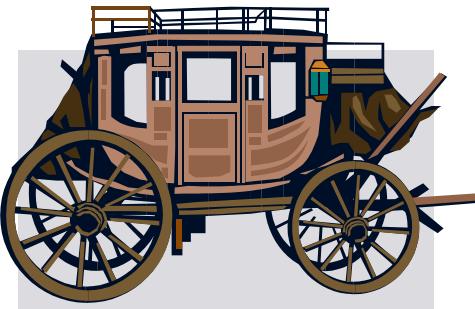


RECOLLECTIONS



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From his unpublished hand-typed manuscript
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Further Reading:

Anthony Wayne Area Council 100 Year Anniversary, 1917-2017, Council History Book - Dr. Alfred Brothers, Jr, Editor – Many photos and some news clippings. Page 23-24 quotes Page 11 of this chapter.
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CHAPTER 2 - BOY SCOUTS

Outside of family and school, nothing so helped to shape me as the years I spent as a member of the Boy Scouts of America. Any boy who has not had this experience has missed a great deal. It probably gave me a feeling of self-esteem and accomplishment.

Any boy who feels that he is nobody and that he cannot do anything will never achieve his full growth. Scouting did not make a perfect person of me, but it made me far better than I would have been without it. All of this applies equally to the Girl Scouts.

From fall 1924 until spring 1932, I was active in the Scouts. For most of those seven and a half years, it was my major interest away from school. There was no Little League baseball program. I was always active in Sunday School in the Methodist church, but not in a youth-specific program.

I do not recall what awakened my interest, because I never saw another Boy Scout until the night I joined. There was no Scout troop in my neighborhood and my parents knew nothing about them.

EARLY SCOUT TROOPS (rearranged and edited):

By February 8, 1910, when the Boy Scouts of America (BSA) incorporated, men and boys already formed Scout troops in Fort Wayne. In 1910, the first Scout Commissioner in the Council was Edwin T. Jackson, the "Daddy of Scouting" in Fort Wayne. Jackson wrote for information about Scouting and received some manuals. He read them and, confident in his training, invited boys to his home to form a troop. Edwin Jackson recruited J.R. Bird as the first Scoutmaster.

Over 300 boys showed up, so Jackson moved that first meeting to Reservoir Park. A gang of roughly 30 teenagers appeared. Jackson recalled for the News-Sentinel in January 1927, "It looked for a time as though a good battle would mark the first Scout meeting in Wayne." Even though no hostilities occurred, they called that first meeting as "The Battle of Reservoir Park."

Troop 1 formed and affiliated with the "American Boy Scouts": one of a few short-lived movements that sprang up after Baden-Powell's first Scout campout in 1907 at Brownsea Island, England. These first Scouts soon merged with the BSA.

After a few years, Troop 1 disbanded, along with four other troops. These earliest troops, 2 through 5, reorganized and disbanded at different times.

- www.awac.org/districts/thunderbird/~media/.../TBirdHistory.ashx

My earliest memory was a juvenile book in late 1921 just after I was nine years old. As the Boy Scout movement formally began in the United States in 1912, this was apparently an early book. After retirement, I can still see the watercolor illustration in that book: two

or three Scouts on a trail through a dense thicket, approaching a stream, with the lead Scout carrying a staff with a troop flag. The book was a fictionalized tale of adventures.

I thought they had a wonderful life. At ten years old, I received three fictional novels by James Cooper: *The Deerslayer*, *The Pathfinder*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*. I saw their heroes as forerunners of the Boy Scouts. I treated the movement as essentially an outdoor movement with weekly meetings only as preparation for camping.

SCOUT COUNCIL: Part A (rearranged and edited):

D.J.Hutchinson and six men met on March 11, 1917 at the First Baptist Church in Fort Wayne. In April 1917, 24 men chartered the Local Council. The board meeting for the Council first met on June 3, 1917 at the headquarters of Troop 8 in the rear of the C.H.Kessler home on Fairfield Avenue, in Fort Wayne.

The first troop to charter with the new Council was Troop 6, sponsored by Trinity Methodist Church, Fort Wayne. C.H.Kessler was this troop's first Scoutmaster. Fifteen other troops chartered within a month. Originally, the Council included only troops in Fort Wayne.

L.O.Wetzel, then Scout Commissioner for Fort Wayne, became the first Scout Executive for the Council beginning January 1918, S.W. Greenland was selected the first President of the Council Board.

*In 1923, the Board invited the smaller towns in Allen County to affiliate. The Council name then changed to the "[Gen.] Anthony Wayne Area Council."
- www.awac.org/districts/thunderbird/~media/.../TBirdHistory.ashx*

In fall 1924, I entered the seventh grade at Harmar school in Fort Wayne. It was a middle school or junior high school. That fall, I became twelve years old, the minimum age for joining the Scouts. The Boy Scouts of America then had only one level of organization. Cub Scouts for younger boys and Explorer Scouts for older boys arrived much later.

Troop 17 met at Harmar in the Anthony Wayne Area Council. I attended some meetings as a visitor and bought my first copy of the *Boy Scout Handbook*. That was one of the books that most influenced my life. As my first how-to-do-it book, I practiced for my Tenderfoot test, learned about the flag, the Scout laws, and the nine elementary knots.

Tenderfoot

The night before my twelfth birthday in 1924, I passed my Tenderfoot test and joined Troop 17. The quality of Scout troops varied widely according to the caliber of their leadership and the extent of adult support given to the troop. Troop 17 was a dull troop. After a few months' attendance, there were no hikes or camping.

A seventh grade classmate invited me to his [older] Troop 7 at the First Baptist church, where Adriel Hauk was [acting] Scoutmaster in spring 1925. Troop 7 scheduled an overnight hike the day after my first visit. Therefore, I [gladly] transferred to Troop 7.



Figure 1 – Mackinaw Coat and ~1925 Boy Scout Uniform
<http://histclo.com/youth/youth/org/sco/country/us/scoutus.htm>

I had never been on an overnight hike. My parents knew nothing about such things. Mother asked me if I wanted to take along my nightgown. We all wore long felt nightgowns and not pajamas. This became a family joke when the whole family was active in Scouting, and where we often headed out on a camping trip on an hour's notice. The local Scout council maintained a summer camp but I did not go that first year.

In Indiana, one of the favorite garments of boys was a "mackinaw," derived from the jacket worn by lumberjacks, and a distant relative of the Navy pea jacket. It had a wide collar that lay on the shoulders or turned up to keep the ears warm. I was proud of my mackinaw and walked several blocks home from the Scoutmaster's house in a thin rain with my Scout manual [safely tucked] inside the coat.

Second Class

I advanced to Second Class on 12/18/1925. That winter, I took Dad [Earl Norman Rittenhouse] to Troop 7 bragging about it as a fine troop. He did not think it was [well run] and said he could do a better than Adriel Hauk. I challenged Dad to do it and he took me up. Adriel was under 21 and really an assistant since a Scoutmaster must be over 21. Dad briefly became Scoutmaster of Troop 7 although Adriel ran the show.

SCOUT COUNCIL: Part B (rearranged and edited):

In May 1925, the Council divided into five districts. The city of Fort Wayne divided into quadrants: Northwest, Northeast, Southeast, and Southwest. The fifth district consisted of outlying communities of Allen County.

In February 1926, the regional Scout office in Chicago recommended that the Council include the "six counties of the Indiana Twelfth Congressional District". By fall of 1929, nine counties joined the council.

- www.awac.org/districts/thunderbird/~media/.../TBirdHistory.ashx

[That spring,] as he became more interested in Scouting, Dad organized a troop near our home. The city erected a new elementary school building at Adams School, on the east side of Fort Wayne, three blocks south of our home. Therefore, Dad organized Troop 35 there on April 26, 1926, with twelve charter scouts. Dad was Scoutmaster at age 44.

Among the men who served as committee members or trustees for Troop 35 were:

- Walter Adams
- Henry Doermer Sr.
- Harry Larimer
- E. Leach
- William Pio

The Scouts included:

- Russell and Howard Blanton
- Frank "Monk" Boley
- Henry "Hank" Doermer Jr.
- Walter Ehrman (1913-1983)
- [Lawrence Fenker]
- Russell Harnish
- Melvin Hoke
- Arthur Laflin
- Harold Lickey
- Carlyle "Bud" Pio



Troop 35 Scoutmaster Rittenhouse

I weighed 75 pounds and stood 4 feet 5 inches tall. In the summer of 1926, I spent a week or two at Camp Kekionga, a small camp on ten acres at Goose Lake, north of Fort Wayne. I was the only boy from my troop in summer camp that year.

I wanted to learn to swim to qualify for First Class, but early at camp, I burned my hand severely and told to stay out of the lake. While others swam, I stayed in the main lodge practicing Morse code. I teamed up with a boy whose nickname was "Dopey," because he could not seem to do anything. With practice, we won a signaling contest, and the others no longer called him Dopey. He gained self-esteem and became a changed boy.

First Class

Dad kept after me to learn to swim. I took classes at the YMCA pool. Dad sometimes came by to make me try harder. Finally, I could swim fifty yards to become a First Class Scout in April 1927.

Our whole family eventually became involved in Scouting. Howard joined at twelve; Mother became Captain of a Girl Scout troop; and Marie became a Girl Scout.

Most boys joined at the age of twelve to thirteen and stayed active for three or four years. There was only one program. Today [in 1988] a boy can join at 10 years old. There were Cub Scout programs for younger boys and Explorer Scout programs for upper teens.

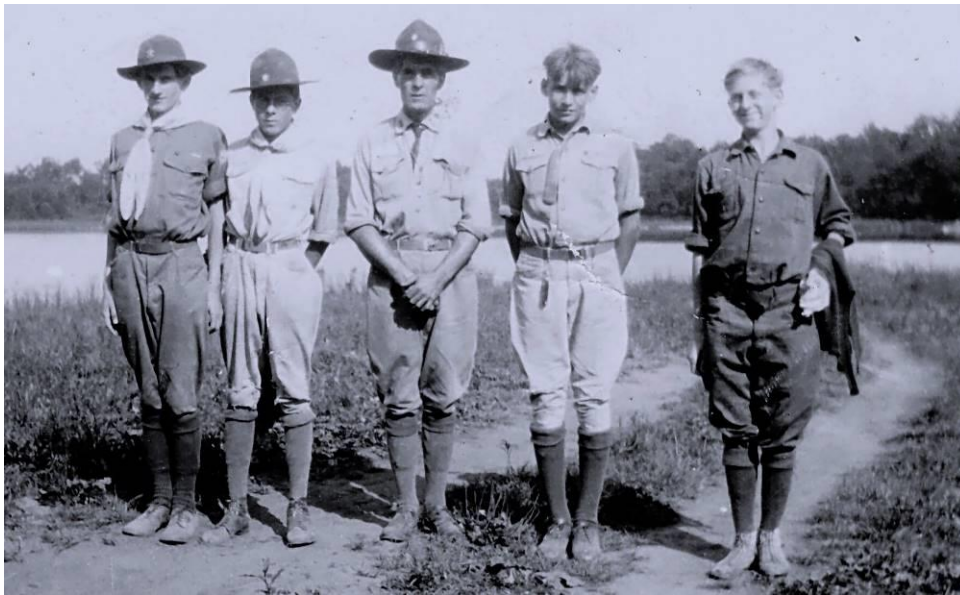


Figure 2 – Fort Wayne Troop 35 Leaders - 1929

L-R: Walter Ehrman, Jack, Earl Rittenhouse, Harold Lickey, Lawrence Fenker

The troop was my “gang”. All members came from a radius of three to eight blocks of my home. Troop 35 was a good troop and always active. We met every Friday night with a patrol meeting or other project at least one night a week. We had some activity almost every weekend. Our troop included Lutherans, Catholics, and Protestants.

In 1927 with troop funds, we bought an old 1919 Model T Ford truck with a platform body and solid rubber rear tires. We got three or four years of good service from it, hauling equipment on weekend trips or hauling boys to rallies. I first learned to drive with that old truck on country roads.

Troop 35 established a small troop museum and library in a room off the Adams school gymnasium, showing a collection of old muskets, Indian relics, birds' nests, and articles made during handicraft. Neither the museum nor library had more than a small success.

We issued a weekly troop newspaper with a donated Edison Mimeograph. It was a primitive model using a principle quite different from Edison-Dick mimeographs. It consisted of a sort of picture frame on which was stretched a sheet of special wax paper on which the message was scratched with a stylus. To make copies, we placed a sheet of plain paper beneath the wax stencil in the “tympan” frame and then ran a rubber ink roller over the upper surface of the stencil. Sometimes, the stencil tore and had to be inscribed again. The stencil was hand-lettered. Mother's handwriting was the neatest, so she usually scribed our stencils. We did a yearbook in 1929 and 1930 with this mimeograph.



Figure 3 - Edison's Mimeograph No. 12 (ca.1900)

http://athena.rider.edu/riderana_pages/Historic_Business_Machines/index.html

We were given an early typewriter on which the characters struck from below, and one could not see what was typed until the roller was lifted. I learned to type on that machine.

Once or twice, we put on plays to raise money. One was *A Country Boy Scout*; another was *The Scoutmaster*, and a third was a minstrel show. We bought copies of the play from a play publisher.

Camping

The most important activity was camping with virtually no [adult] controls. We could make instant plans on Friday and head out on Saturday, each boy with his own pack. Sometimes there were only three of us. If we hiked east a half mile from my home, we entered farm country. There was good camping along the Moumee River bottoms, or in a farmer's wood lot with permission, or along some creek.

The new Fort Wayne Scout Council had use of Robinson Park, an abandoned amusement park about seven miles out of town along the [St. Joseph] River. They erected four or five buildings for campers, each a one-room structure with an iron stove and a dozen iron cots, each with a bag of straw to serve as a mattress, and a table. A simple telephone call to local Scout headquarters reserved a cabin. The boys hiked out under their own teenage leaders. If the event lasted overnight, an adult usually drove out to spend the night.

EARLY CAMP PROPERTIES (rearranged and edited):

Whatever other activities Scouts may do, they always return to the outdoors. In 1911, the original few troops in northeast Indiana camped in the woods behind cottages on Sylvan Lake, at Rome City.

In 1917, the newly formed Council immediately obtained a campground adjacent to Robinson Park on the St. Joseph River in Fort Wayne. There the troops built Scout cabins but abandoned them due to lack of adult supervision.

The Council rented Robinson Park land along St. Joseph River from the YMCA for summer camp from 1922 to 1924. That few acres were far too small for the number of Scouts. The Council decided nearby power lines were too dangerous.

In 1924, the Council rented property at Goose Lake, the 10-acre Camp Kekionga or "Blackberry Patch" [taken from the capital name of the Miami nation]. Camp Kekionga served for five years, but the many scouts soon outgrew it.

- www.awac.org/districts/thunderbird/~media/.../TBirdHistory.ashx

Sometimes the troop with or without adult leadership, camped at some lake near the city. As accidents and other unhappy events brought protests and even some insurance claims by parents, the Scout Council installed increasingly strict rules. Today [in 1988], two adults must accompany any overnight camping group.

I had the great advantage of staying with the same group of friends in Scouting for many years. I was with many of them from the seventh grade through high school. Several of us walked to public school together, attended the same classes, and Sunday School together. It would be quite difficult for a boy whose family moved frequently, in which he had to change troops frequently. We met in each other's homes for patrol meetings, to rehearse plays, work on the troop newspaper, or work on camping equipment.

Indian Ranks of Summer Camp

The activity in Troop 35 was matched in importance by summer camp. Back in 1926, I was the only boy from Troop 35 at Camp Kekionga. By summer 1927, we had two eight-boy tents from our troop. In 1928, I worked all summer as a junior leader in the kitchen.

Trailer/Tracker

Besides the official Scout grades of Tenderfoot, Second Glass, and First Class, there were semi-official grades in an "Indian" organization featured in Scout camps. The lowest grade of "Trailer" (or tracker) was achieved at a [local] ceremony often held at the cabins at Robinson Park near Fort Wayne. Candidates wore "moccasins" (shoes), a "loin cloth" (a belt and a towel), and a blanket. Blindfolded candidates were led on a circuitous route through the underbrush, to a council fire, where a Scout official made a speech. Anyone who talked en route was eliminated. Most boys made Trailer.

Warrior

They held the similar "Warrior" ceremony only at the big summer camp. The older Scouts and counselors appeared in Indian dress with a tom-tom [drum].

Brave

The more rugged "Brave" test occurred at summer camp. Candidates went to an evening council fire wearing moccasins, breechclout, blanket, and sheath knife. After the fire ceremony, they led us on a march over a mile to dense woods on the other side of the lake, where a several small campfires were laid. The fires were close enough that each was visible from adjacent fires but not close enough for conversation between sites. Each candidate sat alone at a fire with these rules. Violation of any rule eliminated you:

- don't go to sleep until granted permission the following afternoon
- don't let your fire go out
- eat nothing
- drink only water brought by camp counselors
- speak to no one for 24 hours
- do not go more than 30 feet from your fire

I made it through. Loneliness never bothered me, nor did I have any fear of the forest at night. When I felt sleepy, I exercised or sat balanced on a low branch so if I dozed off, I fell a foot or so to the ground and awoke. To amuse myself, I found a chunk of soft dead wood and carved a rough totem idol. I made a small altar of mud and sticks and set up the idol. In front of it, I made a tiny fire, keeping it small so it required constant attention.

At intervals of at least an hour, a camp counselor prowled past to check on candidates. Sometimes they tried roguish tricks to upset a candidate, saying, "*I heard you talking.*" If the candidate denied this, he was eliminated because he spoke then, if not before.

Half of the candidates talked, fell asleep, or wandered off. Shortly after noon the next day, the “guards” came by and told me I could sleep. After sundown, they took me back to the council fire for the concluding ceremony in which I became a "Brave".



Figure 4 - Blessing from the Medicine Man (H.Terpning 2001)

This oil painting at the Eiteljorg Museum of American Indians and Western Art, Indianapolis, encapsulates what possibly ran through these young scout minds.

The artist explained: *“Each spring at the first sound of thunder, the Blackfoot still gather for the Thunder Pipe ceremony. This sacred pipe was a gift to the People from the spirit of Thunder, passed down through a long succession of keepers. At the end of the ceremony, some will come forward and receive the medicine man’s blessing, which is bestowed with four streaks of sacred red pigment.”*

Counselor

In 1928, I advanced to the grade of Counselor in a similar ceremony as the Braves, except that we had to watch for some "sign" that might suggest a personal Indian name. The next afternoon, as the counselors came to take me back, a small crow feather floated down in front of me, so I became “Little Raven”.

Minisino

I never reached the higher “Minisino” grade before my summer camp years ended. Less than a dozen boys reached Minisino in our Council. By 1930, these campfire ceremonies became elaborate. Older boys made headdresses and garments authentic in detail.

They researched to deliver part of the ceremony in the Sioux language. After sixty years, I recall an opening sentence that, as best spelled, said,

"Yo-hay! Yo-hay! Meta kola! Yo-hay-semi-to-pah."

"My friends give ear! We are about to hold council!"

The boys filed in silent darkness to seats around the council ring. An "Indian" struck flint and steel to make a spark and light the fire. As it grew, the flames lighted the circle of boys. A tom-tom [drum] began its beat, and he who lighted the fire danced an Indian step around the flames. As the fire reached its fullness, a "chief" in full regalia entered and solemnly smoked an Indian pipe, blowing smoke to all points of the compass, then opened the ceremony with the Sioux words given above. By day, no one entered or crossed the council ring except to clean it and lay a new fire for that night.

Civic Pride

We participated in local parades, Scout rallies, and pageants. We put up highway markers in [September] 1928 [as a nation-wide one-day scouting event] when the [coast-to-coast] Lincoln Highway was officially designated.



Figure 5 - Lincoln Highway Marker and Monument (A.Ruppenstein 6/2008)

On September 1, 1928, at 1 pm, Boy Scouts across the country placed about 3,000 of these concrete markers [with brass medallions] at key sites along the route, "to assure each motorist that he was on the right road." – www.HMdb.org

As civic service, we planted trees in local parks, distributed charity food baskets at Thanksgiving and Christmas, decorated graves on Memorial Day, and helped pedestrians form the habit of crossing with the first traffic signals installed in Fort Wayne.

Pine Tree Patrol

In 1927 when I became a Brave, we had a new feature at Camp Kekionga: the Pine Tree Patrol. In 1988, a young Scout executive never heard of this activity, so a description here is not amiss. It disappeared long ago with increased highway traffic. Eight boys would hand-draw a large two-wheeled trek cart down then quieter roads.

The wheels were usually [light-weight] buggy wheels. The cart was dismountable. A long tongue extended forward from the axle. The flat bed became a table. The sides became benches. The cart contained tents, blanket rolls, axe, shovel, a food box called a “wangan,” buckets for water, utensils, and other gear.

A Pine Tree Patrol consisted of eight boys, plus a Scout leader. Each boy had specific duties along with other specified tasks and skills:

- Senior (or patrol leader)
- Junior (second in command)
- Scribe (bird expert)
- Baker (expert on dry rations)
- Lighter (who handled all fires)
- Water Boy (who found and brought water)
- Handyman (who could mend a tear or build a log bridge)
- Woodman (expert with an axe)

We did every activity through a drill. In 1930, the Boy Scouts published *The Pine Tree Patrol* manual by James Austin Wilder, author of this program. Copies are quite rare.

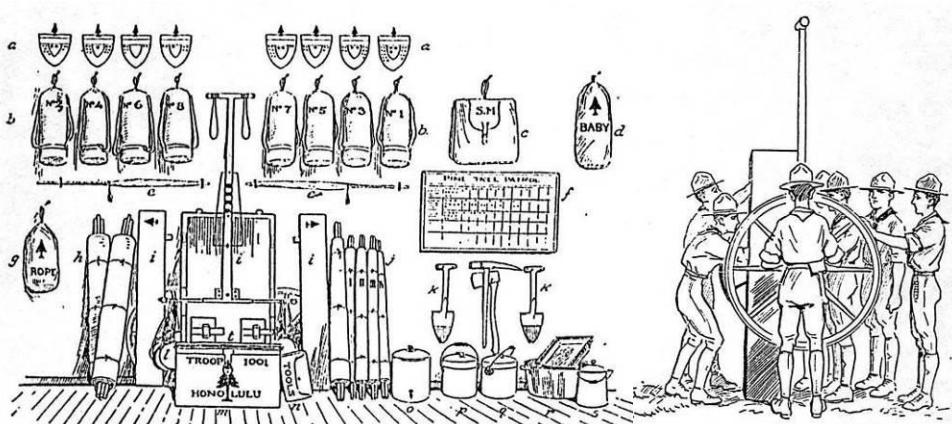


Figure 6 - Pine Tree Outfit and Cart Assembly

The manual described over forty drills. To load the cart, each boy moved in a specified sequence, placing a certain item in a specified place. Stepwise, the cart could be loaded in two and a half minutes. The boys moved exactly as a football team would move in executing a play or as a pit-crew would move in the Indianapolis 500 race. I had four boys who set up a pup tent in 65 seconds, and take it down and roll it up in 45 seconds.

Drills covered unloading (in one minute), setting up camp, converting the cart to an ambulance, rescue and treatment of a drowning person, fighting fires in camp, setting up a field hospital, and converting the cart into a flat-bottom ferryboat across a stream.

Lesser drills covered dishwashing, digging a latrine, rescue from fallen electric wire, serving food, sunstroke treatment, packing the cart, and disassembling the cart. With this outfit, eight boys and a leader could camp for a week requiring only firewood and water.

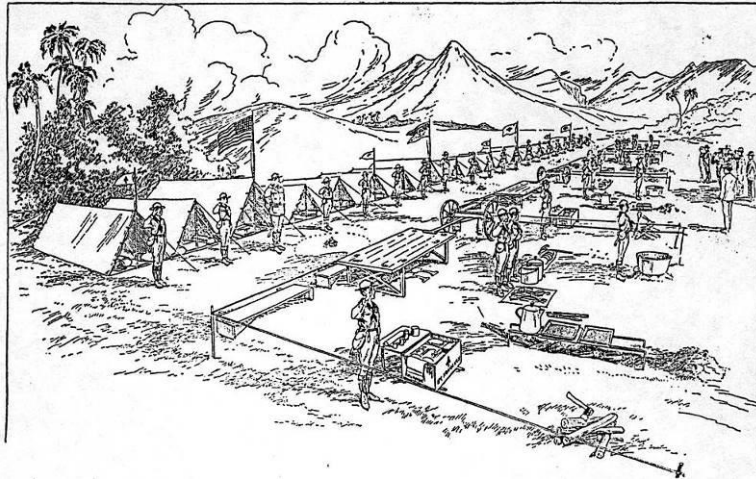


Figure 7 - Four Pine Tree Patrols in One Camp

While we first experimented [in 1927] with the Pine Tree Patrol technique at Camp Kekionga, we set out on a cross-country hike. We came to a thick hedge with a fence running through it. There was a two-foot opening in the hedge. We had the unloading drill, then the drill to dismantle the cart. We passed everything through the opening in bucket-brigade fashion (another of the drills). We had the drill to reassemble the cart and the drill to load the cart. We continued on our way in less than a half hour.

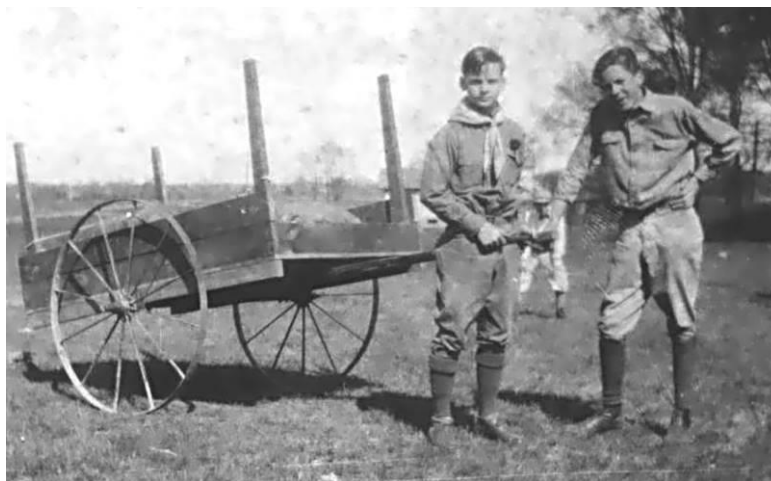


Figure 8 – Troop 35 Pine Tree Patrol – 1928
L-R: Hand Cart, Carlyle “Bud” Pio, Jack

Back at Troop 35 in Fort Wayne, we organized our own Pine Tree Patrol of Scouts who otherwise remained in their regular patrol at meetings. With money earned from troop plays, we bought equipment and materials to build the cart. We practiced some evenings each week, until we could do many of the drills even in the dark.

We went on several weekend hikes, but on the last one, we narrowly escaped being hit by a motorist. We abandoned the Pine Tree Patrol and so did most other troops. There was a subsequent attempt to convert the idea to a patrol using backpacks, each carrying specified pieces of equipment and with the same duties, but this idea never went very far. Nevertheless, this taught us boys many lessons useful in business and industry: division of skills, specific actions, and teamwork.

Merit Badges and Higher Ranks

Starting in April 1927, when I became a First Class Scout, I started to earn merit badges. Over 100 of them became available, in fields such as archery, beekeeping, electricity, fishing, geology, plumbing, all the way [through the alphabet] to woodworking. The Scout Handbook listed the requirements.

To earn a merit badge, a scout picked one of interest, got the separate pamphlet for that merit badge, and prepared for the test. Each test involved quite a bit of study and doing one to five projects. An adult whose livelihood was in that field administered the test.

Besides giving one a sense of accomplishment, the merit badge program allowed Scouts to sample a wide range of occupations. It was really a form of career orientation. After I earned five badges, I advanced to the rank of Star Scout. When I earned ten merit badges, I became a Life Scout.

I earned twenty-eight badges [listed in alphabetical order] for athletics, bird study, botany, bugling, camping, carpentry, civics, conservation, cooking, cycling, fireman-ship, first aid, first aid to animals, forestry, handicraft, hiking, journalism, leather craft, leatherworking, painting, path finding, personal health, pioneering, public health, safety, textiles, woodcarving, and woodworking.

A few of these badges are no longer used. The merit badge program keeps up with the times, and modern badges (e.g. business, computers, electronics, genealogy, oceanography, space exploration) simply did not exist in 1930.

The examiners treated these tests seriously. I passed my first aid to animals test before a veterinarian; my test for painting (a house, not art) was with a painting contractor; for fireman-ship I was examined at a fire station; and for textiles, the textile buyer in a large department store examined me.

To give some idea of the tests, I will mention one or two of the requirements for a few of these badges. Several other requirements rounded out each badge.

Swimming

It required twenty-one badges to become an Eagle Scout. I had twenty-eight, but I lacked two mandatory badges for Eagle: swimming and Red Cross lifesaving.

For the swimming badge, one had to swim 150 yards, float, dive in with clothes on, remove clothes, swim 50 yards, plus doing a surface dive in eight feet of water to bring up an object. I worked on this badge in 1930, my last summer at Scout camp, and I did everything required, but I did not keep my feet together in the surface dive. Poor form. The examiner, a Red Cross lifeguard, said there would be plenty of time to try again, but the summer slipped away and I never completed it. One could not try the lifesaving badge until after earning the swimming badge.

Athletics

For the athletics merit badge, I did a standing high jump of three feet two inches; did a hundred yard dash in 13 seconds; did six pull-ups or chinning myself; and threw the baseball to hit the strike zone three out of six throws at 51 feet.

Camping

For camping, I camped under canvas at least twenty nights and built a raft to carry two boys and their packs across a river. They later dropped the raft requirement.

Birding

For bird study, I identified twenty-five kinds of birds, and this I did at the office of a taxidermist who had many types of stuffed birds in a glass case.

Cycling

For cycling, I rode a bicycle to a town twenty-five miles away and back, completing the fifty miles in eight hours. I had never ridden a bicycle. No ten-speed bikes existed. I bought an standard old bike for three dollars with two flat tires held on with tape. I learned to ride in a couple of weeks, borrowed a good bicycle, and made my fifty miles in five and a half hours.

Forestry

For forestry, I identified fifteen different kinds of trees and spent a weekend planting seedling trees in a new wood lot.

Conservation

For conservation, I worked several days along country roads cutting out and burning infestations of tent caterpillars.

Cooking

For cooking, I baked bread and carved a roast.

Hiking

For hiking, I hiked five miles a day, five days a week, for three months (that requirement has been eliminated) and hike twenty miles in one day. Since I lived two and a half miles from high school, I made the daily hikes without trouble.

Painting

For painting, I mixed paint and painted a large porch, painted a panel in one color with a border of molding in a different color.

Public Health

For public health, I learned about diseases. After retirement, I talked to a doctor and the subject of tuberculosis came up. "Ah, yes," I said. "*The germ is called bacillus tuberculosis, and it looks like this*" as I drew a sketch over fifty-five years after I earned that badge.

Pioneering

For pioneering, I felled small trees, built a log bridge and a signal tower, using square, diagonal, and shear lashings.



Figure 9 -Pioneering Merit Badge and Advertisement (BSA 1926)

[This litany of requirements demonstrates] why I feel that Scouting widened my horizons and opened new worlds to me.

Camp Kekionga – Junior Counselor

In 1928, I worked all summer at Camp Kekionga in the kitchen, classified as a junior counselor. The camp ran for three periods of two weeks each. I slept in the junior leaders' tent and worked in the kitchen: washing pots and pans, making pancakes by the hundreds at breakfast, peeling vegetables, etc. I earned little money, perhaps two or three dollars a week, but I enjoyed camp at no cost other than a few hours labor each day.

I once needed a haircut, and the other junior counselors made a vow among themselves that if I did not get one on my next trip to town, they would give me one. I did not and they did. They cut away a patch about the size of a silver dollar at my hairline in front, right at the middle. It was a good that I spent the next month at camp!

An event in which I played a small part almost caused a major problem. It showed how fads mushroom until they become problems. A group of junior counselors and prominent campers always swam out to an anchored raft when all Scouts took their morning dip. While the rest of us did calisthenics on shore, those on the raft mimicked us by posturing as though worshipping the sun. They called themselves the “sun worshippers.”

One morning, after our setting-up exercises, some of us went out on the pier and found an abandoned fishing line with a small, dead fish on the hook. Someone suggested we bury the fish, and we went through an elaborate mock burial ritual and named the fish Oscar.

The next morning, in competition with the “sun worshippers”, we made a mock ritual of worshipping the idol of the Great Fish God Oscar. I did not start this, but became one of the three or four original Oscarites. In leather craft period, we made Oscar medals for ourselves and the sun-worshippers made medals of their own.

Within two days, the whole camp divided into two contesting groups. Some wrestling and roughhousing brought the competition close to a quarrel and the camp leader formally banned the whole affair.

Summer 1928 closed out Camp Kekionga.

Camp Limberlost

The Fort Wayne Area Boy Scout Council acquired the large [120-acre] rural estate of Gene Stratton-Porter, the famous woman writer of sentimental nature fiction. The new camp was named Limberlost after her original lodge, which was used for offices and training sessions. This camp was on Lake Wawasee [actually Sylvan Lake], much bigger than old Goose Lake at Camp Kekionga. The 80-acre island remained primitive [until 1935]. The main camp was on a big level field some distance from the lodge.

In 1929, the Council established Camp Limberlost. During winter 1934-35, all equipment at Limberlost was hauled across the frozen lake to Camp Big Island. For the next 32 years [through 1967], that large island was developed for scout camping. After 35 years of camping at Big Island at Rome City, the property was worn out and the larger Council size demanded more than an 80-acre island.
- www.awac.org/districts/thunderbird/~media/.../TBirdHistory.ashx

[The Milwaukee Journal, 3/31/1929, reported creation of the 80-acre Limberlost camp from the Stratton-Porter estate at Sylvan Lake, 35 miles north of Fort Wayne.]

'Limperlost' Now Camp for Indiana Boy Scouts

BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Sale of Limberlost, the famous nature home of the late Gene Stratton Porter to Anthony Wayne area council of the Boy Scouts of America as a camping site was announced Saturday.

The home is on the shores of Sylvan lake, 35 miles north of Fort Wayne and was the achievement of a lifetime study of nature and the investment of approximately \$100,000. It was sold for \$20,000 to the Boy Scouts by Mrs. James L. Meehan of Los Angeles, daughter of Mrs. Porter. She is said to have refused considerably more for the property from private enterprise and to have refused to sell it to the state for a park.

Scenes From Nature

Limperlost is one of the most unusual nature spots in America. Ten acres of the 120-acre plot were set aside by Mrs. Porter for imported

plants, herbs, vines and trees and she believed that the collection was unequalled in America.

Mrs. Porter wrote many of her novels at the cabin and the property was the scene of parts of several of them. In particular "The Harvester" was written about the home and in fulfillment of one her last requests the screen adaptation of the novel was photographed there in 1927. Mrs. Porter died following an automobile accident in California in 1924.

Preserve Camp, Plan

The Boy Scouts will attempt to preserve the camp as nearly as possible. It will be used for the summer week's camping visits as well as over night camping trips. A swimming beach will be developed and a water front dock installed.

It is understood that Mrs Meehan sold the property to the Boy Scouts in order that it might be fittingly dedicated to the memory of the novelist-naturalist.

Figure 10 - Camp Limberlost (Milwaukee Journal 3/31/1929)



Figure 11 - Gene Stratton-Porter Home (Indiana State Museum 6/2016)

The Sylvan Lake Improvement Association web site and Dennis Nartker of News Sun, 9/12/2008 separately wrote (merged and edited):

The Gene Stratton-Porter Historical Site is nestled on 125-acres of lakefront on Sylvan Lake with formal gardens and Gene's historic Limberlost North cabin with views of Sylvan Lake's "Big Island." Gene referred to the Big Island as her million-dollar view, which inspired her novels, poetry and nature photography.

In May 2007, the Sylvan Lake Improvement Association purchased Camp Big Island, which contains 77 acres of upland forest, a seven-acre wetland known as Blueberry Bog, and four acres of other wetlands, totaling 110-acres [thus excluding the ten-acre cabin site], for \$1,250,000. The island has 60 types of native plants and trees, the Eastern box turtle and four-toed salamander, both on the state endangered species list. Poison ivy is abundant.

The Anthony Wayne Area Boy Scout Council operated its summer camp on the site from 1935 to 1967. Volunteers removed remnants of the camp to transform the site for education and recreation. The Council sold the island to private interests and ownership changed hands several times over four decades. There were efforts to develop housing before the association purchased the property in March 2007. The island purchase culminated 20 years of effort to keep it in its natural state. Cleaning the island and creating safe walking paths concluded in 2011, removing tons of scrap metal. The grand opening was in spring 2012.

1929 Scout Jamboree in England

The highlight of any Boy Scout's activity would probably be an international Jamboree, especially if held outside the United States. The Third International Jamboree opened on July 31, 1929, and closed on August 12, or approximately two weeks. After it ended, our group took a two-week tour of England and Western Europe. Add a week going over to England and a week coming back yielded a trip of about six weeks.

Chosen among Many

In 1928, when I worked in the kitchen at Camp Kekionga, camp leader John Anguish told assembled campers about the great Jamboree held in 1929. Any Scout whose family paid the \$500 cost could go. Five hundred dollars was out of the question for my family. That equaled four months income for Dad as an average worker.

The Fort Wayne Scout Council would pay the expenses of one Scout chosen based on his record in Scouting. Later that day, I sat on the kitchen steps with some other boys, and one of them said he thought I might be the one. It seemed ridiculous to me. What about the Scout who had seventy merit badges? What about other senior Scouts such as Durward Allen, Ben Glading, and Phil Bowen, whose prowess was legend?

In choosing the winner, the Judges considered experience in camp, activity in troop-building, participation in Scout rallies; time spent aiding headquarters, and civic service.

They chose me from all Scouts in the Council, which included nine northeastern counties in Indiana. To say I was the best Scout in the area would not be true. I was 16 going on 17 years old, average for the boys. Some who outranked me went because their parents paid their way or because a local civic club sponsored them.

The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company in Fort Wayne, or [specifically] Arthur Hall, founder and president paid my way. He later helped me in college.

The six scouts who went from Fort Wayne were:

- Frank Dulin
- Paul Geisenhof
- Charles Gruenert
- Jack Rittenhouse
- Hart Schaaf
- Sam Stringer

From nearby towns within the Council came:

- Lloyd Bowman of Kendallville
- James Burk of Decatur
- Harvey Price of Ossian

We became Provisional Troop 15 of the U.S. contingent. Two adult leaders and five scouts from smaller Michigan councils joined the troop to total sixteen in the troop, just enough to fill two eight-man tents.

The Scouts from Michigan were:

- Howard Ellis
- Robert Harrington
- Cotter Hirschberg
- Alfred Otis
- Charles Woodson

The story of that Third Jamboree is in the book, *The Scout Jamboree Book*, compiled from accounts by several Scouts and with a foreword by James I. West; G.P.Putnam's Sons, New York, 1930 (cloth, 177pp, illus.). It contained the complete U.S. roster. The roster of Provisional Troop 15 is on page 166.

Jamboree Uniform

Each of us had to acquire the prescribed uniform. This included the flat-brimmed Stetson hat, similar to that worn by Canadian Mounties or Marine drill instructors, woolen shirt, [military-grade] Melton broadcloth wool shorts, a plaid woolen lumberjack, an oiled cloth poncho for rain, shoes, Scout belt, neckerchief, and Jamboree knapsack (a simple large backpack with a pocket inside the large flap and shoulder straps). Everything went in the pack with no extra baggage. I bought each piece through odd jobs to earn the money.

Leaders

It was not easy to find an adult leader. Most men could not spare two months from their job. Louis “Louie” Miller, Scoutmaster of Troop 25 in Fort Wayne was chosen. He was a factory foreman with a heart of gold and a hand of iron. However, he was not equipped to help us get the most out of the tour through Western Europe after the Jamboree.

Our second adult leader, William “Billy” Geal, was Canadian. In World War I, he served in the ground crew for the ace aviator Bishop.

In early summer 1929, our Jamboree contingent trained at the [newly created] Camp Limberlost for two weeks, but otherwise I had no other local camp attendance [that year].

Embarking by Ship

We left Fort Wayne by steam railroad, via Detroit to Toronto. We boarded a Cunard liner at Toronto, but it may have been down the Saint Lawrence River at Montreal. No transatlantic passenger airplanes existed.

At Montreal, we toured the high Montmorency Falls, the Chateau Frontenac, and the Plains of Abraham, where British general Wolfe's men defeated Montcalm's French in the French and Indian War.



Figure 12 - Cunard Steamships from Toronto

We headed down the Saint Lawrence and out to sea in the most economical class. Our cabin was eight feet square with a pair of double deck single bunks along each wall.

It was not a large ship. I recall no table or chairs. We stored our packs under the lower bunk. At the end of the cabin, was a cabinet with a hinged front. Lower that front and a washbasin appeared with running water. All other bath facilities were down the hall.

The 1,300 U.S. Scouts went over in eighteen ships from various ports. It was not a troopship operation. We mingled with regular passengers. With dining halls for first and second class, we ate in the second class in two shifts or sittings. The food was superb, with a printed menu each day with many foreign foods new to us.

We stayed in our cabin very little, but met on deck or in several recreation rooms. Soon we left the mouth of the Saint Lawrence into the open Atlantic. All of us became seasick. I never felt so wretched. For at least two days, there was constant nausea and vomiting. We feared either we would die, or afraid we would not die.

It took five days of open sea to make the crossing. We were all up and around for the last two or three days. We sighted the tip of Ireland, entered the Irish channel, and steamed to Liverpool. We landed and took a ferryboat across the Mersey River to Birkenhead and then out by bus to Arrowe Park, the Jamboree location.

Jamboree Camp

The Jamboree camp had large open spaces interspersed with groves of trees. A large semi-circular grandstand for spectators faced an open arena for daily demonstrations. The surrounding camps of delegations came from seventy-five countries, some as small as two or three tents, others quite large.

We suffered our first embarrassment in that our camp was too splendid. All other Scouts camped in their tents used for hiking and camping. However, Congress sent soldiers to set up large [military] tents for us: Army officers' tents and squad tents holding eight cots each, with iron field stoves, mess tables, and other Army gear. We had to explain constantly that this was not how we camped.

However, we were glad for this equipment for it rained almost every day. The mud was gooey and three inches deep almost everywhere with fifty thousand boys. Each day, we made some sort of demonstration in the arena or watched one. However, the real objective was fraternization and observation. At any time, at least half of all the boys roamed around to see how others lived and worked as Scouts.

I made special friends with a Scout leader from Scotland. There were Rover Scouts, a British group of Scouts over fifteen years old, and I knew one of these from South Africa, named V.D. Dunn, and another from Kalgoorlie, West Australia. There was much exchanging of badges and small personal mementoes. [All the] boys were much the same all over the world with small innovations everywhere. The Australians painted the sides of their pup tents with real art work, scenes of forest and field and wild animals, each an original. Why let so much canvas go to waste?



Figure 13 - American and German Scouts at World Jamboree - 1929

A decade later, these same boys locked in a titanic struggle in World War II. American Scouts wore short pants at jamborees and camps, but usually wore knickers at home. - <http://histclo.com/youth/youth/org/sco/country/us/scoutus.htm>

After days of answering innumerable questions, the same ones repeatedly from Liverpool citizens who visited the camp every afternoon, we started to tell tall stories so outlandish I am sure few believed them. I told one group that my father owned a rattlesnake ranch where we raised rattlesnakes for their skins. We bred them to be fat, killed them, cut them across the middle, and skinned them. This gave two pieces of skin that were wide at one end and tapering to a point, exactly the shape of gores in an umbrella. Therefore, we made much-sought rattlesnake skin umbrellas, which commanded a very high price.

The Jamboree officially opened when Sir Robert Baden-Powell blew a long deep note on a kudu horn, just as he had when he founded the first English Scout camp in 1907, starting the movement. The kudu is a type of African antelope with long twisted horns.

A royal visitor came to the U.S. camp: the Prince of Wales, who became King Edward but renounced his throne to marry Wallis Simpson. I was in the front rank that day and took a photograph, but he was still too far away for the picture to print clearly.

I supervised the cooking for our troop and for another nearby troop. We cooked for fifty boys. We received an allotment of foodstuffs and a prescribed menu each day. Usually we had no problem as the dishes were simple. Almost each day we received some new food item, as did the camps of other nations. When they distributed Shredded Wheat biscuits to all fifty thousand boys, some nations thought they were a new type of scouring pad and complained that these pads disintegrated too quickly in the dishpan!

One day we received a quantity of English haricot beans of a light color and shaped somewhat like a small lima bean. When boiled in the usual fashion, they had a slightly bitter taste which we did not like. I quickly collected a tuppence [a two-cent coin] from each boy in our section, bought some catsup bottles at the Jamboree commissary, and added this and brown sugar so the beans turned out to be palatable.

I wrote one or two long articles describing what we did to the News-Sentinel newspaper back home in Fort Wayne. While touring [Europe] after the Jamboree, I wrote a letter to Sir Robert Baden-Powell in appreciation and added that I wished the American Scouts had a higher-age category such as the Rover Scouts. I was astonished to receive a personal reply shortly after I returned home. It was short and pleasant. Some years later, the Americans launched the Explorer Scout category for older boys. I am sure that my letter had no impact or was only a grain of sand in the hourglass. I wish I kept that letter.

Mementos

I came home with two especially treasured mementoes. One was a "thumb stick" from Rover V.D. Dunn. It was an official [walking] staff with all British Rover Scouts and a great aid in walking. Like a ski pole with a thumb in the crotch, it gave a little jaunty push in stride. When resting on a hike, it propped from behind to support the backpack.



Figure 14 - U.K. Hazel Wood Thumb Stick

A good thumb stick was made of willow slightly thicker than one's thumb. To make one, look for a straight [branch] with a perfect V-shaped fork at the end. With arm straight out, the length of the staff would be from thumb to the ground. Each boy made his own. The bottom end had a ferrule as on the end of a cane. The owner carved his name into the side. A leather thong tied down its length fit over a shoulder as in a rifle sling.

Many countries had small national badges of metal sold in curio shops. People tacked these onto walking canes. Rover Scouts put them on their thumb sticks. Mine already had some badges on it when I acquired it, and I added more on our post-Jamboree tour.

The other memento was a "fly-whisk" obtained in a swap with an Egyptian Scout. This had a bunch of white horsehairs tied to the end of a carved handle about a foot long. In places where flies were a big nuisance, one swished this around to keep flies away.



Figure 15 - Jamboree Ribbon Medal – 8/1929

Touring nearby England

We did not spend all day, every day in the Jamboree camp. Sometimes in the late afternoons, we walked to nearby towns. Distances between small towns and villages are short in England, sometimes only two or three miles apart. Sheep and cattle keep the grass cropped so short that it is almost like walking across a golf course.

At other times, we went into Liverpool. Once, we went to a stage play mystery by Edgar Wallace. We did a lot of window-shopping. I left home with forty-five dollars for expenses, which was only a dollar a day [for six weeks], so I could not spend much.

In the second week of the Jamboree, a detachment of us went on a short side trip to the walled town of Chester. We had some free time for shopping. On a little cobbled side street, sandwiched between two old buildings, was a small shop, barely six feet by six, with a faded signboard "Collectors Curios Corner" and dirty windows with many small panes. It was presided over by an old fat fellow who kept calling us "Yankee swells."

I bought my first antiquarian book there, a copy of an odd volume of a set on *The Lives and Sayings of the Most Famous of the Ancient Philosophers*, printed in London, 1696, and in the original leather. It still had the armorial bookplate of "Capt. Robert Hinde, near Hitchen Herts." I bought a stubby English bayonet and scabbard. The two items cost me \$1.20. My antiquarian book career may have started there, on 8/7/1929. The book held my interest, not at all [monetarily] valuable, but I read it all.

I took many photographs at the Jamboree and have most of them [in 1987 but since lost]. On August 13, there was a final ceremony, equally triumphant and sad, ending this great adventure. The next day we packed and left. [I suspect] the same Army contingent that erected our camp took it down.

Tour of Western Europe

England

We headed out on our “European tour.” Not all 1,300 U.S. Scouts traveled as a single contingent. Eighty to a hundred boys in our party, enough to be manageable, fit into one hotel, and accommodated in two or three sightseeing buses.

It was a standard tourist package tour. In hotel rooms, we slept four to six in a room, with a couple of us on pallets on the floor. Everything moved like clockwork. On the entire six-week trip, no one became sick, injured, lost, or late. For this, I give credit to [leaders] Louie Miller and Billy Geal.

We zigzagged from Liverpool to London, with a stop at Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, through Coventry, at Oxford, and into London. What we saw appears in any travel brochure. Aged at only 16 years with unsophisticated leaders, we did not always understand what we saw. However, the most basic impressions included amazement at how much the world looked like home. There were homes, roads, trees, grass, and rivers. England was not all yellow as shown on the map!

While touring a Birmingham steel mill, in a vast room full of black machinery, smoke, and thunderous noise, I asked a young workman what he earned in a week. “*Two pounds*,” he said. In 1929, that was about ten American dollars. [For comparison, Jack’s experienced machinist father made \$28 a week (\$500 in four months).]

In Shakespeare homes, I observed low ceilings of most rooms. In one Windsor Castle trophy room, I saw a peacock of solid gold and real gems, with a body the size of a small football. In London, we booked into the Russell Square Hotel. On a recent visit, I found it replaced with a big modern hotel. We visited the British Museum and other sights.

Belgium

We took a train to Dover and boarded a channel steamship for Ostend, Belgium. I feared seasickness while sitting in a large cabin. Hung from a peg on the wall, a towel swayed back and forth. A tinge of feeling came on me, so I rose and went out on deck and the feeling went away. At Ostend, we took a train into Brussels and [walked] to our hotel.

That evening, some of us walked the streets to a shop that sold pastries and ice cream. One pastry, a cherry pie with a latticed crust called a tart caught our appetite. We ordered it served in four large pieces. We wanted it a la mode, topped with ice cream, but the waitress could not understand. So we each ordered a dish of ice cream, which we upended atop the pie. Back at the counter, the waitresses broke into amazed cries.

The next morning, in the hotel dining room, there was a small silver-plated pitcher beside each plate. It looked like an individual syrup pitcher and warm to the touch. We thought we would be served pancakes. When none came, one of the boys poured some of the contents into a spoon and tasted it: Hot chocolate! Therefore, we filled our cups. Never in my life, before or since, have had I ever tasted chocolate like that. Mix a melted Hershey bar with whipping cream and honey and it barely approached that flavor. Within fifteen minutes, our contingent cleaned out all the chocolate in the hotel.

We toured the usual Brussels sights and a huge military museum. There were aisles upon aisles of Belgian army uniforms and weapons of all eras since the medieval. Warplanes of World War I hung from the ceilings: Spads, Nieuports, and Fokkers. Cannon stood on the [main] floor from all periods with the small tanks used in World War I. One tank had a bloodstained gaping hole in its side. Outside the museum, we saw the site where the German troops executed Nurse Edith Cavell (1865-1915) in World War I. [This British nurse in Belgium actively assisted 200 Allied prisoners to escape to neutral Holland.]

Waterloo

We visited the battlefield of Waterloo, where the British under Wellington gave Napoleon his final defeat. I had a great surprise and impression. In the previous year, I gave an oral report in my history class under my teacher Rex Potterf. My subject was the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. I prepared well and drew battle maps on the blackboard in colored chalk describing each phase of the battle. After that battle, they built a conical mound in the center of the battle area with steps leading to an elevated viewpoint. When we got up top, the whole battlefield appeared just as it was during the battle. Every field, lane, and farmhouse was just the same. The Scouts near me got a second oral report!

However, the main effect was upon me, for this brought history to life more than anything else I saw on the entire trip. This relation of history to life has remained with me ever since, especially in the American Southwest, where we were still so close to its history.

Germany

We rarely stayed more than a day or two at any place. From Brussels, we went by train across the border to Cologne, Germany, saw its cathedral and the Rhine. I added a metal badge souvenir to my thumb-stick. Often reminders of home surprised us. There was a red-fronted Woolworth store in Oxford and another in Cologne. The merchandise was always partly familiar, with partly unfamiliar local items.

We left Cologne and drove the west bank of the Rhine by motorbus through Bonn where Beethoven had lived and on to Coblenz. We took a Rhine steamship to Mains. This was pre-Hitler Germany. The last of Allied occupation troops from World War I were just then leaving this part of Germany. [Adolf Hitler came to power only four years later.]

Switzerland

We went by rail to Lucerne, Switzerland, on the shore of its lake. We stayed in several small hotels, a few boys in each. One crooked little bridge crossed a small body of water. It was roofed over, and at each zigzag there was a painting overhead of the Dance of Death. They said the zigzags prevented evil spirits from following.

Up a side street, a short walk from the hotel, in a niche on a canyon wall was a statue of a dying lion, pierced by a broken spear. This "Lion of Lucerne" was a monument to the Swiss Guards who died defending Louis XVI of France during the French Revolution. Many shops sold copies of the Lion, some carved in wood, along with small woodcarvings of bears, other animals, and cuckoo clocks.



Figure 16 - Lion of Lucerne

We took a boat across placid Lake Lucerne under a clear sky, where we boarded a cog railway up mount Rigi, to Rigi Kulm, its top. This cog railway ran up an extremely steep incline. A [large] gear beneath fitted into a toothed rail. At the top of one of the lesser Alps, we looked out across miles of countryside. This first experience on a mountaintop awed me. I have since seen better views in the central Rockies west of Denver.

France

We left Lucerne by steam train across France to Paris. The thoroughness of French farming impressed me. Every square foot was cultivated. In America, farmers did not bother to plow and cultivate right up to the fences or into corners of fields as in France.

Paris is not for a teenager of 16 years. We booked into the Hotel Imperator on an upper floor. I looked out our window to the mansard roof of a house directly across. In one window, there was a flower box with a small child tending the flowers: charming!

With these usual bus tours, we became [overly] sated by the whirlwind of sightseeing. We visited Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, the Louvre, Les Invalides, the Arc de Triomphe, the Champs Elysee, the Opera House, La Madeleine, and all of the famous spots. I bought postcards instead of taking photographs.

We most enjoyed free time to walk around, but did not do much of that. One Fort Wayne boy knew high school French and could understand directions. We went to the big department stores, walked along the Seine, and turned off onto Rue St. Antoine, having shades of Dickens *Tale of Two Cities*, where the French Revolution was most active.

We walked down the street, and an old crone approached us, taking bites out of what appeared to be a chunk of raw liver held in a piece of newspaper in her hand. We stared at her. When she saw us she said, “*A bas, les Americains*” (Down with the Americans) and spat into the gutter. We felt like unwanted foreigners, which was not pleasant.

One evening, we came upon a pastry shop with a window open to the sidewalk with rows of delicious pastries. We pooled our coins and bought a large sack, gorging on them.

We took a bus trip through the countryside to visit the battlefields of World War I. In my **California State Guard** chapter, I described some of what I saw on that [between-the-wars] day. The cemeteries and ruins had a deep effect on us. At a “relief stop”, I walked among the rank weeds along the roadside. Seeing a bit of metal, I kicked at it and turned up a World War I canteen with a bullet hole through it. This [alone] brought that war to me in reality, as much as any formal cemetery seen through a bus window.

We became homesick as Paris had not welcomed us much. We started homeward

Heading Home by Ship

We caught a train to Cherbourg and by nightfall came aboard a Cunard steamship, a twin to the one on which we voyaged to England. It stopped at Southampton to pick up more passengers and supplies.

The voyage west across the Atlantic was rough, but none of us became seasick. The Graf Zeppelin dirigible headed west that week above the Atlantic and it reported to us that the storm through which we traveled was unusual.



Figure 17 - Graf Zeppelin

The Graf-Zeppelin LZ-127 was a German hydrogen-filled airship for passenger service. It was 776 feet long and 100 feet in diameter with a top speed of 80 mph.
- <http://www.probertencyclopaedia.com>

Our ship rolled and pitched. Potted trees in the lounge slid across the room. Only once did I go on deck, up in the bow. The waves seemed immense. One minute the ship headed into a mountain of water and the next minute we descended into a hole. We got through the storm and later saw a few icebergs, majestic floating mountains of white ice.

We enjoyed ourselves in the recreation rooms. In the evenings, there was dancing. Not many of the Scouts could dance, but I could dance a little. There was one girl present, a Dresden china beauty under the vigilant eye of her chaperon. She was one of those girls who were so pretty that a boy is afraid to touch her because she might break.

Our Fort Wayne boys each dared another to ask her for a dance, but not one of us moved. I went forward and asked her for a dance, which she accepted. It was a short dance and only partly good, because the ship rolled and pitched. We would come out of a [dance] step to find that the floor was a foot either higher or lower than expected.

We disembarked at Toronto and caught the train home. It took most of that day to reach Detroit, where the five Michigan Scouts and Billy Geal left us with serious farewells. On we went across Michigan. Just after dark that September evening, we crossed the state line into Indiana. We all broke into singing *Back Home Again in Indiana*. In a few hours late into the night, we reached Fort Wayne where our families waited to greet us.

Home never seemed so good. The trip was a great experience that changed and matured us. The boy who got off that train in Fort Wayne was approaching young manhood and far different from the excited twelve year old who, in 1924, hurried home in the rain with his first Boy Scout Handbook inside his mackinaw. Not quite five years had passed.

After returning from the Jamboree, I entered my senior year in Central High School. I became Junior Assistant Scoutmaster of Troop 35, did after-school work for the Fort Wayne public library, became president of the high school senior class, kept active in Methodist church work, and joined a small semi-official fraternity.

Sea Scouts

At seventeen, I became bored with Troop 35. Each year new Tenderfoots entered, but the gulf is great between boys twelve and seventeen years old. Few of the original gang was active. My brother Howard rose up in the troop, but Dad felt the effect of years and no longer cared for a night's sleep in a pup tent. [He led the troop until at least 1935.]

Early in 1930, some of we older Scouts discussed formation of a Sea Scout "ship," as they call their troops. With no Explorer Scouts then, this was the only way we could remain active. Therefore, we organized Sea Scout Ship "Sea Eagle" at Central High School. Our Skipper (scoutmaster) was Bob Loveland. We obtained use of an old barn down near the river, and on its [upper] hayloft floor, we made the layout of a ship's deck. Loveland was a Navy man and knew the protocol [along with] the *Sea Scout Handbook*.

We climbed a ship's ladder to board the "deck" [in the loft] for our meetings. We obtained a Navy longboat with eight heavy oars. For camping trips, we rowed up the Saint Joseph or Saint Mary's rivers from Fort Wayne. We secured a Lake Erie type catboat kept on the lake at Limberlost for some sailing. Some of our old Troop 35 boys transferred to the "Sea Eagle," so we still had part of the old gang. However, my activity in the Sea Scouts ended when I graduated from high school

Adult Role with Scouts

During spring 1930, I worked part-time at Scout headquarters as an office boy. I ran the mimeograph and addressing machine, edited the Council monthly newspaper, and did other jobs for about ten hours a week, at twenty-five or thirty cents an hour. Because of this [office work] and my Jamboree experience, I got a job at Camp Limberlost for the summer of 1930 as camp adjutant. This was a responsible post with a small salary.

My principal job was to see that all campers registered in and out properly, with fees paid, and to take charge of seeing that all programs at the camp functioned on time with the proper instructors. I had little to do with the actual camp. I merely acted as a clerk and check-up man. At least, I got out of the kitchen!

Earlier in 1930, I attended a weekend conference at the camp lodge to hear William Tompkins, a professional lecturer on Indian sign language. He had done a book on the signs, which is still one of the two best books on the subject. From him, I learned over three hundred Indian signs and could converse fairly well in sign language.

At the Jamboree, I made the acquaintance of some Scouts and Scout leaders in foreign lands, including Scotland. I thought I might somehow get to Scotland during the summer of 1930 and earn my way by teaching their Scouts some Indian sign language. I did not expect to make much money but thought it would be a good self-supporting vacation. Common sense and the job as camp adjutant ended that idea. Tompkins said I would have been a sensation, as would anyone.

Role Model – Robert “Bob” Fink

Scouting puts a boy in the path of possible important role models. A boy will not make himself a clone, but may only observe characteristics that he admires and will follow.

The one person who had this effect most on me was Robert Fink. Bob was 25 when I was 17. I saw him at some sessions at Camp Kekionga. In 1950, he was a professor at Kenyon College, but in that summer he was on vacation from graduate work at Cornell University. He was a specialist in Latin and Greek. He was studying French and German to read texts in those languages about Latin and Greek. This tremendously impressed me.

He introduced me to a better level of literature and gave me Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives Tale* to read; far from the greatest English novel, but still a good step above *Ivanhoe*.

Bob was a great storyteller in the old tradition. At Kekionga, he held the campfire circle spellbound with stories from Rudyard Kipling, such as *The Cat Who Walked by Himself*, [which I later recorded myself on tape for my daughter Anne,] or *The Butterfly that Stamped Its Foot*. He told a bloodcurdling sea story about a pirate named *Thundering Billy Blue*. He did not read these. He told them, with changes of voice and accent.

At the Jamboree, I noticed a type of knife that the older [Rover] Scouts wore. It had its origin in Scotland, called a "skene dhu" or black knife. Scotsmen who wore kilts usually had stockings that came up almost to the knee. So did British Boy Scouts, whose uniform included such stockings and shorts. The "skene dhu" came in a thin sheath that could fit down along the right calf, inside the stocking at the top. The outer end of the knife handle had an angled shape that fitted over the top muscle in a man's calf, so it would not fly out even when he was running.

*The **sgian-dubh** (Anglicised as *skean dhu*) is a small, singled-edged knife (Gaelic *sgian*) worn as part of Scottish Highland dress along with the kilt. It is tucked into the top of the kilt hose with only the upper portion of the hilt visible. The *sgian-dubh* is normally worn on the right leg. Although the primary meaning of *dubh* is "black", the secondary meaning of "hidden" is based on the stories and theories surrounding the knife's origin. Alternate English spellings include "**skene-dhu**" and "*skean-dhu*" – Wikipedia.com*

I bought two, including one for Bob Fink. He was delighted with his. We choreographed a mock knife fight in which we pretended to quarrel and drew our knives to impress newly arrived Tenderfoot campers. In 1985, I tried to find a "skene dhu" at the official Scout store in London, but no one there knew what it was any more.

Bob Fink was the acknowledged master of Indian lore. He made a fine bow using only a hatchet and a knife. He could chip an arrowhead from a piece of flint. Bob knew their lore of plants and trees. He ran most camp activities on the [80-acre primitive] island at Camp Limberlost.

He once made a fried bacon and egg sandwich with a pocketknife as the only utensil. First, he built a fire atop a flat rock. While the fire heated the rock, with his knife he whittled a twig as thick as your thumb into a sort of spatula, flat, thin ended. When the rock was hot, he used a branch with leaves to sweep the ashes and coals off to one side, making the hot surface as clean as possible. He put two strips of bacon on the hot rock; they fried and greased the rock. With the stick spatula, he lifted off the bacon and placed it atop a slice of bread, laying it aside on some leaves. He took the second slice of bread and broke a hole in its center about the size of a silver dollar, retaining the round piece removed. He placed this slice of bread on the still-hot rock and broke the egg into the hole in the middle of the bread, breaking the yolk with the spatula. The egg fried quickly. When done, he placed the round piece of bread back atop the hole, and with the spatula, turned the slice of bread and the egg over, laid the bacon on it, and then the second slice on which the bacon was resting. Voila! He made a fried-egg sandwich.

Towards the end of that summer at Camp Limberlost, I thought about college. Bob Fink gave me a piece of serious lasting advice:

"You can get anything you want, or be anything you want to be, or do anything you want to do," he said, "If you are willing to pay the price."

He pointed out that, according to the goal, the price might be severe hard work, loneliness, or sacrifice. It might mean the loss of health, conscience, or honor. I thought long about becoming a Boy Scout executive or leader.

When I started in college in fall 1930, it was a toss-up for me which way that path led. I did not like some aspects. For example, a Boy Scout executive, even in a city as large as Fort Wayne, could not be seen playing golf. The Scouts depended upon large contributions from businessmen. If they saw the man whose salary came from their charity squandering his time on golf, they reduced their contributions.

The same applied to ministers, "public servants", and teachers. The feeling that I would have to be submissive to wealthy patrons galled me. It was one reason why I never pursued either school teaching or professional Boy Scout work.

When the Camp Limberlost closed that summer in 1930, my life in Scouting more or less ended with it.

Epilogue

While I was in college at Terre Haute that fall, I did a little work with Troop 26 in that city, and I gave some demonstrations in Indian sign language. In fall 1931, I worked at the Scout headquarters in Terre Haute, doing janitorial work in return for sleeping in a basement room. In 1948, I was a committeeman of Troop 651 in Los Angeles, and I went out on a couple of camping trips, but the old [youthful] magic of Scouting had passed.

Most of the original boys of Troop 35 remained friends for years. Some served as pallbearers at the funerals of Dad and Mother.

- Frank Boley became owner of a large machine shop.
- Walter Ehrman (1913-1983) rose in the Fort Wayne fire department.
- Russ Harnish did well on the police force.
- Carlyle “Bud” Pio owned a large grocery in town before the advent of major chain groceries. His wife died in 1977.

Most of the boys never moved over a short day's motor drive from Fort Wayne for the rest of their life, although several went to Florida in their final years. I moved all around the country and lost touch with them.

When I first went to Camp Kekionga in 1926, one of the most senior boys there was Durward “Peewee” Allen. He had a sash full of merit badges and was intensely interested in Indian craft. He had much to do with the authentic campfire rituals. He became a naturalist, wrote at least one book, and forty years later was on television as one of the best experts on the grizzly bear.

I sometimes ran into someone connected with my Scouting days. At the University of New Mexico, the administrative secretary was John Durrie, a 1929 Jamboree Scout. At a university conference in Logan, Utah in 1972, I ran into Austin Fife, a Jamboree Scout who became a professor at Utah State University and wrote two books on folklore. Both men came from towns other than Fort Wayne. One boy in our own Jamboree troop, Cotter Hirschberg, became a medical doctor with the famed Menninger Institute.

Scouting only opens doors for boys and girls. They go through those doors by themselves, but so many children do not even have windows. Every boy and girl should have at least a taste of Scouting, and if lucky find a good [hiking and camping] troop.