

PHYLLIS ADELMAN LARSON

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I was in the fifth grade at E. V. Brown school, Chevy Chase, when we were approached, in school, by a woman who encouraged us to become Girl Scouts. Several of my friends and I joined Troop 42 led by Captain Young. She was a buxom, motherly woman of whom we had great respect, and she led us into a life which was our joy for several years.

Being a member of a fully uniformed troop when scouting was only ten years old was a privilege because we were often asked to assist at social functions in Washington - like serving as an honor guard at the home of Mary Roberts Rhinehart when she gave a large tea on Massachusetts Avenue.

The uniforms were made of heavy khaki cotton, and the pork pie hats must have been very unflattering, but we felt proud to wear them. I had been given a ten dollar gold piece for my tenth birthday and used it for my uniform - and got change!

The next summer I went to Camp Bradley on the Gunpowder River at Magnolia, Md. This camp served both Baltimore and Washington scouts. We slept in Army tents, six to a tent, surrounded by scrub pines and sand, and we swam in a muddy river, but after staying two weeks I asked to stay longer and went home only when the camp closed for the season. I loved the activities and the other girls and counselors. My brother teased me because we had electric lights and running water. His Boy Scout Camp Roosevelt had a pump and kerosene lamps. Camp Bradley cost \$7.00 per week!

I earned many merit badges during the next winter. The Girl Scout Little House in down town Washington, close to the White House, became a good place to go on a Saturday, and during the winter at Thanksgiving time the scouts cooked and served a turkey dinner for President and Mrs. Coolidge. A huge bird had been sent to them by Vermont friends. I took the celery and carrots and had quite an experience as I served them. Marian Bates was passing the cream and sugar and we bumped each other, spilling cream on the President's coat. We cleaned it off as best we could and Grace Coolidge was so kind that I had a crush on her and still have some news pictures of her. Cal ignored the whole thing!

Court of Awards was usually held outdoors, sometimes on the grounds of one of the beautiful Virginia estates, but once in Rock Creek Park on a very hot day I fainted (those uniforms were so hot!) and went into Pierce Mill which was cool and which later became a popular tea house for several years.

I spent five weeks at camp the next year and eight weeks the third. Pioneer Camp was fun. In order to win that badge we lived for a week in sight of the main camp but entirely separate of it. We cooked in the open and did our laundry - my usual laundry went home in a special case by mail, and was returned in a few days. The singing and entertainment around the campfire were inspiring to me, and in the evening under the moon the harsh lines of the terrain were softened. Those were the days when everyone had a ukulele.

That fall the Little House called for two scouts to go to the White House to help with what must have been the forerunner of Cookie Week. I was one of them and my mother helped me bake dozens of cookies to take. Other troops sent cookies and they were put in a huge bag and then given to the poor. Mrs. Coolidge greeted us and even took us into the south lawn to romp with the Coolidge's two white collies.

Another Saturday when I was at the Little House Mrs. Coolidge came to visit without warning and I played two pieces on the piano while she was in the living room. I was lucky since I had just been in a recital. What a thrill!

On Easter Mondays scouts were used at the White House grounds to help reunite lost children with their families. Memories of my own egg rolling days!

The senior troop to which I later belonged, led by Captain Chaffee, owned a log cabin in the Maryland woods and we spent the night there once in awhile, sleeping on the floor, but there were no nice sleeping bags then. We made bags by pinning army blankets together. I am sure that scouting had a large part in making mine a very happy childhood.

Mrs. Hoover was a uniformed Girl Scout worker but I don't remember her being as available to us as Mrs. Coolidge was.