

GREENWICH

GUNCH

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-IT IS HARD-

It is hard
To forget,
To forgive,
To apologise,
To take advise,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To save money,
To be charitable,
To avoid mistakes,
To keep out of the rut,
To make the best of little things
To sloulder blame,
To keep your temper at all times,
To begin all over again,
To maintain a high standard
To keep on keeping on,
To think first and act afterwards

BUT IT PAYS

This poem, taken from Scouting Magazine, for July and August of 1959, is dedicated to the Philmont staff who knows that things are hard, but never impossible.

-NEW PAPER, AND OLD-

With the season near over, and many, many boys leaving their mark on Philmont, the place is starting to look like a picnic area.

It is time to stress to the campers that they must clean up after the other fellow, not out of coercion, but out of real pride in Philmont and willingness to go beyond the call of duty.

Since candy bars are a vital necessity to the growth of the average American boy, we need to face it, and conquer it by bending over for that paper.

-A FEW WORDS- with Rhea Serpan

The word is out and the boys are here. This week Philmont has reached the high point of the season. No other time during the season have as many boys come to take part in the wonderful program and enjoy our Philmont hospitality. This week will be the trial by fire of the perseverance, sincerity, effectiveness, and quality of our Philmont staff.

I trust that you will find a certain challenge in having a full camp, or doing a six day job in three days. If you can meet this challenge, and if all these boys go home praising the ranch and the job done from our staff for them, then my hat is off to you.

-PARTY, PARTY-

For some, the season has been one big party so far, but to make things official, an all-staff party is being planned by the men on top. This party is scheduled for August 25. A gigantic party, including girls, feast, dancing, and a program is in the planning. The party will begin at 5:30 with the bar-b-que, and dancing will follow. All staffers are welcome to come.

It was a dark and rainy night
A man stood on the street
His aged eyes were full of
tears,
His boots were full of feet.

-I'M RUINED!!!!!!-
by Webster

It was a bright Sunday morning when we were snowed by much, much TC and 10-12. One director said to another, "Someone switched the Los Angeles Freeway." "10-2," was the reply. "Shot down the tubes again."

"Where's the totem pole ring?"

"10-1?"

"Huh?"

"Is this a 10-14?"

"Huh?"

"You're just 10-7, dad."

"Huh?"

"Well, anyway, is there any 10-1084 $\frac{1}{2}$ with you?"

"Huh?"

"Maybe I'm 10-11, huh?"

"Huh?"

"Oh, well, just 10-23."

"Huh?"

"Can't he understand you, dad?"

"Not a chance. Things are 10-9 at TC."

"Well, let's get 10-8 and 10-13 the 10-37 at CHQ."

"Shall we 10-5 through RO in case CHQ is 10-6?"

"If that happens, we'll ask a 10-20 and order a 10-18 with a 10-19 and end up by 10-21ing."

"10-25 with your brain?"

"Nope, there's a 10-24."

"10-4, 10-38. Always knew there was a 10-45. Shall I 10-55?"

"10-68?"

"I guess I'm just 10-10."

"10-4. Did I tell you about the TC's 10-44?"

"Ahhh, gee whiz."

"Actually it was a 10-45. He saw a camper and fainted."

"10-48. There's a TCT close by."

"Shot out of the saddle again!"

And then, breaking the Camp Directors' conversation, came the wild cry over KKG-452

"Cyyffeeerrss Miinnne tooo Cim-arrrrronceetooooo, ummm-ahhh!"

"No you can't have a day off."

The TC said, "Huh?"

"Hey camp director, Expedition 629-A4, troop 8, section KWY,

(I'm Ruined, cont)

crew Alpha, camper 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ reporting."

"Have to set up your tents."

"Why?"

"No reason, Philmont policy."

"Where should I put these grub.....whoops, almost goofed."

Had enough? So have I. So I guess I'll go 10-7 and 10-14 out of this place.

Just think. Only 138 shopping-days until Christmas.

-NEWS AROUND PHILMONT-
by Jerry Olive

Well, there is some interesting news this week. The head quarters wranglers have been taking out Co-ed midnight rides. Too bad the other wranglers don't have the Training Center girls to take on rides.

I hear Paul Ballard is going to be Master of Ceremonies of the big party the 25th of this month. The party can't help but be a winner if Paul is there.

Why is it that every letter that Mother Eilert gets is a Dear John? It really must be hard to take.

We want to wish Al Everheart a Happy Birthday. We hear your birthday, Al, was on the 7th of August. You missed a party by going to Eagles Nest, though.

Well, everything is back to normal at Cito since Rhea's girl has gone home. Rhea walks around with that same look that he had before she was here. But she did cause the staff to look quite a bit sharper at meals.

This is the Rifleman saying, be sure your gun is unloaded before you start messing around.

-A TRIBUTE-

To Joe Soldati and Jeff Adams for cleaning the trails from Clear Creek to Abrey. Thanks men!

-HAIRY HAIRDO'S-

As a fellow makes up reasons for not getting a haircut, he becomes more and more aware of hair do's and takes closer looks at the heads of his visitors and fellow workers.

You may have noticed how the hair do's correspond to the terrain of Philmont.

Of course there are the "mesa" types that are flat on top and straight down both sides.

The pointed heads with the hair sloping downward remind one of the peaks like Clear Creek. The ledge look appears quite often as the hair seems to hang over the forehead to provide a shelter for the eyeballs instead of mountain lions.

The Tooth of Time is like the advisor who has the hair around the edges, but none on the front and sides, while there are some who have no hair at all and remind us of Old Baldy.

Many times when a Ranger takes off his saturated hat, we are immediately drawn to Abreu where the forest fire messed the area up.

Ironic as it may seem, the best examples of erosion can be found on the heads of those who have the most hair- when it is combed into a duck-tail, this is an example of gully erosion.

Of course, there are some advisors who are not satisfied- until they get that Dan Beard look.

If you wonder why the people at Philmont like to wear those old hats until they fall apart, it's not because they like the Philmont hat, but because they don't want to show their Philmont-haircut.

THE GREENWICH GUNCH

Editor: Busky Harano, Assistant Editor: Don "Bobbin" Rae, Columnists: Rhea Serpan, Robert Gannon, Jerry Olive, and Hunter Pritchard. Oh, yes, Rene and Jim.

-GANNON'S GABBERINGS-

Bill Erwin was caught with the goods: One pint of blood from a small cut on his foot. That was one of the best "How to do it" demonstrations I have ever seen.

How come the JLT's are always cutting their fingers making tent pegs?

"Oh, the rangers and the wranglers should be friends....."

I wonder why Charlie Marvin (Ponil Commissary) is issuing hot chocolate in large quantities.

Ernie Marshall (HQ asst.) has a devilish mind. He presently is working on the theory: "What if a group would meet their bus on Hi-way 64 and drive off."

Names to enter on lost list: DAVID MALCOMB GODFREY, and MR.. MIKE GLASCOV (second time).

Harlan: Did you wash the face on the rock lately?

I wonder if the Dinsmore Bros. have found any more synonyms for the word latrine.

What's flying from the ranger flag pole?"

Have you seen Ned Cooper Gold Jr.'s calling card yet?

What's with the RR's always asking the Cito staff when the truck leaves for Cyphers?

Snerds word: visit Erotic Crater

No, I'm not working here for the money, I'm getting material for a book.

FROM: GREENWICH GUNCH
Cimarroncito Base Camp
Philmont Scout Ranch
Cimarron, New Mexico

TO: (You poor unlucky soul)

Harrison Smith
Ranger

-BOBBIN'S BOBTALES-

Once upon a time there were four bears- you know- the big, furry type critters. Well, them there bears were sitting around Abreu talking over the problems of the world.....

Said one little brown to one big black(the one Bradley Davis says doesn't exist), "Ma, I'm hungry."

And Ma said back, "Well, son you know they got that there trap here and we all cain't be too careful."

"But, Ma, I'm still hungry."

The other big black said, "Son, that's just the way the camper bounces."

"But I'm still hungry, Pap."

"So 'm I," piped in the second little brown.

"Alright, doggone it," Dad bellowed. "Ma, pack up the belongings and we'll move."

"Aw, Pa," Ma protested, "I like it here in Rayado Canyon."

"Move, Ma, or I'll cuff your ears off!"

"Stewed staff member," the two browns cried. "Do it, dad!"

"Shut your garbage filled mouths," Dad bellowed.

And with that happy domestic scene, the four bears left without their porridge and started the Great Trek north.

"This looks like a nice place Pa," Ma whimpered, looking down into Beaubien.

"Shut up and keep walkin'."

"Here we go," shouted the two little browns as they danced-around Rene.

"Shut up and keep walkin'."

"What a crummy looking place," Ma sneered as she looked into Webster Park.

"Shut up and stop walkin'."

And so, with all enthusiastically in favor, they stopped their wanderings just outside of Cimarroncito Base Camp.

And now, all through the night there can be heard the soothing sounds of Papa bear as he croons

(Bobtales, cont)

"Break that blasted chuck box open so I can have my dinner!!!"
Moral: Where's that bear trap?

-MINE NEWS-

by Rene and Jim

Tragedy struck the Cyphers acreage on July 22.

Not so long ago, we became God fathers to four baby skunks. On the twenty second, one was found dead on one of the beds. The cause is undetermined.

On the twentythird, the mother, affectionately refered to as "The Bitch" or "Damn it" was also found dead. The cause- drowning.

So please return our cigars, our baby died.

Not so dead is the geology trail between Cyphers and Cito that has been set up recently. It seems to be going over well.

The Cyphers staff (both of us) is happy to announce that it no longer has to cook outside.

Thanks to Dave Godfrey who, by hard work and ingenuity has installed our stove in the lower level of our split levelhome.

Until we see you, by Thunder, we'll pick our way along, do you dig us?"

-HEARTBEAT-

by Hunter Pritchard

Dear Hunter,

I have a problem. When I was first married 15 years ago, I used to come home at night and my little dog would bark at me and my wife would bring me my slippers. Now, just 15 years later, when I come home at night my dog brings me my slippers and my wife barks at me.

Jack Rhea

Dear Jack,

What are you complaining about You're still getting the same service. Hunter.

GOOD GRIEF, GOOFED