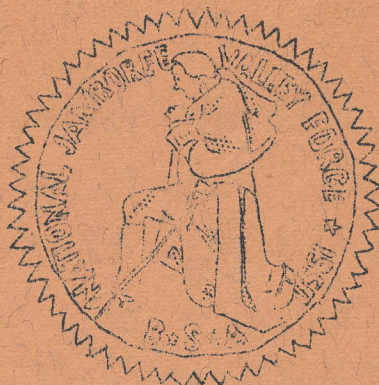


ORANGE - SULLIVAN COUNCIL, B. S. A.



# OFFICIAL LOG

## TROOP 4

JUNE 30 TO JULY 6

Log Keeper - RONALD DECKER

Scoutmaster - CARL K. MELTZER  
Assistant - ALAN STONE  
Assistant - HAROLD INNOCENT  
Senior Patrol Leader - LAWSON RITHEREORD

THE SECOND NATIONAL JAMBOREE

JUNE 1950

VALLEY FORGE - PENNSYLVANIA

ROSTER

Senior Patrol Leader - Lawson Rutherford  
Monticello, N. Y.

Patrol Leaders - John Mars  
Florida, N. Y.

Richard Couser  
Florida, N. Y.

Frank Fish  
Florida, N. Y.

Roger Blanchard  
Middletown, N. Y.

Scribe - Hugh Fomblton  
Central Valley, N. Y.

Quarter Master - Roger Bally  
Goshon, N. Y.

Frank Basel  
Walter Fott  
David Bruner  
Frank Colley  
William Camp  
David Cox  
Ronald Decker  
John Dolowan  
Arthur Sutton

Gary Gardner  
Richard Gates  
Richard Godfrey  
Donald Hunter  
Robert Kronkhyte  
Roger Learn  
Francis Moys  
William McGrady  
Philip Suresky

Genard McWhorter  
Jack Miller  
Jocy Monihan  
William Owen  
John Paffenroth  
Leon Ramago  
Lawrence Richards  
Paul Strvitz  
Henry Stoddard  
Bert Tuthill

Assistant Scoutmasters - Alan Stone - Middletown, N.Y.  
Harold Innocent - Goshon, N.Y.

Scoutmaster - Carl K. Meltzer - Middletown, N.Y.

It's hard to decide when our Jamboree experience really began. A complete account of it would have to start "way back" when we first found out we were going, I suppose. Before that, maybe... Maybe you'd have to go 'way, 'way back to the days when our going was just in "the hoping" stage if you wanted to tell the whole Jamboree story. And what would be the end of the story?

Of course, the tents have been down a long time and everybody's gone back home - and I suppose even the black spots where the fires were are hard to find now. But is the Jamboree over? Could you really write an ending to the Jamboree story now?

You see, some things were started at the Jamboree that are still going on - some good things - good for the boys who went there and good for their home troops, their home towns, and their home lands. No, I don't think you can write the end of the Jamboree story yet.

### The Log

In our little log, we aren't trying to tell the whole Jamboree story. We only tried to write down some of the events and some of our impressions. Now we know that no two fellows saw and did the exact same things at the Jamboree - so if all the things that happened to you aren't mentioned, don't blame us. We mention only the things that happened to us or were told to us, your log keeper

### Wednesday, June 28, 1950 - Come-together Day

The thing is really going to happen.

We all came together at the Middletown Armory late in the afternoon. In our Jamboree uniforms we were a mighty elegant sight and the mamas and papas all agreed.

We loaded our duffle into the trucks, except for what we'd need that night and the next day on the buses. You might know, a couple of the guys left their lunches for next day in their duffle bags. And did they get buried! Later on we moved into the Armory for last minute instructions from our leaders and some words of farewell by Council officials.

Jacques Fleuret was introduced to the whole gang. He's going to be assigned to Troop 3 but since the two Orange-Sullivan troops will be side-by-side at Valley Forge, we'll probably get to see a lot of him.

And those Orange-Sullivan neckerchiefs that were passed out. They'll sure be red hot swap items.

The last business of the evening was to meet our overnight hosts - the folk who were to put us up for the night. The family we stayed with sure were swell. How'd you make out?

### Thursday, June 29, 1950 - D-Day

Last night was a poor night for sleeping - had too many things running through my mind. Finally, we did get to sleep and bingo! it was time to get up.

"O & W" station at 7:30" we'd been told. We made it. We said good-bye to our Middletown hosts and the parents who turned out and then we piled into the buses. "Piled in" is right. "Wha'du'ya mean you can't fit five in that seat? There's lotsa room", Carl was heard to say. And away went our little Jamboree caravan of two trucks, three cars and two heavily loaded buses. Valley Forge, here we come!

Some place in Pennsylvania (I didn't catch the name) we stopped for lunch, and we all had ice cream thanks to someone or something called "Potty Cash."

Of course, while the buses were rolling there was the usual hors play and a lot of singing, some good and all loud. Some of us had never seen this part of the country before and we spent a lot of time just looking. There was one fellow on our bus who kept reading and r reading an article about the birth of little sea horses - all for our education. It's lucky for him he belonged to Troop 3 because he never would have lived down the nickname "Male Mother" if he'd stayed with us.

We hit Valley Forge at 1:45. Boy, what excitement! We were very much surprised to see so many fellows already there and all set up, since the thing didn't really open until the next day. Then Carl explained that the groups which had to come the farthest had been scheduled to get there first, since it would have been a beautiful mess if we all arrived at the same time. Besides, some of the groups had arranged to do their pre-Jamboree training right there.

"Skipper" had us all primed to sing "Jamboree, Jamboree" one of the earlier Jamboree songs, when we drove in through the gate, but in all the excitement everybody - including him - forgot all about it.

But then things got tough. The trucks hadn't gotten here yet and the stakes which had been getting grayed began to leak a bit. Things were getting pretty soggy but then in rolled the trucks, and then did we pitch into it? Here a tent would go up and then, over there, another. All the time you could hear "Next on the axe!", "C'mon, you guys get our poles!" "Hey, Mr. Innocent, ain't we got no stakes?"

Finally, all the tents were up. Thank goodness, the wind was calm. If there had been even a little breeze, they wouldn't have stayed up.

And then supper - our "arrival day supper." Things would really have seemed tough - then - if we didn't know from pre-Jamboree training that some real meals were coming up. (And, "not" that "coming up" doesn't mean what you're thinking!)

Of course, some of the gang wanted and were allowed to go out and see the rest of the grounds, but we were quite content to stay in to stay in to fix up the tent and get things ship-shape.

And tomorrow the Jamboree was to start!

### Friday, June 30, 1950 - Opening Day

Reveille was 6:30 a.m. but who cared! we had been ready to get up at 3:30. Breakfast was a little more to our living than supper had

been and was gotten out of the way in a hurry. Carl finally gave in to our pleading and changed out of the bright, but bright, pajamas he had worn to breakfast. It was all a little rugged on the fellows who didn't own sun glasses.

After dressing up and polishing up, we were startled to hear a call that was to become very familiar "Troop 4. F-A-L-L-L I-N!!" Although he had many imitations, nobody could give it quite the twist that Lawson Rutherford our S. P. L. gave it - so we always knew when the command was official.

After posing for some snapshots we joined with Troop 3 and moved down to Section 27 HDQ for the little ceremony that officially opened our Jamboree. Mr. Jim Killough, our Section Leader welcomed us and urged that we make the most of every minute at Valley Forge and keep in mind that the Scout Law was the Law of the Jamboree.

Then an aerial bomb went off, and our Section American Flag was run up. The flags in all the other sections were raised at the very same time and the Jamboree was under way!

That afternoon we learned what perfectionists the Assistants, Innocent and Stone were. First, every tent had to be de-wrinkled and all equipment stowed away, Army style. Then, it was decided to line up the mess flies, so they all had to come down. Then it was decided to line up the Lister bags, so they all had to come down. Then the troop flag pole wasn't in line with the Lister bags, so it had to come down. Then the grass was found to be 2 3/4" too long, so it had to come down. Of course, all these things that had to come down had to go back up, grass excepted. But when it was all done up (and we, all done in) our camp looked pretty good, and we felt pretty good about it. We had a gateway, a demonstration area, a dandy hillside spot - and we had class.

After an early supper we formed up down at Section HDQ for the first of our long treks to the Arena. We won't soon forget the things that happened that night.

It was quite a sight, after we got there, to watch the long lines of Scouts, that stretched as far as you could see on both sides still coming in and the place was nearly filled then. This was the first we realized how really tremendous the Jamboree was - when we first saw all the fellows all together.

Our stage was a band made up of boys from all over the country. They had practiced at home and now their music all blended perfectly. It was wonderful.

Suddenly, the bands switched to "Hail to the Chief" and through a door at the back of the stage came President Truman, and what a hand he got! Flash bulbs were popping all over the place!

We could see him easily through Skipper's field glasses. He looked very tired - and he had every right to. Only a week before, South Korea had been invaded and once we made the decision to help our friends many, many other decisions had to be made by the President. He must think the Boy Scouts were very important to take time out just then and

open our Jamboree. After the President's talk on "World Friendship", a pageant was presented called the Valley Forge Story. We were shown just how close the fight for American independence came to being lost and how it would have been lost if the men and their leader Washington hadn't the qualities that Scouting is trying to build into boys today.

And then it was over - but we weren't back to our camp yet. Not by a darn sight! When the dismissal signal was given, there began the craziest, wildest pandemonium you ever saw. In the pitch blackness everybody started for home - and fast - but nobody seemed to know who to go. Banging, bumping, stumbling, and shouting groups would surge this way and that and were finally scattered. Wow! Considerably late little bunches of stragglers found their way into camp to wait for the rest and hear their stories. Some of the fellows found places around the Jamboree that night they hadn't found before and couldn't find again all week. But the Big Scramble had been a lot of fun.

What a day! What a night! And then it's only, only, only, the beginning, folks.

#### Saturday, July 1, 1950 - Philadelphia Tour Day

(I'll have to put this stuff down more briefly or you boys won't be able to carry this log in one piece - you'd have to saw it up - yuk!)

Reveille was 6:00 a.m. It seems to get earlier and earlier.

Our short night's sleep made the hike to the railroad station seem long - very long. And if there hadn't been ice cream men in the middle of every block in Philadelphia, we never would have made it! We'll always remember Washington Square pleasantly. Remember? It was that nice, cool place where we rested shortly after seeing the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall!

The graves of Franklin and his wife, Betsy Ross' home, the Christ Church where many history book people worshipped, Carpenter's Hall (which I almost walked past without seeing. Remember how it was set back in?) - all these we found to be real places and seeing them made our Revolutionary heroes seem more real. Now it was easier to believe that they really had lived and really had done the things written about them.

The hike back to camp from the railroad station was at least two miles longer than it had been that morning. Did that shower ever feel good!

To close that week-long day, we hiked (why did we send those buses home?) over near the Region Ten area. We were to be the guests of the boys from Washington and Oregon at a camp fire. And it better be good we thought! And it was! Will you ever forget the yarn about the fellow chasing that darned Sean do-but?

After the fire, we needed no urging to go to bed. Just try and keep us from it!

Sunday, July 2, 1950

The lumps and bumps that had been in our beds Thursday and Friday night weren't there last night. As Ronny Bally our J. A. S. M. put it the only lump in Phil Suresky's bed now was Phil Suresky. Speaking of Ronny and Phil - they were two boys who really did a job. Anything Carl wanted done, he would tell "Skipper" and Mr. Innocent, and they would pass it to, they did it. But seriously, they deserve a good big share of the credit for the smooth way things ran. Phil was Assistant M. E. you know, in addition to being head Q. M.

Our morning business were the worship services with the various faiths meeting in different places. The service we attended was held in the arena and the speaker was Methodist Bishop Haines from Indiana. His talk wasn't complicated at all and was very easy to listen to. He told us that the main job in life for each boy was to grow to be the best kind of man that he had it in him to be. What a boy turns out to be depends half on the effort the boy makes and half on the help God will give him if asks for it.

That evening, after a dee-licious supper of mashed potatoes and Southern fried chicken, we moved again to the arena for what they called a Convocation.

Lanny Ross had some surprisingly good group singing (40,000 makes a pretty big choir to lead). And then followed scenes that showed important steps in the securing of religious freedom and other freedoms in this country.

At the end came the thing I'll probably remember the longest about the Jamboree. There, in complete darkness, each boy took a little candle from his shirt pocket, lit it and held it up. The whole hillside was covered by a twinkling blanket. There was almost no talking and it was quite a sight! Then, at a signal, each boy blew out his candle and put it back in his pocket. He was to take it home as a reminder to do his part to keep the light of liberty burning.

Monday, July 3, 1950

From our flag pole this morning, there flew a gold pennant for "outstanding exhibit." We never quite got it straight. Did we have "an outstanding exhibit" or "the outstanding exhibit" and was it for our Temple Hill Gateway or for the life line toss? In our opinion, these were both "the outstanding exhibits" in the Section.

This was a great day for sightseeing, swapping and Coca-Cola. An didn't that rope toss cause a lot of "coke" to change hands. Art Sutton is getting to be a pro.

While on the subject of swapping we wonder how long the horned toad that Dick Godfrey got is going to survive in his now far-from-Texas climate?

We wound up the day with a section Camp fire and the hit of the show was Ray Wood's "Let's Take a Hike" stunt. Remember it? "Let's

take a hike." "Let's take a hike." "All right." "All right."

Tuesday, July 4, 1950 - Independence Day

We were allowed to sleep quite late this morning - didn't have to get up until 7:15.

But did we hustle then. This was to be the main visiting day at our camp site had to look "right." And it did!

Then "Skipper" and "Woody" worked out a schedule so that there would be a boy at the Gateway all day long. The fellows took turns of 15 minutes each and told the people who stopped about the furlough paper in the display case and the gavel, and a couple of reasons why Temple Hill is important in History.

We sure had the visitors. Senator Desmond came by and so did most of the earlier Orange-Sullivan Scout Executives. And a good number of parents made the long trip down to say "Hello."

But it seemed like evening would never get there. There was to be a double treat that night. General Eisenhower was to speak to the boys and then there were to be fireworks!

And then it happened! Carl and Mr. Innocent were over at the airport arranging for a flight over the Jamboree. Just by accident they learned that General Eisenhower was to land there at seven o'clock that night. Of course, to everybody else it was a big secret. You know the rest - Carl, Mr. Innocent and Jacques were there to shake the General's hand as he got out of his plane! And they were the only fellows there besides the President of the Boy Scouts and the Chief Scout Executive! Boy, did that hand of Carl's that shook the General's hand get a lot of shaking!

The General's appearance at the Arena was everything we expected. The early part of the program was a pageant which showed what Scouting means to our country and I never saw so much action in my life. There had to be a lot of action. There were 8,000 Scouts in the darn thing I can still see those guys jumping out of the burning building... Then the band was playing patriotic music. Suddenly, a tremendous flag was unfurled down the back of the stage and there in the spotlight was "Gen Ike". What a hand he got! After leading all the boys in the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, the General told us just what each part of the Pledge meant and how important it was for all Americans now to sincerely pledge their best efforts to their country which, the General said, is in very serious danger at present.

And then came the fireworks. Remember how "Ike" started them; "Let'er rip!" That was what he said when he signalled for the invasion of Europe to begin.

I saw more fireworks that night than in my whole life before. Just when you thought they couldn't get better they did. It was a 4th of July we'll long remember. Sure, it was exciting, but it was more than that - thanks to General Eisenhower and our Valley Forge



surroundings, we know now that Independence Day means more than a lot of noise.

Wednesday, July 5th, 1950

Found some parts of the Jamboree today that we hadn't seen before. The Section Leader had given "Skipper" and "Woody" special sightseeing maps and this morning we took a "foot tour" of the Park, inspecting the monuments, the fortifications, and finally visiting the Chapel and its museum. When we were through we had a pretty good idea of how Washington planned to defend Valley Forge and how it really was a natural fort.

For supper we had Colonel John Skinner Wilson as a guest, that is he is an Englishman and is the International Scout Commissioner, probably the most important man in world Scouting. We found him to be very friendly and he thought we were a "pretty snappy" outfit. Carl sure knows a lot of important folk.

Just as we were sitting down to supper, Mr. Innocent flew over the camp and dropped a whole string of neckerchiefs. A little farther on, he tossed out a bunch of our Temple Hill leaflets. We could see them land over toward the Arch - and all the guys over there scramble for them. Maybe they thought they were \$5.00 bills.

Later that evening, we held a joint campfire with Troop 3 down in the Section recreations tent. Before the show was over, half of the Section, it seemed, had moved in on us. We had a bunch of songs, poem and some stunts. However, the performers spent most of this time scrambling for the pennies we tossed to them. All the acts were home-made and not very colossal, but were a lot of fun. To wind things up, there was a harmonica novelty act from Philadelphia and were they good. After an inspirational talk by Mr. Rutherford, off we went to bed.

Thursday, July 6, 1950 - Final Day

This is last whole day at Valley Forge for we pull out tomorrow morning. It has been a very full and rewarding week. But suppose you had to live the whole year round at the speed we lived at the Jamboree. Wow! We'd be old men at fifteen. Somebody's good planning made it possible for us to do as much as we did in this brief week - so much that was exciting, fun, and worthwhile.

Just to make sure that we hadn't missed anything, lots of free time was made available today.

On our walk, we noticed that some of the units which had to go 'way West or South were pulling out already and honest to goodness, it made you feel bad to see their tents going down. It was lots of fun meeting those guys from other states and you hated to see them start back home.

Now, it was time for our final get-together at the Arena.

The fellows all seemed quieter that night than they had before. The whole program had sort of a quiet "thinking" nature. Dr. Schuck,

our Chief Executive, tried to add up in his talk the things that most of us had come to feel that week. Then he sent us back to our camps with these final words "Go home with a new vision, with a new dedication, with a new consecration to service - service to your God, your country and humanity."

I know some of the fellows didn't catch that felling while at Valley Forge. TO them the Jamboree was only fun - and that's okay. But enough of them did.

So we can write: "Second National Jamboree of Boy Scouts of America - Valley Forge - 1950 - a whopping success."

TO MEMBERS OF TROOP 4

ORANGE - SULLIVAN DELEGATION

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

The Jamboree is just a memory now. But what an experience it was! We will never forget it! It was a pleasure to have had you as a member of Troop 4. I want to thank you all for the splendid cooperation that you gave. Allan Stone and Harold Innocent join me in wishing you "Good Scouting." I hope that someday we shall be able to do something else together again.

Bye now,

Carl Meltzer