

## F O R E W O R D

This is the story of the Fourth National Scout Jamboree as it was experienced by Jamboree Troop 2 of the Sam Houston Area Council.

This troop was made up of Scouts and Explorers from the Southwest District, whose names appear on the following page.

Credit for this story should go to the boys involved and all the thousands of people who made the Jamboree possible, but especially to our Scribe, Neil Calnan, who stayed up late each night of the trip and Jamboree, writing the notes from which the story was prepared, and to our Senior Patrol Leader, Dick Simpson, who expanded the notes into a complete and interesting story.

It was a genuine pleasure to be associated with all of you on this adventure. I especially want to thank our very fine and able Assistant Scoutmasters, Mr. Gordon Jones and Mr. Bill Zedler, whose work and cooperation made the trip enjoyable for me.

I hope to experience another such trip with some of you next year to Colorado Springs for the 1960 Golden Jubilee Jamboree.

J. H. Mueller  
Scoutmaster

## T H E   T R O O P

Scoutmaster

J. H. Mueller

Assistant Scoutmaster

A. Gordon Jones

Jr. Assistant Scoutmaster

Mike Marvins

Assistant Scoutmaster

W. B. Zedler

Jr. Assistant Scoutmaster

~~Robert James~~ Tommy Dolhonde

Senior Patrol Leader

Dick Simpson

Scribe

Neil Calnan

Quartermaster

Robert James

## P A T R O L S

<u>CONQUISTADORS</u>	<u>CAVALIERS</u>	<u>BULLFIGHTERS</u>	<u>TEXANS</u>
J. Holman, P.L.	F. Jones, P.L.	F. Steves, P.L.	J. Muirhead, P.L.
M. Brener, A.P.L.	H.M. Jones, A.P.L.	B. Beirne, A.P.L.	B. Yanda, A.P.L.
Don Jones	B. Crook	W. Lewis	K. Conrad
B. Zedler, Bugler	B. Crockett	J. Peterson	J. Wight
L. Larmore, Jr.	G. Jones	K. Parker	J. Kamrath
J. Dickson	E. Bock	G. Willson,	J. Crockett
B. Pittman	D. Wight	R. Palmer	R. Herrod
H. Guest	K. Keep	B. Radinsky	T. Koby

THE BIG DAY July 4, 1957

I suppose that things started stirring in about 400 homes this morning. After all, this is the day we have been waiting for. Like most of the Jamboree Scouts, we spent last night putting the final touches to our baggage, rechecking for the umpteenth time to be sure nothing was missing. After one more check, I went to meet the other boys from Post 505, along with Tony Koby and Richard Palmer at St. Vincent's Church. We had agreed to attend the 6:00 AM service before our trip. We were privileged to have the assistant pastor, Father Francis Conner, give us a short special service for our journey after the Mass was over.

Back home for the trip to Camp Hudson. When we arrived, other Scouts were already pouring in. We were to meet at Campsite S-2. Pretty soon familiar faces began to show up along with all the excited families. Baggage tags were handed out and attached to every article. The leaders got schedules for the day, quartermasters tagged troop equipment, everyone got last minute instructions.

We got another medical check and baggage trucks were loaded with troop equipment and duffel bags. After this, we took a short hot swim. Out of the pool to lunch; it was catered by Sonny Look, and if it didn't taste as good as usual, it was probably because we were all excited. After ice cream, a short rest and then we went to the pool for the "cattle dip" - just in and out to get the grime off before we climbed into those brand new Jambo uniforms. The uniform of the day back from the pool consisted of shoes and a towel.

Neckerchiefs were issued--2 per man with our own troop number on them. Ours were green. Each troop had a different color to help in identifying those 400 boys once we got going.

We dressed hurriedly with lots of shouting and yelling, loaded our packs on our backs, and started for the buses which were waiting with engines running. Ours was the next to the last bus in line, and as we passed each of the others we were greeted by shouts and urgings to hurry up.

Once loaded, the busy leaders began the first "40" count--amazing, everybody was here! Our eleven bus caravan started for the station, and did we whoop it up on the way down Memorial Drive, across the Capitol Avenue bridge, and to the station. We really felt like we were something special. At the bus station our driver managed to get out of line, and we got an extra ride around several blocks in order to get back in the right order at the depot. Here we were at last--Simpson and Dolhonde with flags headed up the column. We did a fast march into the station in formation amid thousands of shouting, waving, camera grinding brothers, sisters, mothers, dads, and all the others. What a send off! Our flag bearers posed for a newspaper picture, and we had our first publicity.

Seats on the train had been assigned so that there were 3 patrols and 2 ASM's in the next to last car, and the Bullfighters, Junior Leaders, and Scoutmaster in the last car, which we shared with Troop 1. Boy, the junior leaders had the plushiest car on the train; a brand new air conditioned coach from the MoPac Eagle.

Finally we felt the motion of the train as the wheels started the first turns toward those thousands of miles before we would return from the biggest experience of our lives. Once out of the station, the Bullfighters began peeling down to "T" shirts, mocassins, and shorts. Look at all those people along the streets and intersections, waving and taking pictures. That old Houston skyline sure looks good; most of us have never seen it from this angle. We began to settle down with our seat mates. Radinsky and Parker; Palmer and Willson; Steves, Beirne, Lewis, and Peterson in seats facing each other. Rank has its privileges, as the Junior Leaders and Scoutmaster had more room--only three men on four seats. Simpson, Dolhonde, and Marvins on one side; Mueller, James, and yours truly on the other.

Rolling out through the north side, we soon saw familiar U. S. 75 on our left; it's the road to Camp Strake. Everybody went to the left side of the train to see it. We zipped by the Strake gate waving to two Scouts who were sitting on the gate watching for us. At Conroe, a car came honking alongside; it was our old freind, John Dobmeyer, the camp ranger at Strake; his son is on the train with another troop.

Things began to settle down now; comic books and games came into view; big plans were made and the incessant shuffle to the water coolers and "heads" at each end of the car began. Instructions were "No moving in or between cars without shoes." We soon developed a treatment for those forgetful Scouts who came by without them--we let them by without a word, but on the return trip they got their little toes hammered on by shoes in the hands of those in the seats; it usually took only one treatment to sharpen up the memory.

"Trader" Simpson swung into action. He was pushing "Texas Sky Hooks", a little trading item which he and Robert James had apparently manufactured by the hundreds. The sky hooks didn't seem to impress anyone--maybe the Yankees will go for them.

Mr. Vernon Moore came by to tell the leaders about dinner; we moved to the diner for our first meal, which was a good one. Thirty six at a time, the parade to and from the diner moved for about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. We have two diners, which speeds up the feeding.

Shortly after dinner we rolled into Palestine to service the train. Some of us talked to the Scoutmaster's nephews who came to the platform to see him and Joel. We found out that it took 3,000 lbs. of ice to air condition our car. In half an hour we were rolling along in the dark toward Texarkana, just like the old saying, "The sun has riz, and the sun has set; here we is in Texas yet." More jokes, comic books, games, friendly insults, and then we got the word that Taps would be at 10:30. Much climbing around to get pajamas and blankets out of our packs began, and soon we were all sacked out on our seats, in whatever position we could get. Looks like my nose is going to become very familiar with Robert's or Mr. Mueller's feet.

THE ST. LOUIS BLUES  
(Friday, July 5, 1957)

Six o'clock came an hour earlier this morning; we changed time zones during the night, and lost an hour's sleep. Looks like every-

body made the night OK despite all the groaning. Somehow Palmer managed to get on the floor under his seat last night. We woke up in Little Rock, Arkansas; the capitol building on the hill looks about like our courthouse from the train. The long walk to the diner for breakfast was in vain for some of us. We had "bloody eggs", which were eggs with tomatoes. A lot of us didn't like them at all, although Messrs. Jones, Zedler, and Mueller seemed to enjoy them, we hoped that they would not appear on future menus.

After breakfast we returned to the cars and cleaned up our bedding, personal gear, and the car itself. Our gang in the next car had the luxury of an oversize lounge, complete with the only electric shaver outlet on the whole train. It sure looked like the car was going to be the morning gathering place for all the leaders and those of us who were man enough to own a semblance of a beard.

We noticed that the rivers up here carried considerably more water than those down Houston way. They were all brim full, and the whole country showed signs of recent heavy rains. After about two hours of comic books, games, and chewing the fat, we once more made the long haul to the diner for lunch. This meal was much better than the breakfast. Pretty soon we saw the Mississippi River alongside and knew that we were nearing St. Louis. There was lots of scrambling for pictures of Ole Man River. The bank on the opposite side of the train was very steep, and we soon noticed rock quarries cut into the bank. Soon we could see the excursion boat "Admiral" moving upriver. This is a modern river boat operating out of St. Louis. The approach to St. Louis was about the same as all railroad approaches to large cities--through the dingier part of town.

After pulling into the station, which was a large building of rather ancient architecture, we were turned over to our unit leaders until 3 PM CST, the time on which the railroad operated. We looked at all the sights on the broad street running by the station, a beautiful fountain, the postoffice, where Mr. Jones mailed our first postcards to the folks at home, the city hall, courthouse, War Memorial which contained a gold artillery shell containing champagne to be consumed by the last survivor of the war. The library had two stone bears on the steps as part of the decoration, and we all crowded on to have our pictures taken, with Joel waving the Texas flag astraddle the bear. We were turned loose in the Famous and Barr department store to shop for about 45 minutes. Some of us, including Peterson managed to get to local Scout headquarters and lay in a supply of Shawnee Council O-A patched for trading. Gary Willson managed to leave his camera on the counter of the store, but luckily some honestsalesgirl turned it in to our leaders. Gary didn't even know he had lost it when it was returned to him.

We got back to the station and had a last minute rush for candy bars, magazines, etc. before boarding. When once aboard, each Scoutmaster stepped to the platform of his coach to wave his troop's boarding flag which indicated all his troop was aboard. These flags were in 11 different colors, one for each of our troops to match our neckerchiefs. With Vernon Moore standing at the end of our coach to check the flags as they appeared from each platform on his signal, the colorful ripple began. First the yellow flag of Troop 1 appeared; then our green one, then Troop 3's red flag, down the

long line of coaches 'til Troop 11's brilliant rose flag appeared. How can Vernon Moore see that far down the train? All seemed to be OK, and we rolled out of the station across the Mississippi River bridge. As soon as we got across we stopped. What happened? The news soon arrived; one whole troop, Troop 8, is not on the train! Seemed they went to the famous St. Louis zoo and forgot that the railroad operated on a different time schedule than ours. We sat for 1½ hours while Troop 8 found enough taxis to bring them to the train via an automobile bridge. It was a red faced bunch who finally came aboard. "Be late with eight" became a fashionable saying. At the leaders meeting that evening, a good lecture on correct time and scheduling awaited all our leaders. Our schedule for Detroit was ruined, but we forgave the "lage 8's". Our five Jones boys are not all related. Mr. Gordon Jones and his two sons, Don and Frank; Murry and George from another Jones klan. Ten thirty soon arrived and we sacked in while our adult leaders took turns staying awake to make sure no one went sleepwalking.

#### JULY 6, 1957 - - - DETROIT, CANADA, AND NIAGARA FALLS

Early this morning we rolled into the Motor City. This time each troop had a regular sightseeing bus and a swell driver who explained all the sights of the city. We fastened our patrol banners to the sides of the bus, announcing that we were from Texas, and headed out for a nice restaurant. After a good breakfast we took the buses to Greenfield Village, past the Ford Motor plant and the Ford offices. Because of our interrupted schedule, we had to make a lightning tour of the place, but saw just enough to make us want to come back. We were issued a box lunch and boarded our buses for a trip across the Ambassador Bridge into Canada. There we were to board our train, now pulled by a Canadian National RR engine, at Windsor, Ontario, Canada, and ride along to Niagara Falls on the Canadian side. We noticed that Canadian models of U.S. cars had different grilles, and different names, and it was strange to see the Canadian flag on all the buildings. The Canadian immigration inspectors cleared us for entry and our driver found the station after some trouble. Some of us had time to buy and mail a Canadian postcard before we entrained again. Curiously enough, our entry into Canada from Detroit was by going SOUTH. Look on a map and you can see that Windsor is indeed south of Detroit. The Canadian countryside was not too different from ours, although we were surprised to find tobacco growing in fields so far north. Always thought it was a southern crop. The Canadian immigration inspectors were aboard to clear us for re-entry and thus prevent a long wait for this at Welland before we crossed into New York. Really nice of them to save us the time. Each one of us was asked to state his birthplace and the country of which he was a citizen. Some of us tried to trade the inspector out of one of his uniform buttons, which bore the crown of England. No luck.

We passed the time until we came near the falls. Soon the news came that we would be passing the larger, more beautiful Canadian Falls of Niagara. We all rushed to take pictures of it from the train and gasp at the power and beauty of the sight. Soon we arrived at Welland, and began the trip across the Niagara Gorge into

the U. S. A. A uniformed Canadian in kilts and a mustache posed and waved for pictures at the bridge. Marvins, Radinsky, and Parker are all still wondering just who he was. As we crossed the gorge, we could see the famous Rainbow Bridge upstream. Then we were back in "America" and soon disentrained for the walk to the Falls.

It was late afternoon, and a beautiful time for sightseeing. There were hundreds of vacationers crowding the curio shops and stores near the falls, and we soon joined them.

When we arrived at the Niagara River after walking through the beautiful park surrounding it, and then continued to the edge of the American Falls, we could only stand in awe of the billions of gallons of water that charged the brink and fell foaming into the chasm below. At the top, beautiful rainbow mists floated above the water, while 150 feet below, huge whirlpools of white, foaming water whirled this way and that, as if pulled by some confused, mysterious force through the curved pathway of the gorge the river constantly cuts. The most indescribable sight was the falls itself. Pictures, moving or still, cannot captivate the gigantic 1,000 foot wide force of water roaring over the cliff to the chasm below. In the distance we could see the 3,000 foot wide curve of the Canadian Falls, the power station, and far below, bobbing on the turbulent water, the "Maid of the Mist" as the little excursion boat is called.

Fred Steves and others went down in the elevator the bottom of the falls, and got an even different view. After hurried souvenir buying and postcard writing, we met at the train for the trip to Buffalo. So far this has been the most impressive day of our trip, and one which I am sure all of us will remember for many years. In Buffalo the Scoutmasters only were allowed off the train, while the Junior Leaders picked up our box lunches which were waiting on the platform. Mr. Mueller tried to fulfill all requests for candy, magazines, and souvenirs, and came running back with arms loaded. He said he had never run so far to buy so much in so little time.

SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1957 - WASHINGTON, D.C.

When we woke up this morning, we were told that we had really made time through the Adirondack Mountains during the night. We were now being pulled by the Pennsylvania RR's electric engines and our nation's capital was to be the sightseeing spot for the day.

We lined up in the big station in Washington, checked Johnny Holman's and Joel's cowboy hats and other gear, and waited for our sightseeing buses. Ours was driven by a fat, jolly driver who told us to call him "Tubby", and he really treated us swell. We drove to the Capitol Building, and started our tour in the Rotunda, the big room under the dome. Here we saw all the famous paintings of events in our country's history and statuary hall, with its statues of famous statesmen, including Sam Houston; we then visited the House and Senate Chambers where some of us realized that here were made some of our nation's greatest decisions. We visited other committee rooms, each with its own history, and the famous whispering gallery where this acoustical phenomena was demonstrated to us.

Leaving the Capitol, we drove past the many government buildings to the Smithsonian Institution, where we were told it would take 63 years of constant looking for one minute at each exhibit to see every item there. We tried hard, and saw the Wright Brothers' airplane, the "Spirit of St. Louis", the "Star Bangled Banner", whales, dinosaurs, coins, stamps, weapons, scientific displays, boats, rockets, and hundreds of other things in two short hours. What a place! Oh yes, Johnny Holman and some of our other "wolves" noticed a few of the pretty girls who live in Washington too.

We met on the lawn outside the buildings to count noses and had to send a rescue team after Larry Larmore, who was entranced by a philatelic exhibit.

We then drove by the Washington Monument and bragged about our San Jacinto Monument, saw the beautiful Jefferson Memorial, the White House, Pan American Union, and other beautiful buildings. Then we drove across the Potomac into Virginia and Mount Vernon. Our bus began to smoke and spout water on the way, and we wondered if we would make it. On arrival at Mount Vernon we found that our radiator hose had broken and we had lost all our water. The bus was to be repaired while we toured the grounds. Our first stop was for a box lunch on the grounds of Mount Vernon. After eating, we split into small groups for sightseeing on our own. Here we came across our first sight of other Jamboree bound Scouts and the patch traders' hearts began leaping with joy. Dick Simpson managed to talk a Scout from another group into removing a beautiful "semi restricted" O-A patch from his uniform for one of our Liberty Bell patches, which we had heretofore considered almost worthless as trading items. The grounds and Potomac River at Mt. Vernon were worth seeing, and we enjoyed the walking tour and chance to buy souvenirs.

Back to the bus and a trip to Alexandria, Va. which is rich in history. We visited Christ Church and had our pictures taken in George Washington's and Robert E. Lee's pew. It is a beautiful colonial style church, and one can almost imagine the bewigged congregations still sitting there.

We then proceeded to Arlington National Cemetery. The ground on which this is located was the ancestral home of Robert E. Lee, and his family home still stands in the vicinity. We saw the thousands of graves of the dead servicemen, including John J. Pershing, and the controversial equestrian statue of Field Marshall Sir John Dill, who is the only foreign soldier to be buried here. We then walked to the most hallowed spot in this beautiful cemetery, the Amphitheater and Grave of the Unknown Soldier. Here we read the story of the selection of this unknown hero and his subsequent burial in memory of all our heroic dead. The soldier who guards the tomb is magnificent in the precision of his movements as he marches back and forth before the white marble tomb. He is one of a select group chosen for this high honor. Our group of 500 Scouts and leaders were privileged to participate in a wreath laying ceremony as our tribute to the soldier who slept here. We stood in reverent silence as our eleven Senior Patrol Leaders and other dignitaries marched forth to place the wreath before the tomb. It is a ceremony involving much protocol, and was most impressive.



We next drove to the unforgettable Iwo Jima Memorial of the Marine Corps. This huge statue also stands in Arlington, and consists of the familiar flag raising on the tiny island in the Pacific. The black marble base is inscribed with the campaigns of the Corps and with stirring tributes to them.

We returned to Washington after a really enjoyable, although brief swim in the pool at Fort Meyers near Arlington. This was arranged through a relative of Jay Dickson, who is an officer stationed here. Jay will probably never know how much we appreciated this swim, and how proud we are that he is a member of our troop. Jay's dad is also the wonderful director of our contingent as well as one of our group's doctors. Marvin Brenner, whose dad is also one of our doctors, is a member of the Conquistador patrol of our troop. Man, we've got all the VIP's.

In Washington, we ate a good dinner and on the advice of our leaders sought entertainment which would enable us to rest. We voted to see a movie, and after much arguing, listened to the superb sales-talk of Johnny Holman, who suggested "Sweet Smell of Success". Over the loud protests of Larry Larmore and your scribe (who had notes to write for this log) we proceeded to sit in the show. Fortunately the same super salesman talked the ticket seller into a 25¢ reduction and we paid only \$1.00 per head. Outrageous! When we came out we were ready to hang Holman; what a lousy picture! Larmore was right for once; he tried to tell us. A mile walk to the railroad station and a long wait til midnight before we departed for New York City. Our fine coaches had gone on to Valley Forge and all our gear not in the baggage cars had been transferred to some antique coaches of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the trip to New York. At 1:00 AM we pulled out with the air conditioning not in working order.

#### MONDAY, JULY 8, 1957 - NEW YORK CITY

"Early to bed and early to rise". Early in the morning in both cases. The best any of us could claim was 3 to 4 hours sleep. The groans and moans were especially loud this morning. Six AM in the biggest city in the world! Penn Station was quite deserted, and as we paraded out into the even more deserted streets in our rather tired state, we heard Yankee voices saying, "It says Houston, Texas on their arm, but they're too quiet for Texans.", so we let 'em have it with a few bars of the "Eyes of Texas". We walked almost a mile in tow of our guides, who looked like underworld characters compared to those in Detroit and Washington, to a restaurant. Our first meal in New York was very unimpressive-not enough of it. There were some remarks about the apparant food shortage in this town. How deserted the streets were; little did we realize how soon they would be crawling with people. We gawked at the tall buildings and walked to our bus for the tour. By this time people were stirring and we started out. Fifth Avenue with its stores, offices, and grand mansions of the past; Central Park, the library, Grand Central Station with its trains arriving and departing every two minutes; these and all the wonders of the Big City were extolled by our guide until we came to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. This tremendous edifice, still incomplete, is the largest church in the Western Hemisphere, and of extremely beautiful architecture. The huge stained glass window above the massive doors filtered the morning sunlight through thousands of pieces of colored glass. The many carved altars and memorials were of excellent workmanship. We were tremendously impressed

with this massive church, and could have spent much more time here without seeing it all.

Our next stop was the United Nations. Here we were taken past the Avenue of Flags into the beautiful buildings housing the General Assembly, the Security Council, and other agencies. Neat, well groomed, and very nice looking hostesses, mostly with foreign accents guided our group through. Each of the chambers is decorated by materials and workmen from the major nations, and each apparently attempted to outdo the other. The view through the giant glass windows onto the East River allowed us to see the river traffic to full advantage. We completed our tour by mailing cards from the U. N. postoffice, using U. N. stamps which can only be purchased here. This really was like being out of the U. S. A. again.

We lunched at the Automat after each of us had been given a handful of coins to deposit in the hundreds of little windows with their appetizing looking edibles. It was a new experience for most of us. A drive through the garment district followed; here were thousands of people, vans, men pushing rack after rack of clothing across street and sidewalk. How traffic ever moved through those streets will always remain a mystery. Wall Street with its banks and exchanges came next; then a foot tour of Chinatown. The narrow streets and strange odors of the exotic and unappetizing looking foods were amazing. We shopped in little stores for Buddhas, back scratchers, and other curious items. One stop was in a Chinese temple where we listened to a recording of a ceremony in the eerie darkness under the watchful eyes of a fat, fierce looking Buddha and dragon.

Back in our buses once more we proceeded to the ferry for Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty, America's welcome to all entering New York harbor. On the ferry we were circled by a police helicopter and some of us thought they must have come for one of us. Miss Liberty really looked good out there as we circled to dock. Once ashore we scrambled for the line which waited to climb into the statue itself. It was a sunny afternoon, and the view of Manhattan Island was excellent. There were many other sightseers on the island, and it soon came time to leave for the Empire State building.

Our bus dropped us on 33rd Street and we were told by our leaders to be out of the building by 4:45 PM for sure, on the 33rd Street side. This was done to avoid becoming separated when this 102 story giant began disgorging its thousands of workers at 5 PM. Up we rocketed to the 80th floor where we took elevators to the observation platform. From here some of us went to the 102nd floor for an even higher view. We milled around the four sides of the building behind the high fence built there to prevent suicides. The harbor was far below us, with the two rivers ringing the island. The little "Mayflower" was in port after its historic crossing from England for the Jamestown Festival. A few berths down from it was the modern aircraft carrier "Valley Forge" with its planes on deck. Rather symbolic for us who would be in Valley Forge tomorrow. None of the giant "Queens" were in port, but on the other side we could see many ships in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The beautiful spire of the Chrysler Building rose just below us and was next in height.

Around 4:30 the exodus began, and 4:40 found 36 Scouts and 3 leaders at the 33rd St. entrance. Panic! Who was missing? A quick count

revealed that Larmore was the absentee. Our leaders, remembering his entranced state in Washington, and thinking of the thundering hordes about to descend on us, were nervous indeed. Four leaders scattered to the other entrances and elevators to see whether Larry had mistaken 34th St. for 33rd. They returned alone. Mr. Jones volunteered to ascend again to search the observation platform and was in line for the elevator when a wide eyed Larry came up exclaiming, "Where did everyone go? I looked around up there and you were all gone.". Messrs. Mueller, Jones, and Zedler looked mad, disgusted, and relieved, all at the same time. Mr. Jones put the shackles on Larry to prevent a recurrence and we raced for the next thrill. We took a fast subway ride to Rockefeller Center after many warnings about getting on and off the cars in a hurry, or finding yourself a mile from destination. We all made it, and went to the International Cafeteria for supper. After supper we looked at the spraying fountains and plaza with its sunken cafe and then walked across the street to St. Patrick's Cathedral. While not quite so large as St. John's, it was equally beautiful, and we had to strain our eyes to see the three red Cardinals' hats which were suspended high under the ceiling in token of the three Archbishops of New York who had attained this high church office.

We walked to Radio City Music Hall and waited in line for it to open while we gawked at the night club crowd entering Toots Shor's place across the street. We were entertained in the huge Music Hall by the Rockettes and the other live performers, after seeing the movie "Prince and the Showgirl". It was the first big time stage show for most of us.

A subway ride back to Penn Station completed our whirlwind tour of this fabulous town. We wearily boarded our train to catch at least a few winks before our 5:00 AM arrival at Norristown, Pa. and the Jamboree.

#### TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1957-FIRST AT THE JAMBOREE

It was FIVE O'CLOCK in the morning! It was still dark outside and somebody was trying to wake me up! The moaning and groaning in the coach was really pitiful this morning, until it began to get through our foggy minds that this was the day we would arrive for the Jamboree. All of us began to dress and get everything packed to leave the train. Just as we were about all ready, the train lurched to a stop. Good grief! It's pouring down rain! All this nice weather and now that we've arrived our Jamboree looks like it's going to be one big muddy bivouac. We were able to find out in the confusion that we were in Norristown, Pa. near Valley Forge, and that we would go by bus to the camp ground. We began to scramble into raincoats and pile out of the train. Soon we were called to put our packs in a waiting van and get on our bus. Once all buses were loaded, our caravan pulled out under police escort. Most of us went back to sleep until excited voices saying, "There it is!", woke us up. Sure enough, large signs at the entrance announced that we were at the Jamboree ground.

Our buses wound their way through the rolling hills of this National Park, past the big Headquarters area with its giant tower, past big tents which we were told were Section headquarters until we finally

stopped. Beside the road were long covered vans which held our baggage from the train's baggage cars. Our packs arrived right with us on the trucks. By this time dawn had come, and the rain had slowed to a drizzle. The strange species of pine tree which lined the road by our campsite were dripping with rain and the long freshly mowed grass was glistening with moisture.

Once out of the buses, we saw that the scattered, silent tents dotting the rolling ground were void of human life except for our group of 500. We really were the first contingent at this 4th National Jamboree. Soon these same hills will be crawling with 58,000 encamped Scouts and Explorers. The unloading of the vans began, and soon our tents were on the way up. Having practiced this twice in Houston, we were pretty good at it. Out came our gateway, and under the guidance of R. James, our quartermaster, Marvins, David Wight, Dick Simpson, and others, the "Twin Sisters" which Foley Brothers had made for us were assembled and the rustic gateway was put up. We put up the large flagpole which was lying waiting for us and took a break for our first Jamboree lunch. We ate sandwiches, fruit, cookies, and drank plenty of milk. All our lunches would be of this type, to cut down on the cooking and dishwashing and allow us more time for activities. We really filled up and then rested for awhile before continuing our labors.

After our siesta, work continued on our dining tables and benches, and we started putting the six flags of Texas in our gateway. The Texan Patrol's table had slowly collapsed when the patrol sat down for lunch. Pennsylvania nails must not be big enough to hold Texas boys; however it was soon repaired and we gathered around the gateway to shout encouragement to Dick, Frank Jones, Joel, and Fred Steves, as well as your scribe, as each of us took turns climbing our upended cannon crates, which were shakily held by the men to fix the flags in the sockets. This job was completed, and we thought ours was the most colorful gateway erected so far.

By the time we cooked our first supper and the patrols had cleaned up, our camp was in the best of shape, thanks to the teamwork exhibited by the whole troop. We had all eaten our fill and done a good day's work, so didn't wander too far from camp before bedtime. Bed check by the leaders disclosed that Simpson was late getting back to camp—he should buy a watch, especially since he is the one who makes the bedcheck report to Section headquarters for our troop. Even Mike's jokes couldn't keep us awake tonight as we stretched out on our air mattresses and sleeping bags after days of sleeping curled up like worms on those train seats. Who would guess that the ground could be so comfortable? We dozed off with the realization that we are learning to work and play together even better and that our leaders weren't slave drivers after all; they realize that we have a schedule to maintain, and are trying to keep us on it.

JULY 10, 1957 - JOIN THE NAVY & SEE THE WORLD

Reveille came at 5:30 AM. Since we hadn't been sleeping too much or too comfortably until last night, the first problem was just getting up. Oh, but that morning air was cold! Let's get those fires started. Once this was accomplished, the cooks got busy

with breakfast. We noticed that other contingents arrived last night and are still arriving, setting up camp like we did yesterday. Our big event today is a tour of the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

After breakfast, with its usual number of remarks about the cook's ability, the clean up Scouts for the day got busy while the rest of us straightened up our tents and dressed in our travel uniforms. That's one good thing about our arrangement - if you don't like the cook today, you get a new one tomorrow. Each pair of boys rotate duties daily, with every patrol furnishing its own two cooks, two firebuilders and water men, two dish washers, one clean up man. The patrol leader supervises all these jobs and the men leaders and junior staff eat as guests of the patrols, two to each group. We rotate the guests too, so all of us get to sample every cook's culinary delights.

Once aboard the buses, we drove to Philadelphia with its traffic problems and entered the Navy Yard. Each bus picked up a sailor security policeman at the gate and started the tour. Our first visit was a submarine, which all of us enjoyed inspecting. Quarters sure are close inside these fish. There were all manner of ships anchored around us or tied to piers. Aircraft carriers, heavy and light cruisers, destroyers, etc.. We toured the rest of the yard by bus, with our guide pointing out the big battle wagons and the cruiser "Olympia", which brought the body of the Unknown Soldier back from France. The "Olympia" is a rotting hulk, but an effort is being made to preserve her as a memorial. Our tour ended, and on the drive back we noticed a tremendous, ancient cannon on display in the city. This was the gun from the motion picture "The Pride and the Passion".

Once back at camp, we ate and began visiting the new arrivals to talk and trade patches. All of us made friends with the other Scouts from different parts of the U. S. Dick Simpson and Mr. Mueller located the Canadian Scouts and brought two of them back for a visit. They were "Boots" Hunt and David Parkin, both from British Columbia. They had really come a long way to the Jam-boree, and we admired their uniform. Their shirts are green and shorts are navy blue; stockings are blue topped with green. The Canadians wear merit badges of silk on their shoulder. Their hats are the old wide brimmed type with a big silver Scout emblem on the front. Both boys promised to visit us again and invited us over to their camp.

That evening after dinner we had a campfire of our own. The singing was better than before and Larmore and "Red" Crockett entertained us with stories. Crockett is a born comedian.

Soon we hit the sack again, although we weren't as tired as we had been. I guess we were beginning to recover from our long trip. I think most of us went to sleep with thanks to God and all those who made this adventure possible for us.

#### TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME - JULY 11, 1957

Up again and through the breakfast routine. Tonight most of us would see our first major league game. First we had some camp chores to finish, including weighting our flags to keep them from

becoming tangled.

Then it became the job of our two troop acrobats, Dick Simpson and Neil Calnan to do their daring feats of skill suspended 15 feet in the air by a thin group of nailed boards. The prementioned boards were supported on the ground by whoever happened to be in the general area at the time. This, of course, heightened the morale of our famous acrobats. I guess, the troop will never understand why they became so infuriated when someone wasn't holding the bottom and they swayed in the air like the daring young men on the flying trapeze. However, the job when completed certainly enhanced the appearance of the gateway to our camp site.

I am sure days like this would not have been complete without the comedian of our Troop 2, Mr. Mike (Waldo) Marvins. When our spirits reached a low ebb and we thought of our friends and parents back home in a serious moment, the beautiful musical strains, naturally conveyed in a deep harmonious voice, of "Ha, ha, ha, Waldo my boy" came to our rescue and with the laughter that always followed, our cares, worries, and homesickness faded away. There were some other popular little jokes being carried around beside those appropriated by Mike. Robert had a cute little ditty about a farm seen on the way to the Jamboree, named Simpson's Fruit Farm.

After a well earned lunch, we set out to conquer the patch trading world. It was a general agreement that someone made a rather bad mistake when they let Gary Willson trade them a Camp Strake patch for a Region 9 patch which is very valuable in the trading business. To make up this deficit, some of us got "took" by others in the trading field. Robert James then made a discovery of the Camp areas of the Australian Scouts. With Dick, he went to visit them many times during the Jamboree. Although little trading was really done, we acquainted them for the first time with the Order of the Arrow. They plan to, if possible, use the same basic idea in starting such an organization in their own country. This would be much to our liking, perhaps causing it to become a world organization.

It certainly was a strain on all of us to calmly eat dinner when we knew that soon we would be able to see a major league game. Unfortunately it was double header. We enjoyed the first game, but by the second we were getting awfully sleepy. Some of us to the point of having to commit the horrible sin of going to sleep during an event which most of us had never before attended. The games, between the Phillies and the Cubs, were well played and exciting to those of us who stayed awake for the finish. Waking our sleeping comrades, we trudged back to the buses and arrived in camp at 2:00 A.M. All of our energy was used in getting from the bus to our bed without falling asleep in an upright position. Somehow we managed it, and our camp was silent except for the hoarse snores drifting back from dreamland. Szz szz szz szz.

BY THE ROCKETS' RED GLARE - JULY 12, 1957

Our Catholic Scouts were less attentive than usual at Mass this morning, but we had our reasons. It was all the fault of a small creature commonly known as a mole. In the very middle of the

service he came scurrying by to attract our attention. Then our fiendish little minds turned to thinking how to catch one very small mole who would have great trading value here at the Jamboree. Slowly, but with the utmost cunning our minds could muster, we maneuvered into a favorable position and when Mass was over, the poor helpless animal lost its freedom under the pile of Scouts who pounced on it. We bore the trophy back to camp where Mr. Mueller roused the whole Troop to the morning shores and breakfast. The Field Marshal (Mr. Mueller) and his two generals, (Messrs. Jones and Zedler) then called a small gathering of dejected looking people, our Junior Leaders, to a meeting in which the high brass thoroughly chewed out these persons, making their point by reflecting on the ability of the junior brass to carry out their responsibilities. Upon dismissal, the JASM's, SPL, QM, and Scribe proceeded to immediately rectify this affront to their dignity. Action began immediately! Bawling like top sergeants, they in turn passed more of the same to the Patrol Leaders and Scouts. Amid comparisons of the camp to a pig sty, and the threat of being restricted to the Troop camp area until conditions improved, it didn't take very long for us to get the idea. We had the camp looking spic and span in a reasonable length of time, and all our boy leaders realized that they were really being held responsible for running the troop. We weren't about to lose our stripes!

After the cleanup and a short rest, we hit the trading trails. On returning for lunch, we compared notes on the deals we had made, but no one had been able to top Gary's trade of yesterday. We then set out to quench the mighty fire of growing boys' appetites. I feel that this is an appropriate time to mention exactly what we had to eat and how we prepared it. The suppers were well planned, as were all our meals. They always contained a meat or fish, several vegetables, a gallon milk per patrol, dessert and occasionally a salad. These were always prepared over a charcoal fire, using many pots and the advice from leaders and the entire patrol. Who said a patrol should have only 2 cooks? I guess they had not planned on all of the chefs necessary to spoil the stew. The food was great when it was issued from the Section Commissary, and was even better when we finished cooking it.

Now that the day had passed, we prepared to enjoy the night's show. We all dressed in our official uniform and lined up on the road in front of our campsite, facing toward the Arena. All around us other units were doing the same. Soon the troops in our Section were all lined up four abreast on the road, and the line seemed to stretch for half a mile. Little did we know how small a part we were of this whole Jamboree. From the hills behind us to our right came a line of Scouts, four abreast, headed by the Region Three band. On and on they came marching, their heads held high, to the Arena. Then beyond these we saw similar lines coming across the rolling hills of Valley Forge, colors snapping in the wind. We stood there in awe of this vision of Scouting on the march until the command came for our own column to march. We then became one of these long, long lines going to the natural amphitheater which was our main arena. We entered the bowl before the arena to behold Scouts pouring in like ants until at last there were 60,000 Scouts and 10,000 visitors on the slope behind and around us.

Hardly had we recovered from seeing so many Scouts than things started off in a big way. The giant stage was filled with Indian dancers in colorful costumes who performed until we were all seated. Then we saw the opening ceremonies with the massed colors of the many hundred troops of Jamboree Scouts. Rick Herrod was our representative on that giant stage, carrying the Stars and Stripes. Vice President Richard Nixon read the President's greeting to us, and gave a very inspirational speech. After his speech we saw the pageant of America followed by another entitled "The Valley Forge Story", which re-enacted that fateful winter with Washington's troops. This was followed by a roll call of the Regions, and did we yell when Region 9 was called! After several more very colorful events, we saw the feature attraction of the evening. This was a gigantic fireworks display which lighted the sky with intricate, starry formations, changing in color and shape every few seconds. The booming of the giant bombs which sent these aerial rockets hurtling skyward was deafening, but was muted by the terrific blast of the aerial bomb itself. By the rockets' red, yellow, orange, green, and blue glare we were entertained for a hypnotic 30 minutes. It was a tremendous, forceful way to end a program and set it indelibly into our minds, to never be forgotten.

#### JULY 13, 1957 - THE LIBERTY BELL RINGS AGAIN

We awoke early; or rather were awakened early by the Junior Leaders who were themselves still half asleep. Today, we were to take a short walking tour of the historic city of Philadelphia. Although we were still not wide awake enough to be sure of what we were doing, we managed to eat breakfast, at which time we found, much to our surprise, we were still alive. Then, after the dishwashing detail, our loving Senior Patrol Leader played with his little whistle until we gave up and formed a vague sort of Troop formation. I thought for a minute that we had all been drafted into the glorious army of Uncle Sam, as we were told to march in step. What a way to get to Philadelphia! Then we learned that we only had to march to Port Kenedy, the train station to Philly. We made a regular game out of the marching, counting cadence and stamping our left foot every other time we put it forward. It sounded like several divisions of infantry coming down the road. The ride to Philadelphia was a short one on the train, and we began a tour which included Betsy Ross' home, Ben Franklin's grave, the Customs House, Carpenter's Hall, and at last Independence Hall. We all touched the Liberty Bell and hurried out so that the hundreds of others could do the same. By this time our feet were getting plenty tired, and we welcomed the rest for lunch in the very pretty park behind Independence Hall. We had a few minutes free time and scattered out into the shops to pick up souvenirs. Some of us rode on a real honest to goodness "street car" for the first time in our lives. After lunch we discovered that some real "Texas Bull Whips" had been located and purchased in a surplus store by some of our illustrious group. The name of J. Mueller shall long be remembered for the buying of authentic Texas Bull Whips in Philadelphia for trading purposes. I wonder if we can blackmail him by threatening to tell some of our Canadian friends?

Finally we walked back to the train station with several twisted necks from trying to observe some girls from our formation. When the Junior leaders agreed to bring up the rear, how were we to



know that meant two blocks back with the girls? After the train ride we had the march back to camp to look forward to. We didn't even sound like one division this time. Home never looked so good to us as those tents did after our little stroll into town to see the "city slickers".

About five o'clock, our Candadian and Swiss Scout friends came to our campsite to trade, talk, and try out the new bull whip (shipped from Texas?). Then supper and bed were the order of business for the rest of the evening.

#### JULY 14, 1957 - SUNDAY, A DAY OF REST?

Since today is Sunday, we had a good reason for arising early, becoming even cleaner than we had been at any time during the last week, eating quickly, and going to our own church services. In fact there were many different religions holding their own separate services at the same time. There were ten different major religious services this morning, each attended by thousands of Scouts. It was a thrilling spectacle to see the thousands of boys crisscross in their paths to talk to their God each in a different way, but all faithfully carrying out the Scout Law - A SCOUT IS REVERENT.

The sun was hot as we returned from our church services to fix our lunch. Few, if any, rested or slept the afternoon away. Instead, our time was devoted to walking all over the Jamboree grounds and trying to find new friends with whom to trade or talk. From some of the hills you could see for long distances, all of which was filled with the endless lines of tents. From the valleys we could see naught but huge groups of Scouts looking from their lofty hill homes down upon us from every side. Let those who choose to deride the new generation be here and their worry would be dead.

By 6 o'clock, being almost worn out, we prepared and ate a very hearty dinner. As we cleaned the dishes that evening, we could not help but think of our Creator and the greatest wonder he ever created - man. After the tasks of the day were over, the whole troop showered. Then we made ready for bed, thinking the end of our day was here at last; however, Mike Marvins had other ideas. Somehow he had met up with some Puerto Rican Scouts that made up their own calypso band. We then spent about 45 minutes fighting off sleep to listen to this gay group serenading our Scoutmaster with the calypso version of his favorite song, "The Happy Wanderer".

#### JULY 15, 1960 - BLUE PIONEERING MONDAY

The tent was shaking, Tommy Dolhonde was shouting, and through it all the black fog of pleasant, peaceful sleep was slowly lifting as, against my will, I struggled to wake up. Mass was seen through the cloudy vision of one only half awake this morning. We made it back just in time for breakfast.

The Junior Leaders faces showed that they had been reminded of a little neglect in keeping the camp shipshape. Dick and Larry had quite a discussion regarding the condition which Larry's sleeping quarters and gear had reached. The conversation ranged from the

intellectual to the bellicose. Rank won its point, and Larry spent considerable time straightening up gear. The cleanup being finished, the Junior Leaders could laugh at our wisecracks again. It was now time for us to practice our pioneering skills for the Area competition. Even we must admit that those first flag poles that we lashed together would not win a prize. But we improved, and advanced to the monkey bridge building stage. Then we tried log hauling. I guess the most fun of all was the chariot races. Frank Jones' Cavalier Patrol seemed to do the best, so it was decided to let them represent us in the Section competition.

After the morning's toil we returned to camp for lunch. It was strange that none of us ever was late to a single meal during this Jamboree. In the afternoon we practiced more Pioneering work, went out for our usual trading of patches, and made a few repairs around camp, especially on the gateway. Our twin cannons attract a lot of attention from passers by and are showing signs of too frequent handling. After supper some of us discovered a new form of recreation and joined a football game in progress just below our camp. It was an exciting game of "Two below Touch" but we really worked up a sweat. The mouth athletes of the troop got their recreation by telling the gullible Yankees in the trading posts about the wonders of Texas and their ranches and oil wells. This evening we had a big Regional campfire program and saw some celebrities including Bobby Feller and Lanny Ross. From the comfort of our sacks we saw our Senior Patrol Leader slowly trudging down the path to Section Headquarters to make his evening report that all of us were present and asleep.

#### JULY 16, 1960 - TO WIN OR NOT TO WIN IS THE QUESTION

"Another day, another ache." Who would have thought the ground could be so hard when you are sleeping on an air mattress? As I lay here groaning, I can hear the pleasant sound of the cocks screaming at each other as they struggle with the morning meal. Oh well, thank goodness they are finally calling us to a breakfast of orange juice, milk, fruit, cereal, eggs, and bacon. After gorging ourselves, we managed to form up and stumble, uh I mean march, to the pioneering area and wait for the activities. The Cavalier Patrol, then entered the contests, representing our Troop. The problems to be faced were: 1. To construct a flag pole out of five Scout staves, ten short pieces of rope and three guy lines and three stakes, plus a lot of skill. 2. To pull a light (?) log a very short distance (the catch was that one first had to tie a timber hitch around the log and a man harness knot or a bowline for each man pulling, and all knots had to be tied correctly. 3. To begin with six sturdy logs, several ropes of assorted sizes, a few stakes, and a large amount of knowhow and practice, and end up with a monkey bridge (completed only after the monkeys who had built it had travelled across it). 4. To race - now that we were just about bushed, on chariots constructed by lashing Scout staves together and carrying a member of the patrol. The Cavaliers did bring home the bacon, they won the Section competition and were eligible to enter the Area competition. The whole process was repeated in the Area meet, but without the earlier successes. Well we made a good showing anyhow.

During today's activities we were treated to a real show by the Thunderbirds, the Air Force's precision flying team. They streaked, rolled, and stunted over the Jamboree ground for over an hour at speeds better than 600 miles per hours. It was a terrific show.

In the afternoon, we again laughed at some of our troop acrobats efforts to repair the gateway again. They are becoming quite agile at balancing. After dinner we prepared to act as hosts for an Ohio troop in a campfire exchange. We learned some new songs, stunts, and stories. In return we presented the one and only Mike Marvins, with his array of comedy and our other talent. This kind of entertainment brings out the true spirit of the Jamboree, the universal brotherhood of Scouting.

#### JULY 17, 1957 - WE SEE THE WHOLE JAMBOREE

This is the day we took the walking tour of the Jamboree ground. Loading up on film, ice cream, patches, and other items, we began a tour which would show us some of the historic sites of this area as well as the tremendous scope of the Jamboree. Down the road to the Washington Memorial Chapel we hiked, gawking at all the other encampments and activities along the way. The chapel was truly impressive. The blue tones of the stained glass windows filtering the sun highlighted the majestic oaken beauty of the hand carved choir stalls around the altar. The eleven brigades who wintered here so long ago were represented in these carvings. We saw the museum and then visited several of the earthen redoubts in this area. The sights to be seen here are better described in the souvenir sheets and the Jamboree Journal, our daily newspaper. We also saw at closer range, the huge cannon which we had seen in Philadelphia. It served as the gateway for some of the California troops.

The afternoon was spent in rest and trading. After supper we had the pleasure of dragging some of our tired tent mates to showers in order to purge them of their dirt and smell. Who said "Even your best friends won't tell you."?

If some of these daily reports are shorter than others, it is because your Scribe has been so busy enjoying the Jamboree, and is so tired when night comes, that he doesn't always spend that extra hour after most of you are asleep writing down the day's happenings for posterity. I hope you will understand and forgive him.

#### JULY 18, 1957 - THE END OF THE JAMBOREE

Today was to be the last day of this great adventure. However, this did not hinder the good natured practical jokes which began with breakfast. After breakfast, the last minute rush began. It seemed that everyone still had to finish their adventure awards, purchase more souvenirs, and make that last big trading deal. Then too, there was some washing to be done if we are to have clean uniforms for the trip home. Luckily no one was able to stop long enough to think about leaving the Jamboree, our new friends, and all the fun and excitement.

Although our meals were as good as ever, you wouldn't have known it from the lines you had to wait in to get extra "goodies" at the

trading posts. Even the afternoons which we had always enjoyed so greatly appeared only as a frantic rush while thinking of the forthcoming closing campfire and these last minute deals. It seems impossible that we will not continue the routine tasks, the enjoyable pastimes, and the wonderful friends we made from all over the world. Could it be true that we would never again attend these campfires with these 60,000 Scouts nor sing those same happy songs? We couldn't bring ourselves to believe that we would no longer hear Dick's whistle calling us to formation, and all the exciting sounds to which we had become accustomed during the past 10 days.

After supper, we once more formed into that long line for the march to the Arena for the closing campfire. Once more we saw those impressive long lines raising clouds of dust on their way to the big show. Gathered once more in the arena, each of us guarded the candle which we had been given to light this night. On stage we saw a re-enactment of the first Scout campfire on Brownsea Island in 1907. There were many specialty acts and the story of Scouting was told in a pageant which included a roll call of the Scouting nations. The jamboree story was told in a series of pageants, and we heard the voice of Baden-Powell, Chief Scout Executive Arthur A. Schuck, and the voice of Dick Chappell from the South Pole. Dick led us in the Scout Oath as his part of this Jamboree. He is the Eagle Scout who was selected to go on Operation Deepfreeze. Emotion was evident as the foreign contingents and our own Jubilee Jamboree contingent in their red jackets appeared on the stage. Then we were signalled to each light the little candle which had been given to us as a symbol of the Light of Scouting. Words can not describe the sight of 60,000 candles all lighted at once in the hands of these many boys seated on this historic ground. It is an experience which makes the Scouting spirit burn more brightly in our own hearts. Following this we once more and for the last time marched over the hills and valleys of this huge park to our campsites, taking with us to pass along to our troops at home, the fellowship, the friendship, the renewed spirit in Scouting that we have seen here.

#### JULY 19, 1957 - RELUCTANTLY WE BREAK CAMP

We were up and at em early today, but for a change there were none of the usual groans and moans. We quietly ate breakfast, realizing the big job which confronted us today. Breakfast over, the whole camp seemed to explode. We noticed bare spots on neighboring hills where only yesterday other troops had been encamped. These had, like the Arabs "silently folded their tents and stole away" so as not to wake those of us who were to depart later today. With the help of all of us, every item was at last tucked away in the large vans which would take it to the train.

Some of us made a last visit to friends from other parts of the country or world whom we had met here. Joe Muirhead traded a pair of cowboy boots for a complete Canadian uniform, which certain members of the troop consider the best trade of the Jamboree.

At last, after a meager lunch of sardine sandwiches, milk, and some cookies, none of which required dishwashing, we heard the sad order to board the buses. As we rolled out of this now comparatively silent park, we wondered if we would ever see it again to recall the

happy days we had spent here. We were also beginning to anticipate once more the prospect of curling up on those train seats.

We left from the station at Paoli, and here we had a last chance to fill up on sodas, buy cards and souvenirs and to continue talking about our adventures. We finally boarded the train and settled down for the evening.

#### JULY 20, 1957 - - MYSTERY CAVE EXPLORATION

As usual, 5:30 A.M. came only to find us awake and ready for breakfast. Today, though, we didn't have to rouse the cooks, as we were already rolling through the Kentucky countryside, and our meal was being prepared in the diner. After the familiar march to and from the diner we returned to our old pastime of reading, playing chess, or "battleship". We were impatient to arrive at Bowling Green for the trip to Cave City. At 11:30 the train ground to a stop and we boarded buses for the trip to Mammoth Cave. About half of us expected the grass in this state to be blue. Arriving at the cave, we stopped in the restaurant to eat, commenting loudly on the small portions of ice cream served for large prices. The entrance to the cave was not nearly so spectacular as the one to Carlsbad; it was in a wooded area and was a more gradual descent. We felt the change in temperature almost as soon as we neared the entrance. Our tour did not include the underground river, and we were disappointed to find the cave more like the subway tunnels in New York than the majestic grandeur with which we had come in contact at Carlsbad. It was nevertheless a new experience for some of us, and was over in about two hours.

The buses then took us through the pretty country to a Moose Lodge where we ate supper. After all we had done and seen, today was sort of an anti-climax. After we reboarded the train, we soon started to get ready for bed.

#### JULY 21, 1957 - THE TRAVELERS RETURN

This Sunday began with church services. Father Leduc, the Catholic Chaplain celebrated an early Mass for the Catholic Scouts and after breakfast we held the Protestant services in our respective coaches. In all of these services we were reminded of our Scout Oath and the wonderful Scouting experience that we had just completed. We were reminded that this whole group of fellows would never again all be together and that there would never again be another Jamboree exactly like the one we had attended at Valley Forge. We were all thankful this day for our wonderful trip. Even prayerful Scouts are hungry Scouts, so there was the usual rush when lunch was called. For lunch we had Spam, potatoes, string beans, iced tea, and dessert. Not even this could fill our stomachs, so by the time we arrived in Palestine, Texas the rush was on every drug store, dining counter, cafeteria, and restaurant in town while our train was serviced. I guess this little town had its most booming Sunday in years as our 500 Scouts spread themselves out. Somehow we all made it back to the train on time and the Scoutmasters waved the boarding flags for the last time.

Exactly at 7:00 P.M. we were pulling into the Union Station in good

old Houston. For the last time we formed our patrol columns and marched into the station, souvenirs waving and eager to see our parents and relatives. Our homecoming was even more exciting than our departure, and our tongues started wagging sixty miles an hour in our rush to tell the whole two weeks' adventure as soon as possible.

Yes, the Jamboree was over, but it will always live in our memories as one of happiest experiences. Who of us can forget all those Scout friends we made from around the country and around the world. Somehow we want to go back. Maybe we will see each other again at the 1960 Jamboree, wherever it will be.

SO LONG TROOP 2.

N. Calnan, Scribe  
D. Simpson, SPL

#### EPILOGUE

Great novels have been written and published in a much shorter span of time than it has taken to write, rewrite, expand, edit, and print the foregoing story. However, in re-reading it again in its final form for publication, I have lived again this wonderful trip. Some of the thoughts expressed are more serious than I once thought possible for teen age boys, and make me very proud to have been associated with them. Perhaps it is better that this story is just now coming back to us, now that the memories have faded a bit and we are on the threshold of another such adventure.

JHM