

## A TRIBUTE TO BOY SCOUT TROOP 104 ON ITS 75TH ANNIVERSARY

Compiled By

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This is not intended to be a definitive history of Troop 104, but rather, a selection of highlights in the history of the troop, on the occasion of its 75th anniversary.

Originally chartered January 31, 1916, Troop 104 is the oldest Boy Scout troop in Arlington County and one of the few troops in the country to be continuously chartered for seventy-five years. Originally sponsored by the First Baptist Church of Clarendon and known as Troop 53, the troop became #104 when the Washington Council of Boy Scouts of America assumed jurisdiction over the troops in nearby Virginia. In 1917 and 1918 the sponsoring institution was the Clarendon Methodist Episcopal Church South, and in 1919 it was sponsored by both the Methodist and Baptist churches. Since 1920 the troop has been sponsored solely by Clarendon United Methodist Church.

While it is not possible to list all the boys who have been members, it is of interest to name the boys who were members of the troop under the original charter:

William Hershey	Bernard Kingsolver
William Hohein	Oscar Hohein
Lyle Fountain	Lyman Kelly
Roland Simpson	Millard Caldwell
William Menefee	Astor Clarke
R.M. Thomas	Frank Watt
Rex Furr	Charles W. Dey
Thurston Furr	Edwin Godbold
Millard Newman	

The dedicated men who have served as Scoutmaster, in order of service are:

William W. Mainhall, 1916-17	Douglas Grantham, 1943-44
Ralph M. Thomas, 1917-18	George Atkinson, 1944-46
William F. Clark, 1918	Albert H. Tillson, 1946-50
George F. Dennis, 1919-20	Geane B. Gill, 1950-51
Thomas E. O'Halloran, 1920-21	David B. Gray, 1951-53
Ralph M. Thomas, 1921-23	Earl M. Hagaman, 1953-56
Willard H. Parker, 1923-25	Malcolm D. Miller, 1956-57
Percy L. Ports, 1925-40	Paul L. Glover, 1957-60
Albert H. Tillson, 1940-43	Albert M. Bowers, 1960

John R. Tietjen, 1960-63  
Paul L. Van Cleef, 1963-67  
Stephen P. Barber, 1967-72  
Fred Gilbert, 1972-74

Don Dickson, 1975-82  
John Haller, 1983-84  
Harold Nemecheck, 1984-87  
Bill Hunt, 1988-91

### **The Cubs**

Meetings of younger boys, 9 to 12 years of age, started early in 1937 in several homes and in the Clarendon Methodist Church basement. In September 1938 an official group was registered with seventeen boys and a Pack Committee of Messrs. Morscher, Oeller, Noble, Holden, Cubmaster Herbert A. Brentlinger, and Assistant Cubmaster Hubert Burner. The pack was expanded from this den to a group of seven dens and approximately sixty cubs and a full committee. This was the first Cub Pack chartered in Arlington County.

Following are reminiscences and recollections of several men who took an active part in the early days of Troop 104.

### **EARLY IMPRESSIONS**

By

Ivan Washburn

When I was a small boy I saw the Scouts marching down Clarendon Avenue (now Irving Street) from the center of Clarendon to the woods just beyond the Presbyterian Church. It was all woods then with many hiking paths. The boys then and in later years were in full uniform — britches, blouse and field hat, much like the Army uniform.

It was not until about 1926 that I became interested and joined Troop 104. The Scoutmaster was Percy Ports, a man of versatile abilities. He had been president of a college, an oil engineer travelling throughout South America, and at the time I joined, he was working for the government in Washington. Under his guidance the troop prospered while other troops folded up. Shortly before World War II Mr. Ports' office was transferred to Dallas, Texas. After a long and active career in scouting, he handed over the reins to Albert Tillson, a very capable young man.

In those days scouting was very different than it is today. The adventure of hiking into the woods and cooking our own meals over an open fire was a challenging experience. Hiking into the woods was not a long hike at that time. South of Pershing Drive east of Glebe Road was all woods. There were no houses around and for all intents and purposes we could be a

thousand miles from civilization. Arlington Forest was all woods and Arlington Boulevard had not been cut through. We were not limited to these locations. We were driven by car to more remote areas. Once we had an overnight camp on the Massanutten Mountain Camp Ground. There we caught a baby flying squirrel. When we let him go he scampered up a tree and sailed off. Once we camped in the area out 16th Street North, west of Glebe Road. That was all woods then. Next morning a snowstorm came up after breakfast making it necessary for us to wait in the tents until cars came to pick us up in the forenoon.

The two things we looked forward to most were going to Camp Roosevelt and the Camporee. The cost of camp was nominal and most boys could go for a week. In the early days, we would take the trolley car from Clarendon and by a series of transfers to streetcars in Washington, arrive at the train station at 15th and H Streets N.E. There we boarded the Chesapeake Beach Rail Road, a steam line connecting Washington and Chesapeake Beach (later Seaside). Chesapeake Beach was an amusement park complete with roller coaster, all on piles over the water. Over the years storms washed it all away. It was later replaced on land, with a boardwalk built out over the water, on which were shops and games of chance. However, because of the rising cost of real estate, and declining numbers of customers, it was sold and condominiums were built on the site.



A Troop 104 camping trip. Left to right, Mr. Ports, unknown, ??? Simpson, Delmar Ports (standing), Ernest Hagan, Harry Chase (standing), unknown, Clifford Ricker.

As we Scouts left the train at the beach, we would go out on the pier where Capt. Hazzard had his 40-foot "Chesapeake Bay Canoe," a power boat, waiting. A four-mile boat ride down the Bay took us to Camp Roosevelt, located on a 50-acre area at Calvert Cliffs. The camp was laid out in a line parallel to the shoreline. At the top was the assembly hall. The tents (later open air cabins) were in a line on one side of the assembly area. Near the other end was the dining hall, with sick bay on the second floor. This was near the edge of the cliff and in later years was abandoned due to eroding of the cliffs.

The tents were WWI pyramid type with sidewall on a wooden platform holding 12 cots. Behind each tent was a wooden table, cold water spigot, and a number of portable wash basins. Our troop would arrange to have one tent for itself. When I went to camp in 1930 the Maryland road system had improved to the extent that we could drive to within a mile or two of the camp on macadam roads. Then we went via a dirt road the rest of the way to camp. This was by Model T Ford and was quite a trip. The tents were later replaced by bunkhouses with four foot siding and open the rest of the way up. Uprights held the roof and canvas rolls protected from driving rain.

Living together was educational. The cabins were inspected each morning. They had to be swept clean, beds made, luggage neatly packed and open for inspection, shoes under the bed, and no debris adrift. The group was rated and the cabin with the highest rating was given the flag to display on the front of the cabin.

All kinds of Scouting classes were available, making it possible for a Scout to advance in rank or obtain a number of merit badges. Swimming was in the afternoon and due to the seclusion of the camp, birthday suits were worn except on Sunday when families came to visit. However, in later years the increasing salinity of the bay and the sea nettles made swimming and life saving classes impossible. This and the increasing value of real estate necessitated relocating and the camp was sold.

The Camporee was always looked forward to. The troop would select eight boys from various patrols and make up a special camping patrol, which competed in camping, nature, first aid, etc. projects. It was not a helter skelter event. We had practiced many times and we did well, as the red and the gray stars on the old troop flag attest. Several times we did so well that we went to the District Camporee where only the best of the several areas participated. We came in second in the whole Washington area.

The area (division) on the Virginia side of the river was the fifth division. Our camporees were held at Terrell's Field, approximately where Cherrydale United Methodist Church is now located. We went by car to Cherrydale



where we hiked through the woods to Terrell's Field. There we were inspected to assure the packs had not fallen apart.

In those days we camped as a unit, the cooks cooking for the whole patrol. However, when we went out on other than Camporee practice we cooked individually using the small Boy Scout cook kit. Many times we would hike out for an evening hike, cooking our meal and then returning to the church after dark.

I well remember one occasion. We hiked down through Thrifton and down to the river bank. There we tried to prepare our individual cooking fires, but it had rained for a week and everything was wet. To make matters worse, it had turned cold and all the wet wood was frozen. Nothing would burn. We were a cold and hungry, miserable lot.

My father was Assistant Scoutmaster. He was a woodsman from the Adirondack mountains. Carrying a lightweight long-handle ax, he found a dead tree that had fallen. He chopped out a section about six feet long and four or five inches in diameter and using Scout axes as wedges, quartered it. Then he split out the center section of each of the four pieces. These were dry. Cutting them up he was able to build a fire. We all dumped our wet wood on his fire and soon had a roaring fire, cooked our food, got good and warm, put out the fire and hiked home.

## FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS

By

Hubert Burner

I lived at 10th and Harrison Streets in Arlington and when I was 10 years old I walked to Clarendon, about two and one-half miles, to join Scout Troop 104. Percy Ports was the Scoutmaster. Mr. Ports hiked when the boys hiked and rode when the boys rode, and he could beat me playing tennis. He managed to keep the older boys active in his troop at a time when other students in school laughed at Boy Scouts for wearing uniforms. As a result, the troop won the first aid contest held in the Fort Myer gym and were always contenders for winning the camporees and projectorees.

Boy Scout Troop 104 sponsored Cub Scout Pack 104. Col. and Mrs. Brentlinger were the leaders. Charles Hamilton and I acted as den chiefs and were the first den chiefs in Arlington.

On one of our camping trips, I was accused of hitting Robert Ware in the leg with a dart. Years later, after he had become a doctor, I went to see him for treatment. He called his nurse in and told her to get the dullest

needle she could find. He said he had been waiting a long time to get even for that dart.

I was registered as Assistant Scoutmaster when I was drafted into the Army. When I returned, and went to visit the troop, I had my picture taken with Mr. Ports. That picture appears with this story.



Hubert Burner (left) with Scoutmaster Percy Ports, about 1943.

## I REMEMBER

By

Robert E. Hynes

Percy L. Ports was Scoutmaster of Troop 104 when I joined as a Tenderfoot on May 16, 1934, my 12th birthday. Mr. Ports was a grand old man who spent thousands of volunteer hours teaching Scoutcraft to the boys of Troop 104. His son, Delbert, assisted him with hikes and camping trips.

Scout meetings were held on Friday nights at 7 p.m. in the basement of the Clarendon Methodist Church which was the old church building located on Tenth Street North at the corner of Irving Street, one block from the Clarendon Fire Department. Meetings consisted of uniform inspection, drills, skits, Scoutcraft, knot tying, first aid, etc. We went camping at Lubber Run, a woods off Lee Boulevard (now Arlington Boulevard).

The annual Arlington County Camporee of the various troops was held in a woods area in Cherrydale in the late summer or early fall. The County brought in a water truck to supply water during the weekend. In the winter, the Arlington County First Aid Contest for the different patrols from the competing troops was conducted in the Washington-Lee High School girls' gym. The firemen acted as judges and selected the best patrol. My patrol was the Cuckoo Patrol and we won the First Aid Contest one year. I rose from the rank of Tenderfoot to Second Class, then First Class, then Star, Life, and finally, in 1939 to the highest rank of Eagle Scout. Mr. Ports brought my mother out to the Camporee campfire one Friday night. My mother pinned my Eagle Scout pin on my shirt as a surprise at the evening awards ceremony. (My Dad had died the previous year). I had a big lump in my throat. Mr. Ports then took my mother home and returned to the Camporee late that night. I rose through the ranks to Assistant Scoutmaster with Scoutmaster Albert Tillson in 1943.

I remember working for my Pioneering Badge with Jim Robinson. We two built a wooden bridge across Lubber Run without using a hammer or nails. We cut the logs with Scout axes and lashed them with vines. We also built a lean-to shelter without a hammer or nails. We thatched the roof with bermuda grass by tying it to poles and laying them across the top in rows.

I remained active with the troop after I graduated from Washington-Lee High School in 1939, and while I was going to The George Washington University, until I was drafted into the Army in 1943.

## CAMPING AT BIG PINE

By

Albert H. Tillson

My first overnight camping trip as Scoutmaster of Troop 104 was in 1938 to a wooded valley where Lubber Run flows into Four Mile Run. In those days Arlington District Boy Scout Camporees and Projectorees were held in the spring and fall, respectively, in a large field in what later became Lyon Village (just north of what is now Key Boulevard near its intersection

with Highland Street). Then came the development of new subdivisions, construction of Lee (Arlington) Boulevard, and favorite campsites were overgrown with new houses.

About this time a group of our church men went to the 150-acre property of C. Stowell Smith, located on Difficult Run near Oakton, Va., to cut Christmas trees for Clarendon Methodist Church. Mr. Smith invited me to bring the Scouts out for camping, and gave us the unrestricted use of a valley along a small stream flowing into Difficult Run. Towering above all the oaks and pines at the campsite was an enormous white pine, giving us the name for our camp, "Big Pine." With the help of older Scouts and Dads, four Adirondack type (open-front) shelters were built. On Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 1941, we were completing the last cabin. Big Pine became a wonderful place for nature study and development of camping and woodcraft skills.

Swimming in a deep pool in Difficult Run was a frequent activity during the warmer seasons. One of the most popular games was "Capture the Flag," in which two teams competed against each other, ranging over a wide area but with definite boundaries. In one of these games, when the signal was given to end the game and return to camp, one Scout was missing. We organized teams to search through a widening area of the woods around camp. After several hours of fruitless search, we were becoming quite worried. Finally about dusk, Jack made it back to camp under his own power, a very tired Scout. The Arlington District Boy Scout Emergency Service Squad arrived shortly after his return, and we were very happy to tell them that their help was no longer needed. At the end of the game Jack had stepped over a boundary fence to take a "short cut" back to camp, but headed in the wrong direction and wandered through fields and woods for several hours before coming out on a road and finding his way back to camp.

In the years prior to World War II, we were not trained or equipped for winter camping, so our usual camping season at Big Pine was from early spring to late fall. The steep road into the campsite was very slippery in wet weather, and sometimes block and tackle with Scouts pulling on the ropes was needed to haul out the cars. We usually went out on Friday after school and returned on Sunday. On one camping trip in late March, Saturday was a miserably wet day — cloudy, rainy, and turning colder. Toward evening we decided to pull out for home. When the last of us left about dusk, it was beginning to snow. The next morning we awoke to see twelve to fifteen inches of snow, with trees and power lines down across the streets. Mr. Smith later told us he was unable to get out to the highway until the following Tuesday. What would we have done with twenty-four hungry scouts snowed in for three days?

Troop 104 camped at Big Pine for about fifteen to twenty years. Eventually



civilization and housing developments closed in again. The sad day finally came when we were asked to dismantle our camp. But in our community and scattered throughout the country are many alumni of Troop 104 who have happy memories of campfire songs and stories, stunts and skits, charred hot dogs and burned beans at Big Pine.

## EXPLORER POST 104

By

John (Jerry) Brentlinger

I was a member of Boy Scout Troop 104 and Explorer Post 104 from 1938 to 1944. In 1948 I was asked by Mr. Heston Heald, then the Post advisor, to be the assistant advisor. We continued the name of the Post as the "Admiral Richard E. Byrd Explorer Post 104" and maintained a log and scrapbook of our activities.

The Post had a three month plan of activities and meetings. We met weekly for one of the following: 1) a training or learning session; 2) an outdoor event; 3) a service project or 4) a social activity. Our training sessions included instruction in such topics as first aid and safety, or merit badge specialties, etc. Outdoor events were typically camping, hiking on the Appalachian Trail, or canoeing. Service projects included community service, such as collecting canned goods for needy families, serving as ushers at church or Presidential inaugural parades, or maintaining sections of the Appalachian Trail. Social events were typically parties with dates, wiener roasts, watermelon feasts, or watching television (a new activity, especially watching a series of Davy Crockett with coonskin hats.)

Social events were extremely popular with the Explorers. One stands out in mind, because it could have brought unwanted notoriety to the Post. It was planned as a wiener roast at Black Pond, located where Difficult Run comes into the Potomac River. About fifteen explorers and their dates left parked cars and hiked into the woods toward the pond on a pleasant September afternoon. The trail was rough, up and down hills, over slippery rocks, through undergrowth and fording Difficult Run in various places. But the group arrived safely at Black Point. Everyone had a good time and before we knew it the sun had set and it was getting dark.

We decided to return to our cars by a different trail, hoping it would be less treacherous. There was not much light from the new moon or our several weak flashlights. The trail was not much better than the first one. We tramped over rocks, through briar patches, thickets of pines and cedar, and

tall grass. After an hour or so we saw lights up ahead, and then we saw a building — a dormitory. We were on the property of Madeira School, an exclusive girls school! The girls were getting ready for bed. (There was no need for shades on the windows — no one dared trespass on Madeira School property!)

After “lights out” we huddled together to decide which way to proceed. We realized we were trespassing and faced the prospect of being fined or arrested as peeping toms, but we didn’t want to back track into the woods. The consensus was to get off the school property as quickly and quietly as possible. We bypassed all other buildings and arrived at a road that looked like a way out. Walking single file and confident we were safe, we suddenly saw headlights coming at us far down the road. In an instant everyone ran into a field beside the road and dropped down quickly. Only after the car had gone by did we discover that we had fallen onto the bridle path. No mistaking where we were — the horse manure was fresh! The event was recorded in the log book as an unforgettable evening, in more ways than one!

Just last Christmas (1990) I called Heston Heald, one of the first times we’ve talked in many years, and the highlight of our conversation was recalling the Madeira School incident. Heston died a month later at age 86.

## LATER RECOLLECTIONS

By

Stephen Barber

I became involved with Troop 104 in June of 1967 when my wife, Hope, and I were helping at the youth center at Kirkside, a program of Clarendon Methodist Church. One of the Scouts in the troop knew that Hope and I had just returned from a cross country camping trip and asked if I would be interested in helping the troop. I agreed to attend a meeting and before I knew what I was getting into had agreed to take over as Scoutmaster to replace Col. VanCleaf who was being transferred out of the area.

After the troop returned from summer camp the older Scouts and I planned the activities for the coming year. The following is a typical year’s activities from 1967 to 1972.

We left on Thursday evening after work and arrived in Hancock, Maryland to begin a bicycle trip down the C&O canal toward Georgetown. It was dark by the time we had all the equipment tied to the bikes so we had to proceed slowly along the towpath of the old canal. The Scout in the lead ran into one of the gates that are there to keep cars from using the trail. He

was not hurt but the big cooking pot he had tied to the handlebars was bent out of shape. Fortunately we only had to go about two miles to the campsite.

Soon after noon on the second day, Mr. Kurz and I were bringing up the rear when one of the Scouts came riding toward us with news of an accident ahead. When we got to the scene we found George Cloyed lying face down just beyond a washout at the edge of the dry canal bed. He was not moving and said that his neck hurt. There was blood on his nose and mouth. We feared he might have a broken neck so we told him to lie still while we sent for help. We had one of the older Scouts go about two miles to the nearest house to call for an ambulance. The park ranger also had to come to unlock the gate across the towpath. About three hours after the accident the ambulance arrived and carried George and me to the hospital in Hagerstown. I called his parents who came to pick him up. His neck was strained; he had a nose bleed; and he had cut the inside of his lip.

A park ranger gave me a ride back to the campsite where the rest of the troop was supposed to stop. On the way I asked him to contact the father of one of the Scouts who was to join us for the rest of the ride into Georgetown. He called the ranger at Antietam who located the father and sent him up to where we were camped. When we got to the campsite I learned that three of the Scouts did not get the word to stop and were somewhere down the towpath. I think I got something to eat before going to a nearby farmhouse that we were invited to use as a communication center. The other adult arrived about 9:00 PM along with his wife who decided to stay because two of the missing were her sons!

The park ranger said he almost hit one of the boys who had laid out his sleeping bag on the towpath after having a flat tire on his bicycle. The other two were found asleep on picnic benches at the Antietam campsite where we had planned to camp that night. It was about 1:00 AM before we all turned in for the night.

We learned that the accident was caused by one Scout trying to catch up with his buddy who had not waited for him. On the third day we insisted that all the cyclists had to stop at every water pump and wait for all the others to catch up. That evening we arrived at Harper's Ferry. The park rangers only had to find two Scouts who did not see the pump as they rode by.

Because we had only gone 64 miles since Hancock and still had 60 miles to go I told the boys we would have to be ready to ride on Sunday morning by 7:00 AM to have any chance of making it to Georgetown before dark.

At seven o'clock the next morning breakfast was cooked and cleaned up, all the bikes were packed and we headed down the trail. So that we would not get separated again one adult led and the other two brought up the rear. Repair tools were carried by these two who assisted in keeping the troop rolling. On this trip we had the usual flat tires and equipment racks that

needed to be reattached to the bikes. One bike frame on this trip had to be splinted back together with bailing wire just below the seat post. We had no serious problems this day and except for two Scouts that were picked up at Great Falls the other eleven Scouts and three adults rolled into Georgetown at 7:00 PM very tired and in need of showers.

Dr. Jesse Diller helped the troop plant trees at Camp Highroad where we camped in September.

The troop is divided into patrols of about seven Scouts each and in October the Arlington District of The National Capital Area Council BSA held its annual Camporee. Each patrol camped under its own boy leadership. The older Scouts in the troop and the adults helped run the activities that included campsite inspections, Scoutcraft skill events, games, and a big campfire with skits, songs, cheers, and awards.

Old Rag Mountain, Virginia became an annual November backpacking trip. About two miles up the steep trail to the shelter on the ridge we found an adult who had slipped and fallen on ice while trying to take a shortcut up the mountain. We were still about one mile from the shelter. He thought his leg was broken so we splinted it as best we could. Because it was getting late and colder we decided to carry him to the shelter while one adult from our group went down the mountain to notify the park ranger. We used a sleeping bag and some branches we found to make a stretcher. It took about two hours to get to the shelter as the sun went down. Some of our Scouts had a fire going and had made hot chocolate for us. We placed the man on a picnic table in the shelter and waited for the ranger who arrived three hours after sunset. Because of an ice storm the previous week he had to clear trees that had fallen across the fire road. The ranger put an inflatable



Planting a tree at Camp Highroad.



splint on the broken leg and took the man down the mountain in the seat of his pickup truck.

The next morning we hiked to the summit which is a mass of huge boulders with a spectacular view.

About two weeks later we received a thank you note from the man who actually had two breaks below the knee and one above.

The troop developed a campsite in a small pine woods near a creek on some property my family owns near Front Royal, Virginia. We camped there in December. We found an old abandoned swimming pool and played ice hockey on it.

Hemlock Overlook near Clifton, Virginia became another favorite winter camping site because it was fairly close and because we usually were the only ones there.

We would try to have two trips a year for the older Scouts. Cave exploring in February is good because the temperature inside is about 50 to 55 degrees year round. We made arrangements with a local cave club that provided equipment and an adult to lead us through a cave in West Virginia. The Scouts had a great time exploring underground and experiencing total darkness and total quiet at least for a few seconds. The only problem we had was keeping the muddy clothing out of the cars.

On our second backpacking trip we went to Hawksbill Mountain along the Skyline Drive. Because it was mild during the week we thought the weekend would be mild but March is unpredictable. About an hour after starting to hike the clouds rolled in, the wind picked up, and the temperature dropped. About an hour of rain was followed by snow flurries and by the time we had cleaned up after dinner it was 25 degrees with about an inch of snow. We spent a long cold night but by morning the wind had stopped and we hiked back to the cars with no trouble.

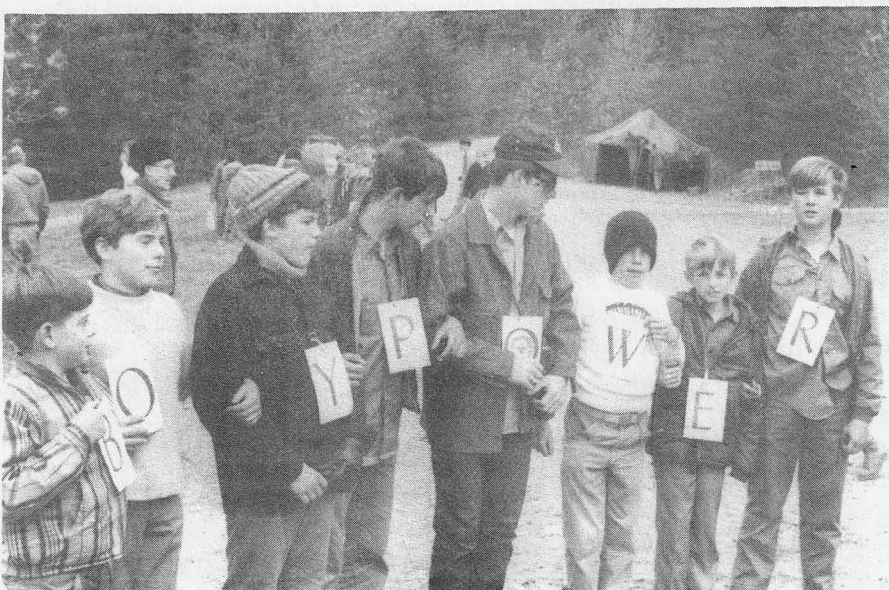
During April we practiced lashing skills at the troop meetings and at the end of the month we went up to the Front Royal property. We cut down some big cedar trees and built a twenty foot signal tower. It took less than 10 seconds after we pulled the tower upright for all thirteen of the scouts to climb to the top of it.

The Projectoree in May was another district event where each troop camps as a unit and demonstrates some Scouting skill. We camped at Fort Hunt Park near Mount Vernon where we built a campsite using pioneering skills to build four patrol tables and an entrance gate, and demonstrated how to make rope.

We decided to build a monkey bridge at the Scout Show held at the Manassas Fairgrounds. We had the poles we needed but did not have the rope. We took our handmade rope making machine and two large spools of bailer twine. We made one three-fourth inch rope 100 feet long and two



Steve Barber, Scoutmaster, accepting the Condon Cup for the best troop project at the 1971 Arlington District Projectoree.



"Boy Power" Camporee, October 1969.

**one-half inch ropes 100 feet long and built the bridge.** It took thirty-six strands of twine to make the large rope.

We spent the night at a campsite along the C&O canal in June on our canoeing trip from Paw Paw, West Virginia to Little Orleans, Maryland along the Potomac River. The most difficult part of this trip was keeping

the equipment dry, especially the sleeping bags. The Scouts learned **how** to waterproof their gear and tie it into the canoes. They also learned **it** is better to wait till the second day to capsize the canoe so that you don't risk a cold damp night's sleep.

One of the Scouts heard about an award for hiking 50 miles in 20 hours called the Amos Alanzo Stagg award. We tried this along the C&O canal towpath in June. Of the twelve scouts and three adults who started only eight Scouts finished on time. We learned that more training would have helped and that we should have started hiking slower at the beginning of the hike.

Summer camp near Lexington, Virginia at Goshen Scout Camps in July includes swimming, cooking, boating, cleaning up, rifle firing, handicrafts, nature study, and other activities that help the boys earn merit badges and advance to higher ranks. The first summer I went we had thirty-six scouts and one adult. The camp had a good staff and were very helpful but I learned **that** another adult to talk to and to share the experience is most desirable.



At the end of the 50 mile hike in 20 hours.