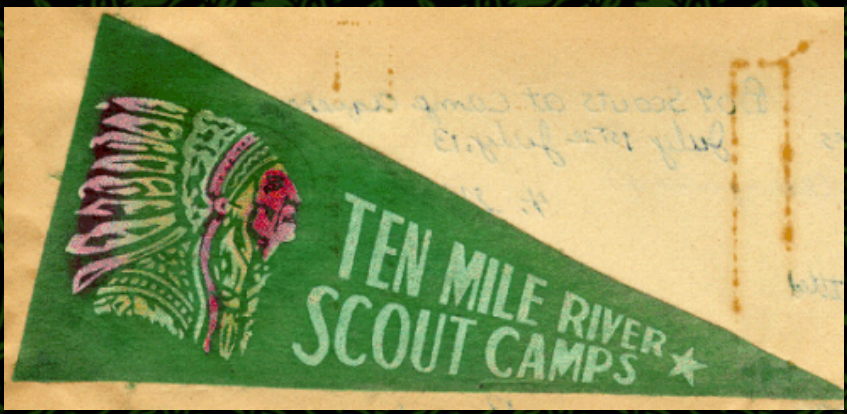
Aquehonga
Ten Mile River Boy Scout Camp
July 1957



Going to Boy Scout camp was an important rite of passage for young male StatNislanders. The 1950's was an era of extraordinary parental control. Getting to go to Boy Scout camp gave those tired disciplinarians a break. Camp also allowed us boys to discover some independence before it became a fact of life. We did have a lot of freedom at camp. After all, we outnumbered the councilors and there was a lot of woods and water out there. These pages will share some of my memories of "Aquehonga" at Ten Mile River Boy Scout Camp in the mountains of Appalachia near where the borders of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York meet.

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Before Camp we were unfocused but basically a happy troop of tenderfoots.

We had lots of experience clowning around and doing projects as Cub Scouts. The Den's were run by our mothers. The objective always was to have fun and advance in the Pack so when you got promoted into the Boy Scout troop you could convince the folks that Camp was going to be a "learning experience" and you would miss everyone back home . Fond fairwells were spoken as our proud parents stood by for the departure.

On the day of departure, everyone stood around on the corner by Immanuel Union Church (home to Troop 2)

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First day at camp was not what we imagined.

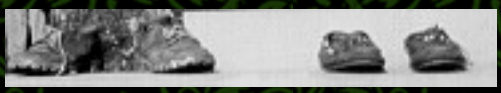
When the bus pulled in, the log structures and dirt looked sad and strangely different from what we expected. Then we had to work on setting up camp.

Boy what a relief!

We found out what the "ticking" thing was for because we filled it with straw to make it a mattress for our bunks. After all our stuff was stowed in the lean-tos and we ate, there was a little time to read with a buddie before taps.

We learned that Boy Scouts drink Bug Juice. We took turms cleaning the outhouse with the endearing names. After demonstrating safe swimming and boating techniques, we paddled the 12 man "War Canoe" across the lake to find the girlscouts on the other side. Since swamping and unswamping canoes was one of our "skills" we also took pleasure swamping each other. And making War with canoes and paddles.

We usually wore our Scout uniforms, but on "indian day" all of us tried going au naturele. Some of us found parts of dead animals which we wore as talismens while we carved totems and spoke strange tongues.



Then, all of a sudden we were back home with our muddy shoes.

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