

# No Larger Fields



**The history of a  
Boy Scout Council  
1910-1963**

By Samuel D. Bogan

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*THE HISTORY OF  
A BOY SCOUT COUNCIL  
1910-1963*

*BY SAMUEL D. BOGAN*

*Let the noon find thee by other lakes  
and the night overtake thee everywhere at home.  
There are no larger fields than these,  
no worthier games than may here be played.*

— THOREAU

QUINNIPIAC COUNCIL, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA  
Hamden, Connecticut, U.S.A.

To

Dominique, Zdeněk, Hanspeter, Ian;  
Gastón, Abdulganie, Manuel, Zvi;  
Dennis, Feraidoun, Michael, John;  
Billy, Bernt, Mario, Kari;  
Christos, Erik, Boris, and Diran.

From

France, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Australia;  
Chile, Indonesia, Mexico, Israel;  
U.S.A., Iran, Canada, England;  
Liberia, Sweden, Italy, Finland;  
Greece, Denmark, Russia, and Armenia.

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## Preface

This is a record and an interpretation of some of the events, customs, and traditions of the Quinnipiac Council, Boy Scouts of America, during a period of more than fifty years. I have taken the tack that history is not only what happened, but what we thought about it when it did.

I begin by allowing myself one broad generalization: that over the years the Quinnipiac Council has, because of the dedication and spirit of its thousands of boys, men, and women, become one of the great Boy Scout councils of the country. Indeed, if justice is completely allowed, one might add, of the world.

It is, I am sure, partially because we always tried to plan for the future. While we endeavored to serve the boys of each day and each year as conscientiously as possible, we also remembered that they would have an exploding galaxy of younger brothers, sons, and grandsons for whom we should also be ready. An institution which aspires to be great must work in decades rather than in days.

The most important element in my personal relationship to the Council has been, I think, that through my continued service and presence, I was able to provide the continuity so vital to the growth and permanence of such an institution. I had the deliberate intention of assembling for the leadership of the Council men of such vision and capacity that we could not fail. I wanted, if possible, to keep them aware that the work we were doing was of lasting and unpredictable significance, and that the present labor should be supported by an abiding faith in the future. Now, what is written has been thought and done. What will be written is the challenge to be met.

S. D. B.

*November, 1966*

## Acknowledgments

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The effective guidance of the Book Committee appointed by Council President James Q. Bensen, 1964-1966, is gratefully acknowledged. Alfred Stanford, in addition to his outstanding leadership of the Committee, has contributed an introduction so well written that it establishes a difficult standard for the author to attain in the text which follows. Other members of the Committee included Mrs. William J. Garland, A. Royal Wood, Robert C. Birkemeier, Philip H. English, George W. Heston, Reuben A. Holden, Robert J. Leeney, Robert S. Judd, Robert Maloney, Willard F. Robb, Edward A. Tomasi, and Edgar Tullock. As individuals, or as a committee, they have helped to plan each important step in the production of this work.

Helpful editorial suggestions were made by Alvin V. Sizer of the *New Haven Register*, Oren R. Felton and Walter MacPeck of *Scouting Magazine*, Fred B. Manchec, and others.

Although the origins of some of the illustrations are not remembered, many of the pictures are by Edward A. Tomasi who also helped to plan their arrangement in this volume. The following were responsible for one or more pictures; Anthony Brandolini, Robert S. Judd, Claude S. Morse, Patry/Carr, Wallace Rubin, and the *Milford Citizen*.

To each of the above and to all others who have been encouraging and helpful, we are sincerely grateful.

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2. William Howard Taft, 27th President of the United States, with Judge Mathewson and New Haven Scouts.
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7. The Nutmeggers, our 1937 National Jamboree troop.
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11. Five Council presidents.
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13. Harry L. White and Willard F. Robb, as Robb receives the Silver Beaver Award.
14. Federico and Manuel Pizarro of Mexico City. They charmed the gringos north of the border.
15. A proud boy at Old Settlers Scout Reservation poses with Mrs. William J. Garland.
16. A man, a boy, and a book on a log. Mark Hopkins would have approved.
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20. Donald N. Clark, Council President, congratulates a quaternion of Silver Beavers.
21. First Aid was taught at Camp, and practiced in the field.
22. The camp waterfront where the boys learned that the "buddy system" was safer than the "old swimming hole."
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24. The 1961 professional staff of the Council.
25. Part of the opening ceremony of the International Camporee, 1962. Welcome, *Canada!*

26. International Camporee delegates at Arlington National Cemetery.
27. The Iranians decorate the camp jeep with the Scout motto in the graceful furbelows of their native language.
28. Young Edward Tomasi admires the mosaic created by his father.
29. Once a year the Board of Directors met at camp.
30. Commissioner Ian Clarke of Australia adds the plaque of his country to the Sequassen collection.
31. Sam Bogan passes the Jerome knife, the Council's symbol of leadership, to Robert C. Birkemeier.
32. Even the earliest troops had campfires. Something from the haunting past of man came with them, a kind of spiritual heritage.

## "The Road Less Traveled By"

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both . . .  
I took the one less traveled by. . .*

These lovely, simple words of the most New England of all American prophets, have lingered in my mind, like a quiet brook—at times running under, and at times bubbling forth in the sunlight of joyful recognition. They are the words of Robert Frost, and I heard him say them when I was a youth at Amherst College and he and I had a walk through pastures and fields in the nearby Pelham Hills.

These words come to mind in trying to appreciate another rare man who lived and worked with us in the New Haven area for nearly three decades, a slender, wiry man with red hair, and a Louisianian's twang to his speech still undiluted by his years in our midst, a man named Samuel Bogan.

The overwhelming characteristic of this man is at once the winning smile, so ingenuous, so outgoing in response to another human being, and the capacity instantly to win the confidence and evoke the best in whomever the smile lighted on. Then I have heard this eloquent voice falter with unmentionable grief as he reported his conversation with the parents of a boy who had fallen from a birch tree and hit his head fatally on a rock.

Sam came to administer the Quinnipiac Council, Boy Scouts of America, in the early thirties—in the still dark days of the depression, in shabby quarters in New Haven, with meager assets, and further curtailment the only prudent answer for a balanced budget. My knowledge of him, unfortunately, does not go back that far. I started in the days when there was a magnificent camp in New Hartford, rated with the best in New England so many times, a flourishing Council and probably the most distinguished board of directors of any agency in the area.

I never was a Boy Scout. But when Sam wanted me to help, and fixed me with those guileless blue eyes, I agreed to do what he asked. It never occurred to me to say "No."

Is flattery his art? Perhaps, if the skill to make you feel a better man than you really are is flattery. Perhaps, if you want to call an unerring instinct to find the strength in any man a flattery.

Sam had his tough and his sly side. I have seen him in contest with



the canny treasurer of a great corporation, as shrewd a man as you're likely to find, over an "expansion we simply have to make." The prodigious capacity of a banker has met its match in a coolly planned and skillfully arranged agenda, and the banker transformed into an ardent advocate of a position he would have vigorously opposed twenty minutes earlier.

Sam is, of course, an important man, but my reason for touching on some aspects of his career more than casually is not just the occasion of this book, but because of a principle that is not at all well understood which his career illuminates so warmly and so clearly.

The shoddiest myths guide us in America. They are not one whit better than Horatio Alger. Things are not better, *per se*, because you take a bigger job or become president of the company. There is not enough appreciation of the tenderness and delicacy of smallness, and too much worship of bigness. It was Sam's task (as Ellery Channing said it was Thoreau's) "to show the multum in the parvo."

You remember the great example in *Walden* of the farmer who felt if he had a few more cows he could sell more milk. How he got the cows, only to find he had to build a bigger barn, and then put another field in cultivation to get more hay. As it was he was rising at dawn and working until dark. He could only build the bigger barn and work the extra fields by pouring himself out more intensely, more completely, and at the end of the day he was dead—ready only for dreamless sleep. The new barn owned him and owned his life.

Sam chose to busy himself working with and for boys. Now that may seem a slender ambition. Worse, he shunned opportunities to go elsewhere, both in his chosen field of Scouting and in civilian life. He stayed with his men and boys in New Haven. But his work has made Quinnipiac Council and his name a legend throughout the Scouting world.

Did ambitious men who believe promotion is advancement cast tolerant, if not pitying eyes, on Sam as he made his decisions? I doubt it. One of the great virtues of a serene spirit is the simplicity with which it can view things. Decisions that tear the rest of us apart were his to make with a shrug. This, of course, is purest guess. But I wouldn't be surprised if it were true. He, himself, has said that many of his decisions were clinical, as a doctor's have to be, but that the welfare of the patient can never be secondary.

How many chance or planned remarks has Sam Bogan made that changed the life and character of a man or boy? He could not begin to tell you, nor, certainly, could I. But just to be around this man did, in fact, change the chemistry of many grown men. So how many thousands of boys, with a grateful, almost furtive, glance, swift as an instant and just as fleeting, showed only this in response to that which

*"The Road Less Traveled By"*

may have changed their lives? It may be that Sam's half remembered glimpses into the mysterious hearts of boys were his own greatest treasures then, and now.

He has given us much. As this book of his so substantially testifies, that gift keeps going on.

ALFRED STANFORD

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CHAPTER I

A Trumpet for Boyhood

*The trails which never rest  
invite us still,  
As nudged by old dreams,  
We see the campfire lighted,  
And hear the echo of the singing  
When our years were young.*

---



## A Trumpet for Boyhood

"We welcome you, and we honor your nations."

It was July 4, 1962, and the scene was the ceremony of welcome during Quinnipiac Council's International Camporee at Camp Sequassen. With careful regard for international protocol, the names of the visiting nations were called alphabetically, in French.

"Angleterre!" (Fanfare)

"England, our Mother Country, giver of our tongue, our critic and perpetual ally. Welcome, *Angleterre!*"

Thus each name was called and each nation honored as Scout delegations from thirteen nations marched the length of the parade ground to the sustained applause of over four hundred selected Quinnipiac Scouts representing the Boy Scouts of America. Then, with Scouts and public at proud attention, the national anthem of each country was played as its native sons hoisted their colors.

"Allemagne, Angleterre, Canada, Danemark, Finlande, France, Grèce, Iran, Italie, Mexique, Pays Bas, Suisse, and finally Swede!" (Fanfare)

"The legends and the sagas praise you, and full well. Your ships and men have known the ports of all the world, and found no land fairer than Sweden to call home. Welcome *Swede!*"

This ceremony was one of the highlights of the first half century of Scouting in the New Haven area. Such climactic events did not just occur, however. Years of effort and achievement blazed the way for the Council's great events.

Scouting for boys began because a few wise men believed that the rugged and chivalrous virtues of the past should be preserved in youth for the benefit of all men. It sought to retain in modern life the courage and self-reliance of the pioneers. As simple as it appeared, it was an idea that would lead to one of the great youth movements of all time. It succeeded because it was needed. It had the impelling force of an idea whose time had come. It was for all boys, everywhere, imposing no limitations of creed, or race, or nationality. And it was nobler than the youth crusades of the past because it was non-political and unwarlike. This story is about our part in it.

We had an early start. "The Lion and the Arrow Patrols are forming!" was the report in the *New Haven Register* on August 21, 1910. Before that a rumor had spread among the boys of something marvelous to them, something they had been waiting for, not consciously, but in the urgency of their growth. They stood in line to be Scouts.

There is such promise in children that, in them, we have intimations of the years and deeds to be. It is easy for a man to look upon a growing boy and see visions. It happened in New Haven, and the visions were real, even as the boys were real.

It had happened, too, in South Africa. For, at Mafeking, the commander, General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, had initiated a program for the sons of his beleaguered families, under two hundred and seventeen days of siege by the Boers. Following publication of his book, *Scouting for Boys*, the movement had taken fire in England, and a good turn by a British boy inspired its introduction to America. William Howard Taft, President of the United States, was so impressed that in February, 1910, he opened the White House for a meeting of prominent citizens for the purpose of organizing the Boy Scouts of America.

In New Haven the Mayor, Frank J. Rice, the City Librarian, Willis Stetson, and Judge Albert McClellan Mathewson had enthusiastically endorsed the program. Indeed, the whole country was stirring with the remarkable idea which was ultimately to reach millions of boys, and New Haveners had been quick to recognize its merit. Temporary national headquarters had been opened in New York City only two months before.

Judge Mathewson thought that every boy in town should be a member. But that was a long way to go, requiring more community support than either the Judge or his successors could mobilize. Neither did it take into account that boys joined the Scouts of their own free will. They could not be drafted into Scouting. Such optimism may have made some of the first achievements seem less than they were, but New Haven had started early and well. It was not until 1912 that Boy Scouts had been enrolled in every state in the Union.

The fledgling national organization was not lacking in vision. "Bad citizenship," said the first handbook, "which ruined the Roman Empire, is creeping in among us today! The future of our country will much depend on the character of the rising generation. . . . It becomes part of the duty of any one who joins the Boy Scout movement as an official to get others also to interest themselves in it in a practical manner, because our object is to sow healthy seed not merely in a few thousand boys, but in a few million if possible." It was possible and, in time, they did it!

The next several years saw gradual progress. Troops were organized in most of the downtown churches and, by 1913, the Scouts were cheerfully paying a national registration fee of twenty-five cents. Camping menus already included hot dogs, but beans were considered adequate for a growing boy.

Some cans exploded!

Horses out-numbered automobiles, and a hike of a mile or two took



one into the country. Semaphore flags flashed from the top of East Rock to the valley below. The first fiery rallies were held where a knot was a knot, and the judges dodged Scoutmasters for weeks thereafter. Capture the Flag was the favorite wide game.

By 1913 the New Haven organization had been recognized as a Second Class Council, meaning that while formally organized, it did not yet maintain a permanent Scout headquarters with a paid executive in charge. Judge Mathewson became the first president, and the troops observed the first official Boy Scout Week.

### Early Lore

By this time a substantial crop of boys had learned from the *Scout Handbook* about how to stop runaway carriages, but times were changing. The speed limit for automobiles within the city limits had been set at ten miles per hour. Scout campers, and they were going out in numbers, had already tested some of the lore in the handbook: "Three days rain will empty the sky," and "If a rooster crows standing on a fence it will clear."

If this lore seems quaint, there were quaint habits to match it. New Haven officials were preparing to discontinue the public well dug back in 1813 at the corner of Church and Chapel streets. "However," says Yale historian, Rollin G. Osterweis, in his book, *Three Centuries of New Haven, 1638-1938*, "citizens continued to bring their pitchers to the ancient well until 1913 when the authorities removed the familiar three-handled pump and covered over the spring." Doubtless the Scouts found other places to fill their biscuit-shaped canteens, or experimented with the more sophisticated habit of filling them with soda pop.

Some of the troops made money staging Magic Lantern Shows, adults 10¢, children 5¢. They had also learned that this sign:



meant "I have gone home." But they seldom did go home before the meeting or the hike was over.

In 1914 Troop Committees of three or more citizens were organized for the various troops, and *Scout Sunday* received its first emphasis as a part of Boy Scout Week. Administration, still with purely volunteer orientation, was often chaotic. Many decisions were left to the Scoutmasters' Association, over which the Commissioners presided, and procedures were so untried that the members frequently disagreed.

Competition between troops, or more literally between rival leaders, was often too keen for good sportsmanship. Nevertheless, there was a serious acceptance of the Scout Oath and Law, and in patrol competitions, the number of good turns was often counted. The con-

### A Trumpet for Boyhood

cept of troop good turns had also taken hold. Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, who held the title of Chief Scout Citizen, had alerted the country on forest conservation, and tree planting was a favorite Scouting project.

### A First Class Council

In 1915 the Council, known as the New Haven Council, was officially incorporated as a First Class Council and headquarters established in Room 717, Chamber of Commerce Building. Judge Mathewson continued as President; Hawley W. Lincoln, Vice President; Walter S. Bishop, Treasurer; James P. Bruce, Scout Commissioner; and Louis Leyerzaph, Secretary. Council members included Frank J. Rice, Clarence W. Bronson, Charles W. Pickett, Edward F. Goin, Josiah Judd, Frederick L. Perry, Robert C. Denison, John Q. Tilson, Frank R. Luckey, Sherman I. Graves, Clinton C. Coe, Thomas C. Bracken, Winthrop E. Dwight, and Alexander Troup.

### Spizzerinctum

Leyerzaph, who knew boys well, introduced a word into local parlance that old-timers still remember, and which is good enough to keep. Louis knew that nature made boys kind of rough and ready. If you found them quiet, or in suspended animation, you could put it down that they were either sick, asleep, or already tired out. When they were normal they had plenty of what Louis liked to call *spizzerinctum*.

Now, there's a word! It isn't in the dictionaries, but any veteran Scout leader will tell you that boys are full of it. And it's easy to define. *Spiz-zer-inc-tum!* for speed, zip, animation, spirit, friendliness, and alas! for unlimited vigor and sound. If a boy hasn't got it something is wrong, and if he has it—well, something is still going to be wrong part of the time. Take broken chairs and broken windows, for example. They are among the commonest manifestations of *spizzerinctum*. It is not really a sign of delinquency, but a natural condition from which any boy may be expected to recover, completely, by the age of ninety.

### William Howard Taft

There were twenty-five troops in the Council and the auguries were good. William Howard Taft, no longer President of the United States, and not yet Chief Justice, helped to kick off a two-year campaign for Council support. Taft, a man of enormous weight and circumference, was considered by many to be, pound for pound, the nation's most valuable citizen.



*Gilbert N. Jerome, the First Scout Executive*

Gilbert Nelson Jerome, who had been one of the first New Haven boys to volunteer to join the Scouts, was selected to be the first Scout Executive. Gilbert was a graduate of Yale and Springfield and his enthusiasm and temperament were right for the job. At the time of his selection to lead Scouting in New Haven, Gilbert had been, for three years, associated with the Boys' Work Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. Youthful, artistic, and heroic, it was an adventure for a boy to be with him.

Jerome's tenure lasted for only two years. In 1917 he enlisted in the United States Air Force and was assigned to the famous Lafayette Escadrille. On July 11, 1918 he was killed in action. It was an immeasurable loss. Gilbert had taken the Scout Motto, "Be Prepared," for his own and he had lived the Scout ideals so well that he was destined to become legendary. It was not easy for the boys to accept his fate for they had hoped and expected that he would be back. In college, he had been known as Saint Jerome. In the Council, he would be remembered as the first and youthful chief, the hero and lost leader.

*Leadership Training*

In 1916 the first formal leadership training courses were held, as the nation stressed preparedness. Troop camping was the only known way, and it was considered a proper hardship to dig a hip hole and sleep on the ground.

The National Council was already stressing leadership training and supplying local councils with helpful materials. The emphasis was on the Scouting skills such as first aid, fire building, distance judging, outdoor cooking, knot tying, signaling, or how to track an animal. In tracking, another boy was an acceptable substitute for a squirrel, a fox, or a bear!

The supply department of the National Council was promoting a weapon known as the Scout axe, and the boys went wild with it, blazing trees for trails, or felling them for pioneering practice, and it got us into quite a bit of trouble. Fortunately we were really conservationists, and soon learned to mend our ways. Chief Scout Executive James E. West continued the emphasis on leadership training, and some years later, when asked to list the three greatest needs of the Boy Scouts of America, replied: "Training, more training, and still more training."

*Clarence W. Bronson*

In 1917 Clarence W. Bronson, an upright and legalistic man, who could have been the inventor of dots for i's and crosses for t's, began

*A Trumpet for Boyhood*

a series of able years as President of the Council. Bronson was also conscientious, and durable. Forty-six years later the NEW HAVEN FOUNDATION, in its Annual Report for 1963, had this to say of him:

Mr. Bronson's devoted service on the Distribution Committee was praised at the December meeting of the Committee. He is the only member the Committee has ever had who never missed a meeting during a seven year term. It was observed that his attendance record was exceeded only by the value of his contribution to the discussions and work of the Committee.

*The First World War*

Walter H. York was Scout Executive for two of these busy years during which Scouting in the nation and in the New Haven area was proving its great values. The war effort was spectacular. Boys of the Council sold hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of Liberty Loan Bonds, and participated in many aspects of the war effort. Drill became an integral part of most troop programs. War gardens sprouted everywhere. Membership increased rapidly.

In 1918, in addition to other war work, the Scouts of the Council were aides to the Red Cross, and they presented a notable pageant depicting the history of that organization. A series of lectures for Scout leaders was given in memory of Gilbert Jerome, and it was reported at one of the events that "A Scout demonstrated first aid when a lady fainted away."

*J. Fulton Ferguson*

J. Fulton Ferguson became Scout Executive in 1919, but the New Haven Chamber of Commerce liked his looks, and after only two years, he was persuaded to become the full-time secretary of the Chamber, a position which he filled for many years.

*Scout Fever*

The Council had acquired a certain stability. Enthusiasm can take the place of competence for a while but, in all things, there must be a settling. At the end of the first decade, the Council had survived and grown. In looking back, we should try to imagine the excitement of the years when every man and boy in Scouting felt himself to be a pioneer. The British called it "scout fever," and surely it was catching. Glorious it was, as it has ever been, to be a boy.

*Campfires*

Even the earliest troops had campfires. Something from the haunting past of man came with them, a kind of spiritual heritage. Secure in its warmth, the boys watched the night flame and spent its gift of

thoughtfulness. Touched with mystery, they teetered on the brink of racial memory, tracking the eternal Why. What is man? And what am I? The questions were unanswered, but the thinking boy, in a conclusion beyond vocabulary, affirmed his special place in time and space. He was an arrow winging toward a star. Which arrow? And which star? How could he know? Yet, in such moments, he sensed the promise that stirred within himself.

Special ceremonies celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America in 1920. The words Scout, Boy Scout, and Scoutmaster had become part of the national language. At Scout meetings, in the camps, and along the corridors of schools, boyhood had a new measure of integrity called Scout's Honor, and its symbol was the shining Fleur de Lis. A trumpet had sounded such music as the youthful heart invites, and the boys came running, filling the vivid air with shouts and banners.

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## CHAPTER II

# The Model-T and Crystal Radio

*You are young, my son, and as the years go by, time will change and even reverse many of your present opinions. Refrain, therefore, a while from setting yourself up as a judge of the highest matters.*

—Plato

---



## The Model-T and Crystal Radio

"The Court of Honor will come to order. The opening ceremony will be conducted by Troop One of New Haven." There followed the ceremonial lighting of fifteen candles, one for each of the three parts of the Scout Oath, and one for each of the twelve points of the Scout Law, each recited by a prideful boy. Then, the pledge of allegiance, in the original version, with its flowing cadence and sonority:

I pledge allegiance to the flag, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

By 1921 regular Courts of Honor were being held on a Council-wide basis, and more and more boys were attaining First Class rank, or higher. Competitive rallies were still popular, and the old armory on Meadow Street was the site of many of these activities.

### *Carl F. Northrup*

Carl F. Northrup, Scout Executive of Waterbury, was chosen to succeed J. Fulton Ferguson, and in this year, the Council's name was changed to the New Haven Area Council, a tactful acknowledgment of the rapid growth of Scouting in the adjacent towns. The Council's jurisdiction had been extended to include the City of New Haven, and the Towns of North Haven, East Haven, West Haven, Milford, Orange, Bethany, Woodbridge, Hamden, Branford, North Branford, Guilford, North Guilford, and Madison.

### *The First Camp Sequassen*

In 1922, Northrup, who had directed camps for Waterbury since 1916, felt the need for a Council camp, and with the help of generous local citizens, a few acres were purchased on a small pond in Southington. The new camp was named SEQUASSEN after the once Great Sachem of the River Tribes.

### *The Story of Chief Sequassen*

There had been, along the Connecticut shores, a slender population of Quinnipiac Indians whose limited territory was bounded by the Wepawaugs on the west, the Naugatucks to the north and the Hammonassetts on the east, but Sequassen's jurisdiction had been wider.

### *The Model-T and Crystal Radio*

11

He was chief of all the river country and, in 1635, he welcomed the English settlers to Connecticut, selling them a large area around Hartford, which extended "six large miles into the wilderness."

The bargain, as usual, went to the settlers, and from such precedents, one adjudges, there ensued a long line of shrewd merchants and bankers, who do still, to the perplexity of outsiders, take pride in a legend of wooden nutmegs.

Sequassen's welcome to the settlers was, perhaps, an act of calculated statesmanship. He had been defeated by the Pequots, a tribe so fierce that its very name had been derived from an Indian word meaning "destroyers," and he may have reasoned that the increased presence of the white settlers would serve as a deterrent to his marauding enemies.

Two years later, in 1637, the Connecticut colonists declared war on the Pequots. They were assisted by Uncas, sachem of the Mohegans, who led a company of seventy Mohegan and River Indians, serving so well that he won the lasting gratitude of the colonists. Following the successful culmination of the war, the English continued their alliance with Uncas, granting him jurisdiction over most of the lands of the vanquished Pequots.

The favor shown to Uncas aroused the jealousy of his enemies, particularly Sequassen, and a series of provocative acts was carried out against him. A Mohegan sachem was killed, and arrows were shot at Uncas as he was sailing a canoe down the Connecticut River. Failing to reconcile the chiefs, the magistrates at Hartford gave Uncas permission to settle the matter according to his own judgment.

Uncas assembled a large force and invaded the territory of his enemy, and a battle was fought in which Sequassen was again defeated. Before the fighting stopped other tribes had been engaged, including the Narragansetts, and, as happens in wars, there were soon other crimes to be avenged. The English stood by Uncas who was victorious.

But Sequassen was not ready to forego his desire for revenge. It appeared that he was involved in a plot to kill the three principal magistrates of Hartford and to blame the crime on Uncas. The Indian who had been hired to be the assassin became frightened and informed the magistrates. Sequassen fled, but Uncas, with a band of trained scouts, found him among the Pocumtucks, at what is now Deerfield, took him by stealth, and brought him back to Hartford, a prisoner. Sequassen remained in custody for a time, but the charges against him were difficult to prove, and he was released.

History, which is most often written for the victors, does not so well remember the conquered. Sequassen's stratagems were those of a leader fighting for a cause in which he believed, and for which, in his



mind, he could not accept defeat. This led him into mistakes he should not have made. Yet, he was a firm leader of his people, and a brave man.

It is difficult to imagine what Sequassen might have felt about the camp which, three hundred years later, was to be named for him. Perhaps he might have found in it the realization of ideals he would have been proud to share. Certain it is, that because of the camp, his name grew, and still gains in legend. This could be a greater victory than those which eluded him when he was Sequassen, Great Sachem of the River Tribes.

#### *More About the First Camp Sequassen*

Although the original Sequassen camp site was small, the swimming inadequate, and the layout elementary, it was a good start toward organized camping in the Council. The high fields were soon tented, the bugles sounding for a generation of campers and leaders who were true pioneers. Now and then we have seen one of those boys, grown up, who remembers. And the far-away look is still there, the recollection of morning dips, setting-up exercises, wall scaling, and saluting a flag with forty-eight stars still cherished in the mind.

#### *Harry T. French*

The Council hired its first Assistant Scout Executive, Harry T. French, in 1922. He had directed Camp Pershing for the Naugatuck Council and "Skipper," as he was known to the boys, made a good name for himself in the early days of Sequassen. His father, "Dad" French, served for several years as Crafts Counselor at the camp. Products of the shop which a boy might make and take home as souvenirs were a willow basket for his mother, a hammered ash tray for his father, and a cedar woggle for himself.

#### *Over a Thousand Boys!*

The year 1922 ended with over a thousand boys enrolled in the Council. There were five hundred and fifty-four Tenderfoot Scouts, two hundred and ninety-one Second Class, one hundred and fifty-seven First Class, six Star, six Life, and three Eagles!

#### *National Leadership*

In 1923 James E. West, the able and aggressive Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, launched a National Roundup, seeking to recruit 100,000 new boys for Scouting. The local troops did well and many earned the streamers offered by President Warren G. Harding, and the Council received a letter of commendation signed by the President. The Scouts also campaigned for a safe and sane Fourth of July in which, most of all, they helped to educate themselves.

#### *The Model-T and Crystal Radio*

The left handclasp, already in use internationally "because it was closest to the heart," was made official by the National Council but it did not filter down to the local councils very well. A new member was considered more important than a handshake, right or left. The secret slogan among some of the professionals was "Go West, young man!" The lines of a strong national organization had been laid down with the emphasis on growth in membership.

#### *More Early Leaders*

There followed several years of progress and consolidation in the Council. Herbert H. Vreeland was active in leadership training and, in 1925, Vernal W. Bates became President. Bates had been particularly helpful in the establishment of Camp Sequassen and, along with others, was now deeply concerned about the inadequacy of the Southington site. But the boys were enjoying the mud fights.

Professor Samuel W. Dudley of Yale became Scout Commissioner, and other council officers in 1926 included L. Cary Slayton, William W. Knight, and John R. Demarest. William G. Cleaver was treasurer, and would continue so for several years. Indeed, the record of this wise and dedicated man was to be a long and distinguished one. He had a successful career as a banker and was widely recognized as an amateur astronomer. But, in fishing, he was not a purist. He sometimes used a wad of worms.

#### *Improving Standards*

The Council was sponsoring Troop efficiency contests. Points were earned by attendance at meetings, advancements in rank, uniforms and appearance, and outdoor and indoor programs. The Scout Commissioner and his deputies conducted periodic inspections of the troops which, though not always welcomed by the Scoutmasters, did elevate the standards at a time when the literature of the movement was still inadequate. The literature was to improve steadily and become one of the most helpful contributions of the national organization as manuals, merit badge pamphlets, and texts of many kinds came off the presses. Although they did not often sparkle, these publications were technically excellent, and the literate Scoutmaster could find, somewhere, the answers to most of his questions.

It required a more inherent wisdom to meet the tests of his practical jokers without anger, as when one Scoutmaster was served a pancake in which a piece of cheese cloth had been baked. "It's not too bad," he praised gallantly as he struggled with his portion, only to have his teasing troop explode with laughter.

Growth continued. The Council Headquarters was moved to 47 Orange Street, a slight, but dingy, improvement.

Nineteen twenty-seven was a significant year. The Council held a



successful Merit Badge Show in the Winchester Building in January, and a public Court of Honor at Yale's Woolsey Hall in February.

#### Charles A. Lindbergh

In May, a youthful aviator, Charles A. Lindbergh, made the first nonstop solo flight from New York to Paris in a small plane called *The Spirit of St. Louis* and became instantly famous. Never had there been such acclamation for any other person. The boys were wild about the "Lone Eagle," and the air motors overhead raised their eyes and thoughts to the new age of avian man. Lindbergh was the name upon their lips, the picture in their rooms, and the everlasting hero in their minds. The emotion would last their youth, and grow mellow after. Yet it was their good fortune to have a hero at an age which needs them most.

Lindbergh, himself, was less fortunate. Although his flight was successful and he was hero and idol to the world, he had unwittingly, like Icarus, flown too close to the sun. The notoriety which he did not seek, or want, would cast him, at last, into an anguished sea when his infant son was kidnapped and murdered.

#### A New Site for Camp Sequassen

The most exciting local development of the year was the acquisition of a new site for Camp Sequassen, 125 acres of land on West Hill Lake in New Hartford, fifty miles away.

Predictably, there were some who objected to the fifty miles, but this was no longer valid, for life itself had changed in America. Almost every family had a Ford Model-T, or equivalent, in which it traveled the dusty miles to camp and far away. Travel was for pleasure, and on summer weekends, the flivvers chugged along, filled with proud riders, as the live stock kicked up its heels and gave the right-of-way. Like the umbrella ants of the tropics, each family carried its tin leaf, or was carried by it, in endless processions to more and more distant destinations.

The new camp, at about a thousand feet above sea level, was at the trailing end of Vermont's Green Mountains via the Berkshire Hills. The once spectacular ranges, sculptured by glaciers and softened by long weathering, had been in the making for half a billion years before we met them in the Pleistocene. Now the terrain was a gentle spill of hills, their soft contours ribbed with outcroppings of ancient rocks and sprinkled with quartz erratics from distant mountains, relics of an age of ice.

The erratics held the coolness of the summer nights and "sweated" on days of high humidity, making cool licking places for the small inhabitants of the forest. And, on cold nights, a young camper, sleeping out, might almost feel the edge of the glacier nudging him in the back.

The soil was rich, what there was of it. The ground was luxuriant with running pine and bushy mountain laurel, and held such wild secrets as the moccasin flower, spicy wintergreen, and rattlesnake plantain. (How pleasing that a botanist should name a plant to compliment a snake!) In the southwest acres we had swampy lands, lush and tangled with spicebush, witch hazel, sassafras, alder, wild orchids, and the popping jewel weed.

The early farmers had found the soil shallow and the going tough. Their old stone walls traverse the woodlands still, attesting both to their industry and to their defeat. The tall, unkempt giants of sugar maples had not been tapped for years, and the gnarled apple trees were rapidly being shaded out although still bearing some runted and knobby fruit for the chipmunks and the nocturnal deer. After the farmers, the red cedars, blueberries, and weedy gray birches had taken the land; then the deciduous woods, maple, beech, oak, white, black and yellow birch, hickory, and ash subduing the gray birches, and being themselves encroached upon by the hemlocks and the pines. Plantations of red and white pine had been started by the American Brass Company, a prior owner which had once had need for the wood. Now the pines are high, and a proud wind sounds through the tall green groves.

The discouraged first families, whose roots belonged in the soil, had gone westward with the fever of the forty-niners, or as later hopeful emigrants to the western lands. What they left behind was sheer beauty, wild land to wander in, rugged land in which to grow, and pretty land to love.

While our back acreage was adequate we had only a tiny, pie-shaped wedge of land on West Hill Lake, about the width of a wagon road at the vertex and as wide as a football field at the base. This was far too little, and it left us a problem to solve.

The spring-fed lake had once been known as Shepherd's Pond, and, before that, by the Indians, Wonksunkmonk. It was reputed to be the clearest lake in the state, and the Scouts could see a coin on the bottom at a depth of ten feet or more. They liked to explore its depths with open eyes, and one underwater swimmer sputtering surfaced to report that he had stared a rainbow trout straight in the eyes and that "they" had waited to see which would blink first. And a winter group, skating on black ice, followed a school of bass for more than a hundred feet before the fish disappeared into deeper water. Long before they sensed how beautiful it was, the boys discovered how much fun the lake could be.

By summer a messhall, office, infirmary, and nature house had been built at camp. Drinking water came from the lake initially, but a deep well was later drilled and pumped with a gas engine. Electricity was still several years away. Seven original campsites were laid out. They



were CEDAR, FARVIEW, PINE, MAPLE, HILLSIDE, LEDGE, and TRAIL. Sanitary facilities were provided through three "country clubs," so named, unofficially, because they had nine holes and a water hazard.

The Council had gone into debt for the camp, not knowing that a deep depression was on the way. Yet, it had made a good start on a great new camp, and the first season closed on a high note of optimism. The final banquet had become a tradition, and turkey, in those days, was turkey, usually from which the boys had helped to pull the feathers.

That winter the first of a long series of Christmas camps was held at the new Sequassen, and the Scouts learned at first hand that "He who cuts his own wood is warmed twice." The local farmers were still using the pond to cut ice, and the camp shared in this annual harvest. An ice house was built on the waterfront in which the ice, stored deeply under sawdust, kept until summer. There were no newfangled contraptions such as electric refrigerators at camp, but the boys, in their spare time, were fashioning a miraculous new device, the crystal radio.

In 1928 the camp operated with a balance of \$150. Council committee chairmen included H. S. Graves, George B. Lovell, W. W. Knight, Ira V. Hiscock, J. H. Cline, G. H. Gould, and T. R. Sucher. Meanwhile, the first Sea Scout patrol had been formed. It was the HECTOR of Troop 9, with Theodore F. Tuttle in charge.

#### *Another Name!*

In 1929 the name of the Council was changed to the Southern New Haven County Council. The only advantage of this long name was in the dubious geopolitics it taught in a state where counties were indifferently regarded and towns were really important. With such a name, there was a tendency to refer to "the Council," but with continued growth and progress it would change on a note of pride, more and more become "our Council."

It is no small thing to give or take a name, to choose Ithaca over Smithville, or Cherry Valley over Mud Flats. When, in giving a name, we combine poetry with tradition or discovery, the difference is more than esthetic. We had flunked this one.

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## CHAPTER III

### Progress in Adversity

*Those things which were hard to bear,  
Are sweet to remember.*

—Seneca

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## Progress in Adversity

Vernon H. Hodges had been elected President of the Council in 1927. He had been Captain of the New Haven Grays, District Governor of the Rotary Clubs, and a valued leader in many civic affairs. Vernon was likeable and attractive, a friend to all, and a popular presiding officer. His administration, and he was president for several years, began auspiciously with the acquisition of the new Camp Sequassen, but it was to waver under the strain of the national and international depression which caught, not only the Council, but the nation unprepared.

### *The Great Depression*

The stock market crashed in 1929 and although President Herbert Hoover promised that prosperity was "just around the corner," it was soon evident that neither he nor anyone else knew which corner. There were fewer jobs for people, with less pay, and many who had jobs felt insecure in them. There was less money to support such agencies as the Boy Scouts and, by 1930, the recession was taking a serious toll of the Council's economy.

In its enthusiasm for the development of the new camp, the Board of Directors had placed a \$7,000 mortgage on the Sequassen properties at the time of purchase, applying the money toward the construction of the first buildings. The timing was fortuitous because, if the Board had waited, it might have been years before the camp could have had the use of these vital facilities. Granted, it was difficult to keep up the interest payments, especially when they were added to the costs of deficit financing the annual budgets. The Council soon owed an additional \$13,500 which was a lot of money then, and the equivalent of more than a year's operating budget.

Leadership faltered a little as times got worse, but the mood was determined. Retrench they must. Give up, they would not.

### *A Good Turn*

In 1931 the young Scoutmaster of Troop 15, Abraham S. Ullman, reported as a civic good turn that the troop had buried a horse. It was a bit of cultural lag because, by that year, most of the carriages were horseless. But not quite all. Still on the streets were wagons clanking milk.

One of the requirements for First Class rank was a fourteen-mile

### *Progress in Adversity*

hike, preferably through wild country, and about this time it was estimated that the number of miles hiked by qualifying New Haven Scouts, if added up and stretched end to end, would more than reach around the world, given a miracle, that is, such as walking on water.

### *Scouts at the Yale Bowl*

Sometime in the twenties the Yale University Athletic Association had discovered how useful the Scouts could be at the Bowl as messengers and rope guards at football games. Thus began a long period of common usefulness. Yale got lots of needed help, and the boys could see the games free. They always rooted for Yale, even those who were sons of Harvard men, except that on the day of the Harvard game, it was reported that these boys, not wishing to be disloyal to their sires, were silent, and careful not to betray their dubious origins. The games were fun, but it was inevitable that some of the boys, with curious and astonished eyes, should see more than football. "We learned about life from the alumni," one of them confided.

### *Hal R. Kellogg*

Hal R. Kellogg, the new Assistant Scout Executive, guitar in hand and dressed as a Sea Scout Skipper, was soon a familiar and welcome sight throughout the territory. His animation, personality and numerous skills, added a new and happy dimension to many Council activities. He was peripatetic, seeming to show up wherever Scouts were gathered and, when he did, they sang until he put his guitar away and chased them off to their tents, or home. He could be an able administrator, too. For several years he was responsible for the re-registration of the units in the Council, and not a single one dropped.

### *Membership Predictions*

In 1932 Chief Northrup, who was a shrewd statistician, projected that by 1942, the Council would have 3,064 Scouts. (The actual number was 3,375!) He also predicted that Scouts who attended Camp Sequassen would remain longer in Scouting and reach higher ranks, a prescience never subsequently challenged.

### *Economic Attrition*

The depression continued and it seemed almost impossible to balance the council budget. There were delays in paying some bills and the Council's credit was precarious, but in the end, no creditor lost a dollar because of his business with the Council. Tents and equipment were wearing out at camp and there was no money for replacements. Thought was given to Adirondack shelters which would provide more economical long-term housing. There was a good response to a call



for volunteer help at camp, out of which may have grown the custom of "beaver parties" which has continued to this day.

The ultimate test of a government or society is whether or not it can feed its people, and in this period, some of our citizens were hungry. A job was not only a meal ticket, but a status symbol. In Milford, the Scouts conducted a collection of food and clothing to help the needy, and it was no secret that these included some of their own families.

It is characteristic of prudent volunteers to place a balanced budget among the highest, if not the holiest, virtues of an agency. The principle is sound as long as intelligent exceptions can be made to it. At this point the Council timidly retreated. To save a few dollars in rent it moved the Scout Headquarters from its modest location on Orange Street to a tiny space on the second floor of 29 Whitney Avenue. (This should not be confused with 19 Whitney Avenue which we were to occupy some years later.) The new office was so cramped that meetings could not be held in it, and it was impossible for the executive to confer privately with more than two people at a time. The furniture squeaked, and the lone typewriter sounded like a bombardment as the soot from the McLagon foundry drifted in.

This retrenchment diminished the Council in the eyes of its own membership. The Scouts and Scouters did not recognize it as the step toward stability and consolidation visualized by the Directors. It was the kind of shock a man might feel when he has been demoted and we were slow to recover from it. An impoverished environment is an abyss from which the outward climb is laborious and slow.

#### *Henry Ware Jones, Jr.*

Henry Ware Jones, Jr., a dynamic and aggressive community leader was elected President of the Council in 1932, and his strong leadership soon imbued the organization with renewed confidence.

#### *The First "Scout Circus"*

In April 1933 the first "Scout Circus" took place at the New Haven Arena, and it was a great success. The boys enjoyed it, and the Council made a slight profit. The versatility of Scouting was reflected as it had not been before.

#### *Free Board at Camp*

Free board was provided for the 1933 Sequassen work party, and the men were warned not to overdo lest they should be unable to work on the following day. Although many Scouts could not afford to go to camp, you could solve the depression for a boy, for the duration of his stay, at least, by sending him to camp. And we attest fervently the value of the *New Haven Register Fresh Air Fund* which helped us

#### *Progress in Adversity*

year after year to bring deserving boys to camp. Once a boy arrived, the climate was different. There was food enough. The sky was bright, and the water fine. Charles Weckwerth, William Fenstamacher, and Jirayr Zorthian were inspired staff members. The final banquet was a bargain; melon, turkey, and ice cream, with all the trimmings, for sixty-five cents!

#### *Signs of Improvement*

The outlook at the beginning of 1934 was only slightly improved although the long depression was mending. The Council budget had been reduced to \$11,600 and deficit financing was still necessary. Some of the directors were called upon to endorse the notes of the Council. Harry C. Knight, Frederick M. Clark, and W. E. Hitchcock were signers. But Jones was building the calibre of the Board, and the crucial decision to change Scout Executives had been made.

The picture should not be drawn with too much shadow, for in work for youth, there are always bright spots. The following is from a memorandum by President Jones as an illustration of the increasing cooperation between Catholics and Protestants in the cause of Scouting:

The Catholic Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and the Mount Carmel Congregational Church each sponsored a Boy Scout Troop and a Girl Scout Troop. All four troops were dying on the vine because the population was not great enough to support them. So the worthy gentlemen of the cloth got together and decided to whack it up. One sponsored the Boy Scouts and the other the Girl Scouts. Teen-agers of all faiths were welcomed in each troop, and Scouting prospered in that area.

#### *The First Silver Beaver Awards*

The first of the Council's Silver Beaver Awards for distinguished service to boyhood were made, using the accumulated quotas of several years. The original recipients were Malcolm A. Buell, Frederick M. Clark, Frank L. Fowler, Clarence J. Loomis, David A. North, and Frank L. Treuting, choices which remain a credit to the Council after many years.

#### *A New Scout Executive*

On July 15, 1934, the new Scout Executive, Samuel D. Bogan, arrived from Louisiana where he had been Scout Executive of the Norwela Area Council with headquarters in Shreveport. In Ithaca, New York, where he had been Scout Executive and a student at Cornell, before going to Shreveport, he had experienced the stimulating atmos-



phere of a university community, and he desired a comparable environment for his family. Otherwise, after his first look at 29 Whitney Avenue, he would not have come. The temptation to accept the offer of the Council had been greatest from the summit of East Rock where Jones, with Sheldon L. Stirling, the youthful treasurer of the Council, had taken him for a wide view of the city, limned with its hills and water. Jones had been a persuasive advocate, perhaps a subtle one.

#### *The Name is Quinnipiac*

The Council, once more, had taken another name, changing from the unlamented Southern New Haven County Council to Quinnipiac Council, Boy Scouts of America. Although the name Quinnipiac was no longer unique, having already been overused in the community, it was not inappropriate to a Boy Scout Council. It was, as we have mentioned, the name of the Indian tribe which had once occupied the area. It was also the place name of the site which the English had named New Haven. The Dutch, with more contemporary sense, had called it Rodenberghen, or "Red Hills," after its majestic rocks.

John DeLaet, a Dutch geographer, had referred to the Quinnipiac Indians in a book published in 1624, describing them as "beaver hunters." There is no doubt about the beavers. In 1631 a sachem, Waghinacut, from the Connecticut River tribes, offered to provide corn and "eighty beaver skins" to the Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth colonies in an effort to induce them to send settlers to Connecticut. Now we had the name, with more than enough settlers, and some might say that we were beaver hunters still.

#### *Building Administrative Leadership*

Jones and Bogan were immediate friends who admired and respected each other. They were anxious to chart a better future for the Council, and confident of progress. Jones was a worker who demanded results. Bogan insisted upon progress with quality. The direction was still uphill.

Nothing becomes a civic agency more than a strong, able, and dedicated volunteer chairman or president working with an equally dedicated and qualified professional. Such a combination is far superior to the passive volunteer who leans too heavily on the professional; or to the timid professional who caters to the whims of the volunteers; or worse, to the cautious one who consolidates his power by surrounding himself with men of less capacity.

The secret of the best administrators is in their ability to recruit and to use men who have greater talents than themselves. It is the administrator's part to know and to interpret the needs of his organization so well that the best men in the community can be inspired to serve its worthy ends.

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## CHAPTER IV

# Growth and Adventure

*Some mindfulness a man should surely  
keep, of any thing that pleased him once.*  
—Sophocles

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## Growth and Adventure

There is a mountain in our land whose supine shape and form have earned for it the name of Sleeping Giant. But it is not inert, not sleeping. It is pleasant to watch from a distance, or to drive toward the view of it after a long day's work, or to hike over it on holidays. It is a small land, hammered by woodpeckers and scurried by squirrels, but it is good, and from the top there is a view of our near country. The Scouts have gone there many times, as they will go many times more, usually saving their lunches for the summit, but sometimes eating them on the way, "because it is easier to carry inside than out." Thus unweighted, and looking from the mountain, they may see that beyond the near view, there is also a distant one.

There were other mountains and places, and the boys were always ready to annihilate the distances. One could go for miles on a pocketful of raisins and a chocolate bar, and a few more rations could stretch into days. The Green and the White Mountains were not too far and, in time, the Smokies and the Rockies and the Alps were added. Meanwhile Sequassen was near and its appeal was increasing. Although the fee was low some parents hesitated to spend the money to send their sons, while others simply could not afford it. All needed to be shown that they were not merely investing in a good time for their sons.

### *Frank G. Treuting*

In a performance beyond call of duty, Frank G. Treuting, the Chairman of the Camp Committee, who was a conscientious master of detail, organized house-to-house calls on the parents of Scouts by Troop Committeemen to explain the camp's merits, and thereby saved the 1934 season at Camp Sequassen. Frank was tireless, and pragmatic. "You balance the budget with boys."

### *Action and Recognition*

David A. North took over the Scout service at the Yale Bowl in September, and a Council-wide Court of Honor at Sprague Hall on December 14, 1934 inducted 234 new Tenderfoot Scouts. Malcolm Zimmermann, Theodore Tuttle, and Joseph M. Derbacher were awarded the first Scoutmasters' Keys for advanced training in Scout leadership. When the year ended the Council had qualified for the

### *Growth and Adventure*

National Program Award in recognition of its program and membership growth.

### *James E. West*

James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, spoke at the 1935 Annual Dinner. Since this was like inviting an explosion to a tea party, it reflected the Council's increasing confidence. Although his speech was prosaic and he counted our growth on his fingers, we were honored to have this brusque and busy man take note of us.

### *George C. Freeman*

In 1935 George C. Freeman, a youthful Floridian whose accent rustled pleasantly of pines and palmettoes, was added to the professional staff, bringing the total to three. George quickly won the approbation of the Connecticut Yankees, and the spurs that he earned, he used discreetly. He was particularly successful in the organization of new units, opening up the program in many institutions for the first time. This talented young man was destined to become Director of the National Finance Service of the Boy Scouts of America.

It was worth the admission, such as picking up the luncheon check, to hear and witness the verbal fencing between Freeman and Milton P. Bradley, a valued Board member from Branford. Milt had a barbed humor that did not quite draw blood, but nearly, and George retorted in kind. When it was over Milt was ready to do whatever we had in mind for the Scouts, and George had learned a thing or two. He would then retreat to Dave North who would pay for his cup of coffee, and tell him he was not a bad guy in spite of his origins.

In Branford one of the newcomers—he had been there for only ten years—told George that unless you had lived there for over forty years you were "a damned immigrant." Now times have changed. You can barely find a native with a Geiger counter, and there is clear evidence that New England is warming up to her invading majority.

### *Health and Safety Grant*

We received our first grant from a foundation in 1935, for experimental work in Health and Safety, and Maurice V. Sargent of Woburn, Massachusetts, was employed to direct the program. Professor Ira V. Hiscock of Yale was Chairman of the Committee, and we enjoyed the support and cooperation of Captain Fred C. Mills, the National Director of Health and Safety. Subsequently the Council was able to make some important contributions to the national thinking in this field.

Not infrequently, Freeman and Sargent used different vocabularies. To Sarge, "pop" was a noise that you associated with a weasel, and to



George, "tonic" was something bitter that your grandmother gave you in the spring.

#### *Years of Innovation*

The Council was jumping. A spectacular Jubilee Exposition, celebrating twenty-five years of Scouting, was held at the New Haven Arena in April, and two troops were recruited to take part in the National Jamboree, planned for Washington in July. When the Jamboree was unexpectedly cancelled because of a polio scare in Washington, the boys were actually in camp ready to entrain. Bogan worked all night to set up an alternative, a trip to Canada, and the troops took off on schedule with Freeman in charge. They were welcomed in Montreal by a young politician, Lester Pearson, who was later to win the Nobel Peace Prize and be Prime Minister of Canada. It would take long to recount the stories of this legendary trip, the sights and camps, the wayward cooks, and not least, the young Tom Sabin leading songs enroute.

There followed several years of continued innovation. Almost anything could be tried as long as it did not cost money. Sea Scouts, under Commodore S. A. Hasbrouck, were cruising regularly to Port Jefferson, and the Council, encouraged by the success of the Canadian venture, had inaugurated a series of annual educational tours, going in 1936 to Yellowstone and the Tetons. These tours continued until 1942 when they were no longer practical because of the war.

#### *Rank Has Its Privileges*

Some of the Sea Scout units spent too much time in ceremonial trappings, piping officers aboard or ashore, saluting, and relaying commands. They were also enamored of certain traditions of the sea such as RHIP which, translated, means *Rank Has Its Privileges*.

Commodore Hasbrouck, who was as gentle and gracious a soul as ever boarded a landship, thought that RHIP should be practiced at Camp Sequassen, and he suggested, as a matter of principle, that the headtable in the dining hall where the directors sat, should be served something extra as a token of the perquisites of office. The Chief, as Bogan was called in an unofficial title inherited from his predecessor, demurred that this might contradict the democratic spirit of the camp, but the Commodore urged his point until the Chief, tempted by his Louisiana background, arranged a compromise. He had a bottle of red hot tabasco sauce kept on the headtable. This provided the officers with something extra about which a boy could not have cared less. They would as soon have tried to pass their second class firebuilding by making a fire on their tongues. The Commodore did not like it much either, being not quite sure it was a privilege.

#### *Growth and Adventure*

##### *Jirayr and Barry Zorthian*

Jirayr Zorthian, who would become a well-known mural artist, designed and constructed a dramatic Sequassen gateway, featuring the head of Chief Sequassen. It was powerfully done, a work of art, and it lasted through the storms of ten or more years. The Camp Director was startled when some of the boys crossed themselves while passing under it.

Jirayr's brother, Barry Zorthian, who was as keen a young counselor as could be, edited the *Sequassen Bugle* which was full of news, and irony, and wit. "It's dangerous to have your name in that paper," one of the campers complained, "because you probably won't like it." Barry studied at Yale, and we were to hear more from him later.

##### *Tony Cosenza and Earl Krall*

Anthony Cosenza, later to win fame as the founder and director of West Rock Nature Center in New Haven, was Nature Counselor at Sequassen for several of these years, a task which he performed with enthusiasm and effectiveness.

Earl Krall, who was destined to serve as a Field Scout Executive in the Council, and to become Director of the Statistical Service of the National Council, was the able business manager of the camp. With the fee at \$7.00 per week, he needed to be both able and resourceful. And he was.

##### *Cub Scouting Begins*

The first Cub Scouts had been registered by the Council in late 1934, one pack with thirty-four boys. The program, for boys from nine to twelve years of age, grew rapidly, and the Quinnipiac Council got off to a good start. In 1937 the Council, in an experimental project, permitted Cub Scouts to attend camp for two weeks, using their own program, and occupying separate facilities. The Cubs were like young animals unleashed, when only the outdoors is fit to contain their boundless energy. They hung from trees, or wrestled in groups like bundles of small Hindu gods made up of arms and legs, and then, in quiet restfulness, lay down in pine needles to recover.

The whole experience was a happy and exciting success for the boys and for the camp. The parents of the Cub Scouts were enthusiastic. We were proud. But Cub camping was ruled illegal by the National Headquarters, and we discontinued it. This may have been a fundamental mistake in the light of the successful development of younger boy camping by other youth agencies in subsequent years.

##### *Jamborees*

The first national Jamboree was held in Washington, D.C. in 1937, and the Nutmeg Troop from Quinnipiac was outstanding. David A.



North was Scoutmaster, Gurdon Chatfield, and Merwin Williams, assistants. The Council also sent a patrol to the Fifth World Jamboree in Holland, and George Freeman was Assistant Scoutmaster of the Region I Troop in which the patrol was included.

#### *Abraham S. Ullman*

The Council continued to gain momentum. The Scout Headquarters was moved to a better, more spacious location at 191 Church Street, overlooking the New Haven Green. The rent was reasonable because it was up three flights of stairs. Abraham S. Ullman became President of the Council, and this articulate and able man brought to the presidency a youthful dignity and engaging personality. For the first time, a Camp Ranger was employed for Camp Sequassen.

#### *Richard Jackson and Paul Siple*

Eight hundred Scouts took part in a tremendous Camporee at Mount Carmel on the beautiful site which was later to become the campus of Quinnipiac College. Richard S. Jackson was the Chairman, and Paul Siple, the Eagle Scout who had gone to the Antarctic with Admiral Richard E. Byrd, was the guest of honor.

#### *We Hire a Camp Ranger*

The Camp Ranger was Louis Beaucage, an illiterate French Canadian, who had the romantic flavor of the outdoors about him with overtones of garlic. There was an immediate cessation of vandalism at the camp. The word got around, and the local hoodlums were either afraid of Louis, his ferocious police dog, or both. Winter camping, now that weekend supervision was available, took a sharp turn upward.

Since maintenance was a basic responsibility of the Ranger, the Chief asked Beaucage to mail a weekly report of his work. These reports always began "Dear Cheap" and the Chief, in the uncomfortable knowledge that Louis was receiving only \$75 a month, was never quite sure whether this was an accidental or deliberate salutation.

#### *Generous Gifts*

In 1938 Mrs. Manley Chester gave the money to build a Craft Shop at Sequassen in memory of her husband, and Philip H. English helped substantially in the purchase of Crampton's Boat Yard in Morris Cove, to be known as the Pardee Sea Scout Base. The base was sold a few years later, a worthy experiment that failed.

#### *New Haven's Tercentenary*

During 1938 New Haven celebrated its tercentenary and the Scouts participated. Various events were staged under the auspices of the

#### *Growth and Adventure*

Chamber of Commerce and other groups, including a program at the Yale Bowl entitled "Through Many Generations—A Pageant of Old New Haven." A commemorative convocation was held in Woolsey Hall on June 6th at which Stephen Vincent Benét read the Tercentenary Ode he had written for the occasion, from which the final stanza is quoted:

Regicide, merchant, scholar—exile of every  
stock

All those who shared in the labor, all those  
who opened the ways

And left us the growing lilac and the fire  
within the rock,

The men who were not contented, the men that  
their children praise.

The city, a little dowdy and a little bit too content, pointed its fingers of pride, but mostly toward the past. Its renaissance was not yet. But it was predictable. For a special luminescence surrounds a city praised by poets.

#### *The Great Hurricane*

Meanwhile, under Maurice Sargent, the Council's Health and Safety program had been expanded impressively. We took particular pride in a crack Disaster Relief Corps of sixty Scouts, all over fourteen years of age, and First Class rank or higher. They were prepared and stood ready, almost anxiously, for a disaster. All procedures and channels had been carefully planned and determined. The Corps would be officially called to duty by the Chief of Police of New Haven when the need arose.

The hurricane struck suddenly on the afternoon of September 21, 1938 in tragic violence. There had been no warning for this, the worst disaster in the history of the community. The Chief of Police, overwhelmed by his responsibilities, did not have time, or did not think to mobilize the Disaster Relief Corps. Although most telephones were out, the Corps members found ways to communicate, jamming the wires to the Scout Office for instructions. Sargent waited for the Chief of Police, and nothing happened.

Bogan, who had been at Sequassen, could not get through by telephone, and it took him several hours to find his way back to the city because the highways were blocked. He could, and did, visualize the Corps, galvanized in the heroic performance of its duty. Making his way, at last, to Scout Headquarters, he found it dark where he had ex-



pected a scene of urgent activity. He called Sargent at the YMCA, where he lived, interrupting a game of chess he was playing. How was the Corps doing?

Lacking a request from the Chief of Police, Sargent reported, he had not called the Corps into action. It was a mighty contretemps, and in an effort to recoup, Bogan started the machinery for getting the boys on duty, but none could be reached. They had all gone out to find their own opportunities of service.

Discouraged, the Chief took his route homeward through a multitude of detours. The stricken city needed all the help it could get. On Ardmore Street, in Hamden, he was signaled to stop by a boy in Scout uniform, wearing the armband of the Disaster Relief Corps.

"It is not safe for you to proceed, sir," the boy reported, "because of a live wire."

The chief looked at the sparking, crackling wire, lashing snake-like in the night. "How long have you been here?" he asked the Scout.

"Since the beginning, sir."

"You must be tired. Would you like me to find a relief for you?"

"No sir. I want to stay until the danger is over."

Later reports brought similar stories. The Corps had failed. The boys had not.

#### *Robert E. Pettit*

In 1939, George Freeman left the Council to become Assistant Scout Executive in Washington, D.C. and Robert E. Pettit, later to become a Deputy Regional Executive of Region I, joined the staff. Pettit came to work for about \$2,100 a year, not princely, but all that could be afforded in those still uninflated times. He was a loyal, chivalrous man, and in the gentler vocabulary of John Bierer of the Regional Committee, "one of God's noblemen." Living in Branford and serving the East Shore District, Bob soon expanded and improved the program in his territory. John E. Brainerd of Stony Creek, for many years a Council Vice President, was a constant help and encouragement to him and to other members of the volunteer and professional staffs who came after.

#### *Another Tour*

We had another educational tour to Canada, and Quinnipiac had four patrols on duty at the World's Fair in New York. Three hundred and twenty-five patrol leaders took part in an outstanding Junior Leaders' Conference at which Finis Engleman, Chairman of the Council's Leadership Training Committee, and President of New Haven State Teachers College, presided.

### *Growth and Adventure*

#### *And Another Move*

The Council office was moved again, this time to 19 Whitney Avenue, near Grove Street. It was a great improvement, and we stayed for twenty years, gradually taking over the entire second floor. We rented the space above Conrad Kasack, Guild Opticians, and Connie, himself, was our landlord, and a good one. His friendship and goodwill never failed us, and he was soon serving Scouting as a member of the Board of Directors.

We did not have enough furniture for our new quarters, and we knew that the brokers, Fahnestock & Co., who had been our neighbors on Church Street, were refurbishing their offices. So we invited them to give us the leather covered armchairs from their board room which they were replacing. They did not give them, but sold them to us for a nominal sum. The chairs were not bad to look at. It was only after they were installed that we discovered that they tipped their occupants forward, and that there was nothing you could do to make yourself comfortable. The staff soon learned to wave unwelcome visitors to them, and they did help to keep some of our committees on their toes. But there was only one explanation for those chairs. They had gone through the depression with the brokers, and their clients, during those trying years, had literally been on the edges of their seats.

#### *People and Events*

The Council's major activities continued regularly, almost routinely. A great Scout-O-Rama was held at the New Haven Arena in April, 1940. Richard M. Thalheimer was general chairman of this event. That fall, George S. Murray took charge of Scout service at Yale Bowl. The Council budget was now at \$20,400 and there were 2,816 boys enrolled in 145 units.

Two new field executives were added to the staff in 1941, Clarence E. Plessinger and L. Noyes Andrews. The first Cavalcade of Scouting, one of the Council's most ambitious projects, took place in April with Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. as guest of honor. It was a success and the Council made money. Herbert M. Nicholas was the Chairman. A realistic Scouting mural, painted by Joseph Schork, was unveiled. It would, in later years, adorn the Philip H. English Dining Hall at Sequassen.

#### *A Scout Hero*

Scout Nicholas Carone was awarded the Honor Medal of the Boy Scouts of America for saving life at the risk of his own, the first Scout in the Council to win this highest award. There was an ominous contrast, the voice of Hitler, blaring on the radio.

*An Archeological Expedition*

In August and September, 1941, Quinnipiac Scouts conducted the first archeological reconnaissance of the Philmont Scout Ranch, near Cimarron, New Mexico. Their adventures were recorded in a book, *Let the Coyotes Howl*, written by Bogan from notes taken in the field. The findings of the expedition, confirmed by later research, reflected the excellent training the Quinnipiac Scouts had received at Yale's Peabody Museum under Irving Rouse and Alexis Praus. The boy members of the expedition were Robert Butler, Aubrey Davies, Arthur Eade, Jr., Wallace Rubin, Norman Shemitz, and Irving Versoy.

War had been raging in Europe since 1939, and our own nation had arrived at unquiet times. On August 24, 1941, Bogan recorded these thoughts at Philmont as his young archeological companions slept nearby.

Through the open doorway of my tent, while lying on my cot, I saw Corona Borealis, then Aquila, then Delphinus dip westward and gradually disappear behind the mountain. I shall remember this night and its stars. Restless, I thought I could see beyond our dark mountain to the stark and violent world, already flaming with war. And as I thought of my sleeping young companions, and the uncertainties of their tomorrows, I could not rest, but tucked the swinging constellations behind the mountains, one by one, through the long night.

## CHAPTER V

## Sparks from the War Years

*In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms. The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world. The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world. The third is freedom from want—everywhere in the world. The fourth is freedom from fear—anywhere in the world.*

—Franklin D. Roosevelt



## Sparks from the War Years

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor and nearly four years of war began for the United States. The national economic and military mobilization quickly involved every citizen. The Council's Commissioner Staff, and the ranks of unit leaders and assistants, made up predominantly of younger men, were soon gaping. College boys, who had comprised the major portion of the camp staff, were no longer available. Some citizens used the time which might have been devoted to Scouting to working a shift in a factory. It was more important to serve the country than the Council.

### *Kellogg Leaves*

In February, 1942, Hal R. Kellogg was chosen Scout Executive at Lowell, Massachusetts, and the Council parted with him regretfully. His witty, satirical touch had often tempered our seriousness. It is to be supposed that he already knew, as men of wit have a way of learning, that, in the end, the best jokes are usually on the joker. Wit turns inward, and is well employed when we use it to tease ourselves, however indirectly. Hal had a delight in words, and a fondness for dried herring. In an earlier incarnation, he might have been the first to sample the lamellibranchiata, probably raw.

### *Survival Training*

In March over eight hundred Scouts participated in a city-wide salvage project on behalf of the war effort, and every firehouse in the City of New Haven was filled with the needed materials. By summer, a "Commando," or survival, program had been developed for Camp Sequassen, and it was effectively improved and administered throughout the war years. Many of the boys were subsequently to praise it as having made a difference in their own confidence and safety under military conditions. And one wrote, "What I learned at Camp Sequassen enabled me to save the lives of two of my buddies."

### *British Evacuees*

The international program of the Council which began in the thirties, continued through the war years, and memorable were the young British evacuees, so sadly far from families and home. One young Briton checked tools all day, and every day, for the Camp Ranger,

### *Sparks from the War Years*

"because I want to be too busy to think." Another wept, quite unexpectedly, because he was ashamed of being so happy.

### *The Hermit's Shack Is Rebuilt*

In the spring of 1942 the Hermit's Shack had been rebuilt under the leadership of Robert S. Judd, and this had an immediate impact in helping to fix the traditions of that famous area. Nearby was the hermit's grave with its inscription, which some of the Scouts were already beginning to memorize.

I will rest peacefully,  
No matter how long,  
If the pines will bend over  
To sing the wind's song;  
If the birds and the chipmunks  
Will play over me still,  
In the forest I loved,  
Near the spring on the hill.

### *Sparks From the Council Fire*

In November the first issue of *Sparks from the Council Fire* was mailed to former Scouts and Scouters in the military services, and it was to be continued, usually monthly, until the war was over. The mailing list eventually included over four hundred former Scouts at military Post Offices around the world.

### *The English Woods*

Philip H. English gave the camp approximately twenty-five acres of woodland, purchased from the American Brass Company, one of a series of significant land gifts he would present over a period of years. These gifts represented an extraordinary vision of our future needs. We named these acres the English Woods.

### *War Time Problems*

There were curtailments in many Scouting activities because of the war. Weekend camping at Sequassen was suspended because of food and gasoline rationing. Equipment deteriorated for lack of replacements, and the summer camp season was reduced to six weeks because of transportation difficulties. Parents could not transport their sons to camp because of gasoline rationing. The boys came in chartered buses, and brought their personal ration books with them. Many foods, including sugar, fats, and meats were scarce. The camp period was for two weeks. Council staff members included D. D. Blanchard and Clarence Plessinger.



*War Services*

There was plenty of patriotic work to do, and the Scouts put in hundreds, indeed, thousands of hours! Defense posters . . . down the streets and back again, and again . . . Red Cross . . . fire prevention . . . Community Chest . . . Victory Books . . . aluminum, scrap iron, grease, grime . . . and waste paper, tons of it, under the arms and in small carts. Air spotting . . . Safety Week . . . ushers, messengers, guards! All year round, thousands of hours, until hardly a Scout but felt himself a part of his country and its cause.

Troop 5 of West Haven, for example, under the leadership of Scoutmaster Charles N. Merriam, reported that during 1942, the troop had collected:

83,000 lbs. of newspapers  
28,000 lbs. of magazines  
9,000 lbs. of mixed paper  
4,300 lbs. of rags  
1,200 lbs. of old mattresses  
15,000 lbs. of scrap metal  
2,000 lbs. of rubber

Such salvage may have seemed grimy and uninspiring in terms of junk handled, but it was a real contribution to the war effort. In addition, fourteen members of the troop qualified as Junior Red Cross First Aiders, and all members had been assigned to some Air Raid Warden or other civilian defense service. All met numerous duty assignments at such places as the Armory and the U.S.O.

*Council Leaders*

Under the presidency of Robert S. Judd, the Council Committees were well organized and functioning efficiently. Chairmen included, Hudson B. Hastings, Advancement; William A. Knoll, Camping and Activities; Abraham S. Ullman, Finance; M. Allen Pond, Health and Safety; John Hoey, Organization and Extension; Finis Engleman, Leadership Training; and John J. McKeon, Trust Committee. Dr. Allan T. Waterman of Yale, later to be head of the National Science Foundation, was an active member of the Camp Committee. Harry B. Hitchcock succeeded Louis Beaucage as Camp Ranger.

*Elbert K. Fretwell*

In February, 1943, Elbert K. Fretwell, who had succeeded James E. West as Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, spoke at the Annual Dinner of the Council and made particular reference to the high quality of Quinnipiac Scouting which he considered "an ex-

*Sparks from the War Years*

ample to Councils all over America." Indulging us in scholarship, his address sounded from "the ringing plains of windy Troy," for there he stood, and we with him.

*The Pain and the Duties of War*

We lived with the pain, as well as with the duties of war. In June, 1943, speaking to the Scout Executives of New England, the writer sought to capture the poignancy of the times. The brief speech, subsequently published in *Scouting Magazine*, was widely quoted, and is given here because present words cannot carry the same immediacy.

## SERVICE STARS

In travelling to this place we noted how every little town and village had its constellation of service stars.

The women carried ration books and wore small flags in their coats, and the men had enameled stars in their lapels.

We saw that the gas stations were empty, the roadside stands boarded up, and the picnic places untenanted by man.

Yet, everywhere; in the streets, on the cool porches, and in public places, the young men were sporting uniforms.

They were smiling with their friends, walking with small brothers, or happily holding the hands of radiant young girls.

Some embraced their mothers beside the busy trains, and leapt aboard shouting, "Good-bye! I'll see you later."

A few wore bright ribbons on their breasts, and here and there, a star flashed upon the ribbon like a jewel set in Casablanca or Bataan.

And we waited for our meals, and stood up in the train, and paid taxes, and everywhere we were proud.

And, as we made way for the uniforms, khaki and green, and blue and white; as we made way for the strong alert young men;

We remembered other lads, lads grown out of the camping places of the past, our own sons, and stalwart young Scouts, our own.

They also of this company in some distant street or foreign land.

They also sailing on strange seas, or scaling the skies of night.

And our spirits reached out to them with understanding, for we knew that bright uniforms grow foul in battle;



Mothers are as visions lost, and radiant young girls a stabbing void. Young hearts cannot always travel with the guns. They beat with the pulse of home.

Yet courage goes with them, and a youthful law: "A Scout is Brave," rings like a glory in their ears, and they are one with valor and with strength.

Such valor as the Pioneers and Pilgrims knew; such strength as New England breathes on sons who grow to greatness in an hour.

And if we weep because they are so brave, we never taste the bitter fruit of cowardice, for only brave words echo from the shores of war;

"Dear friend," "Dear Cap," "Dear Chief," "Dear Dad,"  
"Mother, dear," "My dearest one."

"Do not worry about me. I am flying on God's wing."

"For a month I was blind, but today I am doing fine."

"I see our Scouting star, Polaris, at altitude ten degrees."

"What I learned in Scouting saved my life today."

"I have been thinking about a firm grip and a tolerant heart."

"My Scout training enabled me to help the other fellows."

"Keep my old troop alive, for I am coming back."

"We repeated the Scout Oath and Law and came in safely."

"We who now behold the present days,  
Have eyes to wonder but lack tongues to praise."

The true national voice during these years was that of the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt. It came over the radio with a reassuring and paternal timbre as the nation, including the Scouts, bent to the task of winning the war. Although the years seemed long and unremitting, the people were united behind this confident leader.

#### *Harry C. Knight*

The Council gained added recognition when Harry C. Knight, President of the Southern New England Telephone Company, a member of the Quinnipiac Council Board of Directors, and Chairman of the Finance Committee of the National Council was awarded the Silver Buffalo for distinguished service to boyhood at the national level.

Knight was one of the all-time greats of the Council, the community, and the state. He spoke and acted with such sincerity and conviction for Scouting that the best people listened and were willing to heed.

#### *A March of Progress*

In a further effort to improve the quality of its program, the Council staged a MARCH OF PROGRESS in 1943. This was an advancement program geared to the war effort and to progress in citizenship. A majority of the Council's units earned certificates which were signed by the Governor of the State, Raymond E. Baldwin. They were presented at a joint retreat ceremony held by the Scouts and the Army Air Corps in training at Yale University. This ceremony, held on the New Haven Green on July first, was one of the most colorful and impressive in the history of the Council. Among those present were the Adjutant General of the State, representing the Governor, officials of Yale University, and the Mayor of the City.

#### *The Mortgage Is Paid Off*

Stone walls are in keeping with the New England character. The materials are cheap, even if the labor is hard. A solid improvement was made at the Sequassen water front with the construction of a four-hundred foot dry wall in 1943, and before the year was out, the final \$2,500 on the camp mortgage had been paid. For the first time in many years, the Council was free from debt, and it was high time we owned the camp, because this message, from one of the boys in the Pacific, was typical:

I can think of nothing better than a few days in New Haven, unless it is a few days at Sequassen. They can drag me through hell and high water, and I'll never forget that place.

#### *The Rainy Day Philosophers' Club*

The solemn mood of the public encouraged the boys to take Scouting more seriously. They were more in earnest about the skills they were learning, and more thoughtful of history. The Rainy Day Philosophers' Club, at Camp Sequassen, talked for hours on the destiny of man. There was discouragement, but not despair. "Besides" as one of the youthful philosophers pointed out when spirits were low, "it is easier to be discouraged on rainy days."

#### *An Introduction to the Natural World*

We also wanted the boys to be naturalists enough to feel at home on the planet and in the cosmos. A blackburnian warbler sang in the pine trees over our heads and one boy heard it. The moccasin flower



bloomed at our feet and one saw it. The clouds tumbled above us in mighty billows and not one marked them until we said listen, look, and see.

The dramatic was easier. It was one of the British boys who came flying in from Outpost with the report that he had been "dive-bombed by eagles," swooping low with loud and fierce cries! He had not discovered, so much as had been discovered by, a pair of goshawks, the first nesting pair to have been reported in the state in fifty years.

The campers, especially those who had not been frightened by timid mothers, liked the snakes. Unfortunately, they gradually depleted the population by taking them home as pets. It was no wonder that, a few years later, Ray Delehant, a young Nature Counselor, should report to the Director his concern because "We have a desperate shortage of snakes."

A pair of kingfishers returned to the lake each year or, more likely, a succession of pairs, passing along an inheritance. They fished from high branches near the island, searching the clear water for minnows, newts, or frogs, and diving for them like bits of falling sky. From all indications, they caught their limit, which our own fishermen seldom did. According to legend the kingfisher had the magical power to allay storms and was, therefore, a good neighbor. And who would not welcome an ally who could rattle a warning to the elements and say to the lightning, "Come not near"?

The natural world is little known to most of us. Although we inhabit it, we are strangers to its beauty, barbarians in its use. It is a pity, because the knowledge and love of nature might be our best gift to the young. Scout leaders need something of the naturalist in them, enough to point the fragrant wintergreen, the awesome Milky Way. In a shared exploration of the world about them, they could endow their young companions with a happy heritage. Nor should there be delay, for in dealing with youth, time is always short. One needs more than the wits of a diatom, the speed of a slug.

#### *Unusual Leadership at Camp*

Many boys, either because troop leadership was unavailable, or for economic reasons, came to camp for only a week, and a week at camp is an inadequate solution to a boy's need for outdoor life and adventure. He does not know his way around before it is time to go home. With two-week periods necessitated by the rationing of transportation, and with the extraordinary staff of school principals and teachers, such as William Fagerstrom of East Haven, which had been assembled on a basis of war time service, the camp attained an excellence it had not known before. All-day hikes by beeline and compass through the woods and swamps, given as survival training, were full of adventure. But swamp had to rhyme with *damp* so that the Commando Theme Song would sound right:

#### *Sparks from the War Years*

Be kind to your web-footed friend,  
That poor duck may be somebody's mother.  
She lives all alone in the *swamp*  
Where it's always cold and *damp*. . .

But deeper than this lightness, the camp was moving ahead. Its great traditions were forming.

#### *A New Haven Foundation Gift*

In 1944, the Council received its first important grant from the New Haven Foundation, \$1,500 to match a similar grant from the Irving Berlin, God Bless America Fund, for the purpose of adding a member to the professional staff. This was followed by two additional grants of \$3,000 each in 1945 and 1946. The theory was, that after three years, the Council would have developed sufficient regular support to retain the new staff member. The project succeeded.

#### *Incident at Sea*

By this time former Scouts were writing hundreds of letters to the Chief from the multiple theatres of war. Skip Creaser, taking part in a great trans-Atlantic convoy, told of a sunrise at sea, as reported in *Sparks from the Council Fire*.

It was dawn and the men of the Zircon looked toward the rising sun to see the convoy silhouetted against a sky of flaming clouds, the ships riding in copper and gold. They were guardians of the convoy, but the sunrise was theirs, too.

Suddenly, a British man-of-war signaled, the blinker spelling out the first message of the day, a quotation from *Romeo and Juliet*: "What light from yonder window breaks!"

"The Limeys," wrote Skip, "are good at that sort of thing."

#### *Robert S. Judd*

Robert S. Judd was president of the Council from 1940-1944. An able administrator, he was the personification of Yankee integrity and idealism. Restless to do good, and stubbornly on the side of the angels, he helped the Council to weather the war years and to win a wider place in the life and esteem of the community. Reliable and resolute, his judgment was as seasoned as our native juniper, and as warm.

#### *Professionals*

Warren S. Green, a former Eagle Scout from West Haven, was added to the staff in 1945. He was to perform well and later to be-



come Scout Executive at McAllister, Oklahoma. Other professional staff members included the sincere and fanciful Frank McKeever; and the lively, ambitious Allan F. Knight. Since professionals were always in short supply, it was no problem to keep them busy. When Mac, feeling overworked, sacrificially volunteered, "I can carry a wee bit more," Al reacted flippantly, "Pile it on, kid."

#### *A Scout for Mayor*

The first major Civic Government Day was held in 1945, the Scouts taking over the various municipal offices in communities throughout the Council. It was the forerunner of many such events which were fine educational experiences for the participants.

#### *Philip H. English*

Philip H. English began a two-year term as president of the Council in 1945. For him it was a continuation of the distinguished service he had been giving for many years. He carried with dignity and simplicity the long tradition of *noblesse oblige* which had come down in his family. Generous of his means on behalf of the Council, he was, first of all, generous of himself.

As a young man, Phil had been one of the early New Haven Scoutmasters, and after mustering in for military service in 1917, as Lieutenant English, he was bivouacked in a "pup tent" on Yale Field preliminary to departure for active duty. On awakening in the earliest light of the following day, he discovered that his Scout Troop had moved in during the night and had encamped in a circle around him. Such was the loyalty he was capable of engendering.

#### *The Atomic Bomb*

Nineteen forty-five was an important year in the history of the Council, and of the world. Guido Calabresi, destined in 1961 to become the youngest Professor of Law in the history of Yale University, was a boy at Camp Sequassen, and this is how he remembered a particular day in the history of that year.

It is a picture of a young boy not yet thirteen, listening in awe as, on a hot summer day at Sequassen, the Chief describes a fearsome, horrible, and yet somehow, potentially hopeful event which had occurred the day before—the dropping of the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

There was no joy or exultation in the Chief's speech. There was only the deep realization of the magnitude of the event, and of the consequences it would bring to those who heard him, together with the realization that those boys there listening, would

#### *Sparks from the War Years*

some day decide by their actions, if this was to be viewed in retrospect as a day of hope for mankind, or of disaster.

What effect the speech had on the others, I do not know. I do know what effect it had on that twelve-year-old. And for that, much more than the joys of hikes and hawks, and hermits' cabins, I am thankful.

Thus, in the thoughts of one boy, a day and a year remembered, a year in which, on December thirty-first, three thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three boys carried registration cards in their pockets, proving them to be Scouts of Quinnipiac.

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CHAPTER VI

Mondial

*I dream. No, that is not the right word. I believe. I believe in the day when the sons of our sons will give their hands over the mountains, over the seas, and over the barriers of languages; when the world will be a cathedral, and all hearts will chime to the same song. I believe in this day, and in it wish to live.*

—Jaromir Linhart  
(as translated by Czechoslovakian  
Scout Vladimír Krčméry)

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## Mondial

The war being over, our first impulse was to expand the activities of the Council, and we tried to do everything at once. Many former Scouts and leaders returned to Scouting from military service, infusing it with fresh vitality, but they were soon pre-occupied with personal adjustments to jobs, schooling, and domesticity. It is an irony of the military man, that when he fights for freedom, he has the least of it. And, when a war is over, the best ingredient in his bill of rights is the very freedom he has given as forfeit to his cause.

The public mood had changed, and there was a letdown from the sustained burdens of the war. Some of the older Scout leaders, weary from the chores of war, felt that it was time for others to carry more of the responsibility, and too much was left to the professionals, who were also tired. It took a while to rediscover our incentives and move ahead. Our hearts were on the accelerator, but our feet were on the brakes.

*The Use of Volunteers*

The Scout movement's wide use of volunteers cuts two ways. It is a formidable strength but, in it, we are also vulnerable. The volunteer, like the wind, goes where he listeth, and while often our inspiration, he is sometimes our despair. The basic, unchanging problem of the Boy Scouts of America is to upgrade its program for boys at the time, and in the very place, where the boy gets it. That place, most of all, is in the unit where he is a member, and with the Scoutmaster or unit leader who sustains or fails him. To know this, and to do something about it, is the highest duty of a Boy Scout Council. For, if we fail the boy, we fail everything, and the house comes tumbling down.

In the spring of 1946 the Council resumed its junior leaders training conferences at the New Haven State Teachers College. Several hundred boy leaders participated, and Eagle Scout Thomas Graham was the chairman. The principal speaker was "Green Bar Bill" Hilcourt of Schiff Scout Reservation, and the boys liked him very much.

*Scout Work Day*

Also, that spring, a Scout Work Day was held under the leadership of Abraham S. Ullman. More than a thousand boys found jobs, from mowing lawns and baby-sitting, to working in the fields of Bethany, contributing their earnings to a general fund. One Scout was hired by

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a father to escort his moping teen-age daughter to the movies! Another boy over-oxygenated himself puffing balloons for a children's party. Then there was a border-line case, the son of a union member who collected time-and-a-half from his parents for doing his own homework! Some people were generous, and some imposed upon them, but when the day was over, the boys had earned about \$2,100 to establish a memorial at Camp Sequassen in honor of the Quinnipiac Scouts who had been lost in the war.

When spent, some years later, the sum had grown, through prudent investment, to over \$3,000, and it was used to help erect two magnificent fireplaces in the Philip H. English Dining Hall. One of the memorial plaques reads as follows:

IN MEMORY OF HEROES  
WORLD WAR II

We have brought timeless stone  
From ancient walls they knew  
To honor them.  
To hold fast their ideals  
Is nobler tribute,  
More fitting than these sorrowing  
Words of bronze,  
More lasting than this stone.

*A Scout at the White House*

One of Camp Sequassen's junior staff members, Clifford F. DeWolf of Troop 1, East Haven, was selected as one of two Eagle Scouts to represent the Boy Scouts of America at the White House Conference on Foods, held in July, and he performed well in this extraordinary capacity.

*A Distinguished Visitor*

Eugene Arnaud, Director of Cappy, the French National Training Camp, and already designated *Chef de Camp* of the World Jamboree to be held in France in 1947, spent several weeks at Sequassen studying American methods during the summer of 1946. Eugene made his headquarters at the Hermit's Shack, and most evenings, he sat on the porch with a small group of patrol leaders and counselors as they talked far into the night. It was a wide exploration, and in the companionship of quiet wisdom among friends, they experienced a rest more satisfying than sleep. During his visit, we had the opportunity of actually contributing a little to the overall planning of the *Jamboree Mondial de la Paix*.



*Emil Usinger*

Weekend and winter camping, once more available at Sequassen, increased sharply. Under the inspiration of the new Camp Ranger, Emil Usinger, a tradition was established whereby each visiting camper performed at least one hour of camp improvement during his stay. It was a fine and successful idea which benefited both the boys and the camp.

Usinger was a wise and gentle man who had been captain of an oyster boat on Long Island Sound. His weathered face was creased with benevolence, the timbre of his voice made for camp fires. He enjoyed telling the boys about the herring gull which used to meet his boat each morning, and made a habit of going along for the sociability and the handouts.

One of Cap's favorite mental exercises was to figure how far, if stretched end to end, the hot dogs brought to camp would reach. In the first season it was "to Milford," but that was only the beginning. It was only in his attempt to measure them in light years that he became slightly confused. In leaving, the campers often presented Cap with their leftover supplies which he accepted graciously, even patiently. "I'll bet," he used to explain, "I am the only man in Connecticut who has nineteen jars of mustard, all of them open."

Included in a quantity of K and other rations secured from Government surplus, we had several hundred cans of an unappetizing mixture of ham and eggs which had once been standard issue to World War II G.I.'s who hadn't liked it much. The Scouts liked it even less so we had a problem disposing of it. Cap was told that he could use his discretion and we soon found that his pets were living high off the stuff, as were certain fat trout which inhabited the submerged environs of our waterfront dock. It was all innocence until Cap's young grandson came for the opening of the fishing season. When the boy could not find any worms Cap suggested that he bait his hook with the mixture, and the small fisherman stood on the dock and took his limit in short order while the envious fishermen with their elaborate tackle were much less successful. Demanding to know what he was using for bait, they felt very much sassed when the saucy boy replied, "Ham and eggs."

*Napoleon Was French*

Napoleon Patry of West Haven was elected President of the Council in 1947. He was an impressive man, a Vice President of the First New Haven National Bank, who presided over the affairs of the Council with dignity such as is customarily associated with bankers, and with some of their conservatism.

The Nominating Committee of the Council, with many good men to choose from, thought that Napoleon—in spite of his first name—

*Mondial*

was of Italian extraction, and that it would be an appropriate recognition for him, and a compliment to our large and increasingly responsible population of Italian origin, to present his name. Only later did we realize that Napoleon was of French descent. No matter. We liked the French, too, and Napoleon made an excellent president. *Il en est sorti à son honneur.*

*Routine Problems*

In this year the Camping and Activities Committee of the Council promoted a change in the formula of an annual Council Camporee to Council and District Camporees in alternative years. All districts held such camporees, and some of the district Scouters liked them so well that they wanted their own camporees every year, sometimes two of them, no matter how many other events were scheduled. It is recorded, a little ruefully, that when National, Regional, Council, and District Scouters were all pushing their favorite projects, however worthy, even the best unit leaders could be overwhelmed. Sometimes they were.

Some of our problems were painfully routine. A review of the minutes of the Board of Directors, in almost any year, reveals a preponderance of references to the need for funds, the necessity of a balanced budget, and economic pressures generally. The fiscal operations of the Council were habitually handled with prudence and conservatism, and while a dollar had to go a long way, it was still only a dollar.

At times there was need for greater financial daring. The tie with the United Fund, while convenient, imposed restrictions and limitations difficult to surmount by an agency which, in the nature of its responsibility, was committed to growth and progress. Yet, after each allocation, it was necessary to subject the budget to major surgery. In spite of this we did progress while hoping desperately that the community would give the Fund wider support.

*We Go to the World Jamboree*

In 1947 the Region I Jamboree Committee invited Bogan to head the New England delegation to the World Scout Jamboree to be held at Moisson, France, and the New England Jamboree troops trained at Camp Sequassen. Bogan's selection was, at least in part, a recognition of the leadership the Quinnipiac Council was already taking in international Scouting. The proportion of Quinnipiac Scouts represented in international events was almost invariably the highest in the Region, and its independent international program, unmatched by other Councils, was growing. Nine of the sixty-four Scouts who made up the New England delegation to Moisson were from the Quinnipiac Council. They were: Edward A. Allen, Ellis T. Anderson, Joseph R. Blumberg,



George H. Byrne, Bertrand Frankenberger, Edward F. Heberger, Joseph P. Quinn, Robert P. Sedgewick, and E. Maurice Wakeman.

The New England Jamboree Delegation consisted of two troops. Bogan was Scoutmaster of Troop 1, or as the French called it, *La Premiere Troupe des Etats Unis*, and Henry W. Schreiber, later to become Regional Scout Executive of Region X, was Assistant Delegation Leader and Scoutmaster of Troop 2. Both troops were exceptional. *La Premiere Troupe* probably deserved its title, for its performance was outstanding. For example, boys from thirty nations came to the colorful international tea staged by the troop.

Elbert K. Fretwell, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, visited the Jamboree troops at Sequassen and stayed at the Hermit's Shack. He spoke of the camp as one of the finest in America and "a leader in the quality of its traditions."

Warren Green directed Sequassen while Bogan was in Europe, and George H. Walper was acting Scout Executive. Other members of the professional staff included Wesley W. Wright and Hermon F. Newcomb. All four were later to become Scout Executives.

A copy of the Journal of *La Premiere Troupe* is included in the historical file of the Council, and the following is quoted from it. First, from the Jamboree Cook's Book, published in English by the French:

*Pancakes:* Two pounds of flour, a whole egg, a pint of unboiled milk, a pinch of salt. Make a nice dough, without any clot, and let it stand for an hour. Add some oil. With a few butter or lard to grease the very hot pan, pour a nut of dough, let it flatten, and toss it gently. Serve hot with sugar or jam.

We shouldn't laugh. A British reaction to some of the tea made by our troop was that "It looks like No. 30 motor oil, but it tastes like No. 10."

The epilogue to the Jamboree Journal was a poem by Eleanor Bogan:

JAMBOREE DE LA PAIX

(New England Delegation)

(Sequassen)

Yellow sou'westers gleam in watery light  
And the bright lobster buoys swing in the rain,  
Under the dripping pines, as they will swing,  
Dusty and dry and bright, under the skies of France.

We have not seen  
The white cliffs on the Seine;  
We sleep under the stars,  
And Aquila is only Aquila,  
Not yet a sign.

(Europe)

We have come fortified by history;  
We know (in our minds) that the kapellbricke  
Was built in 1333; that the Lion of Lucerne  
Commemorates the valor of the Swiss Guard,  
Seven hundred men fighting the mobs of Paris  
To defend the king. ("Which king?" . . . "Not their own.")  
We know the legend of the child prince lost in the woods;  
We have seen in Brussels  
The little-boy fountain where the sparrows drink.  
We have seen the place Jeanne d'Arc was burned,  
A spot of different-colored pavement in Rouen,  
The ashes scattered on an ancient wind.

(Moisson)

Moisson is dust—and heather, scythed and dry,  
Prickles of brown moss sticking in our socks.  
Look—What will you trade?  
Kilt for a camera?—Kashmir shawl for a watch?  
Neckerchiefs—Scotch plaid or English blue?  
The French have neckerchief slides with fleur-de-lis  
Flanked by the heart-shaped leaves of linden.  
Mittal has brought ivory elephants from India.  
What will you give for ivory elephants?  
Some Indian woman,—unknown, unknowable,—  
Patiently stitched these tiny flowers and leaves,  
Turquoise and garnet on dust-colored wool.  
What will you give for a piece of somebody's life?  
Will you give a watch?  
Will you give friendship?  
The dark-skinned Indian boy smiles shyly.  
"What will I have to show for my Kashmir shawl?  
I will have a friend."  
On the last night, a kilted Scot  
(A generous, merry face,—wide, humorous mouth)  
Points out Aquila in the alien dark,  
That it may shine forever in your sky.)

(Home Again)

Then the letters,—the funny stilted English.

. . . "I received your letter, and was surprised and  
pleased to see its longitude, and most then,  
when I read it up."

We laugh,—but we do not think of replying in Slovak.  
All that we know of Bohemia is that the Moldau flows  
(Still flows, though the names are changed)  
Through Smetana's meadows and forests.

We are provincial; we have only our schoolboy French.  
We are the Oregon Scouter seeing his Mt. Hood in Jungfrau,  
The English Scouts looking to Dover's cliffs beyond the Seine.

But now, when we hear of famine in India, we shall cry,  
"Mittal is there!"

Or when the food ration of the Czechs is cut again,  
"Vlado is hungry!"

Is it so strange that the familiar  
Should be our only measure, and our home?

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## CHAPTER VII

### Villains and Heroes

*The most glorious hero . . . might have  
mouldered into oblivion . . . did not some  
historian take him into favor, and benev-  
olently transmit his name to history.*

—Washington Irving

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## Villains and Heroes

"Harry S. Truman, the man who three months ago was believed headed for ignominious political eclipse, was the nation's hero today as he was inducted into office for a full four-year term as President amid one of the greatest outpourings of popular acclaim ever showered on any man."

The above is from the *New York Times*, date-lined Washington, January 20, 1949. And *Time* magazine reported Truman's most characteristic utterance of the week. "I am just an ordinary human being who has been lucky—or unlucky, whichever way you want to look at it. And I have always said that I am sure there are a million men in the United States, no doubt, who could do the job much better than I can, or could do it. But I have the job, and I have to do it, and the rest of you have got to help me."

So much to mark our place in history.

Inasmuch as our own report is not written by Parson Weems, we confide that not all of our men and boys were heroes. Villainy had some residence with us. Some unit leaders were downright failures, and one absconded with his troop's treasury, in a pathetic loss of integrity for less than thirty pieces of alloy. A clerical worker embezzled funds from us, and this was the only time we had to claim bond from our insurers. Rarely, an over-eager boy cheated on a badge. Some times we were disappointed in more profound ways, such as the failure to keep a trust, or the selfish choice made when the test was for nobility.

### *Child of Sorrow*

We had as a member a truculent, rebellious youth who had been born with a crippled hand. Although otherwise sturdy and strong, he had not learned to compensate for his affliction, but felt a bitter need to be a whole man, at whatever cost. Because he was bright and able, and because he needed help, we made him a junior counselor at camp.

He began, almost immediately, to assert himself by force, driven to prove himself physically superior to his charges and his fellow counselors. He would give them no rest, but tormented the younger boys, and some of his own age, hurting them physically, and goading them to defend themselves. He refused to accept that his deformity protected him, and that his victims, bound by an unwritten code of sports-

### *Villains and Heroes*

manship, would not strike a cripple even to defend themselves. Yet, inwardly, he knew the truth, and was the more furious for it.

We tried to show this boy where he was going, and what he might become if he remained so angry with the world. Helas! We do not know if we succeeded. When we last saw him the chip was on his shoulder still, the smolder in his eyes. He had never known that we had made him a counselor out of compassion, and in the hope he would not fail, but grow. It would not be surprising if he did, for many have. The child of sorrow is often destined to become the man of strength.

### *Cavalcades*

A successful Cavalcade of Scouting was held at Troup Junior High School in February 1948 and another in April 1949. These activities continued to excite the boys, and to make a little money for the Council.

### *An Essential Acquisition*

Through the goodwill of Mrs. Lucy M. Ellsworth Creevy and her family, including Newman and Eileen Hall, and the further generosity of Philip H. English, a vital new addition of acres to the Camp Sequassen lands was acquired on West Hill Lake in 1948. This tract, known as the Helen Yale Ellsworth Woods, for Mrs. Creevy's mother, was an essential acquisition in terms of the camp's future development.

### *The Gold Rush of 1949*

In April 1949, in commemoration of the historic Gold Rush of 1849, the Council, under the leadership of Harry L. White, staged a dramatic "Gold Rush" at the West Rock Nature Center. Scouts and Scouters turned out in costume to seek and to discover numerous nuggets (thousands of gilded stones and pebbles!) which had been planted in the area, particularly in and around the brook. The historical motif extended to such characters as assayers, sheriffs, Indians, and medicine men. In an imaginative and exciting event, history came alive that day for the nineteen-forty-niners.

### *Dominique François*

Dominique François, a seventeen-year-old French Scout, came to the States in 1949 and served as a member of the Sequassen staff for two summers. Energetic, brilliant, and vivacious, he was immensely popular and effective. This outstanding young Frenchman who gave, and who absorbed, so much, was within a few years to become a strategic member of the French atomic energy group, and a world Scouter as International Commissioner of *Les Eclaireurs de France*.



### *A Change in Age Requirements*

In 1949 the age requirements for membership in the Boy Scouts of America were reduced by one year. Boys could now become Cub Scouts at eight instead of nine years of age; Boy Scouts at eleven instead of twelve; and Explorer Scouts at fourteen instead of fifteen. The immediate result was an atypical increase in membership as the new age-class came crowding through the doors. This had been bargained for. The part unplanned was the lasting orientation of the movement toward younger, rather than older, boys.

The tough, vigorous activities which had typified the war years were too much for the eleven-year-olds, and the rugged programs of our camps had to be tamed accordingly. It could be reasoned, with those who place particular emphasis on the training a child gets when very young, that this change placed the weight of our influence at a more strategic point in a boy's growth. Or, by others, that it was a retreat from the need we had originally set out to meet, that of helping to guide youth in the difficult passage through adolescence.

An age change in the opposite direction might have been wiser. Cub Scouting from ten to twelve, Boy Scouting from twelve to fourteen, and Explorer Scouting thereafter, might have provided a tighter formula under which a larger number of boys might have taken the entire sequence without loss of continuity. The boys were not really remaining for three years in the separate programs, and a projection of two years in each might have been more realistic. As it was, there was a falling off between Cubs and Scouts, and between Scouts and Explorers, which left a gap between programs during which many boys took a different tack. When one considers, however, the large number that did remain or return, it is to wonder at what might have been if the gap had not occurred at all.

### *George B. Lovell*

In 1950 the 40th Anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America was appropriately celebrated in the Council. George B. Lovell, the beloved Headmaster of Hopkins Grammar School, was Council president. His easy beneficence and wide experience with boys gave him a natural rapport with Scout groups everywhere.

### *The English Chapel*

Lovell presided over the dedication of the English Chapel at Camp Sequassen on Sunday, August 13th, in memory of Henry Fowler English, who had been for sixty years a member of the New Haven Park Commission.

Supervised by Hal Kellogg who, following his retirement, had returned to the Council as Camp Ranger, the outdoor chapel had been

built by the boys themselves, and deep within its altar, a time-capsule was placed bearing their Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant names.

The following is quoted from the remarks of one of the speakers at the dedication:

The chapel will serve best as it teaches tolerance, because intolerance is unworthy of our age and heritage. We cannot predict what will be said here, or which songs will rise. Yet, we know that some of the words will inspire, and we hope that none of them will scar.

A few days ago some of us hiked across our swamps to a sloping hill beyond where we found a grove of venerable white pines, and it seemed that not one of the young or ancient limbs had ever been disturbed.

As we stopped, and built our careful fire, we realized that we had been, perhaps, the first who had ever been in communion there. We rested a while, until we were ready to resume our journey, and then left refreshed. So let it be here. Let us kindle in this spot a fire of inspiration that will illumine our spirits and endow the hearts of our sons.

### *Gastón L'Huillier*

There was a National Jamboree at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, that year at which we were well represented. A memorable boy, Gastón L'Huillier, who had been chosen to represent all the Boy Scouts of Chile, came to the Jamboree, and he spent the remainder of the summer at Sequassen. In a flotilla of canoes, searching the skies one night, he studied the unfamiliar constellations until suddenly he cried out. "There! There is one we have in Chile!" It was Scorpio, low on the southern horizon, and in his honor, his companions of another hemisphere called it Scorpio del Gastón. Years later, in Chile, Gastón pointed it out to Robert S. Judd to prove that he still remembered.

### *The News Media*

The news media were very good to the Scouts. Without being consciously aware of it they helped us to serve boyhood better. *The New Haven Register*, the *New Haven Journal-Courier*, the *Milford Citizen*, the *Shoreline Times*, the *Hamden Chronicle*, *The West Haven Town Crier*, *The Branford Review*, *The North Haven Review*, *Info*, the house organs of *Southern New England Telephone Company* and *Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation*, and others, were reliable friends. The radio and television stations were also helpful. WNHC radio and T-V, radio stations WELI, WAVZ, and WDEE gave our activities



good coverage, and more distant media such as WTIC radio and T-V in Hartford reported some of our special events.

### *The Effect of Television*

Since our duty was to youth, we had to contend with its environment, taking into account that conformity is the ordinary way of life. To be more than ordinary, one climbs a different stair.

By the early fifties television was rapidly becoming a common denominator in most American homes. Welcomed with hope, and potentially a banquet of the arts and sciences, it often left the impression that nothing was more urgent than a detergent, or more necessary than a patent medicine.

Now and then a special dish was served, a symphony or a poet, a play or documentary, an olympic or ballet. There was also a practical portion of news, weather, and sports, usually served up with a diagrammatic esophagus. Television's potential was incalculable, but some boys were addicted to it even as they were to comic books.

Boys who had dashed as messengers or minded the ropes at Yale football games, gaped at the erratic screen while they lounged at home. It was all the more appropriate that we should, when possible, take them away from their rumpus rooms and T-V dinners to vigorous outdoor camps under the stars somewhere, or beneath a winter roof in a distant wood.

Since it was no secret that softness can destroy, we thought the boys should come weary to their sleeping bags, tired from the rugged day, yet happy to remember it. And, on certain nights, when the moon was round and bright, we liked to give them a quatrain to think themselves to sleep:

I celebrate a primal rite  
With the lonely wolf and the hound,  
For I go out and howl at night  
Whenever the moon is round.

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## CHAPTER VIII

### Men and the City

*The city is the teacher of the man.*  
—Plutarch

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## Men and the City

In February 1951 Harry L. White became President of the Council. His rise had been rapid, and he liked to recall that his first Scouting assignment had been to help dig latrines as a member of the sanitary squad at a Central District Camporee. Harry was completely democratic. He camped with the boys at camporees, participated with Scoutmasters in training courses, presided over board meetings with *éclat*, and gave himself impartially to all. Sometimes he went too far, expending more time and energy than was wise, so that he turned homeward a tired man.

### *The City Is More Difficult*

Prior to White's election as president, Scouting had made excellent progress in the Central District under his leadership and that of the District Executive, Hermon F. Newcomb. This territory, the city, consistently posed more difficult problems than the suburban and area towns. The migration of many of the substantial citizens to the suburbs, the deterioration of city neighborhoods, and the proliferation of slums and traffic were factors contributing to the lack of sponsors and meeting places for Scout units. Even so, Fire Chief Paul Heinz, served as Chairman of a "Together Plan," organized by Newcomb, which brought in fourteen new units and over four hundred boys.

### *Frank V. Savino*

In February 1951 a young District Scout Executive from the Pomperaug Council in Bridgeport, Frank V. Savino, accepted an invitation to join the Quinnipiac staff. In Pomperaug, Frank had been known as "the Whip," a good description of his sparkle and energy, but he was more. His boyhood experiences in Scouting—he had become an Eagle Scout—had been under Chief Al Breckbill of Bristol Council, an inspiring Scout Executive in the days when a dedicated professional had time to lead boys as well as men. The instillation had helped shape Frank's destiny, and it was predictable that the future of this youth of happy countenance should be good and great. Frank was to serve Quinnipiac Council for seven years as a District Executive and for four years as Assistant Scout Executive and Director of Camp Sequassen.

## *Men and the City*

### *Scout-O-Rama*

Another SCOUT-O-RAMA was held at the New Haven Arena on May 12th with Malcolm R. Zimmermann as General Chairman. Event narrators included the legendary football hero, Albie Booth, of Yale; George B. Lovell, Headmaster of Hopkins Grammar School; Charles F. Smith, author of *Games and Recreational Methods*; New Haven's Postmaster, Patrick J. Goode; Herman Hickman, Yale's famous football coach, and Elbert K. Fretwell, Chief Scout of the Boy Scouts of America.

### *Camp Building Committee*

About this time A. Royal Wood, the perspicacious and able Treasurer of the Council, became Chairman of a newly organized Camp Building Committee. The work of this Committee, which began with some ideas and surveys, was at the beginning of a significant period of progress for the Council and the camp. These studies confirmed the urgent need to expand and refurbish the Sequassen properties and facilities. Winter camping had grown until the actual number of boys participating exceeded summer enrollment, and a steady growth in the membership of the Council was predicated by the statistics. It was obvious that substantial capital funds would be required and the time had come to make a strategic move forward. In spite of some negative indications, the Directors courageously determined to conduct a capital campaign.

### *Amos G. Hewitt Leads Capital Campaign*

Amos G. Hewitt, prominent local realtor, was recruited as Chairman, and a contract was made with Charles N. Miller, former member of the national staff of the Boy Scouts of America and a skillful campaigner, to provide professional direction. All preliminary steps had been successfully taken, but on the day before he was to leave for New Haven, Miller dropped dead in California. This unexpected tragedy was so sudden that we could not recoup entirely. The schedule of the campaign was thrown off, the timing with other community events disrupted, and the hurried employment of a substitute professional proved to be a mistake.

Amos, undeterred by these reverses, carried the responsibilities of the campaign ably, even gallantly, with the staunch support of most of the Directors, but not quite all. Slightly irritated by one who failed him, Amos confided that he was reminded of the pompous citizen, who when solicited to serve a worthy endeavor, had replied that he was too busy to do any of the actual work, but that he was "always glad to serve the Lord in an advisory capacity." This, it must be admitted, was not entirely out of character for a New Englander.



The best speech of the campaign was one made by a twelve-year-old Boy Scout, Stephen N. Goldstein.

Hurdling most of the handicaps, the campaign, in two separate efforts during 1952 and 1953, realized nearly \$100,000 resulting in a series of major developments at Camp Sequassen. These included the new Ledge and Jerome Camps; improvements in the water and sanitation facilities; expansion of the parking lot, and a new road from it to the playfield; and the playfield itself was greatly enlarged. This field was later named CLARK FIELD in honor of Frederick M. Clark, Donald N. Clark, and other members of the Clark family. The camp waterfront was also greatly improved and a new home was built to house the Camp Ranger and his Shop. The most notable improvement resulting from this campaign was to be the Philip H. English Dining Hall which was still several years away. Jennie Jerome, the sister of Gilbert, was present for the dedication of the new camp site named in his honor.

#### *The Heroism of Danny Holt*

On February 1, 1952, twelve-year-old Danny Holt of Troop 5, North Haven, saw Edward Ashby, 11, crack through the ice on Todd's Pond. Crawling out to the struggling boy, Danny held his arms and supported him until three boys came to pull them to safety. The rescue had come right out of the Scout Handbook from which he had learned what to do, but there was a difference. Danny, a polio victim, was severely crippled, and his efforts had been physically as well as mentally heroic. A ward of the State, he lived with sympathetic foster parents, and carried his crutches, he said, "just for speed." His feat earned him many laurels including the Gold Medal for Heroism from the National Court of Honor of the Boy Scouts of America, but only those who knew Danny and who understood the courage that life demanded of him everyday—so that he could never stop being a hero—really knew how moving his brave deed had been.

#### *Another Jamboree*

In July the Third National Jamboree was held in California and the large Quinipiac Delegation was headed by Frank V. Savino, who also served as a member of the Region I Jamboree Staff.

#### *Mountain Man Training*

Nineteen fifty-two was the year of the Council's first Mountain Man Training Course, patterned after the British Wood Badge training. The idea took hold successfully under the supervision of Assistant Scout Executive Hermon F. Newcomb, supported by an outstanding committee from the Directors with Willard F. Robb, as Chairman, and Roland M. Bixler, David A. North, Philip H. English, and Harry L. White. Annual Mountain Man courses continued thereafter.

#### *A National Good Turn*

The civic performance of the year was the Get-Out-the-Vote Campaign in which thousands upon thousands of "Liberty Bells" were hung on doorknobs throughout the Council as part of a great national effort to encourage citizens to vote. Doubtless, we helped elect Dwight D. Eisenhower president of the United States although our intentions were nonpolitical.

#### *David A. North*

David A. North was elected president of the Council in May, 1953. North, after long experience as a Scoutmaster, had been Scout Commissioner for several years, and this field experience made for an increased sense of rapport between commissioned and administrative Scouters.

#### *Two Types of Leadership*

While it had long since been minimal in the Council, the relationship between commissioned and administrative Scouters had, from the beginning, been a source of some dissatisfaction in the Boy Scouts of America. The commissioned leaders—Scoutmasters and Skippers of the earlier days—were often jealous of the administrative leadership. The distinction was clear enough to the planners; the commissioned Scouters were to be boy leaders responsible for delivering the program to the boys; and the administrative Scouters community leaders, responsible for providing the climate and resources needed for the wide acceptance of the movement. In establishing a policy of democratic representation, the organization had wisely recognized institutions rather than individuals, but this did not always satisfy those who wanted to be both captain and crew, and at times we were called upon to man the pumps of ships not sinking.

This is not to challenge the value of intelligent dissent. Of wisdom there is never a monopoly. There are men who feel a desperate need for recognition, and some used the Boy Scout movement to seek it, and among them there were some who earned it. Others understood that no plaudits can match the satisfaction of the self-sufficient man, who being above need, can serve his causes for their own sakes rather than his own. But who has not seen the mild fanatic, moving frantically to save the world?

#### *A Neglected City*

We, the citizens, had long neglected our city and it was no longer the dignified and gracious village it had been. Its glorious old elms, felled by hurricane or invaded by Dutch elm disease, had left gaping the unsightliness of her factories and warrens. We were at a nadir of



poverty and blight from which the discouraged citizens scattered like starlings to the wider suburbs.

Yet we had bright children. Hillhouse High School maintained a reputation for scholarship in a setting fitted to the cartoons of Charles Addams. "Someone," it was said among the students, "should have enough imagination to float a bottle in the Sound, and send in it a call for help." But, if they did, the tide had carried it to another port. Ugliness moved on the city like a wave, leaving little more than Yale, a few uncluttered streets, the central Green, and the rocks, East and West, to remind us of our better times.

We could not live uninfluenced by the community which so constantly helped or hindered us. It always makes a difference for youth to live in a worthy city, and in ours there were only a few fountains. Something in a city must inspire, to make its children proud. Something must be great, and something, like the parks another city sought to build, should be "so beautiful that students from afar would choose to starve in them rather than go home."

*Richard C. Lee*

The change for the better came when, on January 1, 1954, Richard C. Lee became Mayor of New Haven. Perceptibly the city began to improve. Lee was a man of vision who had enough energy, skill, and initiative to make things happen, and he dared to plan beyond the next election. As Lee continued in office the slums began to go down, and a new city began to rise. He recruited capable men to help, and the area citizens, shaking off their apathy, discovered that he was genuine, a politician who made government an art, a builder who would not rest. The skyline changed, and the awakened city, no longer dreary, became an example to be cited far and near. Sometimes an artist will stand back from his canvas, close one eye, and look with the other through the funnel of his hand, to test his work. Dick Lee had shown us that the leaders of a city should do no less, and that in doing so they would always find the city unfinished.

Lee, who had formerly been a Director of the Council, continued to find time to encourage and to help the Scouts. He participated in their "Government Days," and gave his support to their leadership. He did not like it when the Scout Center was built in Hamden, outside the city limits, but he did not chide us publicly or long. He was too good a man for that. Here is one who should not be forgotten in his city which, one day, should raise a worthy monument to portray the grace and motion of a civic man.

*Money to Spend*

Dave North disliked to raise money, but he recognized the necessity for it and the momentum of the Council continued. Funds raised in



Gilbert N. Jerome

He would be remembered as the first and youthful chief, the hero and lost leader.





William Howard Taft, 27th President of the United States, *center*, with Judge Mathewson, *rear left*, with New Haven Scouts. Circa 1915.



Eight men over in 25 seconds was considered pretty good.



Memories of our aboriginal . . .



. . . and our Viking days.



*Photo by Wallace Rubin*

Archeological excavation at Philmont Scout Ranch, 1941. Scouts Arthur Eade, Aubrey Davies, and Norman Shemitz at Box Canyon Cave.



The Nutmeggers, our 1937 National Jamboree Troop, with David A. North, top row, center, as Scoutmaster; Merwin Williams and Gurdon Chatfield, top row, left and right, Assistant Scoutmasters.



*Photo by Robert S. Judd*

Sequassen gateway by Jirayr Zorthian. Some of the boys crossed themselves!



Nicholas Carone of Troop 14, New Haven, with his mother, as he was awarded a Certificate of Heroism, 1941.



*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

"I dub you Eagle Scout!" Paul Payette of Troop 8, Milford, is dubbed by Bogan, 1961.





*Photo by Patry Carr*  
Left to right, Napoleon Patry, George B. Lovell, David A. North, Henry W. Jones, Jr., and Robert S. Judd at 1949 Annual Dinner. Each was a past or future president of the Council.



A partial view of one of the many Cavalcades, 1951.



Left, Harry L. White, Council President, and Willard F. Robb, right, as Robb receives the Silver Beaver Award, 1952.



Scouts Federico and Manuel Pizarro, cousins, of Mexico City, at Camp Sequassen in 1952. They charmed the gringos north of the border.



*Photo by Milford Citizen*

A proud boy, Timothy Hallman, at Old Settlers Scout Reservation poses with Mrs. William J. Garland, the gracious donor of the property.



*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

A part of the Scouting method—a man, a boy, and a book on a log. Mark Hopkins would have approved.



A birthday present for Philip H. English as the new Sequassen Dining Hall was named for him, 1959. *Left to right*, A. Royal Wood, Council President, Mrs. English, and Philip.



*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

Headed for chow at the English Dining Hall. Barry Jones was a favorite chef.





It is traditional that he who drinks from the Hermit's Spring, and truly loves the woods, will return.



Photo by Edward A. Tomasi  
Donald N. Clark, Council President, congratulates a quaternion of Silver Beavers, 1963. Left to right, James Q. Bensen, Albert J. Duffield, Clark, Anthony N. Basilicato, and Alfred Stanford.



Photo by Edward A. Tomasi  
First Aid was taught at camp, as well as in the troops, and practiced in the field. Left to right, at the Gates Health Lodge, Wesley Chalker, Leslie Browne, Richard Muirhead, and veteran Camp Counselor, Dr. Lawrence F. Pisani. Circa 1961.



The SAMUEL D. BOGAN WATERFRONT where the boys learned that the "buddy system" was safer than "the old swimming hole."



The new Scout Center in Hamden, first occupied during the Christmas holidays, 1961.



*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

After putting the new Center in order, the 1961 professional staff posed for this picture. *Left to right, front row, Nelson Richmond, Frank Savino, Bogan, and Donald Fowler. Second row, left to right, Edward Tomasi, Antoine Gagnon, Ernest Wheat, and Robert Cole.*



*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

Part of the opening ceremony of the International Camporee, 1962. *Welcome, Canada!*



*Photo by Claude S. Morse*

International Camporee delegates and leaders place a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknowns at Arlington National Cemetery.





*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

The Iranians decorate the camp jeep with the Scout Motto, "Be Prepared," in the graceful furbelows of their native language.



*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

Young Edward Tomasi admires the mosaic created by his father.



*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

Once a year the Board of Directors met at camp. Among the early arrivals in 1963, left to right, A. Royal Wood, Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., Edward H. Walton, and James Q. Bensen.



*Photo by Edward A. Tomasi*

Philia faculty members from five nations watch as Commissioner Ian Clarke of Australia adds the plaque of his country to those of other nations at Camp Sequassen.





Photo by Edward A. Tomasi

Sam Bogan passes the Jerome knife, the Council's symbol of leadership, to his successor, Robert C. Birkemeier, with Donald N. Clark, Council President, as official witness.



Even the earliest troops had campfires. Something from the haunting past of man came with them, a kind of spiritual heritage.

the preceding Capital Campaign were judiciously spent and many of the improvements at Camp Sequassen which have already been mentioned took form during his presidency. In particular, the building housing the Ranger's home and workshop was completed and ready for occupancy on May 1, 1954. Ironically, this was the effective date for the resignation of Hal Kellogg as Camp Ranger. The bright new home came too late for him. He would have to remember the cramped and draughty cottage under which the rodents tunneled in winter. His tenure ended, Hal turned to scholarship and to ease, yet like the hermit, would stalk heroic among our legendary men.

#### Staff Notes

Assistant Scout Executive Hermon Newcomb had earned a promotion and it came to him in the spring of 1954 when he became Scout Executive in Holyoke, Massachusetts. Frank V. Savino, District Scout Executive of Central District, was the outstanding choice to succeed him in Quinnipiac. Meanwhile, Joseph Zebrowski found his tall way among the boondocks of the West District corraling many a boy for Scouting, and the personable Nelson Richmond kept inventory of the clams and boys along the eastern shore. In a broader connotation, it is to be hoped there will be those in the future who will better express the debt the Council and the Boy Scouts of America owe to the career men who served us faithfully and well.

#### Terra Incognita

Meanwhile, Philip English who liked to keep the present and future needs of the Council in mind, had an obscure twenty-one acres of land somewhere in Guilford and Branford, which he offered to the Council for its future needs. The gift was gratefully accepted although there was no current need to develop it. Ten years later its boundaries were still undefined. Its markers, if they continue, lie under a drift of snow in winter or beneath a wall of green in spring. One of the District Executives, assigned to discover the property reported: "I think I know where it is, and if we need it I will find it." It remains *terra incognita*, but since land is forever, it is good to know that it is there, and it is ours. If the Boy Scouts of America is to remain an outdoor organization, we must conserve enough land for a boy to spit in a gully.

#### Ned Can Do Anything

The Council budget was \$50,500 in 1954 and Edward H. Walton had been elected Treasurer, a position he was to fill with extraordinary diligence and skill for ten years. His reports to the Board were lucid and concise, his mastery of the subject complete. A worthy Treasurer, he served the Council in many other capacities because, as Roy Wood had said, "Ned can do anything."



*International Milestones*

The 1954 International Patrol was made up of four Canadian boys from Moncton, New Brunswick, and four boys from the Council, the beginning of a fraternal relationship which continued for many years. The Council had already established its unique position as a leader in international exchanges, and in 1955 both the French and the Swiss sent patrols to Sequassen.

The Swiss brought with them two hand-lettered parchment scrolls, each inscribed in three languages, English, Latin, and German. One was an invitation to participate in the Swiss National Camp (Jamboree) to be held in 1956, and the other a statement of greeting, read by Patrol Leader Hans Reudi Bener of Chur, in charming schoolboy English, as follows:

We, the six fellows from the Grisons have the great honour to spend a beautiful camp by our brother-scouts from the New Haven's "Quinnipiac Council." The sense of Baden-Powell's organization is showed again a time in one of its greatest signification—the people's friendship all over the earth. The fellows from the oldest are greeting these from the greatest free democracy. May be our friendship during all times, all following generations, a milestone on the way to the friendship of all people.

It was so. The boys, passing milestones and kilometers "on the way to the friendship of all people," were instinctively friends. Happy in their differences of accent and custom, they were inspired by their common humanity. The Council, in going out beyond itself, achieved in these exchanges its own best approximation of greatness. It brought quality from the corners of the earth, returning strength for strength, and in giving friendship to all, charted a little the boundaries of a better world.

*Summary*

In 1955, the World Jamboree was held in Canada, and the Council, of course, was well represented. Other events of the year: Eagle Scout Robert Pilvanis of Troop 2, Branford, represented Region I in Washington when the Annual Report of the Boy Scouts of America was made to the President of the United States. A spring "Conservation Camp" was held at the West Rock Nature Center under the leadership of Charles N. Hammarlund, Jr. and Anthony Cosenza, and 148 Scouts earned various conservation merit badges. The Council sent an expedition to Philmont; and Antoine Gagnon became a member of the professional staff.

Growth continued. On December 31, 1955 membership reached 7,135 boys in 196 units with 1,790 adult Scouters registered.

## CHAPTER IX

## Old Settlers and Others

*Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.*

—Ecclesiasticus



## Old Settlers and Others

In early 1955, perhaps during Boy Scout Week, Willard F. Robb, a director of the Council made a thoughtful speech about Scouting to the New Haven Rotary Club. The talk impressed Joseph B. Morse, a prominent New Haven attorney, who spoke to Sam Bogan about one of his clients, Mrs. William J. Garland, who owned more than one hundred and ten acres of contiguous wild lands in the town of Milford. The late Mr. Garland, in an effort to reconstitute one of the original farm settlements, had assembled the properties, and planned to present them to the town for civic and park purposes. Petty politics intervened, and the town fathers handled the affair in such cavalier fashion that Mr. Garland changed his mind and his death, shortly thereafter, left the matter unresolved.

It was promptly decided to offer Mrs. Garland the opportunity of giving the land to the Quinnipiac Council. Her response was immediately favorable, and after a few visits of pleasant negotiation, enthusiastic. In a wide visual survey of the land, Mrs. Garland easily out-hiked the distinguished group of directors who called to look at the property with her. Then, as the negotiations continued, the Scout officials fell in love with Mrs. Garland, and she fell in love with the Scouts.

When the document was signed, Scout James Crawford, of Hamden, made a tiny speech expressing "the thanks of all the boys to a lovely lady," and presented Mrs. Garland with an orchid on behalf of the Scouts, receiving for himself the bonus of a kiss. Then Jimmy had to keep the secret for a while.

A few weeks later the gift was officially announced at the annual dinner of the Council when a colorful procession of Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, and Explorer Scouts, one for each unit in the Council, marched the length of the Town House banquet hall, each bringing a flower, and almost inundated Mrs. Garland in red roses. It was one of the happiest events in our history. And the most radiant of all was Mrs. Garland. She was named an Honorary Member of the Council, the first woman ever to be so elected, and all felt that it was not alone for her generous deed but for herself, that it was done.

Mrs. Garland had already been favorably disposed toward the Scouts because of the friendship she had enjoyed with Mr. and Mrs. Wade Thayer of Honolulu, where Mr. Thayer was a leading Scouter. So it was, that on this delightful evening, we received a magnificent lei

of native orchids for Mrs. Garland, flown via airmail from Honolulu, as a symbol of the esteem in which she was held by the Boy Scouts of Hawaii.

In a letter to Mrs. Garland, dated June 9, 1955, and signed on behalf of the Council by President David A. North and the Scout Executive, the following principles were set down defining the Council's plans for the property:

1. The site will be used primarily for Scouting purposes and, in general, about as follows:
  - a) For year-round short-term camping for Scout units.
  - b) For day camping and, in this, the younger Cub Scouts, may be included.
  - c) As a wild life laboratory and sanctuary for the study of natural history.
  - d) As a year-round training center for Scouts and Scout leaders.
  - e) As the site of certain major activities such as camporees, ceremonial events, Courts of Honor, etc.
  - f) As a base for Scout achievements, instruction in Scout skills, first aid, etc.
  - g) As a recreational area for sports and games.
  - h) For any other activities which may be appropriately carried on at the site.
2. In the event of the sale or condemnation under the right of eminent domain of any portion of the premises, the proceeds will be received by us in trust, the principal as well as the income therefrom, to be devoted exclusively to the development, management, and use of the remainder of the premises in such manner . . . as the Council shall deem proper.
3. Should any part or all of the premises become unsuitable for our purposes and it becomes advisable to sell or rent all or part of the property, the proceeds shall be held and used exclusively by us for comparable purposes. The investment and use of the principal and income derived therefrom shall be subject to the approval of the Board of Directors, for use in furthering the general purposes of the Quinnipiac Council.

Because of its strategic situation, and because of the increasing importance of land itself in a too crowded world, the potential value of OLD SETTLERS SCOUT RESERVATION was immediately apparent. Since land is unique and the most durable of properties, he who would invest for his grandchildren, or for the children of the community, could wisely buy land.

Since Einstein we are permitted to measure time and space rela-



tively, and it is inconceivable, that in the near future, our land will slide into the sea. We know, instead, that this gift will mean much more in the future, and since it had its provenance in a meeting of the Rotary Club, it is appropriate to record that the Rotary Club of New Haven and the New Haven Kiwanis Club were both loyal supporters of the Council. Many other clubs and organizations were helpful, but these had the virtue of consistency.

### *Camp Cedarcrest*

The service clubs of New Haven owned Camp Cedarcrest in Orange which they operated with the help of the New Haven Park Department. The camp was a tremendous asset to the youth agencies of the area, and much used by the Scouts for overnight hikes, camporees and training courses. This successful joint enterprise seemed to set a good precedent for further cooperation between the clubs in the years to come. It was sentimentally said of the clubs about town that "The Rotarians have all the money; the Kiwanians run the town; and the Lions have all the fun."

### *The Hurricane of 1955*

A traumatic event at Camp Sequassen was the onslaught of the hurricane, Diane, on August 18th and 19th, 1955, with its disastrous floods. With the camp buffeted by torrential rains and wind, Winsted, only four miles away, was in actual catastrophe, with heavy loss of life and property. The long night of August 18th was one of danger and anxiety although most of the boys slept through it. Not so Ernie Wheat, Larry Pisani, and a crew of staff members who patrolled the sites all night. Not for them the Chaucerian privilege of sleep:

Lord, this is an huge rayn!  
This were a weder for to slepen inne.

Cedar Camp, its contours a waterfall, was evacuated in the early morning. Meanwhile, Curatole Island was under water, its cottage resting like a mirage above the lapping waves.

Every available member of the camp staff and many of the older boys were made available to help in Winsted and environs, and the camp lent rowboats to assist in rescue work. This was the headline in the *New Haven Register*:

WINSTED BECOMES A CITY OF FRIGHTFUL  
RUIN AND DESOLATION

Frank V. Savino, who was in charge at the camp, displayed extraordinary composure and resourcefulness. Although roads were closed,

communications out, and power lost, he miraculously succeeded in getting emergency generators, keeping the camp supplied, and maintaining high morale. Bogan and Gagnon, returning with a delegation from the World Jamboree in Canada, were unable to reach camp until August 20th, but when they did, they found the situation under efficient control. (One mother did complain that her son's mattress had gotten dirty.)

Camp Pioneer, the Charter Oak Council Camp, with its common boundary on our south, had comparable problems. Chief Nelson Sly had a flair for the spectacular and he prevailed upon rescue officials to send a helicopter with "emergency supplies" to Camp Pioneer. When the chopper's approach was heard Sly assembled his excited shavelings for the landing. It would be a wonderful tale of how they had been succored, and every face turned to the sky. Alas, the helicopter came roaring and sputtering in to land on Clark Field at Camp Sequassen instead of at Pioneer, and the Sequassen campers helped to unload the corn meal, powdered milk, flour and comparable staples for "starving Pioneer." If ever Sequassen had other favors from Sly, which it did, they caused him less chagrin than this unexpected one.

### *Willard F. Robb*

Willard F. Robb became Council President in 1956. He was a deliberate man of extraordinary integrity and method, a true conservative. While he adhered to established values he was ready and willing, cautiously, to venture the new. Although naturally serious, he told good stories, and he often had them first. The Council made excellent progress during his administration.

### *Alma Mater for so Many*

If this history seems long on Camp Sequassen as contrasted with what was happening in the separate units at home, it is because the camp was the common Alma Mater for so many. It touched them visibly and together, in unity and loyalty. The songs, games, campfires, and achievements were shared, and they spoke a common vocabulary in which such words as Outpost, Lost City, Pirates and Spaniards, Far Point, Hermit's Spring, Baden-Powell, and Constellatina fell naturally among the pines and birches.

They also remembered many of the same people, particularly the bright and energetic young camp counselors. These ripening young men, often facing for the first time the highest tests of responsibility—the leadership of fellow human beings—learned that duty can be a stern word and that there is usually a price to pay for leadership, even when the object is to help. Help they did, and willingly, for altruism



was forever in style with them, and why should not the world be redone in a day?

What happiness!

And who among past campers would not drink from the perfect spring again beside Charles Maas, Grady Reid, Walter Spencer, Jr., Robin Weinberger, Bob Jordan, Romer Good, Joseph Cosenza, Jack Britwar, Harry Bell, Ned Morley, George Brodigan, Arthur Blumberg, Robert Jencks, Larry Pisani, Ned Lyle, Thomas Schenarts, Richard Mapes, Chester Rosoff, Tod Callahan, Kenneth Davis, John Chaltas, Bill Bevis, Maurice Wakeman, Geoffrey Moakley, Vincent Vannicola, Gus Potter, Douglas Hatcher, Larry Gandolfi, or Charles Miller?

### *Units and Unit Leaders*

With a sweep of the panache we could salute a long list of troops, posts, and packs, each entitled to its own history. Though unwritten, these histories were not unlived, perhaps not lost. Many a worthy leader served and left a vital mark. Indeed, it may be that those who serve youth are close to a kind of total truth, a truth such as that suggested by Carlyle when he said that "nothing that was worthy in the past departs; no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies." Even if this expresses more of hope than of reality, there is an approximation of eternal good in those acts through which we favorably influence the future. Thus the leader of youth, the Scoutmaster, may surmise that through his deeds greater men shall rise, and the times be bravely met when his wild, young barbarians grow civilized.

The leaders themselves had to be judged by character, which is more than the formality of a good name, and not every man with a good character could succeed. Even a saint, lacking in imagination, would make a poor Scoutmaster. Initiative is required, and durability and affection.

Take a name from the hat of the past, and whose would it be? Neither the best nor the worst. Among representative unit leaders were men like Fred Hill, Malcolm Buell, Emil Usinger, Paul Kreiger, and Harold Watrous of Milford; Clarence Loomis of Guilford; Charles Merriam, Harold Thompson and Conroy Taylor of West Haven; Sam Massey, Ralph Maisano, Burton White, Eric Stone, Hadley Williams, William Curano, John Manz, Armand Zimmermann, Barney Moore, and Ray Magrath of New Haven; David North, Christian Engelhardt, and Norman Greist of North Haven; John Grant and Donald Galligan of Orange; Fred Murray and Peter DaRos of Branford; Flanders Smith of Madison; Russell Williams, Fred King and Victor Stancliff of Hamden; and Tony Basilicato of North Haven. More should be named, for there were many, but if one had to listen to the roll of saints called in heaven, it would be hell.

### *Anthony Basilicato*

Few, if any exceeded Basilicato in zeal. He discovered the pain and the sorrow of crippled children, and in breaking his heart, it gave him a mission. Thereafter, he committed himself to the difficult task of providing Scouting for handicapped boys. Wherever he went he carried his cause and his vision, and few could deny him. Although he had the features of a churchly prince, his resources were less than those of the poorest missionary. But his name to his charges was the sound of a bell. They became Cubs, Scouts and Explorers capable of deeds of courage and success. It was marvelous that one who had so little could give so much.

### *Progress Is Easier*

Now, more than ever, each year of Council history appeared to gain in significance. The cumulative benefits of the leadership of a Board of Directors recognized as outstanding in the community, and the gradual increase of prestige resulting from the Council's progressive achievements, particularly its reputation in world Scouting, made progress easier. But the world, the wide world where we lived, was spinning waywardly.



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CHAPTER X

Parents Are Necessary

*Through the survival of their children,  
happy parents are able to think calmly,  
and with a very practical affection, of a  
world in which they are to have no direct  
share.*

—Walter Pater

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## Parents Are Necessary

Many institutions helped to make Scouting better. The home, the church, and the school were strong allies to the Scoutmasters who were wise enough to work with them. Such support left the leaders less lonely in their work, and their troops became finer and more secure. Each Scout unit had an official sponsor which was responsible for providing leadership and meeting space, and it was no accident that we called them "parent" institutions.

These relationships were sometimes celebrated in an annual festival of praise known as the troop banquet, or blue and gold dinner if held for a Cub Pack. Scrubbed and apple-cheeked, the boys sat smiling between beamish parents, or escaped to whisper together, plotting extra desserts or the exploits of tomorrow. The parents, given reasonable encouragement and a share of the responsibility, turned out well, and the nights were proud.

The climax of the troop banquets was often an Eagle Court of Honor, a time of pageantry and glory. The fortunate boys, meticulously uniformed and wearing the required merit badges in magic circles of embroidery, were outwardly modest, inwardly exultant, for the achievement was great and they knew it. The parents enjoyed the rite, reserved to proud parents everywhere, of shining in the honors of their children, and they would be even more indulgent of their sons for a few days after.

Parents have historically given far more indulgences than the Pope. Indulgence is a fault, they reason, sufficiently contradicted by its virtues. With parents the choice is not necessarily between love and discipline. It may be between discipline with love, and discipline without it, and the only certainty is that the child will know the difference.

To be a parent and be wise is a complicated business in which success is only relative. In a species where the individual is unique, we cannot snip patterns, and if the submissive child is not a rebel at heart, he is in danger of being broken in spirit. Love is a tender weapon, but in the rearing of children, it serves best.

"What do you think of parents?" one of the Scouts asked another.

"Well," the other replied after a moment's deliberation, "I think they are necessary."

Perhaps his truth was only biological, but the child's need goes deeper. It is for a home base where parents can always be found, and where he can sleep in peace and in security. He will not honor his fa-

ther and his mother very much during these years because it does not seem required of him. He honors the air he breathes by breathing it, and his parents by being their son. It has to be enough that he wants to return and be near them, and even this does not last long. The years of our childhood are slow, but the childhood years of our children are swift.

Almost invariably, when boys became Eagle Scouts, they had received the sympathetic understanding, encouragement, and help of their parents. Many times the peripatetic Chief was reminded of another dinner party held in Athens, long ago, attended by Socrates, and recorded by the historian, Xenophon.

There was a boy present who had been invited to attend with his father. It was a great distinction, but he had earned it, for he had won the principal contest for boys in the Athenian games. Yet, he was shy and would not speak. Then one of the guests, seeking to draw him out, asked him of what he was the most proud. When the boy still hesitated, another cried, "It is his victory, of course!" At this the boy blushed and stammered, "No, it is not." "Of what, then, are you most proud?" "Of my father," the boy replied as he pressed closer to his parent. It was an immortal tribute, and we have known the like, but we have no Xenophon to tell these tales for us.

### *Cavalcade at Goffe Street*

We had grown too large to hold such events at Troup Junior High School, so the 1956 Cavalcade of Scouting was held at the Goffe Street Armory in April. We filled the space with noise and color, and impressed ourselves by doing it.

### *Conservation*

We staged another Conservation Camp in May which was highly successful in terms of participation and interest, but whether our conservation projects had any lasting effect upon the appalling indifference of the public toward the nation's diminishing natural resources cannot be proved. The Council and the Boy Scouts of America kept trying, but the opposing formula was grim:

Too many people with too little education  
equals too much destruction;  
And too much destruction by too many  
people equals disaster.

In this struggle more battles were lost than won. There were a few voices calling from the contracting wilderness, but the hour was late and already being told by the litter in the streets, or by the bulldozers, which like giant xysters, were tearing the earth apart.



*Help from Local No. 79*

Members of the Carpenters' Union, Local No. 79, donated their services for several weekends during the spring of 1956 to build a troop lodge at Camp Sequassen to be named after Malcolm R. Zimmermann whose friends had contributed memorial gifts to defray the costs of materials. The carpenters were a wonderful, boisterous lot, robust in language and in appetite, punctuating their laughter with the sounds of hammers and saws.

On one of those weekends the Council's international patrol, in training for the Swiss National Camp and for a summer in Europe, needed guests for a practice tea, and invited the carpenters. The boys tried to serve in style but the carpenters, balancing their cups in caloused hands and minding their graces with pretended sophistication, made a carnival of it. Poking fun at the refreshments, one of them remarked that "It would take ten of these cookies to make a doughnut." After, the boys and men parted in mutual admiration, the boys to pitch tents, and the carpenters to their work.

*Salute to Chur*

That summer the patrol gave a real party in Chur, Switzerland, but still without doughnuts. The story of their Odyssey is too long to tell, but they voyaged, at last, from Ostend to Newhaven, in England, and saw the sleepy town from which their native city had its name. In later years, as we became better and longer acquainted with Chur, and with the people who live in that charming valley, we were to be the more astonished. How could so small and isolated a city have such a high proportion of its youth so bright, so noble, and world-minded?

*A Few More Acres*

Roy Wood and Frank Savino, in a spurt of summer diligence, completed the technicalities for the purchase of the Everitt acres for Camp Sequassen, whereby we filled another vital segment in the northern gerymander.

*Theodore F. Kennedy*

Theodore F. Kennedy, a refugee from Hungary where he had been a Scout, joined the staff in October, 1956. A young man of extraordinary dedication and drive, he was later to leave professional Scouting, get another degree, and be welcomed into the Unitarian ministry. He seemed destined to go far.

*Eisenhower Again*

Nineteen fifty-six was also a national election year, and there was another Get-Out-the-Vote campaign in which one hundred percent of the Quinnipiac units participated. Eisenhower was reelected.

*Another Hero*

Meanwhile, the Council's crop of heroes continued to sprout. In 1957 John T. Barrett of Troop 7, Woodmont, received a Certificate of Honor for having saved two boys from drowning. Scout Barrett, in responding to the applause of the Directors of the Council said, "I am proud to have been able to help two boys, but men like you and Mr. English, help thousands of boys."

*Chestnuts for Tomorrow?*

Other things also were planted. Having learned that the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station had developed several strains of blight-resistant chestnuts, the Council solicited and received a gift of one hundred of the young trees in 1957, and an additional one hundred two years later. They were replanted at Camp Sequassen under the careful supervision of Ranger Ernest Wheat, some between Cedar Camp and Tamarack, and some on the borders of Platt Field.

New England's woods, while still beautiful, are not as our ancestors knew them. The autumn flame of native chestnuts is no more, and not even the summer foliage can hide the prone and standing ghosts of trees which are destinations no longer. Once they had been the sites of happy rendezvous, where the joys of treasure and of picnic, of hiking feet and wholesome frivolity had been priceless. Perhaps the ancient rites cannot be revived, but if our chestnuts survive, we may still remit to our children a small return to the past, a tentative taste of the fruit of days gone that, hauntingly, may suggest the simple joys of their great-great-grandparents.

*Edward A. Tomasi*

It may have been part of his natural genius that Edward Tomasi's first day of employment with the Quinnipiac Council, January 1, 1957, should have been a holiday. He came from the Mattatuck Council in Waterbury where he had been a successful District Executive, and before that he had been a Scout in New Haven. Ed was a young man of numerous arts and skills, and the needle of his humor combined with warmth and friendliness. His work might be likened to the mosaic of the International Camporee emblem which he inspired, in which each tessera was placed with loving care. He was destined to win wide responsibility and always to wear well. Here we acknowledge the debt we owe another man, David F. Babson, the Scout Executive of Mattatuck, who gave Ed such excellent training in his first professional assignment.

*Land Program Continued*

We were well aware of the need to extend our camp lands to meet future requirements, nor did we forget that land must be watched for,

waited for, and taken in the nick of time. In 1957 two additional properties of great importance to the expanding Camp Sequassen were acquired; the Hall lands, about seven acres with seven hundred and fifteen feet of frontage on the lake; and nearly sixty acres of farm and woodland purchased from Mrs. Herman F. Smith. The Smith purchase was made possible by a legacy left to the Council by Mettie B. Platt, and it includes the magnificent area which was developed and named Platt Field in her honor. The generous goodwill of Mr. and Mrs. Newman A. Hall was significant in the acquisition of the Hall lands.

#### *The Chief of the Philippines*

In the fall of 1957 Jose Panlilio, the Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of the Philippines, visited the United States, and on the recommendation of Arthur A. Schuck, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, spent several days in the Quinnipiac Council, studying its structure and operations. In a speech to the directors, Panlilio expressed his great satisfaction and his "appreciation for the opportunity of studying Scouting practices and methods in such an outstanding Council," stating that he was taking back "some very fine experiences to help Scouting in the Philippines."

Much had happened. Bill Robb could be proud of his two years at the helm, but he was destined to do even more.

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## CHAPTER XI

### Charting the Future

*Enough if something from our hands have power  
To live, and act, and serve the future hour.*

—Wordsworth

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## Charting the Future

A. Royal Wood was elected president of the Council in 1958, and reelected in 1959 and 1960, serving three terms. An able and experienced administrator, he had the analytical mind suited to a time when the decision had been made to develop a long-term plan for the continued progress of the Council. In a wise beginning, he persuaded Bill Robb, the retiring president, to continue his services as Chairman of the LONG-TERM PLANNING COMMITTEE.

This committee, made up of carefully recruited and talented personnel, worked for over a year in the preparation of its reports. Frequent meetings of the Committee, and its subcommittees, were held, and interim reports were made to the Board of Directors, many of whom were taking part in the studies. Statisticians, engineers, architects, realtors, camp authorities, and experts in other fields were consulted. The committee had set its sights on what "ought to be," and not on what "could be," and the result was an uninhibited performance of freshness and originality.

### *An Important Dedication*

The dedication of the Philip H. English Dining Hall took place during the summer of 1958, and the crowd was so large it could not be fed inside. A buffet dinner was served and the Scouts, parents, friends, and officials filed through the new building and then carried their elaborate meals outside where picnic tables and other facilities had been provided.

It was a great family day, and the ceremonies combined an impressive tribute to Phil English with the colorful dedication of the building. Barry Zorthian, former camper and counselor, already a high official with the United States Information Service, came from Washington to speak for the campers of former years. In the dedication of the fireplaces the banners of all the campsites were paraded in a measured salute to the former Scouts of the Council who had given their lives for freedom in World War II.

The building with its many windows was not only beautiful. It was as though the woods did not end. One dined with the trees as companions, still conscious of the sun and sky. Douglas Orr, prominent New Haven architect, had contributed the services of his distinguished firm, and the structure established new precedents of utility and beauty in camp construction. The hardwood floors, no less than the two magnifi-

cent fireplaces, were expressions of our trust in boys. It was as though they had been invited from the barn into the living room.

There are times in the history of a man or an institution when a material achievement is transcended into a spiritual one, and something as intangible happened on that summer day. The men and boys of the Council acquired a new vision of its strength and direction. It was felt in a surge of pride, as of a new psalm, beginning:

Behold our works,  
How mighty and how beautiful they are.

### *Other Events*

We sent another expedition to Philmont Scout Ranch that summer and these adventures were always good experiences. The national project of the year was a Safety Good Turn in which we did our part.

### *Ernest Wheat*

More and more, Ernest Wheat, Camp Ranger, had become a favorite person. Shortly after a cordial welcome to camp, the Scouts and Scouters would discover that Ernie had put them to work, but he always made it fun. Each felt that Ernie was a personal friend. To the boys he was a combination of Daniel Boone and Paul Bunyan, and they delighted to be his "eager beavers." The men found him cooperative and friendly, and a good planner over a cup of coffee. All marveled at his manual dexterity, his versatility, and his feeling for machines. He was most typical when he rode herd in the camp jeep on which the Iranian Scouts had painted the Scout motto, "Be Prepared," in the graceful furbelows of their native language and typography.

### *A Sign of Our Years*

It was a sign of our years that we were now receiving a second generation of members in our troops and camps. Many fathers who had been Scouts wanted their sons to follow in their ways, to "be an Eagle as I was," or feel the same breezes. But change is the undeviating truth, and the winds of youth are going winds and not returning ones. "I want to live my own life!" is the perpetual cry, and the ultimate paradox is that youth has no other choice. It must go its own way, and this is both its glory and its agony.

Still, in increasing numbers, in tribute to the past, and in hope for the future, the fathers brought their sons to camp, introduced them to the Chief, hiked to the Hermit's Spring, shared the old legends and noted the changes "since I was here." There were always differences, enough to reveal that the hidden name, which every man must accept for the trail that he once followed, is Nevermore. "The fundamental



reality in the universe," said Whitehead, "is the fact of becoming." This had been our own instinctive knowledge and presumption.

#### *Numbers and the Need for Excellence*

The number of boys reached by the movement was of great importance, yet valid progress could only be measured in terms of the quality and effectiveness of the program as it reached them. The National Council usually equated numbers with quality, featuring "The Three M's: Manpower, Money, and Membership." While providing the services of conscientious men in many areas which were helpful and enriching, the National Council left no doubt about where the emphasis would be, and the local councils, under pressure to grow in numbers, had to define and to act upon their own need for excellence in order to keep related to the living, vital boy.

#### *Region I*

The National Council was divided into twelve Regions, and the New England States had been designated as Region I. The Regional office was situated in Boston and was, in effect, a branch of the National Council, presided over by a Regional Scout Executive. Groups of Councils, usually about eight, known as "Service Areas" were assigned to Deputy Regional Executives, and these men often rendered valuable services. Deputies who "serviced" (May Webster, Fowler, and the Editors of the O.E.D. forgive us!) the Quinnipiac Council particularly well included Gordon Williams, Robert E. Pettit, and Richard T. Wales. It was not all one way. Quinnipiac Scouters participated regularly in the annual meetings, conferences, and projects of the Region, frequently furnishing key personnel, lay and professional.

The Regional Motto was "All for One and One for All," and New England Scouting had its own brand of high morale which was not altogether understandable to those who hailed from distant parts. Indeed, it was a bit infuriating to discover that New Englanders would not be rushed off their feet. It was not so much that New Englanders were provincial as that their heritage and mores were more settled and secure. Nor did they easily lose their equanimity. An ancient New Englander, when informed that some of his friends were afraid he might be losing his mind responded, "I reckon they may be right, but I don't miss it none."

#### *Dan Beard Training Center*

Frank Goekler, Chairman of the Council Leadership Training Committee, reported to the Directors in February, 1959, that the Dan Beard Training Center, located in Hamden, was making a significant contribution to junior leader training in the Council. Courses were being conducted regularly under the tutelage of Theodore Tuttle, the

owner of the center, with help from Thomas Schenarts and others in cooperation with the Scoutmasters of the participating units. Although the courses were sometimes too full of talk, there was good practice enough to balance it. And it was remarkable that the boys were so willing to listen, so earnest to be leaders.

Back in the forties the Dan Beard cabin had been strongly built of stone and muscle by Tuttle, with plenty of help from his Westville and West Haven troops. Later, one of the boys, Dieter Goetze, from his army post on a distant Pacific island, sent an entire month's salary to help defray costs of materials. This same Dieter, whose family had fled Hitler Germany, was quoted in February 1945 issue of *Sparks from the Council Fire*:

This experience—sailing out into the Pacific—marks the completion of a cycle for me. I have seen the continent of North America appear out of the early morning glow, and now I have seen it vanish in the evening haze. I cannot help but feel that the first experience symbolizes the acceptance of a privilege, and the other the acceptance of the responsibility which is a part of every privilege.

I am not happy, but neither am I bitter. I feel that the self-denials I must make, the frustrations I must endure, are a price to pay, but they will not balance out that which I have gained.

One senses, intuitively, that the lives of other boys than Dieter had been built into the foundations of that rustic cabin. For a period of over twenty years it has been used to train boys and men for better Scouting, often serving as headquarters for Mountain Man training as well as for junior leaders. Ted was always a cordial host, but he carefully maintained his seigniorship over the center, for it appears that he had built into it his own fortress against loneliness.

#### *The Coffee Break*

During sessions at Dan Beard an aroma of charred sugar and burning acorns often pervaded the place. It was the coffee, left boiling on the stove. Not for the boys. It was the ceremonial cup of sociability for the leaders and they disguised it variously with condiments and hot water. It was rumored that one of the boys had filled his fountain pen with it, and another claimed that it had eaten a hole through his jacket.

Coffee cannot appropriately be omitted from the history of the Council. In the twentieth century the coffee break, coffee at meals, and coffee after evening meetings had become part of the mores of the United States, an equivalent of tea to an Englishman, maté to a Paraguayan.



Coffee is so virtuous a vegetable that almost any brew from it is likely to be good until one tries another. Yet, even a poor cup of coffee can enliven the spirit, and at many Scouter meetings a coffee clatch was part of the final clavering. The volunteers were given to extending it, in celebration of a night out, but the professionals probably needed, most of all, a night at home. Whether professionals or volunteers, there is no doubt the coffee helped.

#### *How the Board Was Built*

It had been widely conceded for some years that the calibre of the Board of Directors of the Council was extraordinary. There was courage when needed, plenty of talent, the wisdom of wide experience, and genuine dedication to the cause of youth. The members stimulated and respected each other. The preliminary work of the various subcommittees was usually done so well that the Board itself could continue to operate at the highest levels of policy and decision. The meetings were often exhilarating. They were conducted with such efficiency that routine matters were quickly dispatched, leaving adequate time for those of greater importance, and there were frequent touches of humor and inspiration.

It does not diminish this achievement to record that it had been the result of a deliberate formula, based upon the following instructions to the Nominating Committee:

- A. Membership on the Board recognizes already established status in the community. While it may appropriately be considered an honor to serve, the Council does not attempt to confer status.
- B. The function of the Board is administrative, therefore, its members should be essentially experienced administrators.
- C. Board members should be high enough in their businesses or professions to be able normally to determine their own schedules, i.e. to be available for luncheon or afternoon meetings consistent with their professional responsibilities.
- D. The Nominating Committee should be a standing committee capable of nominating replacements of the Board at any time during the year. In many ways this is our most important committee, and its membership should be gradually rotated so as to open up new and wider areas of high level leadership.

The effectiveness of the above formula began with the Presidents of the Council who conscientiously accepted the responsibility for appointing especially qualified directors to serve on the Nominating Committee.

#### *The Long-Term Plan*

"Boyhood is a fleeting period, and we shall have no second chance at those who are marching toward us in the next decade." This sentence, in the letter of transmittal to the Directors of the Council on April 8, 1959, conveyed the sense of urgency that the LONG-TERM PLANNING COMMITTEE had about its report which represented "many hours of good and thoughtful work" on the part of the committee and other friends of Scouting. Copies had gone to each director in advance and the ensuing discussion resulted in the unanimous adoption of the plan. The work had been done with the aid of four basic sub-committees:

- a. Manpower, Membership, and Units
- b. Camping and Activities
- c. The Scout Center
- d. Personnel Needs and Practices

The work of this Committee on which the President of the Council, A. Royal Wood, and the Scout Executive served ex-officio, was of such lasting significance that the names of the members should be listed here:

#### LONG-TERM PLANNING COMMITTEE

##### Willard F. Robb, *Chairman*

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| William G. Cleaver    | Winthrop A. Smith  |
| Donald N. Clark       | Alfred E. Stanford |
| Allan R. Carmichael   | David W. Punzelt   |
| W. Perry Curtiss, Jr. | Richard Thomas     |
| Amos G. Hewitt        | Edward H. Walton   |

Valued sub-committee members and consultants included many others. The implementation of the plan proceeded immediately, leading to the Capital Campaign of 1960, the subsequent construction of the Scout Center at 1861 Whitney Avenue in Hamden, the expansion of Camp Sequassen, and to a realistic approach to many other opportunities for progress.

#### *A Special Court of Honor*

The SAMUEL D. BOGAN WATERFRONT was named at a special Court of Honor held in connection with the Annual Dinner of the Council in May, with Henry W. Jones, Jr., presiding, and the past presidents serving as members of the Court. It was a surprise to Sam, when through this act and ceremony, the Council celebrated and acknowledged his twenty-five years of service as Scout Executive.

*Camping on Yale Field*

In the Spring a dramatic CAMP-O-RAMA was staged on Yale Field. Heavy rains washed the camp during the night and the camping ability of over eleven hundred Scouts was stormfully tested. Some were wet, some cold, and only a few slept without rain in their eyes. They passed the ordeal securely and the following day, when the weather cleared, they sunwise turned like ancient worshippers as a cheer went up. Then, for brightness and exuberance, the Cub Scouts, who had not spent the night, arrived, and with their lively games and crafts, outshone them all.

*Alfred Stanford*

In Milford, Alfred Stanford, owner and publisher of *The Milford Citizen*, served as the Council's mentor, representative, and vice-president. Urbane and erudite, he was a diplomat in the best sense, defending and maintaining the right without offending those who disagreed with him. Al claimed that he was not interested in "doing good" and that he knew little about boys, but his deeds contradicted his words. He habitually served worthy causes, and they became better because of him. Arriving at a meeting with tumbled, wind-swept hair, his Viking-like appearance made him an exclamation mark. Fluent in conference, wise and reliable in judgment, he was a brilliant man and a courageous one. His was the highest aristocracy, and to work with him was to be companioned with culture and intellect. When a Milford boy asked the Chief his definition of a citizen, he pointed to Al Stanford and said, "There is one."

## CHAPTER XII

## Neither Alone Nor Lonely

*Through our good fortune, in our youth  
our hearts were touched with fire.*

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.



## Neither Alone Nor Lonely

In the fall of 1959, and during the early weeks of 1960, the individual directors of the Council undertook, at their own expense, to entertain, in small groups, about three hundred of the most influential citizens of the area to acquaint them with the urgent need for a capital campaign on behalf of the Boy Scouts. These meetings, which took the form of luncheons, cocktail parties, and dinners, resulted in a surge of goodwill for the Council, and in the recruitment of many community leaders for service in the campaign.

### *Donald N. Fowler*

Fresh from college, Donald N. Fowler, joined the professional staff of the Council on February 1, 1960. Don was one of our own Eagle Scouts whom we had seen grow from the lank teens to the tall twenties. It was evident that his choice of a career was happy, that Scouting, to him, would be a calling, not merely a job, for "his heart was touched with fire." He did well from the start, as District Executive, and later, as Director of Camp Sequassen.

### *Fiftieth Anniversary of Scouting*

The timing of the capital campaign was fortuitous. It was the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America, economic conditions were excellent, and because of the anniversary, Scouting was receiving wide favorable attention. For example, the United States Post Office Department issued a commemorative Boy Scout stamp on February 8, 1960. The Council sent First Day Covers to many local Scouters, and to several hundred prospective major givers to the campaign. Enclosed was a brief message which included the following:

We in the Quinipiac Council are proud to be part of the great Scout organization. We recall both the hardships and the rewards of our fifty years of service to boyhood. We are also proud that the fiftieth anniversary of Scouting finds us preparing to meet the future needs of boys in our area, an opportunity which we sincerely invite you to share. Though we are proud of the past, we are trying to keep our eyes on the future.

### *Capital Campaign*

The campaign goal was \$375,000 and the amount finally realized was in excess of \$420,000. The remarkable performance of Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., as Campaign Chairman was inspiring. His ability, diligence, confidence, and enthusiasm gave the campaign the momentum it required. The Vice-Chairmen, James Q. Bensen, and Edward H. Walton, were highly effective in helping to build an organization involving hundreds of campaigners. Nor could we have succeeded without the performances of Harold L. Blakeslee and Reuben Holden as Chairmen of Advance Gifts; Donald N. Clark, Chairman, and Richard H. Bowerman and Edward G. Fritz, Vice-Chairmen of Major Gifts; and George W. Heston, Chairman, and John J. Martin and William A. Sherry, as Vice-Chairmen of Special Gifts. W. Perry Curtiss, Jr. served ably as Campaign Treasurer, Edward Bracken as Chairman of Public Relations, and Willard F. Robb as Chairman of the Speakers Committee. Other key members of the Campaign Cabinet included Joseph B. Morse, A. Royal Wood, Roland M. Bixler, Philip H. English, David A. North, Alfred Stanford, and Robert S. Judd. With the aid of many others and of a generous public, these men helped to build a strong crossing from boyhood to manhood for hundreds of boys to come.

### *A Codicil Club*

As the work of the Council became more widely understood and appreciated, it was hoped that the number of legacies would increase. A "Codicil Club," which was not really a club at all, but a designation of friends who planned to remember the Council in their wills, was promoted by the Trust Committee, with much encouragement from the president, Don Clark. Legacies received by the Council up to this time included:

|      |                                                           |             |
|------|-----------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1937 | C. Purdy Lindsley—General Purposes                        | \$ 5,000.00 |
| 1939 | Goekler Estate—General Purposes                           | 6,050.00    |
| 1941 | Dr. John P. Cushing—General Purposes                      | 1,000.00    |
| 1941 | Dr. Raynham Townshend—Sea Scouts                          | 1,000.00    |
| 1943 | William I. Redfield—General Purposes                      | 5,000.00    |
| 1948 | Frederick M. Clark (with certain restrictions on \$2,000) | 7,000.00    |
| 1957 | Louis M. Rosenbluth—Restricted to Endowment               | 1,000.00    |
| 1957 | Mettie B. Platt—General Purposes                          | 5,000.00    |
| 1957 | David Shanbrom—General Purposes                           | 100.00      |
| 1960 | Florence W. Alling—General Purposes                       | 38,850.00   |
| 1961 | A. A. Williams—Council Purposes                           | 1,000.00    |



*A Surge Forward*

1960 was one of the Council's best and busiest years. In all directions, the boys were under canvas. There was a camporee in each district, climaxed in June with a great Jubilee Camporee at Camp Sequassen, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America, where we initiated the use of the marvelous new Mettie B. Platt Field. We sent two full troops to the National Jamboree in Colorado, and the regular season at Sequassen reached new highs. The Council surged forward as we ended the year with 233 scout units, 8,063 boy members and 2,362 registered adult Scouters. The operating budget had balanced at \$82,105. Such statistics were important in our reports to the Home Office even though they may seem boring in this history. Perhaps they were the ribs beneath which our stronger heart was beating.

*Not for Boys Alone*

Our success helped us to understand that we were not, and should never be, an isolated company. We were not limited to the boys who joined our ranks, but only to the family of man with which we were neither alone, nor lonely. Although the community had remembered its boys, its concern was not for them alone. It was, in a larger sense, a measured investment in the future of our world. And to all who have the temerity to hope they may improve the world, youth is the place to begin.

We cannot tell where it will end, for in work with youth, idealism compromises with reality. Not all of the boys (or girls) are bright sparks from the fires of home. Many are as ordinary as their parents, with little endowment of intellect or art, and some who have extraordinary parents do not ignite. Yet, the youth leader has a lasting commitment to tomorrow, based on the assumption that the dull may become less dull, and the bright brighter. Or, at the least, that they may learn to use better whatever talents they do have. In spite of disappointments, the youth leader must continue to row his fragile bark of hope, and be never less valiant, for there is no destiny for mankind beyond its men in the making.

*A Tribute to the Leaders of Fifty Years*

As a tribute to the leaders of fifty years of Scouting in the community, the Board of Directors approved and authorized the following memorial plaque for the lobby of the new Scout Center.

1910—BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA—1960  
QUINNIPIAC COUNCIL

Over the years there has grown a greatness  
of spirit and tradition in the Council,  
Not the work of one man or one boy,  
but of many.  
This tablet celebrates their achievement during  
a half century of dedication to Scouting.  
Today is happier, and tomorrow will be brighter  
because they served.

"A Scout" according to Baden-Powell, the founder,  
is "one who leads the way." So have they been  
scouts. So may we be in our day.

*Donald N. Clark*

In 1961 Donald N. Clark became president of the Council, and of our history, he was a man among the best. He accepted leadership, and he gave it. He was willing to go anywhere and perform any task, and he made himself equal to any task. His empathy with the whole family of Scouters was deeply felt, and no president had ever been more conscientious. He was not easily discouraged; and as he was consistent, he was genial; as he was humble, he was generous. He was a man in search of excellence.

In his own mind, Don started a little insecurely, but once he had experienced the bracing splash of responsibility and struck out, he knew that the water was fine. He had already done many jobs well in a remarkable demonstration of personal growth. In a duty beyond duty, he labored hard and successfully through a long service to the United Fund, hoping that his effort would be reflected in a better understanding and treatment of the Council. Don had ability, persistence and integrity, and to these he added the warmth and sympathy of a compassionate man. We had a favorite quotation for him, from Willa Cather. "If in the hereafter we have stars in our crowns, then yours should be a constellation."



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CHAPTER XIII

At Home in Hamden

*These are the boundaries of home, and this is hallowed ground. It is dedicated to human progress, and to the divine right of youth to make each generation better than the last.*

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## At Home in Hamden

Although many of our young charges had not outgrown their scorn of girls, there were many noble women in our history, and we loved them. Many wives of Scouters could be included—they were sometimes referred to as “Scout Widows”—and many Den Mothers. The clerical staff at the Council offices comprised a special kind of girl. Most of them shared a vision of what the movement was striving for, and gave services far beyond their modest rewards. One of the first was Minnie Northrup, sister and alter ego to Chief Carl Northrup. Marion Kucen, back in the thirties, worked loyally for \$18 a week as Office Secretary. Margaret Infantino was faithful for many years until a man named Sam Reilley took her from us. So with Mary Vetrone, except it was another man, and Virginia Vasilake married Anthony Cosenza.

Mary Shine, a shy colleen from County Cork, married Edward Bras-sil, but stayed with us. Geraldine Tortora took flight with Raymond Privee. Dorothy Smernoff stayed for many years, seeming to grow younger; and Ruth Hawes brought graciousness and maturity to her responsibilities as Office Secretary. Many others served us well.

### *Den Mothers*

The Cub Scout program required women for neighborhood leadership of small groups known as dens, and a good many women became Den Mothers, not because they wanted to, but because it was a certain way to provide Cub Scouting for their sons. Such motivation, however personal, is worthy of praise, and it was, we hoped, rewarded. How else could these busy women have borne that which combined a howl of wolves, a snarl of bears, and a roar of lions? Nothing less than the Italian title of Madonna is fit for them, these mothers of young sons who, like Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, could say of their sons, “These are my jewels.”

Even with the women there were exceptions to pepper our reality. One Amazon appropriated the leadership of a cub pack from her husband, which was a bit illegal, and led us through a sticky jungle. Fortunately, we survived, and could still agree with one of the older boys who explained wisely, “You can’t be entirely masculine unless there are some girls around.”

### *Cavalcades and Carnivals*

We had, for economic reasons, fallen into the pattern of staging a

Cavalcade of Scouting every other year, and in 1961 the event was again held at the Goffe Street Armory. It was larger than ever and nearly 4,500 boys enjoyed taking part. But we were beginning to wish that these events did not occur so often.

The boys enjoyed the “carnivals” they staged at Camp Sequassen for the benefit of the Council’s International Friendship Fund. They set up imaginative and gaily decorated booths for tests of skill and chance, where nothing cost more than a dime and most attractions were only a penny, with contests ranging from pitching pennies into a pail of water (if you missed, you lost it!), to a round of miniature golf. They usually raised about \$100 for the Fund, and came out with the feeling that “I never had so much fun for such a good cause.”

### *Another International Patrol*

The Council’s international program with Chur, Switzerland, was continued with a patrol under the leadership of an exceptional boy, Claude Morse, of Branford. Other members of the patrol were Donald Galligan, Donald LaFrance, Joseph Link, and Donald Partridge, Dr. Wolf Seiler and the members of the famous Aspermont Troop were their hosts in Switzerland.

The Galligans were a good example of the increasing number of international families which were developing in response to the stimulation of the Council’s international exchanges. After an initial contact, the friendships often continued and expanded independently. Donald Galligan, Sr., was a fine Scoutmaster in Orange and he, with his family, soon came to know from experience what it means to have friends in other lands, and how emotionally richer and more intimate the world becomes when boundaries are crossed and friendships grow among those whose customs, homes, and languages are different but no longer foreign.

### *Property in the Bank*

The cottage and property of Lloyd S. Grant, part of a strategic area marked “otherwise owned” on our Sequassen maps, was acquired in 1961. In order to effect this transaction it was necessary to give Mr. Grant certain limited rights of tenure, but the acquisition was consistent with the Council’s long-term policy on lands. The plan was followed again in 1962 when an adjoining property was purchased from Percy Tanner.

### *To Promote World Friendship*

On August 9, 1961 the Directors approved the Scout Executive’s plan for an International Camporee to be held at Camp Sequassen in 1962, as a “pioneer program which will set national and international precedents in maintaining and improving relationships with the Scouts



of other lands, and as a demonstration of what one Council can do to promote world friendship." Thus was anticipated the most exciting project in the Council's history to which the Board gave enthusiastic support and leadership.

### *The New Scout Center*

This is not to imply that the new Scout Center, then under construction at 1861 Whitney Avenue in Hamden, was not exciting. Bids had been opened on April 20, 1961, and the low bidder, at \$129,000, was the K. R. Robinson Company of Orange, Connecticut. They were excellent builders, and under the expert supervision of the Office of Douglas Orr, Architects, the Center was to be ready for occupancy by the end of the year, and it would be considered by many as "the most significant physical achievement of the Council since the acquisition of Camp Sequassen." W. Perry Curtiss, Jr. was the very capable chairman of the highly qualified Building Committee. Other members were Harold L. Blakeslee, Vice Chairman; Frank V. Savino, Secretary; Frederick T. Backstrom, Dudley Blanchard, Allan Carmichael, Richard H. Fletcher, Richard C. Maconi, Robert H. Ronalds, and Edgar Tullock. The President and Scout Executive were ex-officio members.

There should be a few special mentions about the new Scout Center. First, we should praise the planning of the beautiful and functional building by the Office of Douglas Orr, architect, and the careful supervision which this firm gave to its construction. This was done in the very highest civic spirit as a gift to the Council. In one of the planning sessions a member of the firm had quipped, "We can afford to do our best on this job because we aren't getting paid for it anyway."

Special gifts for the building included \$10,000 from the business associates and family of a former Vice President of the Council, Daniel W. Northup, to furnish and decorate the Committee Room. This project was particularly inspired by Walter L. Wise, President of the Henry G. Thompson and Son Co., and by Stuart A. Russell, President of J. Russell & Company of Holyoke, Mass.

A comparable gift to furnish and equip the Executive Suite was made by Asgrow Seed Co. and the Clark family, in memory of Frederick M. Clark, a former Vice President and pioneer leader of the Council. This firm, with its dedicated personnel, was traditionally one of the best corporate citizens in the state.

The total cost of the building, furnished and equipped, ran to about \$185,000. The best investment of all, the land, had cost \$34,000. The future of the Council would be greatly stimulated and influenced by this new symbol of stability and growth.

### *The Inscription*

On a sparkling day in the fall of 1961 an inscription was carved on

a massive outcropping of granite in the Sequassen woods. Within it was the first use of the great mottoes which the camp had earned.

IF THE CAMP SHOULD END  
THE LAUREL FADE,  
LET THIS INSCRIPTION  
BE A WREATH  
FOR ALL WHO LOVED HER.

WHEN YOU HAVE LEARNED  
TO CHERISH THE WIDE EARTH  
AND GIVE FRIENDSHIP  
TO ALL MEN,  
THE WREATH IS YOURS.

### *Chores to End the Year*

To those who face a strict accounting of their labors at the end of each year, there is a kind of calendrical injustice in having the Christmas holidays come at the same time, so that the most festive season is also the busiest. This conflict was inevitable to the professional Scouter. In the Boy Scouts of America the end of the year was sacrosanct, a time when the record had to be compiled and neatly arranged in categories. Some of the collected data would appear later in the National Council's Annual Report to Congress, a document which could be as dry as the Mojave desert at high noon. In local councils the strings had to be tied together in very square knots, and it was not a time to relax. Members could be counted until midnight of the first business day after the new year. Under such circumstances they might seem more like symbols to be computerized than boys, but at the end of one of those long end-of-the-year days, we picked a name at random from the enrollment sheets and called the address. It was a boy all right, and he was proud to be a Scout.

The Christmas holidays of 1961 were especially busy, for in addition to the usual chores, we moved into the new Scout Center in Hamden. It was a time of jubilation for the members of the professional staff. They cruised happily into the new parking lot, tried the shining new keys and switches, brewed the first coffee, and raised a new flag. They heaved, hauled, and lifted as Tony Gagnon, who had figured the floor plan in advance, snapped a joyful whip. Then, with the new home, at last, in order, they put on their coats and dignity to pose for a picture, as the Chief hailed them for a worthy team: Frank Savino, Antoine Gagnon, Ed Tomasi, Nelson Richmond, Donald Fowler, Robert Cole, and Ranger Ernest Wheat.

Two boys, Philip Russell and Peter Murphy, did not just happen to be the earliest arrivals on the first morning of business. They had come



by design, and were waiting at the door, wanting to be the first to sign up for the Scouts at the new Center. Phil and Peter might, conceivably, have preferred being the first men on the moon, but they felt sure they were making history that morning, and this record proves them right. Another boy, Vincent Gagnon, son of Tony, had turned a spade of earth at the ground-breaking ceremonies some months earlier.

#### *Savino Is Promoted*

Frank Savino occupied his new office for only one month before leaving for Waterbury to take over as Scout Executive of the Mattatuck Council. Quinnipiac Council gave him a good farewell party, and paid him its highest compliment by naming a building at Camp Sequassen for him. He had served us exceedingly well and when he left the Council, he was prepared for a greater future.

#### *Earl Reed*

Earl G. Reed joined the Council Staff as Assistant Scout Executive on February 1, 1962. He had been Scout Executive of the Bristol Council for several years, and it should be recorded as a compliment that he was willing to take a reduction in title in order to further his training and experience in the Quinnipiac Council. It was doubtless difficult for him to perform in a secondary position after having been accustomed to being boss, but in the end, he had the right to feel that his growth had justified the means. He was a man who kept a fresh and boyish view, and the Scout way was as natural to him as the out-of-doors itself.

#### *A Historic Meeting*

On February 7, the first meeting of the Directors of the Council to take place at the new Scout Center was held in the Northup Committee Room. It seems historically important to list those present: Donald N. Clark, President, presiding, and Messrs. James Q. Bensen, Richard H. Bowerman, John E. Brainerd, Edward G. Fritz, Jordan L. Mott, William A. Sherry, Alfred Stanford, Clinton H. Finger, Edward H. Walton, Lauren Arnold, Harold L. Blakeslee, Joseph Bernblum, William S. Cable, W. Perry Curtiss, Jr., James D. English, Philip H. English, Frank J. Goekler, Hudson B. Hastings, George W. Heston, Amos G. Hewitt, Henry W. Jones, Jr., Robert S. Judd, George B. Lovell, John J. Martin, Jr., David A. North, Maurice W. Powell, Willard F. Robb, Joseph H. Roberts, Jr., Max H. Schwartz, Ferdinand O. Smith, Edgar Tullock, G. Harold Welch, A. Royal Wood, Leslie York, Peter P. Batrow, Samuel D. Bogan, and Earl G. Reed.

Items on the agenda, listed for their historical interest, included:

A series of resolutions of appreciation including one thanking the Union and New Haven Trust Company for the use of its Board Room for our Directors' meetings over a period of years.

A review of the revised budget for 1962.

Presentation of the Indian headdress.

A report from Scout Commissioner C. Herbert Finger that the Council had reached 111.9% of its goal in the end-of-the-year membership roundup.

Walter L. Wise, Jr. was elected a director.

Reports were made by the Organization and Extension, Public Relations, Silver Beaver, Trust, District, and International Camporee Committees.

#### *Richard B. Bowerman*

Dick Bowerman was a gifted, trenchant man who could present a complicated matter so concisely that he was frequently called upon to represent us in vital situations. When he joined a group or a committee it experienced an infusion of added strength and confidence. But as important as he was in our deliberations, Dick was more. He was instantly and permanently likable.

#### *Open House at the Scout Center*

On February 8, 1962, the fifty-second anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America, the new Scout Center at 1861 Whitney Avenue in Hamden, was officially presented to the public. The Northup Committee Room was privately dedicated at eleven o'clock in the morning, with members of the family and friends of the late Daniel W. Northup in attendance. This was followed by a luncheon at the New Haven Country Club at which Walter L. Wise, Jr., President, and the Henry G. Thompson & Son Company were hosts. The occasion was a monumental one in honor of a monumental man.

An open house for Scouts, Scouters, parents, and the public was held during the afternoon and evening, and the people came in multitudes. The refreshments were replenished many times, and in each room of the building, an official host, assisted by Scout aides, stood by to explain its functions. Thus, another great event in our Council history was accomplished.

We had come a long way to arrive at home, traveling "a good deal in Concord." For home is not an address, but a discovery we may not understand until our heart is there, and when that happens, we verge on greater things.



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CHAPTER XIV

Year of Climax

*I would be grateful if you would give the boys my warm good wishes. The friendships they form and the ideals they share will be priceless to each of them, all his life—and priceless to the community of nations, too, which needs all the friendship and all the humane idealism it can get.*

—Adlai E. Stevenson  
In a message to the Quinnipiac  
International Camporee.

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## Year of Climax

The tide in the affairs of the Council had been rising, as buoyed by a sense of extraordinary opportunity, we undertook to demonstrate our faith in international friendship in a world event of our own concept and execution. As we remembered the boys from many nations where we had been, or who had visited us, there had been none we could not like, and we had always been happy in our common humanity with them. We were not happy in American or Bolivian. We did not cut a finger in Russian or Liberian. We did not grieve in Chinese or in French. And, when the heart breaks, it is not in English or Malay. As we rejoice in the emotions of mankind, so do we sorrow; and when we die, we die as men.

Men may make the same mistakes, but history does not repeat itself. Each evening the sun is burnt out by another day and, somewhere, the cosmos is replenished by as much. But never the same. Whether we like it or not, the future will be different, nor should a man be intimidated by his chances to make it better. This may be why we dared to try. We knew we were a small organization, and obscure. But we thought we could do something, and we determined that we would.

### *The International Camporee*

The following story of the International Camporee is adapted from Bogan's article in *Scouting Magazine*, entitled "Fourteen Flags Over Sequassen."

First, let us revert to the roll call of nations with which we began Chapter One of this history. It was July 4, 1962, and the scene was the ceremony of welcome during Quinnipiac Council's International Camporee at Camp Sequassen as visiting delegations of Scouts from thirteen nations were officially welcomed, each with its own citation. For example:

"Grèce!" (Fanfare)

"You have shared your culture and your ideals with all nations, and inspired by your example, the wide world has grown closer to the Good, the True, and the Beautiful."

"Welcome Grèce!"

"Suisse!" (Fanfare)

"A small nation and an ancient democracy, you have won the ad-

miration of the world for your mountains, and the heart of the world for your people."

"Welcome, Suisse!"

And, finally, Swede.

In this ceremony, Quinnipiac Council realized a purpose its leaders had expressed over a year before, "to set a desirable precedent in international relationships by demonstrating what one Boy Scout Council can do to promote world friendship."

The month-long visit began on July 1, when the Scouts arrived at Camp Sequassen. Highlights of the week-long Camporee included a ceremony of welcome, the dedication of Aspermont camp site in honor of the Swiss; visits from Chief Scout Executive Joseph A. Brunton, Jr., and the Deputy Director of the Boy Scouts World Bureau, Richard Lund, a world friendship carnival, and a closing campfire.

From July 8-15, visiting Scouts remained at camp to observe and take part in its normal operation. The following week the boys were guests in New Haven area homes.

An exciting side trip was scheduled for July 23-26. This bus excursion featured a tour of Washington, D.C., and an inspection of the Johnston Historical Museum of the Boy Scouts of America in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Visiting Scouts again enjoyed the hospitality of American homes from July 26-31, while awaiting their homebound transportation.

The response from the public in the Council area was extraordinary. There was no expense to the visitors beyond their travel costs and no subsidy from the Council budget. The Council did obtain travel grants to help some of the visitors. A dedicated group of citizens of Italian origin led by Philip Paoella, Ralph Maisano, and Laurence Pisani raised \$1,000 to help boys from Italy. Civic clubs such as Rotary and Kiwanis as well as generous individuals gave scholarships. In all, 26 visitors received some travel aid.

The Camporee was self-supporting because each Quinnipiac participant paid his own way plus \$5.00 to help defray visitor costs. On the Washington trip, each participating Quinnipiac Scout paid half of the expense of one visitor.

The Camporee had the color and excitement of larger international gatherings plus the more intimate associations that were possible because it was council-sized. Each visiting delegation camped with, not apart from, the Quinnipiac Scouts in true joint enterprise. When those five bundles of animation, the Mexicans, demonstrated a dance, the American campers danced and sang with them. And when the Greeks put on a stunt, they made everybody want to go back to Greece with them.

In the camp environment, the Berkshire foothills, with its wild acres and pellucid lake, the visitors met that "curious reptile, the turtle,"



and the aromatic skunk. They heard "the extraordinary voice of the bullfrog" and the song of the tanager. At night, in the incomplete silence, the wind in the pines was musical. And always, there was someone singing. The bugle, sounding "Taps," was beautiful and clear, but sleeping came later.

Care had been taken not to over-schedule. There was time enough to hike the adventure trail, to swim, canoe, cook, swap, and to entertain and be entertained. There was time to drift with the uncrowded days, to make fast friends, and to plan future rendezvous. There was time—yet the Camporee ended too soon. Nobody wanted to go home. How do you say good-bye when it may be forever? Auf widersehen? Au revoir? Arrivederci? Hasta la vista? Ciao?

But they did go home, to American homes that were new to them, homes that had been waiting with parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins. The warmth and welcome of a friendly home in a distant place is something to remember. The kinship of all men is suddenly experienced and known. It vaults languages and differences of custom.

The trip to Washington was appropriate. Our visitors had come so far we wanted to share with them the shrine of American freedoms. As one of our boys explained, "We'd like to have you meet our country."

They placed a wreath at Arlington, climbed the Washington Monument, watched the Congress, and stood silent at the Lincoln Memorial. They sensed their hosts' pride in being Americans, and they admired a great seat of government. The Americans also had the unusual opportunity of accompanying their friends on a visit to their own national embassies, every one of which had been hospitably opened.

The travelers were tired when they arrived at the National Council offices in New Brunswick, but it didn't show. They met a constellation of national leaders, including International Commissioner, Irving Feist, who addressed them eloquently. In the Johnston Historical Museum most visitors found reminders of Scouting in their own countries, and their world-wide vision of the movement took on new dimensions.

It was their last "together," and the Camporee song, as they sang it, seemed already touched with nostalgia. The meeting closed with its final words:

We give our friendship to all men,  
Wherever they may be,  
And carry to our homes again,  
The Scouting fleur-de-lis.

The Camporee had been a lot of work, but Quinnipiac Scouts knew that a mission had been accomplished. It had been established that

one council can do a lot for world brotherhood, and that it can be fun. Out of it would come long talks for winter nights in many lands, and memories of trust, faith, and happy times. The long tradition of Camp Sequassen had also been enriched in the spirit of its two proud mottoes:

CHERISH THE WIDE EARTH  
GIVE FRIENDSHIP TO ALL MEN

The inspired performance of so many capable volunteers and the marvelous behavior of the Scouts themselves had culminated in an amazing event such as the Council had never known before.

As the International Camporee itself was unforgettable, there are also names to be remembered. Let us list the Steering Committee:

A. Royal Wood, *Chairman*  
Clinton H. Finger, *Promotion*  
Walter L. Wise, Jr.,  
*Housing and Hospitality*  
Norman A. Greist, *Program*  
Richard Davidson,  
*Camporee Chief*  
William A. Sherry  
Robert I. Metcalf, *Scholarships*

Newman A. Hall, *Vice Chairman*  
Raymond C. Magrath,  
*Washington Trip*  
John W. Manz,  
*Physical Arrangements*  
George W. Heston,  
*Public Relations*  
Lawton G. Sargent, Jr.  
*Chairman-Camp Committee*

### Camp Pioneer Lands

On July 11, the Board of Directors of the Council met at Camp Sequassen while the international contingent was still present. It was an important meeting which was attended by some of the distinguished leaders of the delegations from other countries. Greetings were received from Evangelos Lianos on behalf of the Boy Scouts of Greece; Wolf Seiler, representing the Boy Scouts of Switzerland; Sven Jacobson of Sweden, John Tyrer of England, and others.

Included in the agenda was a thorough consideration of the proposed purchase of over fifty acres of the Camp Pioneer lands, owned by the Charter Oak Council of Hartford. There was an involved discussion of acres, water frontage, accompanying buildings and similar details, but it was Sven Jacobson who added the charming note that we would not only be acquiring lands, "But you will be buying millions of flowers, trees, and animals, including that appealing small squirrel you call the chipmunk." The Committee was given authority to negotiate and the desired property was subsequently purchased for \$57,000.



*A-100 Rating for Sequassen*

Although successful in unique ways, the camp was also excelling in the conventional standards set by the Boy Scouts of America. At this same meeting, Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., Chairman of the Camping and Activities Committee, reported that the camp had received an A-100 rating in the Regional inspection, the first New England camp to be awarded this highest rating.

The boys and their families had, long since, discovered that the camp was good. During this summer over 1,000 boys, 1,072 to be exact, attended. Donald N. Fowler was in charge for the first of three successful seasons. He had been a boy at Sequassen and was the first former Sequassen camper to become its Director.

*Donald H. Lawrence*

A highly promising young man, Donald H. Lawrence, joined the Council Staff in September and was assigned to the West District, comprising Milford and West Haven, as District Executive.

*Judd's Brook*

The Board of Directors on October 10, 1962, passed a unanimous resolution "to show our appreciation for his distinguished services" by naming the brook near Outpost at Camp Sequassen in honor of Robert S. Judd.

Judd's Brook begins somewhere near Platt Field, is fed under the highway and passes below Aquila Camp as it meanders toward Outpost and the swamp. It is the domain of the weasel and raccoon, and in early spring, the home of fingerling trout which dart and hide beneath the numerous under-water ledges of the tumbled rock. The water thrush builds beside it and the grouse drinks from it on thirsty days while the pileated woodpecker hammers on the tom-toms of its hollow trees. The practiced observer will discover the remains of grown-over, circular charcoal pits, deserted by their builders now for more than fifty years.

Judd's Brook is a small stream at first, and tenuous. The summer showers do not usually build it much, but wash out its tiny islands of sand and silt. Yet it sings lustily with the spring rains and melted snows as it runs down to join another brook in Cedar Swamp.

The timber grows high beside the brook. The hemlock spreads a network of roots beneath it to feed the topmost branches of giants raised above. There is, even on brightest days, a deep and satisfying shade beneath the hemlocks and their companion trees, the beeches, the birches, the maples and white pine. The human body makes its own subtle adjustments to the beneficent deep shadows. The voice drops to a deeper, quieter pitch; the steps slow; and the thoughts,

which are the parents of our growth, strike deeper. It is a time and place in which to be alive.

When in 1962, some of the trees on the land adjacent to the brook were timbered, it was on the theory that the forest would be improved and a pecuniary benefit secured for the camp. It was a mistake which is acknowledged with humility. We were unprepared for the scarification, the long loss of beauty and majesty which only time could restore. We know now that it is sometimes wiser to be esthetic than practical, that the Sequassen woods should always be preserved, kept unspoiled, and left to grow giants. Always, somewhere in the world, a man or a boy should be able to stumble through his laurel thickets and see his changing skies through the branches of tall trees.

The stream was once called Outpost Brook, a name quite worthy in itself, because there should always be outposts in our experience, but, with the brook, it was a secondary title, Outpost Camp being the primary name and destination. We named it Judd's Brook to compliment a man who loved it, and particularly because he was worthy of the honor.

Robert Silliman Judd was president of the Quinnipiac Council for four years, a wise community leader for many. After the Council had named the brook for him, he approved the inscription which appears on the bronze tablet at the site of the brook crossing. It was calculated to demand a second reading, its meaning deep enough to ponder:

Let this be bravely understood,  
Winds do not wander to our choice,  
Yet in the sound of brook or wood,  
Man may continue and rejoice.

He imagined that one discovering these lines would stop to think. If a boy, he might like the choice of the word *bravely*, for courage is a quality youth can always applaud. It is wise, too, to know and to accept the realization that we cannot always direct the winds of our destiny. Yet, in the love, and in the knowledge of nature one may endure and find reason to rejoice.

Let the brook continue for such centuries as it will, and let the name *Judd* remain with it. It will not matter if the name is joined, at last, with myth. Such is the fate which overtakes those who make their marks in history. Men in their separate ages will always endow their ancient heroes with the virtues that they most admire.

*Our Best Year*

When the end of the year came, over fifty boys had earned the rank of Eagle Scout in a single year; C. Herbert Finger, the veteran Council



Scout Commissioner, could boast a staff of 85 commissioners; and membership was at an all time high, 8,379 boys, with 159 institutions providing Scouting in 234 units, and a great expansion of service had resulted from the first year of occupancy in the new Scout Center.

Anno Domini, 1962. In this, the year of our greatest brilliance, it was as though we had been struck by lightning, and in the sharp flashes, could see beyond our ordinary ways towards meanings no longer hidden. The youth, or all the people of America, could not carry the destiny of humanity alone, for this was more than the people of any one nation could do. We understood, at last, that the highest right we had was the right to share, and that the people's vision is the noblest gift. Only through the intellect and labor of many from many lands could the future be resolved. In this discovery we had surrendered arrogance to humility, and kept our faith that tomorrow is a rising star.

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## CHAPTER XV

### A Gift from the Greeks

*Socrates is wakened in the early dawn by a persistent hammering at his door.*

*"What's here?" he cries out, still half asleep.*

*"O Socrates," and the voice is that of a lad he knows well, "Good news, good news!"*

*"Well, it ought to be at this unearthly hour. Out with it."*

*"O Socrates, Protagoras has come. I heard about it yesterday evening, and I was going to you at once, but it was too late—"*

*"What's it all about? Protagoras? Has he stolen something of yours?"*

*The eager, delightful boy in love with learning, bursts out laughing.*

*"Yes, yes. That's just it. He's robbing me of wisdom. He has it—wisdom, and he can give it to me. Oh, come and go with me to him. Start now!"*

—Adapted from Edith Hamilton  
*The Greek Way*

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## A Gift from the Greeks

The New England winters are becoming milder, it is said, and some robins stay. The woods are changing too, and there is a slow invasion of creatures once not native. The opossum, a recent immigrant, has learned to hang by his prehensile tail from sugar maple and white birch, and the cardinal is incarnate in the snow. For the great blizzard, one has to go back in history to the year '88, and that was before our time. We have our blustering snows, but the snow plows keep the roads open, and that may make the difference.

Naturally, we assume a little smugly, our age is different, and modern. But modern is not necessarily better. It may be only different. Still, we like to think it better, and when we endow it with our aspirations, it may become so.

### *Another Vintage Year*

Nineteen hundred sixty-three was another vintage year in Quinnipiac, albeit one of preoccupation with two particular events, the PHILIA and the impending retirement of Sam Bogan who had led the Council for nearly thirty years.

The routine responsibilities of the year were accomplished with familiar dispatch. Board meetings and Courts of Honor were held, units were organized, the dinners and annual meetings took place, sustaining members were courted, and more physical improvements were made at camp, including the redecoration of FRIENDSHIP LODGE in memory of William Muirhead.

When the Directors met on February 13, it was resolved to name one of the cottages acquired from Camp Pioneer "in honor of Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., and his fellow workers in our recent successful capital campaign." Another was named Alling in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Alling as an expression of appreciation for their generous legacy to the Council.

At the same meeting the Indian headdress, a traditional accolade given at Board meetings to members who merited special recognition, was awarded to A. Royal Wood "for his leadership during the long-term planning period and capital campaign, and for his vision and effort toward the solution of some of the camp's urgent land problems."

### *Money Influences Program*

As the United Fund carried a diminishing portion of the costs of

Scouting, the Council was impelled to venture supplementary means of financing its needs. One practice was to stage a large money raising affair every other year. It was usually a Cavalcade of Scouting, an event featuring booths depicting various phases of the program with live boys operating them. These events normally earned \$10,000 or more in excess of costs. Although the boys did well with their exhibits and enjoyed the excitement and the crowds, it was unfortunate that the need for cash usually determined the event to be staged. In a Council where the leadership was imaginative this meant that adventurous activities, which involved no profit, were more often dreamed about than undertaken. Since the Council Budget could not be balanced by legerdemain, it was a Cavalcade again in 1963, although the imaginative balance was retained in the PHILIA.

### *New Haven Foundation*

Few organizations are exempt from unpredictable emergencies, and we had our share. When the crisis was in human relationships we usually knew where to turn, but if money was required it could be more difficult as advice is easier to come by than cash. Consequently, if the pump broke down leaving the camp panting for water, or all the horses in the jeep stalled, we might be forced to spend money we didn't have. In such, as in less precarious circumstances, we might turn to the New Haven Foundation.

The Foundation was one of the inspired institutions in our community, and it was growing. A community trust founded in 1928 to provide a permanent vehicle through which generous citizens could serve the community "in perpetuity," or at least for the foreseeable future, it reflected many of the best concepts of modern philanthropy and attracted an increasing number of gifts and legacies from far-sighted citizens. In 1963 the book value of the Foundation's holdings exceeded eleven and a quarter million dollars, and the income available for distribution to worthy causes was in excess of half a million dollars a year, results which surely would have gratified its illustrious founders.

Men instrumental in the establishment of the New Haven Foundation included J. Dwight Dana, Osborne A. Day, Henry L. Galpin, Louis L. Hemingway, Charles G. Morris, and Thomas M. Steele. Since they were wise they should be remembered.

Members of the first Distribution Committee were Howard W. Beach, Louis M. Rosenbluth, Thomas Hooker, James W. Hook, Henry S. Graves, John J. McKeon, and Frederick F. Brewster. Of these Rosenbluth and McKeon were also directors of the Quinnipiac Council.

The Trustees Committee was composed of the Presidents of the four trustee banks which had qualified under the original declaration



of trust, and its members in 1963 were J. Coy Reid, President of the First New Haven National Bank; Frederick E. Hudson, President of the Second National Bank of New Haven; Frank O'Brien, President of the Tradesmens National Bank; and Henry H. Pierce, Jr., President of the Union & New Haven Trust Company.

The Foundation's funds were allocated by a Distribution Committee of seven distinguished citizens, each appointed for a seven-year term, with at least one member retiring and one being added each year, a formula which provided maximum experience on the part of its members, which was implemented through the appointment of an eminent Secretary to help maintain continuity and facilitate the technical administration of the Fund. Members of the Distribution Committee in 1963 were Clarence W. Bronson, Charles H. Costello, Mrs. William Horowitz, Paul M. Zorn, Mrs. Clarence W. Mendell, Max H. Schwartz, and Philip Paoletta. James W. Cooper was Secretary, and Charles J. Parker, Assistant Secretary.

From 1944 through 1963 the Foundation made sixteen significant grants to the Quinnipiac Council, totaling over sixty-five thousand dollars. These included allocations for needed camp equipment, gifts toward the construction of the new dining hall, contributions to the capital fund of the Council, strategic help for the improvement and purchase of land, and a grant for the construction of the Frank H. Gates Health Lodge. The lodge was named in honor of Gates because he had been one of the most generous benefactors of the Foundation and a former prominent Scouter of Derby, Connecticut, and of New England.

It was an exciting experience for a delegation from the Quinnipiac Council to appear before the Distribution Committee of the New Haven Foundation. The homework was always carefully done because we knew that a solid case would have to be made for our causes. The attitude of the members of the Distribution Committee was invariably friendly and sympathetic, yet searching and impartial. When we sat across the table from them we wanted very much to be at our best on behalf of the Scouts, even as we knew they wanted to do their best for the community. We did not go casually to the Fund, and more than once, we scraped the bottom of our means rather than make an appeal to the Foundation.

We did share, along with other agencies in the community, a sense of having a strong levee against the overflow of our needs in that, not only in emergencies, but at moments of high opportunity, we could go to the Foundation certain of understanding and encouragement even if no grant was forthcoming. It was clear that the New Haven Foundation was, more and more, becoming a vital institution in the growth and progress of our changing community.

### *Silver Beavers*

Each year, since 1934, the Council had awarded a number of Silver Beavers "for distinguished service to boyhood within the territory served by the local council." The number given annually was limited by ratio to the number of units in the Council, and this necessitated a high level of merit on the part of those honored.

In a candid document it must be admitted that occasionally, and the incidents were few, pressures were brought upon the Council to make the award to certain individuals. In most of these cases the prospects were promoted on the basis of tenure. While length of service was always weighed by the Committee, which normally assumed a minimum of five years, it was never possible to equate mere tenure with "distinguished service." The judgments had to be careful, and it can be said with credit to the Committee and with honor to the recipients, that the integrity of the award was never subordinated to these pressures. Although, because of its limitations, there were many deserving Scouters who did not receive the award, those who did were esteemed entirely worthy.

Other criteria seeming equal, the Committee did favor unit leaders, Cubmasters, Scoutmasters, and Post Advisors, and gave some consideration to the geographical distribution of the awards. The cumulative list gives the effect of a roll call of some of the Council's most dedicated and faithful leaders. In May 1963, the recipients were: Anthony Basilicato, James Q. Bensen, Albert J. Duffield, and Alfred Stanford. Of these, and here history anticipates itself, James Q. Bensen was destined to become the next president of the Council.

Bensen enjoyed his civic responsibilities and never shirked them. He liked to stay with a job until it was done. He was utterly dependable, and whether for the Quinnipiack Club, the Quinnipiac Council, or for Princeton, he was mighty in his works, steadfast in his loyalty.

### *The Philia*

In this year we contradicted an old calumny of Virgil's who professed to "fear the Greeks even when bearing gifts," for we took from the Greek delegation to the International Camporee the gift of an idea, the *PHILIA*. In our enthusiasm we put special keys on a typewriter at the Scout Center so that we could spell ΦΙΛΙΑ in the original Greek. The word, meaning friendship and brotherhood, had already been used in America, particularly in the naming of Philadelphia. The Boy Scouts of Greece used it to initiate a new kind of international event in which patrol leaders from several nations camped together for training in leadership and for brotherly association.

The first *PHILIA* had been held in Greece in 1958, the second in Tunisia in 1960, the third in Libya in 1962, and the Scots had fol-



lowed in 1962 with the fourth. The Quinapiac PHILIA, held June 30–July 7, 1963, was the fifth in the world, the first in the western hemisphere.

Walter L. Wise, Jr., the Chairman of the PHILIA Committee, was an impressive man, both physically and intellectually, built to the statuesque proportions of the Greeks themselves. His cordial personality and exceptional wisdom made him an excellent choice, and he was assisted by experienced and able personnel. The members of the PHILIA Committee were:

|                                                 |                                                    |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Walter L. Wise, Jr., <i>Chairman</i>            | William A. Sherry,<br><i>International Faculty</i> |
| Lawton G. Sargent, Jr.,<br><i>Vice Chairman</i> | Frank Goekler, <i>Program</i>                      |
| Samuel D. Bogan, <i>Camp Chief</i>              | Edward Bracken,<br><i>Public Relations</i>         |
| C. H. Finger,<br><i>Deputy Camp Chief</i>       | John Manz,<br><i>Physical Arrangements</i>         |
| Earl G. Reed,<br><i>Deputy Camp Chief</i>       |                                                    |

Thanks to the skill the Council had already acquired in international relationships, the complicated affairs of the PHILIA were accomplished with ease and finesse.

In fidelity to its basic concept, boys from England, Canada, and France joined with over three hundred junior leaders from Quinapiac in this event, but the important contribution made to the overall philosophy of a PHILIA by this Council was the participation of highly qualified adult Scouters from various nations as faculty members. This brought to it some of the best in theory and practice of six nations. The members of this distinguished international faculty lived together at Friendship Lodge with Donald Lawrence of the professional staff and Scout Commissioner C. Herbert Finger representing the Council as hosts. Finger was soon dubbed "Den Mother" by the visitors and he had, as one of the British put it, "a jolly job of it, keeping them together and on time."

If the International Camporee had not been the climax of the Council's international activities, the PHILIA would have been. David McCoombe of England sounded the recorded voices of Big Ben and Baden-Powell and taught us cricket; Ian Clarke of Australia, Antarctic explorer, twirled the boomerang, taught us to sing "Tie Me Kangaroo Down," and brought new Scouting games from Down Under; and David Green of Canada not only made us parliamentarians but posed "situations" in leadership that could be solved only philosophically or by Canadians.

One of our brighter ideas was to bring someone from far away to

represent the United States. With the help of William Lawrence and others of the National Staff we discovered and invited Dr. Malcolm Bowers of Dallas, Texas, to serve in this capacity. "Tex" was an instant success, in personality living up to the boisterous geniality which is part of the reputation of the West, but in diversity contributing a depth and sincerity which revealed that his heart, too, was as big as Texas. To the Philians he was the painless dentist who infected them with laughter, a hero in a sombrero.

Soini Kalpio of Finland, not yet quite at home with the language, taught by demonstration how camping is done in Finland and by giving generously of himself, particularly through remaining at Sequassen all summer, gained not only the language, but the affection and respect of all the boys. One of them, seeing Soini swinging down the trail toward Outpost, suddenly began whistling "Finlandia." It was an unpremeditated tribute to one worthy of that land and melody.

We interpose another incident about Soini. When aboard the "U.S.S. Aurelia" bound for the States and Camp Sequassen, he had met Bernt Karlsson of Sweden who had attended the International Camporee the year before.

"What kind of place is it?" Soini had inquired anxiously of his destination. "Is it a good camp?"

"It is the best camp in the world!" Bernt replied fervently.

It was not the kind of claim we would have dared to make for ourselves. There was beyond us an horizon never to be reached, and the interval was mighty. It was comparable to that famous western view, so distant that it took a grown man and a small boy all day to see to the end of it. And, from there, another view. For time adds as it subtracts, and distance recedes even as it is overtaken.

The sixth member of the international faculty was Jack Durrivault of France who had previously spent a year with Albert Schweitzer at Lambarene. If, with his *Poulet des Moutardiers*, he made chefs and epicures of us, he also brought again the lilt and élan of French Scouting, the impetuous joyousness we had observed in French lads known before, in him balanced and mature. In accent and vocabulary, he made his English sound as eloquent as French. As an emissary of *Les Eclaireurs de France* he had been commissioned to award Bogan the *Medaille de Reconnaissance* in recognition of his contribution to world Scouting. This was done on the memorable last evening of the PHILIA.

To begin the PHILIA we had presented a playlet adapted from the skit originally staged by the Greek Scouts at the first PHILIA, on Mount Parnassus, in 1958. Troop 41 of Temple B'nai Jacob in Woodbridge, under the superlative leadership of Scoutmaster Arnold J. Alderman, staged the event with youthful sincerity and moving skill. The following is an excerpt from Scene III:



*Greek Scout:* (Idly plucks a sprig of laurel) Say, this looks a little like our laurel!

*Sequassen Scout:* Yes, it's mountain laurel, our camp symbol.

*Greek Scout:* Ours is a little different,—a sweet bay, really. But, we call it laurel, and it grows on Mount Parnassus. The victors in the Pythian games were crowned with it.

*Sequassen Scout:* Sequassen, with its laurel, is a good place for the fifth PHILIA. New England has had its givers of oracles, too. They used to live in Concord. I don't know whether Pythia had any of hers carved in stone, but we have one carved on a rock down by the lake, and it might be about Sequassen, or it might be about your Pythian Games:

THERE ARE NO LARGER FIELDS THAN THESE,  
NO WORTHIER GAMES THAN MAY HERE BE PLAYED.

*Greek Scout:* I think we could find those fields and games wherever boys are growing up, anywhere in the world, especially where there are Scouts. We come together thinking about our differences: . . . our different languages, our different ways of doing things. . . .

*Sequassen Scout:* And then we see the things that are alike: The laurel, or our courthouses like your ancient temples, or the games we play together. . . .

*Greek Scout:* Or we discover that we think alike about the future. The laurel is really a symbol of our world—that we must all live in—that we must never destroy—that we must keep, as best we can, for the boys of the future to play their games in.

*Sequassen Scout:* Let us pledge it then. And let us pledge our friendship, too.

*Both:* TO PHILIA.

The PHILIA had been an experiment in nobility, conceived and executed in the faith that a man could not only learn how, but could be inspired to serve his fellowmen. We believed that something might endure from such an effort to lead young men in friendship and in brotherhood. Faith had brought us to it and sustained us, but there was no way to take a measurement. We had taken months to prepare, and it was over in a few days, leaving us the happy weariness of one who sits on the edge of a galaxy and wonders. It was a confrontation with the mystery inherent in all great human events. Where do they lead? What are their unpredictable ramifications, and what is the end? In our world, as in the cosmos, there is no lack of mystery.

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## CHAPTER XVI

### Suddenly, the Past

*The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.*

—From the Fifteenth Psalm

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## Suddenly, the Past

On a brilliant night in August, 1963, Allan Greist, Waterfront Counselor at Camp Sequassen, invited the Chief to see a cluster of stars he had discovered while sweeping the skies with binoculars from the camp dock several summers before. Following Allan's directions, the Chief scanned the skies between Altair and Vega near Albireo, until suddenly the veritable jewel came into range, six radiant stars resting on a loop of four, a group as beautiful as the Pleiades. Looking "with a wild surmise" the Chief knew that the skies would never be the same to him again. He invented the diminutive "constellatina" to describe the group, which we found later, had already been obscurely recorded as Brocchi's cluster.

Allan presented the constellatina to the camp at a convocation of all campers, with music from Saint-Saens, the fourth movement of the organ symphony, and the ringing of the train bell for the assembling scouts and banners. It was a presumption, the Chief acknowledged in accepting the gift, for the camp to stake this distant claim, but it did so proudly, secure in the belief that its inspiration would endure.

And he thanked Allan. It was no small thing that he had done. The Sequassen Constellatina had, in a special way, come to belong to the camp but, given seven-power, it was available to all by either of its names. Allan could be proud. He had extended the outermost boundaries of the camp and set these golden spikes to mark them for the Scouts to come.

### *Our Debt to Yale*

Yale University was the star of first magnitude in our community, the Sirius in our sky. Even unaware, we lived in its radiance, for light pervades, and does not discriminate. A bright sampling of the young men of the nation and the world came to study here. They walked and cycled our streets, laughed infectiously in public places, attended our churches, and some helped with our Scout troops. They did not visibly grow old as the rest of us did, but seemed always to be of this year's class.

We helped them form a chapter of Alpha Phi Omega, a service fraternity of former Scouts, and the performance of this group was remarkable. It conducted a regular blood donor program among Yale Students on behalf of the Red Cross, assisted the Council at special events, and led many worthy campus projects. The members organ-

ized and led Troop 105 in an area where only compassion and perseverance could succeed, proving that imagination can win where old procedures fail.

We owe a lasting debt to Yale. The members of the faculty were good citizens who served on many municipal, philanthropic, and civic boards, including our own. Indeed, they served at almost every level of our work, and it was a misfortune that we did not use them more. The affable and wise Secretary of the University, Reuben A. Holden, was an unfailing friend.

The University's museums, galleries, concerts, and lectures were wide open to the public, and there was a generous sharing of facilities without which some of our own events would have been impossible. The University itself could be compared with one of its own precious volumes. The wisdom was there, but one had to turn the pages to make the discoveries.

### *International Patrol*

The members of the International Patrol of the summer, in a departure from the custom of choosing representatives from throughout the Council, were all from Troop 8, Hamden. The idea had been sparked by a young patrol leader, Andrew Harvard, and the Patrol's visit to Canada and Montreal's Camp Tamaracouta worked out very successfully. The Council's International Committee felt that such unit orientation could be a useful precedent which might increase the number of international exchanges in future years.

### *Robert C. Birkemeier Is New Scout Executive*

While not quite "in orbit," to use a popular expression of the dawning space age, the Council had acquired an habitual momentum. On December 31, 1963, 8,501 boys were registered in 238 units with 2,408 adult leaders. Camp Sequassen had attained the A-100 rating again, and the Council budget had balanced at \$92,340. Capital funds were on hand to insure the continuation of the development program at camp, and the public estimate of the Council, at home and abroad, was excellent. The foundations of the Council were firm, the caliber of its directors at its usual high level. The outlook was optimistic as Robert C. Birkemeier, a new and promising young Scout Executive, was chosen to guide the Council following Bogan's retirement.

Birkemeier, who had been Staff Director of the Greater New York Councils, had wide experience as an administrator, and was considered highly qualified by the Personnel Division of the National Council, represented by its Director, Delmer H. Wilson. The Selection Committee of the Council, with James Q. Bensen as Chairman, interviewed Birkemeier after reviewing a series of other records, and the members were very favorably impressed with his record and creden-



tials. On the recommendation of this Committee, the selection was unanimously approved by the Board of Directors, and Birkemeier was employed effective December 1, 1963. Although his part in the Council's history begins as this chronicle leaves off, it seemed clear that we could anticipate the future with confidence.

### *A Sprig of Laurel*

Since the writer and the man are the same, it is neither easy nor fitting to comment at length on the retirement of Sam Bogan. Willard F. Robb, a man who had performed many tasks well for the Council, was Chairman of the Committee which planned a series of events which were memorable and kind. A dinner with the Directors at the Quinpiack Club, a reception at the Lawn Club for Scouters and friends, an open house at the Scout Center for the boys, the surprise publication of *A Sprig of Laurel* with excerpts from his writings, with a foreword by Robert J. Leeney and a biographical sketch by Robert Maloney, and two bound volumes of letters from his friends provided the Chief with all the honors he could bear.

The gifts, tokens, and letters would remind him of chapters written in the past, but the best gift had been an intangible one, the solicitude, loyalty, and affection the boys had shown to him so repeatedly and so long. He did not feel the frailty they supposed in him, or think of himself as the historical monument they assumed him to be, but he cherished their friendship.

"May I carry your brief case, sir?"

A camper had asked this in a typical gesture, as though half expecting him to topple with the weight of his years.

The Chief did not attempt to explain that like the runner on the Grecian urn, he was still unwearied, or that he still felt within himself the joyous sense of resources yet unspent. He had often claimed that he had the best job in town. Its rewards had never been calculated in currency, but in boys young and men grown, a procession, which in Quinpiac, had lasted almost thirty years for him. He did not feel now that he had been left to die in a desert like the old of ancient tribes, but that a new journey was stretching before him.

"Thanks," he had answered the boy. "I still believe a Scout should carry his own pack, but for the pleasure of your company, I accept your offer."

Although we cannot divide time according to whim, it may be that the end of 1963 was also the end of an era for the Council. We had jumped some ditches, passed some foothills, climbed some mountains. The distances from 1910 when Scouting was founded in America and 1913 when the Council was organized, though seeming long, had been but a breath of history, even as the present is only a fragment of the past not yet imprisoned, a shine of the sun westering.

The nation at a quarter past mid-century had experienced its deepest shock since the Civil War when its youthful, hopeful president had been assassinated. Near and far, Cuba and Vietnam cast their shadows, and we were painfully re-examining the national conscience in terms of civil rights for all, while enduring a late awakening to the problems of conservation and over-population. Then there was the bomb. If it was more than enough to know in all seasons that it existed, it was not in our nature to be perpetually uncomfortable in our thoughts. In a deep pretense, we accepted the bomb, but we did not quite believe in it. It was such a shrug as savage man might have given to his natural disasters. For who can stop the wind or the volcano?

Yet, to a man, any age is a good one in which to be alive. Far from the trilobites and brachiopods of the past we had been creating the fossils of another age, our own. And, if there are future generations to judge us, we will be remembered, not by the artifacts we lived by, but for the wisdom we were able to store for man's continuity and growth.

A Yale wife, explaining why her husband was unprepared to solve a Devonian riddle, reminded us that he was a Cretaceous man, and a group of nature lovers on Long Island named themselves "Friends of the Pleistocene." We would like to be included in their category, as friends of the modern age.

In the interval recorded we had done what we could to cope with what we had to face, seeking in the shortness of time to train a better, higher breed of men. To those who follow and may wonder, let it be known that we made a brave beginning. Because, suddenly, it is the past, and we live with the memory of it.





## Epilogue

I hold the tender leaves of youth  
In the treetops of my mind,  
Where the storms blow, and the young truth  
Is stronger than the wind.

In winter still the oak will wear  
The bravest leaves of Spring,  
Companions of the frosty air  
Through its long wintering.

Ah! Hold tightly and remember,  
There is scarlet on the bough  
With the passing of September,  
And it is September now.

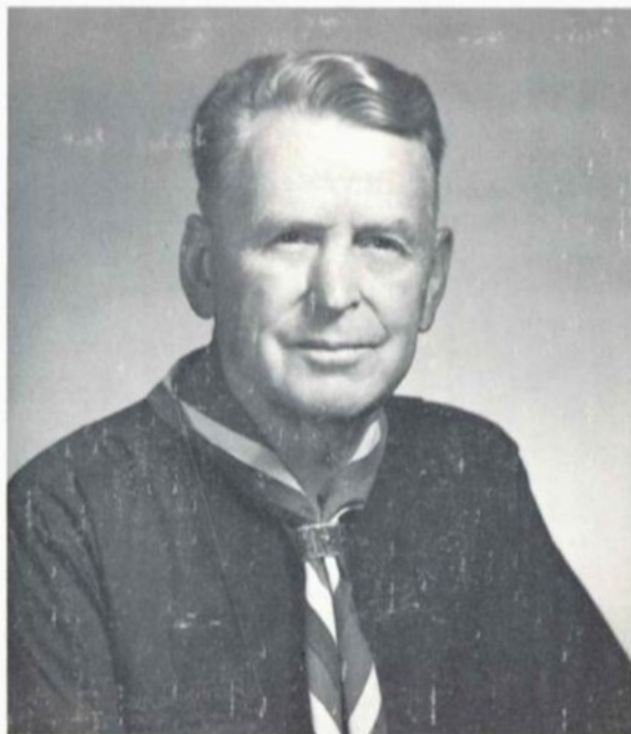


## The Silver Beaver Award

Since 1934 the Quinnipiac Council has awarded the Silver Beaver for distinguished service to boyhood in the community, the highest award that a local council may bestow upon a volunteer, to the following Scouters:

|      |                                                                                                                        |      |                                                                                    |
|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1934 | Malcolm A. Buell<br>Frank L. Fowler<br>Frederick M. Clark<br>Frank L. Treuting<br>David A. North<br>Clarence U. Loomis | 1951 | Harry L. White<br>Christian L. Engelhardt<br>Dwight E. Potter                      |
| 1935 | Henry W. Jones, Jr.<br>Edward D. Lynch                                                                                 | 1952 | Hal R. Kellogg<br>Willard F. Robb<br>Clinton H. Finger                             |
| 1936 | Charles A. Albonesi, Sr.<br>S. A. Hasbrouck                                                                            | 1953 | Anthony V. Cosenza<br>Allan H. Bonwill<br>Raymond J. Cronogue                      |
| 1937 | Robert S. Judd<br>John E. Brainerd                                                                                     | 1954 | Larry F. Pisani<br>Frank J. Goekler<br>William G. Cleaver                          |
| 1938 | Theodore F. Tuttle<br>Malcolm H. Zimmermann                                                                            | 1955 | A. Royal Wood<br>Charles N. Hammarlund, Jr.<br>Fiore Ciccone                       |
| 1939 | Harry C. Knight<br>Norman A. Greist                                                                                    | 1956 | John W. Manz<br>Harold L. Blakeslee<br>Ernest S. Harris                            |
| 1940 | Philip H. English<br>Abraham S. Ullman                                                                                 | 1957 | Harry W. Gaunt<br>Donald N. Clark<br>Leonard D. Hubbard                            |
| 1941 | Charles Albonesi, Jr.<br>Herbert M. Nicholas                                                                           | 1958 | Winthrop A. Smith<br>Kendall B. Crane<br>Richard K. Russell                        |
| 1942 | Robert Cunningham<br>Emil Usinger                                                                                      | 1959 | Frank G. Vernon<br>Earl C. Harris<br>Amos G. Hewitt                                |
| 1943 | John J. McKeon<br>B. W. Moore<br>George S. Murray                                                                      | 1960 | George C. Harris<br>Conroy C. Taylor<br>G. Harold Welch<br>Bruce F. Lehman         |
| 1944 | Walter L. Wirth<br>Sanford L. Platt<br>Ralph Maisano                                                                   | 1961 | Albert F. MacVeigh<br>Edward H. Walton<br>William J. Currano<br>Sheldon A. Inkster |
| 1945 | Rev. John L. Sullivan<br>Charles Merriam<br>Walter Kenney                                                              | 1962 | Robert C. Miller, Jr.<br>Paul Kreiger<br>Richard B. Davidson<br>Peter A. DaRos     |
| 1946 | Albert A. Baldwin<br>Sherman Reilley                                                                                   | 1963 | Anthony N. Basilicato<br>James Q. Bensen<br>Albert J. Duffield<br>Alfred Stanford  |
| 1947 | Dr. George B. Lovell<br>William G. Miller<br>William Wheeler                                                           |      |                                                                                    |
| 1948 | George F. Hoyt<br>Norman Peck<br>Samuel J. Massey                                                                      |      |                                                                                    |
| 1949 | William H. Zimmerman<br>Napoleon Patry<br>Julius J. Romer                                                              |      |                                                                                    |
| 1950 | Hudson B. Hastings<br>Thomas W. Schenarts<br>Arthur Blumberg                                                           |      |                                                                                    |





*Photo by Anthony Brandolini*

Sam Bogan, author of *NO LARGER FIELDS*, has made a lifetime working with and for boys the key to a never-ending spiritual and intellectual quest. Now, after 44 years of dedication to the Scout movement, he has captured the flavor and meaning of his work in a way that does justice to him, to Quinnipiac Council, and to world Scouting.

Scout professional, naturalist, archeologist, writer, community leader, international ambassador for boyhood: Sam's background covers a multitude of activities. Born in Louisiana, he came east to attend Cornell, and to New Haven in 1934 as Scout Executive of the Quinnipiac Council. Under his leadership the Council evolved into one of the finest in the country.

Best known for his success in international Scouting, many nations have been represented at Quinnipiac's Camp Sequassen—and many Quinnipiac Scouts have gone abroad—since Sam initiated international exchanges. The Council's precedent-setting International Camporee in 1962 was the high point of a quarter-century of such exchanges when 14 nations sent delegations.

Recipient of numerous Scouting and civic awards, Sam has received the French *Medaille de Reconnaissance* for "outstanding service to World Scouting," the *Fleur de Lis* of Sweden, and comparable recognitions from other Scouting groups abroad.

QUINNIPIAC COUNCIL, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA  
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