

SMOKE SIGNALS

24 July 1989

IT'S "A" PARTY

DATELINE: Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan Scout Reservation

It's official after an extensive Reservation wide "NATIONAL INSPECTION" Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan was recognized as a class "A" Camp.

Our Inside sources have learned from a high placed camp official that a Reservation Wide Staff Extravaganze will be held on:

Monday, July 24, 1989

8:30 p.m. - ?

RANGER'S HOUSE
(Black Tie Optional)

After an extensive search through the trash cans of Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan, this reporter has learned that the guest list includes such notable people as Barry Manilow, Donny Osmond, Pee Wee Herman, and the cast of Gilligans Island. Pat Girtz of Pearson was quoted as saying, "Wow I love Barry Manilow" Featured evening activities include: volleyball, pool hustling, Barn B-Ball and Cow Tipping. Burgers, chips and a variety of other delectible items will be served.

For additional information call 1-800-BIG-OAKS



THE SIDE RARELY SEEN by Pat Hartnett

The summer of a staffman is one of oblivious continuity. Only in the careful watching of people interreacting can any discernable entertainment be drawn. At the average meal, this subtle humor is most apparent. In the very line of campers huddled for the ritual sojourn of getting their food, there are almost subliminal plots taking place. Scout masters educating their scouts on the poorness of their lives after their negligent whims which bring the less than 5 merit badges a week. (This usually is a sign of some sort of midlife crises, triggered by other scoutmasters that he despises, though they are more like himself than he would ever like to admit.) Another whimsical little farce that exist is the famous 3 gallon coffee pot. Every morning scoutmasters and staff alike go to the coffee pot to find some sort of chemical salvation. As they are unable to break down candy into subatomic particles which in the campers body gives them the energy to move mountains, and somehow in turn tarnishes their mind with destructive psycosi that renders them unable to think. Ah yes, the braindead child never shuts off, while the sane ones must rest. Once this coffee is swallowed, like a 1987 pinto peeling out on your esophogus, it drains into your stomach where the fun begins. Your stomach knows this feeling from previous cloudy minded mornings and tends to open up on either end letting the coffee slide into your bloodstream undigested. Although this process produces bad karma it has the realitive power of swallowing 10-12 lithium 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ v batteries all discharging simultaneously for 3 to 4 hours . . . while turning your urine a cloudy green. Once you get in line you have a sneaky suspicion OPEC was somehow involved with the preparation of the food. This is because all of the different items seem to have grease on them. As the plaque that was removed from the bathroom prior to national inspection seemed to state the nature of the food in more detail than anyone could accept, eventhough they knew it was correct, "It's not how you cook food, . . . it's where you mine it." It's always interesting to watch as a virgin adult leader sings for Suzie at lunch, with all of the bottled phobia in his psyche (which is the size of his respective church) surfacing instantaneously to produce garbled renditions of "Row, Row Row Your Boat" all the while gargling on the sweat rolling down his upper lip mixing with the remant coffee still settling on his lower throat.

On my way to Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan this summer for staff week a waitress while aiding us with directions to Pearson said, "Yes, that's gods' country." This proving yet again, God is working in mysterious ways.

TELEGRAM by Agent #12

DATELINE: Somewhere in July

PLACE: Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan Scout Reservation, the west bank (aka: Scorch 4)

TO: NEIC Headquarters (aka: Rich Tiawana)

FROM: Unidentified Agent in staff regarding: Program

Water Carnival STOP

Mud Shark drags Dan Leslie under water for two days STOP

Apparently no brain damage although he repeats his name in sleep and reports he saw Atlantis STOP

Kenn gone this week again STOP

Agent seventy eight traced him to Columbia STOP

Pictures show him learning lamaze from a man named Eddie STOP

The free bugged pens and toothpaste worked STOP

Mass confusion STOP

Sorry STOP

It just ended STOP

Two troops disappeared nobody knows why STOP

Found in forest STOP

They were Mormon STOP

Nobody knows why STOP

Nose is much better now STOP

Only hurts when I'm conscious STOP

Subliminal messages on food working STOP

Alternating plastic also having pleasing results STOP

US 2 surfaced yesterday STOP

Aboard was a man with a fish in his mouth STOP

Looked like Eddie in Columbia STOP

ST F WEST CAMP by Miami Mitch Glazer
Edited by Pat Hartnett

Neil had a vision, the only one he'd ever had, it was his, and he clung to it. There had been too many messy gas station holdups with only some green stamps and a case of valvoline to show for the risk. Neil was always full of schemes, but this was different. It bounced off the walls of his tiled cell 24 hrs. a day. And the ending was always the same-Neil and his evil twin R.J. cruising north out of Berwyn IL., with the sun on their shades and a full tank of gas. Someday they'd be floating on a swimming pool filled with merit badges. And they knew it. It was out for the taking, and Neil could taste it like the pepper steaks at Joliet State Penetentary. It had always been the merit badges. Even back in the Rock Island Orphanage where they both grew up (that sweaty kid factory with the charcoal windows). They were saved by the badges. Actually, saved by a gray-haired janitor everybody called Rhesus. He wore this sinister campaign hat and a old tattered dark green uniform . . . salvation in a holy hell. By day scortched by the nuns glares, rescued at night by Rhesus who taught them well the ways of scouting. One night Neil walked in with a pair of boots that he said once belonged to Baden Powell. From then on it was down hill. When Neil could keep himself out of jail, R.J. would take off from his job at the taser factory and they rode from town to town teaching and taking those who wish to tag along.

continued page 4

STORY OF WEST CAMP CONT.

Finally, when the druidic staff was assembled they ground out the most frightening display of education as mean and righteous as a fist, and was heard around the land. THE END?!

LOST WITH RANDY by Kenneth Schaeffle

"Well, I think it all began during Lad'n'Dad weekend," said East Eco-Con Director Randy "Wingy" Mirabelli as he reflected upon the various time this year in which he has gotten groups of trusting scouts helplessly lost. These many incidents-often occurring along the simplest of Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan trails-are recounted as follows for your reading enjoyment:

Acting as a village guide during Lad'n'Dad weekend, Randy gets groups from both Iroquois and Commanche lost in the woods at midnight and ends up walking in circles for over $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour with no flashlight.

Selected again as guide for Troop 760 in Mohawk. Randy misguides this mentally handicapped unit while going from Mohawk to East Dining Hall. The group ends up passing through 3 other campsites and blazing their own trails before the Scouts, not Randy, finally find the right trail.

Going to Muskrat Lake with Cub Resident Campers, this simple $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile hike turned into a wilderness nightmare, hitting 3 separate camp boundaries and back tracking 4 times.

Again, going to Muskrat Lake with a Cub Resident group, Randy finds the Lake successfully but get lost for 2 hours while trying to get back. As a result, this groups tribe cheer and song are about Randy's navigational incapacibilities.

During an environmental science merit badge hike in West Camp, Randy loses 25 scouts in the forest around Skid's Creek.

Lastly, while attempting to drive north to Minoqua Randy mistakenly heads south and winds up in Antigo.

Donations are currently being accepted to buy Randy a compass and set of emergency flares.

MA-KA-JA-WAN

EQUIPMENT UPDATE 89

As the near future draws closer, Counselors must update their equipment to adapt to the changing environment.

Here is a sampling of new mandatory equipment.

smokey

full face shield
(gas proof)

ARMOR

Bulletproof

Vest

Forearm
Pads

(EXPLORER
BULLET PROOF
VEST TO BE
WORN ON SUNDAYS
AND FRIDAYS)

COMPUTER BANK

For up to date
easy access files
on Merit badge
information

jet boots
(FOR QUICK
GETAWAYS FROM
ANGRY KIDS)

GUN

- 1) NET GUN
- 2) BUILT IN INDIAN PUMP (FOR CLEANING KIDS)
- 3) SOAP
- 4) TRANQUILIZER
- 5) LASER SENSOR

KNEE BRACE

(for no apparent
reason)

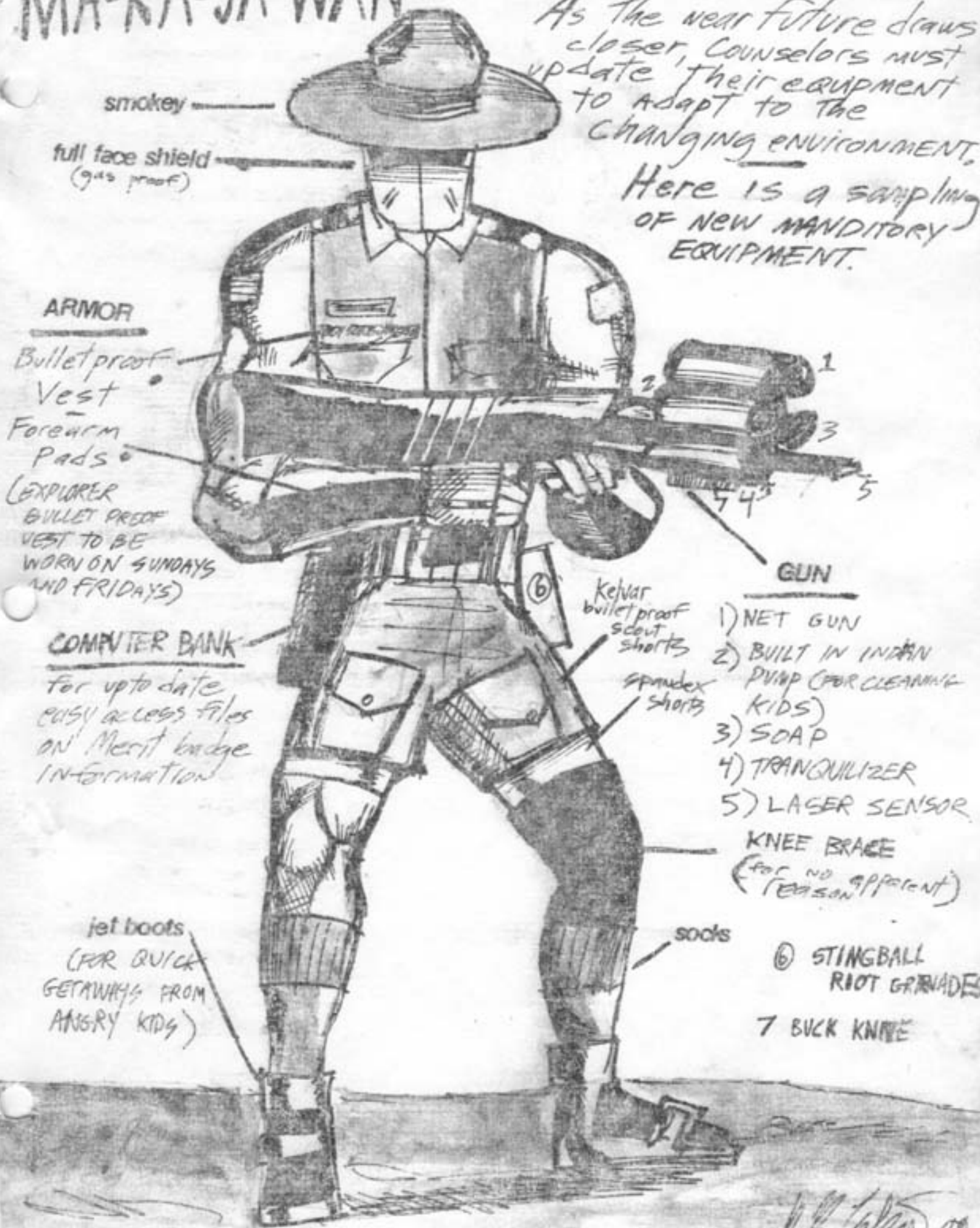
6) STINGBALL
RIOT GRANADES

7 BUCK KNIFE

socks

spandex
shorts

Kevlar
bullet proof
scout
shorts



W. H. Swan 89