



HIKING IT IN THE COOL OF THE EARLY MORNING

To Yosemite Valley Via Vaudeville

How the Columbia Park Boys' Club of San Francisco Goes on a Vacation

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY

THREE divisions of the Columbia Park Boys' Club of San Francisco, numbering nearly 300 boys, made walking tours to different parts of California last summer. One division of forty-five boys walked to Eureka, 400 miles north of San Francisco. Another, numbering over a hundred of the smaller boys, walked to Iverness Park, ten miles from the coast near the Russian river, where for six weeks they conducted their annual summer session of the "State of Columbia," a model boys' republic. The third company, thirty-six boys, walked to Yosemite valley, covering 300 miles going and coming. The first and third mentioned of these companies paid all their expenses by giving theatrical entertainments and band concerts along the line of march and made enough

over and above to meet the total expense of the boys' republic, and, besides, place a substantial sum in the club's general fund. This article has mainly to do with the Yosemite tour, as typical of the walking tours of this famous boys' club.

The tour was under the personal supervision of Major Sidney S. Peixotto, founder and present Head Worker of the Columbia Park Boys' Club. The itinerary was fully mapped out in advance and all arrangements for the public entertainments were made by an advance agent. A dozen years of experience with such trips have brought about a marvelous perfection of detail and discipline.

The company on its tour was accompanied by a four-horse wagon in which was loaded the camp commissary supplies, bed-

ding, theatrical "property," band instruments, etc. The care of the horses, loading and unloading the wagon, and, in fact, all the routine of the daily march, to the minutest details, were performed with all the exactitude of perfect discipline.

The summers in California being rainless, the boys slept on the ground in the open. Each boy's bed was a sleeping bag made by doubling bed-quilts or heavy blankets and sewing them together on three sides, the sleeper using his clothing bundled together inside a pillow slip for a pillow. This was a decided change from yielding springs and feather pillows. But muscles that ached at first soon hardened, and the end of the tour brought the boys home with bright eyes, brown skins and muscles like those of trained athletes.

Each morning at fifteen minutes before six the cooks arose and began the preparation of breakfast. At six the reveille sounded and the whole company arose, washed, and were ready for breakfast. After the meal, which consisted of a simple bowl of mush and milk, each boy washed his own bowl and spoon and the "pot wallopers" cleaned up the pots and pans; the sleeping bags, properly numbered, were loaded onto the wagon along with the rest of the camp equipage; the horses were hitched up and the hikers were ready to break camp. Starting early, ten or twelve miles were covered by eleven o'clock, when a halt was made near a place convenient to wood and water. Here there was a light lunch, after which the company rested until two or three in the afternoon, playing field games, making excursions to near-by points or lying in camp. After this mid-day rest the hike was again resumed and six or eight miles more were covered, which brought them to the next camping place. If this happened to be near a town where a "show" was to be given there was



THE BAGGAGE WAGON. COUNT THE DRUMS! THERE'S MORE OF THEM THAN THERE ARE TENTS. GUESS WHY. AND WHY ARE THE BEDS NOT ROLLED?

a parade in uniforms and the band played before the time of opening the doors. Then the performance was given and eleven or eleven-thirty usually found every boy in his sleeping bag. Sometimes a day or two were spent in a town, and in such cases there were often field games played with local organizations and the boys were invited to the homes of local people and otherwise shown much pleasant attention. The Columbia Park Boys' Club is famous up and down the Pacific coast and people everywhere are pleased to witness its performances and study its methods.

The itinerary of this trip was so arranged as to include the Bret Harte mining country, which is noted for its romantic early California associations. The boys traveled the Big Oak Flat road, visiting Tuolumne, Angel's Camp, Jim Town, Sonora, and other quaint places around which linger memories of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Poker Flat," and "The Heathen Chinese." They saw some of the identical mining shafts out of which came "pay dirt" in the days of the early gold rushes. They saw and talked with "China Joe," an aged Chinaman who helped to mine gold here over sixty years ago. The visit of this up-to-the-minute boys' club to the old mining region was certainly a meeting of the Past and the Present—the Past with its memories and its lessons, and the Present with its buoyancy and its promise.

The climax of the trip, however, was Yosemite valley, where the company spent



"SOME" UNIFORMS! MAJOR PEIXOTTO AND SOME OF HIS "TALENT"

several weeks—weeks which will never be forgotten in the lifetime of a single boy. They reveled in its sublime beauty; they climbed its picturesque trails, they wan-

dered among its mighty trees, they listened to its tumbling waterfalls and they stood in awe and wonderment upon its dizzy heights. Probably the lessons Yosemite taught these boys were too subtle and too spiritual for boys to put into words. Nevertheless, those lessons will build themselves into each boy's character and will go with him through life.

The company gave open-air band concerts and theatrical entertainments at all summer camps or tent cities in the valley—Camp Curry, Camp Al'Walmee and Camp Lost Arrow. Huge bonfires furnished illumination. And, just before their time for starting home, as a spectacular climax to their visit, the boys aided in fighting a fire that nearly consumed Camp Curry, consisting of eighty tents. The fire spread to the adjacent forests and twenty-one boys of the club spent one entire night fighting this incipient forest fire on the surrounding mountain slopes. And the next day the entire membership of the club volunteered their services and spent the day helping to rescue salvage from the ruins of the burned camp and in bringing order out of chaos.

Then they packed their camp wagon for the home trip. And in early August, after seven glorious weeks of life in the open, of learning history from the "original records," of studying nature in her grandest moods, of meeting and overcoming difficult situations with their spice of adventure, the boys "beat it" for their club quarters and their homes.

"See Washington First"

By CARLETON E. SHOLL

SCOUT MASTER, TROOP NO. 1, BURLINGTON, N. J.

TWENTY-SIX boy scouts of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, Burlington, New Jersey, who followed this motto last summer hope to see it adopted this year by thousands of their brother scouts within practical vacation distance of the national capital. They believed they paved the way for making Washington the general vacation Mecca for scouts, first by showing that the city affords wonderful opportunities for an enjoyable and instructive summer outing at very small cost and secondly, by striving to establish a national boy scout memorial of some nature that will give every scout some special center of interest while visiting the headquarters of his country's government.

There are over a quarter of a million scouts in the United States at the present time, and the plan for this scout memorial is to have enough boys contribute one cent each as their share in a fund to place a handsome bronze or stone reproduction of the first-class scout badge among the tablets in Washington monument. If the national scout officers think some other form of scout monument would be more suitable, the Burlington scouts are, however, quite ready to agree with their recommendations. The original twenty-six cents contributed by the New Jersey scouts has been forwarded for the purpose named to National Headquarters.

To return to the trip to Washington; Burlington is about 150 miles from Washington, but by going on boats and trolleys, the whole cost of the five days' outing, including

transportation, board and meals and legitimate expenses, was reduced to \$7.50 per scout—less than the round-trip railroad fare. Special rates, of course, aided in making this possible.

No sightseer could have jammed more knowledge of Washington into a brief visit

than did the Burlington scouts during their four days at the capital. Leaving Burlington by boat, Monday afternoon, August 26, in charge of the writer, as scoutmaster, Assistant Scoutmaster William Zelley and Mr. D. Porter Oliver, of the Local Council, the troop changed to another steamer at Phila-



HEAVY MARCHING ORDER—WITHOUT ANY MARCHING TO DO. THE BURLINGTON SCOUTS AT THE BOAT LANDING, STARTING FOR WASHINGTON