

GREENWICH

GUNCH

Vol. I No. 5

Published for the last time

Aug. 25, 1959

LIKE MAN, CRAZY

All Philmont is divided into three parts. One (North) is inhabited by the Ponils, while the South is run by Karma's, and the Center by those who in their own language are called Beatniks or Cimaroons. Of all of these the Beatniks are the craziest, man, like raunchy.

Because of their style of life and the altitude of the mountain resort, or as they call it, "Tor", they live a simple and rugged life. The record hops in the Trading Post struggle along with two month old records, the poor rifleman has to crank the handle in order to telephone the office; restricted to stark diets of pizza, smorgasbord, and vanilla ice cream, the food costs have been dragging to 45¢ per meal, and to top it off, Harano and Morrison have to hike to Clear Creek in the moonlight in order to fly a kite.

You may have heard the old adage, "Pshaw", but actually it's, "Like man, crazy" at Cito.

TODAY'S THE DAY

Is big gungho party time. This afternoon at 5:30 PM, barbeque will be served as prepared by Chefs Fred Maldonado, Jack Rhea and Buzz Clemmons.

Thanks to Paul Ballard who assembled the food, Davey Hebert who served as over-all chairman, the Chaplains who did the delicate deed of securing the lovely ladies, and to Jack Rhea for getting the transportation for them the party ought to have a fine start.

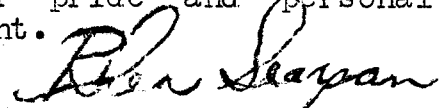
The clever pink invitations are

A FEW WORDS

with Rhea Serpan

Alack, alas, as someone once said, "All good things must come to an end." So it is with the Greenwich Gunch and this 1959 season at Philmont. As far as the Gunch is concerned, you readers are "the jury of our peers", who and who alone can determine the good or bad of this small publication. I can truthfully say that the Cito staff has sincerely enjoyed putting our pratter together for consumption. We hope that whatever you were doing or whatever your location when you read the various issues, that somewhere along the line we succeeded in brightening your outlook or lifting your morale just a trifle.

As for the season, we have no doubt. From all reports we have garnered in our meager existence up here, this has been a wonderful season, if not the best. You can be proud of yourselves for a job well done. If all the wordly pastimes were as rewarding as assisting young men in a character building adventure, everyone could look back on a summer like this with a great amount of pride and personal fulfillment.



the handiwork of Paul Mullins of HQ. Rhea Serpan will be on hand to see that a program functions. Never to be forgotten are the HQ maintenance crew who will clean up the mess afterwards.

The committee cordially invites you to join the fun and have a good time. And don't let this "cool" weather get you down.

BOBBIN'S BOBTALES

Have you ever worked in a commissary? Now there is a wonderful job, especially in a base camp where you serve in the neighborhood of 1200 meals a day.

The manager's day usually starts by the bludgeon-like banging of an advisor on your cabin door at five in the morning crying, "Where's that commissary man?" Then after he ducks a fusillade of flying shoes, boots and books, he adds, "We got raided by a bear." (Every morning, B.D.)

Then with an air of groggy dispatch, you crawl out of the sack, tape stuck to your cheeks to keep on that perpetual smile. Mainly, though, to keep all the nice words you're saying deep inside yourself.

And so another happy day begins for the commissary manager.

After issuing all the bacon and eggs and a million and one condiments, you greatfully go down to the kitchen for breakfast and a good, strong, relaxing cup of coffee (Dennison's at that!). Just as you sit down to eat, there comes the sweet, hallowed sound of a knock on wood. After ducking thrown silverware, plates, cups and chairs, the "Dan Beard" advisor says in gentle tones, "My boys ran out of sugar, can I get some more?" And so you sadly put down your hot coffee and shed a tear over your steaming pancakes and, with a grim smile, make the trip up to the commissary. And after you give the advisor the sugar, that wonderful man says, "I'm sorry I interrupted your breakfast." "That's alright, sir I don't mind," you reply, smiling.

Back to the table, you finally get to eat your cold pancakes and coffee. Painfully you choke back a slight sob as you chew.

Finally you get a shave and a shower and make the scene up to the commissary. There you must open cases for the day's business, sweep the floor and

(Bobtales cont)

mob it, scrub the cooler and mop it, fill the condiment shelf, write up the orders waiting to be issued, and throw out the boxes and trash. By the time you finish that you have a line ten deep waiting for condiments. As you are doing that, you hear, "Hey, we're out of biscuit mix," from your assistant. "Give 'em corn bread." "Out of syrup, man!" "Give 'em sugar." "Out of fruit punch." "Give 'em milk shake." "Out of milk shake." "Give 'em hot chocolate." "Out of hot chocolate." "Drop back ten yards and punt!"

Then about ten-thirty you, the commissary man, get to sit down to write a letter home. In the next hour you have no one around asking for anything. 'What a feeling,' you think as you look down at the way your hands are trembling.

So, happily you close up and go to lunch. Just as you sit down - you guessed it! "Can I get some more sugar?" Oh, well it was only sandwiches for lunch anyway.

So the afternoon proceeds normally. "Out of lunch meat." "Give 'em cheese." "Out of jelly." "Give 'em cheese." "Out of p-nut butter." "Give 'em cheese." "Out of cheese." "Give 'em carrots!"

At dinner time. About half way through the meal, "Can I have some sugar?"

Moral: Kiss off the program and see you next year, fellas.

Don "Bobbin" Rao
ANNOUNCEMENTS

Ranger who left a sleeping bag in my car, pick it up at the lost and found. Jim Hostetter.

Two riders to Washington DC will be welcome to go with Hunter Pritchard. Will leave the evening of Aug 27 (Thurs). Cost to be shared by all. Approx. \$15 each.

GANNON'S GABBERINGS

This is Gannon here again to bring you the gossip to help close out the season. This is the last edition of the column because I am being evicted from my office. It is not that I have not paid my rent, it is because:

For the last time:

Abreu is now signing off the air as a friendly relay station.

A quote from the CarMax museum "I'll bet they had fun."

What's all the hooting and hollering coming from Cyphers? Any connection between that and a certain guitar?

How come certain bus drivers (initials are Mike Vigil) are always running out of gas near Cito?

Dan Bekleman: Make sure that sign is fixed....Sterling Smith.

Davey Hebert, is Indian Scriblings sanitary? I heard that Bud Harano is trying to make it through the summer without bath.

Thanks for telling the Philmont story, Don Porsche. One boy fell asleep and slept until 11:30 at the totem pole ring.

Will the ranger for exp. 841-B report behind the Post Office immediately.

The exp. members;

Don Connell -- Ranger
Carl Watson -- Advisor
Sam Kirk -- Chief Grubby,
or "the boy".

Destination: 11711 above sea level.

Follow the leader Gene Oitker:

1. Gene ties tent to cottonwood tree.
2. Boys do same.
3. Weather calm.
4. Tree falls down.
5. Kiss it off and try it again with a new leader.

Well, that's the story.

Bob Gannon

BIG PUFF, NO FIRE

I am a fire extinguisher. Usually I sit quietly down at Philmont headquarters, hung by a nail on the wall.

But one day my reverie was disturbed and I became a member of 713--. Now this was certainly amazing. But I really didn't mind too much as it was a break in the monotony.

So I went through all the riga-morole just like any other camper. Later I found myself far from my usual place.

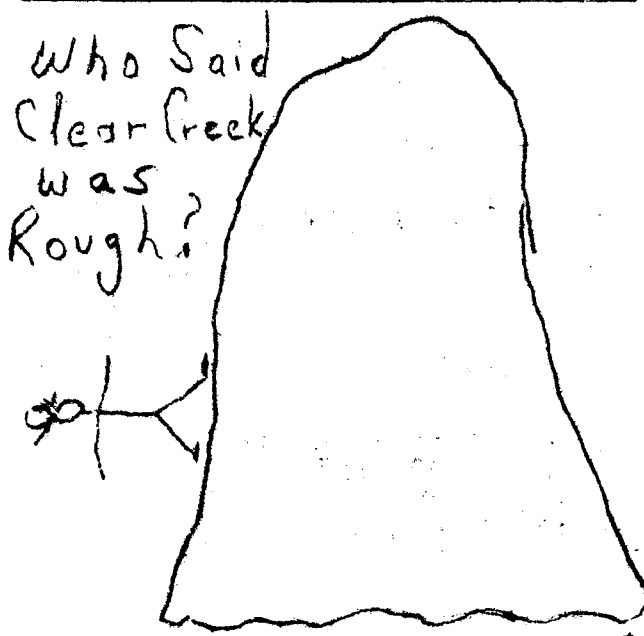
Ahhh, my tale is long. But the crux of it was, I was empty! Ofcourse everyone was angry with me. Wouldn't you be if you had just lugged my 30"-3 gallon tank all over the ranch and over Clear Creek, and then found I didn't work?

I created quite a stir when I got back to headquarters, as I had been reported stolen-abducted by an unknown assailant.

Funny thing - This really happened!!

NAME IN THE NEWS

Wayne Timmons wanted to see his name in print. WAYNE TIMMONS!
How's that, Wayne?



HEARTBEAT

Dear staff,

Here is another camper-written letter which was picked up on the trail by Bill King. Now, gentlemen, some of you may be shocked by the frankness of this letter, still others of you would like to have the ability to write such a letter to your girl-----

Dear Jane,

You will probably be shocked by my boldness, but I have tried time and time again to lead up to this important question, but somehow I never could. Since it has been on my mind ever since I left you last week, I have finally summed up enough courage to ask you. I don't know if it is fitting and proper to ask you, for such a serious question may affect your future happiness.

I know, dear, whatever you reply, you'll be true enough to never tell anyone. Remember it's just between you and me. You realize, honey, you are the only one I would ask this question as it is so serious, and will demand your utmost honesty, so please be very truthful, frank, sincere, and above all....honest with me. Do you think the Lone Ranger will sell his horse if he is drafted?

With all my love,
Charlie.

....Still others of you will complain, "Well, the last time I heard that one I kicked the slats out of my crib."

Hunter Pritchard
(Reviver of old jokes)

THE GREENWICH GUNCH

Editor: Bucky Harano, Assistant Editor: Don "Bobbin" Rae, Columnists: Rhea Serpan, Robert Gannon, Jerry Olive, and Hunter Pritchard.

DEDICATION

This final issue of the Gunch is dedicated to all of the Philmont staff, who so patiently and faithfully endured these five editions!

Many miles of hi-way, railroad and air will be covered by Phil staffers, and we wish you God-speed in your travels home.

We have enjoyed working with you: and during these last days the word is, "look alive! the buzzards are coming."

"Bucky Harano, ed
LAST RITES

The beautiful and meaningful Philmont story has been told many times and many different ways to some ten thousand boys this summer. This story helps the campers to appreciate the ranch. But to whom is the ranch more meaningful than to the staff members?

We have grown to love and feel as part of Philmont through this summer and through the years.

As we leave this, our summer home, let's stop and take one last look at the silver on the sage, starlit skies above, aspen covered hills, country that we love; and say, or at least think "THANK YOU, MR. PHILLIPS."

No, I'm not working here for the money, I'm getting material for Confidential.
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FROM: GREENWICH GUNCH
Cimarroncito Base Camp
Philmont Scout Ranch
Cimarron, New Mexico

TO: (You poor unlucky soul)

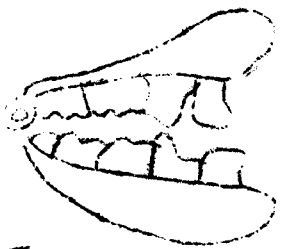
WHAT IS AN ADVISOR?

By Joe Soldati, Ranger 1959

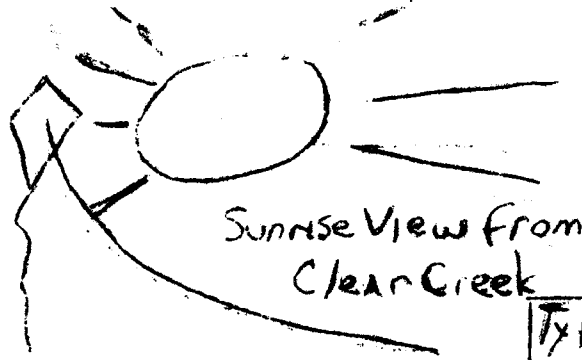
An Advisor is, in his own rights, a man.
He comes in all shapes, sizes, and complaints;
He has a love for boys, the great outdoors, and youth
(especially his own).
He comes to Philmont on the advice from his local Scout
Executive, not his doctor.
He leaves behind his wife, his children, his office, and
usually his paycheck.
He arrives by bus, train, or automobile in a mild state
of insanity.
He brings with him up to 40 boys, a camera, a heavy pack,
and not enough cigarettes.
He takes on the trail 40 boys*, a camera, a heavy pack,
and not enough cigarettes.
He loves the mountains, a rainbow trout striking his line,
and his Ranger---whoever he may be.
He dislikes wood smoke, horseback rides, cold mornings,
and half cooked Vega-Rice.
He gets no reward or awards for his efforts---
Only Blisters.
He is, unbeknown to himself, the unpaid saint of Philmont.

* After traveling up to 1600 miles with the same boys the
Advisor is not sure whether there are 40 or 400; He does
know this however: THEY ARE MAKING HIM VERY TIRED!

July 9, 1959



TEETH OF TIME

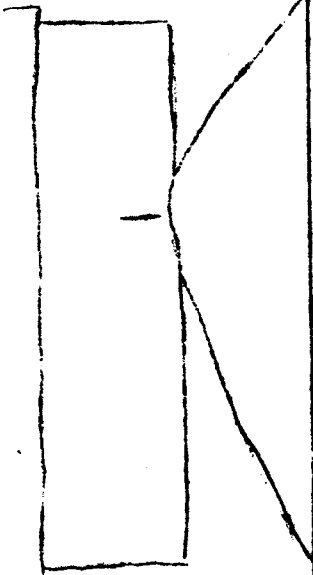


Sunrise View from
Clear Creek

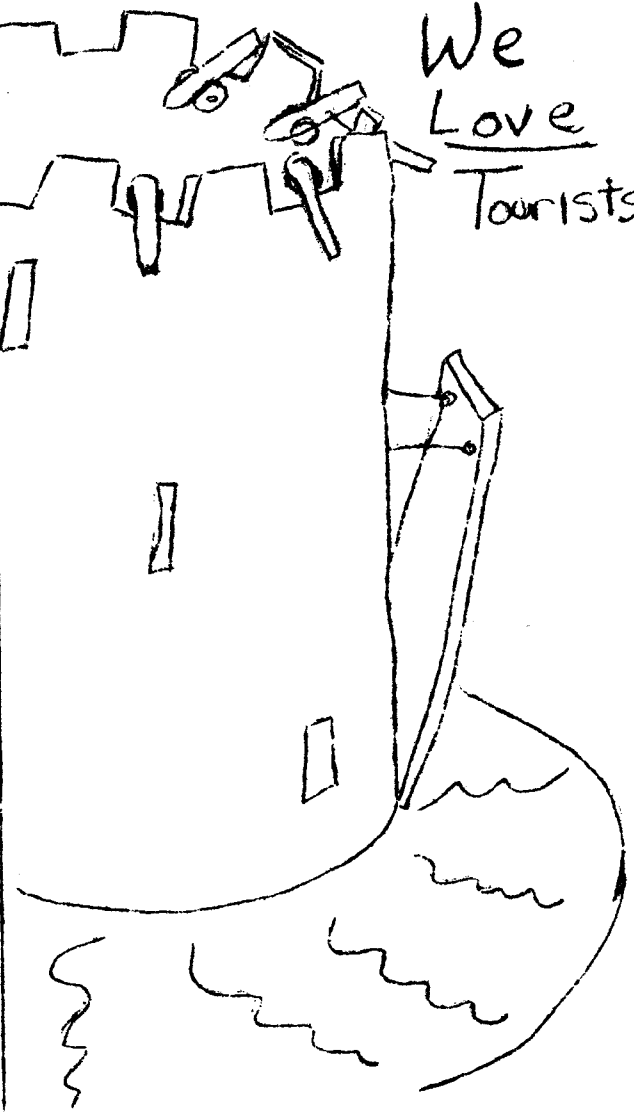


TYPICAL Philmont Hat

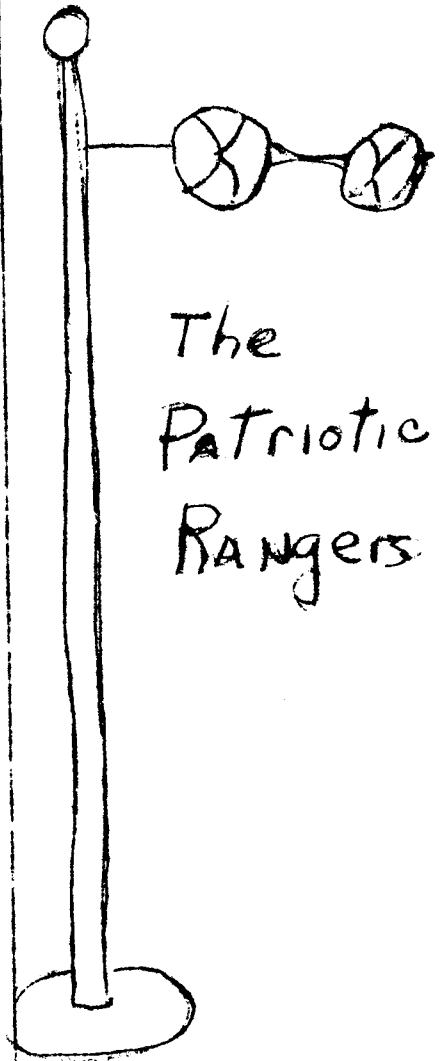
Ballard
Closing
Ice Box



with
arms full

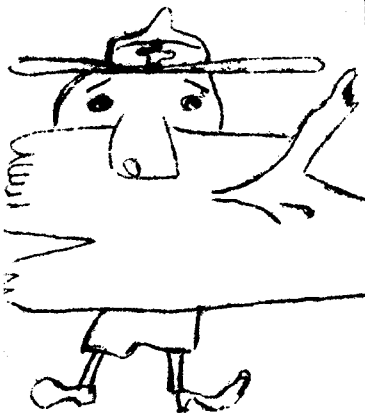


We
Love
Tourists

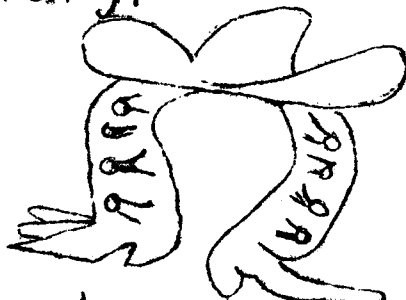


The
Patriotic
Rangers

SQUAW WOOD?



Wranglers



TAP, AH TAP, AH TAP, TAP, TAP
CITO STYLE

THE ROVING
RANGER



STERLING