies of the Boy Scouts ever to be staged by the Chester Council marked the annual council meeting and rally, which attracted 731 scouts. In addition to the scouts there were a large number of parents and friends filling the auditorium to its capacity of 1,800.

It was an evening of pageantry, of impressive dignity, and of reward for faithful service executed in the service of boys. Judge Butler Windle, Chairman of the County Court of honor, presented the Eagle award to an even dozen scouts from various parts of the county. Two local boys, James Pollin and Sydney LeSueur, were among those who received the award.



25th Birthday at the Walton Estate.
L to R: Col. Harrison Smith, 316th Infantry,
SM John Johnston and Troop Committee
member former SM Clifton Lisle

In 1936, Franklin D. Roosevelt was beginning his second term as President, having carried all but two states the previous November, King Edward VIII abdicated the British throne for Baltimore's Wallis Simpson, and Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With The Wind* was the runaway bestseller. In the movies, Technicolor had arrived, as had Walt Disney, who was honored for the fifth consecutive year in the animated cartoon category, this time for *Country Cousin*. Basketball was included in the roster of Olympic games and the National League won its first All-Star Game, 4-3, due to strong pitching by Dizzy Dean and timely hitting by Joe Medwick, whose fifth inning RBI single proved to be the decisive run.

On June 6, 1936, Paoli 1 celebrated its twenty-fifth Birthday at the Walton Estate (now Eastern College), enjoying their best weather for this occasion since 1932. Silver bar patches from the Chester County Council were distributed to the scouts to commemorate the anniversary. Gazing out over the assembled scouts, Mr. Horace Walton turned to a companion and with visible pride, remarked, "A quarter of a century ago I founded this Troop."

Following the Full-field demonstration, Mr. Robert Headly presented the Troop Committee Award to Bob Forster and Colonel Harrison Smith presented the Drill Trophy to Bob Shepherd's Wolf Patrol, which also won the Interpatrol Cup, presented by Clifton Lisle. Dick "Chub" Colgan, Jim "Goose" Gassaway, Phil "Slip" Livingston, and Ned Trout won Patrol Leader medals and Joe Aronson, Alexander Glass, and Dick Holland were inducted as the Troop's newest Eagle Scouts.

Eyes misted and throats thickened with Scoutmaster John Johnston's posthumous presentation of the Efficiency Cup to the late Sydney LeSueur. Syd had died in a tragic automobile accident two weeks earlier, and he was buried in full summer dress uniform with Eagle badge. His "marvelous disposition and kindness towards the little guys" was keenly remembered fifty years later by Sandy Gassaway. Dr. and Mrs. LeSueur donated a first-aid award in memory of their son who had expressed an interest in medicine. The Sydney LeSueur Trophy is presented annually to the scout earning the highest score on a written examination. Russell Hatton has won this prestigious award three times, while Bob Hale, Jim Ruos, and Mark Sulkowski have won it twice.

The Troop Committee attempted to alleviate the melancholy with dishes of Potts's vanilla ice cream, trays of chocolate layer cake, and root beer, compliments of Joe Aronson.

John Johnston relinquished Scoutmaster responsibilities at the 1936 Birthday's conclusion, but the collective dismay evaporated quickly when it was learned that Jim Howson would take over. Like his predecessor, Jim was a veteran Paoli 1 scout who had distinguished himself in advancement, competition, outdoor adventure, and Troop spirit. Athletic, outgoing, and a superb raconteur, "Red Hots" was a scout's perfect role model.

Admiral Jim Wilson remembered his Scoutmaster with these thoughts:

Among a scout's closest friends was his Scoutmaster, Jim Howson. He had a style that young people wanted to emulate, and his leadership was not based on authority, but on a communion of a senior to a junior in years.



Scoutmaster John Johnston - 1936



Senior Patrol Leader Alexander (Sandy)
Gassaway

I see the same qualities in Dick Bensing; that being the willingness to step back and let the scouts lead, and in doing so, allow them to mature, which, after all, is one of the underlying purposes of scouting. That sense of effective leadership is what I learned from this Troop and my Scoutmaster, Jim Howson.

At the Troop's seventy-fourth Birthday, in 1985, the Memorial Cabin's Canoe Barn was dedicated in honor of James D. Howson in appreciation for his long-standing interest in Paoli 1.

The war game. Do any three words evoke more passionate memories for Paoli 1 scouts? Jim Pantano noted that war games in the early sixties were euphemistically called "snipe hunts", but that "our innocent bird chasing capers frequently escalated into full scale battles against the big dudes." Rick Legrand claimed that he still visits a chiropractor after one jarring collision with Jack Embick wrenched his back.

With Clifton Lisle, whose motto was "The rougher the better," early war games were elaborate affairs, with the Troop separating into "Reds" with Bill Colket and "Blues" with Tom Bishop. The object was for the aggressors to penetrate the defensive lines protecting a pitched camp. An account of the fever pitch which characterized those battles can be gained from a minutes of the meeting:

These were hand-to-hand, fist-to-fist, and knee-to-knee struggles. You would never know that the scouts were friends. It was difficult to determine a victor because shirts, pants, and shoes were ruined.

War games in the late thirties with Scoutmaster's Jim Howson and Harry Rolin often began as dead-of-winter hikes to Diamond Rock Quarry, at the intersection of Route 252 and Swedesford Road, or "The Pot", near the homes of George Parfitt, Horace Pryor, and Mahlon Rossiter.

The fun began after a hot lunch, and it was then that recruits learned life with Paoli 1 was a contact sport. Bill Patterson, in a vivid reenactment of the Battle of the Alamo, received a bloody nose one bleak Saturday from a head-on collision with Jim Gassaway. Jim, the Senior Patrol Leader at the time, lost his sweater during the melee while blood dripped down onto the face of Jim Wilson.

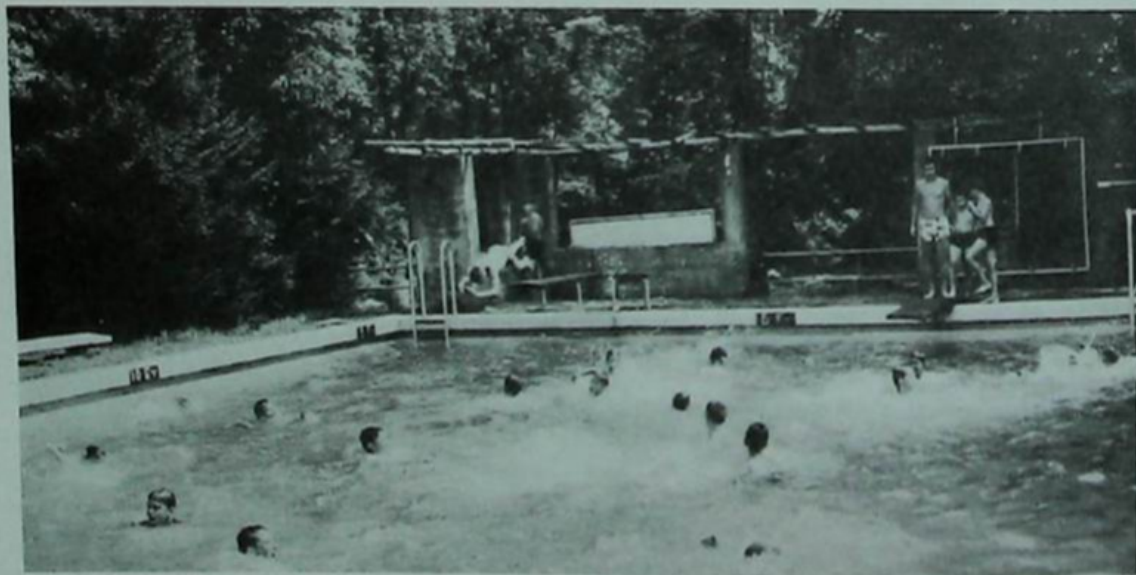
Rough as they were, Scoutmaster Jim Howson claimed war games had a positive impact on Troop spirit. Some years ago he wrote this assessment:

In Paoli 1 scouting, tradition and accomplishment play a very major part in creating and continuing high Troop spirit. The desire to be as good as an organization that formerly existed is an uplift for morale that cannot be overlooked. Often times, it is the case of a younger brother coming along some three or four years after the older one has been in the Troop, and he wants to do just what the latter did.

If Bob has talked of glorious war games held at Pot Hollow when the Lions tied the Wolves in all sorts of knots and they had a rough-and-tumble battle royal under the old



New Leaders: L to R: F. Doyle, Jack Shea and
Jim Wilson



Camp Horseshoe pool, circa 1935



More Boxing - Jim Wilson and Peanut Steiert - 1939



Scoutmaster Harry Rolin



Jim Wilson - Boxing Referee



Horseshoe Reservation, Explorer Base, Chester County Council B.S.A.



Nature calls

apple tree by a dilapidated farm house, the Troop won't be the same unless Lee can tear into the Wolves under similar conditions, and then plod wearily but triumphantly home to tell Dad and Mom how his patrol verily walloped the hapless Wolves. "Yes Sir," calls out Lee, "It's the same old Troop and we're as good as Bob's gang was."

War games also erupted at the cabin, especially when Tenderfoots were ordered to launch daring attacks on the loft. Young Jack Hill led one such assault, and as he was about to overtake the defenders, he accidentally slipped off the ladder and chipped his front teeth. His father, Colonel Hill, raced over from the Valley Forge Military Academy when he heard the news. With closed-set eyes directed straight at the loft, the tight-jawed father emphatically nailed the ladder against the cross beam. "This ladder will never move again," he said, while executing a crisp about-face. The Colonel's boiling anger left the young renegades suitably mesmerized.

Patrol rivalries were occasional sources of minor cabin damage, as well. One rainy Friday night Bob Potts's Lion Patrol of Harlow Loomis, George Parfitt, Horace Pryor, and Jack Shea burned all the Eagle's firewood. The perpetrators forgot to swing the lunch kettle crane out of the fireplace, however, and the cast-iron arm quickly melted in the blaze. This oversight enabled the Eagles to identify their culprits, and Alexander "Sandy" Gassaway, George Rittenhouse, Mahlon Rossiter, Jim Raab, Robson Greer, and Bill Melton let out a collective cheer when they lit the Lion Patrol's wood collection at a later sleep-out. "This time," noted Patrol Leader Sandy Gassaway, "we moved the crane out of the fireplace before starting the inferno."

The Troop, an outdoor-oriented enterprise by tradition and temperament, frequently journeyed to its planned activities by foot. Niles Beeson recalled one such hike in the mid-forties which passed by the Lenape Amusement Park, near Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. Permission was received to camp, and the boys were favorably surprised when the park owner opened the rides just for Paoli 1. The future Troop Committee Chairman said that this was "a fantasy come true."

Trips in the late thirties to Pierre duPont's Longwood Gardens for Chester County Council campouts were made by foot as well, and older scouts took advantage of their seniority by riding atop the trek carts like masters of the chariot. Frank McCown, who was identified by a half-dozen of his peers as "the sloppiest dresser in the Colour Patrol," recalled that Dick "Weiner" Crane was very intimidating with his willow bull whip. Ramsay Buchanan's favorite trek cart incident occurred while heading to Malvern for a first aid meet. He remembered that episode this way:

Don Horsey and I were on the tongue as we went out Route 30 in Paoli past where there is now a Wendy's restaurant. As we started down, it became apparent to us the cart was pushing us, and we were unable to reduce the inertia.

We had hob-nailed boots on, and we soon found ourselves "skiing" down the hill with sparks flying from under our boots. We hung on the tongue for dear life, and managed to negotiate the turn towards Malvern to gain control.



The Gassaway Team



Front Row: L to R: Jim "Goose" Gassaway, Sandy Gassaway, Pat Adams, Jim Rittenhouse, (unknown), Bill Hicks, (unknown), (unknown), (unknown), L. Roger, Harlow Loomis, Frank McCown, Don McCown, Jeep McAdams, Jim Wilson and Harry Rolin (SM)
Back Row: L to R: (unknown), (unknown), John Carpenter, (unknown), Ralph Stacy, Dave Hunt, Bill Rogers, (unknown), J. Hill, (unknown), George Parfitt, Bill Patterson and Mahlon Rossiter



Canoe Camp, Adirondaks, 1939



The Kitchen Crew (Lion Patrol Bill Stieret and Jack Shea)



Colour Patrol 1940
L to R: Charlie Onderdonk, Allan Loomis, Lippy Forster



Summer Trips Patch

Fall hikes to William J. Clothier's farm enabled the Troop to participate in the Pickering Hunt Meets. One Saturday Art Ferry, Bill Grieb, and Bob Porter watched a con artist move three walnut shells, one of which covered a pea. The trio, because they were so short, were able to detect the ruse, but Mr. Grieb was fooled by the slight of hand three times. Art said that the con artist was not happy to discover that he could fool an adult, "but not three little ankle-biters."

At another Pickering Hunt Meet, Bill "Peanuts" Stieret received a five-dollar tip from a lady who bought a program from him because she thought he was "a nice boy."

The strenuous return hike to the North Wayne Avenue cabin began after a feast of baked beans and hot dogs. The route was always a "bee-line"; fences were vaulted "on the run" and streams were waded without regard to current or depth. The ultimate test was the final struggle up Stafford Hill.

Ramsay Buchanan recalled the last few miles of the 1937 race:

It began to grow dark. As we crossed the John Yohn Farm, now part of Chesterbrook, we came upon a stream. Unfortunately, we walked through it rather than find a bridge. As a result, we all came out with water-filled high leather work boots.

From then on, the hiking was miserable, and the moaning and complaining really started. Stu Patton, Bill Stieret, and my brother, Andy, got tough with the cry babies—carrying them when necessary. We came up Old Eagle School Road and arrived back at the cabin about ten, exhausted.

David "Tinker" Aronson, George Aman, Paul "Boots" Clark, and Sandy Gassaway ran this approximate route in 1945 in an hour and two minutes; "A record, we believe," averred Sandy Gassaway.

Other Paoli 1 outdoor activities during the mid-and late thirties included annual five dollar prize treasure hunts. Bob Shepherd's minutes recalled some of the excitement of the 1937 competition:

The Colgan-Stieret-McAdams team was well on its way to the new Valley Forge Military Academy and then on to the grounds of the Mount Pleasant School. Only a few seconds passed before Bill Stieret found the clue. The clue was a limerick, and after a little thinking, the boys found that the treasure was hidden at the cabin and would be found near the fire grate.

Stieret obtained a lead of more than a hundred yards, and kept it until he reached the cabin. He found the treasure in a few minutes and was just in time, as Crane was only twenty yards behind, running for all he was worth. Stragglers saw Stieret, Colgan, and McAdams split the five dollars. All who finished and those who nearly finished were quite tired after a run that was not less than fifteen miles.

Two years later, in the spring of 1939, Harlow Loomis and Jim Wilson won the treasure hunt race which covered a distance of twenty-two miles.

In June, 1939, Scoutmaster Jim Howson led Dick Crane, Lee "Lippy" Forster, David Haughton, Harlow Loomis, George Parfitt, Bill Patterson, Bob Potts, Horace Pryor, Jim Raab, George "Hammer" Rittenhouse, Mahlon Rossiter, Jack "Bullpuss" Shea, Bill Stieret, and Jim Wilson on a six-day hike to Shawnee-on-the-Delaware, near the Water Gap.



Preparing for an Adirondak canoe trip, 1939



Summer Trip - 1941



SM Rolin (center) with Jim and Sandy Gassaway



The Troop, 1944



Scoutmaster Harry Rolin



William Patterson



SM Rolin and Chief Lou Lester, Chester County Council

Dick Crane and Bill Stieret drove the truck on this trip, which proved to be quite a task as it fell apart "at every inopportune moment." While Crane and Stieret were kept occupied by the truck—"the laugh of the journey"—sweet-toothed Mahlon Rossiter and Jack Shea searched for candy. One day they happened upon a "fossilized old lady" sitting on the porch of an "equally aged" country store. Mahlon noted: "She was searching for trouble, and in Paoli 1 she found it. We kept staring her down, but after a heated discussion she chased us off."

The Troop accepted a challenge from a Phoenixville Troop to a game of football that fall. Sandy Gassaway recalled the sorry outcome:

Unfortunately for us, Don "Iron Man Mook" McCown, Frank "Redney" McCown, Jim Wilson, and Jack Shea, all staunch linemen on the Radnor High School football team, were not with us owing to a game at home, so we took an awful shellacking, but put up a game fight to the end.

A month later, in November, 1939, scouts camped at a farm in back of Ithan looked up from the glowing embers of their fire to see the silhouette of Harry Rolin, who was to replace Jim Howson as Troop Scoutmaster. The new Paoli 1 leader immediately impressed the youthful onlookers with his "physical vitality and strength of character." (This vitality was evident some forty years later when Harry Rolin, at the invitation of Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann, displayed remarkable spunk and proficiency while joining the Troop for an afternoon of canoeing on the Schuylkill rapids.) John Carpenter said that "Mr. Rolin always cut a dashing profile with his Oxford shirts, regimental bow ties, and tasteful green sport coat." Many of the Scoutmaster's boys still possess the red plumb-axe he gave each member.

The self-effacing Harry Rolin recalled that he had three "responsible, intelligent, and dedicated Senior Patrol Leaders in Jim Gassaway, Sandy Gassaway, and Bill Patterson." He later wrote:

At our meetings, their enthusiasm and creative ideas sparked many interesting programs. Our success can be attributed to their leadership. Hal Bemis served as our Troop Committee Chairman, and his wise counsel and cooperation were very supportive. It is no wonder his ability won him the Legion of Merit on Eisenhower's staff in World War II.

The following summer, in 1940, the Troop embarked on an end-to-end hike of the Horseshoe Trail, from Valley Forge to Manada Gap. Scoutmaster Harry Rolin led Dick Crane, Sandy Gassaway, Frank "Spot" Kelton, Harlow Loomis, Bill Patterson, Horace Pryor, George Rittenhouse, Mahlon Rossiter, and Jim Raab. Watercolor signs directed the weary to camp at day's end. This trip featured a thirsty Harlow Loomis drinking water from a tire end. This trip did not like that idea one bit! wild towel fights, and Horace rut ("Harry did not like that idea one bit"), wild towel fights, and Horace Pryor's splitting his head while diving into a shallow frog pond. Frank Kelton, who had just completed a year of medical school and was Horseshoe's camp doctor, administered aid, which included sixteen stitches. The hikers marched in full dress uniform in a calculated effort to enlist the patriotic sympathies of local property owners. "This gesture," said Sandy Gassaway, "invariably helped us gain permission to use their fields to pitch camp."

Bill Patterson recounted the last day of the hike:
I can still see the beautiful campsite at the one-hundred and second mile on the banks of the Swatara Creek and the taste of our sweet booty, gained from our side trip to



L to R: Pat Adams, R. Stack, W. Hicks, Paul Clark Jr., 1945



Chow line, circa 1942



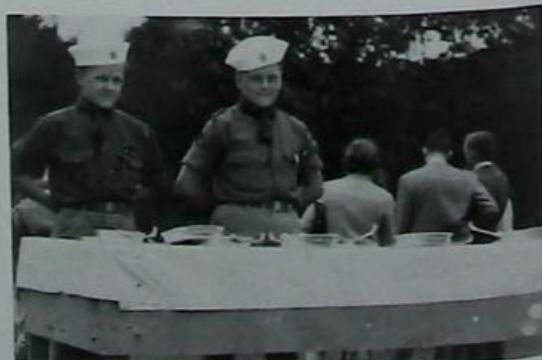
Enroute to Longwood Gardens Camporee - 1940



Campout, circa 1939



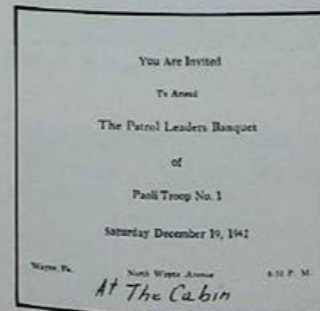
Troop at St. Martins Church
Clifton Lisle, Richard Warren and SM Harry Rolin at left



H. Loomis and J. Hill



Harlow Loomis - 1941



Patrol Leaders' Banquet Invitation



1941, The Pot
L to R: J. Wilson, F. McCown, D. Hunt, S. Gassaway, H. Rolin

the Hershey Chocolate Factory, where excessive quantities of samples were consumed by hungry scouts and Scoutmaster.

Scoutmaster Harry Rolin was admired for his devotion to his Paoli 1 scouts, and Bill Patterson remembered that concern some years later when he wrote:

As we look over the old photo albums we see the faces of our scouts who distinguished themselves, some with their lives in the Second World War. You should feel justly proud, Harry, for the training and inspiration you gave us.

When the United States entered the Second World War in December, 1941, Clifton Lisle and Paul Clark readied the Troop by forming a rescue patrol to test first aid skills. One practice at the American Legion House required lowering the "victim" from the second floor window via a stretcher and guy rope. Paul Clark's station wagon served as a make-shift ambulance. The local volunteer fire department instituted intensive fire-fighting training as well, complete with "nerve-wracking" high ladder climbs at the Wayne Presbyterian Church.

Community service efforts extended to paper collection and metal salvage. Patrol Leader John Carpenter said that the easiest way to find scrap metal was to "borrow" the heavy black wrought iron fences which surrounded neighboring estates. "My job was a breeze until the Scoutmaster caught on to our act," he exclaimed. A one-sided lecture followed, and the guilty party later reported, "I can still remember every syllable and exclamation point that Mr. Rolin uttered."

For the thirty-second Birthday, in 1944, a Troop Committee letter stated that over fifty Paoli 1 members were active in the armed forces, and that almost seventy-five percent were commissioned officers. The letter concluded: "This is an achievement the Troop, the community, and the national Scouting movement can be justly proud of."

The Troop earned an Eisenhower medal for its salvage and war bond efforts, and a more enthusiastic group could not be found. The reason was simple, the close-knit group lost nine scouts to the war: Elwin Blackstone, David Comly, G. Lee J. Forster, David Houghton, Richard Holland, George R. Howell III, Robert Love, Edgar D. Morris, Jr., and Howard Potts.

The wagon wheel in the Memorial Cabin with its nine lights and the bronze tablet at the foot of the flagpole are lasting monuments to these sorely missed sons, brothers, and friends.

For Paoli 1, the years between 1929 and 1945 had been bittersweet; the 1929 European trip, the Council's new Camp Horseshoe, Col. Clifton Lisle's 1936 Silver Beaver Award, and success in inter-troop competition had been marred by the Depression, World War II, and the loss of its founder and ten of its scouts.

If there was any consolation to be found, it was in the return of the scouts active during the Troop's founding years. Now adults, these men inculcated the newer generations to the lore of Paoli 1. Because of their leadership, the scouts of this era continue to be among the Troop's staunchest and most generous alumni. American journalist Walter Lippmann spoke of men who plant trees that others will sit under. In their own uniquely individual ways, those Scoutmasters, Troop Committee members, Court of Honor judges, and unofficial advisors were such men.



World War II Collection Drive earning the Eisenhower Medal



BE PREPARED
L to R: Boots Clark, McIlwaine, Jack Hill and Sandy Cassaway



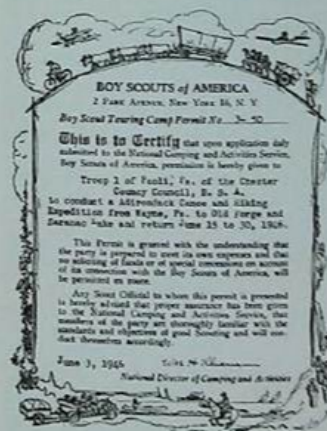
Pete Clark, Jack Holtzapple, Diehl Mateer, George Aman, Rick Krick, Sandy Cassaway - 1945



72 Paoli Scouts served their country, 1944. L to R: William Hicks, Ralph Stacy, Paul Clark Jr., Pat Adams, David Hunt

Chapter III

Building Years 1946 to 1964



The years following World War II were ones of great rejuvenation for Paoli 1, and in 1946 the boys faced the future with tremendous enthusiasm. It was an experienced, mature Troop, with nine active Eagle scouts. In addition to Scoutmaster Bill Patterson, this group included Senior Patrol Leader George Aman, Dave "Tinker" Aronson, Paul "Boots" Clark Jr., Dick Henderson, Herbert "Hobie" Henderson, Don Lamont, Bill "Mac" McLear, and Ted Kennedy.

Plans were made for what would become the Troop's first wilderness canoe trip through the Adirondacks; requirements included Life rank, appropriate Troop loyalty, and typhoid immunizations. Fifteen scouts qualified, and Bill Patterson later noted that trips like the 1946 voyage "were effective carrots in front of the nose for boosting Troop morale and encouraging individual advancement."

George Aman coordinated expedition logistics. Paul Clark, Jr., was in charge of canoes, with Jack Clutz his assistant. Food and provisions were managed by Dick Henderson and Stuart Horton. Fish warden Niles Beeson made sure New York State fishing laws were obeyed, while Bill McLear and Bob Ives handled first aid. Hobie Henderson kept the trip log, Don Lamont cared for the bugles, and Ted Kennedy safeguarded cash and traveller checks in a waterproof money belt. Dave Aronson charted the route, Jack Holtzapple delivered the mail, Peter Schultz served as fire warden, and Jeff Aronson handled a multitude of details.

Dick Krick and the Troop Committee transported canoeists to-and-from the Old Forge and Saranac Lake trailheads. Scoutmaster Patterson remembered a few of the highlights:

I put the boys through an intensified course in rugged but safe canoeing on the Perkiomen and other nearby rivers as soon as the water warmed in the spring. The training paid off as there was not even a single tip-over. Who could ever forget the magnificent sunset from Toms Rock Lean-To on Eagle Island!

This one hundred and twenty mile excursion, which George Aman recalled was made at the height of black fly season, lasted two weeks and included eleven portages. Fires were started by flint-and-steel and bread was baked in reflector ovens. One day-trip was a visit with Scoutmaster Bill Patterson's friend, Noah John Rondeau, a hermit who lived high on the side of Mt. Couchsachraga. A skilled woodsman, he shared many experiences with the somewhat-awed scouts.

At home, the Troop continued sponsoring the Valley Forge Hunter Trials as a means of funding events like the '46 Adirondack canoe trip. These Trials were held at the farm of Mrs. James R. Tindle, adjacent to Valley Forge National Park. Today the property is known as Maxwell's Headquarters.

The Hunter Trials were elaborate affairs, involving both scouts and parents. Mothers sold baked goods while fathers posted directional signs throughout Chester County. Keith Douglass remembered his mother, Ginny Douglass, sitting at the registration table while his father, Doug Douglass, walked around, "looking official."

Recruits were stationed on the various outlying jumps to replace rails. Far from the food and warmth, they believed they were being sent into "a distant land." The astronomy-minded took advantage of clear skies to observe the various constellations after setting camp and cooking dinner.



1947 Troop
Front Row-SM Bill Patterson. Second Row L to R-Bob Ives, John Colgan, Herb Henderson, Hoby Henderson and George Aman 3rd.



First Aid Meet, 1946



1946 Adirondack Trip. Start point Old Forge, New York



Mark Smythe, Valley Forge Farm Hunter Trials



Concession Booth at Trials. Uncle Paul Clark (right) and two Scout Fathers.

There was always time for the war game, as well. The Staff defended the ring while the patrols attacked with horse manure. Stuart Smythe, a scout active in the late fifties and early sixties, stated that the choicest ammunition for the battles "was that which was still steaming." Stuart also took great delight in seeing Doug Hoffmann's bald head covered with yellow stains.

Many scouts first met Paul Clark at these annual Trials. Clark had begun his scouting association with Wayne Troop 1, and later became affiliated with Paoli 1 when his sons were of Tenderfoot age. Doug Hoffmann recalled his first introduction to the long-time Troop Committee Chairman:

It was an early April Sunday morning in the late 1940's, just before the Troop was to conduct its annual Valley Forge Farm Hunter Trials. I awoke to discover "Uncle Paul" single-handedly cooking breakfast for the entire Troop, after making sure all were up at six. I still savor the delicious aroma of the bacon on the grill that morning.

Doug also noted that cold wet rags delivered in the face of those reluctant to get up quickly turned them out.

Hunter Trial profits paid 1947 Adirondack fuel and food expenses, and the Troop was housed as guests of Hutmaster Bill Patterson. This group included Niles Beeson, John Carpenter, Pete Clark, Stu Horton, Bob Ives, and Rusty Teague. Scoutmaster Dick Krick led the group, and they conquered Marcy, Big Slide, and the Haystacks.

There was one mishap, however, when John Carpenter spilled bacon grease on his ankle which resulted in second degree burns. The injury required evacuation. Bill Patterson remembered how John was moved:

"I'll be damned if I was going to carry John all the way down the Trail," I said to myself. He was just too big and strong for us. I had just carried a dead, two hundred pound Ranger down the Trail the prior week, and that was a hell of a trip. Instead, we rented an old mule for five dollars. The mule carried the brave warrior, and John was a mighty good sport, despite the rocky ride.

A few years later Howard Borzell, Pete Clark, Doug Hoffmann, Jim Mollenauer, Tony Morris, Allan Myers, and Jim "Waldo" Myers returned to the Adirondack's Johns Brook Lodge for more climbing. On this particular trip Howard Borzell, Doug Hoffmann, Allan Myers, and Jim Myers climbed the ten major peaks around the 5,344-foot Mount Marcy in one day, with Howard Borzell running the "loop" in less than seven hours. (Jim Myers can still visualize in his mind "Howie" running up the mountains in track shoes.) Howard attributed the motivation for completing the loop in record time to a desire to become part of Paoli 1 history. "You hear stories of guys whose faces you've never seen," he said in 1986, "and yet their accomplishments are legendary. I wanted to be part of that tradition."

Back home, Friday night sleepouts continued to be a valuable source of points towards winning the Interpatrol Contest. Bruce Hoffmann, who later noted that the fight to earn points "was the engine that drove the Troop," remembered waking at daylight's first olive moment to deliver sixty issues of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* (brother Doug Hoffmann and friends Bob Pulver and Don Pulver also had routes for Bob Davidson). "Since we rarely got much sleep the night before," said Bruce, "we were exhausted by the time the Saturday meeting began."



Valley Forge Hunter Trials 1960
L to R: Scouts Bill Chaplin, Doug Felske and John Smaltz



Valley Forge National Jamboree - 1950. British King Scouts



1950 Paoli 1 Troop - Scoutmaster Jim Rice at left



Scoutmaster Jim Rice and 1950 ADK crew
Front row, L to R: Randy McCausland, Tony Morris, Howard Borzell, Jim Meyers, Jim Mollenhaure, Dick Hennessey, Pete Clark
Back row, L to R: Dick Klutz, Jim Rice, Dick Frick Jr., R. Horton, Alan Meyers, Doug Hoffmann, Don Pulver.



British Scouts visit Troop for 39th Birthday



1942 Colour Guard, Frank McCown with American flag

Many of these sleepouts were held near Scoutmaster Jim Rice's home, then located behind Martins Dam Swim Club. "Forty-mile view" provided stunning vistas, especially with fall's changing foliage, while winter outings were enlivened by skinny dipping in the pond. A patrol earned one-hundred points if all members made it through the night.

Bill Patterson, Fred Martingdale, and Jim Wilson faced one night there in the mid-thirties which was so cold that they had to share a sleeping bag. Jim Myers claimed a later sleepout was so cold that the egg yokes bounced off the frying pan "like rubber balls."

Former newspaper delivery boy Bruce Hoffmann also recalled that the only thing dreaded more than climbing out of warm sleeping bags was attending the Court of Honor, now known as the Board of Review. Bruce noted that advancement material had to be fully understood to the scout, and that he was expected to communicate his understanding "in precise and unequivocal fashion." A uniform less than impeccable was sufficient reason for being sent home.

These reviews, which took place at the American Legion Hall on Beechtree Lane for many years, are now held at the Memorial Cabin. Such redoubtable men as Hal Bemis, Phil Burnham, Paul Clark, Frank Hoffmann, Phil Hunt, John Johnston, John Minnick, Leland Smaltz, Mark Smythe, and Captain Richard Warren have participated in this process. Some of the less-feared but equally knowledgeable men have included Niles Beeson, Taylor Cole, Bob Curley, Walt DeWolf, Doug Douglass, Frank Felske, Spencer Free, Ted Friel, Harry Garber, Burton Gray, Phil Gray, Chick Hale, Charlie Hatton, Pete Howell, Dick Jordan, Vane Lucas, Frank McCown, Lee Porter, Jeff Simmons, Jonathan Stine, Phil Sugar, Howard Teaf, Chester County Council representative Gordon Urquhart, and Ralph Walker.

This testing process guides the scout in his journey toward Eagle Scout status, the highest rank in Scouting. Attaining that mark is a cherished goal, and a scout is qualified for this rank when he completes twenty-one merit badges, serves as a Life Scout for at least six months, fulfills a community service project, and has demonstrated character and leadership requirements. The final review, the Eagle Board of Review, is always approached with trepidation; the haunting rumor that one Paoli 1 candidate was denied because he forgot to put batteries in his flashlight remains a particularly effective scare tactic.

A boy rightfully deserves much credit when he reaches Eagle Scout rank. For many it is the culmination of the Scouting experience. (Less than one percent of registered scouts attain Eagle rank.) With the Award comes responsibility, one specific obligation being service: Paoli 1 Eagle Scouts are expected to extend help to scouts who are not of Eagle Rank in the same way that others helped him reach his rank. Doug Hoffmann, Scoutmaster from 1959 to 1979, addressed this commitment in letters he wrote to each of his new Eagle scouts. This is an excerpt from one of those letters:

The efforts you have put forth during your years as a Paoli 1 Scout in achieving this honor and award are efforts that you may look upon with great pride and satisfaction throughout your entire life. You have reached a very cherished goal. You can indeed be proud. The skills you have attained and the habits you have formed will be of great benefit to you always.



Jim Myers

What a great nation this would be if the principles of Scouting could be woven more closely into our daily lives. If we can impress upon our youth principles of friendliness and mutual respect, we shall go a long way toward establishing a better understanding among the nations of the world. The Boy Scouts of America is making a vital contribution to the character building of our boys and young men.

President Truman concluded his address by asking, "Let us work together to make the program of the Boy Scouts available to every American boy."

Several years later, in 1957, Gordon Hoffmann and Sandy McGinnes attended a second Valley Forge Park National Jamboree. They camped next to a Troop from "pre-Castro" Cuba, drank large quantities of Pepsi because of the extreme heat, and traded patches for mineral rights with Texas scouts. Vice President Nixon and a "fabulous" fireworks display marked the end of the encampment. Twenty-nine years later, in 1986, Sandy McGinnes compared his 1957 Jamboree with the 1985 Virginia Jamboree in which his son, Matt, a scout with Wellesley, Massachusetts, Troop 182, had attended. The father concluded that the only change was "the addition of a rock and roll band."

After the 1950 Jamboree, Troop alumnus and current Scoutmaster Jim Rice led Howard Borzell, Pete Clark, Dick Clutz, Dick Hennessey, Doug Hoffmann, Dick Horton, Dick Krick Jr., Randy MacCausland, John McGavic, Jim Mollenaar, Tony Morris, Allan Myers, Jim Myers, and Don Pulver on a seventy-five mile Adirondack canoe trip. Scoutmaster Rice was "always a lot of fun," wrote one participant, and he "let us run the show with minimal interference, setting us straight when necessary."

Jim Rice's appreciation for the outdoors manifested itself in the sport of falconry, and he was recognized by *The Saturday Evening Post* as one of the foremost experts in the world. Saturdays at Hawk Mountain found both the Scoutmaster and his eager troop destroying poacher blinds by pushing carefully constructed rock shelters over the cliffs. One scout, comparing it to search-and-destroy missions, said that "We were rarely unsuccessful in our efforts."

On one such trip, an escaped falcon caused a sensation as it flew about the Troop's Dodge van. Excited young passengers hid under seats, but Scoutmaster Rice calmed the bird so that it could be safely returned to its harness.

Some years later, Assistant Scoutmaster Jim Myers commented on the Troop's leadership at the time. He wrote:

Paoli 1 always resisted establishing an Explorer Post. This kept the older boys in the Troop, which, I believe, provided for more experienced leadership. Patrol Leaders and even their assistants almost always had a couple years under their belt. I always felt this was one of our strengths.

In 1951, for example, the three members of the Staff and three of the four Patrol Leaders were Eagle Scouts. Rich Hennessey was the Senior Patrol Leader; Dick Krick, Jr., was Quartermaster, and I was Scribe. Doug Hoffmann, my brother Allan, and Howard Borzell were the Patrol Leaders who had their Eagle. The Troop was an outstanding experience for me and I am glad to see the tradition lives on.

Art Edrop, who preceded Jim Myers by twenty-five years, offered his assessment for the organization's longevity. He wrote that the success of Paoli 1 "was due to the continual rotation of the experienced scouts as leaders of the Troop."



Camp Horseshoe Chow
Seated L to R: J. Myers, Don Pulver and
Bruce Hoffmann. Standing L to R: Doug
Hoffmann and (unknown)



Clifton Lisle and Paul Clark, 1961

In 1953, after twenty-eight years on North Wayne Avenue, Paoli 1 learned that the LeBoutillier family intended to sell their estate. This knowledge prompted the Troop to begin a hasty search for a new home. Thought to moving had been a topic on the Troop Committee agenda for some time; the cabin's interior was dark and smokey—business meetings were frequently conducted by lantern light—while the physical structure was showing its age as well (scouts on the wrong end of benches during heavy rains got steady streams down the nape of their neck). Contaminated drinking water, inadequate parking, lack of electric power, and the growth of the Valley Forge Military Academy compounded the irritations, as did the cabin drive, which was nothing but "mud and ruts."

Troop Committee Chairman Paul Clark learned that there was a plot of land along Radnor Street and Croton Road. It was in Chester County, near Wayne, and wooded. Best of all was the fact that the plot was large; sixteen and two-thirds acres, as it was later learned. The property had been the site of the Weenonah Indian School a century before, and Sitting Bull had visited his niece there after the Battle of Little Big Horn.

Former scouts Jim Rice and Lee Porter explored the prospects of acquiring this tract from owner Emily Exley, who lived on the nearby Revolutionary-period Hughes Grist Mill. A number of meetings between Rice, Porter, and Miss Exley took place at her home, "and after many cups of tea, toast, and jam at each session," wrote Lee Porter, "she agreed to convey the land at below market value, being aware of the Troop's reputation."

The selling price was fifteen-thousand dollars, and Troop Committee Secretary Leland Smaltz prepared an agreement of sale with a binding price of one-hundred dollars cash.

Negotiations concluded, all that was needed was the cash, but since it was a Saturday, Porter and Rice did not have that much in their pockets ("There were no MAC machines in those days," chuckled Lee Porter, in 1986). A local grocery store agreed to cash a check, however, and the deal was concluded within an hour. The property belonged to the negotiators until they conveyed it to the Wayne Title and Trust Company as Trustee the following Monday. The purchase price was raised through the generous contributions of friends and by subscription to non-interest bearing Certificates of Participation. Settlement took place on January 15, 1954. Frank Hoffmann, Horace Pryor, and Mark Smythe played key roles in this financing arrangement.

With a new property, Paul Clark spearheaded the construction activity, which included clearing a cabin site, a parking lot, and a driveway. Parents and scouts alike soon learned to keep an eye on their personal items as Paul Clark was apt to "donate" family handtools to the building campaign. The Troop also benefitted from the intentional contributions of campers. The Troop also benefitted from the intentional contributions of campers. The Troop also benefitted from the intentional contributions of campers. The Troop also benefitted from the intentional contributions of campers.

The parade ground was leveled in the fall of 1956, and the basement stonework completed shortly thereafter. Nina Quinlan, mother of Pete Quinlan, laid more than her share of chinking. She remembered:



Wood Cutting Time
L to R: Jim Rice and Frank Hoffmann

I chinked the end wall log beams which face the driveway. Scaffolding was rigged, and I stood on top of the rickety structure while the "brave" fathers encouraged me on with a never-ending supply of mortar-topped trowels. I was so scared that I didn't open my mouth. (Everyone agreed it was the only time they never heard me say a word.) In my estimation, that end wall is the one which holds up the Cabin.

Meetings were held in the basement through the winter of 1956. A big barrel burned wood for heat. Many "painful" sleepouts took place there, and Rick Massey gained notoriety for sleeping on a ladder propped against a wall to avoid bedding down in the several inches of mud.

A small crane hoisted the roof ridge pole beam in the spring of 1957, much too heavy and high to raise by hand labor. Laying the rafters, tongue-in-groove roofers, tar paper, and asphalt shingles required "thousands of nails and lots of hammering." Craig Curley hated work days until it became apparent that progress was being made, and then "the whole process became great fun, and we all began to love the excitement."

The interior of what would be called the "Memorial Cabin" was built during the next few years, complete with meeting room, kitchen, Scoutmaster Room, and Quartermaster Room. Logs were chinked and a concrete basement floor was laid as time permitted. The Cabin was finished in 1958 and dedicated in 1961, the Troop's fiftieth Birthday, to the nine former Paoli 1 scouts who gave their lives in World War II. The Scoutmaster Room was dedicated to Richard S. Krick, Jr., in 1959.

The Memorial Cabin, while dedicated to them, stands in tribute to Paul Clark, who brought it into being. It is fitting that his picture is displayed along with Clifton Lisle's and Leland Smaltz's above the meeting room's parade field doorway.

Recollections of life at the Cabin then are still vivid today. Sandy "Loon" McGinnes recalls saluting the flags and the Senior Patrol Leader. "It was fun to see how precisely you could hit the brass floor marker," Sandy noted, "although it sounds a little silly thirty years later."

Keith Douglass, who lived within walking distance, remembered the pride that the Cabin engendered among his scouting friends:

It was our clubhouse, a place of importance and significance. It was in that building and surrounding area that we achieved goals, made lasting friendships, had successes and failures, and were recognized as persons of worth.

I can remember my first girlfriend, and instead of asking her to a movie, I took her to a patrol meeting—we didn't get much work done—to see the Cabin and meet the other members of the patrol. That's the way we all felt about our special place.

The new structure served as an occasional dance hall during the early sixties. Pete "Crescent Scar" Mallory, Pat Pantano, and Pete Quinlan were popular instructors, and many scouts first learned steps to *The Twist* under the trio's expert instruction. Stuart Smythe said that it was a strange place to take a date, "but we had fun, nevertheless." Doug Hoffmann and Helen Stephenson were popular chaperones.

Today the Memorial Cabin serves not only as a functional headquarters for Troop activity, but also as a living museum of Paoli 1 history.



Gertrude and Paul Clark



Rock Hall, MD (Brown Dot)
L to R: R. Bensing, Bill Lacock, Paul Clark,
Dan Wright, 1960



Captain Clark

The Leland Smaltz Trophy Room, for example, displays Bill Slugg's Royal Robbins climbing shoe ("worn in the United States' Canada, Alaska, and Europe"), Paddlerama trophies, war bond posters, Clifton Lisle's scouting shirt, a 1924 Camp Rothrock group photograph, and the roster of Eagle Scouts. The meeting room is furnished with merit badge plaques, canoe trip paddles ("GSC IV"), autographed Japanese Scout neckerchiefs, and Doug Hoffmann's First Class map chalkboard display ("Do Not Erase"), as well as Jim Rice's screech owl, red fox, snowshoe rabbit, skunk, and snipe. The enormous elk head, which was donated by a University of Pennsylvania fraternity after a Saturday night of carousing, was later replaced with a moose head.

Closer inspection of the Cabin's interior reveals Dick Bensing's six-foot totem pole (with Craig Curley's removable "bird"), engraved fungus, and "Vampie the Vampire". (A boor's head hung from one log-beamed wall until Doug Hoffmann, Stuart Smythe, and John Stephenson hoisted it to the top of the Radnor High School flag pole.) Munitions expert Jack Fitzgerald's Birthday cannon and trek carts—which hold Dutch ovens, packboards, and orange Olin Mark IV downhill skis—are passed before exiting by way of the basement.

The Memorial Cabin, for most of its thirty years, has been fortunate not to suffer material property damage. In the early seventies, however, there were some occasional incidents which prompted Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann to appoint Mike Hadden, Bruce Hatton, Russell Hatton, and Tom Minnick to patrol duties. One night the sentinels spotted three shadows racing by. The intruders were chased, but they proved too nimble for the slow-footed and fleshy guards. A telephone call was made to the township police, and the responding officers recorded the license plates of a "suspicious-looking" tan colored panel van and a late model car parked on Ivycroft Road. Twenty-four hours later the plates were identified as belonging to one Richard T. "Dick" Bensing and American Mutual, the Scoutmaster's employer. As it turned out, Bensing, Hoffmann, and Curt Naser were testing the guards, but Tom Minnick noted "Doug had a hell of a time explaining the situation to his boss Monday morning."

Paul Clark's engagement with Paoli 1 was an active one; not only was he instrumental in building the Memorial Cabin, but he also delighted in his role as unofficial ringleader as well. A compact, muscular, and barrel-chested man, Clark was a perpetual flow of energy, who exhibited "a sense of motion even in stillness." Youthful days were spent racing horses down West Wayne Avenue, and despite the onset of middle age, his boyish personality never waned.

Dick Bensing characterized "Uncle Paul", as he was affectionately known, with these words:

He possessed great vitality and warmth. I rarely remember him without a smile or a wise crack. He seemed to live in high gear at all times.

Numerous camping trips were held at Paul Clark's "The Brown Dot" during the fifties and early sixties. The cottage, situated on the Chesapeake Bay, near Rock Hall, Maryland, was reached by a narrow lane. Because



1963 Camp Horseshoe



R. Bensing, March 1956



Appalachian Trail Trip 1957
Front L to R: Stu Corry, P. Gurry, R. Bensing, D. Wright, R. Knewstub and W. Army
Back L to R: D. Knewstub, J. Hudson, J. Myers, J. Stine and R. Smythe



Timberline Camp - 1963



Raising the Flag 1963 Horseshoe, Dick Bensing and Crew



Scoutmaster Frank McCown awards SM cup to Dick Bensing - 1958

vehicle traffic kicked up its dirt, savvy drivers knew the preferred strategy was leading the procession or allowing fifteen minutes for the air to calm. The Staff always had many laughs at the expense of first time drivers who entered the lane only to soon find their car and its occupants caked with a heavy brown dust.

After sunset, "the Brown Dot's" floodlights were turned on for nocturnal war games. One scout recalled that the property owner was "built like a tree stump, quick on his feet, and hard to knock down." The Troop met some of the local hoods during one visit. An active round of name calling ensued, and the belligerents promised to return and settle things. The younger scouts were buoyed when Paul Clark was heard saying, "No one messes with my Brown Dot!"

One of the defenders recalled the logistics of protecting the property that evening:

We set an ambush for them along the lane, with bricks, baseball bats, and axe handles. "Uncle Paul" was our Field General, and he joined the skirmish line with his pellet gun.

Cover was held until midnight, but the property was not attacked. The cottage, rustic by design, had seen some good years by the mid-fifties. Beyond the large lawn and the white flag pole were sand cliffs leading to the beach. A dock, which extended twenty five yards into the water, moored a speed boat.

John Thompson severed his leg just above the ankle when he fell off that dock during one 1960 trip. Jim Pantano supported John while Doug Hoffmann devised a fireman's carry. There was an audible gasp when he was raised out of the water because it was then realized that the injury was more serious than initially expected. John was put in the back of an old Falcon station wagon and driven to the hospital; Stuart Smythe recalled that it was "a heck of a trip into town." John later recovered use of his leg, but he elected not to continue his association with the Troop.

During a September, 1965 trip, five-foot diameter tractor tires were found behind the cottage. Boys climbed in and were rolled across the grassy lawn. "People thought that was good enough for awhile," reported one scout, "until Bill Ellmaker, Art Garwood, Bob Hale, and Ralph "Rocky" Walker spotted a seven foot cliff." Soon Paul Comstock, Dave Free, and Chris Teaf were pushed off its edge, "without consent." Chris Teaf noted: "We hadn't even joined Paoli 1 then, but that's when I decided this Troop was for me."

With its mild weather, nearby estuaries, and abundance of wild grasses, the area around "The Brown Dot" was ideal snipe hunt territory. Crab nets attached to long-handled poles were used by the Paoli 1 scouts to flush the wary bird. Difficult to detect against a background of dead leaves, this brownish shorebird with striped back is noted for its fast, erratic flight, and rasping scarp! Much to the surprise of everyone, and especially Paul Clark, one recruit snared a sparrow, believing it to be a snipe.

Other activities included crabbing, aqua-planing, and collecting drift wood for fashioning lamps. David Corry recalled his recruit year when he was told to retrieve some shore line so wet clothes could be hung out to dry:

I'd been tipped off to this charade, and I decided to play their game. Down to the beach I went, scooping up fifty feet of sand, which I promptly dropped on my Senior Patrol Leader's lap, much to the delight and the applause of the onlookers.

Paul Clark's Wayne residence matched the popularity of "The Dot" as a never-ending series of projects—sanding and repainting a school bus in the early fifties, for instance—fired the scouts' imagination. This bus, which was in terrible shape, needed complete sanding by hand for repainting. It was brutal work because the Troop didn't yet have electric sanders, and many points were gained as a result of the extensive work required. The garage soon became a Troop hangout, and it included many rugged basketball games in which Paul Clark participated. Doug Hoffmann wrote:

Uncle Paul's magnetism to the Troop truly fed itself upon the constant excitement and interest that he generated with never-ending projects, not the least of which was building the Memorial Cabin.

But probably foremost was his strong character, never losing the spark of being a "boy", and his dash of devilment. He never tired of new fun and had the natural ability to motivate us onward to achieve new goals. He delighted in his association with the Troop and our accomplishments.

Doug Hoffmann's Stratford Station apartment became the Troop hangout in the sixties and seventies. Watching Jackie Gleason's *The Honey-mooner's* and Groucho Marx's *You Bet Your Life* was popular television fare.

To maintain decorum, Paoli 1 has occasionally resorted to a Junior Court, ruefully called a "Kangaroo Court" by many. The alleged truant stood trial before the Senior Patrol Leader and Patrol Leader while his Assistant Patrol Leader served as defense attorney. "The smart scout learned early the importance of complete fealty," noted one former trouble-maker, "lest he need the friendship to help extract himself from an uncomfortable predicament."

No corporal punishment was allowed, but there were ingenious alternatives, namely sentencing the guilty to run to the Valley Forge Military Academy and yell, "You're all a bunch of bell boys!" It took a fleet-footed scout to return to the safety of the North Wayne Avenue cabin before being overtaken by pursuing cadets. In later years, guilty parties found themselves doing pushups in front of the Troop during Saturday business meetings. Certain scouts, who will go unnamed, might recall that they developed impressive chest muscles as a result of frequent transgressions.

While the Junior Court often proved itself to be an effective deterrent, there have been occasions when the Scoutmaster has had to step up to the plate. One such occasion happened in the winter of 1958, when Stu Corry, Pete Gurry, Gordon Hoffmann, Denny Knewstubb, and Robert Knewstubb were caught smoking in Horseshoe's Browning Cabin. Scoutmaster Frank McCown called the Troop to formation and he challenged those with cigarettes to bring them forward. Large quantities of contraband were presented, and the "butts" were subsequently ground into the floor under the Scoutmaster's heel. A stern lecture about the evils of smoking followed. Recruits "trembled in their boots" as it seemed incredible to them that the older boys had incurred the hissing wrath of Frank McCown and Assistant Scoutmaster Jim Myers.

Twenty-nine year old Frank McCown had become Scoutmaster in 1955. He had just moved from Rochester, New York, and was in Wayne "less than forty-eight hours" before Paul Clark and Jonathon Stine called. The Paoli 1 alumnus said that the conversation went something like this:

"Frank, We have got to talk to you. We just lost our Scoutmaster. Would you be willing to take the job?" I said, "Hey, I'm a father with a young family to feed. I can't spend all that time away from them." They really worked me over, however, and I said "Yes" just to get them off my back.

One incident which exceeded the jurisdiction of the Junior Court and Scoutmaster Frank McCown took place in 1957. Wayne "Wayne-O" Army was the Senior Patrol Leader that year, 1957, and he regularly sported a long World War 1 bayonet. Strange voices were heard at Timberline one night, and the attack command—"Let's get him!"—was heard. The gleaming weapon led the assault. The intruder, who was a Navy corpsman in whites, sustained nasty elbow wounds because the charge could not be halted. Dick Bensing recalled that he lay on the ground "curled up in laughter it hurt so bad." That was tagged "the night Wayne stabbed the Doc."

Senior Patrol Leader Wayne Army subsequently graduated from Annapolis and became a fighter pilot during the Vietnam War. He presently serves as the Associate Director for National Security and International Affairs in the Office of Management and Budget for the Executive Office of the President. Chip McCown reported that his cousin keeps the bayonet at home, "under lock and key."

That summer, the Troop hiked the Appalachian Trail from southern Pennsylvania to Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. Jim Myers, who contracted a severe case of poison ivy, led this 1957 trip. The trail was very dry and the hikers frequently ran out of water. They later realized that drinking three canteens of water at breakfast could relieve parched throats.

One hiker later filed this report concerning the housing accommodations:

We were into making hammocks with shelter tents. Grommets were routinely ripped out, and the designs mangled from the open wing to cocoon. Before turning in, Bob Hershey told stories of recent encounters with boogey men and bears, and his verity made for rather compact sleeping arrangements.

Like Wayne Army, Stu Corry was another Paoli 1 Senior Patrol Leader who never had his name on the Horseshoe staff's Christmas card mailing list. Holland Hecht was camp master that summer, and he had "a corpulent gut" which protruded "a good foot and a-half in front of his camouflaged belt buckle." Stu delighted in timing Troop flanking movements so that the last man brushed "the ponderous one."

The Senior Patrol Leader never hit it off with "Schmeider", as well. The large blond athletic director applied a death grip during the final rescue test, and Stu gave him a chop to the "stones" out of desperation. The feisty scout waited another year before passing his Lifesaving merit badge.



John Norbury and Phil Grey at Horseshoe Pool - 1961.

In June, 1959, Paul Clark heard that Doug Hoffmann had just returned from the army. Like Frank McCown, Doug found himself unable to say



The Trek Carts rolling in - 1961



The Troop at the 50th Birthday
Rear L to R: Doug Hoffmann (SM), Gordon Hoffmann, Ray Shivelhood, John Smaltz, Craig Curley, John Stephenson, Pete Quinlan, Wil Neidecker, John Norbury, Phil Gray, Stu Smythe, George Comstock, Jay Guilford, (unknown), P.T. Mallory, Doug Saunders, D. Francis
Staff Kneeling: Dan Wright, Dick Bensing (SPL), Doug Felske
Kneeling: Don Walker, Fred Knewstubb, Bill Lacock, Jack Embick, Wayne Bystrom, (unknown), (unknown), John Porter, (unknown), Barry Edwards, John Boyle, Pat Pantano
Sitting: Ron Knewstubb, George Howell, Dave Corry, Barry Brokmarkle, Joe Bystrom, Tom Gray, (unknown), Jim Pantano, Bob Hale



Full Field Set-up - 1961



1960 - Fire by Friction
L to R: Tom Gray, Wayne Bystrom, Dixie Francis, Gordon Hoffmann



1963. Rear L to R: P.T. Mallory, John Stephenson, Doug Saunders, George Comstock. Front L to R: Pat Pantano, John Porter, George Howell, Stuart Smythe



50th Troop Birthday - 1961 - Clifton Lisle speaking

"no" when asked to become Paoli 1's Scoutmaster. He expected to take the job "for a year or two, and then move on."

Russell Hatton, who joined Paoli 1 in the late sixties, remembered his first Camp Horseshoe memory of Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann:

Doug was driving his maroon Pontiac convertible at the time. It was a hot car to us, and we spent much time washing and waxing it for him. One day Doug was sunning his bald head as we took care of his Lemans. Soon Dave Free was kneeling behind Doug and applying the car wax to his head.

In April, 1960, new Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann led a hike from the Memorial Cabin to the Bensing's Waterloo Road farm (once known as the Bijorn estate, now part of Episcopal Academy's Devon campus). Tents were set along the small stream. A card game developed in the tack room of the nearby barn after dinner. Tenant Sam Mink kept horses and ponies there, and Stuart Smythe was talked into riding one across the barn yard. The pony had other ideas, however, and Stuart promptly landed "on the deck" within a few seconds.

The bleary-eyed scouts were roused by a rather agitated Sam Mink the next morning when he discovered that his "pasture cruiser" was a burnt shell. An investigation revealed that the cherry bomb firecrackers which had been thrown around the prior evening had ignited the flammable car seats. A collection was taken to cover the cost of the car, but the "carcass" remained in the fields for years.

Three months later, in July, 1960, University of Pennsylvania football coach George Munger hosted the Troop at his Camp Tecumseh. Dick Bensing, Wayne Bystrom, George Comstock, Doug Felske, George Francis, Phil Gray, Tom Gray, Doug Hoffmann, Bill Lacock, Will Nidecker, Pat Pantano, Randy Phelan, Doug Saunders, Stuart Smythe, John Stephenson, and Don Walker, made this Center Harbor, New Hampshire trip.

Preparations for the Troop's upcoming fiftieth Birthday began that fall. Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann wrote the parents on a variety of topics. This is part of that 1960 letter:

The success of our yearly activities depends very greatly upon the whole-hearted cooperation of the parents. We are an outdoor Troop—our activities center upon this theme.

Our cabin is getting nearer and nearer to completion. The big project at present is the driveway. The Troop Committee has hopes of having it covered with at least a stone base by late fall of this year. We need the physical help of the fathers at all times on these projects. Every hand helps!

Two sentences—"We are an outdoor Troop..." and "The big project at present is..."—are remarkable, in retrospect, for the accuracy with which they anticipated what life with Paoli 1 would be like for the next several years.

In 1961, John F. Kennedy became the first American president born in the twentieth century, the Chrysler Corporation discontinued its DeSoto Line, and West Side Story and Where the Boys Are packed the movie theaters.



Philmont Trip 1962
 1st Row, L to R: George R. Howell II, Tom Gray, Wayne Bystrom, Scott Summerfield (of Missouri, Camp Ranger), Doug Hoffmann (Paoli Troop 1, Scoutmaster), John Porter, Jim Pantano, Barry Brotemarkle
 2nd Row, L to R: Will Nidecker, Corky Cornelius, Dick Downey, Phil Gray, George R. Comstock IV, Pete Mallory, Jay Gilliford
 3rd Row, L to R: Don Walker, Stu Smythe (S.P.L.), Bill Lacock, Jr., Pete Quinlan, Doug Felske and Dick Bensing (Asst. S.M.s), Pat Pantano, Jr.



Camp Tecumseh - 1960
 1st Row (kneeling), L to R: Randy Phelan, Don Walker, Bill Lacock, Tom Gray, Wayne Bystrom
 2nd Row (standing), L to R: Stuart Smythe, Doug Saunders, George Francis, Phil Gray, George Comstock, Pat Pantano, Will Nidecker, Doug Felske, John Stephenson, Doug Hoffmann (Scoutmaster)



Full Field 50th Birthday - 1961

Ronald Reagan was host of the television drama *Death Valley Days*; *LOOK*, *LIFE*, and *The Saturday Evening Post* were flourishing; and teenage boys listened to the Hi-Fi for Chubby Checker's "Party Time", Roy Orbison's "Running Scared", and Del Shannon's "Run Away", which sold eighty thousand copies a week at the height of its popularity. Arnold Palmer triumphant on the fairways and putting greens, was designated the PGA's professional Golfer of the Year, while Phillies fans despaired when their team set the major league record for the longest losing streak of the twentieth century (Neither Johny Callison, Robin Roberts, nor Chris Short could prevent them from losing twenty-three straight games). Color television was still a rarity that year, while Instamatic cameras, postal zip codes, and the popularity of a fast-food chain called "McDonalds" still lay in the future.

Paoli 1 celebrated its fiftieth year of scouting in 1961 as well. Doug Hoffmann and scout Dick Bensing redesigned the Troop identification patch with a gold border trim while Ray Shivalhood and his Lion Patrol built the first signal tower. The timber frame twenty-foot structure lasted through the summer, but it began to rot with the onset of winter. The second effort, completed in the spring of 1963, yielded the current tower. Pat Pantano's patrol built the forty-foot structure. The project was mired in controversy when the Colours, Eagles, and Wolves objected to the adult assistance. The tower still stands, however, and was recently modified to permit rappelling.

The gold-colored bell which hangs from the signal tower's eight-foot square deck was contributed by Paul Clark, who had kept it in his legendary garage for many years. It has been suggested that this was the original Wayne Fire Company bell. Chick Hale, a member of the Company for many years, regularly threatened to repossess the bell, but it still hangs there today, a preferred target for rock-throwing First Class scouts.

A driving rain forced everyone into the Memorial Cabin during the fiftieth Birthday, whereupon the claustrophobic heat and enveloping humidity took the starch out of the stiffest wool uniform shirts. John Stephenson and Stuart Smythe won the Scoutmaster's Cup and Gordon Hoffmann was presented with the First Aid Plaque. Peter Gurry, Ray Shivalhood, and John Smaltz became the Troop's newest Eagle Scouts. The Patrol Leaders were John Stephenson, Will Nidecker, John Norbury, and Stuart Smythe. Recruits included Jack Embick, Ronny Knewstub, and Jim Pantano. Ronny Knewstub, and Jim Pantano.

Senior Patrol Leader Dick Bensing and John Smaltz won the Troop Committee Award. The Award was first given in 1928 to recognize those displaying the keenest interest in their Troop, and Hal Bemis, Jim Howson, and Francis Smaltz were its first recipients. Hobie Henderson has won the Troop Committee Award three times, while John Aronson, Hal Bemis, George R. Howell IV, Jim Myers, Bill Patterson, Dave Simmons, Francis Smaltz, and Steve Sulkowski have taken it home twice.

That summer, in July, 1961, Paoli 1 canoed from Old Forge to Saranac, New York. The group of Dick Bensing, Wayne Bystrom, George Comstock, Craig Curly, Doug Felske, Doug Hoffmann, Denny Knewstub, Robert Knewstub, Jim Pantano, Pat Pantano, John Porter, Stuart Smythe, and John Stephenson got a late start, reaching only the third lake before setting camp. Numerous "No Trespassing" signs were used for firewood. Doug Hoffmann, John Porter, Stuart Smythe, and John Stephenson later relocated to another island because of the bugs.



Colour Patrol - L to R: Don Walker, P.D. Mallory, Ralph Walker, Tom Gray, Jim Pantano, June 1963



Chipper Bridgman in Adirondak Mountains, June 1963



Eagle Patrol - L to R: Doug Saunders, Jack Embick, Bill Lacock, Bob Vorndran, Barry Brotemarkle, Bob Hale, Rich Clayton, Matt Saunders



Phil Gray inspects Bill Ellmaker. Behind, Pete Quinlan inspects Joe Bystrom, June 1963

A large power boat landed on the beach around midnight, and a "gruff man" began kicking sleeping bodies. This individual declared: "This is Ray Burke, and this is my island!" The uprooted scouts left to find a new camp. A canoe was held hostage overnight by the property owner. Mark Smythe was of great assistance the following day when the local judicial officials became involved.

In 1962, the Troop headed west by train for Cimarron, New Mexico, to take part in the National Council's Philmont camp. Philmont was a gift to the National Council of some thirty-six thousand acres from Mr. and Mrs. Waite Phillips. Dick Bensing, Barry Brotemarkle, Wayne Bystrom, Corky Cornelius, George Comstock, Dick Downey, Doug Felske, Jay Gulliford, Phil Gray, Tom Gray, Doug "Chrome Dome" Hoffmann, George Howell, Bill Lacock, Pete Mallory, Will Nidecker, Jim Pantano, Pat Pantano, John Porter, Stuart Smythe, Pete Quinlan, and Don Walker filled one of the railroad cars. The group stayed in Chicago one night, taking a guided tour of the south end of Lake Michigan the following morning.

Once established at Philmont, work projects included building check-dams. Stuart Smythe later wrote:

Our main purpose for being there, it seemed, was to be a source of free labor. Our marching orders had us digging rocks out of the prairie and carrying them over to dry river beds. This was the same sort of work we did at the Cabin, and it just didn't make sense to me why I would spend my hand earned lawn-cutting pay to travel across the country when I could have had the same fun, in Wayne, at no expense.

To bring excitement to this grim situation, however, I decided to bring home a three-foot bull snake home. It was intended as a gift to my mom, but I recall that she wasn't excited with this gesture.

The Troop has visited Philmont a half-dozen times. In 1958, Bill Chaplain and Sandy McGinnes had made the cross-country trip by bus, getting caught in hailstorms "big as golf balls."

The Senior Troop spent its 1964 summer in Algonquin Provincial Park. This group included John Boyle, Chip Bridgman, Joey Bystrom, Chuck Campbell, Regan Chambers, George Comstock, Dave Corry, Bill Ellmaker, "Terrible" Tom Gray, Bob Hale, Chick Hale, Doug Hoffmann, Rick Legrand, Bob Vorndran, Don Walker, and Rocky Walker.

George Comstock's hand-engraved wood paddle hangs from the Memorial Cabin's east fireplace as a trip memento. The following incident is from his diary:

We spotted innocent Tom Gray paddling his canoe out on the lake. Doug (Hoffmann), Don (Walker), and myself decided to go out and capsize him. While chasing him, we all happened to be paddling and leaning on the same side of the canoe. Of course we swamped, and at that very moment it poured unexpectedly. The three of us were out in the middle of the lake, capsized, with torrents of rain coming down. We were laughing so hard we almost drowned. Between the laughs, our conversation went something like this:



Bob Hale, Eagle Patrol Flint & Steel Expert. 52nd Birthday, June 1963



"Terrible" Tom Gray atop Wright Peak,
Adirondak Mountains, June 1963

Doug: "Wait a minute, I know how to get the water out.

You push one end."

Don: "Its not working."

Doug: "Its supposed to, I read it in some book."

George: "Come on Doug, we may as well swim it in . . ."

Some time later George, Doug, and Don returned to dry land to find Tom and the rest of the group enjoying a hearty laugh at their expense.

During the late forties, fifties, and early sixties, Paoli 1 continued its program of long hikes, inter-Troop competition, and participation in camporee and jamboree meetings. Between the attraction of these activities and the continuity offered by the alumni, Paoli 1 remained a Troop near or at full strength.

There were two new activities from this period, however, the canoeing and construction programs, and in the years to come they would occupy a larger portion of the Troop's Scouting program.

Chapter IV

The Adventure Years 1965 to 1976

The trouble with Scouting," Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann once told an *Evening Bulletin* writer, "is that people think it's got to be a sissified operation. But it can require ruggedness and imagination." To a reporter for *The Main Line Times* he asked: "How do you challenge a kid who is seventeen? They have the world by the tail." Under Hoffmann's leadership, Paoli 1 remained an operation that was anything but sissified. As any of his scouts will attest to, the challenge of a river's white waters, a mountain's steepest pitch, or a ski trail's slickest track captivated the interest of the most blase and lethargic adolescents.

One example of this dynamic and imaginative Scouting operation was the canoeing and kayaking program. In the mid-sixties, Paoli 1 began spending many weekends on the Schuylkill and Lehigh Rivers learning the "j", "draw", and the "pry-away" strokes. One those trips, Scoutmaster Hoffmann always took the smallest and least experienced scout in his canoe, and Dick Bensing correctly noted that this was "a handy excuse when he [Hoffmann] got hung up on a boulder." Thanks to Paoli 1, many rocks which lie in Delaware Valley river's are now aluminum colored. One seventeen-foot canoe was wrapped so often it later measured thirteen feet when repaired.

The Lehigh River's Sandy Beach became a favorite camp, making the run from White Haven to Rockport a relaxed, two-day affair. A natural spring supplied fresh water. On one occasion, Dick Bensing and Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann returned from Brady's General Store to an ambush organized by bottle-rocket laden renegade scouts. The former military men—"well versed in the ancient Chinese art of pyrotechnics"—launched a return volley, however, and the battleground's bright colors soon resembled "a Saturday night on the boardwalk." The disrespectful aggressors later found themselves dragged to the river for baptism.

Stories abound from those days, and while futile to separate fact from myth, witnesses claim that Hazen Hizer's hair actually did catch fire.

Tom Gray remembered his first visit to the Lehigh was in the spring of 1965. He and sternman George Comstock entered the ice-swollen waters tentatively, as they did not want to swamp. Gray recalled what happened next:



Tom McCoom on the Loyalsock River, April 1972

Within minutes we were swept downstream and found ourselves in the midst of a series of haystacks which quickly swamped us. I knelt in the bow of the canoe to lower my center of gravity, but realized that the seat would not allow my legs to become free as the canoe turned over.

I found myself half in half out of the inverted canoe as we were swept downstream. I could do little but fend off the rocks with my right arm while the left desperately hugged the canoe bottom in an effort to keep my head above water. It was in this awkward position that I must have struck a rock and fractured my right arm. The water was so cold that I didn't feel anything. When we finally reached a calmer stretch, Doug [Hoffmann] threw us a rescue line.

Tom concluded, "This was my short and exciting initiation to white water canoeing on the Lehigh."



Pat Corry and Bob Hale after the Troop's 56th Birthday, June 1967



Bob Hale and Bill Slugg on the Nescopeck Creek, June 1967



Life Scout Keith Douglass at the Valley Forge Hunter Trials, 1965



On the summit of the 13,766-foot Grand Teton, Jackson Hole, Wyoming. L to R: Sandy McGinnes, Rick Legrand, Jack Embick and Doug Hoffmann. July 1965



Grand Teton Summer Trip 1965, at Paoli Station. Front, L to R: Chip Bridgman, Rocky Walker, Bob Hale, Rick LeGrand, Doug Hoffmann; Rear, L to R: Chick Hale, Don Walker, Chuck Campbell, Bill Ellmaker, Sandy McGinnes, Jack Enrick, Dick Bensing

Perhaps the most renowned Lehigh trip was the "Great Wreck of '68". On that particular afternoon, the Paoli 1 navy of Pat Corry, Kevin Douglass, Scott Farquhar, Bob Hale, Steve Hale, Doug Hoffmann, Scott McCown, Tom McCown, Rick Myers, Bill Slugg, Chris Teaf, and Howard Teaf came upon a sharp bend just upstream from Sandy Beach. It was from that vantage point that a spectacular train wreck with several overturned cars was spotted. Television sets, unbleached flour, and boxes of Cheerios breakfast cereal spilled out of its punctured walls invitingly.

The scouts dived into the mess, and they soon resembled "Pillsbury dough boys". An inhospitable Howard Teaf refused access to his "fine motor home" until all rinsed off. Clothing was left at water's edge for the benefit of fish and game, and paste was pulled out of hair for weeks. Chris Teaf remembered that day:

The key to recognizing this as a milestone is that in the eighteen years that have passed since the derailment not one trip has gone down without pointing out: "There's where the wreck was." It is also remarkable that although only twelve made the trip some fifty tell first-person stories.

Kevin Douglass reported that nineteen-inch Motorola's made a great explosion "when ten-pound rocks were hurled through the television screen."

Encouraged by their keen interest and budding proficiency, Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann donated six Grumman canoes to the Troop while Dick Bensing bought Paoli 1's first kayak. The Philadelphia Boy Scout Council instituted Paddlerama about this time as a means of teaching safe canoeing techniques. (The Bucks County Council manages the Paddlerama program today.) A Delaware River Water Gap to Stover's Mill fifty mile race highlights the training, and as many as forty troops have participated in this exhausting two-day competition. In 1967 Paoli 1 earned second place with Jim Corry, Bob Hale, Dave Free, Chris Teaf, and Tom McCown.

Rock climbing was also introduced to the scouting curriculum in the mid-sixties, and its popularity soon rivaled the canoeing and kayaking programs. The Troop's formal initiation began when Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann took Dick Bensing, Chip Bridgman, Chuck Campbell, Bill Ellmaker, Bob Hale, Jack Embick, Chick Hale, Rick Legrand, Sandy McGinnes, Don Walker, and Rocky Walker to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, in 1965. Float trips on the Snake River and day visits to Yellowstone National Park were popular activities. Jack Embick, Doug Hoffmann, Sandy McGinnes, and Rick Legrand made a successful ascent of the 13,776-foot Grand Teton after receiving technical instruction at the Exum School of Mountaineering.

The following summer, in 1966, Jim Corry, Jack Embick, Tom Gray, Doug Hoffmann, and Rick Legrand went to Switzerland for additional mountaineering instruction. This was the Troop's first trip abroad since the European expeditions of 1927 and 1929.

Jack Embick, presently Chief Counsel for the Eastern Region of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania's Department of Environmental Resources, remembered part of the trip:

Landing at Rotterdam, we travelled by train to the Swiss Alps. Our destination was Meiringen, Switzerland, and the prominent Rosenlaui Swiss Mountain Climbing Institute, headed by Arnold Glatthard, the foremost "Bergfuhrer" [mountain master] of his generation.



Jack Embrick, Mt. Rainier's 14,410-foot summit, August 1967



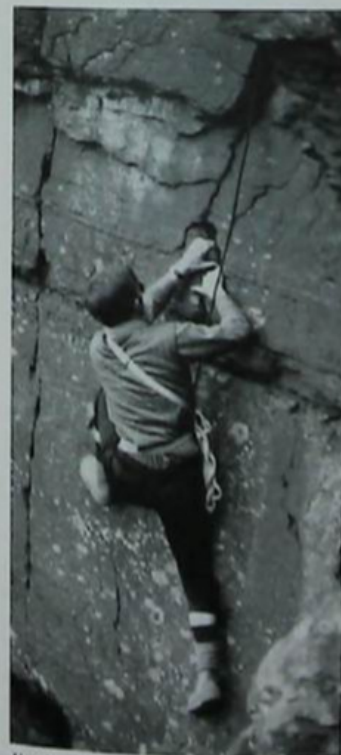
First Place Team for the 1967 Paddlerama Race. L to R (kneeling): A. Wilkinson, Jim Corry, (standing): Bob Hale, Tom McCown, Dave Free, S. Christenson, Doug Hoffmann and Pat Corry



Lehigh River train wreck, May 1968



L to R: Howard Tsaf, Bill Slugg, Pat Corry, Bob Hale, Scott Farquhar, Christ Tsaf, Tom McCown and Steve Hale after flour fight in wrecked box car, 1968



Jim Corry on the Stover Cliffs, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, December 1967



Clifton P. Lisle
November 27, 1891-August 6, 1966
Scoutmaster 1921-1929

We spent two weeks at Rosenlaui; in that time we climbed Kingspitz, Tännenspitz, Galenstock, and the Gletschorn. We then departed Meiringen for Zermatt, to revel in one of the most dramatic vistas in the world: the Matterhorn. The Matterhorn had first been climbed scarcely one hundred years earlier, in an expedition by Edward Whymper. That success was marred by tragedy as four members of the climbing party fell to their deaths during descent. We were determined to have a better fate.

The 14,685-foot Matterhorn, the international symbol for the romance and wanderlust of alpine mountaineering, is big and striking, with a formidable history and reputation to match. After making a successful summit attempt of the Matterhorn, the party headed for Grindelwald, Switzerland, to view the famous Eiger and Monch. Beds were frequently made in abandoned shepherd huts high on the mountain sides, and raw goats milk offered by friendly shepherds was carefully sampled. After touring Heidelberg, West Germany, the five travelled to Paris to make a routine ascent of the 984-foot Eiffel Tower. In November, 1966, Philadelphia's Evening Bulletin Magazine published a four-page account of their adventures, complete with color photographs.

Exotic campfire stories of European experiences filtered down to the junior Troop about this time, and regular climbing seminars were soon instituted. Stover State Park's muted-red sandstone shale cliffs laid down by the ancient seas served as an ideal location for acquiring rappelling, belaying, knot tying, ascension climbing, and piton placement skills. Scouts demonstrating proficiency with these techniques taught the less-experienced Paoli 1 students. Favored routes included "Finger in the Dike", "Neolithic Block", "Cramped Thumb Face", "Gorilla", and the aptly-named "Jungle", with its severe 5.6 "Garden of Eden".

After spending the day climbing, the Troop often set camp in a nearby field. Glenn "Schmee" Shipp recalled one particular evening:

I was sharing an Army Surplus tent with Richard Loman, and we had just settled in to sleep when a heavy rain started. We had set up in what we soon learned was a storm gully. It was a very uncomfortable night.

Full-scale "Hefty Patrol" assaults were made on the Stover litter problem, as well, and many bags of trash left the Park at weekend's end.

The evolving scout program also included Horseshoe Trail hikes to "Melbrook", Colonel and Mrs. Clifton Lisle's Chester Springs farm. The farm, situated on Lower Pine Creek Road, is a pastoral, bucolic setting with its rolling pastures, serpentine creek, red barn, and livestock. The day's highlight is a late afternoon conversation with Mrs. Lisle in her wood-paneled library while enjoying fresh apple cider and warm cinnamon donuts. Mrs. Lisle graciously makes a point of introducing herself to the recruits, and the result is that the newest generation feels as though it's already a part of the Paoli 1 heritage.

Tom McCown remembers his first Lisle Hike well, especially since Patrol Leader Rick Legrand "kicked me the entire distance." At a later date, Jay Mutchler talked back to Jack "Muscle Beach" Fitzgerald; "I soon found myself deposited in a muddy creek, pack and all," he said.

The Troop has made upwards of fifty trips to "Melbrook", but few match the 1967 hike when an unexpected snow turned the day into an endurance test. One scout recalled the events after he and Paul Comstock got lost:



Matterhorn - Zermatt, Switzerland



Rick LeGrand above Swartzwald Alp near Meiringen, Switzerland, 1966



Ascent of the Finistèrehorn, Hoffmann at rear



Tom Grey at Finistèrehorn Summit, 1966



1968 Algonquin Canoe Trip. Kneeling, L to R: Rick Myers, Drew Pearsall, Steve Hale, Kevin Douglass, Tom Rudolph and Ted Gray; Standing, L to R: Tom McCown, Dave Free, Bob Hale, Bill Slugg, Pat Corry and Doug Hoffmann



Doug Hoffmann and Rigg A. Mortis enjoy the 57th Birthday, June 1968

Luckily Paul and I were "know it alls", and we had a map, so we weren't worried. But twelve miles is a long way, and it began to snow. This turned out to be fortuitous because we recognized some of the turns of the trail by the footprints. As it began to snow harder, our visibility dropped to about one hundred feet, and we happened to walk right past the farm. It was a half-mile before we realized our mistake.

We were ecstatic to get to camp, so sure a search party had been sent out to find us. No one at camp knew we had been lost, however, and they asked us: "How can you get lost on the Horseshoe trail anyway?"

By dinner, the foot-deep snow and five degree temperature prompted the Troop to relocate to the barn's snug confines. Mrs. Lisle later recalled that the boys were polite enough not to mention how they shared space with "a large number of squealing rats." All scouts fell asleep in the dry straw confident of an early pick-up by parents.

The barn door was opened the next morning to three feet of snow, however. The area roads were closed and telephone service was out. But Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann and a few senior members were determined to retrieve the cars, and so they hiked out Route 113 to Lionville, turned left at Route 100, and headed south to Route 30. It was there that they stumbled upon a stranded car and driver. A deal was struck in which the hikers would push the car out of the snow drift in exchange for a ride to Wayne.

Meanwhile, back at "Melbrook", junior campers like Paul Comstock, Pat Corry, Bob Hale, and Chris Teaf spent their afternoon perfecting backflips off the barn roof. Doug Hoffmann telephoned in late-afternoon with the news that he would not be able to return until Monday morning. "The roads are impassable," he concluded. The four young scouts spent the evening by the warmth of the fire, eating cookies, drinking hot chocolate, and listening to Colonel Clifton Lisle's exciting stories of the early Troop days.

Chris Teaf recalled the weekend's outcome:

Between these tales and Mrs. Lisle's constant attention to our every unreasonable request, the evening passed quickly, and we eventually fell to sleep under foot-thick down comforters. Monday we awoke to the arrival of Doug [Hoffmann], Mr. John Corry, and Jim Corry, accompanied by three horses. By noon we were on our way.

Only years later I realized what a unique experience this was and how clearly the events and the friends stand out after sharing what seemed to be another outlandish Paoli 1 hike.

The following summer, in July, 1968, the Troop canoed the lakes of Algonquin Provincial Park. Pat Corry, Kevin Douglass, Dave "The Invincible Wipe-out" Free, Ted Gray, Bob Hale, Steve Hale, Doug Hoffmann, Tom McCown, Rick Myers, Drew Pearsall, Tom Rudolph, and Bill Slugg made the trip, and they ate Nabs and beef jerky for sustenance, which, in the reverse language of the day, was called "jeef berky".

On Happy Isle, the Paoli 1 scuba team enjoyed the water's crystal-clear, twenty-foot visibility. One day a can of insecticide was dropped into the fire, and the resulting explosion attracted the attention of a park ranger. He landed his seaplane right in front of the startled campers and gave them



56th Birthday, June 1967



Rick Myers, Ted Gray and Paul Clark



Mrs. Clifton (Nancy) Lisle welcomes Bruce Fisher, Cliff Beeson and Andy Hadden to her Chester County Farm, "Melbrook"



Snowbound at "Melbrook," January 1966. Dave Corry, Jim Corry and Doug Hoffmann



Summit of Mt. Rainier, 1967. L to R: Doug Hoffmann, Bob Hale, Pat Corry, Jack Embick

a lecture on how such carelessness is a frequent cause of forest fires. Bill Slugg spent free time eating sushi crayfish, Rick Myers imitated an eighteen-year old in a futile attempt to purchase firecrackers, and Pat Corry and Kevin Douglass fruitlessly chased loons by canoe.

The Loon, a heavy, long-bodied water bird with thick pointed bill, kept the scouts awake at night with its wild, maniacal oo-AH-ho laugh and mournful Kee-a-ree, Kee-a-ree yodel. Loons are expert divers, and they have been caught in nets as much as two-hundred feet below the surface. Their feet are located far back on the body, which aids them in diving. They travel on land with difficulty, however, propelling themselves forward on their breasts. The Loons have been favorite companions for all Paoli 1 scouts whose travels take them to the bird's summer, aquatic habitats.

Although unable to make the 1968 trip, the Troop's strongest canoeist, climber, and hiker was and still remains the ageless Rigg E. Mortis. Rigg grew up in Keene Valley, New York, and he met Doug Hoffmann when both were stationed with the army in Germany during the late fifties. The pair always got along famously, probably because both were bald and because Rigg listened to Doug's monologues without interruption. With his poker face, Rigg was a frequent victor at John Minnick's Laporte, Pennsylvania, mountain-cabin blackjack tables.

Rigg still participates in the Birthday, and "Sparky" Mark Beeson, Willis Crouse, Bruce Fisher, Jay Mutchler, and Keith Shipp have each served as his personal aide-de-camp. The stocky six-footer still amazes spectators by standing at attention up to four hours in winter alpine garb without sweating. One year, a certain David and Margareta, younger siblings of a recruit, displayed a keen sense of observation when they said: "He looks so still he could work in the Strawbridge and Clothier display window as a mannequin."



L to R: Tom McCown, Scott Farquhar, Dick Bensing and Bergführer von Aman in the Bernese Oberland, 1970

One of the appealing aspects of Troop life is the opportunity to entertain fellow scouts. Jim Howson, for example, is remembered for his wonderful voice leading the campfire with "Working on the Railroad", "Wreck of the Old 97", and "Allouette". Lee Porter recalled the fun had singing "The Dying Hobo" in four point harmony, as well as "You Can't Get To Heaven" and "I'm From Boonesboro, Can't You See". Bill Patterson was a great teller of tales, while Howard Teaf always had one more salty limerick. Glenn Shipp performed a flawless "Rocky Raccoon" and "Bungalow Bill", as did Bruce Fisher with his version of Kansas's "Dust in the Wind". In the wee hours of the night, Doug Hoffmann often led free-wheeling rambling sessions. Popular topics for consideration included the state of the Troop, the American League's designated hitter rule, and whether a straight flush beats a full house (It does). John Fisher wryly noted that the sessions "sometimes lasted many hours, and they were eventually won, by Doug, on endurance."

Carl "Carhole" Cole will long be remembered for introducing the "Immaturity Hour", a staple of campfire life for sixteen years and counting. The self-proclaimed entertainment entrepreneur remembered how it all began:



Dave Trout



Bruce Hatton



Encouraging words from "Uncle Sam"



Paoli Troop No. 1, B.S.A. — 1970 Philmont Expedition

Front Row, L to R: Ranger, J. Porter, M. Smythe, C. Campbell, S. McCoin

Back Row, L to R: T. Minnick, J. Dewey, K. Klaus, B. Hatton, H. Hiser, M. Friel, R. Hatton, M. Hadden, M. Dewolf, D. Pearsall

It seems so long ago, yet I remember the details vividly. It all began in the Adirondacks in 1971. While I was not the youngest member on the trip, I dare say I was the smallest, an easy target to be picked on. My philosophy was like comedian Dick Gregory's: "Instead of having people laugh at you, get them to laugh at what you say."

Whether the jokes were funny or not is debatable, but our leader Chick Hale loved them. For the duration of the trip, I became the group's court jester, something which stuck during my years in Paoli 1.

As trite as those moments in front of the campfire seem, I can say it helped me later in life. My work often includes public speaking and I am at ease in front of most crowds. Besides, no crowd can be as tough as the ones which threw metal plates when they didn't like my puns.

Carl claimed that he later gained fame and fortune helping NBC launch *Saturday Night Live*, but truthful brothers Chris, Clem, and Cliff say that he actually worked for a down-on-their-luck midwestern vaudeville show.

Another unique entertainment contribution was *The Bird News*, first published in 1967 by Dave Free. *The Bird News* began as an account of the local bird population, in order to learn "as much as we can about birds and their way of life". Its masthead read: "Suitable for starting hot fires on cold mornings" and headline stories included the announcement that Katie Cardinal gave birth to four chicks and an interview with Woody the Woodpecker, who was curious to know when Bruce Hatton would finish the Canoe Barn totem pole. "I would like a peck at it," he confided to the editor during one tete-a-tete.

As its popularity grew, however, the magazine became a bully pulpit, and its new motto was: "The paper that chops you up, chews you down, and spits you out". Editorials became more strident, and many scouts were chastised for various indiscretions. Mike Hadden ("wanted to rip down a bird nest"), Mike Friel ("proposed feeding catnip to the birds during winter"), Drew Pearsall ("spends his time girl chasing"), and John Dewey ("shows up the least and takes off the most points") were some of the more frequent and well-deserved targets for its acid-tipped editorials.

The Bird News became a kind of in-house company newspaper for the Troop. If you understand *The National Enquirer*, *Audubon* magazine, *Dear Abby*, *Mad Magazine*, the want ads, and Andy Rooney, you understand *The Bird News*. Tim Bauer, Eric Fisher, Jack Fitzgerald, Michael Friel, Glenn Shipp, Chris Hatton, Hewitt Heiserman, Jr., and Ted Ruben later edited this publication. In Paoli 1, *The Bird News* supports the proposition that the pen is mightier than the sword.

Paoli 1's closest brush with danger occurred during the 1970 European summer trip when five of its scouts attempted to scale the Aguille du Midi. The ascent of the Aguille du Midi, French for "Needle of the Midi", the Midi being a section of France, was to be the final climb after two months in France, Switzerland, and Germany. It was hoped that the Troop's red and gold standard could be planted atop the snow-capped peak as a final gesture to high adventure and comradeship.



Relaxing at the Hotel Sherpa in Meiringen, Switzerland after a traverse of the Bernese Oberland. L to R: Dick Bensing, Bruno Kohler (Bergführer), Doug Hoffmann, Tom McCoun, Dave Free, Bill Slugg, Scott Farquhar, Tom Gray, Jack Embick and Pat Corry



1970 European Climbing Trip. Front Row, L to R: Bill Slugg, Tom McCoun, Pat Corry and Dick Bensing. Back Row, L to R: Scott Farquhar, Doug Hoffmann, Dave Free and Tom Gray, (not pictured, Jack Embick and Sandy McGinnes)

On what one scout refers to as "The day it almost ended," Scott Farquhar, Tom Gray, Doug Hoffmann, and Bill Slugg woke to a clear, pre-dawn sky; it boded stable weather for the day's summit attempt. Stirred from a deep sleep, Dave Free crawled out of the warm security of his goose down sleeping bag with the greatest reluctance. "This is not an entirely rational act on my part," he thought, "Perhaps I'll crawl back into my bag and think about this some more."

Climbing teams were selected, and the five scouts found that there was just enough starlight to follow the snowy path as it wound its way past translucent gates of ice. There was no wind; the only sounds were the squeaky crunch of boots biting frozen snow, and the faint, imperceptible downward creep of the glacial ice. An hour before dawn revealed neighboring peaks whose spiral tips punctured the jet stream. A momentary pause enabled them to watch a soft pink followed by the sun's first rays move slowly down the mountain faces.

During lunch, the five scouts agreed that the Aguille's summit looked close enough to touch. While strapping on his crampons, Tom Gray caught site of a wispy cloud as it crept over the cerulean-colored sky; "it looked foreboding," he later recalled. To this point the climbing was tiring but not technically difficult. The first pitch after lunch was typical: one hundred feet of fifty-degree ice. Bill Slugg turned to Gray and said, "Wait until you see this ice, baby." Dave Free suggested that Slugg cut right to reach a Stubai piton embedded in the rock.

In the sport of climbing, secure pitons embedded in rock or ice are anchor points for a mechanical protection system. In climbing vernacular, this system is known as a "belay," and it moves up and down the mountain with the climbing team. Quarter-inch nylon rope strong enough to suspend a Volkswagen Beetle acts as a giant umbilical cord connecting the team to the security of the piton. In theory, the climbing team is always protected in the event of a fall because the rope will catch the climber much like a trapeze net in a high wire circus act. Its a simple maneuver, one that had been practiced repeatedly by the Troop back home on the Stover Cliffs. That afternoon, however, Bill Slugg never had time to complete the protection system. A sudden cramp in Dave Free's leg threw them both off-balance, and they slipped out of their precarious toeholds. In his journal Slugg later wrote, "I am not sure whether I reached the crack, as something happened and I felt myself falling." Thus it was that at 3:30 p.m., on August 7, 1970, Paoli 1 scouts Slugg, Free, and Tom Gray began a rapid and uncontrolled fall down the Aguille.

Bill Slugg later recalled that his emotions raced from initial anger to the realization of certain death. "I am finally going to find out what it's like to die," he thought. Tom Gray, who shot off the slope and bounced down the rock-strewn slope, remembered his head swelled in a dream-like trance. While Gray was airborne, Dave Free attempted to execute a "self-arrest", a technical term for jamming the ice-axe into the slope to brake the fall. As Free bore down, the steel bladed ice-axe bent, however, and blood from his knuckles left a ribbon of fire-engine red ice the length of a football field.

They fell four hundred feet before the climbing rope caught on a rock. The rock, miraculously, held firm, because just below was a sheer, three thousand-foot drop to the valley floor.

The mountain became hushed and expectant, and then Doug Hoffmann called out, "Are you all right?" Concern for the safety of his



Canoe Barn foundation, June 1972



Raising the telephone pole walls, January 1973



Jack Fitzgerald admires "the slab"



April 1973



Completion, June 1973

boys forced a stomach knot that wouldn't untie. Hoffmann later thought, "This is what climbers call a non-trivial situation."

The three stranded climbers waved their arms to attract the attention of a rescue team. Usually the tourists would just wave and blow kisses, however. A wet blanket of snow covered the three at dusk. A telepherique car finally appeared around midnight, and the rescue teams used hand winches and steel cables to retrieve Tom Gray, Dave Free, and Bill Slugg. Scott Farquhar and Doug Hoffmann remained on the mountain, however, their climb halted by darkness.

In Chamonix, Dave Free, Tom Gray, and Bill Slugg were swarmed by newspaper photographers, and over the next few days, *Le Monde*, *Le Figaro*, and the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* were to report world-wide and partially erroneous accounts of the fall. At the town's hospital, Slugg and Free were aghast by the staff's primitive surgical procedure and callous bedside manner. With its double swinging wooden doors, the operating room resembled the saloon in a John Wayne western. The two men who stitched Gray were bare-chested and wore meat aprons; Free thought that one of the "doctors", the one with the purple velvet pants, belonged in a Peter Max poster.

Meanwhile, Scott Farquhar and Doug Hoffmann spent the night on the Aguille, perched on a rock the size of a desk top. Hoffmann later wrote, "There have been times when I've been colder and hungrier and thirstier, but never all at the same time." French mountain guides pulled the pair from their bivouac the following morning. They arrived in Chamonix to find their climbing partners shaken but in good spirits.

The fall on the Aguille was the dramatic highpoint of the 1970 European trip, but there are other memories, including an incident which occurred in Meiringen, Switzerland, over the Fourth of July. Tom Gray thought that it would be a fitting idea for the patriotic American scouts to celebrate their native country's holiday, and he undertook this goal by donning green-tinted Ray Ban sunglasses and riding a "borrowed" moped through the tiny town. The noise aroused the citizens and police, however, and the apprehended driver found overnight accommodations in a wooden jail. Prescription reading glasses were taken to prevent premature check-out.

The Troop spent also two days in East Berlin, East Germany. This is what Bill Slugg wrote in his diary about the Communist-built wall which the group visited:

I got a very good look at it from the western side. As a matter of fact I climbed it, right to the top, and looked over. I also stole a short piece of barbed wire by bending it back and forth.

Dick Bensing, Pat Corry, Jack Embick, and Tom McCown were also members of this 1970 trip.

While the senior Troop was in Europe, the junior Troop of Chuck Campbell, John Dewey, Mark DeWolf, Mike Hadden, Bruce Hatton, Russell Hatton, Hazen Hizer, Ken Klaus, Scott McCown, Tom Minnick, Drew Pearsall, and John Porter spent their 1970 summer at Philmont. Mark Smythe led this trip. Russell Hatton remembered two things in particular about that week:

The first thing was the appearance of John Porter, Chuck Campbell, and Rick Legrand. They were all living in the area at the time and they met the Troop when we arrived at the little Raton, New Mexico airport. All three were quite a different set of characters.

The second memory was the night Tom Minnick lost Mark Smythe's favorite drinking cup. It had been a long day, and the trip for both Tom and Mark was particularly difficult. Mark was madder than a hornet over the loss of his drinking cup, and he scared us all.

Trey Jordan, John Schrogie, and Dave Simmons spent a week at Philmont in 1979. Climbing the "Tooth of Time" and chasing bears out of campsite at midnight consumed much of their energies.

In July, 1972, Tim Bauer, Willis Crouse, Mike "Pony" Friel, Mike Hadden, and Doug Hoffmann flew west to Mt. Hood for five days of snow and ice mountaineering. The climbing on Oregon's dormant volcano was filmed and nationally televised as part of an *American Adventure* series. Despite its sixty-second commercials—Mennen's Letric Shave and Chevrolet trucks, for example—Scoutmaster Hoffmann's copy of the film soon became popular Father-Son Dinner entertainment.

Mike Friel later recalled that the most difficult day of the Hood trip was on the Fourth of July. "In any Paoli 1 summer adventure," he mused, "Independence Day is inevitably the most grueling, whether it's a climbing, hiking, or canoe trip." Tom Gray, recalling a certain night in Meiringen, Switzerland, in 1970, nodded his head in agreement after hearing Mike's comment.

The following summer, in July, 1972, Paoli 1 returned to the deep waters, cool breezes, and open skies of Algonquin Provincial Park. Twenty-eight scouts made this trip one of the Troop's largest congregations. The group included Tim Bower, Dick Bensing, Pat Corry, Willis Crouse, John Dewey, Jack Embick, John Fisher, Jack Fitzgerald, Mike Friel, Tom Gray, Hazen Hizer, Doug Hoffmann, Bob Lamley, Tom Minnick, Drew Pearsall, Glenn Shipp, Bill Slugg, and Howard Teaf. One scout later noted, "There were too many chiefs and not enough Indians on this trip."

Back in the park the wildlife roamed the water's edge in search of food. Glenn Shipp remembered the scare one uninvited visitor caused:

While carrying our equipment over the longest portage of the trip, we had heard rumors of bear sightings. We kept our eyes open but saw nothing. We'd just finished moving all of our equipment when we sat down for a rest. It was a nice day and the lake out in front of us was so beautiful that eight of the nine of us were looking out at it when Jack Fitzgerald mentioned that there was a bear behind us.

Not wanting to fall for the old "bear behind you" trick, no one was quick to look until we noticed Jack's face took on a milky white complexion. When we turned around the bear was certainly there.

Glenn Shipp claimed that while the assembled scouts remained calm, the bear was startled, and he bolted off into the woods. "When we headed out into the water," Glenn said, "we breathed a little easier."

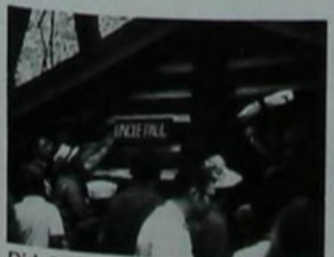
At heart, Paoli Troop 1 is a parentally-approved mobile playground where boys go about the unfettered business of being boys. The signal tower is its tree house, for example, while climbing ropes are their swing sets.



*Rocks for Lean-to, 1970.
L to R: Russel Hatton, R. Schuster, Bruce Hatton, Rick Legnard, Craig Hadden, Hazen Hizer, Mike Hadden, Chris Teaf, Dave Free, Carl Cole, Bob Lamley, Chris Cole*



*Paul Clark
Troop Committee Chairman 1952-1962*



Dick Bensing and Pete Clark dedicate the Lean-to, 1971

Wide-eyed recruits double as human medicine balls, while Lehigh River haystacks become Disneyland-like water slides. The Memorial Cabin is a war game Fort Apache and construction projects—the Paul Clark Lean-to, for instance—are sandcastles lasting beyond the sweep of the next high tide.

Thought to building the lean-to's can be traced back to the mid-fifties when Paul Clark planned construction of four separate Adirondack-style lean-to's, one for each patrol. They would serve as a base of operations until the Memorial Cabin was completed. The Cabin was begun, however, and the lean-to's were all but forgotten.

When Dick Bensing returned from the army, in 1969, he decided that the lean-to's would be a worthy addition after all, providing facilities for sleep outs on the property. Dick, a University of Pennsylvania trained architect, drew up plans and the work began. Poles were donated by Bell Telephone Company, with the arrangements made by John Minnick. A tractor was used to haul the poles to the building site while fourteen year-old's laboriously carried stones from Croton Creek (Mike Friel, toiling uphill with a particularly large rock, wisecracked: "I'm glad I wasn't around when the Egyptians built the pyramids"). The corner foundation piers were dug, and the masonry was completed shortly thereafter.

The Lean-to was dedicated at the 1971 Birthday in memory of "Uncle Paul" Clark, with the assistance of his son, Pete. Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann later wrote:

In our minds, Uncle Paul was the flesh and blood essence of Paoli 1. He was the man who "stirred the drink" for many years and in tribute and everlasting memory to him we built and dedicated the Lean-to.

The Paul Clark Lean-to has been home to many outstanding sleepouts since its completion, and it could tell many stories, including the time one recruit was set upon by a pack of scoundrels. Chris Teaf remembered the events:

Broken versions of "To the Colours" at nine in the morning notwithstanding, our Ivycroft neighbors are generally our friends. But the last straw may have been a sleepout when a groovy young recruit named Bill Slugg was set upon in his sleeping bag by a group of more responsible senior members. With no mercy for the ten degree weather, the sleeping bag was zipped and knotted and its occupant was dragged to the back porch of an unsuspecting Ivycroft neighbor. The great mystery is how this recruit successfully freed himself and ran back to the cabin naked even after the house's doorbell had been rung repeatedly.

John Schrogie recalled that the best part of Lean-to sleepouts was returning from war games to gather before the campfire, cook Dutch oven popcorn, and have "honored conversations with our Scoutmaster, Doug Hoffmann, about Troop experiences." John said, "Eyes widened with excitement as the stories were told, and we always went to bed with a smile on our faces feeling as though we were becoming a part of the great Paoli 1 tradition."

The Troop, realizing that it needed additional storage space, decided to postpone the construction of the second lean-to. The mountain climbing and white water canoeing programs were in full swing at this time, and the Cabin basement was overloaded with tents, ropes, piton hammers,



Boy Scout Tom Rudolph of Paoli Troop 1 passes the flag baton to Scout Todd Rodkey of Malvern Troop 7, at the Paoli 1 Monument on Monday evening. Boy Scouts are carrying the flag batons in relays from three historical points to special ceremonial grounds at the Ellipse behind the White House in Washington, D.C. for a special honor America Day ceremony at 12:30 P.M., July 4. This flag baton started at the Arch in Valley Forge Park, with Scouts of Troop 1 under Scoutmaster Frank McCown carrying the flag to the Paoli transfer point. Malvern Troop 7 under Scoutmaster Ken Yeager, then moved the flag baton to West Chester, where it was transferred to West Chester Troop 6 at the 10:15 A.M. on Tuesday. In the background as the transfer took place are Troop 1 Scouts Scott McCown, Rick Myers and Michael Hadden.



1972 Algonquin Canoe Trip. L to R, rear, standing: Doug Hoffmann, Tom Minnick, Dave Trout, Drew Pearsall, Howard Teaf, Hazen Hizer, Todd Hizer, Chip McCown, Tim Bower, Jack Embick, Jack Fitzgerald, Tom Gray, Clem Cole, Pat Corry, Rick Legrand, Dick Bensing. Center, L to R: Tom McCown, Andy Young, Craig Hadden, Bob Lamley, Mike Hoffmann, Jack Furst. In Canoe: Bill Slugg, Willis Crouse, Levy Gray, Mike Friel.

boats, trailers, paddles, inflation bags, trek carts, and life vests. A facility specifically designed to hold this equipment was needed. Dick Bensing suggested an addition to the Cabin.

Scoutmaster Doug Hoffmann was not keen to adversely affect the Cabin's aesthetic appearance, however, and thus was born the idea of a separate building, located on the lower parking lot. It would be known as "The Canoe Barn". The exact site was on top of one of the old Weenonah Indian wells, then full of fifteen years worth of accumulated debris. Earth fill was obtained by expanding the far side of the parking lot. The boys, by now experienced construction workers, began digging the foundation and footer trenches in the spring of 1972. History will note that architect Bensing's specifications called for the presence of numerous cylindrical aluminum beverage containers to "strengthen" the foundation. The foundation was completed in August, 1972. Rarely was a group of boys prouder of a single concrete slab. Thousands of man-hours had gone into its creation, and it was absolutely beautiful in its own stark simplicity.

The first course of logs was set in place that fall. All logs were moved into position by hand and sheer human muscle-power. Only the upper floor support beams were hoisted by machine. Recruits creosoted the telephone poles, and many parents came to abhor the pungent odor which became impregnated in their son's Levi bluejeans and t-shirts. John Minnick graciously provided his expertise, hand tools, generators, cement mixers, and scaffolding. The spring of 1973 saw the roof go on, and a year later the fabrication and installation of the canoe racks. The fleet of canoes was moved from the Cabin basement into the Canoe Barn in late 1974.

Doug Hoffmann later ruminated on how the Canoe Barn building project galvanized a collective sense of Troop pride and accomplishment:

Never before has a group of boys been so proud of a mutual undertaking, done together as a team. As a result, Troop spirit soared as did all activities, such as climbing, canoeing, and cross-country skiing. Today the James Howson Canoe barn stands as a functional monument to all boys who participated in its creation.

The Troop was also operating an aggressive and profitable campaign of selling firewood—"Tons of it!"—to pay construction expenses. The mid-sixties demise of the Hunter Trials left a financial vacuum filled only by contributions. Dick Bensing ran the construction program while Doug Hoffmann directed firewood preparation and delivery. Local tree surgeons were invited to dump their trees on the parking lot to prevent depleting the property's natural wood supply. The lot was soon full of wood.

John "Buck-a-roo" Fisher recalled that the construction and wood sale programs usually operated with "the precision of an expensive Swiss watch." A team mixed mortar at one corner of the basketball-court sized parking lot while chain saws and log splitter's hummed on the other side.

Doug Hoffmann's four wheel drive Chevrolet Blazer, the Troop's primary construction vehicle, displayed its versatility by hauling firewood and pulling stumps. The Blazer eventually died in the line of duty when the transmission fell onto Croton Road, but it was soon replaced with a larger vehicle, the Suburban. Rides in the Blazer and the Suburban were characterized by the repetitious lyrics of noted philosophers Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young:



1974 Summer Trip. Kneeling, L to R: Daniel Teaf, Sean Minnick, Tony Yannella, Glenn Shipp and Glenn Hamilton; Standing, L to R: Jack Fitzgerald, Brian McIlwey, Mike Dregalla, Todd Hiser, Andy Young, Rich Loman, Frank Adamthwaite, Drew Pearsall and Howard Teaf



1975 Abitibi River Canoe Summer Trip. Front Row, L to R: A. Hadden, D. Teaf, A. Unger, S. Minnick, A. Friel; Back Row, L to R: J. Fitzgerald, D. Hoffmann, K. Dewey, G. Shipp, J. Fisher, R. Loman, T. Minnick, C. Naser, C. Teaf, B. Slugg, T. Gray and B. Hale

*We've been through some things together
With trunks of memories still to come,
We found things to do in stormy weather
Long may you run...*

Occasional disruptions added to the overall fun of the weekends. Second-Class scout John Way's first girlfriend, Rhoda the St. Bernard, was a frequent guest, and the obese dog never left the property without a brown lunch bag in her ample mouth. On another occasion a load of firewood was delivered to Doug Felske. This Paoli 1 alumnus later asked if his cord was over-seasoned. The Troop was baffled until it learned that a cache of M-80 firecrackers had "accidentally" fallen in with his order.

On another afternoon, a large tire fell off John Minnick's red pickup truck. The 8-ply Goodyear kept its balance as it rolled down the Cabin driveway. Craig Hadden and Tom Minnick looked on in disbelief as the runaway tire jumped Radnor Road and careened into a house. The homeowners thought an earthquake had struck, and they were relieved to learn that it was only their friendly neighborhood Boy Scouts.

The construction and firewood programs of the early and mid-seventies were truly team efforts, spurred on by the dedication of senior scouts like John Fisher, Jack Fitzgerald, Mike Friel, Craig Hadden, Mike Hadden, Bruce Hatton, Russ Hatton, Bob Lamley, Tom McCown, Tom Minnick, Drew Pearsall, Glenn Shipp, and Dave Trout.

John Fisher attributed much of the Troop's success at that time to his Scoutmaster:

Doug [Hoffmann] fostered a fraternal attitude between the scouts such that they felt a part of a unique organization which accomplished goals based on their work and dedication. The Lean-to and Canoe Barn were two such goals.

These programs also became a primary source of points towards winning the Interpatrol Contest. A log book in the Canoe Barn acted as a primitive time card machine. This system was based on the honor code, and it was successful for a few years.

In the mid-seventies, however, the competition for winning the Interpatrol contest was such that certain patrol leaders began making unauthorized time changes (a three p.m. sign-out later become six p.m., for example). A quick rub with one's thumb made the revisions appear authentic.

The staff soon got wind of this situation, and they contacted Penn State students Bill Slugg and Chris Teaf. Bill and Chris were friends with a few of the Astronomy professors, and the two Paoli 1 alumni were able to lease a University-owned geosynchronous satellite. They positioned it over the Canoe Barn parking lot. This particular model was one of the CIA's old "Eye in the Sky" models, and its high-powered telescopic lens transmitted weekend surveillance data to a ninety-inch microwave receiving dish. A bonded courier had the processed film in Dick Bensing's possession by Monday afternoon.

Assistant Scoutmaster Dick Bensing, armed with irrefutable proof, confronted the ashen-faced guilty parties. "The problem of tampering," he later said, "was stopped dead in its tracks!" Senior Patrol Leader Bob Lamley noted that a second application of this surveillance technology was learning "which boys worked and which ones hacked off." He reported that Jim Sable was the only efficient worker in the Troop, while Cliff Beeson, John Dewey, Chris Hatton, and Hewitt Heiserman, Jr. were rated "unsatisfactory".

The Troop represented by Willis Crouse, John Dewey, Dave Free, Doug Hoffmann, Bob Lamley, Tom Minnick, Chris Teaf, and Dave Trout made its fifth safari to Europe in 1974. Their first destination was Meringen, Switzerland. En route, Bob Lamley and Chris Teaf found that train travel caused excessive thirst, and so they disembarked in order to purchase a case of Pepsi. The pair, "confident it would be a quick errand," left all their cash, passports, and clothes on board. The trip took thirty minutes, however, "because there aren't any 7-11's in France." They returned to witness their train's receding amber tail lights disappear in the underground depot's black cavern. Chris turned to Bob and said: "How do we know which way to go if we don't know where we are going?"

The stranded scouts entered an empty car and explained their predicament to a highly skeptical conductor. The conductor finally relented after a protracted discussion, and the two were awarded free passes. Later, in Basel, Switzerland, a stern-looking lady was heard yelling, "You must be David and Christopher." The pair turned around to lock eyes with the angry faces of Willis Crouse and Doug Hoffmann. "Where the hell have you been?" and "It's about time!" they said. The euphonious melody of Dave Free quietly singing the Eagle's "Take it Easy" on his acoustic guitar lightened the otherwise-tense encounter. The boys finally reached Meiringen, Switzerland, which made Bob Lamley happy since he had gone fifty-two hours without sleep. "I saw the sun rise three consecutive mornings," he claimed.

The senior Troop spent a week receiving technical climbing instruction at the Rosenlauri Institute with guides Bruno Kohler and Bruno Scheller. The institute, founded in 1940 by Arnold Glatthard, Switzerland's one-time world ski-slalom champion, was the first of some forty-five Swiss mountain guide services. (Glatthard retired in 1983 after training some 13,200 climbers.) Such was the reputation of the school that sherpa Tensing Norgay attended the Rosenlauri Institute before making the first successful climb of Mount Everest, with Edmund Hillary, in 1953.

Before returning home, the Troop visited Bob Lamley's grandmother in Wilhermsdorf, West Germany. An uneasy sense of *deja vu* struck when the grandson realized that directions had been temporarily misplaced. When the dinner hour arrived, John Dewey and Tom Minnick found themselves so hungry that they consumed several rather generous portions from the tasty home-cooked dishes. "The two had a satisfied air about them that night," reported Dave Trout, "like properly inflated tires."

The following summer, in July, 1975, the Troop went down a one-hundred and twenty mile stretch of Ontario Province's Abitibi River. The route followed the trails of the French pioneers who challenged the region three hundred years before. Ken "Sleepy" Dewey, John Fisher, Jack Fitzgerald, Tom Gray, Andy Hadden, Bob "The Little General" Hale, Doug Hoffmann, Rich Loman, Sean Minnick, Tom Minnick, Curt Naser, Glenn "Schmee" Shipp, Chris Teaf, Daniel Teaf, Bill Slugg, and Andy Unger enjoyed this trip to one of the few remaining remote areas in North America.

John Fisher recalled the geography of the area:

The Abitibi region was spectacular in its vast emptiness. The essentially flat landscape, which was once covered



1976 Paddelrama Race, 3rd Place Finish. Front Row, L to R: Rich Loman and Glenn Shipp; Back Row, L to R: Dave Case and John Fisher; (not pictured, Andy Friel and Daniel Teaf.)

by the James Bay, featured only stunted spruce and tamarack, some of which were two hundred years old yet only six feet high. The region has remained much the same since the time of the explorers with the one major difference: the Ontario Hydro Dam. Today it is the dam, and not the seasons, which regulate the river level.

During mornings, travel on the Abitibi was usually an effortless affair. By noon, however, the Fraserdale hydro electric plant would close its spillways, and the river level dropped measurably. The river became an unnavigable rock garden, and gear-laden canoes hung up on seemingly invisible rocks lying just below the surface.

Glenn Shipp recalled that there was an atmosphere of tension for the yet unseen but much talked about Abitibi rapids:

A maintenance worker aroused concern by informing us of the impending danger of the rapids below. Although never having seen the rapids personally, he emotionally recounted stories of previous canoeing disasters. In broken English with a heavy French accent, he said: "It's like leading lambs to slaughter." He went on to say the rapids were very large and they might sweep us along the rock walls.

With this warning, Bill Slugg and Chris Teaf, two of our most experienced canoeists, prepared a scout boat to determine a safe passage through the rapids. Doug [Hoffmann] and I walked on shore ahead of the canoe maintaining a visual lookout for hazards. Doug kept in contact with Slugg via walkie-talkies which had been packed for emergencies. The safe passage was determined and mapped, then they returned upstream to lead the rest of the boats. Despite some class three rapids, all the boats made it through the rapids without swamping.

At the trip's conclusion, Tom Minnick impersonated a polar bear at the Moosonee railroad station by dressing in white lab coat, painter's pants, and hat. The natives were charmed by the American citizen's ursine-likeness, although the resemblance did bring one four-year-old Canadian to tears.

By the end of 1976, the Paoli 1 Scouting program clearly reflected a newer, more contemporary look. This development was partly due to the recent technologies derived from the nation's space program; waterproof nylons, freeze-dried foods, alloys, and high-strength resins, for example, enabled companies like REI, Kelty, Edie Bauer, Rossignol, and Yvon Chouinard's Great Pacific Iron Works to manufacture lightweight yet durable tents, canoes, kayaks, backpacks, cross-country skis, and mountain-climbing hardware. This gear, in turn, allowed the Troop to enjoy the outdoors with greater safety and comfort.

This new look, introduced by the Troop's adult leaders, was firmly embraced by the scouts. It's no wonder that anyone who pages through the photo albums of this period finds Noxema-faced boys flashing toothy grins.

Chapter V
On the Move
1976 to 1986



1977 Paddlemun Varsity Team - Paoli #1 (2nd Place). Front Row, L to R: G. Shipp, A. Friel, H. Heiserman, D. Toaf. Back Row, L to R: J. Fisher, D. Case



Paoli Troop #1 at Camp Horseshoe, Rising Sun, MD, 1978
Sitting, L to R: J. Schrogie, R. Kasper, G. Howell, C. Wetzel. Kneeling, L to R: J. Way, D. Harper, C. Garber, B. Garber, D. Brooks, D. McClain, J. Mutchler, M. Sulkowski. Standing, L to R: T. Wetzel, T. Jordan, C. Siddall, P. Herr, J. Miller, D. Blumstein, S. Sulkowski, M. Roby



Memorial Day Parade, Troop Canoe Fleet (in part), May 1979



Paoli Troop No. 1, B.S.A. Loyalsock Trail Hike pick-up by John Minnick (Troop record for 37 people in a pick-up truck), October 1977



Leland Smaltz

In the spring of 1977 Leland Smaltz joined Clifton Lisle, Arthur P.G. McGinnes, and Arthur P.G. McGinnes, Jr., as Paoli 1 men who have earned the National Council's Silver Beaver Award. A more fitting recipient would be hard to find; Leland was a Troop Committee member from 1938 until 1977, an Institutional Representative from 1938 to 1970, a Conestoga District advancement participant from 1950 to 1965, and a merit badge counselor from 1938 to 1975.

During the presentation ceremony, the Chester County Council remarked:

Leland Smaltz's scouting involvement has covered more than fifty years. He was a central figure in the acquisition and construction of the sixteen acre home. He organized and coordinated an International Scout Encampment in 1950 with a contingent of British scouts attending the National Jamboree at Valley Forge. He is living the spirit and meaning of Scouting and following the ideals by which youth have been guided into leadership.

The Troop recognized its long-time Troop Committee Secretary in 1977 by hanging his portrait in the Memorial Cabin. The Cabin's Trophy Room was dedicated in Leland Smaltz's honor at the seventy-fifth Birthday, in 1986. A brass door plaque reads:

Dedicated by Paoli Troop 1 to the memory of H. Leland Smaltz, whose exemplary principles, service, and devotion to Scouting assisted many young men in obtaining their Scouting objectives and beginning their life's walk.

Dick Crane offered how the Troop was "a far better one for having benefitted from Leland's devotion and leadership."

In the summer of 1977, four months after Leland Smaltz received the Silver Beaver Award, Eric Fisher, Andy Friel, Hewitt Heiserman, Jr., Doug Hoffmann, Bob Lamley, Vane Lucas, Sean Minnick, Bill Slugg, and Daniel Teaf flew to Seattle, Washington, for a five-day ice and snow clinic at nearby 14,410-foot Mt. Rainier. The group relaxed at Stuart Smythe's home for a day prior to the climbing, and all were immediately won over by his engaging personality and gracious hospitality.

From Stuart's waterfront property, all thoughts were of the imposing mountain. Hewitt Heiserman, Jr. remembered his first view:

Eric Fisher and I had flown into the Sea-Tac airport a few hours before the rest of the group. Ten minutes before touchdown, we glanced out our window and caught site of Rainier, which resembled a triple-deck vanilla ice cream cone of Goliath proportions.

The group felt right at home on Mt. Rainier's glacial ice and snow, and days were spent practicing crevasse rescue. At night, Eric Fisher regaled tent-mates with wrestling exploits of dubious authenticity while the erudite Vane Lucas expounded on the relevance of Locke, Hobbes, and Rousseau to contemporary life. In the afternoon following the successful summit attempt, Bill Slugg and Daniel "Bones" Teaf frolicked in their homemade, eleven-thousand foot bathtub, made out of ponchos and melted snow water. (They even had soap and towels.) Rainier Mountaineering Inc. guides Rom Lee and Tracey Roberts exclaimed that they had never encountered such a spirited group.

Three Generations of Scouters



SCOUTING MCGINNESES: Arthur McGinnes Jr. (left) shows his father, Arthur P. G. McGinnes (center) his Scouting medal presented by President John H. Ware, III, during the 40th Annual Chester County Council, Boy Scouts of America, banquet Saturday night at Camp Horseshoe. Looking on is the third member of the family, Arthur McGinnes' (Jr.) son, Arthur P. G. McGinnes, III, who was received into the "Book of Eagles" during the ceremony. Arthur Jr. is moving from the Main Line area to Illinois as a result of the recent sale of American Non Gran Bronze Co.

UMLN Photo



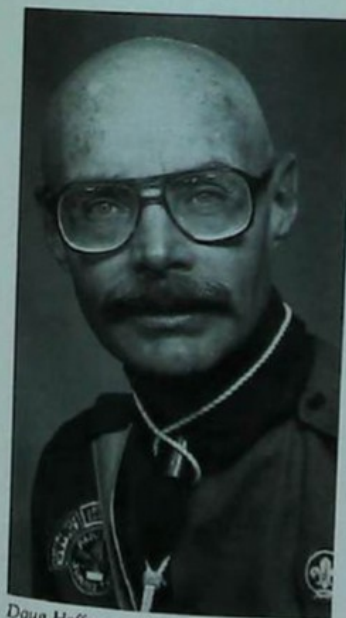
Clockwise: Chad Garber (wearing jacket), Jay Mutchler, Mark Beeson, Bruce Fisher and Brad Garber share a pleasant moment with Leland Smaltz, November 1977



Tom McCown (foreground), Russell Hutton and Sean Minnick



1977 Mt. Rainier Trip. Front Row, L to R: Doug Hoffmann, Rom Lee (Guide), Tracey Roberts (Guide); Middle, L to R: Andy Hadden, Eric Fisher, Sean Minnick, Andy Friel; Back Row, L to R: Bill Slugg, Vane Lucas, Daniel Tonf, Bob Lamley, Hewitt Heiserman Jr.



Doug Hoffmann, Scoutmaster 1959-1979

The well-tanned climbers celebrated Doug Hoffmann's July 7 birthday by eating everything closely resembling food upon their return to the Paradise Ranger Station. Andy Friel joined Bob Lamley in making quick work out of a table full of chocolate shakes, cheese fries, and double bacon hamburgers at the hospitality house.

Two years later, following the conclusion of the 1978-1979 scout year, Doug Hoffmann resigned his Scoutmaster responsibilities. His twenty years were marked by an impressive list of accomplishments: eighty-nine Eagle scouts, the construction of the Lean-to and Canoe Barn, the reestablishment of the European summer trips, and the introduction of the mountaineering, kayaking, and cross-country skiing programs.

These accomplishments bear witness to the fact that Doug Hoffmann kept the Troop a relevant and meaningful experience to Paoli 1 scouts at a time when many of the nation's youth found it fashionable to be anti-authority and anti-tradition. In this respect Stuart Smythe wrote, "Doug's leadership and encouragement helped many scouts overcome adolescent struggles and to become strong individuals." Bill Lacock said that "Doug had more effect on my growing up than any other individual I had contact with in my youth. He helped me develop self-confidence and self-esteem." Trey Jordan remembered him as "a friend you could always count on. I will never forget his coming to the 70th Birthday and personally helping my parents award me the rank of Eagle Scout. To me, Doug will always embody the true spirit of Paoli 1."

And current Scoutmaster Dick Bensing wrote:

Doug [Hoffmann] had a certain craziness about him, and yet he was able to stand on the hearth and demand the respect and loyalty needed to keep things together. He was a classic character, one who captured the energy and imagination of a boy and directed it towards rewarding projects. No one has ever dedicated so much or received so little. We are here today because he was there then.

Tom McCown, elected Scoutmaster in the summer of 1979, recalled the difficult challenge following Doug Hoffmann's footsteps, "knowing the hours upon hours spent as well as the responsibility of having the safety of the boys in my charge." Tom's kind-hearted disposition and gentle nature made the transition less awkward than many thought otherwise possible.

The new Scoutmaster's first test was the 1980 canoe trip on the upper Delaware River with Dan Brooks, Jim Corl, Steve "Little Big Man" Espenshade, Jack Fitzgerald, Bob Fleming, Bob Hale, Robert Hammer, Kirk Jordan, Trey Jordan, Mike McCarthy, Dave "Flyboy" McClain, Scott Mitchell, Jay "Muchless" Mutchler, Keith Shipp, John Schrogie, Dave Simmons, and Mark Sulkowski. Sunny afternoons found Scott Mitchell hosting Acapulco cliff-diving clinics while Jack Fitzgerald—the only scout ever to earn the streaking merit badge—searched for missing gym shorts. It was on this trip that Bob Fleming realized paddling a kayak was harder than driving a car.

John "Hoagie" Schrogie reported that a great deal of energy was expended flipping canoes:

Flipping canoes is a favorite activity of Paoli 1 scouts. The process begins when a large bowman jumps overboard and swims towards his smaller, unsuspecting victims. He grabs the painter, and acting as a human anchor, hangs on the mid-section of the victim's canoe until both occupants are in the drink. With mission accomplished, the bowman returns to the safety of his canoe to begin the process once again.



Colour Patrol receives the 316th Infantry Drill Trophy, June 1981. Trey Jordan, PL, Col. Richer Goodwin, Presenter



Paddlerama 1980. Kneeling, L to R: John Schrogie, Steve Espenshade, Keith Shipp, Dave McClain, Dave Simmons and Trey Jordan; Standing, L to R: Ted Ruben, Andy Hadden, Terry Ives, Ken Dewey, Andy Friel, Dan Teaf, Sean Minnick, John Nay, Steve Sulkowski, Robert Hammer and Jay Mutchler



1980 Delaware River Summer Trip. Kneeling, L to R: Dave McClain, Keith Shipp, Bob Fleming, Steve Espenshade and Jim Corl; Second Row, L to R: John Schrogie, Trey Jordan, Robert Hammer, Jay Mutchler and Dave Simmons; Standing, L to R: Jack Fitzgerald, Kirk Jordan, Mike McCarthy, Mark Sulkowski and Dan Brooks



Craig Jacobi and Steve Espenshade, Birthday 1981

Scoutmaster Tom McCown was always a popular target for these canoe dunkings, especially for Keith Shipp. Coaching from older brother Glenn Shipp earned "Schmee Junior" the exalted title "King of the Flippers". At night, Tom dried himself off accompanied by the music of the Grateful Dead's "Sugar Magnolia", the Allman Brothers' "Jessica", and the Outlaws' "Green Grass and High Tides".

In October, 1981, the Troop visited Hawk Mountain's Pulpit Rock for rock climbing instruction. Scribe's Jim Corl and David Simmons of the Eagle Patrol wrote:

When we got there, Tom [McCown] gave everyone a climbing lesson. He explained that a 165-foot rope stretched to half-again its own length, to 247 feet, and how it was so strong that if he tied one end around his waist and ran off the cliff the rope would not snap. (This was of course because the other end wasn't tied to anything.) Reassured by this bit of advice, none of us could wait to go risk our lives.

First-timers always generated comic relief when they took to Pulpit's rock walls, "Greased Glass" in particular. Thoughts of impending hospitalization made for some rather graphic conversations. This censored talk between Scoutmaster Tom McCown and Chad "Gumby" Garber records the tense atmosphere during one such instructional routine:

Tom: "Go ahead and hang there for a minute and rest your arms and legs. Then I want you to try again, but this time don't hug the rock. That way you'll stay in balance and you won't pop off the foothold."

Chad: "What foothold?"

Tom: "That edge just above your left knee."

Chad: "You mean this? It's a quarter-inch wide!"

Tom: "Yeah, it's a big one all right. So just put the edge of your shoe on it and press up."

Chad Garber tried again, and fell again. The third time he made it, but he looked very awkward. He had what climbers call "sewing machine legs", meaning that his legs were vibrating very rapidly. But Chad also had an ear-to-ear smile. Despite the tough competition from many Paoli 1 scouts, Sean Minnick can lay rightful claim to having the fastest "sewing machine legs", although Terry Ives, Wayne Burgess, and Phil Sugar were close runner-ups.



Jamie Wetzel displays his fire-by-friction technique, 1981

When a boy joins an American troop today he becomes affiliated with an organization that boasts a distinguished group of alumni. President Gerald R. Ford, Pulitzer Prize winner Harrison Salisbury, and William Devries, the first man to transplant an artificial heart, were Boy Scouts. So were Heisman Trophy winner Herschel Walker and ET Director Stephen Spielberg. Sixty-four percent of the members of the Ninety-Ninth Congress participated in Scouting, as did ninety of the one-hundred and fifty-seven pilots and scientists selected as astronauts for the Space program. (Twenty-five were Eagle Scouts, including Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon.) What these and another seventy million individuals who have taken part in Scouting share in common is the recruit year.



The 1982-1983 Troop.
Front Row, L to R: Tom Sugar, Mike Beeson, Scott McClain, Rich Gates, Kevin Gates.
Second Row, L to R: Jason Ebsworth, Kirk Jordan, David Cohen, Mike Yagley, Doug Gates,
Tony Carnevalino. Third Row, L to R: Chip Biddle, Craig Jacoby, Drw Jordan, Dan Brooks,
Phil Sugar, David Simmons, Keith Shipp. Back Row, L to R: Trey Jordan, Tom McCown



The 67th Birthday, June 1978



Bill Slugg bathing at 11,000-feet on the side of Mt. Rainier



Hewitt Heiserman Jr. and John Fisher, 1981

The Paoli 1 recruit year is a singular experience — one of blissful innocence and painful awkwardness. As a recruit, one's job is to show up on time, keep the mouth shut, and spend Saturday afternoons splitting firewood. Bob Lamley said that because of this situation, he was ready to quit "after three weeks." Another scout compared the experience to "four years in the Marines with a sergeant who had a bad attitude." He went on to say that in Paoli 1, "no good deed goes unpunished." For sheer pith, however, it's hard to top the former recruit who said that phrase "Shut up!", he explained" characterized his first few months.

Many Paoli 1 scouts still remember their first Saturday with the Troop. This is what one scout introduced by neighborhood friends Andy Friel and Daniel Teaf in the fall of 1972 recalled:

We had been instructed to haul logs out of a new housing development in Wayne. It was unfortunate for us that it was monsoon season, because the mud was nearly waist deep. That day the logs were bigger than usual, and our eighty-pound torsos were hopelessly over-matched. We considered a palace coup until Staff members Mike Hadden and Bruce Hatton showed up.

Anyway, we carried those logs even as we sunk in the quicksand-like mud. Since the older boys never learn the names of the recruits until February or so, it is entirely possible some of our fellow peons may have gotten caught in the mud, never to be seen or heard from again.

The first sleepout is an equally powerful experience, especially when little recruit eyes glaze over with the sight of the well-fed Staff comfortably ensconced in their powder-blue goosedown sleeping bags. "Compared to my thin cotton bag, featuring faded illustrations of red deer sprinting through green forests, which I borrowed from my parents station wagon," wrote one scout, "I was overcome by a sense of wonder and distress."

Rich Gates and Kevin Gates later recalled the wonder of their first sleepout, which took place in the early-eighties:

Our first campout at the Lean-to was calm until our leader, Keith Shipp, told us that our patrol was about to do an unforgettable attack against the Staff. We could not believe it. We were innocent little fifth graders.

We started by smashing an egg over the head of Staff member Ted Ruben. The fight continued with sticks of butter, barbecue sauce, and soft-boiled eggs. Jay Mutchler got whipped cream in his face, John Way pancake butter down his back, and Dan Blumstein received several direct hits of mud grenades.

As Rich and Kevin Gates quickly learned, assaults on the staff were often short-lived pyrrhic victories. In their particular situation, for example, the staff mobilized and promptly squashed the rebellion. They concluded: "We then learned not to fight them, because you have no chance for triumph."

With the first sleepout the recruit learns that his new organization operates under what historian William Manchester calls, "The principle of muscular laissez-faire." To be sure, this survival of the fittest spirit has a calculable attrition rate, and one fellow from the late fifties is remembered for "reevaluating his weekend options" after he was hung from a tree and had a fire built under him. To safeguard against such options, recruits would



Scoutmaster Tom McCown 1982, Lake Harmony



1984, Temagami Canoe Trip
Front Row, L to R: Richard Gates, Tony Carnavelino, Kevin Gates, Mike Beeson, Matt Rand, Marc Rand, John Seibor
Back Row, L to R: Bill Slugg, Jeff Bensing, Dick Bensing, Andy Friel, Bob Bensing, Trey Jordan, Jack Fitzgerald



Some of the "tough guys" on the 1981-1982 staff. L to R: Steve Sulkowski, Dan Blumstein, Mark Sulkowski, Ted Ruben and Robert Hammer



1984 European Trip. L to R: Dick Jordan, Drew Jordan, (unknown), Doug Gates, Craig Jacoby, Tom Sugar, Mark Stellrecht, Kirk Jordan, Dave Cohen. Jeff Simmons taking picture.



T. M. (Hock) Patterson, Jr. - P.L. Paoli Troop #1

often pitch pup tents together to form "Hilton Hotels". These encampments served as temporary havens from the bruising musclepower of the seventeen-year olds, and it was there that Tenderfoots ate Frito-brand potato chips, Italian hoagies, and Tastycake creme-filled chocolate cup cakes in relative safety. One former recruit noted that the snacks were more than a luxury, however, "because invariably our Patrol Leader had attempted to poison us with his interpretation of Chicken a la King."

The recruit acquiesces to these situations partly because of the lure of the coveted Thomas M. Patterson, Jr. Recruit of the Year Award. Assistant Scoutmaster Jack Fitzgerald, a 1971 recipient, wrote what it takes to win this honor:

First, address and end all sentences with "Sir"; second, clean all pots (including toilets); third, be nice to all staff; fourth, feed the birds; fifth, obey your superior officers and sixth, the key to earning the Recruit of the Year medal is to be dumb and work hard.

(Credible witnesses reported that Jack won this Award by a landslide margin.)

The growing realization that Troop life offers a new world of activities and friends is a second and more enduring attraction for the new initiates. "At a time when I felt I was just a helpless raft on the great sea of life," wrote one scout, "the opportunity to test myself on the mountains and the rivers held great appeal."

Soon a scout awakens to the fact that a Saturday with Paoli 1 is an open air classroom of sorts, one in which he learns something about the physical sciences ("What are the G-forces if your canoe is pinned against a rock?"), the natural sciences ("What is the Latin name for the white oak, peon?") or philosophy ("If a tree falls in the woods and Doug doesn't hear the crash, do we have to haul it to the parking lot?").

Jay Mutchler, a recruit in the late seventies, said that favorite first-year moments included:

Getting boulders put in my pack on Lisle hikes; cross country skiing fifty miles one day with Hoffmann in Valley Forge Park, "going for it", as he was apt to say; racing to the top of Pulpit Rock; swimming icy streams near Sandy Beach; paddling consecutive legs of Paddlerama Race because our team was short one man; watching Howard Teaf and Eric Fisher having a hot-pepper eating contest on a Loyalsock trip; and making Tom Young "Go West" into lakes on Minnick trips.

Chris Teaf captured the transition from recruit to senior scout status when he made these comments at the Seventy-Fifth Birthday Dinner:

Your initial experiences quickly point out that you have entered a situation where your status is nonexistent. You are worthless. Everyone wants to quit in the early stages—it's natural. This feeling was continually reinforced by those above you who have already passed this point. But if you are willing to understand the system and survive for a little while, you gradually become one of those "above", and you soon reap the rewards. You then view your subsequent treatment of the lower echelon as their training and dues, which, from below, is perceived as the power of life and death.



Chris Teaf describes his recruit year at the Alumni Dinner, June 1986

Very few things in life are ever as bad as they seem at the time. Although this is a tough lesson to learn, it is useful to have the opportunity to learn it before one is sixteen or seventeen.

These observations generated many laughs, but no one in the audience said that they would willingly submit to repeating their first year.

As Paoli 1 moved towards the end of its third quarter century, many of the current Troop's senior members expressed a desire for their own European trip. The Troop Committee encouraged the idea, and with their blessing new Scoutmaster Dave Trout drew up plans for a 1984 expedition. Firewood sale profits would pay expenses, and work-hour quotas were assigned to each scout. A record fourteen-thousand dollars was earned in only four months because of the diligence of the boys and their fathers.

During the months preceding their departure, Troop Committee officer's Dick Jordan and Jeff Simmons sounded like broken records advising scouts on the importance of getting current passports. "Don't wait until the last minute, as it would be a shame for you to remain home," they counseled. All participants were visibly excited when they arrived at Kennedy Airport in July, 1984. Jay Mutchler remembered that the trip was almost a year in planning, "and when we arrived at the departure gate, it was like a dream coming true."

Dan Brooks, Dave Cohen, John Fisher, Doug Gates, Craig Jacoby, Dick Jordan, Drew Jordan, Kirk Jordan, Dave McClain, Jay Mutchler, Ted Ruben, Dave Simmons, Mark Stellrecht, Tom Sugar, and Phil Sugar passed through customs effortlessly. Jeff Simmons was the last, and he had a big grin on his face until he was informed that his passport had expired. That afternoon, a startled Mrs. Simmons mistook her husband for a burglar, and she called the police. "Jeff," she queried her husband with crossed-arms and arched-eyebrows, "aren't you supposed to be in a plane?"

Once established in Europe, Dick Jordan found himself unable to gain access to the Troop's funds. The checking account required both officers' signatures, but without Jeff Simmons, Dick Jordan had to resort to paying food and lodging expenses on his American Express. "There I was with fourteen scouts and one credit card," said the former Troop Committee Chairman, "and I was a bit concerned that the prodigious appetites of Phil 'Full Bore' Sugar and Dan Brooks were about to push my card close to its bursting point." The junior scouts were especially happy when Jeff Simmons arrived because they had visions of starvation.

After a happy reunion and a hurried trip to the bank, Dan Brooks, John Fisher, Dave McClain, Jay Mutchler, Ted Ruben, Dave Simmons, and Dave Trout headed to Meiringen, Switzerland, to receive technical ice, rock, and snow instruction at the Rosenlauri Institute of Mountaineering.

This was Scoutmaster Dave Trout's second visit with Paoli 1 to Meiringen, the first having been in 1974. He wrote about the changes:

On my first trip, we stayed at the Hotel Sherpa, which also served as the School's headquarters. At the time, the accommodations were decidedly "old-world European" in



1984 European Summer Trip Climbing Group
L to R: John Fisher, Phil Sugar, Dave Simmons, Dave Trout, Dan Brooks, Dave McClain (not pictured, J.J. Mutchler)

service and architecture. What an eye-opener upon arrival in 1984 to see that a completely new Hotel Sherpa stood where the old one formerly existed. Not only was the new one larger and more modern, but it also had a discotheque, exercise room, and elegant dining facilities.

We spent the first week climbing with our guide, Bruno Scheller. Bruno was really a character, and he loved taking "the American boys" to the nearby cliffs to teach us the finer points of mountaineering and to show us the splendor of the Swiss Alps. Not only was Bruno an excellent Bergführer, but he delighted in his driving "abilities". At the end of each day of climbing, he loaded us in the Volkswagen Van and roared down the twisting, precipitous roads in a manner that would have given his life insurance agent ulcers.

After dinner, John Fisher wrote by-laws for his newly-formed Augusta, Georgia, Lonely Hearts Club while international flag captain Jay Mutchler practiced escape techniques with Dave Simmons. One evening Ted Ruben was sentenced by a tribunal of his roommates to sleep outside because he threatened the respiratory ability of the Hotel's more genteel guests.

The week's highlight was a cloudless afternoon on the summit of the 13,653-foot Jungfrau with its unobstructed view of the Bernese Oberland range and the four-sided, pyramid-shaped Matterhorn. Dan Brooks photographed the airy panorama while Dave Trout bragged how he was the most agile climber in the party. Dave McClain gently reminded Scoutmaster Trout: "This is only because you apply Super-Gloo to your fingertips."

In Heidelberg, West Germany, the lowland group basked in the hospitality of Paoli 1 alumnus Louis de Branges. Dick Jordan noted that the "Count", as he was affectionately known, spoke fluent German, French, and English, "with a Wayne accent."

Much of the time was spent on bicycle. Drew Jordan and Doug Gates were usually the first to top the big hills, while Kirk Jordan and Tom "Brown" Sugar were the slowest. Doug Gates loved racing down the hills with his mouth wide open until a bee flew in and stung his tongue. Mark Stellrecht earned the "Joe Dirtbiker Award" when he bent his bike frame. Craig Jacoby noticed that Kirk was acting depressed one day, and inquiry revealed that "Tuna" was upset to learn that he would miss "Weekend Sing-along with Mitch" on EASY 101FM because of poor reception.

The lowland group bid Count Louis de Branges "auf Wiedersehen" before departing for Munich, West Germany, for a rendezvous with the senior Troop. Tom Sugar had a great time until the older boys arrived. "They expected us to portage their Kelty packs all over town," he complained. The reunited Troop travelled by train to Holland to catch a London-bound ferry for a few days of sightseeing before returning to Wayne.

The idea for what would become the Leland Smaltz Trophy Room had been tossed around for a few years before its actual construction. Numerous sketches were thrown into the trash can before new Scoutmaster Dick Bensing's blueprints called for an addition to the Cabin's west end.



John Siebor and Marc Rand - Tamagami 1984



Doug Gates surf kayaking, Loveladies, Long Beach Island

Dick asked Troop Grounds Chairman Bob Lamley to oversee this two-year project, and a completion date was set to coincide with the seventy-fifth Birthday in June, 1987.

Groundbreaking began in earnest on the first Saturday of October, 1984, with the early morning arrival of Ray DiOrio's backhoe. Sanguine projections for a smooth running project were thwarted, however, when the machine broke down in mid-afternoon. "We were off to a great start," recalled the nonplussed Grounds Chairman. With the loss of the backhoe, the remaining footer and foundation trench digging was done manually. Ted Ruben, Phil Sugar, and Tom Sugar completed this onerous task, which "consumed many hours and raised numerous blisters."

After the concrete footers cured, Bob Hale, Bob Lamley, and Ted Ruben laid the first twelve-inch, semi-solid concrete blocks, "weighing in each at ninety pounds." Niles Beeson and Harry Garber mixed mortar cement for the efficient Tom Hale, Dick Jordan, Tom McCown, Jeff Simmons and Phil Sugar. The below grade block was waterproofed with a tar coating and the concrete lintels were set above the garage door shortly before the winter's first freeze.

An early spring, 1985, thaw enabled John Dewey, Harry Garber, Dick Jordan, Tom McCown, and Ted Ruben to begin the tedious process of stone facing. Mike Friel found a steel beam in a Philadelphia junkyard which was used to support the two-by-ten floor joists. The subfloor, laid in time for the 1985 Birthday, served as a handy pig roast barbecue pit. Bell Telephone delivered poles during the summer, and the Troop's trusty brown Ford pickup hauled them from the parade ground to the Trophy Room foundation. Progress was steady until the hauling chain's hook ripped a five-foot gash down the side of the beloved truck.

Pantano Construction supplied the crane and operator to set the ridge poles in September, 1985. "If it hadn't been for Pat's help," said Bob Lamley, "we would still be setting poles." Roof rafters, skylight framing, and gable ends were installed as time permitted. Chandler Gillespie and Craig Hadden skillfully laid the one-by-six tongue-in-groove roof decking while Bill Cunningham and Tom Nojunas wired the security system and the electrical lines. Bob Lamley, Sr., installed the yellow, pine-finish floor.

While timely completion of the Trophy Room was an important goal, Scoutmaster Dick Bensing wisely kept the program in balance. Hard work with the mortar board and trowel was offset by sunny afternoons in the spray of white water. Weekends at Island Beach State Park, New Jersey, for instance, were spent surf kayaking, and reliable witnesses reported that Tom Sugar often inhaled sea water when his "C-2" rolled onto the beach. Jack Fitzgerald, Doug Gates, Drew Jordan, Kirk Jordan, and Phil Sugar fared better, but all played the role of keel at various times.

Two Perception "Dancer's" and a "Hydra" were added to the canoe fleet, and Dave Cohen, Bob Cunningham, and Matt Rand became enthusiastic participants. Leo Judge was keen to the idea as well, "despite his inability to master the upright position." Winter months found the Troop at the Radnor High School pool practicing Eskimo rolls under the tutelage of Jack Fitzgerald. In the spring of 1986, Ted Ruben and Philadelphia Canoe Club Guide Dave Jackson ran the Troop down the Tohican River during dam releases.

Scott McClain recorded the action of one such Tohican weekend in his minutes:



Matt Rand near Stover Mill on the Delaware, 1986



Stover, April 1986, Dave Judge



Delaware River, Spring 1986
L to R: Leo Judge, Steve Pilgram, Paul Gallup

The first shift took off around a bend, and all laughed at the first set of rapids. We thought it would be boring until we lost Keith Shipp in the kayak. When we came to the first set of heavy falls, Kirk Jordan and Scott McClain got their boat stuck on a rock and Kirk got out his book, *What to Do in an Emergency Situation*. It didn't mention what to do if you were stuck on a rock, so Kirk panicked, and both Kirk and Scott dove upstream. Our beloved Scoutmaster told us to hang in there, which was easy for him to say because he didn't see his short life passing before his eyes.

We then came to a very small drop of eight feet. After seeing a canoe literally fall over the drop, the rest decided to portage. Lion-hearted Jay Mutchler was deciding whether to brave it while Scott McClain pleaded not to. Jay, of course, rejected it and was all set to "Go for it" until he heard that Keith Shipp had almost broken his nose. Scott was overjoyed when Jay decided it might be a good idea to portage after all.

It was about this time that Bob Cunningham hired a detective agency to confirm rumors that the Scoutmaster had secretly installed a bilge pump in his personal canoe. "Despite claims of extensive experience," said Bob, "he spends much of the time capsizing." Dick Bensing contradicted those findings, saying that the device was actually a SONAR tracking system, "used to locate a frequently submerged Drew Jordan." Senior Patrol Leader Jordan's cryptic and somewhat-defensive response: "I am doing a little underwater sightseeing, that's all."

Ted Ruben, another avid boater, wrote this apt description of white water life for the benefit of would-be canoeist and kayakers:

Wetness is a constant. For anyone who would like to get a feel for this at home, I suggest the following simulation: Sit in a baby's highchair and wrestle with a truck tire while having a friend throw a bucket of ice water in your face every couple of minutes. If you find you are enjoying this after six hours, then you'll have fun in a canoe or kayak.

Ted is well-qualified to make this analogy, as he is perhaps the Troop's most accomplished kayaker.

As the seventy-fifth Birthday approached, Scoutmaster Dick Bensing, Assistant Scoutmasters Jack Fitzgerald and Tom McCown, and Senior Patrol Leader Drew Jordan coordinated weekend activity details with Troop Committee Chairman Jeff Simmons, Reunion Committee Chairman Frank McCown, Troop Committee Vice-Chairman Mike Friel, Recording Secretary Philip Sugar, Corresponding Secretary Jack Embick, Treasurer Bill Gates, Advancement Chairman Tom McCown, Sustaining Membership Enrollment Chairman Bruce Hatton, Scout Coordinator Charles Hatton, Insurance Chairman Dick Jordan, Transportation Chairman Allan Cohen, and Troop Historian Niles Beeson.

Tom Nojunas provided an able crew from the Bryn Mawr Hospital Rehabilitation Clinic to wax the Cabin floor while Bill Cunningham, Dick Jordan, and Bob Lamley rebuilt the bathroom with supplies donated by Comstock Plumbing. A new flag pole was installed, but once bolted to its concrete pad, careful analysis revealed that "a certain someone" forgot to remove the tension rope. John Way and Ted Ruben volunteered to scale the sixty-foot pole, but neither made it past the half-way point. Bob Lamley



Craig Dixey, Assateague, MD, September 1985



Trophy Room, January 1986. Jack Fitzgerald and Bob Lamley survey the crew.



Tom McCown and Bob Lamley



The cinder blocks and stone facing walls



Full field set-up, 1985

suggested that the two try a ladder, and the rope was off in a matter of minutes, much to the chagrin of the two Eagle Scouts.

The Troop received a slight scare two days before the 1986 Birthday when thirty tons of stone was found blocking the upper drive. The aggregate was intended as a sub-base for the newly expanded parking lot, but the backhoe's operator had forgotten to relocate it. A frantic call persuaded him to move the six-foot tall and ten-foot deep pile by Friday evening. He did. Bob Lamley noted that the property repairs and the Trophy Room were officially completed "hours before" the start of the seventy-fifth Birthday.

The June Birthday, the calendar and emotional apex of the Paoli 1 scout year, is the day that scouts are recognized for their accomplishments and are graduated to positions of greater responsibility. Bill Grieb recalled how Birthday's were always "hyper-organized," while Ted Kennedy noted that it was an "exciting yet terrifying experience." Drew Pearsall testified that the only other time he got stomach butterflies like this "was the night before I got married."

Pageantry embroiders the day, and the sight of alumni looking resplendent in crisp uniforms weighing heavy under the burden of colorful ribbons is enough to set impressionable adolescent hearts aglow. Surprises like Colonel Edward B. Cassatt's 1916 visit heightens the excitement. Cassatt was the first Scout Commissioner of the Chester County Council, and he drove up from his great farm "Chesterbrook" to the Good Samaritan's parish house with coach-and-four to review the Troop. It made a stirring sight, especially as the coach came on to the reviewing field, "horn blowing and horses in high fettle."

Occasional lapses invariably keep the events from becoming too serious. In 1967, for instance, Rocky Walker's patrol cut silhouette letters and numbers for the Cabin roof. This patrol job was saved "for the last minute," and a Friday night observer would have watched the eight boys frantically cutting plywood with jigsaw and t-square long past midnight. The white enamel paint was still sticky to the touch the following morning.

Bruce Hatton recalled his Patrol Leader year when he learned that cooking utensils had been taken from his trek cart. He wrote:

I had just got my driving permit, and I took my parents red, three speed Rambler to Goldberg's in Philadelphia to buy a new silverware set. I made the mistake of turning left on a one way street. I was pulled over by the police and given a citation.

In a joking mood, I said "Officer, I was only going one way." This comment gave me a second ticket. I should have known then we were about to lose the Birthday competition, and sure enough we did.

On Saturday, June 7, 1986, Paoli Troop 1 celebrated its seventy-fifth Birthday with a blend of the past and the present. In a preview article for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, Dick Bensing was quoted as saying, "It's going to be a memorable day." It was. Alumni came from as far away as California, Colorado, Florida, New Hampshire, Texas, Washington, and Wyoming.

Full field demonstration began in earnest after bugler Tom Sugar sounded "Assembly." Bill Patterson affirmed the intensity of the competition



L to R: Paul Gallup, Rich Gates and Kevin Gates with their Eagle Patrol trek cart at the 75th Birthday, June 1986



Drew Jordan working the gates, Nescopec 1986



L to R: Dick Bensing, Kirk Jordan, Drew Jordan and Ted Ruben at the Nescopec 1986



Mike Nojunas at Radnor Pool



Ted Ruben on the Nescopec, Easter 1986



Craig Hadden installing roof rafters



Drew Jordan and Dick Jordan lifting asphalt shingles



The oldest and the youngest: Mike Nojunas (left), the newest member of Paoli 1, greets Ned Curtis, a 1922 recruit



Bob Cunningham and Tony Carnavelino win the Colonel Lisle Advancement Trophy, Wolf Patrol 1986

while the Staff inspected camp. "May God have mercy upon your souls," he said to nervous patrol leaders. Although Tony Carnavelino claimed that Bob Cunningham "had us practice events a thousand times," Kevin and Rich Gates' Eagle Patrol won the Birthday Plaque, which was presented by Sandy McGinnes.

Dormant rivalries surfaced during the alumni knot tying contest when certain scouts tried cross-body tackles. The Wolves won the competition, followed by the Eagles, Lions, and Colours. Many participants reported sore muscles Sunday morning.

The most anticipated part of the Birthday program was the awards ceremony. Stu Corry offered the Troop Spirit Trophy to Dan Cunningham and John Hires; Jeff Simmons presented the Troop Committee Plaque to Drew Jordan and Dave Cohen; Bill Patterson supplied Dave Judge with the Recruit of the Year ribbon; Lee Porter bestowed the Sydney LeSueur Memorial First Aid Trophy upon Rich Gates; Jack Shea, who quipped, "Little did I realize I would learn lessons in efficiency my whole life," offered the Efficiency Cup to Tom Sugar and Doug Gates; Colonel Joseph Barber, an able stand-in for Roger Hollingsworth, awarded the Wolf Patrol with the 316th Infantry Drill Trophy; Pete Clark and Paul Clark, Jr., presented the Paul Clark Award to Kirk Jordan; and Jim Gassaway congratulated Bob Cunningham's Wolf Patrol with the Colonel Lisle Advancement Award. The Wolf Patrol also won the Interpatrol Cup, which was presented with a smart salute by Admiral Jim Wilson.

Scoutmaster Dick Bensing presented the Scoutmaster's Cup to Drew Jordan and Kirk Jordan. The Scoutmaster's Cup was first given in 1958 to Dick Bensing by Scoutmaster Frank McCown. Only Jack Embick, Mike Hadden, and Drew Pearsall have won this award twice.

The Troop honored two of its most loyal members by dedicating the Birthday to Mark Smythe and the new Trophy Room to Leland Smaltz.

The Award proceedings concluded with General Frank Good presenting Eagle Rank badges to Bob Cunningham, Kevin Gates, Rich Gates and Scott McClain. General Good remarked: "A young man who has qualified himself for this award is a credit to himself, to his parents, to the Troop, and to the Nation." The inductees also received congratulatory memento plates from Doug Hoffmann, who was stationed in Korea with the Exxon oil company at the time. After the mother's luncheon, which was hosted by Kitty Jordan, the newly-inducted Eagle Scouts planted four, six-foot white pines near the Canoe Barn. The idea was Scoutmaster Dick Bensing's, and he believed that it was a worthy new tradition appropriate to mark the occasion of the Troop's seventy-fifth year of Scouting.

That evening, the alumni met at the St. David's Golf Course Clubhouse for a spirited reunion dinner. Bob Porter graciously hosted the proceedings. After Paoli 1 alumnus Reverend Wallace Houston delivered the Invocation, Master of Ceremonies Frank McCown recognized special guests Richard C. Bennett, Chester County Chief Scout Executive; Joseph E. Boyd, Chester County Council President; Keith Douglass, Assistant Scout Executive; Craig Hadden, Explorer Executive; and John B. Rettew III, popular Devon 50 Scoutmaster and current Chester County Council Commissioner.

Brief remarks were made by the Smith Foundation's Colonel Joseph Barber, Dr. Chris Teaf, and Troop Committee Chairman Jeff Simmons. Dick



Lt. G. Franklin Good and Adm. James Wilson wearing their Distinguished Eagle Awards



L to R: Bill Patterson, Dick Bensing and Frank McCown, 1986



Three proud Paoli Scouts, L to R: Bob Smythe, Lt. G. Franklin Good and Stuart Smythe



Mark Smythe
January 1, 1912– February 23, 1986
Troop Committee Chairman 1962–1966



Scoutmasters Dave Trout, Tom McCown, Bill Patterson, Frank McCown, Pete Clark, Harry Rolin, John Johnston and Dick Bensing (Jim Rice left early)



The Corry Family, L to R: Stu, Jim, Dave, Pat with Mrs. Corry, 1986

Bensing followed with a few choice words describing the life of a Scoutmaster. He characterized the experience this way:

Becoming Scoutmaster is never something you plan on. I don't think anyone can quite picture themselves in the role until one day there you are, standing on the hearth, in front of the fire taking salutes, with the back of your pants about to catch fire.

You had not volunteered for the job, but you had been maneuvered to that point so subtly, but directly, that your refusal would have been an assault on motherhood and apple pie.

With two years under my belt, there are certain qualifications that a Scoutmaster must have. He must be able to answer at least twenty very similar questions within five minutes of arrival on the property. He must be slightly deaf or at least appear that way. Totally deaf is helpful on long drives. He must like rock and roll, not be annoyed by total confusion, and be adept at picking up all types of trash and litter.

I think that the worst trap you fall into is expecting too much. You always want to set your goals high, but you have to be able to accept a compromise. You have to deal with sloppiness, disorganization, and laziness. But the bitterest pill is not caring.

You have your highs and lows, and, hopefully, you have enough support from staff assistants and parents to keep you going. It has been my contention all along that the strength of this organization is not in the personality or performance of one person, but in the commitment and involvement of many.

While he would never admit it himself, Dick Bensing's commitment to the Troop is a primary reason why Paoli 1 remains a scouting experience of the highest caliber.

The evening ended with the Distinguished Eagle Award presentation to General F. Franklin Good and Admiral James B. Wilson. The Distinguished Eagle is the National Council's highest award to adult members who work with the Scouting movement. General Good, in an appreciation letter to Seventy-Fifth Birthday Reunion Committee Chairman Frank McCown, wrote:

The highlight of my east coast trip was my participation in Paoli #1's Seventy-Fifth Birthday celebration. Words are not adequate to describe the thrill I experienced to again belong to Paoli #1 for a day. For me, the icing on the cake was the presentation of the Distinguished Eagle award. This surprised and delighted me, and I shall cherish it always.

The Troop is enormously proud to call these two gentleman Paoli 1 scouts. General Frank Good was commander of the Second Division of the United States Marine Corps and has been a long-time supporter of Scouting while Admiral Jim Wilson was commander of all Naval forces during the Vietnam War and served as Vice-Chairman for the National Explorer organization. The integrity, courage, and patriotism displayed by these two individuals represent the Boy Scout movement's highest and most noble ideals. Jack Shea and Dick Bennett share credit in making these Awards possible.



Friends and family members enjoying the ceremony of the 75th Birthday



Senior Patrol Leader Drew Jordan at the 75th Birthday

The seventy-fifth Birthday provided a forum for renewing old friendships, and one could not help being impressed with the mutual regard each alumnus held for his fellow members. Ralph Stacy said that he really enjoyed the day because he hadn't been back in forty years while Stewart Lacock noted that it was awfully good to be back and see his friends. Jim Myers spoke for all scouts when he said, "I benefitted from the chance to associate with good kids who gave me a model support group."

The celebration, in addition to rekindling old friendships, also sparked a dialogue on a variety of Troop-related topics. Most comments centered upon the theme of Troop pride and how one's association with Paoli 1 proved to be a beneficial experience in later years. George Aman appreciated the "sense of self-reliance and leadership," for example, while Dick Crane valued "the discipline, loyalty, and ethics." Dick concluded his thoughts by stating that "some real leaders came out of the Troop—that has to show people something great happened." (Perhaps the most useful skill acquired while in Paoli 1 was bargaining; Ned Curtis said that "learning to ask for double the amount of points you wanted was a valuable tool for life.")

This was Trey Jordan's observation:

Every Paoli One'er who has attained the rank of Eagle Scout has heard this question: "The Troop has given much to you. Once you earn your Eagle Rank, what will you give back to the Troop?" The majority of the boys keep their promise and continue serving the Troop, but the oath made many years ago can never really be fulfilled; you can never give too much of yourself to Paoli 1.

Trey's point is that a senior in experience, maturity, and wisdom bears a fiduciary-like responsibility to his junior counterpart. Indeed, by his early teens, a boy awakens to the realization that there is a life outside the closely patrolled family environment, and the question he has is: "What will be my role model and what are my options?" As the preceding pages suggest, the Troop has been a worthy option for many young adults. That successive generations of Paoli 1 scouts repay this debt of their own volition and without provocation is testimony to the living spirit of this enterprise.

The theme of responsibility is one which is dear to the heart of Jim Wilson as well, and he addressed this topic at the 1983 Father-Son Dinner and again at the 1987 Birthday by reciting a favorite poem: Penned by Will Allen Dromgoole, the poem *Bridge Builder* uses a bridge as a metaphor for the guidance and wisdom supplied by adults for the benefit of youth. Its message is a lyrical yet apposite conclusion to this chapter of Paoli 1 history.

*An old man, travelling a lone highway,
Came of an evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.*

*The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream held no fears for him
But when he was safe on the other side,
He turned to build a bridge to span the tide.*



Trey Jordan is presented the Colonel Lisle Advancement Trophy and Ribbon by Mrs. Clifton Lisle, 1981



John Way at 75th Birthday



75th Birthday Commemorative Patch

*"Old Man," cried a pilgrim near,
"You're wasting your time building here.
Your journey will end with the close of day
You never again will come this way.
You have already crossed the chasm wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"
The builder raised his old gray head,
"Good Friend, in the path I came" he said
There followeth a youth this day
Whose feet must also pass this way.
This stream which was but nought to me
To this fair-haired youth may peril be.
He too must cross in twilight dim
Good Friend, I am building this bridge
for him."*



The Seventy Fifth Birthday, 7 June 1986
First Row, L to R: Mike Nojunas, John Hires, Dan Cunningham, Charles Ross, Paul Gallup, Jim Cowley, Chris Shaw
Second Row, L to R: Richard Gates, Marc Rand, Chandler Gillespie, Anthony Carnavelino, David Judge, Steven Pilgrim, Greg Sugar, Craig Dixey
Rear, L to R: R. Bensing, Philip Sugar, Kirk Jordan, Matt Rand, Drew Jordan, David Cohen, Scott McClain, Trey Jordan, Robert Cunningham,
David McClain, Michael Beeson, Chad Garber, James Doling, David Trout, Jason Scherer, Mark Stellrecht, Jack Fitzgerald, Robert Lamley

Epilogue

Just as this is a story without an author, so too is it an adventure without a conclusion. As we begin our seventy-sixth year of Scouting, however, we take this time to briefly luxuriate in what one mature scout called "the delightful malady we call nostalgia." This occasion is also a reminder to thank the concerned adults who stood by. Our appreciation for their interest cannot be overestimated; were there decorations for wise counsel, they would deserve medals of twenty-four-karat gold burnished to coruscate brighter than the sun. Through their example we learn that it is not telephone poles and mortar but sentiment and character that perpetuate this Troop, Paoli 1.

During his celebrated journey through the United States in the early nineteenth century, Alexis de Toqueville attempted to understand this vibrant young country when he asked, "What then is this American, this new man?" In this history we ask the question of ourselves: "What is Paoli 1, and why is this Troop, aptly described by Lee Porter as a "community resource," one whose past merits recognition?" At once instructive and anecdotal, introspective and passionate, this essay has endeavored to respond to these questions. It is hoped that you have found this exercise both pleasurable and profitable.

The international Scouting movement which began as an experimental camp on Brownsea Island seventy-nine years ago struck a universal chord for high achievement and a caring attitude towards fellow beings. Since 1907, the year of that camp, some seventy million scouts in 120 countries have participated in its program.

One of the elements central to this Scouting philosophy is citizenship: cooperation and concern for neighbors is to responsible societies what stable foundations are to safe buildings. As communication and transportation technologies continue to shrink our already crowded planet, preservation of these values will become even more important. General G. Franklin Good, Jr., reduced this view from the abstract to the concrete at our seventy-fifth Birthday. He said: "No one told me that the Scout Oaths and Laws lasted until Saturday night, next month, or next year. They last for the rest of our lives."

There is a chiseled inscription on a solid piece of pink Vermont granite rock halfway between the White House and the Capitol which reads, "What is past is prologue." Like our country to which this message is directed, you active Scouts also inherit an enviable past. To you we say, "Guard this fragile institution well." May this history be not only an encomium to past celebrations, but also a preamble to Paoli 1 adventures not yet conceived.

Roster of Eagle Scouts

1917 F. Wayne Reed Jr.	1929 Harold R. Blackstone Philip C. Burnham Ralph A. Crane Joseph L. Crawford David W. Dale William E. Dale B. Wallace Houston Jr. David Post John M. Rice Henry A. Soleliac Jr.	1939 George L.J. Forster William C. Patterson James E. Rabb George B. Rittenhouse	1952 Howard E. Borzell Richard Hennessey Bruce R. Hoffmann Derrick E. McGavic Allan B. Myers James W. Myers III Joseph B. Vanderveer
1918 Arthur N. Ferry Theodore K. Ferry G. Franklin Good Jr. Albert H. Groff	1930 Arthur M. Edrop	1940 James B. Wilson	1954 Greville L. Munger
1921 William C. Keator Jr. Clifton P. Lisle	1931 Y. Parran Dawkins Jr. William C. Grieb Jr. Daniel C. Park Robert Porter Robert W. Rigg	1941 Harlow Loomis Frank C. McCown III	1955 E. William Heuser
1922 Donald L. Ferry	1932 Edwin M. Blackstone James Foley A.P.G. McGinnes Jr.	1942 David M. Haughton George R. Parfitt	1956 Russell L. McCarron
1923 Thomas Bishop Lawrence Lattomus Harry M. Rolin	1933 Richard M. Shepherd	1943 H. Patrick Adams Paul Clark Jr. John A. Colgan William W. Hicks David M. Hunt Ralph W. Stacy	1958 L. Wayne Army III Richard T. Bensing A.P.G. McGinnes III Robert B. Smythe
1924 Roy H. Faulconer Richard M. Keator S. Reed Keator Horace A. Rigg Jr.	1934 James W. Follin Jr. Franklin C. Kelton Sydney W. LeSueur	1944 David L. Aronson	1959 J. Robert Hershey Jr. William H. Chaplin
1925 Hal M. Bemis John Chalfont John H. Greiner Howard L. Hill	1935 Robert E. Forster II Robert L. Headley Jr.	1945 George M. Aman III William D. Diehl Herbert J. Henderson Edgar Kennedy Jr. Donald I. Lamont	1961 Peter R. Gurry Raymond Shivelhood John H. Smaltz
1926 Richard S. Krick Robert C. Morriss II Thomas M. Patterson	1936 Joseph D. Aronson Alexander Glass Richard F. Holland	1946 Richard Henderson William Z. McLearn III	1962 Gordon C. Hoffmann Arnold W. Nidecker III John W. Norbury Jr. Stuart L. Smythe
1927 Elliot Compton E. DeForest Curtis Jr. Roger P. Hollingsworth George F. Howson James D. Howson Frederick R. Keator J. Stewart Lacock James N. Rice E. Harrison Rigg Francis A. Smaltz	1937 Richard A. Colgan James M. Gassaway	1947 C. Niles Beeson Jack Holtzapple Robert T. Ives	1963 George S. Comstock IV Alan P. Gray Peter F. Quinlan
1928 Lorne Hummel Fred W. Weisenbach	1938 Andrew Buchanan Robert J. Colgan Jr. Richard C. Crane Alexander Gassaway John J. Shea Robert R. Shepherd	1948 Arthur S. Horton	1964 J. Wayne Bystrom George R. Howell IV John T. Porter John T. Stephenson Donald B. Walker

Roster of Eagle Scouts

1965

Regan S. Chambers
L. Davidson Corry
William H. Lacock
Paul D. Mallory
S. Patrick Pantano Jr.
Douglas M. Saunders

1966

John E. Boyle III
William T. Ellmaker
John R. Embick
Thomas W. Gray
Richard W. Legrand Jr.

1967

Charles A. Bridgman Jr.
Keith L. Douglass
Robert W. Hale

1968

Christopher L. Chambers
W. Patrick Corry
Scott D. Farquhar
Thomas H. McCown
James M. Shuler
William A. Slugg

1969

Kevin B. Douglass
David F. Free
Ted M. Gray
Thomas C. Rudolph III
Christopher M. Teaf

1970

Hazen B. Hizer
Richard L. Myers
Rigg E. Mortis

1971

Christopher C. Cole
Mark C. Dewolf
Michael C. Friel
Michael J. Hadden
Bruce D. Hatton
Russell C. Hatton
J. Garry Heiney
Scott C. McCown
Drew F. Pearsall

1972

Clement T. Cole
John M. Dewey
Frank C. McCown IV
Thomas J. Minnick

1973

Carleton W. Cole
Michael E. Dregalla
John J. Fisher
John B. Fitzgerald III
John D. Furst
J. Craig Hadden
Robert F. Lamley
David H. Trout

1974

Curtis R. Naser
J. Andrew Young

1975

Clifford N. Beeson Jr.
David B. Case
Richard H. Loman

1976

Frank V. Adamthwaite
J. Christopher Hatton
Hewitt Heiserman Jr.
Sean K. Minnick
Glenn B. Shipp
Timothy W. Weiler

1977

M. Wayne Burgess
Kenneth C. Dewey
Andrew H. Friel
Andrew J. Hadden
Vane T. Lucas
Daniel W. Teaf
Anthony S. Yannella

1978

Clifford B. Cole
Eric C. Fisher
Terrence G. Ives

1979

Mark D. Beeson
Daniel Blumstein
Theodore A. Ruben
Stephen T. Sulkowski
John R. Way
Thomas B. Young

1980

Robert Hammer
John C. Mutchler
John Schrogie
Mark S. Sulkowski

1981

J. Richard Jordan III
Scott Mitchell

1982

Robert Fleming
David B. Simmons
Chad Garber

1983

Daniel Brooks
David McClain
Keith Shipp
Philip M. Sugar

1984

Kirk F. Jordan
Thomas M. Sugar
Douglas J. Gates
David S. Cohen

1985

Andrew H. Jordan

1986

Scott C. McClain
Robert C. Cunningham
Kevin J. Gates
Richard J. Gates

Troop Committee Chairmen

1911

—

1912

—

1913

—

1914-1915 John D. Follett

1916-1918 John M. Wirgman

1919-1920 Gardner Cassatt

1921-1924 Sidney L. Roberts

1925-1928 J. Brooks B. Parker

1929-1932 William C. Keator Jr.

1933-1935 Richard F. Warren

1936 E. DeForest Curtis

1937-1938 Richard F. Warren

1939-1940 Hal Bemis

1940-1942 James D. Howson

1942-1946 Phillip C. Burnham

1947-1949 Herbert Henderson

1949-1951 Richard S. Krick

1952-1962 Paul Clark

1962-1966 Mark H. Smythe

1966-1967 Horace P. Howell

1967-1971 Frank C. McCown III

1971-1972 Walter DeWolf

1972-1976 Taylor Cole

1976-1979 C. Niles Beeson

1979-1982 Charles E. Hatton

1982-1984 J. Richard Jordan Jr.

1984-1986 H. J. Simmons III

Scoutmasters

1911-1921 Horace A. Walton

1921-1929 Clifton P. Lisle

1930-1932 Jules F. Prevost

1932-1934 Francis A. Smaltz

1934-1939 James D. Howson

1939-1943 Harry M. Rolin

1943-1946 Richard S. Krick

1946-1947 James D. Howson,
Alexander M. Gassaway

1947-1948 William C. Patterson

1948-1949 W. Fred Martindale

1949-1950 Scudder D. Boles

1950-1953 James N. Rice

1953-1954 Horace Pryor

1954-1955 William R. Smith

1955-1958 Frank C. McCown III

1958-1959 Peter W. Clark,

Howard R. Borzell Jr.

1959-1979 Douglas L. Hoffmann

1979-1983 Thomas H. McCown

1983-1984 David H. Trout

1984-Present Richard T. Bensing

Senior Patrol Leaders

1911-1912 John D. Follett, Jr.
 1912-1913 John D. Follett, Jr.
 1913-1914 John D. Follett, Jr.
 1914-1915 G. Franklin Good Jr.
 1915-1916
 1916-1917 Albert H. Groff
 1917-1918 Theodore K. Ferry
 1918-1919 Theodore K. Ferry
 1919-1920 Arthur N. Ferry
 1920-1921 William G. Keator
 1921-1922 James M. Mitchell
 1922-1923 Robert P. Benedict
 1923-1924 Harry M. Rolin
 1924-1925 Thomas L. Bishop
 1925-1926 Horace A. Rigg, Jr.
 1926-1927 Richard S. Krick
 1927-1928 Richard S. Krick
 1928-1929 Robert C. Morris II
 1929-1930 E. Harrison Rigg
 1930-1931 Hal M. Bemis
 1931-1932 Ralph A. Crane
 1932-1933 James Curtis
 1933-1934 Robert W. Rigg
 1934-1935 James Moore
 1935-1936 Richard M. Shepherd
 1936-1937 Richard Holland/
 Phillip Livingston

1937-1938 Richard A. Colgan
 1938-1939 Richard C. Crane
 1939-1940 James P. Gassaway
 1940-1941 Alexander R. Gassaway
 1941-1942 William C. Patterson
 1942-1943
 1943-1944 H. Patrick Adams
 1944-1945 Ralph W. Stacy
 1945-1946 David L. Aronson/
 George M. Aman III
 1946-1947 George M. Aman III
 1947-1948 C. Niles Beeson
 1948-1949 C. Niles Beeson/
 Stuart Horton
 1949-1950
 1950-1951
 1951-1952 Douglas L. Hoffmann
 1952-1953
 1953-1954 Bruce R. Hoffmann
 1954-1955 Russell L. McCarron
 1955-1956 H. James Hudson
 1956-1957 Craig B. Curley
 1957-1958 Jonathan Stine
 1958-1959 Robert B. Smythe
 1959-1960 William H. Chaplin
 1960-1961 Richard T. Bensing
 1961-1962 John H. Smaltz

1962-1963 Stuart L. Smythe
 1963-1964 George S. Comstock
 1964-1965 Donald B. Walker
 1965-1966 Richard W. LeGrand Jr.
 1966-1967 John R. Embick
 1967-1968 Robert W. Hale
 1968-1969 W. Patrick Corry
 1969-1970 Thomas H. McCown
 1970-1971 Christopher M. Teaf
 1971-1972 Drew F. Pearsall
 1972-1973 Michael J. Hadden/
 Russell C. Hatton
 1973-1974 John M. Dewey/
 Bruce D. Hatton
 1974-1975 Robert F. Lamley/
 David H. Trout
 1975-1976 John J. Fisher
 1976-1977 Clifford N. Beeson Jr.
 1977-1978 Hewitt Heiserman Jr.
 1978-1979 Sean K. Minnick
 1979-1980 Terrence G. Ives
 1980-1981 Stephen T. Sulkowski
 1981-1982 Mark S. Sulkowski
 1982-1983 J. Richard Jordan III
 1983-1984 David B. Simmons
 1984-1985 Phillip M. Sugar
 1985-1986 Andrew H. Jordan

Sydney Scoutmaster's Cup 1958

Presented by Frank C. McCown, III

1958
 Richard T. Bensing
 1959
 John H. Smaltz
 1960
 Raymond C. Shivelhood
 1961
 John T. Stephenson
 Stuart L. Smythe
 1962
 George S. Comstock, IV

1963
 Douglas M. Saunders
 1964
 John T. Porter
 Donald B. Walker
 1965
 John R. Embick
 1966
 Robert W. Hale
 1967
 John R. Embick

1968
 W. Patrick Corry
 1969
 Thomas H. McCown
 1970
 Drew F. Pearsall
 Thomas C. Rudolph
 1971
 David F. Free
 Drew F. Pearsall
 1972
 Michael J. Hadden

1973
 Michael J. Hadden
 1974
 Thomas J. Minnick
 David H. Trout
 1975
 John J. Fisher
 1976
 Clifford N. Beeson, Jr.
 1977
 Hewitt Heiserman, Jr.
 1978
 Eric C. Fisher

Scoutmaster's Cup 1979

Presented by Douglas L. Hoffmann

1979 Stephen T. Sulkowski
 1980 Andrew Hadden
 Sean Minnick
 1981 Terrence Ives
 1982 Mark Sulkowski

1983 J. Richard Jordan, III
 1984 David B. Simmons
 1985 Philip M. Sugar
 1986 Andrew H. Jordan
 Kirk F. Jordan

The Interpatrol Cup

Paoli Troop No. 1

BSA

1913 Lion Patrol
 1914 Wolf Patrol
 1917 Colour Patrol
 1918 Colour Patrol
 1919 Lion Patrol
 1920 Colour Patrol
 1921 Wolf Patrol
 1922 Wolf Patrol
 1923 Colour Patrol
 1924 Lion Patrol
 1925 Colour Patrol
 1926 Eagle Patrol
 1927 Eagle Patrol
 1928 Eagle Patrol
 1929 Lion Patrol
 1930 Eagle Patrol
 1931 Eagle Patrol
 1932 Wolf Patrol
 1933 Wolf Patrol

1934 Colour Patrol
 1935 Eagle Patrol
 1936 Wolf Patrol
 1937 Eagle Patrol
 1938 Eagle Patrol
 1939 Lion Patrol
 1940 Lion Patrol
 1941 Eagle Patrol
 1942 Lion Patrol
 1943 Wolf Patrol
 1944 Eagle Patrol
 1945 Wolf Patrol
 1946 Lion Patrol
 1947 Colour Patrol
 1948 Wolf Patrol
 1949 Wolf Patrol
 1950 Lion Patrol
 1951 Lion Patrol
 1952 Lion Patrol

1953 Lion Patrol
 1954 Lion Patrol
 1955 Eagle Patrol
 1956 Colour Patrol
 1957 Lion Patrol
 1958 Eagle Patrol
 1959 Wolf Patrol
 1960 Lion Patrol
 1961 Colour Patrol
 1962 Colour Patrol
 1963 Wolf Patrol
 Eagle Patrol
 1964 Colour Patrol
 1965 Lion Patrol
 1966 Eagle Patrol
 1967 Colour Patrol
 1968 Wolf Patrol
 1969 Colour Patrol
 1970 Eagle Patrol

1971 Eagle Patrol
 1972 Eagle Patrol
 1973 Colour Patrol
 1974 Lion Patrol
 1975 Wolf Patrol
 1976 Lion Patrol
 1977 Colour Patrol
 1978 Colour Patrol
 1979 Colour Patrol
 1980 Colour Patrol
 1981 Colour Patrol
 1982 Eagle Patrol
 1983 Colour Patrol
 1984 Lion Patrol
 1985 Wolf Patrol
 1986 Wolf Patrol

Troop Committee Award

To the Non-Commissioned Officer of the Troop whose loyalty and service have been over and above the requirements of duty

1928
 Robert Cooper Morris, 2nd
 Hal Bemis
 James Day Howson
 Francis Adams Smaltz
 1929
 Francis Adams Smaltz
 Hal Bemis
 1930
 Edgar Lee Porter
 Arthur McCartney Edrop
 1931
 William Clark Grieb, Jr.
 Phillip C. Burnham, Jr.
 Robert Emory Porter

1932
 Robert Crane
 Lawrence Warwick
 1933
 James Curtis
 1934
 James Moore
 Richard Shephard

1935
 Sydney LeSueur
 1936
 Robert E. Forster
 1937
 Robert Shepherd
 Philip Livingston
 1938
 Philip Livingston
 1939
 John Shea
 Robert Potts
 William Patterson
 1940
 Alexander Gassaway
 1941
 William C. Patterson
 James Wilson
 1942
 Frank C. McCown, III
 George Parfitt
 1943
 Paul Clark, Jr.

1944
 Herbert Henderson
 John Aronson
 1945
 Herbert Henderson
 John Aronson
 1946
 William Z. McLear, III
 1947
 Herbert Henderson
 Robert Ives
 John Holt Zapple
 1948
 Arthur Stuart Horton
 1949
 Randolph McAusland
 1950
 Richard H. Hennessey
 James W. Myers
 1951
 James W. Myers
 1952
 Anthony Morris

1953
 Greville Munger
 William Heuser
 1954
 Bruce Hoffmann
 Greville Munger
 1955
 Russell McCarron
 1956
 H. James Hudson
 1957
 Arthur P.G. McGinnes, 3rd
 1958
 Robert B. Smythe
 1959
 William H. Chaplin
 1960
 Douglas M. Felske
 1961
 John H. Smaltz
 Richard T. Bensing
 1962
 John W. Norbury, Jr.

Troop Committee Award (continued)

1963 George S. Comstock, IV	1970 David F. Free Christopher M. Teaf	1976 Frank V. Adamthwaite	1982 J. Richard Jordan, III
1964 George R. Howell, IV Oscar M. Cornelius, III	1971 Scott C. McCown	1977 Andrew J. Hadden Vane T. Lucas	1983 David B. Simmons
1965 George R. Howell, IV	1972 Russell C. Hatton	1978 Sean K. Minnick	1984 Philip M. Sugar David B. Simmons
1966 Thomas W. Gray	1973 John M. Dewey Bruce D. Hatton	1979 Michael W. Burgess Terrence Ives	1985 Kirk F. Jordan
1967 James C. Corry	1974 John B. Fitzgerald, III	1980 Stephen T. Sulkowski John R. Way	1986 Andrew H. Jordan David S. Cohen
1968 Thomas H. McCown	1975 Carleton W. Cole Todd Hiser J. Andrew Young	1981 Stephen T. Sulkowski	
1969 Scott D. Farquhar William A. Slugg			

The Efficiency Cup

Presented To
Troop 1, Paoli, BSA
By

The Officers of 316th Infantry 1941

1941 Alexander Gassaway	1952 Douglas L. Hoffmann	1963 Douglas M. Saunders	1975 David H. Trout
1942 William C. Patterson	1953 Anthony Morris	1964 George S. Comstick, IV	1976 John J. Fisher
1943 David Maxwell Hunt	1954 Bruce Hoffmann	1966 John R. Embick	1977 Clifford N. Beeson, Jr.
1944 H. Patrick Adams Paul Clark, Jr.	1955 Craig B. Curley H. James Hudson	1967 Robert W. Hale	1978 Hewitt Heiserman, Jr.
1945 David Aronson	1956 H. James Hudson	1968 Scott D. Farquhar	1979 Sean K. Minnick
1946 George M. Aman, III Herbert J. Henderson	1957 Jonathan E. Stine Craig B. Curley	1969 W. Patrick Corry	1980 Terrence B. Ives
1947 George M. Aman, III William Z. McLear, III	1958 Jonathan E. Stine	1970 Thomas H. McCown	1981 Stephen T. Sulkowski J. Richard Jordan, III
1948 Niles Beeson	1959 Robert B. Smythe	1971 Christopher M. Teaf	1983 Philip M. Sugar
1949 Arthur Stuart Horton	1960 Richard T. Bensing	1972 Drew F. Pearsall	1984 Thomas G. Sugar
1950 Randolph McAusland	1961 Stuart L. Smythe	1973 Michael J. Hadden Russell C. Hatton	1985 Thomas G. Sugar
1951 Douglas L. Hoffmann	1962 Arnold W. Nidecker, III	1974 John M. Dewey Bruce D. Hatton	1986 Kirk F. Jordan

Sydney Walter LeSueur Memorial Trophy 1936

In Memory of Eagle Scout Sydney Walter LeSueur,
Born July 24, 1920, Accidentally Killed May 10, 1936.

First Aid Award

1938 Robert Shepherd	1950 James L. Ruos	1964 George R. Howell	1976 Vane B. Lucas
1939 James Gassaway	1951 Douglas L. Hoffmann	1965 Ralph R. Walker, Jr.	1977 Mark S. Sulkowski
1940 James Wilson	1952 Allen B. Myers	1966 Robert W. Hale	1978 Michael W. Burgess
1942 William C. Patterson H. Patrick Adams	1954 E. William Neuser	1967 Robert W. Hale	1979 Sean K. Minnick
1943 William Hicks	1956 Craig B. Curley	1968 Richard Myers	1980 Mark S. Sulkowski
1944 George M. Aman, III	1957 Robert B. Smythe	1969 Ted M. Gray	1981 Steven Espenshade
1945 Robert Ives	1958 Richard T. Bensing	1970 Russell C. Hatton	1982 Michael McCarthy
1946 William Z. McLear, III	1959 Peter R. Gurry	1971 Russell C. Hatton	1983 Daniel Brooks
1947 Niles Beeson	1960 Raymond Shivelhood	1972 Russell C. Hatton	1984 Douglas J. Gates
1948 Arthur S. Horton	1961 Gordon C. Hoffmann	1973 Bruce D. Hatton	1985 Alexander H. Biddle
1949 James L. Ruos	1962 Paul D. Mallory	1974 J. Craig Hadden	1986 Richard J. Gates
	1963 John Porter	1975 Christopher Hatton	

Paul Clark Award

To the Scout who has demonstrated outstanding respect for and interest in the
preservation of the cabin grounds and equipment of Paoli Troop #1

1962 Stuart L. Smythe John T. Stephenson	1970 Ted M. Gray Richard L. Myers	1975 Frank Adamthwaite Clifford N. Beeson, Jr. Anthony Yannella	1981 J. Richard Jordan, III Chad Garber
1963 S. Patrick Pantano, Jr.	1971 Russell C. Hatton	1976 Hewitt Heiserman, Jr.	1982 Chad Garber
1964 William M. LaCock	1972 Bruce D. Hatton	1977 Andrew H. Friel Sean K. Minnick	1983 Philip M. Sugar
1966 Richard W. LeGrand	1973 John B. Fitzgerald, III Robert F. Lamley Thomas J. Minnick David H. Trout	1978 Eric C. Fisher	1984 Thomas G. Sugar
1967 Thomas H. McCown		1979 John R. Way Theodore A. Rubin	1985 Thomas G. Sugar
1968 William A. Slugg		1980 John C. Mutchler Robert A. Hammer	1986 Kirk F. Jordan
1969 Thomas C. Rudolph, III Christopher M. Teaf	1974 John J. Fisher J. Andrew Young		

The World of Paoli 1

