

Boy Scout Troop #53 from Maytown explores Canadian wilderness with W

Recently returned from an adventurous excursion into the Canadian wilderness were the boy scouts from Troop #53, Maytown.

Days in advance of departure, the troop, 'midst a flurry of anticipation, commenced the rigorous task of packing and stuffing the staples, equipment and necessities of living with nature for the duration of eleven days. Each scout involved seemed anxious to embark upon this summer experience for individual and varied fulfillments. There were the "faces of the future", those advancing up the scouting ladder fresh from the Webelo corps, those seeking Tenderfoot status, and those in various stages of higher advancement.

The three trailblazers, Scoutmaster Woody Myers, Joe Gilmartin, and Charlie Johns, coordinated the schedules, minutely charting the itinerary.

August 10-7a.m. Departure day had arrived, with the collective chattering of excited young voices, parents' chanting reminders with feelings of apprehension, and scouts shyly stealing a farewell kiss and-hug, the caravan labored out of St. John's parking lot in Maytown toward the open highway, crammed to the collarbone with camping paraphernalia. A quote, "we were sidetracked by a purchase of fresh eggs for the trip and let me tell you all, there is nothing, no where quite like the invigorating scent of a chicken farm early in the morning, really triggers the gastric juices into oblivion." The scouts, however, were impervious to any conditions affecting appetites as they began their munching 15 minutes into their adventure. Bob Migash could expertly report on this episode. The umbilical cord of contact was the CB—

often a life saver—familiar code being 10100. Johns' handle was Road Flare while Gilmartin answered to Little Scout. The mountainous Penna. Terrain does wonders for travelers, keeps the mind alert while the body goes into paralysis. Midway into New York, Johns had to retrieve Woody and the van as the troops became divided every so often.

The merry band encountered many of nature's elements but the most unusual was the raining of clothes from atop a family van on New York's Freeway. Now who imagined the pile of clothes in center lane to be a cow? Johns would've kept the shirt that dropped onto his truck but it was simply the wrong shade of orange. The caravan created quite a sensation wherever they drove. Everyone stared in awe at the pregnant state they found the vehicles traveling. After several pit-stops and a multitude of groaning "how much longer", Niagara Falls, the first destination, was reached! At this point all bodies were grateful for terra firma again.

The boys certainly learned budgeting very quickly when they were restricted to \$15.00 extra spending money for the entire excursion. In Canadian Niagara Falls, while searching for the most food for the least amount of money, an eavesdropper caught Jess Gilmartin telling Jesse Shank and Steven Johns that one way to tell if a

restaurant is expensive is by checking out the design of the doors and how dark it is inside. Sounded like three little old men discussing the economy. The camping grounds at Niagara provided hot showers which would become a fleeting memory until they returned from their island home.

August 11-The final destination was reached!! Arriving at Beausoleil Island, Honey Harbour, Georgian Bay, situated in Northern Ontario, the troop was initiated into the rigors of inconvenience. Huge white caps strafed the bay area and provided a difficult transit and shuttle from the mainland at Honey Harbour to the island two miles away. The scouts were safely ferried across while the adults and senior scouts braved the elements in smaller boats. All water activity was curtailed until the winds abated. Each day found the necessity of the 45 minute boat trip to the mainland for fresh produce, firewood and the all-important call of confidence back home to the states,

reporting each day's activities. Mr. G. (Joe Gilmartin's shortened island name) and Kip Embly, in one boat, were two of the selected stalwart souls to cross over the animated bay the first day. The second boat was piloted by Scoutmaster Myers with Tim Trostle, Scott Williams, and Andrew Zuch. Would you believe they surfed 8 foot waves most of the way, were finally scuttled by them as the motor boats skipped a bit ahead of the waves. It's told Kip's fingernails are probably still on the boat as he clutched the sides of it while his body left the seat two feet above it. J.J. Gilmartin found nothing so invigorating as brushing one's teeth in the lake and getting rinsed by the slapping in the face of a white capped wave!

From August 12 to August 17 the camp life was in full swing. Scoutmaster Myers, Gilmartin and Johns taught scheduled skill awards and merit badge sessions. One of the courses featured tracking pits for identification. One scout, Lee Wise, excitedly found some unusual tracks. Upon

closer inspection it proved to be the artistry of a human animal. Who knows but the shadow of ---- !

Kip Embly conducted a most impressive Sunday ceremony with a message of the unity and strength of working together through faith and service. Some additional instructors on the island were female Canadian rangers who taught courses in island wildlife, the plant, insect, and feathered friends varieties! Proud young fishermen pan-fried some undersized catches, thoroughly savoring their small but tasty fare. Raccoons playfully and constantly besieged the campsite. Several crystal clear evenings offered magnificent displays of the firmament. The splendors of Sputniks and the United States satellites were viewed in heavenly array by the naked eye as they orbited the earth on one of the few viewing paths possible. Twelve mile hikes were "in" at Beausoleil Island as was the unscheduled dip in the lake by the Scoutmaster! Jason Herr 'got hooked on the Bay', literally! Seems an

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Marietta Auxiliary will hold luncheon

Members of the Marietta Auxiliary to the Columbia Hospital will hold their September meeting on the 10th, at 12:30 PM, at the Colonial Inn.

The luncheon will include noodles, salad, dessert, coffee and rolls. Reservations must be placed with Mrs. Ralph Miller, secretary, by Friday, September 7th.

Poem

"My Grandma"

My Grandma is so sweet
She's so nice too
My Grandma is pretty
And I love her too

—Melissa Jacoby
Age 6
6 N. River St.
Maytown, Pa.



Boy scouts in the Canadian wilderness

Maytown Fire Company

Carnival

Friday & Saturday—September 14 & 15

Featuring—

Friday **Rhythm Express**

Saturday **Champagne Jam**

6 pm until ??

Rides for the children

Plenty of good food by the Ladies Auxillary

