

# Eighty Years of Scouting

## A History of Boy Scouting at Camp Falling Rock

### Introduction

The following pages are an attempt to document the history of a significant facility while many of the early participants can still contribute to the story. It was the author's great good fortune to know many of the men that made this story possible. We hope this treatise will recognize and remind the readers of the commitment and sacrifice these people made to develop the outstanding facility we call Camp Falling Rock.

This "History of Camp Falling Rock" started out to be "The Geology of Camp Falling Rock." The history was appended as an afterthought. The original text was sent to Dr. Donald Boyd, Professor of Geology at the University of Wyoming, and to Dr. Neal O'Brien, Professor of Geology at the State University of New York at Potsdam for review. Both of them had camped at Falling Rock as youths. Both of them suggested separating the history and the geology. Their comments and review were central to the development of this text.

Mr. John Weaver, my Scoutmaster, Eagle Scout and Silver Beaver recipient is also a life trustee of the Licking County Historical Society. Early in 2005 he asked for a "1500 word" history of Camp Falling Rock for the Society's Quarterly. This provoked the separation that Drs. Boyd and O'Brien had recommended.

At the same time Mrs. Carol Slone, Nature Center Director for Camp Falling Rock asked for assistance in developing fauna and flora lists for the camp. To that end, we secured the life lists of three former Bird Study merit badge counselors, the tree lists of two former Forestry merit badge counselors and an abstract of the chain of title to the properties that form Camp Falling Rock. We have yet to develop a plant list and an insect list. In the near future we will need a competent census of the fish and reptile populations. We hope this will be the opening chapter of an ongoing development and a real insight into the significant people and occurrences that make this camp and experience possible.

We have appended the lists of Licking County Silver Beaver recipients, all of whom are significant contributors and special friends of Camp Falling Rock. These lists are very incomplete, and will be added-to, as the data is made available. Some of the Silver Beaver recipients received their awards for work in councils far from Licking County. In every case, they also contributed significantly to Camp Falling Rock.

The history of Newark and Licking County, Ohio as presented by Mr. Gordon R. Kingery was consulted extensively in preparation of this text. GRK was the author's high

school English and Ancient History teacher, and also his piano teacher. He is most fondly remembered and respected for his truthfulness and tenacity.

The author served on the staff of Camp Falling Rock for ten summers over three decades, and has served on the Camp Properties Committee for more than thirty years. He considers it a great privilege.

Dwight Johnson, "Aby"  
May 2005, Nashport Ohio

# The Recorded History of Camp Falling Rock

## In The Beginning....

The Camp Falling Rock History begins with the close of the Wisconsin Ice Age, about fourteen thousand years ago. The first humanoids (undifferentiated Paleo-Indians) appeared on the scene and many local animals became extinct. Other species migrated north and became Canadian citizens. Amongst the species that became extinct we find the mammoth, mastodon, short-faced bear, elk-moose, ground sloth, saber-tooth tiger, giant beaver, and dire wolf. The Canadian survivors include the caribou and musk ox. One species, the peccary went south and survives in Louisiana, Texas and New Mexico.

The Wisconsin glacier did not reach Camp Falling Rock, but the outwash from the Scioto lobe in Knox County sculpted and washed the surface dramatically. Actually, the gravel fill in the valley had been placed there one hundred twenty plus thousand years earlier by the Illinoian glacial epoch.

Some of the local resident plant life's ancestors came south on the glaciers and stayed. The Kentucky cucumber, hemlock, cedar, and spruce trees we find in the deep valleys are descendants of those travelers. We no longer have larch, tamarack or firs on the camp proper, but they too were "Hitchhikers" on the glacier's advance. They still occur elsewhere in Ohio.

Earlier we noted the first humanoids appeared on the scene at the close of the Wisconsin glacial epoch. These Paleo-Indians were nomads. Apparently they followed herds of wild animals that they harvested for sustenance. We have never found skeletal remains, petroglyphs (rock wall drawings), ceremonial graves, evidence of lodges or housing, or fire rings that we can date, but we have found their tools. The points (arrowheads) are beautifully crafted and sculpted, with a classic flute at the point of attachment. We also find marks on their quarry's skeletons that indicate they cut up the meat and scarred the bones. In one case, a spear point has been found embedded in the shoulder bone of a mastodon! With this direct evidence, we conclude there were people in the area more than ten thousand years ago.

We don't know very much about the Paleo-Indians but it has been suggested they are the same people known as "Clovis people". The Clovis people are thought to have crossed the Bering Sea ice bridge as it developed during the Wisconsin Ice Age. They came into Alaska as early as thirty thousand years ago, spread southward along the Pacific coast, then migrated east. We know very little about them except for the fact they made exquisite Stone Age tools!

## **Forward, March!**

The mounds that occur in Newark and near Utica are part of the evidence of the next residents. The Adena and Hopewell cultures appeared about three thousand years ago. They built ceremonial mounds, a road system, and pole-structure housing. They also left elaborate tools, metal (copper) artifacts, and burial mounds. We know a lot about these people. We know they were a distinct race, not closely related to the Native Americans the Europeans found here in the Sixteenth Century. We don't know why they disappeared from this area twelve hundred years ago. Some students have suggested they moved southwest and became the Anasazi of Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada and northern Mexico. The Anasazi disappeared a short time later, probably victims of the Mayan culture.

It is worth noting the Native American cultures we know avoided the mounds of the Adena and Hopewell cultures. They considered them the sacred grounds of the "Ancients". They didn't understand or claim connection to the Ancients, but they respected their "medicine".

About six hundred years ago the modern Native Americans (Indians) appeared on the scene. The Iroquois nation was composed of matriarchal family groups. We know them as Seneca, Erie, Huron, Ottawa, Mohican, Wyandot, and Mohawk. They came into our area from the northeast. Concurrently, the Scioto and Miami moved in from the west. Later, the Shawnees moved in from the south, and the Delaware came from the east. The family units were hunter-gatherer groups headed by the oldest woman. Her husband and sons were the chiefs, and her daughters were married to the chiefs of the surrounding family units. For about three hundred years they raided each other's camps, made war on their neighbors and subsisted.

In the sixteenth century the French trappers traveled in from Canada. They became the common enemy of all the family units, and the first coalescing of tribes began. Hunting and warring continued to be the principal occupations of men. In fact, we often segregate Native American into squaws, chiefs, medicine men and warriors. Surely there were other occupations, but history has ignored them.

The great chiefs of the Native Americans appeared only when the great crisis developed. The European invaders forced the appearance of Chief Logan, Tecumseh, Little Turtle and other eminent chiefs. This also forced the consolidation of the family units into what we now call "tribes". Unfortunately the tribal system didn't work as well as it should, and "Mad Anthony" Wayne pushed the tribes north and west until they were trapped in areas foreign to their culture. Disease and starvation decimated them.

Following the removal of the indigenous people, the "Americans" settled the area and their first "project" was to make the area "safe". Reading the accounts of township "cleansing" from the early nineteenth century is scary today. There are accounts of

hunts that “kilt” hundreds of woodland bison, elk, wolves, bears, catamounts (mountain lions or pumas) and other animals that were considered incompatible with the agricultural practices of the day. Eden Township had one of these hunts in 1806! Many species native to the area disappeared for the next two centuries!

Reading these accounts is interesting and challenging because the terminology isn't obvious. Just east of Camp Falling Rock is a large area drained by Painter's Run. The derivation of the name isn't obvious until you learn “painter” is synonymous with panther, puma, cougar, catamount and mountain lion. We now know the run was so named because cougars or “painters” were resident when the first European-Americans arrived in the vicinity.

## What Is In A Name and The European Settlers

The name "Falling Rock" is derived from a large rock that overhangs the old road into camp. The old county road, known as "the road through the rocks" is still evident. When Falling Rock became a camp, there was a "high" road and a "low" road. The high road was northbound, and the low road was southbound. This worked except when the creek was high and the low road was flooded. Then all traffic used the high road, but it was strictly one-way at a time as the roadway was too narrow for two Model T's to pass.

After the dam washed out and Mr. Hilleary's grist mill ceased to function, the County Highway Department raised the low road and widened it to accommodate two-way traffic. They also closed the "road through the rocks" and it reverted to the landowners of record.

It collects too much trash, and requires a troop service project too often, but it gave Camp Falling Rock its name, and so deserves our attention. During the 1950's and 1960's the closed section of the road was used as "stations" on the Ordeal of the Order of the Arrow. Increased traffic on the adjacent section destroyed the dramatic effect of the "Falling Rock" and has also caused a safety concern.

Legend has it that Lewis Wetzel was in the area by 1732. His family had been attacked and killed by a party of marauding Delawares in Maryland. He chased them west, using their own tactics against them to extract his revenge. The French named him "Le Vente du Morte", which we loosely translate as "Death Winds". We have no proof that Wetzel was ever on the Camp, but legend places him at Panther's Leap.

The first white man known to have visited Licking County was Christopher Gist, a "surveyor" for the Virginia Company. He traveled extensively in the County in 1751. Unfortunately, we cannot put him on Camp Falling Rock, as his notes and current geography do not coincide. He did visit the Newark earthworks and the Flint Ridge area.

In the 1750's a band of Shawnees brought Billy Dragoo into the area after they captured him in Kentucky. He was a slave and remained with them in the Perryton area until his escape in about 1770. There is no evidence that Billy Dragoo was ever on the camp, except we do know the camp was on the north leg of the Shawnee Trace.

The Shawnee Trace was a north-south travel route long before three R's meant reading, "riting" and Route 33 to Virginia (now West Virginia). This was a path, marked by campsites and "trail trees". In our camp the trail followed the ridge as the ridge was covered with mature trees and a canopy resulted in an open forest floor. The valleys were choked with brambles, briars and bugs. The north leg of the trace went down the ridge to present Hanover. It crossed the Licking River and followed Bear Hollow Road to the Flint Ridge.

In a stone-age culture, flint was of prime importance. All tools took advantage of the hardness and formability of the flint. This had a profound influence on the activities

of the indigenous travelers. This source was known to the Paleo-Indians, Adena and Hopewell cultures as well as the Native Americans we recognize.

The last group adopted rules of conduct while at the flint pits. This was really a set of rules of survival. The rules allowed the collection of material without concern for safety. These materials were roughly shaped or “knapped” on site, then transported to work-sites some distance away. We don’t know of any worksites on Camp Falling Rock, but there are known worksites to the north of the Camp. (I.E., south of Warsaw on State Route 60.) The flint was carried across Camp Falling Rock in a semi-finished state. Flint was an important economic tool. Licking County flint tools have been found in Texas and Massachusetts.

To maintain the trail, “trail trees” were bent and tied as saplings. These trees then grew to maturity in a distorted and characteristic manner. Two of these trees existed on Camp Falling Rock. One was located near the new Nature Center, and existed until about 1980. It had fallen earlier and eventually returned “ashes to ashes and dust to dust”. When snow covers the ground, the depression of root system of the missing red oak is still evident. There was a fire ring on the north end of camp until about 1960. Erosion and further disturbance following a 1996 tornado has erased all evidence of this fire-ring.

The first Congress enacted the Northwest Territories Act and reduced the westward boundaries of Pennsylvania and Virginia to the lands east of the Ohio River. They set aside “Congress lands” near Marietta and encouraged settling and development of the land in the Northwest Territory. Settlement did not happen as quickly as Congress had hoped, so in 1786 they carved out a piece of the territory and designated it as “U.S. Military Lands –Original Seven Ranges”. This tract was set aside to be homesteaded by veterans of the Revolutionary War. Most of the veterans were members of various state militias at the time of the Revolution (War of Independence). Most of the states had failed miserably at compensating the soldiers for their service. This “gift” of land was supposed to make up for the oversight several years earlier.

Rufus Putnam was designated “Surveyor General” for the project. While General Putnam made a few surveys near Zanesville, his son oversaw most of the work. To keep them on their toes, Congress amended and “clarified” the Act twenty-three times between 1786 and 1803 when they turned the un-subscribed lands over to the new State of Ohio.

In the interim, principal lines were surveyed and characteristic stones were set at important intersections. During a 1957 boundary survey of Camp Falling Rock, three of the original stones were “found”. These have been in place since 1803, as that is the last time Congress paid for surveys and monuments!

The monument stones were all within eighteen inches of their expected position. This is remarkable when one considers the surveying instruments of the day. The “transit” was a compass equipped with peep-sights. Distances were measured with a

chain of one hundred links. Each link was 7.92 inches long, so one hundred links made one chain of sixty-six feet, or four rods length. Rods are measures of both length and area, which is why they are out of favor today. A rod is sixteen and one-half feet or five and one-half yards long. Twenty-five links made one rod. Rods and perches are the same measure, just different names. Are we confused yet?

The persons responsible for the surveying at the Camp Falling Rock site were excellent mechanics, and they had new and good tools. As time went by, the surveyor's chain grew in length. Each link rubbed a little bit of metal off his neighbor, so the chain got longer. At Camp Falling Rock, the surveyor had a new chain, and he used his tools in a most professional manner. And one hundred fifty years later, the quality of his work was plainly evident!

The first settlers directly in the area were the Hillearys. The Hilleary Homestead is located on Rainrock Road, southeast of the camp. It has homesteaded in 1800 and has remained in the family for more than two hundred years. The Hillearys were followed by the Little, Swick, Baker, Long, Stradley, Soslin, Coon, Holton, Miles, Bebout and Bailey families. The Holton, Bailey, Bebout, Miles, and Baker families owned part of the camp at some time past. The Licking County Courthouse burned in 1875, and some of the history of the land went up in the smoke.

The period of 1800 until 1950 saw these families as the indigenous people. They inter-married, as travel was difficult. They farmed the land, cut the timber, and crafted articles for sale and trade. One of the few opportunities young people had to leave the area was military service. During wartimes, beginning with the Civil War draft, young men had reason to leave the farm. Many liked what they saw and did not return to the family farm. Much of the land reverted to timber. Such was the case at Falling Rock. The stone fences, still evident, were not repaired. Trees encroached on the unplowed ground, and the farm lost viability.

Early pictures of Franklin Lodge astound people that think they know the Camp. The absence of trees in the vicinity of Franklin Lodge is simply untenable in their understanding. In fact, all the trees near Franklin Lodge are less than one hundred years old!

## **And Now I Am Going To Preach...**

During the nineteenth century, and especially during the reign of Queen Victoria, a great religious revival swept westward from England, Switzerland and Holland. The Calvinists, Methodists and Wesleyans in particular enlisted members and promoted lifestyles centered on family and form. The Methodists derive their denominational name from the Charles Wesley “method” for living.

Among these “methods” was a form called “Camp Meeting”. During the summertime, after the wheat had been harvested and before the corn was ripe, the whole family packed up and went to pious camp meetings where the “method” was demonstrated, expounded upon, and generally drummed into the skulls of the attendees. Before Falling Rock was a Boy Scout Camp, it was the sight of several camp meetings.

Near the Adirondacks and covered bridge, a large rock displays “Camp Whip-Poor-Will, 1886”. Nearby another rock reads “Camp DeRowe (?)” and the date appears to be 1883. We think we can still read the name of “Rev. Bertie DeRowe”.

We know a church group from Mt. Vernon operated Camp Whip-Poor-Will. We have not been able to determine how long it remained a church camp or who exactly the driving forces were. However, the inscription on the rock dates one session to July and August of 1886. Other “Camp meeting grounds” in the area were located on Rain Rock Road at the Rain Rock and north of Fallsburg at the County Line Road – Church Road intersection.

Henry Ford’s Model T and the exodus that followed the First World War resulted in the abandonment of much of the land around Camp Falling Rock. The settler families had inter-married and remained on the land. The Swick-Holton-Hilleary-Stradley-Coon family structure had accounted for many land transactions, without any land leaving the family. The Levingstone, Bero, Sabo and Delancey families moved into the area following the First World War and infused new blood into the society.

Prior to the Model T, the only way to leave the farm was to join the Army. This occurred during the Civil War and again during the Spanish-American War. It really came to the fore during the First World War. The words of the 1920’s song express the dilemma thusly, “How you going to keep them down on the farm, Once they have seen Patee?” Obviously they didn’t keep them “down on the farm”.

The assistant ranger’s house was already in place when the Mt. Vernon group left its mark. The chestnut log structure dates from about 1840. The hand-hewn floor joists are fitted into the plates with mortise and tenon joints. This is very unusual and exceptional workmanship. Of course, you have to crawl under the cabin to see and appreciate this! The cabin had been added to, modified and covered with shingles until its underlying character has been completely masked. It is certainly worthy of restoration.

The church group did build one building on Falling Rock. It remains as the "kitchen" on Scoutmaster's Cabin. It was built in 1883, as best we know. The cabin has been moved twice and is in very poor condition. The sidewalls are collapsing and the original lath and plaster have been replaced with drywall and panel products. It is slated for replacement when funding becomes available.

Another cabin existed in lower camp in what is now the center of Lake Pee Wee. It was demolished when the lake was expanded the first time. It was a single room, with a loft. It did have plastered walls, unusual for the time it was built (1880).

By 1949 the camp consisted of about two hundred thirty acres. From 1949 until 1967 it grew to its present size (five hundred fifty acres). Four major land acquisitions accounted for this growth.

The first acquisition was the acreage of Fred and Geneva Miller, located on the southeast corner of the property. This was the first access to Houdeshell Road (Township Road 237). It was followed shortly by the purchase of sixty-four adjacent acres. This became the site of the new dining hall, swimming pool and camp center. This also secured access from Houdeshell Road. Further purchases gave us the Holton homestead on Swick-Holton Road and and sixty acres south of Houdeshell Road (in Mary Ann Township).

The council deemed themselves poor landlords and sold off the Holton homestead and five acres surrounding it. They also sold three acres in Mary Ann Township back to Fred Miller so he could have access to a spring. There was a "swap" of about two acres on the north side of Swick- Holton Road for two acres between the Douglas Bero and Kilworth properties. This swap gave the camp a rugged but direct access to the bulk of the Holton homestead properties.

## 1910 et Sub.

The chapter title requires some knowledge of Latin. It may whet your appetite for History!

The Licking County Council, Boy Scouts of America was formed in 1919 and was incorporated in 1920. Mr. K.L. Brown was hired as the first Scout Executive. In 1922, Mr. Herman S. Bauman was hired as his assistant. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Brown accepted a position as Scout Executive in Wheeling, West Virginia, and Mr. Bauman became Scout Executive. He held the position until his retirement at the end of 1948.

Mr. Bauman came to Newark from Wheeling, WV and Mr. Brown went from Newark to Wheeling. Prior to being involved with the Scouting movement, Mr. Bauman had worked for the USDA Forestry Service in Wyoming. Some time after his retirement he met Mrs. Frew Boyd socially and asked where her son Don (Eagle Scout and camp staff member) was living. When she said "Laramie, Wyoming" he told her he had worked in a fire tower there early in his working career.

A campground was established on Blue Jay Road, southeast of Newark in 1920. This continued to serve as the camp for the council until the first land was acquired Rocky Fork Creek. The first purchase at Falling Rock occurred in 1926, when the core thirty-four acres around Franklin Lodge, was acquired. The camp has been incremented by land purchases until it now encompasses almost five hundred fifty acres.

During 1927 the Council built five barracks buildings and a dining hall on "Lower Camp". The first year of organized summer camp was 1928, although informal camping had occurred at Falling Rock the previous two years.

The first season of summer camping at Falling Rock consisted of two sessions, each two weeks long. The cost for a session was ten dollars. By 1952, the session was down to one week, but the cost was still ten dollars.

The buildings generally followed plans for First World War training camp facilities. The barracks had tongue and groove yellow pine floors, pine barn siding up four feet then screens above. The roof had a generous overhang, but there was no way to shut out a blowing rain. These were built along the hillside, south of the Franklin Lodge site. They sat on stilts, as did the first dining hall. The south-most original building remains. It is now known as "the Boat House" but for many years it served as the camp first aid station or "Infirmary". The other buildings were torn down or collapsed over the years.

The camp director's cabin, generally known as "Pappy's Cabin" was one of the original 1927 cabins. It was closed in with siding and windows and moved from the near-Sequoia site to its final position, northwest of Franklin Lodge. It suffered with lack of use, excessive dampness and poor maintenance until it collapsed during the tornado of 1996. It was finally disposed of in the spring of 2000.

## Where Do We Eat?

Camp Falling Rock has used a central dining facility almost exclusively since its inception. The first dining hall lasted for ten seasons. A few pictures remain, but there is no other evidence of its existence.

For many years dining was done “family style”, with food delivered to the table in bowls by the table waiters. A modicum of table manners was expected. We fondly remember being reminded of the manners by a chorus of boys chanting “A-Bi, A-Bi, Strong and Able, Get Your Elbows Off That Table!”

While Harold Hayes was Scout Executive, he was also Camp Director. He ordered peanut butter and bread on every table for every meal. There was less concern for anaphylactic shock in those days. For a few years, Rhus-tox pills were issued daily to abate the epidemic of poison ivy!

Attendees of early camps have fond memories of the food. One man recalled camping at Falling Rock in 1929 and 1930. He went so far as to say the camp had the best cooks in the State of Ohio! At that time cooking was done on wood-fired U.S. Army-surplus stoves manufactured by the Wherle Stove Company in Newark, Ohio. In 1948, gas fired ranges were introduced. These were fueled by propane.

Franklin Lodge was put in service as a dining hall in 1937, and the original dining hall was torn down. Franklin Lodge remained the dining hall through the 1957 summer camp season. During 1957 the new dining hall on “Upper Camp” was completed and placed in service for the 1958 camping season. Pictures exist of one hundred-plus youth seated for a meal in Franklin Lodge during the 1951 Summer Camp. It was used in the 1952 Summer Camp Bulletin, which advised that you had to attend Summer Camp in 1952 to be eligible to attend the 1953 National Jamboree in Irvine Ranch, California.

The Dining Hall structure is a rigid frame all metal building, manufactured by the former Armco Steel Company in Middletown, Ohio. It was purchased, for the council, by the National Gas And Oil Company from the Sandy Supply Company. It was erected by the Phillip Guenther Steel Erecting Company. Slight work and excavation was done with camp equipment and the assistance of the Krebs-Hoskinson Excavating Company.

The present Dining Hall has undergone several modifications since its original construction. Mr. Henry Klotz, longtime Scoutmaster of Troop 34, Granville, Ohio built the fireplace on the south end of the Dining Hall in 1961-62. The original kitchen wing was replaced in 1992 by the council and with the generous support of General Ray Mason and Mr. Howard LeFevre in memory of his son John LeFevre, Silver Beaver. During 2002-03 the Camp Properties Committee, with generous assistance of the South Texas Drywall Company and the Universal Veneer Mill Corp., installed the mixed hardwood paneling, suspended ceiling, new lighting and the gas-fired space heater. The cost to council was less than twenty dollars!

## **I Want To Go Swimming...**

Water safety played a large part in early Scouting programs. A century back, few people learned to swim well. Many could “dog-paddle” a few yards, but open water was generally avoided. It was considered dangerous to your health to expose the body to excessive water, even to excessive bathing!

The First Class Scout requirement that a boy enter deep water feet first, swim fifty yards, making a turn and resuming swimming and to extricate himself at the end brought new emphasis to efficient swimming.

Thus, the first “swimming hole” at Falling Rock was Rocky Fork Creek. Mr. William Hall had built a three-foot high dam on Rocky Fork to power his gristmill. By the time the Boy Scouts appeared on the scene, the mill was owned and operated by Mr. Sam Hilleary. The large grist stone in front of Legend Lodge came from Mr. Hilleary’s mill and was a gift of his son, Mr. Olus Hilleary.

Each summer, the camp staff would place wooden ties on top of the dam and raise the water level in the creek to permit swimming and canoeing. This worked well until the spring of 1935, when high water breached the dam. The sluice gate for the mill is the only evidence of the dam that remains today. It is also a property corner.

The camp was without an aquatics program from 1935 until summer camp opened in 1938. In the interim a new concrete pool had been built in the area known as “the Lower Amphitheater”. This pool was thirty feet wide, seventy-five feet long and DEEP! The shallow end of the pool was five feet deep. It rapidly deepened to the point where it was eleven feet deep. It was meant for SWIMMERS! One trip up and back the length of the pool satisfied the First Class swimming requirement.

The water was cold. The pool was filled and fed through a one and one-quarter inch galvanized pipe that originated at the spring under the falls. It also fed a thousand gallon tank on the bank west of the pool. This supplied water to the shower house. Normal shower water temperature was fifty-four degrees, Fahrenheit. Since more sunlight fell on the pool than on the supply tank, the pool was always a warming relief.

By 1949 the pool was in bad condition. A shelf was built in the north end to provide a “non-swimmer” area, a new filter system was installed and a new shower house was constructed east of the pool. All this area is now *in* Lake Pee Wee.

About this time the camp acquired an Army surplus water pump powered by a Jeep engine. The pool was filled out of Rocky Fork Creek, where the water was several degrees warmer than the spring. By 1955 it was obvious the pool was inadequate and a larger facility was required. By 1970 it was impossible to keep water in the pool and constant pumping of a nearby water well ensued.

A generous family gift in memory of Willard E. (Woodie) Shrider, Eagle Scout, former Scoutmaster of Troop 3, and Silver Beaver recipient, became the foundation for a fund-raising effort in 1978. By 1980, the new pool had become a reality and Camp Falling Rock had one of the finest facilities in the country. It continues to serve thousands of boys every summer, and its low-maintenance construction has saved the program many thousands of dollars.

The other part of the aquatics program, canoeing and rowing has evolved from the flood that destroyed the dam on Rocky Fork Creek. Today canoeing on Rocky Fork is only possible during flood, and that is neither predictable nor safe!

During the 1930's Mr. Max Slaughter founded a Sea Scout Ship under the aegis of the Buckeye Lake Yacht Club. The Sea Scouts acquired a large number of power poles from The Ohio Power Company (now American Electric Power), which they rafted and floated from Cranberry's Landing to Scout Island (also known as Charleston Island) at Buckeye Lake.

They constructed a cabin and two Adirondack shelters on the island, and it became the center for Canoeing and Rowing Merit Badges until 1950, when the Sea Scout Ship disbanded. The island went un-used for several years and suffered considerable vandalism. During the 1960's the State of Ohio declared primacy over all the lands of the Ohio Canal Company. With that declaration, all title and claim to the Scout Island passed to the State of Ohio, and that part of the Scouting passed into history.

In the meantime, Mr. Al Krebs, Mr. Gene Fitch and Mr. Jack Frost, all local excavating contractors, pooled resources and brought their equipment to Camp Falling Rock to build Lake Pee Wee.

A "trout" pond had existed near Franklin lodge since the early 1940's. It was about sixty feet in diameter and was fed by the overflow of the spring that provided potable water for the camp. The foundation of the springhouse is still evident, and the pump pit still exists behind Franklin Lodge.

The first stage of the pond consisted of about two acres. This was a dramatic improvement to the program, as we once more had canoeing and rowing capabilities on Camp Falling Rock.

The spruce trees that now line the parking area were about six feet tall when the pond was built. They were planted around the old "trout" pond. Scouts excavated these trees by hand, burlaped and balled the roots, put them on sheets of metal roofing and skidded them across the field to their present location. They dug new holes by hand and transplanted all the spruce trees successfully.

**“I Think That I Shall Never See.....”**

*Joyce Kilmer, American Poet*

An American holly tree did not survive. It remained near the lake for twenty years without growing or developing. It finally succumbed to the severe winters in the 1970's. It was a lone tree, and since holly trees are sexual, it was never cross-pollinated and the typical red berries never developed.

Dawes Arboretum attempted to re-introduce larch trees to the camp after the first stage of Lake Pee Wee was built. The introduction was unsuccessful. They also tried baldy cypress with equal results.

There are a number of Kentucky cucumber tree shoots developing on the property. These were introduced at the same time as the unsuccessful cypress and larch trees.

It was the practice of Mr. Hayes to leave two summer camp staff members in camp after the close of the summer session. They were responsible for drying and folding canvas, feeding horses and such other maintenance as needed.

One summer he left too much diesel fuel in the stock tank and too few chores on the to-do list. The boys got the chainsaws out and cleared trees. Then they got the old bulldozer started and began the expansion of Lake Pee Wee. They didn't understand all they knew and they stuck the bulldozer in deep mud. When Pappy returned, they were apologetic about the stuck bulldozer and far too proud of the other work they had done. Pappy appealed and Mr. Krebs sent another bulldozer out to retrieve the one mired in the mud!

The trees cut were mostly sycamores and witch hazel. A few blighted elms fell victim to the chainsaw in that episode. Earlier that year the council contracted to harvest a considerable amount of timber on the “farm” side of Rocky Fork Road. This was truly the first appearance of a chainsaw on Camp Falling Rock. The original was a two-man, electric powered direct current model with a long trailing cord and a Model A Ford powered generator.

By the time that timber cut was over, the Camp had acquired a Disston gasoline powered chainsaw to cut the tops into firewood. This was a unique piece of equipment, as it had a down-feed carburetor. To cut a standing tree, the blade was rotated parallel to the ground. Then, to cut limbs and logs, the blade was rotated to the vertical position. The Disston didn't last long. It was replaced with Lancaster, Strunk, McCullough, Homelite, Poulan, Stihl, Remington and many other varieties in the history of the camp. We tried them all!

All the chainsaws were involved in cutting hundreds of dead chestnut trees on the camp. The American Chestnut (*Castanea dentata*) was the dominant species on the

camp a century back. By 1950 all the mature trees had been blighted, and only sprouts (less than five years old) remained. Today the hulking remains of three of these giants remain near the Pioneer campsite. They are continuing to decay and deteriorate, but these hulks are natural treasures! The American chestnut is the tree that earned Abraham Lincoln the nickname of "Rail Splitter".

Some other natural knowledge was gained about this time. When you cut a bee tree in mid-winter, the bees will become surprisingly energetic and are fully capable of delivering their measures of formic acid accurately and quickly. OUCH!

The pond has undergone two expansions since the one just detailed. The last expansion occurred after the new swimming pool was a reality. It now incorporates about seven acres.

## The Other Water Resources

Adequate pure water supplies are always a concern for a public facility. Camp Falling Rock has had its share of problems with water supply. The first water supply was a spring, located southwest of Franklin Lodge. This was developed as a full-fledged springhouse. It had a trough where milk was kept cool, and a pick-up (suction pipe) that fed a shallow well pump in a pump pit behind Franklin Lodge. The well persisted as the principal water supply for the camp until 1958.

There were also two “driven” wells on lower camp. One of these is now underwater in the lake. The other was re-cased as a shallow well and serves as the present water supply to Franklin Lodge, the assistant ranger’s quarters and the yard hydrants in lower camp.

The utilization of the spring under the falls has been previously discussed. While it continues to flow, all springs have been deemed unfit as public water sources, and it is no longer used as a potable water source. Likewise, the spring at the Baker Road outpost has been abandoned. The spring near the present horse barn was sealed a number of years ago.

Scouts camping in Pioneer campsite used the spring across the fence as a water supply. This spring was on the Delancey property, but erosion has moved it north of the property line and it now resides on the Douglas Bero property. This spring was never developed or tested, but was used by campers for a number of years.

A number of unsuccessful attempts have been made to drill water wells. The margin between the fresh water aquifer and the brine-filled formations below is quite narrow. Early, unsuccessful attempts at drilling failed because the drillers were not prepared to risk “some” fresh water for deeper holes with “adequate fresh water. They drilled close to the depth of the saltwater formations, but never close enough to find the adequate fresh water aquifer. There were at least twelve attempts by various drillers.

Only three wells were truly successful. Mr. Donnie Nethers drilled the well adjacent to the dining hall. This offset an earlier well that had stopped short of the water-bearing formation by a very few feet! This well supplies most of the water to the upper camp area, and is the source for water to fill the pool.

In 1950 Mr. Glenn Applegate drilled a well on lower camp to replace the spring under the falls as the water source for the pool. This well is presently unused as neither power or plumbing is intact. This well will provide fifteen gallons of water continuously, and should be developed as a backup for the well at the dining hall.

Mr. Carl Shoemaker drilled a well near Legend Lodge in the 1980’s. This was intended to be a water source for the swimming pool and Legend Lodge. It had a number of contamination problems and was plugged in 2002.

The domestic water well at the ranger's residence is the only other truly successful well on the camp at this time.

Two underground spiral wound fiberglass reinforced epoxy water tanks are buried behind the present rifle range. These have a capacity of about twenty thousand gallons, but they are presently unused. The location is near the highest point on camp, and would serve as a hub for a gravity water system in the future. The tanks were donated to the camp by Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., and installed by Krebs-Hoskinson Excavating, Inc.

## **Bridging the Gap**

We won't be so gauche as to suggest Scouting as a solution to the generation gap! We want to talk about the access gap presented by Rocky Fork Creek. Rather, we are going to address the solutions to that access gap.

We know a dam existed at the camp property line. Ergo, the water was deep on the camp side of the dam! A crude ford across Rocky Fork Creek existed below the dam, but you had to go around Mr. Hilleary's gristmill and come a half-mile up the creek bank to get to the ford.

The first assurance of privacy came when Scouts built a monkey bridge across Rocky Fork Creek. As a matter to information, a monkey bridge consists of three ropes and a weaver. One rope is for feet, two ropes are for hands and the weaver tries to keep the three ropes synchronized. Really it serves to trip the unwary. It is extremely hard to carry a full backpack and cross a monkey bridge!

The solution was a suspension bridge. Boys built a suspension bridge, now remembered as the "Swinging Bridge" in 1927. This was located about two hundred fifty feet north of the present bridge site. It was nearly one hundred feet long. Old Scouts fondly remember the thrill of walking into camp!

The trip from Newark to Falling Rock involved crossing Rocky Fork Creek at least four times. For the Philmont veteran, this is simple compared to the twenty-three crossings of the Rayado Creek in seven miles. But Rocky Fork gets much larger than Rayado Creek.

The first bridge was on Route 79, on the Raymond Jones property, four miles from camp. The second bridge was at the junction of Rocky Fork Road (County Highway 211) and Rainrock Road (County Highway 210). For more than ninety years, the bridge was a panel-truss type that limited the height of traffic very successfully. Forty years ago the bridge was replaced and the restricting superstructure was gone. A modern bridge, with only legal load restrictions replaced the high bridge.

The third crossing was "the Covered Bridge". It spanned Rocky Fork Creek at the intersection of Rocky Fork Road and Houdeshell Road (Township Road 237). This covered bridge was built in 1878 and proudly served until 1972, when it was replaced with a modern steel beam structure.

The old covered bridge was dismantled and moved to Camp Falling Rock. During the next eight years the Camp Properties Committee worked at replacing rotted timbers with exact dimensional copies, and preparing a site to reset the bridge on Camp Falling Rock. This was finished in 1978, and then bridge was dedicated to the memory of Harold G. "Pappy" Hayes, long-time Scout Executive of Licking County Council, and truly a Camp Falling Rock visionary! The covered bridge was erected near the

Adirondacks and amphitheatre. It is limited to foot traffic and should last another century.

The fourth crossing is the iron bridge into lower camp. It was donated and installed by the Licking County Highway Department in 1931. It is an intriguing story and history. The iron bridge is older than the covered bridge! It is one of three surviving cast iron post truss bridges in the United States! The other two are located in Lancaster, Massachusetts. It is listed in the American Registry of Historic American Engineering Structures. For those interested, the Registry number is HAER OH-89. It is also known as "Bridge 411, Doc Brown's Bridge". The probable manufacturer was McNairy, Clafen and Company as successors to the Cleveland Bridge Company.

The design of the trusses dates to 1865. It was promoted to counties and townships as early as 1868, claiming its "rigidity" made it most desirable for their consideration.

Our bridge was originally erected over Brushy Fork Creek in Perry Township, sometime prior to 1875. The exact date is lost in the ashes of the 1875 Court House fire. In 1926 it was offered to the Village of Hebron for the cost of moving it from Perry Township. The bridge was moved and erected across the canal at the west end of Cumberland Street in 1927. In 1931, the Village of Hebron sold the bridge to the Licking County Commissioners for one hundred dollars. The same day the Licking County Commissioners approved a contract with a Mr. W.H. Lee to remove the bridge at Hebron and erect the same at the Boy Scout Camp for the sum of six hundred ninety-nine dollars (\$699.00).

While in Hebron, the bridge was never used. Dr. "Doc" Brown, president of the village council, had assured the other members that he would have no problem securing a right-of-way on the west approach, as Mrs. Francis Hand was his patient. Mrs. Hand refused to grant the right-of-way and Hebron had "a bridge to nowhere" long before Pittsburgh made the term famous!

The bridge served as the main entrance to camp for the following twenty-six years and as the entrance to winter (lower) camp for another twenty-eight years. The historic iron bridge is now closed to all traffic due to the deterioration of concrete abutments and steel crossbeams. We are seeking funding for its structural repair and replacement of the abutments.<sup>1</sup> As an automobile and foot bridge it should last another century.

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<sup>1</sup> Much of the funding required has since been received and Doc Brown bridge has largely been rehabilitated and relocated to its present location where it provides access to campsites that had been less frequently used in years past due to their location "across the crick." The only requirement now to complete the project is a supply of oak to finish the new wooden "roadbed" and ensure replacement boards are at the ready for future needs.

Rocky Fork Creek looks like a sleepy little stream that has resided on the east side of the valley for a long time. Surely it hasn't crossed the valley in the last century.

WRONG!

In the middle of summer camp season, the sheriff's office called to advise there was a cloudburst in the vicinity of Camp Ohio, five miles upstream. They suggested we had a half hour to clear and secure lower camp. They were too optimistic. The field was cleared of boys, horses and movable equipment. Canoes were moved up towards Sequoia Lodge. The water came up and up. It marched across the field and onto the porch of Franklin Lodge. When Pappy Hayes asked how high the water was, someone opened the door. The water crept halfway across the floor, then immediately started to recede.

Two of the staff members took a canoe and crossed the field to check on the iron bridge. It was fine, so they secured the canoe and proceeded on foot to check on the downstream neighbors.

The covered bridge was intact. When they arrived at the junction of Routes 210 and 211, they noticed a barricade and lantern on the far side of the bridge. They waded across the bridge to find the barricade said "Bridge Out". Boy Scouts are very nearly indestructible. They aren't always cautious, and they certainly aren't as smart as they think they are, but they survive!

Two additional bridges are needed to open areas of camp that are presently under-utilized. These will probably "happen" through efforts of the Camp Properties Committee.

The County Highway Department used federal highway funds to install guardrails along Rocky Fork Road in the vicinity of Camp Falling Rock. This of course denied us access to the old ford across Rocky Fork Creek. Through the efforts and equipment of Eagle Scout Ray Riesbeck's Rayco Excavating Company, the access road off the north side of camp (Swick-Holton Road) and south along the west bank of the creek has been stabilized and improved. Additional work on the gateway is needed.

## **If I Had A Hammer...**

We have talked about the buildings that are plainly historical. There are a lot of other buildings that play an important role in the success of the camp. Some are professionally constructed. Others have “happened”. A large number of buildings have disappeared. We should remember them first.

The portion of Camp Falling Rock east of Rocky Fork Road was called “the farm” for many years. The farm was the former residence of the late Emmett “Shorty” Bebout. Following the Great Depression it became a subsistence level operation. There was a two-story farmhouse, a generous barn, two outbuildings and a springhouse on the farm as late as 1948. All these buildings are now gone. “Shorty” Bebout was the first Ranger at Camp falling Rock, serving from 1948 until his retirement in 1950.

The farm on the north side of Houdeshell had a barn, a house and a springhouse. The house was located in the current paddock area near the horse barn. The original barn was located a short distance northeast of the house. Some foundations stones of both structures are still evident. The barn burned and the house was torn down when it became impractical as a rental property. An infectious vector resided in the spring water, so the spring was destroyed during the 1970’s.

A “warehouse”, later called “the Compound” was built between the then Ranger’s Cabin and Franklin Lodge in 1949. It housed the Trading Post of summer camp, and all the bulk storage for camp equipment. Several trees fell on it during the 1996 tornado, and the last of the structurals were burned in the camp cleanup in 2000.

The Adirondack building that was located east of the warehouse was demolished. The building was used for paint, oil and lubricant (POL) storage for too many years, and the poles had absorbed too much of the materials they were intended to contain.

Southwest of Franklin Lodge was an eight by twelve building on stilts. This was the trading post and camp post office until the aforementioned warehouse was built. It served several more years as the darkroom for the camp photographer. During the 1940’s, 1950’s and 1960’s the camp photographer was expected to prepare a photo essay on camp life during each week of summer camp. The three newspapers then extant in Licking County picked up these essays.

During the 1948-49 winter a new cabin was built on a site just north of the original five barracks buildings. It was named “Sequoia Lodge” for reasons that are lost. The nearest Sequoia tree is twenty-three hundred miles west! This was the most popular winter cabin for a number of years. Unfortunately it had a very skimpy foundation and was built before the days of treated lumber. It deteriorated to the point that rot, powder post beetles and termites claimed it in the early 1990’s

The Licking County Eagle Scouts subscribed money to replace it in 2003. We are awaiting final approval of permits by the Ohio Environmental Protection Agency as of this writing. The new cabin will be a two-story structure with radiant heat in the floors and a white pine log exterior.<sup>2</sup>

The exterior logs were planted as seedlings on “the Farm” more than fifty years ago by some of the same Eagles that have subscribed to build the new Lodge. It will be called “Sequoia Eagle Lodge”. Once an Eagle, always an Eagle!

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<sup>2</sup> The restoration of Sequoia Lodge was completed in 2011 thanks to many donations from the Licking County community at large, the efforts of The Rock Foundation, and hundreds upon hundreds of volunteered man-hours. The restored Sequoia Eagle Lodge is one of the most beautiful buildings on the Camp and is a popular facility for visitors to rent, both Scouters and non-Scouters alike.

## Would You Believe Our Woods?

In the eighty years that Falling Rock has been a Boy Scout Camp, reforestation has been the most significant change. The subsistence farms of the turn of the twentieth century reverted to maple, hickory and oak growth very naturally. Some of this began before we acquired the land. Some we allowed to happen. Some of the program was induced. And more reforestation is planned.

The area where the dining hall now sits was an orchard. It had Bartlett pears and several species of apple trees. Some of the old trees remain, but are untended. The orchard was out of business by 1950. Most of the trees were gone by 1958, when the dining hall was first used.

The area now occupied by Krebs Lodge, the rifle range, archery range and climbing tower was open pasture. The topsoil is too thin to plow, so it saw minimal use as cropland. The pine trees that exist there now were planted during the late 1960's and early 1970's. This was the third pine planting on the camp.

The first planting was on the hilltop behind (west of) Franklin Lodge. The trees were mixed species conifers and were planted in 1938. For many years they were a viable stand of conifers. However, they did not generate a replacement crop. As the mature trees died out, deciduous trees replaced them. Many of the trees were spindly sun seekers that fell victim to the 1996 tornado. The spruces and pines near Franklin Lodge were planted at the same time and are now mature and dying in place.

In 1951 and 1952 there was a substantial planting of pines on the Baker Road "farm" site. This planting was exclusively white pines. The trees are maturing and some were harvested for the new Sequoia Eagle Lodge. They have successfully reproduced, and the stand is now self-sustaining.

At the same time the white pines were planted, the U.S. Department of Agriculture introduced the multiflora rose to the area. The recommendation has all the trademarks of an environmental disaster. We include it with kudzu, the Chinese chestnut, nutria and the gypsy moth. Mother Government certainly does NOT know best!

The last planting of pines on the camp occurred on the Holton farm segment (Top Dog area). These were all Red (Norway) pines. Unfortunately red pine shrinks badly, even after careful drying. The only commercial use for it is as chips in the pulp and paper industries and for oriented strand board (OSB) building materials. We believe the camp could make better use of these trees in the construction of Adirondack-type shelters, where their shortcomings would have minimal impact.

There is also an effort to re-introduce the American elm (a blight resistant variety) and a hybrid chestnut that is very close to the extinct American chestnut. This too

resists the blight that eradicated its cousins, and forms trees much more like the native than the introduced Chinese chestnut.

A plan has been promulgated to develop an arboretum-like area in the southwest corner of the camp as a memorial to Scouts and Scouters that made significant contributions to the story of Camp Falling Rock, and as an educational tool for those interested in the forestry and conservation career paths.

The known species of trees, indigenous to Camp Falling Rock is an appendix to this history, as the trees are certainly part of the story.

## **We Are Still Kickin'**

Scoutmaster's Lodge has been two different structures and three different locations. The original Scoutmaster's Cabin was a twelve by twenty-eight single room structure on a cut stone foundation one hundred yards south of the old swimming pool. Until Sequoia was built it was the only winter cabin other than Franklin Lodge. The only source of heat was a box wood stove in the north end of the cabin. It was originally built by the Mt. Vernon church group that operated Camp Whip-Poor-Will

In 1949, a new Scoutmaster's Lodge was built about thirty feet west of the original building. It was the intention at the time to demolish the original building. Two years passed, and instead, the old building was moved and "appended" to the end of the new Scoutmaster's Lodge. Now the whole thing was called Scoutmaster's Lodge.

In the meantime, Licking County Council was adding acreage to Camp Falling Rock. With the expansion towards the hilltop, and the starting of the dining hall in 1957, plans were made to relocate Scoutmaster's again. This time it was chain-sawed into sections and moved five hundred yards west and up the hill, where it was reassembled on a concrete slab foundation. The Phil Vogelmeyer Company did the relocation. A new fireplace and chimney were built. The activity accelerated the demise of the structure and it is now slated for replacement in situ.

Franklin Lodge is named for the late Rev. L.P. Franklin, former rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in Newark, first Scoutmaster of the first troop (Troop 6) in Newark, and first Commissioner in Licking County Council. Rev. Mr. Franklin transferred from the Newark church in 1926. Franklin Lodge was built during 1936-37 and placed in service as the dining hall in time for the 1937 summer camping season.

The original kitchen has been replaced, as the hill to the west encroached and rotted the logs. One base log on the north side remains to be replaced. The original wood floor rotted out many years ago and was replaced with a concrete slab floor. The original porch has been replaced with an intermediate version, and returned to its original configuration. An ADA (Americans with Disabilities Act) ramp and ADA shower and toilet have been added. The stairs to the loft is still lowered by block and tackle and the fireplaces supply principal heat. The building has new windows, roof, water and sewer systems. To many it is still the center of Camp Falling Rock!

In 1960 the Moundbuilders Kiwanis Club donated a new craft center and trading post building to Camp Falling Rock. This is located near the top of the hill, deep in the woods. This is one of the most popular winter cabins. A frost-proof hydrant provides water year around. A new roof was installed in 2004. Unfortunately, two trees fell on the roof during the 2004 Christmas ice storm. One tree damaged the chimney on the east end, while the other damaged the roof on the west end of the building. The damage was rather minor, and was attended by the Camp Properties Committee.

During the 1960's building boom, a new first aid lodge was built southwest of the dining hall on upper camp. This is now called Campmaster's Lodge. It also serves as the home of the Camp Director during summer camp. Current plans call for this building to be returned to its original service as the first aid station. The campmaster will relocate to a proposed Gateway and Museum combination building sited for the entrance into upper camp (Houdeshell Road entrance). The current building has all the amenities, but it is also the frequent target of marauding raccoons.

We think Harold G. Hayes' philosophy on camp size should be revisited. He often stated that he wasn't greedy; he just wanted all the land that joined him. This statement is self-fulfilling. There is no end to the vision!

Licking County Council was merged into Central Ohio Council in 1987. This followed a National Council experiment in "modernizing" Scouting. Green Bar Bill a.k.a. William Hillcourt had to come out of retirement, write a new Handbook for Boys, and get the whole program refocused. Thank Heaven for the Great Dane! The experiment also led to the consolidation of many councils into a few mega-councils. The twelve regions were wiped out, and Buckskin Men of Region Four became passé.

During the brief time that Licking County Council was part of Central Ohio Council, the dining hall was updated, Legend Lodge, a new camp headquarters and trading post was built, and Bauman Lodge, a two-unit winter cabin came into existence. Bauman and Legend were outfitted with gas heat and no facility for wood fire heat.

Recent buildings include a challenging climbing and rappelling tower, built by the Camp Ranger and funded by the Licking County Foundation with material donations by American Electric Power and labor and equipment services by The Energy Cooperative. In addition to building confidence, the tower allows lads to safely climb and rappel and learn real teamwork.

The Camp Properties Committee built a new Nature Center, with the financial assistance of the Moundbuilders Kiwanis Club. It is an outstanding facility and one of the busiest places on camp during the summer session. It features a very good reference library, terrariums, aquariums, local fauna and flora. Tools for soil and water conservation, forestry, astronomy and geology are available. A dozen different merit badges are offered during the summer session. A local oil producer donated a large tank, which was partially buried and provides a natural reptile habitat. Nature trails, complete with signs are available for study of trees and plants.

More than one hundred species of birds visit Camp Falling Rock each year. A former counselor for Bird Study Merit Badge would present the needed forty species in a single afternoon. Another counselor has reported eight species of woodpeckers and forty species of spring warblers on the camp. It continues to have nesting scarlet tanagers, pileated woodpeckers, black vultures and little green herons. Several species of owls can be heard on camp each evening. The one conspicuously missing group is the goatsucker (Caprimulgidae) family. We used to have whip-poor-wills and

nighthawks. They weren't been seen or heard for more than twenty years. The whip-poor-wills returned in 2005. The bobwhite quail is no longer present. They were apparently victims of the very harsh winters of 1977 and 1978.

## Some Returnees

Deer were gone from Camp Falling Rock from near 1900 until about 1950. Many boys are surprised to learn this now, as deer are nearly a nuisance. In 1950, one staff member went to Mr. Hilleary to report sheep had traveled through the woods on camp. Mr. Hilleary was the closest farmer owning sheep. The "sign" (scat) the staffer thought to be sheep was really deer. A census of Mr. Hilleary's flock affirmed "all present and accounted for". Also at that time, every reported sighting of a deer in Licking County was dutifully recorded on the sports page of the Newark Advocate newspaper.

Likewise, wild turkeys were gone from the area for many years. They have returned with a vengeance. Canada geese would like to dominate Lake Pee Wee. Fortunately, one nesting pair drives other geese away. The wood duck boxes on Lake Pee Wee are unoccupied, as there is too much activity and too many snapping turtles for the comfort of the woodies. Blue birds have returned in abundance. Black vultures and mockingbirds came north and added to the local fauna.

We have bobcats on the camp or in close proximity. A mother and three kittens were seen in 2003. Plenty of tracks were found in the snow in 2004. We are sure they are still present.

A black bear was hit and killed by a car near Fallsburg a few years ago. Tracks have been reported on Camp Falling Rock, but we have no confirmed sightings to date. As of 2005, we do not have to use "bear bags" to secure foodstuffs in camp.

No one has reported a timber rattler in the past fifty years. Only one copperhead has been identified on camp in the last fifteen years. Many of us remember when Mr. Hayes kept a pair of copperheads in a steel drum for all the boys to see and recognize. The same group participated in the annual spring "snake hunts" to stock terrariums for the nature program on camp. Of course, such stocking is now unlawful. These denizens still inhabit the area, but the high level of activity and traffic density keeps them in seclusion.

Camp Falling Rock is a breeding habitat for scarlet tanagers. This brilliant bird has lost much of its winter habitat (Brazil's Amazon Basin) to logging, and its numbers are dramatically diminished in the United States. However, they are brilliantly evident at Camp Falling Rock during the summer.

Ovenbirds, thrashers and wood thrushes are abundant. We even have an occasional Louisiana water thrush nesting on the premises.

Many species of hawks and owls are present, and a lone bald eagle has been sighted repeatedly on the camp. The raptors are always exciting to see!

Skunks, raccoons, chipmunks, rabbits, squirrels, coyotes and foxes are plentiful. Voles, mice, moles and similar "bottom feeders" are obviously plentiful, as the top of the

food chain is in very good condition. We have some groundhogs, but the digging is better elsewhere, so they don't consider Falling Rock to be prime real estate. Beavers wander up Rocky Fork Creek from time to time. Rocky Fork is a bit too volatile for their liking, but they try to dam it with disastrous results. At any given instant, it is hard to tell whether beavers are present or migrating.

No badgers have been reported on the camp. The nearest sighting is still twenty miles away in Coshocton County. One "cheechako" (Jack London's term for tenderfoot) reported a wolf on camp in 2004. It turned out to be a small yearling white-tailed deer doe. The only confirmed wolves on camp are Cub Scouts.

## To Arms! Or To Disarm?...

Hamlet's soliloquy states Baden-Powell's conundrum in iambic pentameter. The Boy Scouts have attempted to resolve it ever since that fateful day in February 1910.

In earlier times it was much more evident. At evening retreat, one troop would arrive in uniform, marching precisely in step, observing the "dress is right and cover down, forty inches all around". The next unit would arrive, vicariously clad, and as ordered as a gaggle of geese. They would consume three or four minutes forming a simple line. Each Scoutmaster would scoff at the other's effort, and the argument of "militarism versus discipline" would ensue.

Baden-Powell formed the Royal Boy Scouts in England to prepare young men for the life they would experience in the Royal Services of the British Empire. In this country the debate raged on, despite or in spite of the formation of drum and bugle corps, marching bands and drill teams and drill competitions. The pace of an eleven year old must be greatly exaggerated to maintain the thirty-inch standard, and this may be reason enough to minimize drill and marching. Even the U.S. Army has minimized this instruction.

On the other hand, the discipline drill provides and the pride it evokes may justify the time and effort it requires. Certainly the return of fife and drum, drum and bugle corps and bands will be far off. But they would be greatly admired!

We won't resolve the debate. But, it is our history and we should appreciate the debate. Our freedom to debate must be preserved, and unfortunately it may require a much more militaristic approach than we are willing to accept today.

A leftover and disarmed activity from Baden-Powell's army experience was the **nightwatch**. For the first forty years of Scouting in America, it was a standard feature of summer camp.

Every camper was assigned a buddy. Sometime during the week, they would draw duty for two hours as the nightwatch. For those two hours, between 10:00PM and 6:00AM the buddies carried a lantern (coal oil then, kerosene now) and walked throughout camp, assuring themselves that all was well! The camp staff made great sport out of scaring the youngest campers. Ghost stories at campfire fed already fertile imaginations. Campers of seventy years past, vividly remember those hours they toured as the nightwatch.

One former camper remembers that his "buddy" had cut his leg with an axe on the day before their tour. This was before the day of EMTs, squad runs and life-flights. The staff nurse attended. A couple of butterfly bandages to close the wound and a swabbing with tincture of iodine made this Scout fit for duty. However, the tall grass on the "parade grounds" irritated the wound, so the night watch was confined to the open

trails. Their route was a little longer, but it passed without incident. A man who had camped at Falling Rock in 1929 recorded these memories in 1998.

Another militaristic feature of early camping was morning calisthenics for all campers at 6:00AM. With all today's concern about the dietary habits and resultant health liabilities, this feature might stand review and revisiting today.

## **Documented Tragedies**

Not everything about Camp Falling Rock is light and glorious. The son of a former ranger committed suicide on camp. His father, the ranger found the body. This same ranger and his wife tried making a home for another disturbed youth. The boy committed several arsons and shot several domestic animals. These incidents discouraged the ranger and he retired. He lived another ten years, but seldom returned to camp. The youth was committed to a psychiatric hospital, where he remains.

On August 8, 2002 a former member of Troop 20, Rick Deskins was killed in a freak accident near the bridge into lower camp. Rick was driving south past the bridge when lightning struck a cherry tree on the east side of the road. A portion of that tree struck Rick's car, causing him to lose control. The car climbed the guardrail and rolled over. Rick died from the injuries he sustained in the accident.

The legend of the horseshoe print near the falls is just a legend. We can find no documentation for it. Likewise, we can find no hard evidence the six Shawnee braves were killed and buried on the north edge of the camp. However, these are part of the legend and the legend will persist.

## **Keep The Campfires Burning**

Campfires have been a big part of Scouting since Baden-Powell introduced the concept more than a century ago. It has been a big part of Scouting at Falling Rock as well.

The first campfire ring was near present Franklin Lodge site. It accommodated about forty boys and every evening in camp was highlighted by campfire. Some of the same silly skits we perform today were performed around that ring.

Singing was much more important in the early days of camp and especially at the evening campfire. A good song leader was much in demand. Many early songs would probably be socially or politically incorrect today, but old Scouts still remind each other of the words today. Times and Scouts have changed.

The second council fire ring was in the pines, west of Franklin Lodge and on the hilltop. This was known until the 1960's as the "Sacred Campfire Circle". This area was reserved for special events, and as part of the ritual, each Scout attending the event carried a small stone to line the path to the Sacred Council Ring. This was started in 1929 by Eagle Scout Bill Krieg, and has the lore and intrinsic value that commends its adoption and preservation.

This fire site was always a little nerve wracking. There was a lot of tinder, especially pine needles on the forest floor, and the water source was quite removed. Nevertheless, campfires were held in the council ring, and the woods never burned!

The third campfire ring was near the Adirondacks and the present amphitheater at the falls. This was used until the amphitheater was built in the mid-1950s'. It was in the present roadway, but at that time, the roadway was only a path. Only Pioneer Camp existed on the hill.

The amphitheater has been used for more than fifty years. For most of that time, dramatic "fire over the falls" was the highlight of the weeks' campfires. The Ohio Environmental Protection Agency has forbidden us repeating this effect.

Dramatic light shows on the on the rock wall were also part of the campfire pageantry. The facilities for these effects still exist, but they need someone with imagination and dramatic flair to develop and use them.

Campfire rings also exist near the boat dock area on Lake Pee Wee and between Bauman Lodge and Legend Lodge, near the present swimming pool. These are now used in addition to the amphitheater.

A part of visitors night, or as it is now called, family night has been the Order of the Arrow tap outs. In the early days of Kaniengehaga Lodge (now Chapter) the tap out

occurred at the council ring in the roadway. Then it moved down close to the lake. Then the tap out team became creative. Well, they tried to be creative!

A series of fire rafts were built so we could have fire on the water. Getting them lit was a little tricky, but a boy, a canoe and a box full of matches works. Oh yes, kerosene (aka "Scout Water") definitely helps!

The first lakefront effort called for Allowat and Meteu and an escort of torch-bearing braves to walk into the area. This worked, but it lacked drama. So we tried bringing Allowat and Meteu across the lake in a Grumann aluminum canoe. This worked, but Allowat and Meteu looked a little clumsy climbing out of the canoe.

Another scenario called for Meteu to stay home, and Allowat to cross the lake STANDING in the canoe. This worked. Twice. Then, the canoe rolled and Allowat was all wet. This was the wrong dramatic effect.

A fix was in order. Two canoes were lashed together and Allowat straddled them. This delivered the chief, but time had expired. The fire rafts had run out of fuel, the campfire had become a bed of coals and the parents and visitors were bored.

The idea was right, but the execution was in error. Next week, dirty dishes were left in the sink at Franklin Lodge and all staff members were in costume, and FOUR paddlers delivered Allowat to his appointed rounds in record time. The whole summer season had been spent deriving a simple solution. But it was a wonderful experience for all in attendance.

Many years down the road, two questions remain. We have often thought many of the observers at the visitors' night campfire were there because it was the best cheap comedy show around. We also wonder what the local sanitarian would have said had he walked in and found dishwashers in grease paint and breechclouts! The sight is long remembered.

Lighting campfires has always been a challenge. One wonders whether the experiments should be called adventures or incidents. In either case, this may be educational. We should preface this section acknowledging that when boys are left to build campfires in a strictly unsupervised manner, disaster is assured! One of two results is guaranteed. First, no amount of diesel fuel will ignite the logs they have dragged up out of the creek. Secondly, the fire will light spontaneously and everyone in the first nine rows will be singed. No one will ever admit to setting, dousing or lighting the fire. It was MAGIC!

"Magic" ignition sources have always fascinated Scouts. All the sources have been tried. Most have failed. Miserably!

At Falling Rock, railroad fusees were tried. The fusee was concealed in the fire in a complex "scratcher" box. A wire was attached so the fusee could be dragged across

the scratch strip. Cheap fuses and heavy dew defeated this procedure twice. A match and a coffee can of diesel fuel rescued the campfire.

Chemical ignition using glycerin and potassium permanganate was tried and succeeded once in three tries. Again, the match and diesel fuel method worked. A hot wire electrical solution was tried. The creator was not an electrician, and the ni-chrome wire element was not sufficiently resistant. The fuse blew instead of the fire starting. Enter a match and a can of diesel fuel.

Wire was also used in the next attempt. Flaming arrows riding on guide wires were used a few times. Dripping flaming diesel fuel, they started several fires. Some were campfires, but most were fires in the woods.

A simple procedure using diesel fuel and a match is the most reliable method. It has the added benefit of smoking out several thousand mosquitoes.

There is a magic fire starter out there somewhere. Just be sure you know how and why it works before embarrassing yourself before an audience of hundreds. Have the diesel fuel and match at the ready!

## I Auto Know

After the Model T ended Camp Whip-Poor-Will, the doughboys left home in their flivvers. The Model T clogged the covered bridge and the road through the rocks. Camp Falling Rock arrived! The Marmon touring car that the Gimme Gash herded around the country was the first real “camp vehicle”. All that knew Mike Bauman remember his sequence of Ford “Woodie” station wagons.

Following World War II and the Korean Conflict, a lot of motor vehicles came to Falling Rock as government surplus. These included tractors, bulldozers, pickup trucks, stake body trucks, dump trucks, what we would now call “SUVs”, Jeeps, cars and other automotive items. It was the heyday of Scouting, and equipment was available to cover the growth we experienced.

The National Gas and Oil Corporation donated a 1948 model Dodge Power Wagon to the camp in 1951. The engine was junk, but the truck was tough. A new short block was installed, and a lot of boys learned to drive at three miles per hour. They also developed their biceps as this was before the days of power steering. It was the ideal truck for “learners”. It was slow, nearly indestructible, had a difficult standard transmission and four wheel drive, It was a challenge to herd it along. A lot of staff members learned to drive in the Dodge Power Wagon.

During the building of the first phase of Lake Pee Wee, Mr. Al Krebs sent two fuel tanks to camp. One was for gasoline, the other for diesel fuel. After a long day at work, Mr. Krebs pulled up to one of the tanks and fueled his Pontiac work car before returning to Newark. The Pontiac wanted gasoline. It got diesel fuel. On the way to town, the engine overheated and locked up. Mr. Krebs next trip to camp was in a new vehicle.

There are flying squirrels at Camp Falling Rock. These goggle-eyed nocturnal acrobats go unnoticed most of the time. The pond building exercise introduced them to several of the lads.

Two bulldozers were trying to remove a large maple tree that grew in the field in front of Franklin Lodge. The shaking of the tree disturbed the resident flying squirrel. He decided to part the nest and sail to safety. One of the boys intercepted his glide path.

A flying squirrel’s greatest asset is the very loose skin wrapping that allows him to deploy as a personal parachute. It also allows him to turn completely over in his skin. Catching a flying squirrel in mid-flight may not be the dumbest thing that boy ever accomplished, but it certainly ranks near the very top of the list. He thought he was never going to get loose from that squirrel. He suffered numerous nips and scratches from a very active and defense-minded squirrel, and received an educational addendum with a generous dose of embarrassment.

About this time, Mr. Bill Wobbecke, Eagle Scout, Silver Beaver and long-time Scoutmaster of Troop 3 was sitting on the porch of Franklin Lodge when Dr. J.P. Glaser,

Eagle Scout, Silver Beaver and long-time Scoutmaster of Troop 4, drove across the bridge in his new Nash Rambler convertible. Wobbeck drove a pre-war (WW II) Nash, but he didn't recognize the new offering. Wobbeck turned to Mr. Carl Cass, Silver Beaver, Ranger and long-time Scoutmaster of Troop 8 and asked, "What is that car"? Carl flippantly replied that it was a Kelvinator, made up of reject range and refrigerator panels and powered by Maytag gasoline washing machine engine. Carl might have gotten away with this yarn if Wobbeck's boys had behaved themselves.

They had sneaked up the creek to the parking lot and shoved a potato in Wobbeck's exhaust pipe. Poor Wobbeck had a terrible time getting the engine started. When it did start, the unburned fuel in the exhaust system exploded and tore the exhaust pipe off the manifold. Carl wired the exhaust back together, more or less. On his next trip to camp, Wobbeck was driving a new car.

Doc Glaser was too proud of that Nash Rambler. He was the Lodge Advisor for Kaniengehaga Lodge and felt it was his duty to show up for Mid-Winter Encampment. While he was expounding on the virtues of his small car in the dining hall of Franklin Lodge, the kitchen crew was sneaking out the back door. Doc was certain the Rambler was every bit as good on snow as any four-wheel drive vehicle then available.

The kitchen crew lifted the back end of the Rambler by brute force and placed a chunk of firewood under the differential. The wheels were on the ground, but the weight of the car was on the firewood. Doc ate a lot of crow that night before the kitchen crew went out to lift his car clear of the firewood so he could go home!

The first ranger at Falling Rock was Mr. Emmett "Shorty" Bebout. He had farmed the acreage on Baker Road until it became obvious he was going to starve to death farming. He became ranger in 1949 and lasted about two and one half years, He retired to Marne and the council sent the 1948 Jeep pickup with him. Too many boys probably hastened Shorty's retirement.

Before Shorty's departure Pappy sent a couple of boys and the Jeep to Cary Coon's farm to load sand and gravel out of the creek bed. The intent was to repair potholes in front of Franklin Lodge. The detail filled the truck bed with a probable overload. When they attempted to drive out of the creek bed, the rear axle broke. When the trusted crew had not returned in what Pappy considered appropriate time, he dispatched Kenny Crouch, mounted on the big gray quarter horse Tom, to investigate. The Jeep wasn't stuck, but it did need some help. Kenny tied his catch rope to the bumper and around the horn on Tom's saddle. With that help, the truck made it back to the pavement. Tom stayed hitched and the truck came back to camp in low-low and four-wheel drive.

After considerable remarks about common sense in absentia, Carl Cass commenced repairs. Nothing more was ever said about the incident. There was a fresh metal break, the diameter of a wooden match in the center of the axle. The rest of the break had occurred a long time earlier.

Broken axles became a regular feature around Camp Falling Rock. Pappy sent one of the "Hanger On" types to Wilbur Incsho's gravel pit for a load of pea gravel to put under the new water storage tank. That ten thousand gallon tank sat just northwest of the dining hall. At that time, Houdeshell Road was a challenging path that was not a fulltime through road. The access from Houdeshell to the dining hall was a crude bulldozer path.

Hanger-On got the gravel in the old GMC dump truck, and since the gravel was free, he loaded all the bed would hold. He made the trip back to Houdeshell Road with minor incidents, then pulled the hill in second gear. After turning into the camp, he shifted to low gear and crept back to the location. The excitement came when he had to back ten feet to dump the load. As soon as he shifted into reverse and started back, the rear axle shattered into forty-plus pieces. The GMC dump truck had vacuum assist over hydraulic brakes, commonly referred to as "suicide" brakes. Hanger-On looked back down Houdeshell and whistled a few bars of the Greyhound Bus theme, "Leave the driving to us".

## Why Did His Hair Turn Gray?

Some time in the early 1950's Pappy put up with the worst bunch of staff goofs of his career. At the time there was no such thing as an employment contract. Staff showed up on invitation, did their assigned tasks, and hoped there would be money to pay them at the end of the camping season. Pappy, as both Scout Executive and Camp Director judged their respective worth and divided the salary pool accordingly. There was no appeal.

This particular year, excessive hormone levels or some similar juvenile affliction permeated the camp. When camp was over and the settlement done, several staff members received forty dollars for the summer's work. They were probably overpaid. And they are still proud to have been one of the "Forty Dollar Staff."

The same year evoked a few laughs.

Two members of the ranger staff were dispatched to replace the bridge that led into the area now known as the "Motor-pool". The first task was to remove the old footbridge. Two posts had to be removed. The first smart-alec shoved his post back and forth then wrapped himself around it. With a grunt, the post was extracted. Number Two couldn't let this stand, so he grabbed the second post. After shaking and loosening it, he bent over to pull it out of the ground. Smart-alec leaned over him and pushed down on the post. Number Two tried mightily to pull the post and was probably flirting with a hernia when he spied the restraint. It is a known fact that Number Two threw an axe, a spud bar, a sledge hammer, a shovel, pick and posthole diggers at Smart-Alec. Fortunately, all missed!

The bridge lasted more than twenty years. The last ten years the bridge led nowhere.

Waite Phillips gave the Boy Scouts of America his Philmont Ranch in 1941. The Second World War limited its accessibility until 1946. Herman (Mike) Bauman and Tom Quick (a Silver Beaver) took a school bus of local boys west in 1946. One of their stops was the Philmont Scout Ranch.

When they arrived, they were directed to set up camp in an arroyo. Mr. Bauman objected that it was not safe, but the Philmont powers prevailed. That night a powerful mountain thunder and rainstorm washed through the arroyo. Two boys narrowly escaped being washed away. In daylight, the apologetic Philmont staff offered the boys a free week at Philmont. They took a vote and elected rather to visit the Rocky Mountain National Park system. They left Philmont after one bad night.

The next visit to Philmont occurred in May 1951, when a group of Scouters checked out the facility. Harold Hayes (Scout Executive), John Weaver (Eagle, Silver Beaver), Peter Lilly (Silver Beaver), Harold Pierce (Silver beaver, Silver Antelope),

Willard Shrider (Eagle, Silver Beaver), Earl Van Ness (Silver Beaver), and George MacFarland traveled to Philmont and surrounding environs.

They returned to Newark and commended Philmont to Scouts and Scouters. In July 1951, eight Licking County boys, sans leader, boarded a Greyhound bus at Newark for a forty-three day adventure. Glenn Corwin (Jersey), Dick Fidler (Pataskala), Bob Lilly (Harbor Hills), Doyle Melick (Johnstown), Ned Grandstaff (Croton), Bert Moore, Ray Riesbeck and Abe Johnson (all of Newark) attended the thirty-six day long Junior Leaders Training Course at Philmont. While there they were split between JLT troops 9 and 10.

They traveled to and from Philmont without incident and were gone a total of forty-three days. Dick Fidler, Bert Moore and Ned Grandstaff are deceased. Glenn Corwin lives in Tustin, California, Bob Lilly lives in Mt. Savage, Maryland, and Doyle Melick lives in rural Meigs County, Ohio. Ray and Abe are local and serve on the Camp Falling Rock Properties Committee. Two of the herd will confirm that the eight of them returned with less than a dollar in total cash. They had a GOOD time!

Sometimes someone other than “the Boys” was responsible for Pappy’s graying (and thinning) hair. Doc Glaser certainly abetted the metamorphosis with a retreat performance.

MISTER (to you) Hayes was out of camp when it came time for retreat. Doc Glaser took charge and thought it would be great to hold retreat on horseback. The boys assembled, the riders approached the flagpole with Doc in command. The bugler sounded retreat and the flag was respectfully lowered. When it got level with the color guards eyes a freshet of wind caused it to flutter. The flutter spooked Doc’s horse. The horse bolted, and the halyard (rope) caught under Doc’s left stirrup. Doc ran out of rope very quickly. The flagpole crashed down. No one was hurt!

About this time, MISTER (to you) Hayes came across the bridge. He studied the mess briefly. There were questions about maturity, intentions, horsemanship and the ilk. Then Pappy went to the phone.

The next morning the pipefitters from the Pure Oil Company Heath Refinery were on the scene. That evening, retreat was held on foot at the new flagpole. We never saw Doc on horseback again!

The last time we saw Doc was at a district camporee. The Camping and Activities Committee had asked an old former staff member to tell a ghost story of the camporee campfire. He agreed, and arrived early to visit.

Someone had acquired a weather balloon full of helium. Someone else had a handful of chemical glow sticks. They wanted the storyteller to weave these items into the ghost story.

Done! The night fell moonless, the campfire ebbed. The storyteller was winding up. At the right moment the balloon was released and drifted eerily over the fading campfire assembly. Perfect!

That is not the end of the story. Two years later the storyteller was relating this to another Scouter. The Scouter just happened to be the sheriff of the next county. The sheriff straightened and asked, "When was that?" Then he went to his radio, called his office and asked for a little research. It seems the weather balloon had drifted over his county. The glow sticks had remained active longer than advertised. His department had responded to more than seventy calls of an Unidentified Flying Object that night.

The author knows the alien that was in command of that space ship!

## Alumni

There is no way to accurately report the accomplishments of the many alumni of Camp Falling Rock.

One was a captive diplomat in Teheran for 444 days while the Ayatollah Khomeini violated all rules of civilized society. One was a survivor of the Bataan Death March at the outset of World War II. We can't claim a President of our country or a Senator from our state. But the hero list is truly astounding!

We do try to track the Licking County Eagle Scout alumni, and that list is impressive! It includes diplomats, educators, professors, medical professionals, attorneys, bankers, businessmen, religious leaders, engineers, farmers, builders, contractors, physical and social scientists, naturalists and military leaders.

Many we address as "Doctor". They include PhDs, ScDs, JDs, MDs, DOs, DDSs, ODs, Doctors of Literature, Liberal Laws, Sacred Theology and just about every other letter of the alphabet.

They are scattered around the world, but infallibly recall their experiences at Camp Falling Rock. For the most part they say their Falling Rock experiences prepared them for the challenges they met in adulthood. And they say it with a sense of reverence.

Some of the alumni recognized that Camp Falling Rock was a vital, growing and wearing property that needs constant attention, revitalization and improvement. To that end they formed a charitable foundation, a.k.a. The Rock Foundation a few years ago. Some of the real impetus to the growth and improvement of Falling Rock has come from gifts in memory of Scouts and Scouters that enjoyed Camp Falling Rock. The Rock Foundation is an IRS qualified 501c charity and all the monies it collects are spent directly on Camp Falling Rock. The trustees are active Scouters, and members of the Camp Falling Rock Properties Committee. They are "hands-on" trustees.

At the time of this writing, they are building a new shelter house for the handicraft program, planning a new cabin for the Campmaster (weekend volunteer overseer) and museum, shelter houses and program facilities in several areas, with intense emphasis on training youth and leaders in the many facets of Scouting. A number of alumni have donated articles to the future museum. These include, but are not limited to, uniforms, insignia, pictures, equipment, letters and historic articles. We have just learned that three articles from the Gimme Gash era that were made by Eugene (Chink) Cunningham will be displayed in the National Boy Scout Museum outside Dallas, Texas.

The continued support of the Camp Falling Rock Alumni makes it possible for the next generation of Scouts to know and enjoy the land we all revere!