



**50 YEARS OF
SCOUTING**

AUGUST 6, 1960

TO: THE STAFF OF CANYON CAMP:

You have been asked, and chosen, to give, in your own way the type of leadership that you are individually capable of for the scouts and units of our Council, throughout this past season. The task has been a large one, and you have dispatched it admirably. I feel that leadership and responsibility – man exercises with his fellow man is a God given privilege and duty for those who are capable of doing so. With this task comes the terrible responsibility of maintaining the greatest caution and care that the motives be always clear and the values high.

The memories of this camp are many to me, and this past season has given me a host of very pleasant new ones. It is of small concern to me that personal feelings should be an objective, however, just working with such a fine group of growing young men has lead to some very fine times. Your continually renewing interest and spirit have been both surprise and an amazement to me. The growth of your own individual personalities through this season has been an interesting and inspiring thing to watch. We are by no means the same green gang that assembled at the beginning of this task last June. I hope, in some measure, that your growth this season will aid you in the years ahead.

Whatever you do this year, and next summer, I wish you the best of everything, and may God bless you as you go on to complete more chapters in your book of life. It has been a great pleasure to know and to work with each of you. Have a good life, and grow well.

In Scouting,

Lyle Novinski
Camp Director

THE PROGRAM STORY

It's 10:20, the ten o'clock bell rings and a crash is heard throughout staff area. The PROGRAM MEN come crashing out of their bunks with a huge smile on the bright and cheerful faces, ready to face the campers that will fill up their joyous day. A bellow of anger is heard from the ACD, good old, stick-swingin', Lloyd Noggle, as he finds out everyone has chickened out on the 20-man axe demo. As we all love our ACD, we, gladly(?) accept his suggestion to take the axe demo. (Of course if we refuse, the big stick will swing.)

Yes, it is the beginning of another fun-filled day of teaching scoutcraft skills to the campers that attend our beautiful camp. Nick Stroud, Paul Rimington, and Roy Prange teaching most of the Second and First Class requirements, and having a real ball (?) doing it. The other Program Man, Rick Vuylsteke, teaching Camping, Cooking and Pioneering Merit Badges. Also, earlier in the year we had two other Program Men, Charlie Kranz and Ron Wilde.

Teaching these scoutcraft skills, we encountered many new and varied problems. Such as: Cooking Merit Badge without a can opener and half the food; starting an axe demo and ending up with a First Aid class concerned with axe cuts; rope yards without rope; First Aid class with rare staff

neckerchiefs (good ol' Sybil again); Morse Code without a Morse Code set; and compass demos without campers. Of course in every Program Man's life a camper comes along that the staff man wishes to idolize, such as Maynard, El Freako, Bruce Schwartz, and Dave C. From choice campers such as mentioned above, plus others, the Program Men also gather many choice comments, such as : "Hey Nick, when can I get my totin' chip? Huh? Huh?"; "How much longer til I can go to the rifle range?"; "I've got this signed already. Do I hafta go to this"; "Demo? What Demo"; "I give up, what is di dah?"; "Ski, who's he?"; "Hey Nick, Rick told us to carry the axe the other way!"

So the week sped along, until finally the BIG day comes, Saturday, when all the campers fill their cars and merrily go on their way, and to their delicate ears comes the faint calls of the staff's farewell---AD ORCUM TECUM, ECCH, GOIGHH, EH, YOUR MUDDERS A ZOMBIE, AND OF COURSE-----

Z A P P T !

STORY OF A POOL

The pool became officially staffed on the sixth of June when the Camp Staff returned for another year of operation. At this time it was discovered that by some oversight there were three jolly fishermen working at the pool this year. These being; Chief Fish, Bill (Suds) Summers, asst. Chief Fish, Jim (Big Mac) MacFarlane, and Chief Lifefish, Chuck (Stormy) Hancock.

On the first day of operation swim checks were given to about a hundred scouts. These being classed, non-swimmer, beginner, or swimmer, depending upon their abilities. Also, the same day these scouts were told by Suds that they could jump into, swim through, splash, swim under, walk on, and do anything else with the 90 thousand gallons of water in the pool but drink it! This they took to heart and by the end of the week we had many who had received Swimming and Life Saving.

This first week not only found our first Scout Lifeguard, but also produced the first case of “think or twim.” Among other firsts that week were the six new paddle board which somehow multiplied to become twelve. Say John T and Jim Mac, do you know anything about this? Successive weeks were all pretty much the same, although each had its distinctive feature-guncher or otherwise.

Those 90 thousand gallons of water sure took a beating all summer long, but the weekend of the camporee they broke under the strain, turned a murky green and gave up the ghost. It took three and a half days to clear up the water after hose six hundred campers, who were at the camporee, had their general swims on Saturday and Sunday.

As the camping season drew to a close it was found that the pool had used four hundred pounds of CaHCL, five hundred pounds of NaHso₄, and many bags of diatomite, these being used in the process of running the pool and keeping it clean and clear for the campers.

The pool has seen a fine year with a good deal of scouting advancement in the aquatic skills. It can only hope that it again has played a fundamental step in the scouting program and that it can continue to serve scouting to the best of its abilities in the years to come.

Handicraft Lodge

This year Keith Raftree, with his bag of tricks, full of things such as his chemicals and a tape recorder, ran the handicraft lodge.

When he wasn't making a mint through his Giant Sales, he started a hot lanyard ring, which was soon smashed by the CD.

Keith sold enough craft strip to tie up a herd of elephants and enough moccasin kits to shoe an army (small barefoot type).

When Keith wasn't busy trying to reach his quota, he was mixing chemicals for the Wednesday night ceremony.

Keith also had a hot time with his recorder, recording all sorts of interesting material gathered from all kinds of sources. Some of his sources being: the handicraft lodge; trading post; staff cabins; and letters.

The lodge was really a barrel of laughs, and it enjoyed a good season.

Rifle Range

Buddha, buddha, buddha, vip, vip, vip, vow, vow, blam, blam, blam.

As four clothspins drop merrily out of sight, the rifle range opens again. This year after John M. (Rawhide), (Sledge) Taylor got graduated from old York Community, Charlie got his dream, to be a Program Man. After the switch it was found to be pretty lucrative on the rifle range side--- and Charlie liked being on Program better, anyhow.

Elfreko (Weinan from Galena) managed to shoot off 6 clothspins in one day so Dick Eberhardt, his Scoutmaster, and Rawhide got a little practice for Sadism Merit Badge.

The last two weeks our three program men (those left from the over all cut down), Nick, Rick, and Prang(Roy) ran the range while Johnnie played Forest Ranger, Cook and Provisional Scoutmaster. Charlie had long since left for the Jamboree to act as a traffic officer.

All in all, the range had a good season with many staff members getting Marksmanship Merit Badge. This could explain the fact that the range ran out of shells early.

So, until next year, we all must bid adieu to Budda, Budda, Budda, and etc.

Trading Post

Well, the season is over and we're giving the T.P. back to the mice. This year we sold enough candy to stock a supermarket for months and enough pop to run a guncher (camper) for 700,000 years non-stop.

Besides selling the gunchers patches out of beer boxes, crushed potato chips, foamy Pepsi and wet candy bars; free advice was dispensed with friendly cheer, well at least sometimes.

And then there was that one guncher who bought two nickel candy bars and then gave me a five dollar bill and demanded his change in dimes. We have just about given up trying to understand gunchers and have decided to sit back and just listen to the mice.

Running the store this year were a couple of real money makers. First Frank bell ran the Pest. He came up the first week as a D.W. and stayed as the post proprietor for six weeks. In the time he was not making money for the post or himself, by making things for the campers, (lasted about 10 minutes—i.e., until the CD caught on), he made the arrow torches for the Wednesday night programs.

With two weeks left of the season Frank went on vacation and Keith Raftree, the funny foreigner from the handicraft lodge, took over. Keith held his usual “Giant Sales”, and it ended up a darn good season.

The Health Lodge Story

After a rainy Staff week the Health Lodge officially opened. It had been crawling with wet Staff Men all week. The first big event was Prong's Chicken Pox which he ran around with for two days before we found out. With Prong gone, daily Health Lodge visits decreased by one, but Suds, Charlie, and Rick still made it at least once a day. Suds had a chronic sore throat (translated an addiction to Sucrets), Charlie was just talkative, and Rick was crawling with the crawling stuff—Poison Ivy.

Until the sixth period, when camp population decreased somewhat, the H.L. saw about 25 campers a day most of whom had scratches so small they could hardly be seen. The undercover story was that they had come for the T.L.C. (Tender loving care).

Although we had some bloody guncher cuts and impressive put-to-bed type temperatures, the record cut was Paul Rimington's axe job (14 stiches). The steadiest customer was Roy Prange, with his toe.

Among the H.L. duties came teaching First Aid Merit Badge and demos, interspersed with collecting and dispersing money, feeding and entertaining the staff and most of all, keeping the CD happy. All in all, it has been a most marvelous summer.

The Dining Hall

The story of the Dining Hall changes as the years go by, but not much.

As usual, it took a while for the Dining Hall to shape up. By the third period everything was running as smooth as glass.

The D.H. was anything but boring. Every day there was a new experience some way or another. Such as: the day the drains clogged up: the boiling of the Staff Cup: the crazy menu: the rat chases: and filing the bell with water.

So as camp closes, Carl Adams, the Dining Hall Steward, bids farewell to the kitchen, picks up his collection of dish pan hands from the dishwashers, Bill Determan, Duncan McBride, and Bob Bingham and closes the D.H. for another season.

Marv Anderson, returning for his second year did his usual fine job with Surplus --dried eggs--rice—flour—and whatever else he could manage to get his hands on.

Of course Mrs. Heller was her usual smiling self and a great assistance to Marv.

The Order of the Arrow

Promptly(?) (Yes, this year promptly, for the most part), at 9:00 P.M.-
- a flash of powder, a Zuni Sunrise Call, and a bolt of lightening?, the 1960
Order of the Arrow calling out ceremony was underway. From the darkness
the authentic looking Indians came paddling downstream with a resounding
E-Hun-Ga and a silent prayer that the fire would light. Due to constant
guarding of the Thunder Drum, our ceremonies were not rained out.

This year, although the staff lacked experienced Indian dancers, noses
were put to the grindstone and by the first Wednesday night a very
respectable show was ready. The utmost cooperation was given by the staff
with everyone participating. The dances this year included the Buffalo
Dance, Apache Devil Dance, Big Small-Little Small, and the Quest Dance.

Doing a fine job on the dancing this year were: Charlie Kranz, Bill
Summers, Ed Laughlin, Paul Rimington, Rick Vuylsteke, Roy Prange,
Denny Pratt, Carl Adams, Jim McFarlane, Keith Raftree, Duncan McBride,
Bill Determan, and Frank Bell.

John "Rawhide" Taylor was again our drummer and costume master.
Nick Stroud, clothed in his roach and combat boots, guided the campers.
Bill "Sudsy" Summers, our physical arrangements chairman, worked very

hard this year as he was also one of the dancers. The result of the staff's combined efforts was a fine show enjoyed by everyone.

This year the ceremonial team was divided into two parts due to the fact that the Jamboree boys would not be there at the end of the season. The first half of the season saw Charlie Kranz as Allowat Sakima, Jim McFarlane as Mateu, Ed Laughlin as Nutiket and Carl Adams as Kitchkinet. Later in the season John Taylor became Allowat Sakima and Paul Rimington became Nutiket.

This year the ceremonial ring was remodeled and a new trail was broken. This trail brought the candidates in from the rear thus making the ceremony much more impressive. The stone altar was torn out and replaced by a beautiful mound and a hide with the Legend inscribed on it. The new set up is completely collapsible.

The Order of the Arrow can well appreciate the service given by the staff. The participation was at one of the highest levels that it could reach. The obligation of Cheerful Service has been clearly demonstrated during the entire 1960 season.

JUBILEE

The H.L. was the site of many scenes during the 1960 season, but the one, most all-consuming, was the preparation for the 50th Year Jubilee Camporee. For several weeks prior to it, the staff band made noise in the dining hall, then, they began to sound good. After some grueling work we successfully added the following brass band pieces to the agenda for July 23: The Star Spangled banner and Stars and Stripes Forever. Band Practices Inc. now took place in the Health Lodge. The C.D. became a B.D. (Band Director), with John T. setting the tempo. An occasional Chorus was thrown in also.

As the Novinski's drove to St. Joe, Michigan, on the 16th of July, Ski wrote the pageant. Come Saturday morn and the Health Lodge became a recording studio with Jim Laughlin playing Gramps, Suzy sleepily looking on, and campers soon running in for their parts. Keith and John worked on the sound with Ski.

After delivering Suzy to the train in Warren, Sybil came back to a hot, stuffy, blanket-hung Health Lodge and a stack of uniforms to iron and six pages of typing.

Meanwhile, Sudsy and crew put up the set on the borrowed Stockton Band Stand. After getting the flats up we had to hang the patch. Finally it was finished, and we were all overjoyed at its beauty.

The Camporee went off without a hitch, and the pageant did also. The band performed splendidly, the Cubs, Scouts and Explorers did good pantomime as did Mr. Laughlin. The Eagle Scouts report to the Council, (Suds, Mac, and Paul) was informative.

All in all, the Camporee was beautiful and lasting memory and pageant was a tremendous re-cap of Scoutings first 50 years and will inspire all who saw it to another great “50 YEARS OF SERVICE”.

I REMEMBER

HOIGHH !!!!!

SADISM MERIT BADGE

PULLING “CRASH” GARMANN OUT OF THE BUSHES—Secretly, of course

ALFRED E. NEWMAN

CARL’S DINING HALL LECTURES

WINCHESTER

STAFF BAND

AD ORCUM TECUM

THE CLUTCHED CLAW

PAUL’S AXE JOB

TROOP \$

TREE HOUSE

JILL

ST. GEORGE

LEANING TOWER OF CANYON CAMP

4TH OF JULY MOUSE

“HANG-OVER”

TAKING DOWN DEER RUN AND PUTTING IT BACK UP AGAIN

“EXECUTIVE SUITE”

SUZY

“TWO ASPIRINS AND AN HOUR IN BED”

SOB, SOB, SOB SOB SOB!

HEY LADY, WHY THE BEARD?

THE EMPORIUM

HOW ROY GOT TO PHILMONT

YOU ARE MY MARVIN

SKI'S VITAMINS

LEMON EXTRACT

THE PATRICK HENRY SPEECH

RICK'S CRADLE ROBBING

CAMPAIGNING FOR PRESIDENT

SCOUTING'S 50TH YEAR

CAMPER – GO PLAY WITH A PLASTIC BAG

BIG OTIS

THE RAIN, AND THE RAIN, AND THE RAIN

ZAPPT!!!!!!

STORMY'S COLD

THROW SKI IN

THE HAWK

LITTLE RICH BOY

DINING HALL SLIDE

“NINNY”

PERSONAL FITNESS AREA

“NINNYHAMMER”

SNAPPING TURTLE

THE BLACK PLAGUE

THIS PLACE IS TOO SIBILIZED

HOW'S THE AXE DEMO, NICK?

SCHLUSCH

HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?

THE MONKEY BRIDGE

PERSONAL FATNESS MERIT BADGE

THE STAFF "BRIDGE?"

THE CROSS BURNING

HTH CAN

BWANA

CRUNCH BALL

RICK'S POISON IVY

BOWN – MEDINA

STAFF PARTY

SUNDAY NITE – DEAR RICK

VOODOO DOLLS

FROGGIE

SAM AND THE THINK 'N' GRINS – GIET IT? HUH, HUH?

MAYNARD

SHUDOUPSKI

HIGH PRICED SPREAD

DAVID C.

SLEDGE

I NO SELL YOU COD FISH

BE QUIETOUITCH

AH, SHADDUP YOUR FACE, FRESH KEED!!

WITH OR WITHOUT FOAM?

LONE STRANGER

WED. NIGHT RETREAT

STAFF ROSTER

CARL ADAMS
720 W. Elk
Freeport, Ill.

MARVIN ANDERSON "Ptomaine Kid"
Bird Island, Minn.

FRANK BELL "Pest"
10th Ave.
Mt. Carroll, Ill.

BOB BINGHAM
1453 W. Lincoln
Freeport, Ill.

BILL DETERMAN "Sinker"
Box 405
Warren, Ill.

DEWEY DWYER
818 14
Monroe, Wisconsin

CHUCK HANCOCK "Stormy"
1475 S. High Ave.
Freeport, Ill.

MRS. HELLER
R.R. #4
Stockton, Ill.

CHUCK KRANZ "Cheerful Charlie"
431 W. Maple
Lancaster, Wisconsin

ED LAUGHLIN "Eddie"
103 W. Washington
Mt. Carroll, Ill.

JIM MCFARLANE "Big Jim"
528 3 rd
Savanna, Ill.

DUNCAN MCBRIDE "Dunk"
114 W. Cole
Mt. Carroll, Ill.

LLOYD NOGGLE
Cuba City, Wisconsin

LYLE NOVINSKI "Ski"
University of Dallas
Dallas 21, Texas

SYBIL NOVINSKI "Ninnyhammer"
University of Dallas
Dallas 21, Texas

ROY PRANGE "Prong"
Box 250
Warren, Ill.

KEITH RAFTREE "Rat-Trap"
20 N. Grove
Freeport, Ill.

PAUL RIMINGTON "Winchester"
1324 Elizabeth Circle
Freeport, Ill.

NICK STROUD "Nikita"
638 W. Lincoln
Freeport, Ill.

BILL SUMMERS "Suds"
715 Jefferson
Cuba City, Wisconsin

JOHN TAYLOR "Rawhide"
369 Elm Park Ave.
Elmhurst, Ill.

RICK VUYLSTEKE "Vulstickee"
279 Sandusky St.
Jacksonville, Ill.

LEE WHITTEN
984 Monroe
Freeport, Ill.

RON WILDE “Wild Ron”
2720 7 th St.
Monroe, Wisconsin

TERRY WILLIAMSON “Willy”
201 N. College
Mt. Carroll, Ill.

RALPH WUNDER
Hanover, Ill

STAFF WILL

CHARLIE – Wills – his “Hangover” to next years calling out team.

DUNCAN – Wills - his complexion to the Wed. Nite Indians.

KEITH – Wills – his nervous breakdown to whoever else is able to run the Handicraft Lodge and the Trading Post at the same time, if there is such a person.

NICK – Wills – his old red swimming trunks to the trashcan. “rrrrrr-RIP”

MARV & MRS. HELLER – will – the rats, mice, hungry staff men, and “I want more” type campers to someone with plenty of aspirin bottles.

DEWEY – Wills – his tall tales to anyone else who has: 1- lived them, or 2 – has a vivid imagination.

MAC – Wills – his outgoing, cheerful, “Happy Fourth of July- Mouse” attitude to next year’s assistant sadist.

SKI & MRS. SKI – Will – their sneakiness around staff cabin #2 to next year’s Mr. & Mrs. Sherlock Holmes.

SUDS – Wills – his “40-mile apart pair” to someone with a lot of gasoline money.

RAWHIDE – Wills – his Kill, Beat, Torture, Mangle, Bludgeon, Maim, and Butcher attitude to next year’s SADISM M.B. Counselor.

RICK – Wills – 243 Bachelor Street to anyone else Mike Wheeler thinks looks innocent and safe enough.

BOB BINGHAM – Wills – his drowning talent to whoever is susceptible.

STORMY – Wills – his half-bleached, half-mowed, pair of shoes to someone who needs an extra pair.

LLOYD – Wills – his Zap-Gun to next years ACD.

BILL D – Wills – his sinking ability to next year’s prime canoeist.

RON – Wills – Diane E. to the boys from Hanover.

EDIOT L. – Wills – his perverted sense of humor to whoever can stand it.

LEE – Wills – his skid marks to the JoDaviess County Highway Department.

PAUL - Wills – his stitches to anyone else getting wood for Wednesday night.

PRING, PRONG, PRANGE – Wills – his ability for Apple Polishing to the Dining Hall.

TERRY W. – Wills – Post 451 to next year’s staff, if they can take it!

CARL – Wills – his “greasy arm” act to next year’s dining hall steward.

FRANK – Wills – his cherry bomb supply to next year’s cross burners.

RALPH – Wills – his ability to play around to any dishwasher next year.